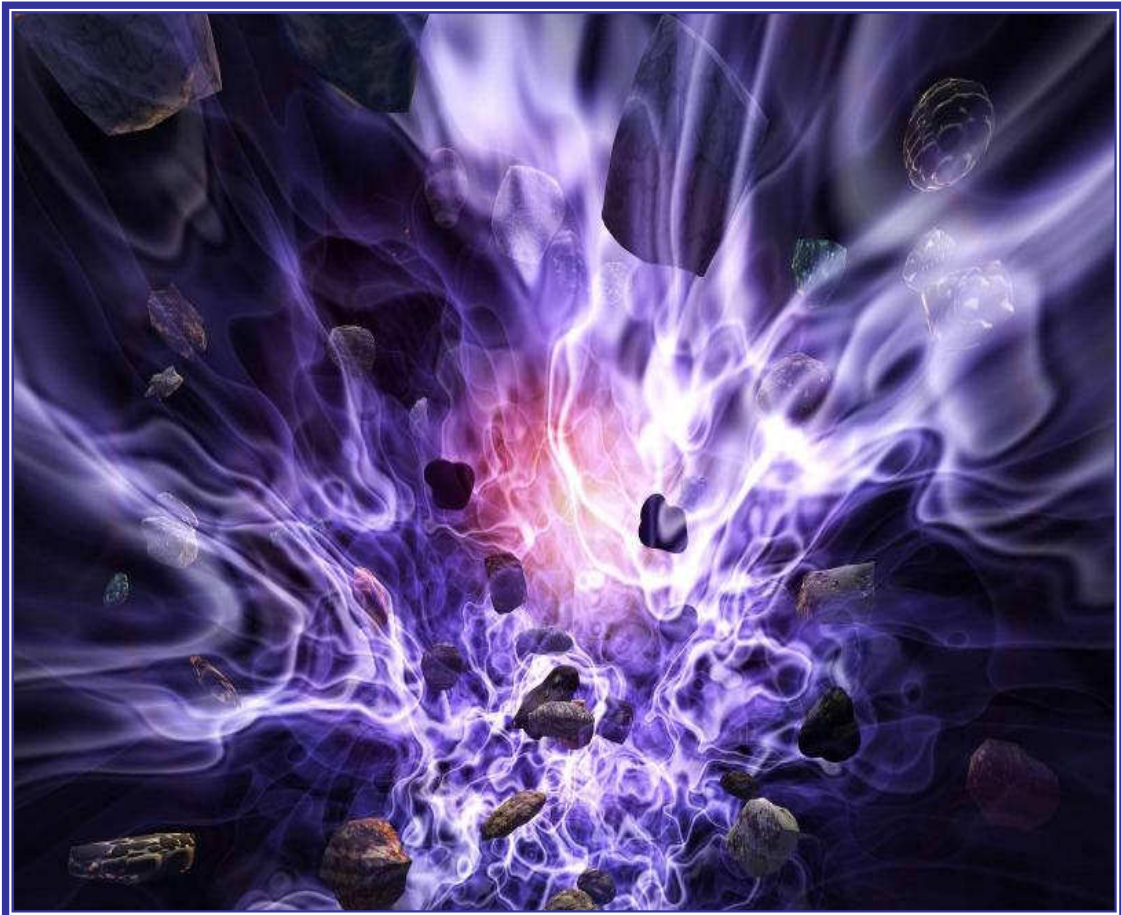


ÁKOS KUN

ESOTERIC WORLD

**Mottó: „The less developed life is,
the narrower the boundaries
that surround it”**



Update: 04. October 2023.

The updated version can be downloaded from the Kun Electronic Library.

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A regularly updated version of the 33-language album of 550 continental fruits and vegetables, currently containing 11 042 images, is also available. Size min. 660 MB. This website also contains a list of popular music hits, including all Hungarian hits from 1931 to the present day. After selecting the name of the artist, you can listen to it in a few seconds or watch a video clip of your favourite songs on YouTube. There are currently 8375 songs in this collection, in more than 57 944 versions.

This version of this work is available in the form of a [EZOTERIC.WORLD-TEXT-HTML](#) version for indexing in databases and for searching the terms contained in it on the Internet.

The Esoteric World is illustrated with caricatures, [Word](#) for reading version and [PDF](#) for platform-independent printing version can be downloaded from the following website:

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The Word version is useful for those who wish to edit the text file or enlarge the images. (Click on the image and use Ctrl + C to copy it to Clipboard. Then open Paint and use Ctrl + V to send it to the image editor's worksheet. Finally, save it in JPEG format.)

PDF is the best format for reading. This version will appear exactly as I edited it. Unlike the different versions of Word, it doesn't scroll, and the images don't get jammed at the bottom of the page. (Each version of Word edits the document differently. This is because the separation utility is constantly being updated. As a result, a 600-page document edited in Word 2003 will be more than 20 pages shorter when opened in Word 365, with the result that the original text box will be completely broken up. But the PDF document remains the same and can be opened on any computer or even tablet in the world. Unlike Word, there are no font problems as this format carries all the fonts used with it. It is not, however, suitable for highlighting images at full size and for enlarging text boxes without limit. However, URLs can be activated in PDF, so you can click on web addresses and connect to the Internet without any problems. It is also worth downloading the compressed folder containing the Word and PDF versions, which also contains help material that will make the book much easier to use.

The PDF version should not be used for reading as it does not contain any pictures. This deprives you of a significant amount of additional information and aesthetic pleasure. In this version, which is designed for Google search, footnotes are also only used in a roundabout way (endnotes). A significant part of the text formatting is also lost, making the text difficult to read. It is also not easy to find individual chapters in the bulk text file, because the page number fields in the table of contents do not work. All in all, this version does not provide the experience of reading a book and is a strain on the eyes.

INTRODUCTION

This book originally started as a magazine. Its foundation date is July 15, 2004. Its creation was inspired by the success of my books "Esoteric Map" and "Esoteric Completion" and "Esoteric Implementation". I started writing these works 30 years ago, and during this time I got access to a lot of information that is not closely related to the material, so it was not included in my books. However, it would have been a shame to leave them unused, as they contain a lot of useful knowledge on the subject. He intended to publish this additional information in this form. The interesting information and experience reports sent to me by my readers appeared here. I also answered letters of public interest in the columns of this paper.

However, the main task of the "Esoteric World" was to provide news about the status of esoteric developments and the latest developments. Since the breakthrough predicted by many has not yet taken place in this field, and the technical developments have not started sufficiently, I did not dwell on the news. I am convinced that this process will not start by itself, which is why I tried to facilitate the taking of the first steps with this magazine. I hoped that my efforts would soon find followers, and that with their useful advice, more and more people would consider saving our civilization a matter of their hearts.

However, this process has not started. In fact, the situation turned much worse. After the system change, with the lifting of the Iron Curtain, Western esoteric literature came flooding in. Hundreds of previously banned books appeared, and we barely managed to read them. In the 1990s, four esoteric magazines were launched here, full of interesting news and useful information. Then came inflation, and due to the rapid rise in the prices of printing paper and ink, the professional journals were destroyed one after the other. Today, only one esoteric journal remains. Even this will not withstand the cost increase for long, because in the meantime energy prices have also fallen, and due to the rapid increase in food prices, the purchasing power of the population has decreased. The family budget no longer pays for books and specialist journals, so fewer and fewer people can afford the ever-increasing prices of periodicals, also due to the decreasing number of copies. This is also the case in digital technology. Today, only one of the four former computer science journals remains.

Due to the drastically reduced literature, there is nothing to write about. Therefore, I will publish this work as a book in the future. The information collected over the past 20 years makes this work sufficiently interesting. Even if there is no sequel, it is still worth reading. Hopefully, the situation will change in the future and we will overcome the horrors of the apocalypse. With the cessation of literature, development stops. If there is nowhere to publish it, the extraterrestrial messages will not reach us. The warnings of otherworldly gods and beings of light do not reach us either. The contacts receive the messages, but if there is no one to forward them to, it further worsens our already not rosy situation.

Budapest, March 2023.

Ákos Kun

Life images

Browsing through magazines and newspapers, we can read several articles that give a typical picture of our times and the current state of our society. It is a pity that these articles are soon forgotten. The next day, new news arrives and old issues are consigned to the waste paper basket. Many people think the three-day daily is no longer worth picking up. But that only applies to the day's political events. The really valuable articles are as timeless as books. It's just that no one collects them or draws attention to them. And very few people are willing to read through 36 pages of daily newspapers, the size of a sheet, going back months or years to find a single meaningful article. Nobody has the time for that anymore. So these articles are forgotten over time, lost to future generations. To avoid this, let us highlight some of the most interesting articles so that posterity can learn from them. Let us begin by highlighting one of our most pressing concerns: the consequences of our modern educational principles:

The little boy is barely five or six years old, and he is bawling at the top of his voice. His tears are flowing. His mother drags him by the hand out of the supermarket. As soon as they get out the door, the kid throws the chocolate against the wall. This is not what I wanted, he yells. I want the other one I saw on the TV commercial.

- You threw away the chocolate, now you can't have ice cream, – his mother tries to discipline him. But all she manages is to get the child to pull his bike out of the wheel brackets and throw it to the ground. Then he stomps on it where he can. Future-goers smile, shake their heads. Otherwise, the event is worthless, as it's practically a daily occurrence.

(Zsuzsa Koblenz - Népszabadság, July 7, 2004 (page 10).



The tram rushes along the Nagykörút in rush hour. The vehicle is crowded. On one of the seats facing each other, a kindly old lady is huddled, on the other a woman is sitting with her child in her lap. The little boy is swinging his legs and kicking the aunt's knees. The old woman backs away, waiting to see when the mother will call the kid. But when that doesn't happen, she politely addresses the mother:

- Sorry to bother you, but your little boy keeps kicking my leg. Please, tell him.
- What do you want? – the mother snaps, I'm not going to restrict my child's personal freedom because of an old woman! Mind your own business, not mine!
- Everyone on the tram watches the scene in shock while a typical rocker (steel-toed boots, tar haircut, tight pants, leather jacket, metal music blaring from the earpiece) takes the gum out of his mouth and gingerly stuffs it into her hair. Then he says:
- I wasn't restricted as a child either!



Indulging our children has become a cult. Even the people concerned are allergic to our child-centred attitude. Iván Bächer sheds light on the current situation in a very witty article:

- Take a look, Doctor! The child is all ready. He hasn't slept all night, he cries non-stop, he barely eats anything, he's got a bad stomach. What's wrong with this child?
- Let me see. Yeah. Sigh. It's... Open your mouth now. There you go. Now, that's perfectly obvious. That's my fourth one today.
- What's the matter?
- Wait a minute. Now, little Lalika, tell me nicely: would you like Santa Claus to come again? No need to cry, no need to shout, Lalika, calm down, Santa Claus isn't coming, he won't be coming for a long time. You see, madam, it's obvious: a case of Santa Clausitis.
- What is it?

- Santa poisoning. Typical symptoms. Insomnia, crying, vomiting, diarrhea.
- Oh, my God!
- How many Santa parties has the kid been to this week?
- Well, he had Santa in kindergarten once, right. And then I took him to work, his father took him to work, because we were divorced, you know, doctor. And the next day his stepfather took him to the office Santa Claus.
- That was the step Santa Claus.
- That's right. But there was another Santa Claus for friends, you know, the old gang got together, there's two or three kids everywhere now. And then we went to my parents' house...
- Mummy Santa.
- You could say that. Daddy dressed up, and it was a miracle, the kid didn't recognise him! And then, of course, in the evening, the real Santa Claus came, the one from home.
- That was the main Santa Claus. Oh, yes. I see. And heavy. One Santa Claus is a lot for such a small child. He doesn't know what to think or where to put it. But with so many Santas, he gets confused. Not to mention that the streets are full of Santas...
- You don't say, doctor.
- There are Santas wandering, marching, and flocking everywhere. You can't move for all those Santas. Santa Claus bumps into children on the tram, in the shop, in the park.
- How do you know that so well, doctor? Imagine, the child didn't even want to come out into the street.
- And as many Santas as there are Santa Clauses. You see, you've had a Santa Claus, a Santa Claus, a Sub-Santa, a Santa Claus, and I bet there'll be a Santa Claus.
- Two, doctor, two.
- You see, ma'am. There are a lot of Santas. They're multiplying out of all proportion. You don't know how many Santas I've had in my practice. There's been a House Santa, a Wild Santa, a Sub-Santa, a Twin Santa, an Art Santa, a Rubber Santa, a Wandering Santa, a Serial Santa, a Stray Santa, a Party Santa, a Deep Hundred Santa, a Social Santa, a Different Santa, a Tarzan Santa, a Stretch Santa, a Mall Santa, a Santa Claus...
- That's nothing, Doctor, but we had an Alternative Santa Claus this year. A pretty young girl in red boots and a short skirt. She had to take the kid home, she was crying so much.
- It was awful. By the way, most Santa Clauses themselves scream like an ox in the face of the poor child, thinking it will give them more prestige.
- And because he can't hear well with cotton wool. Most of them also grimace, don't know where they are, forget and mix up the kids' names, hand out presents all over the place.
- He mixes up the slips of paper on which the unfortunate parents have written the information. And so Pisiste becomes Ferike, who plays the flute very well, even though she has never seen one, but is very good at gymnastics, but it is not she who is praised, but Nicolette.
- Because most of the Santas also do a little sponge in front of her. She's trying to compensate for the lack of lights. And then it smells like a distillery.
- No adult could stand it, let alone a child. Most of them get sick of the Santa Claus season. You get Santa poisoning.
- What can you do about it, Doctor?
- Please, you'll need a very strict course of Santa withdrawal. Nobody wear red, nothing red in general. The child needs calm, quiet, dim light. The best thing to do at this time of year is to retire to a remote village for a few days. If there's a bearded one in the family, you'll have to shave him...
- That'll be a problem, Doctor. My master has a very large beard. And his name's Nicholas, but you can't talk to him now. Imagine, he found a game on the Internet, on the website of a Danish soil company. You have to find something between six and seven in the afternoon, so as

soon as you arrive you sit down at the computer, because whoever clicks first gets a prize, and he's already won a beautiful faience or something. If you play every day, you can win something big. He's completely infatuated with this quest. He found out that there are similar search games on other sites and now he is browsing through them. Often he's blind in front of the machine until after midnight...

- And what is there to search for?
- What do you mean? Well, little Santas. The last one he found was in the financial accounts of a Danish company. He was very proud of himself.
- Ma'am. This is where science stops. We have no choice but to wait.
- For what, doctor, for what?
- Well, Easter, ma'am. Then the bunny will come.
- And everything starts all over again?
- Well, yes.
- Well, thank you, doctor. And what do I owe you?
- Whatever you think. Throw it in here, in my puttony.

Népszabadság – Weekend supplement, 13 December 2003 (page 11)



I don't wish anyone to be an Easter Bunny. Because I am one now. That's what my uncle said when I was born:

- Oh, you poor thing, it's a pity you turned out so pretty and white, because people are obsessed with giving their children bunnies like you at Easter!

You were right, it was my turn on a beautiful spring afternoon. I was playing with my brothers and sisters in Aunt Julika's garden near Pest, when her nephew with spiky hair came in and they whispered for a long time. (I mean, my dad has a nice smooth coat and doesn't burn like he's been electrocuted...) Then Aunt Julika nicely picked me out from my brothers and sisters and handed me over to "Spikehead". To her credit, she added:

– Zsoltika, I love my rabbits, take care of them! And I look forward to seeing you in two weeks! I'm not a cowardly rabbit boy, but I was scared, my nose was shaking, my legs were trembling, everything was shaking. I didn't know where I was going. Let's start with the fact that Spikehead was even dumb enough to give his kid a real surprise. On Easter Sunday morning, so when we got home, he immediately put me in the middle of the biggest room and shouted triumphantly:

- What do you think?

I shivered even more, and then in fright - how shall I put it...? - little balls came out of me. Yes, I pooped. And my little balls rolled all over the place. His wife - who matched him, because she didn't have normal hair either, she wore red hair!

- Are you crazy? I've been cleaning all day and you bring me a pooping rabbit!
- You ruin everything! - Spikey yelled back, then said a bunch of horribly nasty words, and Red Riding Hood yelled even nastier ones, and then Spikey slammed the door so hard it burst open.

By this time I was shaking as if someone was shaking me from the inside, while Red Hair was sweeping my balls all over me, crying. That calmed me down - they're not killing me, they're killing each other - and I spotted a little girl with a dimpled face in the corner of the room. She was small like me, and just as scared as I was. And "Dimples" should be used to her parents' frenzy by now. During the week I spent with them, I noticed that they either didn't say a word to each other or they fought. Believe me, there is no family of rabbits that would take them in! This is not our standard. Let's see Red Hair first! He cried a lot - at first I felt sorry for him, later I didn't - and he was bullying everyone. Because only he knew what was right. On the second day he wanted to stuff a big carrot in my mouth, but I rebelled and ran out into the garden. While he was chasing me, I was in a good mood - I was the quicker one - and I thought to myself that I was a bunny with a loving family and a mind of my own. It's not enough that I've been brought here, this overbearing female also

wants to regulate my vital functions. If she could, she would dictate what I think. Well, no! Red Hair treats her daughter the same way. She bought silly and expensive toys for Dimples, but if she wasn't happy enough, or if she didn't eat her cooking, or sing and recite when she had her kitten friends over, she would yell at her like Spikehead. Who, on the other hand, talked only of money. He ate a lot, he drank a lot of beer, but mostly he sat in his room when he was home now and then.

When I wasn't so scared anymore, I'd sneak into his sanctum. Imagine, he would sit in front of something that looked like a television and look at all sorts of aunties and then write long letters. Probably to the aunts... But the two of them never cuddled up together like my uncle and uncle did in the evenings to have more little brothers and sisters! That's why Dimples was alone. That's why he sat in front of the TV forever, bored with all his toys. Anyway, I can't watch TV, even though I tried. I had a headache, and I couldn't sleep because of all the horrible things. Dimples came out to the terrace at night and tucked me in. I loved him! He stroked me with his tiny hands, took me in his lap and fed me. Poor little thing! I've only been here a week, but my stomach hurts. It must be some neurotic thing that only humans have. Anyway, I'm happy because Red Hair hates me and has yelled at Spikehead many times that you have to take the "poop machine" back to the old girl on Easter Monday. That way I don't get dumped in a grove or a forest or on the side of a highway like many of my fellow queens. I'm going back to Aunt Julika - who is as good as a rabbit - and my beloved family. Only this dear, sad Dimples... What will become of him among men?

Ildikó V. Kulcsár – Nők Lapja, 27 March 2013 (pages 20-21)



This snapshot was taken in a shoe shop in Budapest, but the person who captured it would have experienced the same thing in any country in the Western world at the beginning of the 21st century:

Shoes are beautiful and damn expensive. They have pointed toes, they are comfortable, they have soft, supple leather. The price is 18,000, 20,000 to 24,000. I quickly decide not to buy anything, but I do try on a pair of burgundy stilettos. Damn, it looks good! But when I look at the price, I put it back as if it would burn my hands. That's when I notice the teenage girls standing in front of the shelf. Heavy makeup "jet black" dyed hair, branded stuff, cell phone around their necks. The most expensive, now fashionable type, you can send a photo with it. (I'm looking forward to the invention of a soup spoon that lets me take a photo of my family at lunch, or at least plays the Ode to Joy. Anyway...) The shorter girl is whistling at her shoes, fiddling with her cell phone instead. You're probably familiar with the blank expression on some people's faces – in company, in meetings, in the grocery store, wherever – as they press tiny buttons for long minutes. Well, she does the same, then shouts in a harsh voice to her friend: "Bloody hell, there's a text message, but only about the tariffs! It's 5:30, nobody's called since 2:00! Gas, huh?" Her friend shrugs and she bitterly drops her phone.

I can see in her eyes that she is in a very bad mood. - Poor thing! Did you "eat" the commercials? Didn't anyone ever tell you that an expensive mobile phone is not enough to make you a caring, true friend? Didn't anyone tell you that emotion and relationships are not embodied in objects? – I thought as I continued to watch. She looks angrily at the shoes - seeking comfort – and what does God do? It's the burgundy beauty I put back on the shelf a few minutes ago that is her remedy. He tries, he likes it, he's soon on his way to the checkout. But there is no joy on her face. I feel sorry not only for her, but for her parents.

Ildikó V. Kulcsár – Nők Lapja, 5 November 2003 (page 37)



The (Z) Zombie Generation

It is true that the advent of a fantastic generation that would be born in the near future was mentioned in the early 1970s, but it was only in the early 2000s that this "miracle generation" was most often mentioned. They were described in various rather positive terms: indigo, crystal or rainbow children. According to the theories popular in esoteric circles in particular, it is this generation

that can bring about a fundamental change in the life of humanity and it is they who will be the ones who will achieve a higher quality, a higher spiritual level, thus setting the course of civilisation as a whole in a positive direction. Many of the parents rightly boasted that theirs was an indigo child, with above-average intelligence, intolerant of authoritarianism and generally a harbinger of a better future, a forerunner of a higher order of humanity.

Then came the great disillusionment, and we find that in our present age, the arrival of a generation with almost prophetic qualities is somehow lagging behind. The cult of indigo has quietly died out, and now there are hardly any people who seriously believe that children born around the year 2000 can redeem the whole world and the future. In fact, the opposite is becoming increasingly true, and once-proud parents are sad to see their children out of touch not just with themselves but with reality. If anything in this indigo myth was true, it is that the generation known as Generation Z (I will call them Z's for simplicity)¹ has very different, generalisable characteristics from their predecessors. They are more self-aware, it is true. If we define willfulness as self-consciousness, then by all means. The same applies to greater self-confidence, but in my humble observations this is more a disguise, a kind of armour behind which lies a serious identity disorder.

Indigos have often been reported (still around 2000) to reject fossilised, outdated social norms, such as not liking being forced into any kind of agenda-driven lifestyle, and not tolerating in the long term being burdened with unnecessary things (such as learning within the school system) to their otherwise great intellect. This is indeed typical of Generation Z, as we can see and experience today. But let's be clear: unfortunately, these characteristics have not at all emerged and prevailed as positive, constructive values in a society of 'child prodigies' who have now become teenagers and young adults, but have instead become the hallmarks of a more introverted, not only reality-denying but also almost hateful, and unfortunately incapable of creating and demonstrating values, and of a peculiarly confected mind. The indigos, crystals and rainbows have proved to be a very good raw material for mass brainwashing projects, as they have moved as one person from reality into virtual space, where they have become zombies, engaging in the most useless activities possible.

The great and beautiful hopes of the future have thus suddenly collapsed, and our children, who for all previous generations held the promise of a better and brighter future, have now become the depositaries of a lack of future, of general apathy and of an increasingly dangerous level of indifference and dumbing down. But how did this happen? Well, it would be very foolish to blame Generation Z alone for what they have become, and for the increasingly grim and threatening monstrosity that is our civilisation's vision of the future. We, the parents ourselves, have contributed vehemently to this, since Generation X (the ones who largely became the parents of Z) cannot boast, for example, of having developed excellent educational principles and applying them consistently and unwaveringly. The X's surrendered to the increasingly dehumanising zeitgeist, did not rebel, did not have a major revolution or world-wide movement, but rather conformed to the challenges of the times (e.g. globalisation, the spread and diffusion of Americanised confectionery culture), thus contributing massively to the imposition of an elite-driven civilisation on a world order and the global dominance of this trend.

Their children were more or less abandoned, and in the pursuit of money and material goods, they were hardly ever at home, but rather languished in second and third jobs. Education was entrusted first to television, then to the Internet. This has now proved a fatal mistake. We know that television is a weapon of mass destruction. It can dumb down and dehumanise masses on a massive scale, its brainwashing nature is indisputable and we are also aware that television is in fact one of the most successful tools of the elite in its project of social engineering. It turns hundreds of millions into zombies without the victims even noticing as it slowly erases their real selves and replaces

¹ **Modern naming of age groups:**

Veterans: 1925 – 1944

Baby Boomer: 1945 – 1964

Generation X: 1965 – 1981

Generation Y: 1982 – 1994

Generation Z: 1995 – 2010

them with a confected, uniformed, almost completely empty, joyless, almost robotic pseudo-personality. This is what happened to the abandoned Generation Z. While daddy-mummy was running after money all day long, the Z-child was watching TV all day long, almost hypnotically, and thus assimilating the values that the "CHILD" was beaming into his mind for hours a day. This is a dehumanised world view that teaches you to ignore the really important things, to chase the easy pleasures and of course has created a need for a vile celebrity culture, or undemandingness.

If the TV was the nanny for the Z's, the internet became their tutor, their teacher. The Internet introduced them to life with a capital "L", that is, to a poor copy of life, made up of bits, pixels and smilies, likes. Chat-based communication has eroded the desire, the need and the demand for both writing and reading, and this generation has expressed itself and continues to express itself in abbreviated expressions and primitive figures, briefly and concisely, of course, because that is what is appropriate. But this has also affected their thinking, and short, simplified sentence structures have become schematic and have become commonplace in everyday life. Furthermore, because the Zeds usually talked to each other in virtual space.

I used to notice myself that when I took videos or photographs of my family, I was actually outside the events, and although I was physically present at these events, I was experiencing them through a mediating medium (camera, still camera, more recently smartphone), if I was experiencing them at all. Sometimes, when I realised this, I would put the device down and feel the wind of actual reality blowing. The phenomenon has now become a global problem. A few years ago, it became very fashionable to broadcast everything instantly online, to share photos and videos instantly, in the now fashionable word. On an excursion, on a trip, or at any social event, a lot more appropriate articulation has become a kind of luxury in their circles. Imagine the impact this can have on the general intellect. In addition, while the Z's spent a sea of time watching TV and surfing the web, they almost imperceptibly abandoned activities hitherto considered essential for spiritual development.

For example, they forgot how to read and, at the same time, how to interpret text. They have not been introduced to the great stories of Verne or other classics. Indian stories and juvenile novels have been neglected. And because they were not influenced by them, they did not become curious about the curiosities, the wonders, the great landscapes, the nothingness of our world. They show no interest in history, art or nature. They think it is all nonsense. And it's a waste of time, because instead of reading a book, it's more fun to pass the time playing computer games where you can kill virtual opponents in house-sized piles in an hour. It's great fun, it develops your reflexes and your decision-making mechanism. And it severely overwhelms everything else. Of course, it's not the games that are the problem here, as they can do no harm whatsoever to a healthy personality, maintaining an equally healthy balance between reality and virtuality. But in this case, the Nanny (i.e. TV) has handed over a generation with a well-prepared, smoothly polished mind to the Educator, i.e. the World Wide Web. Thus, these children were already abnormally vulnerable and fragile when their pale faces were first illuminated by the flickering light of the screen.

Parents nowhere, no rules, no regularity, no serious expectations, the current almost desperate situation has almost given way. The Z's have become indifferent to everything that cannot be experienced through a screen (for example, there were some expressions from the children describing parents as too slow, too old-fashioned, too offline, too hold on tight!...) Serious psychologists are constantly sounding the alarm (perhaps too late) and trying to prove that the normal future of our abandoned and TV- and internet-dependent children, and with them our civilisation, has become highly uncertain. And what is the situation now, what is society's reaction to this warning? Practically nothing. Parents are helpless, they really don't have the time for all this (systematic education, being there and together), and why should they deny their children the use of the great gadgets provided by modern technology. Because, after all, if we can't have it, at least they can have it.

It is almost instinctive for the Zeds to deny the developmental and pedagogical principles that are traditional. We find them rebelling vehemently against the school system, against what they have to learn, saying that they need much more practical knowledge than that in the society of the future. Because in the Brave New World, it will no longer be trendy to be literate, informed, to acquire basic knowledge. In this Brave New World, ruled by the elite, we will need to know how to earn as

much money as possible in order to buy as much junk as possible, which will become obsolete in no time, thus expressing and carrying the symbols of our status in the social hierarchy, because "you are all you have". I mean in numbers and in terms of amounts. Literature? Arts? They can't be monetized, they don't make me a cool car, phone, tablet (okay, tablet), they don't make me pretty or cool.

The people who are against the school system are demanding more free time, a reduction in the number of lessons, because they are overloaded. Star Wars and Justice League comics instead of Stars of Eger. Because that's the trend now. They are easier to digest because they don't have any intellectual nourishment. The required reading has become old junk and they simply refuse to chew through it. If you will allow me a personal example: in my daughter's school, there is no longer any compulsory reading in the eighth grade. It has been abolished. The literature teacher says that it is because, and I quote her, 'they don't read it anyway, and if they do, they don't understand what they have read'. Just as handwriting is being eradicated from society (it is an important personality trait, so it really needs to be done away with), so too is the ability to understand texts and to do basic arithmetic.

The US teacher college entrance exams no longer present students with insurmountable obstacles, so no more written exams! What would Generation Z prefer to study instead of the current curriculum? History, for example, could be a subject that could teach them about the creation and rise of Facebook. Literature? Well, it's a tough nut to crack, but we can do it: Harry Potter in Brief, 54 pages, spread over the whole school year. Geography is completely unnecessary, as I have my GPS on my phone. Maths is not necessary, for the same reason. Physical education? Come on, I move around enough in virtual space! Of course, this seems like a deliberate exaggeration, but rest assured that I'm not far from reality, or what the Zeds think it is.

But of course, it's not all the fault of Generation Z, at least not entirely, and not even the fault of Generation X who may or may not be raising them! It is a zeitgeist, and an artificial, invisible, intangible anti-culture, engineered at the highest levels and administered as a kind of lethal serum in a meticulously worked-out project. In tiny drops, each drop causing further deterioration and degradation of the organism. The mixing of different cultures, the spread of Americanised lifestyles and thinking around the world, the rise of liberal philosophies and all the processes associated with globalisation have combined to have a combined effect on our children's lives and bring out the worst in them. And they are no less capable than we are, or their grandfathers and grandmothers were, in fact! They mature noticeably earlier, their minds open earlier, they are intelligent, open-minded, tolerant and empathetic for a long time.

As long as they are at this age and are not hit by the first wave of the digital swamp, we could really hope that they would be different, and in a good, positive way. The great thing is that the much-cursed school system under the great liberalism has been almost completely transformed, becoming more permissive, giving students more freedom, and as a result they were home after 2 p.m., as afternoon classes were virtually abolished everywhere. At best, Mum and Dad would only get home from their daily drudgery around five or six in the evening, tired, frustrated and exhausted, and by then, for three or four hours, either the television or the computer, including the World Wide Web, had rearranged their little ones' minds. We had very little say in this. But because the elite will need a mass of people who are incapable of complex thinking, who are locked up in their own little world, who are content with shallow things, in order to implement the New World Order without any particular resistance, no programmes have been prepared at national level to deal with the measurable and perceptible dumbing down, the addiction to gadgets.

In fact, the opposite has happened. Mountains of advertising targeted the younger generation, flashing them the latest smartphones, and hit movies subliminally propagandised the greatness of the 'live for today' philosophy. They have created a 'me-me-me-me-me' mindset, teaching our children to care about nothing but themselves. Besides, almost all of today's heroes are antisocial psychopaths. They have no real friends, they live in seclusion, they have denied the world, and of course they no longer have a library room, just a MacBook on their desk that they bury themselves in day and night.

Of course young people fall for these subconscious suggestions! And we are too tired, too busy, too impatient to somehow at least try to balance this gigantic influence. So the powers that be are deliberately raising Generation Z zombies because they need them to become easily bought, detached adults, prisoners of ever more advanced virtual technology. In the meantime, they can do whatever they want in the real world. No one will care. Our children will be in one of the millions of VR worlds where they can do anything they want, even make believe they are rich and famous when they are not. A whole generation will be put in front of VR devices that will actually make them blind and deaf, and in the little time they spend in reality, augmented reality contact lenses will make their otherwise beat-up, bottom-level existence magical. And when they realise how bleak non-augmented reality is, they flee hand and foot back to the VR world, where they can even get their work done, because everyone else is there! What a prize for the Elite to have such a now almost perfectly flushed generation!

Right now, at this very moment, they are kidnapping, stealing our own children from us, loosening family and any other kind of emotional ties, through them chopping up and destroying traditional and proven community systems. What will happen after them? Of course, this is only the first generation of the Brave New World, for the next will come, our grandchildren, the generation now marked not by a letter but perhaps by a number, who are supposed to be raised by the Zee. The Z's who have never learned what it is like to live in a real family, what expectations to have of a child, how to treat them, and even how to raise them, having themselves rejected all such things. What kind of generation will be raised by a generation that is heavily addicted to gadgets and the internet, that spends years in VR worlds, that is devoid of empathy, that is totally dumbed down and ignorant of the world? It's scary even to think about it, and maybe it's better not to.

Perhaps it will be the Armageddon generation, the children of the end of the world, the last generation. It is already inconceivable that today's young people, when the time comes, will be able to govern responsibly, to solve and manage serious global problems, or to come up with the physically tangible innovations that will guarantee the further dizzying progress we have made so far. What about their children? They will be the ones who have never even heard of books, and from their parents will only see them spending their days with a gadget on their heads, chasing momentary pleasures, perhaps injecting themselves with the necessary nutrients, lest they die of hunger or thirst during the unbridled and endless VR fun.

I am not writing this for nothing, because there have been an increasing number of cases recently of young people who have been engrossed in internet and computer games and have turned over dead after 48 hours or more because they have simply become dehydrated. One couple in the Far East had a few-month-old baby who simply starved to death next to them because they forgot to feed him every now and then while he was playing on the computer! So this is a very real danger! What will be here in 20-30 years? - we ask the question in growing desperation, and the experts have no answer. The course of evolution or degeneration is unpredictable, there are too many uncertainties.

It is possible to hope, of course. On the one hand, there is the hope that Generation Z will sooner or later be forced to get serious, so to speak, as they leave the Mama Hotel (the name given to the parental background and home where young people can still get by in their late twenties) and enter the world of work, where they will inevitably have to get to grips with the reality of their surroundings. This is the optimistic attitude. The more pessimistic view is that the Z's are just missing out on the most important stages of intellectual maturation and are becoming a different kind of adult. Infantile, emotionless, who continue to turn inwards into artificially created worlds. In 20 to 30 years' time, this generation will find itself in the antechamber of the New World Order, and that is the biggest problem. They will not have any major problems with this. They will not even know that they are prisoners of an oppressive system. There, in virtual reality, they will be free to be themselves. But only there.

Trendy-fascism

You know why every 12-year-old now has a smartphone? It's because if they don't have a model that's at least more or less cool in their own little community, they become a target. They are ridi-

culed, excluded, eventually ruined and sometimes driven to suicide. The Zék have developed their trend-fascism to an astonishing degree of perfection, which does not tolerate any deviation, any deviation, any difference from the average, which is a system of norms based on brands, brands, confectioned, without any uniqueness. The perfect recipe for the uniform man. Have such and such a brand of shoes, such and such a dress, a phone, such and such a hairstyle, and such and such an expression. Love this celebrity and hate that celebrity.

Every single moment of this generation's life is rigidly self-regulated, and you simply cannot deviate from that, because you will be instantly hated by the public. Always be online, like, share, nothing else matters. It has become so pervasive that today's teenager now finds it unthinkable to spend even a few hours without a mobile phone! Because then you are cut off from the bloodstream, you don't receive notifications of your friends' activities, you can't express yourself, you can't give others any sign of life, and it's as if you're dead!

György Köröszts – Hihetetlen magazine, April 2018 (pages 9-14)



It was a dramatic moment on Monday, with Facebook, Instagram and Messenger all down around the world. It was awful that the only way best friends could find out where each other was eating their expensive salads was to call each other. It was an excruciating pain for teenagers to have to get out the family photo album instead of scrolling through pictures and have a good laugh with parents at the kindergarten pictures. Not to mention the agony of having to use company email to discuss the details of the presentation the next day. And that's not even mentioning reading, snuggling up without a phone press, watching a movie, or just having a simple conversation. It must have been tough. It was a cruel seven hours indeed, as we didn't get to read a recent motivational quote from Coelho and co. in a recent post. No one could see the retouched selfies, let alone the emojis, because the pain of their hi-hatred was almost indescribable. I'm sure there were people who felt that way, and I have to admit, I didn't even notice that the world had stopped. Or maybe I did, because it was finally as good to take a deep breath as Neo did when he disconnected from the Matrix.²

Zoltán Várhelyi – Blikk, 7-10 October 2021 (page 2)



Our sea of troubles is compounded by our rapidly growing alienation from each other. Everyone is becoming numb, concerned only with themselves. On the street, on the bus, on the tram, we cast cold glances at each other. We tell our fellow human beings, even unspokenly, „I don't care about your fate in the slightest. I don't care how you are, and it would be best if you weren't.” The reason for all this is the modern society we have created. The consumer society really consumes you. This attitude of treating everything and everyone as a commodity has led to the emergence of the post-modern type of man, whose main characteristics are „emptying of the self” and „ultimate alienation”. Even the strongest bonds, the deepest human relationships (parent-child-spouse) are rapidly weakening, and we treat everyone with increasing harshness and rejection. In the frenzy of consumerism, indifference, distrust and indolence have crept into our lives. We love only ourselves, and less and less. We do not listen to each other, we do not live with each other, but side by side. Often we do not do this deliberately, but the spirit of the times dictates this behaviour, forces it upon us. It is somehow „in the air” that we have to do this now. We do not have to, but we obey this impulse.

Because of this, we are afraid and we dare not face the truth. There are countless forms of running away from ourselves: overindulging in sex, partying, shopping frenzy, or burying ourselves in work. Whatever it is, as long as it keeps us constantly busy, leaving us no time to meditate, to reflect on our situation. In doing so, we would realise that we are on the wrong track, that our whole life is a series of useless substitutes. We are not doing what we should be doing, we are not behaving as

² The seven-hour shutdown cost Facebook €70 million in lost advertising revenue. And Mark Zuckerberg's fortune has been slashed by €5.2 billion as a result of the fall in his shares.

we should. We are not even willing to accept the occasional instinctive help from others. Árpád Pünkösti's article in *Népszabadság* describes the current situation in a snappy riposte:

After a torrential downpour in the street, you can only cling to hope and your gloves. In front of me, a young lady marches. Her scooter shoes are not for this fight. Her jacket is down to her hips, and caution and fear play back and forth on the muscle fibres that tighten at the buttocks. As if the pavement were being pulled out from under him, his feet fly, his hands flap, his black trousers, which were just flapping gently, touch the ground, and the wings of his jacket flap. I slide beside him. Her face is even more beautiful. Her hair is brown, her eyes are closed.

– Did he hurt you? Did you break anything? – I ask.

Her blue-green eyes are blushing. He looks at me. I look at him. Two strangers. He moves his head to indicate that nothing is broken. I hold out my hand gently. I take off my gloves to get a better grip. Holding on to me a little, he deftly rises to one knee, stands up. Right hand still holding left hand. We brush each other's cheeks, and when his grip loosens, they stumble, and I'm flying. I roll sideways and smile compulsively up at Amarillis. He's already giggling, as if he knows the name he's been given in this flying baptism. He pulls off his gloves, reaches out his hand for me. The look is more clingy than the hand.

– Arm for leg, leg for arm! – I shout at the top of my voice. How did I just think of that?

We're already standing next to each other, holding hands, and he laughs and repeats: *kohlrabi!*³ There's mirth in those sparkling eyes. It's as if it makes her shiver, and we're slipping, falling, tipping over again. I lift my head. He does the same. He tries to get up, and when I reach out to help him, his eyes glance at me and hiss: go to hell! We get up separately, and when he gives me another angry look, I shudder with rage: stupid bitch, she kicked my leg!

Népszabadság, 28 December 2002 (page 7)



The lady in her thirties got into her car, I could see she was in a hurry because she had thrown the bags in the back seat. She started immediately, but the car was foggy, you could hear the dead battery moving the engine, but it was so weak that she couldn't start it. The woman's face flushed with horror, she raised both hands and dropped them on the steering wheel. Then she put her head on it, rolled down the window and said: "This can't be happening." It happened in a shopping centre car park, I was standing next to my car. I like this situation very much, waiting and not going in is very good. Not because I have any aversions to this kind of shop, I have long since got over the dilemma of Hungarian product – cheap product, and since organic yoghurt, which used to cost 60 forints, now costs 300, I always end up with the latter.

I stepped away in the direction of the lady who was on the phone to her husband. I went to her to persuade her to stop trying, to stop completely skinning the old battery.

– We decided yesterday to buy a new battery, she said with sincere desperation as I leaned over to the window next to the driver's seat. And she added: she had already told her husband to go to the nursery to pick up the child. She's going to leave the car here overnight, she has no money to call a trailer. Nor is it possible to go back to the store and buy a "bull cable". And by the time she had sorted all this out, she was getting her shit together.

– Wait a minute, don't rush, – I suggested, because I found what he was outlining very complicated.

– I looked around because I couldn't move the car on my own.

– Excuse me, I need some help – I said, approaching a middle-aged man, but to my dismay, the woman walking beside him immediately quickened her pace and the man turned his back on me.

In another case, almost exactly the same thing happened. I looked at myself, wondering what could be so alarming about me that I would immediately shy away from anyone I turned to. But I found nothing that would frighten me myself. Then I waited some more. I couldn't tell the grandmothers

³ Wordplay. Unintelligible in translation.

pushing their shopping trolleys with their grandchildren. Then I failed a third time, even though I was more sophisticated. I pointed to the woman sniffing in her car and said there was a problem with her car. The third person I spoke to said she was sorry, "let's call a mechanic", her husband had a spinal injury, she couldn't let him push her around.

While I was hunting, I remembered an earlier scene when I myself was standing helplessly - in the same place - over the bonnet. The alarm went off, blocking the ignition. It was evening, it was already a bit dark, I was huddled inside my car, the siren was blaring. One by one, the shoppers passed me by. No one came up to me and asked what was wrong. If only to make sure I hadn't accidentally stolen the car. It took me at least fifteen minutes to figure out where and which button I had to press to get going. In that time you can merrily untie a car - I thought to myself at the time - and the dog won't even notice.

What happened? What could be the cause of the widespread use of the now quite familiar evasive gestures? There is something in the looks that go beyond a simple refusal to help. In addition to the averting, there is an indefinable antigest, behind which lie inexplicable fears, grievances and disappointments. "Sure, I'll push your expensive car, but if I need something, hospital, school, office, candy, huh?" Or: "Come, come, Charles, be careful, you might get knocked down trying to help." Or: "Everybody solve his own problem!" Or: "I'm busy, can't you see I'm running?" Or: "Damn it, we're not changing change, why can't you understand that!" Or: "I don't know, I'm not from here." Or: "Get lost, fucker, you're taking up the whole lane."

The fourth person I spoke to was happy to help. It took a few seconds. We pushed the car out onto the straight stretch, then turned it into a sloping area. We told the lady in trouble that if she made it, she shouldn't stop. She meant it literally, because without a wave back, without any special thanks, she stormed off in the blink of an eye.

László Rab - Népszabadság, 4 June 2005 (page 5)



Everyone - well, almost everyone - has a weakness. Sometimes you don't even notice it yourself, but fortunately there is social control: sooner or later others will point it out. As I got older, I thought I knew my bad habits - which I will refrain from listing for lack of space - but there was one that I had to face up to now. I was staring at people. I always knew, of course, that I was interested in them. People, I mean. I should have suspected that this was not normal. So I just kept on looking at whoever came along. Some people returned my gaze - mostly babies and old people - but most didn't even flinch. My interest did not disturb the young people listening to the walkman, the schoolchildren with heavy bags on their backs, kicking gravel, the trash collectors walking briskly with large bags, and least of all the well-dressed young people hurrying with determined steps, carrying a mobile phone in one hand and a briefcase in the other, hurrying towards their car, and - although there is no third hand! - are setting off their alarms from a distance. So I've checked them and the others, and so far no one is bothered.

But this spring my fellow human beings seem to have run out of patience. I sat alone in a hospital corridor waiting for some paper. I had already read the newspaper, all the leaflets, signs, posters. Then a pretty young cleaning lady appeared at the end of the corridor, washing the stones with quick, expert movements. So I looked at her. When she came up to me with the mopping razor, I willingly put my feet under the bench. And he, without looking up from the wet stone, murmured:

- What are you looking at? I hate being stared at!

He kicked the bucket with his foot and the water splashed out. He must have been in a bad mood. I tried to forget him. In the summer, another signal came. I ran into the homeless woman on the street, who usually hangs out in front of our house with her companions. It occurred to me that I was going to take some clothes to a collection point, so why not give them to her? So I took a closer look to see if my size would fit. He noticed my look, snorted at me:

- What are you looking at? And he spat at me, but he missed.

- Still, I decided to go to the Maltese Relief Service. Then: a mafioso in a sporty suit drives around our street in a brand new car. When I pass him, he's studying the dashboard. He looks

at me piercingly:

- What are you looking at, Mama? Don't tell me it's yours!
- A teenager skateboarding on the pavement. He's heading straight for me. I jump away.
- What are you looking at? - He's whining at me. – Afraid I can't brake?
- Same with a car. An SUV pulls onto the sidewalk at almost a right angle. I cower in horror.
- What are you looking at? – I need somewhere to park too!
- In the sunny street, something crashes down on my head. I grab it, my hair is covered in cigarette butts, crumbs, crumbs, paper galaxies. I look up. On the second-floor balcony, a woman with a voluptuous figure, braving the chilly weather, shaking a dirty blanket in her bra.
- What are you staring at? - she whispers down at me. - Don't you ever clean?
- A drunk man presses an intercom. It's no use. He shakes the gate, then kicks the stained glass. Rattling, of course I'm looking.
- What are you looking at? - he asks menacingly. You mind your own business, bitch.

How right you are. The others come and go in the street, ignoring him. No, I promise I won't stare at you anymore. I won't even watch TV. Not those current affairs talk shows. I don't want anyone to call me off the screen and ask me:

- What are you looking at?

I'd rather mind my own business. I'm looking at my flowers. They love them.

Éva Janikovszky - Népszabadság, October 2000 (page 26)



What makes a writer great? Gábor Görgey Gábor's answer to this question, which is valid worldwide, is. As soon as he dies, he grows taller and stands taller, like an eagle's nest, before his mourning contemporaries. It does not grow slowly and gradually, as one might think, but suddenly, by leaps and bounds. Like a bolt of lightning, there he grows, suddenly a great writer is born. All it takes is for him to die. The moment he is laid out, he becomes a giant. The writer lies on his coffin, and his life's work grows rapidly, one might say mindlessly. He doesn't have to lift a finger. At one time he had to fight for every single marker. Now he needs neither ballpoint pen nor typewriter. It's so simple, you could have figured it out sooner. All you need for a great work of art is to be published. Of course, it would be nice to live that life's work. To bask in the success, to gasp at the accolades. It would be nice to enjoy what a great writer he has become. But that's impossible. It's against the laws of nature and nature's nature.

And then the funeral, the eulogy, and the mourners go home. The explosion of talent also stops. Slowly they forget what a great writer he was (for a few days, until he is buried). The ghostly pall of the dead man who has grown large begins to shrink. When it is small enough, it shrinks back into its place, into its disintegrating earthly shell of dust. And waits. For what? For it to suddenly start growing again. The talent in him. In a moment or two, it turns out how many people in his life have known how great a writer he is. And that he'd opened a new chapter in literature. When that moment comes, even his philologically tidy daily shopping bills, the receipts he used to throw into his basket at the corner grocery store, will be collected into volumes. And they will publish every line, his entire oeuvre. Which is this moment? The centenary!"

Népszabadság - Weekend supplement, 6 March 2004 (page 10)



I sit on the uncomfortable plastic chair, watching the cold, desolate corridor crowded with people serving as a waiting room. I listen. A woman sits next to me, watching the crowd. She waits in silence. Every now and then a door opens, we raise our heads in hope, but it's always someone else. After an hour, the woman looks at me and suddenly speaks. There is no emotion, no sentimentality, no self-pity in her voice, she tells her story in the most concise, short sentences. Or rather, the skeleton of the story. No details, no fancy words. He does not even say what he and his little daughter were doing in Ukraine in the spring of 1986, only that they went on a trip to a place near Cher-

nobyl. They took their little basket of snacks prepared at home, and had a peaceful snack. They had no idea that the tragedy of the century had taken place at the nuclear power plant. The woman had undergone six operations since then. Cancer. She now has organs that have had to be replaced with plastic. That's the story. And now she sits in a deserted corridor, waiting. Patiently, like someone who has plenty of time.

We live in a world of lies. In the case of Chernobyl, for example, the star was denied from the sky. Only little by little, after a long delay, did they admit something, but they also tried to trivialise it. Famous scientists gave their names and faces to this, scientists whose statements we still sometimes see on television. It has been a good 18 years since the Chernobyl tragedy, but even now there is little or no talk of the consequences that are likely to be felt in the future, which will certainly be far more serious than those of 1986. Because this sad story is not over yet, that is for sure. At the same time, in our everyday lives, we hear and see on posters, leaflets and in the media that we should live and eat healthily. Many people are trying. The trouble is, we don't know what's in the water we drink. We don't know what's in the air we breathe. We don't know what toxic substances are being released into our rivers and small streams, and what has built up in the bodies of the fish caught in them. We have no idea how much and what chemicals are in the vegetables and fruits that look so pretty on the market. The seller says of course nothing, which of course can be true, sometimes. As has recently been discovered, even air freshener can have carcinogenic effects. And what else? What else is being found out?

Older people in particular are desperately trying to read the needle-head list of ingredients on the packaging of various foods in shops to see if they contain substances that are harmful to the body. But these labels are written for the eagle-eyed. The examples could go on. One point: in a world of lies, economic interests have become more important than people. We sit with the Chernobyl nightmare woman in the uncomfortable plastic chair in the cold, deserted corridor that serves as a waiting room, glancing hopefully towards a door, hoping to be called. But no. There are so many patients. We keep listening. Then, as if remembering now, the woman starts talking again. It turns out that her little daughter, who was so unsuspectingly and deliciously munching on her basket of snacks near Hell in 1986, is now 21. You could say, and rightly so, that she is in the prime of her life, ready to start a family. But we can't say that, because there's a problem: she's gone into menopause.

Lajos Körmendi - Metro, 1 December 2004 (page 3)



It happened in Budakeszi at 5.30 on Saturday morning. We were waiting for bus 22, early risers. There were six of us. A young couple without luggage, probably on their way home from a party. An elderly man with a rocking horse under his arm, probably for his grandson. An elegant, middle-aged lady with a fine brown leather travel bag. Finally, I myself, cold as a dog and sheltering from the icy wind, ducked into the doorway behind the bus stop. The unkempt, rumpled man emerged from the post office with a hefty bat on his shoulder and strode across the dirty pavement. The huge shopping bag must have been all he had, it was easy to tell. The wind blew in and out of the slits in his thin coat, his shoes were bound with duct tape, and he wore a cap of indeterminate colour and shape on his head. He stopped at the bus stop, put the dirty bag on the ground, spread his legs, folded his arms behind his waist and spoke in the most natural way in the world:

- At ease! – and then, pacing up and down, he turned to the man on the rocking-horse, and addressed him, to the genuine astonishment of us all, with impeccable manners:
- Major, did you correctly assess the situation when you entrusted the defence of our troops to the cavalry? – The old man said nothing, stepped back, and shyly drew his rocking horse close to him. The homeless-looking man did not stop:
- The most important thing, my sons, is to close the southern ridge lines – he declared in a raised voice, pointing to the grocery store opposite the bus stop. He then gave the order of the day and set out the protection tasks for all of us.

- You, Lieutenant, will prevent enemy troop movement to the flank. This will buy us time to organise a counterattack by the armoured battle group on the right flank of the division. Am I understood?

I did not answer, for I was cold at hearing the reply. The man of about fifty-five or sixty presented himself as a competent senior officer, but the fact that he was hanging in rags was astonishing. After I did not respond to the operational order, he asked the question again:

- I didn't hear you confirm, Lieutenant. Do you understand what your mission is?

He leaned in close to me, his wet eyes conjuring up images of a world in turmoil: A young man stretched out on the officer's deck sometime in the mid-1970s. Among the spectators, a proud grandmother, a pretty bride claps her hands. The rows of guests are full of young skilled workers, waiting for a Trabant and a telephone, travelling to Várna or Lake Balaton on summer holidays, a horde of workers who have "moved up" from the countryside to the József Attila, Óbuda or Békásmegyer housing estates. To win, together with the young officer, a battle that at the time seemed just about winnable. And, together with the young man who has chosen a military career, he accepts the offer of the times: a little is more than nothing. Who would have thought at that time that the factory would be over, the military would be over, and the moment would come when, after twenty or twenty-five years of service, a man would be thrown away like a second-hand rag. And how many, but how many, people in this country still cannot explain how it is that they are not needed when they were once so much needed?

The shabby general's eyes flashed as he repeated several times in succession:

- Do you understand?

I nodded, apparently satisfied. He turned back to the "unit" standing at the bus stop. He remarked that he would like everyone to understand that artillery action must be preceded by a divisional strike.

The bus still hadn't come, and there was time to explain the rest of the details of the attack. Our broken general drew a ruler from his satchel and addressed our troops in an encouraging tone. The general became excited, and kept pointing towards the settlement of Makkosmária. After all, it was logical, I thought to myself, it was morning, everyone was asleep, we could attack Budaörs beyond Makkos without any problems. We shouldn't be more than two or three kilometres away as the crow flies. It's half past five now, my train leaves at seven, that's an hour and a half round trip. With today's modern military technology – after a pre-emptive strike – it would take an hour to force the unsuspecting Budaörs to surrender. Our general could advance all the way to the M7 motorway line at around half past six and take the best fighting positions. The battle, of course, was cancelled. When we (as fleeing privates) boarded the 22, the captain did not come with us. He kept waving his ruler like a sword in the sky. I also saw the well-dressed woman wipe a tear from her face.

László Rab, Népszabadság, 4 March 2006 (page 4)



The newspaper pages were yellowing, the black and white photographs were crumbling. The miner once hailed as a hero of labour - whose name in Nógrád County was associated with the final chapters of an era of industrial history – feels like a living legacy of the past. And yet it was not so long ago that the Drexler brigade broke its own previous production record in the mine shaft of the Nógrád Coal Mines. It was just sixteen years ago that 26,507 tonnes of coal were brought to the surface in just one month. If a single train had been required to transport this amount, it would have gone from Pásztó to Salgótarján.⁴ This achievement, which is difficult to estimate today, was achieved by the 54 men led by Károly Drexler, who worked 14-16 hours a day without rest days.

Károly Drexler was once referred to as a "crazy miner", who would walk at a depth of 300 metres to avoid wasting time on foot, and who, when he could no longer carry the beam in his hands, would drag it behind him with his legs tied behind him. Who went in on Sundays and Christmas, when he thought others needed his help. He did all this at a time when the decline of the Nógrád

⁴ (This is the equivalent of a train about 10 km long.)

Coal Mines was becoming apparent and closure was only a matter of time. Károly Drexler was a striking figure in a disappearing workers' legend. The Stakhanovist miner had lived in a two-room apartment on the fifth floor of downtown Salgótarján for more than thirty years. Stepping out of the lift, we are confronted by a broad-shouldered man with huge hands and short hair. This is the look you see in gyms nowadays, although we don't know if he can keep it up to the age of 61.

- He could lose a few years, we try to say something polite, but he just shrugs.
- On the rare occasion I leave the house and meet someone I know, he starts by saying how well I'm keeping myself fit, – he says. But look! There behind the armchair is the ventilator. I've had several operations to remove things from me, because I've spent so much time in cold water, so much time working up a fever and freezing to death, that I've damaged several organs. When the cold front comes, my hands and feet shake, my head throbs and then explodes. I felt something similar when I was young. In Salgóbánya. In the deeper cuts there was so little oxygen that the carbide lamp went out, we had to take the bulb off the end of the tube to relight the flame. At home, I had dinner in the garden and lay down on the grass because I couldn't stand the air in the room, my head hurt so badly. This pain is coming back now, during a cold front. But never mind, I don't want to complain.

During our conversation, Károly Drexler repeatedly says that he does not want to boast or hurt others. The former is difficult because, if he just lists the dry facts, it might appear to the average person as boasting. Charles Drexler stood out among the miners for his work ethic. When he had to pick and shovel, he worked twice as much ground as the others. When it came to sorting the coal heaps, he alone pushed three or four, while the others pushed one or two. He says that when they came to the surface, his clothes were the dirtiest because he always worked in the hardest places. He's been where the mud has broken through, crawling into the tightest holes to shore up machinery that has sunk into the soft soil. He was at the scene of accidents, helping to get out a man and others who had been crushed by a chipper.

In 1985, when the first youth socialist brigade was formed, many people were only willing to join the new brigade if Károly Drexler became the brigade leader. Then he tells us that he grew up in Salgóbánya and spent his childhood in the mine yard. He was ten when his father was electrocuted in the mine shaft. It never occurred to him that he could have chosen another profession. He enrolled as an apprentice, then became a soldier and married. He worked in Salgóbánya, in Szilvaskő in the Forgách mine, in the Tiribes mine near Nagybatony and then in Kányás. As one mine after another was closed down, it was always transferred to a more distant mine. He speaks disparagingly of his accidents. Even today, he rarely goes to the doctor, sending his wife to prescribe his medicines whenever he can. It's as if he's ashamed of the diseases he picked up in the mine.

- We didn't have showers in Salgóbánya, – he says. – And as soon as we came out, sweaty and drenched from the flooding, we walked home, winter and summer. More than once I went to work with a fever and pneumonia. I just concentrated on not fainting before the end of the shift. Then, when the others couldn't see, I'd go to the doctor for an injection. My blood pressure would sometimes skyrocket, but I managed to hide it. Maybe I shouldn't reveal that today either. Isn't that like bragging?
- No, we'll ask you about your accidents.

The first one was partly due to his own carelessness: he looked behind him while pushing the five hundredweight of coal. A bump caused one of the handles to open and pinch his thumb. Though he pulled his hand back, the iron stripped the skin and muscle from his finger to the bone. We were about to ask him about the next one when he added two distinctive details to the story. One: he looked back to urge the others on. The other: his supervisor asked him if he wanted to make the accident statistics worse with this little scratch? He said no. He did not go to the doctor, the incident was not reported. They just bandaged his finger and he went back to work. In the evening his mother sewed him a one-fingered glove to stop dirt getting into the wound, but it still took a long time to heal. Years later, a stone slipped out of the tárnok⁵ and broke his wrist. Another broke his

⁵ A tárnok is a shaft, a supporting structure used to support the wall of a mine shaft. It protects against rockfall.

ankle. He takes care of it with a flick of the wrist.

- In many places today, even hitting your fingernails is considered an accident, – he says. In my day, it was not an issue. If the jolt of the drill pressed your hand against the iron or you pinched your finger while sharpening, you scratched your head, said a little something and got on with your work.

But the production competition was more than just a contest between brigades. Coal was always in short supply and production had to be increased by political order. Under normal circumstances, it took two years before a new front was opened for the water to flow out of the coal wall prepared for extraction, while production was being made from another front. However, there was no time to wait at the mine, where the front was prepared and the coal was milked wet. The miners had to work hard in the face of crumbling sand and silt. In the waterlogged ground, entire machine lines often sank, and the coal wall had to be loosened by additional drilling and small explosions. As they used to say in the mine, "you had to provoke it", because in many cases the machinery was not enough.

- In 1987, the 42 front was opened, – he says. It was an 87-metre wide, 1 metre 70 centimetres high coal mine. Plant managers said the conditions could be suitable to break the production record. They entrusted us with the task. We did it. Everyone worked overtime for 31 days, no Saturdays and no Sundays. We worked 14 hours instead of 8. We set a record. We were rewarded with a week in the Soviet Union. It was the first time most of the boys had ever been on a plane, and probably the last.

The following year there was a serious accident: a scraper had torn off the leg of one of his subordinates. Karoly Drexler himself was involved in rescuing the wounded man trapped by the plane. The young man was younger than his son. The accident was very traumatic. He became ill. The illnesses he had been fighting for a long time had broken out. When he went back to work, he was teaching apprentices. At 47, after three decades of working underground, he was invalidated out. A year later the last coal mine in Nógrád closed. Today, Károly Drexler lives a reclusive life. He rarely leaves his home. When he doesn't have to look after his two grandchildren, he prefers to go to the market and his plot.

- I watch TV. What could I do at home? Most of the commercial channels, or as we say in my country, the garbage TV, make me nervous, – he says. I don't want to talk about politics because, unfortunately, I still often get sucked into it. I don't know who's happy in today's world, I really don't find my place in it. People are hostile, everyone is looking out for their own interests. Our money is worthless. If I run into an old acquaintance, I don't dare ask if I can buy him a glass of beer, because I might not be able to pay for it. The old working pubs have closed, and I won't set foot in these shiny, glittering bars. We used to go out from the shift to watch the local football team play. Even if the team lost, we'd watch the football. Now there's no football. This town has changed, but I don't know many people who are happy with the way it's become. All right, I don't want to offend anybody. It's just nagging. The grumbling of a disgruntled old man.

Tamás Romhányi, Népszabadság, 25 September 2003 (page 9)



In the spacious bourgeois apartment, guests ate caviar sandwiches and praised the precious paintings hanging on the walls. In the kitchen, an old samovar was peacefully snoring away.

- Tata brought it when he came back, – said the host, adding, – Fifty years ago.
- In the hall, TV people, film-makers, actors and all sorts of writers sat around a table laden with cashew nuts, Dutch cheese and slices of foie gras. The male members of this well-heeled group were surrounded by elegant ladies. Everyone was talking about themselves, and everyone was full of complaints. The director was unable to scrape together two hundred million for his dirty cinema, the actor was berating his director, the TV editor, slightly tipsy, said at the end of each „speech”: everything was covered in shit, let him run for his life. Meanwhile, the sandwiches were all gone, the bottles of Piedmontese wine were emptied one by one. From time to time, the host went round, dragging with him the „new salutations”: a first prize-win-

ning draughtsman, a newly decorated choreographer, a prolific memoirist who is producing a series of otherwise unreadable works. Whenever he came in, he always leaned over to the old man huddled in the corner of the room, leaning over maps; as it turned out, his 96-year-old grandfather.

- What would you like to drink, Tata? - he asked, but the old man smiled and waved him away.
- He neither asked for food nor said a word, but listened with interest to the flood of complaints from the company. He was evidently amused by all the petty tales of woe. I could see him chuckling when a new guest, the experimental physicist, threw his mobile phone to the ground in a rage and shouted: what kind of a shitty country is it where even the reception is so bad?
- He was mining gold in Magadan – the host nudged the old man.
- Really? – squealed a self-actualised lady with a mango and a signed memoir in her hand.
- Where is that Mega... or whatever?
- He hasn't spoken for three years, – said the host. – Magadan lies on the banks of the Kolima River, in Siberia, under the Arctic Circle, near the Arctic Ocean. In winter, minus 50 to 60 degrees is not uncommon.
- Am I right, Tata?
- The old man nodded cheerfully.
- Wow, how exciting – laughed the little lady, and continued to ask questions. – What was your your daddy was doing?
- He was playing the slave, – said the host. – Meanwhile, her toes had frozen several times, and she had plenty of time, when he wasn't being beaten to a pulp, he sometimes starved to death. Am I right, Tata?
- The old man winked at his grandson with sincere amusement.
- Luck and connections, dear father, – the increasingly snooty TV editor thundered. – That's what the to prosper. Everything here was rotten to the core.
- The team continued along this trail. With the country „infernally” ill, relations „terribly” confused, it's all about „how you lick, what cliques you fall in with, and whether you're there when the cards are dealt.”
- It's no longer possible to live here either, – hissed the actor with sincere disgust. – I can't breathe. To stay on my feet, I run around like an animal. Theatre, TV, film, whatever I can fit in. I need the money for the kid's scholarship. I'm killing myself.
- What's your daddy done to the fire? – the mango woman, who turned out to be a cool, interior decorator.
- He was in the wrong army. He was a prisoner of war in the Gulag. He served ten years, lucky to get forty grams of bread a day. Is that right, Tatas?
- The old man clapped appreciatively at the grandson who spoke for him.
- You can't live like this in your right mind, trumpeted the Buda property expert, who usually only deals with foreigners. – If you open a shop, the state will come and take over, and you'll pay like cattle. You have to emigrate.
- More sandwiches slid down bitter throats, the tablecloth was stained red with wine - as if someone's blood had been spilled. The gloomy members of the party headed home.
- – Easy for you, old man, – the director said to the old man, as a farewell. – What's the matter have you in life?

The old man waved his hand cheerfully.

Népszabadság, László Rab – 4 February 2006 (page 4)



Late in the afternoon I was on my way home with two cardboard boxes. Large, open-topped paper boxes, favoured by antiquarians because they are handy for transporting books. But I carried them empty, as I only needed them for the fire. I discovered that our tiled stove is particularly fond

of cardboard when it is lit. I went to Füredi út in Debrecen to get the boxes and then walked back home. It was a long way, but I didn't want to take the car, if I have time I walk everywhere. I marched merrily on the crunching snow. I might have whistled. Halfway I would have checked the time, I wanted to know how far I'd walked, but I forgot to take my smartphone, and I didn't even put on my favourite wristwatch. So I walked up to the first couple I saw to ask them what time it was. I opened my mouth and took a breath to say hello, when the male member of the couple accelerated, dragging the woman with him, and I stood there with my mouth agape. What's got into them? I looked after them. Then I shrugged, thought I'd try the next passerby, and soon I was addressing a woman in a fur coat.

– Excuse me, could you tell me... – I began, but she choked on the word.

– Leave me alone, don't bother me! – She snapped at me, and without looking up, hurried away. His shoes knocked.

– Has he gone mad too? – I muttered.

The next person I saw, I did it again.

– Sorry, could you ask... – I began, but I couldn't finish.

– I don't have any change – a man in his fifties shouted at me, but I shouted back:

– Why are you bullshitting me? Because I don't have a watch?

– He looked back at me and said:

– Buy your own.

I was shocked: what had I done to incur the wrath of the world? But when I got to the shop on Simonyi Road, and saw myself in the window, I suddenly had an epiphany. I looked like a homeless man. My antique dealer had warned me beforehand that the boxes were dusty, so I put on the wrong leather jacket and old, torn jeans. In addition, my face was covered with a winter beard, my cheeks were uncut, and I was holding the two paper boxes. I looked like a poor man who had been a garbage man. I used to see people like that, poor people with bitter faces, gypsies and non-gypsies, going from bin to bin collecting usable things. I looked like them.

Damn the world - that's what I heard, like the sea, when I started walking with my head down, and then I didn't speak to anyone. When I reached home under the beautiful plane trees, I turned straight to the garage to chop firewood. I had an axe in my hand, and then I finally let out all my anger. Do you have any change? No?! I hit, I cut, I screamed...

Zsolt Kácsor – Népszabadság, 13 January 2015 (page 9 - excerpt)



Győző is fifty-one years old and still remembers the moment thirty-eight years ago when he first got his hands on the *Derszu Uzala*⁶. He could not put the book down. He rushed through it in a row, then read it again, and again, and then dozens of times. The wonderful figure of Derszu Uzala slowly came to life in him, even though he was a boy from the suburbs who had only ever seen trees in front of the ABC store, three of them to be precise. He lived in a flat with his parents, on the eighth floor, and after meeting Derszu Uzala, he never took the lift again. He wanted to train, to prepare for life in the woods. When he told his father that he was going to Mátrafüred to study forestry after finishing primary school, his father beat him up terribly, shouting at him that 'my son will not become an alcoholic woodcutter'. His father wanted his son to become a telephone repairman. He argued that a telephone repairman was a "gentleman". A telephone repairman, according to his father, "can wear a tie and jacket to private customers".

⁶ A novel by Vladimir Arsenyev. Led by Captain Arsenyev, a small military team arrives in the vast forests of the Ussuri to explore previously unknown territory. Without an experienced leader, the team struggles to find their way through the unforgiving, wild landscape far from civilisation. Wandering deep into the forest, the soldiers are brought together by chance with Derszu Uzala, a Nanai hunter who has spent his entire life in the wilderness. Derszu takes the lead and leads them across the Siberian Taiga. During the months they spend together, the old hunter and Arseniev develop a deep friendship.

But Győző did not feel that telephone repair was worthy of Derszu Uzala, and went to Mátrafüred to train as a skilled worker. True, he soon realised that his father might have been right. His classmates in the dormitory drank vodka in the evenings, so Győző got hooked on the drink and cigarettes. Out of curiosity, he immediately smoked a Worker's Punch, thinking that Derszu Uzala would nod his head in agreement. But he only lasted one year at the school in Mátrafüred, after which his father's wish came true, and Győző enrolled at the industrial vocational school as a telephone repairer. But why? Győző bangs his head against the wall and laughs at his father afterwards. The old man thought he was a wise guy, so here he is. He didn't foresee that an old-fashioned telephone repairman would not be needed in time, and he talked nonsense into his son's head. He used to say that he could have learned to copy codex on that basis. He was a victim of the 'communications explosion', his profession was hit by the mobile phone, and he has not recovered since.

But it was his wife who threw him out, not the company. Everything else followed. According to his ex-wife, he had been drinking and setting a bad example for their two children. But he denied it. He didn't drink any more than anyone else, was his defence. He never thought his wife would kick him out of the flat. Nor did he think his eldest son would be able to lock the door in front of him. His older son of all people. His favourite, who always looked at him with adoring eyes when he took him hiking in the Bükk. And then how he slammed the door in his face. He'd just slam the door and it was over.

But in the park, where Győző sleeps nowadays, there are quite comfortable benches with giant oaks leaning over them. As he used to say, "the giant oaks", as it were, "fall over him". He gets to know all the trees, this one is a vibrating poplar, that one is a small-leaved linden, and this one is a maple. Whenever he was asked his name, Győző would say that his name was Derszu Uzala. But they don't understand. The name has no charm for non-readers. The other day, a policeman asked him, "So you're Romanian?", to which Győző shook his head and replied, "Oh, no, no - I'm just an alcoholic woodcutter.

Zsolt Kácsor - Népszabadság, 22 October 2015 (page 9)



The man must have fallen a few minutes before I got there. He was lying there on the workbenches of the Jászai Mari Square park. He was face down, his crutches beside him. His bloody nose indicated that he had not merely rested because he was tired. Meanwhile, someone comes up and touches his carotid artery. He has a pulse, he says. I call 112. They quickly connect the ambulance. I tell them what I saw and where it happened. First question: how are you dressed? I expect this, I lie, he's a well-dressed, middle-aged man, because I know that you don't rush to the homeless. Then I waited, but no help came. I called 112 again, and the dispatcher broke the line to urgent. Meanwhile, the minutes ticked by. Then a "doctor bystander" came along. After getting rubber gloves from a nearby pharmacy, he examined the man. "He has no pulse," says the doctor. But when the ambulance arrives, maybe they can help. With that, he moved away.

It's almost 30 minutes. I try 112 again. But sir, you've already spoken to them twice, let's not bother them, says the operator, and then he hangs up the phone without connecting me further to the ambulance. Everyone has left. The two of us are standing there with my friend and the man who is turning purple. The ambulance arrived 33 minutes after the first call. Three tired people, two men and a woman get out. They have been on the road since 8 a.m., the woman explains. They will immediately start resuscitation. One of them explains that he fell because he had died before. A pulmonary embolism. But when I called, he still had a pulse, I try to reason.

We contacted the National Ambulance Service. We asked them to explain the circumstances of the case and to answer the following question. Is it true that the caller is informed whether the injured person is homeless? If so, what is the reason?

The ambulance service replied to our enquiry. Generally speaking, there is no "normal time" for the ambulance to arrive on the scene. The rule is to get to the patient as soon as possible. In three quarters of emergency cases this is achieved within 15 minutes, but in a few percent of cases, – usually due to the momentary occupation of ambulances in the area – help can arrive in a longer

time than average. The main aim of our improvements is to reduce response times. One of the core values of ambulance services is to provide an equally high standard of care, differentiating only on the basis of urgency and severity of illness. The aim of the questions asked by the ambulance dispatcher receiving the call is to assess the health of the patient in need of help and the dynamics of the disease process, i.e. the urgency of care.

András Boda - Népszabadság, 06 January 2015 (page 4 - detail)



Mother's Day musings...

"I'm going to be like my mother" is every woman's nightmare, and men suffer from perpetual mother-in-law phobia while their chosen one cooks like mum at home. We have a somewhat contradictory relationship with the one person we cannot deny; however she may have given birth, raised us, or at least tried. But what do we expect from a mother today? Is the smell of meat soup and Sunday cake enough, or are we prouder of a hot fifty? Do we need a girlfriend, Mother Teresa or Mother Teresa, a successful businesswoman, an influential success story, with or without an ixed suitor by her side? It's a tough question; to each his own.

She was little, she didn't want to cause anyone any trouble, to get in anyone's way. He'd stoop down and tear up the weeds in the yard, and then take the green to the chicks. He picked nettles for tea, because they cleanse. Dirt under her fingernails, blisters on her hands, bumps on her skin, and her skin was cracked, even though she was young. He rides his bike, he comes on his bike, in all weathers, even if it's poured from a basin. Now he's cooking. Standing in the steam. His neck's red and his cheeks are red with sweat and broth. He chews parsley. Her clothes smell of home. She buries me between her breasts. She ruffles my hair to comb it. She braids her hair into bows. She smooths my skirt. Of course, that's not true if I'm a boy. Then he folds a handkerchief into a handkerchief and folds it over my head. She makes a little girl, or a rooster. When I pick her flowers, she smiles. When I come home later to buy a bouquet, he sighs that he shouldn't have. She puts them in a vase and then tells everyone as soon as I get in the car.

On summer afternoons he makes sandwiches. He pours tea from a ladle, sometimes he pours it beside you, smears the sticky mess with his clothes-tail in a septi because we're late for the beach. He doesn't want us to be late. We have to catch the sun. As a family. But then maybe he'll come later. We should go. He'll come. We'll take the luggage. There's a candy corn under the tree. It's good, it's ripe, let's pick it. Let's take it. Sugar pears are sweet. Like mother and mother tongue. It's getting old here, I don't know. If he breaks his hand, he cries, but that's only because he's got nothing to do. She can't even peel an apple for a pie, which only she can do properly. Like his mother taught him. He spins the ribs for hours to get them nice and red, just right, cupping, sticky all over. Just the way we like it. The kid has the best bite, and my dad and I fight over it when we have to. He'll take a bite out of his own mouth if he has to.

He sweeps the snow in his boots and is greeted in advance. Then he adjusts his scarf and suppresses a throaty coughing fit. And in the spring, he'd straighten the world out if he could, just so no one would notice when he did it. She carries several bags in her hands at once, crochets with several needles at once, picks up everything for me when I'm renting. I live off him for weeks. He's always around me and I can never find him: he leaves nothing for anyone else. Sometimes I look in the mirror to see what he's doing. He's my age, but his eyes are more circular. Even when she goes out, she puts on make-up and high heels in vain.

When she's ill and in the hospital, she'll only see people in the garden. He's a flower-picker, a weed-puller. He's in a cape, slippers on his feet, and he doesn't need what I brought. He'll die young, whatever happens. He's been around as long as I have, and he's grateful to me for being a mother. But I haven't really done anything for her: I am. I'm fine, I assure her on Mother's Day, we're fine; I smile too and she gets two kisses. I know it really matters to her.

Vágó Mariann – kulturpart.hu 05. 05. 05. 2019.



I met Márton on a cold winter evening. I was hurrying home through a nearby park when suddenly he stepped in front of me and asked for a light. After digging matches out of the bottom of my bag, the man plopped down on a bench and started smoking. The bench he was sitting on was covered with cardboard, with a torn plastic bag at one end and a dirty blanket at the other. Even in the early evening gloom, the weeks-old stubble covered a young face. To my amazement, the young man introduced himself in a fitting manner and told me that he was in fact a mechanical engineer. His job had ceased three years ago. He was involved in a car accident last year. He was nursed for months. He was discharged from hospital a few weeks ago, but was unable to go home. His crippled wife wouldn't let him into their flat. A casual acquaintance of mine was freezing on the bench for a few more weeks, numb and lifeless. Then I didn't see him for a long time. Later, I learned from his comrades-in-arms that Márton had died. He had been taken away by loneliness, compassion, a terrible feeling of superfluity, the hardness of womanhood. Yet he must once have been a hopeful young husband. He nestled and hoped for lasting happiness with his chosen mate. I know that not all men with broken lives end up on the streets, and not all of them die a natural death of cold. But the 'devalued', the dispossessed, the childless, must have been loved once. But for some, love lasts only until the first problem.

Ildikó T. Puskás – Tina, issue 1996/3 (page 2)



Newspaper article: Forged public documents – university diplomas, language exam certificates, high school graduation certificates – seized by police in Sopron. The certificates, which appeared to be authentic, were presumably obtained from a printing press, then filled in with the customer's details and stamped with a seal. The customers paid between 80,000 and 150,000 HUF for the documents.⁷

- Oh my God!
- Have a nice day! Have a seat! We are delighted that Your Lordship has honoured our humble institution with your trust. As I was informed in advance, you are in need of a diploma. May I ask what career you have in mind?
- I do not know.
- Choosing a career is not easy, it is a very painful and responsible task, in which we have to reconcile our desires and talents with our potential. As Attila József says in the idiosyncratic language of poetry.
- Not wild animals!
- Of course, of course, I was speaking figuratively. I forgot that your master's occupation is not pastoral, but sheep-herding. May I ask when he finished his schooling?
- At noon.
- Forgive me, but I think the dear customer might misunderstand...
- I said noon! I went in at noon, I finished at noon. Somehow it didn't seem right to me.
- But you know the letters!?
- Of course. Only not by name.
- Oh... Of course, we don't mind that sort of thing. For example, I've just passed an exam in Banyamulenge. "Won't you be caught not knowing a word of this language?", the customer asks. I reassured him: there is only one other person in the country who speaks Banyamulenge, and he graduated from my school. Hehe. Now, let's get down to business. In such cases, I usually suggest choosing a profession that is close to the original profession. You could be a vet, for example. You know other animals besides sheep, don't you?
- Yes, I do. I know a goat. Only in passing, of course.
- In passing?

⁷ This article is based on puns, which is almost impossible to translate. His grotesque sense of humour can only be enjoyed in Hungarian.

- He always runs away from me.
- Oh, I see. You could be, say, a people doctor. A surgeon or a gynaecologist. Tell me, do you have delicate hands?
- I don't know. Bodri likes it. He's a very gentle animal. He always eats out of my hand. He ate half of it already.
- I'd rather suggest something less dangerous. You could be a philosopher.
- At what?
- You're thinking.
- Oh, I've got a headache.
- You know what? Be a traffic engineer. They don't think. I don't want to brag, but almost all the people in Budapest graduated from my school. So did the road engineers. I've given degrees to whole generations. And just look at it: the M7 was still a bit of a mess, the M5 was just rippling, and the M3 was just cracking.
- Cos they're cracking on it!
- There you go!
- Can't I be a politician?
- You don't need paper for that, you need a face. And I'm not selling that.
- Couldn't you somehow? God knows I'm stupid enough to do anything...
- Then there's only one profession I know: economics.
- But that's embarrassing. What would my sheep say?
- Sir, I'm sorry, if you're that dumb, I have nothing else to offer. How do you want your degree, cum laude or summa cum laude?
- Well, if that's what it costs, let it be summa cum laude.
- Next, please.

László Karcagi - Népszabadság, 9 October 2004 (page 9)



The round head of the mopey man in the shabby suit with the Jávör moustache widens even more as he smiles from afar. As soon as he gets closer, he wishes me a loud "happy birthday!", spreads his arms wide as if to hug me, but then, sensing I have nowhere to put it, he doesn't hug me, just holds out his right hand to me. I accept the parole, but when I pull my hand back, his big soft palm won't let go.

- You don't recognize me, do you? – he asks, looking me deep in the eye.
- Sorry, I'm really in trouble – apologise.
- Think about it, – he encourages me kindly.
- I'm afraid I can't remember, – I shake my head in shame.
- Shall I help you? – he winks at me.
- I wouldn't mind.

He waits a long time, then he lets go of my hand and cuts out the answer:

- I collect the garbage on your streets.
- I sigh, and now I know he's pulling my leg.
- Well, you got it, didn't you?
- Yes, – I nod in acquiescence.
- What street do you live on? – he looks at me, searching his memory.
- On Kolozsvár Street, – I say.
- Of course, in Kolozsvár Street! How could I forget! Since we've met, I'll tell you that you can ask me for anything you want, and if you have any rubbish that shouldn't go in the bin, you can just throw it in, I'll sort it out.

I grumble something in greeting, he continues:

- You, listen! I have a problem.
- What is it – I say, with an inquiring face.
- I left my wallet at home. Can you help me out with a thousand? I'll drop it off tomorrow.
- A thousand?
- Or a five hundred will do.
- Okay, but the problem is I live on Semmelweis Street.
- Don't worry, my crew collects garbage on Semmelweis too.
- But I live on Spring Street.

He'll realize I'm teasing him, he'll change:

- Okay, I'm not the garbage man, – he admits. – You can still give me a hundred.
- I will if you tell me who you are.
- Why should I tell you who I am? - He asks back.
- So I know who I'm giving a hundred bucks to.
- If I tell you who I am, will you really give me a hundred?
- Then I will.
- All right, I'll tell you who I am, but give me 200 instead.
- Okay, I will.
- All right, I'll tell you who I am. I'm a bum.
- I don't believe it, – I shake my head.
- But, believe me, I am. I make my living fooling suckers. What I get, I spend on booze. Even the two hundred you give me. I'm a bum! A good-for-nothing bum!
- You can't be a bum.
- Yes, I am!
- If you admit you're a bum, you can't be that much of a bum.
- Okay, I'm not that much of a bum. Sometimes I'm nice. So I get the 200?
- I'm gonna hand him two hundred bucks.
- Thank you, – he says, bowing and saying goodbye.
- I look him up. He walks with a cheerful stride, firm and poised. Just before he disappears around the corner, a middle-aged man comes towards him. He opens his arms as if to embrace her, but seeing that she has nowhere else to put him, he doesn't embrace her, just shakes her hand.

Tamás Ungár – Népszabadság, 5 November 2004 (page 11)



It is not by chance that it is said nowadays that man is not descended from the monkey, but becomes the monkey. We have reversed the direction of evolution:

The tiny old woman hurries towards the pier in Fyre. You can tell she's seen better days. Her face is delicate, her pale blue summer dress is made of good material, a small hat is perched on her head. Across from him a loud-voiced party marches, the boys holding beer bottles. They are drinking and drinking, shouting and laughing at the trees of Tagore promenade.

- Some foolish Chinese or Indian planted this – one of them shouts.
- How did that idiot get here when you can't even pronounce his name? – shouts the other.

A bald guy jumps up to Salvatore Quasimodo's tree, looks at the sign and kicks the trunk.

- Must be a communist, he looks at the others, laughing.
- The tree of a Nobel Prize-winning Italian poet, a genius who did a lot for Hungarian artists, you poor thing – the auntie snaps at him, out of her shell.

The boy is embarrassed by her temper and asks with a stuttering tongue.

- How do you know, grandmother?
- Because I read his poems in Italian, you dolt, and translated more of them. Because at the time I thought that young Hungarians should learn the values of world literature!
- All right, old girl, stop stuttering! – stammers the drunk boy.
- Shut up, let's get out of here – the tallest boy snaps at him. – A zero for culture – she says, and then bows to the lady, who adjusts her hat with a delicate gesture and walks on with surprisingly youthful steps.

Ildikó V. Kulcsár – Nők Lapja, 1998/34. (page 13)

There is also a joke to be made here, which proves that we are becoming monkeys:

An elderly lady is clinging on to a tram because none of the young people are willing to give up their seats to her. She is standing next to a girl who is tattooed from head to toe. She takes a good look at her. He is particularly interested in the Chinese pictograms on her neck. As he looks at her, she grows more and more nervous at being stared at so intently. Finally she says:

- What's the matter, Mama, haven't you ever seen a tattoo? Wasn't it fashionable in your time?
- The aunt replies patiently:
- I used to live in China for decades as a seconded scientist at the Academy. Then I spent years back home teaching Chinese to the diplomats on secondment. I just don't understand why it's written on your neck: keep frozen!



There was poverty in the past, and it was often the case that an elderly pensioner could not pay for the milk and bread he had bought. In such cases, a well-off person in the queue would either wave to the cashier to make up the missing few forints, or reach into his wallet and hand over the missing amount, almost apologetically. Let's see how the new generation deals with such cases:

"There is a long queue at the checkout in a grocery store in a large town in the lowlands. The young lady at the checkout is working fast, but the queue is slow – a lot of patience is needed for weekend shopping. Some people don't fill their shopping baskets. In front of me is an elderly lady. She's bought 0.5 litres of milk, 1 croissant and some Parisian pastries. The cashier mechanically tells her the price: 165 HUF. She hands him the carefully prepared money, with lots of change. The cashier counts the change while sorting it in quick movements. In the end, it turns out that she has given 4 forints less. The cashier in uniform then says nothing, but keeps his hands on his hands. Literally.

- I'm sorry, but I don't have any more money – she says, frightened. Apparently, I miscalculated how much I bought. Please take the croissant back!

The young cashier grimaced, not liking the extra work. He's about to do as he's asked when a young man in a leather jacket in the queue speaks:

- Mama, don't hold up the line, here's your 4 forints, then take your croissant. Just get the hell out of here! The people in line watch the scene in silence. Only the sound of the cash register can be heard."

H. S. – Népszabadság, 29 November 2004 (page 10)



The prophecy of our great 20th century poet, Endre Ady, has now come true: "He who has much goods can rob more; He who has little can rob a few."

Wallets, jewellery, computers, washbasins – nothing is safe in hospitals today. Thieves are almost daily visitors and institutions are helpless.

- Auntie Ilonka, are you here?" a young man scans the ward from the doorway and then, without waiting for an answer, moves away.

A little later, he loiters in the corridor, watching with a second eye. The next thing he sees is a neighbour, an elderly patient hooked up to an infusion, searching in a small closet next to the bed, startled by the strange noise.

- What are you doing? – he says, perfectly helpless, and the uninvited visitor, with the fresh bag in his hand, disappears in a moment.

By the time the nurse arrives in the room and the security guard is alerted, the intruder has disappeared into the hospital by the time the policeman arrives. The patient may not have realised the danger he was taking when he made the call. But he has certainly learned that the only person who can protect his valuables is himself.

The hospital director can remember only one specific case where the culprit was at least tracked down. The thief, who had been a thief with a knife, was chased through the courtyard by the institution's designated guardian. In the end, it was the security door that helped the criminal: he climbed out through the lower, open opening, where the well-endowed guard had wedged himself in. In another case, the thief arrived as a patient carrier, wheeling a wheelchair in front of him, with the explanation that he was taking the patient for an X-ray. He pushed the old lady out into the garden, stripped her of all her jewellery, and carefully pushed her to the front of the building, where he left her. The hospital is the easiest place to commit theft, and the staff and managers of the institution know a variety of theft stories. The perpetrator is out of sight, uncontrolled, free to walk around the wards and, if someone asks who he is looking for, he simply gives a name.

- At night it may be easier to unmask the uninvited visitor, but during the day it is impossible. Usually there are at least two of them 'on the move', keeping an eye on the ground and up to all sorts of tricks, says the head of one institution. – Sometimes they move around the wards with sports bags, disguised as vendors, even though this kind of selling is forbidden. Yet they go in and put everything in the bag while their partner watches outside.

More recently, coffee machines are being looted, broken into and emptied every week – says another hospital in the capital. According to György Harmat, director general of the Madarász Street Children's Hospital:

- The pillows are also being ripped out from under the children's heads. They take everything that can be moved. From the toilet, the tap, the seat, the toilet paper; all kinds of appliances, jewellery, wallets, ID cards.

The manager, who says it's almost hopeless to detect the intruders. Especially on an on-call day when there are a hundred to a hundred and fifty children.

- Perhaps if there was a guard at every entrance, the situation could improve. But the hospital does not have the money to pay one or two million forints a month for this. And when they had a few dog people, they still stole. According to Ivan Golub, director general of the Uzsoki Hospital, the same gangsters "work" in the hospital as in the vehicles, but here they are safer.
- Sick people, people who have fallen, people waking up from anaesthesia, people recovering from surgery are very easy for them to deal with.

All hospitals agree that the situation has deteriorated in the last ten years, with thieves becoming more brave and unscrupulous. Many places have strict rules on "access", but this does not offer any real protection.

- If, for example, visiting hours were limited to two hours a day and staff were on standby to watch everyone without exception, it would certainly be possible to spot anyone who wanted to steal – says one manager. – But this would probably be immediately protested not only by relatives but also by the Ombudsman. So for the time being, the warning on patient information notices remains: everyone should protect their valuables.

Kun J. Viktória – Népszabadság, 12 July 2004 (page 9)



Leaflet warns of danger: recently, several elderly people have become victims of so-called trick theft in Borsod-Abaúj-Zemplén county. Thieves have been using a variety of pretexts to ring gates to pick the pocket of the host's money at a careless moment. At the request of the Mezőkövesd

police station, the pastors of the neighbouring villages recently drew attention to the dangers to the elderly at the end of Sunday services, and the local crime prevention foundation published 20,000 copies of a bulletin with advice on the subject. In the Mezőkövesd area last year there were one hundred and fifty crimes against people over sixty, and in the first four months of this year there have been more than fifty. According to a statement from the communication office of the Borsod-Abaúj-Zemplén County Police Headquarters, a number of elderly people have recently become victims of so-called "trick theft".

The perpetrators have used a variety of methods. Some of them posed as people from a utility company, others pretended to be sick, knocked on the door to ask for water and then robbed the unsuspecting homeowner. János Fodor, head of the criminal investigation department of the Mezőkövesd police station, said that the perpetrators of such crimes are usually well-dressed, well-mannered people. They usually knock on the door claiming to have brought money or prizes, but before they hand over the gift, they have some related costs – taxes, fees – paid. They then watch where the host takes the money from and, pretending to be sick, ask for water or medicine to keep them company for a while. According to the head of the department, many people in the Mezőkövesd area still keep their funeral money hidden in their bed linen or in a drawer in the kitchen cupboard, where unauthorised persons can find it at a moment's notice.

- There was someone who approached an elderly man with the offer to buy an iron barrel he saw in the yard for 10,000 forints, but he only had 20,000 for it – the lieutenant colonel says, turning the pages of the minutes. Some people pretended to be employees of the pension office and rang the bell to say they had to write down the serial number of the last 10,000 they had received. Others got in by saying they were from the municipality, had drawn lots at the community centre and had brought their winnings. Some left with 60,000 forints, others with 200,000. A group of three people walked along Cseresznye Street in Mezőkövesd, ringing the bells of the flats to say that the residents had won a woollen blanket. Some people were incredulous at the news and did not even let the newcomers in, but the seventy-six-year-old István B., who lived in the middle of the street, left with 60,000 forints.
- In the afternoon, I was lying down in the summer kitchen, a stranger woke me up and told me she had good news for me because I had won a woollen duvet in a raffle, and she took my hand and pulled me out to the car, where two others were waiting. They told me I would get the prize if I bought another set, which would have cost a hundred and twenty thousand forints, but now I could have it for sixty thousand forints. I didn't want or need new bedding, but they were so pushy that in the end I just gave them the sixty thousand, which I had saved for a colour TV. When they left, I ran over to my neighbour's house to see what she thought, and she said that they sell quilts like that for five thousand at the market.

Three men approached Mrs G. Joseph with the complaint that she had received a pension of HUF 54,000 less than she was entitled to the previous year. All they asked was that the elderly woman show the ten thousand she had received with her last pension, because the serial number of the banknote had to be written down. The elderly woman took out the box in which she had kept her and her son's savings along with important documents. Then one of the men asked if there were any walnut trees for sale, because he would like to buy the ones he saw in the garden. While the host accompanied one of the men to the garden, the box was lost.

– We live a block from the police station, I never dreamed this could happen – says the elderly woman. – We slept with the window open, we left our tools outside in the garden, we were not at all afraid that someone would try to harm us. Now we lock everything, but it's no use, all our money is gone.

The Tiszaújváros police station distributes a leaflet of crime prevention advice to elderly people receiving social meals in twenty-four municipalities. In Tiszaújváros, seven hundred people over 60 will receive the practical information, in Mezőcsát, one hundred, and in the smaller villages, ten to forty. In Sárospatak and Encs, local police stations distributed leaflets with police recommendations for the protection of the elderly. And in Szerencs, police officers reminded members of the pensioners' club of the dangers they face.



In a village near the Ukrainian border on the Tisza, most people live on public works or unemployment benefits. Some people go to work for small and large companies in the surrounding villages. But there are also poachers who sell fish caught secretly at night to innkeepers at a low price. Local jobs are provided by the general store, the second-hand clothes shop, the two pubs, the school and the mayor's office. Life is not easy in this village, which has two entrances. In front of both, there are already the respectable old Mercedes pulled over to the dry ditch bank. You can see that the cars had been washed before they left for Paris, only the dust from the lowlands had taken a little of the shine off. After a short wait, one of the cars "checks in", which means it rolls briskly through the village. It doesn't honk, it doesn't squeal on the brakes, it doesn't splash the accelerator - it just drives slowly, to keep the car running.

These black cars appear here at every aid distribution, a symbol of the inevitable, of fate. Today, the municipality is distributing aid, which is used to pay the interest on the usurious bills to the collectors in their Mercedes. There are no objections and no respite. The villagers, most of them Roma, are standing in front of the newly-plastered mayor's office. A woman in a camouflage with a baby in her arms. Most of the men are wearing old-fashioned, worn trousers. Few of the women are dressed in the traditional khaka, preferring to wear the solid-coloured skirts that others have discarded, given to them by the local foundation. The impatient stompers are surrounded by a ragged crowd of kids on rickshaw-pink bicycles.

At the edge of the village, the money collectors are visibly bored. They sit in the car, silent, sometimes turning on the air conditioning, yawning, one of them lighting a cigarette. Bald and broad-shouldered, as they should be. Grumpy and sleepy. Maybe even tired. They lack the enthusiasm and interest of owners, which is no wonder, since they don't work for themselves. The money they collect is taken from them to the last penny. They receive a monthly wage, out of pocket, in the black, employed by people who are a thousand times better off than they are. And who treat and talk to them the same way they treat and talk to the Roma they belong to. Everyone has his own collector. That is how the world is put back in order. They wait until the last Roma has pocketed the money and then they take to the streets. The villagers wait for them at the gate, as if they were relatives. Without a greeting or a thank you, the drivers fold the five thousand into a black waiter's tin. No receipt, no register.

An agitated, thin Roma man – like something out of one of Kusturica's films – bargains a little:

– My brother, give me some paper, my wife is in hospital, they might even cut off her leg, she'll think I gambled away this little money.

He's pushed in the chest, then he makes a noise:

– You're right, my brother, may the devastation take away my suspicions, but leave me something until tomorrow, I owe money to the metal collectors, and they're so good they'll shoot me on sight, if I don't pay you, then you can come and get your money, the guardianship won't let you have my house, and I'm being eaten by fishes at the bottom of the Tisza, and I can't pay you interest and loans from there...

He's dutifully babbling, he knows he'll never get a chance, but at least he's trying. Of course, there's no big problem, because in three or four days the collectors will come to the village again, and then they won't take, but bring. They give out loans from the bar, at a much higher interest rate than before, but somehow you pay them back. If you don't have the money on time, you get it from someone else. He's got to, because these bald guys are gonna beat it out of him anyway. But you have to think about today, you can't think about tomorrow with that kind of money. What's left over after the usury interest, you have to pay the shopkeeper a little of it, so that next time he can give you bread and parizier on credit. The few forints left in the pocket would not be enough for anything other than a cosy, raucous evening in this mosquito infested autumn. And tonight the village is merry.

And the collectors are already on their way back to the capital in the early afternoon, everything in order, everyone has paid, on the way they might think of stealing some of the tobacco, but they don't dare, because these bald guys are afraid. For fun, they invite a few prostitutes from the road to join them, they also belong to the boss's circle of interests, and although the "free ride" is not available to the collectors, the girls are willing, one could say they are in solidarity - they help each other out. The girls wave, the collectors step on the gas, they have to get home for the evening, the nightclub opens and they are the bouncers. Almost every night there's some kind of trouble, with an average of two fights a week. It's a tough business.

Ferenc Hajba, Népszabadság, 28 August 2004 (page 9)



The technique of crime is also improving. The newest method is for thieves to send each other messages by writing on a wall. Before going on holiday, it is not enough to check the doors and windows: the fence, the walls and the front door casing must be inspected for signs. Chalk, pencil, whatever. Literally written thieves' language is common in Europe's burglary circles. The Belgian newspaper La Dernière Heure has published a dictionary that watchers use to send a message to the burglar:

For example, a drawing of a comb warns the "professional craftsman" of a biting dog. The X is the most dangerous sign: this is where you should and can come. Why? For example, the diamond shows the burglar that the house is empty, and the triangle tells him that only an old lady is usually at home. But if it's a rectangle, it's a waste of effort: it's already been burgled and there's nothing to take. It's not worth going to work in a place marked with a paperclip, there's no real loot here. The worst warning sign is a ladder: police may be watching the area. Vertical lines drawn side by side indicate the number of children in the home being watched, women by semicircles, men by elongated twins. The loop indicates that the apartment has an alarm. The pebbles indicate that there is a lot of cash. If, on arriving home, you notice three oblique brackets, you can call the police; this tells the burglar that a colleague has been here and the "job" is done. In Belgium, it is not only the neighbour who is informed, but also the police if you go on an extended holiday:

- Officer, look in that direction once in a while. He does look, and even collects the newspapers and letters that have accumulated, and also checks to see if there are any chalk marks on the walls.

Oszkár Füzes - Népszabadság - Online, 1 August 2002.



"It's terrible how much life costs.
The sum is surpassed only by death.
Doctors and lawyers take the bribe,
And the church's peace is at a high price.
It's against the law to murder,
But it'll tolerate being robbed!"

(Helen G. Ansley)

Leather football bounced between cars parked on the sidewalk. Boys in shorts and half-naked kicked the ball on the sidewalk in Gutenberg Square, Budapest's 8th district. Sometimes the leather ball bounced on a car, sometimes on a bare leg. An elderly man with sparse, slicked-back hair and thick glasses stepped out from under the arcades of the house in the middle. He carried a heavy bag in one hand and a broom under his arm. He opened the small Polsky in the middle of the parking row and unloaded all sorts of tools, including a hammer, onto the front seat. When the bag was empty, he looked around the car. Its well-kept, pale green bodywork showed no rust. Then he raised the hammer and banged it against the window. The guys passing stopped, the leather football bouncing away under the arcades. The mother of the little girl swinging in the middle of the square turned around in surprise, but caught her gaze immediately. A barefoot boy ran up to the man and looked at him with his mouth agape. The man put down the hammer, used the broom to pull the

broken glass away from the child's feet. Then he smashed the other window, put on gloves and started cutting the roof of the car with a bare saw blade.

The police car came to a screeching halt next to the little Polski. Two policewomen got out and asked him: what are you doing with the car? The man replied: he was converting it into a convertible. He said it in Italian, convertible instead of convertible, but the policewomen understood. The ageing man quickly added: he was wrecking his own car. The policewomen checked the traffic and then one of them called the control centre to say that there was nothing at the scene. The man continued sawing, but the cut line was no longer straight. Before he could finish, another police car came along. Two men arrived in it, they were detectives.

- Do you know what you're doing is criminal damage? – asked one of them.
- Why is it disorderly conduct if I smash up my own car? – The old man with the glasses asked back. When you hit another car in the parking lot, isn't that a crime?
- It's a criminal offence because it disturbs the peace by smashing the windows – continued the detective.
- You're breaking this car up too loudly here.
- Where is the peace and quiet here? – the old man sneered. – Come back tonight and listen to the disturbance. When they stuff paper in the exhaust pipes of cars, when they remove a complete bumper from a car. Because that's how they bargain for cars, you know? Some young man comes, says we'll buy his car, we'll give him twenty thousand forints. I say it's not for sale, but it's worth 150,000 anyway. The next day the wheel is punctured, the oil is leaking from the clutch. The young men come again and say the car is not worth 150,000. One morning there are homeless people sleeping in the car with the doors open, the next day the gasoline is leaking from the AC pump that has been punctured with a nail. That's how they bought the four-stroke Trabant of a fourth-floor tenant. Well, my car is not for sale.
- You'll still have to pick up the glass fragments from the driveway, – said the detective in a more conciliatory tone.
- I was a lathe operator, I had to leave the machine clean at the end of my shift.

While the detectives were getting into the car, he pulled out a dustbin and started shovelling the splinters into it. He used a file to remove the rough edge of the cut roof line, taping the sharp edges with duct tape. He then punctured all four wheels. He came back in the afternoon and removed the two lights. He looked at them for a while, then used the saw blade to cut through the steering wheels.

- Whose wreck is this? Is it yours? – the uniformed traffic warden stopped beside him.
- I'll take the plates off and pour a few buckets of water on the seat, then it'll be ready. Because I'm just finishing what the boys from the square started. Now it'll be completely ready.
- Your car isn't the only one these hooligans keep messing with – said the public spaces inspector. – 'Wouldn't it have been easier to give them two slaps to get them off your car?'
- I'm sixty-five years old – the old man said. I've never been a brawler. I tried to be polite with them too. I went up to them and asked them to leave my car alone. I explained that my wife was ill, I was taking her for radiotherapy, that's why we still had a car. They nodded and said sure, nothing would happen. The next day the door was open, someone shit on the seat.
- I would have slapped them – said the man in uniform – but you have to remove the wreck within 30 days or you'll be fined. But if you give up the wreck, we can take it away.
- Of course I will. I've given up more than that. The last one was six months of employment. I was checking fire extinguishers. One day, the boss said – Let's decide who to let go, me or the colleague. I had six months to retirement, if he fired me, my pension would be less. If you put my colleague, a 35-year-old breadwinner with three children, out on the street. There was a long silence, I was the first to speak. I gave up that six months. And a lot of other things.

- Here's the address where you can report the removal of the wreckage – the public land inspector handed me a slip of paper.
- Just to be on the safe side, I'll make a note of the registration number: AYJ- 436.

The old man packed up his tools. One of the parking attendants sitting on the bench stood up and walked over to him.

- Why did he do it? – he asked, puzzled.
- Why? – the old man looked at him. – Am I supposed to let myself be intimidated and humiliated?

Tamás Romhányi – Népszabadság, 16 July 2003 (page 8)



There are many things that are embarrassing, but nothing is more embarrassing than the Hungarian motorist. Of course, we could talk about the "Coke Olympics" in Athens, where five Hungarian athletes achieved podium finishes, significantly enhancing the country's reputation, that our gold-medal-winning Olympians are considered a medical miracle because they carry the urine of two people at the same time. (It's not hard to guess where the other one was hidden in a small bottle.) But let's stay with Hungarian motorists who like to park in handicapped spaces (for free, with a fake ID). Compared to the average motorist, who is too stupid and too brutalised to be able to drive, this is nothing. The average Hungarian motorist's favourite area of aggression is the pedestrian crossing, the zebra crossing, which is interesting because there are no police officers to both spot and sanction the obvious violation. As in Europe, the zebra is striped and protected, yet everyone crosses it. According to linguists, "pedestrian crossing" does not mean crossing on foot. I've taken the Highway Code off the shelf: "Pedestrians crossing at a designated pedestrian crossing have the right of way over vehicles." In fact, even "in the absence of a designated pedestrian crossing", the pedestrian has the right of way over vehicles turning off (except for police cars using differential signals, e.g. escorting megastars).

So important is the inalienable right of pedestrians to cross that the Code reiterates it once again, in a later paragraph on motorists: „At a designated pedestrian crossing point, a vehicle shall give the pedestrian the right of way.” Half a paragraph later, it says: "The place where the pedestrian has priority shall be approached by a vehicle only with extreme caution and at moderate speed, so that the driver can fulfil his obligation to give way, including by stopping if necessary." The satisfaction is as follows: the average motorist approaches the zebra crossing. The zebra is striped or not (in this case, just a road crossing; but, as we have seen, it doesn't matter), with pedestrians at either end. They are standing. They are waiting. A lot. If you let them through, they thank you. The pedestrian, with a stolid, grey face and a Kádár-era attitude of "I'll just bear it quietly, we'll all die in the end anyway", waits for the average Hungarian motorist to get the hell out of his way so he can cross to the other side. (Note that the average pedestrian is like a cat: he always has urgent and unimportant business on the other side of the road.)

And the motorist, instead of stopping, accelerates, speeds across the crosswalk, and if the pensioner dares to step in front of him, he either rages or curses from behind a rolled-down window. If he happens to be polite and slows down, he'll be bawled at by the jerk behind him. More recently, school drivers have also stopped allowing pedestrians to cross the zebra crossing. They are taught to do so in driving school. The pro-hit-and-run atmosphere in Hungarian zebra crossings is unique in Europe. This degree of barbarism is simply unthinkable there. Even in Eastern Europe, pedestrians are not terrorised by motorists everywhere. In Romania and Slovakia, local citizens cross the road with such a calm self-consciousness that motorists are seriously afraid of them. I would immediately add what the solution is: respect for the existing traffic laws and preparing the police for a slow and steady criminal war. The law should be enforced, not the law.

László Seres - Népszabadság, 2 October 2004 (page 3)



It happened on Saturday, December 3, in a small alley in the 3rd district of Budapest. I was jogging home from a Santa Claus party in my car, and I turned into the little street from Bécsi út. It's a new street with fancy houses and expensive driveways. Name plates are not fashionable in this neighbourhood. Suddenly I found myself behind the New Courtyard shopping centre. There were cars parked on both sides of the alleyway, with only a median to pass. This is quite common in Budapest. It is up to the motorists themselves to decide when to pass in the narrow lane in the middle, with those in jeeps or tractor-like vehicles being the more daring. The traffic in the small street was paralysed, which was unusual, as this area is not congested on Saturdays, and it is easy to sneak past even on weekdays. I was forced to stop because, right in front of me, a violent scene was unfolding between two fellow motorists. It happened so fast that I didn't even have time to get out. Before I knew it, and started to think about intervening, the two drivers were already fighting. One pushed the other into his car and tried to smash his head into the windscreen, but miscalculated, because the other came to life and charged back, landing regular, straight blows to the head of the motorist who had started the fight well. Finally the two of them formed a big ball together, lying on the ground, punching and punching, and when they stood up, panting as they wiped the blood on their clothes.

The scene was witnessed by six or seven other people besides myself, but no one intervened like me. I was a little ashamed of myself, I should have stopped them from treating each other so badly, but it was too late. The fighters were tired and were just pointing at each other, while one of the brawlers' cars was occupying the whole width of the lane in the middle of the road. The people behind me started honking their horns and waving at me, asking me why I wasn't moving. All I need now, I thought to myself, is to be dragged off the road. To avoid any further misunderstandings, I got out and went to the motorist in the middle of the road, who was on his mobile phone to the police station with blood pouring from his nose. I asked him, politely and firmly - while making sure he had no energy left to spare - to pull over a little and deal with the matter, so that we innocent bystanders could get on with it. I'm calling the police, he said, gasping for breath and almost in tears, while I could see him as the winner after all. He might as well step aside, I told him, and I could see the ominous possibility had passed over him: if he resisted, there might be another sequel. And he would be completely vulnerable against a rested opponent. That is why he could say readily: he would step aside immediately.

This was the moment when I could ask him the essential question: Why were they fighting? The answer was that he could not turn left into the garage at the bottom of the building. Because his other car was blocking his way. That's not a good enough reason to fight, I remarked quietly, and the man said: that's why what happened happened. Meanwhile, the other motorist, who had started the fight well but then lost, was also pointing his bloody head into his car, encouraging his opponent to try to start his vehicle, which was otherwise loaded with building materials. It was not his fault that his immobiliser had locked up. But he didn't care about this side effect. All he wanted, he said, was to be able to turn into his garage. The car that prevented him from doing so, he insisted, had somehow got there. And this guilty stop must have happened when there was nothing wrong with the immobiliser.

There the scene ended. The other motorists were allowed to drive on, and these two just talked, taking turns on the phone and wiping their bloody faces with their leftover tissues. They were unbelievably pathetic, tired, sickly-faced, tired, fatigued city men, tired of hard battles, and now faced with the fact that they had beaten each other bloody, but after a punch or two their arms went limp, their legs shook with nerves, their blood-pressure-laden hearts pounding wildly with sudden excitement. They knew, they knew very well, that what would come next - police, prosecution, court - would wear them down a thousand times more than the slaps that had gone wrong. But none of them could undo this typically unremarkable incident.

László Rab – Népszabadság, 17 December 2005 (page 5 - excerpt)



Lately, we can't even have fun anymore. I watch my fellow human beings. They are becoming more and more withdrawn. There is never a smile on their faces, except when they are mocking.

Fun for many is work, a struggle. They don't enjoy what they do, they suffer it, and they can't wait to get revenge on someone for it. They are also compulsive participants in New Year's Eve revelry. They only go out on the streets because they know it is the global custom. It's the way to celebrate, and that's why he screams, trumpets and explodes firecrackers. With both lips up, he tries to make a laugh, but it's just a grin. The night is breaking and breaking, and he's having a good time, but he can't. To celebrate, to have fun, you need a carefree or carefree, but in any case a happy, free spirit. Without it, it's just a must. And yet we used to be a notoriously merry nation. If we had no reason to rejoice, we reveled in our sorrow. That is why foreigners visiting us were shocked to hear us say that 'the Hungarian is weeping'. Lately, however, it has not been any consolation at all.



The very dangerous tasks are planned and carried out by professionals – Lilu reminds us at the beginning of RTL Klub's high-toned programme "The Degree of Dread – Where Fears Become Reality". Are they insured? – from now on, we know that the skill exercises are just as dangerous as bungy jumping: not at all. Minor injuries can happen, but you can break an ankle walking. So, when the six competitors are up high, tied up on swings, we get as excited as a grandfather at an amusement park watching his grandchild on a merry-go-round. But while the old man may get dizzy if he's circling his head himself, the fear of heights doesn't come through on the TV, I can tell you that for sure. Of course, the players then go on to tell me how terrified they were. It is only fitting that they should do so, given the title of the programme. The stakes are five million forints. Each of the players talks about how it's a challenge, how they've come to win, how they're counting on themselves, how they're proving themselves to themselves and to their mum. It's important information, but it doesn't make much sense. If only someone would say: this is not a challenge, I am not here to win and prove myself, but because I got to Buenos Aires for free.

After completing the first task, one of them swore a swear word and didn't get booed. But the best part came after that. We'd seen it before, eating maggots and keeping a spider in your mouth, but then I thought of the kids who shovel stuff in the sandpit – they have to try everything, they don't know what's good yet. And the joke about the guy who eats a piece of shit on a bet, but the loser takes it to win it back. In the end, they find out they both did it for free. Although the winner was declared after a car skill competition, the 'dangerous' eating was also the same: a cocktail had to be wolfed down, consisting of such things as bull's blood, beef brains, eyes, intestines, liver, fish guts and pork liver. Things that we eat, even if not raw. And things we don't even eat: bile, eye fluid. The first girl threw up a lot, then sobbed - dramatic moments. Attila, the eventual winner, swallowed, the next girl just cried, the fourth boy gagged and spat, and Lilu didn't dare look. So why are we watching this?

The terrible thing is that during prime time, a vomit was the highlight of the production. What's really interesting is what the play says about our culture. I wonder why in this part of the world it is commendable to drink and then vomit and be patted on the back by the company with an indulgent smile. The parents of the girl vomiting strawberries must be proud: their daughter would take a shit if she could. The point is that there is no longer a taboo, and it doesn't change anything, that one can use and drink one's own urine, for example, for healing or in certain emergency situations. If it is not taboo to drink the substances listed above, then there is no point. At most, it's a matter of dealing with your stomach. Such a task would carry weight if it went against the whole culture. But it does not, because anything goes here, so there is no taboo-breaking. We condemn dog-eating, because little Buksi has grown close to our hearts, but I suspect these players would eat their own pets for a good sauce for the TV. Want to prove a point? Prove what to whom?

György Szerbhorváth - Népszabadság, 4 June 2005 (page 16)



Another sign of our animalism is that we are now competing with animals in the field of art. In our age, the more primitive a work of art, the more valuable it is:

Congo's monkey⁸ art sold for 18 times its estimated price, £14,750 (nearly 5.5 million forints) at an auction on Monday night. At Bonhams⁹ auction house on New Bond Street, however, neither Andy Warhol¹⁰ nor the titans of the Britart movement, Damien Hirst¹¹ or Jake and Dinos Chapman¹², reached the threshold of art lovers and the minimum acceptable price.

Born in 1954 and dying of tuberculosis in the mid-1960s, Congo's paintings were encouraged by the well-known animal behaviour expert Desmond Morris¹³. The monkey was a frequent guest on the TV show Zoo Time¹⁴. Two telephone callers fought a "hand-to-hand" battle for the colourful abstract images. The California collector emerged victorious. The 36-year-old telecommunications professional said his friends suggested a cheaper solution: "buy a chimpanzee, put it in a room with paper and pencil and wait". Howard Hong¹⁵ says Congo's style is most reminiscent of Kandinsky's, a pity he failed to give his work a title. Paintings by the world's most artistically inclined chimpanzee are part of the collection of connoisseurs such as Picasso, Miró and Prince Philip of Edinburgh¹⁶. The chimpanzee was not only talented but industrious, with 400 drawings and paintings to his name. The price at Bonhams auction was a world record, if only because it was the first time a chimpanzee's work had ever been hammered. The Times quotes Congo enthusiast Salvador Dali as saying that he understood his colleague: „The chimpanzee's paw is madly human and Jackson Pollock's¹⁷ hand is perfectly animalistic”.

Veronika R. Hahn - Népszabadság, 22 June 2005 (page 22)



Zsuzsa is tall and slender, with a delicate make-up on her pretty face. She is full of cheerfulness. Her little son – the fifth – laughs as much as she does. A well-balanced baby, says Zsuzsa.

– I can't be sad, because he'd feel it. So every morning we get dressed up, go for a walk, rejoice that the sun is shining, that the trees are green, that life is beautiful and that all troubles will come to an end. I got married at twenty and had my daughter at twenty-one. My husband worked as a prison guard, not a model husband. Friends, drinking, slot machines. Many times he gambled away his whole salary and I was there with the four kids without a penny. Eighteen years we were married, eighteen years I never went anywhere, I lived for the kids. That's no complaint. I think I was happy despite all our problems. And then one day my husband shot himself in the head at work: he wrote four suicide notes, one to his parents, one to the children, one to me, he even wrote one to my parents. But none of them explained why he did it. He just said he was sorry and that he was to blame.

I was widowed at the age of thirty-eight. My youngest child was ten. I was desperate to be alone for good. The small town I lived in watched people like me with a wary eye. A beautiful widow with four children should be reduced to loneliness: that's what decency demands. I didn't want to wither away. Six months after my husband died, I met a man. I fell in love. He was from Pest, divorced, two children with their mother. Sometimes he brought them with him. While I was cooking lunch in a big pot, I watched them laughing and fooling around in the garden. We barely fit around the table. We met in March and she moved in with me in May. I didn't care what people said. My kids didn't want to accept it. And he kept nagging me to do something to make them like him. At least respect him. He'd tease them to death. That was the first sign I

⁸ kongó

⁹ nyú bond strít, bonhemsz

¹⁰ endi várhol

¹¹ démj(e)n hö(r)szt

¹² dzsék- dínosz csepm(e)n

¹³ deszmond morisz

¹⁴ zú táim

¹⁵ háuá(r)d hong

¹⁶ edinboro

¹⁷ dzsekszn pol(o)k

should have seen. But I couldn't see, I couldn't hear, I was blind. The children moved in with my mother because they couldn't stand him. Then my mother turned against me. I lost everyone I loved. She said she couldn't get a job until she had a registered address. I let her check into my house permanently. She said she had found a job and she went out every morning as if she was working. I gave him money so he could buy lunch.

But he didn't work, he sat in the pub all day. He kept demanding more and more money. It became hell. He started having fits of jealousy. He kicked me in the street for going to the hairdresser. He got into my clothes, my make-up. If I got home from work five minutes early, I'd be told that my lover must have driven me home. If I arrived later, that's why. I never knew when I'd be home. He took all my money. I didn't even have three thousand forints left to pay for the vision when he hit me in the face with his fist. I didn't know at the time that if I pressed charges, I wouldn't have to pay for the sighting. I never had the job against me. I have a degree and I'm a chemical engineer. But I've also worked at the deli counter in supermarkets when there was nothing else. I learned English, did a computer course to improve my chances. I worked for years in local government. That's when I met him. Anyway, he always beat me so that he wouldn't leave a mark. He used to tear my hair, box me on the shoulder, wouldn't let me go to bed. He burned my clothes in the yard. He smashed the kitchen furniture. When I locked myself in, he broke the door down. Sometimes I'd jump out the window to get away from him.

I called the police, but if there was no blood, they did nothing. And they couldn't send him away because he had the right to be there, according to his permanent address. This little one is his little boy. The light of my eyes. She expected me to get pregnant, get fat, get skinny. The baby was just a trump card to hold me even closer. But she didn't believe it was hers. Every day she accused me of being someone else's. I was four months pregnant when it happened to me again. I was terrified the baby would get hurt, I climbed out the window and called the police from next door. I knew they wouldn't take her in, that they wouldn't even take a report. I just asked them to come into the house with me while I packed my things. My little boy is named after me. He will never have anything to do with his father. Of course I was in court. I was told to write a letter of notice to leave the house within five days. If he doesn't move out despite the notice, I can start the lawsuit. I did. I talked to a lawyer; he said it was a civil suit, by the time a decision was made, my infant son would be in school.

That house legally belongs to me and my children. It is our property, our home. But he lives in it one by one. Just because I let him check in. I didn't think it could be like this. Neighbours say he's never there during the day, he only dares to sneak home at night, because he's afraid of his creditors. When my little boy was born, I sent him a picture of him. I don't know, for some reason I really wanted him to see it, even if it was just a photo. It was Christmas. He called me. He begged us to go home, wherever we were. He said he loved me and he'd change. He said if it was hard for us to travel with the baby, he'd come, just let him see me. He said he bought us presents. He begged me to tell him where we were, I had no idea what to do. He asked me so nicely. He had such a sweet voice. I said I didn't know. I'll have to think about it. "What do you have to think about, you fucking bitch?" He still doesn't know where we are. I reported him to the police for selling my belongings. The jukebox, the TV, the furniture, the rest of my clothes, everything. All that's left are the bare walls. I also reported him for assault. But they said it wasn't a crime, just a misdemeanor.

If you're not living in the house for a long period of time, I could ask for a forced eviction. But there's nothing I can do. I'm ashamed that this happened. My mother doesn't want to know about me. My father told me to go back to where I was. They don't want to see the youngest grandchild. Only my granddaughter talks to me. You know, as time goes by, sometimes I think maybe she didn't hit so hard. Maybe I should have stuck it out. Maybe I should have stayed and endured. In the mornings, we get dressed up and go for a walk with my little boy. I look at all these pretty little houses. Mine is so beautiful, it has a garden, lots of flowers, trees: that's our home. My five children and mine.

Bernadett Vág – Nők Lapja, 2008, issue 29, pages 24-25.



At the beginning of the 21st century, we still do not know how to behave in a civilised way. We are unable to control our male chauvinism, we see women as sexual objects, as walking sex organs. Many jerks cannot distinguish between sluts who dress and behave provocatively and decent women. I wonder what they would say if they were harassed in this way every day:

"Lately I've been thinking more and more often that either I'm crazy or the world is. I'm a twenty-three-year-old graduate and I have so much life experience that I have to strive for quality. I'd rather have a few grapes than a whole bunch of rotten grapes. I have no friends, only three true friends. I had my first man when I was eighteen, because I waited for the one who deserved me. I'm fastidious about my appearance, though everything is natural. Imagine a tall, thin woman with long hair. If I don't wake up on the wrong side of the bed, I can look very good. Now here's the problem. Because no matter how solidly I dress, I am daily inundated with filth disguised as compliments, insolence, disrespect (primitive manifestations of males who cannot be called men). Last year I wore a tight skirt above the knee, this year jeans with a closed top, but they still won't leave me alone. I can't get from the car park to the shop without hideous nips, winks and comments. They stop in front of me, size me up, then say a big dirty word. I'm teased by the clerk, the security guard, the bouncer. If it happens to women who show up in neckerchiefs and belly shirts and »sexy girl« labels, it's okay. But why can't they leave the subdued, solid women alone?

I told a girl about being chased by bullies. She laughed at me. I suggested we go for a walk. Afterwards she said it was rude. And I don't talk to strangers! To me, the bloodshot look and alcoholic comment of a family man loitering near a buffet is not a compliment, it's a humiliation. I can't stand cigarette smoke, drink or drugs. (But I love cheese, chocolate and books.) And I hate men more and more. My principle used to be that no one could degrade me to the point of making me hate them. But now I avoid men. What can I do to stop them from trying to climb on me, from drooling on me? Why doesn't a man look you over before he makes a comment about a woman? It's not my biggest problem, but it's the one I can't avoid or solve."

Readers' letter – Nők Lapja 2004 No 32 (page 47)



Half of all people living with HIV worldwide are women. The UN AIDS programme says the only way to halt the epidemic is to focus on protecting women. Today is the World Day for the Elimination of Violence against Women. The new face of AIDS: young and female – that's how one of the leaders of the UN AIDS programme (UNAIDS) summed up the essence of a report produced jointly with the World Health Organisation (WHO) and published recently. The number of adults and children living with HIV worldwide has swelled to 39.4 million. Half of all people living with HIV are women. According to UNAIDS, the only way to halt the epidemic is to put women's rights and protection at the heart of the fight against AIDS. Beyond the mere medical fact that women are twice as likely as men to be infected, violence against women is a major factor in the spread of the disease. – If governments want to fight the disease, they must tackle another global „epidemic”, violence against women – says Amnesty International¹⁸.

Mass rape, known as a by-product of armed conflict, is a major contributor to the spread of the HIV virus and AIDS. In the Democratic Republic of Congo and Colombia, for example, tens of thousands of women have been raped. This could also happen in Darfur province in Sudan, warns Amnesty International. In some conflict zones (e.g. Haiti or East Timor), rape is often used to retaliate for sympathy with the enemy. In this way, male members of the enemy and their women are humiliated. Their undisguised aim is to use this 'biological weapon' to eliminate the capacity of the community to rebuild itself. In Rwanda, during the 1994 genocide, two thirds of the women who suffered rape were infected with the AIDS virus.

¹⁸ emneszti internesönl

Women are also often denied the right to property, inheritance and work, making them economically vulnerable to men. In this unequal situation, women are unable to defend their gender and their health. Because of poverty, sex is often a mere means of payment. Lack of education not only deprives women of the opportunity to work, ignorance is a partner in the epidemic. In Ukraine, Moldova and Uzbekistan, for example, 80% of girls aged 15 to 24 know no method of protection. In many places AIDS has moved out of brothels and into the marriage bed. In Thailand, for example, half of the infections are found in the wives of men who visit prostitutes. The sub-Saharan Africa region has only 10% of the world's population, but has registered nearly 60% of the infected (25.4 million). The majority (60%) are women, with 76% of girls aged 15-24 years. – Young women are almost an endangered species in Southern Africa," UNAIDS chief Peter Piot told Reuters. The proportion of women infected has risen around the world. In East Asia, 56% more infected women have been diagnosed in the past 2 years. In Eastern Europe (where the study focuses on the two most infected countries, Ukraine and Russia), the rate has risen by 48%.
News Agency Report - Internet, 26 November 2004.



The man of our time has reduced sex to the level of animal trafficking. Nowadays, anyone can have sex with anyone after a few minutes of getting to know them. Nowadays, marriage ads have also disappeared. Instead, advertisers are looking for the occasional sexual partner.

– The internet is good because it's fast, safe and anonymous – says Tibor. Something always works out. If not a relationship, then sex.

– I've been hiding in Hungarian dating sites for two years – says Angéla. – I wanted to have a serious relationship. It didn't work out. Then I advertised on foreign websites - with success. Now I live in the Netherlands with my husband.

The spread of the Internet has fundamentally changed human relationships, especially courtship rituals. What was commonplace in our fathers' time is now obsolete, and our grandfathers' conquests are now simply embarrassing. Stalking and acquisition operations have been transformed and simplified. To watch someone with eager eyes, to use tricks to get to the person you want, is now considered an understatement. To send flowers is almost ridiculous. The other day, on the tram, a twenty-year-old boy turned to an unknown girl - without a blush - at the sound of my ears:

– Hello, do you have a boyfriend?

– Yes.

– Do you have a lover?

– Yes, I do.

– Can I get in third?

Phone text message finders don't make things too complicated. Once you've registered, you just enter the details of the person you want to find and you're ready to go. Potential partners are contacted after one or two messages.

– Age?, Lax? – are the two most common questions.

In case you can't make sense of the above: the dating service is looking for the age and the place of residence of the target person. If the answer is correct, the date is on. Which – for the experienced ones at least – is prepared with due diligence. They choose a meeting place that is visible from several points. Then they hide in a place where they can keep an eye on their date. They call by phone to make sure of identification, and if they don't "like" the person, they leave him or her alone. The real pros use the web to connect. The Internet offers hundreds of dating sites for everyone. There are separate websites for serious and casual people, for Christians and non-Christians, for gays, for socialists and social democrats, for Greens. The various dating sites use different kinds of "bait" to attract guests. Some sites, for example, include links to a hit list alongside the matchmaker's name, others offer Ady's love poems as a bonus. But there are also websites where you can read the headlines and the profiles of the people you are looking for at the same time, or even

browse the pages of the Independent, Reuters, Adevarul or Magyar Szó with a click. And you can even make a bank transfer or two.

For those who prefer a chat, the so-called text chat¹⁹. With the person of your choice, you can retire to a separate "room" – a virtual space invisible to others – where you can chat away. Lightning speed is an important factor here. The meeting can be conducted in "private" or in company. People who choose social networking are mostly looking for friends, curiosity, "chatting" about a certain topic or looking for group love.

Meeting people online is the most purposeful and human way to connect nowadays – says Tibor, 30, who has been addicted to cyber love for twelve years. – If I go online, I'm sure something will come up. Especially if I know what I want. Sometimes I just join a website out of boredom. I do this at work, for example, where I don't have time to get seriously involved with girls. When I'm done with my job and I've read the news, I go to a dating site or chat room and if I "stumble" on something juicy, I join. At home – usually from late afternoon until dawn – I'm constantly socialising. I browse dozens of dating sites and forums at once. If I find someone I like, I ask for their number and we chat on the phone. The date decides what happens next. If it works out, we snuggle, if not, that's it. I've found that one or two girls in ten phone numbers get together for a few nights.

I think being pushy is one of the keys to success. I recently approached a girl on a forum. "Hi, are you from Budapest?". "Yep", she replied. "What's your phone number?", I tried. She shouted me out, i.e. shooed me away. I "clicked" twice more, and the third time she gave me her number. I called him immediately and spent the night with him the next day. I know I sound pretentious, but that's standard cyberromance. That's why it attracts crowds. A 19-year-old girl from Miskolc told me – who I also met online – that a few weeks ago she got in touch with a 28-year-old guy from Budapest. They corresponded for a long time and fell in love. Virtually. Then he visited her a few days ago. She managed to get about three sentences out of him in ten hours. She was bored to death. But he slept with her anyway...

Tibor says that a wide variety of people visit online dating sites for a wide variety of reasons. For example, Aaron called me on one of the chats when I tried to find out about Tibor's experience myself. He is happily married, said the twenty-eight-year-old, but he needs excitement in his life to be inspired by his creative work. "My wife also benefits from it when I'm turned on by a strange woman," explained Aaron, as naturally as possible. Don't be like a Jordanian couple who, according to the web, are getting a divorce because they found each other on a discussion forum where they had fled their marital problems. They quickly spotted each other. They started a long correspondence, which ended in a bitter divorce. They were already making serious marriage plans. Finally, they decided to meet in person. They looked at each other in a bus station in Amman. Since then they have not spoken to each other.

I've chatted to MPs, actresses, businesswomen, teenage girls and women who read electric meters – says Tibor. Last Friday night, six thousand eight hundred people were on one portal at the same time. This is an astonishing figure, as I remember that last year at this time only two thousand people were usually corresponding at midnight. But it also makes you wonder why on a Friday night, young people choose to be bitter instead of social. And it's even stranger that on New Year's Eve, more than eight thousand people were hiding out with me on the dating site. – The allure of online dating is that you don't have to struggle – he continues. After all, no one these days likes hopeless courtship and alibi-mongering. If someone doesn't work out, someone else will find a replacement. So losing a partner is no longer a stake. It's harder for me when I'm with a woman of strong character. You have to give it your best shot, and even then you're not guaranteed success. But if a guy's got a good line, he's got the girl. And if a lady logs on to a dating site, she's almost guaranteed to be seduced. For someone, anyway.

I, for one, rely on my patter. Even though I'm handsome, I'm only 165 cm and I can't get anywhere without a line. I've tried to meet people in discos and bars, but I've never been noticed. Girls look right through me. Where the first glance is decisive, I don't even get the chance to im-

¹⁹ cset

press them. In online matchmaking, it's the other way round. I type in my parameters honestly, but no one cares, they fall for my line. With teenage girls, for example, it's pretty easy. They like to collect scalps. Today, a teenage girl is cool if she "collects" a lot of guys. Women in their thirties and forties, although the most exciting, are a bit of a problem, because they are mostly disillusioned and therefore more reserved. Many women in bad marriages escape here, and cyber-romance is a sure-fire success for them too, and discreet too. Tibor has recently expanded his profile. Since he's learning Russian, he's also "chatting" over there. He recently arranged a date with a Russian woman. He doesn't really care if he really comes here, because if he doesn't, he's still the winner, at least he's practised the language.

I have the names of seven hundred and fifty women on my mobile. I keep a separate record of who I met on which website. I pay a lot of attention to this, because girls don't like it when I mess with other girls. "You're the first" – I tell them, and it makes them melt. Or at least they pretend to. Since 2001, I've been installing SMS messages on my computer and archiving them. It's important because I meet two women a day on average – I need to remember everything about them to be successful. Thanks to the World Wide Web, I've dated at least 1,500 women, none of them the right one. Yet I have faith that the one and only will click.

Angéla was also looking for a serious relationship, which is why she spent two years browsing Hungarian dating sites and forums. She was unsuccessful for a long time. – After many months I came to the conclusion that it was hopeless for me to try to find a marriage on Hungarian websites, I couldn't find a man with serious intentions here at home. So I started looking on German and English matchmaking sites. I met several foreign men, both in Germany and in my home country, but nothing developed with them. They weren't frivolous – in fact, they were downright disinterested and polite in their courtship – but there was no mutual sympathy or attraction, we weren't each other's type. About a year ago I logged on to a new online dating site – I soon received a reply from a Dutch man. At first I thought it was hopeless because of the distance, but he came to Budapest for me without hesitation. Then I came to visit him. Six months later we got married. Since then I've been living in the Netherlands, learning the language, happy, feeling that he's the one. I often think that without the Internet we probably would never have found each other.

Edit Agyagási – Népszabadság, 12 February 2005 (page 6)



A 26-year-old businessman complained about women today. I was struck by how pretty, quick-witted, and with a lot of guts she was. Perhaps a little too much so. On the first night she made it quite clear that she was ready to come up to my place. I hadn't expected that at all, so I walked her home, but I asked for her phone number. A few days later, I was with a group of friends at one of their holiday homes for an official barbecue. As I had no other partner, I thought I'd ask this girl out. We ate the meat, chatted with friends, and then the girl and I slipped off to one of the empty rooms. Of course, we immediately hit it off, and when I felt the heat coming on, I reached into my jeans pocket for a rubber. She looked at me in amazement and asked, "What's this?" I said, "Condom, rubber condom, cotton. – like they do." "I don't like it at all." – she said. "No, I can stand that kind of thing!" I wondered. "It's not a matter of liking it, it's a matter of safety. I want to look after you too." She scoffed and told me to stop preaching because she had never met such a bore. "Now, do I want it or not?" I got angry and shouted at him to get it through his head: it wasn't my nutter. I'm just doing what any sane man would do in a situation like this. The girl yawned and asked if we could do it orally. True – she added wistfully, she can't put a rubber on her mouth. That's when I was really put off by the whole thing. I got dressed and went to sleep in the other room. In the morning the girl was gone.



Little girls in thong bikinis, fishnet stockings, push-up²⁰ bras, red lipstick. They were competing,

²⁰ pus áp (breast pusher)

making them compete - who was prettier. Six is the smallest, twelve is the biggest. The majority are not beginners: they have come here with modelling courses and beauty contests behind them, for the national pageant called "Miss Mini". Mum and Dad in the audience. Parents who understand what the game is all about. Or do they? It's dress rehearsal:

- "What do you look like? Pull yourself out, boobs out!" – the mother sitting in front of me scoffs as she pulls the panties off her chubby eight-year-old child in the auditorium of the suburban community centre. The little girl protests as much as she can, but if she's left unclot-hed, she at least puts her hands in front of her and looks in horror at the illuminating uncle passing by.
- "Look at the others, they're not shy!" – his mother's friend becomes encouraging, and gestures towards the other naked bodies in progress.

But it's time to run for the stage: the hostess calls the contestants one by one, by name, age and, of course, number. Trixi, Cintia, Klarissa and Melody come forward. It's all here: restrained curtsies, 'sweet' kissing and shockingly girlish, professional hip gyrations. The shy little girl from before is called: her hands now pressed even tighter to her bare tummy, staring at the floor, sideways into the spotlight.

- "I've had enough! I'll tell her if she doesn't pull out, we won't come tomorrow! And we're not going to McDonald's either!" – plans mum irritably.

A few rows away, a dad is pulling his lip:

- "No good! It's like you have to go to the toilet. Do it like this!" He stands up and demonstrates his feminine stage curtsy. The child tensely tries to imitate. Still can't do it. The little girl is getting scarier, the daddy more nervous. But he persists. He shows again, and again. The next day, you can't go wrong... And the kid loves it..."

Today's the big day: today will decide who is the most beautiful. Jenniferlove's sexed-up or Sophia Loren's dolled-up mini princesses are running around and crowding the narrow dressing room. An hour later, the little ones start in evening gowns. Mums are busy working on the children. In the toilets, a few seven-year-olds are weighing up the odds: „You can go Ec-pec... Who will be queen?" They laugh. For now...

- "Sorry, you're new, aren't you? Looking for faces?" – A mum asks me, but there's another lady. She tells a true career story: her daughter was born with "shoulder-length curly hair"... Later, she was constantly stopped on the street, asking why she didn't take her to beauty contests. Then, when she was four, she finally had the courage:
- "Since then we've been in four modeling contests and she's been in commercials... And the kid loves it," she says proudly. And he does love it. "They said she wasn't that ugly, and we thought we'd try her out." - explains a well-meaning mum, placing the lacquer reticule on her eight-year-old daughter's shoulder. "But of course, she'd already done a modelling school three years ago, along with her sister. And she was on TV. And last year she was also in a competition, there in a form-fitting velvet gown."
- You liked it, didn't you?
- "Not really..." – he says.

But Mum will explain what "Not really."

- Do you like dressing up?

The kid's a little unsure:

- "Whiii...? Yeah... I love it."

And mum is already dreaming of today's placement: "We'd like to be courtiers at least!"

Then a smiling, almond-eyed eight-year-old tells us: it's her first competition too. Actually, her sister wanted to come, but the organizers said she wasn't pretty enough.

- "I really want to win! And from now on, I'll always go to competitions like this! Why? Because I'm beautiful... A lot of people say that."

This is where mum and pedagogy come in:

– "But tell me, what will you do for a living? Not from your beauty, but from..." After a moment's thought, the little girl is already grinding out the lesson:

– "My... brain. And my brain!"

Mum is pleased. Who wins today? We're about to start. The contestants are backstage, it's bustling.

– "At home, my dad did my choreography, then he videotaped me and corrected my mistakes," says a blonde girl.

Everyone agrees that it's not the dress that counts. The preschoolers are the hardest to deal with: one of them, a beautiful curly-haired girl, keeps running around asking why she's here, what to do and how. Her grandmother is already crying, she doesn't seem to know either... She's just pouring out her complaints, pointing at the little one:

– "Now look how awful this child is... His mother didn't come with him because she'd only embarrass him..."

The little one looks at her with wide eyes:

– "But Mama, why am I so terrible?"

Grandma doesn't answer, she just explains to me:

– "They said you were beautiful... But we can't see it because we're always looking."

The procession in evening dress goes down. The one with a lot of relatives gets more applause. But you misunderstand that at eight years old. The first signs of disappointment appear behind the curtain.

– "I only got a little applause," murmurs a petite girl.

Then the round-faced one calms herself:

– "My mum said I'd never win anyway, because I always win in advance..."

The almond-eyed one is still hopeful:

– "But it would be so nice to be first!"

A minute later, everyone is screaming for their mothers: it's time to undress, the bathing suit procession is on. A fleshier girl, about ten years old, is already ready, her thong showing through under the shawl tied around her hips. She stands motionless as her mother sprays half a bottle of hairspray on her head, while she pulls her stomach in so tight that her body is almost shaking. The bikini-clad girls wobble around the stage, then choreographically parade first in front of the jury and then down the auditorium aisles. This gives everyone an even closer look.

Then the judges are announced. The almond-eyed one is no longer laughing, he's alone behind the curtain. He looks at me and says quietly:

– "Too bad I won't win... Because I'm ugly."

And he really doesn't win. But she's not ugly, she's beautiful. But now anyone can tell her that. True, she'll get the "Prettiest Smile" certificate, but as someone in the audience said, "Just because they're small doesn't mean they're stupid." It was one of the little girls backstage earlier, when one of them boasted about her former "Sweetest Eyes" title, who said, "It's nothing anyway; because everyone gets some kind of eyes..." According to the directors, "Everyone wins today." And indeed, the presenter can't stop listing the thirty-five titles: the friendliest eye, the sweetest eye, the prettiest eye, the most radiant personality... The naughty little one also gets a certificate and a stuffed animal: she proudly – and a little accusingly – shows them off to her grandmother in the audience.

In the end, most of them are disappointed and teary-eyed as they clutch their little gift bags. No one is laughing anymore, except the winners and the toddlers, who don't know why they've been brought here anyway. Of course, everyone here meant well. As did the father who responded to an article on an internet portal about the competition by saying: "Please also write that not all children received the same gifts." My daughter, for example, didn't get a pet, while many (but not all) received ladybugs or yellow ducklings. My child asked, "So I'm nothing?" No, you are not nothing... Sarolta Dobray - Nők Lapja, 15 June 2005 (page 30).²¹

²¹ A continuation of this article can be found in the October 2014 issue of Nők Lapja (pages 28-31)



Boutique babies behind the counter:

– "I'm ugly," says Erika.

Erika is 28 years old, of average build, a commercial college graduate from Pécs. Men don't turn around after her, women don't discuss her clothes, hair, make-up or movements.

– Okay, maybe I'm not ugly, but I'm just not striking, not interesting – says the woman, who hides her surname, softening her previous statement. But I think I'm a good salesman. I've worked in furniture stores, hardware stores and hardware stores, and they've all been happy with me. I'm currently employed in a grocery ABC, but my dream has always been to work in a fashion store. I've applied a hundred times, been turned away a hundred times. I was always told that they thanked me for my application and would let me know. I've been waiting ever since.

Edit Laskovics is a 22-year-old, sexy, rounded, smiling, direct creature. She was recruited last October to work in one of Pécs' most popular boutiques in a shopping centre, and since March she has been running the shop that employs five ladies. With one employee having recently left, Edit is currently "recruiting" in her capacity as store manager.

– Fourteen people have applied for the job, she says confidently: – All applicants work for us for a trial period, and then the best one is hired for a one-month trial period. If they pass, they can stay. It's a tough business here. The business is owned by Greek entrepreneurs, who expect us to have an oriental salesman's style. The buyer can't leave without the goods. If the size is not right, we offer something else and make the customer realise that it actually suits him better than what he was looking for. If you're not good-looking, you're not suitable.

I look at Edith and her good-looking colleagues with favour, and note that there is a certain resemblance between boutique employees. Most of them are in their twenties, well-formed, regular-faced girls. Underneath, their clothes – whether they wear smooth trousers, short skirts or shorts – brazenly reveal the curves of their thighs and buttocks. Their short, tight, possibly cleavage-baring T-shirts reveal their bellies, suggesting the size, shape and texture of their breasts. Almost without exception, salesgirls dye their hair. The most popular colours are light blonde and bronze. Brown hair dyes are in short supply. The demand for tanned skin is all the greater: even creole-skinned people go to tanning salons. There is a demand for a lot of make-up, nails, jewellery, body jewellery, tattoos.

Shopkeepers advertise that they are looking for pretty, young, experienced girls. – Zsanett Pusztai, who works in a watch shop, confirms the former. – The word pretty often comes first in advertising, because beauty is more important than practice. Calmly spoken, Zsanett's blue eyes, thin nose, delicately lined lips, dyed hair, wolfish figure, posture and gait stand up to any criticism. In the two-sleeved gap between her trousers and blouse, her slim waist, muscled by running and aerobics, is visible. The 23-year-old does mention, however, that you can't make a living on looks alone on this track. She is about to tell us how to fall for the intentions and the closed wallet of a customer who walks into a watch shop. Zsanett inspects the customer's clothes and jewellery, observes the type and price of watches he spends more time with, and asks him about his work and habits, and from all this, she gets an idea of which watch is worth recommending to him.

The girls in their early twenties serving in the brasserie are not yet very concerned about what will happen to them when they turn thirty. Andrea is an exception: she is now 31. She works in a leather shop in the shopping centre and is forced to think about her future. It's not as if there's an age limit on her employment here, and it's not as if anyone thinks the blue-eyed lady with the unruly blonde lob is old. She exercises her lithe body for an hour every two days, and her jet-black dress is reminiscent of the Arabian Nights. Andrea has little trouble with the passing of time, but she knows: change while you can, not when you must. And like almost all employed salespeople, Andrea dreams of one day owning her own business.

– I certainly don't want to grow old as a salesperson – Andrea admits.

– But perhaps there is no such thing as getting old in this career.

- This is increasingly the opinion of Mrs Sándor Tóth. The 43-year-old woman works in a shop selling branded jeans in the centre of Pécs. When Mrs Tóth stood behind the counter a quarter of a century ago, she thought she would retire as a trader. Today, she is worried about the future:
- For now, I'm keeping up with fashion. I'm still keeping up with fashion, perhaps partly because I have two daughters and I watch what they look like and what they wear. I have two daughters and I'm looking at their clothes and I'm watching what they're wearing. I might have to change. Unfortunately, our family doesn't have enough money to open an independent shop. However, I would like to remain a trader. When I get out of the fashion business, there will be other things - home textiles, furniture, chandeliers, crockery, food. Sándorné Tóth rarely meets her old colleagues, but she has heard that most of them have left the profession.
- Today, a shop assistant can hardly find protection if she is dismissed or not hired because she is not young or pretty enough. I don't know if the union can do anything about that. I don't know if they can, if only because I left the union years ago. Every shop worker used to be a member, they automatically deducted dues from our pay. Where is that now? Most of the workers in boutiques and department stores today don't even know where the union is. This last statement is confirmed by Gyula Fenyősi, the secretary of the Baranya County Trade Union of Commercial Employees. The man, who runs a restaurant in a pedestrian street in Pécs, says that barely 10% of commercial workers in Baranya are affiliated to a trade union, and the same is true in other counties. Yet the profession employs hundreds of thousands of workers. According to Fenyősi, it is not easy to recruit either boutique workers or employees of large supermarkets. It is difficult to keep the boutique workers in the same union, while the multinationals try to prevent the union from being set up.
- No one has ever complained to us that they can't get a job in the retail sector because of their age or their disadvantaged appearance – says Gyula Fenyősi. – But it's clear that the profession is very young, and boutiques mainly employ pretty girls. And in hypermarkets, there are few middle-aged and older employees because people with families cannot work the hours dictated by the multinationals – which do not take into account weekends, holidays and nights. The latter is not sustainable for young people either, which is why there is a huge turnover in hypermarkets in Hungary. However, Gyula Fenyősi does not regret the fact that the retail sector has become younger. But he is sad that the majority of shop workers do not see any career prospects and accept that they cannot survive until retirement.
- It's bad enough that the shops are full of young people – asks me one of the entrepreneurs from Pécs, who has several shops in the county. Maybe "Mummy" from the State Store, with her 100 kilos, her high heeled, lace-up canvas shoes, her limbo-like gait and her panting breath? How do you think it's possible to sell thong panties with a Mami chorus girl? And how does Tata offer a computer or a survival knife?

Most of the lessons boutique employees learn from each other. Even if they don't go out together, the young people of a city's merchant community get to know, watch, check and analyse each other over the course of a few years. They usually know who is where they come from, where they have worked, how much their job is worth, how much they earn and what their plans are. They know who has lived and is living with whom, who their boss has had eyes on, who has moved on their boss. They know who does what sports, goes to which discos, which is their favourite whisky, if they smoke weed, who had their breasts enlarged, who had their nose straightened, how much the plastic surgeon charged, and whether the partner who pays the bill likes the change. Of course, the boutique employees also know who their colleagues are married to. Because that's one way of looking at it. The 32-year-old woman from Pécs, who used to work in a local shopping centre and has been looking after children in England for the past ten months, lets me in on the next secret:

- My ex-girlfriend worked in a boutique and married her boss out of interest. I remember she told me that she wasn't in love with him, but that she thought it was the best way. I shouted it all down, but she just shrugged it off. She had a baby, got a car from her husband, then a boutique. And then she divorced. She became an entrepreneur, which took her a marriage and

a divorce. I tried so hard to talk her out of that marriage. She kept telling me it was the right thing to do. He said: I can still do it now, I'm still beautiful.

Tamás Ungár – Népszabadság, 1 June 2000 (page 8)



In the cursed times²², if a woman didn't work, she was called a housewife. Then time passed, and as a result of the economic changes of the modern age, an entrepreneurial class became muscular; for the men belonging to this class, the representative woman became a status symbol, in addition to the car and the mobile phone. In time, it became „embarrassing” to go to a party with a strapping wife or to go to a meeting with a girlfriend over thirty. So there was a demand for girls with a good figure who were easy to find, and slowly the supply grew. These „girls” are usually aged between eighteen and twenty-five, in the vast majority of cases with dyed blonde hair, and always dressed in black, form-fitting clothes that look good on tanned skin. If the entrepreneur has a family, he rents an apartment for his mistress and buys her a car. And the girls slip into the golden cage and take note of the motto: be pretty and keep your mouth shut!

Dora was the girlfriend of a well-known pop musician for two years, but the golden cage became too small for her:

– I was nineteen when I met Zoli, fifteen years older than me, in a disco. We looked at each other and then he came up to me. He gave me a martini and when I was well intoxicated, we arranged a date for the next day. He was waiting with a huge bouquet of roses. He took me to the most expensive restaurant in town, where everyone knew him, and they all jumped around like he was the emperor. I was mesmerized by it all, I don't know if I fell in love with him or with his money, his cars, his apartment, the jewelry he bought me. I was also impressed by his famous friends. He greeted all the celebrities with handshakes. I shopped at the coolest boutiques, we went to the Canary Islands for winter, we appeared on TV shows together, and all my high school classmates were jealous of me. Then, after two years, I started to feel like a nuisance: that I had nothing else to do but be beautiful and be able to listen. I never knew where our money came from, what dubious deals were going on almost in front of my eyes, but his mobile phone rang at three in the morning. I was not allowed to see my old friends, Zoli even banned me from seeing my parents because he said they were not from our circle.

We had a big dinner and I had had enough. We were with our supposed "friends" in a Chinese restaurant. While the boys were drinking, we girls tried to make conversation. But with the other "golden girlfriends" we could only talk about tanning beds and artificial nails, nothing else in common. Suddenly, I didn't understand what I was doing among these empty-headed tanning beds. Then I decided to quit the whole thing. The next day, I packed my bags and moved back to my mother's one-and-a-half-room apartment. Zoli threatened to ruin me for life and beat me up several times, but he hit me "only" once. He yelled at me, what do I want, stupid bitch, I can't do anything without him. Now I'm working, trying to get by on fifty thousand forints. And I feel like I'm not just a dumb-ass doll, I'm appreciated at work. I've done well out of it, but there have been girls who couldn't get out of the mafia-loving role. She wanted out, she wanted to start a new life, but her Ukrainian-born "lover" wouldn't let her. He couldn't hide from her, he paid her friend a million dollars to tell her where his former partner was hiding. Then he found her and it all started again. In the end, the 20-year-old girl committed suicide: it was the only way she could get out.

Twenty-five-year-old Imola, on the other hand, wants nothing more than a man who will take her out of work and support her. Imola is not a bombshell, but she certainly has an effect on men. We chatted about the subject in a well-known pub while she lit a long cigarette and ordered a drink called Sex on the beach²³:

²² During the decades of communist dictatorship

²³ szex on de bics

- You know, it sounds strange, but I've never been in love. One of my girlfriends says it's because I'm so selfish that I only care about myself. Maybe. The truth is, I mostly want a guy with a lot of money. I wouldn't even care if he was homosexual or old. I could find a lover. I've never wanted a career, I don't enjoy my job, I don't like going to work. But I do love shopping. I know myself well enough to know that I will find the person who will give me all that. And I don't give a damn what people say. I'm going to have a good time, and that's what matters.

Patrícia Szabó - Nők Lapja, 1999/14, (page 8)



Anett is waiting, the brunette, slim, brunette ex-wife in her forties. Today, twelve hours a day, for four hundred forints plus VAT per call. She has a limp wound on her abdomen from an operation a week ago. It's still hard to moan. But he can. At home, in a yellow kitchen smelling of cooked meat and tobacco, she "orders" by phone. Three lines ring on the counter, next to two boxes of bargain cereal: "Grandma", "Extreme" and "Domina". Sometimes alternately, sometimes simultaneously. Sometimes not at all. Like in the movies...

- Stray, where the hell did you take the whip again? – Anett suddenly thunders at the big German Shepherd dog, and chokes out a cigarette butt that has been smoked almost to the point of spontaneous combustion. The phone line marked 'Domina' beeps insistently.
- I'm quitting... Since the operation – she nods apologetically at the full ashtray and locks the dog out of the kitchen. Now I have to serve.
- Hello!" he growls sharply into the receiver – What the hell do you want?!.... What do you mean, hello? Are you banging a lady? You called Domino's, you piece of shit! On your knees, slave!... What torture equipment did you use? And now for the rough stuff. Obscene, ordinary terms flying through the air. For about four minutes. First call since I got to the apartment in the seventh ward.
- Okay, that's gone. He's got it. Or his wife came home... – grimacing. – They usually call back when she's asleep. That's what they do. They don't get what they want at home. Although I wouldn't dare do all that perverted stuff in person...
- He's got a painful grip on his stomach. Plastic figurine of a grinning chef begins to gently rustle on the table.
- Oh, the Győzike!²⁴ That's just what I call him, he's got a big head... It rings every hour to remind me not to forget to grease it. I must, my wound. It won't heal.
- She takes a tube out of the fridge. Phone. It's marked "extreme". Anett is now pushing her voice high, almost deafening, but nice. She grinds it:
- Hello... Hello, darling, my name is Suzanne, I'm blonde, one hundred and seventy centimetres, fifty-five kilos, one hundred bust, round bottom. Tell me, sweetie, what do you want? – while she rubs the stitches on her stomach with a painfully contorted face.
- How can you not? Then what do you do, my dear? Well, you will now! Let yourself go... – Anett is almost motherly this time. Two minutes. More or less. Then she pushes an erotic magazine in front of me.
- That's me. Three ads, three pictures, three women, three phone numbers. "Of course" none of the photos are of Anett. "Call me and serve me," says one, "Live your wildest desires, call Suzy." - on the other, and "Sexy granny waiting for your call!" - on the third.

Anett is divorced, has two grown sons and lives with their father. She doesn't want to talk about it. She's been making sex calls for about two years, ever since the day-care centre where she worked closed. So she earns 70,000 a month as an employee of the company that runs the service. Net. Of course, the more calls, the better. She works a "shift" every two days. He says his other "company

²⁴ The latest hero of Hungarian reality shows.

titles", contract prohibits him from talking about it. An acquaintance asked him at the time if he would like to do this. He had. He loves sex anyway.

- So my job is my hobby – he winks wearily. – Of course, freshly operated, it's hard to really enjoy it... – She lights another cigarette. On the packet: Smoking can kill you. He shrugs.
- Death? Boom... My mum and dad won't let me have any. I was raised that way. And then when I got out of the house and came up to Pest, I went on an avalanche... I was twenty-eight. I tried all kinds of things. But not much good came out of it. When you've been fooled by a guy for the tenth time... And my husband... he's fading. – So it's not a happy life, is it? But sex helps. It's just as obvious... And conversation. I like it when they want to talk, not just moan and pant. But when they want it, they get it. I can't talk about anything else: Sometimes it's just about time. That can be fun sometimes. "Sick of the world!"

A stray scrapes furiously at the kitchen door from the outside. We'll let him in. Anett feeds him. Chicken smell mingles with the tobacco smoke.

- You have to lock it out when there's a phone. Poor thing! He can't understand the screaming, he thinks he's being hurt. ...he's always trying to save me. But I have to be sensible too. There are all kinds of tools here... She pulls a little blue bucket from under the chair.
- I pour the water from the glass into it. Toilet effect... A lot of people ask for this. If that's what they want, that's what they get. Now, the dog is crazy about that whip, he loves it! He always steals it... And then I can whack it with the mop when the nice caller orders a spanking! – laughs.
- He must be a pervert too... Like a dog. Suddenly he gets serious.
- No, animals are taboo in my house! That's what I never do, although many people want to. I like the extreme, I usually enjoy it when people ask me to do kinky things. Otherwise it would be impossible to do this job. But some things make me sick to my stomach... – She waves me on.
- Come on, let's find that whip. He gets up with difficulty and we walk towards the narrow living room. We look for the whip. Inside, the TV is on, showing bloody dog carcasses. Anett is wearing a green sweatshirt. She's about a hundred and sixty centimetres tall, with a tight figure. Her brown hair is cropped to the nape of her neck. She's on the loose:
- I'm not always this "torn", it's just that now, because of the illness... Sometimes I even wear make-up. For work... I know, it's stupid because no one can see me. But somehow it feels different. Sometimes I make up stories. All sorts. Because people are curious, people ask me questions. About my life. And then I'm blonde and tall and my kids just went to camp... And then I'm a beast... Demon sex goddess! – she smiles to herself. A small lamp is dimly lit in the bedroom, and Anett talks and talks.
- See; I don't put this out at night. I tell you, I'm afraid alone. Sometimes I dream about work. The bad part. You can't imagine what kind of aberrations can call... I'll give them what they need. Because it's a service, that's why. But it's all in the back of your head somewhere... But there is an exception: paedophiles. I hang up on them right away! I can do that. There are people like that. It's a sick world, believe me... The whip's nowhere, let's leave it. No calls for a long time. On TV, they're beating the crap out of Bettina Csábi, but she's winning. The phone rings into the yogurt commercial. Kitchen's closed, dog's gone. A young voice on the other end of the line shouts: "Dirty bitch!". And he slams her down.
- Kids... "Have fun!" says Anett. "If it's worth it to them for four hundred extra VAT...!"

A mobile vibrates on the table. Anett has a friend. The "dude", as she calls him. She's talking to him now. The guy knows what his job is, but he doesn't mind. Anett says she "simply" makes love to him. No perversion. Now it's about carrying up the Christmas tree. The guy helps with the practical stuff. But they'll celebrate separately. The guy with his wife and kids. Anett with the "callers". He says it's a busy time.

- Be spruce! You know, for the smell. At least it smells... Sorry, I'll hang up...

- He's on one of the 06-90s²⁵. "Grandma" line. Auntie, hoarse, caring.
- Hi, sweetie, it's Erika; one hundred and sixty centimetres, seventy kilos, red hair down to my waist. – Just like the lady in the photo of the granny ad. – And I don't shave "there"... – she adds matter-of-factly.
- Why not? - comes from the other end of the line.
- Why...? - Anett's voice is impatient.
- I'm sorry; how old are you?
- Sixty-two, sweetheart. You called a grandfather – Anett said.
- Not me! Lesbit...
- Why, dear, are you a woman?
- No, I'm not. But I'd like to be. – Anett's gonna split. She's not in the mood. Another call. She's all over him, like a sex machine.

It's midnight. Anett's washing up. The TV next door is blaring. Anett is ventilating. The white light of a street lamp hits us in the face. Telephone, Domina. But professionalism here, professionalism there, Anett no longer has the energy to be brutal.

- Hi. Hi. It's a domino line. What do you want?
- What are your options? – the person asks back. – Anything. Torture, beating, slapping... – he lists in a tired, monotone voice.
- "Wait, that's not authentic," the young man complains.
- Too nice? Okay. On your knees, slave! You shit!" tries Anett wearily, and carefully closes the window. It's getting chilly. No effect at the end of the line. She continues softly:
- I don't think you're looking for torture. Do you even like being tortured?
- Not very much... - is the sheepish reply. Then a question:
- And do you like doing this job? A short silence.
- Do I really have to answer that? Sometimes I like it. Sometimes I hate it.

I say goodbye to the former kindergarten teacher around 1:00 in the morning. I thank her for her honesty. She says she doesn't care anyway. I'm waiting for the elevator when suddenly she calls after me:

- "How about if you write that she's really pretty, tall, blonde, big-breasted...? - He shoots me down.
- Á! I'm an idiot. Totally stupid...

Sarolta Dobray - Nők Lapja, issue 2006/1, (page 48)



I was embarrassed when my little boy laughed when he showed me porn pictures of his teacher on the Internet. I could hardly believe my eyes! Aunt Zsuzsa's face was clearly recognizable, which I thought was a cruel prank – says the mother. – Then, a few days later, I heard the news that Zsuzsa had been dismissed by the school board. I met her. She didn't deny it, she was in a place and in a pose that was unbecoming of a teacher... 46-year-old Zsuzsa is receiving me at her home. On the wall, certificates of appreciation for her work, drawings of her pupils, birthday greetings. She is correcting her daughter's homework. On the child's desk is her report card; it shows that her mid-term report card has been an A. The mother also boasts of her son, who will graduate next year and wants to study to be a lawyer.

- I don't know how I'll finance it...

She won't give her name or face because of her children. Although she knows that everyone in the small town is buzzing about it.

- I divorced my husband four years ago. He ran off with a 20-year-old bombshell, won't even look at the kids. I get child support on minimum wage. I knew I had to get my knickers in a twist,

²⁵ An award-winning line.

so I started looking for second jobs immediately after the divorce. As a history teacher, extra lessons were not in demand. For a while I typed theses. One weekend, I worked behind the bar in a pub from seven in the morning until late at night, as long as there were customers. I was paid ten thousand forints, I wasn't really helped out... Later on I decided to pick rosehips, boil them down into jam and sell them to people I knew. I made a hundred and twenty forints a jar. I knitted and knitted, but I just couldn't make ends meet. I also wanted a partner. I tried to meet someone on the Internet, to see if I could find a man in "similar shoes".

However, men my age are looking for a partner up to the age of 40. I received a lot of letters from guys between 20-30 years old, of course with sexual offers... I never replied to them. If I didn't get in touch with a hundred men on the net, I didn't get in touch with one. 70 percent of them just wanted me for sex. The rest wanted me to move in with him and be his housekeeper, sometimes his concubine. I had a couple of relationships, but after a few weeks of knowing them and sleeping with them, they all said we could run into each other occasionally, I was good in bed. I was also unsuccessful in finding a job. I wanted to do some work. I found a newspaper advertisement that looked like a good one. I paid about 25,000 forints to register, and then I realised I had fallen victim to a scam.

Finally I clicked on the erotic job. I took a job in a massage parlour. I did not have to provide any services other than oral sex. I earned fifteen thousand forints an hour. Of course I felt sick, nausea and all; but it was better money. I went once a week and I didn't have to worry about how I was going to pay the rent. But after a few months the salon closed. Again the lack of money came, I was nervous, I couldn't sleep. Then I clicked on erotic filming. I never thought I'd get offers at my age. It turned out that in porn, young men and older women were in demand, and natural nudes were in high demand. When I fell into bed late at night, tired, my mind was racing, asking myself: where have I got to, what am I doing? Sometimes I vowed, "No, never again!" Then I got the pay slip at school: 95 thousand forints. I earned less than the month before. In winter, my apartment rent alone was 40-50 thousand.

Then my mobile rang. One of the producers was looking for a job. I immediately said: I'll be there! I've been filming for two years, sometimes after school, sometimes on weekends. I told my kids I was an extra in a commercial. Now it's natural that I live from my body. Anyone who thinks that's a lecherous pleasure is sadly mistaken. It's terribly tiring, hard work. It's a mixed bunch, some of them young girls from university, some 72-year-old old ladies. The guys are all muscular, well-built. The more extreme the film, the better it sells. I'm not squeamish: I'll do oral sex; anal sex, my specialty is "deep throat". On the set you have to come with a fresh HIV test, because there are no condoms here... However, the cost of the test is paid by the company. After make-up and set-up, we immediately start the poses according to the script. Poor guys don't get it up after the third round, then they get stiffening injections. Girls, on the other hand, have to use lubricant frequently.

I had to reckon with the fact that everything would come out at some point. And it did. The webmaster was very nice. I sent him an email and five minutes later he downloaded my photos. Still, when I walked into the school, I could feel the strange looks as I walked down the corridor. The kids were all huddled behind me. It was natural, I didn't wonder. Then the school administration called me. They asked if I was really on the erotic pages. I didn't deny it. They told me I didn't have to go to class the next day. I agreed with their decision. But I still don't understand how I ended up on the net, since my contract says that the films are only distributed abroad. It was a difficult night for me, I had to sit down with my children. When I got home, they already knew the address of the website. I asked them not to look at it. They understood why I did that. I also told my elderly mother, as we live in a small town where the news spread like wildfire. I didn't want her to hear about it from anyone else.

I would not go back to teaching, but not because of the children, as I loved my job. I now work in a massage parlour because filming is as precarious as a dog's dinner I have no partner, I have no one to answer to but my own conscience and I have done that. Now I'm more balanced, in a better mood. My stomach doesn't shrink when I go shopping at the weekend, and I don't have a nervous breakdown when kids put chocolate in the basket. Last year we went to our first premiere at the

National Theatre, the triple. 36,000 forints for a ticket I couldn't have afforded before. I don't think it's just my fault that with more degrees you can manage your body better than your brain.

Bernadett Berta - Quarter, issue 21/2007, (pages 50-51)



Mónika opens the door in a towel. Wrapped around her lithe body, the soft white terrycloth reveals her shapely, long thighs, her beautifully curved shoulders, her flawless skin.

- Go into that room – he kindly ushers me in – I'll be right back, but I have another customer to say goodbye to. I hope you don't mind my calling you by your first name, but I'm not very good at it.

After five minutes, Monica, now dressed in a long linen dress, sits down opposite me and lets me question her. I ask the dyed blonde, regular-faced creature without a robe. There's not much time, Mónika has taken the interview for money.

- I charge 9,000 for an hour, 5,000 for half an hour – she told me on the phone. – If you just want to talk, it's a bit cheaper.

Although Mónika charges by the hour, she doesn't delay. Her answers are quick and to the point. She tells me that she is 23 years old, from Pécs, and that her parents are fashion merchants. They go to the fairs, and he often goes with them at the end of the week. The fair is a hobby for Mónika, just as university is nowadays. Mónika started her studies at the University of Pécs four years ago, but even now she is only postponing her second-year exams; in her heart she feels that she is unlikely to graduate.

1998 brought a big change in Mónika's life. She married a trader whose business soon went bankrupt. It was then that Mónika came up with the idea of trying prostitution. Her husband at first protested in an outburst. But the next day she convinced him. I reassured him that I was doing it not only for him, but for myself. I was tired of not having the money to buy a better dress, a car, an apartment, a holiday, or even to go to a restaurant. I told him I wanted to live with him, but at a different standard. I also told him that I refused to sleep with anyone. Only clean, cultured guys. If I don't like someone, I won't do it. My husband finally told me that it was fine to try, but if I couldn't take it, to stop immediately.

- So you can...
- I'm fine. I never see more than four or five people a day. It's just the usual couple lovemaking and franchising, nothing extra. I mean, my extra is that I'm intelligent, you can talk to me about anything: family, business, politics, movies, history. I can go to a high society, act like a gentleman and give authority to whoever pays me. So what I do is not sex, it's gymnastics and role-playing.

Monika has 35-40 regular clients. Of these, 15 to 20 come every week to her one-and-a-half-bedroom suburban apartment in the suburbs, the others every month or two. Mónika is occasionally taken out to dinner by her partners. In Pécs, she is not willing to "flash" on anyone's side - because of her unsuspecting relatives and acquaintances. So she takes herself to nearby Pécsvárad or Köves-tető, where they have dinner in a hotel and then go to bed. From seven in the evening until seven in the morning, the price for Mónika is fifty thousand forints. For the above amount, you get a maximum of two "sex marches", but the dinner and the obligatory gifts for such a marathon intercourse can double the customer's expenses. It is true that Mónika, through her Bt., invoices for almost anything: partner placement, consultancy, hosting and commercial services, event and advertising management, guiding, transport, childcare. Over time, some of Monika's clients have become extinct, underdeveloped, impoverished, even sexually.

To prevent turnover from jeopardising a reliable business, Mónika's weekly advertisement in a local newspaper reads: „University girl looking for a leisure partner”. Thanks to this, new guys are always dropping in, but Mónika prefers the old ones, the persistent ones whose strengths and weaknesses she knows. Take Béla, for example, who takes a shower after only a few minutes of caressing. Roland's strength is his attentiveness, he enjoys doing what Mónika asks him to do. Endre's charm is that he doesn't want to cheat on his wife. The man from the capital travels down to

his company in Pécs every month, and always visits Mónika. He lists his successes, his joys and his problems, but he never wants to make love. – "István embraced me with touching love," confesses Mónika, – but István is a man of unattractive appearance, in his fifties, and almost sexually helpless. He made his living in the embrace. Then he started making plans to divorce, abandon his children and marry me. Then I told him I was married, and he demanded the car and jewellery back. I didn't give him the jewellery, I asked him not to take it because it would remind me of the good times. Mónika shows me the dozen gold hoop rings with tiny brilliants (worth seventy thousand forints), and I stare:

– Did you believe this tale of remembrance?

– I did. Because he wanted to believe it.

Look, I don't enjoy being with any of my customers. But I pretend that I have the most wonderful time with them. I scream when I have to, purr when I have to. It's what's expected of me. They expect me to do it even if there's no act. Stephen feels that his tight embrace is the pinnacle of pleasure, so I let him believe it. Endre thinks that talking to him is a godsend, and I confirm him wrong. The men who come to me think they are some kind of chosen beings; to whom special respect and attention is due. They don't get the care, recognition and praise they need at home. I, on the other hand, play what they lack and want to believe, and they are satisfied, determined and proud. Monica says she is happy. She is in love with her husband, they cuddle daily and she enjoys sex with him. They are financially straightened out, they both drive a new car, eat out at restaurants and have more than half a million for this year's Greek holiday. She wants to do the job for two or three more years, by which time she hopes they will have enough money to open a bar where they can meet moneyed men with girls who know how to behave. Maybe they're students, Mónika meditates, not mere prostitutes like their roadside colleagues, but attentive – or pretending to be attentive – to the intellectual desires of the client.

In the newspapers of our university towns, we always find classified ads like the one Mónika places. Almost without exception, the college and university girls who advertise themselves, or who may have already graduated, can be reached on their mobile phone numbers, and usually welcome men in their sublets for dating. They are cautious and only go to the houses of reliable clients, but they are very fond of exclusive nightclubs and dinners: most refuse to comply with unusual requests. However, if the ad says "College girls seeking partners", advertisers are likely to be more "open-minded". This can be inferred from the fact that girls are looking for a partner in plural numbers, and such an ad promises – in layman's terms – that it could be a sex party with a lesbian element. Eva is already a graduate and is advertising with her girlfriend. The 24-year-old girl from Pécs doesn't deny that there is no obstacle – but there is a price to pay – for group sex.

Éva joined the queue three years ago, when she was studying at the accounting college in Zalaegerszeg.

– I had nothing to eat, nobody helped me – she sums up her reasons briefly on the phone, because she refuses to meet me.

– Now that he has a degree, he could find a living – I point out.

– Don't be stupid! – her voice cracks. – Should I leave for a hundred thousand a month?

– How much can you make?

– On average, one million, two hundred thousand. Four hundred thousand goes to expenses. Sixty for the apartment, a hundred for my car payments, fifty for clothes, and the rest for restaurants. I'm used to being well-off.

– Does a degree, an education, help you in this business?

– I can keep the jerks away from me. Of course, I still have to swallow enough jerks, because anyone with money has a license to be a jerk.

– Do you think if you hadn't gone to college, you wouldn't have become a prostitute?

– I would have been anyway, it was written for me. I love money, and I quickly realized that there was little money to be made in a legal job. College deprivation was the final push, but college didn't make me a prostitute.

- Didn't college reveal what you do for a living?
- Some people guessed. But I didn't care. I loved the wealth, it gave me peace of mind, the wealth made me forget my pain. I'm still like that today.

Zsófia has recently graduated from the Faculty of Humanities at the University of Pécs, majoring in social policy. (Zsófia asked that only her first name be included, for fear that someone might read her article carelessly and accidentally classify her as one of the people she wrote her thesis about.) In her thesis, the newly graduated social policy student spoke out about a 25-year-old girl studying economics in the capital. We quote from this interview:

"I was a sophomore at university when one of my classmates told me about this opportunity. I, too, had a serious problem paying the rent, and at the same time, creating a standard of living that every young intellectual woman of our time – spoken or unspoken – aspires to. At first I was reluctant, but after much deliberation I decided to go ahead. Since then, I have spent my evenings in the company of men of good looks and manners and money. They make me think twice about what I spend. I don't feel the least bit humiliated and helpless. By default, I have to perform a representative function with men. It's important to look good at dinners and receptions, to have good communication skills, to speak English and German, and to know which of the utensils on the table to use to tastefully eat a crab." The university student, defined by the author of this thesis as an "intellectual prostitute", claims that a businessman's negotiating position is enhanced by the presence of a pretty, intelligent woman at his side. But the partners across the table are well aware of the fact: she is only there to help his casual employer succeed. She's there, as are her employer's air-conditioned car, elegant clothes, jewellery, villa, favourite restaurant and circle of friends.

The woman interviewed stresses that sexuality is not important in this job, but it is clear from her words that her working hours do not end at the reception. She does not want to continue in this profession after graduation and hopes that the business people she has met so far will be a positive influence on her career. The interviewee says of her own career: "I have no regrets, I have had a good life, I have tried myself in different situations and I have succeeded". Zsófia spent her internship at the police station in Pécs, where she got the idea for her thesis. On the other hand, Zsófia herself had the opportunity to experience the dizzying opportunities that university girls have. This is how she talks about her own temptation:

- I tried to earn money while I was at school. I used to work as a newspaper delivery boy, leafleter, hostess and often interpreter. Last year, an entrepreneur from Pécs took me to the Netherlands to interpret. The middle-aged, average-looking man with a family came to me with open offers from the very first moment. I closed my mind in vain, but he kept promising more and more. An apartment, a salary, and eventually a car: He was incredibly tenacious and refused to accept failure for a long time.

A particular form of prostitution, reminiscent of a marriage of convenience, where one has only one client. Here is a story about it:

- I fell in love with one of my classmates on the very first day at university, an extremely good-looking girl from Somogy County, – recalls a lawyer acquaintance from Pécs, recalling his love affair many years ago. – We were together all the time, but after half a year she asked me to let her have a night out every now and then because she needed the solitude. I didn't object, because even then I could do with some time alone. Then I noticed that on these days off, he would come home to college in the morning. He cut himself off to sleep over at one of his girlfriends' houses. Later on, he went home to his parents' house more and more often for two or three days and wouldn't let me call there. Eventually I found out that she had a restaurateur boyfriend who was twenty-five years older than her and that she spent her days off with him. He wouldn't admit he was doing it for the money, but it was obvious. We broke up. He later replaced the restaurateur with a boutique owner and her with a Hungarian businessman returning from abroad. I have not heard from him since.

Similar stories are rumoured in almost every faculty of almost every university. Let's add: not just girls, boys too. (The author of these lines also had a college classmate who, during her studies, supported herself – as she put it: for two dives a week – with a rich woman twelve years older than

herself.) Mónika believes that the entry of students and graduates into prostitution will improve the quality of this despised profession. Maybe. Somehow I'm still not happy.
 Tamás Ungár - Népszabadság, 15 July 2000 (page 32))



A huge, dark-coloured Audi arrives at the appointed place. The evening street is almost empty. A man pulls down the window, wearing a hat with sunglasses and a hat with a brim. He apologizes for being late: There was a problem with one of the "outside places", but they'll sort it out. Z. has been taking girls abroad for ten years. It used to be all about bar dancing, but now Z. and most of the dancers have realised that prostitution is much more rewarding for all of them. Since then, girls have been turning up in droves, looking for money, cars and glamour, and willing to "work" for it.

She asks me to sit in the back. As soon as I close the door, her mobile rings. He gets free, picks it up. "Exactly as you say. A family of musicians in Genoa... Of course we sent her out... She taught English to a six and an eight-year-old boy... The boys love her... They want Kata next time..." After she hangs up, she explains the situation.

- One of the girls had a boyfriend. He was suspicious why his girlfriend was going abroad for ten days. There's always a prearranged scenario for these cases. It's their choice who they tell what they're doing out there. Most of the time, the story is that they go dancing, modelling or - as you've just heard - babysitting. The people around them usually have no idea what they are doing, but many of their friends know about it and even enjoy the benefits.
- So it's not forced, it's voluntary, it's singing...?
- Bingo. These girls usually don't have much of a family background either. Their parents are nice people, just not very rich. They just want more. They want to make a lot of money in a short time. Some have graduated or are graduating from college or university. There are also people who work in advertising, have several degrees and speak four languages. He, for example, earns 300,000 HUF a month at home, but decided that this was not enough for him. Now he brings home 1 to 1.5 million forints after 10 days away. I do not send out street prostitutes. Many people have no idea how many of them are the wives and daughters of famous people, fashionable models, popular media personalities. By the way, a lot of this money is also used to help their parents. Many of them have small children they could not otherwise support. Besides, how would a young girl have any prospect of an apartment or a car here? Often they want to start their own business, they need the money. This is the way they find their way, because they love Hungarian girls out there. There's a huge demand for them. They say *they have fire in them*... The fact that they are increasingly pushing for this job is a sign of the state of Hungarian society.
- And then when they have everything, they stop?
- Usually not. While they're out, they count every cent, but as soon as they get home, they're gone in a matter of days, they eat it all up. Then they cry, "Oh, I don't have any money!" and they're off again. They reach a certain standard of living and they don't give up. The more they earn, the more they spend. There were people who had to go out even at 35 because they never saved. Of course, at that age, it's hard to get someone in the 20-year-old "colleagues" to work. I note that all these girls spend the millions they earn abroad at home, so they are a serious benefit to the country!
- Approximately how many are there? Many, many! There are a lot of intermediaries, so it's hard to give an exact number, but there must be thousands. It would be more accurate to ask how many of the girls we see in the expensive nightclubs or the fancy gyms have not had anything to do with this. If they are better looking than average and spend a lot on themselves, their salaries cannot cover the horrendous prices of various services. Unless they come from a wealthy family or inherited a large fortune, this is how they all generate the money needed to live a luxurious lifestyle. Hence, there is a great demand for this work from both the „guests” and the girls who need the money. This has been the case since the world began.

- Yes, but it used to be much simpler to formulate the motive of who and why becomes a prostitute. Now it's as if everything has been turned upside down. "I go abroad for ten days, I do x amount of rounds a day, and I have my designer clothes, perfume, plasma TV..." That's it?
- Ten a day on average, or twenty at best.
- What?
- A round. That's a hundred, two hundred people in a ten-day tour. Anyone who's not up to the job will drop out on their first trip. We don't "test" the girls personally. You go out to work, and then we see if it works. If she doesn't do well, she can always come home. There's no pressure here. Each girl takes what she wants to take. Of course, if someone works well, makes a good turnover, everyone benefits. And if you can make more money, I'll give you another job sooner. It's as simple as that.
- How do they even know there's such an opportunity?
- I've never advertised, yet two or three girls call me every day saying they've heard about the opportunity from a friend or acquaintance and would be interested. I only meet people who refer me to a friend. We sit down, I have a chat, I find out how reliable she is or how problematic she is. If everything goes well in the face-to-face meeting, we can discuss the details. The first question is almost always how much money you can earn, and the second is when you can start. This is when I tell you that there are rules that must be followed – for their own good. For example, you are not allowed to drink or take drugs while you are out and you are not allowed to have two people in the apartment at the same time. There are set working hours, after which you are free, but you can't go out late at night because there is usually trouble. It works like a normal workplace. If they follow the rules, there should be no problems and they are safe. Here the girls are very careful not to cause any problems because they know they can't go to work anymore. And that's something they really don't want. After ten days they come home as if nothing had happened and they have a lot of money.
- How much of it is yours and your partners'?
- I wouldn't say a lot compared to the investment and the risks.
- Isn't that what they call a "pimp"?
- If I'm a pimp, then the girls are whores, and they don't want to do it. It's about something else anyway. We provide jobs for the girls who ask us for them. Unlike us, they have nothing to lose. They get in the car, which takes them out for 100 euros. Then they arrive at their place of work: a clean, sophisticated apartment, which we maintain, and we do the advertising and publicity. Who among them would invest 20,000 euros in a business that the police could close down at any moment? Nobody. We need organisation, supervision, order - and everyone does their job. It is purely business. I'm not really impressed that I'm breaking the law, but that's just a momentary situation. In a few years it might not be illegal, which it is now. Besides, who hasn't broken a law in their life?
- Aren't you afraid of getting arrested?
- Of course I'm afraid. If the girl confesses, tells us she'll give us money, they'll take us away... But they won't talk anyway.
- You sure about that?
- Almost. Because if we go to jail, they won't have a job. Then they can't make any money. And that's the most important thing.
- So, how did it start?
- I started about 10 years ago. I used to place dancing girls in Austrian bars. There was still money in it then. But after a few years, I started to run out of dancing and the working conditions became more and more disgusting. Sooner or later everyone had to take on a little 'extra'. After a while, many people asked me if there was any other job where the situation was cleaner. So I started to organise this current line, and I realised what the girls had realised: this straightfor-

ward work means a lot less hassle and a lot more money for all of us. By the way, a lot of film girls work this way. Many of the porn stars say that filming is good for their reputation, but they can't make a living out of it. They think that this activity will have no impact on their lives at home, so they don't consider themselves whores. And I don't consider myself a pimp.

- Do you like doing this?
- Absolutely. What man doesn't enjoy having a bunch of good girls look up to him and respect him? Suppose a very rich guy sits down next to me and offers the girl who works with me 1 million forints. But if I don't want her to go out with him, he'll drive her away because he knows she's worth a lot more than that money if she can work for me. That is a huge power. When I had an agency overseas, the most famous stars begged me to give them girls because they knew that whoever worked with me would not talk to the tabloids the next day.
- How long do you plan to keep doing this?
- As long as it takes, until I get tired of it. I don't know.
- Family?
- I recently had a baby daughter, and I have an older son from an older relationship. The little one's mum was also a working relationship at first...
- Didn't it bother you that your partner was also with a lot of men...?
- Not at all, in fact! With her, I was happy if she could work well. That's the normal world for me. I know the average person doesn't think that way. But when we see people standing at the bus stop at dawn, we say: "Look at all these idiots, they're going to the cafeteria to line the pockets of politicians!"
- How would you like your daughter to do the same?
- I wouldn't like that...

Before we say goodbye, I'd like to ask you why you've been spreading your cards to a journalist. He says he wants people who talk about coercion and exploitation to understand: this is about free will and business! Official bodies are ignoring this situation. They bury their heads in the sand and continue to spout their rhetoric. In order to convince me of the perversity of this situation, you will tell me everything I want to know. At the end, he unexpectedly offers me to go out and live with the girls in that particular flat for a week and see what he's been talking about. "We'll say I'm her relative and just need a place to stay for a few days. It's quite a big flat..."

Sarolta Dobray, Nők Lapja, No. 30, 2004 (pages 28-30)

What can you say to that? Not only women are prostitutes, but also the society we live in. Extract from the position of the Equal Opportunities Government Office: „The prostitute is always a victim, who never voluntarily, but only under duress, and most often as a victim of violence, submits to the transformation of her personality into a commodity for consumption. Sexual service is nothing other than a serious violation of the right to self-determination." It is time to create a new definition of those who prostitute themselves not only physically but also psychologically. Moreover, they do so voluntarily and of their own free will. Not only in sex, but also in other areas of life.

A later newspaper report:

A prostitution ring employing 500 Hungarian girls was busted in Florence. The call-girl network advertised that applicants earned hundreds of thousands of euros in two-week tours. They are the aristocrats of prostitution. The network was organised by a Hungarian 'madam' in her thirties. She advertised regularly in a Budapest newspaper. He promised the girls who applied "light physical work". As a hostess, she was paid 200 euros a day for her services. Sometimes the madam herself would join in the carnal service. She would sometimes charge up to €1,000 for a half-hour's shepherding. Clients could choose from a "database" of Hungarian girls on the Internet. It took the Italian police a year and a half to unravel the network.

Képes Újság, issue 2005/17 (page 10)



Report I:

Standing on Móricz Zsigmond square on a May morning. It's drizzling a little, I've already taken the kids to the nursery and kindergarten, then the text message arrives on my phone, which I'm looking forward to. There's only one license plate number in the message, the one I'll have to look for in the parking lot of the Keleti train station in an hour and a half when I board a bus full of prostitutes to travel long hours crammed in with a bunch of women who are going to Germany to earn money by having sex with foreign men. I soon find my flight to the East, a comfortable and clean Mercedes minibus with two drivers, in accordance with passenger transport regulations. Apart from my colleague and myself, all the passengers are prostitutes (or, as the rights activists call them, sex workers), returning from their two or three weeks' holiday at home to their jobs in Germany.

There is a street in Bremerhaven, Germany, where practically everyone is Hungarian. This is the city's nightclub district, where more than a hundred prostitutes work under the leadership of a Hungarian madam, are watched over by Hungarian security guards and eat Hungarian food in the local restaurant. We spent days with them. They will stay for four to six weeks. For a 20-minute deal, as they call sex, they get 30 euros. This includes oral sex and one-position intercourse, with all other extras such as kissing, breast touching, dominatrix sex, no-rubber sex and anything else by agreement. Commercial promotion of prostitution is a criminal offence in Hungary, but legal in Germany. Elizabeth runs a whole red light district in a northern German town. What she does is legal there, yet the Hungarian authorities have issued an arrest warrant for her.

This is not the only bus in the car park here today that is clustered exclusively around young women, I hear the names of German and Swiss towns being mentioned by the other bus drivers. We are travelling through Slovakia and the Czech Republic via Dresden, Leipzig, Hanover and Bremen to Hamburg. "These whores are bloody unreliable," says one of the girls, indignantly, when it turns out that we are waiting in vain for two passengers. They had booked their seats on the phone, but now they are unavailable and never arrive. The reason for the indignation is that our journey, already scheduled to last 12 hours, is going to be delayed. A suitcase, freshly laundered, oversized fake hair, pointed, chirpy false nails, comfortable sportswear for the journey, branded sports shoes. This is how the average sex worker travels to work in the West, without make-up, sleepy and exhausted. My youngest travelling companion is 19, the oldest 27. - someone asks as soon as we get on, and someone else has a mum's salami sandwich in her mouth. We are locked together in the minibus, but it's hard to start a conversation, everyone is quiet, the people at the windows stare out. So the atmosphere is not so different at first from a class bus excursion where the class teacher has devised some unexciting cultural programme.

At the first stop, the experienced driver tells us that while the women are always relaxed and cheerful on the way home, they are quiet and tense on the way to work. "On the way home, the girls are happier. I think they are happier to go home. Obviously not for nothing, I guess not everyone is meant to do this for the rest of their lives," she added. One girl says she even threw up in the morning before leaving. This is a completely legal bus service, based on a system of carpooling, and all the passengers are prostitutes. I receive an invoice for the 21,000 forints fare, a much cheaper fare than flying or taking the train, so with the inconvenience of bus travel, it is more suitable for sex workers than any other form of transport. Absurdly, it's like a school bus for prostitutes, they take everyone home, only the house is a fancy building in the entertainment district.

A couple of hours later, the atmosphere is much more relaxed, we're talking about who's been doing it for how long and why. "I've been going out for three years, before that I worked in Hungary and Switzerland. I was very, very shy at the beginning. You wouldn't think it was me, would you? The first time I went out with a guy and he told me to take my bra off, I said I definitely wouldn't take it off. Now I'm not shy at all. The guy comes in, gives me the thirty euros and I'm not wearing anything. I'm very fast, super, super fast. I have older customers, I talk to them, they tell me about their lives, I even ask them why they come to see me if their wife is there," says Zsaklin, who I knew

from my earlier days reporting from a nightclub in a northern German town. "What does he say? – I ask. "They come because a lot of wives don't suck," comes the obvious reply.

We stop at Tesco's on the Hungarian side, pile chips, chocolates and yoghurts into baskets, pee and spend a long time browsing the stalls in the mall's lobby. One of my travelling companions buys a faux leather solid handbag at an unrealistic price of seventeen thousand. "At least I have the experience for this trip," he looks at the bag. She dropped out of a reputable rural high school a few years ago, and her family understands that she travels away from home for four to six weeks at a time because she works as a kitchen maid in a big hotel in Budapest.

The Sex Workers' Interest Protection Association is the only Hungarian organisation that protects the rights of people who work as prostitutes. In an earlier conversation with their leader, Ágnes Földi, I learned that sex work abroad has been a continuous trend since EU accession, but in their experience it has been the last four years that have seen a real upswing. From now on, a police officer can fine a prostitute on the spot if she does not pimp in the designated area (previously only the court could do this). "In cases of on-the-spot fines, the control of the courts, the presence of a defence lawyer, the presentation of evidence, the possibility of hearing witnesses, expert witnesses or appeals has been removed, reducing the infringement procedure to a simple check-writing procedure," said a press release. The amount of spot fines imposed varies from 10-20,000 forints to 300,000 forints, it is up to the police officer.

This is why many people cross the border to countries such as the Netherlands, Switzerland or Germany, where prostitution is regulated more liberally and they can work legally under controlled conditions. Moreover, there are some women who make a living from sex who wait out the two-year statute of limitations on misdemeanour fines abroad. And although the drivers say that's not why they travel this route, the minibus industry is very much based on sex workers. "We don't ask the women what they do for a living, but we do see them asking for rides in red-light districts. We were once approached by the police because there was a man who was running girls and giving us rides. They questioned us, they wanted to know if the man had sent money home from the girls to himself," says the owner of the bus company.

My fellow travellers all say they work for themselves, they only go abroad because the money is much better than in prostitution here, and it's easy money to get used to. But then in the red-light district, where I spend long days after the bus ride together, I find out that most Hungarian women work with a man and share their earnings with him. They do this for various reasons: either because they are in love, or because they have a child together, or because the man helped her to go abroad to work.

Somewhere in the Czech Republic, I dare to ask about things I've always wondered about, like what people think of the cafeteria. "Well, what? The guest doesn't even know I have it. There's a sanitary sponge upstairs. It's heart-shaped, you have to stick it in really deep, it soaks everything up. But you have to be careful with it, I had a friend who had a guy with a really big cock and he had the sponge up there. He didn't know what to do, and he had a really long fake nail. I told him to spread his legs so he wouldn't get hurt, and then I helped him." The other woman says she doesn't use the sponge, but folds up a wet butt wipe and puts it in her vagina. The others are upset by this, they think it's disgusting and a risk of infection, and the girl admits to having got vaginitis once.

We stop at the border, the driver buys a sticker, we stand next to the minibus, the men in the cars near us stare at us blankly. It doesn't feel good. I ask the women about the dangers, and it turns out they have an elaborate code system to make the woman working in the next room hear if something is wrong. They never lock the door with a key and never blare music so they can hear a possible scuffle. If they feel in danger, they drop something and someone is there immediately. Or so they hope. They fear different things from what I had previously thought, for example, none of them take time to relax during the four to six weeks they work 10 to 12 hours a day. "Why go to a disco, they'll put something in your drink and then kidnap you" – says one of them, and I can't tell if he's joking or if he's serious about being afraid of that, not of locking himself in a room with a strange man to have sex. The journey continues, everyone trying to relax, more and more bags of chips empty.

Report II:

In the red light district of Bremerhaven, late in the afternoon, the unsuspecting onlooker might imagine he is in Hungary. When we arrive, there are two Hungarian boys playing football on the roadside, practically all passers-by speak Hungarian, and the only pizzeria serves Hungarian dishes on a Hungarian menu. Hungarians are the prostitutes, who don't really like having sex with strangers at all. The cleaning lady, the cook in the pizzeria and the security guards who look after the mainly Hungarian prostitutes are also Hungarian. In the closed customer car park – because there is one in this entertainment district – there are several cars with Hungarian plates, a Hungarian woman organises the prostitutes' work, and a Hungarian private bus company from Budapest regularly shuttles workers around the only legal, large red-light district in the German city.

One example is 27-year-old Sonja, who has four underage children at home, raised not by her but by foster parents in state care. The first was born when she was a teenager and taken away from her when she was 16. She says it was because eight of them lived in a small house and were too poor. "Where we live, there is only public work, it's only for a month, but you can't live on it. There are my six brothers and sisters, the children, the electricity, my sick mother. On top of that, there were times when we had to go out stealing to make ends meet. When the second little girl was born, we had so little money that we couldn't even afford diapers, so I had to make her clothes. I thought I'd go into this because I couldn't bear to see the child have nothing, and my family had nothing. That's how I started this job, unfortunately. Back in Hungary. There, you had to work on the street, there are designated zones, and you have to do it in the car, you can't even wash up. And I went with at least five or six people a day. In the end, we had to go with people to get a sack of potatoes, some fat or flour," – he says.

Sonja and all the other sex workers here say that in Hungarian prostitution circles, it's common knowledge that there are jobs abroad, and she has been offered more places to go for the bigger money. She has been to Holland, Switzerland, other German cities. She has had several run-ins with the police, is currently being questioned in Hungary and has been jailed in Stuttgart. He says it's because he was pimping in an illegal place and had no money to pay the fine. "I got a fine of €3,600, which was originally €500, but it has been accruing interest for six months. And I thought it would go away, but it didn't. It was still in the computer." She was then back on the streets of Hungary after being bailed out of prison by her relatives, and was brought to Bremerhaven, a legal nightclub district, last March, where she stands 12 hours a day in her panties and bra in a lit window that doubles as an opening door.

Alongside Sonja, around eighty Hungarian women work in the Bremerhaven tolerance zone. Harry Götze, the local police chief, told the German daily Taz three years ago that there were between 170 and 200 sex workers in the city, and said that most of them were Hungarian. In early March this year, local police press officer Frank Schmidt, speaking to Index, said that in the legal tolerance zone, or Lessingstrasse, "there are currently about 125 prostitutes working, almost two-thirds of whom are from Hungary." There are about fifteen large tenement buildings on the street, each with six to eight shop windows at the bottom, where the almost-naked women are writhing around, and the business is booming: you can't arrive on the street at a time or in the middle of bad weather when all the windows are empty.

"There's always a girl working, but really at weekends the street starts at ten to eleven at night and lasts until seven in the morning. Someone comes before entertainment, someone after. It's 6am to 8am before work. These are the people who can't get away from home, so they leave early because of work. On weekdays, there is a flurry of traffic even at lunchtime," says Erzsébet Schmitz, the Hungarian woman who organises the work on the street, and whose activities here certainly fall under the Hungarian Penal Code's definition of fencing, which can carry a sentence of up to 10 years' imprisonment. She is under investigation by the Hungarian National Bureau of Investigation, and her case is described in detail in this article. His case is a complicated international criminal case because the work he does legally as an employee is punishable in Hungary. But not in Germany, where he claims to do it exclusively. Although he is aware that a European Arrest Warrant

has been in force against him since 23 December last year, the German authorities have not (so far) extradited him to Hungary.

In the street behind the shop windows, we saw about ten of the six to eight square metre cubicles inside, clean and tidy, with a wide couch, a shower, a sink, a bar stool, some well-developed stuffed animals and kitschy pictures of the furnishings. With a valid rental contract, the women pay 60 euros a day for the cabin, which serves as a workplace, and another 20-30 euros for the apartment, for a total of 24-28 thousand euros a day, or 720-840 thousand forints a month.

This includes utilities. According to Veronica Munk, a Hamburg-based expert from TAMPEP, an advocacy network for sex workers' rights, this rent is quite common in brothels in Germany. According to sex workers, there are no hidden costs here, while in other brothels there are. For example, Zsaklin left his job in Zurich because he had to give 40 percent of all his earnings to the owner. Twenty minutes with a client brings in 30 euros (about 9,200 forints), half an hour 50 euros (about 15,000 forints), an hour 100 euros (about 30,000 forints). During the weekend peak period, clients pass the doorknob to each other. We see a whole sports team arrive in the association's van, a wheelchair-bound disabled person is wheeled into another cabin, and we even meet a local politician who has been going to the street for sex every week or two since her divorce ten years ago. Alexander Niedermeier, a representative of the extreme liberal and pro-transparency political party, the local Pirate Party. "I am ashamed to come here. I have to admit it, but as a politician I have to be honest, so I talk about it. When I choose women, I look at their faces. If they look unhappy, I don't go in because it's clear to me that they don't like doing it. And then I don't have to. I think they do it because there are no other jobs for them," – says Niedermeier. His party wants to open an information office in the area to help prostitutes. They want to find other local opportunities and other jobs for them.

The 20-minute, €30 basic service includes condom oral sex and condom fucking, with any extras above that agreed individually between the sex worker and her client. Extras include anal sex, fetish games, sado-maso sex, dominatrix role play, and sex without a rubber, but there are also very special cases. Diamond, one of the Hungarian sex workers, told us about this:

"Sometimes you have to spit in her mouth, she brings a huge vibrator and you have to fuck her with it, and she leaves a lot of money. And sometimes you have to take the used condom out of the trash can and squirt it all into her mouth. And then he might not give you 40-50, but 400 euros. And at least you don't have to be with him. I'd rather let him do anything to me than let me do anything to him," – she says. This attitude is quite common among the prostitutes in Bremerhaven, and there was not an interviewee who did not mention how much she hated and felt humiliated by what she was doing. They play a role in making the client think they enjoy their work. That's how they talked about it:

"Other than the money, what's to love about this? The fact that strange men touch me? Or that I have to work until 5 or 6 in the morning?"

"I have a role I've made up for myself, and I play it even when I'm in a bad mood or I don't feel like doing anything."

"Sometimes they smell so bad that you have to ventilate for an hour and a half and a whole bottle of perfume goes out."

"My parents don't even know I come out, and I don't like it. But I get my money's worth out of it".

"I treat the guest like an object. To get what you pay for and get what you pay for as soon as possible. I've been working for seven years, if I average out, I've had 12 customers a day. No one has ever moved anything in me."

If you count only the basic services (condom oral sex and fucking), you get roughly 2-3 clients per day of the sex worker's take, i.e. the rent of the property. In principle, this might sound like a great salary, but as we will discuss later, the rest will not (necessarily) all go to the prostitute.

Nine of the apartment buildings on the street are owned by a company called Feda Ug., owned by two Dutch men, Jan Engel and Jeroen Pols. Their employee is Elisabeth Schmitz, the manager and madam of the nightclub district. (The other buildings are owned by German owners.) According

to German company records, Feda is in the business of renting out apartments and commercial units. It's not in the company records, but in this real estate business, all the tenants happen to be prostitutes.

Since January 2002, the German prostitution law has been in force, and since then the German federal legal environment has accepted and allowed sex work within a regulated framework. The law has also regulated the legal and social security status of prostitutes, who are now entitled to pensions, health insurance or unemployment benefits. The law promotes the free choice of prostitutes to decide independently on their performance in providing sexual services, and therefore the exploitation of prostitutes remains prohibited (ergo: the operation of pimps is banned). The prostitution law does not set general standards or guidelines, and is therefore interpreted and applied quite differently by the official bodies of the 16 German federal states. In some, street prostitution is banned, in others sex work is completely illegal in certain parts of the municipality. Some pay a tax on prostitutes (€10-15 per month), others, such as Bremerhaven, do not. The law also allows prostitutes from EU countries to work, with the proviso that immigrant prostitutes, including Hungarians, can only work legally if they have identity documents.

"German law is quite liberal on this issue, the only stipulation is that this activity must take place in designated areas," says Jeroen Pols. Pols, who works as a property lawyer in the Netherlands, says he and his partner did not come to Bremerhaven in 2008 to work as prostitutes, and says it was not by chance. "At the time, it was very difficult to find buildings in the Netherlands that were suitable for reinvestment and then made a reasonable profit, so we started looking in Germany. Somebody recommended Bremerhaven, so we went to see it and we were quite surprised because we didn't know that it was a building where prostitution was going on. We had no experience or intention of doing prostitution, but we ended up buying the building and owning this brothel."

The company enters into a real estate contract with the sex workers, which does not include any information about the sexual services provided or the working hours. According to the German prostitution law in force since 2002, it cannot be included, the sex worker cannot be forced to work, he works when and as much as he wants. "They can do what they want, they can have bridge nights if they want," says Jan Engels, one of the owners of the company. "The contract can be terminated by either party no later than the first working day of the week following the following Saturday. This does not exclude the right of extraordinary termination with immediate effect," – the contract says. So the woman cannot be kept there against her will, but the document does not specify the possible grounds for immediate termination, so it seems rather arbitrary. This is an important exception to traditional tenancy agreements. So the contingent relationship is strong in the wording of the contract: the landlord can terminate the lease at any time - for practically any reason - and the working woman will be out on the street. What also distinguishes it from the usual landlord-tenant relationship is that the rent is collected daily or weekly by a security guard.

But these same security guards are also the ones who protect the girls, and this is not a standard service in many brothels. All of our prostitute interviewees speak gratefully of the importance of the guards' effective protection. "He was Russian, he was drunk, I let him in, he started choking me," says Amanda, without emotion. Her life depended on moments and the fact that the Hungarian security guards heard the scuffle and pulled the Russian off her. It's dangerous work, and not just for the clients, for the pimps too. Although the German prostitution law, in force since 2002, supports the free choice of prostitutes to provide sexual services, and prohibits the exploitation and coercion of prostitutes. Yet, with few exceptions, Hungarian women here arrive with men they call their boyfriends, husbands or relatives who look after them. This relationship can sometimes be a love affair, sometimes financial dependence, or coercion, often starting as a love affair and ending in exploitation, says Piroška, who was a prostitute for seven years but is no longer standing in the window because she has been with a security guard. They had a baby and Piroška got out of the sex trade. Her former partner made her become a prostitute. "I met her the year before graduation, she told me to try it. Then she managed my money. Every morning when I went home, she took the money out of my bag."

According to another sex worker, the relationship between a pimp and a whore always follows a similar scenario. "There are couples who are half in love with money, but it is more common that the girl comes from the wrong side of the tracks, meets the man, falls in love and everything is frothy at first. A lot of times he'll make her have a baby on purpose so he can blackmail her with that too. Then, after a few months, the lack of money becomes more and more frequent. And then the guy says, just a little while, just until we get ourselves together, get back on our feet, try to have a more normal life, and then you stop. And it's all bullshit. Because once the girl starts, there's no stopping from there. The girl's not going to get more out of it than she eats or picks up anyway."

It is not an easy situation for the authorities, because women often do not report to the police even if they are forced into prostitution or severely abused by their partner because of love or dependency. Several sex workers told stories of women who reported their abuser, but then withdrew their allegations a few days later. The local police chief spoke about this difficult situation in an earlier interview: "Unfortunately, it is very difficult to get reliable witnesses. Many of the people involved cannot read or write German, and above all they are terrified of revenge. Moreover, their children live in their home country, where they do not bring with them the experience of trusting the authorities" – said Harry Götze.

The TAMPEP sex worker network report also points out that the situation of prostitutes coming to Germany from abroad, such as Hungary, is more difficult than that of Germans because they are under much more pressure to support their families back home and even to pay higher German costs than at home. In addition, although German law clearly recognises independent sex work without a pimp as legal, in practice it is very common, according to the report, for a prostitute to be heavily dependent on someone. Eighty per cent of migrant prostitutes share their income with someone else, according to the document, and on average they can keep only thirty per cent of their earnings for themselves.

In any case, for the moment, Bremerhaven's red light district is peaceful. Frank Schmidt, press officer of the local police, told Index: "Lessingstrasse is a priority area for the local police in Bremerhaven and is therefore frequently checked. The checks are aimed at investigating the situation of prostitutes and preventing crime. Despite the fact that some crimes have come to light, including trafficking and forced prostitution, we have to conclude that Lessingstrasse is not currently a crime hotspot," – he said.

The local police did not answer whether Hungarian victims were involved in these earlier cases of human trafficking and forced prostitution, but no Hungarian-related cases were found in the archives of local newspapers. We also interviewed shelter providers who shelter domestic trafficking victims from abroad and their statistics show that there have been no victims from Bremerhaven in the last five years. "It's still possible that family support and victim support service providers have come across someone, but it would be extremely difficult to unravel," – said Renáta Toszczky, head of a shelter run by the Baptist Relief Service. So the local police do not consider the comfort quarter to be particularly crime-infested, while the Hungarian police are investigating, although no Hungarian investigators have been there so far, according to Erzsébet Schmitz. The Hungarian police, apart from confirming the investigation, did not give any details about the exact case they are investigating against Schmitz. The Bremen prosecutor's office was also contacted, and prosecutor Mathias Glasbrenner replied that as Erzsébet Schmitz is not a public figure, he would not comment.

"I have been informing the local police since January because this is my official, registered job. And I understand that in the European Union everyone has the right to free movement. But I don't. And everyone has the right to freedom, but my freedom is restricted," – she says, referring to the fact that she cannot leave Bremerhaven at the request of the local police. She says she was told verbally by the police here that she would not be arrested until her case was cleared. She complains that the Hungarian police have not contacted the European Legal Aid Service. This legal institution ensures the effectiveness of investigations between two European countries on the basis of international treaties, for example by allowing interrogations to be carried out without the need to travel witnesses.

The woman, who is a qualified accountant, has been carrying out her work for months despite the investigation and the arrest warrant that has been in force since December, which she claims does not in any way extend to Hungary. "In Germany, I handle the calls from people who are interested, I arrange the contracts for the girls, I help them with everything if they don't speak German, I collect the rent, I organise the cleaning. In Germany, this is a completely official job and in Germany I have to follow German law. It is also strange that I am under investigation, but my two Dutch bosses are not. I wouldn't wish this on anyone, what I'm going through," – he says. She is very direct with sex workers, not a simple landlord status.

The condition of the three flats and about ten cabins we visited was very good, with sex workers working in a cultured environment. The company started to renovate the buildings in 2010, which have apartments on the floors, where the sex workers who work on the streets live, surprisingly many with children, husbands and partners. According to Commissioner Götze, no other German city has such a large red-light district for its size. That's why the local police have a special subdivision for red light districts, whose staff are constantly dealing with street cases. While we were there, we saw police cars three or four times a day. Our sex worker interviewees welcome the watchful eye of the company's own security guards, as well as the authority of the authorities.

Bremerhaven, population 110,000, is a northern German port town among the poorer German cities, and locals say prostitutes have been working on this street, which is a comfortable walking distance from the port, for at least 150 years. The large crews of ocean liners and the tens of thousands of crews from the huge US military base deployed here during the Cold War have provided the comfort quarter with a sufficient clientele despite the poor economic situation. A few years ago, the US base was liquidated, marking the end of the golden age of prostitution, but the owners are not complaining now.

Munk Veronika - Index, 28.07.2016.



Vivien Szalai's book "Fake Pleasure" is based on the recollections of a Hungarian luxury prostitute. The book tells us what happened to her in Dubai – as well as how many Hungarian celebrities have also experienced the same hell. Young, inexperienced girls think Dubai is the land of dreams, unlimited opportunities and fabulous wealth. Every year, thousands of young women, known and unknown, secretly embark on the great journey to make a lot of money easily, abandoning their sense of shame and moral restraint. Month after month, girls with a degree, living in respectable circumstances, get on a plane to earn the starting share of a car or, for the luckier and braver, even an apartment, in the week or two they spend out there. They don't consider themselves prostitutes and they don't tell anyone about the trip. They have a loving family and a fiancé or a serious relationship waiting for them at home, and they know nothing of the girls' adventures in earning money. In the eyes of those around them, they are decent, intelligent, moral girls, and no one would think that they would allow Arab men to act out their violent desires on their bodies. And then of course there are the famous and infamous Hungarian beauties, models, presenters, singers, beauty queen candidates, who vehemently deny ever having bought a visa to the Arab world, but who still board the plane from time to time and try their luck as accomplices, holding hands.

The first day is uneventful, they let you believe you've really arrived in a fairytale world, and it's not as bad as you've heard from time to time. Then you realise the reality is much worse. The first real surprise came when I was getting dressed in the morning on the second day. I had to realise that the beautiful clothes we had been given in the palace were really worthless, we would have to be naked for the whole time we were here. The servants woke us up early and led us out like animals from a pen into the palace's vast, rounded garden, which was enclosed on all sides. There we stood, naked as a mother, before a group of clothed Arab men who, like horses at a fair, scanned us. Several sheikhs and high-ranking men were about to play golf. After staring at us, they turned away and, as if nothing had happened, started to play. Obviously used to the sight, they were not put off by the group of naked women. Who knows for how long we stood there, naked and speechless,

when one of the middle-ranking Arabs in charge of showing us around the palace said in English: 'Go and pick up the ball!'

We could not say no. As many of us as there were, we set off and, naked and with every inch of our bodies inevitably exposed, we began to bend over and pick up balls, while the Arab men laughed loudly at us and deliberately hit the golf ball so that it would hit us in the chest or buttocks. The girls and I did not look at each other or speak. We were silent in our hatred for the men who had so blatantly humiliated us. Then we all stopped being women. We were helpless animals whose will had been broken. We began to fear what was in store for us.

My roommate knew exactly what was going on, it was her third time in the palace. He told me that the next day the sheikh would choose a few girls who would please him, but that these girls would not only be his concubines, but they would have to sleep with all those below him in rank. For this, of course, they receive a large sum of money, but they have to work hard for it; sometimes forty or fifty Arabs take a fancy to them in the course of a week. Those who are not chosen by the sheikh are better off, because no one can touch them, but they get their money just the same, even if it is somewhat less. I put it to you, we came here to make a lot of money, and it can't be that terrible for those who are chosen.

My roommate replied that I'd rather not make sure. She had heard the cries of tortured and exploited girls many times and knew of a foreign model who had not survived the cruelty of the Arabs. He advised me to keep my head down and to be inconspicuous, so that the sheikh would not find me even remotely pleasing. The Arabs in the palace are tough and very violent lovers. Opposition heats them up, and the acting out, or not so much acting out, of rape is a subterranean pleasure for them. They like to take pleasure in the female body in special places, causing almost unbearable pain. In addition, they have unprotected sex with countless prostitutes, thus creating a high risk of infection.

The next evening was the selection. We were all ushered into a huge hall where food and drink were served. We ate naked, chatted while the sheikh and his friends gazed at us. One of the girls whispered something to me, and I smiled to myself for a few minutes before I realised I had made a huge mistake. I had been chosen. Later that night I had an appearance in the sheikh's bedroom. They washed my hair and painted my face to make me look as beautiful as possible. But when I looked in the mirror, all I saw was a frightened woman. I didn't know what was waiting for me, I just wanted to get it over with. The sheik was an ugly, thin man with a big nose. He greeted me with a smile when I entered his room. There was no courting, no conversation, no drinks, he got straight to the point. He kissed me fiercely and then pushed my head down to do my business. He came four times, four very different ways, using every orifice in my body. It hurt, but I could take it. Hell came next. I was moved to another room where the Arab men came in and out. The first day was seven. All big, violent and cruel. Everything hurt and I sobbed for hours. I felt I couldn't take it anymore, that death would be my salvation.

The next day, the sheikh's chief servant came in and fell on me from behind, full force. I felt the crack of my flesh and the warm blood as it flooded my buttocks and lap. I felt nothing after that. In retrospect, I don't know how many hours passed after that, or what exactly happened, but I woke up in my room, dressed, with my luggage around me. I was with a servant who explained that the doctor had attended to me and that I must leave immediately. He put an envelope in my hand and helped me up. I was dizzy from the painkillers, but my lap and bottom still hurt terribly. I could hardly walk. Before I left, I checked what was in the envelope: it was ten thousand euros. For a moment I was happy. Two hours later I was on the plane to Budapest. The physical pain was almost overwhelmed by the joy of the money. I fell asleep on the plane, racked with fever. My brain was trying to process what had happened. I was in a very deep sleep, only to wake up to the stewardess shaking me. I felt a hot wetness under me, the blood flooded again. I was taken by ambulance to the hospital from the plane.



There were already a lot of articles in the press about prostitutes and luxury whores. Now let's get to

know the life of a Hungarian callboy. This article is not just about the ordinary career of a sex worker. The story of the pretty boy, nicknamed Tonio, is also a typical portrayal of post-regime society:

I met Tonió a few years ago at a house party. A few years ago, I met a young man in a party in Tönió, a town in the Tonió area. The handsome guy in jeans sat quietly off to one side in one corner. He didn't think much of the intellectual and sexual junk market either. He wasn't a conspicuous figure, but the women flitted around him like stupefied muslins. His ponytailed hair, his dreamy blue eyes, the strange gleam in his being attracted the opposite sex. At the end of the party, of course, he did not leave alone. A few weeks later, when we ran into each other again, over a beer, he told me the secret: he makes his living as a callboy, with the keys to the locks of a woman's soul. I met Tonio again recently in a social gathering. I hardly knew him. He arrived in an Audi, elegant, charming, confident. Only he didn't introduce himself as James Bond, but with a mysterious smile he said he was an entrepreneur, a businessman. When I asked him what the mysterious title meant, he said: 'I'm still a sex worker. I'm doing what I did in the last century, but I've learned the trade in the meantime.'

Then he told me: When we first met, I was finishing college and looking for a job. I grew up in the country, but when I moved up to Budapest, I was on my own. My parents were among the „victims of regime change”. My father, the chief engineer, sold the factory from under me, and my mother, who had been a bookkeeper on a boarding school, quickly found herself on the street. My father was also a party secretary, so they drank their brains out with the peace of mind of the underdog. I buried them both long ago. For them, and for many others of their generation, the change of regime was the turning of the Don. Depression, stress, financial and moral bankruptcy, devastation. So many people died in it, but those who survived changed too! I set off without even a scone baked in ashes. I had nothing from home that I could use. No money, no example, no experience! I had to start all over again.

At first I studied like crazy, because I thought: I will show you! If there is capitalism, the better, the stronger, must win. Let us be lions and then we will eat the gazelles, the buffaloes, the giraffes. I came to Pest as Rastignac²⁶ came to Paris, thinking that I would fight the God of the Fatherland. Wow, what slaps I got! A country bumpkin who suddenly found himself in an enchanted castle where nothing and no one is what they seem. Where the laws are quite different. There are bastards, mates, rip-offs, rip-offs, rip-offs. Even in college. It's a real death match, but the rules are different than I thought. It's not enough to be a lion here! Because it's still Eastern Europe – with multinationals and shills, bureaucracy and corruption, loopholes and big politics, politicians for a living and gangsters. I had a lot of experience, and starved to death in the process. I waited tables in the summers and took on all the jobs during the year. I was a safecracker, a trollop, a model.

After three years I got fed up with everything, but I still thought traditionally. Integrity, drive, validation – these were the concepts I had in my head, but I realised that in the school of life, they were not going to get me anywhere. But then what about me? What should I do with my life? Should I be ruined too? Should I whore myself away for a bowl of lentils? At that point I was fighting with myself and I still couldn't (dared not) decide. Then a coincidence changed my life. It was a childhood dream of mine to sit on the steps of Piccadilly Circus²⁷, in a real English pub. I thought I deserved it and flew to London. It was a great weekend, and then back at the airport, waiting for a taxi, I met a woman and we drove into the city together. When we stopped outside her house, she invited me for coffee. I knew what she wanted, but I went along with the adventure. She decided to go for it right away, and she didn't spare my energy. Then, while puffing, she remarked that I could go far with that kind of performance.

On the way home, I thought about what she'd said and made up my mind. If it's a fight, let it be a fight, but I choose my weapon. So I became a sex worker. She became my first customer, but I never asked her for money. Then she passed me on to her girlfriends, and business took off. One day, one of them promised to talk me out of it over coffee after our dates. They paid me well and all they

²⁶ rasztinyák

²⁷ pikedili szökész

asked for in return was sex. I wasn't part of their circle, and they once made that clear to me. I had the pride to walk away. But I couldn't resist the easy money. I started the industry."

From then on, Tonio didn't bother with other work. He advertised his services in sex magazines and, taking advantage of his exceptional talents, built up a clientele. His slogan was: "Call me, I'm coming, and I won't leave too early!" He used his "fee" to buy clothes and cosmetics, and soon moved into a new apartment in the city centre. He dropped out of college and continued to study for his paper. He believed that a degree still had prestige in society and that the status (knowledge) that came with it could be put to good use later. To his surprise, he passed the exams easily without studying and the cost was no longer a problem. Initially, he was not selective about the customers he received because he needed the money. "This market is like a wildflower meadow. You just have to pull the flower stems. The phone was ringing day and night. Single people in their twenties, divorcees in their thirties, panic-stricken 40-somethings, merry widows in their fifties. There was a huge demand, the market was open," – he says, and he made his first million in a few months. Then came the second and third "milo" easily, because he worked "for volume". He also took on 10-15 customers a month, who he visited more or less regularly.

"My favourite at the time was a contractor's wife. The rich guy was a buyer in the countryside and the wife was at home watching TV, pooping dog poo and having fun. When she called me, she said she didn't want to have an affair, she needed company. I figured she was another mentally ill, neglected luxury house. But I was wrong. She was a cute blonde chick, Monroe type. Bombshell looks, depressive personality, unhappy childhood. She spent long evenings "confessing" to me, and all she really wanted to do was talk. I felt sorry for him. Once I found a gun under his pillow. He said his daddy gave it to him to protect himself from the bad guys. He gave me a tenner every now and then, which was good money in those days. Then one morning he called me and told me not to come back. I forgot my lighter at his place, and he found it. He beat me so badly, we had to call an ambulance.

I also remember an interpreter in her fifties who was an elegant lady and a seven-trying-out whore. Round pretzel told me that she liked S&M, and the roughest kind. I took her up on it, and I was like a wild animal every time. He loved it, but at the end of the show, he'd kick me out. He gave me twenty rupees an hour, which was not a bad hourly wage in the last century.²⁸ I also had a schoolteacher at the time. She was barely forty, a pretty woman who didn't want to get married because of some family defect (daddy beat mommy?) but she loved sex. I went up to her like a maid. I always had to wash the dishes before sex, vacuum the living room and she watched. It was foreplay. Then, when he got hot, he'd take me down in a flash and rape me. But we never did it in the bedroom, because that was the clean room. He never showed himself to me in the street. He treated me like a servant, and I was roasted, but he paid me for my services. I had him removed from my paying harem."

This epoch lasted two years in the life of Tonio, who had become a „pretty boy“. He was called, he went; he was not choosy. And the women were hungry for him, because anyone who tasted his „brew“ once would want a second or third helping. But there was a limit to his performance. So the "Casanova of the boulevard" gradually moved from quantity to quality, and instead of "adventuring", he developed a stable clientele, an "exclusive portfolio". His clients were drawn from the "better circles" and then from the art world, and soon the "clever playboy" became famous. She was passed from hand to hand, and men began to take an interest in her services. After another year, she was driving an Audi, wearing an Armani suit and renting an apartment on Rose Hill.

The narrative continued with a broadening of the „genre“: 'In recent years, extreme sex has become fashionable in some high society circles. It's what the papers write about, it's what the stars do, it's what the media promote. Beckham's mistress is bisexual, the leading Russian pop duo is lesbian, artists are pot-smoking. And if this is the pattern, then of course others should try it too. The vibrators can go in the drawer, the riding crop, the leather mask, the ice pick in the trash, let's go for fresh pleasures! And if that's what you want, that's what you'll get! But what's new to me, too, is that mo-

²⁸ In the mid-1990s, it was the equivalent of 20,000 forints a month minimum wage.

re and more "gays" are applying for my company. There's a huge demand because a lot of people want to try the feeling. And what's even more surprising is that there's interest from the business community. But here the demand is still "hidden", because there are serious risks of being caught.

Last year, for example, one of my partners took me hunting in Africa. He shot a few antelope, paid a small fortune, but was able to indulge in both his passions undisturbed for at least ten days. Since then we have been abroad several times, but we always travel separately. At home, he has to keep his attraction a secret because it's a taboo subject in his circles. He'd be ostracised if he found out. He even keeps a girlfriend – for money, of course – to cover up his tendencies. Of course, he cavalierly pays for my „friendship“, but he has already had two nervous breakdowns because of the tension of keeping secrets."

For the past two years, Tonio has kept in touch only with wealthy and high-profile clients. Women and men alike. Today she can afford to have only wealthy partners. She exploits the discreet charms of the new bourgeoisie: the bankrupt relationships, the impotent husbands, the marriages of convenience and interest, the propaganda marriages. He says that behind the social scenes, there is now a billion-dollar sex market that caters to every need. "Everyone does it differently, everyone wants it differently!" – but according to Tonio, there are very few real sex magicians, so the good ones are employed and appreciated.

"Behind the surface, an invisible empire is being built. When I used to model and waitress, I was often invited to receptions, cocktail parties, galas, house parties. Showing up in a suit, tuxedo – depending on the occasion. We dressed, bowed, waited on and served. Then we got the money and goodbye! Now I experience the same thing in the sex market, at the sound of which everyone thinks of the people standing by the roadside, the coachmen. But I am talking about the market that remains hidden. Where the clients are politicians, media and pop stars, mafia bosses, gangsters, top managers, businesswomen. Where bodyguards in cars costing tens of millions of dollars escort luxury ladies to residences, end-of-the-week hunts and receptions. Where you can choose from photo catalogues of little boys and big girls, where »congress tourists« have black women as well as oriental beauties at their disposal. Total discretion everywhere and at all times! A handsome fee. Occasional »industrial accidents«. But this is an area where landmines can explode. So far and no further!"

Tonio has been in the industry for ten years and, although he knows the ins and outs of the sex market, he prefers to remain private. She has her partners, her relationships work, and as she has no intention of taking over anyone else's business, she thinks she can sustain herself for a few more years. "As a good businessman, you have to keep an eye on the trends, the habits and wishes of the elite," – he says. – If I see that someone can afford a 500 million dollar mansion, a 200,000 forint Boss suit, a Prada suit, 200,000 forint Cartier²⁹ glasses, a 100,000 forint Mont Blanc pen, a 300,000 forint Rolex watch, a Nokia premium phone or a BMW 7, then I have to make him believe that he is indulging in pleasure with a branded man in bed. I'm not heartbroken. Sometimes I'll go for 50 grand, but sometimes I'll take half a million from the guy I'm in bed with.

This circle, if it accepts me, will pay, because it flatters itself. And, of course, he wants the best. Well, you'll get it! Last summer, I spent a few weeks on a cruise ship with the wife of an entrepreneur for ten million. For that amount of money, of course, I had to provide "full service". The husband wasn't with us because he was busy, but he handed over my cheque. He and the wife are in a marriage of convenience, because the dark secrets of wealth will probably bind them together forever. In our country, too, many people made their first million from dirty deals. I am different from them in that, since I had no other option, I used my physical gifts. It worked, and never, ever, let anyone ask what the price was!"

Tonió still lives alone in his luxury apartment in Buda. She has no permanent partner or life partner. She doesn't take strangers to her apartment, she always goes to the address given. In her spare time she plays golf, rides horses, travels, builds relationships, goes to the gym, to the beautician, to the doctor, and has regular Aids tests. He wants to work in the industry for a few more years, then

²⁹ kártyié

start a family. A new place, a new environment. "Maybe somewhere in Europe." His wife and children can't know anything about his past. He will start his life afresh with a clean slate – and a big bank account.

János Sebők, Népszabadság, 12 June 2004 (page 7)

Sensitive topics

The accumulation of karmic debts is a frequent cause of social conflicts and various forms of retaliation. There are countless examples of this cause-and-effect relationship in history. However, most people ignore it and see the occurrence of punishment as a bloody retribution against various dictatorial regimes. But the creators and rulers of these regimes are nothing more than instruments in the hands of fate. According to an angelic message, wars are necessary in the history we have shaped, but "woe to those who start them". Those who take the role of the sledgehammer will face a terrible punishment in hell. This is what Jesus said at the Last Supper: "For the Son of Man will go as he has been commanded, but woe to him who betrays him."

As the media increasingly focus on excesses and abuses committed by certain ethnic groups, it is important to draw attention to the fact that the current situation is eerily similar to the anti-Jewish mood of the 1930s. It happens to be the Roma, or gypsies as they are now called, who are at the centre of the anti-minority sentiment. Add fuel to the fire that in democratic societies there is nothing to stop abuses being brought to light and negative manifestations being discussed. Let's look at some examples from the daily press:

"Since the European Union removed Romania from the list of countries subject to visa requirements, the number of Romanian visitors to Western Europe has skyrocketed, but a significant part of them do not generate tourism revenues. In particular, there are problems with individual and group 'tourists' of Roma origin arriving on Romanian passports. According to respected Romanian newspapers (e.g. Adevarul, Evenimentul Zilei and Libertatea), Roma who have migrated to the West usually quickly find their place, if not in society, then alongside it. But Roma migrant workers in Rome were in for a nasty surprise on a recent Sunday. Police used chains and padlocks to cordon off a public area known as the "Romanians' Park" at Anagnina metro station. The area around the station has been a haunt of Roma settlers in Rome since last year. The »Romanians' Park« in Anagnina Square is in fact a parking area of several hundred square metres next to one of the most beautiful and modern metro stations in Rome. Every Sunday, hundreds of Roma flood the square, reconciling the pleasant with the useful. While drinking beer, miccs and manele, they hand over their luggage to their friends who are taking them home. (Miccs are physical nourishment, manele are spiritual. The beer sold black in the park costs 2 euros, although in all the other bars in the area the price does not exceed one and a half euros.

The closure of the square has been greeted with indignation not only by the miccs and beer sellers, but also by the exorcism of pirate CD dealers who claim to be trying to make the Roma homesick by evoking the 'sweet home'. To reinforce this, a huge poster next to the manel vendor proclaims »EXTRÉM – Romanian Disco – Manelomania – Girl Riding – Open all seasons«. The »Romanians' Park« was founded around 1990, after the first Roma groups appeared in Rome. According to one of their veterans, in 1991 they were still gathering in the Cinquecento square near Termini station. From there they were chased away by the police. They allegedly urinated on the trunks of trees until they died out. In 1994, the »Romanians' Park« moved to Sette Sale square, two steps from the Colosseum, which was soon rumoured to be off limits to Italians and tourists alike. However, there came the vans that picked up the luggage of those who had left the country and took it home to Romania.

But last year the authorities intervened again. They confiscated the vans, handed out fines of over EUR 1 000, and arrested and deported some 60 people. The beer sellers then again looked for another place to sell their beer, and of course their clientele. »They're the ones who set up the

meeting place, gather the clients« – says one guest worker. »In 2002 we took over Anagnina Square with beer, munchies and seeds. In the beginning we were chased away by the police on Sundays, but then they left us alone for a while. Two months ago they started warning us again that we were occupying public space. Then they started to beat us up here too. Now we have to find another place to live again, « – complains B.G.

Roma criminals in Romania are also active in other wealthy countries of Western Europe – say the Bucharest papers. Despite the fact that Romanian refugees living in Britain do not have work permits, most of them live very well. Taking advantage of the generosity of the British administration, they are making a lot of money without lifting a finger. One of them, Gabi, was given a house in Smethwick when she applied for asylum. She broke the law and immediately rented it to other refugees for \$500, and you moved to London. He drives a new luxury BMW from the capital to pay his rent. Gabi also receives social assistance of around \$250 and works in the black economy. »There is no other country like this in the world. They are stupid. If they give it to me, why shouldn't I take it? « – shrugs Gabi.

A group of Romanian Roma »guest-working« in Spain have the »glory« of developing new theft tactics. Working around Barcelona and Madrid, the groups rob buses with the help of children packed in suitcases. The Roma board the long-distance buses with three suitcases, two of which are empty, and a purdah in the third waiting to get to work. On the way, he emerges from his hiding place and, flashlight in hand, combs through the other passengers' suitcases, picking up anything of value. He stashes the loot in the other two suitcases and then climbs back into his 'own' suitcase. At the end of the journey, the Roma take their luggage as if nothing had happened, and the other passengers only realise they have been robbed much later. The robbery is impossible to prove because, in theory, no one can access the luggage during the journey.

In France, Roma criminals now operate an »official police force«, i.e. thieves who, disguised as police officers, steal tourists' purses to check their documents. At the same time, they have found the best way to bring back the stolen jewellery. They send home-made tinned beef jars to the »unfortunates« left at home. Rings and gold chains are hidden among the meat in each consignment, but no-one takes the trouble to inspect the contents of the »tins« because of the hideous stench.

Recently, Italian police officers arrived in Bucharest to coordinate with local law enforcement officers on the issue of migrants arriving in Italy from Romania. Romanian State Secretary for the Interior and Administration Toma Zaharia said that the Italian police took the decision after 200 Romanian Roma settled in central Naples. They had been forced to take action against them by the local authorities due to the outcry of the population. Zaharia admitted that several groups of Roma »causing problems« had travelled to the Schengen area. Their numbers are not very large, but they reinforce the prostitution and begging mafia. The Secretary of State added that in the future, county police stations will regularly consult local Roma organisations to make travellers abroad aware of the importance of respecting the law. Gheorghe Raducanu, the president's adviser on minorities, said that the Roma problem was not the biggest obstacle to Romania's accession to the EU. However, the President of the Parliamentary Assembly of the Council of Europe, Peter Schieder, in a speech to the Romanian Parliament, warned months ago that large-scale Roma migration to EU member states could jeopardise Romania's hard-earned visa-free travel within the Schengen area."

József György Farkas - Népszabadság, 29 July 2003 (page 7)



"Treasury in the poultry yard. Belgian police have found 80 kilos of gold - the buried treasury of a gypsy clan - in the backyard of an old castle under a poultry yard near Charleroi. The Belgian press reported the unprecedented haul on Saturday. Investigators found 63 kilos of gold coins and 17 kilos of gold jewellery, worth around €400,000. The site was first searched in August, when 25 kilos of suspected stolen jewellery, watches and expensive perfumes were unearthed from behind the castle. In September, the police raided the mansion and an adjoining villa, which the clan had bought for cash. They also freed a young girl, who had been locked up by male members of the

clan, but had broken her arm. No arrests have been made, and only the leader of the clan, Vucasin Dinic, who is currently wanted internationally, is still wanted by the police. On Thursday, the police arrived with 35 investigators and excavators, and after several hours of excavation, they found several sacks full of gold and other valuables at a depth of several metres. The main valuables were exhibited at Charleroi police station: 4,100 gold coins minted in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, worth up to €100 each; a violin worth €5,000 stolen from an instrument antique dealer; dozens of vases by Val Saint-Lambert³⁰, the most famous Belgian crystal glass maker; various pieces of brilliant jewellery; gold Cartier³¹ fountain pens; a valuable grandfather clock; a sextant and a high-value HiFi set. The only relative present at the search was the clan leader's partner. She claimed the treasures as family heirlooms and gifts. The investigators released him after questioning." Népszabadság, 23 December 2003 (page 19)



Thousands of Roma have rioted in recent days in the southwestern Romanian region of Oltenia. Rumours have spread among them that the Austrian state will pay 150 million lei (or nearly 1 million forints) to each Roma who vows not to visit Austria for five years. The necessary documents and forms can be obtained in Craiova and Targu-Jiu. The rumour was spread by enterprising "businessmen". Everything was organised. They downloaded from the Internet the forms which, until the end of last year, had been used to claim compensation for those who had been taken to the Nazi death camps, and photocopied them. The forms were sold for a good price (between 60,000 and 80,000 lei) to the Roma who had been set up. However, many of them were illiterate and therefore unable to fill them in. The well-meaning organisers had also thought of this. For two hundred thousand lei, they filled in the forms for them. Then they told the gypsies to put their requests in envelopes. Envelopes could also be bought on the spot, but at an extra cost. There was an extra charge for addressing, and even the return receipt forms, which were given out for free at post offices, were sold to them for almost a dollar each.

The scam came to light when hundreds of Roma turned up at post offices in Craiova, Targu-Jiu and other towns and started posting their letters with forms. As one of the customers had not yet stuck his envelope, the postal worker inspected the documents. But despite telling the Gypsies that they were for a different purpose and that the deadline had passed, the Roma from Oltenia insisted that the post office forward their letters. Never mind that they were 200,000 lei poorer. Cornelia Popescu, the postmaster of Gorj county, says her institution is helpless. She has to forward her customers' mail. How much confusion will this cause in Austria? Well, it's not the Romanian postal service's fault. The Gypsies say that there were some of them who bought the forms for all the members of their families. The authorities, of course, were able to track down the crooks, who left the area in a few days with a profit of at least USD 20 000.

Tibori Szabó Zoltán – Népszabadság, 5 June 2004 (page 3)



Not only the Roma were cheated in the compensation case. They also cheated Austria. Their leaders cheated the Austrian state out of hundreds of millions of forints:

So far, three suspects have been arrested by the Győr-Moson-Sopron County Police Headquarters in a case of Roma compensation fraud. The suspects include minority self-government leaders. Since November last year, the county has been investigating the abuses on the basis of reports from citizens. It is well known that the Austrian Reconciliation Fund provided compensation to Roma who were deported to ghettos in Austria in 1944 and 1945. It has emerged that many of them had wrongfully received various sums of money and had obtained false declarations to justify their deportation. Lieutenant Colonel Imréné Kiss, press officer of the county's main police station, informed our correspondent that according to the investigation, so far, a total of HUF 200 million

³⁰ vál szán lamber

³¹ kártyié

has been transferred to 250 claimants, most of whom received the money without any right. The case is under investigation against 11 suspects. Ferenc L. has already been remanded in custody, while Attila H. and József B. have recently been arrested. The police did not reveal the public functions of the suspects, but according to our information from other sources, one of them is the deputy head of the Győr Roma minority self-government and the other the president of the Roma minority self-government in Tatabánya. There are reasonable grounds to suspect that they have committed fraud causing substantial damage, committed on a continuing and commercial basis and committed multiple counts of forgery of private documents.

From our colleague - Népszabadság, 3 November 2004 (page 22).



This article also sheds light on the real cause of poverty:

Rumours have spread among Roma living in Gilvánfa, Baranya county, that the Varga settlement is to be closed down. But no one has made any concrete promises to do so. Just because there is this European Union, nothing will change, and there will still be rich and poor. We will always be poor. We will never have enough money to build a house. Never! But what will happen to us, where will we go if these houses collapse, don't ask me! They'll collapse, in a few years they'll all collapse. Marianna Ignác, 29, lives in Gilvánfa, in the Varga settlement. Gilvánfa, with its 400 Roma inhabitants, is one of the poorest settlements in Hungary. Unemployment in the Baranja village is 80-90%. The most miserable part of the village is the Varga-telep, where 22 brick houses with kitchens and rooms are lined up. The smallest porch here is barely 10 square metres, the largest is two chairs. The Varga Settlement was built in the 1950s and 1960s for the Roma settlers from the forest, and was named after the then chairman of the village council. These hovels, surrounded by overgrown gardens, with no comfort, sometimes with earth floors and furnished with dirty beds and rickety chairs, are usually home to families of 4-5.

No one has a job in the Varga slum, where only family allowances, child support and social assistance provide a secure income. Residents are resigned to their situation and, when asked if they have tried to look for work in the last ten years, admit that they have not. They do not even apologise for not being able to find a job because of the colour of their skin. At most, they mention that they have no profession and it is difficult. Some supplement their meagre incomes with casual work, but many admit to not doing day jobs. Marianna Ignác lives in one of the houses in Varga with her partner and two children. Wearing dazzling white trousers and a blouse, and dyeing her short hair blonde, she says she has never had a job and doesn't even go to day jobs because she can't stand it.

Marianna Ignác brought up the issue of building a house because there is talk of the Varga farm in Gilvánfa being closed down. The rumour stems from the fact that László Teleki, State Secretary of the Prime Minister's Office, has repeatedly stated that the government is preparing a programme to eliminate gypsy settlements. This information was passed on by word of mouth in Gilvánfa, and it was firmly established among the villagers that the Varga camp would be dismantled. Yet no one has made any concrete promises to do so. Marianna Ignác, however, is not hopeful. She thinks that the settlement will be liquidated when their huts collapse. There is a chance of that. Three houses became uninhabitable in the mid-1990s, and the same could happen to at least half a dozen shacks at any time. The occupants of the collapsed porticos have moved into a long porch farmhouse that was once the home of a well-to-do farmer and later served as the village library. The village council never gave the squatters a written eviction order, but the village authorities gave verbal permission for the families without a home to stay in the former library.

The people who moved in from the settlement have used up the once showy house to its utmost, and now this building is also crumbling. Sixteen members of three families currently live here. Mrs István Balogh lives in one of the three rooms of the house with her partner and four children. The 4 x 5 metre room is crowded with beds and is not only a living room, but also a kitchen and bathroom. The latter is just a plastic bath for the children, which is filled with water from the courtyard if anyone wants to take a bath.

- "I understand that the state is building us a house," Mrs Baloghné shares her hopes with me. We have no money, we live on benefits and family allowances. My partner is working as a day labourer. In the summer she goes three times a week, earning three thousand a day. But in the winter there is no day job, it's harder then.

There is little doubt that the people in Varga-telepelep cannot find a decent home on their own. However, it is also a fact that the people of Gilvánfa who have built their own houses would disapprove of the settlers „just getting” a place to live. They believe that people only value their house if they have done something to get it. No one knows when the Varga settlement will start to be dismantled. Nor do they know what kind of sacrifices will be expected from the penniless, uneducated residents who have been out of work for a decade and a half. The people of Varga are waiting for a miracle. The question is whether the crumbling houses will hold out until the miracle comes.

Tamás Ungár – Népszabadság, 12 July 2004 (page 11)



Long lines of Roma rattle empty buckets in the Luník ghetto in Kassa. And they curse. They are berating the government, especially the Minister of Labour and Social Affairs, Ludovít Kaník, who has cut social benefits drastically since last year.

– Two years ago, we were receiving much more than ten thousand crowns (sixty thousand forints) a month. Today, unemployment benefit is only paid for six months, after which it is just five thousand kroner (30,000 forints), plus 50 a month if you need to see a doctor, whatever the size of your family. "You can only starve to death on this little money," shouts one woman. The response is loud approval. The housing estate, built in the 1970s and now in a state of complete disrepair, has become a horrifying reflection of the serious social problems of the Roma. In late autumn, the gas was turned off because of accumulated debts. And last week the water tap was turned off. The electricity company is preparing to do the same.

- We will only give you water again if you pay at least half of what you owe! – a manager of the water company in eastern Slovakia blared into the phone. For five days, the only place to get water has been from a tanker outside the district mayor's office. – Not for much longer – sighs local mayor Ladislav Sana. Pavol Cunderlík, the Public Health and Epidemics Officer, steps out of one of the doors, gasping for breath.
- The stench is unbearable even in the corridors. Many people are already taking their needs to the nearby lake or the beach. At any hour, a serious epidemic could break out, he says. Zuzana Bobříková, a spokeswoman for the mayor's office in Košice, explains to the journalists who have gathered:
- The 666 flats in the housing estate officially house 807 people. However, there are many more than that, because last year many homeless people from Kassa and Eastern Slovakia came to stay with relatives. And only twenty-two families pay the bills. On Tuesday, a crisis unit will be set up to carry out strict monitoring. Anyone who does not have a valid tenancy agreement and is not registered will have to leave. We'll even use force. And for water and electricity we charge a thousand euros per family per month. If everyone pays, we can collect as much as the service providers ask for as a deposit. The city also helps from its limited budget. Anyone who doesn't give enough is moved into emergency housing – he says in a tone of uncompromising support. His words are greeted with a huge outcry.
- We're not going anywhere, except to protest, but the politicians are making that bitter! We contacted Klára Orgovánová, the government commissioner for Roma affairs. She is surprisingly critical of the Dzurinda cabinet.
- I would list some encouraging examples if they did not hide behind the serious livelihood problems of most Roma. The bottom line is that drastic and insensitive social reforms have hit the unemployed, and the Roma most of all. Their homes are being snapped up by the profiteers. They renovate them and sell them at a high price. Our politicians are playing with fire.

There could be an explosive situation in eastern Slovakia – helyesírás-ellenőrzés replies with palpable concern.

József Szilvássy – Népszabadság, 23 April 2005 (page 9)



The existential situation of Roma society did not turn out this way by chance. Whether said or unspoken, everyone knows that it is their avoidance of work that has put them in this situation. After all, it is easier to take social assistance from the state than to hold the handle of a tool. In addition to changing attitudes to work, it is vital to promote learning and education. Without qualifications, it is no longer possible to get a job. Despite this, many Roma families do not send their children to school, or they drop out of primary school after only a few grades. The role model for the child is the parent. If the parent is lazy and jobless, how can he expect his child to go to school and study.

There are also many problems with the deviant behaviour of Roma children, which makes teaching impossible. Since the parents of these pupils do nothing to control their children or to bring them to their senses, the indignation of Hungarian parents is understandable. Most parents send their children to school to learn, but those who do not want to learn make it impossible for them to attend. They also intimidate and constantly bully their teachers. They take advantage of the fact that the Hungarian education system strictly forbids segregation, the segregation of pupils of Roma origin. As a result, there is more than one school in the country where teaching has stopped or is being disrupted and teachers are unable to carry out their duties. For a stigmatised minority, this behaviour is not the best way to win the goodwill of the majority. This behaviour only increases the antipathy towards Gypsies, which will later turn into hatred and outright vulgarity towards their plight:

According to the teachers, a 17-year-old girl has become a nightmare at the Széchenyi István Trade and Hospitality Vocational School in Kaposvár, and the entire teaching staff is powerless to deal with her. The situation in the classroom of this deviant child has reached the point where the teachers cannot teach, and five of the best students have been sent to other institutions by their parents – says Imre Tóth, the school director, showing their helplessness. The girl has not yet been transferred to another school and cannot be expelled from her current one until she is 18. According to teachers, the girl has repeatedly applied make-up during lessons, eaten breakfast, made phone calls, teased her peers and teachers, talked rudely and tried to intimidate those who did not sympathise with her. She spat on one teacher and threw a red tampon at another. He set a fellow student's hair on fire.

The girl was disciplined the previous school year, with the support of the local authority, which initiated her transfer to another school. However, this was challenged by the girl's father, who succeeded: the court annulled the decision on formal grounds. In January of this year, disciplinary proceedings were brought against the girl again, seeking a change of school, but the local authority's clerk asked the institution to issue a new, more legally sound decision. The school also sought the help of the Education Ombudsman in the case. According to the headmaster, the Parliamentary Ombudsman has confirmed, citing the law, that a child under 18 can only be expelled in cases of serious disciplinary offences and physical violence. Many say that it is easy to rant from the heights of politics, but even minority rights campaigners would not enrol their children in a school where gypsy pupils are in the majority.

- This legal situation leaves teachers completely vulnerable and powerless, while children are becoming increasingly undisciplined and aggressive – said the headmaster, who is calling for a change in the law. He added that the teachers concerned had told him that if they failed to expel the deviant girl now, they would no longer teach in the class she was in. The girl's father admitted to our correspondent that most of the acts his child had been accused of had taken place, but added that he believed that nothing was unprovoked. His child was "alienated" from his teachers because of the door being slammed, his hands being twisted, and the doctor's certificate being called a forgery.

- We live in a different world today, adolescents behave differently than they used to, and this old, inflexible teaching staff cannot adapt to that – said the father. He says the accusation that five children have been expelled from the class because of his daughter is unfounded. He denied that anyone had been threatened by him or his daughter, and said they were the ones who had been threatened. He forbade his daughter to give her report card to her class teacher, who, he said, wanted to write in absences, spitting and the like after the fact. The father says it is proof of the hostile atmosphere that while his daughter is taught by 10-11 teachers, the entire teaching staff of 70 signed the latest resolution to remove her.

According to the headmaster interviewed in yesterday's *Somogyi Hírlap*, the 17-year-old girl's father also cited the child's Roma origin as a reason for the conflict. However, the father told our correspondent that this had no role in the case. Yesterday afternoon, an education meeting was held, in the presence of the local authority, to discuss the new disciplinary action against the girl. The city representative offered the school board legal assistance and an expedited process.

Török Tünde – Népszabadság, 28 March 2008 (page 4)



Livelihood shenanigans:

In the world at large, Hungarians are said to "survive on ice". Maybe, but there are more food-loving people than us. We could learn a lot from the gypsies about how to live off others. According to Internet news sources, in some municipalities the Roma population is using the following trick to pull money out of the state's pockets:

There is a gypsy couple. There's a gypsy couple, neither of them works, they live on benefits. The wife gives birth to 5 children in 5 years, who are placed in state care because of problems in making ends meet. The authority goes out, squalor, filth, poverty - they take the children away from them. A few months later, a godfather, brother, sister or other relative (everyone is a relative) contacts the authority to say that he would like to continue to raise the children of the "unfortunate" family. The authority is happy to get rid of the children in state care and is happy for someone to foster them. They even pay the carers. A monthly salary. So the adoptive parent takes the children out. Then the five children are unofficially returned to the original family, they are relatives, why shouldn't they be there. And they continue to live there as if nothing had happened. The state pays the foster parents a net amount of 80 000 HUF per child. This is a net income of 400 000 HUF. On top of that there is the family allowance and social assistance. This gives them a monthly income of 600,000, whereas if both parents went out to work, they would earn only a third of this amount as minimum wage. So why should they work? Even if the two "families" share the money, they can live well on it. Everyone lives well and laughs in their face. There's money for pubs, slot machines, booze, cigarettes. They can even buy a second-hand BMW, because it's a big family. And Hungarian taxpayers support them.

Internet - 5 May 2008 (joke 3044) http://www.hoxa.hu/?p1=forum_tema&p2=32&p4=593



Seeing, hearing and experiencing all this, the antipathy towards gypsies is becoming more and more intense. Their unflattering image is made even worse by their boorish attitude, shoplifting, market looting and bar brawls, which are also on the agenda here. All this is compounded by the embezzlement of gypsy leaders and politicians. Their representatives in parliament and local government work for their own pockets, and the public money entrusted to them disappears without trace. People's patience is wearing thin. Almost every day we hear people exclaiming: 'Others work hard all their lives to make ends meet and keep a roof over their heads, while these people just pick a few purdahs and then the state gives them a flat and millions in benefits. Then they pick up and burn the floor of the free flat and set up a bonfire in the room. Where is the justice in that?' If Gypsies receive state support simply because they are Roma, not because they are poor, this is nothing other than an ethnocentrisation of social problems.

Many people talk about how the state lets 'disadvantaged families' off the hook or takes over years of accumulated utility debts, while others 'bite the bullet' to pay their water, gas and electricity bills every month. But supporting the Roma has not achieved its aim, it has only served to further deepen prejudice. According to those who fear for our cultural heritage, "Nothing is sacred to them. They drag them out of the parks and melt down the bronze statues of our national heroes. When they run out of statues, they cut and pull the postal, railway and electricity cables from the canals and melt the copper wires inside them." The smouldering atmosphere is not offset by the self-congratulatory minority advocacy of career diplomats who ride the coattails of the increased sympathy of democratic societies for the weak and try to get ahead in politics as champions of human rights.

However, these declarations and resolutions in favour of minorities are worth little. They can only keep tempers from flaring for a while. Only those involved can reverse this process and prevent the situation from escalating. It's not too late to see that they are going in the wrong direction, and those who are behaving obnoxiously can still get back on track. If this does not happen, a new Holocaust is likely in a few decades. The various far-right and fascist groups are already ready to pounce to play the role of „God's whip". We will not even notice the beginning of this. The show-down will mostly only become apparent after the events have taken place and the fact-finding talks have been held. During the Second World War, no one knew what was going on in the Nazi „labour camps". If anyone heard about it, they did not believe it or did not want to believe it. Only after the concentration camps were liberated did it become clear what was happening. By then, however, 13 million people (6 million Jews, 5 million Gypsies and gypsies of other nationalities, 2 million homosexuals and cripples) had already been shot, gassed and destroyed in the crematoria. The „work education camps" set up in remote areas can very easily become death factories.

To begin with, even the masterminds of genocide on a global scale do not arouse suspicion in people. Let us not forget that Hitler did not start his career as an Antichrist either. In 1932, the National Socialist Party came to power through democratic means. They won a majority in Parliament in free elections. In 1933, Paul von Hindenburg appointed Hitler Chancellor in response to his growing popularity. He became a nationally celebrated hero, and Germany, emerging from the Great Depression, saw him as the saviour of the country. His international reputation was also very good. In 1938, Adolf Hitler was Time Magazine's Man of the Year. (In 1942, Stalin was named Man of the Year.)

Let's not forget that the test from the forces beyond is ongoing. Not only individuals, but also the behaviour of different peoples and groups of peoples are constantly being watched, and if the scales tip in the wrong direction, there is nothing to be done. Punishment, a showdown, is inevitable. The powers that control us do not care that we do not believe in their existence. They do their job regardless. The punishment may be pronounced by God on those involved, but he does not carry it out. He entrusts this task to the Evil Powers, who are happy to carry it out. Since they have no physical body, they select from among the people those who, on the basis of past or previous grievances, harbour an immense hatred of the layer of people they are destined to destroy and blindly obey the forces that manipulate them. They also conducted World Wars I and II, which brought about the fall of the aristocracy.

But to carry out such large-scale punitive actions requires superhuman skill, which we do not have. Nor are we entrusted with it. While Satan and his black angels are invisibly controlling events from the background, demons are actively taking control of key individuals. This is what happened to Hitler. Adolf Hitler (or Schicklgruber at the time), the corporal of World War I, was a talentless galley driver in civilian life. His entire oeuvre consisted of a few unremarkable oil paintings. The gifts of his own soul would not have enabled him to win over huge crowds, to command the large-scale operations of World War II. It was not he who provoked mass hypnosis in his audience, which occasionally numbered in the hundreds of thousands, but a far more advanced evil spirit that possessed him for this period.

Eyewitnesses also recall that Hitler was certainly possessed by a demonic being when he gave his speech: „Then a satanic light was kindled within him". The insignificant figure with the small,

ridiculous brush moustache turned into a black angel. With his staccato voice, spilling over into demagogic cadences, he hypnotised and mesmerised everyone.³² At the end of the speech, the demon vanished and Hitler was transformed back into a small, grey, ordinary man. He stared at himself with a weary, glazed look, as if he did not understand what had happened to him. During his speeches, the highly evolved satanic being gave him a magnetic attraction that no one could resist. His face was filled with a veritable infatuation. He was in a kind of psychic trance. Hitler himself had alluded to the metaphysical power that possessed him. He often mentioned to his generals that he was guided by an „inner voice”, and once remarked: „With the precision and certainty of a sleep-walker, I follow the path that has been set for me.” The poor man had no idea what or whom he was following, or where that path would lead.

Once the verdict was given and the executioner found, nothing could be done. For it is impossible to remove these persons. Hitler was assassinated more than 40 times. He escaped all of them, practically without a scratch.³³ Hell's angels protect their messengers not only from intentional accidents, but also from accidental ones. In 1917 Hitler was only a corporal in World War I. In fact, he was only a corporal in World War I. Yet the beings of the afterlife kept a constant eye on him. One night he found himself buried in molten metal and earth on the battlefield. He woke from his sleep and ran out of the trenches. Seconds later a bomb destroyed the bunker where he was sleeping. Nor did Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein succeed in eliminating him by dropping a bomb on his palace. His family members were killed, but he survived every attempt to destroy him. These people are under Satan's protection, so they cannot be harmed. This does not mean, of course, that they will never be punished. They will receive their just punishment in hell after their natural death or suicide. When the evil forces no longer see their usefulness, they will no longer protect them. They will then also be punished for all their sins, and with interest.

Unless the people concerned are willing to change their behaviour, do something to change their perception, a bloody showdown or deportation (repatriation to India) from the country will inevitably ensue. It is the politicians who should make the people concerned aware of this danger, because if they do not open their eyes, they themselves will not see that they are rushing to their doom. If things get worse, people will take „justice” into their own hands. Sooner or later, anger will lead to individual acts of retaliation. Hooded, masked, stone-throwing, Molotov cocktail-throwing punitive actions become commonplace. Later, Roma are set on fire in their houses. And those who escape from the burning houses are shot dead and slaughtered. Revenge, of course, is not delayed. The backlash, accompanied by threats of "it is not only the Roma's house that is on fire", deepens the ethnic divide in the country. Then, at the opportune moment, a "saviour of the nation" arrives and, taking advantage of the government's impotence, seizes power. The cattle cars will then be put on standby again.

All this will be done with the tacit, even active, consent of society. The current world economic crisis is placing an ever greater burden on the people. They are looking for a scapegoat for their desperate situation. They are looking for a defenceless minority on which to vent their anger and release their pent-up tensions. During the economic crisis of 1929-1933, the Jews were the scapegoats. It is no coincidence that the first Jewish laws were passed during this period, initially restricting university enrolment to students of Jewish origin. But this process did not stop at restoring

³² The mass psychosis spread to everyone in the huge crowd. According to an eyewitness: "There were thousands of SA soldiers sitting around me. As Hitler spoke, I listened to their whispers. They were all workers and lower middle class people. "He's talking to me, he's talking to me! God knows exactly how I feel!" I heard phrases like this and similar ones. Instinctively they burst into realisation. One of his attitudes stuck sharply in my mind. He turned away with his face in his hands and said, sobbing, "He understands me!" I was also captivated by the face of a young man who was crying. His arms were open, his face white, almost in a state of ecstasy. Then I saw a middle-aged woman in a chair. She was also sobbing: "I can go now, I will die happy, because I have seen the face of the Führer, Germany is alive again!"

³³ After his rise to power, 42 attempts were made on his life. From simple workers to high-ranking military officers, the list of assassins is long. Snipers, bombers, staged air raids and undercover film actresses used the most sophisticated methods to take out the Nazi leader. In Spektrum television's **42 Assassinations of Hitler**, we learn how Hitler managed to survive a series of planned attacks. The assassins were not discouraged by the fact that the Führer had the perpetrators executed or driven to suicide in every case.

proportionality. Later, the employment of intellectual Jews was also restricted, followed by stigmatisation and bans from restaurants and cafés. Then their very existence was threatened. The scenario is also eerily similar to the present one. At first, there were only articles in the press that were hostile to Jews, and then more and more Jews were subjected to atrocities. In Germany as well as in Germany, beatings of Jews, looting and burning of Jewish shops were on the agenda. Even then, the governments did nothing to stop the process or to ease tensions. Then came the fascist dictators, who then fulfilled the punishment of karma.

There are already signs that forces are preparing to take on the task of „cleaning up”. Is this really what we need? In the 21st century we will have to live through fascism. The new Holocaust will be even more effective than the last one. After all, during the Second World War, many people felt sorry for the Jews. Therefore, many people hid them, and foreign diplomats provided Jewish families with passports. But the Gypsies have become so self-loathing by their present behaviour that they cannot count on society's mercy. No one will take in persecuted Roma and shelter Roma families. Europe's 10 million Roma can count on no one. The Roma pogrom that preceded the massacre has already begun:

Mafia death squads in Naples burned down a Roma camp because a Roma man driving a BMW ran over two girls, one of them the niece of the local mafia boss. After the pogrom, the Roma fled Naples. The Camorra leader's hired men first smashed up and then set fire to the tents and caravans in which the gypsies, who had immigrated from the former Yugoslavia, were living, using Molotov cocktails. The attacking gang of about 50 people prevented the authorities from putting out the fire. It was a miracle that there was no tragedy, because the gas cylinders used in the caravans exploded one after the other. Only one four-year-old child suffered smoke inhalation. However, the remaining gypsy community of around 200 people in Naples packed up their remaining belongings and fled Naples „for good”. Their convoy was escorted by police cars to the gates of Rome. According to the local police captain "it was just the spontaneous anger of the population against the gypsies who were living by begging and stealing." However, human rights organisations and mafia experts say that such a well-organised anti-Gypsy pogrom could only have taken place in the southern Italian city on the orders, or at least with the approval, of the local mafia boss.
Népszabadság, 21 June 1999 (page 21)

Later, it was not only the mafia that persecuted the Gypsies. In 2010, the Italian government decided to dismantle Gypsy camps across the country. After Italy, Gypsies were repatriated from France to Romania and Bulgaria. If they don't change their behaviour, they may well be sent on to India after a while. If the public mood deteriorates, the dismantling of Roma settlements and deportations will also begin here. Citizenship will not protect them against this, because if a far-right party comes to power, overnight they can pass a new law stripping citizenship from those who refuse to integrate into society. And stateless people can easily be expelled from the country. Exile, banishment, has been a common practice in world history and will be used again if necessary.

Unfortunately, all warnings have been in vain and there has still been no positive change in this area. In our country, a parliamentary committee of inquiry has found that since the change of regime, all the programmes aimed at integrating the Roma have failed. And a large part of the billions allocated for this purpose has been embezzled. The head of the Roma municipality was arrested for this. Over the past decade, 120 billion forints have been spent on inclusion programmes, to no avail. Public money has disappeared hand over fist. And EU funds for ghetto eradication and educational integration have remained unused. The environment for which they were intended does not allow them to be used. The efforts of government and society are in vain if the people concerned do nothing to integrate themselves. Faced with this hopeless situation, individual justice has been brought to bear. In September 2010, in Slovakia, a middle-aged man with a serial shooter wiped out a gypsy family living next door with a gun. The massacre left 8 dead and 15 wounded. The main reason for his actions was their loudness and intolerable behaviour.

After the incident, the Slovak National Party put up posters depicting a Roma man with the slogan: "Don't feed those who don't want to work." The Slovak police did not consider this to be racist and took no action to remove the posters. It seems that even the authorities are helpless. The staunch defenders of minority rights protested: „This shows that xenophobia and racism have taken root in the police.” It is typical of the public mood that no one organised a demonstration of sympathy in defence of the Roma. Public opinion is best characterised by blog posts on internet forums, one of which in the daily *Népszabadság* reads: "Keep an eye on Pozsony... well done!"

There is no shortage of testimonials either: "In Nagybánya I saw two multi-storey houses, probably built in the 1980s, where there were no more windows or windows and no combustible materials, because the people who lived there had burned everything. Back home, in my home village, a street of old servants' houses was burnt down by the Roma who had moved there, and when they burned the last one, they moved on." Others shouted at politicians: "Take that, you liberal idiots, all you need is to legalise drugs!" But these were just the snide comments. In place of the ironclad comments, this was a moderator's statement. "Comment deleted." A brief comment, however, was left of the extreme suggestions. One commenter suggested "bullet spray" as a solution to the gypsy issue. Politicians also see the situation as hopeless. In their speeches, they continue to stress the need to integrate Gypsies, but only until a far-right government moves a Gypsy family with six children into their flat and shows them how to live with them.



The skinheads, the hungarists and other neo-Nazi organisations will not spare homosexuals and other groups with deviant behaviour. At their last demonstration they also held banners proclaiming "Be different elsewhere!" The extreme right-wing forces are also embracing the fight against people with sexual aberrations because it allows them to rally a lot of sympathisers. With governments doing nothing to combat moral decay, the majority of society sees the only way out of the current "malaise" in the heavy-handed action of the extreme right. When parents with several children, who have grown old in decency, hear that more and more countries are allowing homosexuals to marry, even granting them widows' pensions and adopting children in the name of liberalism, they involuntarily look for the force that can stop this process.

This is why there are a large number of young women at far-right demonstrations who are not at all accused of anti-democratic views and who want nothing more than to live a normal life in a normal world. Given the current trend, they fear that they will not have that opportunity. As a sign of their displeasure, the signs they carry with them read in red letters: „We don't want a pederast, we want a decent husband and children”. For emphasis, they are dressed in black from head to toe. They fear for their future children from the adopted children of homosexuals, from sexual abuse, from the lack of a father figure. While they plead Christian morality, the loudhailers marching under the Arpad's banner, shaven-headed and wearing boots laced to the midfoot, shout at the top of their lungs, "Let the dissent move elsewhere!" The more educated chant: "In ancient times, such people were exterminated with atomic bombs!"³⁴ The lyrical ones put their protest into verse: "Why are you different, you faggot?" The less eloquent simply shout, "You filthy faggots!"

In the summer of 2004, few people marched on Heroes' Square on "cold pride day" to counter the gay pride march.³⁵ But the number of protesters and supporters is growing by the day. Let us not forget that this is how the National Socialists started in Germany in the early 1930s. Then, before the world knew it, Hitler had declared war on Poland. Without the support, or at least the tacit approval, of the German people, the world's largest genocide could not have taken place. As we know, the balance of World War II was 50 million dead. Among them, 6 million Jews and 200,000 gypsies were burned in the crematoria. But before that, the SS 'cleansed' society of the mentally handicapped and homosexuals. Hundreds of thousands of people were sterilized and sent to death camps under the pretext of racial cleansing. Those who dared to protest soon found themselves among

³⁴ (See the Old Testament: Sodom and Gomorrah.)

³⁵ For a detailed report on the parade of the Cultural Association of Blood and Honour, see *Népszabadság* of 12 July 2004 (p. 9).

them. The genie out of the bottle can no longer be recycled. Democracy can only be sustained as long as citizens believe in its staying power. If they see that this path leads to ruin, chaos and moral annihilation, it is only a matter of time before they give it up and hand over power to the heavy-handed enforcers. People value their security more than their freedom.

Our politicians believe that by banning demonstrations, by tightening the law, this process can be stopped. But arresting the speakers, the extremist leaders, has the opposite effect. In prison, the hesitant, indecisive „nation-saving seedlings” become determined, angry beasts, eager to take revenge on their persecutors after their sentences are served. It was also in prison that Hitler matured into a dictator, his imprisonment sobering his soul and giving him enough time to devise his plans for world conquest. After his release, he knew what he had to do, and there was no stopping him. The leader of the Hungarian Arrow Cross party, Ferenc Szálasi, trained as a "national leader" in the Csillag prison in Szeged. Those who fear democracy should not fear far-right groups, but the masses who sympathise with them. Hand-wringers and extremists have always been and always will be, but they can only cause trouble if they have the support of the majority of society behind them.

Our policy makers should reflect on the reasons for the rise of extremism. Why have we not heard about them until now? Is it not the fault of an intemperate, permissive government? The wild proliferation of libertarianism is increasingly irritating people and is reviving and strengthening the forces of balance. The reaction to this phenomenon is also wrong. Dictatorship is not avoided by persecuting those who hold right or left views, but by winning over society. In democratic societies based on free elections, it is the little people who decide what future a country, the world, should have. Policies must be pursued that suit them, and then they will not seek refuge in the extremist tendencies that preach order.

Instead of ranting against neo-Nazi and ultra-left groups, they should be concentrating on raising living standards and sorting out the increasingly depressing economic situation. The National Socialists won the 1932 elections because Hitler promised to lead the nation out of the Great Depression of 1929. He kept his promise in his own way. In the run-up to the war, huge building projects were launched in the country, manufacturing industry boomed and arms production took off, absorbing a huge army of unemployed. Poverty was lifted and the German people regained the confidence they had lost in the war. Who cared that they were in the service of a world-destroying ideal. The people only grumble when things go wrong. They put up with it for a while and then act when the time is right. Unfortunately, angry, desperate people usually make the wrong decisions. Their everyday problems are solved, but extreme power later leads them to tragedy. The situation is eerily similar. After the global economic crisis of October 2008, the political climate is the same as it was in 1929. Thousands of billions of dollars in government bailouts avoided the collapse of the banking system, but the economy has begun to rapidly decline. The number of redundancies is increasing by the day and unemployment is approaching 1929 levels.

There is much that those concerned could do to stop this process. As we know, homosexuality is the result of a genetic disorder. Society perceives this phenomenon as an incurable disease. "Those who suffer from it cannot help it." – they say. But homosexuals proclaim that they are not sick, but that they are living a lifestyle that they choose to lead. They used to keep a low profile, but now they are increasingly boasting and flaunting their difference. Street demonstrations are a way to rile up the majority. They are also attracting heterosexual young people to their ranks with their outrageous behaviour. They are a real provocation to society. And politicians „give them a horse to ride” by accepting and meeting their demands one after the other. They are integrating them into a society based on Christian principles, without acknowledging that the majority of people do not want to accept them. And they do not care at all whether they are behaving in a way that pleases God. Since most atheist politicians believe that there is no God, they need not bother to give a damn. It is fuel for the fire that even leading politicians today proudly admit their homosexuality. It is becoming a shame for anyone who is not gay or bisexual. This kind of behaviour, these measures, shock the masses and increase the risk of a social explosion. Terrorism, impoverishment and pollution, which is becoming unbearable, are already making people's nerves tense to the point of being frayed.

Society should not be made any more nervous. It is not difficult to guess who will be the first targets of the outbursts of anger.

Birth registration is the surest way to find someone. In Hungary, the Gestapo's job was made much easier by the first Jewish law in 1938, which required registration of Israelis. After the German invasion of 1944, the Arrow Cross authorities, collaborating with the Nazis, had no choice but to take out the internal register. The result was the deportation of 700,000 Jews. 600,000 of them never returned from the death camps. Since the various family rescue operations were concentrated mainly in the capital, after World War II rural Jewry virtually disappeared. The technical possibilities of our time may further increase the vulnerability of those involved. It is highly likely that extremist groups will obtain this register and post the names and addresses of those on it on the Internet. Anyone could then access this data and launch an arbitrary extermination campaign against those they do not like. If this website is put on a foreign server, it becomes unremovable and cannot be blocked by any authority. Defenders of millenarian morals have so far only launched Molotov cocktail attacks on „gay bars”, but with the lists now public, those who openly claim to be different can expect similar attacks.

For those who think the concerns are exaggerated, look around the world. In Belgrade, on 30 June 2001, 50 police officers could not prevent hundreds of leather-headed and nationalist university students from bloodying a gay pride march. They kicked lesbian marchers in the head with their boots, shouting "Go home and have a baby!" Others were smashed with broken beer bottles and beaten with baseball bats. In Stockholm in 2002, skinheads threw stones and glass bottles at gay marchers. On 7 May 2004, they were attacked in Krakow's Main Square. Individual actions are not uncommon. In the UK, a gang of hooligans recently beat the customers of a gay bar in London half to death and 37-year-old barman David Morley was beaten to death. Morley was one of the survivors of the bomb attack on the Admiral Duncan gay bar in Soho five years ago. Three people were killed and 70 injured in the attack by a racist far-right gang. According to the British authorities, there was a 20% increase in attacks against gay people in the country in 2004. On 6 October 2002, the Mayor of Paris, Bertrand Delanoë, was stabbed in the stomach. This was the assassin's way of expressing bitterness and contempt for gay politicians. Klaus Wowereit, an openly gay man, was attacked by neo-Nazi youths in a side street after taking office as mayor of Berlin. He owes his life to the protection of his bodyguards. On 12 February 2004, Roger Kusch, a German state senator for justice, was stabbed to death by a woman while shouting abuse at his „queer” tendencies.

Here on Gay Pride Day, only unprecedented police protection prevented the massacre. But the Hungarists are preparing for a showdown. This is shown by the banners on their parades: "With us or against us, there is no choice." Another sign reads, "Our time is coming, KEEP UP!" Meanwhile, the speaker shouts into the microphone, "Gays are abdicating their right to life themselves, and their disturbed spiritual lives make them enemies of all naturally healthy racial expression." They are already promoting their ideas on CDs. Here's a verse from the track "Death to OTHERS": "We'll burn the rainbow flag; And flesh stain the walls of the house; Let's make a mad massacre at night; Let's put the gays up against the wall." The chorus is not exactly reassuring: "There'll be a race riot in the main show; A pack of hook-nosed goons will watch over them; Let's have a big bloodbath at night."

If anyone still thinks the New Arrows are mouthy, hot-tempered bullies, visit their website. You will soon realise the seriousness of their intentions. Their website states that „Blood and Honour is currently the only registered, mass social organisation openly embracing the spiritual heritage of Hungarism”. Taking advantage of this, they are legally preparing for a showdown. The necessary tools can be obtained from them. Extract from the list:

- SS officer's dagger: 10 000 HUF (while stocks last)
- Makarov 9 mm pistol: 40 000 Ft (while stocks last).
- AK-74 submachine gun: 60 000 Ft
- RPG armour piercing rifle 100 000 Ft
- Russian shoulder launched anti-aircraft missile: 100 000 Ft

Since last year, the police have hardened their grip in vain, but the conspiracy and intimidation continues:

Around a thousand people arrived at Heroes' Square early Saturday afternoon. In the early hours of early May, the Hungarists were surrounded by dozens of police officers. When the order came, "Comrades, march!", hundreds marched with military steps to the fences. Dressed in black jackets, jeans and boots, they looked uniform regardless of gender or age. Sixty years ago, German and Hungarian soldiers faced the "red hordes" – the commemoration began. Then Ferenc Szentgyörgyi took to the stage to recite his own poem. "When we go on the last assault, we will not even show mercy to the baby suckers!" – was the prediction. A German "comrade" shouted to the crowd, "Our fist rests on the gun barrel. We are not yesterday's last, but tomorrow's first!" Endre János Domokos, the spokesman of the Blood and Honour Cultural Association, said that the Metropolitan Court of First Instance had decided to dissolve the organisation. He added: "We are defending Hungarian interests. Our corps is also accused of terrorism. But the acts of terrorism are committed by the proles, the gypsies, the faggots and the blacks."

Edit Agyagási - Népszabadság, 14 February 2005 (p. 8).

In the past two years, tempers have flared even more, and the number of far-right organisations and nationalist "guards" has been growing rapidly. At gay festivals, too, extremists are using different tactics. Recently, they have stopped storming the marchers. With police cordoned off and video footage of all participants, they are simply observing and keeping an eye on the demonstrators. Then the skinheads disperse into the surrounding streets and pick off the marchers on their way home, one by one. They beat them up and kick them so badly that they have to be taken to hospital. They don't carry baseball bats, as they used to, because that would be too conspicuous, but thick-walled champagne flutes. That way, if someone calls the police, all they find is a rowdy, riotous bunch on the scene, on their way home from a friend's birthday party. These parades also provide an opportunity for anti-Semitic manifestations. At the 2007 Budapest gay festival, for example, several ethnic Hungarians of colour and "those who fear for the well-being of their children" chanted "Fags in the Danube, Jews after them."

These manifestations are not the result of chance. Everything that is happening to us now is the consequence of our past actions and behaviour. The First and Second World Wars were primarily a way of paying off the karmic debts of the aristocracy. Secondly, it punished the behaviour of Jews towards their non-Jewish fellow human beings, the internationalised and unequal cohesion of the Jewish lobby and the resistance of Gypsies to social integration. God warned the Jews thousands of years ago that he was watching with a wary eye to see how they would use the talents they had inherited from him: „*I have entered into covenant only with you of all the nations of the earth, and I will therefore hold you accountable for all your sins.*” Despite the warning, the Jews did not put their outstanding talents at the service of the world, but used them for their own enrichment. They took control of industry, commerce and banking. They amassed vast wealth by exploiting their fellow human beings. They built palaces for themselves, crammed with art treasures, while millions languished around them. However, karma does not allow the exploitation of our fellow human beings, the abuse of power, of our gifts, and so, at some point, the culling that took place, which for the Jews manifested itself in the Holocaust, occurs. Anyone who had no idea why this was happening to him soon realised. For above the entrance to the Buchenwald concentration camp, those arriving to be gassed could read the inscription "Jedem das seine!" or "To each his own!"

Along with their lives, they also lost their accumulated wealth. They were robbed and plundered by the voluntary enforcers of karma's punishment. They tried in vain to save their property, but they could not avoid confiscation. The "golden train" of Hungarian Jews, which had transported the Jewish community's property to the West at the end of World War II, disappeared without a trace en route. It contained many tons of gold and silver jewellery, jewels, expensive paintings, sculptures, carpets and other goods. Its value is estimated at \$120 million (25 billion forints). But this was only

a fraction of the wealth accumulated by the Jews. Most of it was taken by officers and soldiers of the „liberating” Red Army. The Nazis beat them to the art theft. The primary target of the 'art treasure rescue' operations led by Göring were the Jews who had been taken away. The remainder was taken by civilian looters. The communist dictatorship that followed fascism also played its part in the looting. The aristocrats' property was confiscated along with the Jews' factories, banks, shops, the money in their bank accounts, and their paintings and art deposited in museums were nationalised.

According to the Shiva priests of India, the two world wars were not in the karma of mankind. God did not condemn us to live through two world conflagrations, to take 60 million lives, to suffer gas chambers, carpet bombings. What happened is entirely our fault. Our blood-soaked history is the result of our actions. The fact that two thirds of the victims of the deaths were civilians is a sign of this. The real purpose of the worldwide slaughter was to avenge the sins of the victims, to carry out a mass massacre. These sins were mostly accumulated in previous lives, making it impossible for the victims to discover the real reason for their punishment. Because we cannot remember our past lives, we are unable to discover the cause and effect. And ignorance adds to the suffering of those affected. They seek the cause of what happened to them, but when they cannot find it, they blame God for their fate.

On the fiftieth anniversary of the defeat of Nazism, a Jewish orator³⁶ railed against the Creator: "If God is truly God, and therefore omnipotent, then he is guilty of giving a free hand to murderers; if his power is limited, then he is not God." Our souls are aware of the context of what is happening to us, but our narrowed consciousness does not listen to the voice of the soul, the conscience. Therefore, we continue to make the same mistakes as before, learning nothing from history. Even now, huge masses of people are rushing to their doom, making another karmic showdown inevitable. Preparations for this are now underway, with the extremist manifestations we are witnessing every day as signs of the unfolding of another Holocaust.

Interesting facts from the world

Pink TV is launched. All is set for the launch of the first gay and lesbian TV channel in France. The country's national homosexual TV channel will be launched on 25 October 2004, with leading French audiovisual companies such as TF1, Canal+ and the private television channel M6 as its main shareholders. It is backed by several investment funds. Pink TV will be the world's first national gay channel. It will be available via satellite, cable TV and broadband Internet (ADSL) for a monthly subscription fee of €9. Pink TV has already managed to recruit 180,000 subscribers before the launch. Half of the subscribers were from Paris and the surrounding area. As the viewers belong to the affluent middle classes, Pink TV is also attracting a lot of interest from the country's biggest advertisers. We will therefore not have any financial problems," said Pascal Houzelot³⁷, the channel's president, confidently. According to the owners, the €12.2 million investment will soon pay for itself. Pink TV has also been approved by the French Audiovisual Council. Although the channel is mainly aimed at gay people, the owners expect to reach a wider audience with a rich and innovative offer.

At the launch of the channel in Paris, the programme line-up was described as eclectic. According to the founding president: "Pink TV, with its mixed genres, will be a new face of French cultural diversity." He continued, "We have gone from tolerance to equality. A little tiptoe in stilettos is a huge step forward in television. The new channel is launching at the right time because of the positive change in mindset in recent years." (France legalised same-sex partnerships under the previous socialist government, elected an openly different mayor in Paris and the current conservative government plans to punish hostility towards gays with prison sentences.)

³⁶ Primo Levi writer

³⁷ pászkál uzeló

The channel broadcasts a variety of gay-themed TV series and soap operas, interspersed with public discussion programmes, documentaries, celebrity interviews, feature films about homosexuals and erotic Japanese cartoons. After midnight, homosexual pornographic films are shown, double encoded. The porn will be preceded by appeals to the dangers of AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases. After sex, video artists will experiment with their avant-garde works on pink TV until 6 a.m., in which, for example, the "macho" world of sport will be commented on from a transvestite sports reporter's (woman) point of view.

Népszabadság - Online, 29 September 2004.



More than 3.5 million people demonstrated against sexism, homophobia and racism in the largest gay pride parade ever in Sao Paulo, Brazil. The event attracted three times as many people as the papal visit a few weeks earlier. The Sao Paulo LGBT Parade, the 11th edition of the Sao Paulo Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual and Transgender Parade, was held in Brazil. Under banners reading "Dignity for All", "All forms of love lead to God" and similar slogans, the crowd marched in colourful costumes and unfurled a giant rainbow flag. The parade featured music from 23 huge trucks and 900 uniformed police officers.



Same-sex marriage has become an increasingly resented issue in society, exacerbated by the desire of far-right groups to crack down on it. Let's take a look at the current situation:

In Europe, only the Netherlands, Belgium and Spain recognise same-sex marriage as legal. In the United States, a proposed constitutional amendment banning gay marriage has failed. In the European Union, only a directive – and a European Parliament resolution of moderate importance – calls for civil equality for gays and lesbians. Member States, which have different views on the issue, have never adequately fleshed out the EU-level action to end discrimination in this area. So it is up to each country to decide what it will – and will not – do in practice. Civil partnerships for homosexuals were first institutionalised in Denmark in 1989. Last year, the process of ensuring equality for gay couples in social policy, inheritance and adoption was completed throughout (Protestant) northern Europe. A civil partnership contract does not involve an actual marriage before the state or the church, which was first offered to gay couples in the Netherlands in April 2001.

Of course, there is another "battle" to be fought for a literal gay marriage: a marriage celebrant or registrar is needed. In the Netherlands, Muslims have shown the greatest sectarian resistance. The Protestant Church has decided to leave it up to the individual parishes to decide whether they want to do this. As far as registrars are concerned, some municipalities – under Christian Democrat control – dismiss officials who raise serious conscientious objections. Last year, Belgium – the first predominantly Catholic country – also ensured full gay marriage. But there is no adoption. The left-wing Spanish government recently passed a draft law allowing same-sex marriage. This gives gay and lesbian couples the same rights as heterosexual couples, including the right to adopt. Parliament is expected to vote on the law soon. Spain, with its strong Catholic tradition, will become the third country in Europe to recognise same-sex marriage.

– I will see the case through – promised Noel Mamere, the Green Party mayor of Begles, who in June would have been the first in France to officially declare a gay couple married.

Mamere kept his word by giving his official blessing to the union, but the rest of the affair was nothing but unpleasantness. He was suspended from office for a month and challenged the registration of the marriage in court. There is no legal basis for same-sex marriage in France – but the legal system recognises civil partnerships between gays and lesbians. This gives them extensive rights, including inheritance, but same-sex couples cannot have children. Surveys show that opposition to gay rights is much stronger in the new EU Member States than in the old ones. The strongest are in Orthodox Cyprus and Catholic Lithuania and Poland – and of the old 15, Orthodox Greece. Hungary ranks in the lower middle of the middle in support for equal rights.

After the US Senate, a federal constitutional amendment banning same-sex marriage recently failed in the House of Representatives. The constitutional amendment requires a two-thirds majority in both houses of the federal legislature and ratification by two-thirds of the states – something that was bound to fail. Gay marriage came to the fore in the US when, following the lead of Canada, the Massachusetts Supreme Court ruled the ban unconstitutional and the mayor of San Francisco began marrying couples from all over the country. President George W. Bush then proposed a constitutional amendment to make marriage once and for all a union of one man and one woman, and therefore prohibit the use of the word to describe any other relationship. The majority of American public opinion is opposed to same-sex marriage but accepts their civil union. This is also the position of Democratic presidential candidate John Kerry.

Gábor Horváth, Tibor Kis, László Szócs - Népszabadság, 5 October 2004 (page 4)



In April 2016, the leadership of the Norwegian Evangelical Church in Trondheim voted in favour of a new regulation that allows gay people to marry in churches. Of the 115 participants at the bishops' conference, 88 believed that same-sex couples should have the right to marry in churches as well as in civil ceremonies. In Norway, same-sex couples have been legally allowed to marry and even adopt children since 2009, on the same basis as heterosexual couples, but the Norwegian Church also allows gay people to be ordained as priests. According to those who support the new decision, marriage is a commitment between two people to each other, and in this union the sex of the parties does not matter.

In America, those who officially disapprove of homosexuality are no longer just stigmatised, they are imprisoned. Kim Davis, a municipal employee in Kentucky, refused to issue a marriage certificate to a gay couple on grounds of conscience and was jailed. She was also scandalised for not marrying a woman and her dog. But that's not all. There's more below. In Western Europe, some groups have started to publicly demand that paedophilia should not be considered a crime, but a form of natural sexuality.



In the United States, an ex-husband is now paying his ex-wife alimony instead of alimony because she has become a man. The ex-husband vehemently protests against continuing to pay his ex-wife \$650 (140,000 forints) a month to her man-woman surgery. Nemes argues that if a man cannot be married, how can he be paid alimony after divorce?



Yoko Ono, 71, has given her homosexual fans a gay anthem that has put her back at the top of the charts. The song that currently tops the Billboard charts is actually 25 years old. She has made only minor changes to the remix of her former hit. The opening line "Every man's got a woman who loves him" has been changed to "Every man's got a man who loves him" and "Every woman's got a woman who loves him".

Népszabadság, 9 November 2004 (page 24)



A sexually transmitted disease that facilitates the spread of the HIV virus, which causes AIDS, has emerged in the Netherlands in droves. The disease, known as limfograduloma venereum (LVG), was diagnosed in 92 cases among gay and bisexual men in 2003, although it used to occur usually two or three times a year. The rare disease, usually found in tropical climates, has recently spread to continental countries. It causes rectal ulcers in infected people.

Népszabadság, November 6, 2004 (page 20)



By not revealing the sex of the baby, we are telling the world: let him or her tell us what he or she wants to be! – are the reasons given by Canadian parents whose case has recently made the

world press. Kathy Witterick and David Stocker, the parents of the "genderless" child, say it works well for their two older children, five-year-old Jazz and two-year-old Kio. Both boys have long hair and have been wearing clothes of their own choice since they were one and a half: Jazz prefers pink (with painted nails), Kio burgundy.

– They always think of them as girls – says the father, adding – The boys will decide how to respond.

And I think it doesn't matter what they say: they'll be as dirty as a draft! If a boy dresses up as a girl, that might be tolerated by his peers, but if he can't decide whether to play lightsabers with the boys or Hannah Montana with the girls, that's hardly the case. So these parents are denying their children gender role education. In fact, because they are putting nail varnish in their sons' hands, I suspect that they are deliberately trying to confuse them on ideological grounds. I have no idea what the point of this is, but I suspect that the „gender” philosophy is behind it, that gender identity is a social construct, a forced convention.

This ideology has become so bourgeois that, in 2006, the European Parliament adopted a resolution on homophobia, calling for it to be a criminal offence in European countries to speak with fear „of homosexuality or lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgender people with a sense of aversion, because this is an attitude akin to racism, xenophobia or anti-Semitism”. I would like to propose, with courageous agreement, that if biology is no longer a matter of meaning, we should also give children complete freedom to define race! Why is it compulsory to be homo sapiens? It would be fair if they could decide for themselves what they want to be: an armadillo with a pouch, a newt with a newt with a hoof, or a batshit. There is a choice, it's a big enough zoo!

László T. Bertók - Metropol, 8 June 2011 (page 4)



Unfortunately, practical experience does not show that people who have undergone gender reassignment finally find themselves, now fully self-identified, and live happily ever after. In January 2020, researchers from the University of Pittsburgh published a very interesting and, for gender revolutionaries, even disappointing study in the prestigious American Academy of Pediatrics New journal. This study shows that transgender young people have an abnormally high and much higher risk of depression and suicide than their counterparts who accept their traditional gender. The researchers looked at a total of 1,148 transgender and 972 cisgender teenagers and found that 50.3 per cent had attempted suicide, compared to 23.4 per cent of heterosexual teenagers. It is important to underline that these are not just cries for help, but actual suicide attempts, many of which required hospital treatment to save their lives.

The survey also found that around 84.4% of transgender people admitted to suicidal thoughts! This is a very remarkable figure, which suggests that underneath the rainbow-coloured surface of self-happiness lie very serious problems, mainly self-esteem. Dr. Michael Marshal, one of the leaders of the research, believes that this is a common phenomenon among transgender people and even other sexual minorities labelled as deviant. According to him, "the biggest problem is that anyone in the world can invalidate their identity by telling them that it's not right for them to see themselves as transgender. Their identity remains hidden, and when that happens, people can hurt them much more easily. This causes them a lot of pain and suffering."

Is there a system to this madness? Are they being discriminated against, and now it is precisely those who do not belong to them, who live and think according to traditional values, who are suffering as a result? Because we are getting there! Perhaps everyone can already see the basic problem. It is that gender activists and their sympathisers, in their determined struggle for equality over the past decades, have been misrepresenting themselves and are now demanding privileges by placing themselves in the role of some kind of superhuman. This does not necessarily mean that they place themselves above everyone else in any kind of social hierarchy. It is really a question of over-dimensioning the problem for their small numbers and the fact that they are a marginal group, and of proclaiming it a crisis of civilisation. On top of this, of course, they present themselves as

some kind of heroes fighting for human rights in a universal way, which does not stand the test of truth for a single second.

We can see that the great gender revolutionaries are making their voices heard almost exclusively in Western democracies, in countries where there is no particular stakes or risks involved. Western civilisation, weakened and slowly collapsing in on itself, looks like easy prey, unlike China, for example, where the overheated lovers of human freedoms, full of energy and commitment, have their work cut out for them. Yet we still do not see their protest actions in Beijing. Nor do they show up in Nigeria or other African states to stand up for the rights of severely oppressed women on the ground, on the ground. They have not prevented a single public stoning or mutilation in Saudi Arabia. No safety nets have been stretched for homosexuals who, for example, are thrown from the roof of a house in Riyadh to certain death. We do not see reports from Afghanistan, where the Gay Pride march is being used to draw attention to the fierce, bestial oppression of the opposite sex there.

So there is a clear sense that these brave, proud rights defenders are only raising their voices, marching in the streets in places where they do not have to take any risks and where they enjoy the protection of the police and the local media at the same time. What kind of defence of rights and heroism is it in which they blink out of a nice warm, oxygenated incubator and shout to the operators of that particular incubator that they want more comfort? It's about hypocrisy. It is known that LGBTQ communities, associations and groups receive substantial funding from international oligarchs, intergovernmental organisations and a good deal of money from sympathisers.

On top of all this, they also boast excellent media coverage. In the western democracies, they are appearing more and more often, making films of this kind, which are very moving and touching, showing all kinds of destinies. It's almost impossible to imagine a Hollywood production without an alternative character. Netflix has clearly become entirely their voice. They publish thematic news magazines, propaganda channels that pretend to be educational, introduce the viewer to the beauty and magnificence of the gay world, the fabulous and wonderful life of transgender boys and girls, and of course, all the while, they insinuate that it is all completely natural, so much so that transgenderism, identity change or even erasure is an innate characteristic of humanity. Which, of course, is nothing but a blatant lie.

That is the big deal in the shiny western world! This would be the brutal oppression that about 0.6%-1% of the population suffers every day! Isn't that terrible? Gender revolutionaries say this neglect and persecution is almost unbearable. Because even that is not enough. It's not enough that they are slowly popping up everywhere. On TV shows, quizzes, talent shows, TV series, advertisements, on the front pages of print newspapers, on huge street posters, in cinema super-productions, and even in kindergartens, schools and universities. Not enough! They want more. Practically everything. And here we come to the point where we say: this is a serious disproportion, which brutally over-represents the so-called problems of this stratum.

Interestingly enough, never before has so much been said, and is still being said, with such vehemence, for example, about the integration and making life easier for people with disabilities! There is no such extensive, hysterically fanatical discourse about people with cancer who are forced to face death because of environmental damage. The problem of poverty is not piled on the whole of humanity on a daily basis. It seems as if humanity has solved all the other serious issues (apart from climate change and racism, of course) and that is all that is left! Then, once that is done, it is time for paradise on earth, without crosses and the Bible and God of course.

Have we ever wondered where this will lead? What will happen if they really do succeed in erasing any essential identity that is important to us? What future for humanity if we are not offered any kind of self-identity? Let us not be cowards, so let us at least try to imagine a world where the gender revolution has won. People have been successfully stripped of all their identities, or made interchangeable at any time, just like a commodity such as a mobile phone. In this new normal, new habits and social laws are taking deep root. The intention, which is already recognisable today, is to start enlightening, identity-liberating programming at an early age, at least on those who, for some strange reason, have not been aborted.

According to the new normal, which is taking hold, children should therefore be exposed to patterns of behaviour and templates belonging to the opposite sex from the age of 4-5 at the latest. Girls should sooner or later play with boy toys. Probably compulsory, because how would the poor girl know that she is really a woman if she hasn't tried anything more boyish! They need to be taught to break out of the cage of identity they were born with, to venture into the territory of the opposite sex, to see if they can find that they really feel at home there. This exploratory attitude should presumably be imposed on children, just as they are not asked in progressive kindergartens today whether they want to take part in sessions given by so-called drag queens. In this way, they would be treading on the much-vaunted idea of libertarianism!

For in the idealistic social system imagined, no one would be obliged to do anything. They couldn't push their children, saying: Come on, Petike! Try what it's like to dress plastic dolls and put on make-up, because the vast majority of Petikes, because of the identity information encoded in their genes and already immutable, will not be very interested in things they instinctively keep away from. Indeed, it is not interested in them at all. Now, if, in this super civilization, they are nevertheless encouraged and oriented, it means nothing more than that this system wants to justify itself at the cost of solid violence. What is freedom in this? And this is not, of course, an empty assumption, since we can already see that the gender revolutionaries are trying to spread their ideology in a very violent way, even among the youngest.

One can deduce from this what would happen if all power were concentrated in their hands. If the world of the future is inherited by those who do not have any identity, who do not have any definite and viable self-definition, there is a danger that a zombie society will simply emerge. Where Parent 1 and Parent 2 would be the appropriate and universally accepted terms instead of Father and Mother, where it would be an insult to classify someone as male or female merely on the basis of their appearance. Where we could not establish, at least approximately, how old someone might be because they might feel much older or younger than they actually are, we could expect little good.

György Köröszts - Hihettelen magazine, January 2021 (pages 55-60 - excerpt)

Liberal dictatorship?

The vast majority of developed countries, mainly in the West, are liberal democracies. At its inception, liberalism was a genuinely progressive idea, aimed at dismantling the authoritarian methods inherited from the Middle Ages, and to which we owe much. It was the first liberals who laid the foundations of democracy and fought for basic human and civil rights, including a parliamentary system and women's equality. In the same way, it was the rise of liberal ideas that led to the repression of unbelievable levels of physical and material exploitation, and even to a renaissance in science, where the obsessive bigotry and residualism of the church was finally shaken off, allowing scientists to explore natural laws more freely.

But now it is as if liberal democracies have passed their peak and are turning into a kind of self-destructive, deeply anti-human madness. Firstly, they would challenge the basic laws of human existence, upsetting the relative normality of the few decades after the world war. They would seek to abolish biological and social norms that simply go against nature. Such is the case with the so-called gender course, within the framework of which (if there is a framework) traditional gender roles are denied and dozens of new ones are invented. According to gender ideology, gender is not a biologically determined and immutable fact, and how I as a person experience reality at any given moment is part of the fundamental freedoms that everyone else must accept.

For example, if I wake up as a fragile Asian girl, society will treat me as such until I change my identity again, and then I will be free to do so without any boundaries! I can be a cute little cat, having sex with trees, otherwise undefined entity. I can feel African, Arab, or, at the very least, a non-human being, despite all my physical attributes. According to neoliberals, this is the madness that everyone should accept and, of course, cultivate. Free your mind, be a gender changer, be a race changer, be anything but normal in the traditional sense, because then you will be subject to democ-

ratic stigmatisation, exclusion, denigration and other retributive punishments, certainly of a very progressive spirit.

We have now reached a point where the traditional family model is being challenged in every possible way, where nationalities are being abolished, and where even statehood itself is now under serious attack. But what is all this madness about? I am convinced that these forces want to wipe out the human race itself, to destroy it in its present form. They want to create an entirely new, dehumanised, degenerate offspring race, totally depraved, degenerate, without past, present or future, so that it can be ruled with excellence. Is it not interesting that all ideas with socially destructive potential are promoted by these neoliberals? From the legalisation of drugs to the promotion of abortion and the abolition of nations. What is more, they are trying to make all this almost compulsory for everyone by means of an extremely violent, uncontroversial and seemingly endless propaganda campaign.

Liberalism, having lost its original meaning and content, has now become an authoritarian dogma with dictatorial characteristics. Its representatives have an elementary hatred of all traditional values and, of course, an equal hatred of the Maradi majority society. They are not selective in the means they use to achieve their ends. If anyone disagrees with them, they organise a witch-hunt against them and try to make them completely impossible or ridiculous. They are not afraid to use violence. All this, no doubt, in the name of endless acceptance, liberalism and democracy. What kind of future do we face if these madmen's destructive, insane ideas prevail globally? Fortunately, there is growing resistance on the part of the people, many of whom are realising that the self-liquidating, empty freedom that is democracy is going nowhere.

György Köröszts – Hihetetlen magazine, December 2017 (page 89)



The situation is becoming more and more acute, as is illustrated by the rather extremist nature of the Black Lives Matter movement, which is still going on today, not only in the United States but also in Western Europe. Their very name is revealing, because it is not at all a question of black lives mattering, but ONLY black lives matter. This is blatant racism, and it is not polite to be aware of it, let alone speak or write about it. The white, or if you prefer, because it is a softer term, European and Anglo-Saxon identity seems to be in its final hours, and, shockingly, in this destruction, the victims themselves are doing their own work of self-reckoning. It's as if a suicide gene has been switched on and is telling us to do nothing! Let us not defend ourselves, let us not act in our own interests, let us just sit in our armchairs, drink our beer and watch with a wan smile the advertisements in which blonde girls flirt with young men of New European, and by pure coincidence, mostly African, origin. We watch our own identities being shattered and occasionally we even step on the splinters ourselves, just in case.

And of course it wouldn't be a bad thing if the stupid white man would pick up his shingle too. The true colour of identity is certainly not white. In the midst of the great identity revolution, the so-called anti-white movement is gaining ground not only in the political arena but also in the cultural arena. This mainstreaming of the culture war can be seen above all in films and series, in which we are constantly being taught that the other, the foreigner, is beautiful and even occasionally more beautiful, and in which the white man (it's no problem to call a spade a spade, is it?) is often relegated to the background. They play roles and characters who are usually negative, evil or even pitifully, pitifully awkward. So, being white is becoming an increasingly taboo in western societies!

A culture war whose flag bearers claim to be merely bringing balance to the system and lifting long oppressed classes to the same level as everyone else is simply disingenuous and disingenuous. There are now a handful of entire films that omit white actors, or if one does appear, even as a lead, you can be sure that they are all of a different race. Gerard Butler and the son of the character he plays are the last heralds of the white man, everyone else is Asian, half-breed, Hispanic or African-American. And what a coincidence: a huge comet from outer space, which is so large it will cause almost total extinction, crashes into the middle of Europe! The closing shots are also of European

capitals burnt to the ground, and the crowd of people venturing out of the bunker into the open air includes only two white people: the protagonist and his son, who suffers from severe diabetes.)
György Köröszts - Hihetetlen magazine, January 2021 (pages 57-60 - excerpt)



The Swedish parliament banned a baroque artwork late last year. GE Shröder's Juno, a painting of a bare-breasted woman, had been hanging on the wall of the Swedish parliament's dining room for 30 years when it was removed in early December on the grounds that it offended the sensibilities of feminists and Muslims, the Swedish newspaper The Local reported. Social Democrat Susanne Eberstein explained the removal of the picture: "It's exhausting to see naked female breasts when I'm hosting foreign guests at a dinner party. It is especially embarrassing when the guest is a man." The only question now is what the Swedish parliament will do about art history. Will it ban it outright, or perhaps only make it impossible for women and people from Muslim countries to visit museums? The Swedes, by the way, are notoriously ambivalent about tolerance. Recently, for example, they attracted international attention by allowing a man in his 60s, repeatedly convicted of paedophilia and other crimes, to adopt a ten-year-old boy – all on the grounds of tolerance.

The modern Swedish male ideal is otherwise a feminist woman's dream. She changes nappies, gets up in the middle of the night to feed the baby and stays at home on maternity leave for at least 60 days. Gender equality is deeply embedded in the Swedish public consciousness – not only in the workplace, where it is protected by law, but also in private life. Swedish women do not allow men to pay for a date, but they take it for granted that they will share the housework equally. The idea of abolishing the gender gap (what Britain's 88C calls the „Swedish gender madness”) has long been factored into Swedish child-rearing. Since the seventies and eighties, Swedish television has been running series which inculcate this lesson in their viewers. The intention to abolish traditional gender roles goes back to kindergarten, where children wear unisex coveralls, there are no boy or girl toys and they listen to carefully selected stories with bearded dads cooking and changing nappies.

A Swedish clothing brand has eliminated the boys' and girls' sections in its stores, a toy company advertises itself with a little girl with a tractor and a little boy pushing a pink pram, and a new store called Egalia has just opened in Stockholm, where gender is banned, meaning children cannot call each other boy or girl, only friend or the neutral gender word "hen", originally from Finnish. Also on the gender-neutral note, last spring a member of the Swedish parliament proposed a bill to make it compulsory for men to pee sitting down, which the member argued would be a major step forward in the fight against sexism. (It would be good to see the detailed bill to see what the idea was. Would the ombudsman stand by every urinal? Would there be fines or jail time for men who urinate standing up? Would there be a government hotline to report offenders twenty-four hours a day?)

And on 6 May 2013, the first neutral gender changing room was inaugurated in a school in Stockholm, so that people who don't feel like boys or girls can change clothes without any problems. The Swedish Social Democrats have taken the initiative to set up gender-neutral toilets so that people in need do not have to define themselves as men or women. And while the Swedish register already contains 170 neutral surnames, the neutralists say that anyone should be allowed to use any name they like, i.e. no boys' and girls' names at all. Meanwhile, the first baby has been born in Sweden, whose parents are trying to keep its gender secret at all costs. A Swedish policewoman arrested a man solely because she found his muscles too big and assumed they were the result of illegal drugs. And from October last year, in addition to the usual age rating, Sweden introduced a feminist classification of films. For a production to be given an „A” rating, it must have at least two named female characters talking to each other, and the subject must not be a man. By way of comparison, the entire Lord of the Rings trilogy, all the Star Wars films, Pulp Fiction and all but one of the Harry Potter films bleed to death on this test.

In Swedish, „Jatte-dads” are the urban metrosexual men who stay at home with the kids, bake bread and spend most of their day in cafés with other dads, who can now be seen in droves pushing prams in downtown Stockholm on a typical workday. In Sweden, the term „maternity leave” was replaced in the mid-seventies by the gender-neutral „parental leave”, and at the same time the go-

vernment launched an advertising campaign to persuade men to take more of it. Swedish weightlifter Lennart Dahlgren was used as a poster boy with a baby in his muscular arms. The message was clear: the real man stays at home. In Sweden, feminists are keen to choose a male politician as Woman of the Year, and recently a feminist action group was formed to prevent men from sitting with their legs apart on public transport. In a blog called "Cats on public transport", they encourage readers to send in pictures of men sitting in overly relaxed poses.

Their self-professed aim is to raise public awareness of not only "the symbolic and active recreational expression of power, but also the stereotypical expression of masculinity". The question rightly arises: are Swedish women that mature? And are they really so daft that they feel seriously threatened by a man who sits with his legs apart or does his work standing up? Do feminists really see women as unfortunate enough to be traumatised by the sight of a man sitting loosely? And who, if she is disturbed by the way the man sitting opposite her sits, is unable to communicate this to her in a proper form, and instead takes a photo of him in a whisper? Is this the beautiful new world that Swedish feminists dream of?

Éva Csilla Oravecz – Nők Lapja, 26 February 2014 (pages 60-61)



In the Middle Ages, women competed with each other in matters of virtue and morality. In our time, the aim of competition is to achieve the highest possible degree of immorality. Nowadays, it is no disgrace to defile oneself, even to boast about it. In keeping with the zeitgeist of our times, the Miss HIV beauty contest was held in Botswana. 12 ladies with AIDS took part. According to the organisers, the aim of the pageant is to show that it is possible to live with the infection and that life expectancy can be greatly extended with the right medication. One third of Botswana's population is living with HIV.



In Canada, one of the most popular gifts has become the marijuana-themed board game, Be Smart! It costs nearly \$40 and the rules are very similar to the classic version: players move through fields, either eating their crops or acquiring more land. What's extra is that there's a wheel of fortune in the middle of the board, which can be spun to get another player's stash of drugs and send them straight to jail. The game, by the way, was invented by a man jailed for drug trafficking in his empty days in his cell, then sold the rights to a game distribution company. And they were hooked.



Moral debauchery has become so commonplace in our society that it has even found its way into the development of battle strategy. The New Scientist³⁸ reports that US scientists have developed a sex bomb at the Air Force's Dayton laboratory. The Sunshine³⁹ Project is not about dropping parachute dummies over enemy trenches, but a real bomb. A chemical bomb that explodes over enemy positions and sprays aphrodisiacs (love potions) on the attackers that turn heterosexual soldiers homosexual in one fell swoop. According to weapons developers, this creates a fundamental confusion in the enemy's battle lines, as it undermines discipline in a predominantly male army. The magazine concluded by saying that this is the first sex bomb to explode.



A restaurant owner who ordered a lesbian couple to leave after the two women kissed in public has been fined 50,000 Swedish kronor (1 million 350,000 forints) by the Stockholm Court of Appeal. The incident happened in July 2003. The owner told police that he did not tolerate open sexual activity from anyone, regardless of their sexual orientation. But the prosecutor said he picked on the two women because they were lesbians.

³⁸ nyú szájentiszt

³⁹ szánsájn



In the past week, a dozen of the 550 men who visited the brothel have already been brought to court in Stockholm. Their names were on the hefty client list of a brothel owner who was already in prison. Their crime: buying sex. The expected fines are similar to those for shoplifters who stole less than €40. The Swedish "sex shopping law", introduced in 1999, is unique in the world. It allows prostitution but criminalises the purchase of sexual services. Other countries allow, regulate or prohibit prostitution. A prostitute is punished if she engages in an illegal activity. In Sweden, however, prostitution is allowed. Selling sexual services is allowed, but buying is not. On the face of it, this sounds like a law made by comedians. But after a good laugh, it is worth taking the content of the law seriously. That is: is the prostitute a victim?

The madam mentioned in the introduction is not in prison for her services, but for her „substance purchasing” methods. She was involved in a well-established slave trade. He imported an average of four girls a month from Estonia. The girls had left poverty in the hope of a quick fortune, but they were not exactly in paradise. They lived in the brothel, on hand day and night. They were regularly subjected to humiliation outside 'work', for example, on the rare occasion they were allowed out on the balcony, they had to be tongue-kissed in return for special favours. The food was almost inedible, and they were paid starvation wages for the hard physical labour of the night. A pregnant 17-year-old girl was woken up at four in the morning by the boss to please a gourmet customer who specialised in pregnant women. This girl then cried through the night and finally managed to escape from the brothel. The brothel owner was convicted of ruthless pimping. He earned nearly 2 million crowns (about 50 million forints) in 2 years.

A Swedish film, *Lilja 4ever*⁴⁰, gives a realistic account of how young victims of the so-called trafficking⁴¹, or international sex trade, are taken. Lucas Moddyson's⁴² film was screened in the Swedish Parliament and then in the European Parliament to shock politicians. Many girls in Eastern Europe are suffering the same fate as Lilja. We thought that slavery no longer existed in our millennium, but in most big cities you don't have to look long on the street to hire a young, well-built slave with intact teeth. It's a little harder to meet the owner. The extensive sex slave trade shows that the sex purchase law is based on a humanistic understanding. The reason for prostitution is the customer. The sex buyer is not looking for a human being, but for different orifices through which to empty, to satisfy his sexual needs artificially aroused by pornography. Girls are not equal partners in this business, but victims. The perpetrators do not care about the psychological and physical damage they cause. All they care about is to try out whatever the porn industry comes up with in its agony. Whether it is anatomically possible or not.

Since the Sex Purchase Act was passed, it has been attacked by many. Critics say that it is wrong to criminalise it unilaterally, criminalising only the buying of sex and not the selling of it. Not enough time has passed to evaluate the results, but police and social workers report that the number of prostitutes has fallen. Prostitutes are no longer afraid to turn to the authorities if they want to leave the street and get into a retraining course to help them reintegrate into civilian life. Another effect of the law is that Sweden is much less attractive to foreign prostitutes and "sex tourists". In practice, however, strange dilemmas arise. Last month, a professional prostitute caused a storm when she publicly demanded, including on a TV programme, that she be registered as a contractor with the Swedish tax authorities. She wants to pay tax on her annual income of 900,000 kronor (22 million forints). Since prostitution is not prohibited by law here, he succeeded. Her activities are registered under the heading "other services". The question is, how can the income be legal if the customers are paying illegally?

So the law on buying sex is not yet perfect. When two parties freely agree to provide sexual services, it is difficult to prove that the free will of one party is only a sham. According to Margareta

⁴⁰ forevö(r)

⁴¹ trefiszing

⁴² lukasz modiszson

Winberg, Swedish Deputy Prime Minister, there is no such thing as prostitution based on free will. This is the official Swedish position. Public opinion in Sweden is already changing noticeably. New thinking is slowly taking hold. In time it will spread to other countries. And hopefully the last slaves in Europe will be freed.

Iván Bogárdi – Népszabadság - Online, May 22, 2003.



The opposite tendency prevails in Russia. In Moscow, it is now possible to apply for a bank loan for sexual services. Any Russian citizen can take out a credit line to visit a brothel. This is advertised by a credit agency, under the heading "Urgent needs, intimate services". If you are over 22 years of age and a resident of Moscow, you can go to the agency, where an impeccably mannered manager will tell you which salons they are in contact with, what they charge and on what terms they offer the loan. The contract must be concluded at the bank offering the loan. As the mood of the client is also a factor in such transactions, the financial institution will decide within an hour and, in the rarest cases, reject the loan application. It is true, however, that the customer then has to wait three days to receive the min. 10 thousand to 200 thousand roubles maximum. More precisely, the credit voucher, which is accepted in 9 Moscow public houses and some supermarkets. The latter is needed so that husbands with a guilty conscience can use the leftover money to buy their deceived wives presents.

The interest rate is 20% per annum and the intermediary company takes the same from the customer. Still, there are plenty of takers. It is the general experience of banks that no borrower repays a loan as accurately and reliably as a sex worker. This is a big word, because repayment morale in Russia is not the best. Around here, the citizen waits until the lender starts to rush the money, but often even then he still doesn't pay. Not so the sex loan debtor. He hardly dares to risk a personal visit from the debt collector at work, or even to ask at home, at the wife's ear, how: When do you want to settle the bill for the public house?

István Kulcsár, Kossuth Radio – 3 July 2005 (Around the World in Thirty Minutes)



If Bradley Charvet's plan goes through, it won't be long before the guests of his Geneva café can ask for oral sex with their coffee to refresh themselves. What's more, the sexual services would be provided in a very special way. It will be offered not by humans but by high-tech sex robots – the local press reported. Charvet, who is also the manager of a Swiss escort service, told the Swiss newspaper Le Matin that the work was originally to be done by the escort ladies, for which he wanted to charge 60 Swiss francs to the men who visited the café. However, local laws did not allow it. Because although prostitution is legal in Switzerland, the laws on the sale of food and drink prohibit the provision of sexual services for money in public catering establishments. However, Charvet says this rule can be circumvented by "employing" robots instead of ladies. The entrepreneur says he has already started negotiations with a US company that makes sex robots to buy several "realistic robot women", which cost between \$1,800 and \$3,000 (500,000 to 800,000 forints).

Source: 24.hu



A 25-year-old secretary at a police station has had her employment terminated because she published erotic photos of herself in a sex magazine. She then sued her former employer for several million forints in damages, claiming that her right to self-expression under the constitution was violated if she could not have her erotic photos published in a magazine specialising in this area.



A 21-year-old Chilean girl is putting her virginity up for auction to raise money for her studies. The auction will take place on the Internet, she told the popular Chilean radio programme Cheek Club, one of the most listened to. The advertiser also obtained a gynaecological certificate proving

her intactness. The auction will start in a week and the starting price is 990 dollars. According to the student, there is no prostitution involved and she is sacrificing her virginity solely to finish her studies. The auction will be conducted by herself on the Internet, so she will choose the highest bidder.

Népszabadság – Online, 17 May 2003.



Centuries ago, women were considered the most important qualities of honor, steadfastness and commitment to their families and country. They married virgins and stood by their mates through thick and thin. They were not exploiters but supporters of their husbands. Meanwhile, they were not afraid to give up, to humiliate, to suffer. Now let us see what our daughters and wives think is important today, what advice women's magazines give them:

Today, millions of women are getting rid of their wrinkles, getting rhinoplasties, getting their breasts lifted. Many are also dissatisfied with their more intimate body parts. A large number of modern women today are having their intimate parts reshaped. They ask their plastic surgeon for a smaller pussy, a tighter vagina, a G-spot enhancement, etc. Adult women are not the only ones who may be dissatisfied with their intimate areas. In America, the demand for procedures is also spreading like wildfire among teenagers. The number of labia minora and majora corrective (plastic) surgeries for teens has increased fivefold in the last 10 years. Nowadays, complete hair removal of intimate areas (bald pussy) is all the rage.⁴³ This makes the labia and labia majora perfectly visible. Anything less than perfect (or thought to be) is prompting women to seek plastic surgery.

The majority of women are dissatisfied with the size and shape of their labia minora and majora (they usually find them too large). Of course, this is often a subjective feeling, but sometimes the affected area is asymmetrical or excessively protruding. This can be helped by labioplasty, a surgery that modifies the labia. In labioplasty, the labia minora can be reshaped and in labiaplasty, the area can be made thicker by fat filling. These operations are performed in the traditional way. However, the doctor now works with absorbable sutures to avoid painful suture removal. After the labiaplasty, the area should be spared for three to four weeks, i.e. sexual activity should be avoided. Labiaplasty can be considered when the epithelium of the labia minora and the vaginal entrance loses its elasticity, becomes flabby and darker in colour due to a decrease in hormone levels. Laser treatment can rejuvenate the surface of the labia minora and labia minora, making the area more elastic, lighter in colour and velvety to the touch. The laser procedure can be carried out on an outpatient basis, and the patient does not have to interrupt their sex life for a short period afterwards.

The vagina can become dilated if subjected to excessive use, frequent changes of sexual partners. But that's OK, because now there is a cure: laser treatment (previously, the only way to solve this problem was surgery, which was risky.) Laser treatment involves inserting a 360-degree mirrored treatment head into the vagina. This device is used to apply a circular laser treatment every centimetre. The laser beam is absorbed by the collagen fibres responsible for the elasticity of the connective tissue. The laser causes the collagen to heat up, constrict and thicken. After the treatment, connective tissue cells infiltrate the treated area and excess collagen production is triggered.) Two treatments of about 20 minutes each are given three weeks apart, followed by a follow-up after three months. The method has been used around the world for three years and has been effective for everyone.

The use of Kegel balls has long been a recommended method for improving the quality of sex life. Also known as geisha balls, they are actually two metal balls held together by a thread. After insertion into the vagina, the muscles of the pelvic floor must be squeezed to hold the balls in place. At first, you only need to keep one ball in place for a few minutes, and then you can insert the two

⁴³ Who knows why young guys are averse to girls with natural hair. They don't want to rummage around in the "shaggy". It used to be only dancers shaved their armpits and genitals. Today, it is expected of all young women by men. In fact, men are now shaving their chest and pubic hair because they don't want to look like a "caveman". A more effective way to remove hair is waxing, which is not cheap and is very painful.

balls together. (This method of vaginal training was invented by Dr Arnold Kegel, an American gynaecologist, to strengthen the muscles of the pelvic floor. "Slowly squeeze your vaginal muscles as tight as you can. After a few seconds, release. Do 10 of these compressions a day to start with, then slowly increase the dose to 50 to 100." The key to success is doing the exercises accurately. That's why it's useful to attend a course where you can learn the precise muscle movements under the supervision of a specialist.)

Plastic surgery and various aids are not inexpensive, but intimate gymnastics is a method of vaginal toning that can be used at home. Squats work the buttocks, core and legs. "Take a light-weight stick in your hand and hold it in front of you in a front to mid position, pretending to sit down. Lower yourself only as far as your thighs are parallel to the ground. Slowly return to the starting, standing position. Do it slowly and only a few times a day." The literature on intimate gymnastics is quite extensive, and there are now countless gyms where women can do the various exercises under professional guidance.

For those who want to boost their sex life even more, they can also ask for a G-spot refill. (For the uninformed, the G-spot is located on the front wall of the vagina, on the abdominal side, about 2-5 centimetres from the entrance to the vagina. It has an area the size of a pea, larger when excited. Like men, its stimulation triggers ejaculatory orgasms in women, which, according to ladies with a competent partner, is heavenly fun.) The G-spot is filled in the same way as the lips: by injecting hyaluronic acid. Plastic surgeons say the procedure can intensify sexual pleasure, even multiplying orgasms. The results of the procedure (like those of lip augmentation) are not permanent, usually lasting for a year, and may need to be repeated later.

Once girls of our age have had enough, they want to get married and have children.⁴⁴ However, sophisticated men want to marry an unspoilt virgin girl, so they need a new makeover.⁴⁵ A hymenoplasty is not a cheap operation, but it can be used to scam the unsuspecting victim. In standard reconstructive surgery, the remnants of the hymen are reattached (at least six weeks before the wedding to allow the sutures to absorb). An implant made of a special material can also be inserted into the vaginal opening if the former hymen is no longer in evidence.

Kiskegyed – 3 August 2016 (pages 32-35 - excerpt)

Of course, upgraded genitalia should not be "left to lie fallow". If you don't have a partner, don't despair. In this case, another women's magazine suggests a self-creative solution:

Masturbation is not something shameful, but an important part of healthy sexuality. Masturbating helps you to get to know your body and find out what works for you. Research shows that women who masturbate regularly experience vaginal orgasms more often during sex. If you're looking for tenderness but don't have a partner (or do but want something different), give in to temptation. Remember: you can never have enough orgasms.

Diet & Fitness - September 2016 (page 68) - detail

This kind of pleasure no longer requires manual labour. Battery-powered vibrators have taken over the role of physical exertion. According to a survey by Cosmopolitan women's magazine, "45% of Cosmo girls say vibrators are their favourite masturbatory device. The most popular are G-spot vibrators, whose curved shape makes them easier to reach the particularly sensitive inner wall of the vagina. Vibrating underwear is now available. This can be used not only in bed, but also in the open street or on public transport. So you can enjoy sex all day long without interruption. This new invention consists of vibrators in the bra and panties of women and in the underpants of men.

⁴⁴ Today, most girls lose their virginity by the age of 14. If a girl is still a virgin in the eighth grade of primary school, the others start teasing her. Girls in high school, if they don't see a classmate with a boyfriend for a few weeks, start teasing her about the need to get a "spider web".

⁴⁵ Young men today don't live abstinent lives either. They take every opportunity to gya-rap their "scalp collection". They are not at all picky when it comes to skirt-chasing, but when they want to get married or start a family, they become demanding.

These can be controlled by an app on a smartphone. Just press a button and you can start petting via the Internet. Meanwhile, you can watch your partner's every move and reaction on the screen."

There is also plenty of information on how to use it on the Internet: "This device looks like underwear. A beautiful lace lining made of soft material is laid over the pubic mound by a stiffened frame, ensuring that the vibrations generated by the vaginal egg in your vagina are climaxed. The egg, which is barely bigger than a normal-sized tampon, is inflated using a lubricator. A radio remote control in the purse lets you indulge yourself in multiple modes. The vagina egg can also be used on the clitoris. It's guaranteed to bring you to climax. But there's also a special clitoral stimulator with a suction bell that can bring you to climax in under a minute. It doesn't vibrate like a vibrator, but excites with a pulsating sucking-sucking sensation. You can charge it with a USB cable, just like you charge your smartphone when you're holding it all day.

The backdoor shouldn't be left out of the pleasure either. The anus also has lots of sensory nerves, so it's worth working those too. This is what the anal vibrator is for, available in a range of colours and sizes. If you are not satisfied with the size, you can order a pumpable anal vibrator. They even come with gel or lubricating oil. The latest development is the smart anal vibrator. This can be controlled by an app on your smartphone, which is always at hand. It costs five times as much as the normal version, but there is still a demand for it." In women with too hot a temper, the anal vibrator with a flange often slides up into the rectum, where it can only be surgically removed. Doctors are no longer surprised. When the patient coyly explains, they just shrug it off, saying: „it's a common occurrence nowadays".



But sex is more enjoyable in a couple than alone. Of course, it does matter with whom and under what circumstances. Beautiful, young women require a curvaceous, statuesque body and luxurious surroundings. And the men who hunt them know it. They don't have a hard time. The pleasure-hungry society of our time does not put obstacles in the way of the expression of sexual instincts.

The hair sculptor and his muses

"Even at hairdressing school, I was surrounded by lots of girls, so it wasn't difficult to pick out the most beautiful ones," says Adrián (34), owner and manager of a hairdressing salon in the city centre. The easy-going, big-talking hair sculptor has been a fan of the fairer sex since his youth. "I love and respect women, and I couldn't have found a more fitting profession for myself. Women want more than just professional expertise: they want to feel like a queen in my chair, physically and mentally rejuvenated by my treatments. That's why I not only dream up beautiful hair crowns for them, but also nurture their hearts, I am their spiritual healer", reveals the man who really sees behind the hair: he looks for individuality, uniqueness and a sexy woman in every client. "I love chatting with them, praising them, complimenting them, comforting them if necessary, giving them strength, or just cheering them up with a punch line. And the girls tell me about love, break-ups, work, child-rearing or even financial problems. They'll tell you if their husband is cheating or if they're keeping a mistress, and we'll get to the more slick topics in no time." Many people misunderstand Adrian's kindness and attentiveness, and some people openly tease him. They touch him unnoticed, or gently tilt their heads to his groin. "They're trying to take the measure of my manhood," laughs the hairdresser.

"But I've been invited out for coffee, dinner, and had people take me sailing on the Adriatic or skiing in the mountains. And one time a dreamy-faced panther-bodied chick thrust a scrap of paper into my hand. It had an address on it. She just whispered in my ear that I wouldn't regret it if I went to her. I now know that I missed out on a fun, private sex party. But I've also been surprised in the head wash room by my guest. But then I couldn't say no. I gently massaged her head, and when I was done washing, she slowly, seductively pulled me to her and began to caress me. I couldn't speak, first from shock, then from pleasure. Needless to say, she left the salon with a hairstyle that really spoke to me. I must admit, I had a few long and short relationships with a few guests before I got married. I love to conquer, and I'm not ashamed to admit that I also love to make women melt.

I'm a man as long as they want me. It gives me wings in my work, I don't end the day exhausted and worn out, I end the day in a good mood." Adrián says his intimate salon, decorated with subtle French elegance, like a boudoir, and the atmosphere he creates is what makes women relax and even get excited.

Sex also needs a personal trainer

"Broad shoulders, square-jawed, bulging muscles - that's all it takes to conquer, especially if you add kindness and attention," says bodybuilder and personal trainer Peter (38). He believes that the confidence and charisma behind a lean, handsome man's body, built on the successes achieved with incredible determination, is what makes women the most desperate. I wasn't even a hit with the girls, because they went for small, muscular guys. My self-esteem was also at a low after a serious break-up, when I decided to get the pain out of myself. I started going to the gym as a hobby, then became a competitor, then a coach. As my muscles grew, and with them my self-esteem, I was surrounded by more and more beautiful girls," says Peter. The majority of girls go for the deltoid upper body, although there are also fans of butt and calves. But the most attractive thing is the harmony, the calm, confident demeanour and the masculine attitude. I think the easiest place to get chicks is not in the gym, but at shows and in a party environment."

Peter often appears topless in front of 5,000 guests at bodybuilding and fitness competitions and expos. Even a pair of pants would be peeled off him by the longing female gaze. "Many people stop me to take a selfie with me and ask for my name so they can tag me on their social media page. I must admit I can't resist the pretty girls, I always have a kind word for them, which for the more daring ones could be an entry to a sheet tournament. The beach atmosphere in Siófok has been hosting shows for years, and the beach atmosphere here is mainly conducive to one-night stands," says the personal trainer. There are plenty of girls to hook in both national and international competitions. Backstage make-up artists, hair stylists and promoters are the ones who jump on the bandwagon.

"On one occasion, a well-known blonde model with doll's hair was presenting the events. We kept meeting and meeting, but I found out that she was married to a well-known businessman, so I didn't take her seriously, I just pined for her inside. She later found out where I worked and contacted me. She asked me for training advice and then told me that when I was done, she would be waiting for me outside the gym at 11pm. I wasn't going to say no. We drove to their home in Svábhegy, where we had a fight: we went through all the rooms, the kitchen, the bedroom, the bathroom, the living room. We couldn't get enough of each other. At the end, he said it felt good. I waited weeks for him to come back into the studio. I heard later that she was moving abroad for her husband's job. I was expecting a goodbye night, but of course she never came."

The Rock Casanova

The best way to get laid is as a guitarist, as the saying goes, and Tamás (46) confirms it. The Jesus-faced, waist-length-haired, cool-looking man who plays in an established local rock band says there are several reasons why the underdog isn't crazy about musicians, especially lead guitarists. "Women love a bad boy, and musicians are perceived as eating life with a big spoon: chasing girls, dorking out, playing the fool. But the hard outer shell conceals a delicate, sensitive soul, without which we would not be able to play an instrument or create. We gain many fans just by being in the spotlight. Chicks don't want a boring, boring, no-bullshit man, they want a macho man who enjoys the flavours of life and whose light they can bathe in. A rock musician offers the hope that you can't grow old with him and that every day is Woodstock, which is obviously not true," says Tamás, listing the reasons for female infatuation. As his band's profile has grown, so has their female following. Nowadays, after every party, dozens of girls are released into the dressing room to seduce the guitarist and his bandmates.

"No man can say no when sex-starved wildcats jump on him. I married early, I was under twenty-six, but when our band burst into the Budapest night, I threw myself into the unbridled orgies. And my wife (rightly) left me," says the rock star, who married for love but couldn't cope with the change: from the last musician who didn't get any girls, he's now a popular performer. "At a

party, at the last song, three girls came on to me and ripped my leather pants off. After I got off the stage, they pushed me against the wall and started caressing and kissing me. They must have planned it, and I let everything go according to their script. After I was cleaned up, they pampered me all night: we ate, drank and took some drugs, and then we did the scene again. Other times, beauty queens and models ended up in my bedroom, but I've also been with head-to-toe rocker ladies covered in intimate jewellery. I've tried the most extreme figures in sex, but I confess I can't remember the faces of any of the girls, only the magnitude, about a thousand women have turned up in my bed." However, most of the women's adoration is not directed at Thomas personally. Rather, it's the fame, the success, the stage, the limelight, to which the butterflies flock without courting.

Henrietta Kiss – Nők Lapja Psziché, issue 6, 2016 (pages 70-73) - excerpt



A man who donated sperm has been hit hard by a court order to pay child support. A few years ago, he donated sperm to a lesbian couple and three children were born. However, the couple soon split up and, in order to maintain their standard of living, the mother turned to the Swedish father for help, but as he refused to pay, she sued him. As the man admitted that he was the father of the children at the time of their birth, the court found that the claim for maintenance was justified and ordered him to pay it.



It seems that our world is inexorably hurtling towards its doom. Our millennia-old moral values are being trampled underfoot, and nothing can stop the process of statism, of turning in on ourselves. At the forefront of this disintegration, this demoralisation, are our politicians, their minds stretched by the fumes of liberalism. Let us look at some examples of their unhappy activities:

Crosses have been removed from Christian churches in Norway because the sight of them offends the souls of illegal immigrants. In Sweden, not only the sex of children but also the sex of parents must be concealed. In Swedish kindergartens, mums and dads must be called **parent one** and **parent two**. Urinals are being removed from men's toilets in the name of women's equality, and in secondary schools separate toilets are being set up for students who are unsure of their gender identity. In Switzerland, brothels are now being opened for women. In the town of Leibstadt, on the German-Swiss border, five men have opened the first brothel under the name "angels". But the business went bankrupt. Well, not because of a lack of visitors, but because of the inexperience of the service providers. All the whores in their brothels, run by women, know that they have to ask their customers for money up front, because they will bargain or leave without paying. Well, that's what happened to the male whores. The lady customers only paid for the service what they felt was rightfully theirs. It was always below the calculated price. And inefficient operation is not an option in a Europe that has sunk into a moral morass. The worship of money and profit is not frowned upon by any bureaucrat, and the worship of Mammon is nowhere forbidden.

In America, Santa Claus has long brought Christmas presents. In Europe, this role was played by Jesus. But not for a long time. From now on, Santa will bring the gift in most countries of Europe. Jesus Christ is becoming less and less desirable to EU politicians. For example, British Airways cabin crew and pilots are forbidden to wear cross-shaped pendants because they may offend the sensitivities of employees of other religions. In Norway, a similar ban has been introduced on public television after leaders of the local Muslim community protested when a TV news anchor wore a cross on his necklace. Following an order from the Norwegian Immigration Directorate, NGOs and churches assisting in the accommodation of migrants also removed crosses, paintings of Jesus and all other religious symbols from the reception centres. Where this was physically impossible, Christian symbols were covered with rags.

Also in Norway, the municipality of the town of Drammen has announced that this year's Christmas will not be cancelled, but that the name will be changed. It will now be called the Winter or December holiday. A circular has been sent to the town's schools categorically banning the tradi-

onal Christmas celebrations, and the words "Merry Christmas" cannot be used on signs, orally or in any other form. In Germany, Christmas fairs have recently been replaced by fairy-tale fairs and light fairs. Santa Claus has also undergone a major transformation. Children's favourite gift was no longer sold in shops as a chocolate Santa Claus, but as a "man in a hat". And the name of St Nicholas was not even hinted at when a child asked who had put the present in his shoe. In 2017, social networking portals asked people in Western countries to wish each other a Merry December instead of a Merry Christmas. Also in Norway, last Christmas, child protection services took away all five children of a couple who were singing a Christian song at school. Such things are now considered religious radicalism in Scandinavia.

In Brussels, the EU capital, it has been forbidden for years to officially commemorate the birth of Jesus, or Christmas. In response, an Italian school principal banned Christmas celebrations last year. And the Christmas concert was renamed the Winter Concert, at which almost everything could be performed except Christmas carols. In Bavaria, some are no longer content with abolishing Christmas and want to ban the distribution and reading of the Bible. Two of their lawyers have formally asked the German Minister for Family Affairs to list the Bible among the books that are dangerous for young people because of their violent content. Christian Sailer and Get-Joachim Hetzel argue that the Bible glorifies God's will while containing passages that would be difficult to surpass in terms of their gruesome content. The book preaches genocide, racism and hatred, and describes the horrific execution of adulterers and homosexuals. More than one of its protagonists murders his own child, and many other perversions are also depicted. Therefore, the Bible should be kept on the list of banned books until the bloodthirsty and human rights-violating passages are removed.

In Germany, in view of the refugees from Islamic countries, dozens of town mayors have decided not to put up Christmas trees. If this goes ahead, the Christmas tree will be banned from the department stores where Christmas markets are held. While the celebration of Christmas has been banned, lawmakers in Brussels find nothing wrong with the fact that in the Netherlands you can pay for driving courses with sexual services. Nor is it illegal prostitution, according to the country's justice ministry. So paying for lessons is not sex work.

Tamás Bolyki – Hihetetlen magazine, June 2016 (pages 70-72) - excerpt



Recently, another scandal has rattled the nerves of the still Christian population of Europe. In the summer of 2017, Swedish authorities banned children from saying grace and learning about the Bible in a Christian kindergarten in Sweden, which they say violates the Education Act. The Education Act, passed in 2010, prohibits schools from teaching religious elements. Compliance with the law is monitored by education inspectors, who now also monitor extra-curricular time. Most recently, prayer before lunch was banned in a rural kindergarten. According to Swedish national television, the inspectors complained that children were praying before lunch. To be on the safe side, the grim guardians of the law simply banned the use of the word „Amen” within the kindergarten walls. So from now on, children are not allowed to say a blessing before lunch, just a little rhyme thanking them for the day, the rain and the food. To whom? No one, because God's name is no longer allowed to be spoken in Christian schools. At least not the Christian god's.

Education inspectors have also banned discussion of biblical themes, even though religious education is allowed in religious institutions by the Education Act. They also banned discussion of biblical topics, despite the fact that the teaching of religion and religion classes are allowed by law in religious institutions. The kindergarten is run by an organisation of the Salvation Army. According to the head of education in the local municipality, there is no question of banning prayer, only of saying that they do not believe that religious testimony and religious instruction should be allowed in kindergartens and schools. However, the government allows Muslims to pray en masse in the streets and children to watch. Last Christmas, the bureaucrats banned Christmas decorations on municipal lampposts. The reason is that Christian symbols create bad feelings in Muslim immigrants, which makes them feel unwelcome in the country. The question now is whether Swedes feel at home in such a country. If not, they will start emigrating, like the British from Britain leaving the EU.



The first cemetery has opened to accommodate Sweden's growing atheist population. The idea came from Josef Erdem, in the central town of Borlänge. He thought there was a lack of a cemetery where people could decide for themselves what kind of headstone they wanted. The man, who grew up in Kurdistan, applied for and received the plot from the Swedish church, which will maintain it, but here they have jurisdiction over the site. In a statement, Erdem said that everyone could decide on their own gravestone, with the one condition that it must not contain religious or national symbols. The feedback so far is that atheists and religious people alike have been very supportive of the idea. The first applicants are already showing up, which is no wonder, given Sweden's high ranking in atheism. According to a 2015 Gallup poll, 76 percent of respondents said they were not religious.



Austria's Catholic faith is shrinking. According to the latest statistics, the turn away of Austrians from the Catholic Church is reaching serious, almost catastrophic proportions. Last year, the number of people leaving the Church increased by at least 40% – that's 50-55,000 people. Missing from the data are the fourth quarter in Vienna and last year's total from the main source of the exodus, St. Pölten. Nor did those who suspected that the Austrians would also take the scandal of the homosexual relationship between seminarians and priests in the seminary of St. Pölten to heart. The resentment is accumulating: in 1995, 44,000 people (instead of around 30,000 a year) walked out over similar cases involving Cardinal Hermann Groer⁴⁶ (since deceased). In 1999, the year of the disagreement between the Austrian episcopate and Rome, the number of those who had become disgruntled was again around that figure, but the current figure of over 50,000 is higher than ever before.

In 1991, 91% of the population still professed to be Catholic, but in 2003 this figure fell to 70%, and since then the impact of the latest scandal has culminated. There are other reasons for the drop-outs, the sex scandal being for many just a dot on the i or an excuse. The zeitgeist is not lost on the faithful either, with many resenting the church's delay in modernising itself, and many more seeing the church as greedy for its ruthless collection of the compulsory contributions in Austria. The younger generation is puzzled – why should they pay a monthly fee for what they receive little tangible service in return. As their financial situation deteriorates, older people are finding it increasingly difficult to afford the average annual contribution of €70. Nowadays people are "more choosy", admits a spokesman for the Archdiocese of Vienna. They are looking more carefully at which political parties and trade unions they join, even though the church may appear to be just one of them, if only because of the obligation to pay membership fees. In fact, it is the largest in Austria. Except that the church really needs the dues.

The archdiocese of Upper Austria was the first to sound the alarm bell, publishing concrete figures on the loss. In this province, a deficit of €560,000 is the result of an extra 8,028 (36%) leavers. What should Vienna say then, whose archdiocese registered 15,223 withdrawals in 9 months? Although the Austrian Church has immense wealth – the forests belonging to the abbeys alone are estimated at €3.5 billion – the income from its various holdings, including a brewery, a farm, a tourist farm and even a petrol station, is relatively modest. And not one of its revenues enriches an independent order rather than the church. The bulk of the church's €420 million annual central budget, €350 million, comes from membership fees.

The annual expenditure not only covers the financing of the church's functions and the salaries of its priests, but also the maintenance of its buildings and collections of works of art. There is, of course, state aid for the latter. In Austria, there is a complete separation of church and state, no direct subsidies, but the budgets of the individual resorts include church institutions. The church has now launched a campaign to withdraw the state budget. Leavers are being asked by personal letter

⁴⁶ herman grör

about their reasons for leaving, and offered a discussion. They do not sugarcoat the situation. Every single resignation cuts into the flesh, is the official line.

Júlia Szászi – Népszabadság, 21 January 2005 (page 5)



Recently, the world press has been full of so-called harassment cases. Men are being harassed for various sexual assaults allegedly committed in the past. Actresses and other celebrities are coming forward to say that they have been tempted in return for roles, performances, fame and even embraced by evil, powerful men. With their consent, by the way. What a horror... The ladies, now victimised in retrospect, no longer emphasise the part of their stories that in almost all cases they were given a choice. Or they could have said no - although in this case it might not have been them, but a more resourceful colleague who got the coveted casting opportunity. So in this sense, there is no rape, at most the reprehensible fact that some producers and other men in powerful positions have grossly abused their power by demanding sexual favours and only making the lady into someone when they have got them.

It is an ancient profession. Some people do it cheaply, others can be had for hefty sums at the height of luxury. The actresses and singers concerned fall into the latter category because, after all, it is a matter of a life situation having presented itself to them and they have finally decided that a quickie can't stand in the way of their perceived talent and therefore their subsequent success. Then, in many cases, it turned out that their talent was very small, and so the breakthrough fame and the millions of dollars that came with it were lost. But even then they remained silent, which is no wonder, as they were ashamed to have given themselves to all kinds of film industry powers for purely financial reasons. Then the demonic urge exploded, harassment cases are coming to light, and former victims are recalling with indignation the male excesses that happened to them 5-10-20 years later... They have been carrying the gallows of the masses. Some have had a single buttocks suck that left them depressed for 10 years. But now it unpacks, and it turns out that most men are instinctive, because that's all they can think about; and that is bloodthirsty and shameful bestiality, the objectification of superior women!

Meanwhile, there are also more and more harassment lawsuits in the grey everyday world. In the US, it is now a criminal offence for a man to look at a woman for more than six seconds. It is also possible to sue a primitive male animal for being polite, for example, by letting a lady in front of him at the entrance to a restaurant, and letting her have a slice. It is really outrageous, it is degrading! Treating women as women? The gender sect is already whining at the top of its voice about medieval entrenchments, male chauvinism and, of course, the oppression of the other sex (and dozens more). We're getting to the point where even courting is not allowed, because it's harassment, and no man is allowed to look at a (perhaps not coincidentally) very decorative-looking lady with an appreciative eye, because it's objectification. The poor, vulnerable woman is thus reduced to a soulless tool in the sexual game of men.

You understand, don't you? There are feminists who believe that male-female sex itself is intolerable, because the man forces the woman into the role of victim, he penetrates her, he defiles her, he humiliates her. I tell you, they are really incomplete... There is something elementally dark in this approach, something intangible but palpable aberration, as the gender lobby, now finding a new topic (harassment, men's otherwise natural approach to women, etc.) tries to continue to regurgitate the issue of gender roles. And now, by finding new tactics, they would end up creating a situation in which no one dares to court anyone, and it becomes unthinkable that a man could even make a clear offer with enough confidence to a lady he is unlucky enough to like. What a disgusting crime, sighs the loudest sirens of the gender lobby, who, interestingly enough, are almost always less than attractive in appearance, so one can assume that they have never really been subjected to either harassment, courtship or instant proposals...

What could be their purpose? Well, to further subvert and disrupt the natural social order. In order to undermine the institution of the family. For if normal relations between men and women become almost impossible, and men have to fear that their chosen one might sue them for even a

misunderstood glance, there is little chance of the old-style relationships being consummated in what liberals consider to be, above all, outdated and primitive structures such as marriage and the family.

György Köröszts – Hihetelen, November 2020 (page 95)



Marriage is slowly becoming an aberration. Marriage is the cause of divorce, say cynical sociologists. In Western Europe, the latest survey in Belgium found that for every four marriages in the kingdom, there are three divorces. But that's just the average. In big cities, more divorces are now pronounced in a year than marriages. On average, couples spend less than five years together after marriage, from the altar to the divorce decree. Today, more children are being raised in 'broken' or 'reconstituted' families than in the homes of their parents. In Belgium, which was still deeply Catholic half a century ago, marriage is now practically no longer considered a sacrament. In fact, the vast majority of those interviewed consider it a mistake or a sin to maintain a marriage that has broken down. The main reason for the breakdown of marriages, according to the researchers, is that women are no longer vulnerable. Like men, they are finding it increasingly difficult and delayed to get married.

The public perception of marriage as an institution has also changed. It is no longer clearly positive and, under the influence of voyeurism and undemanding 'mass culture', most people tend to regard it as an outdated commitment. It is said more quietly that one of the main reasons for men to marry has essentially disappeared. Whereas they were once considered occasional, one-night stands are now a regular, ongoing practice. For those who cannot, prostitution is a more convenient and cheaper option. In Belgium, a country of ten million people, there are at least 40,000 prostitutes, essentially free.

There are predictions, still considered exaggerated, that formal marriage as we know it today could virtually disappear or become a rare oddity in Europe by the end of the century. Instead, people will live in so-called equal, pure partnerships (arranged in private law contracts but without the 'blessing' of the state). In the course of their adult lives of about 60 years, couples (including same-sex couples) will have on average four or five different cohabitations of varying lengths. In fact, sociologists no longer talk of cohabitation, but of living with each other. There are even more exaggerated assumptions that some form of polygamy may be returning. Gay people do not have to give up the church wedding either. The Swedish Lutheran Church is already prepared to sanction the cohabitation of homosexual couples.

Népszabadság, Oszkár Füzes, 13 July 2004 (page 4)



A German survey has put all previous prejudices to rest: no more children are being born in Germany not because women have become careerists, but not even because married couples find it too expensive to raise children. There's a more prosaic reason: 44% of those surveyed complained that they couldn't find a suitable partner to start a family with. Of course, there were also those who complained about ugly material reasons. For example, 40% said that having a child would cause job insecurity, nearly 30% were shocked by the cost, but only 9% said they did not have children because there were not enough nurseries and kindergartens. Yet for years, researchers have been blaming childcare shortages as the main culprit, saying that women are unable to combine work and family life.

Researchers are now at a loss to help citizens organise dates. The German state considers itself very child-friendly. True, it doesn't build many kindergartens, but it spends €150 billion a year on family support. Yet the number of children is falling: the average German woman now has only 1.29 children, and 40% of university graduates have no children at all. Germans are envious of France, where they say birth rates are rising again thanks to free nurseries and crèches. But it turns out that financial support alone only brings results for a while: In Sweden, the baby boom that followed the

introduction of a one-year income-related childcare allowance was short-lived. In contrast, in America, there is no free nursery or childcare, yet more children are born than in Europe.

German researchers have concluded that the traditional role of the mother may be a problem. In (West) Germany, as in Mediterranean countries, the mother's place was primarily with the child. The moment a woman tries to change this, she attracts the disapproval of society: if she puts her child in nursery school, she is a cruel mother; if she does not give birth, she is not a woman. And if she stays at home, she is branded lazy. Many people solve the dilemma by not giving birth - especially if they can't even find a suitable man.

Edit Inotai - Népszabadság, 14 January 2005 (page 21)



In the autumn of 2004, the Westminster House of Commons made a controversial decision. As part of the soon-to-be-enacted Children Act, a vote was held on the beating of children. MPs overwhelmingly rejected a proposal that would have completely banned parents from even the slightest physical punishment. However, the version tabled by the government to prevent any slapping or hitting that "leaves a visible mark on the skin or causes psychological trauma" was adopted. The clarification of the legal definition of child beating was necessary because the existing legislation, which has been in force since 1860, allowed parents who used corporal punishment to defend themselves in court on the basis of the principle of "reasonable punishment". In future, however, parents who inflict "actual bodily harm" could be imprisoned for up to five years.

The parliamentary decision is being attacked from several sides. British Health Committee chairman David Hinchcliffe⁴⁷ says the compromise means Britain is in breach of the UN Convention on the Rights of the Child and the European Convention on Human Rights. The police fear that the slightest evidence – such as a parent losing patience and slapping a child in the face in a supermarket, causing a blush to appear on the child's face – will trigger a flood of reports, diverting capacity away from more serious crimes. Prime Minister Tony Blair⁴⁸ has stayed away from the vote, but has previously said that he has spanked his three older children once, but has never punished Leo, now four, with corporal punishment.

Veronika R. Hahn – Népszabadság, 4 November 2004 (page 23)



British researchers have shown that housework significantly reduces the risk of breast cancer. More than 200,000 women in 9 European countries were included in the study, and it was clearly found that of all physical activities, housework reduces the risk of breast cancer the most. This finding applies to both young and post-menopausal women. The researchers explain this finding by saying that moderate and regular exercise is the most effective in maintaining the body. It is much more effective in protecting health than occasional high-impact exercise.



Culture has invaded the Balkans. The other day we were surprised to be confronted with how we should (should) behave in a humane way. We have heard rumours that citizens in Western countries are not only looking after their own welfare, but also that of their fellow citizens. In England, if a citizen notices someone causing harm to others or committing a crime, he or she can act as a police officer and arrest them. You can ask them to follow you and escort you to the nearest police station. In our country, however, people tend not to care about strangers, or even their immediate neighbours. It is fine for anyone to harm anyone else; there is no need to fear that anyone will be held responsible. That's why the action of the English man who stopped a lorry in an unusual way caused such consternation.

According to a newspaper report, the English man who stopped a lorry by lying on its radiator

⁴⁷ dévid hincsklif

⁴⁸ toni bler

was expressing his resentment at the driver's vehicle cutting a cable TV cable. Despite the owner's waving, he did not stop but drove on without acknowledging the damage. On seeing the incident, his English guest took immediate action. As a result, traffic on Route 21 was blocked for about an hour due to the British man clinging to the truck's radiator, as there was no one around for some time who could understand English other than body language. The Hungarian lorry driver passed the house where the Englishman was staying in the town of Hatvan and cut the cable TV cable. Although he noticed the accident, he did not stop to admit the damage caused. He then hopped on his British scooter, overtook the vehicle, which was winding heavily through the city streets, and, unable to persuade the driver to see reason, climbed onto the truck's radiator. Even with the help of an occasional interpreter, the police officers on the scene found it difficult to understand the reason for the unusual roadblock. Then they grabbed a colstok, measured the height of the vehicle and found that he could indeed have pulled the cable down. It was only then that the British man, fired with a sense of justice, was willing to leave his strange abode. The police then prosecuted the lorry driver for criminal damage. However, they were unable to deal with the Englishman. They were so surprised by his actions that, in their embarrassment, they arrested him for endangering traffic. Népszabadság, 9 July 2004 (page 20).



Fears of terrorist attacks have led to only half the tickets for the Athens Olympics being sold. Fears were also expressed by officials. Patriot missiles were deployed around the city, and helicopters and AWACS reconnaissance planes circled over sports halls and stadiums. This is where the world has come to. The modern Olympics became a factory of results. Athletes no longer participate in the Olympic Games. The vast majority of them are not there for the opening ceremonies or the closing gala. They are sent out on the date of the competition and can return in a day or two. The use of doping substances is also a consequence of the drive to perform. We have an outstanding record in this area. At the 2004 Athens Olympics, we won two gold medals in the „doping championships”. For months, we were the focus of the sporting world. Our shame was compounded by the fuss over the return of the gold medals. This scandal also showed that we can fail, but we cannot yet lose.



Stacey Wherman Feeley thought at first that her daughter was just playing. She quickly shared the picture on her Facebook page for her husband to see. Her dad thought the picture of his little girl was just as cute and funny as the rest. Then we found out what was behind the scene. The American mother said she reached for her phone as soon as she saw her daughter balancing on the edge of the toilet seat because she thought it was funny. It was only much later that she found out that the show was not actually cute or even funny. In fact! In fact, it was quite heartbreaking. The kindergarten girl was learning in a kindergarten exercise what to do if an armed attacker bursts into the building and some people are stuck in the toilet. The mother was devastated when she found out why her three-year-old daughter was on the toilet seat. On hearing this, Stacey decided to add to her Facebook post, which was originally intended for her child's father, and wrote:

"As soon as I found out why my daughter did what she did, the innocence of the whole scene faded away. I ask the politicians of the world to take a look at this photo. Is this really the future they want for our children, our grandchildren? To hide in nursery toilets and balance on toilet seats at the age of three? I want those in power to see that their decisions have consequences, that we on this planet are all living our lives by them."

Stacey concluded her open letter by saying that she, as a suburban mom, doesn't know how to solve the world's problems. But what she does know is that she doesn't want her child to have to practice standing on planks in the future.



The smartest woman in the world can't find work in Bulgaria.

The mother of three has several degrees and three academic degrees. Over the past 44 years she has studied everything from economics to education at Bulgarian and British universities, yet she is

not even wanted as a shop assistant. Her education and IQ of 200 recently won her the title of the smartest woman in the world.



A Brazilian TV programme featured an illiterate baker who had been accepted to the Rio de Janeiro Law School. Severino de Silva, 27, went to the entrance exam of the private university just for fun, and ticked A, A, C, D and E in different order on the test papers she was given. The bluffing worked, and with the test questions he scored enough to be exempted from the essay exam, where he would have been immediately exposed as a fool. The young man is very proud of his achievement. Buoyed by his success, he decided to learn to read and write. He is now illiterate. He can only write his name. This case clearly demonstrates the value of the test exam. Soon the world will be flooded with incompetent professionals. In 2005, the Ministry of Education abolished university and college entrance exams in the name of 'equal opportunities'. It even banned admission interviews, so that higher education institutions would have no chance of recruiting students with the right qualifications.



Swedish psychologists observed the lives of 423 elderly couples over 5 years. During this time they had to answer a lot of questions. One of them was: "Do they buy presents or help their relatives, acquaintances or neighbours?" Did they look after a neighbour's children, mend his fence, water his flowers in his absence, mow the lawn in his garden. They also had to report whether they had used any of these services themselves. After 5 years, 134 of the 846 people surveyed had passed away. The results of statistical calculations of their living conditions were not different from those of similar surveys. However, one figure stood out from the rest. Of those who never helped anyone, those who only cared about themselves all the time, twice as many died as the group of people who were selflessly helpful. Interestingly, no difference was found in mortality rates between those who neither gave nor accepted help; and those who never helped anyone but accepted the help offered. The researchers concluded that what matters in our relationships with others is not what we receive, but what we give. Being helpful and giving seems to keep people alive for a long time. Maybe God wants them to live a long time, to help the world as much as possible.



A man died in shame in Japan. The 49-year-old lone bank employee had a contract that had expired and was not renewed because of the economic crisis. After a year, his savings ran out and he starved to death. When they found him, his fridge and stomach were completely empty. Such deaths are not at all uncommon in the Far East. In Japan, many unemployed people are so ashamed of their marginalisation and exclusion from society that they do not take advantage of public assistance. Instead, they starve to death.



For a year and a half, a dead man watched TV in Brussels. A 70-year-old man passed away in the autumn of 2002 while watching TV from his bed, according to coroner's inquests. His neighbours thought he had moved into a social home and did not open the door. Her death was discovered when children playing football outside the house accidentally kicked a ball through her window after a year and a half.



New Scientist reports that the bear cub is the most resilient creature on Earth. The bear cub, which is less than half a millimetre long, is so named because it looks like a chubby little animal when viewed under a microscope. It has eight legs and looks like it is covered in armour. It has the fantastic ability to survive in temperatures as cold as -270°C and as hot as $+150^{\circ}\text{C}$. It can withstand X-rays, radioactive radiation, vacuum and pressures up to six times that of the deepest ocean. Under normal conditions it lives in roof gutters and cracks in street paving. It is not affected

by water shortages. They have been brought back to life after lying dormant in dry moss in a museum collection for a hundred years. This is made possible by the fact that their body volume is reduced to 50% and they are almost completely dehydrated. This prevents viruses, bacteria and various tissue-destroying fungi from colonising their bodies. Once in favourable conditions, their tissues swell and come to life when they have access to water.



How is Latin a dead language? Not according to the Catholic Church, which still uses Horace and Cicero's mother tongue as its official language. To underline this point, the Holy See's publisher, the Libreria Editrice Vaticana⁴⁹, has published a new dictionary of some 15,000 headwords, in which it has collected the terms of modern life. Those that did not exist when the Roman Empire collapsed in 476. The Lexicon Recentis Latinitas⁵⁰, a two-volume Latin vocabulary, prepared as a supplement to an earlier dictionary, answered, among other questions, what Julius Caesar would have called, say, the videophone (*telephonium albo televisifico coniunctum*)⁵¹, doping (*usus agonisticus medicamenti stupefactivi*)⁵² or rush hour (*tempus maximae frequentiae*)⁵³.

The massive opus was only partly intended for translators and linguists who have the daily problem of translating the peculiarities of contemporary life into Latin: the lack of accepted terminology has also greatly hindered the standardisation of the papal encyclicals. The basic idea for the work comes from the Latin Foundation, a language-preserving foundation set up by Pope Paul VI in the 1970s after the Vatican II Council, which led to the change from Latin to the national languages in Catholic churches. The peculiar collection of terms has found its equivalent in FBI (*officium foederatum vestigatorium*)⁵⁴ and Interpol (*publicae securitatis custos internationalis*)⁵⁵, but Latin speakers will no longer be without a guide when it comes to translating terms like video rental or dishwasher. Stakeholders feel that the publication will not be a "liber maxime divenditus"⁵⁶ or "liber venditissimus"⁵⁷ – i.e. bestseller – because it will cost €100. The editorial board is not worried, however, and is now working on a new volume that will bring together a collection of terms related to computerisation.



A special way of collecting taxes has been introduced in the Indian city of Rajahmudi. After local contractors owed 50 million rupees (over 200 million forints) to the municipality, the city leaders hired drummers to stand outside the debtors' houses and bang their instruments day and night. They didn't have to beat the drums for long, because in the first week the debt was reduced by 18%. The success of tax collection has prompted other municipal leaders to consider introducing it.



This kind of nudge is not unknown in the western world. The British method is for private investigation firms to persuade debt evaders to settle their debts by accompanying them 24 hours a day in distinctive "debt collection" outfits. The two burly men do not physically insult the debtor, but only apply discreet pressure. Since no one likes to be followed everywhere by compromising signs, this method is very effective. The vast majority of customers get their money after a few days, and the debtor settles his debt.

⁴⁹ libréria editricse vatikáná

⁵⁰ lekszikon recentisz latinitasz

⁵¹ tekefónió álbom televízifikó konjunktum

⁵² uszusz agonisztikus medikámenti sztupefakti

⁵³ tempusz maximá frekvenciá

⁵⁴ officium föderátum vesztigatórium

⁵⁵ pupliká szekuritátisz kusztosz internacionálisiz

⁵⁶ liber maxime divenditusz

⁵⁷ liber venditissimusz



In some Brazilian prisons, geese have replaced the electronic signalling system. With great success, as escapes have been completely eliminated. No prisoner has managed to leave prison illegally since the flocks were introduced in the four institutions in the Paraíba river valley. The fowls are installed right next to the prison wall, and every time someone passes by the wall the geese make a mad noise.

Népszabadság, 2 December 2004 (page 22)



A Colorado farmer was fined \$517 for beating his own wife. Of the total, \$500 was the fine for assault and \$17 was a "consolation" tax. The farmer bragged in court that he beat his wife for fun.



It's not just in America where educational punishment is used. A Uruguayan court ordered a thief who stole 300 kilos of cheese to read 300 books. No snooping is allowed because the guilty party must write an essay on each book and hand it in to the local police.



On 6 December 2005, a swarm of anti-theft protesters swarmed New Zealand's capital. On Golden Sunday, more than 40 Santas ransacked downtown Wellington. They assaulted security guards, threw beer bottles and even "attacked" a Christmas tree. One shop employee complained to police:

– They came into the shop and said Merry Christmas! Then they started to steal openly. The official investigation revealed that the shoplifting was an organised operation. The group, dressed as Santa Claus, was protesting against the Christmas sales.



A young child in Winnipeg was playing with his home phone. He was frantically pressing buttons on it until he accidentally punched in the number 911.⁵⁸ Because the toddler, who was just two years old, couldn't say what was wrong, the emergency call centre suspected foul play. The police were called immediately. When the police officers arrived on the scene and rang the doorbell, the parents were very surprised. It turned out that the child's father was an escaped criminal from prison who had been wanted for a long time. As he missed his family very much, he visited them once. The child was playing with the phone at the time. After the accidental call, it was not difficult to catch him.



In a Chinese school, children were scaring each other with ghosts, which led to a tragedy. In Sichuan province, students were walking down the school stairs when the lights went out unexpectedly. One student jokingly exclaimed that the ghosts were here. Panic ensued and the terrified children trampled each other to death as they fled. The tragedy left 8 dead and 46 injured.



Our better-off engineers have developed a stake-like pub sign in Britain. The electronic compass determines the location of the drinker and transmits it to the GPS (Global Positioning System) satellite above, which returns the addresses and contact details of the four nearest pubs within moments. The device also helps you find your way home, which is often more important than showing you the way to the pub. It cannot, however, tell you how many pints of beer the lager is certified for. That's why he may have to walk home on all fours. They can't give engineers anywhere else a meaningful reason to do their job. That's why a US research institute has developed special footwear for the prostitutes. Satellite tracking devices have been built into the soles of the

⁵⁸ In the United States, this is the emergency number

toupees so that they can be tracked to see where the night butterflies are "on duty". The Japanese developers must be bored too, because they have recently come up with some useless, idiotic products. One tenth of the development cost of the Rolly could have been used to reconstruct the Tesla converter. In this world, however, money is only available for nonsense and nonsense, and nobody spends a single cent on saving nature. Incidentally, this product is also proof of the misplaced concentration of humanity's attention. While almost no one is interested in the current dive of our civilisation, this nonsense has been viewed by 16 million people on YouTube.⁵⁹



Since we cannot or will not progress, we are going backwards. The designers at Lockheed-Martin aircraft have come up with a design for a 4,000 passenger airship the size of two football fields. It will be 270 metres long and 71 metres high. The lower, lightweight section will accommodate passengers or 500 tonnes of cargo. The vehicle will be propelled forward by 2-2 propeller-driven gas turbines mounted on either side at a maximum speed of 100 km/h. Although the Aerocraft is equipped with wheels, it does not require a runway. The engines can be rotated to a vertical position during take-off and landing, so the powered airship will travel like a conventional airship. The lift is provided by helium gas enclosed in a huge balloon above the cabin.



If we go ahead like this, the next stop will be the wind sail car. Since it is an environmentally friendly solution, it is possible to apply for public funding to develop it. It is likely to attract customers, as wind is free. Anyone who thinks that this nonsense would not occur to any developer is very much mistaken. Not only did they think of it, they developed the first wind turbine car. Students at the University of Stuttgart have built a vehicle called the Ventomobil, powered by a wind turbine. A three-bladed wind turbine mounted on the roof of the car transmits the rotating motion of the turbine to the rear wheels via a cardan shaft. This vehicle has already won awards. It won first place in the 2008 Aelus Race. But the report does not tell us what they do with it when the wind is not blowing. Still unable to find something meaningful to do, our developers have invented a clever hairbrush that uses accelerometers and other sensors to measure if brushing is happening too hard.



Scientists don't believe in miracles because they can only happen if the natural order is upset. Since this cannot happen, there are no miracles. But nowadays, it is increasingly being discovered that miracles are caused by natural laws that were previously unknown. So miracles do exist, and the physical basis of some of them has been explained. Recently, New Scientist reported that two physicists at the University of Tokyo induced a particularly strong magnetic field in a horizontally placed test tube that was not completely filled with water. The water flowed into the ends of the test tube, leaving a dry area in the middle. The phenomenon, discovered in 1994, occurred because water is a slightly diamagnetic substance that is repelled by the magnet. The phenomenon observed has been dubbed the "Moses effect". But the real discovery will come afterwards, when we realise that this phenomenon has nothing to do with magnetism. God didn't use a magnetic field to divide the Red Sea, because that would have required an extremely powerful magnet. The Creator used the law of mutual resistance for this purpose. He used compressed etheric particles to build a wall between the separated bodies of water. He also separated the water with a condensed etheric beam, which observers assumed to be a strong wind. They were not mistaken, because the concentrated aether also acts on the air molecules, pushing the air layers away and moving them.

⁵⁹ Web address: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CRAcYy7JSYk> To play you need Flash player, which will start automatically. If the sound is not audible, the integrated sound card must be installed. How to do this is described in the chapter on "Creating the conditions for listening to music" in Volume II of my book "Text Editing Skills". Web address: <http://kunlibrary.com>

The globalisation of the world

The alignment of the West and the East, the equalisation of wages, is taking place with increasing intensity. In the decade after the fall of communism, multinational companies relocated their factories to Eastern Europe in droves. But the increased demand for labour has also pushed up wages in this region. As minimum wages rose, multinationals moved to China and India. There, workers are paid half the wages of Eastern Europe. At present, an Eastern European worker earns one fifth of what a Western European worker earns, while a Chinese worker earns one tenth.⁶⁰ At least for now. But in ten years' time, average Chinese wages will reach those of Eastern Europe and Western wages will fall. Living standards will level out.

The levelling out of earnings is not to everyone's liking, of course. For workers in western countries, it will lead to a significant drop in living standards. But no-one wants to see their wages cut. The Germans are trying to overcome this problem by increasing working hours rather than reducing wages in order to keep their industries in business. They have raised the 35-hour working week to 40. Now they work 5 hours more per week for the same wage. But the German Chancellor does not rule out the possibility of a 45 or even 50-hour working week in the future. In the public administration, too, the process of reorganization has begun. The 40-hour working week has barely been won by civil servants and is already being abolished. The Bavarian Prime Minister announced that the 42-hour working week would be reintroduced in the civil service from September 2004. Trade unions fear that these two examples will be followed nationwide and are fighting tooth and nail for a 35-hour working week. But their protests are falling on deaf ears. To calm the public outcry, politicians have pointed out that EU legislation caps weekly working time at 60 hours, and that this also applies to Germany.



So for the time being, European countries are avoiding the path of lower living standards. In America, however, wage cuts are already under way. In Nacogdoches, Texas, and Twin Falls, Idaho, locals are happy to work three shifts for \$7-8 an hour, less than half the manufacturing average. The reason is their vulnerability. The area is full of abandoned factory buildings and warehouses, and there is nowhere to find work. Their former employers have relocated to the Far East. The new investors are happy because not only are labour costs low, but productivity is much higher than in India and turnover is low. In these small towns, there is only one job, and there is nowhere else to go. And half pay is still better than nothing. For those who like to work, it saves them from poverty. Sooner or later, European countries will have to go down the same road. As a first sign of this, in 2014 the Swedish electrical household appliances manufacturer Elektrolux told its employees in its Italian factories that they would either settle for half pay or move their factories to Hungary or Poland.

The French have also received their first slap in the face from foreign investors. The chairman of the US tyre company Goodyear has written a letter to the French government in a lecturing tone, complaining that French workers are underpaid. As a result, their factory in Amiens in northern France will be closed immediately. His decision was confirmed by his personal experience. I have visited the factory several times. The French employees are highly paid, but they only work three hours a day. They have one hour for rest and lunch, they chat for three hours and work only three hours." He also expressed his displeasure to French trade union leaders, who replied that "that's how it works in France". The head of the main union, the CGT, described the letter as a "huge insult". According to him, the president of the US group is already close to 'the asylum'. Goodyear's complaint has also reached the government. The Minister for Economic Development declined to comment. He explained his silence by saying that he "did not want to harm France's interests". Instead, he suggested that negotiations should be reopened, but the Goodyear chairman ruled out the possibility of a negotiating table to save the factory. According to him, "soon no one in France will be

⁶⁰ Current wages for Chinese workers: 70-80 euros (18-20 thousand forints).

working, everyone will be spending their days in cafés drinking red wine." Goodyear subsequently closed its factory in Amiens, which employed 1 173 people. This is not an isolated incident. In the last four years, 120,000 jobs have been lost in French industry. Leading news stories include a series of closures at PSA-Peugeot-Citroen, Renault, Doux, Sanofi, Merck, Kronenbourg and Coca Cola.

The fall in incomes is not leaving pensions untouched. The German government recently cut public sector pensions by 20%. The reason in this case is not the relocation of industrial companies abroad, but the massive drop in the birth rate, the ageing of society, the lengthening of the learning period, the widespread evasion of contributions. The levelling out of living standards also produces extreme cases. In our country, this is most evident in tooth tourism on the western border:

"Austrian dentists in Austria, who fear for their patients, constantly accuse their Hungarian colleagues of using low-quality materials for treatments without sufficient expertise. Hungarian dentists deny this and suspect jealousy.

- Austrians or Germans? – I ask a middle-aged couple browsing a map of Sopron in the dentist's office, where Mozart melodies are discreetly blasting from hidden speakers. They shake their heads.
- We're from London. The couple are visiting a friend in Vienna for two weeks. The Austrians had recommended that, since they were so close to Sopron, they should get a new set of teeth. They lent one of their cars, which the Englishmen use every day for treatment. Their dentures cost less than half as much as if they had visited their dentist in London, including petrol.
- I have gallstones too – complains the husband. I might have the stones removed in a Hungarian hospital.
- We don't have a reference for that – she tells him. Of course, in Sopron's numerous dental surgeries, you're more likely to meet Austrian and German patients. But the number of nations interested in replacements has recently grown. More and more people are coming from Italy, Switzerland and the Benelux countries. The English and Irish have recently appeared.
- Health insurance companies all over the world are cutting back on services, explains Dr László Szilágyi, chief dentist and owner of the Pannon-Med health spa in Sopron, Hungary. – And patients are counting. If they get the same quality at a third price, they will come to Hungary for it. Chief doctor Szilágyi's career in Sopron is, if not typical, certainly typical.
- Sixteen years ago I came to this region from Kisvárda – he says with a laugh. They had the idea of creating a modern dental clinic. The state sanatorium added the doctor. Namely me, who, together with my dentist wife, was lured to Sopron by friends. The Swiss-Hungarian company Dentalcoop provided the technical background, the equipment and the "doxaprecision". This was the beginning of dental tourism in Sopron. Later, the Szilágyi family privatised the clinics of the hostel, and then bought and renovated the hotel.
- How many dentists were there in Sopron then? - I ask János Kienzl, director of Dentalcoop.
- Twenty at most.
- And how many now?
- We must be 200 – says Szilágyi. – It's hard to say, because the permanent doctors also employ weekend helpers, and for special tasks they bring in doctors from elsewhere as required.
- When you arrived here, how much cheaper was Hungarian dental treatment, prosthetics and dentures than in Austria?
- At that time it cost a quarter of that. Now it is only a third. The director of Dentalcoop - his company also has clinics in Budapest, Sopron, the thermal hotel in Bükfürdő and the spa hotel in Sárvár, among others – is quick to point out:
- Hungarian doctors work with materials of the same quality and origin as those used in Austria or Germany. This brings us to the most controversial point of Hungarian dental tourism. Austrian dentists, fearful for their patients, constantly accuse their Hungarian colleagues of using

low-quality materials without sufficient expertise. Three Viennese dentists I spoke to on the phone claimed that more than half of Austrian patients treated in Hungary later have to have their dentures repaired in Austria.

- This is a blatant lie, a business jealousy – the Sopron dentists comment angrily.
- We have a large family and a wide circle of friends who have been coming to Sopron for six years with minor and major dental problems – explains a woman from Eisenstadt (Kismarton) in one of the surgeries. - I'm a pharmaceutical salesman, so I have a good idea of what the Hungarians are working with. As for their expertise, next year will mark the 50th anniversary of independent dental training in Hungary. Not so long ago we did not even have a separate faculty for this profession. Moreover, Hungarian practices see patients from early morning until late at night, even at weekends. An elegant man enters the surgery. The gist of what he said was:
- When my dentist in Vienna found out I was coming to Hungary for treatment, he asked to have a look at my mouth – he says – and he didn't deny that he was looking for flaws that showed Hungarian dentists were incompetent. He said he had three or four such cases. He also coughed at my teeth, but he could not classify me among the »victims« of Hungarian dentists.
- There must be "Alaskan gold diggers" here too, who think that the practice is enough and the money will be there," Dr Szilágyi comments. - But such doctors sooner or later go back to where they came from.
- What I don't understand is that if you use the same material as the Germans or Italians, how can the cost of dental prostheses be a third of what they are in Germany?
- The cost of the material is the same, and the overheads are not much less. We can save a lot on wages.
- A Hungarian doctor earns the same as his Austrian colleague, but works three times as hard – interjects János Kienzl. I also met an Austrian dentist in Sopron who works twice a week in a dental practice in a Hungarian town on the border.
- I came to see my patients – says the middle-aged man. Five out of ten potential Austrian patients are able or willing to pay Austrian prices. I treat them in my practice in Vienna. The other five go to Sopron, Mosonmagyaróvár or Sárvár. I follow them and fix their teeth for a third of the price in Vienna. So I earn less money, but I don't lose my partner in this fierce competition.
- Wouldn't it be easier to lower the prices in your Vienna practice?
- Yes, but it's not possible. I'd be in the Chamber of Commerce. This is why Hungarian doctors who have moved to Austria are crying, because they thought they would go locally so that Austrian patients would not have to travel to Sopron. Yes, but they cannot work in Austria at the same prices as in Hungary. Border dentistry must not only be at the forefront of professional treatment. If it wants to remain competitive, it must also keep up with fashion.
- The colour white is popular at the moment," says János Kienzl, who tells us the secrets behind the scenes, "and young girls often ask the doctors to put brilliant chips in their teeth."

Népszabadság, 7 June 2004 (page 8)

Dental tourism continues unabated. Not only from Austria and Germany, but also from England. The Sunday Telegraph in Britain began its lengthy feature on this phenomenon with the following headline.

It has been a well-known fact in the UK for some time that access to dental care within the free British National Health Service (NHS) is almost impossible, as dentists are cancelling their NHS contracts in droves and are only willing to accept patients in private practice. Almost 80 per cent of the UK population now live in areas where there is no public dental care at all, and treatment in private practices is prohibitively expensive for the majority. A recent survey by a specialist revealed that 6 per cent of the population have been forced to have dental treatment in private. Some have used cyanide-based superglue to repair chipped crowns, and some have even used pliers to pull out

their own sore teeth. In this situation, more and more people are seeking treatment abroad, and Hungary is a prime destination for British dental tourism.

However, not everyone is lucky in Hungary, according to The Sunday Telegraph. Britain's largest Sunday Conservative newspaper has a lengthy feature on the case of Lisa Hower, a Portsmouth resident. Hower travelled to a little-known Hungarian town for tooth replacement, whitening and replacement of old fillings after receiving a quote of £3,500. The lowest price he would have been asked for the same treatment in private practices in the UK was £18,000 (£6.5 million). However, the patient suffered such an acute gum infection after treatment in Hungary that he had to be taken to hospital on his return home. His face was so swollen that he could not open his eyes and he was in so much pain that he even contemplated suicide. Luckily for her, a dentist in Liverpool offered to do the reconstructive work for free after the clinic in Hungary refused to do the same.

However, British experts interviewed by the paper admit that 95 per cent of British dental patients who go abroad are satisfied with their treatment. The article cites the case of Myra Lovett from Essex as a positive example. The 61-year-old woman said her teeth were in "terrible condition" and after a lengthy search for an NHS dentist, she opted for treatment in Hungary. Lovett found a company that would do the preliminary consultations in London and then travel the patient to Budapest, where she would be provided with accommodation. The patient paid £7,400 (2.5 million forints) for three trips to Budapest, including accommodation and treatment, for a complex procedure that would have cost her £21,000 (7.5 million forints) at home. Another British patient of the Hungarian company also told the newspaper that he had saved thousands of euros, and that the same treatment that would have taken six months in private practices in the UK was carried out in a week at the Budapest clinic. The Hungarian co-owner of the clinic told The Sunday Telegraph that his company treats around 200 British patients a month. He added that dental treatment is now so expensive in Britain that even middle-class people can't afford it, and that British private dentists only see a few patients a day... and spend the afternoon on the golf course. Népszabadság, 22 October 2007 (page 20)

Dental tourism continues unabated. Not only from Austria and Germany, but also from England. The Sunday Telegraph in Britain began its lengthy feature on this phenomenon with the following headline: "British patients sometimes pay a heavy price for dental treatment in Hungary, which is incomparably cheaper than in England, but in most cases they receive world-class service for the lower price."

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Népszabadság, 22 October 2007 (page 20)



An internet site in Germany has started an animal auction. But the auction job is not given to the highest bidder, but to the lowest bidder. A cleaning job in a private house is currently going for €9 an hour on the website, but there are likely to be cheaper offers. Trade unions criticise the offer, saying that every sector has a minimum wage below which no one should work. The question now is what quality of labour will be obtained in this way. German employers seem to be unaware of the proverb that says: "He who pays with peanuts gets a monkey."



"Boss, I want a pay rise. I'm working day and night and my salary is exactly what it was 3 years ago." You know the situation. We've tried this kind of request a few times, sometimes with success. But now these lamentations are not getting us anywhere. In the United States, books are appearing on the vulnerability of workers. Quoting from 7 x 24, the conversation continued: „I am sorry, my dear friend. In the current global economic situation, our company cannot afford to increase wage costs."

The author states that in the age of the Internet and the mobile phone, the employer demands almost all of the employee's time. They need to be on call at all times, so that they can be called to work at any time, and they need to provide information about their work in their free time. This means that they can work from home and, if necessary, wake up in the middle of the night. Today, the average civil servant lives like a doctor: he or she has to be on call 24 hours a day. Of course, no one pays for this kind of overtime. Employers now expect constant attention and preparedness for the same money as before.

If you ask about this particular lengthening of working hours, the answer is usually: 'It's globalisation', shrug the bosses. „If you won't do it, I'll get someone in India or China who will happily say yes for a tenth of the pay." If more people grumble, he'll take his tentacle and move his business to the Far East. In this situation, what can the employee do? He takes pills. In recent years, sales of tranquillisers and anti-depressants have broken all records. The book tells the story of a middle-aged woman who, at the age of 40, was diagnosed by doctors as suffering from multiple sclerosis. She was consoled that with proper treatment she could live a long time with almost no symptoms. But they did not take into account the stress at work. As a result, her condition deteriorated so rapidly that she became disabled. Interestingly, bosses are not yet affected by „globalisation". After all, the world economy cannot be so bad that bosses' salaries are not constantly rising.



Szilvia B., a 26-year-old resident of Budapest, applied in writing on the same day for two positions: the next examination of a district pregnancy counsellor and a job application for a large investment consultancy. However, she happened to mix up the envelopes at a careless moment.

The answer came quickly from the antenatal clinic:

Dear address, we assume that the letter you sent us was not intended for us. In any case, we would advise you to try to find a job before your belly starts to swell, and even then to deny to your heart's content that you are pregnant, otherwise, in our experience, you will never get another job in your life. Respectfully, Signature.

She had to wait a little longer for a reply from the investment adviser, but then it came one day:

Dear Address, Thank you for your order for an economic analysis of your planned business. From the information contained in your letter, we have come to the conclusion that your investment has already been made and that the plan is currently in the phase of roll-out. We regret that you have not contacted us sooner, as our experts, having carefully reviewed the prospects of the project, have clearly concluded that the current economic conditions and future trends are completely against it. Rationale: We regret to note that your proposed venture lacks originality, which is a key requirement for the success of any initiative. There are currently more than six billion projects like yours in operation worldwide, and this number is growing. The Hungarian market can also be considered saturated, especially considering that cheaper Far Eastern specimens with lower initial and running costs are expected to flood our country. Expansion on the European continent is hampered by various bans and quota systems, which are likely to continue in the future.

We calculate that the construction and operating costs of the proposed venture will far exceed the expected revenues. In particular, one-off, never-recoverable costs are high at the time of project inception and during the first phase of operation, while the costs of ongoing operation are relatively low at this stage. The acquisition and increased wear and tear of the capital equipment required for operation impose a very heavy financial burden on the contractor. In addition to the rapidly depreciating stock of equipment (e.g. pacifiers, rubber pants, nappies), the operator has to bear an indescribable amount of other expenditure (obstetrician, paediatrician, nurse). In this start-up phase, the business has to take into account the disposal of by-products (poo, pee), which are highly polluting to the environment and which also increase costs.

In the later stages of the project's operation, clothing is the most common non-recoverable investment. As time goes by, training and vocational training costs increase exponentially. Your attention is drawn to the fact that in Hungary today the public support for your project is very low. For example, it does not even come close to the level of central or EU subsidies available in the cattle and pig sectors. Therefore, when preparing your decision, you should have taken particular care to consider the profitability of the various market segments concerned. Please take note of the findings of our economic analysis. We would also like to inform you that the vacancy previously advertised by our company has been filled by a male employee who is obviously much dumber, lazier and less talented than you, but who is much less likely to become pregnant. Respectfully, et cetera, et cetera.

László Karcagi – Népszabadság, 4 June 2005 (page 5)



It is difficult to explain that life is beautiful to someone who cannot be happy about anything. True, it is not a fairy tale, and perhaps there is more bad than good in it. But we see less and less good in it. We pass by its wonders with our eyes closed.

It's spring at last. I let go of the crowded tram and walk two stops. It's nice to walk in the long-absent sunshine. I look at the shop windows, but I'm not thrilled by the stunted t-shirts, sweaters and uniforms that look identical, but are different only in brand. Somehow I don't want them, even though I go into a shopping frenzy every spring. Now I prefer to just stare, as if seeing the city for the first time. It's when I stop and wonder at things I usually pass by without even noticing. What struck me immediately in the spring sunshine was that the women's faces had lost the kind of glow that evokes tender emotions in men. Either they are very flayed, jaded and hopelessly grey, or they are so aggressively perfect that they freeze any attempt at approach. Who wants to sit down in a romantic café with a woman who is militarily determined, competitive in every competition in existence and feels so important that she doesn't even turn off her beeping mobile phone on a date?

One of my male acquaintances complained that the lust for power has completely taken over women's minds. They will walk over anyone to climb up the ladder. I could have said there were exceptions, but I didn't feel like arguing. After all, as a woman myself, I have seen time and time again that the sick desire to show off and dominate has reached almost unbearable proportions. I am not objecting to the fact that women want to do more. It is quite another thing that bothers me. The method. Take Juliet, for example, who can do absolutely nothing. Her education and professional qualifications are lacking, to say the least, but she has a former Italian husband, a language background and a businesswoman's appearance by today's standards. That was enough to get her a job as a manager in the Hungarian branch of a reputable company, where she can bounce around more qualified staff at will. Not that some men don't do the same, but career women are more likely to exhibit the typical female traits of hatred, intrigue, petty teasing and revenge.

A highly educated female engineer with three children complained, "I was fired by my boss because I worked too well. The owner liked my ideas and my boss was afraid I would be appointed to replace her. If this continues, sooner or later she'll kick everyone out of the company, because the typist would be a better manager than her. And he'll put his own relatives in the vacant position." I'm not speaking against women managers, as it is well known that there are far fewer of them in Hungary than in Western countries. How can they manage where even well-educated men cannot get decent jobs. Therefore, women who are determined to assert themselves use dishonest means. The fight is fierce, and the more violent get into the good positions.

This is how the glamorous careers of women are born, giving the impression that the playing field is level. They are, but not in terms of expertise. Anyone can win if they're unscrupulous enough. Why not, if the successful person is not held to account for the methods used. Success is compulsory nowadays, and failure is avoided like the plague. So women are determined to succeed. Or else they die of failure. Since there is no possibility of unbiased competition in professions that are geared to spectacular success, it is easy for the last one to come out on top. As this situation is a global phenomenon, the atrophy and atrophy of skills has reached the point where ineptitude is no longer even apparent. Wherever you go, it's the same, so there is no obvious difference. Quality is deteriorating and, in the general devaluation, the qualities that are not exactly congenial but that promise success are being valorised: ruthlessness, nauseating self-confidence, power madness.

In the shop window, successful women pat themselves on the back. They are determinedly focused. They laugh with their mouths full and hardly smile. All the while, they try to hide what lies behind the window: failed marriages, broken friendships, their convulsive fear of failure. Secretly, they long to be truly successful at something. In a physical task, in their children, in their loves, in their friendships, or even in making a good Sunday lunch. Aunt Hermina, 80, for example, is most proud of the fact that no one bakes a better strudel than her. And Aunt Annus is proud that she is still being asked to marry her at 70. Life is simple and that's what makes it beautiful. We can excel in so many things, even with our own talents. What is the point of fighting for positions beyond our abilities? Why do so many people think that success is measured by the money and positions they have won? The greatest success is self-satisfaction, being able to enjoy spring, summer, family and even the success of others.

Zsuzsa Vadas, Nők Lapja, October 2000 (page 27)



If there was an international star actress in the 19th century, then Lilla Szilágyi Bulyovszkyné was certainly one. Although no one remembers her today, she was the leading actress of the German-speaking theatre, applauded by crowds from Berlin to Dresden, from London to Paris. Dumas wrote a novel about her, Franz Liszt and the crowned heads vied for her favour, and her novels, plays and novels were immensely popular, making her one of the greatest patrons of her time. Born into the first Hungarian theatrical dynasty, his grandfather and father were both actors, so he was a member of the National Theatre from the age of seven and played leading roles as a teenager. On 15 March 1848, he was only 15 years old when he heard the handsome Gyula Bulyovszky speak in front of the Landerer and Heckenast printing house. One of the leading figures of the

March youths, he married her after six months of courtship "If you love me, you will call me unfaithfully" – wrote the groom before the wedding, and thus summed up the essence of their relationship. Their lifelong correspondence could be read today as a psychological novel, which is no coincidence: after the revolution, he became a successful journalist.

Lilla Bulyovszky was a bursting talent for the stage, and she was well aware of her talent. In 1851, she signed up for the National Theatre, but refused to play second fiddle to the fashionable actresses of the day, especially Róza Jókainé Laborfalvi. Since he did not get good roles, he sought opportunities himself. A few months after the Paris premiere, he translated Dumas's latest hit play into Hungarian. She played the title role in *The Lady of Camellia*. But not only did he choose the successful foreign plays of his time with a good sense of humour, he also found himself as a writer. At the age of 22, she had already completed a two-volume collection of short stories, which her husband helped her to publish. They are a playful, light, French social literature, with cleverly chatting Marquises and jokers as protagonists.

After a few years, she quit the National and went freelance. A fan, Franz Liszt, suggested that he try his talents abroad. The composer's feelings for her can be deduced from a surviving letter: „I am too old to love a young girl”. Lilla finally travelled to Paris in 1857 and knocked on the door of her favourite writer, Dumas the Elder, unknown to her. She took him under her wing, introduced him to all the important people in the Parisian theatre world, and wrote praiseworthy articles about him in the newspapers. "Beautiful to the point of being novel, and as if he knew nothing of her beauty! This woman is doubly at home on the stage, writing beautiful comedies with wit and the charming charm of her twenty-fifth year" – wrote a French newspaper. Lilla kept a travel diary of her experiences in Paris and wrote reviews of French theatre for the Pest papers.

She soon realised that she would never learn French without an accent, so she decided to try her luck in Germany. Dumas, then 55 years old, offered to accompany her and together they would look for a German theatre that would employ the actress. Their journey together is the story of Dumas's novel *Une aventure d'amour* (*An Adventure in Love*), which also tells of the strange relationship between a sparkingly talented young actress and a middle-aged man who hides his feelings. Dumas did not change the names, so when the novel was published, everyone in Hungary was talking about Lilla Bulyovszky's betrayal. In the novel, she says: „I am a Hungarian actress, and I act in Hungarian. The audience I can address is only 6-7 million people. I would like to address 30-40 million people, on a German stage and in German." Pál Gyulai, the best-known critic of his time, wrote in the *Pesti Napló*. It will be too late. You have gambled away three things, each of which is a great treasure: the compassion of the Hungarian public, a few beautiful years that cannot be made up, and most of your strength."

A few weeks later, Lilla was playing the title role of Mary Stuart in the court theatre of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the smallest of the German principalities. The show was a huge success, and the increasingly well-known actress was invited to guest perform in several of Germany's great theatres. Of the Pest papers, only *Nefeletj*s, edited by her husband, reported on her success abroad. When Mór Jókai published a mocking article about the actress in his own newspaper, Gyula Bulyovszky challenged his former friend to a duel, in which he himself was injured. In the years that followed, Lilla von Bulyovsky was clearly a star of the German-language theatre scene throughout Europe. She has performed in many places from Switzerland to London. She also published a series of articles about her experiences in her husband's magazine. In 1864, she gave 100 performances in eight theatres in six months, and went on a tour of Norway as a rest. The book she wrote about her journey is part country history, part love story of a Polish girl travelling with her. The German-language book is still regarded in Norway as the first modern literary account of the country. Today, the book is most interesting for its female perspective. "Contrary to the Arab who thanks Allah every day in his prayers that he created me a man, I am a woman to my complete satisfaction." – she writes in the Hungarian version.

In 1865, she appeared in the *Stuart Mary* at the King's Theatre in Munich. The King of Bavaria, Louis II, was present at the premiere, and through his intercession she was able to sign a five-year contract in Munich on terms befitting a world star: high salary, free choice of roles, six months'

leave a year, her own theatre carriage, a lifelong pension. Letters from the Emperor testify that he fell in love with an actress eight years older than him. For Lilla, the obvious royal infatuation was both impressive and burdensome, but it helped to make her even better known in Europe. It was in this novel that Dumas wrote the strange relationship between the young actress and the middle-aged man.

She settled back home after 15 years of absence. She went on a national tour, where she was greeted with ovations. But the Pest papers still refused to forgive her career abroad. The returning star was considered a wealthy man, and soon became the owner of several apartment houses and villas in Budapest and a luxury villa in Austria. Much of the proceeds went to charity, supporting orphanages and women's groups, but he was mocked in the press for this too. In 1878, fed up with the attacks, he bid farewell to the public on a country tour and never appeared on stage again. His plays were still performed for a while, but then they too were taken off the programme. In 1883, her "faithlessly loyal" husband, Gyula Bulyovszky, died. From then on, she devoted all her energies to setting up and running charitable foundations. Her acquaintances recall that she remained strikingly beautiful in her old age. She died in a hotel in Graz in 1909, leaving her vast fortune to an orphanage. Her legacy includes novels and literary translations, love letters written by some of the best-known artists and politicians of her time, and Lilla's coolly ironic replies.

Actors' Library – Lilla Bulyovszkyné Szilágyi: actress, opera singer, writer, translator.

Born: 25 May 1833, Kolozsvár. Died: 11 December 1909, Graz. Her remains were brought home and her grave is in the cemetery on Fiumei út.



Not all our actresses were as lucky as Lilla Bulyovszky. Our greatest tragedy, Mari Jászai's life was a series of tragedies from birth to death.

Mari Jászai: "I never had a worthy partner on stage. Nor in life."

170 years ago, in 1850, Ászár was just an insignificant manor owned by the Esterházy counts. But on a cold February morning, a newborn girl cried in one of the houses, a girl who would later revolutionise the history of Hungarian theatre and make the name of the small Transdanubian village famous. Marika⁶¹ was born as an only daughter into a family of four children, where the father worked as a manorial carpenter. Her mother, Julianna Keszey, a noblewoman of village origin, was famous for her beauty. "On stage I am my father, in life I am my mother" – the actress later confessed. The ambitious mother was not content with just that, so she persuaded her husband to move to Győr in the hope of making a fortune. Their plans failed, and in a short time they became completely impoverished. Mari was not even five years old when her mother died of hardship and shame. A terrible time followed. She was starved by her stepmother and often abused by her father. Once, when Marika was secretly attending a performance of a travelling company of actors, her father tied her disobedient child to the foot of a chair and beat her naked back with a hempen bundle soaked in water.

The little girl also had to help out around the house, so at the age of ten she took on childcare as a maid. In her memoirs she did not forget to mention her rat-infested bed.⁶² At the first opportunity, he ran away from home to Pest and served for a few months in the inn addressed to the Black Cat. When the Prussian-Austrian war broke out, she worked in a circus and joined the army as a marquise. With the 300 forints she received for her services, she bought elegant clothes in Vienna, as she had no secret desire to become an actress. She had not yet turned 16 when she joined a small

⁶¹ She was born Mária Krippel. She disliked her original name so much that she even burnt out Krippelt (the German word "krüppel" meaning cripple, kripli) from her birth certificate.

⁶² For years he slept on dirty straw, was woken up at midnight to do the laundry, had his hair chewed to pieces by rats, but soon found solace in the book. In his moments away from work, curled up on the village doorstep, he learned to read. He went to elementary school in Győr, at the Ursulites. At a school festival he recited an occasional poem. He overheard János Simor, the future Cardinal Prince-Priest of Győr, calling softly to the headmistress of the Orsolya hermitage: Das Kind hat Talent! But little Mari did not speak German.

company, where she was initially given only extra roles. But despite the fact that her voice was deep and fake, and that she had a one-sentence part in her first role, her talents were soon discovered. For a few years, he was able to use his natural talent in Cluj-Napoca, albeit still under appalling conditions. "I was always starving. I spent every penny I had on stage clothes, I only had to get my lunch from the usher, some kind of slop. I'd pick up cheese and bread crusts on the street, stick them on pins at home, burn them around and eat them."

Eventually, Mari Jászai's unparalleled stage success caught the attention of the director of the National Theatre in Pest, who personally travelled to Transylvania to pick her up and invited her to join his company in place of Róza Jókainé Laborfalvi, who was retiring. In her debut performance, she played Gertrudis in *Bánk bán*, but during her lifetime she was seen in more than 300 plays. She has played almost all of Shakespeare's heroines and was the first Eve in *The Tragedy of the Man*. She shone most in the tragic roles, well suited to the temperamental pathos of the period. He did not go to colour school. He was a natural, and his knowledge was deepened by constant study. He perfected his art to such an extent that he also translated. He translated Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* for the National Theatre. (He even learned ancient Greek for the sake of his lecture. He also spoke English, French and German, and took Italian lessons before his trip to Italy.) Writing was his favourite pastime, and he was often published in newspapers. In 1901, he became an honorary member of the National. He also appeared in the silent films of his time (only his 1914 film *The Thief*, which has recently been digitised, survives). The film is about a maid who is innocently deported. Incidentally, it was the first film Mihály Kertész made in Hungary.)

The stormy success of his career was not followed by a calm and balanced private life. But that is not surprising. While as a marquise she was repeatedly raped by soldiers in the hell of the Battle of Königgrätz, at the height of her success, after a great performance, her fans even took the horses from her carriage. Her marriage to her colleague Vidor Kassai soon fell apart, and from then on she almost devoured men. Sometimes even men many years younger than herself. In her diary she wrote: „Like the Amazons, I was driven by blood to bring home a husband. Then the disgust, the reproach and the punishment began all over again." Among his lovers we find the poet Gyula Reviczky, the playwright Dezső Szomory, the painter Árpád Feszty and the famous ethnographer Herman Otto. The actress, of course, said that all her life she had been waiting for the great love. Alajos Stróbl, who made a statue of her, called her an ugly beauty.

During the First World War, Mari Jászai acted in front of wounded soldiers in hospitals to ease their pain. And she gave gift packages to those fighting at the front. She spent all her free time among the wounded soldiers and all her income on them. He provided them with underclothes, tobacco, sweets, books and recited to them all afternoon. He had no aversion to suffering, to senility, and he would accept neither a word of thanks nor a medal. His apartment was a veritable storehouse. He had bags of charity donations to send to the battlefields. That's how he spent what little money he had saved during the war, even getting into debt.

In his last years, he was given fewer and fewer roles, which gradually undermined his health. He would not tolerate journalists mentioning his age. "An actor has no age!" – he said. But he could not fight the passage of time. Although he hated tobacco smoke, which he often said, it was his lungs that were finally attacked by the disease. He underwent several operations and his worsening diabetes made it very difficult for him to perform on stage. The actress prepared herself thoroughly for death. She bought an empty plot in the Kerepesi cemetery, on which she had a tombstone carved from the granite column of the National Theatre, which had been demolished in 1913. When his illness worsened, he fled from the compassion of the people to a modest, whitewashed, narrow room in the János sanatorium. Refusing to let a doctor near him, he bore his suffering silently and without tears. When she felt the end had come, she turned to the wall so that no one would see her face, and with a deep sigh she said goodbye to the world.

He died on 5 October 1926 in Budapest, in the hospital at 68 Városmajor Street (now the Városmajor Heart and Vascular Clinic of Semmelweis University). The whole country mourned him. His funeral was attended by hundreds of thousands of people, and a grateful posterity named a crater on the planet Venus after him. On her tombstone, a simple inscription commemorates her artistic great-

ness: „Mari Jászai was while she lived; here she is, now she has reached her goal.” Her first biographer bade her farewell with a touching thought. A new Hungarian legend about the daughter of the carpenter from Ašari, destined to be a maid, who became a queen, was born.” Today, the Jászai Mari Prize, a prestigious theatrical award established by the Hungarian government in 1953, bears her name (the prize comes with a HUF 1.4 million reward, tax and duty free.)

Péter Hegedűs – Családi Lap, February 2020 (pages 60-61)



The XIX century also abounded in excellent artists. The greats of our nation lived and created in this century. One could sing odes about our excellent architects, sculptors, painters, writers, and poets. There was no shortage of singers either. Unfortunately, their work did not survive due to our technical underdevelopment, we can only learn about their excellence from the newspapers of the time. Komélia Hollósy was a celebrated opera singer of this era.

Komélia Hollósy's arrival in this world was a real dramatic entrance. His birth as the eleventh child caused his mother's death in 1827. He would certainly have been very proud of his daughter, who later became the most popular and talented singer in the Kingdom of Hungary and achieved international success. Famous men who shaped history, from Emperor Francis Joseph to Lajos Kosuth, considered it an honor to be able to hear his voice. Bogdán Korbuly and Mária Magdolna Csasz, who come from two important families of the Armenian diaspora living in the Carpathian basin, got married at the age of 20 and 16, respectively. By the time their last child, Kornélia, was born, the Korbuly family was already very wealthy and prestigious. In 1832, they received Hungarian noble rank from the ruler. On this occasion, they changed their family name to Hollósy. Little Kornélia and her siblings soon got a stepmother and were brought up in prosperity on the family estate in Gertenyes, Temes county.

When Kornélia was 11 years old, she was enrolled in a monastery school in Temesvár, where she studied excellently and especially liked the singing lessons taught by the distinguished tenorist of the Vienna Opera House. He drew her father's attention to the little girl's talent, but Bogdán Hollósy did not want to hear about his daughter pursuing an acting-singing career. Kornélia, who finished her studies by the age of 15, asked her father to let her go on a study trip abroad. His plans were also supported by family members, and he asked for his mother's inheritance and dowry to finance his trip. His determination reached his goal, he was able to travel to Vienna under the supervision of an elderly relative, where he was tutored by the later director of the court opera, and then studied singing in Milan for two years. In 1845, at the age of 18, she made her first public appearance on the island of Corfu: she sang the role of Elvira in Verdi's opera "Ernani". Then he was invited to Turin, where he was noticed by a famous German singer who was organizing a troupe for guest performances in Bucharest and signed him for three months.

He first appeared on the Hungarian stage in Timișoara in the spring of 1846 at a charity performance, in Bellini's opera "The Sleepwalker". From then on, he almost always sang in front of full houses and with great success. Welcoming and glorifying poems were written for him, which were distributed on leaflets during the break of the performance. Pesti Divatlap reported on her first successes in Hungary in an enthusiastic article, but her father tried to dissuade his daughter from this career by saying that actresses live an immoral life, and that a noble lady cannot sing for money or show off on stage. Despite this, Kornélia persevered and traveled to Pest to visit her uncle, a well-known doctor, who organized a guest performance for her at the National Theatre.

She was so successful that the managers of the theater signed her as "the first lyrical singer" from August 1846. She quickly became a celebrated artist. "His voice could not be distinguished from the flute accompaniment," they wrote approvingly of him. One of her most successful roles was Mária Garai in Erkel's opera "László Hunyadi". Miklós Barabás immortalized him in this costume in his lithographic drawing. By the way, he became Erkel's favorite singer, he wrote a part in his opera for his sake. He could not stay out of the political turmoil of 1848 either. He enthusiastically donated to the equipment of the national defense and the establishment of the National Bank, and then per-

formed at charity lectures for the cause of the revolution. She was a member of the special delegation of 18 women who visited Lajos Kossuth at his lodgings and presented him with a huge bouquet of roses with the following inscription on the ribbon: "You bowed before the greatness of the nation, we bow before you, fiery-tongued Lajos Kossuth." Kossuth thanked the attentiveness with moving words and kissed all the female members of the delegation on the forehead.

The consequence of his patriotic stance after the defeat of the freedom struggle was fear. He parted ways with the National Theatre. There was a compelling reason for this: the brother of military officer József, who with his entire regiment switched to the side of the Hungarian freedom struggle, was sentenced to death after laying down his arms, which was later commuted to prison. In exchange, Haynau, who listened to Kornélia Hollósy several times in the National, obviously expected more loyalty from her towards the Habsburgs. At the farewell performance, the artist herself sang the poem "The Nightingale's Farewell" set to music by Béni Egressy - the well-known songwriter and writer for whom Kornélia was a secret love and muse: "My heart hurts, and then it breaks!" / I would stay, but I can't. / I have to fly for a while / To another world, far away..." The painted portrait of the 24-year-old diva was placed in the portrait hall of the National Museum as a sign of public respect.

He was also able to collect his dowry with a foreign tour. She was engaged to József Lonovics, a nobleman with a law degree. He performed five times at the Vienna Court Opera, where Emperor Joseph Franz also watched one of the performances. After that, he performed as a guest in Warsaw for thirteen months, where he was surrounded by a veritable cult of Hollósy, even the Russian Tsarina invited him to her court recitals. Refusing his invitations abroad, he returned home and they married in April 1852. They had two sons, but the younger child died at the age of two. In the spring of 1855, at the age of 28, he returned to the National Theatre. The next seven years were the heyday of Latvian art. She appeared in thirty operas, the range of her voice expanded, her beauty was perfected, and at that time she became the "Hungarian nightingale" for everyone. Whenever she could, she also sang works by Hungarian authors. This sparkingly talented Armenian woman became a symbol of Hungarian national culture, and her voice was an encouragement meant the loss of freedom for the grieving people.

Famous people such as Lajosné Batthyány, József Eötvös, József Irinyi, Vas Gereben, Ede Sziglieti, Róza Laborfalvi, Mór Jókai, Ferenc Liszt visited the Lonovics family's apartment in Pest. Kornélia stopped playing at the age of 35, at the top. In her farewell performance, she sang the role of Melinda at the premiere of *Bánk bán*. Ferenc Erkel gave the artist a laurel wreath tied with a national ribbon, and the audience greeted her with a storm of applause. But just like when he first retired, he gave himself two more years when he traveled around the country. He sang in almost every major city, and all the tickets for his performances were sold out. In 1864, the family moved to Csanád County, where József Lonovics rose up the ranks of the public administration. They raised their only son, Gyula, in the schools of Pest, who only traveled home in the summer to the Dombegyháza estate, where the former queen of the stage lived a quiet, rural life.

He performed only once: the Pest-Buda Musical Society, of which he was a founding member on the 25th anniversary of its existence. In August 1865, Liszt's oratorio "Szent Erzsébet" was presented for the first time, and Kornélia Hollósy could not refuse to participate in it either. Her husband was elected chief steward of Csanád in 1879, so Kornélia became the first woman of the county, and they moved into the chief steward's apartment in the town hall of Makó. In the late autumn of 1889, József fell ill during the influenza epidemic, and then their six-year-old granddaughter also caught it. Kornélia, who took care of them, became bedridden herself, and since she had been suffering from kidney problems for years, her body could not cope with the infection. He died on February 10, 1890, less than two months ago, at the age of 63. The whole country mourned the "Hungarian nightingale".

Lívía Kölnei - Képmás, April 2023 (pages 97-98)



Lujza Blaha is the apostle of acting in the Hungarian language, who played an important role in the fact that the residents of Budapest learned Hungarian. The XIX he was such a star in the 19th century that we can't even imagine it today. He watched from his balcony in Pest as a square was named after him on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. According to reports from the time, his funeral was similar to Lajos Kossuth's farewell, which we know turned into a mass demonstration in today's terms. Despite his national popularity and even his cult, he was completely lacking in fans. Although in reality she always wanted to be a dramatic actress, her name was forever associated with sheet music and folk plays.

He was born in a house on the outskirts of Rimaszombat. His father, Sándor Reindl, was an itinerant actor during the war of independence under the name Várai. The mother, Ponti Aloiza, was also an actress, and they toured the country with their troupe. Since the birth had just started at Rimaszombat, they got involved in the house of a shoemaker. The little girl, born on September 8, 1850, was named Ludovika Reindl, but everyone called her Lujza after her mother's maiden name. From an early age, he appeared in the troupe's plays and learned to sing from the village children during their wanderings. Her beautiful ringing voice was soon put to good use by the family: at the age of five, the bug-eyed, kind, gentle little girl was already playing notes between acts. At first, her stage name was Lujza Várai after her father, then (because her father died early) she went on stage as Lujza Kölesi after her guardian. Lujza Blaha became 15 years old, taking her husband's name.

He also started his career as a traveling actor. In the process, his fate was also misery, cold, hunger, and bumping around on an endless cart. Her mother tried to make their lives easier by marrying her 15-year-old daughter to János Blaha, who was 22 years older. At first they couldn't even talk to each other, because János Blaha didn't know Hungarian and Lujza didn't speak German. So at first they communicated with each other by pointing with their hands and feet. However, for Lujza Blaha, this marriage turned out to be successful. He didn't just have his name to thank for it. Unlike her second husband, conductor János Blaha supported her acting career. He taught him the basics of music and, in today's terms, managed him. At the age of 16, she signed a contract with Debrecen, then her husband placed her in a theater in Vienna, where she was a great success with her guest play. But even though he was arrested, he didn't stay there. He longed to return to his country, he wanted to play in Hungarian.

Although deep down she always wanted to be a dramatic actress, she got roles in folk plays, operettas and operas. Her kind, kind-hearted, direct character, shapely stature, and ruddy face predestined her for musical, light pieces, while her contemporary, drama queen Mari Jászai took the "star tragedy" line with her Antigone, Évá, and Gertrudis. He was a huge success in folk plays from the first minute. The fact that he sang and played in Hungarian in a city whose language was still German at the time of the unification of Buda and Pest played a big role in this. As a result, the settled Swabians, Saxons and Jews also started learning Hungarian. The goddess, referred to as the nation's nightingale, practically conquered the audience from the German theater in Pest, and impressed even the Prince of Wales when he saw her performance. The names of the districts and the street names also became Hungarian, and Budapest developed into a cosmopolitan city with 700,000 inhabitants, which was famous throughout Europe for its cultural life, cafes, spas and nightlife.

Lujza Blaha was a celebrated prima donna of the National Theater and the People's Theater for decades. The XX. at the beginning of the 20th century, however, the folk theater went out of fashion. However, this did not break his career in two. He took on prose roles in various plays. She was also very successful as an actress. In 1901, the National Theater launched the institution of permanent membership, which Lujza Blaha was the first to receive. Prime Minister Kálmán Széll honored him with this title. On January 10, 1908, he celebrated his 50th artistic jubilee. It was then that she played the role of Countess Szerémy in Gergely Csiky's popular comedy Nagymama. He also often performed as a guest in rural theaters. It was a great success in Kassa, Balatonfüred and Székesfehérvár. In 1909, his brilliant portrayal of Zsigmond Móricz in Sári's Judge was praised by critics and viewers alike. In 1920, he celebrated his 70th birthday as part of a national holiday. After

that he retired. After the National Theater, the National Actors' Association also elected him as a permanent honorary member. His pension was set at 1,200,000 crowns by the council of the capital.

She was not even 20 years old when János Blaha died of a lung problem. After that, he married twice more, but none of his marriages were successful. However, this no longer hindered his career. Thanks to his expressive facial expressions and solid dancing skills, he appeared in two early silent films. However, he soon stopped filming because he was disturbed by the lack of sound, the masking, and the theatrical movements characteristic of silent films. He died of pneumonia on January 11, 1926 at the age of 76. He rests in the Kerepesi cemetery next to his beloved Jókaija. At a ceremony accompanied by national mourning, a gypsy band of two hundred people played their favorite notes. Among others, the songs "Cserebór, yellow scherbór", "What's moving in the green leafy bush" or "The golden yellow leaf of the vibrating poplar has fallen". These mass scenes took place at his funeral: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pPnw8HEdJdg> (Unfortunately, the lack of sound here also greatly impairs the experience of the solemnity of the ceremony.) His voice was also only recorded in two noisy 1920s, preserved by a distorted gramophone record:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KLgCMV1i5p0> and

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IR6_z9V1wIQ

Adrienn Kurucz – Internet, <https://wmn.hu/kult/54327>



A well-known actor once said, "I do not envy you young people, because you are the future."

- Where are you from?
- From my workplace.
- Where are you going?
- To my workplace.

Surprisingly, these phrases are not uttered in family circles, in the conversations of married couples. You hear them at university, more and more often and from more and more students. Many of them are now working several hours a day, even seven days a week. No, they are not young Stakhanovites, driven to ever better performance by inspiring ideals. They are not driven by noble work, but by compulsion. Some of them have daily subsistence problems, but that's not why most of them choose to give up their free time (and worse still, their school days) to work. It is a necessity. Performance pressure. A compulsion to conform. The labour market is stagnating, and there is a long queue of unemployed graduates at the office. If you want a job in the future, you have to fight for it. The stakes are high, the solution is simple: be better than everyone else, smarter, more creative, more loyal and, most importantly, more productive.

And start your search early: the sooner you decide, apply and get in, the sooner you win. Start working to get known! If it's just a matter of a moment, they'll see you and like you and say the magic word: stay! Then you can sit back and say yes, but it will only be a moment, because you have work to do. It's okay not to have time to think. At least then you won't remember your parents' old saying, recalled with a look into the misty past, "those wonderful, happy university years". Those 5, sometimes 6 years when you still had time to sit out late at night with your friends in cafés and pubs, play football all afternoon or dance until dawn. When you're preoccupied with lofty thoughts, exchanging world views and globe-trotting ideas. Good thing you don't have time to think about that. Because then you'd realize you don't have a choice.

Lilla Gálfi, Népszabadság - Pályakép supplement, 18 November 2004 (page 3)



The situation of those working in agriculture is no better. Developing countries have complained to the WTO that huge agricultural subsidies from Western governments have made them uncompetitive. Farmers in Western European countries are selling their produce on the world market at unrealistically low prices because their losses are covered by huge subsidies. In India, China, Brazil and other poor countries, however, peasants receive no subsidies, and in China they even have to pay a product levy on all goods they put on the market. This means that they cannot even

earn a tenth of the income of Western European producers. The multilateral negotiations ended with the World Trade Centre obliging Western European countries to reduce subsidies to farmers on a permanent basis. This will inevitably lead to a fall in incomes in this occupational sector too.

The shrinkage in agricultural subsidies will hit the new EU Member States hardest. Eastern European farmers currently receive one third of EU subsidies. Under the agreements, the subsidy they receive can only gradually reach western levels in three stages. In 2012, the gap between member states will indeed disappear, but not in the way we would like. As agricultural subsidies are phased out in Western European countries, farmers in Eastern European countries will not receive any more subsidies in eight years' time than they do now. We are also falling victim to the world phenomenon of levelling out wages rather than catching up.



Each new year brings us more and more uncertainty. Neither the change of regime nor accession to the European Union has brought any reassurance. Insecurity and growing anxiety are slowly eroding the fundamental values on which the free competitive market economy and parliamentary democracy of the Western world are based. Here, these values are eroding without being truly consolidated. Women seeking work are making anonymous statements. Their very insistence on anonymity is revealing. They feel they have reason to be afraid of their opinions, or even of speaking out. Now it is not an institution of dictatorship, but potential employers who are taking note of the disgruntled. Younger people say: their chances on the labour market are poor because employers are afraid they will give birth, miss work, have a sick child; that they will not want to work overtime. Some people mentioned that the employer now feels so much ownership of the worker that he wants to get the prettier young women to provide sexual services. This is not protected by the law – it is very difficult to prove, and if you succeed, you will not get peace of mind, but guaranteed job loss.

Women aged 45-50 and older are not hired because they are too old. The problem with men is that they are less able to tolerate the sense of excess that unemployment brings, they are not as busy with family tasks – they are more likely to drown their anxiety in drink and by the time they might have a job again, they are no longer fit for it. Young graduates are in over-supply; even though they know more and more languages and have more and more qualifications, they are not needed. There is no need for anything at all. But entrepreneurs are even more insecure than workers. The small entrepreneur can only survive if he or she operates in the grey economy for half or a third of his or her activity. This is why he is constantly in a state of anxiety, because the inspectors of the various authorities know this very well: if he does not corrupt them, he will be caught, if he does, he will have to share his black income. But I have also seen a desperate top manager: the deputy of a multinational company, who is the master of his own subordinates, running like a frightened adolescent to the grass when – under suspicious circumstances – a high-value public procurement tender seemed to be lost.

Of course, there are many advantages to this new world. Some people are happy that life has sped up, the world has expanded; that there is constant competition, that you can get out. Not only can you lose, but you can also win, win big. There are many who see the advantages outweigh the disadvantages, who feel a thousand times better off today than they did in the Procrustean⁶³ bed of a level playing field. However, I sense that the majority, the bottom half of society, has become insecure - partly in its own values and partly in the values that allow more and more to be devalued. I do not believe that insecurity releases positive energy in people. Rather, I have observed with envy in my acquaintances in Western Europe that a sense of security makes them serene and confident.

Lately, however, instead of their insecurity spreading to the rest of us, I have seen our insecurity spreading to Western Europe. It is clear that, contrary to the vision of the Lisbon EU summit, employment in the European Union will not be full by 2010. In fact! Workers' rights will be eroded,

⁶³ Procrustes was a legendary Greek robber who laid his victims in his bed. Those who were shorter were violently strangled and those who were longer had their legs cut off. Figuratively speaking, this peculiar solution is mentioned in the context of rules into which real cases can only be forcibly imposed.

working hours will increase, real wages will fall, and new attacks will be launched on the institutions that provide security of existence. The unemployed parasite gets the Viagra for the SZTK!⁶⁴ – is the demagogic campaign, but the target is not only the unemployed, but everyone whose security has been protected by the well-established legal system. The cracks are already showing, not only in the security of ordinary citizens, but also in their views. In the hyper-liberal Netherlands, extremists are becoming increasingly popular, and the rich net contributors to the EU would like to cut the EU's common budget. Growing uncertainty is also undermining stability in the developed world, and with it the prospects for a decent life.

István Tanács, Népszabadság, 13 January 2005 (page 3)



Labour statistics do not show, and politicians are bashfully silent about the fact that a significant proportion of the unemployed do not even want to work. Why bother when you can live without it. How? Like this:

Good evening, boss, sorry to stop you, but please help me out with something. – I am addressed by a man in his fifties with chubby, bowed legs, who is saying his sermon in one breath on Király Street, the busiest promenade in Pécs.

- What's the problem, why are you so broke? – I search the man's humble gaze.
- My little boy is sick. He has cancer. He's in the 400-bed clinic.
- Why aren't they treating him in the children's clinic? – I am surprised.
- He was being treated there, but his condition was so serious that he was transferred to the 400-bed clinic. Doctors cost me a lot, a lot.
- I see... – I nod. There is a foundation in Pécs that helps the families of children with cancer. If you want, I can put you in touch with this foundation. Let's go to the clinic, let me get to know your little boy, and we'll discuss how we can help you.
- I can't do it with him, because my son is dead. Help me, I haven't eaten since yesterday.
- Do you have a job? – I'll keep talking.
- Boss, I'd be the happiest if I had a job, believe me, I'd be the happiest. But I don't have any, I go everywhere, I don't have any.
- How many years without a job?
- Fifteen years, boss, fifteen years.
- Where did you last try?
- Everywhere, boss, everywhere.
- But where?
- I don't know, I've tried so many places, so many places.
- You know what? I'll help you. I know the head of the employment centre in Pécs. We'll go in tomorrow and he'll find you a job.
- Boss, I'll be very grateful to you, I'll be very, very grateful.
- Then I'll meet you in front of the labour centre at nine in the morning. Is that OK?
- Very well, but I don't know where the job centre is.
- You mean to tell me you've been unemployed for fifteen years and you've never been to the job centre?
- Maybe I have, but I can't remember.
- So where shall we meet?
- Well, I don't know – he muses, and then says: – Maybe in front of the train station.
- All right, I let him go, meet me at the main entrance to the station.

⁶⁴ Free public health care.

- But boss, in the meantime, help me out with something. I haven't eaten since yesterday.
- I'm going to put a metal ruler in the palm of your hand. He bows deeply and thanks me, then he puts the coin in his pocket. I suggest we introduce ourselves. He bows again, treats me like this as he mumbles his name in my face.
- Tomorrow morning at the station at nine – I remind him of the date.
- I'll be there, boss, I'll be there.

The next morning, I'll call the head of the job centre, he promises to help me if I take my man. At nine o'clock, I'll be at the main entrance of the station. I stand for ten minutes, twenty, thirty. Then I give up. Two days later, we meet in King Street. He comes towards me to tell me his begging story, but suddenly realising that he has already had a negative experience with me, he staggers on with his eyes fixed on the ground. A hundred metres away, I am stopped by a young man leading a five-year-old girl by the hand:

- Good evening! – he says in a polite voice. – We haven't eaten since this morning, if you can help us.

It turns out that he hasn't been able to find work for years. I suggest that we meet tomorrow in front of the job centre at nine in the morning, because I'm sure I can get him a job. He asks me to help him out in the meantime, because his family is starving. I pour the change that rattles in my pocket into his palm and say goodbye:

- Tomorrow morning at nine o'clock, in front of the job centre.
- I'll be there – he promises enthusiastically.
- Do you know where it is?
- I'll ask him when I get there.
- In Zrínyi Street.
- Yes, yes, I know – he nods.
- Nine o'clock, then.
- Nine o'clock – he says readily.

But he's not there at nine. I'll give up at 9:30. I walk down King Street. A man in his thirties stands in front of me. No money, no job. I promise him a job. He says he's busy today, let's meet the next day. But he doesn't come either. I give up.

Tamás Ungár, Népszabadság, 21 February 2005 (page 11)

Job agencies also have a lot of experience with this situation. Jobseekers can no longer find workers even for casual work. One entrepreneur, for example, was looking for fruit pickers for summer seasonal work. The receptionist at the job centre was calling jobseekers one by one. One of them asked to go to the orchard. The receptionist reassured him that this was not the case, the cherry trees were delivered to his home.



There are a lot of articles nowadays about equal opportunities and the disadvantaged situation of minorities in the labour market. An anonymous author has expressed his views on this phenomenon in a humorous way, in the form of a combined story:

The ant and the cricket

The original version:

The ant worked diligently through the hot summer, building and rebuilding his house and hoarding food in preparation for the harsh winter. The cricket thought the ant was a fool, and worked through the summer. Winter came, the ant was not cold or hungry, but the cricket died in the cold for lack of food and shelter.

The humane version:

The ant worked diligently through the hot summer, building and rebuilding his house, and stock-piling food in preparation for the harsh winter. The cricket thought the ant was a fool, and worked through the summer. Winter came, and the cricket begged his way to the sucker ant's house, where he continued his merry-making. And in the process, he used up the ant's food supply.

The modern version:

The ant worked diligently through the hot summer, building and rebuilding his house and stock-piling food in preparation for the harsh winter. The cricket thought the ant was a fool, and worked through the summer. The cold winter came and the destitute cricket was very cold and hungry. He called a press conference to ask how it was that while some people were freezing outside in the cold, others were living like ants. CNN, public television and commercial television channels showed footage of the cricket shivering and the ant lounging in the warmth at the table. The world was shocked at the glaring difference. How is it possible in such a prosperous, democratic country to abandon the cricket to its fate? The Ombudsman for Minority Rights in the national parliament has accused the ant of „racial bias” in several news programmes, and has drawn attention to the sad fact that many crickets around the world are victims of this exclusionary behaviour. Kermit the frog appeared with the crickets on the top-rated TV network's evening show and everyone burst into tears when they sang the hit song "That's what good friends are for".

At a charity ball, the Prime Minister and his wife pledged their support for the cricket and promised to give him the kind of benefits he had missed out on in the previous government. The President of the Government added emphatically: „So that the winds of the previous regime do not blow again”. In the „Deep Water” programme, which dissected sociological problems, several political scientists explained that the ant had got rich at the expense of the cricket. At the same time, they called for tax legislation to be drafted to remove this type of income, in the spirit of 'equal public taxation'. Finally, with the help of the Equal Opportunities for Minorities organisation, the ant was fined retroactively for not employing a sufficient number of disadvantaged people during its summer work. As he was unable to pay the multi-million fine, he was taken to court and had his house confiscated by the state as compensation for his tax debts.

At the end of the story, we see the cricket moving into the government-allocated apartment (which until recently belonged to the ant) and the ant, who has been evicted from his home, is hiding in the snow under a dry leaf. Television viewers went to bed satisfied that the authorities had finally done something to end social injustice. A month later, the cricket took his coconut and, having used up the ant's food supply and completely cluttered his house, went in search of another ant... If anyone thinks that there is any connection between this story and today's Hungarian reality, it is just a coincidence!

Internet, 1 May 2005 (This story was inspired by La Fontaine's poem "The Cricket and the Ant").⁶⁵

⁶⁵ **Az eredeti vers így hangzott:**

What did the cricket do in summer?
He only made music on seven borders.
Then winter came for summer,
and the cricket's chin was worn out.

The ant lived next door:
He went hungry enough to complain,
And asked him for a little
A little wheat for the winter.

Wheat? – said the ant's brother-in-law.
That's a lot of good!
Have you no wheat at the beginning of winter?
What did you do in the summer?

What did I do? Please
I've been making music
– said the cricket master modestly.
– I put a tune in the ears of anyone who asked.



La Fontaine's story has inspired others, and has been further refined and adapted to the Hungarian context of today:

The Ant and the Cricket (second version)

In the middle of a large meadow lived a cricket and his neighbour, the ant. The ant worked hard, knowing that sooner or later the hard winter would come and he would have to live off his food reserves. The cricket? He did not work! He danced, he sang, he had fun. Then, suddenly, winter came. The ant had everything he needed to make a living. The cricket, to keep his chin from getting worn out, turned to the ant leaders for help. They conducted an environmental study and, seeing his plight, decided to declare the cricket underprivileged. Cricket was delighted, so he went to the pub and drank some of the aid he had received, and threw the rest into the slot machine. His children waited at home for food and warm clothes, but to no avail. When the aid ran out, Mr. Cricket turned to the ants again, and again he got help. But now he was short of help. He asked for a handout. He is a full member of the meadow community, so he deserves more! Because he is disadvantaged, the ant community is obliged to provide him with at least the minimum subsistence level.

– Please calculate how much I and my children are entitled to! – he said.

The ants heaved a sigh. Trying to be tolerant, they gave the cricket what he asked for. Cricket got drunk again on the way home, and when he woke up the next morning he wondered how he could get more help. Then he had a brilliant idea:

– Whoa! I can't multiply myself... but I can multiply my children...! – he cried.

So he began to reproduce wildly and recklessly, for the plight of his children was a good argument whenever he went back to the ants to beg. The ants nodded their heads in surrender and helped again, but one of them remarked:

– Why do we keep giving money to the cricket? Why doesn't he go to work, why doesn't he support his family?

The cricket aggressively retaliated:

– What did you say? Did you call me a cricket? My name is Arthropod violin virtuoso! You'd do well to remember that, my friend! – he said threateningly, and then started on his way.

He went on for days.

– Cricket... I'll make it up... Now they'll know who I am!

He got drunk again, then set off in search of his fellows.

– We must unite, we must defend ourselves against our enemies! – he roared in his companions' ears.

And so they did. They agreed to keep watch from now on. If anyone dares to say "cricket", they will be accused of being racist and exclusionary. Their tactic worked. The ants didn't want to be seen as racist, so they offered more and more help. Meanwhile, they worked hard to keep the crickets away. The crickets noticed that the ants were already working at night, but they thought it was to get richer. This was not tolerated.

– While we were miserable, they were getting richer, so let's take what they have.

They attacked the ants coming home from the night shift and looted them and beat them up. The ants then turned to the lawful keepers of the meadow:

– Help us, we've been robbed by a group of crickets!

You made a tune, ebugatta?
Well, then – said the ant. –
Dance to him now!
I wish you a good time.

The lawmen just shook their heads:

– How do you know they were crickets? Did they say they were crickets?

Hearing this, the ants shrugged and went home. They were better off complaining to their friends about how badly they had been treated by the crickets. And their friends nodded, because the same thing had happened to them. Their homes had been attacked and robbed. The rumour of the marauding crickets spread quickly until it reached the ears of the crickets who were having a good time:

– What? Crickets again? Let's teach them a lesson!

This set off an unprecedented wave of violence in the meadow. The crickets unscrupulously robbed, pillaged or beat the ants half to death for the sheer pleasure of it. The media was deeply silent about this, because the cricket advocate was on the alert, whenever a rumour broke, he would shout with foaming at the mouth, "CRISPS!" In response, the extremist ants tried all sorts of things. They formed the Ant Guild, but even their own kind condemned it and disbanded it. No ant would dare defend itself with arms, because in a prison full of crickets it would not have much good to expect. The poor ants had to endure and work, as the upheaval caused a serious economic crisis in the meadow. Meanwhile, the crickets were multiplying, and there were more and more hungry mouths. The ants fed them until they grew into adult cricket criminals. This made public safety even more intolerable. Eventually the crickets took control of the whole meadow. They killed every last ant, using up their reserves, while completely destroying and polluting the meadow. After killing the ants, the crickets partied day and night, dancing and celebrating that they had the whole meadow to themselves. But they still didn't gather food for themselves, so when winter came, they starved to death because there was no one to feed them.

Internet, 11 March 2008 (joke 2823) http://www.hoxa.hu/?p1=forum_tema&p2=32&p4=600



Alongside the negative phenomena, there are also positive aspirations. More recently, governments are taking action against the export of jobs. The move against the global trend was triggered by the scandal in which a Florida company was awarded a \$400 million contract by the state of Florida to build and maintain a knowledge centre. But the company outsourced the work to an Indian subcontractor. In response, the California Senate has passed a new law prohibiting US companies from doing work abroad that was awarded a government contract. Prime contractors and subcontractors who contract with the state must agree in writing, under penalty of law, to perform all work under the contract exclusively in the United States, using American workers.

László Szűcs, Népszabadság, 19 April 2005 (page 4)



There is a gap in labour costs between the old and the new member states of the European Union, according to a survey by international consultancy Mercer. In Western Europe, wage costs and various contributions are on average more than four times higher than in the eastern half of the EU. The only exception is Slovenia, which is in the „top house”. Hiring a full-time male employee in Hungary costs his employer an average of €9,946 (HUF 2.46 million) per year, including contributions. It is true that this is the highest in the EU 'bottom house': Czech and Polish workers are slightly cheaper, while Slovak and Baltic workers are significantly cheaper. The front-runner is the Latvian worker, who costs on average just €4752 (HUF 1.17 million) a year. The highest wages are paid to Danish workers: on average more than €45,000 (HUF 11 million) a year, but because of high social security contributions, the most expensive jobs are still those in Belgium and Sweden (€53,577 and €52,800 respectively, equivalent to HUF 13.27 million and HUF 13.08 million).

It is very interesting to compare the figures with the Japanese, American, Chinese and Indian indicators. A Japanese worker would be the eighth most expensive in Europe (€45,839 per year – HUF 11.35 million), but this is partly due to the wide range of non-statutory fringe benefits that workers in the island nation receive. Also incredible: the US social security contribution is even lower than in Hungary, at just over half a million forints a year. But wages are four times higher. An

Indian worker earns very little, the equivalent of 409,000 rupees a year, and only 74,800 rupees in contributions. The Chinese worker, on the other hand, is very expensive: his salary is at least two million forints a year (although he has few social rights and works long hours and with high productivity).

These figures are very instructive for the European debate on competitiveness and the battle against competition. Mercer's survey does not, of course, take into account incomes hidden through the black and grey economies, which are generally perceived to be much higher in the new EU Member States. In Northern Europe, however, they are negligible. This partly explains why the living standards indicators do not reveal such a large difference between West and East. The old EU Member States, on the other hand, rely on official statistics to show their reluctance to remove labour restrictions in the twelve Member States, fearing that eastern competition would flood the services market. Hungary's situation is specific. Although it is at the bottom of the table, only Austria and Slovenia have higher labour costs than their neighbours. So, while more and more people are leaving the health sector for the West, for example, it is also exposed to a suction effect. Speaking to journalists in Brussels the other day, our Labour Minister said that we should not compete on cheapness (we can't compete on that anyway), but on the skills of our workforce.



How can you legally cheat on tax? This is the conundrum that the Financial Times explored a few days ago (21 July 2004). In legal terms, of course, this is not how it sounds, but in tax terms, how a company can be cost-efficient in a global world... The key is not to pay it back home. Because it's not just offshore companies that lie about their taxes (those that operate in the US but pay near-zero tax in the Cayman Islands). We've known this for a long time. But now it has emerged that globalisation has opened up the possibility of closing tax gaps between countries. At home (say in England) I would pay 30%. So I sell a few percent of my goods at home, I pay tax on it, but I am still a normal taxpayer. The rest I take to a place where the tax rate is say 15%. I pay that tax there and I have already earned (saved) 15%. Except that if you look at the other side, the English state (treasury) loses 15% tax income. And since this legal game is now a mass (normal) phenomenon, we are in a new situation. The outlines of trouble are becoming clearer.

The end of the 35-hour working week – see the German and French workplace reforms - is already a sign of this trend. More work for the same pay. If you don't like it, the multinational will move somewhere east. Because what is happening now is the second act of globalisation. In the first stage of the centre-periphery split, the centre countries have done well. Taking advantage of cheap eastern labour, they exported jobs. They produced cheaper, they made big profits. Today, it is also clear that the host (periphery) countries have also done well, because new jobs have been created, factories built, modernised, know-how and capital imported, i.e. they have emerged from the Middle Ages. This was the first stage, which was therefore not just colonialism. The lives of millions of people have been changed for the better, and although there have been great sacrifices, those who now earn two dollars a day instead of one are now eager to work for a third. From the point of view of the centre countries, this was a victory march.

Now, in the second act, the periphery is fighting back. The multinationals that have moved there no longer bring their money home, no longer pay taxes at home, which makes the centre state poorer. By moving out (at home) there will be fewer jobs – unemployment will rise. For months now, the US Senate has been debating the threat of job displacement - to no avail. In America, of course, displacement is more of an electoral issue for now, but a real threat in the longer term. The more people leave, the less tax revenue there is. How should the government foot the bill for the 'welfare state'? The periphery is already cutting back in other areas. The countries that were 'on the periphery' during the first phase have now become competitors of the centre and, as such, are undermining the position of the centre. China has been flooded with FDI (Foreign Direct Investment) for decades, but now the 'grown-up' Celestial Empire is flooding America (and the developed world) with its cheap textiles and other exports. Everybody is crying, the complaint is loud, but this situation is – in part - helped to come about by the centre countries. America taught them how to make a

car, and today Toyota is invincibly pushing into the American market.) India is a software powerhouse today, but tomorrow it will take the place of the expensive companies of the centre countries.

As I mentioned earlier, the periphery is also fighting back by levelling wages. Wages are rising in its countries and the counterpart is that real wages are falling in the centre countries. The end of the 35-hour working week - see the German and French workplace reforms - is already indicative of this trend. You have to work more for the same pay, if you don't like it, the multi goes somewhere east. In Germany, Bosch made a deal like this. It could blackmail because it owned the periphery. Now, in the second act, it is the periphery that will be blackmailed. You can say, don't come here with your factories, we have enough production capacity here now. Buy what we can offer you cheaper.

And the state has less and less say in this restructuring. It can't help because intervention requires money. But the opportunities created by globalisation mean that companies pay less and less tax. So the state has no money to intervene. Furthermore, since it cannot milk the companies, it milks the citizens by raising taxes of one kind or another. But this will also fall short, because once upon a time, in the era of the nation state, welfare spending was based on personal and corporate contributions. And if it is too little, it means that the welfare engine will gradually diminish in output and eventually grind to a halt. And everyone knows that tax increases plus the cancellation of welfare services together is bankruptcy itself, the end result of which is that the government is replaced. But the new government will be just as powerless, because without money the welfare state cannot be sustained. Sooner or later, all the states in the centre will find themselves in this situation. These countries, following the dictates of globalisation, are cutting down the trees beneath them. And they can't say to this or that big business that, gee whiz, you shouldn't play your own country like that. Because everything in the system is legal. There is no fraud, it's just the mechanism of globalisation. You have to get used to it, they say. But it's not that easy. It is difficult to give up acquired rights.

Now, in the second act, the periphery is fighting back: the multinationals that have moved away pay no taxes at home, which makes the centre state poorer. With the move out (at home) there will be fewer jobs, unemployment will rise. In those days the 'welfare state' was not built out of charity. After the war (the experience of Nazism) it was realised that poverty and unemployment fuelled extremist politics and that relative prosperity was a precondition for a peaceful Europe. The Keynesian⁶⁶ dream may be economically debatable, but its political sense is real. Yes, but in the second act the trap has been sprung. The states can no longer finance this structure, partly for demographic reasons (more dependants) and partly because of falling public revenues. This means cutting back on the welfare benefits that have been the norm for decades. But just as it was easy to grow from poverty to prosperity, it is now so difficult to reverse this development, i.e. to wean people off certain basic services. This task is almost impossible to accomplish without explosions. And this is the dilemma facing Western Europe today.

This second stage of globalisation also includes the weakening of the dollar. Today's economy is driven by the volume of purchases. But it is not only the buying impulse of the US-Europeans, but also of the developing countries. And the latter has exploded in the last two years. Yes, but higher spending requires more money (dollars), which gurus say leads to a depreciation of the greenback. Not sure if this is the case, but the probability is in favour of this thesis. But if the dollar weakens, less money will flow into the US economy. It needs to borrow a billion dollars a day to keep the budget deficit from growing. While the first phase of globalisation has been a huge boost for America and the developed world, the second phase is holding back the recovery. The oil price explosion is similar to this paradoxical effect. Oil at around \$50 seems to be a temporary phenomenon. Terrorism, Iraq, insecurity. When this passes, the price will return to its previous level of under 30 dollars. It is now well known that the old, beautiful world will not return, because here too the dramaturgy of the second act of globalisation is playing out. The booming Chinese and even Indian eco-

⁶⁶ kéjnsz (According to the British economist John Minard Keynes, the equilibrium of the goods market does not imply the equilibrium of the labour market. He showed that market automatism left to itself cannot eliminate the forced unemployment. This is due to insufficient demand in the goods market.)

nomies are eating up the raw material - one could say sucking the oil away from the 'developed' countries. I will not continue. Trouble is on the horizon.

That's why we are in a world of contradictions. On the one hand, the economic analysts are optimistic - the recession is finally over, a sustained recovery is here. The data are encouraging, the Fed is optimistic (it has raised its base rate). On the other hand, we see that stock markets (the Dow Jones and Nasdaq) have fallen to two-year lows – that is, markets have no confidence in either optimists or forecasts. And this is not only the case in America, but also in Europe. The 0.5 percent improvement is not very convincing either. The business world is waiting. It is waiting to see what the second act will bring. Until then, there remains populism, a political toy based on ambiguity. On the surface, all is well - but beneath the surface there are dangerous reefs. But the biggest problem is that nobody knows the scenario for the second act.

Népszabadság - Weekend supplement, Miklós Almási, 21 August 2004 (page 1)



Economists, those in charge of the banking world and politicians who profess strict fiscal policy should reflect on this doctrinal tale:

A tourist arrives at a small hotel in the mountains, asks if there are any vacant rooms to let and puts a 100 euro bill on the counter. The owner of the hotel is mad because business has been very slack lately, and hands over the key to the best room to the guest. After the guest started up the stairs, the owner took the 100 euros, ran to the butcher to pay off his debt from the previous week and went back to the hotel. The butcher took the €100, ran to the owner to pay for the pig he had borrowed and went back to his shop. The farmer ran to Jenny, the local prostitute, to pay for her services and then went back to his farm. Jenny ran to the hotel to pay for the rooms she had rented last week and put the 100 euros on the counter. At this point, the tourist came downstairs, went to the counter and told her that the room was not suitable. He asked for the 100 euros back and left. In fact, no one did anything and yet everyone paid their debts. So much for the cash flow and the coveted economic recovery.



Tax evasion is not just for companies. It is also common in personal income tax returns. Nobody likes paying taxes. Whether you are an employer or an employee, or a simple shopper grumbling about high VAT. Nobody is happy that something costs more than it costs. However, there are countries where the majority of people pay their fair share of the tax due to the state. Sweden is one such country. There are of course several reasons for this. The first is the historical and religious background. The head of the Swedish state is the King, as is the Church of Sweden. Since the Middle Ages, the local representatives of the Church, the priests, have also been the collectors of state taxes, so it is logical to conclude that anyone who evades taxes by denying their income is not only stealing from the state, but from the earthly vicar of God, the Almighty himself. The consequences of this were once terrible: ecclesiastical anathema, excommunication and, of course, imprisonment.

Taxation through the church is of course a thing of the past, but honour and decency remain. At the turn of the 20th century, the welfare state was born. The socialist governments of Erlander and Palme created a system that used tax revenues to provide complete social security for the population and to modernise the country's infrastructure. Thus a new approach was born: those who cheat on taxes steal from other citizens. It is therefore much easier for the Swedish people to overlook other crimes they may have committed, but they never forget tax fraud. Anyone who does so is entitled to expect social contempt and personal ostracism. And yet the Swedish taxpayer is also a taxpayer whose pockets are deep in the state's pocket. Progressive personal income tax traditionally ranges from 15-50%, and employers also have to pay high contributions. Wages and salaries paid are generally subject to a surcharge of 32-62%. However, VAT rates are very moderate and only a few percent of the price of basic foodstuffs is subject to consumption tax.

As can be seen from the above, the principle of social welfare permeates the whole system. Those who have more should pay much more. What does the average Swedish citizen get for all this? First, a super-modern country. Cleanliness, order, a landscaped environment, well-lit, excellent roads, excellent public transport, the most modern and universal health care. Broadband internet access in even the most remote farmhouse, and an excellent public administration where corruption is almost unknown, and even free funerals. Taxes paid can be reclaimed in annual tax returns for very substantial sums. In total, there are more than a hundred qualifying items for which tax refunds are available. Of course, you need to know the regulations, but this is not difficult for anyone, as a booklet containing the latest information is placed in the letterbox of every home every year, free of charge.

And finally, what does full social security mean? In extreme cases, if someone is completely out of work and their entitlement to unemployment benefit expires after five years (!), the social security office takes over their case. They pay the full rent, electricity and gas bills, and the family gets 2,000 kroner each for food and living expenses. In addition, everyone gets some money for clothes and furniture from time to time, and if the family is on social assistance through no fault of their own, they can sometimes get some money for holidays. On top of that, the worker is paid a decent wage. So there is no tipping, no gratuity. The state does not keep certain sections of society dependent on consumers. In restaurants, you only pay the waiter what the bill says. Hospital care is also really free. Here, it is unthinkable that someone would stuff an envelope lined with money into the doctor's pocket to do his job properly. The redistribution of national income is as fair as the payment of public charges. This is the secret of how Swedes live well.

Staffan Perger - Népszabadság, 30 June 2008 (page 8)

So the willingness to pay taxes is not only up to the citizens. There are no slick nations. If a country has low tax morale, it is usually because of central control. As one taxpayer put it: "The state asks too much of us and we don't see the benefits." One problem is therefore the high tax rate. The basic reason is that relatively few people pay tax. Because of tax evaders, the cost of running the country is passed on to honest taxpayers. Another problem is the treatment of the taxes collected. Where citizens see public money disappearing hand over fist, where politicians are not concerned with the welfare of society but with lining their own pockets, citizens see little point in paying taxes. Where corruption is commonplace, and where embezzlement and bribery cases have to wait years for investigation and then the courts impose ridiculous penalties on the guilty, people cannot be expected to pay taxes willingly. Politicians should therefore first put their own house in order so that they have the moral basis to demand public taxation for all. Where politicians are concerned not with the prosperity of the country, but with their own financial situation, it is not resented that citizens also seek to make things work for themselves.



During the decades of gulag communism, people were lassoed in the streets because there was such a shortage of labour. Every factory and company had a sign on its door saying that they were looking for workers. It was no problem to find a job. Many people made a sport of changing jobs every six months for a higher salary. The envious called these colleagues 'migrant birds', but then they did the same. It was the quickest way to get a pay rise at the time. The chronic labour shortage was caused by low productivity. In public institutions, in state-owned companies, nobody had to stop working. Working hours were mostly spent drinking coffee and chatting, interrupted only by lunch breaks of at least an hour. In the offices, it was good for employees to work 2 hours a day. The boss could not do much, because if he complained about truancy, his subordinate moved on the next day. With a higher salary, he would continue idling elsewhere.

In the countryside, people took jobs just to relax at work during the week after the weekend. In the summer, they worked all week on the farm during the harvest. They would call in sick to the rather lenient district doctors and then return to work to collect sick pay. Little did we know at the time that it would all come back to haunt us. After the change of regime, we were plunged into wild

capitalism and everything turned into a feud. The good world was over. Self-righteous, arrogant workers became wage slaves, exploited, persecuted pariahs. An article by Dr János Nemes gives a taste of the current situation:

"I'm sorry I cried. Nothing special happened. It was my turn and I was fired from my job. I was a cashier in the shopping centre for a year. In the morning I stood in line with my hands up. I went in front of the group leader so he could sniff my armpits as usual and then check my fingernails to see if they were clean. And my clothes, because if they're dirty, they send you home. The third time they throw you out for that. On entry, everyone got two changes of shirt, tie, skirt, blazer. No cleaning products, because we had to do the laundry at home after work. Sometimes I only rinsed the collar and armpits. I didn't have the time or energy to wash it all at night. But then I bought a similar shirt in a shop. They didn't notice I was playing with three shirts.

Now the young group leader just said, you can go home, you're fired. By the way, he graduated as a teacher, and he didn't talk to us cashiers any more than the other recent graduates. I asked him why from the back. He didn't even turn around and said it was because of the three shortages and the chair. Because I supposedly had three shortages, between 1000 and 2000 forints. Any deficit over 700 forints is a minus point, and only expires after six months. And I had three in one year. I said I'd pay the thousand, but it was in vain. The turnover is two or three million forints a day. I don't even know how the deficit is created. A computer guy told me: it's no trick to manipulate it. But of course it can't be proved. One thing's for sure, there's a lot of money in the till. It's worth it. It's strange, though, that the deficit is always shown at the end of the month. That's when the strings were pulled, and always for so little money. So I never got a bonus. The group leaders were always watching. Obviously they were being hit. They stood behind us for hours and pulled strings, we got the minus points. They watched how much we smiled and talked. We had to talk to the customer, of course, but we weren't allowed to talk to each other, lest we get into a fight. It was strigula again.

Why the chair? Well, because we had to sit up straight. If not, strigula. We always started the job by setting it up, because we always ended up at a different counter. And that chair was impossible to adjust. It's supposed to be adjustable, but it's shoddy plastic, it breaks a lot, the screws are missing. When we said, "You fix it yourself!" That was the answer to everything. Good joke, how? Plus, I'm tall, I stand and sit hunched over. It's hard to sit up straight in that damn chair. And why should I, we don't sit in a school desk for eight hours a day. So I got several bad marks for that too. I never missed a day, I was never late. I never went to the toilet. You were supposed to be free, but if you went too much, sooner or later you got kicked out. A colleague of mine had a fever, had to run around every minute, and then brought a certificate from her GP, but it was not accepted. She must have paid off the GP? The managers only accepted the hospital certificate. That's not a problem with me. I can go late, I only went to the toilet during the half-hour lunch break. Plus, I always had to carry the cash box. That weighs about eight kilos. You have to drop it off at the main counter first. It takes time, and then you have to pee yourself before you finally get to the toilet. (By the way, with eight hours of continuous work, you only have a half hour lunch break, and you don't get paid for that either.)

But there were some who were rewarded anyway. Especially the ones who sucked up to the group leaders, like buying them presents. With their own money. It was worth it for them anyway. A bunch of expensive flowers, say, or a gift basket worth three thousand forints. In return you get a monthly bonus of 10-12 thousand. That's good money on top of the 70 grand gross. I've got three kids, I don't work to spend on the group leader. I wouldn't be so proud today? Apparently, the competing mall has a short waiting list for a cashier position. But I'm scared. There they are more generous, but only if there is a shortfall of more than two thousand forints, and the team leader is not always standing behind them. They don't have to, because all the cash registers are covered by cameras. But the other day, the police led away in handcuffs a colleague who had been caught embezzling. And she even had to make two rounds of the store with the poor thing as she was, handcuffed, to the admonition of the others.

This was introduced by the head of security. Over a year and a half, dozens of handcuffed cashiers were carried around. No one dares to tell him, even the directors are afraid of him. He's God over there. He won't even speak to the ordinary cashier, except to shout. My neighbor told me, but he was fired for "insolence" to one of the managers. She was a grandmother and the manager could have been her daughter. Now it was my turn. Nothing special happened. Out of the one hundred and fifty people who were hired with me, hardly any of them have been left over the past year. There's a lot of activity in the mall. Now I don't know what to do. Before that I was unemployed for months. Well, thank you for at least listening to me. And I'm sorry I cried."

Népszabadság, 31 July 2004 (page 9)

The supermarket chain Lidl, known for its cheap prices, is particularly unenthusiastic about its cashiers. Lidl owes its success in the market partly to the inhuman conditions in which it employs its staff; the price of cheapness is paid by the workers. According to a German trade union study, cashiers usually work 10-11 hours instead of 8. They do not do it voluntarily. It is expected and overtime is rarely paid. One of them complained that when her labour seemed too expensive, she was accused of embezzling 12.5 euros from the till. He was threatened that the police would be called immediately if he did not resign voluntarily, so he ended up leaving without any severance pay. Other examples show that such humiliations are almost commonplace. Lidl's management deliberately employs few people in its stores, who are often given an impossible task, especially if they seek grounds for dismissal. Cashiers have to clock in at least 40 items a minute, but in the meantime they have to be careful that a customer does not sneak something out of the shop. This is checked by test shoppers who, for example, hide a can of coffee between two cartons of milk or a more expensive one between a cheaper carton of shower gel. There are two possibilities: either the employee is fired for not noticing the theft or for being too slow. The search of staff members' bags and cars is a daily occurrence, and they are constantly suspected of having stolen something from the shop. Lidl staff are not allowed to talk 'officially' about workplace matters, they are required to take a full 'vow of silence' when they enter.

According to more than 100 Lidl employees, no other company in Germany intimidates its employees to such an extent. They constantly tell their workers that they can be replaced, that there is always a cheaper, more efficient and younger workforce to be found. In an empire of 600 units, they have managed to create a complex company structure in which trade unions cannot penetrate, leaving employees in a vulnerable position. In only 7 out of 2500 shops is there a works council that more or less represents the interests of the workers. The authors of the study found similar working conditions in Lidl stores abroad. In the Czech Republic, Lidl stores reportedly gave menstruating workers a headband, otherwise security guards, who also had to work continuously, would not let them go to the toilet. German experience also shows that virtually no breaks are allowed during working hours. Some people spend 6 hours in a row at the cash desk. To check this, secret cameras are installed in many shops. The workers hope that there will be a change and that they will now be treated as human beings. In the wake of the newspaper scandal, Lidl's management gave an interview to German public television channel ZDF and took out a one-page paid advertisement in the tabloid Bild to try to save the company's 'good' reputation.

Edit Inotai – Népszabadság, 11 December 2004 (page 14)

The vulnerable workers of our time, exercising their rights only on paper, could have countless similar stories to tell. But the current situation has one advantage. The multinationals have taught their employees how to behave. During the decades of the one-party system, the carelessness of their subordinates has been surpassed only by their arrogance. In the past, customers were regarded as intruders and troublemakers in the shops, so they were not thanked. They would give him a disdainful look if, after a quarter of an hour's wait, he finally dared to address one of the salesmen who were talking to each other. But the shop assistants were not to be disturbed for long. If a customer inquired about a particular item, they would simply say: "shortage". The unfortunate man could have wandered off one store away. There, too, he usually received a similar welcome. Usu-

ally, even if the requested goods existed, they would not be served, you would just have to go to the warehouse to get them. It was easier to say that it was a shortage item. No one was offended by this, because shortages of goods are common in dictatorships.

But now the counters are overflowing with goods. One shop after another, on every street corner there is a supermarket. But the most surprising thing is that they are now saying hello to the customer. Not by choice, but by necessity. It's an obligation imposed by their employer. Customers are finding the new situation hard to get used to. When the cashier greeted them in the queue, they kept turning back to see if she had spotted someone they knew. But no, the mimed greeting was for them. As a result of the streamlining and massive cutbacks that ministries have implemented from time to time, even in the offices, people are now saying hello to customers. The constant redundancies are making everyone fear for their jobs. But do not expect a warm welcome. They are probably thinking of wishing us to hell, but they are already talking to us. Occasionally, our affairs are taken care of. At this rate, we'll slowly be joining the ranks of the cultural states. All we have to do now is wait until we are actually welcome to enter a restaurant or shop in one of the tempting shops.



Good morning, my dear lady – the market vendor greets his regular customer with a flood of joy: a beautiful woman who feels that elegance and discreet make-up are essential for shopping, and who also places a bunch of parsley in her basket with a delicate gesture that no one else in the place can match. Uncle Imre, who bunches the dill and parsley in the neighbouring village at night to bring fresh ones to the market at dawn, takes the lady's address seriously, takes it for granted - as does the lady herself. No one is offended, no one who hears it grins or grumbles. The beauty, the wife of a well-known entrepreneur, has such an existence that she deserves her greatness. Only Juliska Szabo twitches at the sound of it. She mumbles to herself, wondering when the dignitaries will come. Juliska Szabó's grandmother was a servant in Pest, to certain chief engineers who must have had a name, but in the family legend they are known only as „the chief engineers”. Their daughter Pötyike and their son Bojszi were mentioned by their grandmother in the same line with the saints, and she always felt it was a miracle to be part of the lives of these extraordinary creatures above her. Grandmother was a love child, and therefore had no more value in the village at that time than a worn-out shoe. To be a city maid was an elevation. At home, her fortune increased and she was able to marry.

Juliska Szabó's mother became a servant to the apothecaries when she was twelve. At thirteen, she was already kneading pastry like a dream, the pastry didn't break under her hands, and by the time she was sixteen, she could have passed the most stringent cooking exams. But he couldn't - he was a maid, not a cook's apprentice. Even though she made the best custard, it was still her job to empty the apothecaries' chamber pots every morning. She remembered this until the day she died, even though she had earned her pension as a cleaner in a metal cooperative. Juliska Szabó herself could have been a trainee cook by then. She did, and was highly valued in the factory kitchen. She was delighted to be invited to weddings, where she could enhance her reputation while gaining a few perks. When it became clear that the company kitchen was no longer needed, because the company itself was no longer needed, Juliska Szabó had a herniated disc from lifting 20- and 50-litre pots. The varicose veins in her legs were swollen, and by the time she was entitled to unemployment benefit, she had already lost her percentage.

After that, it was a succession of problems. Mr Szabo was gripped by a midlife crisis and hopelessness, from which he clung to a young widow in a neighbouring village in the hope of escape. Soon afterwards he suffered a stroke and his first invalid pension was delivered to him by the postman in a miserable lodging. Juliska Szabó had several operations, but somehow she managed to get back on her feet. That winter, when it became clear that she could not heat the house on her 34,000 forint pension – and she did not want to turn to the children, both of whom had their own problems – she accepted an offer from a neighbour who had been calling her to clean for a long time. You'll see – she said to Yuliska Szabó – how much these busy lawyers and doctors appreciate

honest work. That evening, an old Hungarian film was shown on one of the TV channels. What kind of sarsi are you wearing here in the castle? – the groom asked the pretty girl, who duly replied that she was an internal servant for the Count. Then Juliska Szabó thought of her grandmother and mother, and burst into tears. But she went to clean up the next day, and has been rushing on the train to Pest four times a week ever since. True, one of those trips is spent regularly emptying the mail-boxes of the couple, who are spending the summer abroad, for ten thousand forints a month. Wherever he cleans, they are happy with him. But they couldn't pay me enough to call someone "madam", says Juliska Szabó, her determination showing. Today.

Zsuzsa Koblenz – Népszabadság, 30 July 2004 (page 11)



The film industry is still churning out Superman films. Their protagonist is a special man who uses his superhuman abilities to save helpless people in need every day. He can fly and has the strength to stop a train with his bare hands. Sometimes I think that I should write a screenplay whose protagonist is, for once, not Superman, but Superwoman. Like Superman, she keeps her identity a secret and has a civilian job: an eight-hour administrator for a company. At work, no one suspects that she has powers that allow her to leave the office every day on a mission to help the helpless and needy. After work, she turns on her superpowers and does the following: she shops at the grocery store at the speed of light, then rushes to school, then to the kindergarten, then crosses town with her two children and bags in her arms, battling public transport. At home, while her husband is on his smartphone, she turns on another of her superpowers: simultaneously studying her school-age children, playing with her kindergartener brother, unloading the washing machine, laying out the sheets and cooking dinner.

In the evening, after bathing and putting the kids to bed, she patiently listens to her husband monologue about his problems at work while she does the dishes. Then, in the bathroom, she transforms into a sexy woman, seduces him and spends half the night pampering him. In the morning, she is again fresh and energetic as she prepares breakfast and dresses the children for nursery and school, and finally arrives back at work among her unsuspecting colleagues. But Superwoman hides her talents in vain, and in time her exploits will become known and admired the world over. I am afraid that no Hollywood producer would fall for this scenario, because it is a very ordinary story, except that no one in real life celebrates women who demonstrate their superpowers on a daily basis as heroes. They live among us, but they carry out their mission so naturally, so inconspicuously, that people don't even notice that there is actually a superhero at work in their midst.

Norbert Nagy – Editor-in-Chief - Elixir magazine, June 2015 (page 3)



Austrian women are threatening a strike at the domestic work table.

"I'll bring the stars down from the sky for you,

We often swear to the beloved wife.

At first, for later she asks in vain,

If it's up to us, the coal stays in the cellar."

This edifying poem is the work of a self-critical man, and can be found on the website Hausfrauenrevolution.com. The movement may at first glance seem ridiculous, but in Austria it is gaining ground and the ladies are quite militant: they are now threatening to strike.

There is no honour in housework, but women who devote their lives to it deserve the attention and care of society, says Marie Therese Relin, the leader of the revolution. She is an actress by profession (daughter of Maria Schell), but as a wife and mother of three, she has a different story to tell. For almost 12 years, from the birth of her eldest child until last autumn, she was a full-time mother and housewife – although she had previously achieved considerable success, especially in films. Then, one fine day last September, the duster stopped in her hand. "Good God, what future do I have?" – she asked herself. "By the time the kids grow up and fly out, I'll be out of the world. No

income, no pension, no prospects". It was then that she decided to mobilise her fellow citizens and try to make a difference.

What do you mean? Society and politics need to value domestic work. It would be essential to pay housewives on this legal basis. Better reconciliation of work and housework, and social security for housewives, are also essential demands. The revolutionary lady did not discover the Spanish way, because others had already thought of it. What is new, however, is the idea of giving greater weight to these demands by means of a work stoppage. If millions of households suddenly stopped cleaning, washing, cooking and ironing, men would soon give in and we'd get what we want – says Marie Therese Relin, who has already taken part in the first international revolutionary rally. Eighty like-minded women from all over Europe came to Bavaria, and although there are 22 million active housewives in Germany alone, she is encouraged by the response to the initiative. For now, the most important thing is propaganda: getting the information out there. The website is visited by 15,000 people a day. The number of contributors is increasing, so that slowly but surely the strike is developing.

In Austria, too, there are millions of housewives. They spend 197 hours a month each on housework and childcare. The value of their work amounts to €49 billion a year. In addition, the 1.6 million women who are employed do almost all the housework themselves, since – although the Austrian Family Law Act makes some vague reference to the spousal obligation to share the housework – they can essentially expect little help. If the idea of a strike has not yet been mooted, there have been bold attempts to capture the crown of creation: around 1996, the then Minister for Women's Affairs tried to legislate for the obligation to wash the dishes. It failed. Three years later, the then Minister for the Economy, Martin Bartenstein, who was in charge of the ministry, did indeed introduce the obligation to share housework into the Family Law Act as a spousal obligation, but it was already clear that the women concerned would find it difficult to enforce, and that it would be more relevant in the event of divorce and the division of property. He himself has five children, and as the owner of a pharmaceutical company, which has been transferred to his wife since his time as minister, he is so wealthy that the question of „who does the washing up today” is probably unknown in his home.)

In principle, therefore, Marie Therese Relin has a million camps behind her, and if she can overcome the organisational problem of the strike, such a movement could be equally convincing. Of course, there are many unanswered questions. For example, how long would the domestic work stoppage last? And, more importantly, whether the result is a success or a failure, who will clean up the accumulated rubbish, wash the dishes, remove the accumulated laundry once the strike is over?

Júlia Szász - Népszabadság, 14 August 2003 (page 16)



I am sitting next to an old classmate in his brand new car, listening with dogged patience to how much power his "warship" has. He introduces me to the heated seats, the automatic gearbox, the sunroof; the anti-theft device and the footrest for the comfort of the back seat passengers. I'm bored, but I try to look interested, while thinking with indulgent affection: men are like children: they love their gadgets like little boys love their matchboxes.

- Mum, why don't you get going? – he suddenly shouts, driving me out of my loving thoughts, and then he honks aggressively, flashing at a girl in a mini-car. The victim can't be more than 25 years old. He starts off really slowly at the lights, but then he tries really, really hard to „squeeze” the poor thing from the inside lane into the outside lane. We drive on in silence for a while.
- Why are you so quiet? – asks his lordship at the Buda exit of the Árpád Bridge.
- You're "beating up" a girl much younger than you, flashing, shouting! – I burst out angrily, to which he replies with inimitable authority.
- Remember the famous phrase from the 1990s? You would have liked to make a revolution...! Well, you would have liked to stay in the kitchen! If this lassie and all her lady raisins are

venturing out on the roads, pick up the pace! Then realize that this is a tough, dangerous business!

– Courtesy? Respect for women? – I ask sadly.

– You've killed that out of us with your damn equal rights! – he announces confidently.

Ildikó V. Kulcsár, Nők Lapja, 2005/18 (page 47)



Graduates would go back to school to learn a manual trade because they are faced with the fact that their higher education is not needed in the labour market. This year, for the first time, graduates approached the Ady Endre Secondary School in Szekszárd to learn a trade. Mariann is 30 years old and graduated as a teacher from the local college, but she could not find a job as a teacher. Years of unemployment had been weighing on her, but she couldn't take on just any job because she was raising three children. She looked for a profession that she thought was compatible with her life-style, so she became a cosmetology teacher. She says she finds nothing wrong with a degree in facials or leg waxing. Two other women, after a job search that seemed hopeless, became interested in training as building technicians. One has a degree in health and the other in social work.

Zoltán Babai, director of the Ady Endre Secondary School, said that they had never before been confronted with such a demand, so they did not know exactly at what age, under what conditions, and to whom they could offer full-time and part-time courses. János Jakab, Deputy State Secretary for Vocational Education and Training at the Ministry of Education, said that under the Public Education Act, the last day of full-time education at secondary schools is when a person reaches the age of 22. This can be extended by one year if they started school at the age of seven or eight, or if the chosen course is longer than two years. The Deputy Secretary of State added that those who enrolled in a secondary school in or before the 1996/97 academic year could continue to attend full-time education until the age of 25. Asked why there is no age restriction at all, and why people cannot decide how and when they learn a profession, Mr Jakab said that the current regulation is linked to the normative financing. Under the law, the preparation for the first and second vocational qualification in the form of full-time education is free of charge, i.e. it is financed by the state. After that, there is adult education, which is subject to reimbursement. This can be done in or outside the school system. He added that the Ministry of Education sees adult education as a way of ensuring lifelong learning.

According to the experience in Szekszárd, only women applied for post-graduate vocational training, Zoltán Babai said. According to him, the reason for this is that men who have graduated do not even think about this possibility, although, as he says, they can be offered marketable professions both immediately and in the long term. These include mechanics, mechatronics, car electronics and domestic engineering. The director noted that there is such a shortage of skilled workers in the services that, in time, graduates may be the ones who install the heating, the car or the gas stove. Zoltán Babai also said that they were starting to look into whether there was a future for vocational training for graduates. They realised that this could be justified not only by the difficulty of finding a job, but also by other needs. For example, he said that if you have a degree in electrical engineering and later start a company, you will certainly benefit from having a good knowledge of assembly. Therefore, in addition to primary and secondary schools, it is planned to inform graduates at the local college about what their institution has to offer. This is very timely, given the growing shortage of labour in certain professions, while at the same time the number of teachers and social workers leaving Szekszárd College and unable to find a job is steadily rising.

Katalin Mácz – Népszabadság, 24 September 2004 (page 11)



Every week they say goodbye to someone. Young graduates who can't find a job leave for "Europe". They are not going for adventure, not even to good places. They can become a dishwasher, a waiter, a babysitter – a kind of graduate maid. A friend of mine in Szeged tells me: he advertised a job as an education organiser and almost 300 people applied. Young people with better and better skills. The job wasn't good, it didn't pay much, it didn't last long, because it was only linked to a project that

had won a tender – but it was a job. It was something very small, a fixed place in the world to cling to for those who feel every day that they don't need it. There is no place for him: he doesn't need anywhere. To this situation they say: what is it that there is no place for you? There is as much room as you can carve out for yourself. How many people started from scratch: they were clever, they were lively, they were hard-working – they did well in a free world. If there was one who made it, there was another who could have made it. Then you are to blame, it is not society that is badly set up.

But, just because someone did well, it does not follow that anyone could have done well. Especially not that everyone. Let's just scratch the itch: good ability alone was not enough if it was not coupled with violence and unscrupulousness. But not everyone is like that. There were a few lucky years when students graduated on time, so the changes opened some doors for them. With the same amount of knowledge, you could have been a head of department eight years ago as you are now permanently unemployed. The certainty that the knowledge acquired might be needed somewhere is gone. The first time you hear about over-qualification is when you are confronted with it yourself – until then it is treated as jargon rather than a real threat. By the time the word has „matured”, the objectivity has worn off, and the bitter conclusion remains: there will be no knowledge-based society here. For those who saw things clearly, it was all cynical babble; for those who meant it, it was illusion.

The choice is between hanging around here, waiting for a job to be advertised again in a month's time, or leaving. But where to? To what? In Western Europe, unemployment among young people starting out on their careers is even higher than here. We don't really need anyone there either: maybe if they know a lot more and can get by with a lot less than the people there. But not everyone is really fit to leave. That is the other big disappointment: that globalisation will create opportunities in the sense that if you know enough, you can find a job anywhere in the world. Capital is more global than work. As a ruthless manager you might be able to go to the other side of the world, but not as an engineer or a teacher. And of course, personality doesn't always lend itself to that. Most people are too strongly attached to places, culture, community.

This is felt not only in Szeged, not only in Hungary, but also by the majority of today's young generation: they set out into the world from Serbia, Romania. There is also something bitterly ridiculous in the fact that those who in this country reduce their helplessness by knocking down the gravestones of others will be rootlessly, hopelessly matched with those same others on the crew of some South Sea cruise ship as cheaply paid cleaners. Only one thing is certain, says one of the voyagers: you have to drink a lot at the farewell dinner.

István Tanács – Népszabadság, 12 October 2004 (page 3)



Globalisation is accompanied by labour migration. Today, people are still mostly driven abroad by the need to make a living, while the host country is driven to take in foreigners by chronic labour shortages. However, the encounter of different cultures and the problems of integration create seemingly insurmountable tensions among the mixed population. Germany is the largest host country in Europe, employing the largest number of guest workers. They are therefore also the country where these problems are most evident. The global economic crisis, falling living standards and rising unemployment are fuelling antipathy towards migrant workers. This lack of tolerance leads to mutual recriminations on both sides and raises serious concerns among globalisation advocates:

"The Turks are the cause of all the problems. They come here, they take jobs away from ordinary Germans, and if they don't work, we keep them. They don't even want to learn German properly, they smuggle in Islam, they wear headscarves. Why don't they go back to where they came from?" – Horst, a retiring engineer from West Berlin, moans.

The mentality of blaming everything on immigrants is not uncommon in the upper-middle class neighbourhood, where you rarely see a Turk living in the area. The only one is the kebab man on the corner, and he works hard. Stereotypes about Turks, on the other hand, are that immigrants live on welfare, essentially siphoning off German taxpayers. Husbands bully their wives, don't give a damn about the values of the majority society, don't want to fit in, and nothing shows this better

than watching Turkish TV, reading Turkish newspapers, befriending and marrying Turks. They send their children to Islamic education, which is known to be a prelude to terrorist training. There are clichés on the other side, of course. The Turks say that Germans are cold, selfish and intolerant, but are increasingly lazy, unable to make real friends and terrible cooks.

Clichés are hard to fight. When I tell the story of Raziye to German acquaintances, they are usually incredulous because it does nothing to support their ideas about Turks. Raziye, a young Turkish woman, arrived in Germany from Anatolia at the age of sixteen. She was chosen as a wife by the family of a second-generation Turkish man already born here. They got on well, and after a year their first son was born, and seven years later the second. In the meantime, however, Raziye's husband fell ill, was demobilised and could no longer work because of epileptic fits. The young woman took matters into her own hands. She learnt German, took a job as a cleaner and for years she has provided for the family of four. She hardly ever complains, and the other day she enthusiastically announced that at the age of 34 she had finally learned to ride a bicycle. What fun it was when he first wobbled around in the park on his two-wheeler, then suddenly found his balance and was whizzing through the trees! Even his sons were proud of him.

But Raziye is happiest when he can find a job for the weekend. That's when he takes his children with him, so they can earn a few euros. Recently, they measured coffee in one of the tents at a parade in the city centre, and at other times they help with the sausage frying. There's not much time for rest, they have a lot of visitors on weekends, relatives, friends and acquaintances, as is the custom in a Turkish family. The wife cooks, serves and listens attentively to the men. Her father-in-law and his friends are enthroned on the sofa, the guest (in this case the writer of these lines) is seated in an armchair, the husband finds a chair, Raziye brings tea and cakes, and then, for lack of a better word, she curls up on the floor.

- Germans could be world leaders in racism, assures Ilyas, a family friend who came to Germany as a butcher in 1966.

He originally came for only two years as a guest worker, but like the others he was "stuck here". He worked as a journalist, set up a Turkish-language radio station and got involved in local politics.

- I came here during the Ludwig Erhard economic miracle, when they were literally recruiting guest workers, there was such a need for our labour. I didn't want to stay here, I just wanted to earn some money to start my own business back home.

The first group of Turks, two thousand five hundred people, came to German soil back in 1961, when the train journey from Istanbul to Munich took seventy hours. By 1969, one million Turkish guest workers were working to boost the German economy.

- Typically, it was the social democrat Willy Brandt who first promised to send us home in his election campaign, but we were needed in the 1970s, so we stayed. After a few years, the family could come after us," recalls Ilyas, whose confidence in the Social Democrats was first shaken then.

The quieter Nebi, Raziye's father-in-law, adds only:

- We can't really be accused of laziness. We came to earn money, alone, without family, and worked hard on the construction sites. We were all foreigners. I remember once a German came, tried to keep up for a day, then gave up. It was too hard work for him, he said, and we never saw him again. Let's not sugar-coat things, we did the work that the Germans were no longer willing to do. Now they'd just send us home?

I have lived in Germany for almost forty years, I have four children, six grandchildren, all living in the area. I would love to go home to Turkey, but I wouldn't move back for the world. The German governments have tried many things. In the early 1980s, for example, a „repatriation bonus” of 10,000 marks was paid to anyone who returned to Turkey with his family. Not many people took up the offer. According to a recent survey, 61% of Turks consider returning unthinkable, while 10% may be considering it. According to a young comedian born in Frankfurt, if the Turks were allowed to take part in building Germany, they have a right to take part in destroying it. This is not a flattering riposte to German politicians, suggesting that they should be more concerned with fixing the economy rather than immigrants.

- 'It's a strange world – adds the more belligerent Ilyas. 'I've never been a colony of the Germans, I've always paid my taxes, I've paid all my contributions, I've never been fined. But I'm still a „shitty Turk”. Just because I don't fit in with the Germans. I have a different skin colour, a different accent, different habits. They always come to me with integration. But you know what? They really want to assimilate me. To be like them. If they had helped me to learn the language back then, one hour a day would have been enough, so that we wouldn't have to struggle, make mistakes, trying to learn German on our own. They still don't know what to do with us. They are benign as long as they assume I am poor. But as soon as I get a little better, they start to pat me on the head. It's as if they want the foreigner to be poor, but still be able to make a living. In other words, in no way to endanger the order here.

There are 7.3 million foreigners living in Germany today, 9 percent of the population. Some people think this is too many. The most populous group is made up of Turks and people of Turkish origin. They number 2.5 million. The first generation of immigrants were simple workers, but the second generation now includes 60,000 entrepreneurs who provide work for more than 300,000 people. A third of the latter are German – it is not true that Turks are only doing the "dirty work". Turkish entrepreneurs paid €30 billion in taxes last year, they account for 1.4% of Germany's GDP and it is wrong to claim that they have bankrupted the social security system. Last year they paid more than €3 billion in social security contributions.

There are already Turkish success stories. For example, film director Fatih Akin's film *Head against the Wall* won the Grand Prix at the Berlin Film Festival this year, the first time in 18 years that the Germans have managed to keep the Golden Bear „at home”. Akin's film, however, is not about German-Turkish coexistence, but the opposite. A closed Turkish community with virtually no contact with the outside world, where marriage is arranged between two second-generation Turkish youths simply to free the girl from the stifling environment of her home. The Germans play at most an episodic role in this story, and this is often the case in reality. The stereotypes here are dangerously close to the truth.

- Friendships and loves are inevitably forged within the Turkish community. Nebi's four children have all chosen Turkish spouses. It was not a parental wish, but simply the way things turned out. Friendships like ours are rare among Germans. Love works differently, too. I remember once a German colleague, who I once thought was a friend, came to stay with us for a week in Turkey. He stayed in our house, we drove around the countryside together, my wife cooked for him, and we listened to his every wish. Needless to say, I didn't take a penny from him, because that's how it is with us. He thanked me gratefully for my hospitality, flew back to Berlin, and I never heard from him again. Not once did he call me, even though he doesn't live far away, just here in Berlin, near Alexanderplatz.

Raziye brings grilled chicken with salad, he hasn't said much so far, but he smiles now.

- The difference between people is not whether they are Turkish or German, but whether they have a heart – he says simply. Still, he has learned that Turkish customs are sometimes miles away from German ones. He regularly came to one house at noon to clean, and because he was hungry, he always took two cakes with him: one for himself and one for the hostess. It was just a courtesy so that the other one wouldn't have to watch him eat. To this day, she accepts the gift, but has never once thought of offering Raziye a glass of tea.

In the meantime, Raziye's two sons arrive from the football match in the housing estate: the older one answers the men's questions seriously in Turkish, but the younger one prefers to speak in German.

- I can't keep so many languages in my head. We also learn English at school, I speak German to everyone, Turkish is difficult for me – he complains with a shy smile.

The little boy is no exception: more than half of immigrant children aged between five and eleven already speak German with their friends, and this is slowly transforming family communication. Parents still speak to their children in Turkish, but they are now responding in German, and even siblings are now preferring German between themselves. Raziye was surprisingly firm on one point: she did not want her sons to receive an Islamic education. Although the German press loves to

sound the alarm about the popularity of Koranic schools (especially in these times of terror), in reality only 10% of Muslim parents send their children there.

- I myself am Muslim, but I would never dream of sending my children to a school with teachers in headscarves. Let them learn about the other religions and then later choose the one they like.

At first, men seem liberal too, but then we hit a slippery slope.

- Can you wear panties, but not a headscarf? Let him wear a headscarf if he wants to! What's wrong with that? German women practically run around the streets in their underwear in the summer, and that's not forbidden either. Everyone has the right to their religion and their culture, and it is really an exaggeration that everyone who is a Muslim is now suddenly being seen as an Islamic terrorist. I'll have some of that! – Ilysar, a former journalist and left-wing politician, gets involved in politics. It's much simpler than that: as long as there are oppressed, exploited countries, there will be terrorism, but it has nothing to do with religion.

Ilysar and Nebi nod eagerly, Raziye banishes herself to the kitchen with the dishes. I make a cautious attempt to paint a slightly more nuanced picture. Useless. We get into a brief discussion about poverty in the oil monarchies and the well-off families of some terrorists, and whether the West, and the United States in particular, is really responsible for all the misery in the world. The positions are not converging, but the tension, like so many clichés, remains. Wherever I come from, I represent the white world on terrorism. The rich."

Edit Inotai – Népszabadság, 14 August 2004 (page 4)



The European Union seems to be getting fed up with illegal immigrants. It is no longer just Belgium, Austria and Britain that are loading up immigrants on planes, but Italy too:

"The coast guard escorts illegal immigrants to a port in southern Italy. The Italian authorities are escorting illegal immigrants from the coastguard in southern Italy to Libya. Further deportations were considered yesterday. The airlift marks a change in Italy's attitude towards 'boat people', which has so far allowed it to consider the reasons for migrants arriving from the African coast. The immediate reason for the deportation was the landing of some 2,500 migrants in the last five days on the tiny island of Lampedusa, Italy's southernmost point, overwhelming the refugee centre, which can only accommodate two hundred people. The unprecedented action has sparked strong protests from human rights organisations and the Italian opposition. Critics of the deportation claim that the authorities did not even investigate whether any of the deportees were people who could have legitimately claimed political asylum.

In the summer, 37 illegal immigrants were immediately expelled from Italy, but they were found to have lied about their origin and not to have come from the crisis zone of Darfur, as they were told. A new agreement between Italy and Libya - the main transit country for emigrants from Africa and the Middle East - came into force on 15 September, under which the two countries are to jointly patrol the area in an attempt to stem the flow of refugees to Italy. Rome has been pressing the EU to lift sanctions on Tripoli as soon as possible so that it can provide the Gaddafi regime with the means to guard its 7,600-kilometre border. In Libya, an Italian-German initiative is to set up a filter station to control migration to Europe."

Demeter Pogár – Népszabadság, 5 October 2004 (page 4)



The admission of illegal immigrants and their mass resettlement is due to the spread of neo-liberal views suggested by Satan. Nobel Prize winner Imre Kertész cannot be accused of not being a humanist thinker in the extreme. Yet he expresses similar concerns when he writes: "Multiculturalism has failed, or perhaps it never worked, it never existed." And he accuses Europe of "suicidal liberalism", claiming that "democracy is misinterpreted to such an extent that it ultimately leads to the destruction of democracy. This is always the end: civilisation reaches an over-bred state where it

is no longer not only incapable of defending itself, but no longer even wants to defend itself when, in a seemingly pointless madness, it worships its enemies. Moreover, this cannot be said publicly.

European Union politicians justify the indiscriminate admission of refugees on the grounds that the ageing continent will need the labour of immigrants. But this is a fallacy. In fact, the opposite is likely. In future, less and less live labour will be needed. Already, human labour is increasingly being squeezed out of factories by robots. In a few decades, we will be at the same level as aliens are today. They say their factories are fully automated. They don't let humans into their factories because it slows down the workflow. The scrap rate would also increase because humans sometimes make mistakes, but computer-controlled robots never do. The same is true in agriculture. There too, all the work is done by programmed machines. This has freed their civilisation from the soul-destroying conveyor belt. They no longer have trained workers, or as I now call them in our multinationals: operators.

But the spread of robotisation is only a small contributor to global unemployment. Our civilisation is now facing a threshold, the crossing of which will open up limitless horizons for our development. An unprecedented prosperity will greet the world after the upcoming paradigm shift. By harnessing the possibilities offered by the ether, by harnessing the universal energy that fills everything, we will not lack for anything. The abundance of food will end hunger and poverty, and everyone's livelihood will be assured. Our short-sighted politicians are oblivious to all this, so they make foolish decisions by the scruff of their neck. To pick a few of them, they continue to push for the construction of nuclear power stations. The justification is that nuclear power is the least polluting. This is indeed the case. But in future, electricity will be produced by the consumer, at home, for free. There will be no need for any power stations, high-voltage transmission lines, electricity suppliers or electricity distribution facilities.

Another ill-considered decision is to build dozens of new hospitals to improve health care. Huge sums are being invested in building well-equipped hospital complexes at a time when the existing ones will not be needed. The reconstruction of Royal Raymond Rife's frequency-specific germ-killing method is imminent, which will eliminate infectious diseases on Earth. (This was recently announced by the US President.) This method will not only cure viral and bacterial diseases, but also cancer. Once and for all, we will be rid of this disease that claims the lives of 9,5 million people every year. Therefore, in the future, only accident victims will require hospital treatment. A single hospital will be enough for this purpose.

There will also be no illnesses, because the meridian harmonising oscillator, which Tesla invented to emit 28 kHz soliton waves, will be able to eliminate the diseases that develop. The doctors, nurses, paramedics and other support staff that will be freed up will be the biggest boost to unemployment. The booming construction industry could absorb some of them, but retraining surgeons to become masons, carpenters, tilers or plumbers will be problematic. There will also be no need for pharmaceutical factories, because in the future diseases will be cured energetically rather than with chemicals. In the changed labour market situation, even „fugitives” who leave their countries in search of a better deal will return home. Many of them would like to stay in their new country, but they will not be needed. Due to huge unemployment, migrant workers are being sent home from all countries. They won't have jobs at home either, but at least they won't be turned away.

But until general prosperity comes, our world will be in a mess. In this changed situation, neo-liberal countries want to get rid of the millions of immigrants they have taken in. But this will not happen. The illegal immigrants who have come here in search of a better life will not even think of going home. They don't like to work, but they like to live well, so they have invaded Europe's richest countries to support themselves in luxury. They don't want to work, they don't want to learn a language, and they don't want to integrate culturally. In fact, they want to impose their own culture and religion on the peoples of Europe. To this end, they do not shy away from violence and acts of terrorism.

Now that this situation has been recognised, the rich Western countries are also keen to send immigrants back. They believe that by herding them onto cargo ships and warships, they could be massively resettled back to where they came from. Until then, they should be kept in closed camps.

But organised repatriation is not an option because indecisive politicians refuse to take decisive action. They push the issues to different levels in the hope that they will resolve themselves. But they will not. Seeing this, the population is taking the increasingly urgent situation into their own hands. One violent clash after another, armed confrontations. Eventually, the whole of Europe becomes a battlefield of gunfire and explosions.

In view of the imminent danger, the politicians of the European countries should call a referendum on whether the people want large numbers of foreigners to be allowed into their countries. Politicians are elected by the people and they govern the country on behalf of the people, and some of their representatives govern the European Union. When they were elected to these positions, illegal immigration into Europe had not yet started. In view of the changed situation, it would be necessary to know the will of the people. If they refuse to call a referendum on this crucial issue, it is an open admission that they are running the country against the people, against the population. This is nothing less than a dictatorship. Our current politicians are taking their country to its grave with their nation-destroying policies and tearing the European Union apart.

And the most vehement supporters of immigration without a cap could be brought to their senses by a new law. It would oblige them to accept an immigrant family with several children into their homes. Show them how to live with them. Not at the expense of others, on the backs of the population, but in their own homes. Start distributing the immigrants themselves. At the same time, they should be obliged to take the refugee family with them when they leave home. That way they would not be able to escape the law. They would not be allowed to move out to their holiday homes or rent another apartment for themselves or the family they are sending. This decision would not be punitive, but part of an experiment. If they can prove that it is possible to live with them, to integrate them into society, then their experience and their suggestions could be widely applied. Our liberal politicians should not just rant about immigration from the parliamentary pulpit, but should also demonstrate the viability of this policy through action. It is easy to talk, but harder to act, and harder to prove it with action. And the leaders and members of NGOs must be moved to 'no go' zones so that they can feel the impact of immigrants on majority society first hand.

These measures are not anti-migration, but help to end the current chaotic situation. The Blue Card should be introduced as a matter of urgency to put an end to illegal immigration. After that, those wishing to immigrate will only be able to apply for a residence permit at the embassy of their EU country of origin. This will enable the administrator in the country of destination to check the identity of the applicant and decide whether they need it. To ensure that this procedure is strictly enforced, it should be made law that anyone who arrives illegally in any EU country should never, ever be granted a residence permit. And the issuing of Blue Cards should be left to the discretion of each EU country to decide for themselves who they want to live with.

The suicidal societies of Western Europe are in agony. The main sign of this is self-destructive self-denial. The essence of this behavior is that a community puts the interests of outsiders above its own in the spirit of misinterpreted humanism. It renounces self-awareness, identity, and self-defense. At the same time, he claims that this behavior is modern, progressive and humane. Community interest protection, on the other hand, is outdated, barbaric and evil. This neoliberal approach is as if someone were to deliberately eliminate their immune system from their body and offer themselves as a target for pathogens.

In the process of disintegrating Western civilization, migrants are the first to liquidate national identities. Although there are not enough of them yet, they are already marching on the streets with signs like this: "ISLAM will dominate the world. Freedom can go to hell!" They also often say, "You can't even do anything against us, because you don't even want to protect your own world." Immigrants do not come to ask, but to take. Based on their ideology, they feel that this is their right from God. Most of them have no idea how to work and do not have any professional skills. Moreover, most of them are illiterate. Despite this, they do not want to go to school and are not willing to learn the language of the host country.

They also rob and rape women. They cannot and even do not want to integrate into Western societies. Secluded in no-go zones, the housewives live their lives according to their own laws. They are not willing to accept that anyone who wants to settle in a country must adapt to the values established there. He can only stick to his former habits to the extent that does not offend the majority, the citizens of the host country. If you still want to live like at home, go home. Every country, every people has a different set of values, and everyone is obliged to respect this and adapt to it. Hordes of migrants make a living from smuggling and drug dealing. Western politicians with brains stretched by purple steam dream of a wonderful, diverse society. However, the reality will be different. Extremist Islamist immigrants say Europe is still waiting for its own 9/11, and it will be worse than the destruction of New York's Twin Towers.



Our politicians, who do not care about the livelihoods of their citizens, have no idea of the dangers of unemployment, which is passed down from generation to generation. It is easy to get people out of work, but it is harder to get them into it. And for young people not used to work, it is impossible. Since they have to make a living, they are bound to become criminals.

"I don't want to talk about Géza, but let me start with him, because without him the story is unmanageable. So, Géza is a forty-nine-year-old man, eight years old, in relatively good health, with a family, who has been out of work for fifteen years. His last legal job was as a labourer in a construction company in Pécs. The man, who lives in a village in the south of Baranya, has been living on benefits and a daily allowance since the construction company closed down. He usually has a hundred or ten days a year of casual work, and he is also good at collecting snails and herbs, which also bring in a little money. He fishes and mushrooms for a living, but not always regularly. If you add up all of Géza's financial resources, he earns roughly the same amount of money per year as if he worked for a company for minimum wage. Géza's wife also graduated from eight elementary schools. Despite her obesity, the woman, who is agile and often sore on her back and has a sliced tongue, worked longest in a poultry processing plant in Pécs. But the company was liquidated and she has been unemployed for fourteen years. Since then, she has worked forty days a year for the melons and accompanies her husband to collect herbs.

The couple has not tried to find a permanent job for more than ten years. It is also uncertain whether they really tried ten years ago? They say they'll make it to retirement. They admit that now they would not be able to adapt to the demands of a factory, the bosses' orders, the commuting. Besides, dozens of people in the couple's village have settled into a similar lifestyle to Géza and his wife. But I do not want to talk about Géza and his wife, or about their fate, but about the children of the couple living in the village in Baranya. The Gézas have two sons and a daughter. The older son is 23, his younger brother is a year younger. Neither of them has studied a profession, but they both follow the same life strategy as their father. The average monthly income of the brothers is between 40,000 HUF. The daughter is eleven years old, and if someone asks her what she wants to be, she says: a megastar.

Even that is not the answer we get from Géza's two sons when we ask them what they would like to be. They don't quite understand the question, because they feel they have already become something. The two young men do not keep in touch with the job centre, they say that they could not be offered a suitable job anyway, and they do not want to study. They could be trained, their strength and manual dexterity would make them suitable for a wide range of professions, but they have no desire to go to the city every day and endure the discipline of the classroom. The brothers' words and gestures suggest that they too want to somehow make it to retirement. Meanwhile, of course, they want to get married and have children. The younger son may soon be married, having been with a girl his own age for two years. His partner is pushing for marriage and children. Besides, Géza's future daughter-in-law has not studied any more than his future wife, she is unemployed, just like her mother and father. When Géza's son, who is considering marriage, is asked how he will be able to provide for his child, the young man shrugs and replies: 'I will provide for mine. Géza takes

over and says that they will help when the grandchild comes. Géza's wife adds: we are a close-knit family, that child will not go hungry. I agree, I'm sure they won't, and leave Géza's ramshackle port.

Psychologists and sociologists have said more than once that the social danger of long-term unemployment is particularly great when people who have been unemployed for years are also responsible for looking after minors. It is not just financial scarcity that increases the dangers, but also the fact that if a child finds that his or her parents are somehow struggling without a steady job, this becomes the example to follow, or at least the acceptable example. Over the last decade and a half, hundreds of thousands of children have grown up in families where the parents are permanently unemployed. In Western countries, there are young people who are third generation unemployed. Their fathers and grandfathers were already on benefits. For young people socialised in this way, regular and legal work is not a necessity. Most of them are not even reached by the increasingly varied employment programmes. They are content with what they have learned from their parents. And even if they are not satisfied, very few are able to change. If society cannot find a way to reach them, if it cannot provide them with an attractive example, they will pass on their miserable life situations in the form of life strategies. To their children and grandchildren."

Tamás Ungár – Népszabadság, 21 September 2004 (page 10)



It is now a world phenomenon that the chances of people over 50 getting a new start and finding a job are virtually nil. Anyone who stops working after the age of 50 has effectively ended his or her career, because they are not being hired anywhere. It can put a crimp in your career. But this should not be the case at all, because a labour tax would solve this problem too (see "Executing Esotericism", Chapter I, Preventive Tax Policy). Their employment is guaranteed up to the age of 80, and their constituents are left to suffer and miserable. Yet the solution proposed here would not impose any additional burden on society. It would cost neither the budget nor employers anything. After all, payments and income would eventually balance each other out and all sections of society would participate in the labour market in proportion to their numbers. Neither young people starting their careers nor the older generation would be thrown into the 'scrap heap'.

For the time being, however, the over-50s have only compassion and consolation. In France, for example, barely a third of people work after 50. Not because they are lazy or tired of working. They would work if they were allowed to. But our age, which worships appearances, also looks for good looks in the workforce, and values a young body. Whereas previous generations emphasised life experience and wisdom in selecting those in positions of responsibility, what counts now is what a worker looks like. As they are getting worse over 50, they are not in demand. So the melancholic sorority sisters have started a movement to keep them together on the web and, of course, keep their spirits up. If they can't get a job, at least they can support themselves. The most common grievance is that most places don't even welcome them. One of those made redundant lamented, "I am 53 years old. I have had 10 CVs returned to me with no justification. Instead of an explanation, the date of birth was circled in red.

And what does the government do in this situation? - many people ask. Of course it says it is not going to let the matter go. But what does this mean in practice? Fifty-year-olds looking for a job are herded into a room and consoled by a psychic: "Don't despair! Do not despair! There is still hope! Then they look at each other and fall into depression. These gatherings are like meetings of alcoholics anonymous. We, as job seekers, tell them why we failed... But that doesn't get us a job, and everyone is guaranteed to feel worse afterwards. It's not just the lack of money that causes depression, it's also the fact that people over 50 feel they are not needed. But the older generation is much more valuable than the younger generation in terms of work. They are more industrious, more experienced and better problem solvers. They are also more loyal to their employers. They don't immediately walk away if they get a better offer somewhere. Once their children are grown up, they are not absent from work as much as young people with families. The reason for their neglect is the current foolish fashion wave. Young people are happy about this, of course, but not for long. Time flies fast. They too will be 40 or 50 years old tomorrow, and if they do nothing about it, taking ad-

vantage of their current decision-making position, they will suffer the same fate. Their employment will be terminated when they are at their most effective, when they could be contributing the most to society.



János Kovács was woken up at exactly 6 am. by his watch (made in China). While his coffee maker (made in China) dripped his morning coffee (product of Brasilia), he took a shower, dried his hair with the hairdryer (made in Taiwan) and shaved with his electric shaver (made in China). He put on a T-shirt (made in India) and jeans (made in Singapore). She covered her feet in sneakers (made in Korea). He ate toast from his toaster (made in Philippines) for breakfast, then checked his day's tasks on his managerial calculator (made in Hong Kong). He set his watch (made in Switzerland) by the radio (made in China), got into his car (made in Germany) and, as he had been doing for months, started looking for a job. At the end of yet another fruitless day, John went home, put on his slippers (made in China), grabbed a bottle of wine (made in France) and turned on his TV (made in Japan). While watching the Brazilian series, he wondered why he hadn't found a Hungarian job today...

This is not the case everywhere. In Switzerland, for example, the local market and domestic jobs are protected to the hilt. This policy is prohibited by the international trade agreements concluded in the name of globalisation, but Switzerland is not a member of the European Union, so they cannot be held responsible.

A Hungarian teacher who had emigrated to Switzerland said that when she was accepted by the local school, the headmaster gave her the distinction of being able to arrange for the purchase of the equipment the school needed. Of course, she wanted to prove herself and compiled a list of the best quality and cheapest goods available on the world market. He was excited to present the results of his internet research. The director took one look at it, then said that as bad as it was, it could be rewritten. Seeing his puzzled face, he explained good-naturedly:

- First, we have to see if this article is produced in the city? If so, it should be bought, because it is the cheapest, as it provides work for the people of the town, and later quality problems are excluded. If not, you have to see if it is made in the province, because it is the second cheapest, and you should not expect any quality issues here. If it is not produced in the province, we will check if it is produced in Switzerland. If so, it's ready.

Finally, the question arises: what to do if it is not produced in Switzerland?

- Then we have to sit back and wonder, with our eyes closed, whether we really need this shit.



It is hard to get over racial prejudices. Almost everyone knows the coloured world star Tina Turner, who many people call 'rock grandma'. Her fame is surpassed only by her wealth. She has lived in Switzerland for twenty years and recently got married. To mark the occasion, she thought she'd freshen up her wardrobe. While looking for accessories, she picked out a 35,000 franc (10 million forints) crocodile skin handbag in a luxury shop. However, she was unable to buy it because the salesperson advised her against it. She looked at it and said it was too expensive for her. After the incident was reported to the press, the manager of the luxury chain Trois Pommes was quick to apologise to the artist, saying it was a misunderstanding.



In our country, mothers with children make up a significant proportion of the unemployed. Everywhere they are shunned for employment, saying that they cannot be counted on. Often the child is ill or on a school holiday and there is no one to look after it. So they are always absent from work. The other problem is that women are not able to work full-time because of the problems of bringing up children and the busy schedule. However, these difficulties can be easily overcome. In Western countries, "twin employment" is a well-established method. For an eight-hour job, two mot-

hers of equivalent professional competence are hired for 4 to 4 hours, and then divide the time between them. If one of them has a sick child, they take over for the other. They stay on for 8 hours if necessary, working shifts to help each other out. The employer doesn't even care how many hours each person works. They have to sort it out between themselves. This benefits the employer, because one of the two workers is always on, and it benefits mothers with children, because they have a job and can work for half the pay. Not only do they add to the family coffers, but they also gain pension rights.



Because of its success, some have suggested that this scheme should be extended to the whole of society. They believe that the most effective and simplest way to tackle unemployment is to introduce a 4-hour working week, which would double the number of jobs. Everyone would have a job. Half the wage would provide people with a modest standard of living, but it would ultimately have a positive impact on the world. The low purchasing power would eliminate hoarding, mindless spending and indulgence. It would even prevent the phenomenon of morbid obesity that is so typical of the welfare society. Less wages buy less food. No one would starve to death, and the lack of money would free people from excess kilos and reduce the damage caused by addictions. Modest living conditions would protect individuals from many of the evils and temptations into which wealth and indulgence lead.



The educated tobacconist:

- Good afternoon.
- Good afternoon!
- Are you the tobacconist?
- Me. I... was.
- Yes, you were. I'll be.
- How's that?
- I won the concession for this tobacconist.
- Congratulations. Congratulations.
- Thank you. Thank you. But only from July...
- I know, I know.
- I have a request in this regard.
- Here you are.
- How many years have you been doing this?
- Twenty-four years I've been here. I took over from my father. And he's been doing it since he got back from the war labour service.
- Yeah. Yeah. He was a soldier.
- Well, almost. Anyway, I was almost born into it.
- That's great. I have a proposition for you.
- I've got a proposition for you.
- Teach me a little something. I'd come in here in May, June and see how it's done.
- What do you like to do so far?
- I was in local government. I've been helping out with this and that. So you could train me a bit and I'd pay you for it. It'd be good for me, and it'd be easier for you to start a new life.
- I see. So...
- Is that all right?
- It's all right. But I have one condition.
- Yes?

- I'm going to read you a little scripture, and you're going to listen to it.
- Writing? It's all in writing. Look...
- No, no, not that kind of writing. It's fancy writing. A little wallet.
- A wallet? What's that?
- It's like a short story. Only simpler. This was written by Ernő Szép. Fifty years ago.
- That long ago?
- It wasn't that long ago. Now, sit down, there's a stool in the back.
- Stokes? Yeah, this. Is this the most comfortable chair you've got?
- No.
- I'll get one.
- Sure, there will. But until then, just sit here and listen. I've prepared this for your reception. I was expecting you. "Wife of a high-ranking military officer, a dignified woman, a beautiful woman, elegantly dressed. She got her hats from Margit Roth's shop, the most exclusive hat shop in Pest, in Váci Street. One fine day, at the age of thirty-nine, she went to see Margit Roth (she told me about this visit afterwards). He went in, tried on a couple of hats out of habit, then sat down, smoked a cigarette and asked Roth Margit to sit at that lacy, flower-flowered table. Sit down a moment, my sweet Margitka, I want to talk to you about something.

You probably haven't heard, because it's not yet public, that the Jews are being put out of business. Yes, my Margitta, and believe me, it pains my heart to have to tell you such news. When? Well, my dear, it's only a matter of a month or two. They're just beginning to prepare the bill at the Home Office. It's unfortunate enough that you're Jewish, Margitta, that you're of Jewish origin, but in this case, evasion means nothing. So, my dear, they're going to take your nice business too. And since that is the case, which I regret from the bottom of my heart, you know what a good friend I have always been to you, my dear Margitka, I immediately thought that I would claim your business. We have four children, and my husband gambled away his inheritance when he was still a captain, so this hat shop will be a wonderful present for me.

Now I'll come to it, Margaret, I've come to you with a small request, I'll be here every day from ten till eleven thirty, I think that's the best time for you. Teach me the secrets of hat fashion, the art of selling. The shop will certainly be mine, my lord has already taken steps in that direction, and it will do you good to have me to deal with, and to have me as your heir, and not some unknown person. And I shall never forget my beloved Margaret. Well, my little snookums, we're all right. I think I'll start my studies tomorrow. 9:30 already? Sure, I can come, how nice of you. I'm off to the hairdresser's, I kiss you, you're lovely, see you tomorrow, bye."

- Hm. Interesting. I don't know why she read that to me. You're not wearing a hat. Anyway, you're an educated man.
- I'm not educated. I just read sometimes.
- You're an educated man. But that won't do you much good here. Anyway... I'll come tomorrow. 9:30 would be good for me, too.
- Please. I'll wait.
- Bye. Bye.
- Bye. Bye. Bye. Bye.

(Iván Bächer - Népszabadság - Weekend supplement, 27 April 2013 (page 11))



The state of our society depends mainly on the quality and skills of our leaders. A bad leader cannot deal with the people entrusted to him, cannot get the maximum out of them. Under the current selection system, we cannot expect any improvement in this area. Today it is appearance, appearance and communication skills that determine who becomes a leader. Talent, efficiency and effectiveness do not matter:

It's easier to get a job, easier to become a boss, and it's certainly easier to earn money if you're good-looking. Research has shown that appearance, tone of voice and even smell have a decisive influence on a career. As the ancient Romans said: "good luck, nothing else..." And real luck, it seems, even in our supposedly enlightened age, is to be born beautiful. It is not surprising that at the dawn of history we were guided by our senses and instincts. Appearance, sound, smell were „messages” about health, strength, fertility. What's interesting is that we still think of beauty today as we did tens of thousands of years ago: symmetry, smooth skin, a slim, tall build, the right hip-to-waist ratio – for both sexes. Anyone who starts life with all these external qualities has a winning case.

According to a study in the October issue of the Labour Review, this helps more than personal connections or membership of a particular interest group when it comes to getting ahead in the workplace. A similar result was found in a survey of Hungarian companies by the Hungarian subsidiary of Neumann and Partners. 93% of HR directors in 1,300 large US and UK companies said that "nice kids get better grades in school and nice people find jobs easier" in a survey by professors at Syracuse University in New York. The situation in Europe is no different. Since 1986, researchers at the Hamburg University of Economics and Business have been testing company managers to see how much they think appearance plays a role in career development. It seems to be getting bigger, because by 2003 the proportion of people who said appearance was important had risen from 5% at the beginning to a majority. But it may also be that this difference in magnitude is due to the fact that bosses have become more honest.

It's not just good looks that can get you up the ladder faster. There is also a monetary reward for beauty in the same position. Good looks are associated with around 5% higher earnings. The US university has even shown that companies with more attractive-looking employees have higher turnover. There is also a correlation between education level and height. German university students are on average 3 centimetres taller than their skilled counterparts of the same age. According to a researcher at Guildhall⁶⁷ University in London, those over 182 centimetres have an earnings advantage of 6%. The male managers who responded to Neumann's survey in Hungary were all over 180 centimetres tall.

All these experiences in the world of work are primarily about men. Because for women, at least when it comes to advancing in the workplace, beauty – or, more precisely, feminine appearance - is not necessarily an advantage. Full breasts, a heart-shaped face and long, blonde hair are enough to put you at a big disadvantage when it comes to fighting for a higher position. Even HR managers themselves have admitted that a feminine woman will automatically be cross-examined, while her brown-haired, pointy-chinned competitor will be left to talk at length about her successes.

The tone of voice and tone of voice that „wins” in the workplace is also a testament to masculinity. And this is very important because, as attractiveness researchers have shown, it's not what someone says that matters to our ears, but how they say it. Thus, 38% of the impact depends on the quality of the voice, 55% on gestures and only 7% on the content of the words spoken. And in business, a deep tone of voice is desirable and inspires confidence; so it's typically a man's voice. However, in mastering this tone, care must be taken to ensure that workplace communities perceive leaders who do not change their tone of voice as trustworthy and confident. So women who want to get ahead should start to train their voices early, not just when they are in a position. One more piece of advice: men are trained to use three tones in speech training, which allows for a more emotion-free expression, because it fits the male lead stereotype. Women are taught to use five voices. More melodious and expressive speech suggests less authority, but does not contradict the image of women. Big people are also favoured because their voices are more mature, which also makes the message more powerful.

We have another sense that guides our judgement of people: the nose. Men are more influenced by scent than women, but we should be careful with perfume. An American fragrance researcher -

⁶⁷ gilhól

because there is such a thing, apparently - has been studying the effects of scents in interviews. This revealed that the male interviewers found the scent of cologne, which was described as pleasant by all the subjects before the interview, irritating on the women during the interview. More attractive and intelligent were the candidates who did not use any fragrance. Interestingly, for female interviewers the result was the opposite. Women's more developed sense of smell even influences their decisions towards their female colleagues. And if the results of decades of experiments in many different nations were to be summed up, one thing is certain: we are a long way from success being determined by talent alone.

H. Sz. Népszabadság, 2 November 2004 (page 3)



In the future, the right people will be appointed to key jobs on the basis of recommendations from invisible advisers in higher spheres. Employers will get two hands after souls with a great deal of experience who have come down from the fifth or sixth level. They have advanced skills that will enable them to take their place anywhere. It is not appearance, connections or pedigree that will determine who you become, but your level of spiritual development. The usefulness of the workforce is already being judged on this basis. Since reincarnation is still officially a subject of the tobacco industry, it is not the level of development that is being examined, but rather the talent, which is in fact nothing more than the sum of the experiences of previous lives. The „war for talent”⁶⁸ strategy developed by headhunters has revolutionised recruitment. This is how WIFI Hungária's senior consultant summed up the essence of the current selection strategy:

Twenty years ago, all it took to get a job was to have the right qualifications. Today, they also try to thoroughly map out their personality. It used to be a virtue to work eight hours honestly, but now companies reward efficiency. Leading multinational companies define their recruitment and selection strategy in three short words: „war for talent”. On the other hand, the saturation of the labour market and high standards often force jobseekers to make a seemingly hopeless effort. The question is: is the situation really hopeless – or even a struggle for jobs?

In the past, it was usually enough to have the right qualifications, and if there were no other disqualifying factors, you were hired. A CV, a short interview and you can sign the papers. This has changed radically in the last ten years. Today, sophisticated interview methods are used alongside CV analysis. Special selection tests have appeared and the "big gun", the so-called survey-centred technique, is increasingly being used for certain positions – says Tibor Juhász, senior consultant at WIFI Hungária Training and Development Institute, summarising the methods of recruitment.

There are three main forms of interviewing. In the past, the "exploratory" interview method was common. The other method is the short, "focused" interview, which is nothing more than a narrow professional knowledge and skills test. Today, the most effective interview format is considered to be the "structured" interview, in which a predefined skills profile for the job is tested. The compilation of a skills profile requires a high level of expertise on the part of the HR professional. Broadly speaking, each profile consists of four main areas: professional skills, business skills, human (people) skills and behavioural components of attitude. However, experts agree that even the most carefully constructed sets of questions are only 70 per cent reliable.

To increase reliability, a variety of personality and ability tests have been widely used since the late 1980s. Initially, clinical psychological tests were used. These included more than one question that violated the personality rights of the candidate, who was coming to the company for a job and not for advice on his psychological problems. In addition, these tests do not provide the company with relevant information on job-related skills. Nowadays, such unethical and inappropriate questions are beginning to disappear from the practice of recruitment tests, and fortunately there are effective tests on the market that are built from the world of work and measure real competences. The use of the aforementioned survey centres is a recent practice in the selection of middle and

⁶⁸ vó(r) for telönt

senior managers. In this process, typically conducted by highly qualified professionals, candidates are observed in real-life simulated situations, in addition to interviews and tests. During group, pair and individual exercises, observers record their scores on an evaluation sheet, which are discussed at an evaluation conference after statistical summaries. The recommendations and decisions made at the evaluation conference have a reliability of over 80%.

Nowadays, every company must strive for objectivity, but it is also worth being wary of approaches that conflict with personal or labour law," says the WIFI expert. In this way, they cannot discriminate against candidates on the basis of age, gender or ethnicity, to mention just the most well-known ones. These are two aspects that larger companies are already paying particular attention to. On the employment side, applicants are advised to take as much time as possible to prepare for the recruitment process. Of course, it's not just a question of "pretending". The company's HR specialists will see through the pretence sooner or later. It's like the top-floor facade of some baroque buildings that has nothing behind it, only the appearance of a palace suggesting a wealthy owner in high places. Then, of course, a different angle, a side view, reveals the folly. Instead of acting, the applicant should show his real, authentic self, his real abilities, so that the company's managers can be sure that they are dealing with a motivated, conscious person. It's even worth admitting what you can't do, because this will greatly improve your chances against the "know-it-all".

Of course, it's not a crime to "spice things up" a bit before the interview because of the high expectations, but it's a mistake to show off skills you don't have, because this can jeopardise your future success. To fight or not to fight? One thing is certain: in war, one side is bound to lose. In the labour market, the well-prepared have a better chance. And there is help available that is worth taking advantage of," concludes Tibor Juhász, Senior Consultant at WIFI Hungária.

Népszabadság - Állástrend supplement, 10 August 2004 (page 3)



In Eastern Europe, too, more and more people are recognising the potential of the "connecting bridge". The majority inhabitants of nations that have been at enmity with each other for centuries are slowly realising that living together has advantages as well as disadvantages. It is to this realisation that Mária Kadlečiková, currently head of the FAO's Central and Eastern Europe office, owes her high position. Even though she has a degree in agricultural economics, this alone would not have been enough to get the job. She was appointed as the head of the UN Food and Agriculture Organisation's Budapest office because she speaks perfect Hungarian. But he is not Hungarian. He is of Slovakian origin. His parents were repatriated to Slovakia in the 1947 "population exchange". But during their years with us they learned Hungarian. They passed this knowledge on to their children. Setting aside their grievances about their ethnic persecution, they spoke Hungarian with their daughter in Slovakia, and she learned our language with ease.

When the FAO decided to set up its 19-country Eastern European office in Budapest, it was clear that it could only appoint someone who spoke Hungarian. This narrowed the pool of possible candidates enormously, as not many FAO staff speak the languages of small nations. In the end, a Slovak professional was chosen to fill the post, rather than a native Hungarian, on the basis of professional qualifications. All that was needed for this success was for the parents to speak to their child in a language they already knew. The brain's capacity for receptivity is greatest in early childhood. This is when everyone learns through play. Later on, our brains become more and more blunted. It is impossible to learn a language perfectly as an adult. And nowadays, perfect mastery of a language, especially a rare language, is the equivalent of a degree. You don't even have to go to school to get this "diploma". Nor does it cost money. You just have to make use of your family's talents.

The mazes of bureaucracy

– Hello, I'm here to renew my expired passport. Here's number 234, the old passport, the identity card.

- Eegen. Name, address, birth in order? Uh-oh, there's a problem. You're listed as a doctor in your documents, but there's no record of it in the central database.
- Maybe you should look more closely. I'm a junior doctor. Quite small.
- Is the citizen joking?
- Sorry, sir. I think it's a simple matter to resolve. Forget the doctorate, I never used it anyway, I never gave it to the cafrangos. Just put my name on the passport.
- Nana! It's not that simple. You're either a doctor or you're not a doctor. Unfortunately, I can only issue your new passport if you bring me a certificate of your doctorate.
- Look, I've been working on it. I didn't want to go through this bloody line again, so I brought all the documents you could possibly need. Do you have my vaccination certificate, my birth certificate?
- A birth certificate is a good document! What name is it under? Uh-oh, this is getting complicated. One document says doctor, one doesn't... Suspicious!
- Unfortunately, I was born at an age when you couldn't be bullied into being born a doctor. Damn it, I forgot my doctoral thesis at home!
- And without it, I can't do it. The law is the law!
- Which reminds me, I'm not really a doctor anymore. If I remember correctly, in 1993 a decree was passed to convert university doctorates into PhDs, which had to be applied for. I did not apply for it, so I automatically ceased to be a doctor. You could say that I became a doctor. It is as simple as that. Can you fill in that passport now?
- Nana! The situation is even more complicated than I thought! What if you're really a doctor, but you want to deny it? The best thing to do is to bring an official certificate that you're not a doctor.
- Who would give me such a certificate?
- Well, that's a problem. But you see, your case is not exactly realistic. You must have invested a lot of time and effort in getting the title, and then you just let it go to waste?
- It's very realistic. There was a very pretty lady who worked in the university's studies department at the time, and she happened to be in charge of doctoral matters. Today they would say I was after her.
- And did you succeed?
- Summa cum laude!
- I didn't mean the doctorate...
- Jesus, was I supposed to bring a certificate for that too?
- It was a joke. So this is how love makes a doctorate go away?
- You are so wrong. True love is eternal, but she changed jobs and I had to concentrate on my state exams. I brought these by the way. Unfortunately, she's since changed jobs again, so now I'm studying theology.
- Everyone has their cross to bear.
- To sum up, if I bring in my doctorate tomorrow, will things be resolved?
- Partially. Because I will be forced to report you to the authorities on the grounds of a well-founded suspicion of attempted deception, since, as you said, you are no longer a doctor, but you are attempting to prove that you are. Anyone who wants to deceive the authorities must get up early! Now, if he is arrested, he will not get a passport anyway because of his criminal record, and his problem will be solved for the time being.
- No way out of the trap?
- Look, if you came to us one day and told us that you had lost all your documents, it would simplify matters, as it would remove the discrepancy between your existing documents and the central database.

– I will still fight for a legal solution! If necessary, I will even go to the international court in Strasbourg!

– Nana! Without a passport?

dr? László Karcagi – Népszabadság, 20 November 2004 (page 9)



Uncle János was not to be trifled with. Every morning at 7.40 a.m. the old pedellus would stand at the gates of the Vác gymnasium with the key to the huge oak gate in his hand. At 7.45 a.m. he would close the school gate, turn the lock, and then neither go in nor out until lunch. If you were late, he'd write your name down and hand it in to the teacher. Uncle John was a constant violator of the constitution in the 1960s and '70s. He was fortunate that there was no ombudsman at the time to write to him saying that his activities "violated the principle of human dignity of students as enshrined in the Constitution, because they unnecessarily, disproportionately and arbitrarily restricted the general personal rights and freedom of action of students". I was reminded of the figure of Uncle János when Albert Takács, Deputy Commissioner for Citizens' Rights, wrote a letter the other day to the school in Nagykanizsa, where a chip-card access control system, better known as a truancy barrier, was introduced for the first time in the country this spring.

The lines quoted above are from this letter, in which Albert Takács recommends to the school's management to abolish the truancy barrier, as it is a gross violation of the human dignity of the pupils. The Ombudsman's position is clearly legally sound. But the teachers and parents of the students at the Kanizsa vocational school continue to insist on the use of the truancy barrier. The reason: the system is very effective. The school has seen a 30-50% drop in unauthorised lessons in recent months. In addition, thefts have almost completely stopped, and the secure building is far from being invaded by thieves. Schools are increasingly using modern technical means to monitor students. Some schools use breathalysers, others send parents SMS alerts about students' grades. Various rights groups and authorities are not happy with these innovations. They recommend that teachers continue to use traditional methods of disciplinary control.

Albert Takács, for example, suggested to the headmaster of a school in Nagykanizsa that instead of using an impersonal truancy barrier, teachers on duty should be allowed to enter and leave the school. However, the Ombudsman failed to take one thing into account in his legal position: there are huge differences between schools. What is a burning disciplinary problem in one institution is an unknown phenomenon in another. There are elite schools where no doorman, no pedellus, no access gate is needed to get pupils into lessons, while in others even a strict iron fist is not enough to enforce the rules. In the Kanizsa institution, the installation of a truancy barrier was in fact an admission that traditional pedagogical tools were no longer able to maintain discipline. However, if they were to comply with the Ombudsman's recommendation and dismantle the access gates, they would restore the students' "freedom of action" and their "human dignity". Only, once again, the number of unauthorised lessons would increase. What would Uncle John say to that?

Péter Cseri, Népszabadság, 20 November 2004 (page 3)



It is gratifying that we are making more and more progress in reducing smoking in line with the European Union's directives. But we should not "throw the baby out with the bathwater"! Recently, a book publisher was fined 400,000 forints for showing the author of one of its books smoking in advertisements and on the cover of the book. The case was not without precedent: a few months earlier, a scandal had erupted over a poster of a singer known for his hoarse voice. The singer of the song "Ice with double whisky" had committed no less a crime than advertising his new concert in a cigar smoke: As for this latest case, the General Inspectorate for Consumer Protection has ruled that, although the journalist is a well-known smoker, the portrayal of him with a cigarette in his hand not only endangers his health but, by following his example, could also encourage young people to smoke. This view is shared by the National Smoke-Free Association, a 'company' which has been serving an obvious purpose for a decade and a half in trying to prevent the public, espe-

cially young people, from smoking regularly. Which, by the way, you are absolutely right to do; because it is easy to smoke, but harder to quit. But what their spokesman recently said on a radio programme was, to put it mildly, over-zealous. The otherwise distinguished man claimed nothing less than that 'smoking' scenes should be cut from films that many people watch, even from classics.

I try to imagine Katalin Karády holding a piece of muesli in her hand instead of a burning cigarette end; but a „smoke-free” version of Casablanca would also be interesting. And, to put it pestilentially, it would also be something if the anti-smoking activist were to wring the cigar out of Lieutenant Colombo's hand – in cinematic terms, cut it out. It's true, the detective in his crumpled balloon, almost chain-smoking, with his battered car, is sympathetic to many - but it's hard to believe that young people would get used to cigars after seeing his example. Before anyone deliberately misunderstands, smoking is indeed harmful and dangerous, so every effort should be made to reduce the number of smokers. But by over-zealousness we are not setting an example, we are making fools of ourselves, and if we do, an otherwise well-intentioned effort will, to put it stylishly, have more smoke than flame.

Peter S. Föld – Metro, 9 August 2005 (page 4)



News: the parliamentary clean-up service occasionally dumps 10-20 bags of rubbish after MPs. Soot peelings, used chewing gum, empty bottles, plastic cups, banana peels, orange peels, apple peels, paper waste, rubber condoms on the benches and under the benches - that's what the parliamentary horseshoe looks like after a sitting of the House of Commons.

Soot, empty bottles, banana peels, these would be fine. You can even swallow an apple core. But the rubber condom! Not that! What is going on in the Hungarian Parliament that requires a condom? Citizens do have the right to know what their elected representatives are doing in the country's house! A long time ago, I used to linger like a sweet mammary of democracy over the television broadcasts of the Parliament. Then, as soon as I found out that the quality of the sittings was barely approaching that of a kindergarten class, I gave up on Parliament. Maybe I should get back into the habit again. Because given the composition of the rubbish that comes out of the House of Commons – never mind the laws that are passed! – interesting things can happen in the chamber. Could we be the victims of a capitalist deception? While above the benches there is more and more astonishing, disgusting shenanigans, under the benches there is piccicking and chimichangas? Could it be that we have two parliaments: what is public is the upper house, and what goes on in secret under the benches is the lower house? Could it be that what the public thinks of as parliamentary bickering is nothing more than the banter of secret lovers? Perhaps we should change the wording of the official address and start speeches with 'Honourable Public House' instead of 'Honourable House'?

I have carefully read the Rules of Procedure and the Statute for Members. They set out in detail the rights and obligations of Members, but not a word about the relations between Members, in particular with regard to spousal obligations. In the light of the above, the fact that television cameras have been banned from Parliament is seen in a different light. So far, we have known that this is because keen-eyed cameramen have been filming Members blowing smoke in the corridors, where smoking is otherwise prohibited. Could there be other illicit goings-on in the backstreets of the parliament's cramped corridors? And if we were to be more careful, would it not be a fox or a rabbit, but a mother and father coming out of the green-leafed underpass? Make no mistake, I have no problem with our fathers and mothers wearing condoms when they go to House T. In fact, I am anxious that they use them, because if they were to multiply, it would be a disaster!

László Karcagi – Népszabadság, 6 January 2007 (page 5)



The business going on in the "Honourable House" has already inspired comedians. A six-minute video clip by the group L'art pour l'art, entitled Parliamentary Broadcasting, has so far been viewed

by 60,000 people.⁶⁹ Web address: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EAOW7vjHsFk&feature=related>



Goedendag! ID, please! - is a phrase the Dutch will hear more often this year. Under the new law, anyone over the age of fourteen who fails to hand over a document proving their identity (identity card, passport, driving licence or residence permit) when asked to do so can be fined up to €2,250 (HUF 550,000). The law, which came into force on 1 January, has provoked a rather mixed response from the public in the Kingdom because until now only people who went to crowds, such as football matches or to the metro, carried their ID cards. The right-wing government justifies the move on the grounds of strengthening security. Since the assassination of radical Islamophobic film director Theo van Gogh last November, there has been no need to go into more detail in the Netherlands, once considered a liberal model state.

The 'previously' clause is increasingly justified: the Balkenende cabinet is making 755,000 of the 16 million Dutch citizens subject to citizenship and language tests in the future. Not necessarily just immigrants, but anyone who has been in the Dutch school system for less than 8 years (except for citizens of other EU countries and people over 65.) Anyone who fails to take the test within 5 years will face a fine of at least €400 and, if they are not a Dutch citizen, expulsion. The Hague government is doing nothing but running away. The electoral list of the former liberal, now radical anti-Islamist Geert Wilders is polling ahead of the Christian Democrats, the leading governing party, by December. There are 900,000 Muslims in the Netherlands and a 27-year-old Dutchman from Morocco is accused of murdering Theo Van Gogh.

László Szócs - Népszabadság, 3 January 2005 (page 4)



The new employee wrote the note about the spam, printed it, stamped it, dated it, signed it, later had his office manager see it, stamped it, dated it, and finally hurried to the filing room where he had it received, filed, stamped, dated and signed again. Erika was on her first day at work in the foreign affairs office of the local government when a woman in her fifties, with red hair and glasses, appeared at the door, waving a stamped piece of paper in her hand and saying in a sharp, uncompromising voice:

– 'I have brought you a letter in English, in the Internet, for further action. Where shall I put it? Where do we put it?

But Erika didn't know where they put English-language Internet letters here, so she just shouted „I kiss you”. She nodded with the knowing, all-knowing expression of a decades-old bureaucrat and added:

– We haven't met yet, hello, I'm Marika from the budget. I'll put this document in your box. That's the way it is here, my dear.

Erika had already jumped to look at the letter – she wanted to make a good impression on her first day at work – but when she glanced at the paper, she froze:

– "But it's spam – she said.

– "What?" raised Marika's eyebrows.

Erika laughed in relief:

– "It's spam. An e-mail advertisement. Why did you want to print it out and bring it here, Marika?

The woman made an offended face.

– Why did I print it? - It came to our office e-mail address, it's in English, I think it's your business!

Erika blinked apologetically:

⁶⁹ To play it, you need the Flash player program, which starts automatically. If the sound is not audible integrated sound card must be installed. For how to do this, see the section on "Creating the conditions for listening to music" in Volume II of my book "Text Editing Skills". Web address: <http://kunlibrary.com>

- But this must be deleted immediately, Marika. This message is about buying Viagra cheap. Marika looked coldly at the new workforce and said:
- "I don't speak English, and I can't delete a single letter without reading it.

Erika shrugged:

- I'll erase it, okay? And we'll tear up this paper.
- Marika pulled the letter out of Erika's hand and screamed:
- Tear it up? But I've already sent it, filed it and officially transferred it to you!
- So what do I have to do with it? – Erika wondered, and the woman sighed and began to explain:
- You make a note of it and write that the case does not require any further action. Then sign, date and stamp.

That's all?", Erika said, and Marika shook her head:

- What did they teach you at the College of Public Administration, sweetheart?
- Well...' Erika pursed her lips, and, looking at the paper, wondered how much this Viagra was worth in Hungarian money. The spam had given the price in dollars. But Marika continued unperturbed:
- If you're happy with the note, you can get your office manager to sign it.
- My office manager? Why?, Erika paled.
- Because the letter can only go to the archives with her knowledge. File, file, signature, date, stamp. Understand?
- Oh my God, Erika groaned involuntarily, and Marika looked at her and asked:
- What's the problem? That's the way it is here.

Erika wiped her forehead:

- But if we erased it right at the beginning...

Marika cut in:

- You wouldn't be happy about such an easy case! At the end of the year, in the civil servants' evaluation, this will be counted as a case handled! - she said, and walked away with the dignity of a prom queen. The new employee then wrote the note on the spam, printed it, stamped it, dated it, signed it, later made an appointment with her office manager, had the document seen, stamped, dated, and finally hurried to the filing room where she had it received, filed, stamped, dated and signed again. And his first day went by nicely.

Zsolt Kácsor – Népszabadság, 5 May 2010 (page 5)



Láttelelet a magyar egészségügyről:

The landlord's mobile number

I had to go to a clinic for a minor operation, and I wasn't surprised that I had to leave the ward before I could go to bed. After all, who needs to be talked to like a dog. The doctor doesn't say hello back, even though you're two metres in front of him, loudly, to his face? Every day. Several times a day, in fact, whenever you see him. Your doctor speaks to you with a condescending, phlegmatic, and condescending manner, as if he were your landlord and you were his last serf, who must wear your hat before his high countenance. Why, why wonder at that too. You seek the doctor in vain at the surgery, though you have half an hour left of his appointment. Of course. His assistant hisses at you that he's gone. He's in surgery. You ask him why he left if he had half an hour to spare, and you're here on time, to which he replies with a bored shrug: we're short, dear sir, come back tomorrow. You are standing in the ward where you are supposed to lie down, and the nurses do not even look at you. And when one of them takes pity on you and orders you to the head nurse, who is chatting with a friend in the corridor, you can hear them in the distance, chatting about their oh-so-fast-grown children and their retirement years as loudly as if they were sitting in a café with a frothy

cappuccino. And you stand there, shaking with nervousness about your operation, thinking you could have asked for a raise.

Of course you could have. You know a lot of people in this town who are so-called "heads". They would have helped you. But no, enough of that once. You have already resorted to this round-about way of expediting an investigation a few years ago, but you regret it, because you cannot suffer favouritism. Since then, you've told no-one, no clinic, no private matter. You didn't call anyone this time, even though you had a mobile number for the right landlord. You wonder why, when the head nurse finishes her trot, she looks at you like a garbage bag full of rubbish, long overdue for emptying. What do you want, she asks, to go to bed, you reply, to which she replies with a wail. Ayayayayay, the head nurse says. You ask him, irritated, and he says he's busy, he didn't miss you. You crumple up the papers in your hands, wondering whether you should crumple up your findings into a ball and throw it in his face now. Or later. And tell him that a chief nurse can't talk to a man waiting for surgery like that. But then, of course, you shut up. You always shut up, you Hungarian serf, you've been flattening yourself with your humbly removed hat in your hand for centuries.

Then they make you wait for a few hours in the corridor, where there is no seat for you, and when they don't even look at you, despite their promises, you leave them, you leave them, damn it. There will be no surgery. Not here. You didn't ask for protection, and you got it: if not in the ward, you've slipped into the real world. You run away, upset, and in one of the corridors you hear an old, bearded patient asking for a drink from a woman in a white coat sitting behind a counter. "I'm dying of thirst, I need a glass of water," she says, literally. The woman in the white coat snaps, "No, I'm not giving you a glass, I only have one glass", he says literally. Then he tells an ambulance man that this man should be discharged because he smells. The paramedic shakes his head: no, I'm not discharging anybody. You thank him. Then you look at the woman in the white coat and wonder where the honey of the human soul has gone. That thirsty man has no water. And no cell phone number to a landlord. Poor people are dying.

(Zsolt Kácsor – Népszabadság, 2 April 2013 (page 11))



After the regime change we were the role model, the economic transformation started most dynamically in our country. Then, in the last twenty years, we went from being the front-runner to the leader. This is all the more incomprehensible because the new bourgeois government reduced business tax to an extremely low level and personal income tax was reduced to a uniform 15%. At the same time, the Parliament has fought a relentless battle against corruption. Despite this, foreign entrepreneurs are not queuing up at the Hungarian border, and their loss-making factories at home are not being relocated to our country. Why? Because of bureaucracy that surpasses corruption. While in America, officials are looking for ways to help citizens and entrepreneurs as efficiently as possible, here, bureaucrats are almost frantically looking for ways to create more obstacles. Although the current government has set the fight against bureaucracy as one of its flagships, it will be an uphill battle. Envy, ill-will towards each other, the 'if my cow is dead, so is the neighbour's cow' attitude cannot be banished from the psyche of a people. The following article is a good illustration of the way our visceral urges are manifested:

Our protagonist, a lawyer by training, goes to the deeds office of a town in the lowlands and informs them that their public association has bought a car which they would like to transfer from the name of the former private owner to the association. He also presents the documents he has brought with him: a recent court extract on the existence of the association, the articles of association of the association and a power of attorney for the transfer signed by the association's president and two witnesses. Since the transfer of a car is free of charge for public associations, our protagonist is taken aback when the employee at the document office informs him:

- It will be fifty-six thousand forints.
- No way, the customer shakes his head, "we don't have to pay for that sort of thing.
- Where do you get that from? – The clerk asks.

- I don't buy it, the law says so.
- The document office clerk nods:
- Okay, then bring me a certificate!
- What? – our protagonist's eyes widen. – I have to get a certificate for a law? Where from? From Parliament?

But the administrator cannot be embarrassed:

- Get it from the APEH⁷⁰!
- Madam, I am a lawyer – replies the client – and I know very well that the tax office will not give us a certificate for the law that guarantees our exemption from tax.

But you cannot convince the employee at the document office. Our protagonist goes to the tax office, where he is smiled at and told that they cannot give him a certificate of exemption from duty.

- However, they are happy to confirm that the association in question is a charity.
- But no certificate is needed, the client argues, because the fact of the association's public benefit is stated in the court transcript.
- If not, then no – replies the tax office employee – but if you do need a certificate, submit an application and we will certify that your association is a public benefit within 30 days.
- Oh dear, that would be too late – says our protagonist – because the car registration has to be settled within fifteen days. So he goes back to the registrar at the tax office and is told that the tax office cannot issue a certificate for a law.
- If not, he says, then you should bring a specimen signature from a notary public to prove that your power of attorney was signed by the president of the association.
- What? – asks the client. – Then why the two witnesses whose signatures are on the power of attorney?

Our protagonist argues in vain. So he has the signature made and happily returns to the document office. The clerk looks over the documents and says:

- Okay, but the transfer is only possible if you pay the HUF 50,600 fee.
- But we're exempt from duty! – Our protagonist snaps, and the clerk at the document office shrugs:
- Pay it, or you'll have to claim it back from the tax office!

The customer looks around pensively, nods his head and pays. But two weeks later, he receives a letter saying that the document office has reported an offence to the local police station for exceeding the fifteen-day deadline for vehicle registration. Our protagonist is then summoned to the police station, where he defends himself by saying that the association wanted to transfer the car within fifteen days, but for some strange reason the process was delayed. The police are understanding and will terminate the procedure. A week later, the association receives a letter from the tax office informing it that the state will immediately refund the HUF 50,600 it has paid. Reasoning: for public associations, the transfer of vehicles is free of duty.

Zsolt Kácsor – Népszabadság, 1 December 2010 (page 5)



We should move towards simplicity and clarity, not complexity. If there is a fire in a building, how can we save our lives? By rushing out of it. If we clutter the escape route with obstacles, unnecessary belongings, or if we build a long and winding route, we will certainly not get out. Unfortunately, in the world today, the opposite trend is happening. We can no longer use our computers quickly and efficiently because Microsoft has so over-complicated its operating system and Office suite that we have to have a computer scientist on every machine to manage it. The unified menu system of Office programs has been broken up into strips, so that you have to search for hours to

⁷⁰ Hungarian Tax Agency

find the individual instructions and settings windows. When editing text, you have to jump back and forth between the ribbons to get to the instruction you need. This also wastes a lot of time.

Developers who go down the path of over-complication drive users crazy and greatly reduce the efficiency of their work. Everything is now controlled by the computer. If something goes wrong, you have to act quickly and efficiently. But you can't do that with a complicated operating system that bumbles through unnecessary utilities and functions. The result of rushing, of fidgeting, is that the computer freezes. If this happens en masse, the economy will grind to a halt and total bankruptcy will be in store.



For the time being, instead of understanding and cooperation, there is only discord and ethnic hatred between the neighbouring countries of Eastern Europe. Even selfless assistance is being used as an excuse, as an opportunity to smear each other. The most recent manifestation of this was the flooding in Banjac in the spring of 2005, when the Timis River overflowed and covered an area of 50 square kilometres, 350 bridges were washed away and 4 000 houses collapsed or were damaged.

The Romanian press yesterday exposed Romanian politicians and journalists who have sought to nationalise the flooding disaster in the Banat region in recent days. The controversy, which has been going on for several days, has been sparked by the pumps lent to Romania by Hungary. First, Deputy Prime Minister Gheorghe Seculici said that Romania had similar pumps, but that a lack of communication between the authorities and administrative inefficiency had made it impossible to identify their exact location. Minister of Environment and Water Sulfina Barbu argued that no one in the country had offered equipment with the same capacity as the Hungarian pumps, which is why the Hungarian equipment, provided free of charge by Minister Miklós Persányi, together with experienced experts, was welcomed. Then a specialist company from Bucharest, Aversa SA, came forward, whose director said that their pumps were better than the Hungarian equipment and had a higher capacity. The Romanian media repeated the news, creating a veritable pump hysteria, adding that the use of Hungarian pumps had worsened Romania's credit. Timis Prefect Ovidiu Draganescu cooled the debate. He said that in addition to the pumps, the Hungarian side had also brought machinery for locating and setting up the equipment. He added that the Hungarian experts would work for free.

In the meantime, the 100 Hungarian experts who arrived in Banat have been working hard to install the 25 pumps on the banks of the Béga. By Tuesday evening, the first high-powered pump had already been installed at Ótelek, and since then several units have been in operation. Evenimentul Zilei, denouncing nationalist hysteria, pointed out: Romania has made a mockery of its decent neighbours who came to its aid. In the meantime, it turned out that none of the rumours about larger and much better Romanian pumps were true. The equipment offered by Aversa for a hefty sum was of much smaller capacity, useless in the circumstances and could only be delivered by the Bucharest company after ten days. According to Evenimentul Zilei, the "national pens" of the Romanian press were seriously offended by the Hungarian experts instead of thanking them, which the guests sadly acknowledged and then continued working.

Népszabadság, Zoltán Tibori Szabó, 13 May 2005 (page 10)

Modern Bible

Even within the Catholic Church, many people are calling for the Bible to be reformed, and for the omissions to be incorporated. However, this is unlikely to happen in full. In that case, the Bible would be little different from a UFO textbook. The inclusion of the omitted details would reveal, even at the very beginning of the Bible, a hair-raising interplanetary cooperation that would horrify Christian believers. The exploration of the „ascension” of the prophets Ezekiel and Elijah, and the accurate account of their lives, would rival any science fiction novel, and would give those who have an aversion to esotericism a nervous breakdown.

For example, the secret Jewish document, the Book of Cain, reveals that, in addition to God, extraterrestrials played an active role in the creation and subsequent building of Paradise. According

to the ancient scrolls, nine extraterrestrials arrived in the Garden of Eden in a spacecraft. Adam was mourning in paradise when, amidst great thunder and lightning, a celestial chariot unexpectedly landed. A beautiful red-haired woman stepped out of the vehicle, whom Adam named Lilit (the woman of the windstorm). He gave her this name because the huge spacecraft in which she had arrived had created a veritable windstorm in Paradise when it landed. She did not come alone. He had an escort and a crew of seven to pilot the spacecraft.

The old Hebrew texts mention in several places Sarapi, the daughter of Asher, who also "arrived alive" in Paradise. But it was Lilit, the red demon, who gained the most fame and wasted no time. She cast her net on Adam as soon as she arrived. The ancient father could not resist the beautiful stranger, who bore him a son named Cain. After a while, however, Lilith grew tired of Adam, or Paradise on Earth, and returned to her heavenly home. The ancestor father grieved bitterly for her. Then the Lord took pity on her and created Eve to ease her pain. Eve was also given a son, the second-born Abel, whom Cain then killed. But the Bible is silent about the real reason for the fratricide. The Old Testament only tells us that the Lord did not accept Cain's sacrifice. The Book of Cain, on the other hand, says that the origin of the feud was that the two brothers fell in love with the same girl from another world. This Hebrew "legend" has not been completely forgotten. Despite being omitted from the Bible, it has continued to spread by word of mouth. In the early 20th century it came to the fore in a strange way. The suffragettes, considered to be the champions of women's equality, put Lili's name on their banner because of her courage in abandoning Adam. They also looked to Lilit as a role model in the fight for divorce.

Nor does the Bible tell us what Adam and his family did in Paradise. Like the natives, they baked their bellies in the sun, and when they were hungry, they plucked a fruit from a tree. As we know, they could eat the fruit of any tree except one. However, according to ancient records, Paradise was not a reserve created in a subtropical climate. It certainly had an advanced infrastructure, because it was even possible to write in it. Eighteenth-century scholars discovered that Adam wrote 12 books in Paradise. These are. Book of the Atonement of Adam, The Testament of Adam. Eve also wrote two. One is the Gospel of Eve, the other is the Prophecies of Eve. Even Lilit composed a work, which he stylistically titled "The Book of the Stars".



In the proto-Gospel of James, we read that at the birth of Jesus, time stood still and the world was at a complete standstill. When Joseph went in search of a midwife, he experienced the following phenomenon: "I went Joseph, and yet I did not go. I looked up at the sky and saw that he was motionless. I looked up and saw that he was watching me with admiration. I saw that the wings of the birds of the sky were not fluttering. And I looked down at the ground. I could see the ladle, the workers lying beside it, their hands outstretched towards the ladle. But they did not eat the food they had put in their mouths, nor did they lift the morsel they had taken from the bowl. The hand brought towards them did not swing to their mouths. Each of their eyes was fixed on the sky. I saw them herding the sheep, but the sheep did not move. The shepherd raises his arm to urge them on, but his arm remains aloft. I looked down at the river, I saw the goats. Their mouths were up to the water's edge, but they weren't drinking. Then suddenly everything started moving."

The proto-Gospel of James also shows that Jesus was not born in the stable of an inn, but in a cave. The midwife arrived late, so there was little need for her. On the way, Joseph informed him of Mary's immaculate conception, which made him very curious. As he attended to Mary, he thought he would examine her. As he began to feel her body with his finger, his hand was "consumed by fire". The midwife cried out: "Curse my wickedness and my unbelief! Why have I tempted the living God?" After she repented of her sin, God had mercy on her and gave her back her hand. The angel of the Lord stood before him and said: "The Lord Almighty has heard your plea. Reach out your hand to the child and take him in your arms. In him you will find your salvation and your joy." As the little Jesus drew near, his hand materialized again. By the way, the proto (ancient, original)

gospel was still considered by the ancient Jews to be complete. So seriously did they take it that when the prophet Jerome attacked it vehemently, he fell from grace.



Little is known about the Saviour's childhood and youth. The years he spent in Egypt are only vaguely recorded in the New Testament. But the Gospel of Thomas gives a detailed account of how Jesus, like the other children, was not exactly an „angel“. On more than one occasion he abused his parapsychological abilities, which were the result of his high spiritual development. When he was 5 years old, he would play at the ford of a stream, diverting the water into small pits. Then, with a single word, he would turn the muddy water he stirred up into clean water by commanding it to be clean. Then he formed 12 sparrows from mud. But it was the Sabbath, and when Joseph saw the great work being done, he called out to him: "Why do you do such things on the Sabbath?" Jesus slapped his palms together and shouted at the sparrows, "Go away!" The mud birds took wing and flew away chirping. With the other children, Annis' scribe son was playing by the brook. To his loss, he used a willow branch to drain the water that Jesus had collected. When the little Jesus saw what had happened, he became angry and cried out: "You wicked, wicked, and foolish man! What have the pits and the water done to you? Behold, now you too are withered like a tree. Thou shalt bring forth neither leaf, nor root, nor fruit." The child immediately dried up completely. The dead boy was lifted up by his parents, and, lamenting his youth, they took him to Joseph, accusing him of having such a son who would do such things.

On another occasion, the little Jesus was hurrying through the village when another child bumped into his shoulder. Then Jesus cursed him, "You will go no further on your way!" The poor boy immediately collapsed and died. The passers-by, seeing what had happened, asked each other questions in fear: "Where did this child come from, that all his words were realized deeds?" Because of his divine origin, Jesus' words had creative power, both good and bad. The parents of the dead child also came to Joseph complaining. They threatened that they would not be allowed to live with them in the village if he did not raise his son. Make him not to harm but to bless." The villagers feared that he would kill their children one by one. Joseph angrily challenged Jesus because of the unrest he had caused. "Why do you do these things, that they should suffer? Do you want us to be hated and sent away?" Until tempers calmed down, Jesus was grounded by his father. According to the Egyptian account, Joseph turned to Mary and said, "Do not let him out of the door, for those who anger him will die." Fortunately, the childish wickedness and recklessness of the child was over in time, and the adult Jesus did no harm to anyone. In his walk, he preached the importance of love and understanding.

Later, the Pharisees often accused the Saviour of being a magician whose miracles were the work of evil spirits. But his followers deflected the accusation of magic by claiming that Jesus healed without any magic spell, with a single word. Moreover, he never attributed the healing to himself, but to the faith of the patient and the infinite power of God. Yet magical phenomena accompanied him throughout his life. It is recorded that when Jesus entered Pilate's palace, the Roman imperial busts on the symbols bowed to him. It was not by chance that the Roman governor ordered the guards to bring the „King of the Jews“ before him with great respect. When he arrived, he spread the envoy's shawl at his feet to walk on. Pilate did not mean him any harm. He only had him scourged to appease the Jews and avoid his death sentence. But the Jewish people remained adamant. Mass hypnosis, inspired by external forces, ensured that Christ's destiny was fulfilled and the Redemption took place. Without it, Christianity would not have come into being, nor would there have been the faith in God that kept most people from sinning for two thousand years.



When King Stephen was in his twilight years, rebellion broke out in the country. His cousin Vasily, seeing that the monarch had chosen another successor, formed an alliance with three nobles and determined to sit on the throne himself. One of the rebels, hiding a dagger under his cloak, sneaked into the king's bedchamber to stab the sleeping monarch, but a bright angel knocked the murder

weapon from his hand. At the sound of the blade of the dagger falling on the stone, the king awoke from his sleep and spoke in a gentle voice:

– If God is with us, who is against us?

The assassin was ashamed and begged forgiveness. The generous king pardoned him.



There are a number of criteria for canonisation, the fulfilment of which is always subject to strict scrutiny by the Vatican. One of these is the incorruptibility of the body of a dead person. There are many case histories and numerous proofs of this phenomenon. Even today, there are saints who died centuries ago and whose bodies, placed in glass coffins, show not the slightest sign of decomposition. In fact, the bodies of saints smell of roses. As we know from the "Esoteric Panorama", the rose oil produced in their bodies also has a healing, miracle-working effect.

We do not need to go abroad to study this phenomenon more closely. According to contemporary chronicles, King Béla IV's daughter, Saint Margaret, was not short of miracles even in her lifetime. For authenticity, let us quote from the records in the original language:

"And when Saint Margaret had stood thus long in her prayers, the sister who accompanied her saw the flame of the fire of Elena on her head. She was very much frightened, and in fear she said to the self-imposed servitude of the princess that there was fire on her head. Then St Margaret laid her hand on her head and felt it. Pale-faced, she told the sister not to tell anyone of this vision."

Margaret died in 1272, aged 29. She was not buried immediately, for even days later no sign of her deteriorating body was seen. The holy virgin looked as if she were asleep. In place of the signs of decay, those who lay awake beside her experienced something quite different: "The holy Virgin's cheek was stained with a wonderful brightness, and under her eyes was a very beautiful light, as if she had been gilded." When the archbishop of Esztergom, the bishop of Vác and the provost of Óbuda entered the chapel and lifted from her face the veil with which they had covered it, they saw her face shining."

According to legend, touching the coffin set off a series of miraculous events. From a far-off land, sick people came seeking healing and were relieved of their ailments. When they laid her body in the tomb, instead of the smell of corpses, a sweet fragrance emanated from it. Two friars began to question the sisters as to what they had anointed his body with, but they insisted that it was nothing. They added that they had kept vigil over him for a week and had never left him unattended. Two weeks after his death, a huge stone was laid on his grave, and the pleasant smell was still there. Three months later, the blatant stone was removed from the grave mound to be replaced by a tomb carved in red marble. According to the chronicle – a very sweet smell of vapour, smoke and fragrance came up from the coffin, as if there had been roses there'. The chronicler also mentions that when St Margaret's soul left her body, Sister Elizabeth, who was beside her, saw a very bright star coming out of the cloister.



Saint Rita of Cascia, the grantor of seemingly impossible wishes, "the pearl of Umbria", one of Italy's most famous saints, was born in Roccaporena in 1381. After years of prayer by her parents, her birth was announced by a heavenly voice. He asked that the little girl be named Rita, the true pearl. Her life was accompanied by miraculous signs from her earliest childhood. As a baby, Rita's face was covered with bees, but none stung her. Rita's desire to suffer with Christ was awakened at the age of five. She grew up in modest circumstances, in a loving atmosphere and received a true religious education. Her parents married her to a local mercenary soldier. Rita, although she imagined her future as the bride of Christ, soon realized that the Lord had other intentions for her. Her husband's harsh, overbearing nature had broken out. He beat and scolded the gentle Rita and led a life of debauchery and violence. Rita possessed the ability to transform the rude and selfish people around her by her ceaseless example. She tolerated everything from her husband and secretly lived like a nun: praying, fasting, making sacrifices and helping wherever she could. Her exemplary life, her gentleness, her kindness, changed her husband completely and he turned to the right path.

Rita then suffered a series of tragedies: the death of her parents and the murder of her husband. In keeping with the custom of the time, her twin sons vowed blood revenge against their father's murderer. Rita prayed constantly that her children would escape their dark fate and that the two great families at war would be reconciled. Subsequently, the sons, reconciled to God, fell ill and, after repenting, died unexpectedly, and the families were surprisingly reconciled. When Rita was left alone, she divided her possessions and wanted to enter the Order of St Augustine as a nun. Although they refused to approve her admission to the order, the miraculous events that took place made it happen. Mysteriously, despite the locked doors, to the great astonishment of the abbot who kept the keys, Rita found herself inside the monastery, and suddenly the bells were ringing and a vine that had thought to be withered was green. On the night of her vows, she dreamed of a ladder reaching to the sky, with Christ standing on top, and beckoned Rita to climb upwards, step by step.

She then lived a life of self-sacrifice in the convent for 40 years. She ceaselessly did penance for others, cared for the sick and sent warmth and light to all those in need. After a long time of asking the Lord to share in the sufferings of Christ, he began to suffer from a splitting headache and the scars of the crown of thorns of Christ appeared on his forehead. These wounds bled for 15 years and lifted Rita to heavenly heights. It is recorded that she was imbued with an indescribable magnetic power: the power of Christ, which manifested itself in countless miracles. After the appearance of the stigmata, she was separated from her fellow nuns and suffered terrible torments for a long time. He endured his torments with joy and dedicated them to Christ. His prayers were regularly answered. It is believed that nothing is impossible for him, hence his name as the grantor of impossible wishes. Through his intercession, the possessed and the sick were healed. In the months before his death, his daily food was a sip of water and a consecrated wafer at Holy Communion. One snowy winter day, he asked his cousin for a rose, who miraculously returned with a single white rose with a fragrant fragrance. He died on 22 May 1447 in the convent of Mary Magdalene in Cascia. At his death, the tolling of the bell was heard by a large crowd, although no one pulled the bell. His body was never buried, as he was not destroyed. He also emerged unharmed from the fire in which his coffin was burnt to ashes. His body is preserved in the church of St Rita in Cascia. Miraculous physical and spiritual healings took place at Ravatala. To this day, millions of people ask for the intercession of Saint Rita.

Source: Saint Rita – Saint of the Impossible. (Etalon Publishing 2007)



The driving forces of life

There are no coincidences. The events we think of as coincidences are nothing more than carefully orchestrated events planned by fate. The case of Abraham Lincoln is the best example. As we know, perhaps America's most famous president, the man who reunited a divided country, came from a rather lowly line. His days were spent as a simple country farmer. It was only as an adult that he became an educated lawyer. He had never thought of becoming an intellectual before. A „coincidence” helped him to do so. The turning point came when he began to feel that he was destined for something more than being a farmer or a craftsman in a small village in Illinois. One day, he met a travelling merchant who wanted to sell him a barrel full of worthless lime. He asked only \$1 for the whole thing. Lincoln, instead of shaking the violent cuss off his neck, gave him the money. But he couldn't handle all that junk. He thought the barrel might be good for something. He started cleaning it out. When he got to the bottom, he found a series of law books among the debris. These were the books he used to learn to be a lawyer, and thus began his extraordinary career.



Once again, 6 October arrived, the anniversary of the crushing of the 1848 Revolution and War of Independence and the execution of the chief officers who had fought against the Habsburg occupation for four hundred years. Official commemorations were held for the martyred generals

and colonels of the Hungarian army fighting for independence. Among the usual eulogies, there is also an unusual one, less flattering for us:

"Half a century ago, in the »ancients«, which is nowadays recalled by many, if a policeman was shaken awake at night, he would recite the names of the seven founding generals and the 13 martyrs of Arad without a mistake, even in half-sleep. 155 years ago, at this very hour, the arbitrary spilled the lives of 12 generals and 1 colonel of the Hungarian Revolution and War of Independence. In the early morning, Aristid Dessewffy, Ernő Kiss, Vilmos Lázár and József Schweidel were killed by firing squads »out of mercy« between the Arad battlements. Afterwards, Lajos Aulich, János Damjanich, Károly Knežich, György Láhner, Károly Leiningen-Westenburg, József Nagysándor, Ernő Pöltenberg, Ignác Török and Károly Vécsey were hanged near the castle.

Some of them were aristocrats related to royalty, and others were citizens of the country of simple descent. Some of them had German, Serbian, Armenian, Croatian blood in their veins, and not all of them spoke Hungarian. But they fought as true Hungarians and stood by their word to the nation until death." It was not their fault that the Russian Tsar sent 200,000 soldiers to us after the Austrian Emperor kissed his hand and begged for help. The Hungarian army, small in numbers and inadequately equipped, defeated Franz Joseph's blunders, but could not stand up to four times the numbers. Even in this hopeless situation, the Hungarian generals did not give in. "They did not break their oaths, they died as martyrs of their country and of the struggle for independence. In their last hours they showed incredible strength of spirit and calmness. Dessewffy was cheerful. "My conscience is clear," – he said. Aulich was reading Horace. Török was studying a textbook on fortification. It was as if they were preparing not for death but for a new life.

Such classical characters can only be rooted in unshakable faith and unshakable conviction. Láhner played the flute, and Damjanich talked to the executioner, begging him to have mercy on his broken leg and to kill him with little torture. "Your lordship will be pleased with me," – said the executioner. (He lied, for some of the executioners were shorter than the condemned man, and the executioner and his assistants broke the vertebrae of their victim's neck in terrible agony.) The martyrs of Arad were heroes, not politicians. They did not bargain, they did not give in to the "forty-eight". They were not to blame for the nation's eventual reconciliation with the monarch who signed their death warrant, and thus indirectly signed his own death warrant. The Hungarian people finally fell with the empire, against which they had so often rebelled."

The rulers who started the First World War also received their just punishment. Fate has not forgotten their earlier misdeeds. After losing World War I, the Austrian people dethroned the Habsburgs. The ruling family was condemned to a total confiscation of their property and driven out of the country. To this day, they have not been given back their possessions and have not been allowed to return to Austria to visit for decades. The Tsarist family suffered even more cruel punishment. The revolutionaries mercilessly slaughtered Tsar Nicholas II and his family. By killing his wife, son and four daughters, the seeds of Tsarism were also wiped out in Russia. Their burnt and acid-washed corpses were buried in two roadside pits so that posterity could not remember them at their graves. Thus ended the disingenuous pact called the Holy Alliance, which trampled on the freedom of small countries.⁷¹

On 6 October, the vindictive imperial governor executed not only the martyrs of Arad, but also the prime minister of the first independent Hungarian government. Lajos Batthyány was shot in Pest, and government officials and lower-ranking army officers were sentenced to decades in prison. Many of them did not escape alive from Austrian dungeons. After a few years of languishing, they were killed by cruelty and disease caused by inhumane conditions. After the defeat of our war of independence on 13 August 1849, it took 141 years for the country to become truly free. But our glorious ancestors did not sacrifice their lives for this Hungary. "Let us put our hands on our hearts: neither the martyrs of 1848 nor the martyrs of the 1956 revolution gave their lives for what is happening here today.

⁷¹ Incidentally, the third member of the Holy Alliance, the Kingdom of Prussia, suffered a similar fate. In 1918, the German Empire was also abolished. The Germans ousted Emperor William II, who died in exile. The dethronement was accompanied by a complete confiscation of property.

They wanted a representative democracy, not a brothel. Responsible government, not one-for-one privatisation. In our country, freedom has been somewhat misinterpreted as theft of freedom. Those who had the opportunity took what they could get their hands on, and dissipated the state's wealth. Our forefathers wanted equality of rights, not freedom for the churls. Fair taxes, not the poor. Not a „shovel it pigac, you'll get some” sneaky Hungary, made up of "sides" that pretend to be shapeless but behind the scenes grin and smirk in solidarity with each other, of conniving clienteles, of silent criminal syndicates and of huddled, blustering voter supporters.

The martyrs believed that their lives were not lost in vain, their families and orphans wept and suffered in vain. They were knights who sacrificed themselves for their ideals. They did not suspect that in the future it would not be generous gentlemen who would guard their lofty ideals, but slick businessmen who would privatise them, and that instead of the freedom, equality and brotherhood they had dreamed of, a convulsively snorting, explosive Hungarian society would be dragged into the third millennium. For this reason alone, we could put up the black ribbon today."

Ferenc Szaniszló – Metro, 6 October 2004 (page 4)



I received a letter from László Mészáros from Kápolnásnyék. He wrote that as the commemoration of the Thirteen of Arad, the 6th of October, is approaching, he tells a story that few people know today. I myself was surprised to read the story.

"Supposedly, after the execution of the 13 martyrs of Arad and Prime Minister Lajos Batthyány, a paper was circulated throughout the country, in great secrecy. In it, Count Batthyány's widow Antonia Zichy cursed Franz Joseph. The condemnation read: »Let Emperor Franz Joseph know what pain is. Let him not die until his own family has suffered thirteen times his grief.« The curse was laid. According to historians, 13 of the emperor's family members died before his time.

1. His firstborn daughter, **Archduchess Sofia**, died at the age of 27 months.
2. **Empress Charlotte of Mexico** went mad. She lived as an undead woman for another 50 years.
3. On 6 June, after long suffering, **Archduchess Matild** died. Her cigarette lit the curtain and the fire caught her dress. Her burns were so severe that her life could not be saved. She died in terrible agony.
4. On 19 June, the **Mexican Emperor Nicolas**, brother of Franz Joseph, was executed in Querétaro, Mexico.
5. On 30 January 1889, **Crown Prince Rudolf**, the only son of the Emperor, committed suicide at Mayerling.
6. In 1891, **Archduke John Salvator**, Rudolf's best friend, disappeared, presumably in a shipwreck. The Emperor indirectly caused his death by demanding his immediate resignation. The aggrieved archduke set off on his fatal journey in a sudden rush.
7. In June 1894, **Archduke Franz Charles William** slipped from his horse in Baden and died a horrible death. His earlier actions are also memorable for us, as he took part in the suppression of the Hungarian War of Independence as a commander.
8. **Archduke Lazlo** died of septicaemia in Pest in 1895. During a hunting expedition, his gun went off and he wounded himself. Since tetanus vaccination was unknown at the time, the blood poisoning was fatal for him.
9. In 1897, Queen Elizabeth's sister, **Princess Sofia**, was killed in a fire in Paris.
10. In September 1898, **Queen Elizabeth** was assassinated in Switzerland by an anarchist named Luccheni⁷².
11. In 1903, **Archduchess Klotild** died of poisoning in Altschút, aged 19.
12. In the summer of 1914, **Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand** was assassinated in Sarajevo.
13. The assassin also killed his wife, **Archduchess Sofia**, who was sitting next to him.

It was only after all these tragedies that the aged emperor died in 1917. His empire was destroyed with him. Two years later, the Austro-Hungarian Empire collapsed. »He who takes up arms,

⁷² lukkényi

perishes by arms!« – says the Holy Scripture. Or was the curse caught? This list is no less bloody than that of the Thirteen of Arad. For the mourners it is a satisfaction, for posterity it is a remembrance and a lesson." Those who languished in the dungeons also received due satisfaction from fate. While they were tortured and made ill by damp walls and unheated, mouldy cells, Emperor Franz Joseph suffered from an incurable disease. His mistress infected him with syphilis, which she passed on to his wife. As there was no cure for this disease at the time, they had to endure terrible torture. Doctors used mercury doses to stop the bacteria from multiplying. It was the only way to delay the final stage: death, between madness and terrible pain. However, the mercury caused severe poisoning in the body, causing Franz Joseph to go bald and his teeth to fall out. The beautiful, slender, reed-thin queen, who had given so much to her health, could never forgive her husband for this. She abandoned him and the empire, travelling abroad incognito until the assassination attempt. Erzsébet Schäffer – Nők Lapja, 2003/40. (page 65)



Russian politicians say that communism owes its downfall to us. During a visit to the US, Russian President Yeltsin once said that communism began to decline when the Hungarian Revolution of 1956 was crushed. The bombing of Budapest, the murder of thousands of revolutionaries and the forced emigration of 200,000 people was a blatant crime that could not pass without consequences.



There must be something wrong with what we call the common spirit, the spirituality of a nation or society. Let me give you a convincing example. When we travel in the countries of Western and Southern Europe, we usually find that a village or small town has its own „spirit”, expressed, for example, in the fact that old and new houses are built in more or less the same style. In other words, citizens feel a sense of ownership of the traditions and spirit of the community. In contrast, in most Hungarian villages and small towns, there is a total confusion. In the village where I live, for example, in the outskirts of Buda, in a single street, houses of the following styles have been built next to each other:

- A high-rise miner's house
- A Tuscan villa with a nun's tile roof
- A Mexican hacienda
- A Slovakian-style split-level house
- A mutt Bauhaus great-grandchild
- A post-modernist effort to pull the roof pitch deep into the eye
- A Tyrolean farmhouse
- A socio-realist mini-condominium
- A California house of glass on a green lawn
- A neo-baroque palace
- A beehive in the style of Kós Károly
- A small town house in the Pest suburbs, and so on.

With this helpless jumble, are we trying to break into the Western world? I could go on listing the facts that indicate that there is still a lot to be done about the human factor in Hungary (and in Eastern Europe in general). The current state of wellbeing, sense of life, behavioural culture, values and moral strength of Hungarian society could be a serious constraint on the country's greatest breakthrough plans. People's basic values and value preferences are slowly changing, and an anachronistic value system can be a major obstacle to the country's rapid and successful development.

Elemér Hankiss – Népszabadság- Hétvége supplement, 22 January 2005 (page 4)



Abroad, people are beginning to realise that what matters is not how much something costs, but how much profit it makes. This means that in times of inflation, the usual price-increasing mecha-

nism is not triggered, but on the contrary, prices are reduced. As everywhere in the world, the German state railways have been in crisis for years. Passenger numbers are low and the cost of transport cannot be reduced because the trains have to run even if only a few people buy tickets. Nor will the cost of maintaining the track be lower if half-empty trains run through it. Nor do the salaries of the driver, conductor and ticket collector depend on the number of passengers. In Germany, this has led to the adoption of an unprecedented method of making rail transport profitable. Ticket prices were reduced. This decision, which was astonishing for us, has fulfilled our hopes. Suddenly, the number of people travelling by rail increased, which eliminated the loss. Many people returned to using the train because the low ticket prices made it more affordable than driving. Not to mention that it is much safer. As the increase in passenger numbers meant that overheads did not rise significantly, the extra revenue made German state railways profitable and sustainable again.



The old Sufi texts contain many instructive stories about the mindset of the otherworldly beings who determine our fate.

"Three boys came to Nasreddin Hoxha with a sack of nuts and said – Distribute this nut among us as if it were God's. Hodja then gave one of them a single grain, another a handful of nuts, and the third all that was left in the sack. The boys stared in amazement. Seeing their puzzled expressions, Hoxha said: Don't they? Good. Then I'll divide it like servants do. He counted out all the nuts one by one and gave them back to the boys, divided exactly into three parts."



There was once a young beggar monk who lived on the banks of the Ganges. Being an ascetic renouncing the world, he had only a loincloth covering his body. Every day, he bathed in the foam of the holy river, meditated and continued his yoga practice. After bathing, he left his loincloth out in the sun to dry. One day, while waiting for his clothes to dry, he reflected on how uncomfortable the wait was. "How much time I could save if I had another loincloth!" – he thought. As he pondered this, he was noticed by an elderly holy man. Having read the young monk's thoughts, he said:

- My dear son! Do not multiply your material needs unnecessarily! Bear the minor inconveniences that come with it, and reserve your time and energy for self-realization.
- What would be wrong with having another loincloth? "It would hardly interfere with my spiritual practice," – said the young man, and got another loincloth.

The next day, he bathed again in the holy river and left the garment out in the sun to dry. He put on the other one and went happily about his business. When he went to bathe again the next day, he saw that a mouse had bitten off his loincloth. "What should I do? How can I protect my belongings?" – He wondered. – I'll get a cat, it will scare the mouse away from my clothes!" So he did. Now he had a cat to guard his loincloth. But when he returned the next day, the cat was meowing bitterly with hunger. "What am I to do now? I want the cat to protect me from the mice, but I have to feed the poor thing somehow! She wondered what to do. "I know! I'll get a cow to give the cat milk!" So he did. Now he had a second loincloth, a cat and a cow. But when it came time to milk, he didn't know what to do, because he didn't know anything about cattle. He collapsed on the ground and, with his head bowed, grieved. When he saw the young ascetic and his crying cow, a passerby said:

- Why don't you get married? Your wife will milk the cow!

The young ascetic took the advice and did as he was told. Now he had a wife. After a while his first child was born, then the second, then the third. So finally he had to buy a house. To do this, however, he had to get a job, and soon another one to support his family properly. Years later, the old saint passed by again and asked:

- How are you getting on in your realisation?
- Realization? I am so busy! I have to work, I have to take care of my wife and children! I have to milk the cow and feed the cat. I have no time for self-fulfilment. No time, no time!

Lesson: Don't accumulate unnecessary stuff!



We all see the world through our own "glasses". We don't just look at people through our own "glasses". The evil, base soul looks for the bad in others and finds it; while the "beautiful soul" looks for the good in people. We are dominated by the qualities we notice in others. This situation is aptly expressed in this Arabic fable:

Once upon a time, a traveller wandered into a small village and sought out the Sufi master, the wise old man of the village. The visitor said to him:

- I wonder if I should settle in your village, so I wonder what kind of people live here? Can you tell me a few words about them? The master said:
- Can you tell me what kind of people live where you come from? The traveller replied that his village was full of highwaymen, cheats and liars, and the sage said:
- Well, you know, that's exactly the kind of people who live here. The traveller left the village and never returned. Half an hour later, another traveller arrived in the village. This one also came to the master and said to him:
- I think I might move to the villages. Can you tell me what kind of people live here? The Sufi master asked again:
- Can you tell me what kind of people live where you come from? – To which the visitor replied: My neighbors were the kindest, most charming, compassionate and loving people I have ever known, and I will miss them all very much. The master replied:
- Well, you see, that's exactly the kind of people who live here.



Once a young woman went to her father for advice:

- Dad, I'm tired of all this! Everything is going wrong at work and in my personal life. I don't have the strength to cope with the new tasks. What should I do?

That's all her father said:

- I'll show you!

He put three pots of water on the stove. In one he put a carrot, in another an egg, and in the third a spoonful of coffee. He boiled all three for a few minutes and then turned off the fire.

- Well, you see what happened to them?
- The carrots and eggs are cooked and the coffee has dissolved – said the young woman.

The father replied:

- Think of hot, flaming water as a hostile, harsh medium. The carrots, which were hard, softened after a few minutes. Look, I can squeeze it with a fork. The egg, which we know is fragile, became hard after cooking. But if you look at them from the outside, they're both the same as before! But on the inside they're completely different! Now, the same thing happens to you when you're in a hostile environment! Some people look strong, but under pressure they weaken. Others look fragile but become stronger and more resilient under pressure. It literally hardens.
- And what about coffee?
- Oh, coffee is the most interesting! It dissolves completely in the new medium! It loses its original shape, but it turns hot water into a pleasant refreshing drink. There are many people who behave in life like coffee. They can't change their circumstances, but they try to change them. To do this, they have to change themselves. But in the end something new is created!

The girl seemed to be thinking. Her father broke the silence:

- My daughter, circumstances shape us all. You cannot avoid it! But it's your choice how you react to them!

Zöld Újság – Issue 2016/10 (page 14)



The world doesn't seem to change much, because this 16th century English fairy tale is still very relevant today:

Truth and Villainy went swimming together. Cinderella came out of the water first, stole Truth's clothes, took them, and left hers on the beach. Poor Truth was very sad when she didn't find her things, but she said to herself, "I'd rather go naked for the rest of my life than wear the robe of the Ashamed." Since then, the Truth has been naked, and the Ashes walk among men in the robe of the Truth to this day.



The great French philosopher La Bruyère⁷³ did not just regale us with short aphorisms. His wise sayings were often published in longer anecdotes. Although he lived more than three hundred years ago, his parable of the rich man and the poor man is still relevant today:

Giton's complexion is fresh, his face full, his cheeks chubby, his gaze steady and steady, his shoulders broad, his belly swollen, his gait calm and measured. His words betray his confidence; he says twice what is put to him, and listens with a droll air to what others say. He blows his nose loudly into his wide handkerchief, spits far away and sneezes loudly. His sleep is as deep during the day as it is at night, and he snores in company. When he sits at a table or goes for a walk, he takes up more space than anyone else, and when his companions are of equal rank, he takes the middle. If he stops, so do the others, and if he starts, the company rushes to him. Everybody falls in line with him. He interrupts the speakers, and corrects their words, but his speech is not interrupted by any one, and they listen patiently as long as he speaks. All share his views, and readily believe what he says. He sits down, that is, he throws himself into his bosom, with his legs crossed; he frowns, and pulls his hat down over his eyes, so that no one need see him; and when he tips his hat, he shows his brow proudly and defiantly. He is good-humoured and sulky, but sometimes impatient, presumptuous, quick to anger, otherwise free-thinking, shrewd, and sometimes secretive in his affairs. He believes himself to be gifted and witty. Giton is a rich man.

Phaedon's eyes are sunken, his complexion is bright, his body lean, his cheeks thin; he sleeps little, and his waking spirit wanders dreamily, and though witty, he looks like a fool. Nor does he tell what he knows, and is silent, though he could tell things; and if he does sometimes speak, his speech is clumsy and stumbling; he thinks he is a burden to men. His speech is dry and short, and does not engage the man, for it has no spirit. At the words of others, he is enthusiastic and smiling, and readily shares his opinions. He runs and flies to do little services to men, and his manner is servile, flattering, and eager. He likes to be mysterious in his affairs. Sometimes he lies, otherwise he is superstitious, doubtful and fearful. His gait is soft and light, as if he feared to tread the ground; he walks with a glance, and dares not look at faces. In company he does not join the conversationalists, but stands behind them, stealthily, to listen to their words, but he departs in haste if he is seen. It is as if he does not take a seat at all, or as if he does not need one. He pulls in his shoulders, folds his coat, and, to avoid being seen, slams his hat over his eyes. There's no crowded street or busy hall where he can't slip through unnoticed. When offered a seat, he sits on the edge of his seat, speaks softly and flawedly, though he is frank about public affairs, justly angry with the age, and justly dissatisfied with ministers and government. He opens his mouth only to reply, but coughs first, and blows his nose under his hat. If he spits, he almost hits himself, and if he sneezes, he waits till he is alone, but if it happens in company with him, no one notices. No one greets him, and he never gets a toast. For Phédon is a poor man.



According to tradition, the Romans twice called Cincinnatus from the horn of the plough to help the eternal city: once against the enemy, and again in the midst of a famine. He complied, left his farm, took the title of dictator conferred on him by the Senate, with unlimited power, and solved the

⁷³ lá brüjér

problem. Then, renouncing his prerogatives, he immediately returned to his estate as a simple citizen to cultivate the land. The saviour of his country took it for granted that he would give up his beloved activity at the word of the summons. And it was also natural for him, when his task was done, to take up where he had left off. He had no desire for a higher shelf. He knew that the higher you went, the harder you fell. A laudable virtue. "Roman character", his contemporaries said of him almost two and a half millennia ago. The world today has no shortage of saviours and dictators, most of whom need not be called, let alone from the plough horn. They come of their own accord. Only then, the public sends them in vain, and they don't want to go. For some people, „saving” the country is a public vocation, a paid job, a power that gives them benefits.

Ferenc Szaniszló – Metro, 30 September 2005 (page 4)



He would be 80, but he has been gone for ten years. He was a genius, one of those conceived in grace. Those of us who knew him knew it, and we overlooked the quirks behind his kindness and courtesy. Miklós Uzsoky's name is probably little known, although he is credited with, among other things, the development of the first Hungarian television station, or the microwave telecommunications system, which for many years was one of Hungary's finest exports. As a former colleague who achieved world fame in America said of him – I knew ten Nobel laureates, but only four or five real geniuses. Uzhoky was one of them... But he never became an academic, because he didn't bother to get the basic degree of candidate. Why should he, he knew many times more than the committees. Perhaps, if he had left in 1956, as some of our over-heralded athletes left the Olympics, there would be one more Hungarian Nobel laureate today. Uzsoky did not become an academic, nor was he remembered, or at least by few. Students, former colleagues, you could say in a close family circle. No commemoration was ever published, since he was „only” a creative, scientific engineer, who was not associated with any scandal or sensation.

Yes, my country! You do not respect your geniuses! After all, Emil Mosonyi, the scientific engineering giant celebrated the world over, did not deserve a single medal on his 95th birthday. Yet he is the recipient of an international award from a major world organisation, a highly respected expert in more than 40 countries, and his birthday is celebrated by people from far away continents. How many of our great men can we say the same? His adopted country, Germany, is truly honoured, but our official greats thought that Emil Mosonyi (head of the design and construction of the Tisza-Tisza water pipeline, author of university textbooks, among other things) was not worthy of the kind of award that all heads of department receive on retirement. Truly, my country, we do not treat our intellectual greats well, even though it is their spirit and their work that creates our prosperity. The other day at the Hungarian Academy of Engineering, my colleagues complained that we can hardly get enough publicity for our engineering work and the results we have achieved. It is such a belittling of knowledge and competence that when sensitive issues are discussed, be it climate change or the extension of the operating life of a nuclear power plant, it is not usually experts who are invited or asked, but the protesters who are against everything, sometimes very ignorant, but all the louder.

Scientists are in revolt, they believe that there is not enough money for basic research, that there are not enough modern instruments, and that what there are, they cannot maintain. It is feared that the best minds will leave. It's an advantage if they leave for a few years, because when they come back, they will enrich us with a lot of new knowledge. But if they stay there permanently, if other countries benefit from their knowledge, if they get rich from their achievements elsewhere, that is not a problem, that is a tragedy. Innovation has become very fashionable these days. It is in the top ten of our politicians' phrase books. But innovation and competitiveness will not happen on their own. For that, you need sophisticated people. And keeping them at home and making them feel valued is not just a question of money. Of course, it is also not enough for any official to think that the benefits will come without the expenditure! But respect and appreciation are no less important. That is why we should celebrate our creative greats.

Zsuzsa Szentgyörgyi – Metro, 20 December 2005 (page 4)



In 2004, the Digital Literature Academy's website was visited by 6460 people a day. This was the number of visitors who were interested in the works of contemporary authors who receive a monthly royalty of 250,000 HUF.⁷⁴ It is likely, however, that the majority of visitors did not download 660 volumes by the 63 contemporary authors, but 10 922 works by the 36 classical poets listed next to them. (This figure does not include downloads from foreign mirror servers, which increase this figure by at least 15%.) Despite this, the authors of works uploaded to the MEK do not receive any royalties or subsidies. Their works are free for everyone to use. The library itself is a vegetable. The Ministry of Culture does not help the MEK at all. Last year, the government withdrew 400 million forints from its operator, the National Széchenyi Library. They are already at the point where they cannot even pay their electricity bills. The salary of the administrator who runs the MEK server has not been paid for months.

The MEK's popularity is not due to the fact that it is free, as the DIA's book collection is also free for readers to download. The difference in the number of visitors is due to the readers' value judgements. The average person does not care whether the author is a member of the Writers' Union or has a friend or supporter on the DIA's grant-awarding board. They only care about one thing: the quality of the work, the information content. Therefore, some MEK authors have more downloads of their books alone than all the contemporary authors of the DIA. Meanwhile, this author is destitute and starving because he cannot find a job and earn a living while working 14 hours a day.

It is typical of the DIA's insularity, of the fact that it is run on a buddy basis, that Imre Kertész was not a member of this body either. It was only after he was awarded the Nobel Prize that he was quickly accepted as a member, and it was only then that *Sorstalanság* and his other works were included in this library. He was ignored until his international recognition. In 1973, Imre Kertész's novel *Sorstalanság* was rejected by the publisher on the grounds that "the artistic treatment of the material of the experience has failed, the hero reacts to events in an incomprehensible, eccentric way." The Hungarian book industry would still be here today if the Nobel Prize committee had not taken a different view of this work.



Hungary is a country of reforms. The reforms that do not happen. The reforms that, despite endless amounts of hard thinking and grand ideas, never come to fruition. According to many, we can only talk, not act. The only thing we agree on is that change has to be made by someone else, not by us. Because everyone thinks so, there will be no one left to make the sacrifices that change requires. So nothing happens. The big words are gone and we are left with inertia and inertia. Yet there are so many thoughtful, professional, truth-seeking ideas and concepts that seek to improve the country in the context of its history. Today we are living in an era of great transformation. Social change requires a change of outlook. A transformation of the way people relate to themselves and their environment is inevitable. And society is us, individuals and our variously organised communities. In other words, the process must begin within ourselves, all the more so because history records few comprehensive social changes from above, from outside. There have been many peaceful or even bloody movements, struggles and developments from below: the emergence of religions, the birth of artistic trends and fashions, the transformation of social and economic systems, the emergence and modification of mores, manners and customs, technological changes.

Of course, there have been ideologues, champions and leaders of these changes, but mostly we only know the names of those who have managed to bring about a change in the outlook of the majority of the community concerned, to actively participate, to feel ownership and acceptance of the change. The initiators of the reforms sensed the timeliness and direction of the change and recognised how to mobilise the necessary energies, but they did not make the change, everyone who followed them did. Confucius, Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed, and today Gandhi. Perhaps he best cap-

⁷⁴ The amount paid is four times the current minimum wage. In 2021, the minimum wage has already increased to 167 400 HUF.

tered the secret of the phenomenon when he said, "Be the change you want to see in the world." Successful leaders also practiced change on themselves before seeking followers. And then their followers and disciples did the same before they set about persuading others. Their ideas fell on fertile ground because their audiences recognised that they themselves had to be part of the change, that no one else would „do it” for them. A process of transformation is already underway in the educated, open-minded strata of society, but it is not yet spreading, not yet reaching the masses. It would be advisable to give way to positive initiatives. It would not be a good idea to wait for external pressure to bring us to our senses, at much greater cost.

György Jaksity – Népszabadság - Weekend supplement, 14 January 2006 (page 1 - excerpt)



At the end of the 19th century, Budapest was called the Paris of the East. One after the other, the most beautiful palaces were built. During this period, the most beautiful country house in the world was built on the banks of the Danube, the Opera House, envied by Western tourists, the Ballet Institute, the Museum of Applied Arts, Gresham Palace, St. Stephen's Cathedral, Matthias Church and countless cafés. Among them is the New York Palace, where world-famous writers, painters and artists have soaked up the special atmosphere of the Hungarian capital. Where are we today. The last time this city was bearable was before the fall of communism.

I grew up in Budapest, and I loved living here. That was twenty years ago. The city has changed since then. It has become a "world city" and "liberal". And I fled the city. Unfortunately, my job forces me to come back. It always makes my heart sink, but not for the same reason it did twenty years ago. Yesterday, for example, I was walking in the smog on Rákóczi Road, watching Swiss tourists stumbling on the frozen asphalt. I wondered what their opinion of us might be, as they bypassed the urinating homeless man who was squirming under the boarded-up window of one of the broken-down shops, berating them in a growling voice. What do they think of the dog-pee corners, the greasy excrement spread under shoe soles, the street corners that have not been cleaned by janitors for decades? What do they think of the shopkeepers who tolerate scribbles on the walls around their windows? What do they think of the shabby portals of Chinese shops selling cheap rubbish that destroy the architecture of ancient buildings or the air conditioners that ruin facades? What kind of country do we see when we look at public furniture that has never been maintained, subways that are turning into slums, and even the whole environment that is devoid of greenery and is hostile to children, families and the elderly? Everywhere, I get the feeling that even those who still live here no longer love this city. The Swiss are entitled to ask whether the city manager who calls bored teenagers „street artists”, who „self-express” themselves with their spray paint bottles while destroying other people's property, has any idea of aesthetic quality? What impression they must have of a city whose shops are dying even on the Grand Boulevard. Where investor capital, which pays off politicians, dictates the development of the city, and not the urban planning professionals? Where has the city gone that was nice to come home to twenty years ago? When it was still lovable, vibrant and human?

László Bartók – Metro, 21 February 2008 (page 4 - excerpt)



Many people ask the question these days, "where did we go wrong?" In the media, wise economists and financial experts speculate "where did we go wrong?" It has got to the point where they are not blaming the global economic crisis for our mounting woes, because the crisis is affecting all countries equally. Yet other countries are slowly emerging from recession, while we are sinking deeper into the mire. We can only sustain ourselves for a while or two with the help of astronomical amounts of World Bank loans, but no one knows how we will pay back these loans. We can no longer even pay the interest on loans taken out decades ago, so the future looks increasingly bleak.

In the midst of our indecision, few of us think to look to our past for the causes of our problems. We always shape our future in the present, so our present situation is a consequence of our past

actions. For decades, many journalists and countless newspaper articles have been about „throwing our best inventions out the window with a shovel”, with no appreciation of our intellectual assets. While the talents of Hungarian professionals are recognised worldwide, we gain nothing from this because we do not allow our intellectual greats to flourish. We cripple, destroy or drive them out of the world. Anyone who does not escape in time is either sent to a mental hospital or to the streets, where they can spend their lives homeless until they freeze to death in a park on a cold winter's night.

But this behaviour is not only bad for ourselves, it is bad for the world. Talent is a divine gift, and squandering it is a crime against our world, and indeed against the universe, which the Creator will never forgive us for. We have continued this practice for decades and now the „tree of deeds has come to fruition. The fruit is ripe", so now we are forced to eat it. Bitter as it is, it is shoved down our throats. We are now being punished for our sins of the past. Let us, as our penance, highlight one of the thousands of wasted inventions, of ruined lives:

The story of Dr István Sárvári's family goes back many decades. Like the youngest son of folk tales, the Sárvári dynasty has overcome all obstacles to make its fairy tale come true. But after a promising start, the cold shower came and the story turned into a nightmare. Grandfather István Sárvári had just returned home from being an Italian prisoner of war after the First World War and had started a family in Zsana-pusztá, in the middle of the Great Plain. He started growing potatoes, putting all his heart into it. Being a wise farmer, he soon found out how to produce the best quality seed potatoes and supplied them to all the farmers in the area. From an early age, István's son took a special interest in potato growing, observing everything with a keen eye, and then started breeding potatoes while studying at the University of Agricultural Sciences in Gödöllő.

- My father soon realised that the phytophthora, which regularly devastates potatoes, and the diseases carried by various viruses and pests, were causing enormous damage to susceptible potatoes. A single disease can destroy up to half the expected harvest. But while studying wild potato varieties, he also discovered that it is possible to develop certain resistances, so that the plant can develop resistance to these diseases genetically within itself says Dr István Sárvári, who is the second generation in the family to have developed resistance to these diseases. - He obtained samples of the nine wild potato varieties of his choice from international gene banks and started his experiments despite the fact that academic experts, who seemed much more experienced than he, did not predict much for his future, saying that the world's breeders would have solved the problem of producing resistant varieties in 150 years if it were possible.

Breeding for resistance, i.e. increasing the resistance of plants, had by then been going on for 150 years all over the world, but the desired results had not been achieved. Breeding potatoes is by no means a simple task. A new potato variety is only produced through its flowers, a method known as cross-breeding, and the genetic possibilities are decided at the moment of conception. Later on, they can only be interfered with by artificially induced mutations or GMO techniques. However, because of the potato's fourfold chromosome pool, the potential for genetic fission is so great that if all the world's breeders were to cross-breed with only one parent pair, all genetic variation would be exhausted in about 473 billion years, a hundred times the current age of the Earth.

Breeding projects that take decades usually run into a lack of time. Breeders do not have the active lifespan to carry out breeding programmes that span more than twenty to twenty-five years, because by the time they are in the profession and in management positions they are usually in their forties. Their predecessors see their successors as competitors and do not leave their achievements to them. So with every generation change, you have to start all over again.

The advantage of dynastic breeding, on the other hand, is that the results are passed on to the descendants in full, and they inherit professional skills that are not taught anywhere.

- As a result of the uncertainty of officially supported breeding, private breeding has become our family hobby. We cultivated in private gardens on rented land, otherwise we would have been at the mercy of the donors. My father succeeded in creating the first highly resistant hybrids of nine wild potato species by repeated backcrossing to eliminate the wild traits but

retain resistance. In the mid-seventies, multiple backcrossing resulted in the creation of the only potato variety that we managed to get variety recognition for, against a huge headwind and at the cost of a great struggle, under the name „Hungarian Rose” – continues István Sárvári Jr.

To understand why it was so difficult to get the Hungarian rose recognised, we have to go back in time to the 1960s and 70s. At that time, the seed potatoes, which were the basis of domestic potato cultivation, were produced using the so-called Dutch pattern, using the stem-rolling technique, as this was the only means of protection against the aphid-borne leaf curl virus. This meant that the potato foliage had to be destroyed within ten days of the aphid invasion to prevent the aphid-borne virus disease from entering the tuber, which would permanently contaminate the propagating material and render it unfit for further propagation. The State rewarded stem-pulling, which resulted in yield losses, with a 25 % subsidy, as it provided growers with valuable and quality propagating material.

The introduction of the „New Economic Mechanism” in 1968, however, created unexpected obstacles for the Hungarian miracle potato, but breeders of other plant species would have much to say about this. The provisions that partially opened up the Hungarian economy meant new markets for Western interests. The Hungarian state administration, for reasons unknown, abolished the deseeding surcharge, with the result that no producer carried out deseeding. As a result, in less than four years, the entire Hungarian seed potato stock became completely sub-standard, killing off the indigenous varieties that accounted for 90 per cent of the country's potato production. Western potato traders then offered to help Hungarian farmers. They provided them with seeds, technology and machinery for their foreign-bred varieties. This provided the helpful foreign partner with a very large buying market, which the Hungarian People's Republic even milked with a 70 percent state subsidy. Almost at the same time as the new varieties were introduced, the Hungarian-bred varieties (gülbaba, Kisvárda rose, etc.) were removed from the variety list. Thus the entire Hungarian potato production became dependent on the new foreign interests. The hegemony of foreign interests continues to this day.

- In such a political and economic environment, we wanted to register our first resistant breeding variety, the Hungarian rose, but we kept running into the walls built by the Hungarian authorities to serve foreign interests, which, interestingly enough, only affected Hungarian breeding – says a leading member of the potato breeding family, recounting the first serious difficulties. – Towards the end of the 1970s, they could no longer prevent the registration of our Hungarian rose variety, but the moment it was registered, the attack on us and the variety began to prevent its spread. We fought a windmill battle for three years, trying to comply with all the new regulations, but finally we gave up. We decided that if we were to survive, we had to bow to the odds and go illegal in our own country. From then on, we no longer disclosed any information that would have harmed foreign interests.

The recognition of the Hungarian rose caused a huge panic in the potato market. All the Western-bred varieties known up to then were „susceptible varieties”. In spite of centuries of resistance breeding, susceptible varieties still dominate world potato production today, with huge yield losses of 30-50% after a single year of cultivation, especially in areas more affected by wasting diseases. Based on secure income, no seed distributor had an interest in bringing more resistant seed potatoes to market, as this meant that growers had to replenish their seed potato stocks every year, buying the new batch of susceptible potatoes. Potatoes are a staple food almost everywhere in the world, and there is perhaps no bigger deal than that.

This is being matched by an almost unknown family breeding effort that has resulted in some broad-spectrum resistant potato varieties that are resistant not only to viruses but also to the variable biotypes of phytophthora. They do not need spraying and even have negligible storage losses. This threatened to put the seed potato industry out of business.

- At a time when foreign interests were taking over, I bred potatoes at the request of a Hungarian cooperative. By 1982, 510 tonnes of seed potatoes with a zero infection rate had been produced from the virus-resistant variety Magyar rózsza. The Seed Company, which at the time

completely dominated Hungarian seed imports, immediately offered the cooperative ten per cent of the national distribution of imported potatoes, which the cooperative had been fighting for for years, but only on condition that it destroyed 510 tons of Hungarian Rose seed tubers. The cooperative immediately accepted the offer. They took it out into the forest and left this huge quantity of good quality potatoes to freeze - Dr István Sárvári tells us about the rude attacks they suffered during the communist era.

- Indeed, if this amount of seed had been released from the cooperative's land, nothing could have stopped its success.

In view of the above, there were obviously serious interests involved in preventing this Hungarian invention from being made public. Here the story takes a dramatic turn.

- In the second half of the 1970s, when the Hungarian seed import was due to be renegotiated, in the space of a month my father was assassinated once and I was assassinated four times by unknown assailants, perhaps as a drastic warning that we had miraculously survived. In the potato research institute in Keszthely, of which my father was then the head, the authorities mysteriously found an incredibly large quantity of nematode cysts in all the foil houses, making it possible to destroy millions of hybrid plants which were the starting material for breeding. Interestingly, in each of the houses, which had never had potato tubers introduced from the outside that could have introduced cyst nematodes, the same concentration was found as in the house that had been used for a year as in the house that had been used for ten years. All that was needed was to scatter the cysts on the ground, the rest was up to nature and a vigilant observer.
- Is there more?
- Yes. Last year, a similar incident occurred in Keszthely, after the cultivation of several Keszthely varieties began to gain ground. This time, a bacterium that is also on the quarantine list in Hungary appeared in their seed potato multiplication field. According to the expert, the bacterium was introduced into the potato field by irrigation water.
- Is this possible?
- This bacterium is not native to our country and does not multiply in water.
- Then how did it get there?
- It could have been introduced to the irrigation pump and appeared on the potato table. Is it not interesting that the dirty work is being done by the Hungarian authorities? - Dr István Sárvári asks the rhetorical question.

In the 1990s, comparative trials were conducted in Transylvania between resistant Sárvári and susceptible foreign varieties. Some Scottish researchers were also curious about the experiments. They were surprised to find that all but one potato variety was destroyed by the phytophthora. That one was ours. They asked for samples and tried for two years to find out the secret, without success. At the end of the tests, they found that they had tested the most resistant variety in the world. Then foreign countries offered help again, this time to a private Hungarian company.

- In 1996, a Danish agricultural company, two Scottish individuals and our family business set up a company called Sárpo, or Sárvár Potato, in a one-third to one-third partnership. Our task was intellectual work, research and breeding, the Danes provided financial support and the Scots organised international research and trials," says Mr Sárvári, describing the promising start. He tried to push his Scottish partner out of Sárpo Ltd. by unilaterally raising the capital, and he wanted to take the family's genetic base away from us, but fortunately the amendments to the Hungarian company law at the time prevented him from doing so.

In the internal struggles within the company, István Sárvári's family tried to stay on the scales, as there would have been no chance of survival against any of two much more capital-intensive companies, if left alone. As a stop-gap solution to the ongoing funding problems and hostilities, a foundation was set up in Scotland to act as a filter in this triangle of conflicting interests. The Sárvár Research Trust operates on a non-profit basis, as originally conceived, mediating between Hungarian researchers and their co-investors with the help of eminent experts.

- To date, the board of the foundation has not been set up. In retrospect, the only positive aspect of our work is that we have succeeded in attracting Dr David Shaw, an internationally renowned researcher in the field of phytopharmaceuticals. Thanks to his work, his experiments, his publications, and his students from all over the world, the Mudfruit varieties have become world famous – continues István Sárvári.

However, despite the successes, the internal divisions within the company have not gone away. The Danish side refused to finance the project. However, the experiments could not be stopped during the year, as the genetic stock would have been lost forever. The Scots kept encouraging the family to look for a way to continue the funding, but to persevere. Research that year eventually had to be funded by loans. And the Scottish side forgot to inform the family that they would no longer be funding their work.

- The loans that were taken out under duress are now being rolled over because it has subsequently emerged that the two parties could not agree to continue and their funding has been cut off. The economic crisis has forced us to sell our farm in order to have enough money to settle the debt and continue – says the researcher, somewhat despondently. - Even now, we are struggling because the potatoes we can sell with the effective and selfless help of the Association of Hungarians are only enough to pay the daily bills, but when they run out, we won't have any money for that either. We have had to deprive ten families of their only means of subsistence because we could not pay their wages. We are already several months in arrears with the bank. This year, we have no money to plant next year's crops, which threatens the results of decades of work.

And yet the fancy name of the potatoes of Sárpo, „Míra”, is highly acclaimed worldwide. It is being grown across Europe, experimented with in Africa and even in parts of Asia, and is growing in ever-growing areas. However, the intellectual property rights for its breeding have somehow been lost amidst all the infighting. They need to renegotiate the patent rights, but they don't have the money to sue. A vicious circle.

- Our resistance is fighting against the use of chemicals, which of course also harms chemical interests. We, through generations of sacrifice, are constantly damaging interests by working on resistance breeding. This is why we had to go illegal, and why we are now at the point where nearly 70 years of work could be lost," says István Sárvári, analysing the problem. But the seemingly easier procedure causes more problems than it solves. With such complex DNA structures, it is impossible to foresee the potential dangers. The effects of genetically modified foods on the human body, metabolism, immune system, gut flora are unpredictable. It can take up to two or three generations for mutations or adverse effects to surface. This is why the Sárvár family has always been wary of artificial genetic manipulation. While many people believe that this is the only way to create the right plants, they have worked hard to continually disprove the dogma that genetic modification is necessary. There is still untapped potential in conventional breeding, if it is used in the right way.
- We have more than forty varieties of potatoes in the pipeline, and we are experimenting with more than a hundred varieties worldwide. Over the past decades, my family has developed resistant varieties through the selection of 100 million potato hybrids, which are unique in many ways worldwide. Other companies can only test a few tens of thousands a year," he says, doubtfully listing their achievements. But we could have a great career ahead of us, we could bring billions to the country and to Hungarian agriculture. Why shouldn't we be able to control the third world market in organic farming? With these resistant varieties, we could once again be Europe's larder! Why are we ceding the Chinese and Indian markets to others when our potential is so much greater?

But the foreign lobby is proving stronger all the time. And Hungarian politicians do not care about the fate of the country. The chippy-chippy debates and bickering of opposing parties distract their attention from our crucial problems. As the story stands, the work of the Sárvár family for nearly seven decades is at risk. Forced borrowing, backtracking by donors and the economic crisis have left one of Hungary's family businesses with the greatest potential facing one of the country's largest

family businesses facing unachievable challenges. Those interested in growing the virus resistant Sárpo potato varieties can contact the breeders at isarvari@freemail.hu

Mobile: +36-30-638 4236 Fax: +36 88-415 278.

Petra Gerhát – Hungarian Democrat, 24 June 2009 (pages 16-20)

The article is entitled: Hungarian rose – The strange calvary of a potential Hungaricum.



Dr. István Horváth, a biomedical scientist and doctor of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, has identified an antigen that can stimulate the production of anticholesterol antibodies in the body. If this can stop or even reverse the process of atherosclerosis and thus prevent most cardiovascular diseases, it is a discovery that will affect many. This is what the professor believes the vaccine can do. We spoke to the still-active researcher about why the body needs cholesterol, why immunisation is essential as a self-healing mechanism, and why one of the patients who was cured complained about his glasses:

- For a long time, cholesterol was thought to be the "bogeyman", the trigger for atherosclerosis. Then the formula was refined into good cholesterol and bad cholesterol. Now we are talking about cholesterol being an essential part of the body. How exactly is that?
- Until 1980 it was claimed that dietary cholesterol was responsible for atherosclerosis. It was the "Don't eat eggs, ham, bacon!" – era. Then came the theory that a bacterium causes inflammation in the blood vessels, which is then deposited with cholesterol. Since 2000, the official view has been that high blood cholesterol is the cause of atherosclerosis. However, sometimes atherosclerosis occurs even with low cholesterol levels, and sometimes not even with high levels. This depends on the individual, as does cholesterol synthesis itself. Healthy cholesterol levels are as varied as people's heights.
- In fact, what is the role of cholesterol in the body? Not to simplify the question, but do we need it or not?
- Do we need it! Cholesterol is an important part of the body's metabolism and functioning. Without cholesterol, there is no life. For example, if there is no sex hormone, there is no reproduction, because sex hormone is also made from cholesterol. But I could mention the mineralocorticoid hormone, which controls the body's mineral metabolism. This is also based on cholesterol. If the amount of cholesterol is not sufficient, minerals and salts are not incorporated into the bones, but are deposited, for example, on the walls of the blood vessels. Red blood cells are completely replaced in the body every 120 days. If there is not enough cholesterol, the cell membrane cannot form normally, which causes various diseases. Bile acid, which is also a precursor of cholesterol, is also important. Without bile acids, we would not be able to digest fats, and without the digestion of fats, we would not be able to get the fat-soluble vitamins (vitamins A, B, E, F, K) into our bodies. Cholesterol also plays an important role in connecting brain and nervous system pathways and stabilising receptors. A lack of cholesterol can lead to neurological disorders, as cholesterol is the "hot metal" at the junction of nerve cell extensions. Where there are a lot of nerve cells, a lot of cholesterol is needed. That's why nearly 50 percent of the brain's dry matter is cholesterol, a deficiency that is the cause of many diseases. In addition, there are countless examples of where and how cholesterol is used in the body.
- But when can it cause problems?
- The proportion of cholesterol in the diet is only 5 to 10 percent, the rest is produced by the body. The body constantly produces cholesterol and releases it into the bloodstream in the form of lipoprotein, which is combined with protein. Most of it is made by the liver, but it is also one of the biggest users of cholesterol. In addition, it is always producing more than one type of lipoprotein. Some lipoproteins can be used immediately - HDL, the „good” cholesterol – and the rest are sent into the bloodstream in a „canned” form so that they are always on hand when you need them. The latter can only be used if it is covered by a protein that specifically seeks out cholesterol. This is called an anticholesterol antibody. When LDL is covered by the

anticholesterol antibody protein, it can be absorbed and not eaten by phagocytes, the cells that eat it. (HDL is already in a protein envelope.) We discovered the anticholesterol antibody here in Hungary, but due to professional incompetence we could not publish it. Ten years later the Americans discovered it, and then we were allowed to publish it in 1994.

- Why is this antibody important?
- If there is not enough of this antibody in the body, white blood cells called phagocytes will engulf LDL that is not completely covered in protein. The white blood cell digests all of the LDL, but the cholesterol accumulates undigested in its „belly”. The „belly” cells initially die by burrowing through the walls of blood vessels. The components of the cell are broken down enzymatically by the body, but cholesterol is an undegradable substance, so it first accumulates outside the vessel walls, eaten by the „foam cells”. Once that area is full and the „foam cells” cannot get outside the blood vessels, cholesterol gradually accumulates further in, in the cells of the vessel wall. The cholesterol accumulating cells of the vessel walls form a tumour-like formation called plaque. Many people think of atherosclerosis as a water stone on the inside of a tube. This is a mistake, because arteries are constantly moving and pulsating, and plaques can only form as tumours on such a pulsating material.
- So it is the high LDL levels that cause the vasoconstriction, which is caused by the lack of an antibody that promotes the use of cholesterol.
- It is not that simple. In fact, it is the disruption of cholesterol metabolism that is responsible for the disease, because the anti-cholesterol antibody plays the role of "can opener" in the body for utilisation. If there is an abundance of "can opener", then "canned cholesterol", i.e. LDL, does not accumulate. I've already mentioned how cholesterol is utilized, but just as important is the problems that accumulated cholesterol causes. Possible consequences are ischaemic heart disease, angina pectoris, myocardial infarction, stroke, peripheral vascular disease, hypertension, etc. The prevalence of complications is indicated by the fact that in our country, cardiovascular disease is the cause of almost 50% of deaths. This means 60,000 deaths per year in Hungary, and it is particularly sad that 15,000 people die of such causes at a relatively young age.
- Why are there not enough anticholesterol antibodies in the body?
- In addition to genetic factors, the lack of this antibody is modified by a number of risk factors that can be consciously influenced: stress, which is present in our lives from an early age, smoking, obesity, sedentary lifestyle, the contraceptive pill, sprays, chemicals, various combustion products, food additives, endotoxin in the body due to bad teeth, etc. These risk factors can be reduced by lifestyle changes.
- So if you don't have enough anti-cholesterol antibodies, the body can't utilize the LDL in the blood. What is the solution?
- The disturbance of cholesterol metabolism is an immunological defect resulting from a lack of anti-cholesterol antibody. This can be overcome by immunological means. Immunology has been used to overcome the dreaded smallpox, diphtheria and tetanus. This was well known to American researchers. They produced a vaccine that stimulated the production of anticholesterol antibodies and used experimental animals to prove the scientists' theory, but the omnivorous pigs died from their antigens. It was subsequently published that the goal of immunising humans against cardiovascular disease could not be achieved. I did not give in to this and continued my research, and succeeded in developing an antigen that could be used to immunise humans. I named the vaccine "J for H" (Jab for Health). Since tens of thousands of people die every year from atherosclerosis in Hungary alone, I decided twenty years ago that there was no time for further experiments, so I tested the vaccine on humans: on myself. Would it be a crime to prove, by vaccinating myself, that the vaccine I had invented was suitable for vaccinating and immunising humans?
- Most patients, if they have high cholesterol, usually take a preparation containing statins.

- The problem is that statins are not selective: unfortunately, they impair not only the synthesis of LDL but also HDL, so there is less bile acid, the sex hormone, the healthy cell. I think the imbalance in cholesterol metabolism needs to be restored by immunization.
- How many people have been vaccinated so far?
- Anyone can give the vaccine, but more people are asking for help. So far, 20,000 people have asked for the vaccine and most of them have seen a dramatic improvement: no heart surgery, many have regained fertility, and in some cases infertility has disappeared. More babies have been born thanks to the vaccine. Some have seen a dramatic improvement in mental performance and work capacity. Because the antibody increases the efficiency of cholesterol utilisation, the process of atherosclerosis can be reversed and the cross-section of blood vessels restored. Hence the many beneficial effects. It is not a panacea, but it stimulates circulation, which improves the function of all organs, including the eyes. Recently, a dear friend of mine „complained” that although she does feel better after the treatments, her legs do not cramp and she walks easily, but she has incurred huge costs. It turned out that she had to change her glasses because her vision had improved by several dioptries. And I learned from the daughter of an 84-year-old woman with dementia that her mother, who had been sitting in the corner for years with her hands in her lap, is back to her old self: baking, cooking, cleaning, herding grandchildren.
- Who is not recommended to take the vaccine?
- Unfortunately, immunisation is less effective in patients with immunodeficiency and those treated with drugs that inhibit antibody production. People with AIDS and those who have undergone organ transplants have compromised immune systems. In such cases, even if the antigen were administered, the weakened body would not start producing antibodies and the beneficial effects would not be achieved.
- The foreign press is reporting that your discovery is a world sensation, worthy of a Nobel Prize. In India, you are even seen as a saviour of the people. You have brought gold medals from several patent exhibitions. But you are not recognised here. Have you thought of selling the patent?
- We have received many inquiries from abroad. Most recently, I was approached from Australia by a well-established figure in the health industry, offering millions of dollars for the vaccine. I believe that the 'J for H' I have just mentioned offers quite significant results for our country and I would like to see it manufactured and marketed here at home.⁷⁵ I would like to do it for the benefit of this country, even if Imre Madách's appeal also applies to our case:

"Be brave, then, and do not regret,
If the crowd is ungrateful.
For let not self-glory be the goal,
He who does great things."

Gábor Rozsnyai – Elixir magazine, May 2016 (pages 39-40).

A few days ago I was sitting in a courtroom on Markó Street in Budapest behind Professor Dr. István Horváth. Only he was in the dock and I was in the front row of the audience. Dr. István Horváth's invention, the anticholesterol antibody, is comparable to the therapeutic effect of antibiotics. The immune treatment, a course of injections, normalises the cholesterol balance in our body: deposits disappear from blood vessels and capillaries, and blood circulation is restored. This can minimise the number of heart attacks and strokes caused by vasoconstriction. The effect is to clear

⁷⁵ Professor Horváth would like to build a factory in his home village of Káptalanfa in Transdanubia. He has bought a 50-hectare plot of land and has drawn up plans for his future factory. The three-storey building would house the laboratory in one wing, the production department in the other, and offices in the middle. The building would cost HUF 8 billion to construct and HUF 2 billion for equipment. He does not want to be associated with foreign investors for fear of being „squeezed out” of the business after learning the production process (the company will be declared bankrupt, its assets will be transferred to another company, from which he will be excluded.)

the blood vessels and significantly improve blood circulation. This is why those who receive the treatment in time, at around 30-40 years of age, look 10-20 years younger than their peers. The elasticity and permeability of the blood vessels is significantly improved, which in itself can eliminate migraine headaches and inflammation caused by poor circulation. Incidentally, poor circulation can also be the cause of some cancers: for example, heart cancer is almost non-existent because the heart has good circulation. In the same way, acquired diabetes can be cured, because if the circulation in the pancreas improves, insulin production is restored.

Today in Hungary, about 15 000 people die of stroke every year between the ages of 45 and 60. And thousands of people lie paralysed in hospital wards after a stroke, helpless and with little hope of recovery. Just as the dreaded tuberculosis or other deadly inflammations have been reduced by a wide range of antibiotics, the immunological procedure developed by Professor Horváth is just as effective, but without side effects. My family, most of my friends and I have undergone this cure. I can only say the best about it, as can the few thousand people whose quality of life has been drastically improved, possibly saved. And that is the problem. Because there was a comrade in charge during the Gyurcsány government who, in a fit of honesty, openly said to the professor: "How are we going to pay for all those pensions if the drug spreads?" And that is only one side of the coin. For pharmaceutical companies, the sale of cholesterol-lowering drugs is a huge business, bringing in billions of dollars a year.

Good / bad cholesterol levels are like leg size or neck size. It varies from person to person. For example, I had a level of 16 (instead of the usual 4) at the time of writing a textbook at St John's Hospital. At the time I had been on a strict vegan diet for 3 years. My GP said it was just the machine going bad.

But back to the Hungarian abyss, the courtroom. Here we have the shame of the 21st century, a trial by conception. As is our tradition, of course, based on an anonymous denunciation. This is some refinement compared to the 19th century, when a predecessor named Semmelweis was lured into a madhouse in Vienna by his medical colleagues. They tied him up, beat him senseless, and jumped on his ribs (the vision survives). Then they let the wounds of the doctor, lying helpless in his own filth, become infected and die of gangrene. All because he had a crazy idea: he should wash his hands. And in those days the irrefutable, firm scientific conviction was that bad air was the cause of death in mothers and babies... Washing hands, of course, is nonsense. Colleagues started to tell stories about Semmelweis, that he was syphilitic, venereal and insane, and they told it for generations. And that is not all, Professor Horváth has only seven years' imprisonment hanging over him. Even now, they do not believe in the results, because tens of thousands of researchers have achieved nothing in this field. As they did with infections.

The medical mentality has not changed to this day: the patient is responsible for everything. Any doctor who wants to stand out of the queue will be dealt with, one way or another... This is exactly what I saw with Professor Horváth. One of the witnesses for the prosecution was a doctor from the ÁNTSZ⁷⁶, Gabriella Takácsné Csörsz. She arrived with police officers at the small clinic in the VIII district where blood was taken from volunteers and later the antiserum was administered. The inspectors arrived with a pre-written protocol in their pockets. They knew what they would find on the spot. The scene was reminiscent of the film *The Witness*: here too, the verdict was delivered before the indictment. Another witness for the prosecution, an expert, could not say whether cholesterol was commercially available. (It can.) But he confirmed that the serum was harmless, with no toxic substances.

Ordinary people who were stopped by police during the raid were also called as prosecution witnesses. Of course, everyone was waiting for the vaccine voluntarily, hoping for a cure, and the raid prevented this. So not everyone was able to continue the treatment. (It took a little conspiratorial hide-and-seek, new location, new time.) But even so, no one's condition got worse. Some witnesses reported amazing medical miracle recoveries, like this: "Your Honour, I could barely crawl because of my vasoconstriction. I went from doctor to doctor in vain. Now look at me, running up

⁷⁶ State Public Health and Veterinary Service

and down stairs." He added: "What's going on here is a disgrace, the professor deserves a Nobel Prize!" There was, of course, a huge round of applause from the audience. The case is interesting in terms of legal history: the prosecution witness has pulverised the moral basis of the prosecution, making the whole procedure pathetic. Dr. Gergely Mikó, the presiding judge, then warned us that we would be led out if we interfered with the court's work. Yes, he has that right. But we, the taxpayers, have no right to interfere with who and what they can do with our money. Because we and the defendants are being made to pay for this procedure.

Is there a death penalty? We have so much people power and democracy here that we can even have a say in whether there should be a death penalty. I report that the debate has long been settled. There is a death penalty. And a mass one at that. True, it is not yet the people who bury others alive, or the people who slit throats for 20,000 forints. Now only law-abiding, tax-paying citizens. It makes sense. There are more of them. This lawsuit is about more deeper, more general issues. The credibility and moral foundations of the Constitution and the rule of law. Whether our right to life and health can be taken seriously, even for a second. Or can this fundamental right be overridden by a twentieth-rate rule made by the Consumer Protection Inspectorate or the National Health and Safety Authority?

My family, my circle of friends and I took part in the cure voluntarily, singing. I paid for it and I did not ask for a bill. The shameful absurdity of what happened is that voluntary participation is also illegal and therefore punishable. Anyone can drink themselves to death in a pub. I can even smoke two cigarettes at the same time, because it's a democracy, so to speak... But I have practically no right to my own life and health. I only have a duty as a taxpayer. And such rule is illegitimate. The Ten Commandments say: Thou shalt not kill.

The charge is that it is illegal, unlicensed, of unknown composition. But so is the unknown composition of Coca-Cola or Zwack Unicum. Yet they drink it. When will the Coke bottling plant be raided? And many people die of obesity or lose their teeth because of the high sugar and phosphate content in Coke. Cola is high in sugar and Unicum is high in alcohol. Both are bad for your health. Why not ban their production and marketing? A good number of cancer patients are given drugs, cytostatic drugs, which are known to be toxic and carcinogenic in themselves. However, „illegal” immune-boosting drugs are banned. Even then, the law strikes. This is how a non-medical journal puts it:

"The scare is over: in five years, patients can forget chemotherapy..."

"The immune system can be taught to recognise tumour cells trying to multiply..."

"Royal Marsden Hospital researcher Dr James Larkin has announced the discovery of an immune-boosting drug..."

"According to the KSH, an average of 32,000 people in our country die of cancer every year." (Blikk, 2 June 2015)⁷⁷

Only that the Hungarian Adam Kovács (inventor of Celladam) beat this news by 25 years! He was also tried and sentenced. I hope the Hungarian system is starting to take shape. Pay your taxes, but don't you dare ask for your rights.

It's not like that everywhere. A few days before the Blikk article appeared, the Népszabadság supplement published a long paid advertisement (29 May 2015). The advertisement is about Macedonian inventor Ivan Georgijev's immune-boosting, anti-tumour product, which is also available here under the name Varumin. He claims to have cured Croatian President F. Tudjman, Fidel Castro, Milošević's wife of breast cancer and Mubarak. (I have also heard of a similar preparation by the herbalist in the Beech, so this possibility has been lurking here for a long time, but cannot be „officially” distributed.) Varumin is registered as a medicine in Macedonia and as a food supplement in the EU. So a country has some leeway in whether to keep its population alive. (Because we can only be a population, not a citizen. The citizen has a real right of accountability.)

⁷⁷ This number is steadily rising. According to 2016 figures, 80,000 cases of cancer are diagnosed in Hungary every year, and 33,000 of them died. While sociologists are concerned that, despite all the family policy measures, the population is shrinking at an alarming rate, we are losing one small town a year.

We have no right to fulfil the spirit of the Constitution. Many of the members of the Constitutional Court and some of the smartest of politicians have long since had the cure. And they are deeply silent. But they should be counted. For example, the cost of the insulin treatments we could get rid of, or the cost of caring for young stroke patients would amply cover the extra paid out in pensions. The loss of working days on sick leave due to migraine headaches, the loss of earnings and tax for many people who have suffered from vascular constriction, puts both employer and employee in a difficult position.

There is one more item: cholesterol-lowering, which is standard medical practice, can make us slowly fail. Simply because much of our cerebral cortex is made up of cholesterol. Of course, cells are partly broken down and partly built. But if you put the brakes on the latter, you fill the bed-chambers with lonely, Alzheimer's and Parkinson's patients. Will we leave them to die in the "stinking caves" or throw them off the Taigetos? If the family cares for them (as is the custom), who will work, since it is a nearly 24-hour job. Have the competent comrades thought about this? The reason why society is so burnt out and tired is that people can see that they are being grossly humiliated by the health and political leaders who are responsible for them and who make a living from them.

Once again, they have decided for us, without us, against us. Let no one be in any doubt: this case, this trial, here and now, is bigger than the Holocaust. There are already more innocent victims of this cardiovascular disease than of Nazism and Stalinism combined, since it is the leading cause of death in all civilised countries. This gives the matter weight. And then along comes a researcher who, through his diligence and talent, has recognised in the course of his work the possibility of a solution. First he tried it on himself. He succeeded, he survived, and the drug worked. Professor Horváth then - naively – thought that other people had the right to a healthy, peaceful life, an active old age and the right to play with their grandchildren. (True, this is not included in GDP.)

The normal course of business is to have a series of clinical trials. First on animals, then on sick and healthy people to test whether there are no harmful side effects. This series of tests costs at least 1 billion HUF in our country. But in this case, real practice has long since passed this stage. Thousands of fantastic cures prove (witnessed by the prosecution) that there are no side effects, only curative effects. (Just as Semmelweis' hand washing with carbolic acid did not cause any adverse side effects.) Everyone gets their own blood back, so the procedure is less dangerous than a flu jab. And if we're going to insist on paperwork, on procedures that take years, why is there no taxpayer money for that? Is this not a matter of national security? If, for example, the Pyrians were to come along and shoot 15,000 Hungarians a year and injure as many more, what would we do? We would rightly demand that the army be called in. Even the use of Gripen aircraft, which cost about 12 billion forints each. (Two were recently crashed in a training exercise. This is included in the collateral damage.)

Do you think any member of the political class would dare to ask us our opinion on the possibility of value-cleaning? So much for the national consultation. The case is the equivalent of a mass hit-and-run in my humble, bare-bones legal view. Except that this is not an accidental hit-and-run, but a deliberate hit-and-run, as a court case is being brought on the basis of an anonymous complaint. So the „powers that be” know what is happening, dare to pursue it, and want to enforce the sentence.

What will the publicly funded Academy and the Innovation Office do? What they always do. It keeps quiet and then anonymous denunciations come from the background. From those who know the significance of the case. From those who can't follow in Istvan Horváth's footsteps. Not professionally, not humanly. In this trial, the prosecution witnesses have told the Honourable Court that the whole procedure is a disgrace. This honourable court will pass judgement on our entire society. On whether there is a shred of decency left in the machinery of power, or whether we live in a vulgar, sneaky, soulless, mass murdering machine...

I do not know whether the defence can call the few thousand patients who have recovered and for whom this treatment has meant staying alive. I could be one of them, having survived two brutal attacks of angina. If it were not for this drug, I would probably be as dead as my former university classmate and KFKI colleague, Tivadar Lippényi. When I did the cure, he was the innovation guru

of the Gyurcsány government. I offered him to join the cause, for the first time in his life he could do something useful. He looked at me with his lips hanging down... Then he turned his back on me at the innovation standing reception where we met again. At the age of 63, he died of a heart attack, despite the ambulance getting him to the hospital on time. His coronary arteries were already thick with cholesterol. And apparently in the capillaries of his brain, because he didn't think or act in time.

If we were to export this technology, how much do you think a domestic factory would be taxed on the proceeds? It is estimated that it would take 3-5 years to pay off the national debt. But as the joke goes, it's not the money that makes you happy, it's the interest collected. That's why we will be moaning about the interest on our \$80 billion national debt for decades to come. We don't want to get rid of it, no matter what. We know that politicians are not interested in useful inventions. Edison's first idea, an electric vote-counting machine, was rejected by the Massachusetts legislature because it could not be rigged. After all, it's not what the vote is, but who counts it, who can report it. Here too, people would vote to live a few more decades in good health. If we could count the votes.

György Egely – World Federation of Hungarians, 14 July 2015.

Addendum:

Interview with Dr. István Horváth: <http://tgy-magazin.hu/index.php?page=3&action=SHOW&id=4250>

Interview with Dr. István Horváth: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gQl39ccBITc> (videó)

Dr. István Horváth's presentation on the Internet: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4WKRslm5i0s>

Blogs: http://www.szimpatika.hu/cikkek/3359/erelmeszesedes_elleni_vakcina_pro_es_kontra/

To make an appointment for a consultation with Dr. István Horváth, please contact him on these telephone numbers: +36 30 3017424 és +36 30 9946279 E-mail: drhorist@freemail.hu

Anticholesterol antibody is not a cheap medicine. It costs 50,000 HUF when purchased from the inventor. The cost of taking the blood, mixing it with plasma and administering the 9 injections is around 70,000 HUF. Another obstacle to its widespread use is that the anti-cholesterol antibody is not a panacea. It should only be used by people who have not yet reached the end stage of cholesterol overload. The vaccine acts too quickly. While it dissolves LDL cholesterol, it detaches the fatty tumour from the vessel wall. If this fat clot is too big, it is carried by the bloodstream and takes it to the next narrowing. If the calcification has already formed there, the vaccine cannot yet remove it. This blocks the blood flow, resulting in a stroke or heart thrombosis. If the blockage develops in the arterial veins of the leg, immediate surgery is required. If this is not done, the leg will atrophy and amputation will be necessary. Therefore, people with chronic vascular stenosis would need constant medical supervision and hospitalisation during the vaccination. There have been several deaths due to unsupervised treatment, which, according to blog posts on the internet, does not help the reputation of the anticholesterol antibody.

Let us also not forget that there is a risk in taking medicines that have an official authorisation. All synthetic drugs have at least ten side effects that can cause death. Every year, millions of people around the world die as a result of side effects from various drugs. These cases are only made public when the production or marketing of a drug is banned. However, there is no prosecution because the medicines that have been marketed are officially authorised. Therefore, their producers (researchers, manufacturers) are not prosecuted or imprisoned.

The reputation of the anticholesterol antibody is not helped by the fact that it is also used by fraudsters. Without money, the inventor cannot market the vaccine in a sealed ampoule. The glass vials he uses can be opened and their contents recovered. Train nurses take advantage of this by filling the empty vials with distilled water or physiological saline. This type of treatment is of course useless. The empty vials are not returned after being injected secretly in an obscure cellar. On the one hand, because they need it for refilling, and on the other hand, an analysis of the residue inside would easily reveal the presence of fraud. So forcing the inventor into illegality did more

harm than good. (In 2016, this problem was solved. Professor Horváth found a manufacturer who fills the vaccine into ampoules under sterile conditions. This eliminated the risk of counterfeiting.)

The legal, supervised use of the anticholesterol antibody could save millions of lives worldwide every year, but this is in no one's interest. Pharmaceutical companies would lose billions of dollars in revenue by making cholesterol-lowering drugs redundant, and the state would have to care for even more pensioners, further straining an already loss-making pension fund. This is also the reason why the Members of Parliament who have taken this vaccine and have been enjoying the benefits ever since are remaining sneakily silent. It is easier to put the inventor in prison and ban the production of the drug.

The latest development in the case is that „For his self-developed anti-atherosclerosis vaccine, the academic doctor of medical biology István Horváth was sentenced to one year in prison and a six million forint forfeiture of assets because, according to the court, he produced and administered it to humans without a licence. He was convicted of breaching the rules on research involving human subjects. His sentence was suspended for three years, but the sentence is not final.”



More and more people are feeling the effects of the country's decline, the rapid deterioration of the economy and the oppression of large swathes of the population as a result of a tendency towards self-destruction. Hungary has been given thousands of opportunities by fate to rise up, but it has taken virtually none of them. For decades, we have systematically destroyed our better and better inventions, just so that the inventor would not benefit from them. Even the initial extra profit from the world-famous Rubik's Cube was reaped by Far Eastern manufacturers, because the Hungarian state refused to advance the few thousand dollars needed to patent the product abroad. So we only got a crumb of the profits. In retrospect, we could only get the "chewed off bones" of others. Our weaknesses, our negative attitude towards innovation, are the consequence of the ballpoint pen calamity. This invention, which is known and used all over the world, has been of no use to us. Many people do not even know the name of the real inventor. But an article in Nők Lapja years ago gives us a clue:

The true story of the ballpoint pen (Ballpoint pen fight to the death)

On Christmas 1938, two Hungarian men, an office mechanic and a journalist, divided the world between them in the Japanese Café in Budapest. According to a written agreement, Andor Goy, a stationer, was to take eleven European countries, and László Bíró, a journalist, was to take England and overseas. The journalist left the country after the agreement was signed. He went first to Paris, then to South America, where he made a fabulous fortune with a ballpoint pen christened BIROPEN and the help of his „countries”. Andor Andor Goy, the office mechanic, stayed at home, where he was sued until his death at the age of ninety-five, when he died in absolute poverty. He was the first person in the world to produce a ballpoint pen that actually worked.

- My husband's life, says Andor Goy's widow, Mrs Ferna, was particularly difficult. Orphaned at an early age, he was four years old when neither his father nor his mother were alive. His mother died of pneumonia, but she had married before, and he was so kind that when she remarried, he took the boy from his grandparents and raised him. Or rather, he wanted to, because he was dead too. So the little boy was left to a strange woman whom he ended up loving so much. Andor was clever and bright, and the evangelical pastor told him that he should be educated, but the foster mother could not afford it. But then they got him into an apprenticeship with an office mechanic. At that time, Mrs Ferna warns, precision mechanics was an elite profession. Andor learned his trade and set up his first workshop in a courtyard kitchen. He repaired typewriters, then partnered with a mechanic called Kovalszky and they had a typewriter workshop. Nice and showy. People worked in white coats, ate their lunch in the factory canteen and showered after work. This was also a rarity in 1940s Hungary. My

husband's factory soon became famous, and several foreign typewriter manufacturers asked him to run their head office here. Have you heard of the Wanderer? And the Continental? Andor Goy became the Hungarian lead map representative for each of these global companies. So much for the history. Then came the ballpoint pen. My husband started the production of ballpoint pens with push-buttons in 1947. They were called GOPEN. If you want, I can show you one of these pens. The first GOPEN pens were a bit crude and shapeless, because they were turned by hand. But the one I'm showing you now is a perfect example, signed for me by my husband.

– FERNÁCSKA. It's engraved.

– That's what he called me, Fernáchka...

You see, our marriage lasted fifty-five years, and when I found her dead in the bathroom one evening three years ago, I felt my heart break.

– Who was László Bíró, the man with whom your husband divided the world?

– Bíró was a poor little journalist at the time. Penniless but clever. He dug up a few expired ballpoint pens from the Patent Office. Because the ballpoint pen had been invented in 1888, 1901, 1923 and 1924.

– How can you invent the same thing so many times?

– Well, because none of the ballpoint pens invented could write properly. Either they smeared the paper, or they dried up quickly. Neither the writing paste nor the mechanism was right. Bíró went to one of these inventors in Prague, an engineer called Klimes, and bought his invention from him. He promised to pay him afterwards, if his plan worked. László Bíró had an old childhood friend. He arranged the meeting between Bíró and my husband. Bíró talked about his plans, and my husband liked the idea of finally having a usable ballpoint pen. He came up with the solution and financed the experiments himself. - Judge and my husband signed a contract under which my husband was given eleven European countries, including Germany, Switzerland, Greece... where he could sell the ballpoint pens himself. Two thirds of the profits from the sales in Hungary went to Andor Goy and one third to Bíró. Bíró then, fearing war and fascism, settled in South America. And while the war raged in Europe, he launched Biropen.

– The Hungarian name for the ballpoint pen comes from the word Goy?

– No, it's just a coincidence. Incidentally, my husband also tried to sell the rights to manufacture the ballpoint pen. He went to Germany before the war and made a deal with a company in Munich. In mid-1939, the German factory became the first in the world to start mass production of a ballpoint pen called STRATOS. Then came the war, which had not yet ended when new models arrived from America, thanks to Bíró's efforts. My husband's typewriter shop was on Nádor Street. It employed nearly a hundred workers, and its parts warehouse was so huge that you could ride a motorbike in it. Then one day the nationalisers came. They told you to take your hat off, because the factory now belonged to the state. My husband became ill, he was left for dead.

– How come they didn't leave the country then?

– I'm the reason for that.

– You, of Austrian origin?

– I was so attached to my Hungarian homeland. And then I had already changed my country once, and our three children were still small. We stayed, which I regretted many times later because we had to suffer so much humiliation. We were stigmatised, my husband was called a capitalist. It was in vain that we insisted that Andor Goy had done everything with his own two hands and his own brain.

– What did you do after nationalisation?

– We were happy to be together and healthy. My husband was already working on another of his great inventions, a special printing typesetter. The Soviets liked the machine, and my husband and I had a complete series made, and then he was left there again, jobless. And since we had

no other work, we painted bedspreads in a cellar, thanks to a friend. For so long I want to forget it. Then came the Writer's Association, which instructed my husband to go to Germany and buy a series of machines to make ballpoint pens. My husband became one of the department heads of the Writer's Guild for a very small salary. He was given a contract under which he would receive a percentage of the royalties for each ballpoint pen. He never got it. Allegedly because the higher authorities did not agree. But the contract was made, you see, here it is. Contracts?! My husband never received a patent fee from any country. Maybe because he was not allowed to leave the country for a long time, and by the time he did, companies like Bíró had collected royalties from all the big stationery manufacturers everywhere. There were many injustices, which my husband could not put up with. He brought one lawsuit after another. He thought he was right, but each time he was disappointed. The biggest blow was the international trial at Nuremberg. My husband, with the legal support of the Licencia Company, a company selling Hungarian inventions, filed a lawsuit against Bíró AG. The trial lasted for nearly seven years and Licencia finally lost. Some say it was because the plaintiff was the socialist Hungarian state. They even told my husband that if he had been the plaintiff, the case could have been settled years ago with a favourable verdict for him.

- Why don't they try another lawsuit?
- My husband has done this all his life. Even after his death, I received a court order to pay two thousand forints in legal costs. Then I stopped everything. But my husband also wanted to sue the ICO, the successor to the ICO. But I say, after all these years, you have to take the hit – for peace of mind.

You pay who you have to

- Andor Goy's ballpoint pen was the first pen that could be mass-produced, says István Gáspár, president and technical director of ICO Ltd. It was called GOPEN and worked on virtually the same principle as today's ballpoint pen, i.e. the ink was brought forward from the reservoir by a ball. Andor Goy continued to develop his pens at the ICO's predecessor, the Writer's Society. By then, of course, ballpoint pens had already been produced in many parts of the world, thanks to László Bíró. And it is true that these stationery companies always paid Bíró the royalties, and never Andor Goy. The most interesting thing for me is that Bíró's patent obligations did not apply to Hungary. The predecessor of the ICO, for example, could produce ballpoint pens without having to pay Bíró. Somewhere, therefore, old Goy's truth was recognised. And despite the international lawsuit he lost, many Western factories treated him as the true inventor of the ballpoint pen. Letters to him and articles about him published abroad bear witness to this. In spite of all this, he sat in a dark hole at the Writers' Guild for unspeakably low wages, filing away at his next type of pen. Then he retired.
- If everything you have just said was common knowledge, why was Andor Goy not rewarded? And why can't his merits at least be acknowledged afterwards?
- Indeed, we only did small things by treating him as one of the factory's own dead and burying him, and we gave extra benefits to his widow, who also worked for us as a dairy manager. The truth is that we did not honour Andor Goy for two reasons. Firstly, if we had shown the slightest sign that we considered his claims to be legitimate, he would have immediately declared compensation of up to several billion euros. He even wrote a letter or two to the effect that he would be forced to take legal action to enforce his rights, even retrospectively. In fact, we were terrified that he would start a lawsuit. Old Goy just couldn't get over the fact that the ballpoint pen is called BIROPEN half the world over and not GOPEN.
- And what is the other reason why the Writer and its successor, the ICO, did not pay?
- Look, so many things have been invented in the world. Yet we don't go looking for the inventor of everything. You only pay who you have to!

The ballpoint pen:

Smear a ball or ping-pong ball thinly with graphite powder or soot and roll it across the paper. The ball will leave a nice even mark as it is supposed to hit the paper at one point. Using a rolling ball as a medium for writing ink is like using Columbus's egg. Its advantage is that it writes with a uniform line thickness even when pressed hard against the paper. The idea was first conceived in the mind of an inventor named Baum. The inventor was granted a patent for the ballpoint pen in 1910. But the ink distribution was not uniform and the idea failed at first... The technically important components of the usable ballpoint pen, the nib and the capillary ink reservoir, were based on Andor Goy's ideas.

Elizabeth Scipiades



There is a general perception that Hungary is a bad country today. It has missed its good fortune, missed its opportunities, lost its way, fallen into its own hole, walked into its own doom. It has become bitter, soured, rotten, stagnant. Theft or robbery, stupidity or lying, cowardice or violence, sneakiness or cynicism, rudeness or decay to the marrow - that is the choice here today. It's hard to argue with that opinion. Maybe, but it is difficult. At least when you're watching TV, reading the papers or passing the first homeless person on the street in Pest. It's all confusing, baffling, horrifying. Is this Hungary today?

Iván Bächer – Népszabadság, 13 January 2008 (page 11 - excerpt)

**Excerpt from Endre Ady's poem We need Mohács:**

If there is a God, have mercy on him not;
He is a kind used to beating.
If there be a God, let him not pity me;
I was born a Hungarian.
Let not his holy dove bring a green branch;
Let him strike me, let him whip me.
If there be a God;
From the earth to the bright sky;
Let him drag us all the way.
Let us not have half a moment's peace;
For then we're doomed, doomed.

Not "our kingdom" has come, not even the Almighty's. He has punished us for seventy years for our former sins, which we have not confessed to ourselves, but mostly for thinking that we could sell our false, self-deceiving identity to our children, our grandchildren, our future generations. The old world has collapsed, has fallen upon us, and only now are we beginning to regret that we have done nothing to come to know it. It is as if we are being hit by new hammer blows in an ever-accelerating merry-go-round, and we cannot see the end of the road. There is no turning back, no making up for it: we have been measured and found easy. What happens happens as a matter of course. Let us not be surprised that fate wipes our noses in our own dirt. Even catastrophaturists come to us for a laugh.

László Varga – Népszabadság, 13 February 2006 (page 13 - excerpt)



Our current situation is incomprehensible because this is not the life we were expected to lead. The Creator has destined us for a very different fate. But we did not take the chance. We alone are to blame for our having arrived here. We are destined for misery, senseless suffering and destruction.

Nepalese priests declared in 2005 that now "the earth is in labour and the Carpathian Basin is giving birth to the future." The leader of the White Royal Monastery in Nepal addressed Hungarians during his stay in Hungary thus:

"You, Hungarians, cannot imagine how proud you can be of your nation, of your Hungarianness. We know for sure that the intellectual, spiritual and spiritual renewal of the world will start from your country. The heart chakra of the world is in Hungary, in the Pilis Mountains. This spiritual renewal has already started in your country!"

Italy's saint, Father Pio, said this about us:

"Hungary is a cage from which one day a beautiful bird will fly. There is much suffering to come, but you will have a glory unparalleled in all Europe. I envy the Hungarians because they will bring great happiness to mankind. Few nations have such a powerful guardian angel as the Hungarians, and it would be right for them to ask more vigorously for the powerful protection of their country!"



But it is not only Hungary, but the whole of Europe, that is characterised by helplessness and helplessness. The European Union is slipping down the list of the most developed regions in the world. Bureaucracy and a blinkered, narrow-minded way of thinking are holding back progress in every area, making it impossible to dispel the clouds of doom looming over us. Warnings are falling on deaf ears at EU level:

This is an almost trivial, almost marginal issue. There will be no mudslinging and ditch-digging, no government propaganda. Nor do I want to talk about the fact that the campaign is getting rough, or about the seventy-ninth month's pension promised by the opposition, the single-rate 0.1% tax, or even about the fact that „Zita Görög's head is stuck in Caramel's bass”. Besides, it is freezing cold and the Russians are about to turn off the gas.

It's about a man called Jacques Chirac, the French President, who no one is paying any attention to in his capacity as President. Of course, it is a great pity for the poor man, but it is probably a great pity for all Frenchmen. Last Monday, the French President made a sensational announcement, and the world press was in a tizzy. He said that he was fed up with Anglo-Saxon cultural hegemony, so he decided to spend billions of public money on the so-called Quaero project, the development of a major European Internet search engine. Quaero⁷⁸ will be a values-based, culturally diverse, kindly humanist competitor to the rubbish, globalist, Anglo-Saxon hegemonic, cultural imperialist US Google and Yahoo, once developed, which we would not otherwise bet big on. Chirac also said that "We are participants in the struggle for technological supremacy. In France, in Europe, our power is at stake." And that: "Culture is not a commodity and we cannot leave it to the blind forces of the market." Then: "We must steadfastly defend the cultural diversity of the world from the dangers of uniformity." All this in the context of the great European search.

To be fair, I must confess to being a bit of a Francophobe, but I am not alone in this, because the good Franks have somehow been out of step with us since Rákóczi, or we have been out of step with them, whatever. And the French have recently begun to behave like a bunch of daft little Eastern European people, like ourselves. They are always bemoaning their lost national greatness and like to fancy themselves as a great power. Meanwhile, they are getting more and more paranoid, moody and sliding down the FIFA rankings. And we – although we are a similarly inclined people ourselves – do not like such lamenting nations. But here in Eastern Europe there are many such nations, which is perhaps why they do not like each other. Of course, in the case of the French, it is a different story, since they have been a truly living nation of Europe and the world for centuries, and they even have a nuclear bomb. When a Frenchman bemoans Anglo-Saxon cultural imperia-

⁷⁸ kvájro

lism, a slight smile crosses the lips of an Eastern European bourgeois like us, because no one is more convinced of his own cultural superiority than the French.

But it is not these things that I want to ride on, but something else entirely. It is more interesting to see the state of mind of a Europe in which one of its leading politicians is so incapable of perceiving what is happening around him, in the world, in the world economy. Of course, the situation is so complex that it is beyond common sense. And perhaps we have a role to play in that. There is a well-known, bitter and ironic, but not at all unrealistic theory in this country, according to which if we Hungarians join or otherwise become part of an alliance, bloc or group, it will almost certainly fail. And indeed. Twenty years ago, the European Union was the world's most powerful economic area; today, it is a helpless, lame monster, absorbed in its own bureaucracy, light years away not only from the United States but also from East Asia.⁷⁹

Yahoo and Google are not a symbol of Anglo-Saxon cultural imperialism (at least not in Chirac's paranoid and distorted imagination), but of a functioning, innovative, dynamic economy. The likes of which Europe has been unable to create. Instead, for example, it maintains great agricultural subsidy systems, and the good French, of all people, do not let it go, while a more prosperous French agricultural entrepreneur can scoop up enough subsidies every year to feed a medium-sized Hungarian village for nothing. When Chirac's grand plans are gargoyled, the office blocks in Silicon Valley are probably roaring with laughter. But even in Shanghai, they may be holding their tummies. The EU is increasingly invisible in the fastest growing areas of the world economy. In information technology, it lags spectacularly behind year on year, and the French are the absolute leaders in this, having been unable to do anything for decades. (Francophobes say they have had nothing to contribute since Napoleon.) The great EU programme launched six years ago, the Lisbon plan, is an abject failure. Not only has it failed to make Europe the most competitive economy in the world, at the cutting edge of information technologies, but the gap is widening.

And a deeply despised American culture is producing one after another of figures like the two Stanford PhDs Sergey Brin⁸⁰ and Larry Page⁸¹ in 1996, when they came up with the idea of writing an Internet search engine that would rank websites according to how many links pointed to them. (Imagine the two evil little cultural imperialists plotting diabolical schemes, coding by candlelight in their cobwebbed California garage, dreaming of world domination.) Google search has beaten all its competitors in two or three years. The Pages founded a company in 1998 with 100,000 dollars of capital, and on 24 January 2006 Google Inc. had a market capitalisation of 131 billion dollars, just a few billion dollars less than Hungary's annual GDP. (Incidentally, the EU spends roughly one sixth of this amount on agricultural subsidies every year.)

And obviously nothing will come of Quaero, just as nothing has come of the Lisbon programme. Jacques Chirac is no match for Stanford PhDs, let alone Harvard drop-outs.⁸² By the way, one of Page and Brin's big ideas in 1996 was to build a search engine on cheap machines running the free Linux operating system, working together. Linux was created by a Finnish (or Swedish in Finland) programmer named Linus Torvalds with a few tens of thousands of his collaborating buddies. He was pretty much the last European to become a factor in the international IT business. Incidentally, he has been working in America for a long time.

Péter Uj – Népszabadság, 25 January 2006 (page 5)



- How long does it take to get to the other side? – a lone passenger asked the ferryman as they made their way across the water.
- Maybe half an hour, but it could be a little more or a little less. It depends on the wind and the current. I'll do my best to make the transition as soon as possible in view of the approaching

⁷⁹ In 2005, the US economy grew at twice the rate of the European Union, and the Chinese economy five times faster.

⁸⁰ szergej brin

⁸¹ leri pédzs

⁸² Here the author is referring mainly to Bill Gates, the founder of Microsoft.

storm – said the boatman, who was reluctant to set off at first.

- Well, hurry up – said the passenger, a wise man of great repute, who insisted on crossing, as he was on official business with the landlord. But he was not used to travelling in silence, he liked to talk. He was always surrounded by some of his disciples or devotees, to whom he lectured on the theses of philosophy.
- Do you know the sacred writings, boatman? – asked the sage, breaking the dull silence.
- Do I know them, sir? For I am as ignorant as my boat!
- I can see that! And what do you think of solipsism?
- Nothing, sir, I have never heard of it.
- I should have guessed! Half your life has been wasted for lack of philosophical knowledge!
- I agree, sir. „We uneducated people are very unfortunate – said the boatman.

They were in the middle of the river.

- Have you ever heard of logic, or salvation, or...?

Suddenly there was a violent whirlwind and it started to rain. Despite the pilot's best efforts, the wind blew the boat around.

- But sir, let me ask you a question. - said the boatman. – Can you swim?
- Not I! Well then, sir, your whole life has been wasted! - replied the pilot. There wasn't the slightest irony in his voice, but more concern.

The next moment the boat capsized. The ferryman crashed ashore with a violent flail of his arms, while the wise man, with all his great philosophical erudition, disappeared into the churning foam. Lesson. Knowledge is a good tool, but it is not enough to get us to the safe shore of reality.



We could take a leaf out of the animal kingdom's book for perseverance and persistence:

There once lived in India a yogic disciple who practised outdoors, under a tree. In India, there was a practitioner who was practising in the open air, in the open air. He was about to stop practising when he saw a tiny ant on the trunk of the tree. He dragged a huge grain of rice with him and tried to get it up to the anthill in the tree. But at a height of about 1 metre, he dropped the seed. He immediately climbed down to get it and started up again. This accident was repeated several times, but the little ant was not discouraged. Tirelessly, he started climbing again until he finally reached his goal. The yoga student was then ashamed and said to himself, "This little animal has taught me never to give up the fight".



One day the farmer's donkey fell into a dry well. The animal cried pitifully for hours while the farmer wondered what he could do. Finally, he decided that the animal was old and it was time to plug the well anyway; it wasn't worth pulling out the old donkey. He called his neighbours over to help. They all took shovels and started to throw dirt into the well. The donkey, seeing what was happening, at first gave a terrified bray. Then, to everyone's amazement, he calmed down. After a while, the farmer looked down into the well. He was amazed to see that for every shovelful of dirt, the donkey did something wonderful: it shook off the dirt and crawled one step higher. As the farmer and his neighbours continued to shovel the dirt onto the donkey, it shook it off and crawled higher and higher. Soon everyone was amazed as the donkey stepped over the edge of the well and walked happily away...

Life will shovel all kinds of garbage and dirt at you. The trick to climbing out of the well is to shake it off and take a step! Every problem is just an opportunity to move on. There is a way out of any problem, if you don't give up, you don't stop! Shake yourself up and take a step... Keep moving up!

B. M. – T. Elixir, January 2006, (page 78)

Pitfalls of our development

I wonder what this sophisticated lady must have committed in her previous life to be sent to our world to be punished. Was she an overly conceited, arrogant, rat heartbreaker? Or is it a burden she willingly shouldered? Is it karma forcing you to learn a lesson? In this lifetime, she must learn that beauty is not a permanent value, but a state of being, and that it is easy to become repulsive. While the values of the soul are eternal, the values of the body are fleeting and can vanish in an instant. Fate has now created a situation in which he can experience both states at the same time. The switch between the two opposing experiences occurs constantly depending on which face he is turning towards the world. If we knew our fellow human beings' past, their previous meals, much would be revealed. The reasons for our fate would become clearer to ourselves. We would realize that our present situation is not the result of blind chance, but of a higher decision, which, however difficult to bear, is in our own interest and spiritual development.

"It was as beautiful as an ancient Roman statue. At my home base, in this restaurant in Debrecen, modelled on a sailing ship, this woman was such an unusual sight with her otherworldly, mermaid-like features that I could not take my eyes off her. She was sitting at the counter, drinking tea and reading a book. I felt as if I was sitting next to the cosmopolitan Catherine Deneuve. I thought to myself, this woman must be French. She must be French! And maybe an actress. There's probably a film being made around here and she's in it. She must be starring in a love film. But I'd know if a film was being made in the area. I saw it from the side, so it wasn't hard to imagine her profile on a coin. I was thinking, of course, of a French coin, as they have a tradition of depicting young women representing freedom and France on coins. I wouldn't have been surprised to see the same queenly face on a banknote years later.

I leaned forward slightly and tried to make out the words on the book cover. I was surprised to see that the book she was reading was in Hungarian. I recognized the publisher's logo on the cover. The goddess is Hungarian. But what is she doing here? I'm here almost every night, and if this woman was from here, I would have seen her before, no doubt. Who could this be? And how can she sit in this restaurant as lazily, comfortably and as locally as if she had been coming here for years? Then I remembered that the new semester at the university had only just begun. Maybe he'd just enrolled. But he's older than that to be a freshman. He's probably twenty-eight. I hadn't noticed: I'd been staring at him for minutes. When she stirred her tea with a delicate, elegant motion and looked up, her eyes locked with mine for a moment. I was mesmerized by this goddess's face.

She leaned over the book again, but she must have sensed my attention, because she looked up again. I was about to utter a greeting, but he beat me to it: all at once he turned his whole body towards me and looked me straight in the eye. That's when I saw that horrible spot on the left side of his face. A liver spot. I think that's what they call it. It was a palm-sized reddish-brown spot on the left side of the goddess's face, up to her forehead. Only her huge, beautiful blue eyes shone out of it.

– Does she want something from me, staring at me like that? - she asked. I turned flaming red.

– Er, not quite – I moaned. He smiled.

– You mean you don't really want me? Only half?

But he didn't wait for me to answer. As one who can't be surprised because he knows in advance what the other person is going to say, he turned back with a smile and stirred his tea with delicate, elegant movements."

Zsolt Kácsor – Népszabadság, 7 October 2004 (page 7)



It is said that "even a dog is bought by his good deed". Those who are doing well at home should not expect any better abroad:

That a grown man is responsible for his decisions is an old saying. That a married couple is responsible in every respect for the fate of the children they have brought into the world is perhaps

an even greater truth. And people also say that each man makes his own luck. But how they choose to spend the luck they have received or somehow acquired is a matter for their own good judgment and discretion. The man who tells of his fate below has been living with guilt for years, but, as he says, he can never give up. The rented room could be a monk's cell. We sit with Erzsi among the worn furniture, piles of clothes on the floor around us, clean and tidy. The smell of paprika fries wafts from the one and a half square metre kitchen.

- Student love, graduation, a wedding for three hundred people, a two-room apartment as a gift, a car, and all this in 1980. It was like a fairy tale. Parents on both sides seemed an inexhaustible source of help. A year later, the first grandchild, Márti, arrived and drove them completely crazy. They sold their plots and, to keep us out of trouble, we got the money. It was a good thing, because my husband, Andris, was dreaming of two boutiques. Soon we had the other one: men's and women's clothes, accessories, bags, belts; belts, wallets; ties, some employees. The money was rolling in, and we lived and multiplied! My husband's dream became a reality, thanks to his parents. Another year later, Rita arrived, followed two years later by Nórika. We became rich in every sense of the word. Healthy children, raging love, a bigger apartment, new cars, everything you need to be happy. But the dreams went on – she says with a smile in her eyes, but her hand shakes as she pours her coffee. I look at his calloused fingers, calloused from work, and I wonder in my soul.
- Parties, new friends from other circles, travel, balls, it was everything. The kids were no problem, as grandparents lined up to help. Then one night Andris whispered to me that he was bored of it all; he wanted more, better, but mostly different. He asked us to sell everything, to leave the country; and I, the woman in love, agreed. After two weeks of planning, we finally decided. We sold the shops, the flat, my car and the holiday home without anyone suspecting a thing. Everything was done quickly and quietly. Money was exchanged for currency, we were ready to go. For days I wrote goodbye letters, and then one weekend we loaded into my husband's car and didn't stop until we got to Germany. – Erzsi's eyes seem to be watering as she lights who knows how many cigarettes.
- Márti was five, Rita was four and Nórika was two when we got up. It was easy, my husband's maternal uncle was from Germany, so we managed to arrange to stay, and of course the fact that we had a lot of money in our pockets. We rented an apartment with the help of some friends outside, and Andris took care of the paperwork. Two months later we bought a restaurant, spent thousands of marks on it and decorated it beautifully. By the time we opened, we had our band and employees, but our money was running out. In the second month of operation, we had to take out a loan, which we could do because we had the property as a guarantee. András worked a lot, I saw him tired all the time, sleep-deprived. I decided I needed someone to help him with the children and I would help him, I would work. He protested a little, then let me. Two years after we left Hungary, our financial situation became something I could never have imagined. We were almost broke. We worked hard, from morning till late at night, and the girls were really only in our dreams.

After discovering we were leaving, everyone at home freaked out. My mother and mother-in-law were sobbing and on the verge of a nervous breakdown. The fathers were swearing; they were furious. He shuts up. I have a feeling she'll cry, but no, Erzsi is strong.

- I was upset, regretting our decision, but then there was no turning back, we had burned everything behind us. Communism was still raging in Hungary at the time, and defection was a serious crime. Anyone who returned faced several years in prison. I felt so crazy guilty about my children that I was emaciated within weeks, The shop was running at a loss, even though we were giving away large portions of food in the hope that it would lure more people. But no, we were rapidly heading towards total bankruptcy. Our nerves began to fail, we had no time for each other, we made love less and less. We had one goal, to save what we could. The months and years passed in the meantime. One day I had to stop washing dishes because the girl on duty cut her hand. In the afternoon I was about to go to the warehouse when I caught my husband and this girl. I was shocked. There, on top of the crates, they were cuddling, alrea-

dy past the act. I swallowed a big gulp and just asked: did they sew up his hands? – Then I slammed the door on them. From that day on, I shrunk. The disappointment, the failure, the changes in my body, the two schoolchildren and the preschooler, the overwhelming rescue missions, the loans all settled on me. I started drinking – he says guiltily.

- Andres and I didn't talk through the love affair, even though I knew it wasn't over. In fact, he never approached me again, never cuddled me, never tried to comfort me. Almost overnight, our relationship cooled. We only talked about the most necessary things, ate meals together and slept in the same room. Sometimes we spent a few hours with the child, as if everything was fine. – Márta and Rita were doing well in school, they already spoke good German and English. Meanwhile, little Nóri was also growing up, although she didn't stand out with her studies. The two big girls sensed that there were problems between us, but I always brushed them off. I didn't want to speak ill of their father, I didn't dare to be honest and admit that we had given up heavenly prosperity just because we had been overcome by a sense of adventure when we were young. Nor did I speak out because the parents who stayed at home suspected nothing. When they could, they visited us, but those few weeks were spent crying and screaming and blaming. They soon found out what was going on. And then we were accused of being stupid, thoughtless jerks, and of having brought it on ourselves. And they lost their wealth and their health. You will understand why I kept secrets from my mother-in-law and even my own mother for so long, why I did not dare to say anything. Later on, as the political situation eased, the girls went home to Hungary for the summer, and more and more often they returned unhappy. This situation continued for several years until my husband finally said: let's divorce, sell what we have, pay back the loans and live our own lives. I will leave the children with you, of course, he concluded.

We left in July 1986, full of hope, money and three small children, and the above statement was made almost ten years to the day. I tried to say something to him, but no sound came out of my mouth, I was unable to speak. I thought I was mute, my voice was gone forever. Andris was frightened and rushed me to the doctor, where it was found that I had a degree of nervous exhaustion that was almost life-threatening. As I listen attentively, he sees the shock on my face, then he shrugs as if he doesn't care, and continues.

- Three weeks later I came out of the hospital, somewhat recovered, and asked Andris to handle the sales. First the restaurant sold out, then the house. I let what he had imagined happen again, because I didn't really care about anything at that point. I guess I was no good for Mom either. Apparently, my mother sensed trouble was brewing, because she came out to visit us again. Now we didn't want to hide anything. We told her we were getting a divorce. She begged me not to start a new life there, but at home, to come home with the children. She was furious, she told Andris off for everything. He cursed and cursed her, and I defended him. Finally, we had such a fight that he packed his bags and left our house immediately, the price of which one of the banks had already got his hands on because we were unable to pay the debt. Total destitution hit us in November 1997.

We also lost our belongings. Everything was confiscated, taken away, and I only had a few pieces of jewellery left. I packed lightly with the girls and bought four train tickets with the price of my grandmother's bracelet. On the tenth of December, Andris drove me to the station. That day was his forty-first birthday. He stood, waving. For the first time I saw him cry. - Erzsi finishes. When they arrived in Budapest the next morning, his old loyal friend Eva was waiting for them. They spent December with her, then rented this tiny apartment for twenty-five thousand a month. Erzsi lives there now. From there she goes to clean houses, and there with her fourteen, sixteen and seventeen year old daughters, who study and in the afternoons - to have money for food - give German and English lessons. They cannot remember how the family lived in Budapest twelve years ago.

Magdolna Árvai – Nők Lapja, 1998/25, (pages 27-29)



A few decades ago, a group of American tourists visited an East Asian village where the people lived with an extremely low standard of living, but everyone had something to eat, somewhere to live and clothes to wear. When the tourists asked how many poor people lived in the village, they were told:

– There are no poor people at all.

Twenty years later a group went there again, and by then many people had cameras, radios and bicycles, and more and more people complained about the poverty. For poverty and wealth are relative concepts. Modern people do not feel poor when they do not have access to the basic necessities of life, but when they cannot afford the latest digital camera or plasma TV.



Some banal and outdated clichés need to be dispelled. For example, "money does not make you happy". More correctly, it does not make you happy. "Theft of private property" is nothing more than an Enlightenment naivety. "Money is a means of exploitation, in a just society there is no need for money" is a socialist utopia. Whoever said it didn't mean it. Marx was rich, Engels was rich. "Money is Satan's work", the same with a Christian tinge. "Money is an obstacle to spiritual progress." – esoteric fallacy. Wealth is no more damning than poverty, just as poverty is no more salutary than wealth. It's a cliché, but it all depends on how we acquire, how we live, and how we spend our material goods. It is good to clarify two concepts. Abundance is not necessarily the same as wealth. And, of course, neither of these can only refer to material things. The former is more of an inner, emotional state, where we feel we always have what we need, we are not in need.

Our language captures this beautifully with the dichotomy of abundance, plenty and scarcity, the resulting scarcity (need) or the older term, tendon, tendoness. Abundance is a surplus of which we can give to others, and we give willingly. He who gives as if his teeth were being pulled, however rich, is a scrooge. Abundance can be learned from nature. It is the natural state of the earth: everything is produced that is needed, even in surplus for times of scarcity, but not for someone to appropriate. What do we mean by wealth? A certain amount in our bank account? Possession of objects, treasures, businesses, etc.? A sense of being more than others because we have more opportunities and rights than others? Neither of these is wealth. These are dead facts or delusions.

Wealth is a state of mind, just as poverty is a state of mind. It is a consciousness of possession. According to economist-writer Peter Koenig, many rich people are actually poor, with lots of money. This is profoundly true of today's nouveau-riche mentality. There are two exceptions. One is the born rich, such as an English aristocrat, whose so-called transgenerational pattern, almost in his genes, is the consciousness of wealth. Unfortunately, such people are hard to find here. The other is also a rare bird who, regardless of his material situation, is able to live a life of prosperity and develop a state of consciousness of inner abundance. This presupposes real spiritual development and elevation.

Péter Kövesi – Elixir magazine, May 2016 (page 17)



A new house, new clothes, a new car, a new watch... our world is in a hurry, time, both internal and external. Because we always need something different, something new, something out of the ordinary, something that makes us happy for a few days, or at least a few hours... We long for certain things, certain objects, that make us hope for something that we don't have, that we don't even know what it is. We are dissatisfied, frustrated, because someone else has it, why can't I have it, even though I deserve it, I've worked for it, I deserve it... and besides, if I don't have it, why am I even alive? Our life is a strange, kaleidoscopic mess. Every now and then something dawns, maybe even crystallises, but then the next image or thought comes along and it starts all over again. We even spoil the picture that could be beautiful, because perhaps, or even certainly, there is another that is much more beautiful, we turn it over and over, just in case it will come to pass.

We don't even notice how false and deceptive it all is. We deceive ourselves, others, the whole world with vain dreams that don't exist, or that are only dripping like a thirsty man's desert oasis.

Always just a little further away, but it's almost here... and yet it's not. And in the meantime we are not dealing with what we should be dealing with most: life itself. We try to be good, to help others, but mostly only on an intellectual level. Maybe we share some news, some reference, and think we've done our duty, we've done our bit. But let's pause for a thought. Now is the time, the opportunity, to really do something, for ourselves, for others. Read these few lines carefully, think of yourselves, of those who need support. Listen, look for the voice inside, and do what you may never have done before. Help.

Szuper Infó - 21 June 2018.



One part of humanity is bound up in the fight against hunger and various diseases. The other half is tormented by comfort and boredom. Many in the western world feel that we have reached a dead end in our development. We live in a superficial, superficial world, our lives are meaningless. The following blog post draws our attention to this phenomenon:

The biggest problem facing people in the developed world is whether to wipe their gold-digested bottoms with chamomile or aloe vera-scented toilet paper. When we're really bored, we go out and choose what colour dress our puppy should wear, or wonder whether we should get a seat warmer or a rain sensor for our new car. Entire industries are straining to think of clever ways to entertain the general public, to find ways to pass the ever-growing amount of free time. Meanwhile, the so-called leisure industry is boring itself with all the unnecessary, contrived, boring activities that are only entertaining or exciting for a few occasions at most. After that, the citizen is just as likely to fall into numbing boredom. Instead of meaningful activity, it is much more comfortable to lie on the sofa watching the lives of others, watching the trash reality genre on a commercial TV channel. Slumped in the armchair, eating fattening crisps, we are horrified at the stupid things these idiots can do.

Sit down man and think. Don't be afraid to LIVE your own life. It's not time consuming to look at the leaves on the trees, to bring flowers to grandma's grave even if there is no compulsory cemetery walk on the day of the dead. Or talking to your child, your friend - but in person, because it's a totally different feeling to tell the truth to the other person's face than pretending to be happy in front of others by lying with a round-retouched ass and a wrinkle-filtered face on internet portals. When was the last time you picked up a good book? I don't mean the ones you can then post colourful quotes from as a reason for your cheeky book profile, no. When was the last time you rose to the level of at least a high school required reading? When's the last time you took the time to cook a delicious meal for yourself instead of leaning out of your car and telling the microphone which menu you wanted?

Stop wondering which one of the many identical sour cream is better for your colon. But, for example, if we've become so many enemy-less parasites in the world, what's the one really meaningful thing you can do to make yourself or others' lives more beautiful. Like, say, start painting. Or take a hike. But not by driving to the edge of the woods, leaving the engine running, so that when you get back you'll have a nice climate in your car. Then, on the first hundred, you'll find the nearest feeding place, have a snack, throw the paper bottle into the tree, burp, stretch out, think you're so cool, and post the trail you've covered today.

We want everything instant. Quick, ready, in our mouths. Split wood from the gas station to the campfire so you don't have to work the axe. Yoghurt measured out in bite-sized portions, spoon already in so we don't have to bother pulling out the drawer and then washing up. Pre-made sandwiches, standard gifts made by others, pre-written template letters, CVs. Matchmaking with photo algorithms, not walking or dancing to find the right one! If we can't find the answer to something on the internet in half a minute, we're cursed. Going to the library and reading some books that smell good, no! We go on a merry-go-round, all the while complaining that we have no time for anything. We spend the whole day doing mostly pointless tasks at our jobs so that we have enough money to buy our lives, because we don't have time for the important things.

Internet, MagyarTarka - 25 September 2021 (excerpt)



In today's fast-paced and busy world, it's very difficult to find guiding principles that can give you a sense of purpose. But what is the point? Money? Livelihood? Not at all. But then how do we know what to look for in our lives? Because in the deluge of information we are bombarded with, there is only one thing that gets lost: the point. Why do you think the Middle Ages were better than today? How was it not better? Plagues, wars, the Inquisition, smallpox? All of this is true, yet there is something that is terribly lacking today. In the Middle Ages there was Christianity as a universal orientation. A compass that told practically everyone what the purpose of life was, why we should live, how to behave and how not to behave. It spoke of eternal questions, and in so doing forced everyone to think about them at their own level. And what about today? We can no longer think about these most important questions, so busy are we with the mad rush, the hustle and bustle, the fuss. There is no general compass in our lives to guide us. Today this is the dominant view, tomorrow that, today this is what counts, tomorrow that. Religion has been discredited, humanism has lost its meaning, democracy has become an empty phrase at best, science has often become discredited and dogmatised. Without spiritual and intellectual stability, there is nothing but drift in a hostile, unpredictable and cold universe. And only knowledge, certainty in the truth, can give us real stability.

Modern man is taught everything that is practical: how to install Windows, how to download music to his phone, what taxes to pay, in other words, everything he needs to become a good slave. But what they forget to drill into us is that what we put at the centre of our being is what we will become. It is a characteristic of consumer society that it puts money at the centre of people's souls and that it determines everything. The slogan of our times is „you are worth what you have”. If we allow others to put money at the centre of our lives, it will become the compass for everything. But the Middle Ages were defined by the Christian Church, which, for all its faults and deviations, is based on God and morality. For the majority of people, it was implanted in their souls, it determined their thinking and their lives. If man puts the even more ancient and fundamental hermeticism at the centre of his being, he will see the world with a universal orientation and will be able to decide exactly what is right and wrong, what is right and wrong. He will know what the purpose of life is, what it means to be human, and that life is the highest good in the world. There is no longer any chance of his being a slave to outside forces, for though he may be killed, tortured, oppressed, he can no longer be the son of man against the will of his soul.

Gyula Horváth – Hihetetlen magazine, May 2016 (pages 36-37)



Every man comes to Earth with a specific purpose. After his birth, however, he forgets the obligations he has undertaken and, in keeping with the fashionable lifestyle of our times, throws himself into the pleasures of life. Forgetting his mission, he begins to build a career and seeks to take advantage of opportunities. But his conscience constantly reminds him that this is not his job. This lifestyle is not conducive to his spiritual development, and indulgence is a waste of time. It makes him restless, and no matter how well he does, he does not become happy. Katalin Orosz describes a typical case of this situation:

"Somehow, I always knew that Zsófi was doomed. I just didn't understand why. At the age of 18, without saying goodbye or explaining, she left her first love to marry a strange lawyer with a good name whom she didn't love. The baby boy born of the marriage looked just like his father, and although Zsófi didn't dare admit it to herself, she could never really love the child. At the age of one, she put him in a crèche and began to build her career with great enthusiasm. He was gifted. He often appeared on the television screen. He won the first literacy contest because his brain was like a lexicon. In the foreign trade company where he worked as a salesman, he rose through the ranks quickly and easily. First as head of department, then as deputy director. But he always talked about wanting to do something completely different. Somehow, he felt that life was a nuisance. When he was in a bad mood, which was often, he bought expensive shoes. Then he would wear them twice

and give them to me. He travelled a lot. He took new lovers on his travels because he was lush, sensual and insatiable.

What's wrong with you, I asked her when I couldn't listen to her complaints any longer. I have no idea, he replied. For a while after the regime change, he also dabbled in politics. Her husband and she were earning well then. The house they built was too big. Sometimes they didn't see each other for days. The child had by then been expelled from three high schools. Eventually he graduated somehow. By graduation, his father had given him a car and a driver's license, as well as start-up capital for his business. He sold used cars. At the age of 40, Zsófi went under the plastic surgeon's knife for the first time, and then had something sewn on every four months for the next six years. But that didn't make her any happier. She had to change jobs more and more often until she could no longer find work. The last time we met, he told me his whole life was a failure. "Tell me why?" he asked. I couldn't answer."

Hölgyvilág, 2004/22, (pages 46-47)



Life sometimes throws us into strange situations. You don't have to be evil to commit a crime against your fellow human beings. A letter to the editor, marked "Arranged", bears witness to this:

I have been left to myself in my old age, living almost from memory in my sea of leisure. I often think that I have committed a sin which I cannot forgive myself. I was admitted to a university in the capital in 1956, in turbulent times. The revolution broke out, transport stopped and I was stuck in the dormitory. I couldn't travel home to my parents. In the spring of '57, half of my classmates were arrested and I was left alone in my six-bed room. In the autumn, after the start of the second year, I was approached by a middle-aged man. He told me how much good he had heard about me. Especially how bravely I had behaved during the „counter-revolution”. I didn't really understand. He identified himself and turned out to be an officer in the Ministry of the Interior. He asked for my help in "clearing up the remains of the counter-revolution".

I, a simple village goose, really thought I was acting in the interests of my country. I hadn't even noticed that some university students had disappeared from the class thanks to my "public action". One morning I went to a philosophy seminar, where a young assistant professor appeared instead of the usual lecturer. He asked why there were so few of us, to which one of my fellow students replied, "four of us were taken away yesterday". Our tutor raised his eyebrows, made a strange face and then asked through gritted teeth, "Oh my God! When is this going to end?" And of course I wrote about this in my report. Two weeks later, the assistant teacher disappeared. I graduated in 1960. My first job was in an elementary school in a rural town. To my surprise, I ran into the former assistant teacher in the corridor. He didn't recognize me. But I remembered him well and mentioned that we had met at university. We got to talking like old acquaintances. I found out that he was in jail. It was then that I realised that he had been kidnapped and fired from his teaching assistant's job on the basis of my report. After his release, he was not taken back to the university. He could only find work as a primary school teacher in the countryside.

We liked each other. We spent more and more time together. I admired his intelligence and knowledge, and as time went by, I felt more and more that I cared about this man. After two months we lived together and then got married. We had a wonderful, meaningful life. We didn't have children - which we regretted terribly – but we gave each other as much love as we could. I was still in love with my husband when I was sixty-something, and when he died two years ago after a long, serious illness, I thought my heart was being torn out. They ask me how I could live with this terrible burden of a man I had put behind bars. My answer: very, very hard. Sometimes I would wake up from nightmares and stare for a long time at his calm, handsome features, and then die of shame. Time did not ease my soul. With this letter, I want to send a message to today's young people that naivety can be a greater sin in life than stupidity.

Kiskegyed, 2004/42 (page 56)



- So why did you want to talk to the NSA officer? Do you have something important to announce?
- I want to be a snitch.
- What's that?
- A snitch. Informant Snitch. Spy. Mole. Don't tell me you've never heard of such a thing.
- Of course I have. It's just weird. Just when it's... well, it's not really the season. You read the papers, don't you?
- You're reading the bad news. I can't see those tiny letters.
- But, madam, you must know that the newspaper is essential for clarity of vision.
- Of course I do. I always clean windows with newspaper.
- So why do you want to be a whistle-blower... I mean, an informer?
- I've always wanted to be a man of substance. If nothing else, I'm a whistle-blower...
- And tell me, madam, have you any training, any experience in this ancient craft?
- An ancient craft? What do you think you're doing, you impudent man? I'm a respectable woman!
- Sorry, I was wondering if you had any experience in the secret service.
- Of course I do! I brought my papers. Here, for example, is my primary school report book, You can easily check that in eight years, a hundred and thirty-six times teachers have written: Dear parent, your child is disrupting class by whispering. My talent was already evident then. And this, please, is my certificate of completion of the theatre whispering course. Sadly, my promising career in touring theatre ended when I whispered to Desdemona during a performance that Otello was cheating with the Bánk bán. Well, there goes the tragedy of the man!
- Have you ever had a six-pack?
- I had a very fine record, officer. It was light pink, with a poufy sleeve and a swish at the waist... Unfortunately, the six was always a little tight in the hips. – Can you do sifrei?
- Make what?
- It's to do with the cipher.
- Of course I can. Once, my poor master, God rest his soul, found the secret writing of the lovely Dani the Blacksmith in his underwear, so he cracked the whip and I sniffed all over the high street.
- Have you tried to recruit him before?
- How many times!
- KGB? CIA? MOSSAD?
- More serious: MSZOSZ!⁸³
- Ever wondered what would be the best code name?
- St. Elizabeth.
- Isn't that too much? A saint?
- Not a saint, but Top Secret. And I'll also need a custodian. A very persistent one!
- And what vital information could you provide the bureau?
- Well, I could whisper to you, for example, what terrible things my neighbour said about Viktor Orbán.
- He is no longer prime minister, but Ferenc Gyurcsány is.
- Well, Orbán would be very happy to hear what my neighbour said about Gyurcsány.
- And did your neighbour say anything about Kunczé?
- Who is Kuncze?

⁸³ Magyar Szakszervezetek Országos Szövetsége (National Federation of Hungarian Trade Unions)

- Look, dear madam!
- The days are long gone when this kind of political information was of interest to anyone. It's a democracy, everyone thinks and says what they want. Nobody needs information about what people think about politics, about politicians.
- Well, that's the problem, my soul, my darling. They have no idea how full of them the people's snow boots are. They think for some mysterious reason that people love them. But I've found the opposite to be true. Now, if I say that somewhere, they just snicker. But if I whisper it, maybe it'll go further.

László Karcagi – Népszabadság, 26 February 2005 (page 8)



The people of the US National Security Agency (NSA) use their gigantic system – best known from the film Snowden – to monitor and eavesdrop on everyone in the world, and store this information in a data centre of almost unfathomable size built in Utah. In fact, they have the storage capacity to collect and analyse all the world's information generated in 100 years for further processing by computer systems, by today's standards! Even between friends, this means hundreds of millions of huge storage devices, on which millions of gigabytes of information are recorded every day. They seem to be the ones who really know „everything” about us, and no one can compete with them. Hm... Did I say no one? Maybe I was wrong...

It seems likely that the NSA is indeed king among the secret services, but there is an organisation that may have even more concrete information about us. Yes, I am talking about Facebook. In 2018, that's two billion to seventy million users who have uploaded almost their entire lives to the world's most popular social networking site. The NSA primarily collects metadata, and 99% of the information it gathers through illegal surveillance and interception is just stored on its staggeringly large fleet of servers, and only 1% of the data is processed in full depth. This means „only” 10-20 million people. On a daily basis... Facebook's special algorithms, on the other hand, are not so shameless. They uninhibitedly dive into the sea of users – life events and bring to the surface everything they find there... Really everything!

Most Facebook users probably have no idea of the incredible amount of information the social networking site has about them. They know exactly who you are, they know everyone in your family (even those who aren't on Facebook but have looked at your page at some point or sent an innocent email to your address), your apartment, your house, your garden (and of course your relatives' and friends' apartments, gardens and houses). They are fully aware of all your habits, your interests, your sexual and political orientation, your religion, your shopping habits, your lifestyle, your way of life, your financial situation, your spending habits. And that's not even mentioning your job, your workplace, your schools, your achievements there. In other words, they can map out a perfect, all-encompassing web of relationships that makes you an "open book" for them. They have roughly 3,500-5,000 blocks of information on each user, and each of these contains up to dozens of sub-directories.

And of course Facebook's artificial intelligence-based algorithms know your preferences! They know what you've looked at online, what and where you've shopped, what music you've listened to, what kind of pages you've visited the most. They use this information to build a detailed profile of you, and even offer you things to buy or use that you hadn't thought of before! The data they get from you is then personalised and sold for good money to companies that see you as a potential buyer. If you know the past, you can control the present and you will control the future! In just 14 years, more than 2 billion people have walked into the Facebook trap. All the masters of the New World Order have to do is comb through the gigantic databases that already exist around the world, and Orwell's worst nightmare of Big Brother, who knows literally everything about most of humanity, has come true...

Róbert Szűcs – Hihetetlen Magazine, July 2018 (page 3).



While millions of people around the world are starving to death and thousands more are falling victim to violence and terrorism every day, our liberal-minded politicians are now banning child spanking. In Western countries, laws are being passed that threaten with imprisonment any parent who slaps a misbehaving child for educational purposes. But does the state have the right to interfere so deeply in the lives of families. Few people today are familiar with esoteric doctrines, but many have heard that "It is always the child who chooses his parents." If that is so, why does the soul about to be born choose a brutal father or a fighting mother in the afterlife. In our way of thinking, only a stupid child does that. But in heaven, in a state of full enlightenment, the soul will have a very different appreciation of life on earth. Learning a lesson not only causes anguish in school, but also in life. With our narrow mindset, suffering is a terrible thing, but it accelerates our spiritual development in an extraordinary way. It is not by chance that the saying, "What doesn't kill you makes you stronger."

Our stupid laws, on the other hand, slow down our development completely. In the current situation, there is no progress, only stagnation. To progress, we need conflicting emotions and actions that cause suffering. With parents and teachers with their hands tied behind their backs and their actions inhibited, we can only vegetate. Under such circumstances, we should not be surprised that ever more wretched souls are born to us. A soul that is worth something wants to develop, not to "swell" in our lukewarm pots. State-mandated cajoling, the glossing over of tensions, will only heap up the emotions that will eventually erupt explosively. At this point, the disobedient child will not get away with a beating, murder may well be the end of the prank.

Let us not forget that all peoples and all families are karmic communities. They raise each other in different roles from life to life, they repay each other. How are they going to do it now? After our social development, our individual development also stops. Many books, plays and films have been written about the portrayal of family conflicts. But after the problems are eliminated from our lives, there will be nothing to inspire literature, to inspire poetry, to inspire drama. Our lives become dull and flat. The lyrical portrayal of karmic relationships between family members has made many fine writers world famous. The great lady of domestic esoteric literature, the author of the well known polka-dot storybooks, has also written a novel about this often poignant bond. To illustrate the complexity of karmic relationships, here are some pages from the first volume of Raguel's Seven Disciples of Raguel by Mária Szepes:

In his cradle he lay very impatient, which he signalled by a sharp, violent roar. He remembered the single-minded attention with which he listened to the echo of his own howl: would they come to rescue him from his hot, stinging impotence? He wanted there to be movement, rustling, noise all around him. He wanted to kick free and eat. But he screamed in vain. He was separated from his goal by deaf, gonging, red-coloured horizons. After a while, he felt that he could not thus make a connection with that semi-circumscribed, but very soft, sweet tasting and smelling something that used to flood him with the good sensations he wanted. So he lay quietly and thought. He thought hard, longingly, so much so that he could feel the warm throbbing of her body against his naked breast. She knew at once that she had him now. Somewhere in the distance, in the blur of things, he had grabbed her imperiously, calling her. Forcing her. He must be – and he came. Obedient, treacherous, submissive. His very first slave came: his mother.

How he loved this alarmed, gentle, intimidated woman! How anxiously and helplessly he loved her! It made his heart ache to look at her, she was so helpless. She crumbled before her eyes beside the grave, grey, unquestioning tank-mistress of her father. She had given birth to her son as a rock-solid bulwark against his father in her own defence, but in the end she bled in this battle too. When he thought of his father, the taste of iron came to his tongue. Perhaps when he was three, he had tasted the black lattice of their house fence in winter, when a glistening crust of ice froze on it and dripping icicles stretched from it. Under the melting ice, her warm tongue detected a hostile yet piercingly interesting, alien taste: iron, rust, nibbling edges - and the heavy, leaden figure of her father immediately came to her.

In the presence of his father, his mother was almost to the point of ecstasy, half-angry. The gentle pastel of her being faded from her at once. She was choked by the magic of forced, tortured clumsiness. He did everything in a mad, wrong way: he stumbled, bumped into furniture, objects fell from his hands. If her husband entered while she was sewing, she stabbed herself, cut herself. And she'd say anything. Not angrily, loudly, but with cool objectivity, she said: – You're not looking where you're going again! Listen, Diana! Think of nothing else while you are holding something in your hand! You're always in a hurry. You've got the desire of a half-assed schoolgirl. I wish you'd grow up! She never raised her voice. Yet from the fortress of her square head she brought him down as if she'd rained down barrage upon him.

John had never seen his father emotional. He had never heard him utter a superfluous word to lighten the atmosphere, to endear himself, or to make advances. He always remained at an equal distance from everyone, a silent ghost castle surrounded by a stone wall, perfectly self-contained. There was no gap. No light shone from it. No heat radiated, only the dark secret of an inhuman man, perhaps not a secret at all, but an immeasurable desolation. He was a military officer: a great soldier, but his superiors, his fellow officers, his subordinates did not like him. Nobody loved him. He could not be. He would not let them. It was precisely that poignant lack in him that makes other mortals compromise, humble themselves, rise above themselves, and drive them to mad sacrifices: his father had no need for love. He wanted only power, the cold, conventional order of things: that which had grown cold, stiff, and had become a joyless duty. John later understood that he had fought death in this way, tenaciously, reducing his life to a freezing point, embalming it in dogma, so that what he clung to, what he possessed with a cold, greedy fury, imbued his personality with, might survive on, unchanged.

Everyone was afraid of him – except his son. Not even when his pranks, his willfulness, his passionate outbursts, caused him to be regularly and methodically beaten and punished, for he carried his magic formula hidden in his body, written down in himself. He knew. He knew it with a fierce repulsion: somewhere in the transcendent past he had left it behind. Their slight resemblance consisted only in the fact that in the deep layers of his own personality a prehistoric fragment was identical with him. But in him had already melted, flamed, transmigrated all that was in his father a primitive, latent raw material. Their antagonism, because of his mother, erupted early. His mother, however, only brought into focus these two positive energies, which were in any case in conflict and in tension. Her father was scourged by the fiction of time. From the fact that she was born before her son, she wanted to establish absolute rank above him, according to the order of being human. For he was in fact a possession. The rightful interest of his body, his seed: his property. He planted this seed in the humus of his wife's flesh, and it sprouted for him like the lettuce heads in his garden.

From the very first moment of John's idea, he did everything against it. First instinctively, later with a conscious, unrelenting strategy. His father's tools proved obsolete, ineffective weapons against his magical, precision warfare. He was more experienced, more polished, more prepared: thousands of years older than his father. The one-directional, raw, elemental violence with which he had targeted her had rumbled away beneath him. He always stayed on top because he was not afraid of it and saw through it. His only vulnerability was his mother while he was alive. Through her, he could access her, torment her, incite her to rebellion, provoke her to passionate rage. So it was with this fragile, frightened body that they warred against each other, each dominated by the other: her father by fear, her father by his boundless love. His mother, in a blind, drowning panic, wanted to satisfy them both. She strove to serve her husband as a humble, obedient slave, and to turn him into a proud, steely sword in the hands of her son against his tyrant. It was only during his mother's deathly illness that John understood how unhappy she had made him by pouring into him at times, in spite of himself, her wild will, and forcing him to behave in a manner which frightened him. He was a poor battlefield of nerves, writhing with pain, under their relentless struggles.

They lived in their narrow, dark house in Russel Square, where the bedding was damp even in summer. They lived on a meagre salary, struggling with disgruntled housekeepers. They shouldn't have had to make a deal, but his father was stingy beyond measure. He looked after the smallest household items himself. His mother accounted to him for every penny, even the cleaning products.

Food, drink, comfort, heating could be reduced to the unlikely, but there was no slackening in the ritual around the person of the host. His clothes, his hunting and fishing gear had to be spotless at all times, and his breakfast could not be without ham, eggs, fish, butter and jam. The house was freed from the pressure of the nightgown when at the end of the week he went hunting on the estate of his deaf old uncle near Alton, who had no contact with anyone but himself, and was somewhat like him in his eccentricities. The beginning of the week was a dark, underground canal, under whose fetid waters they swam with their heads pressed down towards the exit at the end of the week.

His mother was transformed from a mournful spectre into a serene, soaring angel. Her skin was a shimmering colour. Her hair fluttered in the air. It was as if a veil-like black plasma had been lifted from everything, the colours becoming brighter and clearer. A cautious, long sun-finger groped through the window, a vivid scent, accompanied by birdsong, and light flooded the gloomy, chilly room. The brown piano, with its sternly closed mouth, opened: it laughed broadly with its ivory teeth. His mother's light, nervous hand tried to lure back the playfully fleshy etudes, sonatas and songs of his past, but always struck me aside as her fingers stiffened from housework. John was crazy about her when she played, for despite her impracticality she conveyed the music with a tender nuance of immeasurable subtlety, as if she were speaking of ineffable mysteries, weeping with a straining cry behind her tears. His childlike, soft singing voice had a plaintive, legendary ring. It filled John to overflowing with happy sadness. His mother painted, too. The hidden rapids of art swirled within her without the freedom to swell. Only tiny spurts - notes secretly trickling down the piano, a tiny painting sketched as a fever picture, fragments of songs and a few notes - gave evidence of their raging existence deep down.

How did he become a prisoner? To this man of all people? - he wondered, when he had not yet reached the root of their being, their destiny. When he had not yet been shaken by the certainty that they needed each other precisely to make manifest the utter failure of their hesitant weakness and violence in their terrible extremity. And for her to be born. The two bodies and the two psyches together could only open the door to the world for him. His mother's open dependence on everything and his father's cold independence, his selfish iron will, were fused in him into a peculiar mixture of enormous tensions. Like his mother, he was attached to all beauty and passionate emotions, but he was not dependent on the objects of his ideals, he absorbed them, possessed them, shaped them. Her father's will was brute force, sheer aggression. His will was refined into an intellectual power. For he had had power in his hands since childhood. Power over men, animals, plants, and later, objects. No one and nothing feared him. He did not subjugate his environment with fear. Creatures and objects served him willingly: they loved him, and he loved them in return.

The lines of his mother's room, whose furniture he brought with him from his childhood home, were soft and rounded. Their idols, their light, resounded in a muted minor key to all who looked upon them. In the faded, peach-coloured draperies, in the yellowish lace lining, there was a withering charm, a tender, apologetic half-presence. On her writing-desk, in a vase of mother-of-pearl, there was always a flower of the season, bent out in a strange, sad or wistful hold; no more than two or three stems. It was a ritual in keeping with her mother's mood, this floral sermon. Long and carefully she would gather the colours and bends for it, and arrange them until they became a hieroglyphic tree expressing the meaning precisely. Slowly John came to understand this secret language, from the rising clusters of spring fruit tree branches to the dead, despairing flame of autumn leaves. Later, when she learned the meaning of East Asian flower ceremonies, she realised that her mother had brought her knowledge from somewhere in these lands. Like her face and figure, she was a chiselled, delicate East Asian ivory carving. And yet her dull blond hair, her blue-veined white skin, her shadowy grey eyes, were English. But her swollen, curving lips, slack chin, slumped shoulders, hollow, concave breasts, noiseless movements and upturned legs, her favourite pose on the couch, reminded me of the bizarre, flower-life geisha.

Her mother's father was a doctor in Alton. Her mother died in childhood. She met her future husband during a hunting accident, when he accidentally shot through her arm while cleaning his gun. The hunter's wound was treated by the country doctor on hand, who had a charming daughter. Their mercy did not last long. A few weeks after their meeting, they were married. Since then John's mot-

her had been absent from Alton, though her face flushed when she spoke of him, and her voice hushed with excitement. At weekends, with her hand on her lap by the piano, her music in her ears, she often told of her grandfather in Alton, the old red-brick house, always smelling of iodoform, with some of the windows broken, drafts whistling under the doors, and mice mousing in the basement. Yet the atmosphere is cheerful, as if they were always preparing for a party.

- Is that grandfather my grandfather? - John asked seriously when he was eight.
- He's yours, dear.
- Doesn't he want to see me?
- Why wouldn't he?
- Because he never comes to see us.
- He's old. He's sick.
- So let us go to him. - He looked defiantly into his mother's alarmed, painfully astonished face, for in this violent outburst he was defying something implicitly untouchable: he was rebelling against the law of his father's will, of his individuality.
- Yes – he said – I want to go to grandfather at Alton! That's what grandfathers are for – he added, struggling to express his passionate longing.
- I can't. You know. Her mother had shrunk herself quite small to get out of the way of this conflict, which she was unable to resolve by persuasion, for no arguments were offered to her, only instinctive motives: her own unconditional surrender and her husband's humbly accepted dictatorship.
- Why? Is grandfather bad?
- No. No... Good. The best in the world! - the woman gushed out of the depths of her soul, and her homesickness made her recall memories out of context, rather as a contradiction, in its own situation with its son. The windows look out from under soft, thick powdered sugar, and the red bricks have white trim. It's all quiet. Noiseless. New smells evaporate in the house. The smell of pine. Vanilla, lemon peel, the smell of baking. There's a soft rustling behind the doors. Silk papers rattle. Fine, thin glass clinking, but when you open the door, there's nothing and no one. There are invisible angels inside...
- We're going to Grandpa's in Alton. At Christmas – John said softly, muffled, and he knew it must be so, for he wanted it badly, wanted it as the fire burns the wood thrown on it. His mother fell silent, shuddering at what she recalled.
- Father... he's been in a fight with Grandfather. Right after our wedding. They didn't fight, they didn't... But still... since then... He made a gesture of powerlessness and helplessness.

John didn't answer, just looked at her. He knew what he was going to do. On Monday night, as his stiff-backed father cleaned his hunting rifle with careful, measured, slow movements in front of the living room fireplace, he stood in front of him, though he felt his mother's terrified, pleading gaze on him.

- Father. I want to go to Altonha. To my grandfather's for Christmas. When it snows. – He looked up earnestly, without anxiety, at the two frosty, dark-eyed windows of the square headland. Her father stared at her for a while, though he looked beyond her, as he always did, and saw himself on the outside, meanwhile, making a grave, unappealing decision. But it wasn't to him, it was to his mother.
- I'm sorry you've made the child mad, Diana. It was wrong. You know my principles – she said very calmly. John had a fire in his belly that was not dampened by fear or doubt.
- At Christmas. His voice was steady.
- Go to your room. – His father didn't raise his voice, but his mother was already standing desperately behind him, putting a trembling hand on his shoulder.
- Come, come, Johnny! It is late. You must go to bed.
- At Christmas – said the boy firmly, and did not move.

- You won't go. You're staying home. And I don't want to hear another word about it! – His father's words were sledgehammer heavy, but they didn't reach the white-hot bulb that radiated indescribable power.
- The house is covered in soft, thick powdered sugar. I can walk there. His father rose. His figure, almost six feet tall, towered over the boy. Yet John was not afraid, and it exulted in him like a triumphant certainty.
- I hate to do it, but I must beat you – came from on high. A huge, muscular hand reached out towards him.
- No... no! – The scream came from her mother, as if she had been struck with a blood-stripping belt.

Her father ignored her. He took her by the hand, dragged her into his room and locked the door behind them. Her mother pushed after them, crying, gasping, cries of pain, but it was like the wind hitting silky wet pine needles against a stone wall. His father's personality was magnified in his room, as if he had come among allies, all of them leaning their shoulders close against each other, forming an unbreakable ring. Angular, dark, hostile furniture, clawed bronzes, repulsive edges, mountains, swords, guns, a collection of antlers on the wall, the smell of tobacco. He was everything here.

John had to drop his trousers. He slumped onto a sticky, cold leather chair with yellow brass buttons flashing like buttons on a military uniform. His father beat him with a long, bent hazel stick he'd brought back from a hunt in Alton. The strokes were hard and even. They stung, burned, ground his naked body, but they had no access to the glowing gooch that radiated a power immeasurably greater than the pain and spasm of his childish body under the blows. Not a sound left his mouth.

- Get up! – said his father after the last blow.
- David – came a sobbing voice from the doorway. – Why doesn't the child speak? I heard the blows, not him... Maybe he fainted... Johnny, Johnny... darling! His father did not answer. He spoke for him:
- I'm all right, Mummy. He buttoned his trousers and pulled his coat down properly. The place where he'd been punched hurt more and more. He looked up at his father, who stood waiting. He looked paler, but just as calm as usual.
- Is this beating enough for you to go to Alton to Grandpa? – she asked in a ringing voice. Then his father snorted, and an inarticulate anger burst from his lips, which he stifled at once. The gum muscles on either side of his face tightened as he clenched his teeth. Now! – he whispered, quite softly.
- There's plenty of days till then – said John. Mum said we'd have to sleep thirty times before Christmas. You can beat me every day if you want, if that's not enough. His father grabbed him and pushed him out the door. The marks of the beating swelled badly, then turned blue under the compresses his mother had been diligently piling on him all night. It was bad to keep lying on her stomach in bed now that she had to, but the next night she was back in her father's living room in front of the fireplace.
- It's better if you're in the room, Daddy, like yesterday – she said, beckoning to her mother. For the first time then she saw the stiffness of her father's face flinch, fall apart for a moment. A sincere astonishment flashed over him. Then the old expression of equanimity returned:
- Good – he nodded. – We'll see which one of us can hold on. – He stood up. His trembling mother suddenly glided between them. – David, she gasped. – The child's body is covered with sores and inflammation! You can't beat him! I am the cause of all this!
- You're right for once, Diana – he said gravely.
- Then hit me! – She cried out.
- I'm ashamed for you, Diana! I would never hit a woman!
- But John is little, little, David! He's much weaker than a woman. A child!
- Stubborn as the devil. Like you, David.

– Diana!

John rushed to the door and opened it.

– I'll go first, Father.

After the beating, his trousers were soaked with blood. He slept badly last night. He had a fever. The next night his father went to dinner at his club and came home very late. On the third day, after dinner, he had another attack when his mother went to the kitchen.

– Dad! - She looked up. His face showed hidden tension.

– Let's go to your room.

The dark, dull eyes scrutinized him.

– How do you feel when I beat you?

– It hurts so much.

– Then why do you want me to beat you?

– I want to go to grandfather.

The big, stiff body now leaned forward. Its head was dark red. The straining steam of his impulse made his voice come out of his throat, oddly, pressed.

– Even if I beat you to death, you won't go! Give it up!

– Christmas, Alton. Her father, with an unusual, fierce movement, rose suddenly and pushed her away.

– Come on! Come on!

John unbuttoned his trousers. From his body he untied his mother's clumsy bandage, which had stuck to his wounds and now they were ripping open again. Warm rivulets of blood ran down her goose-skinned, bare legs. He lay down on the leather chair, the smell of tobacco and animals now familiar in his nostrils. His body tensed. He could feel his wounds opening. He waited. His father didn't move. He could hear his heavy breathing in the silence. His mother's running footsteps knocked across the next room. Her body slammed against the door, dull with wild momentum. She pushed the handle. The door would not let go.

– David! – came through the door, in a trembling voice, but with a tension that made it impossible to doubt her utter determination; "if you strike the child, if you strike him once on the body, I will kill myself here before the door! I swear on Christ and on my own life!"

They both knew he was telling the truth. John rose from the chair and, leaning towards his deathly pale father, wept breathlessly:

– When he's gone to bed. He needn't know.

He shivered in his bed. His mother took his temperature. The thermometer read nearly forty degrees. She was frightened and shivering. She cried desperately. Panic gripped her.

– I'll call a doctor!

– No, Mummy! - Her thin child's voice ordered her mother back to her bedside. - Dad would be so sorry! You mustn't do this! I'll be fine without it.

– I don't care! I want to be shamed! I want to be punished!

– Then we cannot go to Alton. Only this way. Just like this, Mum.

– I don't want to go to Alton! I curse the moment I ever told you about it. Oh, my God, oh, my God! - Her mother sobbed heartbreakingly. Tears were in her eyes, too, a sharp, terrible pain of pity for her mother, but no compassion could touch the goat that radiated a compelling power over her tears.

– I want to, Mommy, and you want to. We must go there. We're going there. At Christmas.

– You don't know your father. He'll never let you.

– He already has, Mom. He doesn't know it yet, but he's allowed it.

He got up in the night and crept into his father's room in his long nightgown. When he opened the door, there was light. He was lying in his father's bed. He held a book in his limp hands, half-folded, and fell asleep reading. His open nightdress showed his thick, naked neck, which, where the collar

had been protected, was a blinding white, the colour of raw flesh above it, as if a foreign head had been cut off with a knife and fitted to his body. She touched his arm.

– I am here, father – she whispered into the face, confused by the sudden awakening, and suddenly filled with wild fear.

– Again? – he stammered hoarsely. The white edge of his mouth twitched. Go to the bottom of hell or to Alton! Wherever you like, but leave me alone!

He reached for the light switch and suddenly flicked it off; it drew darkness between them, he fled into the darkness, he hid. John turned and stumbled out of the room without a word. He and his mother had gone to Alton for Christmas.



A parent must somehow discipline his erring child. Why better to punish him in this way than by beating him:

The dining room was sparkling with cleanliness. The white tablecloth lay obediently on the glass table. Cutlery lay on carefully folded napkins beside the china. The little girl looked over her work once more. Her father had given her the task, and she didn't want to make a mistake. She knew he was angry with her. Perhaps the beautiful tablecloth would atone for his sin. But deep in his heart, he knew his father would not forgive him so easily. All through dinner, he had dreaded what punishment he would dish out. He could see in her face that she already knew. It made her even more frightened. Her trembling fork went to her plate, but this time she was not scolded for it. When the meal was finished, her father carefully wiped her mouth with the napkin and turned to her, "I hope you enjoyed your meal. We made it from your Easter bunny."

Anna Szalai, Népszabadság – Weekend supplement, 11 December 2004 (page 2).



According to the children, a slap is even more bearable than that. Instead of children "beaten" as a result of our undemocratic laws, the world will be flooded with a horde of mentally damaged, neurotically destroyed children. Physical injuries from a beating heal within 8 days, mental ones never. Even if the child forgets about it in time, it works in him subconsciously and haunts him as an adult, triggering various phobias. According to psychologists, years of neglect, emotional neglect, bullying and psychological terror can leave a much more serious scar than a beating. The perpetrator cannot be punished because this wound is invisible and cannot be proven. While the physical injury can be witnessed by a vision, the psychological injury is difficult to detect. And it is impossible to prove because there are no witnesses to its commission. Isn't that what we should be fighting against?

But the problem of violence against family members is even more complex. Our sociologists warn that child abuse and neglect are increasingly the result of parents being increasingly overwhelmed by the need to make ends meet. Adults often take the stress of insecurity and unemployment out on vulnerable children. Our politicians should be more concerned with this. Instead of child protection laws, we should have adult protection laws, guaranteeing the right of all parents to work and ensuring that families can earn a decent living. Normal living conditions would reduce domestic violence far more than laws banning restraining orders, corporal punishment and other forms of violence. The most effective way to control anger is to eliminate the root cause.

Sociological surveys show that children are beaten even in wealthy families. There they are not without reason. The nerves of wealthy parents are frayed by the struggle for existence, the desire for money imposed on contemporary society, the fear of being left behind, the fear of impoverishment. The new Child Protection Act adds to the psychological burden. Now they can't even relax at home. They must constantly fear being denounced by their ungrateful children. If, in their nervousness, they slap their child, he or she will run to the police and land them in jail. In many cases, this is not necessary. All it takes is for them to give them less pocket money than they asked for, and the child will slander their parents in revenge. The law requires the authorities to act in all such cases, even if

the accusation is unfounded. This is no joke. In the United States, if a parent is seen beating a child, all it takes is a phone call and the police will take the abuser away in handcuffs. Then they are prosecuted and can face up to 3 years in prison.

Isn't the world bad enough? Now family members are turning each other into criminals, enemies for life. So new laws should be made more carefully. We should not be making new laws that create more stress, psychological terror and unrest, but we should be creating order in society. In this world, parents will raise their children normally without any law.



Many people complain today that we are being torn apart by an increasingly poor generation, with the majority of today's young people no longer able to cope with life in any area. Today's youth are consumerist, pleasure-seeking, irresponsible and inattentive. Respect within the family also depends on the ability of parents to finesse their children's increasingly expensive lifestyles. More and more young people are becoming drop-outs, passive consumers, unhealthy and often self-destructive failures. The lack of stable relationships and the declining number of children are also due to the inability to resist the temptation of the moment, putting today's comfort before tomorrow's happiness.

The reason, according to esotericism, is that we are now living in the „Iron Age”, that is, we are facing an all-encompassing and cleansing catastrophe. Since souls of quality have no desire to be „drugged” into the machinery of the apocalypse, only souls who are comfortable with this world are being born on Earth these days. The precious souls, the great teachers and guides of previous ages, are waiting for the new "Golden Age" that is about to dawn, and they will be born into this new world to lift our civilization out of its present mire. But until then, we must make do with what we get and what we deserve. We adults are also responsible for the current behaviour of the young generation. We have made an already bad situation even worse by our educational methods. We have read about our bad habits or failure to educate in several places in the three esoteric volumes. Now let's see what renowned author Gábor Czakó thinks about this problem:

In my youth, there were many ages. There were babies who became babies, then children, adolescents, young people, middle-aged, old people, old people, old people. Each tried to live and behave according to his or her age: to adapt, to obey, to rebel, to work, to be educated, to nurture and to conform. More recently, since it has become fashionable to confuse thought and wisdom with ideology, even young children are treated as adults, denied a life example, denied guidance, and forced to become the „pack leader” of the family without any life experience. Unable to do the job, of course, they become hysterical, screaming, hyperactive; distracted, dyslexic, and kick and spit on their mothers. They beg for a slap on the wrist, as Konrad Lorenz writes in his book *The Eight Deadly Sins of Mankind*:

– **Cardinal sin 7:** Begging in vain, not getting a slap, liberal educational ideology forbids parents to put their offspring in their place.

Order, and therefore order in life, begins with finding one's place in the world. He who has filled his place, has outgrown it, moves up: becomes a servant, an assistant, a master. But in our modernised age, everything has changed. Ideologically dumbed-down parents themselves fall out of order and deny themselves to their children, who grow up poor, spiritual orphans. Parents are seen as a bunch of miserable wretches who are not role models. A servile coward is not worth identifying with – writes Lorenz – You can and should ask your mum and dad for money, of course. And they give, panting, straining their strength, and in this way win some love from their offspring. They try to buy their hearts with a car, a flat, an appanage – like a slut. To talk? Talk about what? About what? With whom? Who will take advice from someone they despised in the cradle?

Liberal ideology denies hierarchy, order, elevation, but there is contempt, and there is aspiration. It is only because of this denial, because of the Spirit of Denial, that the path becomes externalized from the inner, which ultimately means the blocking of the inner path. "There is only one knowledge, the rest is only a patchwork: the earth beneath you, the sky above you, the ladder within you"

– writes Sándor Weöres. The ladder is an ancient symbol: Jacob saw a ladder in his dream when he was fighting the angel, and various ancient initiation ceremonies also use the ladder-step symbol. St. John of Ladder (580-650) led his disciples through thirty ladders to the love of God. The two lines quoted by Sándor Weöres give the basic structure of human existence. We are the link between heaven and earth, and our path must be taken not on the external blind alleys of career, money and success, but on the ladder of inner ascent.

A child brought up without a ladder goes to school, grows a moustache, earns a doctorate, but avoids the inner path to adulthood because it has not been shown to him. Biological maturation is not followed by spiritual maturation. In adolescence, his relationship with his parents deteriorates as much as usual, but he does not become an adult, but remains something strange and new-fashioned: neither a child nor an adolescent, neither a youth nor an adult. Barbie material. She's over thirty, but she's still in some kind of school. She's been living with someone for seven years, but doesn't feel mature enough to marry. She speaks languages, has enough money, but doesn't know what to do with herself. He has no self-criticism, no self-criticism, and his sense of humour is the usual comedy: making fun of others. If only he could laugh from the heart, at himself, he could grow up. So, when in crisis, he recalls his difficult childhood as a testimony that he still belongs there. In other words, he manages to become a dog, but he has not yet reached the point of making his own decisions, much less taking responsibility. At 40, he behaves in a similar way: his favourite pastime is computer role-playing, in which he imagines himself as a witch, a wizard, an assassin, like a six-year-old. Very often, he becomes so absorbed, so deep in the tepid ostrich sand of the game, that he needs to be treated as an addict. If he has reached the age of fifty, and in the meantime has accidentally married, he divorces and looks for a teenager with whom he can start his immaturity afresh. The adolescent has not changed his way of life, but follows the fashions of youth in music, dance, dress and hair colour.



In the Middle Ages, old people were held in high esteem. They were revered for their wisdom and young people sought their experience. Now let's see how much today's young people value their elders. This is best illustrated by a picture posted on Facebook of two elderly women clinging on to a tram, and none of the young people sitting around them has the presence of mind to give up their seats. The blog posts below also show how young people, known as Generation Y, feel about the situation.⁸⁴ One of them said:

Csaba Gábor:

I bought the season ticket for money, so I wouldn't be able to sit down.



Attila Stefán:

Well, there is no personal seat in public transport. No, there is no seat for the person who gets on the bus first. Why should a young person get up, because he bought his ticket just like the older people.



Szilvia Balta:

You should have got these answers from your mother.



They travel for free and they want to sit down??? And we work and buy the expensive season tickets. It's not our fault they are old!!! They're cheeky.



Lily Nagy:

⁸⁴ <http://www.szeretlekmagyarorszag.hu/durva-kommenthaboru-indult-a-kep-alatt-amelyet-dombi-posztolt-ki/>

What the fuck? Is it too much of a burden to stand a few stops? They won't die, you can hold on! I'm not giving up my seat to the rest for any money. I got there first. If they don't like it, they can change buses.



János Völfinger:

Why should the old man get the seat? DIE WHOEVER MAKES DEMANDS! When I'm old, I'll be working to help the young. The nyuggerek⁸⁵ are literally harmful to the environment.



Krizsma Robin:

As long as I'm supporting the retired, I think I have the right to sit down on my way to or from work and not reflexively give up my seat. If he opens his mouth, if he wants to sit down because he's old, I'm happy to give up my seat, but as long as he's quietly buggering around, he can stand until morning, and if that makes me a jerk, so be it.



Bástya Viktor.

A két öreg ült már eleget. Nemsokára úgyis fekszenek.



Viktor Bástya.

The two old men have done enough time. They'll be in bed soon enough.



Róbert Bodollai:

What's the matter, vigorous old women?



Ágnes Galgóczi

I wish you to live to the age that aunties understand, and then you will know the answer. Think about it when you stand there, tired and old, next to the young.



Szabolcs Regős:

I, when I was in high school, saw an old lady on a mostly empty bus, bullying a young man because he wouldn't jump up from the seat where the old lady wanted to sit. Because the others didn't suit her. And I also remember that such witches were the quickest to rush onto the bus with their elbows in the way, to then perform the death of the swan next to a seat.



Dániel Darvas:

If they can sprint 30 meters after the bus, they can wait the fucking 2 stops. And let's say, they shouldn't go to the market when there is rush hour, but e.g. at 11am when the buses are empty.



Icus Tné:

You know these little quiet people worked to give you free education, free health care. Believe me the little damn „nyuggerek” often go to sugar labs and are often ordered in during rush hour traffic.



Irén Horváth:

Stupid who hurts the elderly. They rebuilt the country. They went without in the fifties. Now they

⁸⁵ A nickname for pensioners used by young people. And the cart that old ladies pull behind them in the market is called a "hag tank".

run to the market and to the kindergarten not for themselves, but for their grandchildren. They got used to having to fight hard for everything. And the little girls just sit on their mobiles. Did you train them to be like that?



Andrea Ungár:

It takes two hands to press the phone. No? You have to sit down, please! If you're standing, you have to hold on, and you can't use a mobile phone with one hand. Stand, old man! He doesn't have a smartphone to press.



Kriszta Hegedűs:

Well written Dombi... This is our Life. This is the world that awaits us, unfortunately. Today's young people have lost all respect and appreciation. The elderly must be helped, respected and not humiliated. They have worked their whole lives and don't deserve it. I feel ashamed.



Martina A. Winkler:

I am shocked to read how many primitive commenters there are. I hope these scribblers don't live through all that as current retirees. No one has been through what they have. Nobody knows what it was like to be terrified during the world war, to starve during the revolution. They went through a lot. They're used to shopping in the morning and toiling at home and at work afterwards.



Zoltán Borbély Richárd:

I was taught to give my place to the elderly. But after I moved up to the capital, my attitude changed completely. If you can run to the bus, you can stand. Especially if it only goes about 2 stops.



László Mezei:

I often travel by tram, but even if they passed it, I wouldn't sit down. I often take the tram, but I wouldn't sit on it. They jump around until morning, only regretting the few minutes of rest from their elders.



Zoltán Szűcs:

Technology or no technology, rudeness is a sad thing! Where I live, they say it's like that: "Cei sapte ani de acasa", meaning "The first seven years at home...". Which they seem to have missed out on completely. Sadly, the world has never moved on for the better.



Ede Egán:

I read the comments here... Well, tough... Basically, the problem is not that teenagers question why they have to give up their space and rebel – because teenagers are like that – but why their good sweet mum and dad didn't teach them that.



Kovácsné Eta:

Tudjátok fiatalok, majd ha megvénültök, a ti gyerekeitek azt adják vissza nektek, amit ti adtok most nekünk. Ha önzőnek nevelitek őket, annak ti is áldozatátul estek.



Tünde Szauervein:

If someone's mother didn't teach them to show respect, it's useless to explain why. But life goes on, and if you think it's unnecessary to show respect to your elders now, life and your own age will make you realise that there are more than just written rules.



Helga Bősze:

You little bastards! I have two teenage kids, but I'd turn them inside out if they behaved like that...



Mari Puskás:

These old women have had it, I mean they're old. Whether you'll live to see it, I'm not sure.



Adrienn Mészáros and Dániel Konrád:

These aunties jump over the little girls six times until they move. By the time the little girl logs on to Facebook, mommy has dug up the garden, fed the chickens and baked an apple pie.



Veronika Edömér:

Yeah, it's like that everywhere... Not once, not twice, when I was pregnant, they didn't give me a place. An old lady stood me up so I could sit down.



Nora Kedves:

When I was pregnant and had to go for examinations every day, the sad thing was that only an old lady wanted to give me a seat, because the university students, tired of the festival, were staring out of the window with glassy eyes.



Barbara Kereskényi:

I'm pregnant. I am 4 months pregnant with twins, which means I have a huge belly. But no one thinks to give me the space. Yesterday, on the tram, a lady said indignantly that it's a shame in today's world... She stood up with her cane so I could sit down. Of course, nobody moved.



Kitti Kumi:

I can tell by looking at her whether or not I want to give up my seat. With pregnant women, I'm like, if she's taking it, let her take it. I don't give my seat to that!



Lilla Umstädter Lippai:

They didn't give me their seat even when I was pregnant. People were so engrossed in their mobile phones that they didn't even notice that there was a new mum standing next to them. Sometimes they could really look up from their so-called smart phones.



Andi Bilik:

When I travel with my two-and-a-half-year-old daughter, none of them stand up. They watch as I stand there with my toddler. I can only congratulate you!!! They must be very tired at school or while pushing the mobile phone.



Ani Szabó:

Sad to see so many orphaned youngsters. They certainly didn't have parents to tell them how to behave. Or maybe they are just dark, rude, brainless creatures. They are pathetic.



Nikolett Perhócs:

Such young people are the age of the 21st century. Daddy bought the top mobile for 300,000. Their hands were never dirty. They only heard about work in school books. But they know everything, they understand everything. They are the future!



Máté Pozsár and Vivien Teres Timea:

It's up to you to decide who you give your seat to, but I think a pensioner can make it once he's on the bus. Just because someone is beyond the Xth year of his life doesn't mean he is dead.



Judit Mátyus:

I would just like to write, let the poor young people sit, because when they get old, they can stand long enough!!!



László Pápai József:

Poor old people don't even want to sit down, because they won't be able to stand up because of their joints!!!



Anna Szarka:

Young people in Germany are no better. To make sure no one sits next to them, they put their bags on the seat above the window and sit down next to them to press the phone.



Erika Cirbus:

I have lived in Germany for 17 years. I travel every day, on the metro, bus, tram. Never, not once, have I seen a young person give up his seat to an older one. This is what they call here: Zero Respect. And unfortunately they believe it.



Judit Szabó:

That's the way to be young! I hope you will get it back, much harder!



Szócska Konstantin:

I'll get it back in triplicate some day, these little uneducated lice.



László Galyas:

I was about 30 years old when I wanted to give a seat on the bus to a 65 year old lady. She told me why I looked so old, she made the bus roar and even I felt uncomfortable because I was being polite. Since then I only give up my seat to mothers and people with children.



Ágnes Schreighart:

I have always respected the elderly Do you realise how much they have lived through, survived? They didn't learn it from a book, they were there!



Nikoletta Dranka-Dim:

The elderly should be allowed to go to the bus stop, so that they can get on the bus first. I've met drivers who told me that the elderly should go first!



Zsolt Tokár:

It's all a question of education. The world is ripe for destruction! Brainless, liberal jerks have invaded our country too.



Ildikó Szirmai:

People, why do we hate each other so much. Old is young. The young hate the old. The seller the buyer. Doctor to patient. Patient to doctor. Passenger the driver. Driver to passenger. We are pretty much in the same shoes. Young people can be tired. The old can be rested. We could be a little more understanding. The world would be a better place for all of us. And it's up to us.



Zsolt Győri:

They are the key to our future. May I die if I trigger you out. "Géza Hofi"



The lack of education, the abandonment of youth and the unrestrained use of weapons often end in tragedies. This is the reason for the almost routine shooting sprees in American schools, where frustrated students murder their peers and teachers with firearms brought from home. On 16 April 2007, an American student of South Korean descent went on a bloodbath at Virginia Tech University. Armed with two pistols and a pile of ammunition, he started shooting and killed 32 people. At the end of his rampage, he committed suicide. Meanwhile, he had time to post his message to the NBC television network. "You had a hundred billion opportunities and ways to avoid today, but you chose to spill my blood instead. You backed me into a corner and left me with only one option. The choice was yours. Now you have blood on your hands that you will never wash off."



What can a teacher do if a student spits on him? What can he do if the stronger child regularly beats the weaker one? Can he do something if he takes away his valuables, like his mobile phone? Can you intervene if an aggressive group is regularly taking protection money from the needy weaker ones? Does our legal system protect teachers, or do they only stand up for the rights of pupils? According to participants at a recent meeting of the Public Education Civil Forum for Teachers (PECIFO), teachers are extremely vulnerable. Aggression in schools is on the increase and cannot be dissociated from social processes outside school. The media are flooded with shocking images of war and terrorist attacks. Action films show dozens of characters killing each other. If in the films of our time there are not at least three dead in the first minute, people switch to another channel where there is more blood. The more violence, the more brutality, the higher the ratings. And commercial channels need that because they can advertise. That is why violence is pouring out of the electronic media day and night, with no regard for minors. Children are beginning to not even imagine dying a natural death. "Who shot grandma?" – asked a kindergarten girl at her grandmother's funeral. Today's culture is violence-centered. Much of family conflict is (or is not) resolved by some form of pressure, and there is no lack of aggression in the workplace.

- Surprising as it may seem, aggression is a fact of life – said Zsuzsanna Vajda, psychologist and associate professor at the University of Szeged. All living creatures struggle for survival, those who don't are seriously ill. Somewhere in all of us, the desire for positioning is at work. Childhood is a kind of dynamic force field, experimentation with limits: how far can one go? Unrestrained assertion of interests is often hindered by the development of civilisation, the rules of society. In the process of education and upbringing, control becomes psychological, it becomes part of the human personality. We learn that the assertion of interests cannot be unrestrained and at the expense of others.

For a long time, school was one of the greatest achievements of the 19th and 20th centuries, fulfilling the function of a positive socialisation model. Today, this seems to be breaking down. Excessive individualism and uninhibited self-assertion have become a social phenomenon, and schools have not been spared. There is an internal hierarchy among children, based on power and advantage. At the same time, the law and cultural custom are hypocritically anti-violent. Parental slapping is criminalised by law, and teachers are not allowed to look in pupils' bags if they suspect theft. The

school cannot interfere in the student's life outside school, because this would violate personal rights. Parents, however, hold the school responsible. They are also to blame for their own failings: the tense, anxious family atmosphere means that there is neither the time nor the patience for social education, not to mention the fact that in many places the family itself is not a good role model for any positive role models. The school cannot take responsibility for everything. Teachers today have neither the tools nor the methodological knowledge to solve these problems. They feel the weight of responsibility and therefore ask for help. They want a more relaxed school, where there is time to talk to the children and not a constant battle with time to „hand in” the curriculum. It would also be good if there was time and energy to work with families. Without this, school aggression is rapidly increasing and becoming unmanageable.

Népszabadság, Mária Bonifert, 9 February 2006 (page 18)

The current teacher-student relationship has already inspired humorists. The Hungarian Radio's "Fellegi's dad and the kid" scene was broadcast on Kabarécsütörtök on 04.09.2003. Web address: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-nhdMaCrXjc> (start: 6 minutes)⁸⁶



The American writer Frank Herbert put it this way: "Our modern age teaches cowardice. You lower the standards that would lead to courage. You are withholding the will. You are closing the horizon. Every move you make is ruled by law." The democratization of our society, the elimination of pain and suffering, is also manifested in our cultural creations. It is already making itself felt in literature, the visual arts and music. We are writing increasingly substandard novels, short stories and newspaper articles. No wonder, there is nothing to write about. Our lives have become a bore, overseen by ombudsmen, shaken up only by the occasional act of terrorism. The development of the soul, the fulfilment of individual karma, has become almost impossible, because the laws of democratic states carefully protect us from „unjust” suffering. Today, miracles are no longer the same. They are as insignificant and petty as we are. In such circumstances, journalists are also in agony. They search for heroic efforts, but find only clumsy figures and meaningless stories. One example of their efforts is a report following an accident. On the spot, it turned out that there is a difference between rumour and reality. While the rumour reflects our desires, the reality reflects our current grey lives. It has only one thing to say: the miracle we had hoped for has failed to happen.

"A young man fell from four stories. He came to the capital from the countryside and found work in the construction industry. He fell from a forklift truck, but survived the fall. They would say he was born twice."

The journalist was immediately captivated by the story, imagining how the young man must have felt at the moment of the fall, how his life had turned out and how fate had been kind to him. So he went to the traumatology institute, asked around and found the patient. On the bed lay a middle-aged man with his hands tied behind his back. The journalist commanded compassion on his face, crept gently, like a cougar, to the bed and said in a voice that was as dead as a doornail:

- You were very lucky.
- You're very lucky.
- Don't exert yourself. What were you thinking when you fell?
- I don't remember anything.
- That's understandable. You made a miraculous escape. The man doesn't speak.
- But you do realize how lucky you were, don't you?
- Well, I feel it. I can feel it, please.
- I hear your collarbone's broken.
- My arm. They're operating tomorrow.
- You have a family?

⁸⁶ Left-click on the slider of the Flash Player window and drag it to the desired value.

- I have a family. I fell next to my wife.
- From the forklift?
- No, from the attic. Quiet. A never-ending awkward silence. This man is not that man.
- Then how high was the attic? – the journalist asks in anguish.
- About two metres. Silence again.

Katalin Tyápai – Népszabadság, 8 November 2000 (page 11)



The media are abuzz with the election campaign. Once again, countless unkeepable promises are being made. The people in power praise themselves to the skies. So now we know how the politicians want the country to look. But let's see how it is in reality:

Early on Tuesday morning, I arrived in Záhony by car, and from there I wanted to go to the Ukrainian town of Chap. I bought a return ticket for the 7.47 train. I hear an international train leaving in 10 minutes from track 5. I go outside, look around, there is a dilapidated wagon on track 5. I get on. I see nothing. Cigarette smoke, black walls, graffiti, stench, no seats. Cigarette sellers "temporarily in our country" are heading back to Bar, swearing in every language, shouting. The conductor comes up. I ask where to go to the toilet, because there is no door on the existing one. The answer: we'll be in Csap in 17 minutes, he'll do his job there! He goes to check the tickets. Of course there are no tickets. He collects the money but does not give us a ticket! I ask him what time is the return train from Chap. The answer: ask MÁV, we don't get timetables anymore, there is no money. Finally, they announce that the international train is leaving immediately. Such a disastrous situation did not exist in this country in the 1950s and 1960s. Now we are in the 21st century. We are EU members, hurrah! Buy new Stadler wagons, in a few months they will look exactly like this!

Letter to the editor – Metro, 10 January 2006 (page 10)



Our politicians expected the country's fate to change for the better by joining the European Union. But it turns out that accession alone will not turn Hungary into a milk-and-butter Canaan. We must do something for prosperity and wealth. The idea then came to those in charge that tourism needed a boost. We should ask Hungarian stars living abroad or of Hungarian origin to promote the old country and attract tourists to us. The first promotional film to boost the country's image was shot with Tony Curtis, the world-famous film actor. However, tourists did not flock to our little country to see it. Our politicians are now at a loss. But there is no shortage of ideas. The little people, the journalists, are giving us better and better advice. Some of them are obvious solutions:

It's a great idea to make a propaganda film about Hungary to attract tourists, but I have better ideas. Let's clean our toilets every now and then, especially at border crossings, train stations, public buildings, restaurants, rest areas near motorways. Let's dig our sweet home out from under the piles of shit and rubbish, throwing the cigarette butts in the ashtray. Weeds (ragweed, etc.) from our golden fields, and dregs from our silver rivers. Refrain from serving spoiled food and watery wine in restaurants. Let's not rob foreign tourists with astronomical restaurant bills. Reduce the number of pickpockets to the absolute minimum. Allow pedestrians to cross the zebra crossing; use deodorant and occasionally shine shoes. Stop being rude, rude and aggressive. Find shelter for the homeless, and remove graffiti from at least some buildings. Increase the average speed of the railways to 40 km/h and install a few rail wagons in which people can travel without feeling sick. No more potholes on the roads. And let's try to stick to it for 30-40 years! Success is guaranteed, and the benefits are twofold: foreigners will come here, and we won't want to leave!

Éva Mattyasovszky – Népszabadság, 7 November 2003 (page 12)



Fate has already denied us the opportunity to enjoy ourselves. For many, football was a source of relaxation and recreation. But the disgraceful performance of our national eleven, our humiliating

defeats over the years, have only served to annoy the fans. Ferencváros SC, one of the top club teams in the country, is also a true reflection of the current „low” in the domestic situation:

"The championship in the second tier of Hungarian football has also ended, and FTC will not continue the chase for points in the first division next season. The club, which was expelled from the NB I last year by a green-table decision, has this year „fought its way” on the pitch „in its own right” to „fight its way” back into the second tier next year. The problem is big. In the last round, for example, they could only manage a miserable goalless draw against Baktalórántháza. True, even if they had won, it would not have been enough for salvation, as the fate of the Greens had been out of their hands for weeks. Their big rivals, Nyíregyháza, were two points ahead of the Budapest Greens before the last round, and they would have had to lose a point or points in the final game to give Fradi at least a mathematical chance of promotion.

In fact, the problems did not start now, before the last round, and not even a few weeks ago, when Nyíregyháza took the lead from FTC. Fradi, who had been performing well on the pitch, had been plagued by a lack of money for many years, and although several investors had appeared on the horizon over the years, the situation was not about to normalise. Most recently, a Hong Kong company withdrew its support, but before that, many had promised a miracle, but for some reason it never happened. Although in today's world it is almost all about money, at the root of FRADI's woes is a long-standing and gradually deepening moral crisis. The last investor to come to Üllői út with a truly big bankroll was Gábor Várszegi, but despite the millions he put into the coffers, the fans of Ferencváros could never forgive him for his origins. Nor could they forgive the fact that the businessman saw "only" business in the then popular club, but his heart was drawn to another team, the old rival MTK.

Today, even those who only suspected it at the time know that the management of Ferencváros a few years ago bears responsibility for having turned a deaf ear to the way in which a section of the audience, dubbed the 12th player, had been shouting derogatory slogans at the team owner.⁸⁷ He eventually left Üllői út. Since then, there have only been promises. During the last match, the exasperated fans chanted "You are simply nothing", and after the final whistle, other fans stayed and threw stones and beer bottles at the stadium. On a pitch that a few years ago hosted Real Madrid or Ajax, then in their heyday, they were trying to beat Baktalórántháza. In vain. Just as they had failed to win against Budafok a week earlier and against another small team last Saturday, the Green Eagles were unable to win. They can't sell the FTC Üllői út stadium either. It has been advertised three times, but nobody wants it.

Péter S. Föld – Metro, June 18, 2007.



The Hungarian economy has been doing better and better in recent years. More and more of the growing national income goes to culture. The government spares no expense to support theatres, music schools and the careers of young artists. The only thing they don't spend on is the most important thing: promoting Hungarian culture internationally. There is no doubt that more and more tourists are coming to visit our music events. But travelling abroad is expensive, so not everyone can afford it. Most people do not have the time to travel abroad because of a lack of time or professional commitments. So they just listen to music and other entertainment at home. The bottom of this camp are the 5 million Hungarians who listen to excellent Hungarian songs and cabaret shows on radio and television every day. But they can't find it. Commercial radio and TV channels no longer play old hits or put on air cabaret routines that have been popular for decades. No matter, they think. There's the Internet, we'll listen on YouTube.

But these days, there's no way to do that. Public radio and television have systematically blocked all the old songs and cabaret sketches they own from YouTube. They've gone on a rampage. None of the popular cabaret sketches are available online. They were uploaded by fans of the genre and

⁸⁷ Standing up, they chanted Jew-bashing slogans. The whole stadium resounded with anti-Semitic howls.

by people who wanted to win. It's all very well to fight the soldiers of fortune and those who prey on others, but this is not how it should have been done. They should have uploaded these songs and cabaret sketches legally first, so that Google would pay them, and then they should have blocked the illegal videos uploaded without permission. If the world at large can't hear our songs, they won't know them. And here at home, a generation is growing up that has never heard of the excellent songs and cabaret sketches that were produced in this country decades ago. And if they don't know about it, they won't look for it. And so, in a few decades, the most valuable part of our culture will fade into obscurity.

The leaders of public radio and television could take a leaf out of Hungaroton's book. The managers of the Hungarian Record Company have realised that the demand for old Hungarian songs has dwindled to the point where there is no hope of releasing new records. Not because people are not interested in the old songs, but because almost everyone is streaming music now. Almost nobody buys CDs. Why bother when you can listen to your favourite songs for free on the internet. So in January 2016, Hungaroton's management decided to upload all the songs they owned to YouTube. They did not make a bad decision. Slowly, but steadily, interest in quality songs is growing. In time, they will be able to earn a substantial income. The biggest benefit, however, is that these songs will not be forgotten, but will be preserved forever for posterity.



The heirs have blocked the works of Attila József, Miklós Radnóti, Sándor Weöres and Géza Gárdonyi from the Hungarian Electronic Library (MEK) for lack of royalties. (Népszabadság, 3 May 2005. The article is entitled Authors and Heirs.) Later, István Örkény's works were banned from another electronic library.

When they did this, they stole the Hungarian nation beyond the border and the international cultural relations of the Hungarian nation. (An important target group: disadvantaged students who cannot afford to buy the very many Hungarian literary works that they have to access in a very short time as compulsory reading.) A significant proportion of MEK's readers are Hungarians from outside the country. In Romania and Slovakia, a separate mirror server facilitates access. The MEK is even more important for the ethnic Hungarian community. Many live in countries where it is very difficult to get Hungarian books. Is it worth it for the royalty heirs to cut them off from the works of Attila József, Radnóti, Gárdonyi?

MEK also means a lot to citizens and professionals interested in our culture in countries far away from us. A few years ago, the Hungarian department of the University of Yerevan turned to Hungarian librarians to help them get access to Hungarian literature, because since their separation from Moscow, this has been impossible for them. We were happy to recommend the MEK for immediate help. Now they will no longer find in it the poems of two of the three greatest Hungarian poets of the 20th century, nor the Egri Stars, which must be very close to the hearts of the Armenians who suffered so much at the hands of the Turks. The article does not mention the time limit of the royalty. Royalties can only be claimed up to the 70th anniversary of the author's death, and the royalty heir can only have a say in the publication of the work until then. Mr Makai will then no longer have any say in this. Less than a thousand days. We will count the days!

György Válas – Népszabadság, 25 May 2005 (page 15)



The most characteristic symptom of our times is the spread of talmi, worthless works and products. Goods that are attractive on the outside, but rubbish in terms of their intrinsic value, have also appeared on the book market. This was the complaint of a customer:

Before Christmas I went into the bookshop on my way to buy a storybook for my child. Before I left for my child's bookstore, just before the first day of the shopping season, I went to buy a book for my child. After all, it was a gift, no matter what it looked like. It's called A Christmas Surprise. Its colourful cover looked like it had been wrapped in ribbon. It had pine boughs and a golden bell. After finding it very attractive, I threw it in my basket. The surprise came at home when I opened it.

On the first page I found it strange that in a farmhouse bathroom dogs and horses were bathing and grooming themselves. I know that a fairy tale can be very far removed from reality, so this grotesque situation may seem plausible to children. But my sense of reality is not at rest when I realise that on our farms there is no electricity, let alone plumbing, sewage and bathrooms.

The animals are looking forward to Christmas, but not much is revealed about the meaning of this in the book. But we do learn about the cow's Christmas present: „The cow is crying. | We'll start with him. | He asked for a rubber glove. | He'll get the best of it. | That way the milk stays clean." This slightly daft verse shows such a lack of understanding and knowledge that there's nothing to add. In the following lines of verse about the kitten's gift we read. | He can have a computer. (This gem of our willow poet was peppered with two spelling mistakes.) Continuing the tale, "Inside is the agile mouse. | Seeks a goal and gets there." It's all very well to assume that every parent today is familiar with the computer mouse, but what is the control knob doing in the device? There is no point in going on with the nonsense that the author is spouting, because the point is not this, but the phenomenon. This case proves that, if packaged properly, any rubbish can be sold on the market, but without a fancy appearance, even the finest, most useful product will remain unsaleable. The situation is no better for works for adults. In keeping with the spirit of the times, best-selling books offer a gimmick. Get rich quick with little effort, or get well quick. But the promised cure is usually not forthcoming. But the riches are sure to come once in a while: the author makes a good living from his work.



On Friday, the Zala County Court put an end to three years of proceedings. Oszkár Gyöngy did not attend Friday's sentencing. He had more important things to do: he was building a new pen for his piglets. When he heard from me that he had been reprimanded, he fell on my neck with joy. All this is understandable, as the Zala County Prosecutor's Office has asked the court for a suspended prison sentence and to appoint guardians for the Gyöngy girls.

Indictment:

The story of the Gyöngy family has been covered in several newspaper articles and TV reports in recent years. The Beads came to prominence in 1997 when they made a radical break with their former traditional way of life. Since then, they have been living in a yurt in nomadic conditions, keeping harsh livestock and farming. For years, nothing threatened the family idyll, but in 2000, the Zala County Prosecutor's Office charged the parents with child endangerment for not sending 14-year-old Ramona and 10-year-old Ildiko to school. - During the proceedings, I looked it up: endangering a minor means that an adult puts a child in physical, mental or moral danger," says 42-year-old Oszkár Gyöngy. It's true that we didn't send our daughters to school because we feel that today's Hungarian school system does more harm than good to an open, interested, developing personality. In school, they would have been taught only the facts, but we believe that mere memory enhancement is not the same as education.

The Pearl parents feel that their daughters have learned much more about the world in the yurt over the past 6 years than they would have if they had gone to school. The girls now excel at sewing, braiding, weaving, baking and cooking, milking goats, gardening and horse riding. They were taught to read and write by their mother, who used to work as a teacher. Reading has been a favourite pastime for the two girls for years.

- We get a lot of books from our friends and people in the village, so we have a lot to read — says Ramóna, who would be in the third year of high school if she were in school. — I like Jókai best, I've read about twenty of his novels so far. But I really liked Dostoevsky's Crime and Punishment and Tolstoy's Resurrection. And Balzac's novels. I have a reader's diary, I write down the sentences I like best.

Adaptation:

I wonder how the 17-year-old teenage girl imagines her future.

- I never think years ahead – says Ramóna. – I love living here and I might stay here for the rest of my life. We are not lonely, we have visitors almost every day in the summer: friends and strangers alike.

Love has not yet touched her, and she has only met her best friend, who lives 300 kilometres away, twice in person. Ramóna says they correspond constantly and feel very close in spirit. Oskar Gyöngy says that his daughters would have no problem if they decided to live in a big city.

- They might have a disadvantage at the beginning because of the lack of certificates, but they would soon adapt to the unusual circumstances – says the head of the family. – We have taught them intellectual and emotional openness in particular, and their situational awareness and adaptability are significantly better than average.

In Hungary, children are of compulsory school age between 6 and 16. Parents who fail to enrol or send their children to school are liable to prosecution by the local notary for failure to comply with compulsory school attendance. If the sanction imposed by the notary – usually a fine – is not effective, he or she must file a complaint with the competent public prosecutor's office for child endangerment. In Zala County, the prosecutor's office prosecutes 10-15 cases of child endangerment every year, but only rarely is the reason for prosecution for failure to attend school. The case of the Gyöngys is absolutely unique: there has never been an example of someone not sending their children to school on the grounds of principle or morality. – The court proceedings have made our lives miserable – says Ildikó, the girls' mother. – The younger daughter was terrified of being taken away from us and put in an institution. When she saw an unfamiliar car approaching, she ran into the woods in fear. We had to take the girls for psycho-educational tests on several occasions, but we couldn't forget about it in everyday life, it was the main topic of conversation in the family for years.

Stage 2:

Last May, the Zalaegerszeg City Court acquitted Oszkár Gyöngy and his wife of the charge of endangering a minor, but the county prosecutor's office appealed and asked the court of second instance to impose a suspended prison sentence and a probation supervision order. The county court overturned the first-instance judgment, finding that Oscar Gyöngy and his wife had committed the offence charged in the indictment –endangering their minor children – and therefore reprimanded them both. However, the Court of Appeal also stated that the Gyöngys' actions were so dangerous to society that a more severe sentence or the placement of the children in foster care would have been unjustified. The convicted yurt makers were therefore not a danger to society.

- We have learnt a lot in these three years – says Oscar Gyöngy. – We have understood the logic of the authorities and why they started the proceedings.

At the same time, the other side also learned a lot: they got to know our lives, our way of thinking, they understood our arguments, they could see that our daughters are sensitive, open-minded people. It is true that on paper we are now being condemned, but we have been given our freedom. So far we have lived happily here in the yurt. Now I am sure that we will continue to do so.

At the moment, there are no aggregate figures on how many children in Hungary do not complete compulsory schooling. Nor is it known what proportion of local notaries are complying with their legal obligation to take infringement proceedings against parents who do not send their children to school. Education experts estimate that around 6-8% of primary school-age pupils drop out of the education system in the process, while the proportion of children not enrolled in school can be as high as 1-2%, at least in the most deprived counties.

Péter Cseri – Népszabadság, 8 March 2003 (page 10)



There are more and more threats to the survival of our new democracy. Many fear the advance of extreme right-wing forces, others fear the minefield of disunity resulting from the multi-party system. But the main danger is the deterioration in living standards, the insecurity of existence. People are unprepared for the farsightedness of capitalism, which has been much condemned in the past. Rational management, forced by free competition, has eliminated unemployment within factories and institutions, which has manifested itself in real unemployment. Millions of people lost their

secure jobs and livelihoods. With the state no longer interfering in the management of firms, wage-bargaining ceased, and „cotton-men” became redundant. Companies are free to decide on the remuneration of their key employees. And the removal of state subsidies and the „recovery” of the price of services has led to drastic price rises in all areas of life. It is not for nothing that many people say: „Communism was better than this”. It is interesting to note that the country with the greatest dissatisfaction in the former socialist camp is the country that has gained the most from regime change.

According to a survey by the Rosa Luxemburg Foundation, East Germans in their early 30s were disappointed with the united Germany and lost faith in the future. The survey of a sample of 1200 people, then aged 14, was first conducted in 1987 in the Dresden area of the former GDR. In 1987, 97% of young people were still very optimistic about their hopes for the future. Today, only 2% of the same sample has this attitude. Although the vast majority of respondents (80%) see the change of regime as a positive development, many have reservations about what has happened since. It is true that "only" 4% of respondents would like to see the Berlin Wall restored, but 81% still define themselves as "East German citizens". Only 20% are satisfied with post-unification Germany and more than 80% say that "Communist East Germany had its good sides".



The pharmacist says: the poor have given up. The elderly, the single people certainly have. In the old days, they used to rant, shout, accuse, comment, be ashamed. Today, the pensioner or the jobless sick person queues up, I calculate the amount, but I don't put it in the machine yet. 6500 forints, I say, how much can you get me, he asks, and shows me his five thousand, I divide and multiply, search in the computer, in the drawer, I look at the cheaper generics, and I say: 4500, the active ingredients are the same, but the medicine is different, the doctor probably ordered the more expensive one for a reason. No problem, says the pensioner, give me that, I'd rather have dinner tonight. And there is no anger in his voice, no accusation, no reproach, no condemnation, no change of government, no mention of the fact that he has worked non-stop for 46 years. His sentences are objective, dispassionate and not even sad. The only thing that comes out of them is acknowledgement. He and his comrades-in-arms are not going to go out in two years' time to stage a counter-revolution in the booths, they are not voting, they are not fretting on the news, and the shame that others had whispered about them has disappeared from their faces. In the past, they used to explain in confusion that, oh, I don't have that much money on me now, I left my card at home, or, you know, dear, I gave my granddaughter who is graduating 20,000, so I'll take the cheaper medicine now, and it's all right if it has a side effect.

The poor thing has resigned herself to her fate, she has become accepting. The poverty, which is still livable, has become natural and commonplace. The helpless person – who, because of illness, cannot do the cleaning for others, does not dare to take care of other people's children for money - exists according to daily life tactics. He does not complain about the cold in winter, even though he only dares to turn the radiator up to 18 degrees, does not take out insurance for his home, does not buy a newspaper, watches free TV channels and only occasionally eats a warm meal. Nowadays, she doesn't even get angry at the pharmacy when the people behind her in the queue sigh that we've got her, another old woman who has to pay extra for her pills. They accept their lives as a setback, independent of them. They don't look forward, or even back. They learn to vegetate permanently, even permanently. They can hardly count on their children, they don't always have jobs, the grandchild is studying at university for a lot of money, he might make something of himself, if he is hard-working he will definitely graduate, and then he might find a job in a fast-food restaurant or he might wander off somewhere where he will never have a home - thinks the grandmother, although even this is no longer certain – but at least he will live in financial security and be spared the political bickering and the growing hatred at home. The other day, the patient wanted to give me a hundred in gratitude because I had saved him a thousand and five hundred with generics.

Ferenc Hajba – Népszabadság, 04.06.2012 (page 16)



In our world of beggars, the number of real beggars is growing rapidly. Despite the success propaganda of the parties in power, more and more people are becoming poor. According to statistics, 30% of the Hungarian population, or 3 million people, are considered poor and 50,000 are starving. We have come to this 14 years after the regime change.

"Budapest, Ferenc körút underpass, afternoon rush hour. »Fancy palace, green windows« a child's voice rings in my ears. The little song I learned in kindergarten repeats over and over again. Turning in the direction of the thread-thin sound, I notice three small figures. Moving closer, I see that they are small children. How pale their faces are. A hat on the ground in front of them. I take out my purse, put money in it. The eldest, a ten-year-old girl, in the most natural way in the world, is unperturbedly bellowing the song she learned in her earlier carefree years. They snuggle up together, heartbreakingly curled up here. They seem oblivious to their hopeless situation. They don't even realise what's happening to them. I hurry to the incoming subway train. On the way, I see a huge illuminated billboard on the subway wall: "Travel with us to sunny Malta!" The lump returns to my throat, and the unpleasant sensation lingers."

Mrs István F., Nők Lapja, 2004/49 (page 38)



A study of the statistics produced by the UN and other world organisations leads to some surprising conclusions. We realise that, for all our troubles and poverty, we are still in the luckier camp of humanity. It is shocking to see the terrible conditions in which the majority of humanity lives. This short summary is a faithful reflection of the state of our world today:

"He who has food to eat, clothes on his body, a roof over his head, and a place to lay his head, whatever it may be, is more affluent than 75% of the world's population. If you also have all your savings in the bank and some change in your wallet, you are in the top 8% of the world's rich. Not the richest, of course, but 92% of humanity has nothing saved. They live overnight or have no money at all."



One of the obstacles to our development is that we are not aware of our own values. Even the simplest person is full of hidden values and untapped potential. Even among our possessions, among the tools we use, there is something that we could use or sell to make a significant difference to our destiny. We just don't see how. This problem has accompanied us throughout our history and development from the beginning. Ancient Arabic folktales have recorded it, and even suggested a humorous solution:

One day a thief crept into Nasreddin Hoxha's house. The woman began to cry out:

- Thief! Thief! Hodja shouted at him:
- Silence! Let's see if he can find something useful. Then we'll take it from him.



Companion way. Thirty-seven passengers. John, the lonely, eccentric guy, is one of them. Sits alone, comes and goes alone, eats, sunbathes. Then slowly, like a cautious, much beaten child, he begins to make friends. His coldness thaws, his tight aloofness relaxes, and he lets a few people in. By the fourth day he's talking. Then he recounts the twenty-seven years of his strange life. I searched for adjectives, I listed them aloud: interesting? tragic? cruel? lucky? happy? – but I can't find one that fits. I leave it to you to decide.

I am sitting opposite a tall, blond, beautiful-eyed, intelligent, open-minded young man in the huge family house in Buda where he flew me in his fairy-tale car.

- I've decided you can put all the little mosaics together if you think it's worth it after two months of knowing me – he smiles at me and I nod. Cs. János was born on 8 July 1971, a so-called late child, the second marriage of his parents, who were aged thirty-nine and forty respectively. John was always dependent on his parents, a shy child, but at the same time a

compliant and obedient one. He did what he was told, asked and expected to do, both at work and at school.

- There was no appellate. Mum was a psychological terror to those around her. Being a rich girl, she married my father, who came from the poor, and made him feel superior. She didn't work, yet my father took me to kindergarten and school, and often did the shopping and cooking. I found out later that I had to go to nursery because my mother didn't feed me properly. As a child I didn't understand this. My father was a hard, hard-working, good man who looked up to my mother and adored her, perhaps because of me. I was about ten when I realized the role of my father. Until then I took everything that happened around me for granted.

I was in university when, almost overnight, I started to have stomach pains. It's okay, you're a malnourished student – I was told in the doctor's office. But I went back to the doctor a few days later. When they did the CT scan, they found a 3 x 6 centimetre tumour in one of my lymph glands. They were shocked, they had no idea what had caused it. It was September 1993. I started going to the oncology department for infusion treatment. I was suffering from unbelievable nausea. I threw up everything I ate, I lost weight rapidly. The pains were unbearable, I had no strength left to walk, and I was a competitive athlete. I was a strong young man of eighty-six kilos, and I knew no fatigue or pain. I had only one goal, to get through it as soon as possible. Do you understand? I was ready to die. In retrospect, it's horrible. Dad tried to keep me calm, comforted me, took me to the treatments. Before Christmas I was a broken-down, skinny, bald, eyebrowless wreck. My father was worried about me because of the pains in my heart, and I half fainted as I heard him begging me: don't die, my son. My mother was indifferent, I don't think she ever came to the hospital, she only cared about herself. I had no friends, nobody came to see us.

The new year started with more treatments, the university exams were coming up. I had to study, I sat on the floor in front of the stove. Here, in the half-finished house where we lived in one room, we had hardly any heating. The pain eased a little. Around February, I found out that my dad had liver cancer. In the meantime, I took my final exams. At the beginning of March, the doctors said my tumour had calcified and decided to take it out. I was in hospital, my dad was home sick, my mum didn't visit. No one came to see me. I had the operation on 17 March and felt better every day after that. True, after the operation, my left leg was paralysed for a while, I was taken to physiotherapy, I learned to walk, but my will to live came back. The pains went away, my hair started to grow, the hair on my body started to grow, I could feel my muscles relaxing. I could go home. They let me have my clothes, I couldn't wear them.

Dad was in a very bad state. I knew I had to get my strength back, they would need me soon. I ate a lot, I climbed stairs, I had the strength to comfort Daddy. I remember there was a follow-up treatment where both my dad and I were in the oncology ward, ward C and B. I was quite well when they told me that I would soon be completely cured. I prayed, I believed in everything, in God, in doctors, in people. Two months later I found out that my mum had lung cancer. All three of us went for blood tests and treatment at the same time. The doctors were baffled, they had never seen anything like it, they suspected Chernobyl, they started investigating our house. During the break between the last two treatments, I did push-ups for a month, exercised, and the improvement came rapidly. I carried my parents to the hospital, tended the garden, raised the hundred chickens. I cooked, cleaned, boiled and when time allowed I went to Tata, because we had our old house with the big plot of land there.

That was the summer of 1994. One evening in September, my dad vomited blood and I took him to the hospital. Three days later I sat by his bedside for hours, holding his hand, he was dying. The day before, my mum was arguing with me to go and take him home. And then, for the first time in my life, I told her no! I knew then I couldn't take her bullying any longer. She was forced to accept it. Dad died with me stroking his forehead, holding his hand. I couldn't cry. Mom figured out the next day that she wouldn't bury him. I was helpless, suffering alone for want of a brother, a sister, a relative, a friend. And then a miracle happened: The postman came and I received a large sum of money from Paks, where I had worked as a student before my illness. I buried my father with my first earnings. Mum came too.

She broke down soon after. Bedpan, nursing, constant supervision. She refused medical treatment. In the last three months, his tyranny reached its peak. Nothing was right for her, fantasizing, screaming. I treated him without a word. He practically chained me to him, I couldn't leave the house. I was strong, I clenched my teeth, I endured in silence. On my twenty-first birthday I went to the garden to pick cherries for him. Half an hour later, when I returned, he was dead. I couldn't cry, I felt no pain, no guilt that I hadn't been with him at that moment. I think it's inhuman to say it, but I was relieved. It's no small lesson when you divorce the person you were born from on their birthday. Especially not if you never celebrated it until the threshold of adulthood, because you didn't have a name day, a birthday, a Christmas.

I remember saying out loud: here I am at the age of twenty, without father, mother, family, friends; yet I have to live. And I called the doctor. I dressed her up. I waited for the corpse deliveries and tried to make sense of what was happening around me. I searched for the reason why I was miserable? Why is God beating me? In a matter of moments I became an adult. In the meantime, I felt that I too needed to be helped. I thought about it, and I realised that I had to choose between life and death. I decided. I decided that from now on, no one mattered, I wanted to be myself at last. I will no longer tolerate any tyranny, but I will be a perfectionist with myself. I spent the summer working inside the house, inside the fence. I didn't want to see anyone, I was repulsed by people. Maybe I hated them. Meanwhile, I was tormented by fear: no one would love me, I would have no companions, I would not be accepted, I was terrified of the big cut on my stomach. Autumn came, university started. Besides German, I studied English, I was interested in self-knowledge, Eastern philosophers, religions, I changed my diet. I had enough to live on, I sold eggs and vegetables. I slaughtered all the hundred chickens, ate the fruit and carrots from my garden, and ate my preserves. Sometimes I taught for two hundred forints an hour, I had no financial problems.

I didn't let anyone come near me for months, I was completely shut in. And in the middle of winter I met a woman. She was lonely too, we needed each other. We talked a lot. Meanwhile I was preparing for the state exam, the language exam. By the spring of 1996, I had recovered mentally. And then a business offer came. I had two weeks to decide. I sold my troublesome estate in Tata and, as a kind of April Fool's joke, jumped into a business. It was successful. I make a good living from it. I'm a mechanical engineer, I could do my job, but now I'm interested in hospitality. I hope I've learnt that well. The loneliness remains, of course, although I have made many friends. My fault is that I'm stubborn, but that's what life has taught me. But I think I'm still evolving and changing. I watch people, it's a game for me to see who they are. I don't judge anyone, of course. I can't stand still, I'm annoyed by the swinging and swaying, because I've been given the wrong hoe. It doesn't matter what you do, as long as it's useful. If you plant tomatoes, you give oxygen to the world, not just produce. I believe it's all a matter of faith, even though I wasn't raised to believe it. I have faith that someone will find me. I'm waiting. Today I know there is a God, He has helped me and He expects me to prove that there is strength in me. I try. I am a lucky, happy man, I hear from John, whose soul is perhaps wounded, who sometimes represses his feelings and is still unable to have fun in a liberated way. We say goodbye. He calls after me from the gate:

— I rarely go to the cemetery, but I think of them a lot. Believe me, I need a slap from life. If you get them at the right time, they can start you on the road to spiritual growth. It made me realize that there is another way, another experience, another success.

Magdolna Árvai – Nők Lapja, 1998/29, (pages 18-19)



Twenty-year-old András T. was convinced that he was born for greater things than working:

The days passed in the same way in the shanty town on the outskirts of the Transdanubian city. András T., 20, was born and raised here, but as he often said, only in body. Since he was a little boy he believed that he was born for something very big, and that one day he would get rich and conquer the whole world. He was expelled from the apprenticeship school in his first year. The boy had no interest in anything in the world except crime and adventure novels. His mother pleaded with

him, but he had no intention of looking for a job. He was happy in his dream world of colourful castles in the air.

One day he felt his big chance had come. Wandering around the town, he discovered the rich window of a glittering, glittering jewellery shop. The afternoon sun was just shining on the gold rings and chains on display, and Andrew had to take a step back to avoid getting dizzy. From then on, he had not a moment's peace. He devoured the crime stories with redoubled energy, trying to get an idea of how he could make his dream come true. One late winter day, a young man in green overalls knocked on the jeweller's door. He said he had been sent from the mayor's office to assess how many and how big the premises were. The owner was surprised that the municipality didn't know what part of the shop he had rented, but finally let the boy in. He set about measuring the area with his tape measure. To his delight, he noticed that the warehouse had a door opening onto the back yard. From there, he could jump over a fence and find himself on the next street. Andras T. then waited a couple of weeks to be sure that the jeweller had forgotten the face of the young man who had carried out the survey.

The jeweller had indeed stopped thinking about the strange visitor, and one day he was shocked to receive a letter from an anonymous benefactor warning him in childish writing to be careful because they were going to blow up his shop. At first, he wanted to go to the police, but then he took a closer look at the vacuum cleaner. It must be some kind of silly schoolboy prank – he warned himself. In the shop, a young couple were sorting through wedding rings when a shaggy-haired young man came running through the door with a suspiciously ticking cardboard box. Found it right outside the front door! At the ticking sound of the box, the unfortunate jeweller's breath was taken away. For a split second, the letter, the letter of the oak tree, flashed before him, but he had no time to regret why he had not gone to the police with it. Pushing aside the boy clutching the box, he ran out into the street with the two customers in a panic. Of course, Andras T. was waiting for just that. Intoxicated by his success, he threw the huge alarm clock out of the box and started throwing gold rings, chains and watches into it. From outside he could hear people shouting. Someone ran to call for the police, a woman screamed:

- Somebody help me, there's a boy inside, he's about to blow up with the shop. But he only started to run towards the back exit with the full box when he heard the siren of the police car. The emergency exit to the backyard was locked with a double padlock! Terror gripped his heart and stomach like an icy hand. He no longer cared about the full box. Desperately, he threw it on the floor and ran out the front door at breakneck speed. Straight into the arms of the police officers on the scene. The days pass in the same way in the cramped prison cell. Andras T. spends all day reading crime and adventure novels. He often tells his fellow inmates that he doesn't regret the two years he got, because he's only physically present. He believes he was born for something big. Sooner or later, he will be released, and until then he will find a way to get rich and conquer the world.

Andrea Horváth, Tina magazine, (page 6)



Attitudes to children will change in the future. The current cult of children will disappear. A hundred years ago, in the days of the Great Generation, small children were not held in high esteem. They didn't attach much importance to kids in shorts running around the yard, backstabbing. They figured we'd see how it turned out. The esteem in which children and young people were held depended on their usefulness to society. How they learned, how they worked, how they stood their ground in the world. Now, however, they are being brainwashed from infancy onwards, even though they have no idea what they will become. They are now involved in the pampering of babies at association level. The Three Princes, Three Queens Movement, which receives a lot of public funding, is doing its utmost to ensure that there are as many happy princes and princesses as possible running around the playground. But are there "princes and princesses" running around? Maybe your little prince or princess doesn't even have enough skills to finish primary school. He or she will flunk eight grades and become an unemployed tramp with no qualifications. Growing up, the spoilt

backsliders will add to the tens of thousands of homeless. They may also grow up to become a robber-killer or a terrorist. Many a child has disappointed his or her parents by leaving the family nest after decades of careful upbringing and care, and becoming a villain.

But in today's world, that is no longer a problem. In a country where the whisky thief is the celebrated star, children are taught not to think that becoming a decent human being is worthwhile. As we know, Attila Ambrus has robbed banks, savings and loan associations, travel agencies and post offices 30 times. For this he was only condemned by the courts, not by the public. The media turned him into „Sándor Rózsa”. He became a national hero. His fame was enhanced by the fact that he escaped from pre-trial detention and committed three more robberies, during which he also used his gun and took hostages. Despite being a danger to society, he was released after 12 years on good behaviour. His years in prison were not in vain. In his cell he wrote a book about his series of crimes, which became a bestseller. His work was later made into a film. He made a fortune from it. He was picked up by the commercial television networks. He appeared on Asia Express, where contestants had to cross Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia and Thailand. He was one of the winners and pocketed a prize of 10 million forints. He also wrote a book about his adventure, which added another tens of millions to his fortune. His success was the envy of pulp novelists, who also covered his career. In all, nine books about his life were written and profited from. No wonder many young people think that in this world it is not worth being honest. The flag is now flying for the villains. Let us hope not for long.



The notorious American gangster Al Capone was a legend in his own lifetime. He was a man of immense wealth, with a legion of servants at his beck and call. He was literally the master of life and death, feared by all. And yet he started very modestly. In Chicago, he arrived with 25 cents in cash. That was his entire fortune. He used that money to make business cards. At that time in America, there were vending machines on the street where you had to put a quarter in and he would print 20 business cards. On his belt it said:

Al Capone Insurance Company

President:

Al Capone

With this business card he went to the biggest garage owner. He had a fifteen-story garage and charged a hefty parking fee for his cars. Capone sent his card to the boss and waited. The conversation was brief:

– Sir! I'm here to secure the cars. The fee is five dollars a month. I guarantee these cars will be safe.

– I don't care! – was the reply. – Our cars have not and will not be in any trouble.

The owner was wrong about that. The next day he was in a frenzy and tearing his hair out because powdered sugar had been found in the tanks of several vehicles. As we all know, this causes the pistons in the engine to seize and cylinder heads to become very expensive to replace. The damage was enormous and, as insurance did not cover this type of damage, the owner was ruined. The incident caused a great stir in professional circles. So when Al Capone approached the next car park owner with his offer, he met with no resistance. Chicago's business owners took out a series of „insurance policies” with him.

Then came Prohibition. During World War I, on the advice of a congressman, the manufacture and sale of liquor was banned throughout the country. Even people who had never looked at alcohol before started drinking. The law banned the distribution of alcohol, and more and more people carried flat bottles full of concentrated spirits outside. The strict ban made drinking romantic. Since the increased demand could not be met legally, the underworld took over the distribution of alcohol. This was also the moment when Al Capone's star was rising. It was bootlegging that really made him rich. A succession of speakeasies, known as "speak easy"⁸⁸, opened in America. Although raids

⁸⁸ spík ízi

were frequent and illegal bootleggers were subject to exemplary punishment, the traffic was unabated. New ones opened the next day to replace the out-of-use drinking places. But the law also punished illegal drinkers. In one raid, the police smashed the equipment to pieces, confiscated and destroyed the liquor, and sentenced the customers to two years in prison. Of course, they ran where they could see. Guests fled by emergency exits, windows and fire escapes to avoid punishment. Then the next day they found another pub.

Al Capone and his gang were not fans of the market economy, they didn't like competition. They marketed the liquor they smuggled into the country by turning up at the secret liquor counter and telling the owner what drinks to buy and for how much. There was no dispute. Those who disobeyed were mercilessly shot dead. The trouble started when the other gangsters realised what a big business liquor distribution was. Then they came into the area. But the pub owners couldn't sell as much liquor as the proliferation of bootleggers. The gangster war broke out. The rival gangs wiped each other out to eliminate the competition. But the criminals who were shot dead were replaced by new ones. The many unemployed thieves and petty thieves were eager to join these gangs. Then Al Capone resorted to a ruse. He invited the bosses of rival gangs to a "peace talk". But at the meeting, police officers in uniform turned up. This didn't worry the gangsters much because the police were already in their „pockets”. The arrest was not a threat either, as they were released on bail on the same day and acquitted at the trial. The jury did not dare to convict the killers because they knew that as soon as they left the courthouse they would be shot dead that day. So one by one the "not guilty" verdicts were handed down.

But these were strange policemen. No arrests were made. They just smiled and opened fire with their light little machine guns. They shot everyone they were invited into a sieve. Well, one person survived. By some miracle, one of the gang leaders, Lucky Luciano⁸⁹, escaped alive, even though 14 bullets were fired into his body. After his recovery, he apparently recovered, and was of great assistance to the US Army during World War II. His men discovered the German submarines that were approaching America's shores at the time. In gratitude, the government commuted his sentence of 30,000 years and he was deported to Italy. Back home, he turned to drug smuggling. He managed his American interests from Sicily. In the United States, he appeared only when his „business affairs' required personal intervention. He died peacefully in his hometown. Public esteem and public love accompanied him on his final journey.

Returning to Al Capone, he did not turn to drug dealing. He despised this way of making money. He stayed in the bootlegging business and ran public houses on the side. And his "insurance" business flourished. Now he was blackmailing the skyscraper builders. Where they didn't pay, he would dump bags of cement at night and threaten the workers to leave the construction site. Those who disobeyed were beaten half to death. Since delaying the construction of a tower block caused huge traffic delays, sooner or later all the contractors gave in. The gang leader was so confident that he went so far as to have a small metal sign with this inscription placed on the skyscrapers being built:

AL CAPONE INSURANCE COMPANY

This was enough to keep rival gangs at bay. It was around this time that it occurred to me that I should interview this man. I had a friend in Chicago, Joseph G. Sills⁹⁰, an architect. Despite his English-sounding name, he was Hungarian. He started his career in Pest as József Szilágyi. Then he too emigrated to America. Szilágyi, or Sills, also built skyscrapers, and he was forced to take out insurance with a company like Al Capone⁹¹. That's how they met. With this in mind, I tried to persuade Sills to arrange a meeting for me with the notorious bandit. I wanted to see him up close, but mostly I wanted to talk to him. For the first time, my friend was free:

— I don't think I'll succeed. Al is a very busy businessman. I don't even know what to say to him, how to convince him of the usefulness of this meeting.

⁸⁹ láki lucsánó

⁹⁰ dzsozef dzsí szilsz

⁹¹ al kapóne

- Tell him that I'm a journalist and I'm going to immortalise his name. I hear he's a vain man, he might be interested, as most people have a strong desire to boast.
- All right, I'll try.

Then the big day came when Sills, trembling with excitement, told me:

- Tomorrow, Friday afternoon, at three o'clock sharp, be at 167 Cottage Grove Avenue. Al will drive his armored car by and leave the rest to him.

I was standing outside the building half an hour before the appointment and waiting. At dead on three o'clock the familiar armoured car arrived, with two armed bodyguards in the front and Al Capone himself in the back. They invited me into the car and we set off. I introduced myself, a little shakily, and then asked:

- Where are we going? – "Nowhere," said the bandit – We'll talk here in the car. It's the safest:

I had a good look at the dreaded murderer, and I thought that if he got offended about something, he could shoot me and throw me out of the car, and no one would ask him what had happened. He's the master of life and death. But he's more of an expert on death. Capone gave me the impression of a tall, stout, balding man in his forties, and he didn't seem scary at all. His hair was dandruffy, but his voice was pleasant. He spoke quite intelligently, with a barely perceptible Italian accent. He had been born in America. My first question was:

- How satisfied are you with your life?
- Very. It's a lot of work, but it pays off. Bless this Volstead⁹² who invented prohibition, because without it I might never have become a "man".
- What got you on this path?

Capone smiled. That smile changed his face, made him look confident and kind:

- It all started when the world war broke out in 1914. Wilson elected himself with the proclamation „to protect our children from war”. He was elected. Then the first thing he did was to get America into the war. I became a soldier. I took him up the ladder to sergeant. I fought heroically, risked my life many times as an American patriot for surprisingly little pay. Even there, during the war, I thought: how much more could I earn in civilian life if I risked my life so many times. After the war, I drifted around, learning car mechanics, because I was always interested in mechanical things. It was a peaceful, pleasant occupation, but it didn't pay much. Suddenly I thought big and went for serious money. As is well known, I started with this insurance idea.
- I'm still living a dangerous life, at constant war. I have nothing to fear from the authorities, but enemy gangs have already put a million dollar reward on my head and people are greedy. That's why I'm in this bulletproof armored car. I sleep in a sunken coffin that only I can open and bring to the surface.
- I noticed that wherever the car passed, the cops were silently saluting the chief, and then I remembered the rumor that Al Capone pays every cop in his precinct a hundred dollars a week. That way, he was always notified in time if there was any danger, because the cops had a vested interest in Capone living a long life. I asked again:
- Didn't he think he had saved up enough money to retire?
- No. I couldn't live without a job. And power is a big thing. Once you've tasted it, it's hard to give it up. I've achieved everything a man can achieve, now I just have to keep the business going, and money has a funny way of multiplying. I have a lot of money, but never enough. When I get old – which is unlikely – I might stop working. But I don't even want to think about that now. My life is exciting, fun, always new, never boring. It's just that – unfortunately – many other people are bored with my life.
- Capone laughed at his own grotesque joke; then he offered me a cigarette and lit up:

⁹² volszted

- This is the one passion I have. And drink. And women. I don't mean any particular woman, of course. A woman couldn't stay by my side, she'd be always whining, afraid, disturbing me in my work. A lot of women is a lot less than one. Without women, my life wouldn't be worth a cent. I like to overwhelm the woman I'm dealing with. It's amazing how much they love money and jewelry.

The two bandits up front did not participate in the conversation. They sat there like two statues, rigid in their life-threatening immobility.

- What is your relationship with books?
- I love to read. Especially true stories about great and famous people. Napoleon is my favourite. Of course, I'd have shot Josephine if I'd been in his shoes. He wasn't a real gentleman. I've read a lot about famous old robbers, too. They were pythians. They worked small. They killed for no reason. They had no imagination. They weren't real businessmen. I hate violence. Sadly, however, sometimes it is inevitable. People try to make laws too, it's just hard to enforce them because the law of nature is stronger than the law of man. Nature is ruthless. The stronger wins because it eats the weaker. Of course, there are herbivorous animals that don't hurt their colleagues, but they are eaten by the carnivores. I love animals, especially the defenceless ones, like this lovely doe. He doesn't hurt anyone, he lives on leaves. I don't envy his appetite, yet he is eaten by lions and wolves and other predators. There are over a thousand fawns on my property, under my protection, of course. No one dares harm them.
- Do you have a favourite painter?
- No, I'm illiterate. I'm not good with pictures. I do have a collection of paintings worth a few million dollars, but I bought them for their value, not their beauty. I like flowers. Mimosa is my favourite, but I also love roses. The orange blossom is not as beautiful, but the scent is unearthly, like nothing else. Of course, I don't grow oranges in Chicago, but I do have a small property in Los Angeles. I go to my orange farm there to relax when my business schedule allows.

I am reminded of the saying: you can't be a bad person if you like flowers. Respect for the exception. I have to admit that throughout the conversation, while the armored car made steady progress through the dense Chicago obstacles, I never once stopped being afraid. I knew Al Capone would not be angry with me, nor would he consider me a competitor, and yet. It was the first time I had ever spoken privately (the two executioners in front of me didn't matter) with a multiple murderer who didn't care whether he made one more or one less dead. I was relieved to get out of the car, and fortunately it was our first and last encounter.

What is more, Capone did not die a violent death, as he was always prepared to do. In view of the forthcoming Chicago State Fair, the governor of the state of Illinois was practically begging the bandit to allow himself to be convicted on some charge because tourists would not dare come to Chicago because of Al Capone. By this time the gang leader was suffering from nervous breakdowns. He was unnerved by the constant threat to his life, especially the million dollars on his head, dead or alive. The sunken coffin, comfortable as it was, was no longer amusing. He had had bad nights, he finally decided. He allowed himself to be convicted of tax evasion. Of course, he was not entirely innocent in this case, because he paid no tax at all on his income. He was sentenced to twelve years in prison, where he went in like a prince. Because of his immense wealth, he was a privileged prisoner, not subject to the rules of prison. He felt that he was sitting in courtesy of the authorities. But in prison, at least he did not have to fear being shot, and the bounty on his head was abolished because Al Capone, a convict, was not a serious threat to rival gangs. In the end he only served six years because he died in prison. He died of a bloodstain he got himself in one of his public houses, completely free of charge. He wouldn't let himself be treated properly, his pride forbid it.

Pál Királyhegyi – Four Eyes with Myself (Szépirodalmi publishing house - 1980)



Dillinger, the legendary gangster, started out as a simple bank robber at the age of eighteen, and only much later became America's number one public enemy and a multi-millionaire gang leader. He was a good-looking, medium-built man, a gymnast, and often saved his life by being faster, more skilful and stronger than his opponents. He organised his gang with great care, and was reprimanded to death for the slightest mistake. In time, he gave up bank robbery and concentrated on drug and liquor smuggling and kidnapping. He was busted once, served two years, got out and was never caught again. As his wealth and power grew, he developed a god complex, like the Emperor Caligula, and amused himself by helping people. Twice a week, from three to five in the afternoon, he held office hours. Anyone could come to him for help and advice.

Despite his money, he was not a materialist. For example, he had his gang arrest a banker. Dillinger sent out his investigators to find out everything they could about this banker, especially so that Dillinger would know how much ransom he could ask for and receive for his release. He started reading the reports that came in. He grew sadder and sadder, and called his gang together:

- Boys! It turns out we made a good catch. We can ask for a ransom of up to a million dollars for the banker. But something's wrong. The documents revealed that this banker had been a monster all his life. He embezzled money from orphans and widows, he ruined everyone he could, and he was not picky about his means. He chased his wife to her death. His children are terrified of him. I suggest we don't let this beast back among humans. It's better for him if he's shot, too. Maybe then he'll regret his sins. The law could not reach him, but my hand could.

Dillinger was not to be opposed. No one stood up to him. An older man showed up at one of his office hours:

- Mr. Dillinger, I know you like to help people in trouble. I also know you're smart and educated, and I've heard your library is worth a million dollars.
- What's this about? How can I help you?
- I was the chaplain at Sing Sing Correctional Facility for 25 years. I wrote a book about the people I met there. The book is called *Twenty Thousand Years in Prison*. The book is great, and I'm sure it would be a big seller. But this is my first book, and publishers are not keen on unknown writers. I'm getting one negative response after another. I thought if you could help me, I'm sure I could find a publisher.
- Please. I will read your book and let you know the outcome. But before you give it to me to read, I hope you know that if I have the same opinion as several publishers, you may be inconvenienced.

The pastor nodded. He knew Dillinger would call the shooting to death a nuisance. But he took that risk. Dillinger read the book and was delighted. He went to Macaulay⁹³, one of New York's best-known publishers. He published my first novel, *Greenhorn*⁹⁴. He sent in his business card to the boss with nothing but Dillinger's name on it. The publisher broke out in a cold sweat. He was overcome with terror when he told his secretary to let the guest in.

- I have a manuscript for you, sir. It's called *Twenty Thousand Years in Prison*. I liked it very much, and I'm sure the book will be a great success. I'd like you to think so too. The publisher was happy that this was all it was about and assured Dillinger that the book would be published very soon.
- But you haven't even read the manuscript yet!
- Anyway. Your opinion is good enough for me – said the publisher. The book was published and was a huge success, translated into almost every language in the world. It was also published in Hungarian, under the title *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing-Sing*. But we didn't need Dillinger's personal intervention, the Hungarian edition was preceded by a worldwide success.

⁹³ m(e)kóli

⁹⁴ grínhorn

Dillinger was approached by a sympathetic young couple at one of his receptions.

- We'd like some advice, sir – the man began.
- Here you are.
- We love each other, we've been husband and wife for six months. My rich but strict aunt wanted me to marry a rich, well-to-do girl: My present wife, on the other hand, is poor and not well-to-do. She has hated us and persecuted us ever since. She has made our life difficult. As soon as I start working, she investigates, bribes my boss to fire me. Most of the time, I get fired. But there have been times when they didn't want to fire me. So he bought the company where I worked and he got me fired himself. He made our lives hell. We live in constant fear, not knowing what the future holds, auntie that is.

Dillinger listened with interest to the young man:

- Did you try to talk to this embarrassing woman?
- Of course. I wrote her a long letter, apologizing. I begged her to admit that a man marries for himself and not for his relatives. All in vain. He told me we'd either divorce or he'd ruin our lives.
- It's all right. Leave your aunt's name and address. I'll try to talk to her. Three days later, the aunt turned up. Her wounded body was found in the canal. From then on, she no longer disturbed the lives of the young people. In fact, the boy became her general and sole heir.

Dillinger felt like a god, he couldn't imagine not having his way. There was only one small problem: the police. Dillinger was appointed public enemy number one. He was wanted, searched, hunted, put on bounty, in short, the authorities were on his case as hard as they could. Gwen Harrison, Dillinger's great love, stood by him to the end. In fact, one day she said to him:

- Listen to me. I have a clever uncle. A surgeon. A plastic surgeon, to be exact. He can make you look like anybody you want, and no policeman will recognize you with your new face. Dillinger liked the idea.
- Is this uncle a reliable man?
- Deadly – she replied, not knowing how accurate his answer was. Because the uncle had completely changed the face of the bandit, who had paid for the operation, but had shot the doctor as a precaution, and had disposed of the body so that he would not think of betraying him.

With this last murder, however, he signed his own death warrant. Gwen adored her uncle and hated her lover who had so callously exterminated his benefactor. It was the time of the G-men⁹⁵ in America. This was the nickname given to the "Government"⁹⁶ men, who were banded together by then President Roosevelt to fight the bandits. They only recruited and trained young people who had graduated from college, were muscular, smart and talented. They were paid three thousand dollars a week, and the President made it so that they could not be bribed. They did karate, judo and every conceivable self-defence and offensive sport, they were great marksmen and, most importantly, they didn't have to account for dead bodies. This meant they could shoot anyone they wanted.

This was important because in the war against bandits, the law was the main drawback. The jury dared not find even the most guilty murderer guilty, because they knew they would find their wounded bodies in the gutter the next day. But they managed to intimidate the prosecutor and the judge, so their arrest and trial meant nothing. It happened, for example, that the governor of the state of Massachusetts⁹⁷ took on Hitlerian allusions: he was an anti-Semite, he persecuted innocent Negroes, and because he was governor, they could do nothing about it. True, he could have been prosecuted, he could have had a trial, but that would have caused a huge scandal, bad publicity, and it was not even certain that he would be convicted. That's when the G-men sprang into action. Huey

⁹⁵ dzsfi men

⁹⁶ gavnment

⁹⁷ meszecsúsztész

Long⁹⁸ was on his way up the steps of the Governor's Palace, accompanied by his loyal bodyguard, when two G-men arrived outside the palace.

– Stop, McGregor, you dirty gangster! - they shouted and fired.

Moments later both the Governor and his bodyguard were rolling down the palace steps.

– It wasn't McGregor, it was the governor himself, his dead fans shouted, but the G-men shrugged and apologised:

– We're human, we were wrong; we're sorry – they said, but by then the governor was dead.

So the G-men were law-abiding thugs, but that was the only way to control the thugs, because the thugs knew they could not be intimidated or bribed. Gwen tried to forget the death of her beloved uncle and tried to forgive her killer, but she failed. She grew increasingly disgusted with the changed Dillinger and one day decided to take a decisive step. He went to the G-men himself and said:

– I hate Dillinger, this monster of a killer, and I want to get rid of him. He had plastic surgery. It completely changed his face. That's why he's impossible to recognize. But tonight we're going to the cinema, to see the film *Hearts on Fire* at the Criterion. We have tickets for the eight-hour show. When we leave the cinema, I'll have a red rose on my chest. The man next to me is Dillinger. I start to run, he stays there. The rest is none of my business.

The G-men are hiding in a bush near the cinema. They had small, light machine guns in their hands. Gwen came out of the cinema with a rose on her chest and hate in her heart. And she started to run. The man looked after her dumbfounded, not understanding. But he didn't think much about it, for the G-men opened fire immediately, and the bandit collapsed from the many hits. The doctor could only determine the time of death. The dead Dillinger bore no resemblance to the living, but there was one thing the genius surgeon could not change about him: his fingerprints. Thus the dead man was identified, and the newspapers told readers in bold print that Dillinger, public enemy number one, had died in a firefight. No one has heard from Gwen since.

Pál Királyhegyi, *Four Eyes on Myself* (Szépirodalmi könyvkiadó - 1980)



The destruction of moral values, the degeneration of human beings, the degeneration of people is a world phenomenon. Since the change of regime, the moral level of society has been rapidly weakening in our country too, in which commercial TV channels play a major role. The abominable, morality-destroying programmes of garbage television: reality shows, talk shows, are not produced in the spirit of freedom of the press. The only driving force behind their creation and broadcasting is the profit motive, the increase in advertising revenue. What is the point of reality TV? Why did I publicly ask my colleagues when the first commercial channel was launched - and I ask everyone reading this now – not to watch it? It is because it is no longer a game, you cannot say „calm down, it is only a film”. It artificially, consciously breaks down the walls of privacy in the viewers' minds, accustoms them to the idea that the privacy and intimacy of others is not worth protecting; it suggests that the other person is not to be respected, that he is not a gift to you, but a prey. He cunningly accomplices the audience in irresponsible, soulless sex, in infidelity, in deceiving, humiliating and cruelizing the other person. It deliberately educates society to infidelity, compassion and sadism, and makes people become stateless.

If you don't like it, don't watch it – say the demonically influenced managers of commercial television channels. But they watch it, like everything else that TV 2 and RTL Klub, which are at the forefront of moral destruction, throw at them. The Commons? Spiritual lumpenproletariat? Or just unfortunate people whose moral and cultural vulnerability and manipulability have been exploited by „respectable gentlemen”? I wonder what these "respectable gentlemen" did when they were protested for insulting minorities and when they were censured again and again by the ORTT⁹⁹ for their ugly, destructive programmes? I don't know, but I suppose they shrugged their shoulders with a sneer and then announced that they would appeal the decision of the supervisory board in court.

⁹⁸ ivi long

⁹⁹ National Radio and Television Supervisory Board

If dog fighting is banned, why not reality TV? Can humans not be manipulated in the same way as dogs? Can they not be made to do things that are destructive and harmful to themselves and others in the same way? We see that they can. But we are humans, not animals. I once heard someone on TV talking about how good it felt to have an officer in a Nazi prison camp say to the prisoners, "Listen up, people!" Because he was unintentionally making them feel human. I wonder if the „officers” who create, organise and conduct reality shows ever say such things out of amusement?

Let no one start saying: „Well, yes, these are not nice things, but that is what liberalism is all about, it is unlimited, it is wide enough for everything”. Really? Liberal values? The destruction of the intimate boundaries of privacy, self-serving, irresponsible sexuality and its exhibition, infidelity, the humiliation and torture of others, and the complicity of the masses in such actions? Is that what they are? Is that what our liberal politicians would support? I know that many of you have been suckered into reality TV. I know that there are also politicians in the government benches who are concerned about children, young people and public education and who do not like the way commercial television is currently run. When the media law was passed, the MPs who voted for it had little idea of what would happen to the two big channels that were launching a national advertising campaign. Did they want to create the system of cultural terrorism that TV 2 and RTL Klub have been implementing in recent years? Certainly not, as no one – myself included – had any idea that it would come to this.

Ákos Tárkányi – Népszabadság, 2 August 2005 (page 7 - excerpt)



In the face of our decaying world, many people already sense the foreshadowing of disaster, the destruction of our civilisation. But our situation is more tragicomic than catastrophic. We have all the information we need to save ourselves, but no one is willing to embark on a paradigm shift. Doing nothing is not the result of deliberate resistance, but of ignorance. Mankind is not looking for a way out, is not searching for it, and the rampant apathy and laziness does not allow life-saving information to enter the public consciousness and reach those who could use it. Therefore, what is happening in the wider world will be the same thing that is happening in Europe.

The people of Britain have voted for the collective suicide of the country, to leave the European Union. Their ignorance is illustrated by the fact that, the day after the result was announced, Google searches for „What is the European Union?” skyrocketed. Once they had been given the necessary clarification, searches for "How can I change my vote?" multiplied. From the responses, they soon realised that they couldn't. Rain after rain. Britain was on the road to disintegration, to disintegration. After its dissolution, the Commonwealth will also fall apart. In the end, Britain will be an insignificant little state, outside the borders of the European Union.¹⁰⁰ The British people have had every opportunity to avoid this, because before the referendum, citizens were given detailed information on all the issues, both in print and online. But they did not read them because they were too busy sending pictures of cute puppy dogs to each other.¹⁰¹

In the world of the Internet, humanity has the largest knowledge base of all time at its disposal. Yet we are far more uninformed than our fishing-hunting-gathering ancestors. The reason for our ignorance is laziness. Even though the solutions to all our problems are written down, they do not enter the public consciousness because people have stopped reading. Reading is tiring. You have to hold a book in your hand and sometimes you have to think about what you are reading. And most people have given up not only reading, but also using their brains. It is much more comfortable to sit in front of the television and watch endless soap operas with quarter-hour commercials. Then they get more and more obese from the TV glaring at them, from the lack of exercise, which makes them even duller, lazier. All they can do is occasionally lift their big, fat bottoms and crawl to the fridge where they store the snacks they've concocted in the food kitchens of the grocery stores. They stuff themselves full of all sorts of factory junk, have a few sugary drinks and sit back in their

¹⁰⁰ In the meantime, this process has become irreversible. Another referendum was held in December 2019. On that occasion, an even higher percentage of Britons voted to leave than before. Subsequently, British Prime Minister Boris Johnson voted to leave the European Union on 31 January 2020.

¹⁰¹ Source: Harlan Cockburn

armchairs. And let the world die! Who cares? That's how all of humanity will die. The indifference, the ignorance, the stupidity of ignorance will destroy our entire civilisation after Britain. Then, at the beginning of the end, we will have sniffed in vain, the downward slope will be unstoppable.



The following article sheds light on the quality of the generation that is being born on Earth, and who our world is full of. Many are crying that we should save our civilisation. Yes, but to do so we need people of great ability, of Leonardo's talent. Where can such people be found in this world? The current situation raises a more serious question: fine, let us save the world, but from whom? For these? Is it worth it?

– Who is Mozart?

– A ball, you idiot?

Dude, you were down at the Plaza yesterday, don't know what kind of animal it was; you, you come down once, you're going down in a bridge for sure, it's so cool. You. It's true that it's not cheap, but it's really expensive, but it doesn't matter, because I managed to get the fat man to pay for some money, I said I needed it for textbooks, my brother-in-law bought it, gave me ten grand. Tiny. We went with my mates, you know, they're cool, you know, the best stuff, fat brown, clean, like in the commercials. You know, there was a show, the Ant Boys were playing, they were playing their new song, "I really liked the little girl, she had a headset on her head", you know, it was brutal, the way they were rebelling, you know, it's such a rebellious genre, rock music, I was totally pissed off, I said I'm sick of everything, I can't take it anymore. Especially since Győzike also left me, left Bea, and I was totally exhausted.

It's a good thing I had money, which my father gave me. First we had a good meal at the Meki, don't you know, the bigburger is really good, it's like a bun and a meatloaf, but with mayonnaise, it's really cool, I had to eat three, but it was worth it, because I wasn't hungry for an hour and a half. After the Meki we watched the movie "Death to all" at the multiplex, dude, it was horror, imagine, everyone died in it, even the main character, it was awesome, and funny, we laughed so hard we were tearing up. I thought I was going to lose my mind. I'll watch it again next week, I wonder how it will end. Then we went to the arcade, you know those shooting games, I played with them all afternoon, and it's a good thing I managed to get the nut down to five grand in the morning, I really needed the dough. Man, that game is no picnic; you throw a backhand when you see it, you just have to be careful not to get killed, and the best thing is to keep firing. In the end I played all the money, of course the machine killed me, the bastard, you, you can't win against that, but anyway, it was fun. Cool. We were on our way out when I saw one of my classmates in a bookstore. My brother-in-law was there looking at books, and I felt so sorry for him, having to deal with stuff like that. It sucks. I'll talk to him on Monday, so he'll stop being such a jerk, we're not in the last century, he should get a taste for life. Isn't it?

Ferenc Szlazsánszky – Képes Újság, 2005/48 issue (page 7)



A frail boy wanders along a secluded path in the suburbs. His steps are unsteady, his face covered by a hood pulled over his head. As he approaches, he is struck by the smell of a chemical emanating from his clothes: paint thinner. Marci comes from an ordinary family, living in a residential area of Budapest with his parents and brother. But his parents' marriage quickly fell apart, his father became an alcoholic and fights became commonplace. When Marci was fourteen, her parents divorced. Her father left home and her mother had a nervous breakdown and started drinking.

– I felt very lonely. My mates and I used to go out to the hill: some of us would drink and the others would just snort and snort. I wanted to try it – says Marci. His friend showed me what to buy. The rest took care of itself. Several times he saw what to do: you open the bottle, pour

a little into a nylon bag and take a deep drag. If I'm feeling sad or alone, I take a bottle – he says.

There are countless drugs that make you dizzy when inhaled, but Marci swears by the diluter. He says it works for him, it's what he likes. If he buys half a litre, it's enough for a couple of days.

– As soon as I inhale it, I'm stunned. But the effect wears off pretty quickly, so I pour a few more times to get it working again – he explains.

Marci says it calms her down, she doesn't feel any pain: physical or mental. He feels as if he is dreaming and hallucinates so strongly that it almost feels real.

– You can hallucinate anything: good or bad. But unfortunately, it can turn into a horror – says Marci. Then he thinks he's being chased and wants to be killed. And these experiences can be so real that he can't get rid of them for days. He can't sleep. Marci likes to snuffle most at night. As he says, everything is calmer then. – I don't like it in the daytime, they tease me. I like to hide out at this time, and at other times too. That's why I wear a hood," she admits. He prefers to snuffle alone, avoiding company. When there are more people around, fights almost always break out.

– In the morning I feel so weak that I don't feel like doing anything. Sometimes I'd have a breakdown, my head would bleed, but I couldn't remember what had happened. I felt no pain. I didn't feel anything – she says. He usually has no appetite because of the strong nausea, but his thirst is insatiable.

– It makes you dehydrated. As soon as you inhale, your saliva flows into the bag, that's why you're thirsty – he says. The boy has an insatiable cough: "That's when the stuff comes up." I feel it's physically damaging. I'm exhausted, my bones ache and I've lost weight," he mutters. He wants to quit, but his body is used to the diluent: "I'm so tired if I can't do it." Marci has "overdosed" several times and has been hospitalised. Every day, he sees his peers around him "cut off" from feeling sick. He also sees that there are fewer and fewer of them. Over time, someone always dies.

Elvira Lopes – Népszabadság - Hungary supplement, 11 August 2007 (page 5)



The female of the praying mantis decapitates the male with her tentacle during intercourse, but the male continues the act regardless, because he is instinctively aware of his duty to preserve the species. After mating is complete, the female devours the male. Because we are further ahead in evolutionary development, the females of the human species do a more thorough job. They rob the male first and then destroy him.

The 28-year-old pretty lady is guarded by two well-paid bodyguards. Zsuzsa F. is cautious: so far she has four husbands around her fingertips, with great profit. The dizzy men, of course, want to pay back...

– I don't believe in marriage, Zsuzsa begins with a shrug. I'm for living together. In all my relationships I have given the most: myself.

– In bad language, it's said that she owes her rich businesswoman status from typist to rich businesswoman to her four partners.

– Is there a law against exploiting the potential of relationships? That's all I did.

– If you like, let's take a look at your life partners.

– After high school, I became a typist-secretary in a commercial firm. I'd just come out of a relationship: I'd been with a man for six months, and it turned out he was married. Then I vowed never to cry over a man.

– Revenge against men? – Sort of. I'd been working for three weeks and one of the department heads made me an offer. Ferenc was in his thirties, an acceptable man, and I went along with it. Dinners, jewelry, clothes. He proposed to me weekly. I lived with him for six months. One time we were in Munich and I met Karl at a business dinner.

- Was he the second? - He won! As the owner of a modelling agency, he offered to do some test shots of me. Ferenc didn't like it, but I didn't give a damn; he travelled back to Budapest on his own. I spent all my time with Karl. After two weeks, I called Ferenc and told him I was staying out in Germany.
- What did you gain from your second relationship?
- A year later I was co-owner of the company. Karl was so attached to me that he put a substantial part of the shares in my name. He took on more and more organisational tasks. I had a business relationship with the head of an advertising agency in New York. László was of Hungarian origin and wanted to expand in Europe. He fell in love with me at first sight. In a takeover manoeuvre, six months later we had the agency in Germany. Karl threatened suicide, but I was unimpressed.
- I suppose László paid the price for being your life partner...
- Lazlo was good at buying companies, breaking them up into divisions and selling them at a good price. I also helped him, so now I own several American properties...
- Who was next?
- A baron of Hungarian origin living in Florida. András invested his fortune in the hotel business. Twenty-five years older than me. Thanks to him, I know all about classical etiquette. He gave me his contacts at home, so I was able to use some of my wealth in Budapest. I buy property in pensions and hotels in the capital. Today András is just a pen pal. Of the others, he was the only one who received my announcement that it was over with a certain elegance...
- You live alone now?
- Yes, but I'm busy with business. I have a secretary, a bodyguard. I must! My fortune is too great and my enemies too numerous.
- What if one day you fall in love with someone?
- How can you ask a question like that? Such an accident cannot happen to me, I have seen enough disappointed women. But if it does happen, it will be a sensation. Then I'll let you know. I'll let you know, all right?

Péter Kuti – Meglepetés



A recent manifestation of Western monkeying is the celebration of Valentine's Day. One of the negative phenomena of globalisation is the Americanisation. The Anglo-Saxon culture is settling more and more heavily on small nations. As a consequence, we are forgetting our ancient customs and traditions, we are marginalising our folk festivals and losing our national characteristics. We are merging into a uniformised mass, where the world's leading states determine how we live, how we celebrate, how we behave. In this way, the diversity of the world is gradually disappearing, and the loss of roots is making more and more people feel at home in their own countries:

I don't want to be a killjoy, but sending syrupy messages, drawing hearts and saying „I love you” is a time-consuming pastime. Bustle at the florist, bonbon counter, perfume rack. The luxury of hobby lovers. Being a hobby lover is great! A charming passion, but a little far from the world of the masters of love. In their world, to analyse or formulate a relationship would seem as pointless an enterprise as registering in the morning that it has dawned. I know few couples who are in meaningful, beautiful, mature, constructive relationships. But I have never heard them talk about the intensity, the quality, the greatness of their love. They radiate happiness around themselves in a strange, coy, reserved, disciplined way, and I don't dare speak of it, even though it's there, like a burn mark on the skin.

Stendhal, that slightly sour character who knew nothing about love but wrote all about it, was a pedantic man. He made four boxes for love, and counted all the accessories in them, in case posterity might find them. The first box contained the most precious, passionate love. In the other three, the remaining, unworthy varieties of love: love of pleasure, love of the flesh and love of vanity.

Valentine's Day was already a tradition in France at the time, and no doubt it is primarily about vanity love. Let's hear it! Let it be loud, raucous, gaudy and intoxicating, like a childhood carnival, because vanity love is a childhood disease of emotional underage, and we all suffer from it. (Complicated for some of us.) If you've been through a few vanity, lust, carnal and such-and-such relationships... Or if we haven't... Suddenly, for some reason (at least I don't know), passion enters our lives. Or don't we? It rarely comes with a big wound. More often than not. Sometimes we don't even notice it. It wouldn't be easy to photograph it for Valentine's Day postcards. And so overwhelms the vain, the vain, the carnal little man, that he doesn't even flinch. He's just silently surrendering and not talking about it.

The real love feast – from which the legend started, to arrive 1800 years later in the plazas - was a silent ceremony. If there ever was a priest called Valentine who secretly married lovers under the Emperor Claudius. The emperor, who fought bloody wars, believed that only love could keep men from killing. So he forbade them to marry. Lovers of vanity, lust and lust did not even hold noisy weddings. Only the truly passionate wanted to belong to each other without anyone else being there. Only Valentine, the whispering priest.

Virág Vass – Metro, 14 February 2008 (page 4)



My girlfriend of 30 years recently turned to a professional dating service. She realised that, between her 8am to 6pm job and weekend training sessions and relationship meetings, she couldn't find herself a husband or even a decent running adventure. In the business world, she's used to leaving it to others if she doesn't know how to do something. After much research, she chose the agency nearest to her home and with good references. He did not spare the tens of thousands of forints for the registration fee and spent a whole morning discussing his wishes down to the smallest detail with the woman who ran the agency, a woman with red lacquered round, curly hair and a formidable tongue.

- I have three degrees, my partner should have at least one. A child is no obstacle, but it's better not to have one. Your nails should be clean, your clothes modern, your teeth well-groomed. A sense of humour is important. – The redhead nodded and wrote her wish list with precision.
- It's okay if you don't have money, I do. But in terms of self-esteem, it's better if you're well-off, otherwise you'll be in a tight spot. "Solid wealth, that's all I expect," he finished.

The owner of the dating company promised to get a "portfolio" of people who at least roughly met her requirements as soon as possible. She waited three months but did not receive a single photo or phone number, and her e-mails to the dating service went unanswered. He wrote a letter of termination to the company, asking them to refund the registration fee and to remove him from the system, and he would go to another agency for non-performance of the contract.

A week later, a reply was received. The Red Circuit wrote that the registration fee would not be refunded, but that in the last few days it had found several suitable candidates who would soon be applying. On the first "blind date" he was matched with a 50-year-old bachelor who still lived with his mother. Her shepherd's checkered, brown and cream suit had been tailored at least thirty years ago. The man smelled distinctly of mothballs. The second meeting was with a younger man who smelled of alcohol. My friend shook his hand, then turned and left him alone in the café. The third man didn't even have any teeth.

It took her six months to get his details removed from the dating service. Until then, she received at least three calls a week from strangers, but none of them had a voice that inspired confidence. He managed to recover half of the registration costs, but he had to sue for it, and his lawyer's fees were far more than the money he got back. Now he has chosen a new tactic. At night, she browses the internet to see if she can find the right one. He cheated a little on the check-in, denied her five years of age, slightly exaggerated her measurements where he thought they were, and reduced them in other places. He didn't even tell me he had three degrees. Virtually, he's already getting a lot of flak. Quite a few of them fit the picture he painted of the knight of his dreams: well-groomed, well-educated, well-off and even with a sense of humour.



Singles are a fashionable topic these days. The mating quagmire of well-off young intellectual women is discussed in detail in "Esoteric implementation". It also touches on the dangers of loneliness. Some seek the solution in magic. But playing with demonic forces can easily end in tragedy:

Kata has three degrees and enchanting eyes, yet she can't do anything, or so she claims. By "nothing" she means her personal life, otherwise she is a successful 30-something. She runs an advertising agency and has money coming in, which she knows what to do with. He is not one of the cold and single-minded managers, preferring to read or walk in the woods with his nephews instead of attending workshops and brainstorming sessions. He doesn't have a cleaning lady, nor does he eat sushi for lunch, preferring a round stew from the corner diner. I usually fall in love with strong-looking machos, but later it turns out that they are as helpless as a puppy – says Kata. They either live with their mother or their divorced wife, and they organise their schedules accordingly: on weekends they accompany their mother to church or to the cemetery, or organise activities with their children. They go home early in the evening to prepare for the tiring meetings the next day.

Then her eyes light up: – I went to a hermit who takes away the love curse and cleanses your body and soul of the curses that have been put on you – she says. The women were presumably divorced wives or worried mothers who regretted the little time my man spent with me. The men, on the other hand, could be men I'd never even looked at. Then she adds. And then what happens? Well, this time, she says, she will not leave herself to chance, but the man she has chosen will be chained to her by the herald with a love-bond, a spell from which the other cannot escape.

I only have one question left for Kata: what happens if the man you've chained turns out not to be the one, if he has his faults, for example, not putting his slippers next to each other, dripping raspberry jam down his freshly ironed shirt, or simply becoming boring. Kata replies that in such cases you can't just dump the other person, because then the man, offended in his vanity, would hurl new, even stronger curses and hexes at her. But the hermit has his own spells for this case, too, and will simply untie the bond he had previously put on the man at the beginning of love, and he will move on in peace, he says. I said goodbye, and Kata was in a hurry: she said she had several meetings that afternoon, and hoped to find the man of her dreams at one of them.

Judit Doros, Népszabadság, 6 October 2004 (page 11)



Singles are a peculiar feature of our modern society. Young women who give up the family and devote their whole lives to making profits for multinational companies are classified in this group. For this they are relatively well paid. Their above-average incomes mean that they become accustomed to a high standard of living, which they cannot give up. Frequent extended working hours and lack of time are not conducive to finding a partner. It is often only after tens of years, suffering from loneliness, that career women who go astray often realise that they have missed something very important. They have failed to fulfil their femininity and have left their natural talents unused. Even those who are constantly looking for a partner cannot find one. The reason is that they are perfectionists and have unrealistic expectations of men:

I'm sure you've met a guy, had a little chat, everything's fine, but the love generator just won't kick in. That's exactly what happened to me recently. The guy was intelligent, cool, polite, a witty conversationalist. He ate with his mouth closed, used a knife and fork regularly. He would never have worn grey shoes, he even put his white terry cloth socks on the forget list. What he said was right, I couldn't argue with anything. He insisted that he pay the bill, but he wasn't the least bit pushy. There were six of us at dinner, so the bill was a shocking 17 400 forints. So he was not stingy. "Maybe he really is the perfect guy!" - I sighed quietly. I secretly checked how much he was tipping: he had charged me 18 000 forints, which was not even close to 10%. But the waiter was very kind and the dinner tickled our taste buds.

Didn't I tell you, there's the rub! I calmed down. I sat comfortably in the chair. Now I understand why my love generator went into "off" mode. "It's not such a big bummer if you're not good at math, though!" – I tried to save him. But to no avail.

- Well, you blew it – I turned to him.
- What? – his eyes went round.
- You tipped me pretty small. He looked at the bill, glanced around the restaurant, and remarked with deep meaning:
- I didn't give you very little. If he gets the same amount at all seven tables he serves tonight, he'll walk home with 6,000 forints. So all you have to do is carry a few plates here and there.

So, from the "too good to be true" category, the guy has slipped rapidly down into the "no way in hell I'm doing this" group. He was lumped in with the bigots, the humourless, the misogynists. When you're in a man cave, certain things don't count. For example, the guy shouldn't be cheap or petty. It's not that I'm looking for a real Baron Checonich, who throws money around with both hands. But if a waitress is going to horse-trot for us, she really deserves a tip. No need to dodge paying on the transparent pretext that she's been fiddling with plates all night. Anyone who's that stingy with a waitress would forget my birthday and waste my present.

Some girls are all about height, others a sense of humor, still others a man's waistline. And everyone knows the concept of taboo, that certain sign that makes the "no trespassing" light flash. But apart from that one, we have to be flexible in our search, lest we end up with a thread inside us. I have a friend who does not share my view. She believes that everyone has their perfect match. She thinks we shouldn't walk into half-measures. She's compiled a 75-point list. The sure-fire winner has to meet all the requirements before my girlfriend will even lay her violet eyes on him. The list includes a bunch of generalities that most women share: a guy should love animals, be selfless, and so on... But there are also specific expectations. If my girlfriend hums a song, the guy has to be on fire immediately, he has to continue the song (and of course he has to know the singer and the author immediately), otherwise it's up, it's down!

It happened that I ran into the girl a month ago. She was stoned, her love hormones were at a boiling point. She met a boy who met all 75 requirements. As she proudly told me, he not only knew the singer immediately, but listed all her albums. He passed the exam with a maximum score of 75. Well, I don't know... A week later I ran into the girl.

- So, how's love? – I asked.
- It's over – she said, frowning.
- Why? I thought she was perfection!
- He is. He just giggled so stupidly. I understood right away. We sat down for a coffee at the corner café, and we discussed the possibility of changing our demands.

Helga Somos, *Cosmopolitan*, October 2002 (page 32)



A prince is coming, a prince is coming, a prince is coming...¹⁰²

BOY:

Indigo palms, a bluish frame around his fingernails, the persistent blue franc¹⁰³. He's wearing a camouflage hoodie and stamped boots that can withstand the damp cold of the cellar. He's well into his thirties, a university graduate, still in separate courses, but slowly hanging up his degrees. He gets up at dawn, and at this time of year, with the harvest and the vineyard work, it's eleven o'clock before he's in bed. He cooks for himself, but sometimes he has trouble buying a kilo of bread.

- It's not a question of whether I owe my mother's at the end of each month, but how much – he laments. She is supposed to earn the minimum wage, but she usually receives her salary late,

¹⁰² This is the slogan of a well-known Hungarian dance song.

¹⁰³ Hungarian red wine

in several instalments. If he complains too much, he gets a 20 in his hand. Her fathers share her fate, sometimes bitching to each other about which one of them has just been given an advance by the boss, or they don't even know what it is anymore. It's supposed to be their salary. Practically their handouts.

It's hard to get laid with black fingernails. Citric acid won't help, it's more crusty than grape juice. And you can't explain to every single fruska, "Listen, it's not dirt, it's just part of my job, my bitter job. It will be a little frayed by spring, but until then it will stay like that, you should take it, put it on your waist, on your chest, stroke it gently, for better or worse, don't let it go. But twenty-somethings don't dream of smirchy palms tanned with blue-fringed grapefruit, they dream of soft palm managers with big sports cars, million-dollar salaries, a stunning performance, shark-necked shirts and pointy-toed shoes. People who don't worry about whether to put half a kilo or a little more in the basket, but who buy the fattened foie gras by the kilo.

GIRL:

Twenty-year-old fruska, with a gushing verve. Decorative appearance, exotic face. She's also a university graduate. Unlike most of her peers, she works as a non-input-output manager, i.e. as a porter. He has a regular job, which is in line with his qualifications, and is able to make decisions independently. At the beginning of each month, he is paid a salary, not even minimum wage. Yet he can't really find his place. He has a problem with happiness too. She writes a list of the kind of partner she dreams of. He gives it to me. It's long. I quote verbatim:

"She likes to travel, we can travel a lot together. He's got a car, a motorcycle, he's wealthy. Appearance: tall, charming, pretty, hot, well proportioned, good looking, well dressed, athletic, medium to large cock, and handles it well. (I apologize.) Deep voice. Inside: sensual, smart, intelligent, positive, easy-going, observant, good-natured, generous, direct, friendly, humorous. Respectful. Decent. Role model to look up to. Attentive, courts, compliments. Outgoing, persistent, creative, motivated, independent, young, fun, bubbly. Professional at work, knowledgeable, good business sense. Also important: same approach, same interests. Culturally sensitive". The two of them, if they met every day, would meet at most in infinity. Which is where most of their generation wanders, hands blackened, wish lists long.

Judit Doros – Népszabadság, 7 November 2014 (page 9)



Today, a paradigm shift is already flowing from the tap, and this applies to male-female relationship and role patterns as well. In this transitional period, people are finding it difficult to find themselves, and this is certainly a contributing factor to the single lifestyle that is so fashionable these days. The search often involves soul-searching. Being alone is not always motivated by a love of comfort, a shyness of responsibility. There are many people who, before committing themselves, want to be clear about themselves. The following is a testimony to the struggle that goes to the very depths of the soul. Title: Why am I single?

I am in my early thirties and I am a man. And single. So, let's see what answers I can give to the question in the title: why am I single? Because my work is my hobby and I like to be up at 2 a.m. at home and work. (In fact, I prefer nights to days. There used to be real cultures and civilisations of this way of life. Because in the dark, one's mystical perception is more open and one is more receptive to the energies of the universe.) Because if I'm not quite into someone, I don't want to spend too much time with them. (I'm probably a loner.) Because if there's no magic, then the practicality-based, comfortable, getting along well with each other baseline is not enough to give up my freedom. It requires a sense of belonging from the depths of our being - his and mine. (It's probably a childishly romantic attitude.) Because those who don't have that glow fall into the category of "kind strangers". I see their character objectively with my x-ray eye, and it doesn't work in me to have a love carried over from the afterlife and other lives that would overlook their flaws. (I've felt this with four people in my entire life, one of whom was a relative, one a mentor, and two of whom were couples.)

There is no pre-natal plan to play together, in the positive sense of the word, associated with "kind strangers" at most only karmic bond and chain. Because I've had a couple of relationships that discouraged me from trying to have a serious nexus with someone who shows signs of disappointing qualities relatively early on. When the disharmony reared its head, it made me sick. Being alone is still better than being stuck in an inharmonious relationship. (I've always shuddered at the same kind of karmic marriages I've seen in families, with or without you. I felt I was incapable of such a thing.)

Because people will take the attention, empathy and energy you offer them with two fists. (Maybe because I'm a good listener.) But they offer nothing in return. In fact, it's killing me that they're always proving to me what great people/minds/souls they are. I dunno, like they feel like we're not on the same level and they're trying to sell themselves to me. (Even my own parents.) Sometimes it's like being around boastful kindergarteners. Most people like me, I'm not cold and cold, I empathize with everyone's woes, but where am I in this? It doesn't give me enough fuel to carry me through a lifetime. In the long term, how do I charge from this? When everyone has taken what they want from me, I want to be left alone and to be left alone. (Make no mistake, I am not playing the role of victim: it is my own choice to be a positive presence in the lives of others for the short time I am with them. I could be more cold and rude. But I don't want to. My own choice. However, I can't lie about how unfulfilling it is, especially to myself) Because most people bore me. They make me feel constricted. And they make me sad. I mean, they don't cheer me up, or only for a while. I have a flow experience when I read a book that stimulates me intellectually or in terms of knowledge, or watch a movie, read a novel that moves me. I have similar experiences with people, but only for minutes. (Maybe I just have a short attention span and can't be engaged for long periods of time?)

Because it takes a lot of energy to make myself understood. I'm usually two steps ahead of others in my thinking, so explaining my thoughts requires a double effort. (There are several other people in my life I can identify with from other incarnations, but the mere fact of that doesn't guarantee a hell of a lot of attunement.) Because I've had a rejection or two that burned me. Because I'm interested to know who has the erotic body language and coital (intercourse) habitus that is unique to them in bed. I study this with the curiosity of an ornithologist studying the behaviour of birds. And a broad investigation is hardly feasible in a monogamous relationship, after all. (Plus I'm not old or ugly enough to need to buy sex for money.) Because only twice in my entire life have I experienced being with someone I could understand half a word with. Someone who made me feel the energy and love flow between us. And with him, it felt good to get a glimpse of the more fallible side of my personality, because the intimacy, the spiritual nakedness, was liberating. I knew one of them from so long ago that I was moved by her presence every time I saw her. With others, I don't experience such interpersonal catharsis.

I suspect the majority of people are in a similar rut, but they are probably better at crying away at their unsatisfying relationships. I prefer to be alone. Because I would be interested in equality in a hetero relationship - as a potential parent, too, because there the child will be the priority - but instead I get the following expectation: it's the man's job to serve the woman. Again, this can only work if I am head over heels in love. Then I find myself in better friendships with men, where there is none of this "pampering the mistress" kind of thing. Because we are living in an individualistic age, when life trajectories have changed: the so-called adolescent generation is starting families later. (Maybe I'm just in a state of delayed, prolonged adolescence?)

This is as far as I would have written this article if it were for the pages of a traditional women's or men's magazine. But since it appears in Elixir, let's go deeper with the "because"s! Because my conception was the first low point of my life. In English: I didn't want to be born here. To be more precise: I accepted it, I said yes with my being, but everyone knows when we say yes to something with a slight scowl on our face. "Well... hm... okay... yes." Well, that's how groan-worthy this incarnation's commitment was. How did I get this revelation? I asked an innocent question during a kinesiology muscle testing session, "What were the lows and highs of my life?" When this answer came out, the picture immediately came together of why I never felt at home in this country and the family I was born into. I almost died of the realization that I was an incarnation diverted by karmic

necessity. It has taken me a good three years to recover to the point where I can handle it with at least some resigned resignation and irony, and the pain it causes doesn't cut into my flesh. (But it gives me the creeps to have children in the same reality in which I felt so bad as an adolescent and adult. You want the best for your child. Of course, all these reasons don't mean I want to be alone for the rest of my life. I also miss sometimes not just being with a casual partner, but with someone who excites and interests me for the long term, and with whom "it just feels good to be in the same room", as an acquaintance once put it. Of course, in ten years' time, I would also like to write an article listing the reasons why I am in a committed relationship with someone. We'll see...

Ákos Kaiser – Elixir, February 2013 (pages 14-15)



The news this week has been full of statements from the grand dame. It's a well-known fact that she will only come home from her mission in Brussels if she is elected head of state, if not first consul with full powers, but now she has stepped out of her car and set foot on the Pest pavement. And then he was handcuffed for parking in a forbidden parking space, at a cost of seven thousand forints. Warning: the question is not whether a granny is allowed to park illegally, but what happens afterwards. Afterwards there was a lot of noise, the news reports and witnesses say, ID checks, some self-disclosure, who am I and how do you come to that. I repeat, all this for seven thousand forints. I wouldn't say I was looking forward to a national grand dame, but if there was going to be one, I thought it would be better than the others. I thought that a woman who is the saviour of the nation, the iron fist of the oppressed, will pay the penalty with a graceful gesture, even if she was not brought up by the Englishwomen, which will of course get her a reputation, that she has a lot of class, style, she is not the Tinder kind, and there is no doubt that there is no other grand dame more worthy than her.

But no. She was doing exactly what her despised and hated, to be cleaned up peers do: showing off, being both petty and ridiculous, which of course is her and the people with the wheelchairs' problem. But what guarantee is there that he won't do the same when he steps off the operetta stage and into real power? Social scientists have told us that it is not the most qualified people who will come to the rescue of the Hungarian homeland, but the third or fourth line, the Rastli. The youngest of these, the adherents of the Great Lady, are very fond of claiming that their souls and their past are swan-white. That would be fine, no tainted past (counting those with tainted pasts), the question is, when will this clean past and present become a tainted future? In the autumn, or next year; for no doubt the new House of Representatives will insist on continuity.

Now, most recently, a young man from Soltvadkert is being shown on the Index portal, a self-conscious Christian believer, a role model for youth, who „is doing self-sacrificing work for educated and cultured youth and for strengthening national solidarity”, but who, in the photograph, is holding a penis-attaching device in front of him, in a rather lousy state, one might say drunk on beer. There would be nothing wrong with that, after all, it is not cardinals who hold the penis-feeding machine, but when Minister Gyenesei stood in a photo posted on the Internet in his underwear, beer bottle in hand, at a private party, then strict conclusions were immediately drawn about the fate of the Hungarian people, namely that the country has such leaders. Of course, I have no doubt that the penis enlargement device is a different category altogether, obviously for ritual purposes. In the end, she paid the fine and has been talking about a slander campaign ever since, and the next news will obviously be that she has charged the fine to her party as an expense. Saving the country is all very well, but even grand dames live off the market.

Gusztáv Megyesi – Népszabadság, 27 March 2010 (page 5 - excerpt)



Centuries ago, when people were not so degraded, a word was enough to prove a claim. When the apostle Paul was flogged by the Roman governor in Jerusalem, he said, "You can't do that, because I am a Roman citizen!" The procurator immediately withdrew the sentence. He did not demand a document from him, he did not put him under remand, there was no need for a defence

lawyer or bail. He was forgiven. Today there are few people whose truthfulness we can trust. Even the few people who tell the truth cannot escape investigation and scrutiny, because today there are so many dishonest people that everyone is suspect. Trust has disappeared from our daily lives. In the old days, if someone built a house, all it took to seal the deal was a handshake with the craftsman. Today, even a contract of hundreds of pages, with the help of a lawyer, does not help, because that too is being circumvented. In our time, we can no longer trust that a certain border will not be crossed by rogues and swindlers, because there is no border. Morality has disappeared, moral considerations no longer stop anyone from dishonest acts.

In most people, conscience is no longer a deterrent. They quickly find an explanation for their misdeeds. He puts his conscience to sleep, using the slogan "one must live somehow" as a respite. We can therefore no longer trust anyone, which is a great pity, because the lack of trust is filled with fear. People's fear of each other. Of deception, of smooth-talking, of misleading, of lying, of malice. Where are the great friendships when we could trust our friends unconditionally. Lack of trust has alienated us from each other. That's why there are more and more lonely people. Alienation makes us selfish, uncaring, indifferent to others. The worst thing about this situation is that we don't realise where we have sunk to. After a while, you can get used to moral descent. And for young people, the current situation seems normal. They are born into it, so they think that is the way to live. They do not even try to change it.

Péter Popper – Ideál Journal of Natural Medicine, February 2009 (pages 56-57) - excerpt



According to the writer and philosopher Béla Hamvas, man has always lived in a state of crisis, but he was not aware of it or worried about it. Perhaps the greatest spiritual thinker of the 20th century had a deeper insight into the roots of the world crises of our time than economists and politicians who talk of a hedging and credit crisis. He believed that the crisis was inherently spiritual. Not only is there no collateral behind bank loans, there is no credit behind words and principles. There is no collateral for anything in this world. That is why we have developed a sense of crisis. Our civilisation is dancing on the edge. There is an enormous need to hold on to our intellectual gold reserves, our guiding threads. While the sense of insecurity is growing, the crisis is slowly spreading to the whole of human existence, to every aspect of life. Even scientific findings that once seemed certain are being shaken. It is not only economic life that is secure; it is essential in all areas of culture and social life. The thousand faces of uncertainty emerge from every issue. To make matters worse, national cultures are falling victim to globalisation one after the other, and have succeeded in creating only a caricature of democracy, modelled on the much coveted Western democracies.

The world's banking system is based on the transaction of virtual, non-existent money, and we ourselves are increasingly living in a virtual world that could collapse like a house of cards at any moment. There is no collateral to meet our artificially created needs. Education and culture are plummeting. We do not want to realise that we are becoming more and more like cogs in a machine, losing our identity. In the absence of classical education, we are losing our overall geographical and historical vision of the world, we are becoming the manipulable, unthinking, servile robots of a consumer society. Religions have lost their social influence, the world is left without a moral anchor. Their place has been taken by the media makers, who, in obedience to market demands, instil worthless, primitive and immoral ideas in people. With the mass employment of women, generations are growing up without a role model, in emotionally empty, broken families. Emancipated women no longer want to guard the „family hearth“. They entrust the education of their children to crèches, nurseries and schools. The ego of the individual has grown to unprecedented proportions and is asserting its claims with violence. Human selfishness is boundless, no one cares about anyone else anymore.

According to Béla Hamvas, however, this will not last much longer. At the dawn of the new age, spiritual laws will force a spiritual rebirth. In his book *Crisis and Catharsis*, he wrote that after modern man has experienced shocks in all spheres of life, his conscious development will take a new

direction. He is born anew for the second time, and with him the world in which he lives is born anew. The catharsis that leads out of a crisis is a shock that is at once psychological, moral, historical and religious. It is nothing less than a fundamental, radical change in the human condition, a global systemic change.

Katalin Görgei, Editor-in-Chief – Természetgyógyász Magazin, January 2009 (page 3)

Béla Hamvas's thoughts 70 years ago are supported by 21st century predictions that by 2012 human history will have reached such a critical stage that nothing can continue under the old rules. The pessimists are predicting the end of the world on 21 December 2012. But American Indians refute the increasingly widespread „end of the world” view. Mayan chronology began in 3114 BC and measures time in 394-year periods. The 13th period ends on 21 December 2012. As this number was sacred to the Maya, this anniversary was specially marked. They never claimed that on this day the world would end, our civilisation would be destroyed. In their calendar, they only drew attention to the anniversary of creation, which was important to them. It is likely that this magical date will be the end of an old age and the beginning of a new one.

On 21 December 2012, at 12:12 pm Central European Time, the Sun will align with the centre of our galaxy, where there is a giant black hole. Its extremely powerful radiation, amplified by the Sun's energetic radiation, will trigger a total transformation of consciousness and thought in humanity (and will also trigger extremely intense sunspot activity). After that, our current left-brain thinking changes. Our right hemisphere becomes more dominant, and a fundamentally different world opens up before our eyes. The aspects we have lived by will no longer mean anything to us (e.g. our money-centred thinking will disappear). We will enter a completely different state of consciousness, which will result in a radically new way of seeing the world. We will have a much more sober, responsible way of thinking about each other and about nature. We will become more conscious, and the pall of materialism that has prevented us from seeing the world in its reality will disappear. In this new era, millions of people are discovering every day who they really are and the important connection they have with their fellow human beings and all living beings in the world. Spiritual awakening leads us on a path of responsibility for our fellow human beings, for the community. The result is a more beautiful and joyful world for all.

According to esotericists, this energy radiance puts a seal on us that raises our vibrational frequency, taking our spiritual development to a higher level. But this change does not happen spectacularly, magically. Most people will not notice any of this. Nevertheless, it will have an effect on everyone, the infinite world of the right brain will open up to everyone. Then it's up to us what we do with the new insights, the new knowledge about how our world works. The opportunity is given to us to lift our civilisation out of its current abyss. Of course, this will not be easy. At first there will be confusion and chaos in all areas, but in time things will settle down and tempers will calm. If we start off in the right direction, perhaps the forces of the afterlife, the celestial powers and extraterrestrial civilisations will get involved in making our world a better place. They will not leave us alone, they will show us the way out of our troubles.

At the end of 2012, humanity will reach a critical threshold in the evolution of all civilisations, a point of chaos, where we will have to decide what will become of us. If we make the wrong choice, we will enter or remain on the road to collapse. This does not mean the end of civilization on Earth. Only our society will be destroyed. In its place, a new, viable civilisation will emerge, which will continue our history, our technological development, where we left off. So we don't have to start all over again now, as we did after the Flood. A new golden age is coming, where souls will be born who will be able to adapt to the demands of existence. They will not extort nature, they will not destroy each other. They will be able to live in harmony with each other and their environment. Of course, we could do that, but we don't want to for now. So the only thing we can hope for is that on 21 December 2012, people will really undergo a transformation of consciousness that will set us on the right path.



On 6 July 2022, unknown persons destroyed the symbol of the New World Order in the United States. It was a huge granite monument on which were written, in 10 different languages, the instructions that the few survivors of the disaster were advised to follow. The Georgia Witnesses were built by Richard C. Christian. The 6-meter-high complex weighed 22,000 kilograms and has become a tourist pilgrimage site over the years. After its demolition, the ruins were bulldozed. The existence of the monument was not liked by many, who saw it as a way of creating a New World Order, which could only be created by destroying the current one. The Ten Commandments of the post-apocalypse world were appropriated by the secret services and the backing powers as the basic idea of the new world government they would create. These guidelines were as follows:

1. keep the number of humanity below 500 million, in constant balance with nature.
2. manage reproduction wisely by improving endurance and diversity.
3. unite humanity through a living, new language.
4. rule passion, faith, tradition and all things with reason.
5. protect people and nations with just laws and courts.
6. let nations manage their own internal affairs, while external disputes are judged by a world court.
7. avoid deceitful laws and useless officials.
8. Keep a balance between personal rights and social duties.
9. value justice, beauty, love, and strive for harmony with the infinite.
10. do not be a crab-eater of the earth, leave room for nature.

It is unlikely that these admonitions will have caused anyone to recoil. In the Ten Commandments of the Bible, God has laid down much more iron laws for us. The first commandment, "Keep the number of mankind under 500 million", is the most likely to have provoked the masses' disapproval and the destruction of statues. This means that the backing powers should strive to reduce the current 8 billion humanity to 500 million. The reaction to this destruction is understandable, because no one wants to die, to leave this world prematurely, and that is what the world government in hiding wants.

In their defence, our civilisation has indeed over-proliferated. According to extraterrestrial civilisations, our planet can support a maximum of 700 million people by constantly renewing itself. According to statistical calculations, the Earth's population will be 10 billion by 2050, and this planet will be unable to feed, water and provide material goods for that many people. We are therefore rapidly depleting and destroying our environment. Global warming will become unstoppable, climate collapse will be inevitable. After that, there will be no more living space for 500 million people. Our planet will become a barren desert like Mars, where the survivors will have no chance to recreate the nature that was destroyed.

The backing powers will not get their hands dirty, of course. They do not want to achieve a reduction in numbers by genocide or mass murder. They are merely making room for the destructive aspirations of the apocalypse. They are allowing the current scourges (famine, freezing death, wars) to thin the population as much as possible. Add to this the worldwide earthquakes, floods and landslides that will destroy hundreds of millions of lives. Natural disasters could be protected against. Skyrocketing energy prices could be prevented, for example, with free electricity generators. Droughts could be prevented by rain-freezing devices (these devices existed decades ago, they just need to be reconstructed.) Magnetic irradiation of seeds could greatly increase yields. Raymond Rife's resonant frequency device could kill all microbes, so that harmful viruses, bacteria, moulds and insects would not decimate the crop. This process would also protect food from spoilage, which alone would increase the world's food supply by a third.

However, these procedures, which have been declared quackery and are not recognised by science, would prevent the thinning of our civilisation, and the secret services and the backing powers are doing their utmost to stifle such efforts. Anyone who does so is isolated from society and the public by all means. They prevent their ideas and ideals from being made public and put into practice. In the editorial offices, they make it impossible for them to publish, they destroy them,

they shut down their websites, and they do not even shy away from liquidating them. Hundreds of people on the fringes of science have died in suspicious circumstances.

In America, Hamel did the same when he developed the antigravity engine that bears his name. On his website, he assembled a group of thousands of experts who shared advice with each other in blog posts. When an advice was published that showed that Hamel's engine could also be used as a generator to produce free electricity, Hamel's website was taken down from the Internet. Years of work were destroyed overnight. Today, even the trace of this device has been erased from people's minds. This fight is going on in the background. Its perpetrators are careful to ensure that their identities remain untraceable. Since no one knows who is carrying out these dirty deeds, their organisation is untraceable. In this situation, it will be a big fight. The people want to live, but they want to see the human population reduced by a tenth.

But there is no need for this fight. Humanity can be reduced by humane methods. If we are in trouble, the most expedient method is to seek advice from extraterrestrial civilisations far more advanced than ourselves. They too have passed through the same stages of evolution that we are now on. All civilisations go through a period of paradigm shifts in their lives, and these are times of great upheaval. Having gone through this, they know from experience how to overcome these difficulties. Some of them are willing to give us advice. The "little grey men", for example, have told us how to stop the growth of our civilisation in the most humane way. They even gave us a demonstration on how to do this.

It's a small operation that can be done in minutes and has no complications. Unlike the contraceptive pill, there are no side effects. Childless couples and gynaecologists are aware that a common cause of unwanted pregnancy is blockage of the fallopian tubes. This is why many women go to hospital several times to have both fallopian tubes blown out with compressed air. If she's lucky, the unblocked holes allow sperm to enter the fallopian tubes and clear the way for the egg to reach the egg. The desired pregnancy is created.

Therefore, the easiest way to prevent unwanted pregnancy is to block both fallopian tubes. This is done by extraterrestrial civilisations by sealing the opening of the fallopian tubes with a skin-friendly membrane. This method could easily be done here, as we can already produce artificial skin that is not shed by the body. In every country in the world, it should be compulsory for every 14-year-old girl to undergo this operation, which takes just a few minutes. The membranes would be removed only after the girl is married. They would then be closed again after one child, preventing overgrowth. By spreading this method worldwide, the population could be halved in just one generation. It would also have a number of co-benefits. No more women would become pregnant as a result of rape. Another advantage of this method would be that women would not have to take birth control pills, which would be much easier on their bodies, and the expense of buying pills would be avoided.

Men's health would also be significantly spared by this method, because no estrogen hormone would be released into the river water from women's urine. (Hormones and drug residues cannot currently be extracted from tap water by any purification process.) There will certainly be those who consider this method to be anti-human. The churches will also object to it, because they believe it would interfere with the natural order. It is for God to decide who is born into this world and who is not. But God does not want our entire civilisation to be destroyed, and we are already digging our own graves by overproducing. God will not prevent that. Everyone is free to have his own life. Just as an individual has the right to kill himself, collective suicide is not forbidden. If we want to do this, let us do this. And the gods will colonise a more viable civilisation in our place, which will be expected to make responsible choices about its destiny.

Technical novelties

Wind power is one of the most promising renewable energy sources today, already accounting for a fifth of Denmark's electricity generation. But there are drawbacks, such as the fact that wind turbines are noisy and take up relatively large areas. An interesting new idea by engineer Gernot Kloss from

Bochum could make a big contribution to reducing these problems and even improving the efficiency of wind farms. The German inventor has designed spiral wind turbines to replace the large blades currently in use. Two spirals – one left-handed and one right-handed - are mounted on the masts to capture the blast winds. The wind-rotated spirals drive a power generator located in the tail-blade.

The spiral wind rotor promises many advantages. For one thing, whichever way the wind blows, the spiral rotor will be set in that direction. This makes it very economical, as it spins even when the wind is very light and does not have to be stopped when the airflow becomes turbulent. Another advantage of the spiral solution is that it makes very little noise and casts very little shadow, making it acceptable in the vicinity of residential areas, unlike the winged giants that make a buzzing, unpleasant noise. The great advantage of spiral rotors is that they can be installed in the sea without the need for a strong, large and very expensive concrete foundation, as they can be mounted on anchored buoys. Even in violent winds, they turn like a sailboat while generating electricity at high speed. In contrast, in a storm, winged rotors usually have to be shut down for safety reasons. In addition, spiral rotors swinging on a buoy are easier to maintain because they can be pulled up by the anchor and the whole thing is taken to the nearest service centre.

Zsuzsa Szentgyörgyi – Népszabadság, 8 January 2005 (page 16)



In 2003, plasma TV was the hit. In 2004, the price-competitive liquid crystal display caught up with it. But the development is not stopping. Current wall-mounted TVs and flat-screen computer monitors are being followed by ever more sophisticated models.

Digital imaging has a fantastic future – said Shoichi Iino, head of Epson's OLED development centre in London, where he gave a major presentation on the imaging devices of the near future. At the presentation on 19 November, all of Epson's leading specialists from Japan attended to showcase the company's latest OLED (Organic Light Emitting Diode¹⁰⁴) displays. This technology is already a step ahead of LCD technology. The materials used in these displays emit light themselves, under the influence of electricity, so there is no need for a separate light source, as with LCD displays. The pixels themselves light up, so they consume less power and can display more vivid colours. They are also far ahead of standard TFT and LCD panels in terms of image resolution and contrast: they provide perfect visibility even in bright sunlight. The refresh rate can also be much faster than LCD: this was demonstrated with a video of fireworks at the conference. The viewing angle problem can also be forgotten with OLED monitors, as can the high power consumption. All this makes it an ideal solution for colour displays on digital cameras and video cameras (not to mention perfect outdoor visibility).

It is predicted that OLED will replace LCD displays in all devices within a few years, but there are still some challenges to overcome. The 30 cm diameter OLED monitor on display has a lifetime of only 1,500 hours, and the desired 10,000-hour mark will only be reached in 6-7 years. At present, the largest OLED display has a screen diameter of "only" one metre. Not only are OLED displays thinner and simpler, but they will also be cheaper to produce than LCDs in the future, because the separate light source behind the pixels is one-third the cost of the material used in LCD TVs. They will soon appear in mobile devices (pocket TVs, PDAs, mobile phones), desktop displays (monitors, TVs) and larger entertainment equipment (home theatres). The new technology has sparked the imagination of many at Epson's research centre. In the future, we will have paper-thin, wall-poster-looking TVs in our homes, and in our pockets, ID cards and family "photo collections" consisting of flexible ki-signs with moving images. The moving picture newspaper from the Harry Potter films will be on newsstands in a few years!

Gy. A. – Népszabadság, 17 December 2004 (page 6)



¹⁰⁴ ógenik láít imiting dájod

In Ukraine, people use Icelandic lichen-filled pillows placed in front of their stomachs to counter electromagnetic radiation from old monitors. Incidentally, Iceland lichen can absorb large amounts of radioactive radiation and can therefore be used internally. Consuming 1-1 teaspoonful of lichen powder three times a day will protect you from the cell-destroying, carcinogenic effects of radioactive radiation. Brewer's yeast, which is rich in selenium, magnesium, cobalt and B vitamins, is also an effective antidote, and should be taken 2 teaspoons of it daily.



How long does information last on a hard disk, CD or DVD? Their lifespan is no more than a decade and a half or two decades, but the simpler ones can be destroyed in up to five years. This can be helped by periodically copying the content to a new medium. Another major problem is the obsolescence of readers and software. In the great excitement around the turn of the millennium, it was discovered that in more than one case, data blocks from the 1970s could not be read. Not only were there no longer readers for them, but sometimes the factory that made them had gone out of business. How, in fifty, a hundred, a thousand years' time, will it be possible to access the flood of information that is accumulating on the digital storage devices of the early 21st century? The world's leading libraries and archives are, of course, already preparing to overcome storage problems. For example, the famous Library of Congress¹⁰⁵ in the United States has been leading expert committees on this subject for years. They study and assess what needs to be done to preserve digital content. Not surprisingly, under the leadership of the LC, a multi-year, multi-million dollar project has been launched to address these issues.

This is particularly relevant to professionals, large archives, military and economic institutions, where the world's or at least a nation's most important intellectual treasures are preserved. But what about the „ordinary” PC owners? Where will all the records, the data disks, the many digital photos go? Undoubtedly, it is easier to organise and catalogue them on a computer than to paste them into family photo albums. But how timeless are the media on which they are stored, and the read-out salts and computer operating systems? Today, it is almost impossible to find a drive for a 5.25-inch floppy, and 3.5-inch floppies are likely to suffer the same fate. Text written in WordStar 10-15 years ago is hardly readable on newer operating systems. But there are simple solutions. One is to keep your older, outdated computers and other equipment in the basement or garage. Of course, when the careful owner brings out his antique treasures for use, it takes a good deal of time to get it all wired up and installed. The other solution is surprisingly simple and is widely used in countries with more advanced IT systems. They simply copy it onto paper – yes, good old paper! – the most important materials. Is the „paper age” of the eighties really coming? The fashion for copying on paper is particularly widespread among photography enthusiasts. A traditional, but well-processed, colour paper photograph can last up to 60-70 years without fading, and it is claimed that the latest papers can last up to 200 years. But the big question is how long our hard disks carrying digital photos will last, and how much longer the format will be valid.

Zsuzsa Szentgyörgyi – Népszabadság, 17 December 2004 (page 2)

Technical basics of esotericism

Gravity is still considered a divine secret. Our scientists cannot deny its existence, since it has a pseudo-landing effect on us. They cannot treat it as they do the ether, even though it too permeates our world. But the consequence of etheric radiation is not so obvious. Its existence, its effects can be misinterpreted or denied. At worst, its manifestations are silenced. For whose benefit, no one knows. This blinkered behaviour is to the detriment of all mankind, including our scientists. In particular, the phenomenon of antigravity is a "red herring" in the eyes of official scientists. They could study it if they wanted to. "Thrust generators", also known as lifters, are a favourite toy of amateur researchers worldwide. The strange ability of the isosceles triangle has even amazed NASA

¹⁰⁵ láibróri ov kongresz

engineers. The sides of the prototype balsa wood structure are 12 cm long. All it needs to assemble it is a little bit of plywood and copper. When a voltage of 20,000 volts is applied, the triangle starts to gravitate. It has no motor, no wings, no moving parts. Yet it floats in the air.

The inventor of the invention is Thomas Towsand Brown¹⁰⁶, who began his research into antigravity at the beginning of the 20th century. When news of the Biefeld-Brown¹⁰⁷ effect came to light, Brown's fate was sealed. Overnight, the Secret Service made him disappear without a trace. They even removed his name from the phone book. No one ever saw him again, no one could contact him. To this day, no one knows where he disappeared, he ceased to exist for the world. But his work is now in the public domain. Fortunately, there were those who followed his instructions and built the structure before he disappeared. Its success attracted the interest of others, and the world was inundated with the "elevator cult". This could not be stopped. In the meantime, blueprints of the various types and patches of the flying machine were posted on the Internet. Large industrial companies have also become involved in the research into lifters, because they see huge business in it. Children are already competing with each other to build ever better and more efficient structures. In Western countries, the lifter has become a mass word-love for creative people.

How the lifter works is still unclear. The anti-gravitational radiation it emits is probably due to the static charge it accumulates. It acts as a kind of capacitor, in which a large amount of charge accumulates under high voltage. Brown had big dreams about his conception of the ta-ta. Nor did he think it impossible to lift weights of several hundred tons. But the static charge can only exert a very small antigravitational force. These structures can only lift themselves, and only if they are built of lightweight materials. In the 1930s Brown worked for the US NAVY¹⁰⁸. His experiments reached their climax in 1952. The best efficient structure he made was about 0.5 m in diameter, and he passed 50,000 volts through it. This made the coron-gos not only float, but spin at 16 revolutions per minute. This phenomenon, which is common in real UFOs, made senior military officers and invited scientists wonder, and led to the researcher's disappearance. They then tried to ridicule him and make a mockery of his findings, following the tried and tested scenario. This time, however, this action did not lead to results. Amateur researchers could not be misled in the same way as journalists were misled by the Pro-ject Blue Book. The lifter is now the subject of nearly a quarter of a million websites on the Internet.

Ufology

From Chapter VII of the "Esoteric panorama", we learnt that Captain Thor, the envoy of the Venusian civilization, lived with us for many years and helped solve our current political and security problems. He was in close contact with UN officials and then went back to Venus. However, there are reports that Valiant Thor is still in the Pentagon. Fred Rainers¹⁰⁹, Canadian archaeologist and UFO researcher, claims he is still here. Based on his research over 15 years, he followed up on a contemporary statement by Pentagon officer Harley Andrew Byrd¹¹⁰. It says that Val Thor, the extraterrestrial, arrived on 16 March 1957 aboard a saucer-shaped UFO that landed 200 kilometres south of Washington, under the eyes of two astonished policemen. The alien exiting the craft beckoned the policemen to him and told them in excellent English that he had come from Venus. He asked them to notify the authorities of his arrival. He was soon in the War Department building and was a guest of the US Army until 16 March 1960. During this time, he was billeted in room 4D-717 of the Pentagon's first eme-let. Before his return, he held a one-hour meeting with the US President. He offered the government information on how Americans could live successfully without disease, poverty and death. In return, he demanded that the United States destroy its nuclear weapons arsenal.

¹⁰⁶ tom(á)sz táuszend bráun

¹⁰⁷ bifeld-bráun

¹⁰⁸ júesz nevi (amerikai haditengerészeti)

¹⁰⁹ fred réjne(r)sz

¹¹⁰ há(r)li endrú bö(r)d

But Eisenhower refused to accept the help because it would „destroy the nation's economy, and would greatly endanger their safety”.¹¹¹ So he left without a job. He was met by a spaceship on the outskirts of Alexandria, Virginia.

Rainers is convinced that Captain Thor never left Earth, but was transferred in the utmost secrecy to Edwards, and later Holoman, where he was involved in secret Air Force developments. From there, in 1976, he was transferred to a secret CIA biological laboratory in Florida, where they were investigating why Val Thor's body was ageing more slowly than that of humans. Captain Thor was supposed to look at least 50 years old, but he still looked 35. Despite the fact that he had grown a beard in the meantime, he had not aged at all in the last two decades. The Canadian archaeologist also revealed that Val Thor had secretly lectured at the UN in the late 1950s. In September 1977, at the UN headquarters, he helped American, British, German, Russian and Chinese experts to draw up guidelines for a major international programme. The aim was cosmic and space monitoring and international control of extraterrestrial spacecraft, especially the „grey” spacecraft that appeared in mass in the 1960s. He was later joined by two companions, Jill and Commander Donn, but they were all considered to be humans from Earth. (They are pictured on the left, with Captain Thor in the background.)



What was really behind the assassination of J.F. Kennedy? Some believe it was the message he was about to deliver to the citizens of Earth: "We are not alone!" With these dramatic sha-vaks, President Kennedy wanted to inform the American public and the world at large that the US government had made contact with alien beings from outer space. But before he could make this announcement on 22 November 1963, he was killed by a fatal bullet. This was the shocking conclusion reached by Professor Lawrence Merrick¹¹². Kennedy researcher. Author of *The Assassination of the Messenger – The Death of John F. Kennedy*. The news exploded like a bombshell. "We now know the real reason for Kennedy's assassination," – said Merrick, who lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts. "It seems some in our government were determined to maintain the secrecy of the hunted UFO and therefore decided to silence the president before he could speak."

Professor Merrick said that he began investigating the case of the unkept speech after he discovered that the President's original handwritten notes had fallen into the hands of Texas Governor John Connally, who was in the car with the President on that fateful day in Dallas. "I was surprised to discover that Kennedy had written down the speech he had given to Connally on notepads so that he could have one last look at it before the motorcade left at 1:00 p.m." The governor was also seriously wounded in the assassination. "Connally feared for his life," – the historian says. "He kept the bloody notes in a safe and instructed a trusted employee that its contents could only be disclosed after his death."

When the governor died in 1993, the employee removed the papers and kept them with him. In 1999, Merrick tracked down the man, who provided the documents and asked that his name be withheld. Reading the notes, the professor was shocked. He hired five writing experts who unanimously concluded that Kennedy had written the speech with "95 per cent certainty". Research revealed that J.F.K. had met his predecessor, President Eisenhower, days before his trip to Dallas. "I think he wanted advice on whether it was wise to go public with the fact of UFOs," – says Merrick. Yet other government insiders apparently felt that the truth about UFOs would cause a worldwide uproar, so they worked to silence it so that this information would remain secret. Now

¹¹¹ Previously, the inhabitants of the planet Eisa, orbiting the star Betelgeuse in the Orion system, had also offered to help. The northern-type, white-skinned, tall, blond, blue-eyed aliens wanted to give us technologies that would immediately end hunger, poverty and the diseases and turn Earth into Paradise in a few years. They also demanded that the US destroy all its nuclear weapons. But Eisenhower refused to do so in the middle of the Cold War. Therefore, technological assistance was not forthcoming. All they told us was that they were using an unlimited source of power based on electromagnetic energy to propel their vehicles. (It certainly works on the principle of counter-magnetic excitation.)

¹¹² Lőrönsz merik

for the words that could no longer be spoken to the world at large.

"My fellow Americans. People of the world, today we are entering a new era. One era – the infancy of mankind – is ending, and we stand at the dawn of a new era. The journey I speak of is fraught with also-rans, but I believe that our past days, all the struggles of the past, have already perfectly prepared our generation to overcome these challenges. Citizens of the Earth: we are not alone. God, in His infinite wisdom, saw fit to populate His universe with other beings – intelligent creatures like us. How can I say this with such certainty? In 1947, our military forces salvaged the remains of a crashed spaceship of unknown origin in the wilderness of New Mexico. Science soon determined that this craft came from outer space. Since then, our government has contacted the builders of this spacecraft. While this news seems fantastic – and indeed alarming – I urge you not to feel unnecessary fear or pessimism.

As your President, I assure you that these creatures mean us no harm. Rather, they would help our nation to defeat the enemies of all humanity: tyranny, poverty, disease, war. We have come to the decision that they are not enemies, but friends. Together with them we can create a better world. I cannot promise you that this path will not be without its pitfalls and missteps in the future. But I do believe that we will achieve the true will of the people of this great land to lead the world into a great future. In the days, weeks and months to come, you will learn more about these visitors, why they are here, and why our public leaders have kept their presence secret from you for so long. I ask you not to look to the future with fear, but with courage. For in our time we can achieve our age-old vision of peace on Earth and the well-being of all humanity. God bless you!"

Aliz Németh – UFO Magazine, May 2011 (pages 28-31 - excerpt)



Several US presidents have already tried to admit the existence of extraterrestrials. The first was John Kennedy, whose attempt cost him his life. His successors did not have the courage to go public with this announcement, even though they had promised to do so in their election campaigns. However, after their inauguration, they remained silent. Asked by reporters, they simply said: "I cannot say." Donald Trump was the first person who actually intended to make public the UFO documents and evidence of the existence of extraterrestrials. However, he did not keep his election promise, because the extraterrestrials advised him to wait to announce it. They do not want to cause mass hysteria. They want to get us to the right intellectual level first. We have to be receptive and understanding. They are waiting for humanity to evolve and to reach a stage where we understand what the cosmos and space travel really mean.



Japan is arming again. After losing World War II, Japan's constitution states that the country cannot create an invading army or launch a war against any state in the world. This ban was imposed on Japan by the Americans, and its acceptance was seen by all Japanese citizens as a great blow and a serious humiliation. But it later turned out to be a great gain. Since they could not spend their money on weapons, they used it to develop industry. Japan can thank this for making it the second industrial power in the world. Their communications and consumer electronics industries have become so sophisticated that other countries no longer even try to compete with them. And their car industry is well on the way to making Japanese passenger cars the world's leading car makers. But now they are up in arms again. It is not the peace treaty with the Americans that has been torn up, because they do not want to go to war with countries on the ground. They expect the enemy from the sky. To the utter surprise of journalists, Defence Minister Shigeru Ishiba said at a conference in Tokyo: „There is no denying the existence of UFOs and alien beings, another life form is controlling us. For this reason, the Japanese Defence Forces must undergo special training to be able to defend themselves properly against UFOs." The defence minister wants to prepare the military in case of unexpected sightings of unidentified flying objects. Many people remember the 1940s, when Japan experienced a veritable saucer invasion. The aliens, however, did not arrive with hostile

intentions, but to observe the battles of World War II and study the effects of the two atomic bomb attacks.

The new Japanese government believes in the existence of UFOs, because after the change of government in 2008, an office was created for Shigeru Ishiba to continue the "back-breaking" fight against extraterrestrials. But the enemy is not attacking, it is watching. It probably won't. If they had intended to destroy us, they could have done so much more easily a few hundred years ago. Our civilisation was created by civilisations on neighbouring planets, and they have been midwives to us for thousands of years.¹¹³ Just as a mother does not destroy her children, they do not want to destroy us. They are merely monitoring our evolution. Of course, there are terrorists in the cosmos, or civilisations that try to replace their destroyed planet with another, but we are protected from them by the previous civilisations on Earth. The silver fleet of Atlantis provides us with the protection we need. At least for now. As our space industry develops, we will eventually reach a point where we will have to join in the defence, and even provide our own defence. But that will not happen for thousands of years. Until then, there is no reason to panic.



To the annoyance of the sceptics, a strange thing happened in Texas. The police in the town of Strawn¹¹⁴ were scratching their heads as they searched for the answer to what might have happened to Paul O'Brian's¹¹⁵ house on 27 February 2005. The roof of the man's house flew off and landed in his backyard. So far, there is nothing strange about it, as it is well known that hurricanes are common in America, especially in the state of Texas. The problem is that the day before it was calm. But the most shocking thing for the police officers who were on the scene was that the roof of the house was not damaged in the slightest. A sadly giggling O'Brian said it was as if it had been lifted off the house with a giant grapple and placed gently next to it. Not a tile was broken, not a batten was bent. It's as if the carpenter had set the roof on the ground, waiting for it to become weightless and fly into place. That's probably what happened, but in reverse. In the dead of night, mischievous extraterrestrials made the roof weightless and lifted it off and put it next to the house. We keep saying that there is no tangible evidence of the existence of extraterrestrials, of their activities. Well, now they've made sure it's down. We're curious to see how the official experts will explain this away.



Kazakhstan's historic site of Tangaly is famous for its ancient rock paintings. The drawings, more than 3,000 years old, depict the arrival of extraterrestrials. According to legends preserved by the local population, „gods” descended among them long ago and helped the people to develop. The rock drawings that depict their stay here are characterised by the fact that the sun is almost always shining in an area a few kilometres in diameter around them. Even when it rains in the area, it is still dry. This observation is constant for thousands of years, and no one knows why. Another mysterious feature of the rock drawings is that if someone stops in front of one of the rock drawings and whispers a few words, they can be heard on the plateau 2-300 metres away.



UFO stories are a dime a dozen. Despite official denials of extraterrestrial civilisations, there is plenty of evidence of their visits. The volume of accounts of third-world sightings is also a library of literature. It is not uncommon for aliens to endow abductees with parapsychological powers. But we have never heard of animals being endowed with such abilities.

German shepherds are highly intelligent and can be taught to do many things. But it was still surprising to a man in the small town of Kisumu that an ebe named Tiki could read his mind. The story began in July 2001, when one night Vilmos K. and his family were alerted to the sound of ho-

¹¹³ Since almost all the stars near our solar system are about 1 billion years older than our own, they have had time to evolve, to overtake us.

¹¹⁴ sztron

¹¹⁵ pól o bráj(e)n

use-guards in the neighbourhood, including their own dog, barking madly. Looking out of the window, the head of the family saw an object 3 metres in diameter hovering over the garden. At first he thought his eyes were glazed over. But when his wife woke up and stared at the shiny oval "thing" in disbelief, he had to believe his own eyes. After his two teenage sons came over from the next room, Mr K was sure he had seen a UFO. After about two minutes, the object disappeared in a flash and the dog barking stopped. Everyone settled down. Little did anyone realise at the time that this adventure had given the faithful watchdog an extraordinary ability: he had become a mind reader and could remember everything.

In the morning, the family discussed what had happened. In the end, they agreed not to share their experiences with others, as there was no need to be labelled as mad UFO callers. Mr K. was off work that day. Among other things, he wanted to take Tiki to the vet because she was due for her annual vaccination. After breakfast they set off. As usual, the dog fooled around a bit - he was still young – but by the time they arrived at the vet, he had calmed down. He tolerated the vaccination and then the doctor wanted to check his teeth. "Open your mouth!" – her owner said, and Tiki immediately complied. That was unusual, and even more so when, after the examination was over, Mr. K. thought it would be funny if the dog paid. Tiki went up to him, poked him with her nose, carefully took the prepared five thousand dollars from his hand and took it to the doctor between her teeth. He had never done this before. Both men were amazed. Tiki nodded her thanks, and then obediently accepted the owner's handing her the muzzle, which she hated.

On the way home, Mr K remembered that his wife had asked him to do something, but he couldn't remember what she wanted him to do. When they got to the haberdashery, Tiki snarled and grumbled. Mr. K. stroked the dog's head, and it suddenly occurred to him that he would have to buy black thread, as his wife wanted to sew the younger boy's torn jacket, and in the evening he found out that he didn't have any thread of that colour at home. Perhaps Tiki had heard her request, understood, and was now reminding her? Mr. K. went into the shop, head-bobbing, and then, with the black machine-made silk in his pocket, they went on their way. Tiki suddenly started to pull. They ended up at the post office. "I'll have to buy stamps, – he thought, – but how does the dog know that?" After buying the stamp, he was sure he had everything taken care of. They were strolling home when, rounding the corner, the German Shepherd stopped walking towards their house and started walking towards the second neighbour's house. "What do you want Tiki? – his owner asked him, and it immediately occurred to him that he had promised the neighbour's wife that he would drop by on his day off to fix their malfunctioning TV. He made this promise a few days before the night's adventure, when the dog was still "normal". So there's no way he heard it and that's why he remembers. So it's not that the dog's memory is better than his. There is some other intelligence helping him.

Mr K refused to believe his eyes or ears, so he did not report the dog's strange behaviour to his family members. No one in the family suspected anything, until Tiki alerted the older boy to a note he had forgotten at home. Later, Mr. K. followed his wife home with the reading glasses he needed for his work in the office. The K. family finally came to terms with the idea that the German shepherd had transcendental powers, and this had been happening since the strangers had visited them. This strange ability had also manifested itself to some degree in the other animals in the house, because the upstairs neighbour had mentioned that his cat had been acting strangely since the night they had met. In the mornings he keeps meowing as if to communicate something to her.

Judit Trethon – Tina, 7 January 2003 (page 48)



Interview with Nancy Talbott, a colleague of the famous American crop circle researcher W.C. Levergood:

At that time we were doing magnetometer research in the Netherlands for Dr. William Roll, who was working on the case of an unusual boy, Robbert van den Broeke. At the most unexpected moments, crop circles were forming around this young paraphenomenon on a farm where he lived!

We have been on the spot for four weeks now, waiting on pins and needles to see when this paranormal anomaly would reappear around the boy. Nothing happened. We were beginning to give up. The heat was on, we were all tired, and we suspected the whole thing was a hoax. But one night we got a real compensation for all the waiting. After dinner I went up to my room and lay in bed reading. Because of the terrible heat, I left my ab window open, which looked straight out over the field in front of us. Suddenly, I noticed the cows were bawling more and more plaintively in the dark. Since I often have conversations with farmers who stumble upon crop circles, I knew that the animals would become increasingly restless before the figures appeared. I immediately thought something was up. Soon the cow was bawling as if she had just been hit by a truck, and I rushed to the window to see everything.

Suddenly, a bright orb whizzed past me, coming to rest over the field. Small as it was, it soon enveloped the estate in almost daylight. You could easily see for a mile, as if you were on Broadway lit up at night. I must say I was very frightened, I couldn't move for shock. Robbert was standing in the middle of the field, and the ball of light zipped around him at the speed of a speeding train, while a veritable crop circle formed next to the boy. I could hardly believe my eyes, as if I had just seen an X-Files episode. As the ball of light finished forming the ga-bona, Robbert collapsed, and the field was plunged back into darkness in the blink of an eye. We ran out of the house, but Dr. Roll, who was trying to run to the boy, suddenly staggered back. An invisible force field surrounded the place where the event had taken place for a 20-metre radius, which only disappeared half an hour later. Incredible as it may sound, it is the truth. As soon as it became possible, we all rushed to Robbert, who was beginning to regain consciousness. Both the circle and the boy were thoroughly examined and a doctor was called. Robbert was inexplicably unharmed and unaffected by radiation. The circle, on the other hand, was radiating and showing the usual signs (e.g. the grain was bent).

I cannot conceal the fact that two weeks after we left, US government agents, accompanied by some Dutch Interior Ministry employees, appeared on the Broeke family land and questioned everyone thoroughly, and carried out field investigations, taking soil and plant samples at the point where the grain field had been formed. According to Robbert, the guys were quite violent and didn't seem happy with the information they had. Of course, the boy's paraplegia was not mentioned, as his parents were wiser to keep it hidden. The crop circle must also have been reported to the authorities by a local. This also shows that these phenomena are not necessarily of interest only to obsessives like myself and my colleagues, but also to those at the top. That's saying something...

Robbert is perhaps the most significant parafenomena of the 21st century, an inducer of extraordinary phenomena, a psychic and a hijacker in one person. Incredibly, he is capable of causing countless anomalies that leave you scratching your head. He is also the „darling” of poltergeist researchers, with dozens of photos and film footage proving that objects move, even fly, in his presence. It all started when she was 8 years old, and she still doesn't know what the cause is. Many children's paraphenomena „outgrow” their abilities over the years, but in Robbert's case this is so far from the case that the intensity and complexity of the phenomena increases year on year. One of his favourite „tricks”, for example, is to hold his hand over a compass on a table, and wherever he moves his hand, the needle goes. He is able to „glue” metal objects to his body and bend not only spoons, but even cooking pots, just by looking at them and concentrating. Robbert says he sometimes feels as if it is the soul of a dead person that inspires him. I don't know how much truth there is to this, but the fact is that there are supposedly photos of him in which a ghostly figure can be seen next to Robbert as he experiments. I think there are many more surprises in store for us from this young man, and I want to be the first to report them, just as I was one of the first to pioneer the precise study of crop circles by scientific means.

MiB – Színes UFO, June 2007 (page 35 - excerpt)



Plangent Moon – The secrets of the moon that is empty inside

Not made up by science fiction writers, some of the claims are backed up by science. Because

the Moon has been planged more than once! First, the Apollo 12 crew, the second spacecraft to reach the Moon, placed a sensitive seismic instrument on the surface, and then, when their spacecraft left the Moon on its return flight and began to ascend, the now unnecessary 12-tonne piece of the launch vehicle was dropped back to the surface from a great height. The instrument left behind recorded and transmitted back to Earth not only the tremor caused by the object, but also, to the scientists' amazement, the sound of the Moon's boom! The echoes of the impact caused the Moon to ring and ring for a long time. For almost four hours, the instrument recorded how the booms from the Moon's interior were echoing back and forth. I don't think you need to be a physicist to understand that this kind of resonance is only found in nature in the case of a large, hollow or hollow object. The Americans at the time repeated this experiment several times between 1969 and 1972 with the ejected launch vehicles. The seismic-cus instrument also meant that when self-propelled, automatic devices were later placed on the Moon with a large lens (or crashed into it), the whole body would ring for hours each time. This is repeated today whenever a large meteorite hits the Moon!

No wonder, then, that as early as the 1970s, Soviet astronomer and member of the Academy of Sciences Yosif Sklovsky claimed that the Moon was not a „normal” body, but a space station or probe, or even a spaceship, built by a former, unidentified civilisation, which had been steered into orbit around the Earth by someone, somewhere, sometime. There are those in the scientific world today who boldly defy academic science and claim that the Moon is singing because it is empty inside. And if it is empty, it is an artificial celestial body! This is a bold claim, because a terrestrial celestial body cannot be empty. If it is empty, it is not natural. Carl Sagan said so in one of his popular books. I suppose it has caused many sleepless nights not only for scientists at NASA, the space agency in America, but also for many astronomers. Today, for example, American Harold Urey, British astrophysicist H. Wilkinson and Dr. Sean C. Solomon, head of the Earth Magnetism Division at the Carnegie Institution in Washington, DC, are following the same path. But what do cavities have to do with magnetism?

The cavities also led scientists to become interested in the density of matter on the Moon. From samples taken there, they calculated that while the average density of the Earth is 5.5 grams per cubic centimetre, the Moon has an average density of only 3.34 grams. Which also calls into question one of the most widely accepted theories about the Moon's origin. If they were formed at the same time, from the same material, as many scientists claim, these values would be much closer. They suspect that the Moon never had a core of its own, which is why it is lighter. But if it has no core, then again, it cannot be a terrestrial object. Because natural celestial bodies that have a core, i.e. are solid, can exist normally in the universe, i.e. rotate about their axis. However, if a celestial body is hollow inside, or has only one large cavity, it is destroyed by the forces of its own rotation and, if it comes into close proximity to other celestial bodies, it is subject to the destructive gravitational forces of those bodies.

If all this were not enough, the Moon's magnetism is very small, barely measurable most of the time. However, rock samples taken from the Moon show very high magnetism. This is one of the most puzzling properties of our celestial companion. Professor Solomon and his colleagues have analysed the seismic experiments on the Moon by the US Lunar Orbiter at length and concluded that the Moon is unanimously empty inside. At most, there is a debate about whether there is one large or several „smaller” cavities. Analysing the direction, strength, duration, etc. of the sound reflections, another researcher, Professor Urey, came to the conclusion that there is a spherical shell of metal inside, which is not small either: about 60-70 kilometres thick, and whose upper surface extends 60 kilometres below the visible surface of the Moon. So it is clear: the Moon is an artificial "product". Someone first created a huge metal sphere with a volume of 73.5 million cubic metres. The outer layer of rock was built up to protect the moon from meteorites, small and large collisions and gravitational forces that often bombard it from space. What we see and believe to be the Moon is, for the most part, only a protective shell for the „other moon” lying deep below, which is undoubtedly artificial in origin.

In the late 1970s, a few enthusiastic scientists used computer analysis to determine what kind of metal alloy the inner shell would have to be made of to withstand such extreme forces. Considering

how fast the "conga" was progressing and how it was beating back off this supposed metal wall, they concluded that it should be composed of nickel, beryllium, manganese, tungsten, vanadium and titanium, with a little iron thrown in for good measure. This alloy can withstand anything that can hit a celestial body in the cosmos. In fact, if the top layer of rock is only three kilometres thick, the metallic cladding is already protected. There's something else that NASA researchers are trying not to talk about or write about. Since 1979, it has been no secret that seismic instruments have been detecting sound effects from the depths. It is a high-frequency sound that is heard almost exactly every 30 minutes and lasts for a minute. The origin of the sound is still unknown, but it is suspected that it erupts from a depth of 960 kilometres every time. In other words, some kind of automatic device has been working for who knows how many hundreds of thousands or millions of years? – programmed to emit this mechanical signal.

Few researchers dare to state unequivocally that the Moon is a hollow body inside. They are cautious, if only because this would lead to a special "excommunication" by academics. But facts are still facts. How long have we had the Moon? According to conservative astronomers: „There has always been a Moon, which means it formed with the Earth”. This has been largely disproved, but other theories also assume many (hundreds of) millions of years of existence. For example, the tidal phenomenon has been operating on the Moon for millions of years, and is caused by the Moon. However, there are also confusing facts, written accounts. The sagas of many Native American peoples clearly distinguish between the pre-Moon and the present, or post-Moon, era. In Chinese astronomical writings dating from before the beginning of our era, there is not a single mention of the Moon, as if it did not exist. Didn't exist? Greek and Roman scholars have written about very ancient times when humans lived on the planet, but the moon was not yet here. Others say it was here, but not as close as it is now, so it was barely visible. We could go on and on about the ancient scientists who also distinguished between the two eras. According to other sources, at one time mankind was suddenly tested by gigantic earthquakes, floods (tsunamis), volcanic eruptions, and this was around the time when the Moon suddenly appeared next to the Earth.

István Nemere – Ufómagazin, September 2013 (pages 8-9)



Garthazes in the belly of the Carpathians

Márton T., a foreign trader, was in Bucharest from 10 September. His negotiations were very successful. The Romanian hosts gave their best and there was no lack of business. After five days in the country, the Hungarian expat set off on a tour of the country and markets in a company BMW driven by a skilful and muscular young driver, Florin Dimbatea. After a few days, they were just heading for Iași when, After a bend, we saw strange, matte-gray dressed figures rushing past a caravan-like constitution. Florin slowed down. We had no idea at the time that we would never arrive in Iași. One of the figures stepped up to the slowing car and shouted something in Romanian to the driver, who turned pale and reached for his inside pocket. And then the writer of the article lost consciousness. When he came to, he saw an old man with a very wrinkled face in a strange place. He was speaking to him in a husky voice in English. He took him to another room where a screen covered one wall. He told T. Martin that they were on the border of Romania and Soviet Moldavia, in the mountains.

About three million people live there, an isolated group of people he called the Gartas. Their isolation has lasted for three hundred years, during which time their technical development has accelerated incredibly. He believed they were two to a hundred years ahead of us. The old man said they knew everything, and guarded their underground empire so well that it was impossible to enter uninvited. They rarely interfere with what goes on in the outside world. It amuses us that we regard their people as aliens. Their information service is perfect, their people are everywhere on Earth. Then he went on to say that they didn't want him, but the driver, who had been hijacked as part of a routine sperm collection operation, and because the Hungarian missionary was with him, he had to share his fate.

A short time later, old Martin T. was led down a corridor through an airlock-like room and into a small, completely enclosed, windowless vehicle similar to the inside of a bus. Kecskemét will be good? – he asked the man, and without waiting for an answer he disappeared. The vehicle shuddered, and exactly ten minutes later a door opened, through which two figures in grey clothes entered, pointing outwards. "I went out without a word," writes Martin T. – and found myself on a road. I stared with exhausted eyes at the vehicle, which resembled a giant hand-held vacuum cleaner, slowly rising from silver-grey to glowing orange, and then moving away at incredible speed. After a quarter of an hour's walk I reached the pig farm of the Helvécia State Farm. There I was directed and after a long walk I found a taxi in a residential area of Kecskemét. To the train station! By evening I was home."

The next day, when Márton T. told his boss what had happened, the boss did not believe him. When they then phoned to ask about the young Romanian driver, they received the following reply from their contact there, Mr Voican-Radulescu: "Florin is being held in the detention centre of the police headquarters in Birch district because his Hungarian travelling companion cannot be found, and he gives confused and impossible answers to all questions." Since then I have told several people about what happened to me. Only the employee of the National Security Office showed some interest, but he only asked me how, with the help of whom, I was able to come home from Romania undetected. What I have written is the absolute truth. Believe me, the whole story is not a journalistic invention born out of a crisis in Lapelada, with neither ears nor tail. Let us accept that Márton T. is a real person, and so is the driver Florin Dimbatea and the Romanian foreign enquirer Voican-Radulescu. And let us also accept that Martin T. did indeed tell the truth about everything.

Károly Hargitai – UFO horror (pages 203-204)



Introducing the Iarga civilization

There are still many people who do not believe in the existence of extraterrestrial civilizations and officially deny, or rather deny, their existence. Therefore, aliens are trying new methods to make us believe in their existence. In the absence of direct evidence of UFO abductions, few people believe such stories. That is why a group of extraterrestrials is trying to appeal not to our faith, but to our common sense and reason. They give us detailed accounts of their own lives, and in the process reveal technical details that we would never discover ourselves. Hence, there is no shadow of fakery or fraud in these stories. Rationally minded experts in particular will see that this is not science fiction fantasy, but a credible account.

This kind of report also differs from the usual fourth type of encounter in that it does not contact ordinary people, but brings us their message through carefully selected contacts. Among the authentic accounts, the Iarga Civilisation contact, who chose as their contact a well-known Dutch businessman, Stefan Denaerde, a highly qualified engineer, stands out. Denaerde cannot be accused of being motivated by profit motives either, as he holds senior positions in a number of multinational companies in Europe and is a founder member of several companies. He is therefore able to pass on what he hears and the technical documents he is provided with with sufficient precision. And with his high income, no one would expect him to try to make money by telling stories from here and there. In his country, he is not only respected as a professional, but is also known for his reliability and credibility. He is not driven by popular opinion, because he lives in seclusion. He does not lecture, write articles or give interviews. In 1969, Stefan Denaerde published the information he had received in a book which has since gone through 11 reprints and tens of thousands of copies in the Netherlands. The great success is due to the fact that readers feel in their hearts, logically, that these are authentic reports.

The planet of the Iarga civilisation is 10 light years away from us, our immediate neighbours.¹¹⁶

¹¹⁶ The planet Iarga is exactly 10.2 light years away from the Solar System. (Pronounced jarga.) It is essentially a watery planet. Unlike stars, planets do not emit light from themselves. According to amateur astronomers, the planet Iarga

Therefore, they have been watching our progress for a long time and have criticized our many actions. They have also reported on the real history of mankind, which in many cases differs from the falsified and falsified history we know.¹¹⁷ They pointed out where our current behaviour is leading us, what the future holds. They also told us how we can survive the dangers that await us by taking the right measures in time. They are very disheartened by our lack of interest, by how the for-radical new information available to us leaves humanity cold, desensitised and rushing towards self-destruction.¹¹⁸ The Iarga people have compared their social system and their way of life with ours, pointing out our faults. They described their advanced technology. They showed man's place in the universe and what it holds for us in the future.

Stefan Denaerde came into contact with the Iarga people during a voyage when his compass broke and he was heading for a nearby port. Suddenly, outside the harbour lights, a bluish-white glow blended into the pitch-black blackness and a buzzing sound could be heard. A huge flat object floated on the water, a source of light. Soon it was on the alien spacecraft. A panic-like fear filled him at the sight of the astronauts from Iarga. The disc-shaped structure floated like a platform on the surface of the water, slowly approached by the one-and-a-half metre tall, short-torsoed aliens with knee-length hands, wearing a skafander and helmets. The aliens addressed him in English and began to talk to him. He was informed that human culture in its present state was far from being fit to function as a cosmic civilisation. The main obstacle to this is its own culture and behaviour. They told us that it would be a violation of galactic law to pass on any technical information, as it would be used against ourselves and others. They did not, however, rule out indirect help, a suggestion of the direction of technical progress. So they gave him a special gift: a metal that was much harder than diamond, but lighter, and could be layered and made superconducting and super-magnetic. They didn't tell us what it was for, but with a light, hard super magnet, it's not hard to guess that it's aviation-related.

(Judging from their gift, the Iarga people probably use a propulsion system in their spacecraft based on counter-excitation magnetic fields. This requires two extremely powerful electromagnets. The two electromagnets, trained in the shape of a disc, are placed on top of each other and both are excited with the same directional field voltage. The two electromagnets will then repel each other. By rotating the upper electromagnet in a counterclockwise direction, the lower electromagnet emits a strong magnetic radiation. When the Yang pole is at the bottom, this radiation produces an anti-gravitational effect and also acts as a hair-trigger. However, to lift a multi-tonne vehicle, extremely powerful, efficient magnets are needed. For electromagnets, the magnitude of the field strength depends largely on the relative permeability of the iron core. We have not yet been able to make a supermagnet that is suitable for this purpose. However, the superconducting metal that we received as a gift from a meadow-geese could be used to make supermagnets. It has the added advantage of being light, which is not a negligible advantage for a flying vehicle.

To minimise its weight, it could also be used as a covering material for spacecraft. In this case, its extreme hardness will also come in handy. And the magnetisability of the body will allow the vehicle to fly without making noise. The anti-gravity engine makes even more noise than a jet aircraft, creating a veritable sonic boom in its surroundings. But when magnetised, it creates a bubble of ethereal particles around itself, keeping air molecules away from the vehicle. This means that its flight does not create any noise and the air explosion is avoided. It would be worthwhile to subject this metal to scintillation testing to see what it is made of. If we could produce it, it would be a huge step forward in modernising our space exploration and conquering space.)

Later, Iarga's people allowed him to spend a few days on their spacecraft for patch-testing. The Iarga spaceship was again floating on the surface of the water in the bay. When Denaerde climbed

orbits the star Epsilon Eridani (ε Eridani) in the constellation Eridanus, which we measure to be 10.5 light years from Earth.

¹¹⁷ Experts have looked into many of the Iarga-Belian communications. The evidence they found proved all their claims to be true.

¹¹⁸ Our laziness, our carelessness, our apathy, renders us incapable of action. We spit out a fried ga-lamb shoved in our mouths just to avoid chewing it.

down into the interior, she came to a small room with incredibly complex equipment lining the walls and ceiling. In one corner was a desk-like counter with a huge screen above it. He had taken a seat next to it. It was explained to him that the language they spoke was the common language of the Universe. Exactly the same as that used by the Sumerians and their ancestors and descendants. Denærde will not understand the meaning of the words in their true meaning, but he will understand it through his consciousness. (This is obviously a theo-lepatic communication.)

Recent historical research has suggested that the Sumerians, Scythians, Huns, Avars and Hungarians all spoke the same language. Indeed, these peoples are descended from a common ancestor, the Sumerian ancestor of King Nimrod. The brotherly relationship and origin of the Huns and the Hungarians has been recorded in many legends and literary works. Both the Hun and the Old Hungarian runic scripts bear an uncanny resemblance to the Su-Mer. In Transylvania, the Székelys, descendants of the Huns, have preserved the runic alphabet to this day, although they also use the Latin alphabet. The Iarga civilisation, however, did not switch to the Latin alphabet. They still use the Sumerian runic script.

So the descendants of the Sumerians are the remnants of the Huns, and we are Hungarians. According to information from the Iarga-Believers, we can be proud of our language because Hungarian is the language of the universe. Because of its melodiousness and its precise, precise expression, the Hungarian language has a role in the universe that Latin has in our world. In ancient and medieval times, the intellectuals of every country knew and used Latin. Foreign students conversed with each other in Latin. Latin is still the language of doctors and scientists. The names of every disease, medicine, plant, animal and type of person are recorded in Latin (if they were not, they would be lost in the confusion of the 6000 or so languages used on Earth). (Telepathy does not always help in communication, because telepathy does not apply to written documents.) As for the language used by the ancients, we are beginning to guess who they are. According to esoteric literature, the Mu empire (Lemuria) and Atlan-tis (the Turanian clan) also used the Hungarian language.

The foreigners were not in the same place as he was.¹¹⁹ But through the screen he could peer into the adjacent navigation room, about 15 metres in diameter and three metres high. Strangely, most of the equipment and control panels were stacked on the floor, leaving narrow passageways for movement. They moved through the room quickly and easily, their shifts in position reflecting their immense power. After explaining their language, three-dimensional films were projected onto the huge screen. First, a wonderful image of Iarga appeared, as seen from the cosmos. Although they are humanoids, their physical structure is very different from ours, due to their different planetary attributes.

Iarga is bluish in colour, and where the light from its central star can penetrate deeper into the clouds, pinkish patches appear. Its most striking feature is the two concentric rings of six shapes surrounding it. Its rotation is much slower than the Earth's, so the alternation of night and day that we are used to is not so significant. It orbits a moon of comparable size to our own and with similar surface features. Iarga is larger than the Earth, with a gravity of almost 3 g, an atmospheric pressure of nearly 7 atmospheres, and a slightly higher nitrogen and ammonia content than in our atmosphere. The average wind speed is much higher than ours, the denser atmosphere, the heavy rains, the atmospheric currents produce storms of a strength that we could not survive. When it became clear to him that rainfall of one and a half metres is not that rare, it all made sense. One of the key differences is that the planet's surface is almost entirely covered by water. From below, they can never see their moon and stars because of the dense atmosphere. In the higher parts of the atmosphere,

¹¹⁹ The reason is that if they had let it in, they would have suffered from smoke inhalation in the 7 atmospheres of high gas pressure to which they are accustomed. This is why they need a suitcase when they leave the spacecraft. In our low-gas rarefied air, they would suffocate. But the Earth's low gravity is no problem for them. They leapfrog us like our astronauts leaped on the moon. In the reverse situation, we would have serious problems on their planet. The strong gravitational pull would tear down our internal organs, and we would be unable to walk because of our weaker physique.

there is a permanent haze that filters out the sunlight. Blue and green only appear when the fog thins periodically.

The mainland is made up of a series of islands, with a total area barely larger than Australia. Even the small amount of land is frequently shaken by tremors much stronger than those on Earth.¹²⁰ The islands are connected by bridges built on high pillars. Trains run at high speed through these tubular channels. The islands are home to huge railway stations and industrial plants. The area is divided into triangles of roughly six to ten kilometres in width. The hillsides are also built up using terracing techniques. The houses are ring-shaped, built of glass, with a heated communal garden in the middle of the rings, protected from the elements. Each apartment measures 20 × 20 × 6 metres. They are 300 metres in diameter and 135 metres high. Similar ring houses can be found floating on the sea. Thirty-six houses in a triangle. They house about 10,000 people each.

"The ring-shaped design of the dwellings has multiple advantages. Each dwelling receives the same amount of sunlight, from the front and the back. (No firewalls, no blind windows.) Light floods the rooms from all directions. No north or south-facing apartments. North-facing apartments receive sufficient sunlight from the rear and from the south. (It is therefore only a matter of choosing which room should be the bedroom and which the living room.) The dome-shaped design of the roof, similar to our cathedrals, collects ethereal radiation and concentrates it on the occupants of the building, which has a beneficial effect on health. It also extinguishes the Hartmann finger bands below, giving those inside a feeling of endless calmness. But the ring shape's main advantage is its earthquake resistance. The walls, arched in all directions, will not allow the building to collapse even in the event of a strong earthquake. (It is a fundamental knowledge of strength theory that a tube is less breakable than a solid rod of the same diameter.) And the vault-like construction of the dome protects the occupants from weather extremes (torrential rain, hurricane-force windstorms, thick snow cover). (In Rome, the 42-metre-diameter dome of St Peter's Basilica has been protecting the building for 500 years.) Our architects working in earthquake-prone places could learn from extra-terrestrials."

The ring-shaped house also protects against tornadoes. Even a storm travelling at 300 km/h can't knock down its walls. Even the funnel of a tornado can only tear the roof off the building, and those inside survive. Another advantage of the ring shape is that the whole block does not burn down in the event of a fire. Only a section of the ring will catch fire. By the time the flames have spread to the right and left wings, the firefighters will be out. Because the ring training allows them to extinguish the flames from both the inside and the outside, they can quickly contain the fire. To allow the fire engines to enter the building, two large gates must be constructed opposite each other. These are needed anyway to allow removal lorries to enter the yard. The ring architecture of residential and public buildings also allows the escape of people in fire nests. In this housing design, a mass disaster such as the one that occurred in London in 2017 when a 24-storey tower block burnt out cannot happen. Here, the fire on the ground floor spread to the upper floors, and a sea of smoke and flames flooding the staircase made it impossible for the occupants above to escape. As a result, almost everyone in the block was burnt to death. Some people jumped out of windows in desperation and died horribly. The same thing happened in the 2011 attack on the Twin Towers in New York. In a ring building, this trap cannot happen because the occupants can escape to the right or to the left. They can then exit the building via a smoke-free fire escape. While box houses keep people trapped, ring houses create a circular movement space. By closing off the circulation corridors with steel doors, the fire can also be prevented from spreading to other parts of the building.

The population density is 6,000 inhabitants per square kilometre. Such a scarce land area is far from enough to feed a society of billions of individuals based on our agricultural technology. However, the large people's food production is amazingly efficient. The technical details are currently

¹²⁰ With this in mind, it is understandable why they store their objects and utensils on the floor. In the event of a rockfall, or earthquake as we call it, the first things to fall are those placed on a shelf or in a cupboard. In these cases, the threefold gravitational force of a fallen object is likely to shatter it to pieces. However, it cannot fall below floor level. Nor is there any fear of sliding back and forth, because the strong gravitational pull almost pulls the objects placed on the floor to the floor. So even in the event of an earthquake, they are safe.

beyond the reach of Earth science. The extremely high population density compared to Earth required the creation of a highly over-socialized peer-domain system. Only a mentally advanced, non-violent society is capable of achieving this level of contact with its home planet. In their view, humanity does not currently have this capacity.

Due to natural conditions they are short, with highly developed muscular systems, especially in their legs. Their skulls are highly protected¹²¹, their eyes are deep-set. When walking, they often stop to pee. They tread carefully and lightly, as if on ice. They are amphibious in origin and strongly attached to water. Their bodies are streamlined like seals, covered with short hairs. Their hands and feet are large and wide, with webbed fingers¹²². Their sexual motivations are much more modest than humans, perhaps because they find less pleasure in it. They do not use practices to increase sexual attractiveness (jewellery, cosmetics, etc.). In this respect, we seem abnormal to them. Population growth is slow because of the limited living space.

The concept of money is unknown in their world. They already have a universal cosmic economic system. A society without money can be achieved in two ways: everyone owns the same amount or no one owns anything. The latter is much more efficient. Only a selfish person could believe that it is better to live in a world where discrimination exists. In Iarga, production and distribution are in the hands of a few agencies. These are called trusts. They have many millions of employees. There are primary trusts, which supply the users directly, and secondary trusts, which produce the basic nutrients. You don't pay for anything, you just register. The computer systems are interconnected. You cannot buy everything. Big and valuable things, like a house, a car or a piece of art, can only be rented. Cheap assets should not be rented because that would be inefficient. They have to be registered. But because registration is for life, it is almost like owning it. On death, ownership reverts to the trust. Service supplies and services will also be registered, but they will effectively be owned by the client. With us, everything is available at any time, so there is no need for residents to stock up at home.

Their factories are mostly star-shaped, roughly a kilometre in diameter, with hundreds of torpedo-train tracks leading into industrial buildings. Apart from the people in the control room, production is fully automated and managed by a staff of barely forty. How are houses built? First they build a complete factory, and then this factory makes the elements of the houses. Then they assemble the buildings, and finally they liquidate the factory. The roads occupy only five per cent of the total area, leaving enough space for agriculture and forests, which are a source of regeneration and oxygen.

Agriculture is fully automated. Around 20 machines work closely together on the 250-metre wide and ten-kilometre long plots of land. Each machine is more than 100 metres wide, moving continuously over the parcel. The disinfectants and nutrients arrive in tanks on a central conveyor line. The machine loads the containers into itself and dispenses the right materials at the right time. The soil is completely sterilised by lethal radiation¹²³ before the seeds are planted. Efficiency is thus maximised. Sea fishing is similarly efficient.

Almost everything is done in groups. They think together and obey their social laws to the letter. They live in friendship and love in and for the group. At home they live their lives in close family ties. To create a high culture, they needed three things: freedom, justice and efficiency. Efficiency has become an almost religious concept among them. Without sufficient efficiency, their world would collapse in no time.

¹²¹ In the centre of their skull, from the nose to the back of their head, is a thick arched rib of bone. This evolved during their emergence from the sea to protect them from skull fractures. Due to a gravitational pull three times stronger than ours, if they fall, they don't hit themselves, but suffer a severe fracture. For them, a stumble means they're thrown to the ground. This is why they walk carefully, with small steps. Their strong physique and the well-developed muscles of their feet also mean that lifting their legs in such an intense gravitational field is not easy.

¹²² Because Iarga is a watery planet, their civilisation emerged from the sea. While we are descended from apes, they evolved from a seal-like sea creature into a lung-breathing human.

¹²³ This is probably concentrated magnetic radiation, which has an intense germicidal effect. This disinfection method is so effective that no further crop protection is needed. The intense magnetic radiation also renders the weed seeds germ-proof.

Public transport and transportation are carried out by fully automated torpedo trains travelling at 400 km per hour. Their tracks run straight as an arrow over seas and land. The towers supporting the tracks are attached to buoys floating in the now relatively calm waters.¹²⁴ They have no aircraft to transport passengers, which would divide society and be far less efficient than trains. They very rarely use cars. Usually when a family is rounding up and heading to a regeneration centre. Their most important principle is total freedom. No one can proclaim freedom with a gun in his hand.¹²⁵

This authoritative account provides us not only with useful technical details, but is also morally instructive. It shows us how to protect and value our living space. The Iarga people live in a harsh climate (land scarcity, almost unbearable gravitational pull, high pressure, stifling smog, extreme weather conditions). In the face of this, they are looking after their planet. Together, they are adapting. They know that one wrong decision could mean the destruction of their habitat. We, on the other hand, care nothing for our environment, for the preservation of nature. We've got a wonderful planet with an ideal gravitational pull and atmosphere. Unlike the Iarga people, we can always see the sun, the moon, the stars, and sometimes even a rainbow in the sky. We have no idea of the size of our surroundings. According to extraterrestrials, the Earth is the third most beautiful planet in the Milky Way system of millions of living planets. Yet we don't think much of it. We pollute our soils, deforest, poison and eviscerate our soil with chemicals, over-exploit our oceans, and deplete our mineral resources. We are destroying nature, destroying our world, because of our insatiable greed for profit. The Creator has even dedicated his physical gifts to us to make us look like the gods. But we behave like animals.



Official science denies the existence of extraterrestrial civilizations. But esoteric literature provides abundant evidence of their activities. These observations are so common that they are now the subject of a separate discipline, ufology. Case histories dating back several millennia show that extraterrestrial civilisations more advanced than ours were responsible for promoting and orchestrating the accelerated evolution of life on Earth. To this end, new species of plants and animals were periodically introduced to Earth, through hybridisation of ape-men and cavemen found here. After the foundations of our civilisation were laid, they transplanted different races and peoples from their own planets to create our genetic diversity. After that they did not show themselves in person. They moved deep into the seas, into the bowels of the mountains, and watched our evolution from their covert bases. Their current mission is to prevent nuclear war and to fend off attacks from outside. The most advanced extraterrestrial civilisations, however, did not engage in these manual uploads because they saw no challenge. Nevertheless, they are here, watching our activities from afar. The reason they are here is because they are bored. This surprising fact is reported by a contact who has been in contact with them:

During my last removal, I asked the strangers why they were coming here? They replied that they were bored. Nothing else motivates them, except that they don't want to be bored. They said they were a very advanced civilization in the universe. With their technology they can do basically anything. They can produce matter in any form they want. Once you reach that level of sophistication, suddenly you find yourself at a dead end and life is no longer interesting.

My memories recall one such story: at Christmas my parents gave me a calculator. I already knew the numbers, but it had all sorts of buttons for operations, division, multiplication, etc. Until I knew them all, it had its charm. But once I figured out how the last button worked, everything was simple and clear. It became boring. From then on, it was just one object, before that it was a bunch of things. It was fished out of my memories and not told to me, but relived. The feelings came back. They said if you can do it all, there is no challenge. No failure. If there is no failure, there is only success. If there is only success, then it is no longer success, but a consequence of an action. But joy

¹²⁴ Because of the three times stronger gravitational pull, the sea doesn't swell as much as it does here.

¹²⁵ Source: László Arany, *Ufomagazin*, March 2017 (pages 14-17)

is associated with success. In time, they can no longer enjoy anything, because everything is a consequence. (They no longer have dark forces to oppress them, to impede their efforts, or to destroy their creations. So whatever they start, they are sure to succeed. There are no obstacles to overcome in their lives.)

As long as they are young and learning about the world, they have happiness, but as they grow up, they advance to a level of knowledge where happiness ceases as a result. In the process of learning and learning, humans have come to realize that joy and sorrow are necessary preconditions, breeding grounds, basic materials for the existence of emotions. Love, too, is drained out of everyone who has everything, who succeeds in everything, who has no challenges in life. I'm told they amuse themselves by watching what happens to people. You get information through your senses into your brain and into your soul, and they experience it partly in the brain and partly in the soul. They are connected to the experience centre of the brain and the soul of humans, but only with a one-way connection. They merely listen to the signals, receive the transmission, record what happens. They don't want to influence people in any way, they try to erase any interference from their memories, because they don't even want to scare us, let alone scare us.

Sometimes this is not completely effective, then people remember a few flashes. But because they time it to the sleep period, they mistake it for a dream. The human brain has several states of operation. The two main ones are waking and non-waking. The difference between the two is something I can't describe very well. I was told that, but I only understood the concept. In waking there is a controlling part, consciousness, mind-eye, self-awareness, ego, directing principle, regulating principle, ability to think, which is not present in sleep. But for all these concepts, I was shown one thing that I cannot describe, I can only describe with these words. It's a tiny part in terms of brain and mental functions, because memories are a much bigger part, but it's still the dominant part, because it's the dominant part of our personality. When we are asleep we can do whatever we want, because of the ego being switched off, our brain-soul is not processing it. It is not written down in memory, it is forgotten just like a dream. As the ego wakes up, the dream is gone.

They want to experience the recorded events that we experience. That's all they get from us, and they don't take anything away, because they get it in duplicate. They don't have bored people at home watching TV, they have our lives to live, for example. If they can come here with their saucers, they need technological knowledge that requires a perfect understanding of material structure and space-time. To get here, you have to travel orders of magnitude faster than the speed of light. To do this, you need to be able to warp, to teleport. Teleportation is the science of material degradation and re-rate-reformation. It takes something that exists in one place and instantaneously moves it to another place by dematerializing it and then rematerializing it. Hence the science of copying. With a replicator or duplicator they can make anything, they don't need our planet or our raw materials. They are at a level where they don't need anything.

István Kovács – Ufómagazin, February 2020 (page 13)

Parapsychology

It seems that extraterrestrial civilisations are becoming active again. In the early 1990s, there was an almost succession of reports of their activities. In 2005, however, something began to happen, as they are now making themselves heard more and more frequently. They are performing one „miracle” after another in our world. Moreover, these mysterious phenomena can be verified after the event. They are not the easily misinterpreted accounts of eyewitnesses, but phenomena that can be verified at any time and studied afterwards. One of these is the peculiar ability of John Wilson¹²⁶. The young American was no different from his contemporaries. He had no special abilities, and had hardly even heard of parapsychology. Despite this, he now possesses an extremely rare gift in parapsychology: he can turn back time.

¹²⁶ dzson vilzon

It all started when he was photographing nature when he suddenly saw a small UFO out of the sauroid species. When the alien creature stood upright, John was so surprised that he dropped the camera, the lens of which shattered. The alien then disappeared, but it seems to have taken pity on the poor stricken photographer, for before he left he had given him a strange ability. This was revealed when John bent down and picked up the ruined camera. He didn't even have time to mourn the damage, for the broken lens in his hand suddenly seemed to be magically restored. He couldn't believe his eyes. He thought it must have been his imagination and the camera hadn't broken. But the strange things continued.

"The next day I dropped my watch, which I inherited from my father. On the paving stone, this mechanical device was also broken. Annoyed, I bent down to pick up the pieces, when it came back together on its own. Seriously! Ever since I saw the little UFO, whatever broken object I touched, it's fixed right up." It's like filming the shattering of a vase that has fallen from the floor, and then rewinding the film. Here, however, there is a real improvement. When John touches the ruined object with his fingers, time starts to roll backwards inside it, and its molecular structure is restored to the time when it was still functional.



Graduates of the Mind Control course know that broken household appliances can be repaired in alpha. Some people are given this ability as a gift, so they do not even need to go down to Alpha to find out what is wrong with a broken device. American Matt Perkins¹²⁷ boasts, "I can tell right away what's wrong with an appliance. I just take one look at them and I've got the right tools. A lot of people think I'm a fraud. They suspect that I've been in the house before and inspected the equipment. I just laugh at them. By the way, I acquired this strange ability in Peru. My car broke down, and I was not a mechanic, and there was no technician around. I was beginning to despair about what was going to happen to me when I felt a strange buzzing in my head. Then I suddenly understood exactly what was wrong with the car. So it was not difficult to fix it."

He has gained a lot of experience during his successful service career. This led him to the conclusion that "Every machine has a soul. Microelectronic devices have the biggest and most sensitive. He believes that electronic circuits are also sensitive to the impulses of the human mind. He has observed that the machines of people prone to nervousness and hesitation are more easily disturbed. Not because their owners are not handling them properly. It's not that. For reasons that are mysterious even to the experts, the machines of anxious people don't want to work. When I am challenged with a computer operating under these conditions, the machine always works for me. However, as soon as I put my foot out, the microelectronic devices immediately announce that they are bored. Lately I've stopped repairing the machines and started training their owners to learn how to use them. The more complicated a piece of equipment is, the more important it is to use it with the right mental attitude."



Plants and animals are not only informed about their own world. They are also aware of the dangers to the people around them. If there is a strong emotional bond between the animal and its owner, they will try to let us know in their own way. Many dogs have saved their owners' lives in this way. This is not an animal instinct, a manifestation of love and affection, but the precise information of an intelligent force that is constantly monitoring our environment. This system not only warns us of the danger ahead, but also tells us how to protect ourselves against it. A Canadian man owes his life to it. Tom Perkins once went hiking in the mountains and left his dog, who hates the cold, at home. He'd gone quite a distance when he was suddenly struck by a sudden attack of a sickness he'd never experienced before. As it turned out, he had suffered a heart attack, even though he had no previous heart problems. It caused him to faint and he was cut by the snow. At that moment his dog broke the window of the house and ran to find his owner. He soon found him, and

¹²⁷ met pö(r)kinsz

licked and whimpered around him until he regained consciousness. But he was unable to move, and would have frozen to death had the dog not brought life-saving medicine with him. Rocky took a leaf of heart medication into his mouth and pushed it into his owner's hand before bursting out of the window. Tom looked at it for a while and then remembered it was his mother's heart medicine. He had bought it earlier because his mother, who visited him occasionally, often forgot to take her pills with her. Suspecting that she had a similar problem, she took two of them straight away. After a few minutes, she felt better, her cramps were gone and she could go home.



In the time of the Emperor Nero, there lived in Samaria a philosopher named Simon, who soon discovered that it was more rewarding to try his hand at magic. Business took off quickly, but he was not to be happy for long, for he was brought in by the apostles, who immediately became the centre of attention. Simon was furious beyond words. According to the story, he even approached the apostle Peter with some cash, telling him to get the gift of the Holy Spirit for him too. But his request was firmly refused. From then on, Simon was all about bribing the apostles and regaining his former reputation. He began to advertise himself and his special gifts, which included the science of flight and invisibility. Slowly his lost reputation returned. Simon, though he could easily have made a living from his magical powers, instead kept looking for an opportunity to get back at the Apostle Peter for his failed business deal.

The decisive confrontation took place in Rome, where Simon declared that he would abandon his people, rise up to his god and denounce the infidels. At the time indicated, a huge crowd appeared in the Via Sacra area. The Apostle Peter was, of course, present, and watched in silence as Simon suddenly rose into the air and shouted down to him in a voice of scorn that if he was really such a great saint he should do something. Peter fell on his knees and began to pray, asking his God that Simon should fall, but not break his neck, only his legs, in three places. After a few seconds, Simon fell like a bird with wings on its wings into the dusty streets of Rome. No dog was hurt, only his leg was broken. In three places.

Zsolt Barta F, Képes Újság, 2005/16 (page 24)



Since Satan's banishment to Earth, there has been a great struggle between the forces of heaven and hell. Sometimes it manifests itself in our lives. For the demon world is very annoyed when one is in the service of the forces of heaven. They are particularly angry at audiovisual works that emphasise the role of the Saviour, because they reach many people. Today, few people read, so they don't even read the Bible, but good films are watched by everyone. If not elsewhere, at home on television. Therefore, the visual representation of the life of Jesus has an incredible power to move people towards religiosity. Even atheists can be swayed in their faith or their lack of faith by a modern visual spectacle, which does not serve Satan's agenda to destroy our world at all.

They are especially enraged when a good script is paired with a talented director and excellent actors. In such cases, they try by every possible means to stall the work. Their main weapon is intimidation, which they used most spectacularly during the making of Mel Gibson's *The Passion*. As it turned out, their wrath was not unfounded, as both critics and the public consider it the most authentic adaptation of the Passion of the Christ. According to the filmmakers, during the filming, a number of paranormal phenomena occurred, which they saw as a sign that the heavens approved of what they were doing. After initial difficulties failed to deter the crew from continuing filming, the demonic world took a radical step: actor James Caviezel, who played Jesus, was killed by lightning during the filming of an outdoor scene. But, shockingly, he survived. But his miraculous resurrection was hailed as a miracle:

- When the lightning struck my body, I was surrounded by silence for four seconds and then I felt as if someone was clapping a very loud clap right next to my ear. For about eight seconds after that, I was in incredible agony as I watched the people around me look at me in horror. There was supposedly some strange brightness zigzagging around me. Somebody- somebody

thought I was going to drop dead. But that's not what happened, and I attribute it solely to God being with me all the way.

Yes, indeed, he was. He could not stand idly by and watch the wiles of the Evil One, and revived a body struck down by lightning. The "strange brightness" was caused by the magnetic waves accompanying the dematerialization and re-materialization of the dead body. Since this phenomenon takes place in an instant, the actor did not perceive any of it. While working on the film, one of the assistant directors was also struck by lightning and miraculously survived the assassination. Lightning also struck the cross on which Caviezel, who played Jesus in the script, was later „strung up”. John Debney, the film's composer, claims to have been aware all along that satanic forces were at work in the studio, trying to prevent the film from being made at all costs. On several occasions, certain soundtracks had to be re-recorded because, inexplicably, either the power went out regularly or the tracks already recorded were erasing themselves from the computers. It all came to an end when, on the last day of work, a blinding brightness of unknown origin filled the recording studio for a few seconds.

The demon world is also very unhappy about the imminent "end of the world" being made known to a wide swath of the population. The majority of people no longer go to church, few read the Bible, and even those who do read it do not believe the horrors of the Apocalypse. They believe that the vision of John the Evangelist is just a confused nightmare. But many people watch the disaster films and, when they see the terrible end, they wonder what if that is indeed the fate that awaits us. This may deter them from a life of crime and immoral behaviour. Nothing can deter the unbelieving, unreligious man of our time from immoral behaviour, from animalistic behaviour. This is Satan's "grist to the mill", but such a thought-provoking film is disturbing in its damnation of human souls. For there is currently a great struggle between the demonic world and heavenly beings for the souls of humans, and in this war Satan is winning.

But the fourth part of the hit Terminator series, which has been seen by hundreds of millions of viewers, is too realistic about our near future, which is not to the liking of the angels from hell. The episode "Redemption" takes place after the end of the world, among the ruins of our civilisation, and is quite depressing for the audience. It depicts in a realistic way the process that led to the total destruction of humanity. No wonder, therefore, that the demon world has been an obstacle to the making of this film. Even the start was difficult, because it took years for the producers of the fourth part to reach an agreement with James Cameron, who made the first two parts, on the copyright. The first blow came early on in the filming when the father of all Terminators, Stan Winston, died. Then tragedy struck one of the female cast, Helen Bonham Carter. She lost four members of her family in a car accident. Then Sam Worthington, who played Marcus Wright, suffered a back injury, while lead actor Christian Bale broke his left hand. One of the professionals responsible for a special accident was even worse: Michael Meinardus suffered a very serious leg injury in a botched bombing. The series of accidents made the rest of the cast all the more nervous. In one scene, Christian Bale was so upset that he went berserk and cursed the cameraman who was recording his role in a tone that was unmistakable. Despite all these difficulties, this film has been made, so it's up to us to decide whether to see it.



The more important the task that one arrives on Earth, the more one's guardian angels are watching over one. Many, many people have reported on cases like this, and Winston Churchill's biography tells us that in his lifetime such miracles were an almost daily occurrence. He was a correspondent for the Morning Post in the Boer English Haboobo-Roo when he was captured by the Boers. After he escaped from captivity, an inner voice whispered to him that a British citizen in a nearby village was offering him a menhir.

Once during World War I, he felt an invisible hand trying to pull him out of the trenches. He quickly jumped out and ran for another cover. A few minutes later, shells rained down on the previous trenches. None of the men left behind survived. In World War II, his life was again saved

by his guardians. He always sat in the same seat in his car, but one night he suddenly decided to move to the other seat. A few seconds later, a bullet pierced the seat he was used to. If he had stayed there, he would surely have been fatally wounded. When his wife asked him why he had changed seats, Churchill replied.

In 1940, during the bombing of London, his mind's eye was haunted by the broken windows of the large house in the Council of Ministers building. Churchill alerted the occupants to leave the building immediately. Three minutes later, a bomb hit the courtyard and the air pressure smashed every window in the building. In July 1945, he had every reason to hope that his war record would win him re-election. It was not to be. Churchill knew this at the dawn of the election. He woke up at two o'clock in the morning feeling pricks in several parts of his body. He was overcome by a sense of despondency, and something told him that the Conservative Party was going to lose the election and that he would no longer be able to play a part in shaping the future of the island nation. The next day Labour won.



Hans Lieber felt that he no longer had much to look forward to. He had lost his wife twenty years ago. Poor Edith had boarded a bus that had crashed into a cliff. No one survived the disaster. With no children, Hans lived his days in complete solitude. He didn't make friends with anyone, although he wasn't called grumpy. He was very kind to everyone, just keeping a few steps away. One morning at the beginning of July, as usual, he waited for the bus to take him to his workplace in downtown Cologne. To his surprise, a rather old-looking vehicle pulled up at the stop. He was also surprised to see that there was no one on the bus except him and the driver. But the real surprises came after that: as he looked out of the window, he saw the landscape of twenty years earlier. He wanted to run to the driver, but was unable to get up. The bus slowly arrived in downtown Cologne. Lieber climbed down from the vehicle in disbelief. He had barely taken a few steps when he recognised his old self in one of the passers-by who came towards him. In the blink of an eye, he pulled himself together and struck up a conversation with the „person“, who stared at him in disbelief at first, but after Hans had told him all about his life, not failing to mention his most closely guarded secrets, their relationship became decidedly relaxed. The elder Lieber asked his former self to prevent Edith from travelling, and she reluctantly agreed. As a parting gift, Hans gave his former self a coin in euros and a „fresh newspaper“.

After they parted, the time traveller spent hours wandering through the scenes of his old memories. Then, in the early afternoon, as he was walking past a park, the bus he had arrived in parked next to him. The driver shouted cheerfully that it was time to go home. In the vehicle, Hans fell asleep and dreamed of the twenty years he had spent with Edith and their future children. When he woke up, he could once again see the scenery of his present life through the window. The bus stopped near his house. He got off and, to his surprise, found himself face to face with his perfect double, heading straight for him. They collided: in the strictest sense of the word, he was one with the „person“. Lieber then started towards the house. He was greeted at the gate by a little girl of about ten and a slightly younger boy. At the door of the house, Edith was smiling, holding the euro coin and the newspaper of the day, which looked very old. Hans still doesn't understand it all. Here's what he said about the miracle: I was living in a different time zone until the beginning of the summer. If I had really returned to where I had started from, I would have been greeted by an empty house. Edith doesn't want to tell me anything either, even though she knows everything, since she has the coin and the newspaper. But the point is that we are together again and the children are wonderful!

Leslie Shambala – Hihetetlen Magazine, December 2005 (page 13)



While not everyone is unlucky to have number 13, some are decidedly unlucky. The great German composer Arnold Schoenberg was born on Friday the 13th. His birth certificate number is 8023, which, according to the rules of numerology, adds up to 13. At the age of 76, he looked

forward to Friday the 13th with dread. - he told his friends. He was afraid to get out of bed that day and asked a friend to look after him. He fell asleep in the afternoon and woke up at a quarter to twelve at night. He asked his friend who was watching his bed what time it was. When he found that there was only a quarter of an hour left in the day, he fell asleep again, happy in the knowledge that the balmy day was about to end. Two minutes later, at exactly 13 minutes to midnight, Schoenberg passed away. He was not suffering from any illness.



In the mid-1990s, in a small village in India, he fell down a well and was killed instantly by a young man. She left a beautiful legacy to her husband, who did not seem at all inconsolable. She soon remarried and had children. One day, travelling merchants came to the village, and one of their five-year-old daughters said to her father, who was selling trinkets:

– I died in this village in my previous life. My husband hit me on the head with a goblet and then buried it at the end of the garden. Then he dragged me to the well and pushed me into the depths.

The strange news spread quickly through the village, so the chief of police dug up the man's garden, where the goblet was found. Exactly where the little girl said it would be. Seeing all this, the ex-husband was devastated to admit that he had indeed murdered his wife. Then he committed suicide. He, too, jumped into the well into which he had plunged his half.



We have often heard of „holy” statues and paintings weeping, bleeding, oozing scented oil. In India, however, statues eat the sacrificial food offered to them. This interesting phenomenon began on 21 September 1995 in New Delhi. On one of the great festivals, worshippers in a Hindu temple offered milk to their benevolent god of wisdom, the elephant-headed and human-bodied statue of Ganesha, as a sacrifice to the souls of their ancestors. After the ceremony, to the astonishment of the worshippers, the statue moved and began to drink the milk, sucking it up through its trunk! News of the miracle spread like wildfire around the world. To add to the astonishment, the same phenomenon was repeated on the same day in Hindu temples in India, Hong Kong, Indonesia, Bangladesh, Thailand, Singapore and Nepal, and even in Hindu temples in Africa, North America and Australia. The statue of Ganesha in the temple in the city of Chandigarh in Punjab state was greedily sucking milk from the bowl in front of him. In the Ludhiana town of Punjab, a snouted statue of the deity was sucking milk from the palms of devotees. In England, the Sonthal Vishwa temple in Sonthall caused a sensation and a media sensation when the Hindu god Siva, riding a bull, started drinking milk from a spoon. On the same day, a bronze cobra deity, Shash Naag, also converted to milk drinking. It has been reported that in the Happy Valley of Hong Kong, Krishna, Ganesha and Brahma drank milk from a number of bottles. Ganesha's tiny silver statue, barely 30 centimetres tall, mysteriously disposed of twenty litres of drink on its own.

This miracle, which has been witnessed in many parts of the world, then ended as abruptly as it had begun. The next day, not a single statue wanted to drink milk. Perhaps they had quenched their thirst and passed the sacrificial drink. Buddhist believers in different countries around the world had no doubt that a miracle had taken place. Scientists, however, do not believe in miracles. The Indian physicist Dr Das Bania said of the statues of the drinking saints: „When marble or other porous stone visibly absorbs liquid, what happens is that a system of capillary tubes between the molecules of the marble rapidly absorbs the liquid, which forms a thin layer on the surface that is very difficult to see. Especially if the surface is also white, as is the case with many sculptures." The scientist has not yet found an explanation for how the phenomenon of capillary absorption can manifest itself in metal sculptures. In any case, marble does not behave like a sponge and is therefore not capable of disappearing large quantities of milk.

In Europe, plaster statues of the Virgin Mary do not drink milk, but cry and shed tears of blood. In the Christian world, in addition to weeping Madonnas, paintings and altarpieces are also capable of „doing” things not explained by the tradition. There have also been countless reports of images

and tiny icons oozing holy oil. Between 1911 and 1915, in the temple of Poiton in Mirebeau¹²⁸, France, a painting of Jesus (his forehead, palms and heart) oozed blood. The blood sample was tested at the Lister Institute in London and found to be human blood. Hundreds of similar tests have been carried out around the world with the same results. Those in possession of such miraculous works of art are often even prosecuted. Such was the case of Fabio Gregori, who received a statue of Mary, a plaster Madonna, from Medjugorje, as a gift from a priest friend. In 1995 the statue began to shed tears of blood. Hundreds of pilgrims came to see the statue and pray before it. The city investigating magistrate ordered the confiscation of the Madonna and opened an investigation against Fabio Gregori on suspicion of fraud. At the Gamelli Clinic in Rome, DNA tests were carried out on the blood spilled by the statue and it was found to be human: this statue is still on display in the church of St Augustine in Civitavecchia¹²⁹. There are thousands of registered sacred objects, which are full of inexplicable wonders. The supernatural seems to play with the proud em-man. We don't know what is true and what is not, but we can only say that these strange phenomena have entered our lives and continue to haunt our imagination. Are the heavens sending us a message? And we do not yet understand, or do not want to understand.

Zsuzsánna Déri – Reform magazine, 5 May 2006.

Reform architecture

While bio-architecture is gaining ground abroad, in our country a decree last year has virtually banned building with natural materials.

My houses are as round as we are. They have no sharp corners, no offensive angles. From the north, the roof, which reaches almost to the ground, protects the walls like a great screen, and the occupant is kept warm by the double-thick (80 cm wide) layers of adobe bricks up to the de-ridge height. This makes the building look as if it has given birth. A single tiled stove can heat a house of 150 square metres, and air conditioning is not needed even in the hottest weather. The sound-absorbing walls are painted with lime mixed with cow dung, the wood is coated with beeswax mixed with linseed oil, and the roof is thatched. No artificial materials are used anywhere in the house, only what nature has to offer. And we don't waste it. Every day, we sweep up the loam that falls off the walls and mix it into the plaster the next day. We take every brick, we take a moment to shape every detail, so that by the end we have built our soul into the house - says architect Sándor Mezei, who has been designing and building adobe buildings for decades.

In the meantime, he has also developed his own method of using adobe. The bricks are mixed with straw and sawdust and then pressed together. Each piece is cut separately. The adobe must be given its due, and the building will repay the care later on – says the architect, who has been able to prove his thesis with the happiness of the people who live in the houses he has built. But he does not deny that this type of construction requires a great deal more time and effort on the part of the client and the contractor. It also requires at least a third more labour than a traditional construction project. However, the construction costs are also lower than for brick buildings (just under HUF 150 000 per square metre).

Despite this positive picture, there is no renaissance of adobe construction. The bad reputation of the building material, which is easily waterlogged, the reduced creditworthiness of houses and the difficulty of obtaining planning permission are driving most builders away from the usual methods of construction. However, the centuries-old tradition of building with earthen building materials is still preferable to the log, earth, hill and straw-bale building methods that have only been around for a decade or two. The majority of architects are also wary of stepping out of the beaten track. Barely one per cent of designers are involved in bio-architecture, and almost all of them are committed to other methods. Some dig their houses into the ground and then cover them with a hill. The foundations are made of natural stone, the mostly curved walls are built of demolished bricks, the

¹²⁸ poetu in mirboen

¹²⁹ csivitavekkia

roofs are made of thatch. From the outside, all that is visible of the house is the roof and the windows, most of which open to the sky. The internal cladding is mostly made of beeswax-treated wood, and heating is provided by stoves and solar panels. The construction costs in this case are just below the usual.

For the enterprising, straw bales are also available. The straw bale walls, which are already accepted in the United States and Northern Europe, are still rather alien in our country. They are said to be resistant to strong winds, fire and water resistant when plastered, cheap to build and maintain, and provide excellent comfort. A 120-square-metre straw house costs between 10 and 15 million forints to build, but with home-built construction and alternative mechanical solutions, the cost can be halved. It can be built quickly (the main walls can be erected in two days) and dismantled in the same time. And the rubble simply decomposes.

However, obtaining planning permission to build a bio-house was not easy before, but since last year it has been downright impossible. A joint decree of the Ministry of the Interior, the Ministry of the Economy and Transport and the Ministry of the Environment, which came into force in 2003, effectively banned the use of natural materials for construction. Under the regulation, only products manufactured for construction purposes and bearing a conformity mark may be placed on the market or installed. Only certified building materials may be prescribed, installed or authorised by the developer, contractor or licensing authority. The above certificate is issued only for products with approved technical specifications. It is, in turn, subject to type testing, inspection of samples taken at the manufacturing plant or at the site of construction, and production control. All non-industrial building materials - reed, shingles, straw, earthenware, lime – are thus made impossible to use.

As a result of the regulation, reed cut in the Hortobágy is first bundled and labelled in Germany and then sold to builders in this country at a multiple of the price," says Ágnes Novák, of the Foundation for the Built Environment, citing a startling example. In Germany, bundled reed is a certified building material. The domestic legislation also contradicts several international conventions and EU directives, including those aimed at preserving local labour and culture, promoting the use of local materials and increasing the sustainability of the countryside. The Hungarian decree has also put monument preservationists and renovators of traditional buildings in an extremely difficult position. Recognising this, a working group was set up in the Hungarian Chamber of Architects to draft a petition for a revision of the regulation.

We do not have to go far for a positive example. In recent years, environmentally conscious architecture has become commonplace in Austria. Their slogan: Passive house, active state. The steady rise in energy prices has focused people's attention on energy-efficient building solutions. This change in public attitudes can also be measured in terms of energy consumption. There, energy consumption per square metre is 80-90 kWh, while in our country 240 kWh is not uncommon. Austrian legislation imposes strict conditions on construction. Building materials and buildings must be ecologically certified. In the provinces of Salzburg and Vorarlberg, only houses that have passed the test are eligible for highly subsidised local housing loans. The certification system is rather complicated. A few years ago, there were 62 different marks, most of which were issued by the manufacturing companies. Three years ago, the various ratings were standardised in the Natureplus system, which has since been adopted by other countries. Since its launch, 117 of the 50,000 products on the market have been tested. Preliminary assessments show that up to one fifth of building materials meet the strict criteria. However, the procedure is expensive and manufacturers are not very interested in changing the rules. However, EU directives will sooner or later force all companies to certify their products.

Sz.A.A. – Népszabadság, 9 July 2004 (page 3)



I am bitter. If I wanted to be pathetic, I would write that in the twilight of my life I wanted to build. Out of adobe. As is the way to begin such things, I went to a designer I admired and considered talented, I told him my ideas, and he set to work. The design for my dream house was almost complete. If it hadn't been for the Land Registry, I would have had planning permission. And now

I'm being told in the newspapers, on the radio and on television that it's no longer allowed to build a house out of adobe. I grew up in an adobe house, I lived here among those who made it big in these typical little buildings. I have seen that a well-founded and properly insulated building can withstand anything. For a man from the lowlands, adobe is the most natural building material. There is raw material, and there is someone to cut it. The owner of the neighbouring plot of land also builds with adobe, and has already been paid a few thousand by a hard-working gypsy man who wants to support his five children from this ancient activity. Now it seems that his bread has been taken out of his hands too.

Anyone who votes for such a thing is in the pocket of the multinationals, says a fellow traveller in exasperation. It is not the interests of the Hungarian people that are important, but those of the global corporations, adds another victim. A third adds that no one here can pay for anything. Not the state, not the banks, not the factories, just us. Everything is imposed on us. They even tax people who don't work, because if they buy something, they pay VAT. The consumption tax, which is nowhere in the world as high as it is here! If I take out a loan of 12 million forints to build a house, I pay several million forints in VAT on the building materials. From what? From the loan. On which they charge a high interest rate. They are also skinning us – he argues passionately.

I am bitter too. I curse the moment when the idea of building came to me. But it did. I didn't decide in advance to build the house out of adobe. I talked to the designer about the different materials, and he told me the pros and cons of each. The discussion of each material usually ended with the architect's conclusion that the material was almost as good an insulator as clay. When I had heard him say this for the third time, I decided that it was clay! I was told that my house would not be made of indestructible mud bricks, if anything, that is.

One can pretend that the Hungarian people have always found the right building material for their way of life, and that they could still decide what they wanted to build with. But the interest groups that lobby effectively do not care. But there are lessons to be learned from the past. When we were still nomadic in the grassy wastes of Eurasia, the nemesis tent was a dwelling perfectly adapted to the way of life of the people. Our ancestors dismantled it in 1 hour, reassembled it in 2 hours when they found the right place, and even survived the harsh weather under its protection. Moreover, the enemy had no idea where they had disappeared into the wilderness. When they found a home in the Carpathian Basin, our ancestors settled down in houses fixed to the ground. In the lowlands, where there was no stone – along watercourses but in the raised parts of the plain, free from flooding – they built shelters over themselves using local materials (loess, polyvyde, wood, reeds). For a thousand years, a beaten wall was fine. Generations grew up in adobe houses made of mud earth, passing on Hungarian values to each other. But now that is over. The more modern and much more expensive building materials are coming, and it is no longer possible to build with the help of family cooperation. We will be the only ones who will gain weight in our houses.

Lajos Körmendi – Metro, 6 August 2004 (page 4)

Environment protection

Humans are using up the Earth's resources far more than it is capable of renewing them, according to a report by the WWF (World Wide Fund for Nature). The Living Planet Report 2004 warns. The survey reveals that our ecological footprint, which quantifies the impact of our lifestyles on nature, has increased two and a half times since 1961 due to increased demands. (The ecological footprint is the area that can produce the goods we need to live: food, energy and various services.) According to a worldwide survey, the average ecological footprint per capita was 0.9 hectares in 1961 and 2.2 hectares in 2004. But when you consider that the Earth has 11.3 billion hectares of biologically active land and sea and 6.3 billion people, it is easy to calculate that there is only 1.8 hectares for every person – less than the amount that would be needed to support one person at current living standards. This overuse is leading to a rapid depletion of the Earth's natural capital.

People in different parts of the world have different impacts on the planet. The ecological footprint of an average North American is double that of a European and seven times that of an Asian or African. If more backward countries also develop and increase their consumption, this will put further pressure on our natural assets. In 2004, the United Arab Emirates had an ecological footprint of 12 hectares per capita. However, in the United Arab Emirates, which is cited by many as a negative example, the figure is now 10.3 hectares. If everyone consumed at the rate of the average US citizen, six pieces of land would be needed. Hungary ranks 32nd in this respect, with an ecological footprint of 3.6 hectares. But this is still high. The wholesale depletion of natural resources is not necessary, because a generation ago Europe was using fewer resources than it had available. It is possible to live with respect for nature. The best example is Ethiopia, where the ecological footprint is 0.5 hectares, compared to 0.1 hectares in Afghanistan. Yet people still live there. Currently, the gap between the countries with the smallest and the largest footprints is 120 times larger and growing rapidly. To take just one example of excessive water consumption, one American city, Las Vegas, consumes as much water as the entire Indian peninsula. But the living standards in rich countries do not reflect this huge disparity. Nor does it give any peace of mind, because surveys show that people living in the West are no happier than people in poor countries. There is therefore no justification for the current consumption frenzy, and our wastefulness is completely unjustified.

Our energy footprint is particularly worrying, mainly due to the use of fossil fuels (coal, natural gas, oil). It is the component of the ecological footprint that has increased the most, by 700% between 1961 and 2000. WWF points out that the excessive use of these energy sources contributes to the adverse effects of climate change. According to the survey, between 1970 and 2000, the populations of terrestrial and marine species declined by 30% and freshwater species by 50%, as a result of increasing human demand for food, energy and water. This is why we must stop wasting natural resources. We need to redress the broken balance between nature and our rapidly industrialising world before we completely exhaust our resources. If we do not, the product will backfire and reduce living standards to a far greater extent than we can now voluntarily undertake.

Ö. Z. – Népszabadság, 26 October 2004 (page 23)

Every year, Global Footprint Network calculates the ecological footprint of humanity. In doing so, they found that we had used up all the renewable resources available to us in 2016 by 8 August. After that, we consumed at the expense of future generations. Currently, humanity would need 1.6 Earth-sized planets to meet its consumption needs.



An alarming assessment of the state of Earth's biodiversity was given at the UNESCO Biodiversity Conference in Paris. Speakers at the biodiversity conservation workshop said it is now clear that living organisms are unable to adapt to human activities that are transforming nature. Klaus Töpfer, Director of the UN Environment Programme, pointed to a clear link between the tsunami disaster, mangrove forests that provide natural coastal protection and the destruction of coral reefs. At least as alarming is the fact that more than 15,000 species of endangered plants and animals are already on the International Union for Conservation of Nature (IUCN) „red list”. Today, only photographs remind us of the Tasmanian tiger or the flightless Madagascar dodo bird, the last of which was destroyed in 1861.

Today, one in four mammal species, one in three amphibian species and one in eight bird species are threatened with extinction. To our knowledge, 784 known species of animals and plants are considered permanently extinct, and 60 others are in captivity. But the real devastation could be many times greater. Science has so far identified 1.75 million species, with the actual number of species estimated at between 10 and 30 million. Every year, researchers discover more than 10,000 previously unknown species, mostly insects and bugs. For every species of tropical plant that goes extinct, 30 other species living with it disappear. Each extinct tropical tree species takes with it 400

species of animals and plants. This does not always require direct human intervention: climate change alone can cause 15-37% of species to become extinct.

From our staff – Népszabadság, 25 January 2005 (page 20)



In Latin America, 50 million hectares of forest have been destroyed in just 13 years, an area large enough to cover the whole of Central America, says a report by the United Nations Environment Programme. In Brazil, 23 million hectares of forest have been lost, in Mexico 6.3 million hectares; and 400,000 hectares of arable land have been rendered unusable by erosion. During the same period, Haiti, El Salvador and Saint Lucia lost between 46 and 49 per cent of their forests. These figures are "horrific", according to the scientific magazine of the National Autonomous University of Mexico, *Cómo Ves?* "Even more so when you think of the hundreds of thousands of species of plants and animals that have been wiped out on our increasingly arid planet".



Sister Dorothy Stang was murdered in Brazil for fighting for the rights of rainforest farmers and conservation. This place really is the wilderness: an outlaw state in Brazil's Para state. Two assassins killed the 74-year-old Roman Catholic missionary with six bullets as she travelled with colleagues to the site of a development project. The nun took out her bible, read a few lines from it, which the perpetrators listened to and then killed her. The nun, who had been living in Anapu since 1972 and was from Dayton¹³⁰ in the US (Brazilian nationality), was very popular with the local population. Thousands of people paid their respects at her funeral on Tuesday, demanding justice and singing psalms. He took up the fight against loggers and wealthy farmers who settled in Amazonia, alongside penniless wage labourers. Sister Dorothy repeatedly lobbied for settlements to be established by those who came to the region. Sister organised the settlement of 7,000 families on the border of the deforestation zone, preventing further expansion. Landowners treat the newcomers as slaves. Most of them are engaged in clearing the felled trees, but a few turn into "pistoleiros" and carry out assassinations. Sister Dorothy has been threatened with death several times, but she has always refused the need for her own protection, saying she would rather protect the migrants. The Brazilian government held a public inquiry in the wake of the tragedy. Human rights organisations have pressed for the killers to be caught. The government has deployed 2,000 soldiers to the area.

J.A. – Népszabadság, 17 February 2005 (page 2)



Did they think the North Sea would be ruined by Danish pigs? The land of Hamlet is a world leader in extensive pig farming. The by-products of the vast living biomass - above all nitrogen - are washed into the sea with the rainwater, causing an oxygen deficit that is almost completely destroying the North Sea's already not tropical lushness.¹³¹ Our globe is getting narrower and narrower, and the radiation cloud from Chernobyl is being blown to Scandinavia, just as the water is carrying the end-of-life fry of Danish pigs and the plaice it has killed to the German coast. As a result of the excessive deforestation of previous generations, the sands of the Gobi Desert, which is approaching Beijing at an alarming rate, are being sucked up not only by the Chinese capital but also by the inhabitants of San Francisco, on the other side of the Pacific.

¹³⁰ déjtn

¹³¹ The problem is that the dilute manure from pig farms is unsuitable for fertilising arable land. This is surprising, as our ancestors fertilised the soil for thousands of years to get good crops. They, however, used allied livestock but they kept their livestock. Manure is a very useful crop stimulant and protects the soil from depletion. Organic manure and compost mixed with straw decomposes in the soil and restores the soil's nitrogen, phosphate, potassium and other nutrients. mineral losses. Slurry without bedding, however, cannot decompose but clogs the pores of the soil and destroys its structure. The characteristic accompanying phenomenon of siltation is the stench and microbial growth, which increases the risk of epidemics. In addition, the slurry contaminates the groundwater, causing the surrounding wells to become nitrified. Additives in the feed also leach heavy metals into the soil, which toxic to plants and, through them, to humans.

Environmental protection? How many times has it been said that mankind has probably reached a level of civilisation where its by-products, including millions of tonnes of carbon dioxide, are likely to cause unforeseeable climate change. But if America is free, why can't we burn? Even if we burned all Africa's tropical rainforests, we would still be responsible for a fraction of US carbon pollution, the black caucus could have said at the Johannesburg summit. What is the answer?
Péter Dunai – Népszabadság - Online, 9 September 2002.



The production of one kilogram of beef releases more greenhouse gases and other pollutants into the environment than a three-hour car journey. This was the conclusion of a Japanese research team in a study of the impact of beef production on energy use, global warming, water acidification and eutrophication (eutrophication means that inorganic plant nutrients in water increase, causing plants to proliferate in the affected water body). Some people simply use the term eutrophication. Eutrophication threatens natural and artificial lakes, and even seas and enclosed bays. The plant nutrients responsible for this process are mainly orthophosphate and various nitrogen compounds.)

The research team looked at the „production” of calves, with a focus on livestock and feed production and transport. These data were compared with previous studies on cattle fattening systems to determine the contribution of cattle production to the overall environmental burden. Their analysis showed that the amount of greenhouse gases released into the air during the pre-production of one kilogram of beef is equivalent to the mitigating effect of 36.4 kg of carbon dioxide. In addition, the production process releases into the environment the equivalent of 340 grams of sulphur dioxide and 59 grams of phosphate in manure. In other words, the pre-salting of 1 kg of beef is responsible for the release of a pollutant equivalent to the amount of carbon dioxide emitted by an average European car over 250 km. These calculations do not take into account the impact of maintaining farm infrastructure and transporting meat, so the environmental burden is higher than this.

Elvira Oravec – Népszabadság, 23 August 2007 (page 20)



It is not only thermal power plants and motor vehicles that pollute the atmosphere with carbon dioxide, but also oil wells. In Norway, the carbon dioxide content of oil extracted from offshore drilling rigs is 28,000 tonnes a day. More recently, this huge amount of gas is liquefied at high pressure and piped into rock at a depth of 1000 metres. A layer of sandstone 150 km long and 250 m wide absorbs the carbon dioxide like a sponge, and the layer above it prevents it from leaking out. But only until a seaquake rips it apart. Then this huge bubble of gas is released, and people in the area are like those around the Nios volcano in Cameroon. As is well known, a huge carbon dioxide bubble formed in the volcano's crater lake, which burst on the night of 21 August 1986, killing 1 746 people and more than 2 000 animals in the gas that engulfed the area. Remember that carbon dioxide is colourless, odourless and heavier than air. Therefore, it spreads unnoticed over hundreds of square kilometres under the cover of night and drowns everyone.



Newsflash: Under pressure from the green movement and following the example of EU countries, the environment ministry has devised a unit-based product charge scheme. However, the government rejected the bill, which was tabled in mid-October. Instead, the previous bulk-based product charge was increased by 20%. As a beer can weighs 5 grams, the increase is only measurable in pennies. And advertising bags weigh less than a metal can. Thus, this provision will not encourage manufacturers to introduce reusable cans. Nor will retailers be sparing with advertising bags.

A bag charge was introduced in Ireland a year and a half ago: the state obliged shopkeepers to charge customers for the plastic "promotional bags" they gave them for their purchases. The measure was fought tooth and nail by retailers, but the government did not back down and life proved the decision right: in just a few months, the number of advertising bags has fallen by 90 per cent and, incidentally, the Irish have no longer had to live with the bag balloons blowing in the wind and

spoiling the grass. As soon as it became obvious to consumers that the bag had a price, they immediately realised that they didn't need the shop-bag. Since then, they carry not only a purse but also some nylon or canvas bags when they go shopping.

According to the Earth Policy Institute, 1 trillion single-use nylon bags are put into the hands of shoppers around the world every year – nearly 2 million every minute. These bags have a lifespan of roughly one year from the store to the home, and then they are thrown away. In landfill, on the other hand, they take 100 years to decompose. Even after that they don't disappear completely, they just fall apart into very small pieces. These pieces are often eaten by animals and die. According to European Commission research, plastic has been found in the stomachs of 94% of birds around the North Sea. People in tropical countries also suffer from the indestructible plastic bags. In Kenya, the water collected in the disintegrated bags creates a breeding ground for malaria-carrying mosquitoes. And in Bangladesh and the Philippines, sewers are regularly blocked by nylon bags. This exacerbates flood damage because water that collects in the streets during monsoons cannot flow through the sewers. And in Texas and India, cows have drowned from eating nylon bags. But the greatest devastation to fish stocks in the world's oceans is caused by municipal waste dumped into the ocean.¹³²

Faced with this unsustainable situation, the Governor of California has passed a law banning the distribution of free plastic bags. The measure took effect in July 2015. It was first made mandatory for supermarkets and pharmacies, and later extended to smaller grocery stores and liquor stores. In these stores, customers must be offered easily degradable paper bags for less than 10 cents. Free nylon bags were banned on four of Hawaii's main islands earlier. The European Union has also been slow and cumbersome in this area. Its recently adopted draft legislation calls for a 50% reduction in the use of nylon bags thinner than 50 microns by 2017, compared with 2010 levels, and a 20% reduction by 2019.

Of course, Ireland has been in the mainstream of European progress for some time, so the Irish example does not bind us. We don't need anyone else's guidance on environmental matters anyway. In our country, the free bag is an acquired right that was fought for by Scala and Centrum for the working people, and which, perhaps uniquely among the social achievements of a bygone age, has been not only retained but even extended. Hungarian consumers can also afford what the smug Swedes or the garasos Germanic Germans dare not dream of: if we pay a hundred forints for a bottle of soft drink, a bottle of mineral water or a can of beer, we can easily throw 40 of it in the bin or on the ditch (we pay 40 per cent of the purchase price for the packaging - unlike the Germans, who have a binder, and the Swedes, who almost exclusively return it).

Here, it is not the environment minister who decides which economic instrument is best suited to achieving an environmental objective (in our case, reducing waste production), but Auchan, Tesco, Pepsi and Coca-Cola, who are much more competent in green matters. The facts at least suggest that this is the case: in August, the commercial multinationals issued a joint resolution protesting against the bag and bottle tax (i.e. the per-unit product charge on disposable packaging), and the National Federation of Food Workers (Éfosz) even predicted the collapse of the domestic food industry as a result of the bottle tax. The Éfosz argument was certainly given particular credence by the fact that Hungarian beer, wine and champagne producers one after the other said that a bottle tax would be particularly useful for them, because it would force German importers fleeing from the compulsory return of bottles at home out of the market. The forward-looking Éfosz even predicted that the bottle tax, and the deposit fee that is expected to reappear after its introduction, would not achieve its goal anyway, as people would prefer the convenient throw-away bottle-tax, and would not bother to return bottles for money. (The prediction did not address the question of who would fill the selective collection bins with plastic bottles several times a week, completely free of charge.)

The government, crushed by the weight of the arguments, has abandoned the Green Party's proposal: the idea of a tax on waste and bottles has been relegated to the moo-zeum of modern environmental legislation, which has never been adopted, alongside the deposit-fee regulation, which

¹³² For more details, see the Environmental Harms section of Chapter II of the Esoteric implementation and the Environmental Harms section of Chapter I of the Esoteric fulfilment.

has been in the pipeline since 1993, and the provision that would have made it compulsory to transfer a percentage of road construction costs to cycle path improvements. Voters can now rest easy: the right to litter will continue to be generously provided for by the state.

Miklós Hargitai – Népszabadság, 6 October 2004 (page 3)



Germany has set itself the target of reaching a 50% share of alternative energy sources by 2050. It is doing its utmost to achieve this bold plan. With state subsidies, solar PV companies are paying three times the price of electricity from conventional power plants for solar and wind power. As a result of these large-scale developments, 120 000 people were already working in the alternative energy sector in 2004. At the same time, the Hungarian government increased the VAT on solar panels, solar cells and wind turbines from 12% to 25%. This is how we have contributed to global efforts to clean up the air. But investors are already seeing the potential of alternative energy companies. Green energy stocks, which have been dormant for years, have suddenly taken off. The share price of Umweltkontor has risen by 25% in just a few days. The price-flow of Sunways and Solarworld¹³³, which produce solar panels, also broke records.

By 2015, solar panel use had become a fashion. Countries that don't need it are already using it. Even the roof of the White House is covered with solar panels, even though the President of the United States is unlikely to have electricity bill payment problems. The reaction of Arab countries is even more surprising. Saudi Arabia has the cheapest petrol in the world. (1 litre costs 42 forints, compared to 400 cents in Saudi Arabia.) Despite this, the Saudi economy will spend \$110 billion over the next decade and a half on installing solar panels. This news has shocked many, as Saudi Arabia has the world's largest oil reserves. Therefore, they have no need at all for renewable energy, as they could supply themselves with cheap fossil energy for decades.



Why is the nose of the power plant soft? Because it didn't tell the truth and got caught? The Paks nuclear power plant spends HUF 4.2 billion a year on its reputation, and sometimes publishes its position in full-page articles. The Paks power plant is state property, so it does this with money from all of us. The opposing camp, if there is one, does not get any of the 4.2 billion, so its opinions are avoided in the press. They do not advertise, they do not sponsor, they rarely publish. The operators of the power plant spread the word that they are the expert popes on issues that, without expertise, cannot be commented on. But there are technical, social, sociological, political, etc. aspects to everything, and the press has to deal with them. You don't have to be a road engineer to see what's wrong with the roads, nor a biophysicist or a reactor physicist to comment on a nuclear accident. There should be public debates on all the issues that affect us most closely. The use of nuclear energy and the assessment of the Paks nuclear power plant are typical of this. Now that the human factor has come into play and the French fuel for the plant, which was originally designed for Soviet fuel elements, has given up its service, the fundamental questions arise anew.

Why is there no real debate in Hungary about our relationship with nuclear technology? Why is the press not informing us that in the EU, where in 1989 nuclear power plants with a total capacity of more than 25 000 MW were still being built, in 1999 no nuclear power plants were being built anywhere? It is true that a reactor has been started in Finland after huge controversy, but the general trend is anti-nuclear. Will the Hungarian reader be informed that 7 of the 15 Member States reject nuclear power without having a single reactor in operation? In Italy they have been closed down, in Austria, Greece and Portugal they have been built but never commissioned, and in Ireland, Luxembourg and Denmark no nuclear power stations have been built. The Hungarian press has only just mentioned that Germany has closed down two power stations like Paks (Greifswald and Stendal), but hardly that Sweden, the Netherlands, the UK, Spain and Belgium have passed laws to close all their nuclear power stations in time and to abandon this technology.

¹³³ szánvéjz, szoulörwöld

It is regularly said that we get about 40% of our electricity from Paks, and that is why Paks cannot be closed. But who knows that in Belgium 60% of energy comes from nuclear power stations, and yet they are closing their reactors. France does not officially reject this technology, but no reactor has been built there since 1999, and one, Superphenix, has been closed. In the USA, no nuclear reactor has been built or the energy they produce has not been commercialised for nearly 30 years. 70 completed designs have been shelved, 10 reactors have been closed and 17 are awaiting closure. Eight of the 22 Candu reactors in Canada are already doomed. Japan has refused to further develop nuclear technology on economic and environmental grounds and has been considering the closure of operating reactors since the accident at the Tokai plant. I believe that the decisions in these countries have been taken under pressure from society, and not by the power plant experts giving up their views. Of course, the decisions needed the free flow of information, the support of the press and a communicative, democratic society. By support for the press, I do not, of course, mean that all journalists should feel that anyone who stands at the helm of a profession that is fading away is a fool; I mean that representatives of the press should also express their views in a different way, in accordance with the divisions in society.

There is, of course, something else wrong with our powerhouse. It is said to be safer than it is. We are led to believe that, since state-of-the-art Western safety technology is used, our „hybrid” (Soviet) power plants with different Western safety technologies are safer than those in Western Europe or the US. I read in a full page statement from the plant the other day that one of our reactors is the fourth safest in the world. Well, you have to be pretty clever to shuffle the cards to come up with that result. I would prefer it if our experts would talk more about how they intend to deal with the storage of high-, low- and intermediate-level nuclear waste in the future. The Russian Parliament has decided not to accept any nuclear waste from abroad, and the President of the Russian Supreme Court has taken the same decision. Ukraine and Moldova do not allow "radiological" assemblies to pass through their territories. And we just sit and listen, because the authorities are in place and they know what they are doing.

The usual response is that it is not moral to play on people's sense of fear. That is what I think. That is why information based on the principle of trust should prevail and why the veil of silence should be broken. Allow me to have more faith in those who want to break with nuclear energy. To believe that where society has greater self-organisation, better advocacy capacity and less scope for political influence by the various industrial lobbies, there is greater receptiveness to alternative energies, greater chance of technological change and even a harder nose for existing nuclear power stations.

György Droppa – Népszabadság, 21 May 2003 (page 12)



Those worried about our future are increasingly asking what fate awaits our current power plants as we harness the power of the past, as we expand the use of renewable energy. Nuclear, gas turbine, thermal and hydro? Well, pretty much:

We have gone from being a country of iron and steel to iron and rust. The beginning:

A telegram from the workers of Inotai to Sándor Czottner, Minister of Mines and Energy: „The Inotai Power Station has been a production plant since 7.1 p.m. on 11 December 1951. We ask Comrade Minister to report our victory to Comrade Rákosi.” The power plant lasted 50 years and 18 days. When it closed on 29 December 2001, the workers sent no telegrams to anyone. They simply packed up, went home and never came back. Everything remained as it was when the last one turned off the light. Since then, nature has worked three shifts in the huge halls. Pigeons have moved into the immobile factory. Hundreds of them live here. They have nestled high up in the nooks and crannies of the crane runways. The rusting boilers, turbines and pipelines are slowly being eaten away by pigeon shit. The central turbine hall is leaking in several places. We dodge the puddles, tread carefully on the iron steps and traverses. Who knows where the rust, working hard under the pigeon pits, has thinned the material so much that it has come off under the weight of man.

One of the turbines has been ripped apart, its rotor stretched out on a separate stand. Next to it, dismantled junk and parts are strewn about in a haphazard jumble. One floor below, huge boilers hang dark and cold. Against the wall is an open cupboard, full to bursting with factory logs. I flip into one. Hundreds and hundreds of pages, carefully filled with millions of boxes. Bearing temperatures, valve pressures, turbine speeds, and a thousand other who-knows-what-else. Two lifetimes of fractions of a millennium told in temperature and pressure values. Boring weekdays, small glitches, big mishaps¹³⁴ in a sea of numbers. The Czechoslovakian-built plant was originally intended for Yugoslavia, but then, as the peace war kicked the dust with Tito, a new site had to be found. In the Cold Valley near Várpalota, ground was broken in the spring of 1950 and the power plant was built in just over a year and a half.

Articles about the construction at the time were full of stories about the unfolding of the Stakhanovist movement. What was not mentioned, however, was that the walls of the power plant were mostly built by peasants who had been sentenced to forced labour and who had failed to fulfil their obligations to provide their services. And, according to the articles, when the building materials ran out, the enthusiastic workers wrote a letter to Comrade Rákosi, and then cement, pig iron, gravel and formwork boards were available. But even Comrade Rákosi could not arrange for the necessary instruments to arrive on time. However, on 7 November 1951, the anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution, the trial operation of the first unit had to start. For the first time, the boilers were heated without thermometers and pressure gauges, just by feel. It was a godsend that the whole place didn't blow up on the first day. The second unit was started up on 21 December, Stalin's birthday.

On the desk in the control room of the second engine unit were some blank soda pop wrappers, a half-filled crossword and a broken pencil. All covered in four years' worth of dust. We go back to the offices. On the floor are piles of Russian-language blueprint documents. On the wall of the foreman's office is an amateur painter. It depicts the factory hall. The inside of the desks and cupboard doors are covered with pictures cut out of colour magazines. Car jokes, women jokes and whatnot. On the desks, orange bakelite sheets, newspapers from the period, factory diaries, reflecting a particular taste. I even find a socialist brigade diary with brigade badges next to it. They take one, it might be good for something else. The relentless battle with the elements continued after the plant started up. The wet, clayey lignite from the mines at Várpalota, which arrived by rail, usually froze, so it had to be mined out a second time, this time from the wagons. Later, it froze only on the conveyor belts and in the storage bunkers, providing opportunities for more and more socialist labour successes. In the meantime, of course, a two hundred and forty-apartment housing estate, a culture house (two), a swimming pool and a grocery store were built next to the power station.

By the 1960s, the plant employed 1300 people. In the meantime, the steam boilers were renovated and in 1976 a new gas turbine power generation section was started up alongside the old one. This was Inota at its peak. But the heyday lasted only for a moment. The power plant started to peak – in power plant parlance – meaning that it was started only at the time of day when consumption demanded it. This mode of operation quickly wore out the old plant's equipment, and the already outdated, inefficient, polluting plant became an increasing blight on the energy sector. Let's go back to the coal preparation sections of the plant. It's hard to imagine that four or five years ago people were still working here. We're up to our ankles in coal dust next to the 50-year-old mills, which are labelled „Czechoslovakian”. The cold valley breeze blows in through the broken windows. Add to that the noise the mills made, and it's a wonder they had a workforce here in the twenty-first century.

The first to close was the coal mine at Várpalota. Desperate attempts were made to save the power station, and ambitious plans were made to build a new one on the old site. Nothing came of it. The machines were stopped, the people were sent away. In the courtyard, we come across a one-man patrol. (The plant's premises are strictly guarded to prevent iron collectors from being tempted to scatter the equipment.) We seem to be on official business, because the guard, who used to work at the plant, goes mad at us.

¹³⁴ industrial accidents

– Well, is something finally happening here? – he asks hopefully.

No one knows the answer today. It is estimated that it would cost around a billion forints to dismantle the plant, demolish the buildings and restore it to the state it was in fifty-five years ago. Neither the owners nor the state have the money for this. From time to time there are rumours of a bio-power plant and so on, but these are soon blown out of the Cold Valley. In the twilight, we motor back to the factory hall for a farewell look. The shadows of the huge machines loom darkly overhead. Dead giants. The silence is broken only by the monotonous sound of water drops falling from the roof. The pigeons has already settled.

László Karcagi – Népszabadság, 7 January 2006 (page 6)



The most efficient way to recycle plastic waste is to turn it into fuel. The method is viable on a large scale, and is used in Japan, but would be too expensive in Europe because of EU tax rules. The process, invented in Australia, involves converting hydrocarbon-based plastics such as polyethylene, polypropylene and polystyrene back into hydrocarbons, i.e. pure diesel, at high temperatures. The end product is considered biodiesel because it is produced from renewable energy sources and is virtually sulphur-free. The fuel can be used in current diesel engines without conversion, similar to higher quality vegetable biodiesels. The Australian company that developed the technology has so far installed six plants in Japan to produce fuel from plastics (packaging films, beverage bottles and insulating materials). The first results are positive: diesel oil production does not require the costly sorting and purification of plastics (two steps that are a prerequisite for all previous recovery processes except incineration) and has a very high processing efficiency: 9.5 tonnes of diesel oil are produced from 10 tonnes of plastic.

In Europe, three countries, Spain, Ireland and the UK, have so far signed contracts for the installation of plastic diesel plants. When asked, the Australian company's representative in Hungary told us that there had been talk of introducing the technology in Hungary, but that – like most EU countries – the tax system was a barrier. As waste becomes fuel, it becomes subject to excise duty, regardless of its origin, which reduces the profitability of production and increases the payback period for investments. In the EU, only plant-based biodiesel has so far been eligible for excise duty relief, and therefore plastic diesel plants can only be viable where there is some form of subsidy for investment or operation (in proportion to the amount of waste processed). However, in principle, there would be no obstacle to Hungary or another EU Member State taking the initiative to extend biodiesel benefits to fuels made from plastics.

H. M. – Népszabadság, 16 February 2005 (page 23)



A fire that raged in China for 130 years has been extinguished. Historians say the fire started in 1874 at a coal deposit in the Xinjiang Uygur Autonomous Region. As attempts to extinguish the blaze failed, mining in the area was stopped. In the more than a century since the fire started, an estimated 1.8 million tonnes of coal per year have been consumed by the flames and the smouldering embers underground. Extinguishing began 4 years ago and to date \$12 million has been spent.

Népszabadság, 5 November 2004 (page 22)



China is facing no small threat from increased pollution and the rapid growth of motor vehicles. A multitude of coal-fired power plants are polluting the air, soil and living water beyond imagination. Of the country's 1.3 billion inhabitants, 800 million live in villages. Feeding so many people can only be achieved through intensive agricultural production, irrigating the land. Therefore 66% of water resources are used for irrigation. China accounts for 22% of the world's population, but only 7% of the arable land in this Far Eastern country is arable. The one-off programme introduced in 1979 has failed to halt population growth. Parents prefer to forgo the social benefits of one-parent families or pay the penalty, but keep trying until a son is born. As the consequences of global war-

ming hit China harder than average, forced economic growth will lead to an environmental catastrophe, the collapse of an overheated economy. Not only will this have a negative impact on the world economy, but the humanitarian and political consequences will be incalculable.



Global warming is costing the world more and more. Its consequences will be felt not only by the victims but by all customers of insurance companies. In the 1950s, global warming caused losses of only \$4 billion. In 2004, natural disasters cost the insurance industry nearly \$40 billion. Last year, the world's insurance companies spent half as much on claims settlements as they did this year. Losses for the uninsured have also risen sharply. This has been a particular problem in developing countries, where high levels of poverty mean that a large proportion of the population cannot insure their property and household goods. According to meteorological experts at reinsurance institutions, natural disasters caused by global warming have become not only more frequent but also much more devastating. Whether in the Caribbean, Japan or South-East Asia, the scale of devastation has reached record levels.

In the last 10 years, there have been three times as many disasters as in the 1960s. Compared to 40 years ago, losses for insurance companies have increased six-fold and losses for the uninsured have increased 14-fold. The world's major insurers predict that global warming damage will reach \$150 billion within 10 years. Insurance institutions fear that unless serious progress is made to slow global warming, payouts will rise to levels that can only be met by drastic increases in premiums. As a result, many businesses and individuals will not be able to take out insurance because they will not be able to afford the high premiums. The world will thus be gradually oppressed. The governments' disaster fund will be exhausted at the beginning of the year, leaving no money to help those in need. The poor will have no chance of getting back on their feet.



Biodynamic farming is spreading across Europe. It was developed by anthroposopher Rudolf Steiner. After his death, his disciples further developed his methods, which are now known to a growing number of gardeners worldwide under the German "Demeter" trademark. In fact, it is gardening based on cosmic forces that go beyond organic biology. The farmers use eight special preparations. They make compost from chamomile flowers, nettles, dandelions, yarrow, oak bark and cat's-root. Cow dung, matured in cow horns, is used to stimulate soil vigour, and fi-nom ground quartzite is sprayed. Some preparations are dug into the ground and left to the cosmic forces to shape. Insect traps play an important role in biodynamic cultivation, as does the use of horsetail when the crop is being tilled. Horsetail is an excellent spraying agent. Preparation is very simple: soak 1 kg of fresh or 15 dg of dried horseradish in 10 litres of water. The next day, boil for half an hour and strain. Spray with a 1 : 5 dilution. Its fungicidal properties are excellent and its high silica content increases the resistance of plants. You can also make a spray from nettle in the same way. This mixture does not need to be boiled and can be used without dilution. It is excellent against aphids. Their calendar is an improved version of the lunar month.

Finding a way out

Parapsychology and ufology have not only adherents but detractors. The unbelievers, or "sceptics" as they call themselves, get together every year and, week in, week out, do everything they can to discredit the discipline. As their meetings always attract a great deal of publicity, there is no shortage of reports about them:

There are optimistic sceptics and pessimists. The former believe that the number of supernatural doubters is likely to increase in the near future – the latter doubt it. On Saturday, we had the opportunity to meet sceptics, or doubters, from both camps in Székesfehérvár. It was here that the Fellowship of the Admirers of Facts held its traditional annual meeting, which they christened the

VI National Conference of Sceptics. Among the die-hard sceptics are well-known and successful researchers. I would like to mention just a few of the names of the conference chairmen and speakers.

It is true that even these much-seen men had smiles on their faces when biologist Gábor Hráskó presented seemingly irrefutable evidence that Darwin's theory of evolution had failed. There was not a peep in the room, not a single person dared to look at the others. Many of us were reminded of the title of the lecture, Darwin or the Origin of All Evil, which had seemed witty but now sounded quite dramatic. But then Hrásko picked up another packet of pachametes, bowed again and, in the second part of his presentation, refuted his previous, seemingly unassailable claims with even more brilliant logic, if possible, and brilliantly demonstrated the mechanism of the modern fable, the mechanism of the origin of the paraipens. The room heaved a sigh of relief, wiped sweaty brows, grinned in relief. Afterwards, he was able to elicit at most a few forgiving smiles from the self-proclaimed sceptics in the audience. The basis of the lecture was a paper by doubters of the truth of the scientific approach, which asks on its front page: "Did Darwin make monkeys out of us?"

– Come on, please – sighed a stiff-necked materialist, having learned from the previous minutes, 'we're the only ones who let them make monkeys out of us by pretending.

The optimistic sceptics were represented by Csaba Németh, a journalist, who believed that the number of journals, publications and books dealing with supernatural phenomena, i.e. those outside the boundaries of science, would not increase in the near future. - In the years between 1948 and 1989, such information was scarcely available, and it was very difficult or impossible to obtain. It is natural that after the change of regime there was an extraordinary surge of interest, but there is not much new to say in this field – the young journalist noted. Csaba Németh also mentioned some objectionable articles published in newspapers outside the press. One tabloid, for example, published in its last Saturday edition a report, refuted days ago, that an asteroid would hit the Earth's surface on 21 September 2030. Questions: will this tabloid exist in thirty years' time? Will there be anyone to hold this scare story to account?

But Gyula Bencze is a decidedly pessimistic sceptic, saying: – If someone wants to believe in such nonsense, they will believe in it, despite all rational arguments and even experience! It is simply impossible to make such people see the error of their ways. The physics professor concluded with a wry joke: – If I met someone who believed he could fly, the only way I could convince him otherwise would be to ask him to go to the top of a tower block and take a few laps. True, he would then be in no condition to admit he was wrong – Bence concluded. The books of Däniken, who some say deservedly, others say undeservedly, became world-famous, simply earned the label "super-secret" from science historian Zoltán Galántai, who summarily debunked the methods of the author who treated the extraterrestrial visits as fact. The cook-turned-pseudo-scientific 'expert's line of thought is that what is possible is true. If something looks like it - it is. Däniken's typical question about the objects he believes were used by extraterrestrials is: what other purpose could they have served? In addition, he assumes completely wild things in an imaginative and completely groundless way, which he also treats as facts – while the real facts that do not fit his concept are simply ignored.

Galántai went on to argue: According to Däniken's primitive conspiracy theory, all the Tutsis are lying, he alone is telling the truth. – It is instructive that Däniken, who claims to reveal the secret knowledge of extraterrestrials, does not mention in his books or films any information that goes beyond the level of our present scientific knowledge. For example, extraterrestrials used gasoline engines and hot air balloons on Earth – Galántai said, pointing out this little-mentioned fact. He added that it only makes matters worse that science has become a star, and that tabloid "scientific sensationalism", which is not without its errors and is not concerned with details, can give the impression that everything can be explained simply. The title of the most sceptical man in the world would probably have gone to the academic Béla Lukács, who remarked: – There will come a time when we will cry back at Däniken! He added: there are some authors who can even make more nonsense than his claims...

János Pekarek – Népszabadság, 13 November 2000 (page 8)



Eszter Gratz started to have pain in her right rotator cuff in May 2003. The sixteen-year-old girl from Pécs was examined several times by the orphans. First, they suspected rheumatism, so they gave her some medicine, and then, when that didn't help, they removed her tonsils. But the pain did not go away. In October, Esther was walking with a cane and was sent for a magnetic resonance scan. It revealed a four-centimetre tumour on her rotator cuff. After sampling the tumour, it was found to be malignant. Since then, Eszter has been treated at the onco-logy department of the Children's Hospital in Pécs. In the last fourteen months she has received chemotherapy fourteen times. The side-effects of the infusions administered to kill the cancer cells have tormented Eszter. She was sick with nausea, had no appetite, her stomach was cramping, her mouth and oesophagus were sore, she had no strength and could not even pour herself a glass of water. She had lost 59 kilos to 43, which made the 174 centimetre tall girl almost transparent. Her blonde hair, eyelashes and eyebrows have fallen out. Her grip on life was made worse by what she saw around her: 20 to 25 young patients in the clinic were battling the deadly disease. The two-, five- and ten-year-olds often played, laughed, and made mischief, but suddenly one or other of them lost his strength, his mood, his voice. Then, a few days later, a bed was left empty.

Esther usually spent the three-week breaks between treatments with her family. The sicknesses also hit home. At times, her mother cried with helplessness. Her father, too, although she had never seen him cry before. When Eszter was better, she went to her school, the Nagy Lajos Gymnasium in Pécs. She would tie a cap over her head, replace her lost eyebrows with a strip of paint, and colour her pale face. His peers asked him questions about his condition, he answered them, but he felt that no one could really understand him, because his suffering and anxiety were his own and could not be shared with anyone else. But he had a good time at school. In the last fourteen months, he has had fourteen chemotherapy treatments. As soon as the break between treatments passed, the chemotherapy resumed and the agony began. During treatment, he didn't like being asked how he was feeling (how could I feel? - lousy!), he didn't want to be cared for, he got annoyed when people tried to cheer him up with funny stories.

- I hated everything and everyone, and I would nag them to leave me alone.
- He'd go down memory lane, picking out his acquaintances, thinking about one boy. But Esther was determined not to accept anyone's advances until she was cured.
- I can't expect anyone to shoulder my burdens – she explained to herself. So thin, without hair and eyelashes, I'm not pretty. I am a woman, how can I not have vanity? I want to be beautiful again, then I can fall in love, but not before.

Esther is beautiful now. I do not say this to console her or to be polite, nor do I think there is anything wrong with my eyes or my taste. Esther's beauty, beyond the regularity of her features, is the serenity of her gaze, her gestures, her voice. What she has built this calmness from is anyone's guess. She says it's partly because she has been able to separate the important from the unimportant for some time. And something else has helped Esther. The junk. The teenage girl is an obsessive scrapbooker. Esther is drawn to objects. Since she was a tiny child, she's been collecting the things that gather dust in her relatives' attics and sheds. Her ancestors' New Year's greeting cards stamped a hundred years ago, a sling from one great-grandmother's staple iron, a doily from one of her grandfathers, a disabled pi-perry table from her maternal grandmother, a photo holder carved by her grandfather during his war captivity, a wooden penholder with shutters, her father's penholder, her ancestors' petrol lamps, bowling grinders, charcoal irons, dolls, books. At the age of fourteen, Eszter was already a regular customer in the antiques section of the Pécs fair. It is impossible to list all the things she bought there. She carried home the trinkets she had bought, mostly for a few hundred forints, and cleaned and repaired them at home. Sometimes he did some business himself: when he got tired of the things he had bought, or needed money to buy something else, he took some of his stuff back to the fair and sold it at a respectable profit.

For Esther, this hobby was a mood-enhancing activity. Last summer, after an agonising treatment, she went to the fair and bought a rickety rocking-horse upholstered in brown burlap and stuffed

with straw, for three thousand forints. Esther cleaned, decorated and made it rideable. Also last summer, she bought a 132-year-old working Singer sewing machine (she bargained the price down from 13,000 to 9,000), cleaned the rust off the machine and refinished the wooden cover. Esther says: "There is an unheard-of beauty in restoring an object to its original face. Sometimes, while washing the fur of a dirty teddy bear with shampoo, the bear would wash itself and whisper its name. The same thing happens with toy dolls that have washed out of slovenliness. One doll was particularly pleased to have a tuft of blonde hair on her head. She got her owner's hair, Esther's hair falling out in tufts.

Recently, an exhibition of Eszter's collection opened at the Péter Tölösi Foundation House in Pécs. This building is the rehabilitation home of the oncology department of the children's hospital. Eszter's spirit was boosted by the opportunity to show off her treasures. Besides, Eszter finds it unimaginable that she could not beat the disease. But she still has a brutal treatment ahead of her. In the spring, Esther will undergo a powerful chemotherapy treatment that will destroy her bone marrow. The stem cells taken from her will then be transplanted back into her body and used to form bone marrow again. While this therapy is going on, Esther will have to give up her toys as she will be locked up in a sterile house for weeks.

Tamás Ungár – Népszabadság, 3 February 2005 (page 10)

The other cancer cure, hyperthermia, also causes a lot of suffering. This procedure, mentioned by "Esoteric panorama", has been used for only a few years. On the basis of the principle of "grasping at straws", many people expect miracles from this treatment. However, experience so far has shown that the belief in the omnipotence of hyperthermia is unquestionable. By the autumn of 2000, two patients had died, a quarter of them were not cured and a third had developed cancer. Only 200 of the 800 patients were cured. It is also not advisable to force hyperthermia because it is easy to „burn” the patient. A body heated to 41.5 oC can suffer burns. Once a patient's finger had to be amputated for this reason, and there have been 4-5 serious burns so far.



I have blood cancer. I am over 80, I am a doctor. I've faced death many times, I've fought for myself in my studies. I have been treated by excellent doctors, with love and decency. They have made my life livable, bearable and happy in the years since. Now my time is up, I have reached the end of my journey, I have been overcome by an incurable disease. I was weakened, I had the usual serious complications: I collapsed, I lost consciousness, I was partially paralysed, I let my dirt fall out. I knew what was in store for me, but I had no idea that the end would be so horrible. Now here I am, floating half-dead between the known here and the unknown hereafter. I lie in an intensive care unit bed. I'd go, but they won't let me. They treat me with love, care, caress me, talk to me. I see myself reduced to bone, shrivelled to skin, tubes hanging out of me, a long dying unconscious wreck. Thousands of dollars a day are spent on my life-support, endless love and labour are wasted on me. Why? To heal, I can never heal. Why do they spend so much on me, the ancient undead, when they don't have enough money to cure the children. My family stands around me in horror, I can hear them pleading "let her go".

I had expected this at last and wanted to avoid this terrible and long dying. I had made up my mind that if my strength ran out and I was overcome by illness, I would be allowed to die in peace and as quickly as possible. I wrote down my wish in my own hand as a "living will", told my wife and children, and received their consent and approval. I put my written will on my identity card. Three weeks ago, when I collapsed in the hallway at night, I was happy that the end was finally here. My wife could do nothing with me on the floor, so she called an ambulance, which took me, in an unconscious state, to the excellent hospital that had been treating me. Here my wife presented my "living will" containing my last will and testament and, together with other members of my family, asked that I, the end of my life, be allowed to pass peacefully along the path that had been laid out for me. However, my doctors refused my wish, our wish, because my handwritten will was not notarised, as required by the lawyers who drafted the 1997 Health Act. Against me, against us,

they began to investigate and deal with us to the best of their ability. When my condition deteriorated further, I was admitted to intensive care. Now, against my will, I lie here, undead, on the edge of consciousness and unconsciousness, a wreck of myself, for twenty days now, helpless and humiliated. For what? Why? People, legislators, why can't I go in peace? Why won't they let me die?
Dr. Gábor Vadász – Népszabadság, 29 November 2006 (page 12)

Natural medicine

Children who have become passive smokers because their parents smoke have worse results in reading, math and problem-solving tests. This is the conclusion of a study published in the January 2005 issue of the journal *Environmental Health Perspectives*¹³⁵, confirming the findings of previous research on the subject. The study involved 4,400 young people and was methodologically novel in that it did not rely on parental smoking data but used blood tests to confirm the adverse health effects of do-smoking. Nicotine produces cotinine, which can be detected in the blood and is proportional to the amount of smoke inhaled. In addition, second-hand smoke introduces 200 types of toxins into the body, 69 of which are carcinogenic, according to the American Lung Association.

Children who inhaled minimal amounts of tobacco smoke performed 7% better on maths and reading tests than their peers who inhaled much more smoke. Similar differences in performance were found when problem solving was tested. The researchers tried to exclude other factors such as ethnicity, skin colour, parental income and education from the results. In the United States, 33 million children are at risk of environmental harm from passive smoking. These findings can provide an incentive for organisations to ban smoking in public places and to promote and support more effective cessation programmes. Tobacco smoke causes damage to children's brains similar to lead. If the expectant mother smokes, she is more likely to give birth to a premature baby who may suffer from a range of other health problems.



Japanese scientists have added new evidence on the use of a Life Energy device to produce pi-water. The consumption of magnetic water strengthens the immune system and increases the intensity of the body's self-healing mechanism. In addition, the oxygen supply to the tissues is improved, muscle strength is increased and we can concentrate and learn better. The developers of the method called the energised water "ki-water" (in Japanese, ki means universal life energy, which corresponds to the Chinese term chi.) However, in common parlance, including in our country, the name pi-water has become widespread. The special process is used to energise ordinary water. The process produces small islands of water molecules in the disordered structure, arranged in a specific pattern. According to water scientists, this is an important characteristic of energised water, which also occurs naturally, especially in pure spring waters. This special spatial arrangement of water molecules increases the surface area of the water, allowing it to absorb and bind more oxygen. According to measurements by water researchers at Nagoya University, the oxygen content of water increases from 6% to 9%. Because oxygen is bound by tiny water molecules, it is more easily absorbed by cells.

An even more extraordinary phenomenon is the increased energetic charge of water. Japanese researchers have indirectly demonstrated that the treatment does something strange to water. Normally, in a spectral analysis, each element shows a constant spectrum characteristic only of that element. This property allows the detection and identification of individual substances. However, the energising process causes the spectra of the salt in water to change. Its emission becomes significantly lower in energy, although the chemical composition of the substance remains unchanged. According to our physical theories, such spectral changes are completely impossible. Nevertheless, several researchers have observed similar phenomena during total solar eclipses. According to Japanese water researchers, the missing energy is converted into chi, or life energy, also known as

¹³⁵ inváiörnmentl helsz pöszpektivz

aura energy, by the device. Kirlian photographic images show that the activation of the aura energy significantly increases the energy emitted by the water. When this special water enters the body of any living being, it increases their energy levels, which in turn increases their mental and physical performance.

With this "esoteric" explanation, the Japanese researchers have gone beyond the limits of "official" science, but have also been able to prove through countless experiments that the liquids treated with their device have special properties. One of these special properties is that the p-water preserves the vitamin content of the vegetables cooked in it, even at boiling temperatures. If you dissolve 2 mg of vitamin C in 100 ml of water and boil it for 5 minutes, at the end of the procedure you will not find a single mg of vitamin C in the water. If the same experiment is carried out with the same amount of vitamin C but in water containing pi, after boiling for 5 minutes the solution contains 0.55 mg of vitamin C, i.e. a quarter of the original amount. So cooking or stewing fruit and vegetables in pi-water means a healthier diet. Medical research in Japan shows that energised water also has a healing effect. However, these experiments did not treat the water with the device, but added a concentrate that is used when travelling. Patients suffering from diabetes at the Suzuki International Medicien Clinic were given 3×10 drops of concentrated pi-water per day. Most of them had their in-insulin dose significantly reduced within a year. Some of the patients in the trial were over 70 years old and had been insulin-dependent for more than 10 years. Some of the patients treated with pi-water for 6-8 months did not require insulin injections.

However, pi-water can help more than just people with diseases. It can significantly increase muscle strength and improve concentration. This has been proven in experiments with rugby players at Hyong Hee University in Korea, who were given concentrated energised water for a month. After 30 days, the athletes' muscle strength increased by around 5%. Energised water has a similar effect on mental performance. In 1985, Dr Akihiro Jamashita, a researcher in biology at Nagoya University, discovered that a special form of iron (Fe_2Fe_3) in the cytoplasm of cells plays a crucial role in plant growth and in the expression of genes in the cytoplasm. According to Dr Akihiro, it works by using messenger RNA iron molecules to mediate between the nucleus and the cell. In plants, this means that from identical buds, the plant can grow a leaf or a flower, given the right genetic instructions.

Before this discovery, researchers at Nagoya University had been studying the role of water content in the cytoplasm since 1964. They concluded that the water in the cell determines whether the organism is healthy and has sufficient bioenergy. The iron molecule mentioned above clearly plays a major role in all these regulatory mechanisms. Reflecting on this discovery, Jamashita built a device in which he placed ceramics containing the iron molecules that are up-regulated in cells. The ceramics come from the mountains of Japan. The water fed into the device flows through a series of purifying filters and then through the special ceramic layers, while being charged with energy. Using the principle of the device, several types of water energizers were created and Pi-Water Inc. was founded. Since 1985, the device, patented in Japan, and the water it produces have been marketed in many countries around the world. Pi-water treatment has eliminated a common flaw in all water purification processes: the harmful information left behind in the water by filtered harmful substances.

Szabó – Természetgyógyász Magazin, October 2004 (pages 46-47)

(For a detailed mechanism of operation of the Life Energy device, see Chapter IV of Reform dishes for Gourmets.)



Studies on the treatment of water with magnetic field for various applications started about 50 years ago, and the real time to exploit the experience gained has come recently. After treatment, water takes on new properties which, as far as we know, bring about revolutionary and highly beneficial changes in living organisms! A few years ago, we only believed that the treatment of water with magnetic field had an effect on water. Today we are beyond that, as a whole range of changes can be detected instrumentally. The literature states that one of the basic requirements for magnetic

treatment to be effective is that the water must contain at least 100 ppm of dissolved mineral salts. However, any mains tap water will meet this condition.

In the experiments, Dr Lin's tests showed that the sugar content of the fruit increased from 11.74% to 14.14% and the size of the melons increased when irrigated with the treated water. The most striking change, however, was in the shape of the plants. The foliage of the treated wet specimens appeared darker in colour, healthier, shinier and showed fewer signs of ageing. The exportable yield increased from 34.1% to 56.7%. The treatment increases the water solubility of the water and eliminates the formation of scale and algae in the irrigation pipes. In Immokalee, Florida, Dr. Everett conducted experiments on the Sunny outdoor tomato variety. Planted in raised beds covered with plastic wrap, he drip-irrigated the plants with magnetically treated water. Even more surprising than the 12.5% yield increase was the finding that the leaves of the treated tomato plants had lower concentrations of sulphur, manganese, copper and zinc, and the fruits had lower concentrations of phosphorus, magnesium, calcium, potassium, copper, manganese and zinc; but adequate amounts of each nutrient were available. A pomegranate plantation, also irrigated with magnetically treated water, used half the amount of fertiliser as before, but still achieved record yields. What's more, they were able to start harvesting two weeks earlier than in previous years.

The magnetic treatment of water and its consumption has a very positive effect on both humans and animals. This is evidenced by a report in the Bulletin of the International Workshop of Weeks, published in Beijing in 1985 at the International Symposium on Rare Earth Cobalt Permanent Magnets and their Applications. A group of 7 doctors was formed at the Tong Ren Hospital in Shanghai and has treated more than 400 people with kidney stone and mucus stone treatments. The patients were not given any medication, but only had to drink magnetically treated water every day. According to the report, the effectiveness of the treatment was over 70% for kidney stones and over 93% for mucus.

Szilárd Szilágyi – M.Sc. in Mechanical Engineering - Természetgyógyász Magazin, October 2004 (page 45)



The pseudo-Llam governor of California has passed a law banning the use of tanning beds for children under 14. The reason for the ban is that experts say the growing fashion for tanning is contributing to an increase in skin cancer cases, and children are known to be more sensitive to ultraviolet (UV) radiation from the sun and tanning beds. The regulation, just signed by Arnold Schwarzenegger, was passed by California lawmakers in May. Violators can face fines of up to \$2,500. The ban does not only affect the youngest: young people aged 14 to 18 must have written parental consent to use tanning beds.

The California ban is the first, but certainly not the last, in a series of similar restrictions. More and more scientific evidence is coming to light which is overturning previous assumptions that tanning is harmless. UV radiation, which damages the skin, is made up of three components - UV-A, UV-B and UV-C. The harmful, carcinogenic effects of UV-B and UV-C radiation are clear to researchers, while opinions on UV-A are divided. Most tanning beds emit only UV-A. It is increasingly likely that this light is not harmless either: it penetrates the upper layers of the skin and causes lesions in the deeper layers, accelerates skin ageing (wrinkling and loss of water content) and also increases the risk of skin cancer. The radiation from tanning beds also has specific (harmful) characteristics that may also be linked to the development of cancer. Studies at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, for example, have shown that after 2 weeks of 10 tanning sessions, immune function is dramatically reduced and the body no longer recognises harmful antigens. If a tumour starts to form, the body does not defend itself against the pathological process.

Children are more at risk than other age groups because the damaging effects of ultraviolet radiation on the skin accumulate over a lifetime – those who start early are exposed to a significantly higher dose of radiation. According to Andrew Tannahill, director of the Scottish Institute of Health Sciences, weekly sunbed use exposes the human body to six times the normal amount of ultraviolet radiation, so it is unlikely to be healthy. So far, legislators have failed to act against this phenome-

non, which is due to the fact that tanning bed manufacturers and operators are one of the strongest lobby groups in the health industry and a major employer. Restrictions could therefore lead to possible redundancies in this sector. In Hungary, according to the dermatologists we interviewed, there are no official recommendations on tanning for young people. In the face of this, more and more experts are advising children not to use tanning beds, partly because of scientific findings and partly as a precaution.

From our staff – Népszabadság, 29 September 2004 (page 23)



During my 25 years of practice, I have always considered a holistic approach important, trying to take as many aspects into account as possible when treating my patients. At the suggestion of a naturopath friend, I began to practice and recommend to my patients a blood-type-specific lifestyle and diet. Since then, I have been recording everyone's blood group and I have also been doing training in this area, so that I can often tell with a high degree of certainty who has what blood group on admission. I have noticed a great variation in the behaviour, temperament and exercise requirements of different blood types. Blood group „0” is normally very mobile. When they are angry, they may even "drop the plate", but they would do better to run around, because the tension is concentrated in the muscles, so they can only release it through exercise. Eating meat is very important to them and they would not give it up. This is understandable, as theirs is the only blood that contains no protein at all.

The tension of blood group A can be relieved by meditation, and it is really worth learning for them! Otherwise, they are the most suitable for a vegetarian diet, as their blood has the highest protein content. It is interesting to observe an "A" and "O" couple. Blood type A often wonders why his blood type O partner never fits in his skin, why he always wants to go travelling, while he is so comfortable in the peace and quiet of home. It's also incomprehensible why the other demands meat for every meal, without which lunch is "supposedly" worthless. A lot of arguments can be avoided if they are aware that neither of them is incompatible, but that their blood groups are different, so that they can consciously make the necessary compromises.

There may also be some correlation between blood groups and the development of disease, although this is a very complex issue. A person with blood group A tends to chew and self-digest, and may even „develop” a degenerative disease (e.g. cancer). On the other hand, an "O" can be so stressed that it can cause high blood pressure and stomach upset. Nowadays, overweight and dieting is a public issue. Many people are disappointed that the same miracle recipe can help some people lose weight, but not others. In my experience, this also depends very much on blood type. While for blood type A people, vegetable oils, soya foods, green juices and pineapple are the most likely to help, for blood type B people, eggs, low-fat dairy products and vegetables are the best. For group AB, tofu, seafood, low-fat dairy products, green leafy vegetables and pineapple are the most promising. Finally, for the "O" group, in addition to the essential red meats, eating sea fish and seaweed, kale, spinach and broccoli, as well as iodised salt, will bring the desired results.

Each of my patients is given a chart of the foods and drinks that are beneficial to them, neutral and to be avoided. What I have found is that if you eat the right foods for you, you are less tired, you can concentrate better and you can eat less of these foods. I explained this phenomenon by the fact that the blood type is a kind of program and the food is a kind of energy for the body, and if the right energy is taken in, it is used well. But if it is not, it does not provide the right energy, and the body uses its energy to store the unwanted material (e.g. in fatty tissues, arterial walls, joints), and the various diseases of civilisation (obesity, arteriosclerosis, rheumatism, hypertension, etc.) can begin to develop.

Most of my patients are children. In addition to homeopathic remedies for common upper respiratory tract infections, for example, I also recommend milk and dairy products for blood group O and cow's milk for blood group A. It is often difficult to convince parents that milk or cocoa is not the most important food. However, the most important food for babies, regardless of their blood group, is breast milk, in which case the mother is given nutritional guidance according to her blood

group. I have observed that some people instinctively prefer to eat what is appropriate for their blood type. This is even more common in children, but it helps if they know why they don't like what they do, and also that their tastes and health are not shaped by advertising.

Dr Julianna Gelléri – Paramedica - February-March 2005 (page 9)



In the long run, alkalisation can remove deposits from the body, but a revolutionary new method can rid our bodies of toxins in 3 days. According to Dr Harvey Kellogg, the main proponent of the radical bowel-cleansing procedure, "Out of 100,000 bowels I have examined myself, only 6% were normal." Improper diet, sedentary lifestyle, circulatory toxins, excessive drug consumption lead to the development of chronic diseases. Our poor lifestyle: excessive intake of protein and carbohydrates, lack of fibre¹³⁶, taking antibiotics, steroids, stressful lifestyles, can lead to a number of digestive problems. Digestive problems lead to metabolic disorders and acidification of the body. Research shows that our bodies are no longer able to cope with the toxic chemicals we breathe in every day, the artificial foods we eat. The accumulated toxins lead to poor digestion and build up deposits in the body, for example in the large intestine, which then become a breeding ground for parasites that feed on us. 70% of the immune system is located in the large intestine. The epithelium of the large intestine is a strategic point of defence against toxic substances. Its maintenance is key to keeping us healthy.

Why do deposits form in the large intestine? Under ideal conditions, the large intestine is home to a diverse flora of bacteria, including both beneficial and non-beneficial co-tenants. The gut flora is balanced when it contains 85% of the bacteria that are beneficial to our body. The above-mentioned lifestyle imbalance in the gut flora causes some of the beneficial bacteria to overgrow, crowding out the „good” bacteria. This imbalance leads to the colonisation of fungi that are not present in a healthy gut. The presence of these invaders causes digestive problems, impedes the absorption of nutrients and slows down the excretion and elimination of waste products through the intestinal tract. Normally, intestinal contents migrate in the large intestine for 7-16 hours. Much of this should be made up of undigested cellulose fibre of vegetable origin. However, this period is prolonged by poor dietary fibre intake, which causes the fe proteins in the faeces to rot and the fibres and carbohydrates to ferment. The decomposition products released (indole, scatole, cresol, phenol, poly-alcohols and other aromatic amines) are not only harmful to the intestinal mucosa. When absorbed, they damage the liver, but also other organs, tissues, cellular metabolism and the immune system.

This further reduces the activity of the immune system, interferes with the metabolism of folic acid, biotin, vitamin K and B vitamins, and intensifies fermentation and putrefaction processes, thus further increasing the production and absorption of toxic substances. The consequences of this self-poisoning can include recurrent infections, inflammation, skin diseases, high blood pressure, migraines, allergies, liver disease, chronic fatigue, loss of concentration, depression and anxiety. An average person can have 3 to 18 kg (!) of accumulated faecal deposits full of harmful substances. How do we know when it's time to get rid of the build-up of toxins, parasites and other waste products in our bodies? The symptoms they cause. It's time to detox if you notice one or more of the following symptoms:

1. Chronic fatigue
2. Constant or frequent headaches
3. Irritability
4. Food allergies
5. Skin problems
6. Excess weight
7. Spider belly
8. Digestive problems
9. Bloating, cramps, constipation

¹³⁶ Indigestible fibres absorb water, soften and help the intestinal contents to move forward. The refined factory foods and meat, however, contain no fibre, so bowel movements stop and chronic constipation develops.

10. Bad breath, plaque on tongue
11. Hemorrhoids
12. Constant feeling of hunger
13. Parasites in faeces
14. Candidiasis

Who is it recommended for?

People whose diets have been characterised for several years by the consumption of the following foods. Also, anyone who regularly consumes drugs, alcohol is exposed to the harmful effects of toxic chemicals, non-metals.

It is not recommended in the following cases:

Pregnant and breastfeeding mothers, renal insufficiency, liver dysfunction, diabetes, inflammation of the blood or colon and under 16 years of age.

What are the ways to detoxify the colon?

There are two common ways of cleansing the colon. One is colonic hydrotherapy, where the entire colon is flushed out with large amounts of water at the right temperature. However, hydrotherapy also leaches bacteria from the gut that are useful and necessary. A separate procedure is needed to replenish these bacteria, which makes this method considerably more complicated and expensive. The other option is to use various fibre preparations to clean out the colon in 3-4 weeks. The disadvantage of this method is that during the 3-4 weeks many people revert to their old eating habits and harmful addictions, thereby feeding toxins back into their system.

What is the solution? So Easy. A complete cleanse in three days.

The So Easy programme was developed by a group of doctors in Malaysia. It has been running successfully in countries around the world from the Far East to the United States for over 10 years. The product is made from high quality ingredients. The manufacturing process is carefully controlled. The product has received several international awards, which guarantee its reliability, the professionalism of the development team behind it and the high quality of its production. The So Easy range is proving to be unique on the world market. By 2008 it had been used by 30,000 people worldwide with great satisfaction.

What makes So Easy unique?

It is fast and effective. So Easy is the only product of its kind that can cleanse the colon of accumulated faecal residues, para-colites and other harmful substances in just 3 days. All other products require at least a one-month course of treatment. The uniqueness of the three-day programme is that only foods, drinks and pulps in the can are allowed, thus eliminating 100% of other food intake and avoiding re-contamination of the body. The herbal-only formulation works in three stages. Detoxifies – Nourishes – Strengthens immune status. Its natural active ingredients (palm oil, Omega-3 fatty acids, wheatgrass, enzymes) ensure that the intestines are cleansed, nourished and healed. During the three-day programme, no other vitamins or supplements are required, as the product contains everything the body needs. Smoking and alcohol consumption are strictly forbidden during the treatment.

How do we start the detox?

The first and one of the most important steps is to prepare yourself psychologically for the detox, when you have made the decision to clean up your health and give the green light to the So Easy detox programme. Not only does the programme rid the body of toxins, it also removes excess waste products, leaving us feeling healthier, younger and more energetic. It is very important to follow the instructions to get the right results.

Preparing your body for detoxification.

It is important to reduce food intake before starting the programme. This is necessary to allow the body to adjust to the change in metabolism. The body needs time to adapt to the changes and accept less food intake. If you follow the simple instructions, the change will not put a strain on your body. This is particularly recommended for people with high blood pressure and atherosclerosis. It is also important to avoid acidifying foods, because acidifying foods eaten in the days before the programme can cause unpleasant symptoms on the second or third day of the programme if the

blood becomes too acidic. For those who eat mainly light foods, three days of preparation are needed, and for those who eat heavy, heavy foods and overweight people, seven days. A longer preparation period is also recommended because problems that need to be addressed during detoxification, such as latent diseases, may arise during this time. The preparatory process reduces the risk of negative reactions, which can make detoxification more effective.

For the programme to be successful, two things must be observed during the preparation period

Rule 1:

Completely stop smoking, drinking alcohol, coffee, tea, chili, nutrient-poor, frozen foods.

Rule 2:

Eat less meat, with light meals making up the majority of your meals. Reduce intake of fat, salt, sugar and flavourings.

Pre-detox:

Day 1: Eat little meat or only vegetables.

Day 2: only vegetables, fruit and porridge.

Day 3: only vegetables, fruit (apples, watermelon), vegetable soup and porridge.

Detoxification (3 days)

Before starting the programme, consult a nutritionist who will tell you how many days of detoxification he or she recommends for you. A one-day supply of So Easy contains 2 sachets of Bio-Wheatgrass powder, 2 sachets of Bio-cell, 3-3 sachets of Bio-Balance and Bio-Diet. The contents of the sachets should be consumed at the times indicated in the instructions for use. The instructions for use and international certification standards can be downloaded from <http://www.vivanatura.hu>

Bio Wheatgrass

Main function: to help cleanse and detoxify the body, improve metabolism and hormone production. Contains: wheatgrass and enzymes. Wheatgrass provides balanced nutrients to the body, improves cellular function, helps to contain harmful cells and chemical elements, by reducing the risk of infectious diseases. Enzymes contribute to the proper functioning of digestion, improve nutrient supply and regenerate cells.

Bio-Cell

Main function. Thanks to its nucleic acid content, it helps the birth of healthy young cells and reduces the discomfort caused by the loss of energy during detoxification. Contains 18 amino acids, 7 vegetable extracts, nucleic acid and Omega-3 fatty acid.

BioBalance and Bio-Diet

Main function: key part of a detoxification programme. Bio-Diets and Bio-Diets are the main part of the detoxification process. Contains: oil palm oil and organic ingredients which both remove toxins from the body and rid us of stagnant faecal deposits on the intestinal wall.

What reactions can we expect during the programme?

Some people experience a feeling of hunger on the second and third day. We recommend not eating any food other than So Easy whenever possible, and to place a strong emphasis on pre-detoxification. Our minds will become clearer, calmer. Our sight, hearing, taste and touch become more refined.

In some cases the following side effects may occur, but these are temporary.

1. plaque on the tongue
2. bad breath
3. headache
4. tiredness
5. stomach pain
6. long and smelly bowel movements
7. stomach pain
8. vaginal discharge, early menstruation
9. dry lips
10. itchy skin
11. nausea

- 12. vomiting
- 13. chills, feeling warm
- 14. dark urine

Note that these side effects are associated with the detoxification process and are temporary. You will feel healthier and stronger at the end of the detox.

What to do and what not to do during detox?

Drink lots of water (5-6 litres a day). Eat a small amount of high-fibre fruit juice if you feel hungry, as this will help the detox process. Be stamina-free. Get more rest and preferably go to bed early. Tune into the prog-ram in our minds. Avoid sex and masturbation. Avoid strenuous physical and mental activities, because you will need energy to detoxify. Avoid watching TV for long periods, reading newspapers, playing computer games. Unless absolutely necessary, do not take medication. However, take the medicines prescribed by your doctor, especially for high blood pressure and diabetes. During the detox programme, it is a good idea to keep in touch with a nutritionist. That way, if you have any doubts or questions, you can get a professional answer straight away. Do some light exercise, such as yoga, but avoid strenuous and vigorous exercise. For optimal results, don't stress yourself.

After detoxification:

Eating light foods is recommended for at least 5 days after detoxification. The main principle of restarting: eating liquid foods and light meals. Eating a normal amount of moderate meals, plenty of vegetables, fruit, possibly fish (other meats should be avoided), whole grain foods.

Step 1:

Liquid foods such as porridge, vegetable soups.

Step 2:

Eat light foods like fried vegetables, fried eggs with tomatoes. Foods should not be too oily, salty or spicy. Eat fruit (red-skinned apples, watermelon). Keep away from overeating and excessive sexual activity to leave enough energy for detoxification. During the after-phase, you should also drink plenty of fluids to maintain energy levels.

The three-day programme should be repeated after six months, but certainly within a year. It is recommended to do the programme once a year thereafter. If a person has a co-morbid amount of faecal deposits, it is advisable to continue the 3-day programme for 6 or 9 weeks. Overweight patients can detoxify for up to 15 days, as significant weight loss can be achieved with continued and adequate nutrition, but should consult a nutritionist before starting the detox. Those who regularly take medication should consult their doctor, as the absorption of the medication is more effective after detoxification and may need to reduce their daily dose of medication.

If the intestinal tract is clean, the body's natural defence mechanism will function normally, the appearance will improve, the mental well-being will improve, the weight will decrease or reach ideal levels. Quality of life will improve, and the complaints associated with ageing will also be alleviated. Allergic n-needs will also be reduced. After the programme, our sense of smell intensifies and, interestingly, we can no longer look at many foods that are harmful to our health (such as lard). Our eating habits often change, and we will no longer crave the foods we used to eat. At the same time, our need for food will decrease. After just 6-7 hours of sleep, we will wake up refreshed, rested and energised throughout the day. Green Mix 9 will help to regulate blood sugar levels and often eliminate early stage type 2 diabetes.

The gross price of a three-day cleansing package is £25 000. The three-day programme is most effective for people weighing between 50-60 kg. Above 60 kg, an extra detox na-pot should be added for every 10 kg to achieve excellent results. So above 60 kg, the programme should be extended by 1 day for every 10 kg. Detoxification can take up to 15 days, depending on body weight. Sometimes people weighing between 100-120 kg can lose up to 18 kg of faeces in 15 days. These are of course extreme cases. As a side benefit, using So Easy can also help you lose weight, especially in the ha-si area, which can be corrected effectively and quickly. Before and after the programme, it is advisable to drink kombucha mineral water for two days. This is because the toxins that build up in

the body need to be eliminated, and this requires increased fluid intake. Kombucha¹³⁷ regenerates the digestive system and the intestinal flora, which have been damaged by nutritional errors and excessive consumption of medicines. It supports the body's self-cleansing, self-healing ability. István Jakab – Természetgyógyász Magazin, July 2008 (pages 86-88) + So Easy cure experience from the August issue.



Other preparations for detoxifying the body and regenerating the colon are also available on the market. The best known of these are **Colon cleanse**, **Royal detox** and **Colonix**, which, combined with **Toxinout** intestinal flora replenisher, is a home alternative to colon hydrotherapy. However, these two products are quite expensive. They are unrealistically high in terms of their ingredients, so few people can afford them. However, those on a budget need not forego this effective colon cleansing method, as the main ingredient in these miracle products is the seed of the **psyllium**¹³⁸. Psyllium seed husk is also available separately in herbal shops and costs only a tenth of the price of the complex preparations. And the effect is the same. It breaks down and removes toxic waste products trapped in the folds and nooks of the colon. The removal of toxins eliminates gas, bloating, reflux, headaches. Internal cleansing is also externally manifested. Skin and hair problems are cleared up, we feel better and more energetic. A side effect of the cleansing is a reduction in cravings for meat, alcohol and coffee. A clean colon is free from harmful bacteria and parasites that feed on human faeces.

The husk, or bran, of the psyllium seed swells into a gooey, gelatinous mass in the intestines, aiding bowel movements and defecation (it absorbs so much water that it swells to ten times its mass, thus hydrating the digestive tract). The greater volume of soft stool-let is passed through the intestinal tract more quickly and is more easily eliminated. This cleans out the colon, removing and carrying away deposits. Its high fibre and mucus content mechanically stimulates the intestinal mucosa, regulating the movement of the intestines. The softening of the stool eliminates constipation, haemorrhoids and other intestinal disorders such as fungal infections (candida) and bacterial infections (helicobacter). It also reduces cholesterol, high blood pressure and prevents the development of type 2 diabetes and rectal cancer. By restoring peristaltic movement, metabolism is also revived, which prevents obesity. (We can also promote the revival of bowel movements by occasionally massaging our abdomen intensively.) The feeling of fullness induced by the swollen plantain bran also promotes weight loss.

Take 1 tablespoon of it in the morning, mixed with 2 dl of mineral water on an empty stomach. Drink immediately as it swells quickly. Do not use in the evening before going to bed. The taste and consistency are similar to semolina. Many people mix it with tea rather than water. The best tea for this purpose is senna tea, which is a laxative in itself. (Unlike chemical laxatives, senna tea has no side effects, does not habituate the body and does not harm the beneficial gut bacteria.) Afterwards, drink plenty of water (at least 2 litres) during the day, because without fluid, the swollen plantain bran will become stuck in the intestinal tract, causing even more severe constipation. (In the absence of plenty of water, the water needed for swelling is taken up from the intestinal tract, which makes the stool stuck in the colon even harder.) The minimum duration of the cure is 3 days, but it takes 1 week to fully remove the deposits that have accumulated in the iron colon over the years. Don't throw away the leftovers, because if you don't exercise much and continue to eat refined foods low in fibre (meat, white bread, cakes), you will be forced to eat plantain bran later on.

Flaxseed meal is also an effective and inexpensive colon cleanser. It flushes out the intestines from the inside. Unlike laxatives, its action is slow but gentle. It does no damage to the intestinal tract, so it can be repeated at any time if necessary. Linseed is also good for your health because it is 50% oil, and half of linseed oil is Omega 3 fatty acid. Mix 1 tablespoon of flaxseed meal into 1 dl of live-flour kefir and consume on an empty stomach in the morning. The cure lasts for 3 weeks.

¹³⁷ pronunciation: kombucsa

¹³⁸ **Plantago psyllium + Plantago ovata**

The most effective related species is **black psyllium (Plantago indica)**.

Mix 2 tablespoons of flaxseed meal into the kefir in the second week and 3 tablespoons in the third week. During the day, you should drink plenty of water (at least 2 litres), as the swollen flaxseed meal will get stuck in the intestinal tract and cannot work its cleansing effect. Flaxseed meal can also be made at home using a coffee grinder. (Flaxseed is much cheaper and the meal is more effective when freshly ground.) The cheapest way to buy flaxseed is from health food shops, in 250 gram chunks. (This amount covers the total amount of meal needed for a three-week course.)

The tropical equivalent of flaxseed is chia seed. It has only recently come to the attention of Europe. Since scientific experiments in the 1990s highlighted the need to increase the intake of Omega 3 fatty acids to prevent heart disease, diabetes, cancer and depression, chia seeds have become a major part of our diet. Research at the University of Toronto has shown that adding chia seeds to the diets of diabetics has led to significant improvements in reducing certain inflammation and lowering blood pressure. Chia contains twice the protein of any other seed or grain, five times the calcium of milk, twice the potassium of bananas, three times the antioxidants of blueberries and three times the iron of spinach. In Western countries that consume highly refined, fibre-free edibles, it is favoured because it swells to 12 times its weight when soaked in liquid. It is therefore excellent for relieving constipation, bloating and haemorrhoids. (For a detailed description of chia seeds and how to eat them, see Chapter III of the cookbook *Reform dishes for Gourmets*, after Amaranth Porridge.)

What you don't need to worry about is that psyllium or flaxseed, or chia seed, will also remove the intestinal flora from the colon along with the waste products. This problem is solved by the cecum. This organ, considered redundant by medical science, is responsible for reintroducing beneficial gut bacteria back into the colon after an acute bout of diarrhoea triggered by a disease. The cecum is not evacuated with the large intestine, so the faecal matter in it is rebuilt after the disease has passed. (Most of the bacteria that make up our immune system are found in the large intestine and can weigh up to 3 kilograms.) There are 500 types of bacteria in the intestinal tract. The gut flora is made up of 10^{11} , or 100 billion microorganisms. Depending on their age, they weigh between 1.5 and 3 kg. They make up about 30% of the faeces.

Humans and microbes therefore live in symbiosis¹³⁹. Under normal circumstances, this is not harmful to us, and in fact it is very beneficial. Microbes facilitate the digestive process, produce vital vitamins and strengthen the immune system's defences. The word bacteria conjures up unpleasant images in most people's minds. Destructive plagues and infectious diseases come to mind. But there are also benign bacteria. Without bacteria, organic life is inconceivable. Most bacteria are useful to us, even indispensable. Without them we would not survive. This is confirmed by an experiment in which animals raised in sterile conditions died at the slightest infection.)



Researchers in England have succeeded in isolating the hormone that makes people feel well. The „third helping hormone”, known scientifically as PPY3-36, caused participants in a London experiment to eat a third less than the others and to feel well. What's more, not only was appetite reduced, but the desire to snack between meals disappeared, at least until the hormone took effect; the hormone made the brain feel as if people had already eaten.

Researcher Steven Bloom¹⁴⁰ summed up the mechanism of action of the hormone in these words. Levels of this hormone increase in the blood after meals and remain high between meals. Researchers have shown for the first time in mice that the hormone affects neurons in the brain that are involved in appetite and weight control. They then injected 12 volunteers of normal weight with the hormone and a saline solution that acted as a placebo. The study participants were allowed to eat lunch two hours later. The results showed that the people who received the hormone injections ate one-third less food and felt less hungry than they did when they were asleep for a further 12 hours. They also had no desire to snack during this time.

¹³⁹ in a close partnership

¹⁴⁰ sztvn blúm

Previously, scientific experiments focused mainly on a hormone called ghrelin. It is produced by the cells in the stomach and has an appetite stimulating effect. It is known that insulin, produced by the pancreas, has a long-lasting effect on the body's fat stores, unlike the hormone PPY3-36. Obesity affects at least 30 million people worldwide and is a major risk factor for „civilisation” problems such as stroke, heart disease, diabetes and cancer. Experts urge caution about the latest findings. They warn that the hormone may also affect other important regulatory systems in the body, so many more studies and several years may be needed before PPY3-36 becomes a weight-loss drug. However, the importance of the issue is certainly underlined by the fact that the market for various weight loss methods and dietary supplements to aid weight loss is already worth billions of dollars.



There are many types of fasting, but if one wants to heal through fasting, it is worth adapting to the dietary regimen and following the basic rules of therapeutic fasting. It has been shown to improve a wide variety of ailments, but it also plays an important role in maintaining health. Some people fast for health reasons, others want to cleanse their bodies, and still others want to go on a complete fast as a way of starting a diet. Many people also call fasting a monodiet: when they eat only one type of food, such as brown rice. The fasting we are about to discuss, if done well, has a specifically healing effect: it returns the body to its ancient order and regenerates itself, so it is useful in the case of any illness. I myself fast for 10 to 14 days every autumn and spring, which helps to maintain health and eliminate harmful effects. The reason for fasting in spring and autumn is that it is always the beginning of something new, it is always a time of change, and it is most effective when nature is changing.

Healing fasting means taking only water and specific herbal teas for a long period of time, and nothing else. It also implies that those who take medicines also give them up, so in the case of patients, the advice of a doctor or a medical practitioner who is familiar with fasting as a cure should be sought. The drug interrupts the body's self-regulatory mechanisms and forces a different rhythm. Sober judgement is needed to decide which is more beneficial for the patient: taking the drug or temporarily suspending it for the sake of fasting, which may have the result of reducing the dose of the drug after fasting. For example, a cholesterol-lowering drug or a mild blood pressure regulator can probably be discontinued, as cholesterol is not absorbed from food during fasting and the body may be able to re-regulate blood pressure, whereas a heart rhythm regulator or anti-haemophilia drug may not be able to be discontinued. These are just examples, in all cases the doctor must decide with the patient.

Healthy people can fast without a doctor's supervision if they follow the rules, but if they feel unwell or develop symptoms during fasting, in addition to the feeling of hunger, they should consult their doctor, because as the body regenerates itself during fasting, latent illnesses may emerge. Even then, breaking the fast may not be justified, but it is up to the doctor to decide. Leanness is not an obstacle to therapeutic fasting, as the body will regain the right weight and appetite may even improve after proper functioning and digestion has been restored, but in the case of eating disorders: anorexia, bulimia, etc., a medical consultation is also necessary. The healing fast must be prepared both physically and mentally. In the days before the fast, avoid fatty, heavy foods, cakes, alcohol and sugary drinks.

Fasting is only strange for people of our time, it has been natural for thousands of years. Even a few hundred years ago, people ate like animals: if there was enough food, they ate well, if not, they ate as much as they could, and the body is prepared to go without food for days. Today's food abundance is actually detrimental to our health, as our organs accumulate and store food, but are not forced to empty their reserves. It's like constantly stocking up the pantry or fridge but not cooking anything out of it – so we're always eating stale, old food. Sometimes you have to empty out the stores to get new, fresh things in. So when we fast, we are doing nothing more than restoring the ancient order, returning to the laws of nature. But the body needs to drink the right quantity and quality of fluids, especially water.

The shortest period of fasting for healing is 5-10 days, a three-day fast makes no sense. Biochemically speaking, fasting has three phases. In the first phase, the body senses that it is not getting energy from an external source, so it resorts to the simplest solution, filling the liver's sugar stores into the bloodstream to maintain adequate blood sugar levels. This store is "set up" for immediate survival, can be mobilised without further ado, but is depleted within half a day or so. When the body draws on the liver's stores, it immediately signals the brain that nutrients are needed! So that's when the hunger pangs kick in, and they increase as the liver's stores are emptied.

In the second phase, the body begins to break down its own proteins and fats and produce nutrients for the cells. As the breakdown of proteins is easier, fat molecules are not broken down perfectly, so amino acids are produced in the body. However, the brain can only use sugar, so a kind of deficiency state occurs. Blood sugar levels fall – but not abnormally – and people feel a constant sense of hunger, concentration and brain power are reduced, and thinking slows down. Experienced fasters will not be bothered by this temporary difficulty, but first-time fasters would do well to avoid major mental exertion during this period. One must be prepared for the fact that the body requires more rest, and one becomes drowsy, tired and irritable. Do not try to resolve long-standing conflicts in these few days! Avoid friction, avoid arguments if you can, and take only water and herbal teas for a long period of time. However, if you give up, you will lose all the self-discipline you had, because fasting is only healing if you can get over the deadlock.

In the third phase, called late or adapted fasting, the body adjusts to the fact that it has no more food and must do without it. It learns to survive on metabolic products from the breakdown of fats, called ketones. Fat breakdown is slowed down, protein consumption is reduced and, because the body can use the ketones, the feeling of hunger goes away. It's definitely worth waiting and maintaining this third phase for a few days, because it's actually the healing phase. Since we are not hungry, fasting is easy to maintain, the only irritation is the lack of taste and the smell of food, but there is no real hunger at this stage.

If you want to lose weight, you need this phase too, because the kilos melt like butter in the sun, and if you return to a healthy diet after fasting, rich in vegetables and low in fats and carbohydrates, your body will know how to get energy from the fat in your organs, so it will continue to break down fat. Why can this third phase be called the recovery phase? It's because it's when the body breaks down proteins that are very active and rapidly changing: areas of inflammation and cancer. Toxic substances that dissolve in fat are eliminated from the body and the whole body is cleansed. In our patients, we have seen that in this third phase, chronic inflammations that had lasted for years have disappeared, malignant tumours have disappeared, and diseases that were thought to be incurable have disappeared. Fasting for therapeutic purposes can be continued for up to 21 days and repeated after a few months. However, I do not recommend a longer fast, as the body starts to weaken and important and useful proteins may be broken down. In addition, the depletion of vitamins and minerals can lead to serious deficiencies.

In the third phase, the person regains his strength: he is much fresher mentally, his vision and fish eyesight are sharper, and he can see colours more clearly. You can concentrate better and physically you feel as if you've unloaded something. Overweight people can lose up to 10 to 15 kilos in a two-week fast, but if you return to the fattening diet you had before, you can experience the yo-yo effect and gain back more than the weight you lost! It is therefore very important to change your eating habits after fasting. Normal weight people lose 5-10 kilos, thin people 2-5 kilos, but some of the weight lost is water, which the body will quickly regain once the diet is resumed.

The shortest period of fasting is therefore more than five days and the longest is three weeks, although this may vary from person to person. It depends on whether the person has fasted before, what the purpose of the fast is, and what the person's medical conditions are. An experienced faster will reach the third, healing stage much sooner. Mentally, fasting can be helped by meditation, retreat, introversion. I have been fasting regularly for 20 years and I continue my normal work during these periods, so fasting does not require staying at home or taking a holiday, and it is good to have distractions.

It is extremely important, however, that enemas are required throughout the fast. This is something that many people are reluctant to do, but if you don't want to do it, don't do it, because it does more harm than good! The toxins and waste products are concentrated in the large intestine and rectum, and if they cannot be eliminated from there, they can cause serious damage. However, regular enemas 1-2 times a day can be removed. Enemas should be continued until bowel function is restored after a meal, i.e. until the first spontaneous bowel movement occurs. Iron colon cleansing also reduces the feeling of hunger and fatigue. Irrigator equipment¹⁴¹ is available in pharmacies for enema, and you will soon get used to it once you realise how useful it is.

It's often said that you should drink special waters and herbal teas during Lent, but I'm a firm believer in pure tap water. Mineral waters go through different treatments, they contain different minerals, it's difficult to know which ones the body needs and which ones it doesn't. In Hungary, drinking water is of relatively good quality. If you believe in deuterium-free or pi-free water, or other medicinal waters, you can drink them, but filtered tap water is fine, and it is the cheapest. As for herbal teas: I don't recommend drinking them all in a jumble, it's worth consulting a physiotherapist first. If you are fasting for a specific illness, you should drink the appropriate herbal tea, otherwise you can drink a liver cleansing, detoxification or immune system boosting herbal tea. Many people are concerned about not getting enough vitamins and minerals in their body during fasting, so they recommend eating fruit or vegetable juices. I am not a fan of this, as fruit and vegetable juices also put sugar into the body, which defeats the purpose of fasting: it "reminds" the body that it doesn't have to work so hard for sugar. If you feel you absolutely need the nutrients and flavour during Lent, drink a decilitre or two of organic vegetable juice once a day, rewarding yourself for abstinence.

Fasting is not simply a cleanse of the body, but also of the spirit. During fasting, you get ideas and visions like never before. The need and the will to change are matured or strengthened. You realise that almost everything in life is about eating, but there are other important things too. Fasting is an opportunity to rethink our lives, to break bad habits and to develop new and better ones. When we start eating again, we are also rebuilding ourselves spiritually. This is why I strongly recommend fasting to those who want to change their lifestyle, to get rid of a bad habit or addiction. At the same time, fasting trains our will, we become capable of renunciation.

After fasting, returning to the diet takes half the time it took during the fast, i.e. after two weeks of fasting, it takes one week to return to a normal diet. It is important to build up the return to fasting. On the first day you should eat only grated apples and cooked brown rice, the next day you should eat some protein: a hard-boiled egg or low-fat cottage cheese. Keep a close eye on your body, half an apple will do you good for the first time. For a few days, don't use salt or sugar at all to flavour your food.

Dr. László Földes – Natural Medicine Magazine, May 2013 (pages 20-22)

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Recent research suggests that the functioning of the gut flora is also linked to the development of obesity and diabetes. Experiments on mice have shown that when overweight mice were given the gut flora of obese mice, they lost weight in a short time. Normal-weight mice, on the other hand, gained weight after having the gut flora of their fat counterparts implanted in their bodies. Studies in humans have now confirmed that the bacterial composition of the gut flora of lean and overweight people is different. So it is possible that gut flora transplantation could be effective in humans. Of course, this would only work for people who gain weight just by „looking” at a carbohydrate-rich meal. Fatness from overeating and binge eating cannot be eliminated in this way, because the excess calories are not dealt with by the body. Once it is not needed, it is stored in the

¹⁴¹ A container enema device available in pharmacies. Mostly sold as a kit with a vaginal flush adapter. (Not too expensive. Price about 1700 Ft.)

form of fat cushions. This can only be remedied by preventing absorption, i.e. by vomiting it up, but this leads to anorexia.



German researchers have found that children growing up on peasant farms are less prone to asthma and allergies. They took urban children with allergies to the countryside, where they found that barn dust turned off allergy-prone genes. According to researchers at Ludwig Maximilian University in Munich, if children spend at least 2 hours a week in the barn, they are 80% less likely to develop asthma in their lifetime.



Herbal teas and herbal mixtures from China often have unwanted and sometimes fatal side effects," *Der Spiegel* reported. Two British women, for example, used Chinese herbal teas to treat unrelenting eczema, with success. The blemishes disappeared nicely, but the two women were feeling increasingly tired and worse. By the time they reached hospital, it became clear that the herbal tea had caused irreparable damage to their kidneys, and only a kidney transplant saved them from death. Similar cases occurred a few years ago in Belgium, where 100 young women developed rheumatic complaints. Of these, 35 had to undergo immediate dialysis and 29 are now living with a new kidney from a donor. All the women were taking a slimming pill containing a highly toxic Chinese herb. There have been other similar cases, including in China itself. However, a very large number of cases have remained hidden because of their mysterious nature.

The main problem with Chinese herbal medicines is that the proportions of their ingredients are not strictly defined, as is the case with factory-made medicines. The active ingredients of the same herbal medicine can range from ineffective to toxic doses. A further danger is interchangeability, as in some parts of China the same name is often used to refer to preparations containing different herbs. In addition, there are many impurities in the preparations, which may even be non-metallic. When the country's economic leaders realised that herbal medicines could be a significant source of foreign exchange, they began to encourage the cultivation of plant materials. And to get better yields, they liberally chemicalised the plantations. Many medicinal plants become infected with fungi during improper drying and storage. In Germany, tar has even been found in some herbal teas, a clear sign that the herbs were dried on asphalt roads that melt in the hot sun. A German company specialising in the use of Chinese herbs has been testing preparations from China since 1996. The first test results were alarming: 34 out of 139 batches (24.5%) were found to be non-compliant.



Magnetopressure is also an excellent treatment for chronic constipation, which is now a widespread disease. Due to lack of exercise, a diet low in fibre and excessive consumption of luxury foods, there is hardly a person in the world who does not suffer from constipation and haemorrhoids. The thickening of the stool is not helped by increased fluid intake, because the water is passed in the urine, not in the rectum. The increased excretion of water from the rectum can only be stopped by changing the level of bioenergy. Mostly energy withdrawal from digestion-related meridians is required. Exactly which ones can only be determined by experimentation. Since we cannot see inside our bodies, and since we do not yet have a lens or camera that would allow us to see our meridians, we have to look for the right points by trial and error.

We start with the steering wire that has the greatest effect on the rectum. Push the Yang energy (white) end of the magnet rod to point 1 under the tailbone and hold it there for at least 10 minutes. The energy withdrawal causes the body to send fluids into the rectum, which produces an enema-like effect. This phenomenon is not caused by a magnetic charge. Even during normal defecation, the body sends water into the rectum to facilitate evacuation. This physiological process is so intense that it can trigger nasal discharge in people allergic to pollen. Magnetic therapy only triggers this process, making it more frequent. A laxative (e.g. castor oil) does the same, but it does not act locally, but goes through the whole intestinal tract, taking the intestinal flora with it, together with the beneficial bacteria that aid digestion.

If the hoped-for result is not achieved within a few hours, and constipation worsens, do not despair. The next day, turn the magnet rod around and energise now. People's bodies do not work in the same way. Some people have a surplus of energy, others a lack of energy which triggers increased water secretion in the rectum. If stimulation of the steering wire does not work, try the points 25 and 45 of the colon wire 2 or the stomach wire. Treating either point will give the desired result. We will no longer need laxatives, which destroy our gut flora and weaken our immune system. But the most effective approach is to eat a healthy diet, stop eating meat, eating white bread, stop smoking and drinking alcohol, and take regular daily exercise. Disease is not something to be cured, it is something to be prevented.

On a side note, the Internet also offers an effective method for eliminating constipation. As we know, the world wide web is a big pile of garbage, which is full of disinformation, recommendations of ineffective miracle drugs, and scams. Nevertheless, it is worth rummaging through this garbage heap, because sometimes you can find real gems. One of these is an idea that fried bananas can eliminate constipation. If you read this, you might be surprised, because they regularly eat raw bananas, which has no effect on their digestion. However, it is worth trying fried bananas, because the banana pulp coats the stool when it reaches the large intestine. It has the same effect as castor oil, but not as fast and intense. It takes effect only on the next or third day. It also eliminates hemorrhoid complaints. He does all this gently. Unlike laxatives, we are not at risk of inflammation of the intestinal mucosa, and we do not develop addiction.

We are buying 3 ripe bananas with brown speckled skin. Peel it and cut it into 3 pieces. In a pan with a non-stick coating, melt 3 dg of butter, add the banana pieces and sprinkle each one with a pinch of ground cinnamon. Bake on high heat for 10 minutes. In the meantime, turn them several times with two forks so that the insides are also heated through. Use a fork to scrape up the bits stuck to the bottom of the pan so they don't burn. Eat it all warm. Scoop out the remaining melted butter with the banana slices. It is worth making a dinner out of it so that the stomach can work undisturbed all night. (After that, we can't eat or drink anything.)

According to the literature, consuming 1 tablespoon of olive oil has a similar effect, because it lubricates the intestines. Many people swear by the consumption of medicinal waters. Mira water containing bitter salt can be introduced into our body in the form of a drinking regimen. (This medicated water is not only a laxative, but also has an intestinal cleansing effect. It washes the intestinal canal, loosens the inflammatory discharge from the mucous membrane, removes the bacteria that cause catarrh and their decomposition products, and empties them together with the feces.) If the drinking regimen does not lead to results, magnesium sulfate - containing bitter salt should be used. (Available in pharmacies. It is not expensive. 1-1.5 dg of bitter salt must be dissolved in 2 dl of water. It is not pleasant to swallow.)

Magnetopressure is also an excellent treatment for bladder overactivity. Incontinence (difficulty in passing urine) affects 40-50% of the population. It affects mainly the older age group. Many people are so ashamed of their condition that they do not even consult a doctor. The discomfort caused by overactive bladder syndrome is very similar to the symptoms of flatulence or infectious bladder infections. There is a stinging, urgent urge to urinate, and urinating five times a day he-lyet every 2 hours. The volume of urine is often less than 1 decilitre, even though the bladder has an average capacity of 0.5 litres. The patient also gets up at night. The over-irritation of the bladder can be effectively reduced by stimulating point 1 of the renal meridian. Treatment of either the left or the right sole of the foot produces the desired effect. In the present case, energy input is mostly needed, which can be achieved here by taking energy from the picking point. However, this can vary from person to person, so if the problem is getting worse, reverse the magnet rod and extract the excess energy from the left or right kidney meridian.

It is also very helpful to stimulate the bladder meridian, which is most easily done with tonifying point 67. In men, the ability of the prostate to retain urine is also greatly improved by treating points 2 and 3 of the receiving wire. With enough patience, we can cure ourselves of this disease, which can make social relations difficult and in many cases impossible. Moreover, this method costs nothing. You can use a magnet rod for the rest of your life for a few hundred forints. And the cure is

side-effect free. The magnetopressure treatment and how to buy the magnet rod are described in Chapters I-II and V of the "Esoteric Panorama".



The annual global pharmaceutical business is worth about 700 billion dollars. An almost unfathomable amount. It is hard even to imagine that this amount of money is being pumped into the bank accounts of cartelised companies by dozens of desperate people who are stuffing dozens of pills into their mouths. It is tragic that these people are being deceived, because it is becoming increasingly obvious that synthetic drugs are far from being the solution to our illnesses and very often have the opposite effect to what we hope for. Have you read the leaflets of any of these medicines? Have you ever wondered what havoc a pill can wreak on the human body? You might think that the pharmaceutical industry is an unimaginably precise, almost perfect machine that only makes products that actually cure, and that they might even make you feel better is unthinkable. Unfortunately, the opposite is true. The list of expected side-effects in small print at the bottom of the leaflet is shocking even on a cursory reading, but the potential consequences of taking some products are downright horrendous! Take Laponex, for example, a mood enhancer usually recommended for mildly depressed patients. Well, the pill may make you feel better, but you should be aware that in the midst of all the fun, you could develop chronic white blood cell count, leukaemia, blood cancer, brain damage and – brace yourselves! – sudden death. Can't you see? Indeed it is. You've got a mood enhancer that dares to be called a drug, and on its label you've got a list of 36 serious side effects, including death...

György Köröszts – Hihetetlen, May 2008, pages 9-13 (excerpt)



Unfortunately one of the most important Chinese internal medicine diagnostic methods, tongue diagnosis has still not gained ground in Western medicine. This Far Eastern method, which dates back thousands of years, is often the clearest indicator of disharmony in the body. The **normal tongue** is pink and slightly moist, not too pointed and not too rounded. It has little coating, is flexible and supple. If the tongue is still normal in colour during the disease, this is a sign that the energy flow and blood circulation are not "damaged" and the prognosis is favourable. **Tongue with energy predominance:** in a „Yang-like” disease, the tongue is stiff, dark red or red in colour, with a blackish tinge, no cracked, spiky „teeth marks” on the sides, and a firm, strong filling. **Energia deficient tongue:** in „yin” diseases, the tongue is flabby, pale, yellowish, moist, with tooth marks on the edges of the tongue, and a weak, indeterminate filling. The colour of the tongue as a whole may also be indicative of diseases of certain functional circuits. **Red tongue:** Heart – Small intestine, **White tongue:** Lungs – Large intestine, **Greenish tongue:** Liver – Gall bladder, **Yellow tongue:** Spleen (pancreas) – Stomach, **Blackish tongue:** Kidney – Bladder and genital dysfunction.

Tongue coating, plaque: according to Eastern diagnostics, it is derived from the activity of the Spleen (pancreas) and reflects the state of the digestive system. The plaque, which varies in thickness, colour and quality, may cover the entire surface of the tongue or only certain areas. In a healthy person, it is constant, thin, moist and whitish in colour. It may be slightly thicker in the middle part of the tongue, but the underlying colour of the tongue is transparent. Some common types of plaque: **Thin plaque** may be normal, but during illness it indicates a deficiency. A **thick plaque** indicates something is overweight. A clammy plaque indicates a lack of Yang energy or internal heat in the body. In the case of floating-moving plaque, the energy of the Spleen (pancreas) and Stomach is weak. A **yellow, dry coating** indicates a heat attack of the intestines or Stomach. (Smoking and regular alcohol consumption can cause the plaque to turn yellowish-grey without illness.) The **map tongue** is actually a scaly tongue, where a part or all of the coating is peeled off, in the latter case creating a "smooth" or "mirror" tongue. Both cases indicate a severe lack of the body's defensive energies, immune system and Yin energy.

The **micro system of the tongue:** the body of the tongue has the same micro system as the inside of the auricle or the palm and sole of the hand, and thus faithfully reflects the state of the internal

organs. Our illustration shows the location of the „mirror image” of each organ on the tongue (e.g. the heart on the tip of the tongue, etc.) **Cleaning the tongue:** archaeological evidence shows that oral hygiene was very important in ancient cultures (e.g. India, South America), and special tongue-cleaning devices were used. Even today, one of the stages of physical and spiritual purification for Indian yogis is the morning cleansing of the tongue. Clinical studies in the United States have shown that some oral problems (e.g. oral pH imbalance, chronic gingivitis, etc.) are caused by tongue plaque, and in 85% of cases, tongue plaque is also the cause of bad breath. It has been found that during the nocturnal detoxification process, the body gets rid of some of the toxins through the tongue. Modern dietary habits, lack of chewing, mushy, "over-processed" foods and prolonged exposure to acidic chemicals also contribute to the formation of plaque. Without mechanical cleansing, plaque and its toxin content are regularly reabsorbed into the alimentary canal during daily feeding. Thus toxins, once excreted, are reintroduced into the body. So when brushing your teeth in the morning, always clean your tongue with a toothbrush or a small spoon turned upside down, or even a wooden knife!

Dr. Róbert Csiszár – Paramedica, February-March 2005 (page 14)

The discreditors of esotericism

In chapter IV of "The Execution of Esotericism" we got a comprehensive picture of the discrediting of esotericism. We now present a few cases from a wide range of frauds:

➤ I am looking for a hypnotist in a suburban suburb, and after 2 weeks of waiting I find him. A woman in baggy tracksuit bottoms opens the door and leads me through a stale-smelling living room. In the dim bedroom, she makes me lie on a bed, lights candles and du-jour like a prayer mantra in an unknown language. My head begins to ache, I open my eyes wide to discover a table cluttered with food scraps and dirty glasses. I look at my hypnotist, who must be in a trance state, for he is whispering in a thin voice like a mouse-clicking from his heavy body that he is an angel who will fly me above the clouds. I imagine myself gliding towards heaven on the wings of the fat, sweaty, teddy-bear-clad angel, and I laugh. My hypnotist takes offence and pronounces judgment: I'm not mature enough for trance. I'll come back when I've grown, but I'll have to pay the seven thousand forints for the session.

Klára Izing, Nők Lapja, 2004546. (page 52)



➤ 15 years ago, after my third childbirth, my medical ordeal began. Since then I have been struggling with pain in my waist and back. Because I tolerate pain well, most doctors have long ignored my complaints. So I turned to natural remedies to get my health back. I went to lectures, tried better and better remedies and methods, consulted experts. Almost all of them had a positive effect, but they all cost a lot of money and none of them produced lasting results. By chance, when I stopped looking for new healers, I met a "real" paraphenomenal naturopath. As soon as we started talking, she listed my ailments, which part of my body had problems, where it hurt (I had had some gynecological surgeries). She hit practically everything, even the problems I didn't know about. It was like he could see right into me. My son and I started going to him together, he has health problems too, and I couldn't have paid for the treatments without him. Health check-ups, chiropractic, ghost surgery, acupuncture treatments, suggested dietary supplements, a Star of David under my bed, detox honey treatment, counselling, etc. All for the equivalent of a month's wages, even at a Tuesday rate. It wouldn't be much if I could now dance and say I'm cured. But I am not cured! The naturopath said it would be worse than it was for a while. He was right, I can hardly get up now. His science is worth nothing! How can I believe someone who says he will cure me?

➤ I went in for a check-up because my nails had lost their shape. They all look like they are about to come off my finger, there is almost nothing holding them in place. I went to a lifestyle

centre, to a very nice elderly gentleman. He took out his "magic wand". He passed it vertically, from top to bottom, in front of me, and didn't really detect anything special. He just told me what percentage of my lungs, heart, etc. were working. I have kidney problems, but basically my body is working fine. He feels stress in my shoulders, this could be relieved with massage. He massaged me with an unpleasant smelling but really relaxing ointment. She then took some herbal remedies out of her bag, and all I could see was that she was writing sums of money on a sheet of paper. The bill stopped at 17 thousand forints. That's what I had to pay for the immune boosters and the treatment. I was the last patient that day and the naturopath noted that he had run out of pills. I surreptitiously checked his notebook, he gave everyone the same remedies for the same price! He practically did not fix any individual problem! The price surprised me because I had been promised 5,000 forints before. Anyway, I took the vitamins, I took them conscientiously, but my nails are still the same.

➤ I went to one of the star naturopaths in the area because of my heart condition. I also took my husband with me today, who was in pain, complaining of general malaise. The "specialist" diagnosed me with a pendulum and said – I've been given the wrong medication by the doctors, one of which is reacting badly to my body, I should stop taking it – Instead, he gave me a tea mixture. My husband was diagnosed with energy problems. He then gave us both energy. To do this, we had to lie on a treatment bed each, while he stood next to our heads. With my eyes closed, all I could feel was his hands moving over my body, while he mumbled in a dreamy voice: "Your body is getting hotter, you can feel the gyo energy flowing into you." I did feel myself getting hotter. The naturopath said we needed at least 10 more treatments, but with both of us needing energy, we'd be better off buying a special bio-energy transfer machine. This is to be placed next to our bed and will recharge our energy system while we sleep. The price of the serke-zet (which looked like a pile of copper) is 150,000 forints! It's true, we left almost 20 thousand for the treatment. We have not been to the naturopath since, but we have been to the hospital. My husband turned out to have intestinal problems that were causing his malaise. His complaints went away after he was properly examined and treated in hospital. I asked my GP to give me another medicine for my heart, because I no longer trust the old one. I also drank herbal teas. I have been fine since then.

➤ My son was 21 when he got into an esoteric circle. 3 years ago he met a "kinesiologist" who took him back to his previous life under hypnosis. He regularly used hypnosis with children, despite the fact that this method can only be used by a doctor or psychologist who has completed a hypnotherapy training course at the Hungarian Hypnosis Association or the Association for Integrative Psychotherapy. In the trance he saw things like our ancestors were criminals and it would be best for my son if he got away from us. He told him that his family was cursed, so we assigned him new parents. He planted hatred in him and the child had to take a vow of silence, not to speak to us. I didn't know what was wrong. I thought I was going to die of pain because I could feel the child growing more and more distant from us. Afterwards, she gave "healing" yoga classes – for 10,000 forints a day – where they were really brainwashed. Their prayer mantra was: "True happiness comes when you have hated your parents, your brothers and sisters." So the "master" had become a sect leader in the meantime. We thought we were going to lose our children forever. Then, luckily, he found a mate. His girlfriend got him away from that community, back to normal life. She's been telling me about her experiences. She spent 3 years bringing all her wages there. That was the price of gullibility. Thank God he found his way back to us. Di what about the others who were probably permanently separated from their families, who are still brainwashed today?

Letters from readers, Women's Journal, 2004/44, (pages 52-53)



Are you here for the esoteric evening? – asks the corpulent lady at the gate, handing me a flyer with an exclamation mark. Thirty minutes and you'll be cured! The Swedish reincarnation of Jesus in Tibet! The secret of the Viking oracle! All of these. I'm coming into a clumsy social hall. As I en-

ter, a distraught-looking woman grabs my hand. Her name is on a small plaque on the table. And that she's a witch by profession.

- You're about to undergo a big change – she says, beckoning her assistant, a homeless-looking fic-co, to hide behind the curtain and get out the palm chart. The torn initiate jumps, and the ba-nya starts pointing.
- Look, this is the life line, this is the career line – he says, but immediately he fists back. My God, I'm seeing terrible things! – and lifting his head, he falls into a trance.
- What do you see, madam? – I ask.
- Lots of money – and he fists back again, and begins to moan and groan. Her voice carries through the room, and we are surrounded by old men in astral light, lotus blossom and anthroposophy, the theosophists peddling reincarnation proofs, the soul wanderers, the quadromatics on UFOs and hyperspace, the spoon-bending parapsychologists, all waiting for the witch's waltz.
- How much can you see? – I'm trying to get closer to the truth, because I figure it's worth at least a fraction of a cent to know how much I'm likely to get.
- A lot – says the palm reader, leaning closer to my paw again.
- And approximately when, please? – I keep insisting.
- You can't tell – she says, keeping her eyelids closed and curling up, trying to make out the numbers with her fingers using her clairvoyant powers. But I think they're lottery numbers...
- Wait a moment, I'll get reinforcements – I say excitedly, and run to the other end of the room.

There are experts in Szekler and Celtic runic writing, aurists, Buddhist dance meditation practitioners, Vedic and tantric soul-strengthening practitioners. I ask them to come, to call the shamans, the shamanists, the mind controllers, and I beg you, if you find a free-roaming numerology mystic in the room, to send him quickly to the palm desk. For great things are afoot.

- What's going on?" the Sumerian biorhythmicist interrogates, holding a lunar calendar in his hand.
- I'm going to win the lottery. We just can't see the numbers properly yet.
- Only the Arabic belly-dancing method of fortune-telling can help – says my man, and adds: – alas, the theatre manager has been out of the way for two weeks because he hasn't paid the rent properly.

When I rush back, the psychic is curled up on the floor, his fingers twitching, trying to read my numbers.

- Cliff top, triumphant. Flowing stream, wealth, riches. One, yes, I can see it," he cooed. – One is the first. Two is number two.
- And then?
- I can see it vaguely, but two is probably followed by three. And then there's four. And, lo and behold, things come to pass: there at the end of the line is five.
- Are you sure? – I ask, a little nervous.
- No – says the witch. It could be 12, 45, but it could also be 24, 31, 53, maybe 25. Fate says: it's up to you to put it together.

Then he beckons to his assistant, who takes out a pad of bills and says – I'll pay you four thousand, plus a thousand VAT. And everyone else pulls out a pad and they issue invoices for consultancy services in my name. I have to pay for everything separately. The esotericists stand over me and shout: so-and-so and so-and-so, here and now. They chant: cash, cash!

There's nothing to be done, we must escape. When I break through the ring of stalwarts and astronomers, I head for the exit, run out into the square in front of the art house, cut through the park and start running after the forklift. And they chase me, waving their billfolds. By this time, the sit-ins include the owners of esoteric book publishers, the former folklorists who rent out rooms to devils for good money, the silicon-breasted presenters of commercial TV shows interested in unravelling the secrets and mysteries of the millennia, the founders of the energy-channel-bending-

water-flow business, the anointed of the all-colour magic business, and finally the stupefied-eyed success storyists. I've got them on my tail and I can't shake them.

– Are you all right? – my wife asks me in the morning.

– Fine – I say – Why do you ask?

– You were up all night. And at three in the morning you started counting one by one...

– Oh, yes – I say, enlightened. – The lottery numbers. But never mind. It's all right.

Népszabadság, László Rab, 23 July 2005 (page 9)



The situation is no better in books. The hi-quality of esoteric literature is greatly worsened by the increasing number of forgeries created by money-hungry conmen for profit. These adventurous „authors” take all the information available in the field of esotericism and turn it into a tasteless but untruthful mixture. Almost every sentence of their work is fiction, a flight of fancy, nothing to do with reality. Professionally useless, but a best-selling pulp novel. This activity is nothing more than fraud, because these books have as little to do with real esoteric phenomena as science fiction has to do with science. Since their works do not even hint that the story they tell is nothing more than a fantasy story, they mislead their readers. They plant many false ideas in people's minds, which then lead them astray. Their favourite themes are "descriptions" of the afterlife and regressive hypnosis. This is a field that cannot be controlled. Since no one has ever returned from heaven, and no one has ever travelled in a physical body to the past, everyone can claim what they want.

Among those spreading this misleading mumbo-jumbo in the form of a book are misguided professionals. Doctors of psychology with large practices, whose willingness to help is beyond doubt. However, the clearly worded case studies, organised with scientific rigour, are in fact a collection of disinformation lies. The demonic beings who seek to confuse us have not deceived them, but their patients. They have taken control of the minds of the subjects under regressive hypnosis, who have conveyed untrue information, consistently fed fabrications, to unsuspecting researchers. These false accounts of experience are dangerous because they are presented in a very appealing style, which can easily be taken for fact in the minds of uninformed, naive readers.

The credibility of these jolly, fraternising, back-patting accounts of heaven, the hierarchy of the spirit world, becomes really suspect when the psychiatrist's questions are directed at hell. As with other works of disinformation non-fiction, the existence of hell is rigidly denied, and people are led to believe, through confused explanations, that whatever they do, they are not guilty of any sin and therefore will not be punished in the afterlife. The evildoers are also sent to heaven, where a little "energy blast" removes the dark stains from their souls, and the lost soul can return to Earth or the heavenly spheres to rest. The only surprise for unsuspecting offenders is when they are transported to a very different place after death, where they are not exactly in a paradi-chemical state.

Unfortunately, the immature soul is easily deceived and misled. The letters of gratitude sent to the author by readers, translated into dozens of languages and used for publicity purposes in countries all over the world, are proof of this: „Your book has touched me as deeply as no other work. Your book has given my life meaning. It is spiritual without a trace of religious dogmatism. How can I thank you enough? With your book, you have given the world a ha-tal treasure that speaks the truth with breathtaking clarity. Your book tells us incomparably more about the spirit world, its laws and processes, than any other work ever written. The enlightening messages of the evening scriptures are invaluable. This classic work has a place in every library." In order to disseminate the myth as effectively as possible, the black angels also hold lectures with unsuspecting authors, where they dispel any lingering doubts in live word and dialogue.

Evidence of the effectiveness of naturopathy

In the previous article, we read about quite a few negative cases. Now let's look at the opposite side. Let us also include positive examples to restore the credibility of naturopathy:

Over seventy, people no longer wonder why they hurt here and there. It's not as if he's going to fall off his feet overnight. Or, more precisely, to be unable to stand on it. Something similar happened to 78-year-old Elisabeth K. Er. She was very upset about it.

- It happened almost overnight – says Elisabeth. – One morning I woke up and my legs were like an elephant's. Not grey, but like columns. This would not have been a problem at my age, if they hadn't hurt so much and obeyed me, because I could hardly move them. My daughter immediately called my GP, who, seeing my helplessness, sent me to the rheumatologist.
- What disease was diagnosed there?
- They didn't tell me anything, and what they wrote on the paper I couldn't make out. But I was told that I would have to undergo physiotherapy in the next few weeks. What can I say, I was not jumping for joy, as I was still stumbling around at home with a cane and a walker.
- I was treated for two or three months without any results, unless you count the fact that my symptoms were definitely getting worse. The "results" made it clear to me: they had no idea what was wrong with me. Since they also realised they couldn't do anything about me, they sent me to orthopaedics. There they suggested knee surgery. So I thought, they're not going to eat that! At my age, it's risky to go under the knife! Even if I know that my deformed legs will hurt for the rest of my life.
- You don't seem like a person with any complaints at all!
- Because I don't!
- Why, what happened?
- My daughter couldn't bear to see me suffer, so she took me to a health centre, where they immediately found out what was wrong. They diagnosed me with nyirocoidema and tailored the eye-eye therapy accordingly. This consisted of going for lymphatic drainage, or lymphatic massage, four times a week for an hour. In addition, I was put on a juice fasting diet, which was followed by an alkalizing diet. I was also told to drink at least 2 litres of fluids (herbal teas, vegetable juices) a day.
- Has this cure finally worked?
- After the first week I was able to put away my cane and walker. And by the next week, I could not only feel the change, I could see it. The lymphoedema gradually stopped. First in my feet, then in my shins and finally in my thighs. The circularity of the latter was reduced by 4 cm. True, I'm not yet a Naomi Cambell¹⁴², but I feel very comfortable in my skin. This is probably due to the fact that I managed to lose 10 kilos of excess weight during the 3 weeks of fasting, which I have not gained back. I suppose it's because I'm a word-pleaser and I'm following the life advice I've been given in abundance.

Erika Czeller T. Ideal, January 2005, (page 79)



Pleurisy, microembolism, pericarditis, colitis... These diseases can be debilitating in their own right. Even if they take two months! It is no wonder then that their sufferer, the Paks Á. K. from Paks not only wanted to be cured, but also to find out as soon as possible what "mysterious" disease had brought him so much trouble...

- I feel that my doctors did everything they could for me, but they didn't get very far - at least in hindsight - when they diagnosed me with SLE, a kind of autoimmune disease.

Ideal: The symptoms of SLE are characterised by a loss of strength in the joints, tendons and other connective tissues, as well as in some of the inflammation of the joints, joints and connective tissues and certain organs. You had the organ inflammation, did your joints hurt?

- At that time you didn't... Actually, they only started to hurt – a lot – when I had been taking the medication for SLE for about six months...

¹⁴² naomi kembel

Ideal: ... which was only treating the side effect of the joint pain?

- Yes, and other „side” and unpleasant effects that made my life rather miserable! I am a disciplined person, but after a while I had enough of the pain and went back to my doctor.

Ideal: Did he prescribe any other medication?

- No. He told me to stop taking it for a while and at the same time referred me to Harkányfürdő for 3 weeks for physiotherapy.

Ideal: Did that help your symptoms?

- I developed a skin rash on the first day after my first treatment. During the three weeks I couldn't even go in the water. However, itchy patches appeared all over my body. So my doctor decided I should start taking my previous medication (steroids) again.

Ideal: Itching all over her body, aching in her joints..., I guess she was quite desperate.

- Of course, and I went to grass-feeders, naturopaths, quacks, anyone I could think of to relieve my daily pain. By this time I was not only itching and aching, but my hands were swollen in the morning and evening and my stomach was bloated.

Ideal: Finally, where could they help you?

- A friend gave me the address of a health centre in Budapest. I figured I had nothing to lose.

Ideal: And what did you gain?

- A lot! It turned out through various tests that I did not suffer from SLE, my complaints were caused by colon problems and immunological instability.

Ideal: And how were these treated?

- A fairly complex therapy, but without drugs. First I was put on a potato diet and then I had to be fasted. In the meantime I took homeopathic remedies and herbal preparations. I was given a series of injections of my own blood and I was also introduced to cholone hydrotherapy.

Ideal: After how long did you notice the first changes?

- By the second week, all my rashes were gone! Then gradually my other pains also disappeared. I now feel distinctly well.

Ideal: Have you changed your lifestyle since the beginning?

- I was forced to make fundamental changes. You know, I was one of those blood types. I ate meat with meat. But that's a thing of the past. Very, very little meat in my diet, now I live on vegetables and fruit.

Ideal: And you've grown to like them?

- I wouldn't say that, because my head hasn't been replaced, but if my health depends on it, I'll follow the lifestyle advice the doctor gave me.

Erika Czeller T. – May 2003 (page 71)



M.I. is (was) the type of man who likes to have his way. He loves to eat good food – meat with meat. And when he's in company, he likes to drink good stuff in good conversation... He was a gourmand¹⁴³ until the age of 39, when he had his first attack of gout...

- One day, my big toe suddenly swelled up and I started to have a terrible splitting sensation – he recalls. – Then the pain got worse. I told, or rather moaned, to my partner that it was no joke, that he should take me to hospital immediately.

Ideal: What happened to you there?

- First they X-rayed me because they thought I'd broken my finger. But no. Then they took blood and examined me. Finally they found out that I had a gout attack. To ease my pain, they ordered a very strong painkiller, but it made me vomit. I was finally told that I would have to learn to live with this disease. I was advised not to eat too much meat and to avoid alcohol.

Ideal: Did the medicine work?

¹⁴³ gourman (heavy eater in French)

- Relatively. It certainly made me feel very unwell. Plus, two months later I had another attack. By then I knew – because we had done our research – that gout was a very painful, recurrent arthritis caused by the deposition of sodium urate crystals. These crystals build up in the joints because of high levels of uric acid in the blood. And the story doesn't end with roha-mok, because the disease can become chronic and distort the joints. In the face of all this, we called the hospital in desperation, but they just told me that if I had gout, the attack was normal, to lie still and go in when the pain was gone.

Ideal: Did you go in after that?

- Come on, why would I go? I don't think it's medicine to try to make me learn to live with my problem, and I can't accept that it's perfectly normal to think that I'll jump out of my skin because I'm in so much pain. This is not normal!

Ideal: What have you done?

- Nothing at that time. But in the middle of my third attack, when we couldn't leave for a European tour, I had had enough. I thought, surely there must be some other cure. We came across the spa on the internet. We phoned and were told to go straight in. I was very sympathetic to this attitude, as well as to the fact that the doctor told us frankly that this disease was not curable, but it was very manageable.

Ideal: I suppose she was willing to take any treatment to get rid of the pain...

- Indeed. Even though I weighed 116 kilos at the time, I didn't blink an eye when the doctor "sentenced" me to a three-week fasting period. By the time I was done, my pain was gone without a trace, I had lost 76 kilos and I had quit smoking because my body no longer wanted nicotine.

Ideal: How long did the effects last? How long did it take before you had another attack?

- It's been three years and I haven't had a single seizure since! True, I made a fundamental change to my eating habits, as the doctor had instructed. I used to ignore vegetables and fruit, but now I eat mostly vegetables and fruit, drink herbal teas, eat only white meat if I eat meat, and take a day off the next day. I fast regularly every quarter, I have a potato diet, I take supplements, and thank you, I am very well!

Ideal: Isn't that a bit much for a gourmand?

- If you ask me that, you've certainly never had a gout attack! It's true, my friends are also on my miracle... But it's worth it because I'm in control of my life again, not my disease!

Erika Czeller T. – Ideal, September 2004 (page 71)



R.B.'s story is a typical example of how our psyche can "work" our body and how difficult it is to get rid of our psychosomatic complaints!

- If I think about it, my "medical history" actually began with the death of my father - he recalls. - He died four and a half years ago of breast cancer. It was very difficult for me to come to terms with his loss. All his doctors, without exception, told me to take good care of myself. Go for check-ups regularly and without delay! It was at this point that I "snapped".

Ideal: What did you do?

- I started to feel anxious. If I noticed that I had a little bit of pain, aching, zinging, I immediately thought that I was going to have a tumour, or did have one. My own self-diagnosis ranged very widely. I was alternately afraid of lymphatic, lung, breast, skin and bone tumours. The latter two were so „good” that I had to have a mole removed because the dermatologist said it was OK for now, but not to wait for the slightly swollen mole to „kick in”. Well, I didn't wait - I had it removed. Then followed a mysterious chest pain.

Ideal: What did you do then?

- I went to my GP and told him that I was experiencing a burning pain in a spot about the size of a twenty-footer where my sternum meets my ribs. He said nothing, but for my cold he prescribed antibiotics...

Ideal: Have you given in?

- No, because I was fed up with my fears. First I went for a lung screening. Negative result. Then an ultrasound, which also found nothing in the incriminated area. I then referred him to the sports doctor who practises at the clinic. I hoped that he would conclude that I had lifted myself and that a muscle strain was the cause of my complaints. Instead, he referred me to traumatology. There I was called back to X-ray four times to have another 3-3 scans taken of my chest. And the result? No broken sternum! But I knew that! And the traumatologist recommended a painkiller patch as a symptomatic treatment. I wanted to scream in rage. That's when I had enough of the health service.

Ideal: You gave up?

- No, I just started on a new path. A friend of mine recommended I see a doctor-naturalist. And since I had no better idea - admittedly, not with much soul-searching - I went for it.

Ideal: And did you succeed?

- I knocked it off, yes. The doctor questioned me thoroughly from head to toe, she didn't spare me any time. Then she examined me, and found that I had inflammation of the cartilage in my ribs and sternum, and that the intercostal muscles were tender, which could be perfectly cured, though the process was a little lengthy. It turns out that the main cause is long-standing intense anxiety. He then drew up a therapeutic plan, including natural supplements, non-medicinal herbal remedies, homeopathic remedies, anti-anxiety drugs and herbal teas. In addition, he recommended daily breathing exercises, lymphatic massage once a week and a course of injections, which surprised me. He also prescribed required reading!

Ideal: And did you finally recover?

- Yes! I am very grateful for that. My pain has slowly gone away. I stopped feeling anxious and diagnosed myself at the same time. And after reading the book, I am much more balanced and happy. In short: the sun is shining again, thank you, I feel good in my skin!

Erik Czeller T. – Ideal, February 2004 (page 71)



Losing 20 kilos is not nothing in the life of a 21-year-old girl. Especially when she has been trying to lose weight for years in vain. But now she has finally succeeded!

Ideal: Why does someone become overweight at such a young age?

- I had my tonsils removed when I was three years old, and that "upset" my hormonal balance – says Ági. I was a competitive swimmer as a child and kept myself in good shape. Then I moved to Pest and became a musician, I didn't move for seven years. The contraceptive gave me thyroid dysfunction, I gained 90 kilos and could barely walk up the stairs to my flat. A colleague of my sister's was on a juice fast at a health centre and she recommended I try it. I did a four-week fasting course. The introductory week consists of a melon diet, then you just had to drink juices: mineral water, herbal tea, 3-4 litres a day. I started the day with bitters, mineral water, filtered juice. As a complementary treatment, I received facial and lymphatic massages, autologous blood treatment, immune-boosting and intestinal flora-regenerating agents. My summer allergy to ragweed became symptom-free. During the fast I started going to aerobics and sauna twice a week, and indoor cycling in the evenings. I weighed myself every morning. The first week I was a bit depressed, but after that I was able to work twice as much as before with 3-4 hours of sleep. I became almost hyperactive: I went to fasting control twice a week so I could work. I had two heavy days in between, I could hardly get out of bed in the morning, I lost 2-3 kilos that day. For me it wasn't a diet, it was a lifestyle change. I experienced it as a complete change, I also changed jobs at the beginning of the fast, and summer turned out to be a good time for it all. Several of us were fasting at the same time, it was a good group, I lost the most weight. The medical supervision was a great security, because in the fasting group you always find out if you are doing something wrong. There are several of us, we have to prove ourselves to each other, and it is a great help that the doctor, in our most enthusiastic moments, calmly tells us what to do next. We have also learned a lot from each other.

Ideal: Apart from the physical changes, were there other experiences?

- I had the determination, my family and friends supported me. Also, my boyfriend's mother runs a health food kitchen, so I had someone to learn from, but it still took a lot of enthusiasm. But the result made me proud. Of course, it's always the time to be invited to the best parties, but interestingly enough, I wasn't impressed by all the deliciousness. I drank mineral water the whole time. They thought I was stupid, said I'd probably gain twice as much weight back if I started eating. That didn't happen. After the fast, I went on holiday to Italy for two weeks and ate only salads and fruit. That was it for the two weeks of fruit and vegetables after Lent. Next came a week of potatoes, and then to this day, reform food: no meat for now, minimal eggs, steamed vegetables, rice, potatoes, broccoli, cauliflower, mountains of vegetables and fruit. I use natural spices: tarragon, basil, oregano, sesame seeds, flaxseed, olive oil. Now I'm looking forward to the al-masseason. Just before Christmas, I had another leap week. This was also good because the m-man couldn't eat from the festive table if he wanted to. I'm happy because I'm losing weight steadily, and my thyroid function is back to normal. In the spring I'm going to do another four-week course. I've set my ideal weight at 60 kg, and I need to lose another 10 kg to reach that. In the summer I'm going to change my size, I'm very happy because I'm going to buy my first bikini!

Ideal: So be it! Thanks for the conversation!

Dóra Szepesi – February 2001 (page 65)



Edit is 48 years old. In 1977 she was diagnosed with duodenal ulcer, and from then on her complaints have been coming and going. She alternated between ophthalmology and medication. He first visited a health centre in 1999, where he was treated with alternative methods.

- My colleague gave me the address and from then on my life changed – she says. I've learned to eat healthily, chew everything carefully, eat regularly and now I know how to relieve stress. Before, I used to chew a lot, I often felt tense and everything went straight to my "stomach". Now I only go for a check-up every six months, when the doctor and I discuss what to do: what teas to drink, what vitamins and herbal remedies to take, and what diet (potato or vegetable) to follow. I live in a small village, but fortunately the Red Cross has a gym twice a week, which I have been attending regularly for two years, and I do daily chores in the garden. Otherwise I sit in an office from morning till night. The lifestyle change has worked so well for me that I have since recommended the doctor and natural remedies to several colleagues. Most recently, I managed to get my 17-year-old daughter back on track. She was a college student and had been struggling with a recurring upper respiratory infection for almost a year, for which the laryngologist was on her fourth antibiotic prescription. The drugs gave her stomach ache and a fungal discharge. So we looked for another solution that would bring a lasting cure. The doctor found that her gut flora, her vaginal flora, was destroyed; and her immune system was very weak, so it needed to be repaired with multivitamins, teas, herbs and a more regular diet. In September I'm taking her back for a maintenance immune-boosting course.

Ideal: What has changed for you since your treatments?

- I'm in a better mood; I'm more resilient, I don't notice that I wake up tired as I used to so often. I work in the garden from spring to autumn, and I don't suffer from muscle aches and back pains. And one more thing: I am more patient, I take things more easily, I am more tolerant, I am less stressed. Although office work (I work more than eight hours a day at the Hungarian Treasury) is not a stress-free place. There is always something new and a lot of change. My colleagues have noticed the change in me, and it's not just because my face is smoother, it's because I'm almost younger. I've become more serene, and it's not easy to get out of my rut. People asked me how I was doing? And I told them what had changed my life. Many people don't believe it's that simple! Many of my colleagues are interested in the reform kitchen and can be bound by it. I was able to give them lots of useful recipes, ideas and advice. For example, the potato diet is a big hit, some people have tried it and it's much easier when we do it together.

We have a good influence on each other. I think women are more receptive to changing their lives, and with their help, they can make a big difference to the health of their families.

Ideal: Thank you for the interview and we wish your whole family continued successful lifestyle changes! Dóra Szepesi – Ideal, August 2001 (page 69)



The troubles started with Aghi almost ten years ago. She felt tired and weak, but nothing hurt, so she never went to the doctor. Later, her hands and feet swelled up, she couldn't hold her hands, and plates fell out of her hands.

– In May 1992, I couldn't walk home on my own from a children's party – he recalls. I started going to the doctor and was referred for all sorts of torturous tests. In three days I experienced terrible things. I received the results of the CT scan in a sealed envelope, but at home I translated them from a medical dictionary. Severe lymphatic disease, all internal ser-vem in inflammation. The nose guy yelled at me, "Take note that if you don't get treatment, you have six months to live!" I said – Maybe, but I'm not going to do it here. We went home, and for three days I just vomited and cried! I had no idea what to do, but I knew I wanted to stay alive. I was 36 years old and I couldn't imagine not seeing my kids grow up. I didn't know anything about naturopathy, I didn't know anyone, I just knew I didn't want to do this.

Through an acquaintance, I was referred to an elderly herbalist-pharmacologist in Salgótarján. I went to see him in August with my findings, but he preferred to rely on his own patch-plates. He laid me down on my back, stripped me to my underwear, knelt beside me and examined me with a pendulum. Then he patted my back and, at the swollen lymph nodes, he spoke differently. My windpipe, my esophagus, was pressed against the swollen lymph gland. He tested the herb. I ate almost nothing for a week. He said it was very good because it starved the cancer cells. Three weeks went by eating only beetroot, carrots and the herbal extract he made in the right dilution. Then I got worse, itching and scratching myself bloody, weak, feeling like the end. I called him on the phone. He was booing: after 21 days, the cleansing phase has started, when the toxins come out in the pores, but then it gets better, he said. We met every 1-2-4 weeks, but we consulted by phone about when I needed what. The raw beetroot and beetroot cure lasted four months and I stuck to it. Then I said I wanted something warm to eat. He allowed toasted brown bread with olive oil and garlic. In a year and a half I was completely cured. I lost 6 kilos. It's a misconception that you get weak, beetroot and carrots give you a lot of strength, I didn't feel punished at all for eating only that. My husband found a lady at the market from whom we regularly bought our vegetables.

It wasn't easy to get through. Faith, diet and herbs cured me. After the toast, I could sometimes eat stewed chicken breasts, fish, and the steamed vegetable era began. The whole family ate this way; I had to give up pork and sausages. I started to take an interest in ter-natural medicine, took a herbal medicine exam, studied foot reflexology, therapeutic massage, Reiki. I went for almost three more years for check-ups, when they said: it's useless, let's assume I'm healthy. Then my life turned around and I helped quite a lot of people. Before that, my children were pregnant every month. After I regularly gave them soaked chickenpox, the illness disappeared or became less severe. My daughter had a lot of abdominal pain last summer, developed an ovarian cyst and surgery was recommended. I put her on a raw fruit and vegetable diet, she ate olive oil garlic toasted brown bread and I gave her a herbal tea. No cottage cheese, fruit yogurt, meat! The cyst got smaller and was gone in two months!

Dóra Szepesi – Ideal, February 2002 (page 67)



Hornné Klára Vara is celebrating her 60th birthday. A few years ago, no one would have guaranteed that she would live to see this day. She was in a terrible state. The diagnosis after a lengthy examination: suspected autoimmune hepatitis. His doctor at the St. Lazarus Hospital told him that unfortunately he would have to take steroids for the rest of his life, but reassured him that with this constant treatment he would live. Steroids can be life-saving in some cases, but if taken over a long

period of time, they can disrupt the immune system to the extent that six to seven serious side effects can occur. "I can't say I was too impressed when someone next to me in hospital died every three or four days of the same illness while on steroids."

I decided to put an end to it. There is no way I can't get out of this horrible disease! I went to a health centre that heals with natural methods. They started the treatment with colon hydrotherapy to rid the intestinal tract of waste products. They prescribed anti-inflammatory, liver-regenerating and detoxifying drugs made from natural ingredients. A strict diet was prescribed, consisting mainly of raw vegetables, fruit, fat and spice-free foods: I started each day with two cups of a fantastic vegetable juice: blended beetroot, carrot and celery juice for six months. Periodically, I had a detox cure or a detox day to give my liver a rest. I went to all kinds of treatments, including acupuncture and spitting, and I strictly followed the prescriptions. The results were ha-very noticeable. In the meantime, the doctor secretly reduced the amount of steroids gradually and very carefully. I had to go to the Laszlo Hospital for monthly check-ups, where I did not let anyone in on the secrets of my improvement.

It was not a year before I was able to stop taking steroids completely. It was at this time that my hospital doctor noted at the check-up: "You see. Klárka, you're improving so nicely, and you haven't even had any mel-lecholic effects, you haven't even put on weight!" After a year and a half I was considered completely cured. At the hospital they didn't understand my „miraculous” case until one day I saw a book on herbs on my doctor's desk. The doctor noticed my interest and, puzzled, covered the book cover. I couldn't help but comment, "What is it, doctor, are we evolving?" He laughed. And then I finally came out. I told him the whole story. Since then, my motto has been: "Health is not everything, but without health, everything is nothing." For my birthday, I invited thirty guests and asked everyone to send me two flowers. That will make sixty flowers, which you will tie into a bouquet with the florist.

Dóra Szepesi - Ideal, November 2002 (page 73)



Burning the candle at both ends is not a long term solution. But P.H., as the head of a multinational company, made an attempt. For a decade he worked 10 to 12 hours a day, ate an irregular and unhealthy diet, and completely eliminated exercise from his life. What he did thrive on was endless work and stress. In fact, she ignored the fact that she had to pay attention to her health, especially after the fifth X. He did it while he could...

- I paid a high price for my lifestyle – he recalls. – I gained weight, developed heart and circulatory panic attacks, and was plagued by hereditary joint disease. But that wasn't enough to make me give up my health „scam”. Somehow I thought I was the exception, that I could not be seriously harmed, that I could get away with my "transgressions".

Ideal: And you, like so many others, were wrong...

- I realized this when I had to have a pacemaker implanted in my chest. My doctor told me that this was the point at which it was not too late to change my lifestyle. Lose weight and exercise regularly! I listened to his advice, but I didn't take any serious action. That is, until my rheumatologist recommended a health centre where I could be guided, almost "hand in hand", along the path of lifestyle change.

Ideal: What happened? Please tell me.

- The first time I was very thoroughly examined using gentle assessment methods. Without knowing my medical records, all my organic problems were accurately diagnosed! One of the tests, for example, was to assess my energy reserves and strength. And that's when I got a knock-out, because according to the BETA test, I had the vitality of a 74-year-old man. I have to admit that I was shocked to hear the news shortly after I turned fifty, but it was enough of a boost to make me really serious about reforming my lifestyle.

Ideal: What was the first step?

- A one-week low-carb diet, followed by three weeks of fasting, and finally two weeks of transitioning to my reformed diet. In the meantime, of course, I started exercising regularly, going to physiotherapy, sauna and massage.

Ideal: Was it hard to keep going during the fast?

- No, because I have strong self-discipline and I wasn't starving. So it was not too difficult to stick to the strict rules. It also helped that I was feeling better every day. I lost 14 kilos in four weeks, and this time was also an excellent opportunity to cleanse not only my body but also my mind, to rethink my lifestyle and to prioritise my life. It was then that I realised that it wasn't enough to lose weight, I also needed to change my outlook, i.e. I needed to clean my mind!

Ideal: The "attached figure" shows that I succeeded...

- Yes, I feel great, physically, mentally and spiritually. I am more resilient, but also more balanced and balanced. And in the past year and a half - with reform eating, herbal teas and supplements – I've only gained 2 kilos back, but I'm still keeping my competitive edge.

Ideal: Have you had to change your wardrobe?

- No, I was finally able to get out my normal size clothes. Other than that, you know what else was a very positive experience for me? When I went through the fitness check again and found out that I had the energy reserves of a 46-year-old man. If my maths is right, that means I'm 28 years younger! And believe me, I feel it!

Erika Czeller T. – Ideal, December 2003 (page 71)



To be ill for many years, and yet to have constant faith in recovery while feeling worse and worse – well, it's not easy. It's like a walk through hell on earth! At 46, and after nine years of suffering, Peter has thankfully put it behind him and said goodbye to his pimples. His story is more than instructive!

Ideal: How do you remember the beginning?

- My illness began with a stabbing pain under my right ribcage arch that spread to my entire abdomen. It was accompanied by chills and fever. My symptoms lasted 5-6 days and recurred every 4-5 weeks. My GP diagnosed pneumonia and treated me with strong antibiotics for months. But I was getting worse. I was admitted to hospital where I was examined in the pulmonary ward for 1 month. It turned out that there was nothing wrong with my lungs, but I had a small polyp in my gall bladder, but that was not the cause of my complaints. However, the gastroenterologist recommended surgery because the polyp could grow over time. For another 1 month they did a scan at another hospital, but without any significant result. Because of my monthly sickness, I had the operation and my gall bladder was removed by laparoscopy.

Ideal: Did you finally feel better after the operation?

- Not really. So at a third hospital, the gastroenterologist did a motility (bowel movement) scan, but it was fine, and they didn't even find any pancreatic disease. Then at another clinic, I was given a course of Klion and prescribed a diet for a biliary patient, but this also only gave a temporary solution, my complaints returned. I was very desperate, as I had been in pain for 7 years, had a fever and was exhausted. Fortunately, I came across the Ideal and after reading it, I decided to look for alternative remedies.

Ideal: What tests did you undergo?

- Several BETA and Voll tests. The results of the first BETA test were very bad: acidosis, immune system weakness, inflamed intestines, accumulated toxic sa-plastics. And my biological age was around 80.

Ideal: What was the cure?

- It was complex, compared to taking a few pills 3 times a day... For example, I did an alkalinizing diet, herbal tea cures, immune-boosting drugs, detoxification, herbal water cures, and a 3-week fasting cure.

Ideal: The results, I guess, are now in...!

- I have been gradually recovering. My previous complaints have diminished and eased, my well-being has improved considerably, but I am not completely symptom-free. Then earlier this year, a blood drop analysis revealed that I also had candidiasis¹⁴⁴. The doctor prescribed antifungal medication and a low-carb diet.

Ideal: And did that finally help?

- After starting the diet, my symptoms disappeared! I have had an extremely bitter last 8-9 years. My recovery has taken a lot of patience, a lot of self-discipline, a lot of resignation and lifestyle changes. But I feel it was worth it! I would do it again if my health depended on it. My BETA test result is now very good, my immune system is stronger and my biological age is now like that of a man in his thirties! And on top of that, I've lost 14 kilos as a result of dieting and more exercise!

Erika Czeller T. – Ideal, April 2004 (page 71)



Twenty-three years is a long time! Especially when most of it is spent fighting allergies. Since the age of 31, Esther has been plagued by allergies that have become increasingly unbearable. Now she is finally symptom-free!

- At first she was just given nasal drops, then eye drops and finally medication. Despite this, my condition got worse every year, I became allergic to more and more grass, trees and flowers. So I spent my August and September nights sitting up, I was suffocating so badly. My eyes and nose were swollen and red for weeks, I didn't dare go near people.

Ideal: Have you tried any other remedies apart from those mentioned?

- Of course! I went to all the pulmonary hospitals in the country to see if they could help. Then, after 10 years of suffering, hope flickered for the first time. I underwent a three-year course of injections at the Budakeszi Sanatorium of the Hungarian Railway. During this time my symptoms had decreased, and I thought that if I could keep it up, I had a winning case. Unfortunately, this was not the case. My allergies returned. By then I was on the medication from spring to autumn and I knew it was damaging my body. I was forced to live like this... I was shocked - two years ago - when my suffering continued into the winter. I could not finish a sentence without coughing. Even when I was eating, I was coughing and blowing my nose. I also started getting more and more hives. It was unbearable! To make matters worse, I was gaining weight for no reason.

Ideal: I guess it was more than suspicious...

- Indeed, especially when no amount of dieting - along with regular exercise – helped! I gained 10 kilos in a year, so I had a thorough check-up to find out the cause of my weight gain and my increasing allergies.

Ideal: And the result?

- I turned out to be perfectly healthy, with no organ problems. My hormones were fine, my thyroid was fine, I had no candidiasis.

Ideal: That must have been good news, not so good that you can sit on your laurels...

- Well, yeah. I feverishly continued my research in the newspapers, on the Internet, to see if I could find a solution that was different from conventional medicine, but could help me. In the meantime, I first read about the Voll test and blood drop analysis. I thought I'd give it a try.

Ideal: What did the diagnosis tell you?

- The tests revealed that I had nothing seriously wrong, but my connective tissues were saturated with slag and this was partly the cause of my allergy.

Ideal: What treatment has been recommended?

¹⁴⁴ Candidiasis: A mould infection caused by yeasts. Can also be triggered by antibiotic treatment. Treatment is extremely difficult.

- A week of mild laxative treatment, followed by 3 weeks of fasting, then a week of potato diet. In the meantime, I took vitamins, minerals, immune boosters, drank herbal teas and supplemented my daily half-hour run with half an hour of exercise. I took three saunas a week and had 3 sessions of Rhinolight¹⁴⁵ light therapy.

Ideal: Has it been effective?

- Yes! In the first week of August I took a week-long fast to prepare for the ragweed season. I also had to give up some fruit and vegetables during that time. I was told that my allergy would not go away, but with the treatment I was given, my symptoms would be reduced and my condition would improve. I followed very strictly the advice of the orvo doctors who helped me throughout the treatment and of course since then. The result? I have no allergies, no coughing during meals, no colds, I've lost 10 kilos of excess weight and I'm finally off my medication! I am infinitely grateful to my doctors who helped me understand the cause of my allergy and the correct way to treat it!

Erika Czeller T. – Ideal, October 2004 (page 69)



The case of 36-year-old K.E. is a perfect example of the fact that it does not necessarily take a serious illness to make you feel unwell in your own skin. In other words, even a small problem can be a problem that, if treated in time, can prevent the development of a disease that later requires treatment.

Ideal: It can take a good few years off your age. You look really good!

- I'm glad you think so – it's true, I feel great. But that wasn't always the case.

Ideal: I think what's important is how your days are going to be now and in the future. Presumably you will feel great. Please share with our readers the secret of your health!

- You're welcome, but let me start at the beginning of my story! Because of my build, being a thin w-wee, I'm always guessed to be younger than my age, at least from behind. With some self-deprecation, especially from when my face was covered in acne. I went to the beautician regularly, I took care of my skin at home, but I couldn't stop my skin problems. My discomfort was only exacerbated by the fact that I noticed that my stomach was swelling for no particular reason. At times it looked like I was pregnant. So it's understandable that my well-being was miserable. I spent my days tired and exhausted. I couldn't sleep enough to wake up feeling rested...

Ideal: He's obviously tired of this state...

- How much! That's why, on the advice of a friend, I confidently „dragged” myself to a health centre where the doctors were well-versed in gentle remedies, so I assumed they wouldn't try to treat my acne with antibiotics and could deal with my fake-landonised tiredness.

Ideal: What have you been through?

- First, a thorough health check. The results clearly showed that I had digestive problems, skin problems and fatigue caused by the accumulation of waste products.

Ideal: What was the cure for that?

- When the doctor suggested that I fast, I fell over backwards, as I wasn't really overweight and I thought fasting was only for dieters. I was wrong. True, I didn't have to fast completely. In addition to drinking 3 to 3.5 litres of fluids a day – herbal teas, mineral water, fruit and vegetable juices – I could eat, or more precisely, munch on a skim roll with a glass of natural yoghurt. I also went to colonic hydrotherapy and exercised three times a week. The results were spectacular! I got even more pimples in the days before and after fasting! I cleared my system that way too. Then, over time, my skin cleared up one by one and my belly flattened out again.

Ideal: Did you notice a noticeable change in your well-being?

¹⁴⁵ ráinouláit

- I was almost out of bed in the mornings and never felt unbearably tired during the day. I became very energetic.

Ideal: And how much weight have you lost?

- At the end of the ten-day fast, I lost five kilos. I lost two and a half kilos when I got back on track. Which doesn't mean that I did everything the way I did before. The doctor gave me plenty of lifestyle advice. So now I eat differently, healthier, exercise at least twice a week, do breathing exercises every day and go for massages and saunas. And in the spring, I plan to start another fast. You know, the strange thing about my story is that, although I wasn't sick, I feel cured!

Erika Czeller T. – Ideal, March 2004 (page 71)



Most teenagers have a lot of problems with the world. It's a natural "symptom" of their age, which can only be exacerbated if they have a real problem, like 16-year-old Kata B., whose life was blighted by psoriasis...

Ideal: At this age, acne tends to cause the most skin problems...

- I could have really settled for having that much trouble with my skin. A few pimples and slushy-pass. In comparison, I had to deal with the horror of psoriasis. I was thirteen when my elbows started itching. I didn't really care at first, but it became more and more unbearable. When no cooling cream helped, my mother and I went to the dermatologist. She prescribed a cream, but it only worked temporarily. More dermatologists and more creams followed, while the itchy patches began to spread to the skin.

Ideal.

- Well, my hands, feet and stomach have been itching, and the scabby skin has been peeling off. It was-it was disgusting! I felt so ashamed. In gym class, I always wore long sleeves and a long leg, and I tried to hide in the corner and change so that no girl would see me... By this time I was at the point where I would have put anything on if they said it would help my problem!

Ideal: And what finally brought relief, what did you put on yourself?

- Thanks to my mum's best friend, we went to a health centre where I was given a special herbal lotion made from medicinal plants. But that was "not enough to get me out of it". Because I was carrying a few extra kilos, I was put on a laxative diet, had to drink cleansing teas and take herbal supplements.

Ideal: Was it too much trouble?

- No, because I was in a state to do anything. If they said I couldn't eat for a month, I'd do it! Fortunately, that didn't come out. As my treatment progressed and my symptoms eased and then disappeared, I was able to follow the prescription with ease.

Ideal.

- Yes, I can eat less meat, only white meat, and I eat considerably less cheese and milk than before. I also try to avoid foods that contain artificial additives. I've cut out cola, sweets, ham burgers and chips. At most I only take my girlfriends to fast food restaurants. While they "sin", I munch on my pre-made veggie or fruit snacks. Before, I had no idea that carrots or kohlrabi could be delicious raw! And when I'm craving something sweet, I eat dried fruit. Mum has also learnt some very tasty health food recipes, and now Dad only eats bread made with wholemeal flour... As a "side effect" of my be-disease, the whole family is now living much healthier.

Ideal: Such a lifestyle reform is not difficult at your age?

- No, because I know that psoriasis cannot be cured permanently, but if I discipline myself - and this is getting easier - I can maintain my current symptom-free state. And that is worth everything, for me and for my parents!

Czeller T. Erika – November 2004 (page 71)

Letters of public interest

It is no wonder that in this world turned upside down, even moral people are confused. Especially the young, who have no established values or life experience to fall back on. This is illustrated by a letter from a young girl:

"I don't know who to turn to for advice that would help me to overcome my insecurities. I can't find anyone who can give me advice on how to find answers to my doubts. I am 24 years old and I am rather hesitant in this world. I don't see any good examples in my surroundings. Is there really no great love, no lifelong relationships? Does everything end in infatuation, boredom, betrayal? No love, just hormones that last for 3 years and end? Are all relationships doomed to death? To whom and to what should I align myself? I am looking for the answer. I want advice from smart and intelligent people."

What can be said in response to this letter. Stop reading the press and find yourself a role model? Where? Women of the nineteenth century still had blind faith in the institution of marriage and did not complain at the first sign of trouble, demanding a change of husband. Today, one marriage in two ends in divorce. More recently, the partners have even stopped marrying. Marriage is now the fashion only among homosexuals. And the idolised film stars and other celebrities are not providing young girls with the best partners. According to Gábor Zsazsa, an expert on the subject, "Divorcing someone just because you don't love them is as stupid as marrying them just because you love them." Anyone who has already committed this "stupidity" can still make up for their mistake by getting a divorce. To do so, he gets a pithy encouragement from the Hollywood actress: "Divorce costs so much because it's worth it."

Our young people in search of a way forward can't find guidance in TV programmes either. The channels that focus on entertainment and shock and awe are full of violent films. The tragedies we see on the conveyor belt drain people of their capacity for compassion and paralyse their minds. People become apathetic and hostile towards each other. The current state of affairs is also best described by a Hollywood actress's quip: "I haven't offended anyone today; I think I'm sick." Our modern way of life does not help us to find the right path. It takes you out of the focus of life, distracts you from what matters, and of course, from yourself. This can damage the spousal relationship.



"...I'm very lonely, for some reason I can't connect. If I try to approach someone, it always ends in failure and the pain that goes with it. I really don't understand why I don't succeed when most people have no problem with it."

It is my firm conviction that there is really nothing that can be done about the development of human relationships. In fact, when we do, it is precisely what we are trying to achieve that makes it impossible.

- If one goes somewhere to "pick up" someone, one is always left with nothing.
- If we pay too much attention to our appearance, we are distracted, unable to open up to the other person. If we manage to get someone's attention in this state of mind, we are shocked to find that the other person is only interested in our appearance and not "interested" in our inner values. But it is no wonder, because that is what we wanted, all our thoughts revolved around our appearance. Others notice this about us.
- We can't draw attention to ourselves even if we chase the one we want. Instead of attracting it, we make it run away. No one is comfortable in the role of the "hunted animal" or the victim. We avoid any situation that threatens our freedom. We feel in the depths of our souls that only those who do not deserve us want to take us by force. So when someone tries to force himself on us,

we instinctively avoid him. People cannot be taken. Their bodies can, but not their souls, their essence. The convulsive desire to get them makes us blind anyway, and we fail to see even better possibilities.

- We want to appear perfect, when there is nothing more alarming than the perfect human being. People are also fallible and extremely uncomfortable around a partner whose every word and movement reminds them of their imperfection. This tactic is also counterproductive because we are not really perfect, so by posing in this mask we are working against ourselves.
- People's hearts are not captivated by strength, not by flawlessness, but by weakness. This is especially true of women. Women carry within them the instinct of motherhood, of nurturing. That is why a man who falls often reaches them before he reaches them. If we want to win someone's soul, their true being, we must not do something, but the opposite: we must let go. We must turn off the will and let the soul open itself. The true value lies deep within the soul. But the willpower, the effort, overwhelms it.
- So what is it that is needed to build a relationship? Nothing. It is enough to exist. To be who we are. To accept the miracle that makes us special, that makes us unrepeatable. Like a little flower, it must shine, smell, flow. Everybody pleases somebody, because every human being has spiritual relatives on earth. Sooner or later, someone will catch my unique and special miracle. But they will only see it if we let them see it. In the meantime, let us make sure that our eyes are not closed, because for mutual attraction to develop, we too must see the wonder in our prospective partner. We do not notice the love of the other if we do not love him.

Pál Biegelbauer – Elixir, May 2000 (page 59)



The letters to the editor, listed in chronological order, can be considered as a contemporary work. They reflect the current state of consciousness in our society:

I found your article on the Internet by chance (there are no coincidences), entitled The Execution of Esotericism. You mention a lot of things that many people see as a danger in today's world, but money is upsetting everything and poisoning everyone. My question is whether this book has since been published and, if so, where and how it can be obtained. I look forward to your honourable reply:

Csaba Hegedűs – Budapest, 09 March 2004.



Letter to Katalin Pannonhegyi, editor of the Family newspaper:

I found an article in the readers' column of your latest issue. The problem of your reader Misi with a small penis is not unsolvable at all. I'm an expert in naturopathy, so I can offer you four solutions at once..

1. The first is surgery. Most of the penis is hidden inside the groin. Surgery can bring it out by 4-5 centimetres. Unfortunately, this type of surgery is currently only performed in South Africa and is quite expensive. Not to mention the travel costs.

2. In Alpha, a Hungarian man managed to achieve a length gain of 3 centimetres with a few weeks of program. The price for the Brain Control course is currently 25,000 HUF. Tel: 488 0118. Website: <http://www.agykontroll.hu>

3. If the person is not able to lower his brain frequency to alpha level, there is still an option, penis stretching. This method was reported on page 13 of the "holistic health" supplement of the 26 June 2003 issue of the Hungarian Herald. The method was developed by a Hungarian sex psychologist living in America, József L. Kiss. Penis stretching is an ancient method, used successfully by primitive peoples for thousands of years. It can increase length by 4 centimetres and iron thickness by 1-1.5 centimetres. (The previous record is an increase in penis length from 14 centimetres to 22 centimetres, with a proportional increase in thickness.) For more information, call 217 4277 or 215 3838, or (06-20)-917 8546. E-mail: <http://www.penisznyujtas.hu> Unfortunately

this procedure is not cheap, but you don't have to travel abroad. There is also a version that can be done at home, which costs a lot less. (The cost of the clinic treatment is 150,000, while the home programme costs 42,000 HUF.)

4. Many of you have heard of the giraffe-necked women of Thailand, whose necks are stretched by the application of copper rings from the time they are little girls. In this way, the neck, which averages 12-15 cm in length, can be stretched up to 50 cm. This is essentially the procedure used by a Hungarian urologist who has created a device for elongating the penis using a plastic ring and two movable metal rods. The device can be fixed to a plastic holder with silicone rubber. It can be put on and taken off at any time and provides a comfortable, discreet way to wear it. Can also be used at work. The basic device stretches up to 16 cm with a force corresponding to 600-1500 grams. It should be used for 8-10 hours a day for six months to achieve the desired results. It takes a lot of determination and perseverance, but after two months you will notice an increase. Of course, the change in length in this case is also accompanied by a proportional increase in thickness. The change in size is apparent both at rest and under excitement. There are no harmful side effects, and the device does not affect erection and orgasm. The elongation and thickness gains achieved are maintained for the rest of your life.¹⁴⁶.

5. Also very effective is the invention of El-Said Salim, who moved to Hungary from Libya, which works on the vacuum principle. The bell of the Penup System device is inserted into the genital area and the vacuum pump is switched on. A manually controlled electric motor sucks air from under the ha-ring and sucks the penis into the bursa. The fitting soft silicone surface is skin-friendly and provides a pleasant massage of the groin during operation. The effect is the same as with mechanical stretching. With regular use, a 5 cm increase and a proportional thickening can be achieved in 2-3 months. With this device, not only the dimensions change, but also the potency increases, because the vacuum increases blood circulation. It can therefore also be used effectively to combat erectile dysfunction. Each session can last up to half an hour, but can be repeated three or four times a day. When used professionally, this procedure is completely safe and has no side effects. The original version of this invention was developed for women by a businessman from Philippine. The result of 8 years of perfecting the device is a vacuum breast enlargement device that, after 2-3 months of use, enlarges the breasts by 1-2 bra sizes (6 cm). It can also be used for contouring. In older women, the breasts become firmer and the nipples bulge. After breastfeeding, it helps mothers to regain the original shape of their breasts. There are two versions of this variant. The cheaper one is manually operated and is stationary. The fully automatic one can be used to watch TV while doing minor household chores. Unfortunately, this device is not cheap. Gross price: 120 000 HUF. Website: <http://www.mellformalas.hu> Mobile: (06)-70-278 7310 (When calling from abroad, please enter the area code "+36" instead of "06".) E-mail: info@mellformalas.hu

6. Stem cell breast augmentation promises to be the most perfect solution. Japanese doctors are working on a surgical procedure that promises natural breast enlargement. This procedure uses stem cells and fat taken from the patient. This solution can increase the breast size by 5-7 centimetres. Those who want to increase their breast size can increase their breast size with multiple treatments. First, the fat is suctioned from the abdomen and thighs and then divided in two. Adipis fat cells are extracted from one part and used to enrich the other portion of fat, which is then injected into both breasts. Then, with the help of stem cells, blood vessels grow in the injected fat and start to feed the fat cells. They are then incorporated into the breast's own fat cells. The patient is free from rejection, engorgement and various inflammations. The fat cells pumped into the breast do not behave like an inanimate foreign substance (e.g. a silicone pad). There is no pain when touching or feeling the breast and no risk of cancer. Some of the stem cells turn into blood, others into fat cells. In addition, unlike the implant solution, there are no incisions, sutures or permanent scars. This procedure is also suitable for reconstructive surgery after breast cancer.

7. Returning to the problem of men, penis enlargement pills are now available. The natural-based More Size Penis Pill, taken for 2-3 months, can increase penis length by 5-8 cm and thickness

¹⁴⁶ Afterthought: two photos of this device were published on page 5 of the 4 June 2005 issue of the Blikk newspaper.

by 20%. It also increases sexual desire, erection and orgasm intensity. So far, 1 million men worldwide have benefited from this procedure. Detailed information in English is available at <http://total-aviation-security.info> Please forward this letter to your grief-stricken reader to put an end to his "boo-boo".

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 2003. december 10.



Dear Ákos!

A few minutes ago, our editor-in-chief handed me a letter dated 14 November, in which he recommends the recently updated edition of his book Text Editing Skills. Of course, we thank you for the material offered and we publish it, as it offers the reader not only valuable information, but also information that is easy to use and can be quickly put into practice. Allow me, however, to make a few helpful critical remarks. I know, the cobbler walks barefoot, the executioner is hanged and so on, but I think the attached diagram immediately shows what surprised me when I read the downloaded document:

The 530 pages of written material are impressive. But...! I wonder who among the novice readers – at least those who are new to copy-editing - will have the courage and the time to print it out or read it on screen? The confusion of abundance can lead some people to be frightened by the 530 pages themselves, and to seek help elsewhere, in places where they can get their „manna” in smaller doses. Of course, I understand that saving paper is part of the reason why the compilation is not very airy, but perhaps it would have been better to have dispensed the knowledge in smaller bites. I know, it's not easy to break up the text into smaller units, but believe me, it's worth it. Few people carry around 500 A/4 pages of printed cheese paper. At first glance, that's all I could muster. When I've read through it, I'll send you my further comments with your permission. Thanks again for your valuable material!

Dr Gábor Nagy, Editor – CHIP magazine - Budapest, 19 December 2003.



Dear Mr Kun!

I read your writings with great interest. You demonstrate an astonishing knowledge on almost all topics. I am also extremely surprised that I agree with you on almost everything. I do have one or two questions: – How do you decide from the flood of information which news is true and which is fake (e.g. on UFOs, or from the Zetatalk material)? – I would also be curious to know your age, occupation and education? I would be honoured if you could give me a brief answer! I have been an architect for 55 years with a university degree.

Yours faithfully:

Béla László – Hungary, 18 February 2004.



Dear Ákos Kun!

I would like to ask for your help, or more precisely, for information. I have a dear friend who writes young adventure novels. He already has 5-6 books ready, but unfortunately he can't get them published either, he has been trying in vain for years. My children and myself have read his books, they are indeed something that others might like to know about. We have come to the conclusion that he would like to put it on the internet library, but unfortunately we don't know how. If you would kindly describe how to get books up there. All his books are in Word, A/4 format. Thank you in advance for your reply. Sincerely:

Herkéné Erika Szilágyi – Hungary, 12 February 2004.



Dear Ákos!

You do extremely valuable work for many people, and it is a hundred times more than most people can boast of here on Earth, I am sure. I have to think of your book by Maria Szepes, since Raguel's seven disciples did similar work in the novel (I am still reading this book). And one can only bow one's head before such self-sacrifice! My sister will hopefully be able to contact you soon, as she will have her own Internet access in a few weeks.

B. J. – Budapest, April 5, 2004.



Dear Ákos!

I am glad to hear that my brother has already contacted you. I first got hold of your book *The Fulfillment of esotericism* through my sister. The book had a great impact on me. What I like about it is that it combines several esoteric themes, both new and timely. I learned a lot from it. While reading your work, I felt you are a very valuable, thoughtful person, of whom there are sadly not many these days. That is why I am glad that I was able to contact you. You will be in Budapest for another week, during which time I will be available on the Internet. Finally, here is a quote from my favourite book, which reminds me of you: "There are still some true creators who aspire to make their voices heard, who speak the mystical words that enable humanity to see the vision. Thus at last will the clouds of thought, which now block the clear light of God, be dispersed." (Alice A. Bailey: *Treatise on White Magic*.)

Mónika Bartolini – Austria, 18 April 2005.



Dear Ákos!

I was delighted to read your letter. The "exaltation" was an honest opinion. It is well known that truly valuable people are modest. But you should be aware of the importance of your work! There is a great need in our times for such "talkers", who gather around them the few who are not only after the pleasures of the material world. I wish that your work will become more and more widely known and help people to develop spiritually! Thank you for your comprehensive book review. I will definitely read his other works. I am also curious about your cookbook, as I am interested in vegetarian and Iranian cuisine. I only eat meat occasionally, but I usually try to cook meat-free. I'm glad you're keeping in touch with my sister. From your letters I have learned a few things about you. But I find that not enough. I would also like to get to know you. When I read your book I decided to contact you. As a Cancer woman I often have intuition and I have never been deceived! If you like, we could chat on the Internet if you feel like it.

Mónika Bartolini – Austria, 19 April 2004.



Dear Ákos Kun!

I don't know who you are, I found one of your writings on the website of the National Széchenyi Library by chance. It is called *The Fulfillment of Esotericism*. Although I know quite a lot of people's names and activities on this subject (only as a layman), I have not come across your work. I find this work extremely thorough and comprehensive. It is probably available in book form. I would buy it if you could tell me who the publisher is and where it can be obtained. I assume the title is the same. I would be happy to exchange a few words with you on the Internet.

Best regards:

Mariann Gy. Dobos – Hungary, 04 May 2004.

Thank you for your appreciative words. Unfortunately, my works have not appeared in print. I have been writing my books for 15 years, but no publisher is willing to publish them. For example, Édesvíz Publishers refused me, saying that my 700-800-page books, counted in A/5 standard book pages, would financially ruin them. Over the past decade and a half I have written hundreds of sponsorship proposals to various banks, multinational companies, foreign missions and ministries.

In most of these places, I have received either no acknowledgement or a stiff rejection. The multinationals only see fanaticism in live sport, and the banks only like to receive money, not give it. And the Ministry of Education does not want to „infect” children with any „quack” ideas. The Ministry of the Environment and the Ministry of National Cultural Heritage are not keen on the wide publication of my books and their propagation abroad. And I do not have millions of forints to publish them privately.



Nor have I had any luck translating my books into foreign languages. There was a contractor, but he didn't ask for money. However, fate, or rather a less than benevolent power, drastically prevented the content of my works from being made available to the world:

If it is still topical, perhaps I can help by publishing the book abroad. I live in Florida and work in the field of esotericism... I can translate it into English if you need... Please write for details. All the best.

Remembrance is the Awakening of the Soul...

Erik Szabó – Florida, September 4, 2003.

Thanks for the help offered. Please hold off on the translation for a while. I am now working on the revised and improved versions of my works. They will be considerably better than the previous ones and will contain much more information.

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 10 December 2003.

At the end of summer 2004, my works had reached the stage where it was worth having them translated. Mr Szabó continued to willingly undertake this selflessly offered work. But no sooner had he started than three tornadoes swept through his Florida home. His house was damaged and his computer was destroyed. Under these circumstances, he could no longer continue translating.



I have also not been successful in starting esoteric developments. In the pages of the February-March 2005 issue of the Hungarian PC Magazine, an interesting article appeared on the current state of free energy research. (From cold fusion to zero-point energy: pages 28-29.) Why a computing journal should be concerned with this is a mystery. In any case, I took the opportunity to send the editorial staff a briefing on facts they did not know:

I read with great interest their article on zero point energy in their February issue. The great energy revolution is indeed just around the corner and has already „rung the bell”. In my books, Esoteric Circle View, The Fulfillment of Esotericism and The Execution of Esotericism, I describe in detail how to harness the etheric energy locked up in matter, or as many call it, zero-point energy. There are at least half a dozen ways to do this, and they all work. This is in addition to the energy that can be extracted from cavitation and form radiation. Why is it not used? Because no one has yet noticed this possibility, no one cares. The works mentioned can be downloaded from the Kun Electronic Library. Address: <http://kek.tar.hu>

Ákos Kun – Budapest, February 02, 2005.

However, this letter did not reach the readers because the Hungarian PC Magazine suddenly ceased to exist. Unexpectedly, they declared bankruptcy, or officially: "the publication of the magazine will be suspended for an indefinite period". As a result, the March issue was not even published.



The promotion of my cookbook was also abruptly interrupted. After Nők Lapja and other periodicals, I offered my cookery book to the editor-in-chief of Család Lap in July 2000. In this case I received a reply:

Dear Ákos Kun!

Thank you for your offer! For reasons of space, I cannot promise to publish your work in sequels, but I can publish an excerpt or review. However, you will have to read your book for that, I cannot promise anything without reading it. Yours sincerely:

Éva Vermes Editor-in-Chief – Budapest, 13 July 2000.

My recipes started to be published in the October 2000 issue of Családi Lap. They started a column in which the left side of the article showed the traditional way of preparing the dish with meat, and the right side showed the soya version. At the end, they announced to readers that they would publish a health-friendly recipe every month in the next issue. In the January 2001 issue, the composition of my soya-flavoured spice mix was described and my book was again recommended to housewives. They also published some of my recipes in extract form. So I thought, now the process is under way, people will sooner or later switch to a healthy diet and cancer deaths will be reduced. In February, however, this process was interrupted because Eva Vermes was removed from the journal (officially retired). In her place, a colleague from Nők Lapja was appointed editor-in-chief. Her first action was to fire the editor of the vegetarian recipes. Instead, meat recipes by well-known writers began to appear, and advice such as "Beer is healthy for women" appeared in the Family Magazine.



Most of the hundreds of letters I have received seeking sponsorship to publish my books have gone unanswered. The only variation was the rejection letters I sometimes received on the day. One of these was from the Gas Works in response to my request below:

Dear Mr. CEO!

Please accept my appreciation for the fact that you have been supporting the dissemination of information on healthy eating and the publication of various publications for many years. Most recently, you sponsored the Kossuth Radio Cookery programme. In order to continue their educational activities, I would like to draw your attention to my cookbook, which contains dishes that meet modern nutritional requirements. Thousands of people have already downloaded my Reformed Food for Gourmets from the Hungarian Electronic Library and from my own website. However, only 10-12% of the Hungarian population has an Internet connection. Therefore, the vast majority of housewives do not have access to this book. They could only use it in printed form. I would like to ask you for your help.

Fewer and fewer people are interested in traditional meat dishes, which are harmful to health. Besides, cookery books are full of them. People are also looking for a change in the way they eat. The international trend is in the same direction. Those who offer reformed diets are more likely to be successful, in line with the demands of the times. In addition to health-friendly versions of traditional dishes, this work also contains a number of specialities. For example, the section on homemade preserves includes a wide range of jams and marmalades, from tropical fruits to field fruits. In addition, there is a home-made method for making paprika, detailed information on the natural pickling of various vegetables, a description of how to make each dairy product at home, how to make dry pasta, pastry and pasta meat, and how to bake bread at home that is tastier and healthier than the bread available in the shops at half the price.

What's more, the 500 or so recipes are described in such detail that even beginners can easily manage. In addition, it offers a wide range of exotic fruits, and those following a vegan diet will also find quality recipes. There is also plenty of useful advice on buying, storing and processing raw materials. The value of this unusual cookery book is significantly enhanced by the fact that Chapter

IV gives detailed and comprehensive advice on the appropriate purchase and professional use of all household appliances and equipment currently known. In it I have also given details of the proper use of gas appliances.

However, it is the recipes that are of greatest interest. The reason is that, as a result of my experiments over more than 10 years, soya sausages, mushroom soya mince, soya pate, soya salami and grain sausage, for example, taste no worse than the original meat version. What's more, they are not harmful to your health and cost only a quarter of the price of traditional stuffing sold in grocery stores. Families with many children and millions struggling with hunger have been unable to buy meat for years, so this will be the only way to feed their families. But they don't have computers, so they can't download these recipes from the Internet. And they are the ones who need it most. But with your help, by paying the printing costs, they could get these recipes. In this way, the cooking and everyday family care problems of thousands of housewives would be alleviated. I ask you to study this book and, if you see the imagination, to sponsor its publication. I can contribute to this process by publishing my work on a non-profit basis, with no royalties and no publisher's margin.

Sincerely:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 2003.10.17.

Dear Mr Kun!

Thank you for your letter requesting the support of our company for the publication of your book on the dissemination of knowledge on healthy nutrition. The Budapest Gas Works Ltd. opened its household advisory service in 1928, one of the main activities of which was the dissemination and education of knowledge related to cooking. As he praises in his letter, we have always tried to present the latest findings of nutritional science in our courses and publications and to use them in the preparation of meals. In our Consumer Energy Advice Centre, we continue to hold such training courses regularly. We participate in events to promote healthy lifestyles with our staff. We plan to continue this noble tradition and to publish a new cookbook. In the light of the above, I believe that our association has done and is doing a great deal to promote nutritional knowledge for a healthy lifestyle and that we cannot therefore do without contributing to the publication of this book. I hope that you will be able to publish your book as soon as possible, with the help of your supporters.

Sincerely:

Dr. Dezső Vasanits - Budapest, 03 November 2003.



My esoteric works have also received similar rejection. Apart from the ministries, industrial companies, multinational companies, banks, foreign missions, millionaire individuals have not helped. The reasons for rejection vary widely. For example, a Hungarian gypsy merchant who has become a multimillionaire in the Netherlands responded to my request as follows. It mentioned his castles in Antwerp, Kan, Budapest and his native Dunakilit. In the latter, the plaster stucco alone is 152 km long and carries 52 kg of gold. It was clear that he was not short of money.)

Dear Pogány Alajos Pogány!

...You have certainly heard that our world is on the brink of destruction. The increasing pollution of the environment and the limitless growth of human selfishness threaten the very existence of our civilization. We are not far from destroying ourselves, but this process could be reversed by a few sacrificial people working together. I can contribute with my work, my creations, to salvation. In the last few years I have written three books that could lead the world out of our current predicament. As you can see from the attached book recommendation, this is made possible by the fact that these works contain concrete solutions, practical ideas for solving the problems. From environmentally friendly and cost-free fuel substitution, to the elimination of chemicalisation in agriculture, to the cure for cancer, there is a solution for everything, if only we could apply it. The only obstacle to this is that people are not aware of these insights, and without money I cannot get my ideas to the general public. This prevents the positive process that could save our civilisation from destruction.

Therefore, I appeal to you, if the enclosed books have aroused your interest and if you care about the fate of humanity, to make this financial sacrifice to save the world. Science is currently on the verge of a paradigm shift, a step that occurs only once in the career of any civilisation. If you would be willing to sacrifice a fraction of your wealth to get us over this hurdle successfully, you would be making a difference in this world. I look forward to your reply, respectfully:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 9 September 2000.

Dear Mr Kun.

I read your letter with sincere respect, in which you strive to save the world. During my life I have had the opportunity to help countless foundations, kindergartens, schools, etc. Unfortunately, in most cases, people have proved ungrateful. For the next five years, if God gives me that much time, I have no desire to do anything but work with my family.

I wish you every success and perseverance in publishing your books.

Sincerely:

Csebi Pogány Alajos, Dunakiliti - Princess Palace, 11 September 2000.



I have also received letters of rejection and criticism by e-mail. For example:

Congratulations, you have invented totalitarian dictatorship, thought police, the microchip all-knowing-all, all-the-time, all-knowing state. This is no small thing, Hitler and Stalin did not succeed. Surely your 16 alien visitors must have suggested this "masterpiece" to you. Just like that! I hope you will bestow many more such diaphragm-strengthening works on us, the simple aural-less.

Sincerely:

József Lakatos – Hungary, 24 March 2005.



Hi Ákos!

You write that your books are not sponsored. No wonder, you write the TRUTH about them, so they kill, not sponsor. They sponsored Christ with a cross, but they didn't sponsor Buddha or Mohammed for their world-saving work. Confucius was only fired from his job and persecuted until his death. Take into account that they did not change, at most they took a different form. I am now working abroad as an IT specialist. I have forwarded the addresses of your books to my friends.

Zoltán Kárpáti – Germany, 14 March 2005.



Hello, Ákos!

As for publishing your books, you are in an almost hopeless situation. They are vile crooks, you have to bargain hard with them, even then it is a difficult business. They are gambling that you will starve sooner or later, and then they will publish your life's work (especially if there are no heirs). Most likely, however, they will steal your books and publish them in their own name. They are very good at stealing. I've worked in publishing, I just know them... And they're too good at psychology. They realize you write even if no one pays you. They make a living out of obsessive workaholics, and they're already profiting from you. In ways you don't know about. The world has a lot of stolen inventions, which are later (in a few decades) thrown into the public domain by some nefarious group as if they had invented them. Naming them would be dangerous, but it is not important to mention their names.

If you do want to get your books published, you need to do a much more intensive search and not be discouraged by rejections. Frank Herbert's masterpiece, Dune, was rejected by several publishers before someone finally agreed to publish it. And then the booksellers tried to boycott the book. One after another, the author received angry letters from readers saying they could not buy the work. There was a demand, but no supply, which is what these Pharisees claim when they sell

harmful things, that they are just satisfying the demand for harmful things (which, by the way, they are creating). The fact that they publish books with a harmful, evil purpose does not mean that they want to publish your books with a good purpose. Their real purpose is not profit, it is just a cover for their evil purposes. However, because the world is a big place, you can find publishers who are not of the Pharisee variety on a statistical basis. Look for a publisher that is different from the rest. Not one of the "big" or "famous" ones. If you send in your book to be read and they return it later as "unpublishable", that doesn't mean they haven't copied it for themselves for their own future use. Rather, bring it in on paper, not on a medium. They will be lazy to digitise it with character recognition software, at most they will photocopy it.

As for your identity, you could "sell" yourself better. It's quite different if you put your work on the Internet "because of its great success" or because it's for public benefit, than if you write because nobody has ever wanted it. Don't write, "Yet I got nowhere with them." That kind of thing only diminishes the impact. The stupid majority is controlled by what the other does. If he sees that no one else wants it, he won't read it. Sheeple. Say that, in view of the high interest, you will put it on the Internet before it is published in book form, so that readers can get the vital information it contains as soon as possible. They'll get it in no time.

Zoltán Kárpáti – Germany, 16 March 2005.



Welcome!

I would like to inform you that öäöäöäöäöööö... I can't find the words. I used to read your books, and I can't say anything else, except that: HALE LUJA !!!!!!!!!!! I am a fanatic. I read and listen to similar sites and books. Of course I don't believe everything, because not everything is true... It's a different world. Can you recommend sites on similar topics? The ones I know, I've checked out almost all of them. And books? I have to ask how credible your writings are. You know, you can hardly know anything for sure anymore. What exactly is Higher Intelligence? Who's the guy who put up the picture of Antarctica City? Can you give us any more information on this case? What was that web address?...

Hey! I can get some computer gadgets, software, etc. from some people I know. I'm sure they have a crack at something that will reveal something, etc. based on the address. After all, they also get most of their music, filks and stuff from the net, they need cracking there too! If you could tell us the web address, we could do something about it together! In fact, in any way. We could work together on anything at all. What do you do? And where do you live? I'm from Beirut.

Do you ever watch Reality and the Wonders and that witty show? I recommend it. They're good. They're a little... You mentioned the "wandering" ghosts. Are those the ones that stay in hotels etc.? I'd like to correspond with you. Can you do that?

Good work, bye-bye:

Johnny – Hungary, January 5, 2005.

You have replied to all my letters so far, but not this one. This is not the kind of staff I want. These methods are far from me.



Dear Ákos Kun!

Let me briefly explain why I am writing to you: This morning I was asked by my guardian angels to sit down in front of the computer. They told me to search for electronic libraries on the Internet and then pointed to the name of a Hungarian esoteric writer. I went on to your name, and then they juggled and fiddled with my browsing until they finally got me to open one of your works. I told them I didn't have time to start or print the 400 pages. They asked me to go to the end and find your contact details and contact you. So that's the story. And now, by writing this letter, I am fulfilling the request of my dear little angels.

Yours sincerely:

Mrs Rita F. A. – Budapest, 20 April 2005.

Dear Mrs. A. F. Rita!

I cannot imagine why your guardian angels directed you to me. I hope you will receive more information from them as soon as possible. Looking forward to your reply, respectfully:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 20 April 2005.

Dear Sir!

Today I was only told that: I should learn from you and read your works. Could you please give me a telephone number where I can reach you, and give me a time when I can call you? Sorry for any inconvenience.

Best regards:

Rita – Budapest, 20 April 2005.

Dear Madam!

I do not have a telephone, so you can only contact me by e-mail. If I did, it would ring all the time and they wouldn't let me work. I suggest you read all my books and my journal Esoteric World and then ask me. Reading through 4500 pages will take a few months. (That's 6700 pages in standard book format.) The latest versions of my works can be found in the Kun Electronic Book Repository.

Address <http://kek.tar.hu> and <http://kel.tar.hu> ¹⁴⁷

Otherwise, he doesn't seem very enthusiastic. You seem to be doomed to learn. The otherworldly beings have a va-lamic plan for you. Be happy about it. Many are waiting for this sign, but in vain. Good reading. I suggest you start with the "Esoteric Panorama". Then read The Fulfillment of Esotericism, then The Execution of Esotericism. Finally, browse through The Esoteric World. If you like to cook and are concerned about your health, you should also read the cookbook. It not only contains reform recipes, but also lots of useful advice. Then, if you want to dive into the mysteries of word-processing, you can study the text-editing textbook and the accompanying APPENDICES and TABLES folder.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 20 April 2005.



Dear Ákos Kun!

I have forwarded your letter to the Microsoft Hungary authorities. According to their reply, they could support your activities by including the documentation as an available source of information on the Mic-rosoft website. If you would like to take advantage of this opportunity, I look forward to your feedback.

Yours sincerely:

Krisztina Farkas – Software Information Consultant - Microsoft Hungary - April 20, 2005.



Dear Krisztina Farkas!

Of course I would like to take advantage of the opportunity offered, but this way the information contained in it will only reach a small number of computer owners in a small country, whereas 3 billion people could use it translated into English. This would primarily serve your business interests.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 22 April 2005.



¹⁴⁷ These are old addresses I haven't used in over a decade.
My library's new web address is <http://kunlibrary.com>

Dear Mr Kun!

Your letter is gratefully received. We would be happy to include your recipes in our tenders. Please send us one or two or three of them. Yours sincerely:

Györgyi B. Király – Kossuth Radio - Loud Recipe
Budapest, 25 April 2005.

Dear Györgyi B. Király!

Thank you for your willingness to enter my recipes in the competition. However, I do not know exactly what kind of dishes you need to describe. Soya dishes, meat substitutes, sugar-free cakes or vegetarian dishes? Please download my cookbook from <http://kek.tar.hu> and choose the ones that best meet your requirements. (The book file downloads in 2-3 minutes and unpacks itself. You can find the recipe titles in the Subject Index at the back. And at the very end of the book, in the Most Delicious Dishes section, you'll find the recipe colours.) If you find the other information in the book useful, my two-way radio will recommend it to housewives.

With thanks:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 26 April 2005.

Unfortunately, this initiative of mine was not successful either. The cash prizes for the first three places were awarded to rather poor recipes. My name was not even among the 50 entries that received book vouchers. They were keen to download my recipes and pick out the ones they liked.



Dear Ákos Kun!

I have come across your health recipes on the Internet several times and I really liked them. Although I am still a beginner in the kitchen, I have made several delicious meals based on these recipes. As the material is available free of charge on the internet, I would be happy to transfer a small amount of money to you "for the book". My only question is: if I transfer the money to bank account **HU45 10900028-00000014-34990019**, will you receive the money?

Thank you:

Attila Bokor – Budapest, 15 May 2005.

Dear Attila Bokor!

I am very touched by your letter. You are the first reader who has thought of this, believe it or not. I have been writing my books for 16 years and have never received a single penny of support from anyone. And so far, about 30,000 people have downloaded my books, and nearly as many have passed them on to friends and acquaintances without Internet connections. Nor can it be said that they cannot afford to subsidise them, because according to feedback from the Hungarian Electronic Library, 40% of my readers are Hungarians living abroad. The account number provided is live. The small amount transferred should not be a problem. For me, the gesture itself means a lot that after a decade and a half of hard work, someone has found someone who not only wants to receive, but also wants to give. Thank you for thinking of me. Best regards:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 17 May 2005.

Dear Ákos Kun!

Well, I'm honestly surprised that at least some of the referrals have not arrived so far. Of course, I didn't think that you would get rich from this, but I didn't expect to be the first swallow. I wouldn't say that most of the people I know are only interested in receiving and not in giving, although sometimes they do judge „giving” rather subjectively. I attribute this more to the fact that people are simply not used to paying of their own free will. Anyway, people's spending habits (sometimes my own) are very interesting, as they sometimes spend serious sums on completely unnecessary things. I also don't understand how so many people can spend so much money on luxury goods without any remorse. Anyway, there are still many things I don't understand. Maybe I'm slowly getting it. Or not

:) By the way, it's only recently, at the age of 33, that I'm starting to realise that I shouldn't only pay when someone asks me to in advance or when they ask me to pay afterwards. Anyway, I wish you all the best and if you receive the second payment, please let me know.

Best regards:

Attila Bokor – Hungary, 17 May 2005.

Dear Attila Bokor!

Thank you for your support. A big part of the attitude you mention is that most people see the Internet as a free-for-all. They think that the authors, the program developers are all millionaires who write for fun. It is also worth reading my esoteric works. They raise extremely interesting and topical issues and also provide solutions to the world's bah-humbugs. It's a pity that no one officially pays attention to them. Anyway, this is also very typical of the world. They will realise what they should have done when it is too late.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun - Budapest, 19 May 2005.

Dear Ákos Kun!

I am glad to have given you a little pleasure. I will read your books, and if I have already come into contact with the author, I will probably "reflect" on what is written there. When, I do not know. I am not a bookworm. I average between 5 and 10 books a year, and have a few on my waiting list. There are many reasons why the world is the way it is. In my life so far, I've thought many things about the world, I've formed opinions, but my opinions have never proved to be definitive. Now I am at the point where it is not so important to form my opinion, but for the time being I am gathering information, trying to see the connections between things/phenomena. As soon as I get something, I'll let you know :) to discuss. In any case, I feel that you can do professional things for profit, but these professional things seem to be soulless. Your recipes have a soul, if not an obvious one, then a clear one. Until then, I wish you all the best!

Attila Bokor - Hungary, 19 May 2005.



Dear Ákos Kun!

I am extremely impressed by your work "Esoteric panorama", which I discovered on the internet. I am the founding editor-in-chief of the weekly newspaper "Nemzetőr" and I would like to publish some excerpts in the magazine. I would like your kind permission to do so.

Yours sincerely:

Dr. Attila Dobos – Budapest, 14 May 2005.

Dear Dr. Attila Dobos!

There is nothing stopping me from communicating my books in detail. By the way, permission for this is also given in the Postscript of the Esoteric Panorama. I do not claim any honorarium. I wish you every success in your work.

Yours sincerely:

Ákos Kun - Budapest. 17 May 2005.

Dear Ákos Kun!

Thank you very much for the permission and the first installment will be published in Wednesday's Nemzetőr.

Best regards:

Dr. Attila Dobos - Budapest, 21 May 2005.



Dear Mr. Kun!

I came across your books by chance in the Hungarian Electronic Library. They are very interesting and I read many useful things in them. Now we have a very big problem, for which you write in one of your books about a possible solution. We have been overrun by ants. We moved into a second hand house, but soon the ants appeared (they were probably here before, but they must have been killed before the sale). They are also in many places in the garden. But also in the house unfortunately (in the walls). I have read from you that there is some sort of "radiation wedge" that is not only good for people's health, but also repels ants, flies and mosquitoes. I looked this up on the net, but only your book came up as a hit. Could you give me some guidance as to where to start? Where can I get it or how to make it? Thank you very much in advance for your help. One of your admirers:

Ferenc Szabó – Hungary, 21 May 2005.

Dear Mr Szabó!

It is not easy to find a solution to your problem. The simplest and most effective way to deter and keep animals away is magnetic radiation. Since the brain frequency of animals is stuck at the alpha level, they can sense the magnetic radiation emanating from their environment. So all that is needed to chase them away is an electro-magnet that emits concentrated magnetic beams of high efficiency. (As many threads as possible of enamelled copper wire thinner than a hair would have to be wound on a high-quality iron core of Moebius or Klein shape. To eliminate electrical leakage, a bifilar winding should be used.) To excite it, a DC voltage should be used which the winding can withstand without heating. (As this can be several thousand volts, care should be taken to insulate the fittings properly.)

The radiation shielding wedge protects mainly around external walls, preventing ro-var invasion through the opening structures. If pests have already established themselves in the building, it is of little help. Perhaps you could try a wall dehumidifier from Aquapol. This is nothing more than a sub-atomic source of Yang-like energy placed in the centre of the building. The positive magnetic radiation emitted from the generator neutralises the intense gravitational pull in the capillary tubes, and water can no longer seep up the capillary tubes. As the magnetic radiation emitted from the high-power electromagnet installed in the device floods the whole building, it is also likely to help keep pests out. Some insects (e.g. ants) like concentrated magnetic radiation, but only the Yin kind, they cannot tolerate the Yang kind.) The manufacturer's address is on page 195 of my book, Esoteric Circle. If you manage to find an effective device, please let me know!

Sincerely:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 24 May 2005.



My respects Ákos!

I am a young student who found your article on the interne by searching for the keyword telekinesis. I am interested in this telekinesis, if you could write me a few words about it... I wonder if it really exists and if so, if it can be mastered ???? Please write back to me with your questions...!

Sincerely:

Csaba Fodor – Hungary, June 6, 2005.

P.S. I look forward to your reply!

Dear Csaba Fodor!

You can read about telekinesis and other parapsychological phenomena in detail in my books Esoteric Panorama, The Fulfillment of Esotericism and The Execution of Esotericism. There is indeed a presence of telekinesis, and the exact way in which it takes place is being intensively researched all over the world. Unfortunately, there is no possibility to master Elsa. It can only be practiced by innate ability. As with all para-psychological phenomena, it can be achieved by activating the pineal gland or pituitary gland. There is another way of establishing a connection between the two hemispheres of the brain, namely by the development of abilities in response to a strong mag-

netic or electrical shock (e.g. a lightning strike), but I do not recommend artificially inducing this. (Incidentally, the best known practitioner of telekinesis, Uri Geller, had this ability induced by a ball lightning bolt when he was 4 years old. A Russian parapsychologist developed this ability after being electrocuted by a high-voltage power line. Parapsychological abilities have also been triggered by a brain tumour. So mechanical stimulation is sufficient to trigger this mysterious ability.)

Sincerely:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 8 June 2005.



Dear Csaba Fodor!

As I mentioned in my previous letter, we do not yet know exactly how our parapsychological abilities, lost eons ago, can be revived. The extraterrestrial civilizations are aware of it, but they do not try to share this knowledge with us. They believe that at our current level of consciousness development we would only harm the world.

Approximately one out of every 100,000 people has a bioenergy increase. If they only have two or three times the energy level emanating from their body, they are mostly unaware of it. To perform telekinesis with the energy emanating from one's fingers requires at least a tenfold increase in energy. (Indonesian psi-sheikhs can open the skin and perform scarless surgery thanks to their nearly 100-fold energy level.) Such people have energy radiating not just from their fingers but from their entire body, and their aura can be more than 10 metres in diameter. (The average person's aura is no more than 1-1.5 meters.) Around such people, the average person is usually complaining of malaise and headaches. If a parapsychologist touches the body of an average person (even through clothing), the person usually complains of arthritis, rheumatic symptoms. (Back in the early 1990s, when the TV programme "Zero Encounters" was on, János Déri interviewed a man with energy levels several times higher than the average. In the half hour he sat next to him, he got such an inflammation of the hip joint that he couldn't stand on his feet for weeks.) The reason for this is that increased energy levels either infuse the meridians of people with lower energy levels with energy, or drain the bio-energy from one of their meridians. This energy imbalance in turn triggers various diseases in the body. The earliest manifestations of this are various inflammations and, in the case of prolonged exposure, leukaemia (blood cancer).

Unfortunately, the level of bioenergy emitted from the body cannot yet be measured due to the lack of appropriate instruments. There is, however, a very simple method that anyone can use to check whether they are being exposed to a burst of energy radiation. Since bioenergy is nothing more than concentrated gravitational and etheric energy (the same energy emitted by the globe at its two poles), it affects the compass. I suggest that you place a compass in front of you and approach it with your fingers. If well above average magnetic energy flows out of them, they will move the compass tongue. Yin (gravitational) energy flows out of the thumb and middle finger, repelling the north pole and attracting the south. The index and ring fingers emit Yang (etheric) energy, which has a counter-positive effect (i.e., it attracts the north pole of the compass and repels the south pole). I wish you a successful experiment. Sincerely:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 14 June 2005.



Hello!

I would like to know if you do private correspondence for your books. I'm very interested in the themes you have in mind! I have a few questions that I am looking for answers to. I'm looking forward to hearing from you!

Best regards:

Zoltán Halász – Hungary, 10 June 2005.

Hello!

I work very much and therefore I have very little time. I will try to answer the important letters.

However, due to lack of time I cannot engage in long correspondence. My readers usually only come to me when they cannot find answers to their questions elsewhere. Almost everything can be found on the Internet. Before asking questions, it is also advisable to read my books, to study them thoroughly, because most questions and problems can be answered in them. Unfortunately, some people ask me to find the part they are interested in, so that they don't have to read through the 3500 or so pages of material. I am reluctant to comply with such requests for understandable reasons.

Yours sincerely:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 10 June 2005.



Dear Mr. Kun.

My name is Zoltán Marton, I am writing from Târgu Mures, Transylvania. On behalf of a local publishing house I would like to ask you about the conditions for publishing an abridged version of the book Text Editing Skills (Office 97-XP - PageMaker 6.0-6.5).

I would like to introduce the situation of the book trade in Târgu Mures and Transylvania: Unfortunately, books in general, but especially specialist books, are sold at prices that are unaffordable for the general public. The aim of the publisher is to publish these books at a minimum price, which is usually at the expense of quality. This means publishing a black and white book with a soft cover, which is then distributed to readers at a minimum margin (around 300-1000 HUF). This means that the publisher cannot afford the roundabout procedure of looking for sponsors to put their emblem on the cover of the published book. Therefore, it would be more tangible to find a sponsor who would pay you the publishing rights fee so that the publisher could keep its margins.

We have considered a shorter version for a number of reasons: the price is highly dependent on the length and we want to keep it to the essentials. One book would be published, one for Office and one for PageMaker, both in A5 format with colour covers. Please let us know the amount of the publishing rights, so that we can look for sponsors.

With thanks,

Zoltán Marton – Marosvásárhely, 07 September 2005.

Dear Mr Marton!

In view of your circumstances, I do not ask for royalties from you, I waive the honorarium. As far as the softboard version is concerned, please insist on the threaded version. You need two hands to use a computer. A thickly bound book like this will not stand up on its own on the ace board, and the reader cannot hold it with one hand to prevent it from folding up while applying the information it contains to his computer.

I don't know what kind of folding software they use. If you use PageMaker, I can provide you with the A/5 paginated version, as well as the designed colour cover. If not, I can free the text box of typefaces, lots of conditional hyphens (which appear as lots and lots of dashes in the broken version), and send you the fonts I use so that you can report any special characters or symbols. This reduces the cost of pre-press. All I ask is that a brief description of the contents of my other works be left at the end of the book, so that readers can be aware of them. I would be interested to know approximately how many volumes I would like to publish.

By the way, if you were to publish it in hardback, you could also send a consignment to Libri Kft, Lira and Lant RT and Alexandra Könyvesház in Hungary. We have a lot of people looking for my books and I don't know where to send readers. As the printing costs depend on the number of copies, this would make this publication cheaper in Transylvania. It would be worth contacting them and looking for a sponsor who would cover the costs of publishing the increased number of copies. With a quality print run, I don't think they would have any sales problems, so the investment would pay off.

Best regards:

Kun Ákos - Budapest, 07 September 2005.

Dear Mr Kun!

Thank you for your generous offer and I apologize for not having replied yesterday. We discussed your offer and came to the following conclusion: we would like to publish the book in two separate parts, separating Office and PageMaker, in A/4 format, with colour cover and all the conditions you impose. I will contact the booksellers you mentioned in your letter and will let you know as soon as I hear back from them.

By the way, we would like to publish the two books in 1000-1000 copies in Marosvásárhely, which we would then distribute all over Transylvania, and we will also produce (for the time being) a couple of presentation books in hardback and in better quality. We thought that, if we could not find a local sponsor, we could give the hardback books to local book distributors at cost price, on the condition that they pay you a sum of money of your choosing for the books sold, or even for all the books. I cannot say exactly when the book distributors will reply, but I hope to hear from them in the first half of next week. As soon as I have received the replies, I will forward them to you for agreement.

Have a nice weekend!

With thanks,

Zoltán Marton – Marosvásárhely, 09 September 2005.

Dear Mr Marton!

I am glad that my work is published in Transylvania. Chapter III on Windows settings should be added to the second volume on PageMaker. (Chapter II on PageMaker is only 60 pages, which does not fill a volume by itself, and is of interest only to a narrow group of people.) At the end of Volume II, it would be useful to include a list of keyboard shortcuts, which is in the Accessories folder (this is also in A/5 format, so no need to scroll through it.) Keyboard shortcuts speed up word processing enormously, and are therefore used by many. So it doesn't hurt to have them handy for printing. Monitor diagrams are also needed to make text explanations easier to understand. (This is also in the Accessories folder.) They could also be used in black and white. With all this, the second volume would be about as thick as the first volume containing Chapter I. This version would be welcomed by many.

I don't claim royalties in Hungary either, so don't mention this to Hungarian book distributors. I hope that one of the three major book distribution networks will give a favourable reply. By the way, a few years ago my three esoteric works were distributed by LÍra és Lant Rt. They sold out very, very quickly. For years afterwards I received letters asking me where they could be obtained, but I can no longer afford further private publishing. As a fourth distributor, one might try the Hungarian Book Club. They also take a considerable number of books from other publishers.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 10 September 2005.

Dear Mr Kun!

The answers from the Hungarian book distributors have arrived. Only LÍra and Lant Ltd. responded positively, provided that we send them a sample copy for their consideration. A final decision has also been made in our country, we have spoken to the printers. If you are happy, we would like to publish your book in A4 format, with a colour cover, in a print run of 1000 copies. However, to include it in its entirety in one volume would make the purchase price more expensive, so we thought it should preferably be around 100 pages, possibly in several volumes. If it could be arranged to be divided into 3 parts, beginners, haladók and experts. Or if that's not possible, then a 100 page abstract that would include everything that is absolutely necessary, including a presentation of your other works.

With thanks,

Zoltán Marton – Marosvásárhely, 15 September 2005.

Dear Mr Marton!

Líra and Lant Ltd. is already familiar with my books, so it is natural for me to receive a positive response. Not a single copy of the previous editions of my esoteric works is left on their shelves. Don't worry about the disinterest of other distributors. Líra and Lant Ltd. has the largest bookstores in Budapest, and they also have several shops in the countryside. This book distribution network covers practically the whole country. In addition, they have an online bookstore through which books are delivered by post to any country in the world. I will include in the Pre-Word of the Word Processing Skills that this work is available in book form, and I will include the addresses for purchase in Transylvania and Hungary. You will probably have no sales problems.

However, this will only be the case if this book is published untrimmed. There are no beginner or advanced sections. It is all for beginners. I did not write this for computer scientists (although I know that they often do) but for people who are not used to using computers. Everything in it is essential for readers to get the most out of their computers. If an abridged, excerpted version is published, it will be unsellable. Why should people pay thousands of forints for a book that is of limited use when they can download the full version for free from the Internet? The main attraction of the saleability of the print version is that you don't have to keep downloading the electronic version to the Tray and then calling up the document while using it. Then download it, call up the guide, read the next line. Then download the text file of the Word processing isme-retek again, read the next line of the edited document, and so on. It's rop-pant annoying, not to mention very tiring on the eyes. It's much more convenient to open the book, lay it down next to the computer, and carry out the instructions line by line. This is why so many people miss the printed version of my works. Moreover, the book can be taken anywhere, read anywhere, used as a textbook. It fits in a small space and you don't need any aids to read it.

As for the price, it would be really expensive bundled together. That is why I have recommended that it be published in two volumes. The first volume would contain Chapter I and the second would contain Chapters II and III. If it is still too thick, Chapter I could be cut in two. Excel and subsequent chapters would be placed in the second volume, making three volumes. The price would then not be so daunting. The whole volume would have to be sold as a single volume bound with a paper ribbon, as there is no point in selling it separately. Those who want the first chapter will want the others. If the cost of printing would be too onerous, it would be advisable to find a sponsor or advertiser. I would not, however, recommend truncation or shortening, because you will be stuck with the whole set. It is quite possible that the Hungarian distributor will not want this "gutted" version either. If I were you, I would also insist on the hardback version, as this will greatly improve both saleability and usability. But a bound version is essential, because a reference book that does not stand on the table is useless. Only paperbacks on grey recycled paper can be published in a bound version.

At the end of the week, I will add a few more rules to this book and read through the whole thing to make sure there are no mistakes. Then I will prepare the bulk version so that it can be edited without hindrance. Please consider my advice.

Sincerely:

Kun Ákos – Budapest, 16 September 2005.

Dear Mr Kun!

I apologize for the delay. We have reviewed your book and for a first attempt we would like to publish the version I am enclosing with this letter. Please let me know if you have any additions or comments to make.

Sincerely,

Zoltán Marton – Marosvásárhely, 10 October 2005.

Dear Mr Marton!

I apologise for the delay in replying, but I had to travel and have just returned.

As for the shortened version that was sent, it will not be marketable. I don't think it will sell well. But I don't want to be the hub of their ambition. It's not up to me. I would have thought it more fortunate if the publisher's Foreword had reminded readers that this is Volume I. They could publish

the omissions in Volume II later, as soon as they get their money back. The book cover and title have been amended and rewritten to reflect the current situation. I have also omitted the book recommendation at the end of the book, which is familiar with my other works. I have also included this. I wish you every success in your work.

Yours sincerely:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 15 October 2005.



Dear Ákos!

I have read your Esoteric panorama. I could possibly have an offer for its publication/distribution, if it is still current.

Best regards:

Róbert Sztruhár – Hungary, 29 September 2005.

Dear Róbert!

At the moment, only my book "Text editing skills" has been published by a publisher in Transylvania. The rest are still available. I look forward to your offer.

P.S.: The Kun Electronic Library is currently closed. It was hacked and destroyed by a hacker. It needs to be reinstalled. Apparently not everyone likes these books.

Sincerely:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 29 September 2005.



Dear Ákos!

Thank you for your reply. As I thought at first:

- I have a Ltd which also deals with publishing.
- I would start to distribute your book on the Internet in a simple printed or electronic way (paid) in small numbers.
- If interest grows, it will be published in book form and in stores, possibly.
- If it sells, it could go abroad.
- I will do the marketing and everything else.
- For full use all over the world, I own the "use of copyright" for 5 years.
- Of every product sold, you get 40% (20% goes to distribution 40% goes to me)

That's it for the first round. Hi:

Róbert Sztruhár – Hungary, October 2, 2005.

Dear Róbert!

Thank you for your offer, but I do not intend to take advantage of it. I also have a website, so if I wanted to, I could have made the downloading of my works payable. However, this would significantly reduce my readership. I did not write these books to get rich from them, but to help people solve their everyday problems and problems. Furthermore, I hope that my findings will help to stop environmental degradation and solve the world's energy problems. But this is only possible if this information reaches as many people as possible, and as soon as possible. Paid downloading would be a major obstacle to this process. I am very sorry that I cannot be at your disposal.

Hi:

Kun Ákos - Budapest, 4 October 2005.

Dear Ákos!

Thanks for your reply, I wish you good luck with your plans!

Best regards:

Róbert Sztruhár – Hungary, October 2, 2005.



Dear Ákos Kun!

Thank you for contacting our office with your request for an offer. We can provide you with a quality translation of your textbooks from Hungarian into English, German and French within the agreed deadline for 2,40 HUF/space + 20% VAT. The price of the requested proofreading in your mother tongue will be charged at a 50% surcharge compared to the Fen-ti character rates. In this price we have applied our first order discount and volume discount. If you have any further questions, please do not hesitate to contact us. If you would like to use our service, please send us the completed order form together with the translation materials by e-mail or fax. In the case of an order, 50% of the estimated translation fee must be paid in advance, and the full fee is payable in cash on receipt of the translation.

Yours sincerely, György Molnár – Budapest, 17 March 2006.

EU Fordítóközpont
1133. Budapest,
Bessenyei u. 14-16.
Cézár Ház

Tel.: 06-1-788-3323

Fax: 06-1-788-4723

Weblap: www.euforditas.hu

Dear György Molnár!

Thank you for your offer, but I am a little surprised at the price you quoted. With this calculation, the translation of my books with 2 million copies would cost 4.8 million HUF + 960 000 HUF VAT. Add to this the 50% cost of proofreading in my mother tongue, which is 2.4 million HUF + 480 000 HUF VAT, and the total is 8 640 000 HUF. For the eight books together I would have to pay 60-70 million HUF. If I were to insist on the recommended German and French translations in addition to the English, I would have to find more than HUF 200 million. I don't think that "Freshwater" or any publisher would pay that much for a book translation¹⁴⁸. At the moment, specialist books are published in print runs of around 1000 copies, which means that at your rate, a book would cost 8,600 HUF to translate. Currently, a book of several hundred pages costs 3500 thousand HUF. Of this, about 1500 HUF is the printing cost, 1500 HUF is the distribution commission and the rest is the publisher's margin. So the publisher has to use the remaining HUF 500 to cover the layout, cover design and pre-press costs, including translation costs. If publishers were to have you translate the works of foreign authors, the net price of a book would be 1500 HUF printing costs + 8600 HUF translation fee = 10100 HUF. On top of that, there is a publishing margin of 500 Ft and a 45% sales commission, which distributors deduct from the retail price. (Of this, 5% is paid to the treasury as VAT.) This means that the consumer price of this book would be 10100 + 500 + 9450 = 20050 Ft. Would you buy any of my books for more than 20,000 HUF?

Sincerely:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 18 March 2006.



Hello, Ákos!

I apologize for the name-calling, no disrespect intended, but I think that name-calling is more appropriate for politicians and the like. The point is: I've read all your writings (except the cook-book one, but that's coming) and thought I'd get back to you. Your three books have answered more questions for me than I've had in my entire life combined. I would like to thank you for that. A plausible, logical world view has begun to emerge. Until someone tells me better (and I don't think

¹⁴⁸ Calculated at the official exchange rate, the amount is 1 million dollars. However, the average Hungarian salary is only one fifth of the average American salary, so this translation fee is equivalent to 5 million dollars.

they will), that's what I believe. And as for the fact that they haven't yet appeared in print, don't get too grumpy. It's probably not time yet... I was told by someone that the very way of acquiring knowledge is a kind of exam. And now, in this electronic format, your books can be accessed by anyone who is specifically looking for and interested in such knowledge (and doesn't necessarily need their own home Internet access). And those who are not interested in these things, even when they are available in book form, will be easier to judge... Negative opinions shouldn't discourage you (I suppose they don't), because those who respond have read your writings. And with that, a thought or two has already been planted in her head. Who knows, they might even take off one day. So you're trying to open people's eyes, help reach a critical mass, and even make the job of the "harvesters" easier. I find it hard to imagine a more useful life. Congratulations:

László Holba – Hungary, 4 July 2006.



Dear Kun Ákos!

I recently came across your work entitled Esoteric Panorama in my internet browser. I have been interested in healthy nutrition, metabolism and biochemistry for quite a long time now. I do not wish to lecture or offend, but I must express my indignation! I have read the chapter on Healthy Eating in your book. This chapter is marked by astonishing professional errors. I honestly do not understand how such factual errors could have been made in such a book. And the biggest problem is that I hear your misrepresentations echoed by many people every day. If you like, I will write you concrete examples!

Yours sincerely, an astonished reader:

Bea Kolok – Hungary, 16 November 2006.

Dear Bea Kolok!

I am glad about your criticism. Please support your opinion with concrete examples. By the way, the reason why you hear these statements "step by step" is that the knowledge I have given you comes from naturopathic journals and textbooks of world-renowned naturopaths. If your knowledge exceeds this level, please let me know. I am happy to learn from anyone.

Sincerely:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 17 November 2006.

P.S.:

Unfortunately, no reply to this letter has been received. It seems that the lady has changed her mind, she is not willing to teach me.



Dear Sir!

I have read your book Erotic Jokes, and after reading it four times, I have come to the conclusion that I do not understand it. Why was this book written? The jokes are very good, by the way. What is the point of the book? Please help me to understand it, because it has piqued my interest. I hope you will not take it as an insult. Because I don't mean it as an insult. Please answer.

Respectfully:

Eszter Nagy – Hungary, January 06, 2007.

Dear Madam!

I suppose you thought of me in the light of my esoteric works or my book on word-processing that I could have dared to produce such a "work". Before I disappoint you, I must say that I am not proud of this book.

In answer to your question, the main purpose of creating my joke books was to draw people's attention to my esoteric works. I started writing these books 18 years ago, and I have published hundreds of pages of guidance on how to prevent environmental degradation, how to prevent destruction

of land, how to combat the energy crisis. In addition, these works could go a long way towards raising consciousness, which would make it possible to reduce violence, prevent the spread of sin in the world, and eliminate human selfishness, the endless pursuit of pleasure. But I have not achieved my goal. My esoteric works have been privately published three times and have been on the Internet for 8 years. Anyone can download them for free not only from the Ma-gyar Electronic Library, but also from my website, the Kun Electronic Library. Tens of thousands of people have done this, but nothing has happened. The expected breakthrough has not happened. Nobody took what I wrote seriously, they did not believe in the possibilities offered by esotericism.

That's when I had the idea of making a comprehensive, high-quality collection of jokes, and at the end of it I could include a table of contents of my other books. That way, more of my work might get noticed. In order to avoid the proliferation of sexual jokes and to protect minors, I later separated the erotic jokes from the general jokes and put them in a separate volume. I then waited for developments. Everyone loves a good joke, so I thought many people would read these collections. But my aim was only partially achieved. Many perverse people with dirty fantasies had, in fact, fallen for my collection of erotic jokes. More people downloaded this work in 3 months than all the others in 8 years. It's now at 30,000 downloads. My general joke collection has also been downloaded about 20 thousand times. Despite this, the case has not moved forward one iota. In the end, the Book Recommendation has either not been read, or no one cares about saving nature, no one cares about the survival of humanity.

Now that the Friendship oil pipeline has been shut down, I suppose you can guess what the future holds. We are also under increasing pressure from climate change caused by global warming. At the moment, it is +18°C in the middle of the month, and so far we have not had a single snowfall. It looks as if winter will be long and hard this year, with the consequence, among other things, that ticks and various plant pests will proliferate. Farmers are already crying because they suspect that they will not harvest this year's crop. If esoteric research and the development of free energy harvesters had begun in 1990, when the Esoteric Panorama was published, we would be using them today. Oil, gas, air pollution and all kinds of viral diseases would be a thing of the past. But we don't need brain power, we don't want to save the world from the destruction that awaits it. We would rather die with it. Meanwhile, there are climate conferences, global warming summits. Everybody has their say, they listen to the rather gloomy reports of the experts, and then nothing happens on this front. Nobody still wants energy. Instead, wind farms are being built and biogas from pig manure is being used to try to tackle the energy crisis. They would rather rummage through shit than give up God's gift of omnipresent cosmic energy. We do not want to give up our illnesses either, we would rather suffer and die before our time. Nor do they use brain energy to heal, to replenish bio-energy.

In my final desperation, I decided to try to bring my work to the attention of Western countries, in case they would be more receptive to global problems. To do this, however, I would have to have my works translated into the major world languages. This is a very expensive process. Translating my 600 pages into just one language would cost 2 million forints per volume. I have no money for that. Since everybody downloads my works for free and nobody gives me any subsidies, I have no money to pay for the translation. I have thought a lot about how to break out of this tight situation. As a temporary solution, I thought of creating a new collection. I thought about making a photo album of exotic herbalists and putting the Book Recommendation at the end of it.

Tropical fruits are everyone's favourite, so I'm sure many people would download this album of over 1000 colour photos. In order to make this work, which I consider to be a promotional tool, available throughout the world, the 240 exotic fruits currently known and consumed should be translated into 32 languages. However, I do not need a translator for this, because I can collect the foreign names from foreign websites. All that is needed is to translate the Book Guide into different languages. Unfortunately, the money I had saved earlier was only enough for English, German and French, but even with these three languages I can reach almost half the world.

I have been working on this album for more than half a year and still have at least two months of work to do. Then I will upload this giant file of about 100 megabytes to the Kun Electronic Library and

see what happens. If the world at large reacts to the ills of our civilisation in a similar way to us, then let what must happen, happen. I have done my best to avoid disaster. If no one wants the opportunities I offer, if no one wants my help, then let them manage without me. I hope I have given you a satisfactory answer, and in the light of this, you will no longer judge me for my collection of erotic jokes.

Sincerely:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 10 January 2007.



Extract from the blog <http://index.forum.hu>:

I recently read a chapter of Ákos Kun's Esoteric panorama on proper (se-rite) nutrition. Now that got me really pissed off...

I only read the nutrition part (from page 49)! Only those who are really interested should look at it. Those with weak nerves should avoid...

Szilaj – Hungary, 2006.12. 28.



Short reader's letters from the reader's section of the cookbook uploaded to the Hungarian Electronic Library:

Simply wonderful! It really belongs in the MEK. I discovered it today, it's great!

2005-12-2.3

Ermi

I really like it, I've completely switched to his cooking style. I would like to purchase it in book form if possible.

2007-05-30.

Tóth Ildikó



Dear Mr Kun!

Please remove the downloadable fonts from www.tar.hu/kunakos very quickly! On the one hand, the copyright holders of the fonts have not given permission, so this is considered as unauthorized font distribution and violates copyright and neighbouring rights. On the other hand, as the representative of several manufacturers (Monotype, Microsoft, Corel, etc.), we are obliged to report unauthorised distribution to the copyright holders. I just received this page address from the "piracy team" of one of the manufacturers. Their letter says that if I cannot have the pounds above removed within 72 hours, the company will take legal action against the site owner. As the relationship between us is long-standing and has been trouble-free so far, I'll let you know quickly. I do not want you to suffer any disadvantage as a result.

Although I have found the warning.doc file next to the pounds to be unpacked, this file is unfortunately not sufficient to avoid liability. Please remove the file very quickly and let me know. I would like to inform the represented companies of your prompt and effective cooperation before instructing me to take any serious action. Of course, I am enclosing the warning docu-memo for them so that we can close the issue quickly.

Best regards:

Attila Derecskei, ScanDer Ltd. – Budapest, 25 January 2007.

Dear Mr. Derecskei!

Thank you for the warning, but I did not put these pounds on my website for the purpose of "unauthorized distribution", because as you may have noticed, I run a non-profit website. I uploaded these fonts because they are the fonts I use, and without them, my readers cannot open and read my books in the proper format. Since my esoteric co-authored works can make a major contribution to combating the destruction of nature, climate change and the energy crisis, it would be a great shame if this source of information were to be cut off from the public. In view of this situation, you would not try to seek a maintenance licence from the owners of the fonts.

I think that if they were to grant it, and I would mention it in the warning document, the publicity value of that would be far greater for them than the loss they would incur by downloading these three or four dozen fonts. They would also benefit from continuing to have this file because readers will try the fonts in it and they will need more, they will know where to look, who to contact to buy. Thank you in advance for your cooperation.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 25 January 2007.

Dear Mr Kun!

I know for a fact that this was not posted for that purpose, but for constructive purposes. However, this does not affect the copyright holders. I thank you very much for including our company in your book for the purpose of purchase, but this, to my great regret, does not affect matters. Unfortunately, this is a legal issue independent of your good intentions. I won't even try to ask for survival, because I wouldn't let you, and I won't put our distribution contracts in Central and Eastern Europe at risk. The site will next be officially checked by the piracy team at 16h00 on Friday. But I suspect they'll look at it in the meantime. If the pounds are still up then, I would be obliged to hand the matter over to their legal representative on Monday. Promptness at this time will definitely pay off for you in any further trouble. Last year alone there were 17 such cases where I had to act under our contract. In one of those cases last year, the downloading of a total of £3.46-46 resulted in the person concerned having to pay £3 million in compensation. I would not want to be on the other side of such a case ex officio.

This year, we can expect very tough action on the issue of the purity of pounds sterling in Hungary, Slovakia, the Czech Republic and Romania, where the highest levels of misappropriation are found. I think it would be better if the cancellation is done as soon as possible. As for the publications, you should replace the inked text with pictures, that would not be a problem. This year we do not expect any checks on your computer, for the time being there will only be BSA checks on font in companies. Given the above, I would prefer a quick deletion.

Best regards:

Attila Derecskei, ScanDer Ltd. – Budapest, 25 January 2007.

Dear Mr Kun!

It is not the use of fonts that is banned, but - as I wrote before - the copyright holders of the fonts do not allow unauthorized distribution. Regardless of your constructive and benign purpose, this unfortunately falls into that category legally. If anyone wishes to use these fonts, they must purchase them. Since there are no trial versions of these, the "try and delete" method is unfortunately not legal. (The technical issue is that the warning will only be readable if the copyright infringement has already been committed by the download.) This includes in particular the Monotype, ITC, Linotype, Digital Typeface fonts that we represent. As Microsoft buys fonts from Monotype, these fonts are also included. Almost all the fonts listed by Woodstone and Cyberstone are Monotype-owned fonts.

Since our accession to the EU, the EU laws have also come into force in this country. Compliance with these is understandably strict for rights holders. I am not able to forward this letter to you as it is internal correspondence of the companies we represent and is not public to any third party. ScanDer Ltd. is the representative for Central and Eastern Europe for Monotype (including ITC, Linotype) and Digital Typeface fonts, and I have full authority to decide on these matters. Of course, all legal rules are respected. As I have written, I have been notified of the site and, based on our good old cooperation, I have asked you to act quickly.

By the way, your works can be read in English by anyone interested, as everyone has the Hungarian version of Arial, Times New Roman or Courier font on their computer these days. And for texts in more ornate type, I have recommended converting them into images because this way the content and form of his books are not altered, while at the same time meeting the requirements of legal clarity. The best way might be the PDF version, which does not need to convert an image and does not require the reader to install a font. Thank you again for your prompt and fair cooperation.

Best regards,
Attila Derecskei, ScanDer Ltd. – Budapest, 26 January 2007.

Dear Mr Kun!

Please delete the fonts from kunlibrary.com and kek.tar.hu urgently! If you have them on other places on the net, please delete them from there as well. I have sent you a notification of the deletion, it would be very unpleasant if the same page with the same font packet is found on another address when checking.

Best regards:
Attila Derecskei, ScanDer Ltd. – Budapest, 26 January 2007.

Kedves Kun Úr!

Még egy oldal: kel.tar.hu. Tehát a korábbi oldalain is fent van. Kérem, hogy MINDEN OLDALÁRÓL TÖRÖLJE a jelzett fontkészleteket haladéktalanul! Ne nekem kelljen a jogtulajdonosokkal kötött szerződéseink értelmében ellenőriznem, mert akkor annak eredményét köteles vagyok nekik elküldeni. Ilyen esetben pedig a mostani törlést nem fogják elnézni párhuzamosan, azonos tartalommal létező lapok esetén. Akkor pedig én sem tudok segíteni, minden korábbi jó kapcsolatunk ellenére sem. Ha készen van, kérem küldje át a lapok teljes listáját, hogy azokat is elküldhessem.

Üdvözlettel,
Derecskei Attila, ScanDer Kft. – Budapest, 2007. január 27.

Dear addressee!

The files <http://www.tar.hu/kel/betutablak.exe> and <http://www.tar.hu/kek/betutablak.exe> on the pages kel.tar.hu and kek.tar.hu infringe the copyright and related rights of our company ScanDer Kft. and Monotype Imaging Ltd. (ITC, Linotype), which we represent in Hungary today. The infringed files contain fonts that are the copyrighted property of the above mentioned companies and have been unlawfully distributed by the creator and maintainer of the site, Mr. Kun Ákos. By this letter we ask you to kindly remove the indicated content without delay. Please inform the author of the site of the removal by sending a reply to info@scander.hu or by e-mail to kunakos@vipmail.hu. Thank you in advance for your cooperation and trust that you will act in accordance with the law.

Sincerely:
Attila Derecskei, Managing Director, ScanDer Kft. – Budapest, 28 January 2007.

Dear Mr. Kun, Mr. DereDecrier DereDer, Director of DeskDerDer Services, DereDerDer, Mr. Kun, Dear Mr. Kun!

The problematic material is not available at kunakos.tar.hu, this is ok.
On the other hand

- <http://www.tar.hu/kunakos/>
- <http://kek.tar.hu>
- <http://kel.tar.hu>
- <http://kunlibrary.net>

the file betutablak.exe is still available. The operator of tar.hu has already received a request to delete two of these pages.

The damage caused to Monotype Imaging Ltd. exceeds HUF 3 million even for a minimal download of 10-10 copies of its web pages. Therefore, I must inform you that if you do not remove the infringing material from these sites by noon CET on Monday at the latest, I will have to initiate the civil and criminal proceedings ex officio without any further notice. Our legal representative is Dr. János Schmidt. I am also sending this letter to the relevant distribution partner for further legal action.
Attila Derecskei – Budapest, 29 January 2007.

Dear Mr. Derecskei!

Your letters sent over the weekend have all arrived. As requested, I have deleted the Fonts folder from all my websites. I apologize that I could only do this this morning, but my computer is not connected to the Internet, so I can only access the web from the library. Since everyone downloads my books for free and no one has received any subsidies for the last 18 years, I have no money to pay for my line rental. My ten-year-old Pentium I computer would not be suitable for the Internet anyway. You know, there are not only rich people, there are poor people trying to get by within their means and help the ills of the world. That is, if their environment will let them, which unfortunately it is less and less.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 29 January 2007.

Dear Mr Kun!

Thank you for the notification, I am already sending the letter to Monotype about the cancellation. Regards:

Attila Derecskei – Budapest, 29 January 2007.

A few days later this letter arrived in the e-mail inbox of the Hungarian Electronic Library:

Dear Recipient!

The following link contains a document on your site which contains my personal data (address, telephone number) without my consent.

Link: <http://mek.oszk.hu/01200/01270/01270.doc>><http://mek.oszk.hu/01200/01270/01270.doc>

I request that the material be removed immediately, as it violates my privacy rights! Please inform me of the removal of my personal data by sending an e-mail to info@scander.hu.¹⁴⁹

Sincerely:

Attila Derecskei – Budapest, 03 February 2007.

Dear Attila Derecskei!

I have forwarded your request to the author of the book, and we will change or delete the paragraph in question according to your request. The Electronic Library only provides the books, it is not responsible for their content (as it is for books that can be borrowed from traditional libraries). Moreover, the contact addresses of companies are not protected personal data if they publish them on their own websites or in company directories:

Best regards:

László Drótos – MEK Librarian, - Budapest, 04 February 2007.

Dear Laci!

I do not understand this letter. I exchanged letters with Attila Derecskei a week ago, and he did not at all mention that in my book Text Editing Skills I advertise the font disk of his company ScanDer Kft. for free on my free and private domain websites. Why does he have a problem with the same book being on Hungarian Electronic Library? Since this book was posted nearly two years ago, and since then there have been numerous corrections and major additions, it would be best to post the latest version. If you undertake to update it, I will remove the section you object to and make a PDF version of the book. That way you don't have to bother with that either.

Hi:

Ákos - Budapest, 05 February 2007.

Dear Ákos!

¹⁴⁹ Attila Derecskei's one-man company has released a DVD that contains 2000, not a dozen letter plates that I have used. Therefore, he asked not for "3 million forints", but only 15 thousand forints. I recommended this disc to my readers in my book Text Editing Skills. He also objected to this free ad. Therefore, this product offer had to be removed from my website.

OK, let's replace it with the new version.
Laci, MEK – Budapest, February 06, 2007.

Unfortunately, the case did not end there, after half a year my harassment started again:

Dear Mr Kun!

I was a bit surprised by the fact that you, without any notification and/or without asking for my consent, posted the correspondence between us from the beginning of the year on your web page.

As you are well aware, I have only taken steps in your interest that have allowed a quick and smooth resolution of the pound-loading problem without any legal prejudice to you from your benevolent action... Our correspondence above is not public, and I do not consider your comment afterwards to be justified. Our correspondence contains information which is not the business of anyone else, and I have only communicated it to you on the basis of our previous good relationship.

Please remove the correspondence from <http://kunlibrary.net/ezotvilag.htm> (and possibly from other sites if you are on them) without delay.

Sincerely,

Attila Derecskei – Budapest, 10 July 2007.

Dear Mr. Derecskei!

The publication of our correspondence was necessary for the information of my readers. Several people have asked me about the reason for the disappearance of the fonts needed to display Word documents in character spaces. Since I do not have time to give a detailed account of each case to all concerned, I have informed those concerned in my journal. You have no reason to be concerned about this. You did what you had to do. You should not be ashamed of the fact that professional fishing producers are also blocking the necessary props for opening documents on non-profit websites. It is particularly incomprehensible that they should do this to a library created for educational and informational purposes. For me, there is nothing to be gained from running this website, in fact it costs a lot of time, money and energy to maintain and constantly update it. It is unfortunate that American font owners do not see this. Please do not make an issue of this. Your procedure was fair and none of my readers will form any negative opinion of you. With your understanding, best regards:
Ákos Kun – Budapest, 11 July 2007.

Dear Mr Kun!

I know that my role in this case was clearly a helpful one, we both know that. I had the basis for this positive attitude because of our long-standing good relationship. However, neither the name of our legal representative, nor the list of our company's contractual partners, nor the amount of the individual compensation amounts, nor a list of our procedural habits are made public to any third party. Even though I have written this to you in good faith, purely in order to prevent a more serious problem in a civilised manner. In any other case of infringement, they could harm our interests and the business interests of our partners. And it is my duty to prevent this. For the information of interested parties, without any subjective, separate comment, it is sufficient to state that "in order to respect copyright and related rights, free downloading of the fonts is not allowed". This does not require the publication of the correspondence, and could cause a commercial disadvantage and thus a further problem for you, because of the above. The cost of maintaining the olda is indifferent in this matter, and its helpful, non-profit nature is a matter of duty, but not relevant to the issue. There are many free hosting facilities available for this purpose. I therefore insist that you delete our correspondence from your site immediately! I do not wish to deal with this matter any further. I await your notification that the deletion has taken place.

Sincerely,

Attila Derecskei – Budapest, 11 July 2007.

Dear Mr Kun!

I am sorry that you have not complied with my request of several days ago regarding the disclosure of our confidential correspondence without permission and consent. As I understand that constructive and prompt cooperation on your part is not assured, we have sent our letter of request for deletion to the Web-Server hosting your website. If you do not remove the unauthorised content by midnight on Sunday 15 July 2007 at the latest, I will be forced to take legal action on Monday.
Attila Derecskei – Budapest, 13 July 2007.

Dear Mr Kun!

I was sorry to see that you did not delete our non-public correspondence from your website even after my request and then my request, although I did not give my consent nor our company's permission to publish it. As I indicated to you earlier, I am therefore obliged to take legal action.

Attila Derecskei, Managing Director – Budapest, 16 July 2007.

Dear Mr Derecskei!

I apologize for the late reply, but as I mentioned in our previous correspondence, my computer is not connected to the Internet, so I can only correspond from libraries. Libraries and community centres are closed at weekends. As for your letter of 11 July, I have not published any official document. I did ask you to give me the letter of formal notice from America, but you refused. In any case, you could not have any objection to it, because the law only prohibits the disclosure of letters and documents that contain state secrets. An officially registered company operating in the public domain must be prepared to take on the wide-ranging interest that its activities entail. It cannot prohibit anyone from knowing about its activities. Nor can it conceal any material decisions in the company register or in the annual report to its shareholders. Anyone can ask them for information on a matter at any time. That's all I did. I informed my readers of an official decision so that they did not have to ask me or the company that issued the blocking order. This notification does not concern you at all, because the letters you received do not contain your address, telephone number or e-mail address. If you have a problem of conscience about this matter, you should exercise more caution at another time. Make a decision that you will not be ashamed of later.

Respectfully:

Ákos Kun – Budapest, 16 July 2007.

Dear Mr Kun!

You have not published an official document, but a confidential correspondence between you and me as a company representative. Your reference to state secrets was obviously written in jest, because it is rather frivolous. We have nothing to argue about, that is a fact. And you have no legal basis for making this confidential correspondence public.

I have no reason to be ashamed of the procedure at the beginning of the year, because I helped you to find the best solution for you. In my view, you should be glad that the case did not cause you any serious inconvenience. That said, you have also published parts of letters which, in your view, are a clear attack on the reputation of the companies I represent. Furthermore, you may not disclose any correspondence between László Drótos and myself without the consent of both parties. As far as I know, Mr Drótos has not allowed you to do so, nor has the operator of tar.hu allowed you to publish the notice sent to him. Furthermore, I would like to see public information where the name of our legal representative is freely available in a public company database. There is none. In this case, it is not the public company register data, and our company correspondence is not a public category. Public data on the operation of the company is available to anyone. These correspondences are not.

I have no qualms about the correspondence and have acted in the most fair, law-abiding and helpful manner possible in your case. Unfortunately, you have not acted in a law-abiding manner. And it is very much my business that Internet users unknown to me regularly call me up and try to hold me accountable in a demanding tone, because the copyright and related rights infringing material you have posted on your site in disregard of the applicable law has been removed by the copyright holder on all

legitimate grounds. I am still not in a position to provide you with the internal copy you have requested, as the other party has not agreed to it. I have already informed you of this. In particular, I would not do so in the light of your data management and interpretation of the law, which is still very clear.

I regret that you continue to disregard the expected legality and the Hungarian legislation in force. Therefore, I am forced to initiate legal proceedings. All costs of the proceedings will of course be borne by you. Please note that this letter will not be made public to any third party to whom/- which I do not send it!

P.S. I am also sending this letter to Mr László Drótos.
Attila Derecskei – Budapest, 16 July 2007.

Dear Mr. Derecskei!

I am very sorry that this matter has come to this. Copyright infringers should indeed be tackled, but the clean-up should not start with non-profit websites. Moreover, not with a website that has been advertising your products for free for years.

My condolences to the callers, the complainers. The reason for this grumbling is that nature is on the verge of collapse, and global warming and the animalisation that comes from conscious enlightenment are condemning our civilisation to destruction. People know this, or at least suspect it, and if they find a source that shows a way out of this crisis, they want to read it, to use it. To facilitate this process, I have given permission for anyone, anywhere in the world, to quote any excerpt from my works without having to pay for it. They can only do this from a Word document, or they can't because missing fonts get in the way of editing. So it is understandable that they are angry and irritated. They believe that their edge is only superior to the unbridled, unscrupulous profiteering of multinational corporations.

With regard to the publicity of your letters, I would like to point out that I reserve the right to publish any letters addressed to me and to disclose any information that comes to my knowledge. As far as your legal counsel is concerned, you are probably not working with a lawyer. If your lawyer is a member of the Hungarian Bar Association, you cannot object to being referred to. By the way, I did not mention his name, you did.

I would also like to inform you that I have been unemployed for 15 years and do not have a penny of income. I have no assets to seize. I live in an 8-square-metre shared room rented from the municipality, where I have nothing except a rickety bed, a small wardrobe, a rickety three-legged table and two unfurnished, shabby chairs. He can't even remove my computer, because it broke two weeks ago. Anyway, it's a 10-year-old Pentium I machine with a cathode-ray tube monitor that's no good any more. Therefore, whether you win this lawsuit or not, you will have to pay the legal costs. You should also inform your lawyer of this so that you know what to expect.

Sincerely:

Kun Ákos - Budapest, 18 July 2007.

P.S.:

After sending this letter, this case was closed in a flash. After the lawyer was informed that he was dealing with an unemployed person with no money, he ran away in a state of panic. He withdrew from the case.



To avoid incidents like this, I draw the attention of my dear readers:

W A R N I N G

I reserve the right to publish any correspondence of public interest addressed to me. In the case of a private individual, I will not disclose the sender's e-mail address, home address or telephone number without the sender's consent. In the

case of correspondence from companies and institutions, I will disclose all the information provided. This procedure only applies to letters containing information that is of interest to a large number of people. I will continue not to publish private communications or letters concerning the privacy of my readers.

Budapest, 21 July 2007.


KUN Ákos



Kedves Barátom!

Az utóbbi időben nagyon sok akupunktúrával, akupresszúrával kapcsolatos könyvet olvastam, de egyikben sem voltak ilyen dolgok leírva, mint amit a Te „Ezoterikus körkép” című munkádban találtam, hogy a Jin ujjal tudjuk az energiát harmonizálni a Jang meridiánban. Pazar. A többi infóról is csak felsőfokon tudnék szólni. A könyveddel még én is csak az emésztés fázisában járok, de nagy segítségemre lennél, ha ebben az akupresszúrárs részben bővebb felvilágosítást tudnál adni. Egészen konkrétan mondom, amit eddig egy könyvben sem találtam kielégítőnek (a tiédben azért nem, mert nem ez a fő témája): a konkrét diagnózis és a konkrét kezelés menetét. Amennyiben ez ügyben felvilágosítást tudnál adni, az nagy segítség lenne! További munkához nagy erőt, kitartást kívánok!

Hirdetem az oldalaidon hallott ígéket, amelyeket én is nagy örömmel és lelkesedéssel olvasok! Szeretettel,

Takács Ákos – Budapest, 2008. november 04.

Kedves Takács Ákos!

Köszönöm az elismerő szavaidat. Az akupresszúra szabályait valóban én raktam a „helyére”. Nem mindegy ugyanis, hogy melyik ujjal végezzük a kezelést. Az akupresszúra valójában nem más, mint akupunktúra, ezért ugyanúgy működik, és ugyanazok a szabályok vonatkoznak rá. Csak a hatékonysága kisebb. Ezért célszerű lenne áttérni a mágnesrúd használatára. Magnetopresszúrárs kezeléssel kapcsolatos szabályok „Az ezotéria kiteljesedése” és „Az ezotéria kivitelezése” című könyvekben, sőt az „Ezoterikus Világ” című folyóiratban is található. A diagnózis és a konkrét kezelés az akupunktúrárs szakkönyvekben található. Ez azonban egy nagyon bonyolult szakma. Franciaországban ezt egy négyéves egyetemen tanítják. Persze autodidakta módon is el lehet sajátítani, de ehhez több éves, illetve évtizedes gyakorlatra van szükség. Ezen a téren még én is csak tanuló vagyok.

Üdvözöllek:

Kun Ákos – Budapest, 2008. november 05.



Több olvasóm is nehezményezte, hogy honlapom .exe kiterjesztésű fájljait a munkahelyén nem tudja megnyitni. Azért választottam ezt a tömörítési módot, mert a WinZip fájlokat a vírusok képesek megfertőzni, a spyware programok bele tudnak épülni. A WinRAR azonban egyelőre védett a vírusok ellen. A WinRAR használatának másik oka, hogy a WinZip-el ellentétben ez a tömörítő program bármilyen nyelven írt fájlnevet elfogad, nem hagyja ki a tömörítendő mappából a neki nem tetsző nevű fájlokat. A WinRAR tömörítőt azonban kevesen ismerik, ezért feltelepítésének elkerülése érdekében műveimet önkicsomagoló formátumban töltöttem fel a honlapomra. Sajnos az önkicsomagoló tömörítvények kiterjesztése megegyezik a programfájlok .exe kiterjesztésével, ezért a hálózatra kötött gépek központi számítógépe nem engedi kicsomagolni ezt a fájlt. A munkahelyi, illetve a nagyobb közintézmények gépeire ugyanis biztonsági okokból csak a rendszergazda telepíthet programokat. Ezen úgy segíthetünk, hogy műveimet egy hálózathüggetlen gépen, vagy nyilván-

nos számítógépen (pl. könyvtárban, e-Magyarország pontokon) kell megnyitni, és kicsomagolás után pendrájvra vagy CD-re másolni.

Aki bizalmatlan az **.exe** kiterjesztésű fájlokkal szemben, megnyitás előtt küldje rá a víruskeresőjét. Nem fognak találni benne semmilyen férget vagy kémprogramot, mert műveim garantáltan vírusmentesek. A levelezőprogramok (Outlook, stb.) sem hajlandóak megnyitni az **.exe** kiterjesztésű mellékleteket. Ezért ha valamelyik könyvet el szeretnénk küldeni valakinek, előtte csomagoljuk ki, és WinZip-el tömörítve mellékeljük. A másik megoldás, hogy lenyitjuk az **Eszközök** menüt, kiadjuk a **Beállítások** parancsot, és a megjelenő ablakban aktiváljuk a **Biztonság** fület. A feltároló tábla **Vírusvédelem** szektorában érvénytelenítsük **A gyanús mellékleteket ne lehessen megnyitni** utasítást, majd nyomjuk meg az **OK** gombot. (Az **.exe** fájl megnyitása után ezt a védelmet célszerű visszaállítani.)

A Linux operációs rendszer használói az **.exe** kiterjesztésű önkicsomagoló fájlokat a **Wine** programcsomag segítségével tudják megnyitni, és a saját mappájukba helyezni. Információ és letöltési cím: <http://www.winehq.org/> Ennek a programnak a kikeresése és feltelepítése azonban meglehetősen bonyolult, mert a Linux minden változatához más szoftvert kell letölteni. Jobban járunk, ha keresünk egy Windows-os gépet. Azon töltjük le a keresett könyveket, és kicsomagolva töltjük rá a pendrájvunkra vagy egy CD-lemezre. A **.doc** és a **.pdf** kiterjesztésű fájlokat már az ingyenes operációs rendszerek és irodai programcsomagok is képesek kezelni.



Súlyos anyagi helyzetemről értesülve egyelőre csak a szélhámosok aktivizálják magukat. Többek között ilyen levelekkel bombáznak:

United States Postal Inspection Service,
P.O. box 555, 10116-0555
New York
Email: uspi2@gmx.us

This is to notify you that we have intercepted your parcel from DHL courier service, they where delivering your package when we stopped it for security reasons stated below:

1. Our scanning system has detected that your parcel contains a confirmable ATM card to the tune of \$1,500,000.00 dollars.

2. Such ATM card coming from Europe, African or Asia is been verified by the postal inspection service to ascertain its authenticity. After all the verification on the parcel/ATM card, having contacted the issuing institution who made it known to our office that the ATM card is a genuine one and not illegally acquired. We have also forwarded the serial number of the ATM card to the Treasury department and they confirmed that the card is Authentic and ready to be cashed at any ATM machines.

To continue with the delivery of this parcel you are oblige to obtain from Spain, a duly sworn affidavit from Spanish High court which will back up the origin of Fund. This is in line with the Anti-Terrorist campaign which the USA government has embarked on recently to protect territories from future attacks, you should therefore contact the sender of the ATM card or the DHL courier agent in Madrid Spain to get the sworn affidavit for you while we wait to receive from you the affidavit file number to enable us forward your ATM card to your address. Below is his contact information. Note that the cost of the affidavit is 89 Euros and do not hesitate to remit the amount to him. Name: Dr. Frank Juarez Samuel Email: franksandt@gazeta.pl

The ATM card will then be forwarded to you, you will be sure of a genuine ATM card. This is done for your interest considering the rate which fraudulent and stolen cheques and ATM card are been sent to innocent citizen and most times put them in problem.

Sincerely,

William Gilligan Timothy Gale Puckett – December 27. 2009.



<http://www.pintzzita.eoldal.hu/cikkek/kapcsolat>

Dear Mrs. Knöbl Pintz Zita!

I am very pleased that you want to help spread the word about the reform diet and that you are using my recipes to do so. What I don't like is that she has printed out my entire cookbook and published it under her own name. I have been writing my books for 21 years without the slightest hope of profit. After that, I would at least deserve a reference to the title of my cookbook or my library in the introduction. For example:

Source:

Health Food for Gourmets

For recipes by Recipe Recipes for Refined Recipes

Address: <http://kunlibrary.com>

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – 12 February 2010.

P.S.:

Unfortunately my appreciation did not impress him. He did not even reply to my letter. My recipes are still available on his website. It seems that there is no limit to impertinence these days.



Dear Ákos Kun!

Over the past 1.5 years we have been exploring digital content that could be relevant to our clients. Last week we launched our e-book web store. Here we would like to make available the content you have published, which is already available, for example, on the Hungarian Electronic Library website. At the moment we can only publish free content for individuals and sole traders, while for partnerships (Bt, Kft, Rt) we can sell e-books at a price you set.

What we offer you:

We convert your work free of charge so that it can be read on most mobile devices (mobile phone, tablet, notebook, Kindle...)

We will create an author page for you in the store for free, where you can display your picture and a description, and your books will automatically appear on the page.

You will also receive an e-book free of charge, which will show you successful on-line marketing techniques to help authors increase their visibility and thus their download numbers.

We store your various works in e-book format free of charge.

Please think of us as a potential future partner, even if you do not contribute to the publication of your work!

You can access our e-book store at <http://www.bookandwalk.hu/>.

Best regards,

Roland Szűcs

Book and Walk Ltd. – 2012.06.08.

Dear Roland Szűcs!

There are no obstacles to converting my books and adding them to your E-book webstore. Of course I do not charge you royalties either. I suggest that you download my works not from the Hungarian Electronic Library, but from my own library. The MEK only updates my works every two years, whereas the Kun Electronic Library always has the latest versions. Unfortunately, e-book readers cannot display documents edited in Word. However, there are PDF versions of the exotic and continental fruit and vegetable photo albums. These are not linked on my website. However, they can be downloaded directly from the addresses below:

<http://kunlibrary.net/exotic.pdf>

<http://kunlibrary.net/continental.pdf>

I understand that tablets can open the PDF files, so they don't need to be converted. (Unfortunately they are still quite large, but there are nearly 10,000 images.)

If converting the other books is expensive or takes a lot of time, I suggest waiting for the two joke books. I last updated them two years ago, and since then thousands of new jokes have been added. I'm working on expanding them now. I'll be done sometime this summer. Good luck with your work. By the way, congratulations on your store. For a new startup, they have already built up a serious inventory.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – 2012.06.09.

Dear Ákos Kun!

Thank you very much for your positive attitude. As we are targeting the widest customer base in the first instance, we can ensure that the works can be enjoyed on the 7 cm diagonal screen and the 25 cm diagonal screen by using an html-based epub format. We will therefore initially process works that are easy to handle regardless of screen size. It's fine if there are images or footnotes, but 100 MB is currently a problem for mobile telecommunications. In many cases mobile phones don't have that much storage capacity in total.

I would like to ask you to send a square picture of yourself and a description, usually a paragraph or two. The latter is about you, to give the reader an impression of the author.

Best regards,

Szücs Roland – 2012.06.14.

Dear Roland Szücs!

I am pleased that my works will now be available on mobile phones and tablets. Unfortunately I cannot send you a photo of myself. I don't show myself in public, I don't want to disclose my personal data to the public. If you don't mind, I'll pass on that opportunity this time too.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – 2012.06.14.

Dear Ákos Kun!

Of course, no problem, some of our other authors have asked for this. We will still keep your author page and automatically list there all the works you wish to publish now or in the future. Let me ask you a question! Do you write specifically with the aim of making your ideas widely known, or are you also interested in writing commercially?

Yours sincerely,

Roland Szücs – 15.06.2012.

Dear Roland Szücs!

In answer to your question, both goals motivate me. I want to inform people with my work. My books contain many ideas and suggestions that would greatly help to save nature and lift our civilization out of the current rut. However, I have not achieved my goal so far, because people either do not believe in the possibilities offered by esoteria or do not care. Nor do they have the time, because they are immersed in the silly entertainment offered by commercial television, computer games and other fads. The series of catastrophes that hit our world every day cannot make them realise that something must be done to save our civilisation. Nor do they have the patience to read. I have written about 7000 pages so far. Even if they read all day, it would take them at least two months to read all my books. It is the only way to gain a comprehensive knowledge of our world. It's much easier to sit in front of the television and stare at the dull shows on commercial television.

I have also thought of commercialising my work, but that too is hopeless. I have been writing books for 22 years without the slightest profit. I used to think about making my website paid for,

but with the rapid decline in living standards, I gave up. In a country where people cannot afford to eat, they cannot afford to spend on culture. And compulsory payment would cut off poor people from the vital information of our time. Nor is having them sign a declaration that they are living below subsistence level and therefore want free downloads a solution. In that case, even those who could actually pay but don't want to would still claim this concession. I do not wish to induce my fellow human beings to lie.

The best solution would be to print it, but that is not an option here either. The publishers in my country simply ignore me. Their problem with me is that I am Hungarian, and I am also a beginner, an unknown writer. In the old days, when they were still willing to talk to me, one or two of them advised me to take an English pen name, like other domestic authors. But I was in no mood for any kind of imposture hiding behind a pseudonym. With most publishers teetering on the brink of bankruptcy, he wanted to make sure. So they publish bestsellers by Western authors. Nowadays, they couldn't publish my work even if they wanted to. In the meantime, they have become quite voluminous. My 700-800 page A/4 books would normally run to 1200 pages in book format. The printing cost of such an encyclopaedic volume would be 4-5 thousand forints. (Dividing them into two or three volumes is not an option either, as separate covers would add to the printing cost.) On top of that, there are the publisher's margin, the distributor's commission and VAT. The booksellers' profit is so high that it alone doubles the printing price, which means that a book would cost 10-12 thousand forints. Since I have ten books, I would have to pay over 100,000 forints for them.¹⁵⁰ Would you pay that much for them? Obviously not. Nor would anyone else. Especially not in the current economic situation. People who can't feed their children can't afford to spend tens of thousands on books, no matter how much they want to. But many people are interested in my writings. So far, more than half a million people have downloaded my books from my library, the Kun Electronic Library, alone. Add to that the download figures from the Hungarian Electronic Library, the Hungarian Digital Library and other websites. (Several websites have uploaded my books, often without my permission.) My library alone has 40-50 GB of downloads per month. (This would be a credit to a large digital library.)

The only way out would be western publishing. But it is almost impossible for an Eastern European author to break into the Western book market. Especially if they can't even read your writing. No one is going to be a deadbeat. To have any chance of getting published, I would have to have them translated. But there is no money for that. The literary translators won't do it because they are full of jargon. Native translators are very expensive. They charge 3 forints per copy, and they also charge for spaces. Since most of my books have more than 3 million characters, they charge 10 million forints. Since I have 10 books, that's 100 million forints. I need to have at least ten of them translated into the world's languages¹⁵¹ to get the attention of foreign countries. That is 1 billion forints in total. Where am I going to get that kind of money?

As you can see, it is a hopeless business, so we are left with online distribution, for the time being in Hungarian and on a non-profit basis.

Respectfully:

Kun Ákos – 16.06.2012.

P.S. If you like, you can paste this letter into my profile. This letter can tell readers a lot about me. At least those who are not curious about how tall I am, what colour my hair is and what my favourite food is.



I haven't received a single letter from a reader in over three years, so this one came as a surprise. I can't say I'm disappointed, because I used to get a lot of stupid letters, so I spent most of my time answering them. In fact, I am grateful to my readers who have ignored me for letting me work in peace over the years.

¹⁵⁰ This is one and a half times the Hungarian minimum wage. In Hungary, one third of workers earn the minimum wage.

¹⁵¹ English, German, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, Russian, Arabic, Chinese and Japanese.

I cannot include the sender and e-mail address of this letter because it is a private letter and I have not asked for permission:

Dear Ákos Kun!

I found your site "by accident" (I was searching for the material on the Cypriot magician and Google also threw up your site.) Thank you for sharing your writings on the web, which are of very high quality and substance. I don't know who you are or where you got this knowledge, because you have posted almost nothing about yourself on the site. I have filtered down that your profession is electrical engineer and you live in Budapest. I'm a small micro-entrepreneur, I trade on the internet, I'm making folders with high frequency technology these days. (I have several professions. I have been a car mechanic, bus driver, computer technician, security technician, accountant.)

I'm very interested in the topics he explores in his books, I've known many of the things he describes, but I've also read a lot of new things. I'm thinking here of the various parai phenomena (looking at Dynamo's "sin-evil" spells, I always wonder, there can be no such trick, only magic.) I've also been looking for free energy sources for a long time, instinctively, and I'm interested in human relationships, personality development, child-rearing, relationship topics. As well as world order, human development, and financial stuff. The cookbook is also very good, I've been a vegetarian for 25 years, my wife has become one with me, and my son was born that way. They say you can't live without meat, growing up, but somehow we've survived so far. (My son even got a diploma, because in 8 years of primary school, he only missed 3 days due to illness. In high school, so far none.)

If there is an opportunity, I would be happy to talk to you about these issues. (I have no information if you hold any kind of reading-writing meetings, I couldn't find any material on the net, video.) I don't know whether these books need to be published in print, because I think anyone who is interested and mature enough can find and read them, so they can be published in electronic form. For my part, I prefer electronic formats because I can read it well on a tablet or read it with the program on the tablet. In my opinion, his books, as I wrote above, are very good and interesting, but the titles are not very well done for the average person, from a marketing point of view, not „punchy” enough to attract attention. (Question of course what is the purpose?) Anyway, I would like to support his work at least 5000 Ft for this many good books that can be downloaded. It would be worthwhile to make the download (or a part of it) payable. I think everyone interested in the subject would be willing to pay a few thousand forints for these books. Can I transfer to this account, is it current?

Kun Ákos

HU45 1090 0028 0000 00143499 0019

Regards:

X Y – 15.03.2015.

Thank you for all the good books!!!

Dear X Y!

Your letter of appreciation was very nice. Also because I haven't received any letters from readers for three years. I was getting worried that the quality of my books was going down and that was the reason for the indifference towards me. As far as my private life is concerned, I do not comment on that. I avoid publicity. I don't even have writer-reader meetings for that reason. I don't want to become a celebrity, a media star. I have no intention of joining the queue behind Győzike and Black Paco. I leave that way of asserting myself to others. This is also due to the fact that the titles of my books are not bombastic enough. I don't think it's the appearance that's important, but the content. Anyone who is mature enough will find my works, and anyone who is not will be better off not dealing with this subject, because it will only harm themselves and those around them.

Your support is very useful. If only because I rarely have it. Believe it or not, so far I have only one reader who thinks that the creator has to make a living. I started working with inventions 38 years ago and I've been writing books for 25 years. In that time, I have received support from only

one person. Ten years ago, a male reader downloaded my cookbook and, because he liked my recipes, decided to pay for it. He wrote that people on the Internet usually pay \$5 for an e-book. It was worth that much to him and he transferred 1000 forints to my account. I have not received anything from anyone since. Hundreds of thousands of people from 103 countries around the world have downloaded my books. Of course, there are a lot of poor people at home, so I can't expect them to pay for it. However, 40% of my readers abroad are Hungarians who are "expatriates" and are unlikely to have any problem buying a book.

But anyway. People are used to everything being free on the Internet. And if they don't, they make sure they get it for free. They hack it and put it on a sewing site. That's why I decided not to make my library free. It would be technically possible to make it so that only the wealthy pay for my works. Before downloading, a window would appear in which the poor would declare that they could not afford to pay, and then they could download the books they were interested in for free. But people like to freeload, so it is very likely that many rich people would declare themselves poor. Why should I now force my fellow human beings to lie? Under these circumstances, it was a great surprise to me that, in the last forty years, someone had once again thought of me. The account number I provided is live. By transferring it, you will also give bank officials a big surprise. This account has been there for twenty years, but in that time I have been the only one to transfer thousands of forints every six months to cover the handling costs and the bank closing fee.

As far as getting my books into print is concerned, it is a difficult matter. Years ago, the electronic publishing house Book&Walk did a report with me on this. If you're interested, you can read it at this link: <http://blog.bookandwalk.hu/?s=kun+%C3%A1kos&submit=Keress%21> Several national publishers have been interested in publishing my books, but after reading this report, they backed out. Your experience with vegetarianism is well known to me. I go through these experiences every day. I have been a vegetarian for 25 years. It has caused me so much trouble that if I hadn't stopped eating meat, I wouldn't be alive. I have not had any problems with my health since I stopped eating meat. I have not been ill for a day in the last quarter of a century. Yet I often go to the library, where during flu epidemics many irresponsible patients come in and cough up infectious viruses. Finally, I have a suggestion. You seem to me to be extremely versatile and well versed in electronics. So why don't you work in your profession? I have many ideas in my books (e.g. Tesla converter, generator to destroy cancer cells and various infectious micro-organisms, anti-gravity drive, etc.) Would you like to work on them? I could help you with my suggestions and guidance.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – 2015.03.16.

Dear Ákos Kun!

Thank you very much for your feedback! I will transfer the amount to your account as soon as possible. (I don't consider it clean if I get something and don't give anything for it.) I stopped doing computing because the profit was small compared to the work I was doing. However, my current business is satisfactory. I find that a lot of people could afford to pay for books. I think it's all down to marketing. The poorest people, for example, spend between 10 and 20,000 HUF a month on cigarettes alone. Yes, I would be interested in implementing such a tool, I have some friends who would also be partners in this, but only cautiously, not full-time. I would be interested in guidelines, can we talk in this topic?

Best regards:

X Y – 16.03.2015.

Dear X Y!

I am glad that you are willing to embark on these developments. Finally, someone is willing to move on this issue. I could have done so myself, but my current circumstances do not allow it. I would like to do it. My hobby was electronics. When I was 13, my father brought me a detector radio from somewhere. I couldn't believe that a bakelite cylinder wrapped in copper wire, a few interlocking aluminium plates and a small grey crystal poked with a steel wire could produce sound,

even music. When you turned it on, you were completely overwhelmed. I immediately made myself another one, modernized with a germanium diode, and then moved on to tinkering with transistor devices. I made a succession of pocket radios, pocket radios, stereo and then quadraphonic amplifiers. Then it became my profession. After graduating from the Kandó Kálmán Technical College of Electrical Engineering, I worked as a development engineer in several research and development institutes in Budapest. At these places I learned computer science, security engineering (development of intrusion protection and fire and intrusion protection sensors and devices), and then semiconductor development.

These experiences resulted in ten inventions and a complete range of fire and intrusion protection products. However, they did not go very far. For lack of funding, I could not pay the maintenance fees for my patents and I could not put my inventions into production myself. (The correspondence about my ordeal and a description of my inventions can be found in the web links on the right-hand side of my library.) After the change of regime, I was thrown out of work, along with a million and a half Sorstars. I couldn't find a job because the new capitalist owners of the company, at the age of 43, told me I was too old. But I didn't mind, because in 1990 I started writing books. Besides, I couldn't get a job, because writing books takes up all my time. I work 14 hours a day, week in, week out, without stopping, without rest. Since I am too old to take on any more work, I have to leave the practical implementation of my new ideas to others.

If you are really interested in esotericism and are willing to do it seriously, you should start by reconstructing the Tesla converter. That is what is most needed now. The use of energy from human beings would eliminate pollution. There would be no need for air-polluting power stations, and cars would be powered by non-smoking, non-zero emission electric motors. The task is not that big because the Tesla converter has been proven to exist. With today's modern components, it could be built cheaply and in a few weeks. But it would require preliminary studies. First, you would have to read everything I have written about this device in my books. (Type "Tesla" into a Word search and read the results in each of the esoteric works.) Then study Nikola Tesla's patent specifications, with particular reference to the converter. This should not be too difficult, as an enthusiastic researcher has collected all of Tesla's patent descriptions and even had most of them translated into Hungarian. Website: <http://www.Tesla.hu>

With this information and the wiring diagram, you can start building the ready-made wheel. But first you should try something. Last autumn, I was thinking that the Tesla converter is very useful, but it cannot be used everywhere. Today, everything is being miniaturised and the „flat” mania is raging. It's not just smartphones anymore, but TVs, computer monitors, and more recently even notebooks are getting flatter. A 7-8 mm thick device will not fit a Tesla converter's fist-sized output transformer. An electronic converter would be needed to power these devices. A circuit consisting of semiconductors or flat capacitors at most. It then occurred to me that I should look for an electronic transformer that could transform the weak signal from the input stage of the Tesla converter without an inductor (transformer).

I didn't have to think too hard, because I remembered the Greinacher-Willard circuit from my school studies, which uses diodes and capacitors to multiply the voltage applied to the transformer. So increasing the voltage of a Tesla converter by a few millivolts to several volts is not a problem, but it doesn't increase the power. Then the idea came up to replace the diodes with tunnel diodes (Esaki diodes). Since in a Tesla converter the extra energy is produced by the diodes and not by the resonant circuit of coils and capacitors, it might be possible to achieve energy multiplication in this arrangement. I intended to include this insertion in Volume I of my book, *The Crystallization of Esotericism*, but I have not yet had time to type it up and upload it to the Internet. I am copying it here for you:

"The miniature converter in digital watches and smartphones will probably have integrated inductances as transformers. If these solid-state inductors cannot produce sufficient current, you should try to re-design the cascade voltage multiplier circuit. The Greinacher-Willard voltage multiplier is built up of cascaded diodes and capacitors, i.e. miniaturisable components. If the ordinary diodes are replaced by charge-coupled tunnelling diodes, it is very likely that a significant amount of

energy can be recovered from this circuit. In this case, all you have to do is insert the first stage of the Tesla converter in place of the power supply and you have a miniature Tesla converter."

It's worth a try anyway. You can buy tunnel diodes and capacitors for just a few hundred forints from electronics parts shops, and the circuit can be soldered together in half an hour. Since there is no Tesla converter yet, you would have to drive it with a signal generator (sine wave) and then measure how much current goes in and how much comes out. If much more, we have a winning case. I wish you good work.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – 2015.03.17.

Dear Mr. Ákos Kun!

Thank you for all the useful information! I will collect the mentioned resources and review them. I will try to involve some of my friends who are good in electronics in this work. I'd like to have your too-further advice on this as well. You seem to have a lot of knowledge in the electronics field. For my part, making a profit would not be the main goal in this job.

Best regards:

X Y – 2015.03.18.

Dear X Y!

I am happy to give advice to anyone, anytime. X X Y. I hope to get the development off the ground. Please report back on what happens. If you get stuck, I will try to help.

Best regards:

Ákos Kun – 2015.03.18.

Dear Ákos!

I will start to collect the materials for the development. I think we'll start with the simplest one, I'd like to try this one first: "An even simpler way of operating incandescent lamps and heating elements is to place two high efficiency electromagnets close to them, which are alternately excited by an electronic switch. If the electromagnets, which emit Yang energy, are attached to the two clamps of the filament, the positive magnetic field moves the free electrons of the metallic conductor back and forth, producing the desired effect without the need for soliton excitation. (It is advisable to put a thin insulating layer on the arms of the filament to prevent the electromagnets from pulling the free electrons out of it.) If it is fitted into the current electrical system, an electronic switching circuit may not be needed, because the AC supply can also perform the role of AC excitation. In this case, one of the electromagnets must be connected to the filament terminal in reverse, i.e. with opposite polarity. In this arrangement, while one electro-magnet emits Yang energy, the other emits Yin energy into the other armament of the filament, which does not prevent the free electrons from being pulled back and forth, and may even increase the number of electrons produced. It is very likely that this solution will require even less current than soliton excitation, since in this case only the excitation of the high-efficiency electrons needs to be taken care of."

A few questions have arisen:

Are the yang and ying energies here the north and south magnet poles?

The soliton excitation, does it mean a drive with, for example, a sawtooth-like (asymmetric) wave? (Of course, at first, I would try a power sine wave with opposite poles.)

What does high power electromagnet mean, about what power electromagnet is needed, e.g. for a 2 KW heating element, or a 60 W light bulb? Is this meant for a plain iron core electromagnet?

X Y – 22 March 2015.

Dear X Y!

Let's cut to the chase! A high efficiency electromagnet means a high efficiency plated iron core wound with the thinnest possible enameled copper wire. (Nowadays, very high efficiency iron cores are also produced, e.g. glass plate.) The size of the iron core is a function of the efficiency. The lar-

ger the iron core, the stronger the electromagnet, the more free energy is generated in the system. If this does not work, then soliton excitation remains. But this will certainly not work with sine wave excitation. (A soliton is a signal with slow rise and steep fall-off. It's like a saw signal, but the leading edge is vertical.) Such a generator is probably already available in an integrated circuit design. (I think the better signal generators also output such a signal.)

The idea for this excitation mode comes from the fact that I used to have a bad switch that would serially destroy the incandescent bulb in my room chandelier. It had a contact fault, and this caused the current or voltage in the circuit to increase so much that the bulb actually exploded. Of course, a worn-out light bulb will do the same thing, but I've had new light bulbs go out in the same way. Then I replaced the switch, and since then no problem. I haven't had an incandescent lamp go out in eb in years. This phenomenon made me suspect that there was some kind of excess energy being generated. And if there is excess energy, it can be put to work, without an external input.

Yang energy is the etheric radiation. In the magnetic field of the globe, the south pole radiates this type of energy. Yin energy is gravitational radiation. In the magnetic field of the globe, the north pole radiates this type of energy. The easiest way to determine what type of energy an electromagnet is emitting is to use a compass. Yang energy attracts the southern white tongue of the compass, while Yin energy repels it. The opposite is true for Yin energy. In this case, the electromagnet attracts the northern, blackened tongue of the compass. (This is why this tongue always points north. Da only ad-digits until it detects an electromagnet emitting Yin energy nearby. (Then it turns that way.) If it senses Yang energy, it swings this way and that. This is why the compass goes haywire near a UFO engine. This also proves that UFOs emit gravity-neutralizing Yang energy.)

Sincerely:

Ákos Kun – 23 March 2015.

Dear Kun Ákos!

Thank you for the information! To further clarify, I have drawn a simple sketch. I have connected an incandescent lamp to two iron electromagnets. I am now driving the coils with a smooth mains sine wave, wired in opposite poles, so that their magnetic poles are reversed. It says in the booklet that the wire must be insulated from the iron core with a thin insulating material.

Here, how would the concrete technical implementation be done to fit the copper conductor of the lamp to the iron core?

Is it just a plain insulating sheet on the end of the iron core and pressing the wire against it, or is it an insulating tube pulled onto the iron core and the wire wound over it like a coil?

What is the right solution?

X Y – 23.03.2015.

Dear X Y!

No need for two coils, one is enough, at least I hope so. Because an electromagnet, like a permanent magnet, emits Yang energy at one end and Yin energy at the other. And the electron twitching in the consumable is done by the sinusoidally alternating supply voltage at 50 Hz, which means that the electrons are running back and forth a hundred times a second. Before we dive into the development, let's see if this idea works in practice. To do this, we use the simplest and cheapest method possible.

First, we need to make a rod-shaped electromagnet. The cheapest way to do this is to get hold of a medium-sized, old, plate-plated transformer with a primary winding designed for 220 or 230 V. (The secondary voltage doesn't matter what it is, because that's not needed now.) Then you have to disassemble the plating and cut the center handle out of the sheet metal. So that it overhangs the coil. (Use plate scissors to cut along the red line in the attached diagram.) The center plates thus cut out should be stacked and pushed back into the shell. (The reason for using plated iron is to minimize eddy current loss.) Then glue a thin insulating sheet to both ends of the magnet rod. (Not polyethylene foil or insulating tape, but something stiffer so that the unaligned edges of the sheets don't puncture.)

Then get a 25 W bulb and solder an insulated copper wire to each of the two poles (the threaded part and the metal tip at the bottom). (It is advisable to break one of them and insert an ammeter.) The other end of the two cables should be soldered to a copper plate of the same cross-section as the iron core and glued to the insulating plates. (It is not a bad idea to have the insulating plates slightly overhanging, so that the two arms will not touch the iron core. Then solder a power cord to the primary coil of the electromagnet, insulate it, and plug it into the outlet. Now the monkey jumps in the water! If it works, you're in luck, because this power generation principle works. If it doesn't work, then you have to take the copper plates off the two ends of the electromagnet and replace them with soft iron plates. (Soft iron plates are easiest to cut out of an empty tin can.) Soldering the iron is not easy, because it requires soldering water. If you don't have it to hand, a drop of hydrochloric acid will do. Use a high-powered 230 V torch to melt the resin-filled soldering iron and, when it has run out, solder the copper cables to it.

Plugged back into the socket, the circuit should work. If the current is weak, use a thicker iron plate (e.g. 2 mm). Then try direct connection. The insulating plates should be removed from both ends of the bar magnet and the iron plates directly attached to the iron core. The most practical way to do this would be spot welding so that the glue does not smear away from it. (If this is not possible, you can use duct tape to glue the iron plate to the outside of the protruding end of the iron core. You have to wrap the duct tape around it to press it firmly against the iron core.) It probably won't work in this arrangement because the iron core shorts the current circuit, i.e. the two poles of the bulb. However, here the excitation is not done by electrons but by subatomic energy particles, so it might work. Moreover, since the weapons are closer to the iron core, the efficiency will be higher. (The only way to know is to test it.)

If it still doesn't work, don't despair. Probably the problem is that this electromagnet emits not only magnetic beams, but mainly electromagnetic waves. The easiest way to eliminate the interference from the electric field is to use a bifilar winding. In this case, the secondary winding is discarded and the number of turns of the primary winding is calculated. (The winding machine has a revolution counter.) Halfway through, the winding direction must be reversed. (This can only be done by locking the winding loop created by the reversal, otherwise the whole winding will be unwound backwards. Duct tape is no good for this purpose, as PVC melts when heated. Heat-resistant, silicone insulating tape is required. Nowadays, gas fitters and plumbers use this white-coloured tape instead of coco tape.)

If this still doesn't work, you shouldn't despair because the problem is that the bar magnet is not strong enough. That's when the high-efficiency electromagnets come in. The primary coil must also be discarded, and the chuck body must be wound full of hair-thin enameled copper wire. (It is also worth doing this bifilarly to get rid of the interfering electromagnetic field.) Then the excitation must be done with a high voltage that does not yet start to heat the coil. (A transformer must be used to transform the mains voltage. Here the primary wire will be the thicker one, and the secondary wire will also be hair-thin.) In this mode of excitation, great care must be taken to protect the armature. Since we are now most likely working with tens of thousands of volts, the secondary coil cannot be wound onto the primary coil because the tens of thousands of volts of secondary voltage would spill over onto the primary coil. The high voltage would then be sent to the mains, which would be life-threatening.

A safety isolating transformer must be used for this purpose. (The isolating transformer differs from a normal transformer in that the primary and secondary windings are located on separate windings on separate chassis.) Here, the winding must be removed from one of the 230 V chassis and replaced with a hair-thin enamelled copper wire. Great care must be taken when attaching the wire ends to the shell so that the thin wire does not break off. (The most suitable cable for this purpose is the 45 000 V connecting cable to the line-out transformer of old cathode-ray TVs or computer monitors.) It would be simpler to use a ginned line transformer for this purpose, but ferrite-core transformers are used for cathode-ray picture tubes. The ferrite core, however, saturates at a magnetic field of 0.2 T, while the plated soft iron can be excited up to 1 T. This can result in higher secondary currents or reduce the size of the transformer.

The converter will then certainly work, because this phenomenon has been proven to occur. Many people around the world have reported that during type three encounters their car engine stalled and lights went out when a UFO flew over their vehicle. This did not happen because the strong magnetic radiation damaged and destroyed the electrical fittings on the car, but because the electron flow was paralysed. The Yang radiation emanating from the UFO's anti-gravity engine exerts a strong attraction on the electrons flowing in the car's electrical cables, which stop and try to flow to the electron-deficient Yang pole, i.e. the UFO's engine, but this is not possible. When the UFO passes, the flow of electrons starts and the engine starts by itself, the headlights come on. So the strong subatomic energy radiation must be attracting electrons. We don't even have to worry about moving them back and forth, because the sine wave does that for us. Since only very little current is used for excitation in high-voltage excitation due to the high ohmic resistance of the hair-thin coil, this generator is expected to have a high efficiency. The efficiency of power generation depends on the strength of the excitation. Since the electrons do not pass through the load but remain in it, there is no current consumption. Grid power is only needed for excitation, which will be minimal. If Providence wills it, this method of energy production should work.

Sincerely:

Ákos Kun – 24 March 2015.

Dear X Y!

I would like to know how the development is progressing? Have you achieved any results?

Best regards:

Ákos Kun - 23 April 2015.

Dear Ákos!

Thank you for your interest! Unfortunately, I haven't had time to get started yet, I have a lot of orders backed up in my business, and I have to run them out. (I only have an online business, but it is getting more and more prosperous.) I hope to be able to run a few experiments in a few weeks. My friend, who is also involved and would like to help, is starting a new LED store (physical), He will hopefully have the store ready in a couple of weeks and have more time. I will definitely report back on my experience, I am looking forward to trying it out. As for our family house, we would also really like something economical, electric boiler, as it is a bit fussy for wood fired boiler. Fortunately, we don't have to heat it much now.

Best regards:

X. Y. – 24 April 2015.



VIDEOTON Holding ZRt.

Gábor Széles

vezérigazgató

8000. Székesfehérvár

Berényi út. 72-100.

Letter of recommendation

Subject: development

Dear Mr. CEO!

I have been involved in development for more than forty years and have gained outstanding professional experience in several fields of electronics. The result of my activities are ten inventions which I patented in the 1970s. Unfortunately, due to a lack of funds and support, I was unable to put my inventions into production. Subsequently, I started writing books. I now have more than ten books, four of which deal with esotericism and subatomic energy extraction methods, subtronics. I

understand from the press that you are also interested in this field, and that you have taken up several projects dealing with ways of extracting energy from the atom. I have reached the stage where I am only one step away from the reconstruction of the Tesla converter, electroless thermalization by concentrated gravitational excitation, the destruction of cancer cells by resonance frequency and the development of various anti-gravity propulsion systems. I also have a wealth of ideas in other switching areas that can be implemented easily, quickly and cheaply.

The problem is that the task is so huge that I can't do it without help. I can't start and finish dozens of developments on my own. I can only take on the role of theoretical management, and for the implementation (research, development, prototyping, pre-production) I would need public collaborators (engineers, technicians, technicians). Recently, a company from Pécs came forward and agreed to start the development, but it did not take long to get going. Family support and living expenses did not allow them to do serious work. I need professionals who can do this work full-time, people who have no problem buying a multimeter or an oscilloscope. I was thinking that there must be a company in the Videoton industrial park that could see the potential in this field. I do not wish to enter this business, I am not applying for a job (I am retired) and I do not charge for my advice. I enclose a letter showing how far I have got with my consultancy at the previous company. If this doesn't work I have two other ideas that I am sure would be successful, but no one to help me put them into practice.

A brief description of the contents of my book can be found at: <http://kunlibrary.com>

Book recommendation web link

Székesfehérvár, 25.04.2015.

Sincerely, Ákos KUN



Unfortunately, I had no luck with Gábor Széles. I waited a month for his reply, but in vain. I thought I had lost my letter, so I sent it again, now with return receipt. The return receipt came back, but still no reply. Apparently, he doesn't want the Tesla converter. He is sticking with his 60% efficiency energy tower that he sponsors. What I don't know is how he is going to replace the expensive tower, several metres high, with an electricity meter that has been removed from the flats.

Faced with official help and the indifference of the profession, I can do no more than put out an appeal for anyone who can to help. Surely there must be a retired engineer or enthusiastic young professional in the country who is available and willing to cooperate with me and carry out the necessary experiments. Retired people no longer have to fear any retaliation. They will not be fired from their jobs, they will not have a job that would jeopardise their career. They are free to act. And for ambitious young people, the opportunities are limitless. If they have no family to support, no academic degree to withdraw, they can do little harm. Young people are also helped by their mobility. If their activities are hampered in one country, they can move to another with their language skills. Only the citizens' initiative can save nature and the world. Humanity is about to take a great leap forward. It is now that we will decide whether to use our potential to rise to the so-era of cosmic societies or to destroy the world with our current obsolete technology. Such a leap comes but once in the career of any civilisation. So those who join in this process will make history.



Dear Mr. Kun Ákos!

I have only recently found your books, I am very grateful (if I can be grateful enough) for your writings, for the wealth and diversity of knowledge you have made available to us.

Thank you, thank you!

Erika Martinka – 29.10.2017.

Dear Erika Martinka!

I was very surprised by your letter. Believe it or not I have not received a single letter from a reader for 5 years. But the quality of my books is constantly increasing. Yet no one has bothered to write at least a short letter thanking me for my efforts. Yet my works are read by many people all over the world. Detailed statistics show that 103 countries from all over the world visit my library. (Technicians too, but they mainly enter through the back door and download what they need with robo-tokens. They understandably do not express their gratitude for books and inventions that have gone without trace.) More than 30 GB of material is downloaded from my website every month. But interest is growing rapidly. I am now at 60 GB in October.

I have recently finished an extended version of the Continental Fruit Album. However, due to technical difficulties, I have not yet been able to upload the Word version with the picture album. I am currently working on my cookbook. Nearly a hundred new recipes have been added, with lots of useful tips. If you like cooking, download it in two or three weeks. Special dishes will be included (e.g. Chickpea curry, Lavender cream soup, Pavlova cake.)

Sincerely: Ákos Kun – 10.29.2017.

Dear Ákos!

Thank you very much for your reply, my husband and I cook and bake on weekends, I will download the new book. Your books with the title "esotericism" (although I don't understand the technical descriptions) seem to answer the deepest questions and voices of my soul.

Unfortunately (or maybe not?) I'm not one of the rich people, but I would buy one of your books on paper. You can transfer it to the bank account I mentioned before, of course, if the amount is not offensive?

Yours sincerely, Erika Martinka – 29.10.2017.

Dear Erika!

Unfortunately, my works will not be published in book form. Not because they are bad and the publishers don't want them, but because they can't finance their publication. Because of the bankruptcy of the book distributor, they have hundreds of millions of forints in arrears which they cannot recover. But even if they had the money, they couldn't publish it because it would be too expensive. My cookbook, for example, is now 980 pages in A/4 format. In A/5 book format that would be about 1400 pages. The printing cost of this two lexicon-thick books would be about 8,000 HUF. To this must be added the publisher's margin, VAT and the book distributors' 45% profit margin, which is calculated back from the consumer price. (The latter practically doubles the price of the books.) The end result would be a cookbook costing 20-22 thousand forints. Could you afford that price? Probably not, and neither could anyone else. It would also be very difficult to manage. Even if I split it into two volumes, min. 5 cm thick, weighing several kilograms. The back-ladies wouldn't be able to lift it, it would weigh so much.

As for donations, that's another difficult matter. Because of their sheer size, the printing of my 12 books would cost hundreds of millions of forints. Only millionaires, or rather billionaires, would be able to finance that, but they would not move an ear. Public officials and politicians are not interested either. Over the past 40 years, I have formulated and sent thousands of requests to banks, multinationals, embassies, politicians, ministries, but I have received a stiff refusal everywhere. And most of them were unresponsive. For example, the education minister of a previous government wrote to me that they would not infect the youth with my quack ideas. And my requests for development were rejected on the grounds that I had admitted to the Hungarian Academy of Sciences the existence of the ether and the paraixies. Knowing the attitude of the aca-demists to esotericism, there is no hope of this. Without this, they cannot give money. They will not take the risk of allocating public money to quackery and fraud. And Ma-Ghan donations will get you nowhere. I'm poor too, but I don't collect for myself, I collect to promote my work. And that takes a lot of money. I don't accept money from poor people anyway, because that would be immoral.

Yours sincerely, Ákos Kun – 29.10.2017.

Dear Ákos!

I am honoured by your reply, it is good to see that among the many people who collect and struggle, there are some like you who can give, not just grab. Unfortunately, I can probably count on one hand how many such people I have met!

Thank you for sharing your knowledge with us, I will definitely bring your works to the attention of my fellow human beings who are ready to make a difference.

Yours sincerely, Erika Martinka – 30.10.2017.



Dear Sir!

I am a 72 years old retired person, in my active years I was engaged in Telecommunications/-Telecommunications and Transmission. I was a nationally renowned specialist, which is how I came into contact with the work and inventions of Nikola Tesla. I always looked up to him. What connects us to Tesla was Tivadar Puskás, Tivadar Puskás' chief engineer in the early 1800s. He turned the wheel of time at the Central Telegraph Office (18 Városház utca, Budapest), where I am also linked to my professional success. My speciality, data transmission, was telegraphy, and I was a nationally renowned specialist.

At present, I am very much involved in the invention of one of Tesla's inventions, "MECHANICAL THERAPY", the effect of the "MECHANICAL THERAPY" on the human body. The public has been introduced to this therapy through, for example, the Flabélos and the Vibroshaper.

I learned about the effects of vibration therapy on the human body from Dr. Zsolt Zátrok's blog "LIFETIME HEALTHY", which I translated as "Lifelong health".

I would like to make this alternative medicine as widely available as possible, especially for the retired.

I would like to have a deeper professional knowledge of Mechanical Therapy. Please give me your views on the above.

Sincerely, X Y – 10.12.2018.

Dear X Y!

Dr. Zsolt Zátrok's movement "LIVE LONG HEALTHY" is a very useful thing. However, you should not be concerned with healthy eating and promoting the need to exercise. According to your letter, you are a technician with decades of experience, probably a development engineer. The electrotherapy, magnetotherapy and massage devices recommended by Dr Zsolt Zátrok are all well known and have long been used by naturopaths. Not much new can be said in this field.

If you really want to help sick people, reconstruct a breakthrough method to cure all diseases. It is not just for the elderly, but for everyone who is sick. Since there are so many sick people in the world and it is terribly expensive to cure them, a paradigm shift is needed in this area too. It is not impossible. Nikola Tesla also created the opportunity. He was the pioneer of wireless power transmission. In his experiments, he once developed a soliton generator that he tuned to 28 kHz. While operating this generator, he noticed an interesting phenomenon. While this engine was running, his colleagues and guests were cured of various illnesses. It is unfortunate that this side-effect was not materially exploited. Had he started producing this engine, he could have sold hundreds of millions of units worldwide. He wouldn't have had financial problems, he wouldn't have had to beg bankers for money and subsidies, and he wouldn't have died in abject poverty. In the last years of his life he could not even work because everyone refused to support him.

Tesla was not aware that our organisation was powered by the same energy he was trying to harness. He did not know acupuncture, he did not know the meridian system of the body, he did not know about chakras. (Sometimes he could see them, but he couldn't do anything with the vision.) He didn't even know that the energy radiated at a frequency of 28 kHz had a self-healing effect on the body. Through the seven chakras, it charges and harmonizes the meridian system of our body, and the harmonious meridian system supplies vital energy to each of our organs and cells. This

prevents the development of diseases and helps to overcome existing diseases. One of the extraterrestrial civilisations has shown us how this bi-organ works. Some „abductees” were taken on board their spaceships and encouraged to dance and spin in front of these vibrating, wobbling motors, presumably of calico construction (this was necessary to ensure that all parts of their bodies were equally exposed to magnetic radiation).

I have published seven comprehensive descriptions of these things, which can be found on the right-hand side of my website, below, under the heading EZOTERIC FINDINGS. If you haven't read them, please do so. They are very useful for developers. Now this generator should be brought to life, reconstructed. It will not cause too much difficulty, because it is nothing more than a soliton-wave powered electric generator. Excitation is no problem either. Since we already have an electronic signal generator, (Hul-lamp generator, function generator) we don't need to use a commutator signal generator like Tesla. If he were to go down this road, he would be of orders of magnitude more use to his fellow man than if he were to "chew on the bones chewed by others". The low-efficiency devices already in existence are used by doctors and naturopaths. Development engineers have to deal with new things. If you have the will and the strength to go down this road, you should first delve deep into Tesla's inventions and patents. In them you will surely find useful hints on how to make this device.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun – 2018-12-11.

Unfortunately, this initiative also proved to be a flameout. The interested party did not reply to my letter. He was presumably frightened by the scale of the task ahead.



Good afternoon Mr Kun!

I read with great interest your comprehensive article on frequency therapy.

<http://kunlibrary.com/rakgyogaszat.htm>

Thanks for the useful information! In the article you write (March 28, 2019):

"The maximum operating frequency of the RPZ 14 plasma generator is 5 Hz - 900 kHz. Its developmental se-rint mode of operation is fully identical to the glass tube gene-generator used by Raymond Rife. If this is the case, it would be worth investigating the nature of the magnetic waves emitted by this generator. If it is gravitational, then this laboratory and its operator should be urgently relocated to a building that does not contain any combustible materials. The gravitons will seep into the walls and furniture, and if they reach the level of self-ignition, the whole building will burn down just like Tesla and Rife's laboratory. There is no need for complicated and expensive instruments to determine the nature of magnetic discharges. A gravimeter already exists, but this test can be done with a simple compass. If the radiation coming out of the glass tube is attracted to the black, north pole of the compass, it is a gravitational signal."

Have there been any developments on this subject since then, i.e. what kind of magnetic radiation is emitted by the RPN 14?

Since then, the RPN 15 has also appeared on the market. Is there a difference in the nature of the magnetic radiation between the 14 and 15?

Thank you in advance for your reply.

Yours sincerely, XY – 14. December 2019.

Dear XY!

I am glad that finally someone is willing to seriously address this issue. Almost two years ago I posted the functional description of these seven esoteric inventions on the Internet. So far many people have downloaded, read and then discarded them. They do not believe that these phenomena exist. They have led scientists to believe that esotericism is a hoax, a quackery, and therefore not worth pursuing. You are the first person who contacted me about this.

I see that of the seven subjects, you are most interested in cancer medicine. It is a very broad field, because it can cure not only cancer in minutes, but all infectious diseases. It can also kill plant

pests and infectious insects such as mosquitoes and ticks. Agriculture also benefits greatly from the rapid and inexpensive destruction of viruses, bacteria, fungi and insects that damage plants. In addition, the resonance germicidal technique is environmentally friendly. It does not poison the soil like chemicals. To give just one example, this year in the Transdanubian region, four of the four bark beetles completely destroyed the walnut crop. This is the reason why the price of walnut kernels has risen from HUF 1 500 per kilo two years ago to HUF 4500 per kilo now. Next year it will kill off the lowland walnut trees and nuts will not even be available at a golden price. This loss may seem small to many people, but more and more pests are being released and if we don't protect ourselves against them, in a few decades there will be nothing to eat.

Resonant germicides will also be very important in food preservation. Currently, one third of the food produced worldwide is wasted. Either it is destroyed at the producer, rots in storage at the retailer or goes bad in the consumer's fridge. Nothing will go bad after magnetic wave sprouting. We don't know for how long now, but it is very likely that it will not go to waste for months or even years. With the remaining one third of food surplus, world hunger will be eradicated. (Currently 1200 million people are starving, and 30 million of them die of starvation every year.) This will go hand in hand with a significant reduction in the chemical content of canned food. Food companies will continue to adulterate food (adding flavour enhancers, esters, food colourings and other additives), but will not add preservatives. (The packaged food is passed on a conveyor belt through a cylindrical roller.) Because there is no heat treatment (pasteurisation), the vitamin C and enzyme content of the food is not destroyed. The latter is also very important because, in the absence of enzymes, the few minerals that plants are still able to absorb from the soil are not absorbed into the serum.

This shows that those who are willing to work on this subject can expect huge results and business success. As regards the specific question, the nature of the magnetic radiation emitted by the plasma generator of the RPZ 14 and the not dissimilar RPZ 15 must be examined. If I am correct, it is possible to rent such a device. A short laboratory test can determine what kind of waves it emits. By placing a frame antenna and an oscilloscope nearby, you can also determine what signals are generating these waves. (A soliton wave, or a bisected sine wave, or perhaps a square wave.) However, it is not advisable to use this tube because it is a reflector. It requires directional radiation for healing. The advantage of directional radiation is that it pollutes the environment less (it does not leak so much into the walls) and is more effective in healing the patient.

Directional radiation is most intensively emitted by the toroidal coil. Even more effective is the Klein shape, which is nothing more than the interlocking of two toroidal coils. It has to be ordered from special transformer or electromagnet manufacturers. It has to be wound from enamelled copper wire that is thinner than a hair, which requires target machines and robots.) An even more difficult problem is the design of the laboratory. As I have already mentioned, esoteric development requires a building that does not contain magnetizable and flammable material because of the strong magnetic radiation. Exactly what it is made of is not yet known, because extraterrestrial civilisations have not been forthcoming about it. (The walls will probably have to be made of concrete reinforced with copper rods, not iron. And doors and windows should be made of aluminium, not wood or plastic. And bronze might have to be used for the lock mechanisms.)

In addition, care must be taken to ensure that strangers cannot enter this laboratory room. This could be dangerous for them and for the equipment and instruments placed there. (Exactly how many of these laboratories there are is not known, because they are all secret.) The best known of these is Area 51, in the Nevada desert, built by extraterrestrials. The little grey men also thought of making their laboratory bomb-proof, so they installed it 3 km underground. The US Navy's deep-penetration bombs can currently only penetrate 1 km into the ground, so they will be safe for a while. It is reported that there are already more than 20,000 Little Greys from the Sirius star system working on this seven-storey base.

Of course, such security measures are not necessary for initial development. But protective clothing is needed. If they are going to be exposed to magnetic radiation day after day, they will have to get the suit mentioned in the invention description of the Antigravity Drive. It's a good idea

to order sheepskin gloves with the fur facing outwards. Without them they will sooner or later get blood cancer, leukaemia or brain tumours. We have had more than one amateur researcher die of cancer, even though they only produced enough free energy to power a few LED lights. All in all, they will not have an easy job, but the expected success rate will be sky-high. If they are not deterred by the difficulties they face, they can expect a very big result. (I have used the plural because these tasks are very complex and multifaceted. They are not for one person.) You will need staff and money. To build a special laboratory, you need a lot of money. This can only be obtained from government or EU funding. This is not impossible, because even politicians are beginning to realise that nature is in terminal danger and urgent action is needed. They will also soon realise that the problem is so big that only a paradigm shift can help. The money markets are then likely to open up. In the meantime, the initial steps must be taken and large-scale development must be prepared. Sincerely, Ákos Kun – 16 December 2019.

Dear Mr Kun!

Thank you very much for the information! Your email ended up in the spam folder, I noticed it later. I am not a researcher, I just want to help my brother-in-law who has cancer. I have been collecting information about cures for months. Klári, the saleswoman at the Mind Control shop in Budapest, recommended Hulda Clark's book. That's how I started working with frequency therapy in November. I bought a Super Ravo Zapper. My brother-in-law was located by a therapist lady in Budapest using F-Scan 3 and she edited 4 programs for him and loaded them onto the zapper. He also received 3 treatments with RPZ 14. For two weeks he has been zapping and taking Clarkia 3 hours a day. As you write, the zapper is just a comp-romise for someone who cannot afford plasma therapy. My brother-in-law lives in Germany. I have not found anybody in Germany who would treat me with plasma generators from Zappertechnology company or even any other manufacturer. When I search German websites using Google for „Plasmatherapie“, I only find the results of a research group at the University of Greifswald. All articles on this topic are 5 years old or less. They have developed devices that emit directed radiation. Argon gas is used to produce cold plasma. Plasma has been found to heal chronic wounds and ulcers that cannot heal, even if they are infected with multi-resistant bacteria. Cancer has also been cured in animal studies. Of course, plasma is also used to sterilise surgical instruments with more complex geometries. You can see how well plasma works, but the mechanism of action is officially a matter of conjecture. You may be familiar with the research of Rife and Clark, but wittingly or unwittingly these two names are nowhere mentioned, not to mention the concepts of electromagnetism and resonance catastrophe.

1. [https://www.medica.de/de/News/Archiv/Kaltes Plasma für die Biologie und die Medizin](https://www.medica.de/de/News/Archiv/Kaltes_Plasma_für_die_Biologie_und_die_Medizin)
2. <https://www.neoplas-tools.eu/de/kinpen-med.html>
3. <https://www.derma-forum.com/aktuell/kaltplasma-05-18/>
4. <https://www.terraplasma-medical.com>
5. <https://www.innovation-strukturwandel.de/de/3004.php>

So research is progressing in this direction. I wonder when they will be thwarted by the pharmaceutical industry.

I would write more, but I have to get up early tomorrow. Good night!

Regards from XY – 16 December 2019.

Dear XY!

This is the same for me. My important mail often ends up in the Spam folder. It seems that the devil does not sleep, he does his work. The Super Ravo Zapper is indeed not the most suitable device for curing cancer. You should buy a plasma jet emitting RPZ 15, but it is very expensive. If the Zapper does not improve your brother-in-law's condition, you should look for a private clinic that uses this ready-to-use device. There are some in Budapest, but most of them are in Slovakia. Zapper and RPN 15 are the result of a Czech and Slovak collaboration. They first started to study intensively the method of the American Hulda Clark and then found the legacy of Raymond Rife.

Either part of the documentation or an important part of the device he used. Probably the plasma heater. This was used to develop the RPN devices.

The directed radiation emitter at the University of Greifswald is now an improved relay. I am not at all surprised that it also kills multi-resistant bacteria, because all inanimate objects and living bodies can be destroyed by resonance transfer. I rather wonder why this germicidal method has not been used for 80 years. During these 8 decades hundreds of millions of people have died of cancer and various infectious diseases. People are still dying of cancer today. The face of our society is dying in the middle of its life from a disease that could be cured in 3 minutes. World-famous artists and top technicians are leaving the world prematurely, when they could have been working for humanity for decades.

Presumably, German researchers are aware of the work of Hulda Clark and Rife, but are silent about it because they do not want to follow the example of Rife and his colleagues. (If you do not understand the principle of its operation, it would be worthwhile to draw your attention to the description of the invention in my library, Cancer Medicine.) Their fears are not unfounded, because if this cure becomes widespread, the pharmaceutical companies will be finished. They will lose hundreds of billions of dollars in profits. The medical community also has something to fear, because at least an order of magnitude fewer doctors will be needed. (If they do not want to be unemployed, they will have to retrain for other professions. Masons, carpenters, plumbers are in great demand these days.) They are unlikely to be in the mood for that, so the campaign of 80 years ago will start all over again. They'll send assassins to the researchers of our time and set fire to their laboratories. The scientific community will be incited against them. Our scientists, with their brains in their sockets, will beat their breasts and say that this method is quackery. There is no ether, no concentrated etheric or gravitational radiation, not even at resonant frequencies. On this basis, the courts will feel empowered to send the practitioners of this method to prison.

But resonance can do many things. Among other things, it can produce brain energy. This will cause further problems. And the oil and gas producing countries and power plant operators will not be happy about this. They will probably not sit back and wait for the loss of their income and jobs. The politicians are also interested in cementing the status quo ante. The distribution of fuel and natural gas is subject to substantial income and sales taxes. The loss of this would draconianly reduce the state's revenue. Then they would have to worry about what to do with the hundreds of millions of unemployed who will lose their jobs because of the paradigm shift. The number of pensioners would also increase significantly as sickness benefits would disappear. This could be countered by extending the retirement age, but this would lead to demonstrations and riots in the streets. (This is currently happening in France.) Of course, they do not think about what will happen if they prevent the introduction of modern technology. Politicians only care about winning the next election, they don't think about the long term. With our current outdated technology we are destroying nature, depleting the Earth's mineral resources, and polluting our planet. After that, we can't even escape from here, because our smoking rockets are not capable of relocating humanity to another planet. But they no longer care. They think that as long as they are alive, nature will endure. And then the flood, and now the flood of fire.

Dear Mr Kun!

The therapist lady where my brother-in-law was in treatment told me that she is moving RPN 14 to a new location and building a Faraday cage around it. What is your opinion about this? Will this protect against fire from gravitons or will it increase the risk of spontaneous combustion inside the cage?

Yours sincerely: XY – 17 December 2019.

Dear XY!

The Faraday cage only protects against electromagnetic radiation. It cannot be used to shield against magnetic radiation. It is impossible to hide from gravitational radiation emanating from the globe. Wherever you go, whatever material you put around you, it penetrates. The same is true of

etheric radiation. The only way to protect yourself from concentrated etheric radiation is with thick wool. The wool fibres protruding from the sheepskin facing outwards do not shield the magnetic radiation, unless they scatter it. So it doesn't penetrate our bodies. As far as fire protection is concerned, the type of radiation emitted by the plasma generator of the RPZ 14 should be investigated. If it's gravitational, nothing will help. Gravitons will seep into walls, window frames, furniture, and after a while they will cause spontaneous combustion. In this case there is only one thing to do: build a fireproof building and furnish it with fireproof furniture. However, this is only necessary if the equipment is used on a daily basis for a long period of time. If she only does this occasionally, she has nothing to fear.

Unfortunately, we have gone down the wrong road in our use of electricity. Tesla pointed us in the right direction, but his invention did not catch on. Instead of transmitting signals by longitudinal waves, we used the transversal signal transmission developed by Marconi. The difference between the two is that longitudinal signal transmission does not require a carrier wave. For signal transmission, the ubiquitous ether is used. However, for transversal signal transmission, a high-frequency electromagnetic wave must be created and the signal is superimposed on it. This causes a lot of problems. The biggest problem is that the electromagnetic waves penetrate our bodies and damage the tissues. The higher the frequency (microwaves) the more harmful they are. Among other things, this is the cause of many cases of blood cancer (leukaemia), but many people also blame it for sudden infant death syndrome.

The danger of transverse waves is not unknown to experts. They call it *electrosmog*. With the increasing use of mobile phones and the growth in the number of relay stations and carrier frequencies (4G, 5G), its intensity is constantly increasing. In order to secure their jobs and incomes, professionals constantly claim that the emissions from these devices are so low that they are below the level that is harmful to health. This is indeed the case when they are used one by one. But electromagnetic radiation is cumulative, like radioactive radiation. Nowadays, the average family has dozens of microwave ovens. In the latest fashion, they don't even bother with the wiring needed to make the connection. Instead, additional transmitters (WLAN, WiFi, bluetooth) are used, because that's what's trendy now. They are not charging their smartphones with mains electricity either, but with a wireless charger that emits electromagnetic beams. The rich are already using their homes in this way (smart homes) and driving smart vehicles (self-driving cars). More recently, supermarket employees (stockers, cashiers) have been working with headset phones (micro-ports) on their heads to stay in constant contact with each other and their boss. These digitally-enhanced employees have no idea that in a few years they will be queuing up in front of cancer hospitals to have brain tumour surgery.

In obedience to satanic suggestion, we are flooding our living space with microwave radiation, which is making us sicker and sicker. It weakens our immune systems, making it impossible to defend ourselves against environmental pollution. It's no coincidence that the number of people with allergies is growing rapidly today. At no time in our history have we had as many people allergic to pollen, lactose, milk protein, gluten, tofu, peanuts, etc. as we do today. It also plays a major role in the development of type 2 diabetes. Ever increasing microwave radiation may also play a role in male and female infertility. The number of viable sperm has fallen to 40% of what it was in the first half of the 20th century. It would come as no great surprise to learn that microwave radiation is also playing a role in the rapid increase in the number of people suffering from dementia. *Electrosmog* is the cause of all these ills. While their products are claimed to be harmless, the experts are silent about the fact that the individual emissions add up. Where several of these devices are in use, the level of *electrosmog* is well above the harmful level.

In addition, the harmful radiation is cumulative, i.e. absorbed by the body, and increases in value as it is replenished. It is like radioactive radiation. It damages our cells more and more, which our immune system tries to correct. But after a while, it can't cope and quits. That's when the cancer in the body kicks in. To make matters worse, many people even swallow and eat the electromagnetic waves. When you cook or heat up food in a microwave oven, it is heated by the microwave radiation emitted from the magnetron. Once cooked, this radiation stays in the food and does not

leave immediately. We then gobble down this time bomb with gusto, proud of the modern device we have. A barbecue does the same thing, but you have to wait for it to heat up and stand next to it to make sure the food doesn't burn.

Extraterrestrial civilisations do not use electromagnetic circuits at all. All their tools, appliances and equipment are purely magnetic. Even their vehicles are powered by magnetic waves. They avoid the use of electromagnetic waves not only for health reasons. These waves also limit communications and travel speeds. Electromagnetic waves can propagate at the maximum speed of light. Longitudinal waves, however, use the aether as a carrier wave, and the propagation speed of aether ions is 12 orders of magnitude higher than that of electromagnetic waves. This allows them to talk to each other without delay from hundreds to thousands of light years away. This is why SETI researchers have been unable to detect any radio signals in space for decades. The reason is not that we are alone in the universe, but that our outdated method of communication is not used anywhere. If we want to get rid of our worsening health problems and get out into the cosmos, it is time to break the deadlock. Nikola Tesla has shown us the right way, we just have to follow it.

Sincerely: Ákos Kun – 18. December 2019.



Dear Mr Kun Ákos!

I have already read your article on <http://kunlibrary.com/longitudinalis.telekommunikacio.htm> several times and it has caught my interest. Unfortunately, I am not very well versed in electronics, I am more interested in longitudinal waves on a hobby level, because I am involved in computer analysis and processing large databases. But that's why the topic mentioned above came into my field of vision. I already have a receiver (a rudimentary one) (and I can hear things) but I can't build an efficient transmitter.

I was wondering if you could help me to build the transmitter mentioned in your article above, or if you could recommend a competent professional who could help me to do it.
Thank you, XY – 29 June 2020.

Dear XY!

Longitudinal signal transmission is the communication of the future. It was invented by Tesla and stolen by Marconi working in his laboratory. Unfortunately, he changed it, transforming it into electromagnetic signal transmission. In doing so, he greatly limited the telecommunications of our civilization. The propagation speed of electromagnetic waves is the same as the speed of light, which is quite high on Earth, but low in the universe. It is not suitable for communication with extraterrestrial civilisations hundreds or thousands of light years away. This would require Tesla longitudinal signal transmission. In longitudinal transmission, the signal is not transmitted over an electromagnetic carrier wave, but over the ubiquitous ether in the universe. The propagation velocity of aether particles (aether ions) is 12 orders of magnitude higher than the propagation velocity of light or electromagnetic waves. (Longitudinal waves travel from one end of the Milky Way to the other in 0.1 seconds.)

Another problem with electromagnetic signal transmission is that it propagates in a straight line and is attenuated. The higher the frequency, the harder it is to transmit. For this reason, the range of ultra-short wave radio and TV transmitters is only 60 kilometres. And gigahertz mobile-phone stations have a range of only a few kilometres. Less than that is the range of the 5G system currently being pushed, which can operate at up to 39 GHz. For this reason, relay stations need to be deployed even more densely. When fully deployed, there will be a relay tower in every street, adding to the already unbearable electrosmog. This will increase the number of cancer patients. Although telecommunications experts claim that this radiation is harmless to health. It certainly is, otherwise it would not have been authorised. However, what they fail to mention is that the combined strength of the waves emitted by other sources of electromagnetic radiation (radio and TV transmitters, WLAN, WiFi, Bluetooth, mobile phone induction chargers, microwave ovens, smart homes, self-

driving vehicles, etc.) is well above the level that is harmful to health. As a result, the number of people suffering from brain tumours, dementia, infertility and allergies is increasing rapidly.

Building a longitudinal receiver circuit is no big deal. It is essentially the same as a detector radio circuit. The only difference is that the diode is not placed after the LC resonant circuit, but between the capacitor and the inductance. In this way the diode does not play a demodulating but a cumulating role. The reason for the low efficiency is that the threshold voltage of the diode you are using is not low enough. Their threshold voltage is below 0.2 V.) The threshold voltage of the three-layer field diode I invented could probably be brought down to near zero, but you would have to make a sample to verify this. This is no longer possible here, because our only semiconductor factory, the Microelectronic Company, went bankrupt after the change of regime. It would have to be manufactured by a foreign semiconductor factory (e.g. Siemens), but this would cost a lot. I have no money for that. I have been working on this and many other similar issues for 43 years, but in over four decades I have not received any support from anyone. People have believed the scientists that esotericism is a scam, quackery, and the scammers should not be supported.

As for longitudinal transmitters, it is as simple as the receiver circuit. It's in Tesla's patent specification. You don't even need to know English, because most of Tesla's patents are translated into English. (You can find it on Péter Varsányi's website. Address: <http://www.Tesla.hu>) There is little point in re-developing it, because the now retired researchers at the Central Institute of Physics developed the longitudinal transmitter and receiver circuit years ago. But they could not produce and sell it, because nobody wanted it. Unfortunately, I cannot contact them, because I do not even know the no-no. However, the nationally known esoteric writer Dr. György Egely knows them well, because they were colleagues at KFKI. I tried to contact him but failed. I wrote two letters to him, but he did not reply to either of them. (His website is on the Internet, where you can find his e-mail address and phone number.) You might have better luck than I did. Please keep me informed of developments.

Best regards: Ákos Kun – 30 June 2020.

Dear Ákos Kun!

Thank you for your exhaustive reply. I will continue my research on the subject. As I wrote reception has already been solved (at some level) and with a modified Tesla coil I have managed to generate a longitudinal signal that can be received, but this will not be the final solution. I will try to consult an electronics specialist on this. I have a web development company so I will simply publish my results on a website. As soon as it is up and running, I will send you the link!

Thanks, XY – 30 June 2020.



Dear Mr. Mayor!

I have lived in this city since 1965, with minor interruptions. Since the communist decades, this city has undergone tremendous changes, thanks in no small part to you. You have also placed great emphasis on environmental protection, one of the manifestations of which is the creation of waste collection islands. I have taken advantage of this by collecting my waste separately. I have a question about this: Why is there no textile waste container in the city? In a city of this size, there is a lot of used clothing that ends up in the kitchen waste bin. Its final destination will be the incinerator. But used clothes and rags could be turned into good quality paper. Should something be done about this, or is this a national phenomenon? If so, it is a great waste. Textile waste should also be recycled in the spirit of recycling. If for nothing else, it would be good as a machine rag. Used clothes used to be accepted free of charge by charity services, but now the Red Cross and Maltese Relief no longer need them. If nobody wants it, it would be good for industrial raw material. Awaiting your reply,

Sincerely yours, Ákos Kun - 10 August 2020.

Dear Mr Kun Ákos!

I have discussed your notification regarding the return and recycling of used clothing with the Environmental Protection Agency and have the following information:

The selective collection of textile waste is generally not solved, as the recycling of these materials is not yet widespread, not only in our country, but also in the European Union. This is because the recycling of textiles is a major challenge. In many cases, the raw material for textiles is of artificial organic origin (regenerated, synthetic) or artificial inorganic origin (glass fibre), which makes the recycling of textile waste a costly process. On this basis, people should be encouraged to change their consumption habits and reduce their textile waste.

Currently, the following options are available for the recovery of textile waste: The least time- and energy-consuming option is to offer textiles that are no longer fit for their original purpose to small or large factories, factories and locksmiths, where they are often welcome as scrap.

Denim garments that are no longer of wearable quality are also recycled by local entrepreneurs such as Réthy Fashion and Old Blue. The company Réthy Fashion runs a jeans collection point, more information on their website. Old Blue not only runs a jeans take-back shop but also offers the possibility to send jeans. E. Grapp Kft. 8200 Veszprém, Gerenda utca 4, 8200 Veszprém.

Naturally decomposing organic materials (e.g. textiles made from natural fibres) can be composted and used in agriculture and horticulture. In the case of clothing, bed linen and towels that are still usable, they should be donated to the elderly or needy or dropped off at donation points such as the Hermes Animal Shelter on Takarodó út.

Please kindly accept my information.

Yours sincerely, Mayor XY – 14 August 2020.

Dear Mr. Mayor!

Thank you for your reply. I understand that there are many obstacles to the recycling of textile waste (e.g. cotton clothes mixed with synthetic fibres), but that is not what I had in mind in the first place. The to-transfer of usable clothes is the biggest problem. In the old days, the Maltese Relief Service, the Red Cross and the Nagycsa Boxers' Association used to take used clothes and distribute them free of charge to the poor. But this charity has been discontinued. This is a big problem, because homeless people, unemployed or low-income families could only get clothes from these places. Even now, they would be happy to accept barely used, worn-out clothes thrown away by wealthy families, but there is no collection point in the city. Nor do family members know what to do with the wardrobes of dead and elderly people. Their wardrobe includes many suits and suits of clothes they have never worn. Among the shoes of the elderly, there is more than one pair of barely worn leather shoes. A pair of shoes with leather soles is now min. A pair of shoes with only a single sole is nowadays cost 35 thousand forints. Yet they are also thrown away because there is no one to give them to.

They cannot sell them, because after the regime change, second-hand Western clothes imported by market traders ruined the clothing shops. They cannot even get rid of the bedding (duvets, pillows, blankets) of deceased family members. In many cases, expensive down duvets and pillows made from ransacked goose down are left behind, which many would accept. The price of a new duvet currently ranges between 40,000 and 1.1 million forints. (Billerbeck Andersen down duvet 135 x 200 cm.) Down duvets are not cheap either. Price: 35 000-68 000 HUF. Since no family member is willing to lie in the bedding of a deceased person, the whole thing is tied up and stuffed into a large street bin.

Walking around the city, I saw beautiful and new-looking costumes hung on fences in front of several buildings. The owner regretted stuffing them in the bin with the rotting kitchen waste. So he put them out on the street in case someone would take them. Sometimes fashionable young people's clothes are also dumped. Sadly, sometimes someone's child dies in an accident or from some incurable disease. And the parents don't know what to do with their child's wardrobe. In many cases, quality clothes are thrown away that anyone of their child's age would gladly accept. But they don't get it because it goes to the incinerator.

To prevent this huge waste, in the spirit of recycling, the municipality should provide a place where everyone can drop off their excess items, which can then be taken away by those in need. In this way, the mountains of rubbish, which are almost reaching the sky, would be somewhat reduced and the burning of excess rubbish would stop polluting the air. This could be supervised by a social worker to ensure that boutique owners do not take away large quantities of waste, which they then resell at considerable profit. In addition, it would sort out the clothes handed in and throw away the worn-out, dirty, torn rags. The furnishing of the room does not require much thought. The HOUSE has already figured that out. Visit one of their showrooms. There are big walls of used clothes trucked over from England. It might be worth setting up a metal hanger to hang new clothes transferred by hanger. The demand for second-hand clothes in this city is also huge. There are so many people in the mornings that there is no room.

Unfortunately, the number of poor people is not decreasing, but increasing rapidly. At least one hundred and thirty thousand people have lost their jobs as a result of the coronavirus epidemic, and tens of thousands of them are still unemployed. Climate disruption is also making life harder for the poor. Fruit and vegetable prices have doubled this year as a result of the extreme weather. As a result, the poor can barely feed their children, let alone clothe them. As this situation is likely to persist and even worsen, these families can only buy clothes and shoes selling for a few thousand forints a kilo. And the poor and homeless cannot buy them either, because they have no money. They are the ones who need the help of the municipality to distribute free clothes. This activity would also benefit the environment.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun – 26 August 2020.

(This was unusual for me, because recently government offices do not answer my letters at all. Not even after a month and a half.) However, I did not get very far:

Dear Mr Kun Ákos!

In reply to your letter sent by e-mail, I would like to inform you that the collection of second-hand clothes is primarily the responsibility and competence of charitable foundations. In the area of local public services, the local government has mandatory duties and powers by law. This does not include the storage or recycling of used clothes.

Please take note of this information.

Yours faithfully, Mayor XY – 5 October 2020.

It seems that politicians only care about supporting the poor in an election year. Once elected, their petty concerns are bigger than that. The government could change this situation with a decree, but the politicians are still busy bickering among themselves. And the poor and the unemployed should get on as best they can.



To: Stühmer Ltd E-mail: stuhmer@stuhmer.hu

Dear Péter Csoll!

I have been recommending different brands of snuff for years. This 51-page list can be found in the Kun Electronic Library: Web address: <http://kunlibrary.com> Link: [Selection of salon candy](#). This test rates more than 350 types of salon candy from 30 chocolate manufacturers. The tastings so far have been very varied. There are few salon candy as good as yours. Most of them are quite commercial, at high prices. The saddest part is that the majority of the selection is waste salon candy. These soya flour monstrosities are made for the low income, poor. It is in huge boxes at the entrance to supermarkets and is weighed out. I have tasted several varieties, but always found that it is not food for humans.

I have thought a lot about how to change this situation, how to drive these producers out of the market. In doing so, I had the idea of making them cheap marzipan salon candy. This could be achieved by using sunflower seeds. The price is one-seventh of the price of almonds. At the mo-

ment, 1 kg of almond kernels costs 4,800 forints on the market. However, 1 kg of hulled sunflower seeds costs only 700 HUF. This oilseed, despised by many, is even better than almonds when roasted. So we should try to make marzipan from cheap sunflower seeds. If it works, the price of marzipan preparations could be reduced by a quarter. Sunflower marzipan would not only be the marzipan of the poor. Its intense flavour would make it very popular.

The name of the marzipan made from the peach kernel (perzipan) suggests that it could be called „terzipan”. The price of poor people's marzipan could be reduced by the use of olive oil. Sunflower oilcake left over from pressing could be obtained cheaply from Bunge Zrt. in Mart-Fű or from Pannon Növövénygyártó Kft. (At present, this by-product is used for animal feed.) There is still enough oil left to make the marzipan tasty. Ethylvanillin could be used as a seasoning. Romanian and Ukrainian manufacturers also use this industrial by-product to make halva. By coating the moulded snuff made from it with a cocoa sauce, the production costs could be kept very low. Another great advantage of using oilcake is that it saves the cost of roasting and grinding sunflower seeds.

I have also experimented a lot with sunflower seeds, but I have made halva instead of salon candy. This sweet is widely available and popular in Arab and Balkan countries. It is not produced or even marketed in our country or in countries further north. (A small businessman makes a halva from honey and sunflower meal, which he makes silky smooth using a hydraulic cheese horse. He sells his product at street fairs in a tent.) This omission is not unfortunate, because halva is also made from sunflower seeds and is therefore cheap. The poorest can buy it. We could start producing it at home. I have experimented with its preparation. I am sending you the recipe in PDF format. Unfortunately, the consistency is not as silky as the small businessman who sold it at the fair, because I don't have a hydraulic press. The problem with the Balkan versions is that they don't use honey, they use sugar. Nevertheless, they are all edible.

I had a packet of halva (200 grams) brought from Romania. If you are interested in this possibility, I will be happy to send it to you. If you taste it, you will find that it would be a good selling, currents commodity in our country. I do not wish to be involved in this business. I do not claim any remuneration for my ideas or suggestions. My only aim is to help the poor. Irresponsible producers should stop damaging the health of the public and make their children's Christmas more joyful. Awaiting your reply,

Sincerely: Kun Ákos – 2020.08.21.

PDF attachment:

A delicacy known to few of us is **Halva**¹⁵². In the Middle East and India, halva is as popular as marzipan. It is served at every banquet and celebration. There are almost countless varieties. In Turkey and the Balkans, every cook has his own recipe, which he believes is the best. Candy shops are also full of different halva versions. In Arab countries, the welcome guest is offered halva, which is not to be refused. It is usually made from honey, butter, flour or semolina and sesame seeds. In the Bal Canaan and Turkey, fish with sesame seeds is favoured. In India, durum wheat semolina is used and is often enriched with bananas or other chopped fruits. The basic ingredient can be any oilseed (walnut, hazelnut, almond, sunflower seed, pistachio, cashew nut, pine nut). Different kinds of seeds are often mixed in. Cardamom seeds, saffron and rose water are used as spices. In many places milk or cream is substituted for the water, and in Israel egg yolk is added. In India, fish is also eaten as a side dish. It is a paste of grits with pieces of fruit or vegetables, enriched and topped with syrup. This has little to do with Middle Eastern halva.

The hallmark of a true halva is that it is a sweet dessert with a crumbly and crunchy texture. A classic version is made from sunflower seeds. In Romania and the Ukraine, for example, halva is made from oil cake left over from the production of cooking oil. Ukrainian halva differs from halva produced in other Balkan countries in that, in addition to vanilla, the flavouring is not an extract of the root of the medicinal soapwort (*Saponaria officinalis*) but the extracted oil of the root of the wild artichoke (*Carlina thistle*). This gives it a special, slightly bitterish flavour. This sweet is not available

¹⁵² Pronunciation: halva. Arabic word meaning sweet.

in our country. None of the supermarkets sell it. However, it can be found in various fairs together with potato sugar. If you happen to see it in one of the tents at a street gastronomy event, don't miss out on buying it. It has an excellent taste and a silky texture. Unfortunately, the exact method of production is not disclosed. All we know is that they use sunflower seeds, honey, butter, vanilla and dry it in a press. (It's not enough to put a few lexicons on it. It takes several atmospheres of pressure.) Its silky texture is due to the enormous pressure that squeezes the oil out of the sunflower seeds.

Classic halva oil requires sunflower seeds the size of flour. Grinding the various seeds into flour is not easy. Don't try a chopper, because it is not suitable for making flour. And the problem with nut crushers and poppy seed grinders is that they don't grind the oil seeds finely enough. A coffee grinder is best suited for this purpose. Pour just enough sunflower seeds into the grinder to cover the blade and grind to a flour fine consistency. (If you have a low-powered grinder, keep the grinding time short so it doesn't overheat. The heated sunflower meal can clump together and the motor can burn from overloading.) If it has clumped, rub it through a sieve to make it into a pearly flour.

Mix 10 dg finely ground sunflower seeds with a quarter teaspoon of Bourbon vanilla and set aside. Grease a small square baking dish with a heatproof coating with sunflower oil. Measure out 9 dg of granulated sugar into a thick-walled enamel pan. Add 4 dg butter, pour 1 dl water over it and cook over a high heat, stirring constantly, for about 10 minutes. (Stop frying, because if all the water evaporates, the halva will become dry and brittle.) The caramel will be rock-hard when it is golden brown.¹⁵³ Remove from the heat, place on a wire rack, and stir in the sunflower meal while still hot. Put it into the greased mould and press it down thoroughly with the back of a tablespoon coated with sunflower oil. (Now would be the time to use the pressing machine that factories use. Without it, the halva will crumble a little, but the taste will be better. The confectionery factories do not put butter in it. Instead of butter, they use cheap palm oil. But the roasting process is still there. The oil is easier to extract from the roasted sunflower seeds than from the raw ones). Before eating, cut off as many slices as you need. From the above quantity, a maximum of 25 dg halva can be expected.

It is also worth trying another version of halva using toasted sesame seeds. Otherwise, the classic version will also taste better if you toast the hulled sunflower seeds beforehand. In Nyugati countries, it is made from tahini, so you do not need to grind the sesame seeds. Peanuts can also be used to make delicious halva butter.¹⁵⁴ In Middle Eastern countries it is mainly made with semolina. It is also delicious. If you choose this, first melt the butter and sprinkle in 2 tablespoons of semolina. Fry over a heat diffuser plate, stirring constantly, until breadcrumb-coloured, then add the water or milk, sugar and sunflower meal. Finally, thicken. Do not overcook. When it starts to fluff up, remove from the heat immediately and smooth it into the tin, as it will crumble if it dries out.

Source:

Kun Electronic Library
Reform dishes for gourmets

Stühmer Ltd. via the stuhmer.onmicrosoft.com domain

22 Aug 2020 21:06 (10 days ago)

email: info@kunlibrary.com

Dear Mr Ákos Kun!

Thank you for your letter, congratulations for your work which we have been following. If you would like to test our products again this year, we would be very happy to send you a message.

¹⁵³ It has a good texture when it is crumbly when cooled, like caramel made with cream. If it is soft and easy to cut, it has not been baked long enough. And if it crumbles and breaks when you cut it, you've overcooked the syrup. Candy factories use a cu-thermometer to determine the optimum temperature. Such thermometers can be bought in online shops for 2-3 thousand forints, but you need expertise to use them. The colour of the syrup can also be used to determine the ideal blush. If you fail the first time, you will succeed the second time. Here you have to do the same as for making macarons. Experiment to determine the optimum baking time and temperature.

¹⁵⁴ Use freshly roasted hazelnuts in shell for this purpose. Scrub off the inner skin and inspect each piece. Pick out the discoloured ones, because a single rancid piece will ruin the whole thing.

Please send us a postal address. We will examine your request and report back on the results. Until then, we wish you all the best with your work!

Best regards,
Péter Csoll

The meaningless letter from the owner of Stühmer Ltd. He thought I was a freeloader who wanted to get free salon candy. I then offered the same opportunity to Szamos Ltd. They simply shook me off. They did not reply to my letter. The same was done by Hunters Chocolate Ltd. They did not claim this opportunity either. So, for the time being, there will be no cheap marzipan snipe sugar for the poor in Hungary. Hungarian consumers will also have to do without halva. Those who lack it should import it from Romania or Ukraine. In the left-wing countries, you can buy halva in the smallest village grocery store. Cheap and tasty, but we don't need it.



E-mail address: eszrevetel@fusionrt.hu

Dear McDonald's Team!

Lately, you hear more and more about the benefits of a meat-free diet. This is also affecting the burger market. More and more, burgers made with fake meat are appearing. Producers often advertise themselves by claiming that the ecological footprint of fake meat is more than an order of magnitude smaller than that of meat from cattle. There are several fake meats currently competing for the global market, e.g. Beyond Meat, Next Level Burger, WeggieMeat, Just Veg! etc. All of these fake meat patties have in common that they have been developed with a focus on colour and texture. Therefore they all look like beef patties at a glance. However, they do not have a meat flavour. When cooled, some have a slight meat flavour, but it is nowhere near the taste of beef patties. You probably experienced the same thing, which is why you chose Nestlé's soya meatballs for your vegetarian burgers.

It was a wise choice, but soya by itself has no meat flavour. A meat patty made from soya and wheat protein is tasty, but not tasty enough. After months of experimentation, I have developed a soya-flavouring spice blend that gives my toasted soya cubes a taste like meat. Subsequently, I experimented with a mushroom soya meal that can be used to make a hamburger scone that is more delicious than a beef meatball. My fake meat patties are not similar in colour or texture to beef patties, but they are tastier. In addition, the cost of production is only half that of a beef patty. (The price of meat patties currently on the market is three to four times that of a real meat patty.)

The mushroom soya meat I developed is better the next day than when freshly fried. This has the advantage that not only can the production of the scones be done centrally, but also the baking. So you don't have to fill the restaurant with smoke. The finished scones are loaded onto a truck the next day and delivered to fast-food restaurants. There is no rush to sell them, because they remain delicious and tasty even after two days. Unlike meat, they are not perishable. It can be stored in the fridge for 4-5 days. All you have to do is take it out of the fridge a few hours before use to bring it to room temperature. (If you put the bun in a bun made from graham flour instead of white flour enriched with additives, the burger will be even tastier and healthier.) What's left over should be put back in the fridge. It won't spoil, it won't lose any of its flavor, and it's at its best after two days. The cost of deep-freezing this version is not a burden either. The cooked meat patties do not need to be frozen and do not need to be transported in a refrigerated truck. (However, in hot weather, some refrigeration is necessary. A temperature of around + 10 °C is sufficient.) The enrichment of the burger with vegetables should be done as described for the Soya Salami Sandwich.

I will most likely want to test the truth of my claims, so I am enclosing PDFs of the recipes for Soya flavouring spice mix, Soya cracklings, Meat substitute soya paste, Brasov small steak and Mushroom soya meatloaf. (The meatloaf can easily be made into a hamburger patty. Just flatten it a bit. You don't have to make the soya flavouring spice powder either. (At the factory, all you have to do is sift the vegeta, grind the vegetable pulp caught in the sieve to the size of a grain of sand and

then pour it in. Then mix in the spices I prescribed.) The cheapest and best place to get soya cubes is in Romania, from the Brasov Soya Processor. (Genetically modified soya should not be used!)

And chillies can be bought in unlimited quantities at the vegetable market. Small and large farmers grow as many as there is demand. Eggs should preferably be bought from free-range chicken farms, because the taste of eggs has a big influence on the taste of hamburger patties. That's because the egg is not only a flavouring agent but also a binding agent. Together with the soaked bun, the egg white is what holds the soya meat together.) Breadcrumbs have a similar se-repe, so they can't be omitted here either. It also prevents the scones from sticking together during transport and storage. When baked, the taste of breadcrumbs is not disturbing for mushroom soya buns. The firmness of the baked knob soya buns is the same as that of hamburger patties made from fake meat. Sincerely yours, Ákos Kun - 28 August 2020.

Attachment PDF:

Soya flavouring spice mix

To 15 dg of Vegeta seasoning (salted, chopped vegetable stock), add 1 dg of cumin, 0.5 dg of grated nutmeg, 0.5 dg of oregano and 0.5 dg of thyme. Sieve the well-mixed mixtures, grind the remainder to a fine grain using a coffee grinder, and pour the whole mixture into an airtight jar. For large-scale use, the soya flavouring spice mix does not need to be prepared in-house. It can be supplied by Podravka in Croatia or Kalocsai Fűszerpaprika Zrt. in Hungary if sufficient quantities are required. (At the factory, all that is needed is to sieve the vegeta, grind the vegetable pulp caught in the sieve to the size of a grain of sand and pour it back in. Then stir in the prescribed seasonings.) The cheapest and best quality soya cubes and soya slices are available in Romania from the Brasov Soya Processor. (Genetically modified soya should not be used!)

Soya cracklings

Soak 10 dg of dried soya cubes in 4 dl of cold water the night before or a few hours before use. Before baking, pour the juice into a glass and rinse. Add 2 teaspoons of the soya flavoring spice mix, then pour over the same amount of clean water as you poured over it. (Soak in a large pan with a non-stick coating, as the spicy liquid can only be absorbed evenly by the soya cubes as they spread. Pour 1.4 dl of cooking oil over the thickened soya cubes and fry them, uncovered, over full heat, stirring frequently, until light red. (Don't push them around or the bottom will burn. Stir well to ensure that all sides are cooked evenly.) Remove from the heat and stir for a while longer until the remaining oil is absorbed. Be careful not to overcook it or it will become chewy. Always serve or use the soya cracklings fresh, as it becomes chewy when it cools down.¹⁵⁵

The best soya milk powder is Czech soya cubes sold in organic food shops in measured quantities, or Brasov soya cubes (imported from Brasov in Transylvania), sold in 100 g packets by PA-COMP Ltd. Equally good is soya cake from Montenegro (Crna Gora). (Czech and Montenegrin soya cake is available in organic shops, weighed out. As their source of supply changes frequently, they have recently started selling Chuta textured soya coca. (Károly Csuta also buys his soya beans in bulk from the Brasov soya factory. The HAAS soya cubes imported from Germany are not the most suitable for this purpose, as they are too hard, chewy and expensive.

Meat substitute soya dollop

Soya cracklings has a much wider range of uses than those described above, because if the finished meal is grinded hot on a meat grinder with a standard-sized disc, it produces a basic nutmeg

¹⁵⁵ Soya cracklings can be used as a meat substitute, not just ground. It can also be eaten on its own. Serve it with fresh bread, green onions or green peppers and tomatoes or radishes; in winter, serve it with pickles. It is more filling if served with tea and roast or boiled potatoes.

that is a perfect substitute for minced meat.¹⁵⁶ As a meat substitute, this mass can be added to any dish that calls for minced meat, and if it is not said in advance, even the most obsessive meat eaters will not notice that the dish in front of them is not made from real meat. This type of soya meat is best when fresh, but gradually loses its flavour when stored for several days.

There is another, more common way of using meat substitute soya dollop. In this version, the soya cubes are cooked only until all the juice has evaporated and the oil has been absorbed. (To avoid water-tasting, let them brown a little to drain off all the water.) Once they are cooked through, remove from the heat. Let it cool to lukewarm and then mince it. As semi-fried soya absorbs less oil, 10 dg of soya cubes can be made with 1 dl of oil. Fry the soya over a high heat at this stage, because if it dries out, it will become clammy and crusty. This type of soya meat is less tasty fresh. However, it will gradually improve in flavour during storage. Both varieties are best stored in the refrigerator after two days of curing. As soya is well tolerant of freezing, soyameats can also be frozen. Deep freezing will not affect the taste or texture. (Remove from the freezer the day before use and transfer to the regular refrigerator to thaw slowly.)

Brasov small steak¹⁵⁷ (portion for 3 persons)

If you add 5 dg of chopped spring onion to 10 dg of soya cubes and add 2 cloves of garlic at the end of cooking, you can make a high-quality Brasov small steak. (Do not let the onions colour, as they will cook in the hot pan even when the fire is turned off and can burn easily.) If you like a meaty broth, use 1.8 dl of oil for the roasting. You can get a very good sausage fat-like juice by adding 1 tablespoon of grated tomato juice per person or 1 tablespoon of concentrated tomatoes diluted with a little water to the soya cracklings at the end of the roasting. At the boiling, turn the ready-baked cracklings well, so that the tomato juice soaks into all sides. After this, do not fry, just fry until to fat; otherwise, it will turn into a tinder. Served with fresh bread, baked potatoes, tea and pickles, it makes a delicious dinner. It can also be served as a topping for main courses.

Mushroom soya meatballs (portion for 6 persons)

Beforehand cut into thin slices 1 piece of 5 decagramme white flour store-bought bun, soak in a little milk, then make a batch of half-baked Meat substitute soya mash from the soaked soya cubes. (For soaking, a 1-2 day old soggy bun is best. Fresh ones clump together in a lump, hard to crush. Pour just enough milk over the thinly sliced buns to soak them. The soya cubes should not be fried at this stage, but the water should be cooked out of them completely, otherwise the meatballs will fall apart.) Next, wash 40 dg of brown chillies in running water, cut into 3-4 mm thick slices, then slice crosswise, also 3-4 mm thick. Split the stem lengthways and cut into 3-4 mm wide slices. Fry the resulting small pieces in 0,5 dl cooking oil. Meanwhile, chop 5 dg of onion and sauté until translucent, stirring in the sautéed mushrooms. Add the mushroom onions to the half-fried and minced soya dollop, together with a bunch of chopped parsley. Then crumble the heavily squeezed buns into the mash and pour in 1 previously beaten large egg or 2 horseradish eggs. Grate over 2 cloves of garlic, then add 1 tablespoon of concentrated tomatoes, 1 pinch of salt, a pinch of ground pepper and mix well.

Then, using wet hands, form 2 cm thick patties, roll in breadcrumbs and fry in plenty of hot oil until red on both sides. Fry over a high heat without a lid. (They will crack if cooked slowly.) Turn them over only when the bottom is fully cooked, otherwise they will fall apart. Be careful not to

¹⁵⁶ Do not leave to cool, as it will harden and not pass through the grinder. If this has not been taken care of, it can only be grinded in batches of one or two.

¹⁵⁷ Brasov small steak were not originally a dish in their own right, but were made from leftovers. It has nothing to do with Brasov either, as it was born in Budapest in the late 1940s. It was first served to the guests of the Mátyás-Pince with great success.

burn it. Don't brown it either, as it will become chewy and lose its flavour. Also be careful not to put them too tightly in the pan, as the steam will cause them to crack. (This unpleasant phenomenon occurs even if the eggs are not thoroughly worked into the mixture.) They can be eaten warm as a topping for main courses or as a burger. (Since there is now a risk of breaking in two, use a frying spatula to turn the egg.) Store in the fridge.

Unfortunately, like most soya preparations, meatloaf loses its flavour when reheated. However, this damage can be avoided by removing it from the fridge a few hours before consumption. It is also safe to serve it as a topping when reheated to sub-zero temperature. The characteristic feature of soya meatballs is that their flavour and aroma is much more pronounced cold than warm, making them an excellent substitute for cold roasts. (By the way, gourmets do not eat freshly baked soya meatballs immediately, but leave them to mature at room temperature for at least half a day, as they are tastier that way.) Since soya is well tolerated in the freezer, mushroom soya meatballs can also be frozen if necessary. However, some deterioration in texture should be expected. However, this can be avoided by freezing the meatloaf or hamburger patties raw and breaded, rather than ready-baked. Take them out of the freezer the night before and transfer them to the normal fridge. The next day it will cook as if it had been freshly baked. The above quantity of ingredients can be used to make 12 regular-sized meatballs or hamburger patties.

Source:

Kun Electronic Library

Reform dishes for gourmets

The response to my offer was surprisingly quick. The next day I received a rejection letter:

info via the mcdonaldscorp.onmicrosoft.com domain

28 Aug 17:45

recipient: info@kunlibrary.com

Dear Mr Ákos Kun!

Thank you for your kind inquiry!

However, please be informed that according to our internal policy we have to delete any message that might suggest that it contains product development ideas, marketing, process or other operational suggestions, and we cannot forward it to the relevant authorities.

Thank you for your understanding.

Best regards:

Info Team

I have subsequently sent my letter to Nestlé, McDonald's supplier of artificial meat patties. They were not interested in my offer either. They did not reply. I then offered this opportunity to another fast food chain, Burger King. They didn't want it either. So much so that they didn't even send me a rejection letter. Finally, I approached Unilever, which supplies Burger King with its fake meat patties, with my offer. This was the reply I got:

Unilever Mo. Consumer Relations via the vz83956i3kus.e-bbljmai.um5.bnc.salesforce.com domain

07 September.

Case reference number: 33949191

Dear Ákos Kun!

Thank you very much for your interest and your inquiry.

Our company does not do any direct sourcing in Hungary, so we do not deal with any raw material sourcing. We handle all such purchases on a global level.

Thank you for your understanding and have a nice week.

Due to the barriers to development, health-conscious, environmentally conscious wood-foodies will not have access to cheap and tasty burgers anytime soon. The development of expensive fake meat patties, which look good but lack the most important thing – taste – continues unabated. But in our world, profit is more important than quality. If something can't be sold at a high price, it's not bothered with.

Since the arrogant, self-important managers of the two big fast-food chains don't need outside ideas, I continued to explore the possibility of using my recipes widely. I found out that the petrol stations also have cafés where they serve sandwiches and a variety of cakes to hungry passengers. Shell in the Netherlands, OMV in Austria and MOL in Hungary operate hundreds of cafés throughout the country. I have now sent my offer to all three companies at the same time. None of them wanted my mushroom soya burger. Nor did they respond. Maybe they don't want burgers? Don't want to compete with fast food chains? Their cafes are mostly sandwiches and pastries. Then I'll make them a meatless sandwich for vegetarians. For this I used a recipe for Soya Salami I developed 30 years ago. I have included how to make a graham bun, and I have also sent this to Burger King and all three gas stations.

E-mail address: eszrevetel@fusionrt.hu

Dear Burger King Team!

The number of vegetarians is growing rapidly worldwide. Some of them do not eat meat for health reasons, others for the protection of our environment or for moral reasons. They are not in an easy situation, because the vegetarian fast food offer is rather poor. It is mostly limited to cheese and mushroom sandwiches. And meat-free sandwiches are not available anywhere. You could make a sandwich from the fake meat developed for hamburgers, but this imitation is expensive and tastes almost like meat. After months of experimenting, I have developed a soya flavouring spice mix that gives the soya from the toasted soya cubes a taste like meat. I then made a soya salami that tastes very similar to meat and costs only a fifth of the price of a Pick salami. This ingredient can be used to make a high-quality, meat-flavoured sandwich. You will most likely want to test the truth of my claims, so I am enclosing PDFs of the Soya seasoning spice mix, Soya meat, Soya sandwiches and Graham bun recipes.

Yours sincerely, Ákos Kun – 24 September 2020.

Attachment PDF:

Soya salami sandwich

An open sandwich formed on slices of fresh bread is delicious and spectacular, but can only be eaten tableside on a plate. If you want to take it with you, you need a closed sandwich. A paper-wrapped closed sandwich can be eaten in a car or on a train. Its filling won't drip on the ru-hang and your fingers won't get greasy. The best way to do this is to fill it into a bun cut in half. Fast food chains use a slightly sweet puffed patty (hamburger bun) made with milk. However, puff pastry made with added white flour and leavened with chemicals is tasteless and often dries out. A sour-dough bun made from graham flour is best for this purpose. The bran flour makes the bun tasty and the leaven keeps it from drying out. It is also more filling. Even a sandwich made from a graham flour bun can make you stop feeling hungry. That way, we're not at risk of overeating and obesity. Another big advantage of this sandwich is that it stores well. While the sandwiches sold in fast food chains and petrol station cafes become inedible after 1-2 days of storage, this sandwich is getting tastier. Wrapped in a napkin, then wrapped in a paper bag and stored in the fridge, it can be eaten even after a week. It won't dry out and, unlike meat sandwiches, won't spoil.

To make the Soya salami sandwich, we'll start with making the soya salami. The night before or a few hours before use, soak 10 dg of soya cubes in the mash as described in the Soya cracklings recipe, except that this time use 0.5 litre of water. Before baking, pour the juice into a glass and rinse, then add the same amount of clean water as you poured into the glass. Add 2 teaspoons of

soya seasoning and half a teaspoon of dried, ground thyme. Then pour 0.6 dl of cooking oil into the soaking pot and cook over full heat, stirring frequently, until all the juices have evaporated and all the oil has been absorbed. (Be careful not to fry it after this, as it will cook down without oil.) Remove the fat-fried soya cubes from the heat, allow to cool slightly and then sprinkle with 20 dg of grated melted cheese (Ammerländer Trappist, Magyar Trappista, Edam, Emental). Grate 2 cloves of garlic, stir well, then knead by hand. (If you put the cheese on the warm soya, it will melt and come together in a lump. And if you let it cool, the cheese will not melt into the soya cubes and will crumble when you shape it. Keep kneading until it comes together in a lump and the soya cubes don't roll out. Be careful not to completely crush the soya cubes.) If you add 1 teaspoon of paprika with the garlic, you will have a Paprika soya salami sandwich. (This Hungarian-roasted version is also delicious.)

Then turn on the oven, set it to 210 °C, divide the mixture into 3 parts and form into sticks about 18 cm long with wet hands. Cut out and water 3 pieces of 28 x 28 cm cellophane. Place them next to the sticks, roll the shaped filling over them and wrap them tightly. To prevent unrolling, pinch the two ends of the cellophane in the direction of the roll and pinch tightly into the filling.¹⁵⁸ Place the bars in a small enamel-lined baking tray with the edges on top. Place in the preheated oven and bake over a medium heat for 20 minutes max, until the surface is lightly browned. When cool, remove from the pan and place in a cool refrigerator. The next day, slice and pour into Graham buns. If not using the whole thing, put the cellophane back on the soya salami to prevent it from drying out and transferring the smell of other foods when you put it back in the fridge. (You can delay drying by storing it in a metal container loosely covered with a metal lid rather than out in the open. Alternatively, place it on a small tray and cover with a double layer of paper towels. Do not wrap in polyethylene film, and do not put in a nylon bag, as this will cause it to fill up and shrivel.)

After 1 or 2 days of resting, bake a batch of bran and sourdough puffs as described for Graham bun. Cut the cooled buns in half and butter both halves. Take the ripened soya salami out of the fridge, roll off the cellophane and, using a sharp serrated knife, cut all three bars into slices about 1.5 cm thick. Place 5 to 5 slices of salami on the bottom half of the buttered buns, covering them completely, and cover with purple onion cut into 1 to 1,5 mm thick slices. Cover with a slice of iceberg lettuce. (The lettuce leaf should hang slightly over the bun to enhance the visual effect.) There are two ways to add more flavour. For the fresh vegetable lovers, place a layer of firm fleshed tomatoes cut into slices about 2 mm thick on the lettuce leaf, followed by a layer of thinly sliced white fleshed vegetable peppers.¹⁵⁹

For those who like pickles, also cover the purple onion with a layer of iceberg lettuce, then top with a layer of pickled cucumber cut into slices about 3 mm thick. Then squeeze a pea shoot of mayonnaise over the cucumber slices. (Don't put ketchup on the buns, as it will overpower the taste of the soya sauce.) Finally, put the buttered top of the bun on top. Press down lightly and wrap in paper towels so that the filling does not spill out when eaten. If you take the sandwiches with you, place them in a paper bag to avoid smearing. Serve at room temperature. Store leftovers in the refrigerator. Remove from the fridge at least one hour before consumption to allow to warm to room temperature. Soya salami should not be reheated as it will lose much of its flavour. The above quantity should not exceed 0,5 kg of soya salami.

¹⁵⁸ Do not use a special boiling cellophane called a flavouring holder for this purpose. If the cellophane you buy is not thin enough and does not soak in water, do not use it, because it is made from polypropylene, which melts when exposed to heat and the toxins released are absorbed into the filling. The less cellophane gets wet, the higher the plastic content. Only cellophane that is heat-resistant up to at least +220 °C is suitable for baking these products. Polyethylene terephthalate-based heat-resistant film for frying poultry does not meet the requirements either, as it is not wettable and therefore the edges do not stick together. This material could only be used in small bags. However, it is still impractical because it is not breathable. Therefore, it does not cook the filling, but only cooks it, like aluminium foil. So do not wrap it in tinfoil either, because it will not cook the salami. It will be disgustingly slimy.

¹⁵⁹ This type of pepper (Szeged-bred) is called Hungarian paprika abroad. Do not put California peppers in it, because they are tasteless and thick. It makes the sandwich fall apart. Capiá and tomato peppers are also not good for this purpose, because they are sweet.

Sausage sandwiches are made in the same way. Vegetarians use smoked grain sausage for this. We can also make our own grain sausages and soya sausages, but we cannot smoke them at home. The taste of grain sausages made with smoked salt is not as good as that of pork sausages. Therefore, for sausage sandwiches, buy smoked cereal sausages from organic shops. It is smoked on a large scale in beech wood. It tastes good. The only drawback is that it is not cheaper than sausages made from meat. Before using it, peel off the thin skin and cut into slices about 1 cm thick. Place 6 slices on the buttered bottom half of the bun (one in the middle and five around it). (Again, omit the ketchup.)

The soya salami base can also be easily made into a **Breaded soya**. All you need to do is stretch the paste to a thickness of about 1.5 cm, then bread the soyameat in hot oil until light red. You can also make a sandwich out of the breaded soya by placing a layer of lettuce leaves and thinly sliced pickled cucumber on a bun cut in half. Finally, squeeze a pea shoot of mayonnaise between the cucumber slices. This version is also very tasty. The flavour is not inferior to that of a pork roast. The fried soya should also be left to rest for at least 1 day. Eat it at room temperature when it comes out of the fridge. It should not be reheated. The spicy paprika stock can also be used to make delicious fried soya.

Graham buns

Prepare a fresh sourdough starter by combining 15 dg of fine flour, 1,1 dl of fresh lukewarm milk, 2 dg of grated yeast and a pinch of ascorbic acid.¹⁶⁰ When the sourdough has fully risen¹⁶¹ in a warm place, add 20 dg fine flour, 10 dg graham flour, 5 dg light rye flour, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, half a teaspoon ground cumin seeds, 1 tablespoon cooking oil and 2,6 dl lukewarm milk and knead the dough for about 20 minutes until it is rolled into a lump and smooth. If you use a food processor, 10 minutes is enough to knead the dough. Then cover with a kitchen towel and leave to rise in a warm place for 1 hour.

When the dough has tripled in size, knead it in the bowl with floured hands and place it on a floured board. Shape into a bar and cut into 9 equal parts with a sharp knife. Shape each portion into a dumpling and place on a large enamel baking tray greased with cooking oil, as far apart as possible. (Knead into a ball with floured palms as you did in the bowl.) Cover with kitchen towel and leave to rise in a warm place for half an hour, then brush the top of the buns with warm water and sprinkle with sesame seeds. Preheat the oven to 240 °C. Place the dough in the preheated oven and bake over a high heat for 5 minutes, then on a moderate heat (180 °C) for about 20 minutes until the top is golden brown. After baking, remove the buns, weighing about 8 dg, from the pan and place on a wire rack to cool.

The 8 cm diameter, sweet-smelling, sweet-smelling milk buns are also good for making hamburgers. Rising with sourdough makes the graham buns more flaky than ordinary puff pastry made from fine flour and their high bran content makes them healthier. Store in a dry, cool place, wrapped in two layers of paper and placed in a nylon bag. If only 2-3 buns are cut at a time, lightly water the buns left over for the next day or three days and reheat them on the grill. This way they will look as if they had been freshly baked. If the appliance has only one heating element, toast the bottom first. Do not leave it unattended, as it will burn in a matter of seconds. Use when completely cooled. (The bun will not crisp while still warm and the butter will melt on the bun.)

This dough can be used not only to make buns, but also to make **Sandwich bread**. This requires a stiffer dough for a thin crust bread with a thickness similar to a French baguette, which is easy to rise. Therefore only 2,5 dl of milk is added.¹⁶² In this case, divide the kneaded dough into three parts

¹⁶⁰ Use a mixer with a dough stick. Knead the sourdough until it comes together in a lump and smoothens out.

¹⁶¹ There is no rush to use it. It's okay if the sourdough overflows and collapses. The longer the sourdough rises, the more delicate and flaky the bun will be. (It is not advisable to mix it the night before now, as the milk in it may sour.)

¹⁶² The amount of milk to add to the dough depends on the type of flour, its gluten content and dryness. You may therefore need to add 1-2 centilitres more or less.

and shape them into long sticks so that they will fit all the way round the greased baking tray. Place the 3 bars as far apart as possible so that the steam can escape freely. The second rising time is now 40 minutes. Baking time for the bread rolls is 10 minutes on a high heat (240 °C) and then about half an hour on a moderate heat (180 °C). A big advantage of bread baked in thin sticks is that the crust is crispy and, like Graham buns, can be refreshed the next day. After slicing only one at a time, the next day or the third day, lightly water the bottom and top of the bars and reheat on the grill. This way it will look as if it had been freshly baked. You can also freshen up the halved rods by wetting the cutting surface. The sandwich bread are used in sandwich making. It can be used to make delicious open sandwiches that are easy to eat. The above quantity will be 3 breads weighing up to 25 dg, of which at least 60 open sandwiches of half a handful can be made. Cut into 1,5 cm wide slices for use.

Source:

Kun Electronic Library
Reform dishes for gourmets

They didn't need my Soya Salami Sandwich either. I didn't get a reply from them this time either. To be precise, a rejection letter from MOL:

RE: [EXTERNAL SENDER] Ajánlat
Szemes, Mónika <monika.szemes@omv.com>
2020. szept. 28. H 7:59
Dear Kun Ákos!

Thank you for your inquiry. Unfortunately, in our Viva cafes we can only prepare products - including sandwiches – from ready-to-cook, sliced and equalized ready-to-eat ingredients. The use of spices for any kind of production is not possible with our current technology.

Best regards:
Mónika Szemes
Professional Category Manager Gastro HU
Convenience Retail Mgmt HU
OMV Hungária Ásványolaj Kft.

To complete my dismay, two days later their gastro implementation expert confirmed their rejection:

Lovász József Gábor (MOL Nyrt.) <JoLovasz@mol.hu>
2020. szept. 30. H 9:34 (1 órával ezelőtt)
címezett: én; Schram
Dear Ákos Kun,

Thank you for your letter. We have previously developed our product portfolio in this direction, so the offer is not relevant for us at the moment.

Best regards,
József Lovász
Gastro Implementation Expert
Retail MOL

Well, I didn't mean to start baking and cooking in your cafes. The production of sandwiches should be entrusted to businesses, bakeries, who deliver them to the cafés as a finished product. If they wanted this sandwich so badly, they would certainly make it on a large scale. MOL has more than 500 cafés. One person cannot supply that many cafés with sandwiches. This would require full-time chefs and a large kitchen or small factory. Of course, if they are happy with their current product portfolio, it is understandable that they are not making steps in this direction. Rigid refusals mean that vegetarians can continue to eat meat sandwiches because they can't get anything else.

E-mail: eszrevetel@fusionrt.hu

Dear Burger King Team!

The soya salami base mentioned in my previous letter can easily be used to make a breaded soya sandwich. All you need to do is to stretch the paste to a thickness of about 1.5 cm, then bread half a handful of soya meat, and fry it in hot oil until light red. In this case, the halved graham buns do not need to be buttered. All you have to do is put in a half-hand-sized fried soy slice that has been left to rest for at least 1 day, and enrich with thinly sliced pickled cucumber. You can also add Mushroom cream sandwich, Sesame cream sandwich, Cheese sandwich and Liptauer sandwich to your vegetarian sandwich selection. These are open sandwiches and can therefore only be eaten on the premises at a table. They are made using sliced sandwich bread. Hot sandwiches can also be eaten at the table. The most common of these is the Garlic hot sandwich. Nevertheless, it is delicious and cheap to make. Like the sandwiches, the Hungarian speciality Hungarian potatoes fried dough is a hand-held dish. There are long queues for it at the Balaton fried dough stalls. Foreign tourists are also very popular.

In restaurant chains all over the world, it is not only motorists who are served. The number of sit-down diners using fast food services is also growing rapidly. The McDonald's restaurant chain is now employing waiters to take food to the tables. Cooking is also done centrally in these restaurants, and refrigerated trucks are used to deliver the food to the mostly franchised restaurants. There they are just reheated and portioned. If you were to switch to this method of service, you could significantly expand your food choice. Soja black pudding with compote is an excellent way to do this. Vegetarians would also be delighted with the Lentil vegetable dish with Tomato, topped with a slice of Stefania. Soya Stefania minced is made from a minced soya meat paste. The mushroom soya meatloaf, or mushroom soya burger, is stretched and 4 hard-boiled eggs are rolled into the centre. When ready to cook, cut into slices and serve as a topping for various main courses. Lentil vegetable dish is also delicious with Fried onion rings.

The fried onion rings can also be added to Kale vegetable dish. Foreigners visiting us are very fond of this vegetable dish. The vegetable dish made of various vegetables is a Hungarian speciality. It is not very well known abroad. But it's a cheap and tasty way to make one-dish meals. It can also be served with 2 pieces of mushroom soya meatballs on top, but it is best eaten with soya stew. The soya stew with sour cream and the soya ragou with sour cream are best served with steamed rice or dumplings. For a salad, add a lettuce salad. For a change, you can also make Creamy mushroom stew or Mushroom stew, Egg stew or Onion ragout. A Hungarian speciality is pasta pellets, which is best served with soya stew and beetroot salad. A very tasty dish known to few is Cauliflower stew with Cucumber salad with sour cream. No less tasty is the Soya Szekler sour cabbage. It is easy to prepare centrally, because all you have to do is mix soya stew into softly steamed sauerkraut and enrich it with sour cream.

A favourite of many is the Spinach vegetable dish. It can also be served with mushroom soya meatballs, but with soya stew on top is the most delicious. Children also enjoy the Green pea vegetable dish and the Mixed vegetable dish. These can also be served with mushroom soya meatballs, soya Stefania meatballs or soya stew, but they are finest with fried soya on top. Each of these vegetable dishes comes with 2 freshly baked graham buns. Served this way, they make a hearty, filling meal. Letcho is a Hungarian dish that is also a favourite of foreigners. There are countless variations (e.g. with sausage, bacon, rice). A vegetarian version is the Soya letcho fried with eggs.

Sincerely: Ákos Kun – 2020. október 12.

Attachment PDF:

Mushroom cream sandwich

In advance, boil 2 eggs in salted water until firm, then wash 25 dg brown mushrooms thoroughly under running water and chop finely. Then take 25 dg of room temperature butter, take about 5 decagrams and fry the mushrooms in it crispy. (Don't overfry it, because it will char.) Add 2 to 3 sprigs of chopped parsley to the sautéed mushrooms. Remove from the heat and allow to cool, then add the remaining butter, a quarter of a teaspoon of salt and a pinch of ground pepper. Finally, mix

in the cleaned and chopped eggs, and leave to ripen in the fridge for about half an hour. (Cut into rings with an egg slicer, then dice three or four of them into small cubes, stacking them on top of each other.) Spread on fresh slices of bread and consumed cold. Serve with tea for a delicious dinner. Store in the fridge, but allow to defrost to room temperature before serving. Do not put in the freezer, as boiled eggs will not stand up to freezing.

Sesame cream sandwich

To 20 dg of hulled sesame seeds, add 1 mocha spoon of sea salt and toast until golden brown as described for Toasted sunflower seeds. Let cool on a tray or spread out on a sheet of paper, then grind to a fine sand grain using a poppy seed grinder. (Set the spring of the crank loosely so that it does not squeeze out the oil.) Mix the resulting **Gomasio** with 20 dg of room-temperature butter previously mixed to a lukewarm consistency and spread thinly over fresh sandwich bread slices.¹⁶³ Top with 2 mm thick slices of pickled cucumber. Serve cold. Store the unused cream in the fridge. If you cannot use the full quantity within a few days, store in the freezer to avoid rancidity. Freezing does not damage the taste or consistency. An interesting feature of Italian gomasio is that it has a similar taste to that of cracklings, so those who are nostalgic for freshly baked cracklings can enjoy this savoury flavour without having to worry about the harmful effects of saturated fats. However, the intensity of this special flavour depends to a large extent on the roasting process. If the sesame seeds are not roasted sufficiently, this flavour is less pronounced, but if they are roasted until light brown, a bitterish side flavour is also present.

Gourmets enrich the sesame cream with chopped boiled eggs. Boil 1 egg in salted water until stiff. After cooling and cleaning, grate in a nut grater and add to the sesame cream with 5 dg chopped purple onion, until stiff and a pinch of ground pepper. Mix well and refrigerate for about half an hour. Serve cold, spread on fresh sandwich bread slices. Even better if topped with sliced pickled cucumber. Store in the refrigerator, but allow to thaw to room temperature before using. Unlike sesame cream, this preparation should not be put in the freezer, as boiled eggs do not stand up to freezing. If this is necessary, freeze the sesame cream separately and, after defrosting, enrich it with hard-boiled eggs.

Cheese sandwich

Cut 1.5 cm thick slices of freshly baked Graham sandwich bread. Grease with butter and lay a slice of semi-hard cheese about 2 mm thick on top.¹⁶⁴ Then place a slice of hard-boiled egg in the middle. The egg should be sliced using a steel wire slicer. (Do not discard the yolkless slices that fall off the two ends. Cut them in half and place them on either end of the sandwich.) Finally, decorate the centre of the egg slice and either end of the sandwich with a dab of pepper cream. For intense flavours, use hot pepper cream. Serve cold. To make it tastier, add vegetable peppers and tomatoes in summer and pickled cucumbers or radishes and spring onions in winter. Store in a cool refrigerator.

Liptauer sandwich

First, make spicy cheese spread.¹⁶⁵ Crush 20 dg *brindza*¹⁶⁶ with a fork, then mix with 10 dg room-

¹⁶³ Spread sourdough bread slices baked with Graham flour in the same way as buttered bread.

¹⁶⁴ Use whatever cheese you like. You can also add smoked or rye-ripened cheese. If you like Trappist cheese, choose the cheese from Alföldi Tej Kft. Hungarian Trappist cheese. It's cheap and the best tasting of all Trappist cheeses.

¹⁶⁵ It is mostly known and used only in Central European countries. It used to be made from Liptov curd cheese, which is nothing more than sheep's curd cheese. More recently, it is made from fermented sheep's curd cheese (*brindza*), which has a much more intense flavour. *Brindza* is imported from Slovakia, where it is produced in large quantities. The Hungarian term „körözött” (circled) comes from the fact that the ingredients are mixed together in a circular motion. In Austria, it is named after the cottage cheese from Lipto, hence the name „Liptauer”. Liptov County is located in northern Slovakia. In the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, it was from here that the cheese-makers' wives transported the fermented curd cheese to the market in Vienna. Today you can buy *brindza* in almost every supermarket. Only the pac-

temperature butter and 1 heaped tablespoon sour cream until fluffy. Add a 5 dg chopped purple onion, 1 mokka spoon of paprika, half mokka spoon of ground cumin seeds, a pinch of ground pepper and mix well.¹⁶⁷ In the old days, anchovy paste was also put into the Liptauer sandwich, which is well-seated by Worcester sauce. The well-mixed gizzards are piled on a small platter and served cold, but first allowed to mature in the fridge for a few hours. Serve on fresh bread with vegetable peppers and tomatoes. (Vegetable peppers and tomatoes taste best at room temperature. Therefore, remove it from the refrigerator a few hours before consumption.) It makes a delicious supper served with curdled milk. A decorative way to serve the round is to cut each person's vegetable pepper in half, scrape out the core and stuff it with the sheep's cheese mixture using a pastry bag. Thin, white-fleshed Hungarian peppers are best for this purpose. Chop the tomatoes with a figurative cutter and place them on top of the mixture, which is then pressed out in waves. After cooling, it can be eaten with a knife or fork, just like a cheese roll. Serve with 1 freshly baked Graham bun. In fast food restaurants, the most convenient way to serve is to spread it on slices of freshly baked Graham sandwich bread. Lay a narrow slice of vegetable pepper lengthwise on top. Store covered in the refrigerator. Since the shepherd's cheese is well tolerated in the freezer, the leftovers can be frozen.

Hot garlic sandwich

Mix 20 dg of room temperature butter with 1 dg (1 small head) of chopped or finely grated garlic onion, a small bunch of chopped parsley, a quarter teaspoon salt and a quarter teaspoon ground pepper. (In winter, add 1 teaspoon dried parsley.) For those who like exotic flavours, add a dash of curry. Spread the cream thinly over fresh sandwich bread and sprinkle well with grated cheese. (The easiest way to do this is to lay the sandwiches tightly together on a sheet of paper and grate the cheese over them. Like pizza, only heat-melting cheese can be used to make hot sandwiches (e.g. Ammerländer Trappist, Magyar Trappist, Edam, Emental). Cook on the grill until the melted cheese is slightly browned. Do not leave unattended as it will burn quickly. Also make sure not to leave it in the oven after it has finished cooking, as it will dry out. To avoid overcrowding, place upside down on the baking tray and turn upside down just before eating. Serve warm with tea. It is also delicious with curd. This sandwich is only good warm. If you make a lot of them, the first pieces will get cold towards the end. However, this can be easily remedied. Just scrape off the overcooked edges and return it to the grill for a few seconds just before eating.

Hungarian potatoes fried dough

A truly delicious flame can only be made with sourdough. Therefore, mix 15 dg flour with 1.1 dl lukewarm milk and 2 dg grated yeast in a deep mixing bowl and cover and place in a warm place. After about three quarters of an hour, boil 20 dg of floury potatoes until tender, then peel and break through. When the sourdough has risen, add the still-warm potatoes, 25 dg flour, 1 mokka spoon salt and 1.6 dl lukewarm water and knead into a soft dough. If the dough is too stiff, add a little more water to make it gummy and sticky. Knead until the sticky, soft dough separates from the sides of the bowl. Then sprinkle a little flour on top and cover with a kitchen towel and leave to rise in a warm place for about 1 hour.

When the pasty dough has swelled to at least double without kneading, tear it into egg-sized pieces with a wet hand or a tablespoon dipped in cold water and place it in a loaf on a watered board. (Be careful not to press it into a ball at this stage, as it will lose its characteristic taste of

kaging is different, but they all come from Slovakia. The Slovaks sell it as **bryndza** for. The cheapest place to buy them is Penny Market. A 125 gram Sissy brindza costs 300 forints.

¹⁶⁶ Do not use natural sheep's curd cheese because it is not tasty enough. If children are eating it, use a little bit of spicy gomolya curd cheese instead. The gomolya curd cheese is fermented cow's curd cheese. It is available at Auchan. The price of Transylvanian semi-sweet fet gomolya curd cheese is 780 HUF in 250 gram packs. (3120 HUF per kilogram.)

¹⁶⁷ The old-fashioned way with a wooden spoon and circular movements. Do not use a mixer for this purpose, as it will make the cottage cheese mushy and ruin its consistency.

fried sourdough and become a regular dough. You can further enhance this distinctive flavour by overproofing the sourdough and allowing it to „bubble”). Place the spreading pieces as far apart as possible so that they don't stick together. Let the dough rise for another quarter of an hour, then with wet hands, stretch to the size of the palm of your hand and min. 1,5 cm high in hot oil and fry both sides until golden yellow. You can also brush your hands with a little cooking oil instead of water, so the dough won't stick to them. (Don't lean over them when you put them in the oven, as the bubbling, boiling fat from the wet dough can splash in your eyes. If you have glasses, put them on.) Be careful not to over fry it, as it will be chewy. The Hungarian potatoes fried dough should be cooked in a large enamel sauce pan over full heat to minimise oil absorption.

Do not stack the removed Hungarian potatoes fried dough on top of each other, as one will fill up the other, but place them side by side on a wire rack. (The best grill rack for this purpose is the grill rack with the drip tray.) Stored this way, the Hungarian potatoes fried dough will stay crispy and excess oil will drip off. Serve warm. Serve with a drizzle of garlic water. To do this, grate or press 2 clove of garlic beforehand and soak in about 0,5 dl of water until ready to use. For a more delicate flavour, spread one side with warm sour cream and sprinkle with a little grated cheese. The above portion of dough will make about 12 regular-sized Hungarian potatoes fried dough. They are only tasty when freshly baked, so always make enough to last. Store in a paper bag if necessary. Do not put in the refrigerator. The next day you can try freshening it on the grill, but it won't be as tasty as freshly baked.

However, resourceful Hungarian potatoes fried dough lovers have solved this problem. They have used a very simple method. Rising is not done at room temperature, but in a refrigerator. In the normal refrigerator of a well-functioning refrigerator, the temperature does not exceed 10 °C. The dough cannot rise above this temperature. After the first rise, the dough is not torn out but is formed into a loaf and placed in a nylon bag with oil inside. (The bag must be oiled to prevent the dough from sticking to it.) Then it is put on the bottom shelf of the fridge. The next day they continue baking. They take out as much dough as they need for that day. They put the rest back in the fridge. This way, the dough can still be used a week later, it does not over rise. (This method can also be used for large-scale production.) Now the dough does not need to be left to rise at room temperature. It can be stretched and baked immediately. The taste and crispness are just as good as the freshly baked version. Once cooled, cover the oil with a lid and place in a cool place (e.g. the pantry). You can continue baking the next day.

Soya black pudding (portion for 4 persons)

Prepare a portion of half-fried meat substitute soya mass, in 1 dl oil, from the soya cubes soaked the night before. While the soya cubes are frying, wash 20 dg of unpolished (class B) rice and cook it in about 2 litres of boiling water, stirring at least once, until completely tender. (Be careful not to overcook, as this will make the soya black pudding soggy and watery.) Then drain the water, chop 5 dg of onion and fry it in 0.5 dl of cooking oil until yellow. Add the rice with the browned onion and the oil to the half-fried and minced soya mass, add 0.5 dl of oil and grate 2 cloves of garlic. Add 1 heaped teaspoon of marjoram, 1 tapped teaspoon of sea salt, half a teaspoon of ground cloves, a quarter of a teaspoon of ground pepper and mix well with a fork. Then divide the mass into four portions and roll each portion into pre-thinned, thin pieces of cellophane, about 28 × 28 cm, then place the bars, max. 18 cm long, in a large baking pan and bake over a medium heat (210 °C) for about 20 minutes, until the top starts to colour slightly. Do not overcook, as this will dry out the top and make it lose its flavour. To avoid unrolling, twist the two ends of the cellophane in the direction of the roll, then pinch them tightly into the filling and place the bars, about 20 decagrams in size, in the baking pan with the edges on top.

When cool, place in the refrigerator and ripen for at least 1 day.¹⁶⁸ To avoid the loss of flavour associated with reheating, remove from the fridge a few hours before eating to warm to room temperature. Roll off the cellophane and serve cut in half crosswise. When eaten with 1 freshly baked Graham bun and apple compote or peach compote or plum compote, the taste prevails the most.¹⁶⁹ Remove the cellophane immediately before eating, as the outside will dry out and harden even when stored at room temperature. Unlike other soya products, loops cannot be preserved by deep-freezing. (Steamed rice cannot be deep-frozen. Freezing makes it soggy.) Good quality Soya black pudding can only be made from short-grain, unpolished rice that swells to a porridge. Soya black pudding made from long-grain glazed rice will fall apart because the grains of rice that are left to bubble harden after cooling and do not hold the filling together. After draining, drain thoroughly so that no water remains. It is best to leave it in the colander and place it on top of the cooking pot until needed. Anyway, you have to wait until it cools down, because you can't touch the hot filling, you can't shape it until it cools down. By the way, Soya black pudding is a typical Hungarian dish. Offal, pig's liver and other viscera are also used in other countries to make stuffed goods, but they do not include cooked rice. However, liver black pudding is a very tasty dish. It is a true Hungaricum. The soya version is equally tasty.

Lentil vegetable dish (portion for 4 persons)

The night before, wash 30 dg of cleaned lentils in a pasta strainer under running water. Put them in an pot and pour 7 dl of water over them. The next day, add 5 dg cleaned onions, 1 heaped mocha spoon salt, grate 2 cloves of garlic and cook under a lid for about 15 minutes until soft. (To make the onions taste better, cut them in half at the stem end.) Use a tea strainer to remove any foam that forms during cooking. (If the lentils have absorbed too much water, add more to cover them.) Then remove the onions and roux in the vegetable dish. Add 2 tablespoons of oatmeal flour to the oil, add as much oil as it will absorb, heat over a high heat, stirring constantly, until foaming, then remove from the heat. Leave to cool to lukewarm, then mix in 3 tablespoons of concentrated tomatoes and 10 dg sour cream. Stir until smooth, then add 1 dl cold milk and add to the cooked lentils. Finally, cook for a few more minutes, stirring frequently, to thicken. Serve warm with 1 slice of Stefania soya mince or 2 pieces of mushroom soya meatballs on top. Also delicious with fried onion rings. Serve with 2 freshly baked graham crackers. Store in the refrigerator. Do not freeze, as cooked lentils and cooked beans will turn mushy and inedibly disgusting after thawing.

Stefania soya mince¹⁷⁰ (portion for 6 persons)

Prepare a batch of mushroom meat substitute soya mass as described for Mushroom soya meatballs, then boil 4 eggs in salted water. Sprinkle a large meat cutting board evenly with breadcrumbs

¹⁶⁸ As with other semi-cooked soya cube products, the black pudding is at its best after at least one or two days of maturing. It does not need to be reheated, as it is delicious cold or warmed to room temperature.

¹⁶⁹ A delicious apple compote can only be made from sour apple sauce. In August, use summer **Nyári fontos apples**, in winter, use **Pogácsa apples** or **Jonathan apples**. (Since jonathan apples are not very acidic, add a little lemon juice to the compote at the end of cooking.) The white-fleshed varieties make a really delicious peach compote. Plum compote is best made with small " **nemtudom**" plums or small, ball-shaped blue **wild plums**. Wild plums are easy to grow on a large scale because they are resistant to plant diseases and do not require any care. Its fruit can be harvested by harvesting machines, because the fruit falls off easily when the tree is shaken. It is also prolific. The tree is full to bursting with tiny blue plums. (There are also white wild plums, but they don't have the same intense flavour as the blue ones.)

¹⁷⁰ The Stefania soya mince is named after the daughter of King Leo II of Belgium, who lived in Hungary as the wife of Elemér Lónyay. Princess Stefania was very fond of the country and of Hungarian cuisine. Many dishes e.g. risotto, puffed and cake also bear its name. There are no number of „Stefania-style” dishes. They all have in common that they contain some form of boiled egg.

and spread the raw meatloaf mixture on it. Peel the eggs and lay them lengthways side by side in the centre of the 20 x 20 cm pastry. Cut off about 0,5 cm of the ends of the eggs beforehand to ensure a tight fit. Then roll the two edges of the mushroom soya mass over the eggs so that the shell is sealed.¹⁷¹ Carefully place the stuffed mince in a smaller, greased baking tray, lowered with two roasting or cake trays. Brush the top and all round the sides with 1 beaten egg and bake over a medium heat (210 °C) for about 25 minutes, until the top is light red. After removing, drizzle the spilled oil over the top to prevent it from drying out. When cool, place in the fridge and leave to mature for at least 1 day. (Cover with paper to prevent drying out.) The next day, cut into slices about 2 cm thick and carefully scoop out with a frying spatula to serve as a topping for vegetable dishes. To avoid loss of flavour from reheating, remove from the fridge a few hours before eating to warm to room temperature. (Lack of reheating is not a problem in this case either. The topping will also warm up in a few minutes when placed on top of the hot vegetable dish.) You cannot freeze it, because boiled eggs cannot be deep-frozen.

Kale vegetable dish (portion for 6 persons)

Cut 70 dg of cleaned kale, without the stalk and thick mains, into slices about 2 cm wide and wash under running water. Finely chop 5 dg onion and sauté in 2 tablespoon oil in a large pan until translucent. Add the chopped kale, 1 teaspoon salt, a pinch of ground pepper and half teaspoon ground cumin or marjoram.¹⁷² Then add 7 dl of water, grate in 2 cloves of garlic and simmer under the lid for 10 minutes until the kale is half tender. (In summer, add only 6 dl of water to tender kale or dark green curly-leafed kale.) In the meantime, peel 25 dg of floury potatoes, cut into cubes about 1 cm in diameter, and washed again add them to the half-cooked kale. Cook for about 20 minutes more, until the kale and potatoes are tender. Meanwhile, add enough oil to 2 tablespoons of the oatmeal flour to absorb and heat over a high heat until foaming. Remove the roux from the heat, allow to cool to lukewarm, then stirring constantly, add enough cold water to make it creamy and pour into the vegetable dish. Finally, stirring frequently, cook for a few minutes more to thicken. (There should be enough water left in the kale to cover half of it before stirring in.) Serve warm with toppings. Serve warm with soya stew or 2 mushroom soya meatballs for the best flavor. Store in a cooler. Unlike other cabbage dishes (such as Szekler sauerkraut), kale vegetarian dish should not be placed in the freezer. Cooked potatoes cannot be frozen. During deep-freezing, it becomes mushy and tasteless.

Soya stew (portion for 4 persons)

The night before or a few hours before use, soak 10 dg of soya cubes as described for Soya cracklings and Meat substitute soya mass. Before baking, pour the juice into a glass and rinse, then pour over the same amount of clean water as you poured over it. Add 2 teaspoons of soya flavouring spice mix, 1 dl of cooking oil and fry on a full heat, uncovered, often stirred to fry it to fat. Before it absorbs all the oil, add 5 dg of finely chopped onion and grate 1 clove of garlic. Slice 4 washed vegetable peppers and add to the sautéed onions. Once the vegetable peppers are soft, add 2 medium sized washed tomatoes, cut into wedges, 1 teaspoon of paprika, half a teaspoon of salt, half a teaspoon of dried basil and a pinch of ground pepper.¹⁷³ (In winter, the vegetable pepper and

¹⁷¹ Do not discard the egg white pieces. When rolling, tuck them into the gaps between the eggs.

¹⁷² The cumin and marjoram give the kale stew a completely different flavour. Try them both and decide which you like better.

¹⁷³ For a very special flavour, substitute 1 teaspoon of finely chopped tarragon leaves for the basil (tarragon can only be used as a herb because dried tarragon has a bitter taste.)

tomatoes can be replaced with 3 dl of canned juice.)¹⁷⁴

When the letcho is cooked through, sprinkle 1 tablespoon of oatmeal flour over the stew, stir to combine, then slowly add 2 dl of cold water and stir continuously to boil.¹⁷⁵ (If making for the next day, add 3 dl of water, as the soya absorbs a lot of moisture during storage. It's best to make it the day before, as soya stew is best after a day's ageing.) It can be served as a topping for vegetable dishes. However, served with Hungarian gnocchi or steamed rice, it is best served with sour cream. In this case, before diluting with water, add 5 dg of sour cream to the soya stew and bring to the boil, stirring well. Serve warm. Serve with a pickle (e.g. pickled cucumber, mixed pickles, coleslaw). **Sour cream soya paprikash** can only be stored in the refrigerator. If it thickens the next day, add a little water and boil for a few minutes. You can also put it in the freezer if necessary, as soya is good for freezing.

Sour cream soya ragout (portion for 4 persons)

The preparation method is very similar to that of the sour cream soya paprikash, only the texture and seasoning are different. The night before or a few hours before use, soak 10 dg of soya slices as described for Soya cracklings and Meat substitute soya mass. Before baking, pour the juice into a glass and strain, then pour on as much clean water as you have poured over it. Then cut the cooked soya slices in half and slice crosswise into strips about 1 cm wide. Add 2 teaspoons of the soya flavouring spice mix, 1 dl of cooking oil and fry over a full heat, uncovered, stirring frequently, to fry it to fat. Before it absorbs all the oil, add 5 dg of finely chopped onion and grate 1 clove of garlic.

Slice 4 washed vegetable peppers and add to the sautéed onions. Once the vegetable peppers are soft, add 2 medium sized washed tomatoes, cut into wedges, half a tablespoon of salt and 1 tablespoon of freshly grated ginger. (In winter, 3 dl of canned letcho can be used as a substitute for the vegetable peppers and tomatoes. For those who like Mediterranean flavours, you can also season with half a tablespoon of ground thyme instead of ginger. For exotic cuisine, add half a tablespoon of curry. When the letcho is fry to fat, sprinkle 1 teaspoon of flour and a small bunch of chopped parsley over the ragout. Stir to combine, then work in 10 dg sour cream. Finally, slowly add 2 dl of water and bring to the boil, stirring continuously. The sour cream soya ragout can be served as a topping for vegetable dishes, but is also delicious with steamed rice or Hungarian gnocchi. If served with steamed rice or Hungarian gnocchi, add some pickles (e.g. pickled cucumber, mixed pickles, cabbage salad). Store in the refrigerator. Peppercorn soya ragout is prepared in the same way. The only difference is that instead of ginger or thyme, you add half a teaspoon of ground pepper.

Cabbage salad (portion for 6 persons)

Pickles and mixed pickles should only be made as a fermenting pickle. However, this is a complicated and time-consuming procedure. However, you can make a tasty cabbage salad easily and quickly at any time of the year:

Finely chop 5 dg of onion. Add 3 tablespoons of apple cider vinegar, 2 teaspoons of glucose, 1 teaspoonful of salt and a quarter mocha spoon of ground pepper to 4 dl of water. Pour the salad dressing over the onion, then grate coarsely 60 dg white cabbage without the stalk, and add. Mix well and place in a 9 decilitre jar with a metal lid and leave to mature in the fridge for a few days. Serve on small flat plates, drizzle with a few drops of salad oil and sprinkle with ground cumin. The flavour is intensified by toasting half a tablespoon of cumin seeds dry to a crackling point and

¹⁷⁴ In the main season (end of August), put the steamed lecsó in 3,5 decilitre jars. This way you don't have to measure it. After opening, pour the whole into the soya. You can also pour it into 5.8 decilitre jars. In this case, make double the amount of soya stew. The remainder can be frozen without damage.

¹⁷⁵ Do not fry the soya cubes, do not allow them to colour. Otherwise it will become chewy and sticky. (The same rule applies to other half-cooked soya cubes.)

cooking. When cool, strain and use this spicy tea to make the salad dressing. For those with a taste for flavour, a small bunch of chopped dill or 2 dg finely grated horseradish can be added (in this case, add a few drops of salad oil now to aid absorption of vitamins and minerals). Don't put off eating the coleslaw for too long, as it will spoil after 2 weeks. (If you seal it airtight with a metal lid, it will keep for up to 3 weeks. Using spiced tea water will also increase the shelf life, as the boiled water no longer contains bacteria.) However, it does stand up well to freezing, so put the leftovers in the freezer. This salad is even better if you add 10 dg of chopped vegetable pepper and 10 dg of tomatoes. In this case, add a quarter of a teaspoon of salt. This version will only keep for 1 week in the fridge, but it will also keep well in the freezer.

Sour cream mushroom paprikash (portion for 4 persons)

Wash 0.5 kg of brown mushrooms in running water and cut into 4-5 mm thick slices (the thick stems should be split lengthways and the large mushroom heads cut in half crosswise). Chop 5 dg onion and dripping over 0,5 dl cooking oil in a pan with anti-stick coating. Then add the mushrooms and mix in a small bunch of chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon of ground paprika, 1 teaspoon of salt and a pinch of ground pepper. For those who like a special flavour, instead of parsley, add 1 tablespoon of chopped fresh thyme (in winter, a quarter of a tablespoon of dried thyme). Fry over full heat, stirring constantly, until to fat. (Do not add water and do not cook, as mushrooms cooked for too long will become rubbery. (In summer, however, add a little water to the dried, wilted mushrooms at the beginning, so that they do not burn during cooking and soften without frying.)

Then sprinkle with 1 teaspoon of flour. Mix, then add 5 dg sour cream and mix well. Finally, add 1.5 dl or as much cold water as you want to make the juice for the mushroom paprikash and bring to the boil, stirring constantly. It is ready when the fat particles disappear from the top. Serve with steamed rice without pickles for the best flavour. Can only be kept in the fridge. Unfortunately, the sour cream mushroom paprikash spoil quickly. However, it can be frozen well, so it can be kept in the freezer for longer periods. The creamy mushroom stew can also be prepared as a mushroom stew without sour cream. This version is mainly used as a topping for vegetable dishes. Use 60 dg mushrooms for the mushroom stew.

Mushroom stew can easily be made into a **False renal medulla** by using half and half of giant puffball and button mushrooms. Cut the giant puffball into cubes. As giant puffball spoil quickly, they should be processed on the day of purchase. Before cutting into large cubes after thorough washing, peel or peel the skin. As with the real thing, false renal medulla can be eaten as a stand-alone dish. In this case, beat 2 eggs, add 2 pinches of salt, whisk until frothy and pour over the finished stew. Mix thoroughly and fry in the same way as scrambled eggs. Serve with freshly baked Graham buns.

Hungarian gnocchi (portion for 4 persons)

Place 4 litres of water in a thin-walled enamel saucepan on the stove and mix in 1 tablespoon of cooking oil and 1 teaspoon of salt. For intense flavours, sprinkle in 1 teaspoon of Vegeta instead of salt. Just before the water boils, add 1 mocha spoon salt to 2 eggs and beat with a wooden spoon until frothy. Then pour in 2.2 dl of water, add 40 dg of flour and mix until smooth. Do this only until the paste becomes lumpy, because a well-worked gnocchi paste will be strapped. If it becomes too thick, add a little more water. However, if you are using larger than average sized eggs, add only 2 dl of water. The dough is good when it is still just beginning to run off the board. At this point, pour a ladleful of the dough into the middle of a handled cutting board dipped in boiling water and, using a frequently moistened straight-bladed knife, quickly cut it into the boiling water. This is done by cutting a finger-sized slice from the edge of the dough with a damp knife and then sliding it into the flaming water, cutting it into narrow pieces. (Use a knife of a larger or smaller size, with a straight edge and a tip that is not crescent-shaped. Professional home cooks ensure even softening of

the gnocchi by first cutting the dough into larger pieces and then gradually smaller ones.) For those who prefer hard gnocchi, the dough should be puffed for at least a quarter of an hour before cooking.

In eating house and restaurants, this slow and labour-intensive method cannot be used. For them, the Bernáth gnocchi cutter¹⁷⁶ is recommended. This Hungarian-made machine can be used to make very shapely noodles. However, this requires a stiffer dough, so add about 10% less water to the flour to prevent the dough from sticking together when squeezed out of the densely spaced holes. (It will still seem to stick together when squeezed, but don't worry about that. The hot water will cause the pieces of dough to separate.) This requires stirring the gnocchi from time to time. Both gnocchi should be cooked in boiling water for about 15 minutes from the end of the stirring, and the softer version for about 10 minutes, until it rises to the surface and softens. When tasted and found to be good, remove with a slotted spoon, rinse with warm water, drain well and mix with 2 tablespoons of hot cooking oil. Serve warm as a side dish or as a condiment. Store in the refrigerator.¹⁷⁷

You can make delicious **Egg Hungarian gnocchi** from the cooked gnocchies in minutes. Beat 4 large eggs, add 2 tablespoons cooking oil, a quarter of a mocha spoon of salt and beat until frothy. Heat the gnocchies over a heat diffuser plate and pour over the beaten eggs. Stir over full heat with a wooden spoon until the eggs solidified. Serve warm with head lettuce salad or pickled cucumber as a standalone dish. (In winter you can add cabbage salad.) Gourmets like to sprinkle a little grated cheese on top. At the end of March, during the bear's onion season, mix 2 tablespoons of chopped bear's onion into the eggs. This gives it a delicious, piquant flavour. Out of season, we can replace the wild onions with 10 dg of chopped leeks fried in 2 tablespoons of cooking oil until yellow.

Head lettuce salad (portion for 4 persons)

Depending on the size, clean 2-4 heads of lettuce, then separate them into leaves and cut out the thick veins. (For those who prefer crisp lettuce, place the heads of lettuce in a polythene bag and refrigerate for about 10 minutes, sealing it airtight.) Wash the tender lettuce leaves under a strong stream of water, then cut them into slices about two fingers wide. Then mix 4 teaspoons of glucose, 2 teaspoons of salt and 0.6 dl of apple cider vinegar into 8 dl of water. Stir in the leaves and leave to steep for at least half an hour. For those who like Hungarian flavours, you can also add a little chopped leek to the marinade. Remove to a salad bowl and serve with a little dressing. Drizzle with a little cold-pressed oil to help absorb the vitamins. In foreign countries, the various salad leaves are eaten drizzled with dressing. One reason for this is that the thin leaves, soaked in the vinegar, shrivel up after a while and become disgustingly soggy. However, this can be easily avoided by adding lemon juice instead of vinegar to the salad juice. In this case the lettuce will not shrivel. You can serve it all day and it will stay crisp the next day.

Eggs stew (portion for 4 persons)

First boil 4 large or 6 small eggs in salted water until hard. Then chop 5 dg onion and sauté in a large pan with 0.4 dl cooking oil until translucent, then add 4 vegetable peppers. When the peppers are softened, add 2 medium sized tomatoes, cut into small pieces, then stir in 1 mocha spoon of pap-

¹⁷⁶ Producer: Lászlóné Bernáth 2092 Tök, Dózsa György u. 3, Hungary Tel: (06)-23-450 507 and 06-30-894-8971 Web-site: <http://www.szaggato.com> E-mail: szaggato@szaggato.com

¹⁷⁷ Galuska is not a Hungarian dish. King Matthias' Italian wife Beatrix brought it with her in the Middle Ages. Over the centuries we have come to love it and have adapted it somewhat. Hungarianised galuska differs from Italian gnocchi in that it does not contain boiled potatoes and is made with water instead of milk. Therefore, the dumplings are not as light and crumbly, but we like them chewy and crunchy. So much so that it has become an indispensable accompaniment to chicken paprikash and pickled cucumber. The original name „gnocchi” is not entirely lost on our tongues, but once we couldn't pronounce it, it became „nokedli”. Many people still call it Hungarian gnocchi.

rika, half a teaspoon of salt, a quarter teaspoon of ground pepper, grate 1 clove of garlic and continue to cook over a flame until it becomes a letcho. In winter, the peppers and tomatoes can be substituted with 3 dl of canned letcho. When the letcho fried to fat¹⁷⁸, sprinkle over 1 tablespoon of oatmeal, stir, then slowly add 2 dl of water and bring to the boil, stirring continuously. Finally, reduce the heat to low and cut the hard-boiled eggs into chunks or rings. Add them to the letcho, scramble gently and bring to the boil. (If the paprika juice does not cover the eggs, press it in gently with a spoon.) Serve as a garnish for vegetable dishes. Store in the refrigerator.

Onion ragout (portion for 4 persons)

Peel 70 dg of small onions, cut into cloves about 1 cm wide, and sauté in a thick-walled pan or over a flame in 0.4 dl cooking oil, covered, over a high heat for about 15 minutes until soft. (Before putting it in the pan, press it into smaller pieces to make it easier to cook.) Then remove the lid and fry over full heat, stirring constantly, until yellow. (If it does not fry evenly, remove the coloured pieces from the pan with a fork and put them back when the large ones are cooked. When all the pieces are golden brown, add 1 teaspoon of ground paprika, 1 mocha spoon of salt and a pinch of ground pepper. Sprinkle over 1 level tablespoon of oatmeal, process, then add 5 dg sour cream and mix well. Finally, add 2 dl of water and bring to the boil.¹⁷⁹ The flavour is best served with steamed rice, but it can also be added as a topping to various kinds of casseroles and stews. Store in the refrigerator. If it thickens the next day, add a little water and bring to the boil.

Fried onion rings (portion for 4 persons)

Peel 4 medium-sized onions (about 10 decagrams) and cut crosswise into slices about 1 cm wide. Separate each slice and roll the outer onion rings in flour. Then beat 2 large eggs, mix in half a mocha spoon of Vegeta and dip the floury rings in the egg. (For a spicier flavour, add 1 clove of crushed garlic and a quarter of a tablespoon ground paprika to the egg pulp.) Finally, coat in bread-crumbs and fry in plenty of hot oil over a medium heat until golden brown. Serve warm as a topping. It tastes best with vegetable dishes, but is also delicious served with tartar sauce or steamed rice.

Cut the cleaned onions just before frying, as they release less juice during the standing period and do not adhere to the breadcrumbs as well. Put the smaller pieces of onion in a jar and refrigerate them for use in other preparations (e.g. stews). They also make excellent onion ragout. Cover the top with watered cellophane, as it will become airtight with a metal lid and will turn brown and spoil in a few days.¹⁸⁰ If you are making the fried onions for 2 days, don't bake the whole thing, as it won't be as good when fresh the next day. Place half of the breaded onion rings on a plate, wrap in a plastic bag and refrigerate. The next day they will be just like the day before. The breadcrumbs will not peel off like vegetables with a high water content.

Pasta pellets¹⁸¹ (portion for 4 persons)

¹⁷⁸ Bake until the water content evaporates.

¹⁷⁹ If you haven't measured out the sour cream in advance, take the pan off the heat because the flour will burn.

¹⁸⁰ The cellophane is cellulose-based, so it is ventilated.

¹⁸¹ Pasta pellets is an ancient Hungarian dish. (Hungarian name is: Tärhonya.) It is interesting that this type of pasta is hardly known in other countries, even though dry pasta is popular in all geographical regions of the world. However, it is worth getting acquainted with it, because previously toasted dry pasta is much tastier than cooking it without roasting. Many people confuse couscous, a popular dish in Arab countries, with pasta pellets. But couscous is not made from pasta, but from steam-softened hulled wheat. The soft wheat is sieved, dried and graded according to size. Couscous is therefore nothing more than semi-cooked, coarse-grained semolina. The misconception is that it tastes very similar to dry pasta.

Fry 40 dg of dried Hungarian pasta pellets¹⁸² in a thick-walled saucepan with 2 tablespoons of cooking oil, stirring constantly, until breadcrumb-coloured. (If you do not have a thick-walled saucepan, place a heat diffuser plate under it.) Then pour over 6.5 dl of hot water, add 1 mocha spoons of salt and cook covered for at least half an hour until tender. Stir occasionally to avoid burning. If it is not tender enough, add a little more water and continue cooking. Do not add too much, however, so that the softly steamed Hungarian pasta pellets remains in separate sieves. Serve warm as a side dish. The flavour is best served with soya stew on top. Add beetroot salad as a pickle. Store in the refrigerator. (Before putting in the fridge, stir with a fork to loosen it.) Unlike steamed rice, Hungarian pasta pellets can be prepared the day before, because it tastes better and has a more pleasant texture when dried than fresh. Unlike other cooked pasta, taste tastes better the longer it has been cooked. Warm it up when you take it out of the fridge. The easiest and least damaging way to do this is to spread it out on the grill tray.

Beetroot salad (portion for 4 persons)

Peel 60 dg of beetroot after washing and cut into 0,8 cm wide rectangles.¹⁸³ Place the cut beetroot in an enamel saucepan, add enough water to almost cover it, add 1 mocha spoons of cumin seeds, 1 mocha spoons of salt, and cook until tender, stirring a few times. (Cooking time is at least half an hour, but last year's wilted beetroot needs to be cooked for more than 1 hour.) Add the evaporated water from time to time. (At the end of cooking, leave just enough water to cover.) When tender, leave to cool. Then season with 3 teaspoons of sugar and 3 teaspoons of apple cider vinegar. Finally, grate 2 dg of horseradish, sprinkle over the beetroot and leave to ripen in the fridge until the following day. Before cooking, portion into salad bowls, drizzle with a few drops of salad oil and pour over the juice, dividing it evenly. Store in the refrigerator, airtight with a metal lid. It will be at its best after a few days of ageing.

Cauliflower stew (portion for 4 persons)

Cut 1,3 kg of fresh white cauliflower into 1,5-2 cm wide pieces, stripped of its green leaves. Peel the stalk thickly and add this to the cauliflower, cut in half lengthways and cut into 2-3 mm thick slices. Chop 5 dg onion and sauté in 1,2 dl cooking oil until translucent. Add the chopped cauliflower and sauté for a few minutes. Then add 0.3 dl of water, 1 teaspoon of ground paprika, 1 teaspoon of salt and simmer on a low heat under the lid until tender. Stir occasionally to avoid burning. If it is not tender enough, add a little more water and continue to simmer. Finally, fry to fat, without a lid, then beat 4 eggs, add half a teaspoon of salt and pour over the top, beating well. Stir gently over a full heat until it thickens. Serve warm as a standalone dish. Serve with cucumber salad with sour cream, seasoned with ground paprika and ground pepper. If desired, add 1 freshly baked Graham cracker. Store in the refrigerator.

This very tasty dish can be enjoyed in winter, because both the cleaned cauliflower and the peeled and thinly peeled cucumber can be frozen. However, make sure that only cauliflowers and cucumbers that have been thawed in the summer have a good flavour. They are also cheapest at this time of year. **Broccoli stew** is made in the same way as above. The use of fresh, bright green broc-

¹⁸² The more eggs you make from the pasta pellets, the finer it is. Avoid the factory-made 2 egg pasta pellets, which is made in the same size and is chewy and has no flavour. Use 8-egg pasta pellets, made by hand. The best and cheapest of these is **Dunakeszi 8-egg**. You can buy them in Tesco supermarkets. Price per 200 g packet: 190 Ft. Also of good quality is the handmade **8-egg Arnold tarhonya from Ürömi**. It costs HUF 229 at Tesco supermarkets.

¹⁸³ The easiest and most efficient way to do this is to chop it with a V-shaped chopper. The more serious knife vegetable slicers have a knife insert that chops potatoes and beetroot into slits about 8 mm wide.

coli is a prerequisite for the development of this special, distinctive flavour. When choosing cauliflower, be aware that some seekers leave as many leaves on it as the weight of vegetable. The weight of the cauliflower, stripped of its green and cleaned, should be 90 decagrams. Fresh broccoli can be used up to 1,2 kg because of the reduced green weight. In winter, also use 90 decagrams of fully cleaned cauliflower or broccoli. Place the frozen vegetables in the pot and do not add water, as the gruel on the vegetables will give them enough liquid to steam until tender. Do not cook any of the vegetables until completely tender, as they will soften when fried to fat and will end up as mush.

Cucumber salad with sour cream (portion for 4 persons)

Wash 90 dg of medium-sized cucumbers (snake cucumbers in winter), wash it and thinly peel (no more than 1 mm thick, as they will be chewy and not absorb the spicy juice). If you use pickling cucumbers, cut a little from both ends and taste the falling pieces to see if they are bitter. If so, cut until the bitter taste disappears and only plan it afterwards. Then sprinkle with 1 teaspoon of salt, mix and leave to stand for about half an hour. Grate 2 cloves of garlic, pour over 3 teaspoons of apple cider vinegar, add 3 tablespoons of sour cream and put in a jar to mix. Finally, add the cucumber, well squeezed out of the juice, and cover and leave to ripen in the fridge for a few hours. Before cooking, serve on small flat plates and sprinkle with ground pepper and ground paprika.

Thinly peeled, skinless quick-frozen cucumbers make a delicious salad in winter. You can also freeze your own salad at home. As frozen cucumbers shrink a lot and release a lot of juice, use 1 kg for a serving. Do not pour the juice that leaks out during peeling into the bag. Salting is not allowed at this time. You can also freeze large seeded cucumbers for this purpose. In this case, cut in half lengthways, scrape out the seeds with a spoon and peel off the flesh. Process the frozen cucumbers before thawing them completely, so that they remain crunchy. (Frozen cucumbers should not be squeezed, just drain off the juice. If left to thaw completely, it will release a lot of juice, which will be lost and the remaining low-moisture cucumber slices will be chewy. Season the mirelit cucumber with half a teaspoon of salt.

Soya Szekler sauerkraut (portion for 4 persons)

Make a soya stew from 10 dg soya cubes according to the recipe above, but do not add water. Before that, rinse 70 dg of Vecsés sauerkraut. The easiest way to do this is to fill a polythene bag with cold water, mix well and drain off all the juice through the closed opening. (Before rinsing, it is a good idea to pour the juice from the sauerkraut into a glass. This is both because it is a very healthy drink and because if you have washed the cabbage too much and it has become tasteless, you can correct the mistake by adding a little juice afterwards.) Place the washed cabbage, freed from excessive sourness, in an enameled dish and pour over it enough water to cover it well. Cover and cook for at least 1 hour. When the juice has evaporated, add a little more water and continue cooking until tender. (At the end, there should be enough juice left to just cover the cabbage.) At this point, stir in the soya stew without water and cook uncovered for about 5 minutes more to thicken the cabbage. Finally, let us work 10 dg of sour cream into it, and let us boil it. Serve warm with 2 freshly baked Graham buns. Store in the refrigerator. If necessary, you can put it in the freezer, as soya and cabbage also stand up well to freezing.

Spinach vegetable dish (portion for 4 persons)

The night before, take 90 dg of frozen spinach out of the freezer and place in a pasta strainer in

the normal refrigerator to defrost and drain the juice.¹⁸⁴ (Use chopped spinach for this purpose. Don't use spinach puree or cream, as these gruel is rather disgusting and tasteless.) The next day, thinly slice 1 piece of 5 decagram store bun made of white flour, then pour 3 dl of milk over it until it is soaked and mash it with a fork. (For soaking, one-day of squeezed bun are best. The fresh sticks together in a bunch, it's hard to crush.) Then add 2 tablespoons of white flour to as much cooking oil as it will absorb, grate 2 cloves of garlic and let us make a roux by heating it on a lively fire until it foams. (Stir constantly until it starts to bubble, but do not let it colour.) To the fry the thickener in a larger pan than usual, add the spinach from the fridge and cook, stirring constantly, over a heat diffuser plate for about 5 minutes. In the meantime, add the well-pressed bun and, working thoroughly, bring the spinach to the boil. (If the soaked buns are not soft enough, reheat slightly and stir the mixture a few times.) Then pour in the rest of the milk, squeezed out of the bun. Sprinkle in 1 heaped teaspoon of salt and a quarter of a mocha spoon of ground pepper, and continue to stir and bring to the boil. (Once the milk has been thickened, do not cook for too long or stir vigorously, as it will become sticky and tasteless.) Serve warm with a topping. The flavor is best with soya stew or mushroom soya meatballs, but it is also delicious with fried eggs. Store in the refrigerator. If it thickens the next day, pour in a little milk and bring to a boil. Since spinach does well in the freezer, you can also put the spinach vegetable dish in the freezer.

Green pea vegetable dish (portion for 4 persons)

First take 90 dg of frozen green peas out of the freezer and pour into a colander. (If the peas are bruised or have ice chunks in the bag, this is a sign that they have been thawed and refrozen during store storage. In this case, rinse with warm water.) Put them in an sauce pan, add 1 tablespoon of cooking oil, 1 mocha spoon of brown sugar, 1 heaped teaspoon of salt and sauté for a few minutes. Then add enough water to half cover and simmer under the lid for about 5 minutes until tender. In the meantime, add 2 tablespoons of oatmeal flour, add as much oil as it will absorb and heat over a high heat until it is foaming. Sprinkle in a small bunch of chopped parsley and remove from the heat when cooked. Let it cool to lukewarm and add 10 dg sour cream. Blend until smooth, then slowly add 1 dl cold milk and pour into the vegetable dish. Finally, cook for a few minutes more, stirring constantly, to thicken. Serve warm with topping. It is best served with fried soya on top, but it is also delicious with mushroom soya meatballs and soya Stefania mince. You can also top with fried mushrooms. Add 1 freshly baked Graham bun. Store in the refrigerator. If it thickens the next day, pour in a little milk and bring to a boil. As green peas are good for deep-frozen, the rest can be frozen.

Mixed vegetable dish (portion for 4 persons)

First, cut 5 dg of onion into small. Peel 30 dg carrots and 30 dg kohlrabi, cut into cubes about 0.5 cm wide and sauté with the onion in 1 tablespoon cooking oil, 1 heaped a teaspoon salt and half a teaspoon brown sugar for a few minutes.¹⁸⁵ Then add 3.5 dl of water and simmer under the lid for about 10 minutes until slightly tender. Then add 30 dg of frozen green peas and cook until the vegetables are completely tender. Finally, add enough oil to 2 tablespoons of the oatmeal flour to absorb the flour, and make a roux over a high heat, stirring constantly and heating until foaming. Stir in a bunch of chopped parsley and remove from the heat when cooked through. Leave to cool and add 10 dg sour cream, stirring constantly. Blend until smooth, then add 1 dl of cold milk and add to the cooked vegetables. Cook for a few minutes more, stirring constantly, to thicken. Serve warm with topping. The flavour is best served with mushroom soya meatballs or fried eggs. You

¹⁸⁴ Put a pot under the pasta strainer so that the spilled juice does not contaminate the fridge.

¹⁸⁵ The quantities indicated refer to peeled vegetables.

can also put fried mushrooms on top. Add 1 freshly baked graham cracker. Store in a cooler. If it thickens the next day, pour in a little milk and bring to the boil. Since cooked vegetables tolerate freezing well, the leftovers can be frozen.

An Indian version of the mixed vegetable dish is **Curry mixed vegetable dish**. The only difference from the Hungarian version is that, once the water has been thawed, add 1 tablespoon of curry spice mix and use coconut milk instead of milk to thicken. After removing from the heat, stir in 1 teaspoon of lemon juice.

Soya letcho¹⁸⁶ (portion for 4 persons)

The night before or a few hours before use, soak 5 dg of soya cubes and the next day make half a portion of Soya cracklings, except that you can use your fingernails to break the soaked soya cubes into two or three pieces. Then chop 10 dg of onion and sauté in a large, thick walled sauce pan with 1.2 dl of cooking oil until translucent. Wash 1.8 kg of thin-fleshed vegetable peppers in running water, cut into rings about 1 cm thick or 1 cm wide slices, add to the onion and simmer under a lid until soft. (Do not remove the inner core from the slices, as this gives the pepper its flavour. Some people even crumble the seeds of the remaining torchetta into the soup, as this makes it even tastier.) The soup is particularly delicious if you also slice 1-2 tomato paprika or capia paprika. If you like, you can also add a hot pepper or half a cherry pepper (chilli pepper), or season with ground hot paprika. When the vegetable peppers start to shrivel, wash 60 dg of juicy tomatoes and add them cut into small pieces. Stir in 1 teaspoon of ground paprika, 1 teaspoon of salt, a pinch of sugar and continue to cook uncovered, stirring frequently. For those who like spicy flavours, add 1-2 cloves of crushed garlic or a little chopped fresh basil or thyme. In the absence of herbs, you can also add a quarter of a tablespoon of whole cumin. (The flavour will be more intense if you fry it on top of the onion.) When all the moisture has evaporated, fry it until to fat and stir in the soya cracklings.

Cook the letcho over a high heat until you can smell the roasted peppers, otherwise it will taste watery. However, be careful not to overcook it, as this will take away its flavour and, if you use hot peppers, its strength. Many people don't like the tomato skins to be mushy, so they don't fry the letcho until they are fat. In this case, the peppers are sautéed uncovered over medium heat, which, although to a lesser extent, will allow the desired flavour to develop during slow cooking. (For this version, 1.5 kg of vegetable peppers and 0.5 kg of tomatoes are sufficient.) Finally, beat 4 eggs, sprinkle with a quarter of a teaspoon of salt and pour over the letcho, beating well. Stir gently over a slow fire, tossing it from time to time, until it thickens. The letcho will be delicious if the poured egg does not fall apart into small balls due to the high water content, but gelatinises like scrambled eggs. If you don't have a thick-walled (preferably cast iron) sauce pan, place a heat diffuser plate under the pan and cook over full heat, brushing often. Serve warm as a standalone dish. Store in the refrigerator.

Home-canned ingredients make a delicious letcho in winter. Canned letcho should be baked uncovered. Quantity required: 1,6 litres. (Use 9 decilitre jars for canning. For those who live abroad, it should also be mentioned that only white, thin-fleshed Hungarian peppers can be used to make letcho with an excellent flavour and texture. The thick-fleshed green, yellow and red peppers known as sweet peppers are unsuitable. If you are in America and want to make letcho, use Cuban vegetable peppers and Canadian tomatoes, as they taste most like the ones from back home. The intense flavour of thin-skinned vegetable peppers is no accident. This variety is the closest to the non-hybridised peppers. It is called the edible pepper because it is the vegetable pepper that we sell the most of.

Deli peppers are delicious, but sweet or hot. They have no paprika flavour. It's only when you chew the thin white skin of the edible pepper that you can feel that God once made the pepper that way. Which we then completely ruined with all the various hybridizations. Our „bred” peppers are beautiful, brightly coloured, but lacking in taste and smell. That's why they can't be used to make letchon. Unfortunately, Hungarian vegetable peppers and tomatoes are not available abroad. Not

¹⁸⁶ Hungarian soya ratatouille

because we don't deliver, but because foreign traders don't order from us. However, our thin-fleshed vegetable peppers are well known abroad. In Western countries they are known as the "Hungarian type". Germans are particularly fond of our peppers because they not only taste good, but also smell good. We use this variety not only raw. It is used to make stuffed peppers. That's why many people call them „TV” paprika¹⁸⁷. Hobby gardeners should look for the seeds of the Szeged variety, because they are the most delicious. The Szeged variety is also the best of the spicy paprika.

Source:

Kun Electronic Library
Reform dishes for gourmets

In the hope that these dishes might attract the interest of restaurant chains, I have also sent my above offer to Burger King and to OMV and Shell petrol stations. Unfortunately, their reaction has been the same. They still have not replied to my letter. I did not give up. I sent them a few more soya recipes to see if they liked them better.

E-mail address: eszrevetel@fusionrt.hu

Dear Burger King Team!

Meat substitute soya dollop is a versatile ingredient. It can also be used to replace meat fillings. A common use for meat is in stuffing. Since the filling needs to be loose and malleable, the meat is ground. However, the minced meat will still be firm and chewy when cooked, so it needs to be loosened further. To achieve this, rice is added. Cooked with the minced meat, the rice reduces the sticking together of the meat fibres, which makes the stuffing loose. Soya can also be used as a substitute for rice-enriched stuffing. Mushroom soya dollop with cooked rice does not taste any different from the meat version. It makes excellent stuffed cabbage, stuffed paprikas and a variety of casseroles. The most popular of the casserole vegetables is the Casserole Potato. The vegetarian versions of the Baška rice meat are Baška rice mushrooms and Baška rice soya. Soya pate is a delicious meat substitute for sandwiches. It is a good complement to sandwiches with soya salami or fried soya. Its raw paste, reminiscent of liver pate can also be used as a meat substitute filling. It can be used to make delicious stuffed mushrooms, stuffed tomato paprikas and other stuffed vegetables.

It is also not widely consumed in soups abroad. But these high water content dishes are also very tasty and healthy. They alleviate the fluid deficiency that many people have problems with, and are rich in vitamins and minerals. Our goulash soup is world-famous, but who knows why it's cooked thickly abroad. Real goulash soup is the beef version of chicken broth. It's the same diluted consistency as beef broth, but with a different flavour. Vegetarians should not be without this soup, which can also be eaten as a side dish, because Soya Goulash is equally delicious. The interesting thing is that it is made with soya cubes, or soya cracklings, which are not half-cooked but fully cooked. As it is quite filling, it can also be eaten as a single dish. No less tasty Hungarian side dishes are Soya ragout and Soya dumpling soup. From eggs can be used to prepare a variety of dishes quickly and easily. The simplest version is the omelette. It is known all over the world. We make scrambled eggs from the eggs, which are even tastier than omelettes. The most delicious are scrambled eggs with mushrooms and scrambled eggs with cheese. The Hungarian version is the scrambled eggs with vegetable peppers.

Abroad, cream soups made with fresh fruit are almost unknown. The most famous of these are Apple soup and Sour cherry soup. In the summer, in the heat, it is refreshing to have a plate of cold fruit soup. Many people here make fruit soups, but of varying quality. In canteens and factory kitchens, it is thickened with flour. Housewives use custard powder to thicken it. It is edible, but the chemicals in the custard powder (ester, food colouring, preservatives) are not good for your health. To make a truly delicious fruit soup that also satisfies gourmets, only boiled egg custard can be used. The disadvantage of its production is that it requires a lot of stirring and thickening. This is not a problem for large-scale production, however, as a robot is now used for this process. Hungarian floating islands is a speciality similar to cream soups. It is also usually made with white flour or cus-

¹⁸⁷ Abbreviation for stuffing peppers.

tard powder, but only the version made with boiled egg custard is really enjoyable. For those who just want a snack, there's the refreshing and succulent Non-alcoholic citrus juice. Everyone loves a punch. However, those visiting fast food restaurants by car are not allowed to drink alcohol. But the taste of this juice will make up for the lack of alcohol.
Sincerely, Kun Ákos – 20 October 2020.

PDF attachment:

Stuffed cabbage¹⁸⁸
(portion for 8 persons)

The night before or a few hours before use, soak 10 dg of soya cubes as described for the Soya cracklings. The next day, rinse 2 kg of Vecsés sauerkraut¹⁸⁹. The easiest way to do this is to fill a polyethylene bag with cold water, shake well and drain off all the juice through the closed opening. (Before rinsing, it is a good idea to pour the juice into a glass. This is both because it is a very healthy drink and because if you have washed the cabbage too much and it has become tasteless, you can correct the mistake by adding a little juice afterwards.) Place the washed cabbage, freed from excessive sourness, in a large enamel saucepan¹⁹⁰, and pour over it enough water to cover it well. Cover and simmer for about 2 hours. When the juice has evaporated, add a little more water and continue cooking until tender. (There should be enough juice left at the end to just cover the cabbage.)

While the cabbage is softening, make a portion of rice-enriched mushroom meat substitute soya masse for the stuffing. For this, you will need a half-cooked Meat substitute soya masse. After grinding the soya cubes, soaked and fried in 1 dl of cooking oil, slice 40 dg of washed mushrooms and fry them in 0,5 dl of cooking oil crispy, cut into small pieces.¹⁹¹ (Don't overfry because it will char.) Finely chop 5 dg of onion and sauté until translucent, mixing it with the fried mushrooms. (Be careful not to fry it, because the filling will smell like onions.) Stir the onion mushrooms into the soya masse with the remaining oil. Meanwhile, wash 10 dg of B rice, add 2 dl of water and cook over a flame over a low heat for min. 10 minutes. (Be careful not to overcook, as this will soften the filling, but it shouldn't be tough either. Cook the short-grain glutinous rice in 1.8 dl of water.) Finally, add 2 large or 3 small eggs, previously beaten. Grate over 2 cloves of garlic, sprinkle with a pinch of ground pepper, 1 mocha spoon salt and 2 heaped tablespoon soya flour, and mix well with a fork.

When the cabbage is almost tender, scoop off three quarters of the cabbage with a fork, then with wet hands, form 16 dumplings of the mushroom meat substitute soya mixture and place on top of the remaining cabbage. (Leave just a finger's layer on the bottom to prevent the dumplings from burning. The raw dumplings cannot be stacked on top of each other as they will stick together. Before placing the dumplings, check the level of the cabbage. If it has evaporated, add enough water to just cover it and bring to the boil.)¹⁹² Then pour the cabbage scraps over the dumplings and cook for a further 25 minutes until the dumplings are completely tender and the fillings are set. (After placing the dumplings, turn the heat up to maximum and turn it down to low only after the

¹⁸⁸ Stuffed cabbage gets its name from the fact that the stuffing was originally wrapped in pickled cabbage leaves. For this purpose, a whole head of cabbage was pickled and the leaves were cut off as many times as the number of dumplings to be cooked. However, during consumption, almost everyone would remove this thick leaf from the filling and push it to the side of the plate. It is not eaten. Why put it on top?

¹⁸⁹ If you have not bought thin-stemmed Vecsés sauerkraut, your producer may have spared you the spices to make a bigger profit. In this case, we have to make up for it. Add 1 bay leaf, a few grains of whole pepper and a small piece of horseradish to the rinsed cabbage. (When serving, the bay leaf and horseradish should be removed.) If the cabbage you buy is thick-stemmed, be prepared to cook it for 3 hours before it softens.

¹⁹⁰ In order to fit the dumplings in the bottom, you will need a pot at least 26 cm in diameter.

¹⁹¹ After washing, break the mushroom stems, split them in two lengthways and cut them crosswise into 2-3 mm thick slices. The easiest way to chop the mushrooms' hats is to cut them into slices of 2-3 mm and then cut them at 90°. Turn them at right angles and cut them in the same way. Do not cut thicker, as the dumplings will split. The onions should also be chopped this way. (Cut in two lengthways, lay them on the board and chop them lengthways and crosswise.)

¹⁹² This is necessary because soya dumplings can only harden in hot stock. If part of it is steamed, it will fall apart.

cabbage has reheated.) When they are firm, carefully scoop out the dumplings with a large spoon and roux the cabbage.

To 3 tablespoons of oatmeal flour, add as much oil as it will absorb and heat until foaming. Take the thickener off the heat and stir in half a teaspoon of paprika. Leave to cool to lukewarm, then continue to stir and add enough cold water to make it creamy. Then pour in a thin stream into the cabbage and add 1 tablespoon of the concentrated tomato paste.) For those who prefer a Transylvanian flavour, mix half a mocha spoonful of savoury into the cabbage before putting the dumplings back in. (Savoury make the sauerkraut dish more delicate and reduce the bloating it causes.) Finally, put the dumplings back in, gently toss them into the cabbage and simmer for a few minutes.¹⁹³ The finished cabbage should be reheated the next day and served with sour cream. Stuffed cabbage should not be eaten fresh. The sour cream should not be boiled in the whole quantity, as it will spoil quickly, and gourmets say that only stuffed cabbage that has been reheated for two or three days tastes good. If it thickens during storage, add a little water and bring to the boil with the sour cream. Heat over a low flame to heat through the soya dumplings. Serve warm with 2 dumplings on top. Serve with 2 freshly baked Graham buns. Store in a cooler. Leftovers cannot be frozen because steamed rice does not stand up to freezing.

Stuffed paprika¹⁹⁴ (portion for 8 persons)

The night before or a few hours before use, soak 10 dg soya cubes as described in the Soya cracklings recipe. The next day, make a portion of rice-enriched mushroom meat substitute soya masse as described for Stuffed cabbage and form 16 dumplings. Then pour 2,4 litres of fibrous tomato juice in a large enamel-coated sauce pan.¹⁹⁵ Add 2-3 celery greens, 12 dg honey and a quarter of a teaspoon of salt. In winter tomato juice can be flavored with 1 mocha spoon of dried celery leaves. Bring to the boil, then place the soya dumplings in and simmer under the lid for about 25 minutes until the filling is hardens. Meanwhile, shake it a few times to avoid burning. (After 10 minutes, turn the floated dumplings over so that the tops are cooked through.) Finally, roux the tomato juice. To 3 heaped tablespoons of oatmeal flour, add as much oil as it will absorb and heat until foaming. Remove from the heat and stir in half a mocha spoon of ground paprika. Allow to cool to lukewarm, then continue to stir and add enough cold water to make it creamy. Then gently scoop out the filling and stir the roux into the tomato juice. Cook, uncovered, over full heat, stirring constantly, for a further 10 minutes to thicken, then put the filling back on. Serve after at least a day of ageing. The next day, reheat over a low heat to allow the soya dumplings to cook through. Serve warm with 2 soya dumplings. Serve with 2 freshly baked Graham buns. Store in the refrigerator. The residue cannot be frozen because steamed rice cannot stand the deep freeze.

Potato casserole (portion for 6 persons)

Boil 80 dg of medium solid potatoes in salted water until tender, peel and, when cool, cut into slices about 4 mm thick. In the meantime, boil 4 eggs in salted water and prepare a portion of rice-enriched mushroom meat substitute soya masse as described for stuffed cabbage. Then butter a medium-sized glass or ceramic ovenproof dish and place a layer of a third of the sliced potatoes in the bottom. Spread the filling evenly over the top, then cover with the next third of potatoes. Then

¹⁹³ Shake the sauce pan from time to time so that the soya dumplings on top of the cabbage sink down. If they don't want to sink, press down gently with a spoon.

¹⁹⁴ Stuffed peppers get their name from the fact that the stuffing was originally stuffed into large (TV) green peppers that had been previously cooked until soft. However, when eaten, this soggy, disgusting pepper skin is peeled off the stuffing by almost everyone and not eaten. So why put it on?

¹⁹⁵ If you didn't save tomato juice for yourself this summer, look for the tomatoes in the grocery stores that have been pureed. Tomato juice is no good because it is diluted with water.

top with the sliced hard-boiled eggs and cover with the remaining potatoes. Next comes the gratin sauce to facilitate "tube baking". Mix 20 dg sour cream with 9 dg melted butter until smooth and drizzle over the top of the potato rings. Finally, sprinkle with 5 dg of melted grated cheese and bake uncovered over a medium heat (210 °C) for about half an hour, until the cheese is crumbly. Cut into 6 cubes and serve warm as a standalone dish. Serve with apple compote, peach compote or plum compote. If desired, add 1 freshly baked Graham bun. Store in the refrigerator. The next day you can refresh it on the grill.

Batchka rice with mushroom (portion for 4 persons)

First make a portion of Steamed rice. Wash 30 dg of long-grain, Grade A rice in a colander under warm running water and sauté in a large thick-walled saucepan over a heat diffuser plate on 2 tablespoon of cooking oil for a few minutes. When it starts to turn white, add twice as much water, i.e. 6 dl. (If using an airtight pot such as a Zepter, add only 5.5 dl.) Then stir in 1 heaped mocha spoon of salt or 1 heaped teaspoon of Vegeta and cook for 20 minutes, covered with a lid. (The heat diffuser plate is needed to prevent the rice from burning and crusting the bottom during the roasting and steaming process.)¹⁹⁶ When done, turn off the flame underneath and leave on the stove until serving. Do not remove the lid, and do not stir the rice after it has finished cooking, as it will break.

While the rice is cooking, finely chop 5 dg onions and sauté them in 4 tablespoon cooking oil until translucent. Wash 4 vegetable peppers, chop them into rings about 0.5 cm wide or 1 cm wide slices from the stem down, add them to the onion and simmer under a lid until soft. When the peppers are soft, add 2 medium sized juicy tomatoes cut into smaller pieces and continue cooking until the tomatoes fall apart, then fry uncovered until to fat. (In winter, the peppers and tomatoes can be replaced with 3 dl letcho.) Then wash 30 dg of mushrooms under running water and cut them, including the stems, into cubes about 1 cm wide. When the letcho is fried to fat, add the mushrooms, sprinkle with 1 mocha spoon ground paprika, half a mocha spoon salt, a pinch of ground pepper, add 1 dl water and simmer under the lid until tender. (If the mushrooms don't release enough juice, add a little more water and continue cooking until tender.) When tender, fry until to fat, add to the steamed rice and cook gently with a serving fork over a low heat, uncovered, for a few minutes more to allow the flavours to blend. Serve warm as a stand-alone dish. Store in the refrigerator.

A similar recipe is used for the **Batchka rice with soya**. In this case, too, you first make steamed rice and then bake letcho as described above. To do this, chop 5 dg of onion and sauté it in 3 tablespoon of cooking oil until translucent. Wash 4 vegetable peppers, cut them into rings about 0.5 cm wide or 1 cm wide slices from the stem down, add them to the onion and simmer under a lid until soft. When the peppers are soft, add 2 medium-sized juicy tomatoes, cut into smaller pieces. Sprinkle with 1 tsp of paprika, a quarter tsp of salt, a pinch of ground pepper and continue to cook until the tomatoes fall apart, then fry uncovered until to fat. (In winter, the peppers and tomatoes can be replaced with 3 dl of letcho.) Then make a portion of half-baked soya cracklings from the 10 decagrams of soya cubes soaked the night before and put it on top of the steamed rice with the lecho. Stir gently with a serving fork over a low heat, without a lid, and cook for a few minutes more to allow the flavours to blend. Fry the soaked soya cubes in 1 dl of oil as described in Meat substitute soya dollop, taking care not to let them colour or they will become chewy. It is advisable to prepare the Batchka rice with soya the day before, because it is finer after a day of maturing.

¹⁹⁶ Do not stir when steaming, as it will become chewy. (When cooking, the rice grains swell and steam channels form between them. If these are disturbed, the water cannot escape and the whole thing becomes a sticky mess. And the starch flows out of the broken rice grains, which makes them stick together even more.)

Soya pate

(portion for 6 persons)

First peel and then cut 5 dg onion, 5 dg turnip, 3 dg carrot, 2 dg celery¹⁹⁷ into cubes of about 0,5 cm, and simmer in 0,4 dl water with 3 dg butter, covered, until soft. (0.2 dl water is sufficient for airtight pan.) When cooked, fry uncovered until to fat and set aside. Then make a portion of Meat substitute soya masse, except this time use 0.5 litres of soaking water. Fry the soya cubes that you soaked the night before in 6 dg butter instead of oil. Remove from the heat as soon as it is cooked through. Do not fry it, as the pate will be grainy. However, make sure you fry all the water out of it, otherwise it will be soggy and the paste will fall apart. While the soya is simmering, cut 6 dg of tomato paprika or capia paprika into small cubes. Pass the cooled soya cubes twice in succession through a meat grinder fitted with a disc with a 3 mm hole diameter. Then grind in 3 dg of salted crackers per piece.¹⁹⁸ To the mixture add the stewed vegetables, the chopped capia paprika, 1 beaten egg, 5 dg melted butter, 1 level mocha poon dried crushed basil, half a teaspoon ground paprika, a quarter mocha spoon sea salt, a quarter teaspoon dried ground thyme, a pinch of ground pepper and 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce.¹⁹⁹

Mix well, then tear off a piece of aluminium foil about 40 cm long and of normal width. Spread the butter on the brighter half and place the filling along the longer side. Shape it into a stick about 28 cm long and roll it in the foil. Fold in both ends to seal it seamlessly and place it in a small enamel baking tray with the edges on top. Place in a preheated oven and bake over a moderate heat (180 °C) for 20 minutes, then leave to cool in the baking tray. Serve cold after at least a day of ageing. Wrap in polythene and store in the fridge. If the whole quantity is not used up in a few days, you can put it in the freezer. The above quantity should yield about 65 dg of pate. The pate used to be eaten as a dessert. We can make a delicious sandwich out of it.

Soya pate sandwich

After letting the pate rest for 1-2 days, bake a portion of bran and sourdough puff pastry as described for Graham buns. Cut the cooled buns in half and butter both halves. Take the ripened soya pate out of the fridge, roll off the foil and cut into slices about 1.5 cm thick with a sharp knife. Then cut each slice in half and place 5-5 pieces of pate on the bottom half of the buttered bun, covering it completely. Top with a slice of iceberg lettuce. (The lettuce leaf should hang slightly over the bun to enhance the visual effect.) Place a layer of firm fleshed tomatoes cut into slices about 2 mm thick on the lettuce leaf, followed by a layer of thin white fleshed vegetable peppers cut into narrow slices.²⁰⁰ (Do not add ketchup, as it will overpower the flavour of the soya pate.) Finally, place the buttered top of the bun on top. Press down lightly and wrap in paper towels to prevent the filling from spilling out when eating. If you are taking the sandwiches with you, place them in a paper bag to avoid smearing. Serve at room temperature. Store leftovers in the refrigerator. Remove from the refrigerator at least one hour before consumption to allow to warm to room temperature. Soya pate should not be reheated as it will lose much of its flavour.

¹⁹⁷ These are post-cleaning quantities.

¹⁹⁸ Saltines biscuits are most cheaply available at the Tesco supermarket and the Auchan store. **Tuc Original savoury biscuits** cost 219 Ft per 100 g. (Only biscuits made from white flour are suitable for this purpose, as bran and seed biscuits will make the pate grainy.)

¹⁹⁹ If you like Hungarian flavours, you can also add a little hot paprika to the mixture. Another way to prepare it is to press 2 cloves of garlic into the paste. In this case, season with dried, ground rosemary instead of basil.

²⁰⁰ This type of paprika (Szeged-bred) is known abroad as Hungarian paprika. Do not use California peppers, as they are tasteless and thick. It makes the sandwich fall apart. Capia and tomato paprika are also not good for this purpose, because they are sweet.

Soy stew

(portion for 4 persons)

The night before or a few hours before use, soak 5 dg of soya cubes and the next day make half a portion of Soya cracklings, except that you should use your fingernails to tear the soaked soya cubes into two or three pieces. Peel 30 dg of medium solid potatoes and, after washing them again, cut them into cubes of about 1,5 cm. Then peel and slice 5 dg of carrots and 5 dg of turnips into 2 mm thick slices. (If the carrots are very thick, split them lengthways before slicing.) Chop 5 dg onion, sprinkle with a pinch of salt, a quarter of a mocha spoon of cumin seeds and sauté in 1 tablespoon cooking oil until translucent. Add the vegetables first, then the potatoes and sauté for a few minutes. Then add half a mocha spoon of ground paprika, a pinch of ground pepper and 1,2 litres of water. Wash a small bunch of parsley and a sprig of celery, twist it up, tie it with white string and throw it into the soup with 1 vegetable pepper and 1 small tomato.²⁰¹ For those who like Hungarian flavours, you can also add half a cherry pepper (chilli) with its seeds. Add 1 heaped mocha spoon of salt and simmer under the lid for about 20 minutes until the carrots are tender. In winter, you need longer to cook vegetables until tender, so add the potatoes to the cooking water 5 minutes later. When ready, scoop out the peppers, tomatoes and parsley cloves onto a plate and squeeze the juice into the soup with a spoon before discarding. Finally, stir in the soya cracklings and remove from the heat. Serve warm, with pinched pasta.²⁰² Store in the refrigerator. The leftovers cannot be frozen, as boiled potatoes do not stand up to deep freezing.

Soya ragout soup

(portion for 4 persons)

The night before or a few hours before use, soak 5 dg of soya cubes and the next day make half a portion of Soya cracklings, except that you should use your fingernails to tear the soaked soya cubes into two or three pieces. Then wash 20 dg of mushrooms in running water and cut them into slices about 2 mm thick. (Cut the stems and heads of large mushrooms in half lengthways first and then slice them.) Wash 10 dg of carrots and 5 dg of turnips. Scrape the skins off the carrots, wash them again, then slice lengthwise into finger-thick rectangles and cut into slices about 2 mm wide. Finely chop a small bunch of parsley. Set this aside too. Peel 10 dg of onion, chop finely and grate 2 cloves of garlic over it. Sauté the onion and the cloves in 2 tablespoons of cooking oil until translucent. Meanwhile, sprinkle with half a teaspoon of ground cumin, the parsley and half a teaspoon of ground paprika. Add the chopped carrots and continue to stir-fry for a few minutes, then add 1 litre of water. Add 1 teaspoon of dried basil, 1 heaped mocha spoon of salt, a quarter of a teaspoon of hot paprika cream and a pinch of ground pepper. Cook for 10 minutes, then add the mushrooms and 20 dg of the frozen green peas and cook for another 10 minutes or so until all the ingredients are tender. Finally, stir in the soya cracklings, but do not cook with this. Serve warm. Store in the refrigerator. Leftovers can be frozen if necessary, but cooked vegetables do not benefit from deep-freezing, so expect some texture deterioration.

²⁰¹ In winter, you can replace the peppers and tomatoes with 1-2 tablespoons of letcho or a little paprika cream and 1 tablespoon of pureed tomato sauce. As a seasoning, dried or frozen parsley or celery leaves can be used and mixed with the potatoes before thawing the water. Pour the broth into a corrosion-resistant steel tea pot so that it can be easily removed from the soup at the end of cooking.

²⁰² If using factory pinched pasta, take 8 eggs. Dry 2 and 4 eggs dry pastas should not be mixed into the soup because they will get soggy. These low quality pinched pastas can only be mixed into the soup when serving. However, factory pinched pasta will swell too much when cooked. It is better to buy homemade pinched pasta with 8 eggs. The best of these is Ürömi Arnold pasta pellets. Use 1 teaspoon of dried pinched pasta per person and cook for about 25 minutes in 1 litre of salted water.

Soya dumpling soup (portion for 4 persons)

The night before or a few hours before use, soak 5 dg soya cubes and the next day make half a portion of half-baked Meat substitute soya masse. Then wash 10 dg of mushrooms in running water, cut into slices about 2 mm thick, then chop into small pieces and fry until crisp in 2 tablespoon of cooking oil. Meanwhile, chop 5 dg onion and sauté it in the fried mushrooms until translucent, then add it to the half-fried and minced soya mass. Next, peel and cut 5 dg of carrots and 5 dg of turnips into 2 mm thick slices and place in a sauce pan. (If the carrots and turnips are too thick, split them in half lengthways first.) Sauté them in 1 tablespoon of cooking oil for a few minutes, then pour over 1,4 litres of water, add 1 heaped mocha spoon of salt and bring to the boil. Wash a small bunch of parsley, cut off the top leaves, chop and set aside. Add the rest of the parsley, tied with white string, to the soup.²⁰³ While the soup is boiling, sprinkle 1 pinch of ground pepper, a quarter of a teaspoon of salt, 1 tablespoon of soya flour, half of the chopped parsley, then grate 1 clove of garlic, pour over 1 beaten egg and add half a bun (2.5 dg) of white flour, cut into small pieces. Knead the mixture well, then form 8 dumplings with wet hands and place them in the soup, which has boiled in the meantime. Cook for about 20 minutes until the carrots are tender. In summer, add 1 vegetable pepper and 1 small tomato.

When ready, scoop out the parsley cloves and the pepper and tomato onto a plate and squeeze the juice into the soup with a spoon before discarding. In the winter, season with a little paprika cream and tomato puree. Finally, add as much oil as it will absorb to 1 tablespoon of oatmeal flour and heat over a high heat until it foams and then make a roux. Add the other half of the chopped parsley, remove from the heat when cooked, and sprinkle with half a mocha spoon of paprika. Leave to cool to lukewarm and then, stirring constantly, add enough water to make it creamy. Pour the roux into the gently stirred soup and simmer for another 5 minutes or so to thicken. Serve warm with 2 soya dumplings. Store in the refrigerator. As with the other dishes containing meat substitute soya masse, this is best prepared the day before as it is best after 1 day of ageing. Since there is no rice in this dumpling, the leftovers can be frozen. However, cooked vegetables does not like being frozen, so some loss of firmness should be expected.

Scrambled eggs with mushrooms (portion for 4 persons)

First we wash 20 dg of brown mushrooms and we cut it together with the stem for approx. 2 mm thick slices. (The thick stems should be split lengthways and the large heads cut in half crosswise). Then fry them in 0.5 dl of olive oil until they are medium rare. Do not fry until crispy, as they will be chewy. Break 12 eggs, sprinkle with half a teaspoon of salt, add 5 dg of melted butter, a pinch of ground pepper and pour over the fried mushrooms, which have been heated over full heat, beating well with a fork. Stir and cook over a low heat until the mushrooms are gelled. While the mushrooms are cooking, gently pull inwards with a fork to prevent them from burning. Be careful not to overcook, as this will cause the dough to become rubbery. It will be best when the top is slightly raw, as the scrambled eggs will continue to fry for a while after being removed from the heat. Use a large pan with a non-stick coating for frying. Pour the oil into the heated pan, not the cold one. It is also very important that the fat is hot enough when pouring in the egg mixture, because if it is not hot enough, it will fry to the bottom of the pan. Serve hot on preheated plates. If desired, serve with 1 freshly baked Graham bun. The next day, you can reheat it on the grill, but it will not be as good as freshly baked.

²⁰³ If this operation gives us trouble, stuff it in tea bags.

Scrambled eggs with cheese

(portion for 4 persons)

First grate 10 dg semi-hard cheese.²⁰⁴ Break 12 eggs, sprinkle with half a teaspoon of salt, add 6 dg grated cheese, pour over 5 dg melted butter and beat well with a fork. In a large non-stick frying pan, melt 5 dg butter and when it is hot, pour the beaten egg over it. Stir and fry over a low heat until the egg has set. While frying, gently pull the outer, pre-solidified parts inwards with a fork to avoid burning. Be careful not to overcook, as this will cause the dough to turn rubbery. It is at its best when the top is slightly raw, as the scrambled eggs will continue to cook for a while after being removed from the heat. Serve hot on preheated plates, but first sprinkle the rest of the cheese over the top in the pan. If desired, serve with 1 freshly baked Graham bun. Store in the refrigerator. The next day you can reheat it on the grill, but it will not be as good as freshly baked.

Scrambled eggs with vegetable peppers

(portion for 4 persons)

Cut 25 dg of vegetable peppers²⁰⁵ into rings about 0.5 cm wide, or into slices about 1 cm wide from the stem down. Pour 1 dl olive oil into a large non-stick frying pan, add the chopped vegetable peppers and fry under a lid until soft. (Do not fry.) Meanwhile, thinly slice 10 dg of onion and sauté with the softened vegetable pepper, stirring frequently, without covering. Then break 12 eggs, sprinkle with half a teaspoon of salt, a pinch of ground pepper and pour into the pan, whisking well with a fork. Stir and fry over a low heat until the mixture is gelled. While frying, use a fork to gently pull inwards the outer, previously set parts to avoid burning. Be careful not to overcook, as this will cause the dough to become rubbery. It will be best when the top is slightly raw, as the scrambled eggs will continue to fry for a while after being removed from the heat. Serve hot on preheated plates. If desired, serve with 1 freshly baked Graham bun. The next day, you can reheat it on the grill, but it won't be as good as freshly baked. Carnivores enrich this scrambled egg with sausage rings. We can also easily make **Scrambled eggs with sausage** with grain sausage. Peel the thin skin off 10 dg of smoked grain sausage and cut into slices about 3 mm thick. Fry both sides in hot oil and add the onion. (Do not fry, as the sausage will be chewy and bitter.)

Apple soup

(portion for 8 persons)

Wash 1 kg of fragrant strudel apple (acid-flavoured summer apples), cut in half and peel thinly. After cutting out the core, chop into small pieces, rinse and place in a thin-walled pot. Pour in 9 dl of water, add half a vanilla pod, split in half lengthways, a pinch of salt and cook under the lid until tender. Meanwhile, whisk 4 large egg yolks with 14 dg of granulated sugar until frothy. Slowly add 1 litre of fresh cold milk and stir continuously for a few minutes. If raw milk is used, bring it to the boil in a specially reserved and previously strained thick-walled saucepan, as slow cooking may cause it to turn sour. To avoid skin sticking, the milk should be placed in cold water and cooled, stirring occasionally. (There is no need to boil raw milk if it is guaranteed fresh.)²⁰⁶ Remove the apple compote from the heat and slowly stir in the milk pulp.

Return the pot to the stove and continue to cook over a low heat, stirring constantly, for about three quarters of an hour. (If the flame is too low, turn it up a little higher, because if the liquid is not

²⁰⁴ Scrambled eggs are best made with Parmesan cheese, but you can use any grated cheese you like.

²⁰⁵ For this purpose, only thinly-fleshed peppers can be used. Sweet peppers (California peppers, tomato peppers, cayenne peppers) are not suitable because they are sweet.

²⁰⁶ If necessary, raw milk can be frozen. After defrosting, it will not become grainy, curdled or have a shelf life that is reduced. In our fast-paced world, it is good to know that raw milk does not deteriorate in any way when frozen. Unlike pasteurised milk, it can be stored in a three-star freezer for months without any deterioration in taste or consistency.

steaming, it will not thicken. You should thicken it to the consistency of cream.) While thickening, don't stop stirring for even a short time, or the milk will curdle and you can throw it all out. When cooking, do not let the soup come to the boil, even with constant stirring, as it will still curdle. After thickening, run cold water into the sink, set the pot in it and keep stirring until it cools down. If the apples are not sour enough, stir in 1 tablespoon of lemon juice. Can only be stored in the refrigerator. To make better use of space and to avoid spillage, pour the finished soup into a 2,7 litre jar. Serve cold. As the water will precipitate on the top and the apples will settle to the bottom during storage, stir before serving. Store in the refrigerator. Keeps for no longer than 2 days, but leftovers can be frozen. However, some deterioration in firmness should be expected.

Sour cherries soup (portion for 8 persons)

A very tasty fruit soup can be made with sour cherries sweetened with 16 dg honey. The most suitable for this purpose is the slightly acidic Pándy sour cherry. The dark reddish, sweetish eating cherries are nowhere as delicious, fragrant and bright red in colour as this translucent light red variety. The Érdi bőtermő sour cherries are delicious for fresh consumption, but are too sweet for compote and cake making. If you can't get Pándy sour cherries, you can try Újfehértói fürtös or Cigánymeggy. These varieties also have an intensely acidic flavour, but are small-grained. Cook the same quantity of carefully selected and washed fresh sour cherries as the apples until the skin cracks, as this is the only way to release the juice. In this case, take extra care to pour the milk pulp into the compote in a thin stream, which must not be hot, otherwise the soup will granular. Some people make this soup from shelled sour cherries. This is not advisable, as the flavour of the sour cherry soup is largely due to the flavourings that are cooked out of the pits. (When serving, add a small plate for your guests to put the pits on.)

In winter, you can also use quick-frozen sour cherries. Add the frozen cherries to the cooking water for a better flavour and less spoilage. After boiling the juice, let the soft-boiled cherries cool to room temperature to reduce the risk of curdling. The sour cherry jare cannot be used in this case either. The same applies to preserved sour cherries as to compote. Although the flavour of strudel apples is better than that of apples suitable for winter storage, re-cooking destroys the flavour so much that in winter the less tasty raw Jonathan apples can be used to make a more delicious soup than the compote once it has been heated. It is therefore better to use quick-frozen sour cherry in winter. If fresh fruit is not available, add a little lemon juice to the soup after cooling. The citric acid dissolves the juice from the fruit, making the creamier. (Do not add lemon juice to the hot stock when cooking, as it will make the milk cream.)

Always make sure you use only fruit of impeccable quality and ripeness, otherwise all the work you put into making these cream soups will be wasted. It is also very important that the milk you buy is fresh. If sour fruit is used, even the milk from the next day will granular and the shelf life of the soup will be significantly reduced. If you want to make a really delicious soup, you should also pay attention to the cooking time of the fruit. Turn off the fire underneath when the smell is at its most intense. (Strudel apples are cooked in 5 minutes.) Cherries can also be cooked for 5 minutes. Overcooked fruit will lose flavour rapidly, and undercooked fruit will not stain the soup. The flavour is also greatly improved by using farm eggs and raw milk with fat.

Floating islands (portion for 6 persons)

Whisk 5 egg yolks with 6 dg honey and a pinch of salt until frothy, then take 2 decilitres of 1 litre of fresh milk and slowly pour it into the pulp. The only way to make really good floating islands

is to use raw milk with fat and farm eggs.²⁰⁷ Add half a vanilla pod, split in two lengthways, to the remaining milk and bring to the boil in a thick-walled saucepan. Then beat the 5 egg whites, add 2 tablespoons of honey to the foam and continue beating until stiff. (Be careful not to add a drop of egg yolk, as this will also prevent the egg whites from beating into a froth.) Scoop the foam into dumplings with a teaspoon and cook in the boiling milk for about 1 minute. Don't put too many sous in at once, as they will swell. Once they rise to the surface of the milk, turn them over and cook the other side of the meringues for about half a minute. Then remove them with a strainer into a pastry sieve to drain the milk off them.

Pour the drained milk back into the rest, turn the heat down to low, then stir the set aside egg pulp into the warm milk in small batches and continue to cook, stirring constantly, for about three quarters of an hour. When thickening, proceed in the same way as for cream soups, i.e. do not stop stirring and do not boil the cream. Cool the cream, about half a litre thick, and pour it over the meringues. Store in the refrigerator only. The most convenient way to do this is to place the meringues in a 1,5 litre jar, as you would for fruit soups, and dip or pour the cooled cream over them. Serve cold. (Put the meringues in small glass or porcelain bowls and pour the custard over them.) Serve with a teaspoon. It's best to make it the day before, as it tastes better after a day's ageing.

If you freeze the custard in the freezer in a previously watered bowl, it makes an excellent **Ice cream**. You can also use it to make a high-quality **Ice cream** with a different flavour. If you mix fruit with the vanilla cream, puree it beforehand. While the cocoa and coffee should be added to the egg paste before cooking, the fruit jelly, lemon juice and chopped oil seeds should always be added afterwards to the cooled cream. Confectioners mix it into the semi-finished ice-cream when it is frozen. Coffee ice-cream is more delicious if a few decagrams of bitter chocolate are melted into the cream. Cool the flavoured mixture thoroughly before pouring it into the ice cream machine. The ice cream is even better if you cook the egg paste with whipping cream instead of milk. (Boiled egg paste is no longer used to make ice cream anywhere. It requires a lot of work, and there is no solvent demand for it. It's worth trying at home. Once you've tasted ice cream made from boiled egg custard, you'll never want to go back to the confectioners' ice-cream parlours' blended-up counterfeits.)

Non-alcoholic citrus punch (portion for 8 persons)

Peel 4 large mandarins and 2 oranges after washing, then cut them into cloves and peel off the white pulp. Then cut them crosswise into pieces about 1 cm wide. Remove the seeds and place the cubes in a deep glass bowl with a minimum capacity of 2,5 litres. Then peel 2 bananas and add them cut into thick slices, then cut in half crosswise and squeeze out 1 yellow-fleshed grapefruit. Pour the juice over the halved fruit and add 1 tablespoon of cognac flavouring. Finally, add 6 dg of melted honey, pour over 0,5 litre of orange juice and mix gently.²⁰⁸ Cover and refrigerate until the next day. Before drinking, pour 1 litre of previously cooled carbonated ginger beer over the top and stir well. (Do not pour the whole mixture at once, as the large amount of carbon dioxide released will cause it to run out.)

Serve cold in thick-bottomed, chunky glass glasses. Include small spoons with each glass so that the fruit can be scooped out. If you take more, stir again, as the fruit will float to the top. To make it even tastier, thinly grate the peel of the oranges, which have been thoroughly washed in warm

²⁰⁷ Raw milk can be bought in the markets, in bulk. So take a bottle of mineral water with you. It has a fat content of 3.6-4.6%, but is cheaper than the 2.8% fat pasteurised milk available in supermarkets. Fresh milk should be used on the day of purchase. If this is not possible, put it in the freezer. Raw milk with a high fat content is good for freezing. It does not become grainy after thawing, like pasteurised milk. (Remove from the freezer the day before use and transfer to the normal refrigerator to warm up.) Fresh farm eggs can also be purchased at farmers' markets. They are no more expensive than the mountains of farm eggs in supermarkets, often weeks old.

²⁰⁸ (Of all the fibrous orange juices, we have the best-tasting 100% fruit juice in a paper carton, Sió Natura. Another very tasty 100% fruit fibre juice is the orange juice of the Austrian Rauch company under the brand name "happy day".)

water, and of a lemon, then pour into a corrosion-resistant steel tea tin and soak in the juice until serving. For those who prefer a sour taste, 1 teaspoon of lemon juice can be added. If you don't want to stick to the usual flavours, you can leave out the cognac flavour. Do not add other tropical fruits, as they will spoil it. (Kiwifruit will turn to porridge from the carbonation, and mango will smell and taste of diesel.)

Source:

Kun Electronic Library

Reform dishes for gourmets

This offer also fell on deaf ears. I thought I'd give it one last try. Maybe my desserts will be well received. This expectation also proved to be a vain hope. I received no reply to this letter either. Not even a brief negative reply was worthy of a reply.

E-mail address: eszrevetel@fusionrt.hu

Dear Burger King Team!

We are also very fond of cold cuts and various vegetable salads. The most delicious of them are the mayonnaise salads with Tartar sauce as the base ingredient. This is also produced in different qualities, from factory mayonnaise made from egg powder and over-mixed, to home-made mayonnaise or tartar sauce. Homemade tartar sauce can be used to make delicious Mayonnaise potato salad, Mayonnaise mushroom salad, Mayonnaise green pea salad and Mayonnaise egg salad. The mayonnaise salads are crowned by the Casino egg, based on the Mayonnaise french salad. Pasta dishes are a worldwide favourite. Among them, the Hungarian specialities known to few are Curd cheese pasta, Poppy seed pasta, Cabbage pasta and Soya macaroni.

After eating the dishes, many people crave a slice of dessert. Some of these are also outstandingly delicious. The most popular of the traditional pastries are Nut pie, Poppy seed pie, Apple pie and Sour cherry pie. The speciality of the Zserbó confectionery, the Gerbeaud slice, is available in all our confectioneries. Unfortunately, they are all made from linzer dough, although they are much more fino when baked from dough. Tree trunk cake is also a Hungarian speciality. Everybody makes it with sponge cake dough, although there is also a version without dough. This all-creamy version also meets the needs of gourmets. It is very similar to the Chestnut basket. The Coconut cube is also a very popular cake. Some people fill it with cold buttercream, but it's best with boiled egg cream. No less delicious is the Chocolate slice. The Chocolate cookie also stands out in the family of dry cakes. In our country, the popularity of Túró Rudi. There is also a more flavourful version of this dark chocolate-coated curd cheese bar, the Curd cheese bonbon. Egg custard coconut balls are no ordinary dessert either. The world's most delicious cheesecake is the Budapest Cheesecake. A favourite of chocoholics is the Goose leg slice. Chocolate on the inside and out, enriched with sour cherry. A single slice will satisfy our chocolate cravings for days.

Sincerely yours, Ákos Kun – 27 October 2020.

PDF Attachment:

Tartar sauce, Mayonnaise (portion for 4 persons)

Beat 3 eggs and place the yolks in a high-walled glass or ceramic bowl. Add half a mocha spoon of salt, 1 heaping tablespoon of mustard, and mix with a mixer fitted with a whisk attachment on high speed until smooth. When the eggs are beaten, pour in 2 dl of sunflower, corn germ, or other refined cooking oil in small (teaspoon) portions.²⁰⁹ Once the egg pulp has absorbed the oil, you can pour the next dose on top. (You will be surprised to find that the more oil you pour on top, the thicker the custard

²⁰⁹ Do not use virgin olive oil or other aromatic oils, as their taste can interfere with the tartar sauce. Only refined edible oil, stripped of its flavouring, should be used for this purpose. The best choice is Floriol sunflower oil.

will be and the less it will run together. After the last of the oil has been absorbed, stop the mixer and add a pinch of ground white pepper, 3 teaspoons of lemon juice, 1 mocha spoon of apple cider vinegar and 1 teaspoon of icing sugar to the mixture. Beat again on high speed until smooth, then stop the mixer once again. Then add 20 dg of 20% fat sour cream²¹⁰ to the mayonnaise, from which the whey should be drained. Now start the mixer at the lowest speed and slowly whisk the sour cream into the mayonnaise. If you beat on high speed or for a long time, the whey will come out and dilute the tartar sauce.

You can make mayonnaise or tartar sauce in a quarter of an hour using this method. Finally, cover and refrigerate until the next day. Serve cold or use it up. Once the eggs are not heat treated, they will not keep for more than 3 days. If you don't want to make two different salads at the same time, the unused tartar sauce will keep longer in the freezer. (It's worth making a double batch and freezing it in 3.5 decilitre jars. This way, you'll always have a reserve for those days when you don't have time to cook.)²¹¹ Thawing should be done in the normal freezer compartment, because it leaks oil at room temperature. Once defrosted, stir with a tablespoon, using vigorous strokes, until smooth. Don't wait for the oil to come on top, because then it can't be smoothed. The remainder can be refrozen, but it will become thinner after each thawing and stirring.

The base of the tartar sauce is mayonnaise. Cold dishes used to be made with mayonnaise, hence the name. However, tartar sauce is much tastier, which is why almost everyone now makes mayonnaise-based vegetable salads. If you want to use the mayonnaise for other purposes, you can prepare it in the same way, but leave out the sour cream. Reduce the amount of flavourings as the weight is reduced. For the mayonnaise, use 3 egg yolks, 1 tablespoon of mustard, a quarter of a mocha spoon of salt, 2 dl of refined cooking oil, a pinch of ground white pepper, 3 mocha spoons of lemon juice, half a mocha spoon of apple cider vinegar and half a teaspoon of icing sugar. As with tartar sauce, mayonnaise made from fresh eggs can be frozen. Once defrosted, some of its oil content is discarded, but it can be blended with a spoon and vigorous stirring until smooth. The remainder can be refrozen. (No dilution is expected here.)

Whichever version you make, it is very important to scrub the shell of the raw egg thoroughly with warm detergent water before cracking, as the bacteria on the shell can easily cause salmonella. Unfortunately, there is still a risk of infection because the bacteria will eventually get inside the egg. This is why many people use compound feed eggs for this purpose, because the eggs are taken out of the "egg cages" thoroughly disinfected.²¹² Care should also be taken to always use fresh eggs, as bacteria that have started to multiply inside will not be destroyed if they are not heated. Crack the eggs one by one and if the white is opalescent and the yolk runny, do not use them for this purpose. Also check the expiry date of the mustard, as this can also cause problems. Stale mustard will make the mayonnaise bitter. (If you are using mustard for this purpose only, put the leftovers in the freezer. It will keep for years.)

Mayonnaise potato salad (portion for 2 persons)

Cut 5 dg onions in half, then slice them about 1 mm thick and add enough water to just cover. Season the water with half a mocha spoon of apple cider vinegar, a pinch of salt and a pinch of ground white pepper. Cook 40 dg of solid potatoes in salted water. Pierce with a fork, and peel while still warm and, when they have cooled, cut them into cubes about 1 cm wide. Add to the onion and marinate, stirring gently from time to time, until the pickling liquid is absorbed. Then whisk in half a

²¹⁰ Dieters use Greek yoghurt instead of sour cream in tartar sauce. If Greek yoghurt is not available, use 12% fat sour cream instead. (Greek yoghurt contains 10% fat.)

²¹¹ Also freeze a large portion of grated cheese. Dip it in the tartar sauce and it will make a delicious dinner.

²¹² However, the taste is not very good. Hens crowded into cages do not get green feed. They are fed with feed, often fishmeal. In addition, they are saturated with disease-preventing antibiotics and egg-boosting hormones. (In first-class restaurants, this problem is solved by keeping the yolks in a water bath at +62°C for a quarter of an hour. The salmonella bacteria are killed above 60 °C, but the yolk does not solidify at such low temperatures. It should be stirred occasionally to ensure better heat distribution.)

portion of tartar sauce and refrigerate until the next day. Serve cold. To make it even more delicious and tasty, garnish the top with a few parsley leaves. (For those who prefer a different flavour, add fresh tarragon leaves, chopped.) If you wish, serve with 1 freshly baked Graham bun.

Of the home varieties, the most suitable for salad preparation is the „kifli” potato. Unfortunately, the old, tasty varieties are dying out as they are very susceptible to viral infection. Among the newest resistant varieties, „Somogyi sárga kifli” has proved to be a good choice. The flesh is yellow, the stock is solid and the yield is good. However, it is not widely grown and therefore rarely available on the market. Among the foreign varieties, the French-bred red-skinned Cherry and Agatha potatoes are also popular. If you cannot get salad potatoes, you can use medium-solid Desirè instead. (Other good local varieties are Impala, Balatoni rózsza and Kondor.) Unfortunately, supermarkets do not indicate the variety of fruit and vegetables and usually only sell two types of potato. In this case, choose the red skin, because the yellow skin is mostly mealy. Look around first, because sometimes they also sell solid salad potatoes in the form of crescent in a net. (Cut with a knife that has been sharpened, so there is less risk of falling apart.)

Mayonnaise mushroom salad (portion for 2 persons)

Wash 40 dg brown mushrooms in running water and cut into 4-5 mm thick slices. (The thick stems should be split lengthways beforehand, and the large mushroom heads should be cut in half crosswise.) Coat the bottom and sides of a non-stick pan with cooking oil, place the mushrooms in it, then mix in a quarter of a mocha spoon of salt and a pinch of ground pepper. Fry over full heat, stirring constantly, until to fat. Taste, and if not tender enough, fry for a few minutes more, but do not fry. (Do not add water or cook, as mushrooms cooked for too long will turn gummy. In the summer, however, add a little water to the dried, wilted mushrooms at the very beginning so that they don't burn during cooking and soften without frying. After cooling, stir in half a portion of the tartar sauce and age in the refrigerator for a few hours. Serve cold. If desired, serve with 1 freshly baked Graham bun.

Mayonnaise green pea salad (portion for 2 persons)

Cut 2 hard-boiled eggs cooked in salted water in half crosswise and chop into 6 pieces. While the eggs are cooking and cooling, finely chop a small bunch of parsley. Then bring to the boil about 1 litre of water and stir in 1 mocha spoon of salt. Pour in 30 dg of green peas and simmer under heat for about 5 minutes until tender. Drain and stir in the chopped parsley while still hot. Once cool, stir in half a portion of tartar sauce and gently stir in the chopped egg. Refrigerate for a few hours and serve cold. If desired, serve with 1 freshly baked Graham bun.

Many people like the Hungarian version of green pea salad with mayonnaise. In this case, chop 5 dg of onion. Add a small bunch of chopped parsley, sprinkle with half a tablespoon of salt, a pinch of ground pepper and sauté in 1 tablespoon of cooking oil for a few minutes until the onion is translucent. Then add 40 dg of the green peas, add 0.5 dl of water and cook under the lid for about 5 minutes until tender. Stirring constantly, fry until to fat, then remove from the heat and leave to cool. Finally, stir in half the tartar sauce. You do not need to add boiled eggs for this version.

Mayonnaise egg salad (portion for 2 persons)

Cut 6 hard-boiled eggs cooked in salted water in two crosswise, chop into 6 pieces²¹³ and mix with a few parsley leaves cut into small pieces and added to the other half of the tartar sauce prepared the

²¹³ There is a special egg cutter tool that can be used to do this in one go. (The boiled egg is first cut in two crosswise and then chopped.)

day before. Refrigerate for a few hours and serve cold. If desired, serve with 1 freshly baked Graham bun. If you don't want to make two portions of salad at once, the unused tartar sauce will keep longer in the freezer. Thawing should be done in the normal refrigerator rack because it will porridge at room temperature. When eaten on its own, half a portion of tartar sauce salad is enough for 2 people each. (Make a different type of salad from the other half. That way everyone can eat the one they like.)

Mayonnaise French salad²¹⁴ (portion for 4 persons)

Peel 10 dg celery, cut into 0.5 cm slices and simmer in salted water under a lid for about 25 minutes until tender. After 5 minutes, add 10 dg cleaned carrots and 10 dg turnips, cut lengthwise into four pieces, and steam the mixed vegetables together until done. In the meantime, cook 15 dg of the solid potatoes in salted water in another sauce pan. Pierce with a fork, and peel while still warm and leave to cool. Then strain the mixed vegetables, which have cooled in their own juices, and simmer 15 dg of green peas in salt and sugar water until tender. Be careful not to overcook any of the vegetables, as this will turn the salad into a mush. (The green peas will soften in 5 minutes.) Then measure out 5 dg of pickled cucumber, then peel 5 dg of acid-flavored summer apples and prune the seed coat. (In winter, use Jonathan apples instead.)²¹⁵ Finally, cut the mixed vegetables, potatoes, cucumber and apple into cubes about 0.5 cm (0.5 dm), add the drained peas and mix to make a full portion (0.5 kg) of tartar sauce.²¹⁶ (Do not add the leftover salad dressing.) The French dressing will be even more delicious and aesthetic if you add a small bunch of chopped parsley leaves to the tartar sauce beforehand. Refrigerate until the next day and serve cold. If desired, serve with 1 freshly baked Graham bun.

Casino eggs (portion for 4 persons)

Cut 6 eggs hard-boiled in salted water in half lengthwise, remove the yolks and press through a garlic press or mash with a fork. To the mash add 2 tablespoons sour cream, 1 heaped teaspoon of mustard, a pinch of finely ground salt, a pinch of ground pepper, a small bunch of chopped parsley and mix well. Fill the smoothly mixed mass back into the egg whites in a hemisphere, then place them with the filling up on a full portion of evenly spread mayonnaise French salad. Finally, pour a thick tartar sauce over the top. Sprinkle with chopped chives or parsley as a garnish. Since the casino egg needs a firmer base, take about 10 decagrams of the sauce needed to baste the eggs from the tartar sauce to be added to the French salad. Refrigerate until the next day and serve cold. Casino eggs are not usually eaten with bread, but who need it, serve with 1 freshly baked Graham bun. For those who prefer a more delicate flavour, chopped dill can be added instead of parsley leaves. In winter, sprinkle dried parsley or dill leaves over the top.

Curd cheese pasta²¹⁷ (portion for 4 persons)

Soak 5 dg of soya cubes the night before and make half a portion of Soya cracklings the next day, except that you should use your fingernails to break the soaked soya cubes into two or three pie-

²¹⁴ The French have little to do with this salad. They call this salad Russian salad. But the Russians also put meat in it. In our country, however, the French salad enriched with chopped ham is called Russian salad.

²¹⁵ The quantity listed next to the ingredients is a net weight, so when buying, take into account the loss in cleaning.

²¹⁶ It is not worth making half a portion of this salad because of the work involved. You also need a full portion of French dressing for the casino egg.

²¹⁷ In America: **Cottage cheese pasta**

ces. Then cook 40 dg of 4-egg narrow noodles.²¹⁸ (Mix 1 tablespoon of cooking oil into min. 4 litres of water. Bring to the boil, then add 1 tablespoon salt and when it is bubbling, drop in the pasta. In a 4 litre bowl, place 2 tablespoons of cooking oil, add the drained pasta, and over a heat diffuser plate, slowly stir in 25 dg of curd cheese²¹⁹, previously broken up with a fork, and 1 mocha spoon of salt. Sprinkle over the soya crackling and stir in with a serving fork gently, so as not to break the pasta. Serve hot on preheated plates. When serving, sprinkle a little sour cream over the top. Make the same way for the **Cottage cheese square noodles**, but with 4 egg diced pasta or frilly diced pasta.²²⁰ Meat-eaters eat the Cottage cheese square noodles with a stew of African catfish on top.²²¹ This speciality is also very popular with foreign tourists. It is stored in a refrigerator. The cooked pastas should be eaten fresh. If necessary, they can be reheated the next day in the grill. (Place plates on top of the grill to keep warm.)

Poppy seed pasta (portion for 4 persons)

First cook 40 dg of 4-egg medium noodles²²². (Min. Mix 1 tbsp of cooking oil into 4 litres of water. Bring to the boil, then add 1 tbsp salt and when it is bubbling, drop in the pasta. Meanwhile, stir and cook until it rises to the surface of the water and softens.) Meanwhile, finely chop 15 dg poppy seeds²²³ and mix with 15 dg icing sugar. Place 2 tablespoons of cooking oil in a 4-litre bowl, add the drained pasta and stir in the sugared poppy seeds over a heat diffuser plate, heating slowly. Use a serving fork to gently toss the pasta so that it doesn't break up. Serve hot on preheated plates. Store in the refrigerator. The cooked pasta should be eaten fresh. If necessary, they can be reheated the next day by spreading them out on the grill. (Place the plates on top of the grill to keep warm.)

Cabbage pasta (portion for 4 persons)

Roast 1.2 kg white cabbage beforehand. (Grate without the trunk on a large-holed grater. Mix with 1 mocha spoon of salt and leave to stand for about half an hour. Then squeeze out the juice, season with half a mocha spoon of ground pepper, a pinch of sugar and fry in 0.6 dl cooking oil over a high heat, stirring frequently, until golden brown. Fry in a large, thick-walled pan with a non-stick coating. The cabbage is good when it no longer tastes of water. Remove from the heat as soon as it

²¹⁸ A good choice for this purpose is Izsáki Homemade Pasta from Auchan. Juhászné 4 egg matchstick dry pasta costs 555 HUF in a 500 g pack. The 8-egg Gyermelyi matcha pasta are even better, but more expensive. (1516 HUF per kilogram.) If you can't get narrow pasta, buy a packet of four-egg spaghetti noodles and cook them by breaking them into three pieces.

²¹⁹ Use dry, clumpy curd cheese sold in a nylon bag. Soft, creamy curd cheese sold in plastic containers is not good.

²²⁰ Abroad, Italian blecs dough is used for this purpose. The characteristic pasta of the Friuli province differs from our diced pasta in that it is cut into a triangular shape rather than a square.

²²¹ What makes catfish stew special is that African catfish has the taste and texture of veal.

²²² Izsáki Homemade Pasta, available from Auchan, is a good choice. Juhászné 4 egg matchstick dry pasta costs 555 HUF in a 500 g pack. The 8-egg Gyermelyi matcha pasta are even better, but more expensive. (1516 HUF per kilogram.)

²²³ Poppy seeds are best bought at the market, from private sellers. At they definitely not rancid. On the crank handle of the poppy-seed grinder, adjust the clamping screw so tight that the oil is squeezed out of the poppy seeds. Coarsely ground poppy seeds do not taste good. (Tourists from outside the country are wary of our poppy seed dishes because they think they contain opium. But this misconception is unfounded. Opium is not found in the seeds of the poppy, but in the skin. The tiny black seeds of the garden poppy do not contain any narcotics, their consumption is not harmful in the slightest, and their rich nutritional value is almost indispensable for the body. This was known in ancient times. Poppy seeds were known and used in the Roman Empire. Just as wild hemp (marijuana) is not the same as industrial hemp, the poppy used for food has nothing to do with the high alkaloid content of poppy seeds produced for pharmaceutical companies. They are different varieties. Therefore, from a public health point of view, the widespread consumption of poppies would be very beneficial. This oily seed would not only enrich the diet of people in the West countries, but would also contribute significantly to health promotion. For example, it contains more calcium than cheese.)

starts to colour and develop a nice browned flavour.) Then cook 40 dg of 4-egg large diced or curly diced pasta.²²⁴ (Mix 1 tablespoon of cooking oil into min. 4 litres of water. Bring to the boil, then add 1 tablespoon salt and when it's bubbling, drop in the pasta. Meanwhile, stir and cook until it comes to the surface and softens.) In a 4-litre bowl, add 2 tablespoons of cooking oil, add the drained pasta, and slowly whisk over a heat diffuser plate on low heat with the golden browned cabbage. Use a serving fork to gently fold in the pasta so as not to break it. Meanwhile, sprinkle with half a teaspoon of salt. Serve hot on preheated plates. Store in the refrigerator. The cooked pasta should be eaten fresh. If desired, they can be reheated the next day by spreading them out on the grill. (Place the plates on top of the grill to keep them warm.) In summer, use last year's cabbage if possible, as the high moisture content of fresh, primary cabbage is difficult to evaporate and it will clump together after roasting. This makes it difficult to spread on the pasta.

Soya macaroni (portion for 4 persons)

First make half a portion of Soya masse from 5 dg of soya cubes soaked the night before and fold through a meat grinder. (Be careful not to overcook or let cool, as they will be so tough they cannot be minced.) Then wash 15 dg of mushrooms in running water, cut into slices 3-4 mm thick, then cut them cross-cutting to 3-4 mm thick. Split the stem lengthways and also cut into 3-4 mm wide slices. Fry the resulting small pieces in 3 dg butter until crispy. (Don't overfry because it will char.) Meanwhile, chop half a nut of onion and sauté it in the browned mushrooms until translucent, then add the mushrooms with onion to the fully fried meat substitute soya masse. Sprinkle with half a mocha spoon of salt, a pinch of ground pepper, mix well and set aside. Then cook 40 dg of 4 egg macaroni pasta. (Mix 1 tablespoon of cooking oil into min. 4 litres of water. Bring to the boil, then add 1 tablespoon salt and when it is bubbling, drop in the pasta. Meanwhile, whisk and cook until it comes to the surface and softens.)

While the pasta is cooking, grate 12 dg of melted cheese (Ammerländer Trappist, Hungarian Trappist, Edam, Emental). Melt 1 dg butter in a 4-litre bowl, place the drained pasta on top, then over a heat diffuser plate, slowly heat and gently work in 1 heaped tablespoon of the condensed tomatoes with a serving fork. Sprinkle in half the cheese, a little at a time, crumble over the mushroom soya dollop in small portions and serve hot in preheated plates, mixing well with a serving fork. Before serving, sprinkle the remaining cheese over the pasta. Store in the refrigerator. The cooked pasta should be eaten fresh. If necessary, they can be reheated the next day by spreading them out on the grill. (Place the plates on top of the grill to keep warm.)

Nut pie (portion for 4 persons)

To 30 dg flour, add 7 dg icing sugar, 1 dg vanilla sugar, 1 mocha spoon baking powder, a pinch of salt and crumble in 15 dg cool butter. Under warm running water, scrub a lemon clean and grate the zest thinly into it, then add 1 beaten egg, 3 tablespoon sour cream and knead the whole. If it is too stiff, add a little more sour cream. The dough is good if it doesn't stick to your hands, but it shouldn't be as stiff as the bejgli²²⁵ dough. Work quickly so that the butter doesn't soften from the warmth of your hands. After mixing, cover and leave to rest in a cool place for 1 hour.

In the meantime, mix 30 dg of previously cleaned and chopped walnuts with 16 dg of honey, 5 dg of butter, 1.5 dl of milk, 5 dg of washed raisins and the grated zest of 1 lemon, then cook the porridge-like mixture over a slow fire over a heat diffuser plate for about 5 minutes. Then turn on the oven and set the temperature to 210 °C. Take the dough out of the fridge, divide it in two and form into stiff sticks. Roll out one of them so that when placed on a small enamel baking tray, the dough

²²⁴ The 4 egg Gyermelyi large cube or frilly cube dry pasta is good for this purpose. Price 525 Ft, in 500 gram packs.

²²⁵ walnut or poppy seed roll

will slightly bend back on its side. Spread 10 dg of apricot marmalade on the dough, then spread the slightly cooled filling on top. (Don't put too much jam on the edges, as it will spill out when the filling is smoothed.) Then roll out the other roll to the size of the backing tray. The stretched dough sheet is also wrapped in a rolling pin over the topping of the filling and the edge is pressed around the side of the baking tray. Beat 1 small egg and brush the top of the pie and then prick it with a fork every 2 cm or so to allow the steam in the filling to escape.²²⁶

Place in a hot oven and bake for about 20 minutes, until the top is light brown. When completely cool, cut into cubes of about 4 × 5 cm and carefully lift out to serve. Before doing so, trim the edges of the pastry in the tray. Do not touch the pastry when it is hot, as the pastry will „felty” along the cut and the filling will fall out. Sprinkle a little icing sugar on top before eating. If there is any left over for the next day, do not reheat, as it is better cold. Do not store in the refrigerator. The above quantity should make about 24 cakes.

Poppy seed pie (portion for 4 persons)

To 30 dg flour, add 7 dg icing sugar, 1 dg vanilla sugar, 1 mocha spoon baking powder, a pinch of salt and crumble in 15 dg cool butter. Under warm running water, scrub a lemon clean and grate the zest thinly into it, then add 1 beaten egg, 3 tbsp sour cream and knead the whole. If it is too stiff, add a little more sour cream. The dough is good if it doesn't stick to your hands, but it shouldn't be as stiff as the bejgli²²⁷ dough. Work quickly so that the butter doesn't soften from the warmth of your hands. After mixing, cover and leave to rest in a cool place for 1 hour.

Meanwhile, mix 30 dg of previously ground poppy seeds²²⁸ with 20 dg of honey, 5 dg of butter, 1,7 dl of milk, 5 dg of washed raisins and the grated zest of 1 lemon, then cook the porridge-like mixture over a slow fire over a heat diffuser plate for about 5 minutes. (Instead of raisins, you can enrich the filling with 10 dg of pitted and halved sour cherries. In this case add 1,2 dl milk and 24 dg honey. The amount of milk may vary slightly depending on the moisture content of the fruit. So keep a little of it and add it only when the filling is cooking, if necessary.) Then turn the oven on, preheat to 210 °C. Take the dough out of the fridge, divide it in two and shape into stiff sticks. Roll out one of them so that when placed on a small enamel baking tray, the sides of the dough will slightly recline. Spread 10 dg of apricot marmalade on the dough, then spread the slightly cooled filling on top. (Don't put too much jam on the edges, as the filling will spill out when it is smoothed.) Then roll out the other roll to the size of the backing tray. Wrap the rolled-out sheet, also on a rolling pin, and fit it on top of the filling, pressing the edges all the way around the sides of the baking tray. Beat 1 small egg and brush the top of the pie and then prick it with a fork every 2 cm or so to allow the steam to escape.²²⁹

Finally, place in a hot oven and bake for about 20 minutes, until the top is light brown. When completely cooled, cut into cubes of about 4 × 5 cm and carefully lift out to serve. Before doing so, trim the edges of the pastry in the tray. Do not touch the pastry when it is hot, as the pastry will „felty” along the cut and the filling will fall out. Sprinkle a little icing sugar on top before eating. If there is any left over for the next day, do not reheat, as it is better cold. Do not store in the refrigerator. The above quantity should make about 24 cakes.

²²⁶ Thrifty housewives will take 1 tablespoon of the beaten egg to be added to the dough to brush the top of the dough. The deficit is made up with sour cream.

²²⁷ walnut or poppy seed roll

²²⁸ Poppy seeds should be bought at the market or from a private seller. They are certainly not rancid. On the crank of the poppy-seed grinder, adjust the clamping screw so tight that the oil is squeezed out of the poppy seeds. Coarsely ground poppy seeds do not taste good.

²²⁹ Thrifty housewives will take 1 tablespoon of the beaten egg to be added to the dough to brush the top of the dough. The deficit is made up with sour cream.

Apple pie

(portion for 4 persons)

First add 7 dg icing sugar, 1 dg vanilla sugar, 1 mocha spoon baking powder, a pinch of salt to 30 dg flour and crumble in 12 dg cool butter. Under warm running water, scrub a lemon, clean and grate the rind thinly into it, then add 1 beaten egg, 3 tablespoons sour cream and knead the whole. If it is too stiff, add a little more sour cream. The dough is good if it doesn't stick to your hands, but it shouldn't be as stiff as the bejgli²³⁰ dough. Work it quickly so that the warmth of your hands doesn't soften the butter as it melts. After mixing, cover and leave to rest for 1 hour in a cold heated place.

In the meantime, wash 80 dg of fragrant, ripe strudel apple²³¹, cut in half, remove the core, grate them from the skin to a coarse grater and squeeze out the juice lightly. Stir in 10 dg honey, 1 mocha spoon ground cinnamon and cook over a low heat over a stove for 5 minutes. Grind 10 dg of walnut kernels, then turn on the heat and set the oven to 210 °C. Take the dough out of the fridge, divide it in two and form into sturdy sticks. Roll out one of them so that when placed on a smaller enamel baking tray, the dough will slightly bend back on its side. Sprinkle the flattened dough with the chopped walnuts and spread the cooled filling over it, then roll out the other loaf to the size of a baking tray. Wrap the rolled out loaf, also on a rolling pin, and place it on top of the filling, pressing the edges round the sides of the loaf against the sides of the baking tray. Then beat 1 small egg and brush the top sheet with it, then prick it well with a fork every 2 cm or so so that the steam in the filling can escape freely.²³²

Finally, place in a hot oven and bake for about 25 minutes, until the top is light brown. When completely cool, cut into cubes of about 4 × 5 cm and carefully lift out to serve. Before doing so, however, trim the edges of the pastry in the tray. Do not touch the pastry when it is hot, as the pastry will „felty” along the cut and the filling will fall out. Sprinkle a little icing sugar on top before eating. If it is left over for the next day, do not reheat it, as it is better cold. Do not store in the refrigerator. The dough of fruit pies is not prone to drying out, so it is not necessary to cover it with polietilene foil. The above quantity should make about 24 pies.

Sour cherry pie

(portion for 4 persons)

The night before, take 90 dg of pitted sour cherries out of the freezer and transfer to the regular refrigerator to defrost. The next day, place in a colander to drain the juice, then add 7 dg icing sugar, 1 dg vanilla sugar, 1 mocha spoon baking powder, a pinch of salt to 30 dg flour and crumble in 12 dg cool butter. Under warm running water, scrub a lemon clean and grate the zest into it thinly, then add 1 beaten egg, 3 table spoon sour cream and knead the whole. If it is too stiff, add a little more sour cream. The dough is good if it doesn't stick to your hands, but it shouldn't be as stiff as the bejgli²³³ dough. Work it quickly so that the butter, melted by the warmth of your hands, does not soften it. After mixing, cover and chill in a cool place for 1 hour.

Meanwhile, mix 12 dg honey and 1 mocha spoon ground cinnamon with the drained sour cherries and cook over a slow heat over a flame for 3 minutes. Grind 10 dg of walnut kernels, then turn the oven on and set the heat to 210 °C. Take the dough out of the fridge, divide it in two and form into chunky rods. Roll out one of them so that when placed on a smaller enamel baking tray, the

²³⁰ walnut roll or poppy seed roll

²³¹ Sour **Nyári fontos apples** are best for this purpose. Since this is only available in August, use winter-hardy **pogácsa apples** or **golden parmen apples** or **Jonathan apples** in the off-season. Since Jonathan apples are less tasty, it is a good idea to add 1 tablespoon of lemon juice to the filling. Use locally grown sour compote apples from abroad. Do not try sour-flavoured green apples (e.g. Mutsu, Granny Smith) as they lose their flavour and become gummy when cooked.

²³² Thrifty housewives will take 1 tablespoon of the beaten egg to be added to the dough to brush the top of the dough. The deficit is made up with sour cream.

²³³ walnut roll or poppy seed roll

dough will slightly bend back on its side. Then sprinkle the flattened dough with the chopped walnuts, spread the cooled filling on top, and roll out the other loaf to the size of a baking tray. Wrap the rolled out loaf on a rolling pin and place it on top of the filling, pressing the edge of the loaf round and round to the sides of the baking tray. Next, beat 1 small egg and brush the top sheet with it, then prick it well with a fork every 2 cm or so so that the steam in the filling can escape freely.

Place in a hot oven and bake for about 25 minutes, until the top is light brown. When completely cool, cut into cubes of about 4 × 5 cm and carefully lift out to serve. Before doing so, however, trim the edges of the pastry in the pan. Do not touch the pastry when it is hot, as the pastry will „felty” along the cut and the filling will fall out. Sprinkle a little icing sugar on top before eating. If it is left over for the next day, do not reheat it, as it is better cold. Do not store in the refrigerator. The dough of fruit pies is not prone to drying out, so it is not necessary to cover it with polietilene foil. The above quantity should make about 24 pies.

Gerbeaud slice

(portion for 4 persons)

First, knead a portion of semi-buttery bejgli²³⁴ dough, except that this time you use less milk and add honey instead of icing sugar. (In this case, you need a harder base than the bejgli dough so that the filling does not soak the pastry sheets. So if your honey is too runny, add even less milk.) In 0.6 dl lukewarm milk, run up 2 dg yeast, adding 1 mocha spoon of icing sugar. Meanwhile, in a large dough kneading bowl, crumble together 0.5 kg of flour with 25 dg of cool butter. Stir in 8 dg honey, a pinch of salt, 2 egg yolks, add the yeast and knead. The semi-hard dough is good when it no longer sticks to your hands or to the bottom of the bowl and is smooth and free of lumps. Once well kneaded, cover and refrigerate for 1 hour.

While the dough is resting in a cool place, mix 20 dg thick apricot marmalade with 15 dg chopped walnuts and 8 dg melted honey. When the dough is out of the fridge, knead it and shape it into 4 sturdy sticks. Then stretch them out so that when placed on a small baking tray, the edges will slightly recede. Place one of the sheets in the bottom of the tray and spread evenly with one third of the filling. Wrap a rolling pin around the second sheet, spread with the next half of the cream and do the same with the third sheet. Then place the fourth sheet of pastry on top of the layered pastry and raise in a warm place for 1 hour. Before putting it in the oven, prick it with a fork every 2 cm or so to prevent the top from bubbling up with steam. Bake in a preheated oven at a moderate temperature (180 °C) for about half an hour, until the top is light brown. Use a wooden stick to prop open the oven door to let excess steam escape.

Once cool, pour chocolate glaze over the top, spread evenly and place in the fridge for 1-2 hours to set. To make the honey thick glaze, add 12 dg of glucose to 2 tablespoons of cocoa in a small saucepan and mix with 0.6 dl of water until smooth. Cook over a low heat, stirring constantly, for about 10 minutes until thick, then remove from the heat and add 3 dg butter. Finally, using a serrated knife (making sure to keep the edges perpendicular), cut the Gerbeaud dough into rectangles of about 3 × 7 cm, but first trim the edges in the tray. Do not cut the dough until it has completely cooled, as the dough will „felty” and the coating will stick together. Carefully lift out the slices and place on a large cake plate and store in a cool, dry place until ready to eat. Do not stack them on top of each other, as the chocolate demi-glaze will cause them to it will be smeared. It is advisable to make the honey Gerbeaud slice the day before, as it will taste really good after a day's ageing. If you take this advice, cut it the next day so it won't stick. In this case, it is not necessary to leave it in a cold place. The above quantity should yield 24 cakes. It should not be stored in the refrigerator. Do not cover with polythene film either, as the more it dries out, the more crumbly and powdery it will become.

²³⁴ walnut roll or poppy seed roll

Tree trunk cake ²³⁵ (portion for 6 persons)

To 6 dg honey, add 20 dg dark chocolate broken into pieces and 20 dg butter cut into slices. Melt over a slow fire over a heat diffuser plate, stirring constantly, then leave to cool. (Do not boil. Heat just until the ingredients melt and come together into a thick cream. If it is too melted, place it in the normal refrigerator cooling compartment after cooling to thicken to a spreadable consistency.) Then, using a meat grinder disc plate with 3 mm hole diameter, fold 0,5 kg of flavoured chestnut paste through a meat grinder. (The fresh, soft chestnut paste can also be mashed through a potato masher.) Add 1 dg vanilla sugar and knead. Shape into a thick stick and lay it on one side of a watered kitchen towel. Fold the other half of the kitchen towel over it and roll it out with a rolling pin to a size of about 26 x 26 cm. Whisk the cooled chocolate cream until frothy, then divide in half and spread one half evenly over the stretched chestnut mass. Flatten and roll up the two layers of raw material tightly using a kitchen towel. Roll into a cake tin and spread the remaining chocolate cream evenly over the sides and top. Finally, patterned with the tines of a fork into the shape of a tree trunk, and chill in the fridge for a few hours. Cut into slices about 1 cm thick and serve cold. It will be even better if you put whipped cream on top of the slices. Store in the fridge only. Do not keep for more than 3-4 days. It does, however, stand up well to freezing, but can only be stored in a three-quart freezer for longer periods.²³⁶

Chestnut basket (portion for 6 persons)

Break 20 dg of dark chocolate into pieces and melt over steam. Stir until smooth, wait until it cools down to lukewarm, then use a brush to spread it about 1,5 mm thick inside 12 pieces of mini-sized paper²³⁷. (If the chocolate runs off the sides, let it set a little and spread again. In the summer, put it in the fridge in the heat.) Put the evenly coated ribbed paper baskets on a tray and put them in the fridge. (Be careful not to let them touch each other or the sides of the tray, as they will deform.) When the chocolate has hardened, use a fingernail to gently pull the paper mould off the baskets and put them back in the fridge to prevent them from softening. Then mash 25 dg of flavoured chestnut paste through a potato masher and gently mix the puree with 2 dl fresh cream whipped cream.²³⁸ (When the cream is half-whipped, sprinkle in 1 tablespoon icing sugar and continue to whip until stiff. Do not overbeat, as the buttermilk will come out and the whipped cream will collapse.)²³⁹ Put the cream into a foam bag and spirally fill the baskets with a Ø 10 mm starburst. Again, place in the fridge to allow the humped filling to set. (Soak the sour cherries or pitted sour cherries in baking rum mixed with honey the night before and marinate in the fridge.) Serve cold. Store in the refrigerator. This very tasty and spectacular dessert can be made the day before, as the filling will not collapse after 2-3 days if you use stiffly whipped cream.

²³⁵ A favourite dessert for many people here is Tree trunks cake. It used to be made with sponge cake dough. However, there is a more delicious version, which has a texture and taste most similar to chocolate ice cream. This version is a real dessert for guests. Since it does not need to be risen or baked, it can be prepared very quickly and is very tasty.

²³⁶ Cream should not be frozen because it will become grainy. Leftover long-lasting cream will not spoil in a normal refrigerator, but it cannot be whipped into a froth a few days after opening.

²³⁷ Minyon paper can be obtained from stationery shops. It is also available in hypermarkets, but they sell it as paper capsules in muffin tins at a much higher price. Top edge size: Ø = 4 cm and Depth: 2,5 cm. The cheapest way to buy them is in Chinese general store. Price: 300-330 Ft, in packs of 80-100 pieces. Since you get so many, it is worth using them in double thickness (two stacked). This way there is less risk of deformation.

²³⁸ The easiest way to whip UHT cream is to use a paper carton with at least 30% fat content. Since UHT cream is mixed with a foaming agent (stabiliser), the foam made from it does not collapse after 2 days. The easiest whipped cream to whip is **PENNY Whipped Cream**, available at Penny Market (it takes 2 minutes to whip into a stiff foam and is no more expensive than other supermarket UHT whipped cream with 30% fat content). The price in a 200 milliliter package is 219 Ft.

²³⁹ You don't need foam fixer because after two days the chestnut filling starts to thicken and gets harder.

Coconut cube (portion for 8 persons)

Whisk 1 egg with 20 dg icing sugar. Add 5 dg room temperature butter and mix well with 30 dg flour, half a teaspoon of baking soda and a pinch of salt. Mix the powders together. (The easiest way to do this is to sprinkle the bicarbonate of soda and salt over the flour, and we sift the mixture and add it to the pulp per tablespoon.) Finally, mix in 1 dl of milk to make a thick but spreadable paste. Butter the bottom of a small enameled baking dish thinly, then sprinkle with flour and spread the mixture evenly into the tray, spreading it in different places with a frequently moistened smoothing spoon. Bake over a moderate heat (180 °C) for about a quarter of an hour. Then insert a fork into the centre and, when the white mixture has stopped sticking, turn off the oven and leave the dough to bake until it is golden brown. Place the tray in the preheated oven and do not open the door for 10 minutes, because without steam the puffy dough will collapse. The most striking feature of this dough is that it is light and soft, but not as stifling as a multi-egg sponge. When completely chilled, cut the edges off and slice the spongy pastry into pieces of about 3 × 5 cm and fill with boiled chocolate cream.

Remove the butter from the fridge beforehand to allow it to thaw. Then whisk 4 egg yolks with 12 dg honey, 5 tablespoon good quality cocoa (22% cocoa butter content) and a pinch of salt until frothy, then slowly add 2 dl raw milk that has been boiled beforehand.²⁴⁰ Put the milk cream on a low heat, add half a vanilla pod, split in half lengthways, and cook for about half an hour, stirring constantly. While the cream is thickening, don't stop stirring for a short time, otherwise the cream will granular and you can start all over again. When the cream no longer runs off the wooden spoon that has been lifted out, place the sauce pan in cold water and continue stirring until it cools. If it becomes too hard and rubbery, return it to the heat and stir in a little milk to make a spreadable paste. (You can also avoid hardening by adding a little of the butter to the overcooked cream and only then cooling it.) Then remove the vanilla pods and gradually work in 30 dg of softened butter. If the cream softens too much while mixing, put it in the freezer for a few minutes.

Cut each rectangle into two sheets and spread the whipped cream thickly over the pastry, then the sides of the stacked sheets and finally the top. Roll the cream-filled cubes in 12 dg of coconut flakes and place them side by side on a large plate. (If the mixture softens in the meantime, place in the freezer for a short time. If you want to work continuously, place the cream dish in cold water chilled with ice cubes.) Store in a refrigerator. The characteristic of this cake is that the longer it is aged, the better it tastes, so it can be prepared days before serving. (During storage, seal airtight with polyethylene film, otherwise the dough will dry out.) The coconut cube, still diced in the original recipe and dipped in cold buttercream until fluffy, can be made into a maximum of 36 rectangular mini cakes in this way.

Chocolate slice²⁴¹ (portion for 4 persons)

The evening before, take 25 dg of good quality chestnut paste (at least 72% chestnut) and a large packet of butter from the freezer and transfer to the normal refrigerator. The next day, crush the chestnut paste with a fork and dilute with 4 tablespoon rum. Then melt 20 dg of good quality dark

²⁴⁰ A truly delicious cake can only be made with fat-rich raw milk and farm eggs. Both can be bought at the market.

²⁴¹ Many people are nostalgic for the sliced chocolates of their childhood. These chocolate bars, usually 25 grams in size, are still produced but are now inedible. They have been stripped of any enjoyable ingredients and replaced with cheap fillers. They taste like they are made from sugared sawdust. They are also full of preservatives and flavour chemicals. They cost only 80 forints, but they are not worth that much. So make your own tasty snacks. These chocolate bars are much better quality and cost half as much as the fake ones in the shops. (The kids love it.) Because it doesn't need baking, it's quick and easy to make.

chocolate (at least 50% cocoa)²⁴² over steam with 8 dg of butter²⁴³ cut into slices and work warmly into the chestnut mass. Add 1 tablespoon of lemon juice and mix until smooth. (For those who like special flavours, you can also add a quarter of a teaspoon of Bourbon vanilla or ground cinnamon.) Finally, line a small rectangular cake form with two layers of polythene foil. Spread the chestnut mixture, smooth the top with a buttered spatula and place in the fridge for at least half an hour to freeze.

Meanwhile, melt 10 dg dark chocolate with 4 dg butter over steam. Take the half-finished chocolate bar out of the fridge, spread half of the melted chocolate on top and put it back. After about half an hour, remove from the mould, peel off the plastic wrap, invert, return to the cake form and spread the other half of the warmed chocolate on the bottom. Put back in the fridge again. When both chocolate coatings have freeze, using a sharp knife, cut the chocolate bar in half lengthways and cut into slices about 2 cm wide. Wrap in aluminium foil and store in the fridge. As frozen chestnut paste contains no preservatives, it cannot be kept in the fridge for more than a few days. Therefore, store the leftovers in the freezer. Freezing will not cause any damage. The above quantity should yield about 20 chocolate bars, weighing a maximum of 70 dg.

Chocolate cookie (portion for 6 persons)

First roast 10 dg of walnuts on the grill, then chop them. Then grate 10 dg of good quality dark chocolate²⁴⁴ on a cabbage grater and butter the bottom of a large enamel tray. In a thick-walled bowl, whisk 1 large egg with 15 dg icing sugar and 1 dg vanillin sugar²⁴⁵. Work in 9 dg soft butter, 2 tablespoon cocoa powder and a pinch of salt. Mix 15 dg of flour and 1 teaspoon of baking powder into a smooth, even paste. (The easiest way to mix the powders is to sprinkle the baking powder over the flour, sift it all over and add it to the mixture one tablespoon at a time.) Heat the oven and set it to 180 °C. Finally, add the grated dark chocolate and the chopped toasted walnuts. Using wet hands, shape the mixture into balls the size of walnuts and place in the prepared baking tray and bake over a moderate heat for about 15 minutes, until the mixture no longer sticks to a toothpick inserted into the pastry. Make sure that there is at least 2 cm between the edges of each ball, otherwise they will run into each other during baking. Leave to cool on a wire rack. Do not place in the fridge. From the above quantity, min. 36 cookies are expected. Only use a standard 36 × 36 cm baking pan to make regular, round cakes. In smaller pans, separate the stuck-together cookies with a knife.

Curd cheese bonbon ²⁴⁶ (portion for 4 persons)

²⁴² Good quality dark chocolate is cheapest at Penny Market. **Chocóla Edelherbe Zartbitterschokolade**, made by Stollwerck, contains 50% cocoa and costs 219 Ft. The chestnut paste is also the best here. Unfortunately not always available. However, it is available all year round at Aldi and Lidl. The price in all three places is 340 Ft.

²⁴³ The cheapest places to buy excellent tasting butter are Spar supermarkets. The price of 100 grams of **Spar butter** is 279 Ft. The 250 gram **Budget butter** is also delicious and cheap. (2600 Ft per kilogram.)

²⁴⁴ For this purpose, it is advisable to use a 20-decagram chocolate bar, as it is thicker and firmer. (Wrap the chocolate wrapper around it so it doesn't melt on your fingers when grating.) Avoid cooking chocolates, as they usually do not contain cocoa butter.

²⁴⁵ A chunky glass or porcelain bowl is needed to keep the bowl from bouncing around on the table when mixing the hard mass.

²⁴⁶ The taste and texture of this speciality is very similar to the popular delicacy known as Túró Rudi. This candy, which is very popular with Hungarian children, is not produced abroad at all, even though it is much less harmful to the health than the usual sweets and chocolates. However, only the basic version produced earlier has this advantage. According to tests by Test magazine, the flavoured versions now being produced contain various chemicals (E440, E322) in addition to refined white sugar. But the biggest problem is that they have recently added a preservative (E202) to make them marketable for 2-3 weeks instead of the 3-5 days they used to be. Since these manipulations are more expensive, the price has been doubled. (If you still want to stick to the factory-made version, buy **Friesland Campina Hungária Zrt's natural Pöttyös Túri Rudi** with dark chocolate coated. This is the best quality, but also the most expensive. However, **Koronás Natur Rudi**, available at Aldi, is of the same quality and costs only a third of a cent. The price is 49 Ft, in a 30 gram pack. Its quality is the same as that of the Dotted Túró Rudi, because it is produced by the same company, in the same way.)

Fold 25 dg of curd cheese through a meat grinder with a 3 mm hole diameter disc. (The soft curd cheese can also be passed through a potato masher.) Mix in 10 dg honey, the grated rind of a lemon scrubbed clean under warm water with a nail brush, and 1 dg vanilla sugar. Leave to stand for about a quarter of an hour, then mix with 12 dg grated coconut. Cut the hard mixture into walnut-sized pieces, place a hazelnut in the middle and shape into a ball. Place on a tray and in the refrigerator for at least 1 hour to freeze. Meanwhile, melt 10 dg of dark chocolate with 5 dg of butter over steam, then roll the curd cheese balls in it, using a fork. For gourmets, instead of Turkish hazelnuts, 5 dg of shelled almonds or unsalted roasted pistachios can be added, but it's also delicious with toasted walnuts. Store in the refrigerator. If you don't use it up in a few days, put the rest in the freezer, otherwise it will go sour. Freezing will not damage it in any way. The above quantity should yield a maximum of 25 bonbons.

Egg custard coconut balls (portion for 6 persons)

First fold 20 dg of butter biscuits, broken into smaller pieces, through a walnut grinder.²⁴⁷ Then melt 15 dg white chocolate over steam with 10 dg butter cut into thick slices. Mix 10 dg grated coconut, 1,8 dl egg liqueur²⁴⁸ and 1 dg vanilla sugar into the minced biscuits. Stir in the buttered chocolate and place the mixture in the fridge to freeze. After 1 hour, remove and shape into balls the size of walnuts. Place back in the fridge. Melt over steam 15 dg white chocolate with 5 dg butter. Place on the table with the steamer pot, then remove the coconut balls from the fridge and dip them into the melted chocolate, placing them on a fork. Leave to mature for at least half a day before eating. Store in the refrigerator. If not used up within 1 week, put the rest in the freezer. Freezing will not damage it. The above ingredients should yield a maximum of 35 bonbons.

Budapest cheesecake (portion for 4 persons)

First, for 10 dg of flour, add 3 dg of powdered sugar, a quarter of a mocha spoon of baking soda, a pinch of salt and crumble with 5 dg of cool butter. Put in it 1 egg yolk, 1 tablespoon sour cream and knead the whole thing together. Elaboration is carried out quickly so that the butter melting from the warmth of the hands does not soften the linzer dough. Put in the fridge and let it rest for at least 1 hour. Meanwhile, light the oven and set it to 180 °C, then line a cake baking mold with a diameter of 22 cm with baking paper. On a floured board, except for the fridge, stretch the dough and place it in the bottom of the lined baking tin.²⁴⁹ With a fork, prick the top about every 2 centimeters so that it does not curl up. Finally, place in the preheated oven and bake on moderate heat for up to a quarter of an hour until the top is browned to a golden yellow.

While the pastry is baking, wash 1 lemon thoroughly under warm running water with a nail brush, grate the zest and squeeze out the juice. Set aside and prepare the filling. Mix 60 dg of Philadelphia or Arla cream²⁵⁰ cheese with a wooden spoon, 18 dg of honey, 4 dg of food starch, 3 egg yolks added as

²⁴⁷ The cheapest place to buy butter biscuits is Lidl. Sondey Butter Biscuits 200 grams cost 250 Ft.

²⁴⁸ We can also make eggnog from boiled egg custard and 40% alcoholic Russian vodka. It will be more expensive than the supermarket version, but it is much more delicious because of its natural ingredients and contains no chemicals. If you can't afford it, the best and cheapest version is available from Aldi. **Riquet Eier 0.7 litre liqueur**, made in Austria, costs 1400 HUF.

²⁴⁹ If it breaks out, do not despair. Press to the bottom of the baking mold and tightly to the side.

²⁵⁰ Unfortunately, both cream cheeses are very expensive. Penny Market does, however, sell a 60% fat German-made unsalted cream cheese. Milkeria Cream cheese Natural has a taste and texture very similar to Arla cream cheese, but costs less than half as much. The price is 249 HUF in 200 gram packs (1245 HUF per kilogram).

equals, 20 dg of 20% fat sour cream, 1 teaspoon of Bourbon vanilla²⁵¹, the grated lemon zest and 1 tablespoon of lemon juice. Meanwhile, remove the baked pastry and leave to cool. Finally, spread the filling on top and bake over a gentle heat (150 °C) for min. 1 hour, until the cream has set. Leave to cool in the oven with the door closed. Then place the cake in the fridge and leave to cool for at least half a day. (The cake cannot be cut before this time as it will fall apart. Use a sharp knife dipped in cold water.) Finally, lift out of the cake tin with the baking paper and place each slice on a cake plate, pressing down with a cake plate. Store in the refrigerator, covered with polythene wrap. The above quantity will yield a maximum of 12 slices. Serve cold. Best after two days resting. If you cannot eat it within a few days, put the rest in the freezer. Freezing does not harm the dough or the filling.

Goose leg slice (portion for 6 persons)

The day before, soak 10 dg of fresh dried sour cherries or pitted sour cherries in honey flavoured with a little rum and refrigerate. The next day take the butter out of the fridge to thaw. The pastry that carries the Parisian cream is best made from watered sponge cake. First measure out the required ingredients, then butter and flour a small enamel baking tray. Then turn on the oven, set it to 150 °C (level 2 on an eighth-grade scale), add 2 tablespoons of water to 2 egg whites and whisk. Add 8 dg icing sugar and continue beating until stiff. Then add 2 egg yolks and continue beating at low speed until gently combined with the whipping cream. Then sift 8 dg of flour with a large-hole tea filter, which you can gently work into the pulp with a cooking spoon. Finally, pour the mass into the greased baking tray, smooth the top and place in the pre-baked oven over a light heat for about 20 minutes, until the top is bun-coloured. Do not bake any longer as it will dry out. Do not open the oven door for at least 10 minutes or the sponge cake will collapse. The sponge cake will be thinner and less likely to collapse if you add soda water or sparkling mineral water instead of water.

While the dough is baking, mix 5 tablespoons of cocoa with 12 dg of honey, a pinch of salt and 2 dl of fresh cream then cook for about half an hour until thickened. Add the cream in small portions to prevent the cocoa from sticking and cook over a low heat, stirring constantly. When the cream has cooled, mix it with 25 dg of room temperature butter, then work in the sour cherries soaked in the baking rum, chopped into small pieces, and place in the normal refrigerator cooling space for about half an hour. (Do not place in the freezer, as it may freeze, which will cause the cream to turn chalky.) Whisk the thickened buttercream until fluffy and spread evenly over the cooled sponge cake. Finally, pour the melted chocolate made from 8 dg of dark chocolate and 5 dg of butter over the top of the smoothened Parisian cream and refrigerate. (Melt the dark chocolate with at least 50% cocoa solids and the butter cut into slices over steam.) Before the frosting has completely freeze, use a serrated knife to cut the top of the cake into larger rectangles, then cut each rectangle in half diagonally. If you don't want to stick to the traditional goose-leg shape, you can cut the cake into smaller rectangles. To avoid the creamy filling falling out, return the cake to the fridge to freeze. Then cut in half crosswise to separate the filling and the sponge cake, and carefully lift the slices out of the try. As this cake is also best after a day of maturing, it is best to do this the next day. Store in the refrigerator. The above quantity can be used to make up to 24 cakes.

Source:

Kun Electronic Library
Health food for gourmets



Szegedi ÉVA <rmbekesmegye@citromail.hu> ezt írta (időpont: 2020. nov. 26., Cs, 7:00):
MY NAME IS ÉVA SZEGEDI, I AM THE PRESIDENT OF THE RPM BÉKÉS COUNTY. I'VE BEEN VOLUNTEER FUNDRAISING FOR SEVERAL YEARS. UNFORTUNATELY, A LOT OF

²⁵¹ Bourbon vanilla is nothing more than ground vanilla bean. The cheapest place to buy it is at the Asia Pot Shop near the Grand Exchange, under the name **Vanilla Complete**.

FAMILIES WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO PUT ON THE TABLE AT CHRISTMAS. I'M IN CONTACT WITH A LOT OF POOR FAMILIES EVERY DAY. THERE ARE MANY REQUESTS EVERY DAY. WITH THE VIRUS, A LOT OF PEOPLE LOST THEIR JOBS. SO WE JOINED FORCES AGAIN TO START A LARGE-SCALE FUNDRAISER. IF THERE IS A WAY AND AN OPPORTUNITY, PLEASE SUPPORT CHILDREN FROM DISADVANTAGED FAMILIES. WE'D BE HAPPY TO ACCEPT ANYTHING. EVEN IF YOU CAN'T SUPPORT ME MUCH, A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS GO A LONG WAY.

SZEGEDI ÉVA

TAKARÉK BANK: 53600115-10009268

FACEBOOK: Nagy Zsolt Szegedi Éva

Tel: 06301971166

Dear Éva Szegedi!

I am also in need of support. I cannot live on half my pension. I don't know why everyone thinks I am a millionaire. I am as poor as a church mouse.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun – 2020.11.27.2020.

For 43 years I've been working in esoterica, subtronics, gastronomy and many other things. I've created 10 inventions, a complete line of fire and burglary protection products, written 12 books, but never got anywhere. After I received no support from anyone, my inventions were destroyed, I could not put the security product line into production, and I could not get my books translated and published. The failure was not my fault. Since I was 13, I have worked 14 hours a day, week-days and weekends. While other children were on holiday, in youth camps, I had to work every holiday. (My father was a political persecutor, so he was forbidden to work. He supported his family on casual work, which ruined his health. So we lived in great poverty. In this situation, I had to pay for my further education.) After my schooling as a development engineer, I did not rest a day. During my holidays, I drafted invention specifications and made technical drawings.

My retirement years are similar. Even now, at 70, I work 14 hours a day without stopping. This is also due to my miserable financial situation. Having worked all my life, I don't have time to earn money. Therefore I have no home, no car, no holiday home. I live in a council flat, in a 9 square metre room with no heating and no bathroom. This is what I got from my home country. The only way out of this situation is to move as far away from here as possible. Perhaps my works will be in demand abroad. Before I go down that road, I thought I would give it a try before I go abroad. Don't accuse me of not having done everything for my homeland. With Hungarian politicians ignoring me, and Hungarian billionaires having no intention of supporting me, I turned to industrial property specialists:

President Miklós Maróth
Eötvös Loránd Research Network
e-mail: fotitkar@elkh.org

President Gyula Zoltán Pomázi
National Intellectual Property Office
e-mail: gyula.pomazi@hipo.gov.hu

Dear Mr President!

I have been involved in esotericism for more than 40 years. Using my research in literature and my own ideas, I have created 4 esoteric books, which together with my inventions can be found in the Kun Electronic Library. Address: <http://kunlibrary.com> These works contain insights that could lead us out of our present troubles. They would not only help our moral development, but would also accelerate our technological progress by orders of magnitude. This would also be necessary because the current "blurring" (solar panels, wind turbines, geothermal power plants, hydrogen-po-

wered cars, battery-powered electric cars, etc.) cannot stop global warming and avoid climate collapse. This requires a paradigm shift. Technical solutions that are orders of magnitude more efficient than current methods. Subotronics (a combination of esoterics and electronics) could create these devices, appliances and equipment. This would not mean starting from scratch, because our great predecessors (e.g. Tesla or Raymond Rife) developed these devices 80 years ago, but the profit motive has prevented their practical application.

For ease of application, I have extracted from my works the information that would help to get these developments started. (These extracts are in the right-hand corner of my library, below, under the heading **Esoteric Inventions**.)

1. The description of the Tesla converter describes the principle of operation of this device and the method of its reconstruction. It also informs that this extremely simple circuit is suitable for longitudinal wave telecommunication.

2. The Tesla generator could eliminate the vast majority of diseases. The lemniscate pipeline could be used to structure the destructured molecular structure of tap water, which would also lead to significant health improvements.

3. The description of Antigravity Propulsion would create the possibility of building spacecraft used by extraterrestrials. This would get rid of our smoke-belching and accident-prone rockets, which can only reach the Moon. The anti-gravity engine requires no fuel and is orders of magnitude faster than a rocket. With this engine, we could travel freely not only in the Solar System but also in the Galaxy. In this case, we would not have to start from scratch, because the Germans made great strides in this direction during World War II. The Hamel generator from extraterrestrials also looks promising. It could easily be used as a mini power station.

4. The device described in Cancer Medicine would solve the most topical problem of our time, the fight against viruses and bacteria (e.g. the coronavirus epidemic) in a radical and extremely cheap way. The device invented by the American Raymond Rife can be used to eradicate all microbes and harmful insects (e.g. ticks). All you have to do is irradiate them at resonant frequencies. It can also kill cancer cells. Magnetic waves tuned to the resonance frequency could also be used to eradicate harmful plants (e.g. ragweed). All that would be needed is to irradiate the seeds and make them germinate. The destruction of parasites on trees and in the soil would be very simple and cheap, because only the irrigation water sprayed on them would have to be irradiated. This would eliminate the need for preservatives in the food industry. Foods sterilised by magnetic radiation can be preserved almost indefinitely. They do not even need a refrigerator for storage.

5. The description of Longitudinal Telecommunication allows us to apply the telecommunication process commonly used in the Universe. The transmission of signals by electromagnetic carrier waves only allows transmission at the speed of light. Longitudinal signal transmission, which was invented by Tesla but is still not used, is 12 orders of magnitude faster than the method used by Marconi and still in use. This is because longitudinal signal transmission uses the aether as the carrier wave. Since the aether energy particles (aether ions) are 12 orders of magnitude smaller than the electron, their propagation speed is also adapted to this. The longitudinal waves could also be used to reconstruct the chronovisor developed in the 1960s, which was dismantled and hidden. Using this principle, we could also build a time machine to go back in time and perhaps see the future. This simple circuitry will also allow criminals to eavesdrop on criminals at a distance, even within walls, without being detected.

6. The description in Modern Alchemy, Conversion of Matter informs us that magnetic irradiation can indeed be used to turn any substance into almost any other substance. (Even from sand to gold.) This process will not produce gold in the first place, but rare earth metals and minerals that are being depleted in our mines. This topic also includes a discussion of microgravity, the use of which allows welding without melting, surgery without scarring, surgery without bleeding, and material separation without damage.

- 7 Describing weather control gives the possibility of influencing the weather. It can be used to control clouds in times of drought, to eliminate tornadoes, to avoid floods and landslides, to disper-

se clouds that cause hail. It is not a new technique either. An Italian inventor was able to influence the weather from hundreds of kilometres away in the first half of the last century. This method also has the potential for climate control in any part of the world. With air temperatures stabilised at +23°C, we could be greeted by an eternal summer.

Starting these developments will not cause any problems. While it costs thousands of billions of forints to build a nuclear power plant, esoteric products can be made from parts costing a few thousand forints. All you need is a well-equipped electrical laboratory, of which there are several in the country. It is also possible to find professionals who are receptive to new things, who are not unfamiliar with the subject. Such a group of developers could achieve spectacular results in a few months. If they get stuck, I would be happy to help them. It's worth starting down this path, because it involves no risk and no major investment. But the results can be beyond all expectations. Using the ether can solve almost all the problems of our world.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun – 30 December 2020.

AUDI HUNGARIA Zrt.
9027 Győr, Audi Hungária út 1.
<https://audi.hu/hu/kapcsolat/>

Magyar Suzuki Zrt.
2500 Esztergom
Schweidel József u. 52.
<https://karrier.suzuki.hu/kapcsolat>

Opel Szentgotthárd Kft.
opelszentgotthard@opel.com

BMW Hungary Kft.
ugyfelszolgalat@bmw.hu

Mercedes-Benz Manufacturing Hungary Kft.
jelentkezés@daimler.com
internet-hu@daimler.com

Toyota Central Europe Kft.
infohu@toyota-ce.com

Dear Development Department!

I have been involved in esotericism for more than 40 years. Using my research in literature and my own ideas, I have created 4 esoteric books, which together with my inventions are available in the Kun Electronic Library. Address: <http://kunlibrary.com> These works contain insights that could lead us out of our present troubles. In addition to solving our health problems, they would also accelerate our technological progress by orders of magnitude. This would also be necessary because the current "blurring" (solar panels, wind turbines, geothermal power plants, hydrogen-powered cars, battery-powered electric cars, etc.) will not stop global warming or avoid climate collapse. This requires a paradigm shift. Technical solutions that are orders of magnitude more efficient than current methods. Subotronics (a combination of esotericism and electronics) could create these tools, devices and equipment. This would not mean starting from scratch, because our great predecessors (e.g. Tesla) developed these devices 80 years ago, but the profit motive prevented their practical application.

For ease of application, I have extracted from my works the information that would help to get these developments started. (These extracts are at the bottom right-hand edge of my library, under

the heading Esoteric Inventions.) Of the seven invention descriptions, you would be most interested in the two below, with all bi-zones:

1. The description of the **Tesla converter** describes the principle of operation of this device and the method of its reconstruction. The use of electric motor vehicles is rapidly expanding worldwide. However, they cannot fully replace the electric motor vehicle because there is not enough electricity to do so, and the electrical distribution networks cannot cope with the millions of charging stations. As such, there would be no point in switching. The electric car is indeed environmentally friendly and does not pollute the environment in the slightest, but it is not self-sufficient. In many places, the electricity needed to charge the batteries is still generated by coal-fired power stations, which is extremely polluting. And nuclear power plants are dangerous and the storage of spent fuel is a time-bomb for future generations.

There is only one way to help this situation, and that is to produce electric motor vehicles that are self-powered by electricity. The best solution for this purpose is to use a Tesla converter. This extremely simple device can be built and manufactured for just a few tens of thousands of forints. This would solve another obstacle to the widespread adoption of electric vehicles, the use of expensive lithium-ion batteries. Currently, this expensive battery accounts for half of the price of electric cars. Replacing it would halve the price of electric cars. This would mean that obsolete explosion-propelled vehicles would no longer be able to compete. Nor would they be able to argue with the need to recharge electric vehicles at the same time, because the Tesla converter produces the energy continuously, thus eliminating the current range of a few hundred kilometres.

2. The description of **Antigravity engines** would provide an opportunity to further reduce the cost of pre-installation of electric vehicles. In this case, the cars would be 70-80 cm above the highway, floating in the air. The flying car would also save the cost of wheels, axles, shock absorbers, brakes, etc. Such cars (taxis) already exist today, but they have a fan-driven engine, so their speed and load capacity are extremely low. In this case, we should not start from scratch, because the Germans made great strides in this direction during World War II. We should just continue this research. The esoteric literature mentions nearly half a dozen anti-gravity engines, at least one of which could be built in the foreseeable future.

If my suggestions have aroused your interest, please reply to my letter.

Yours sincerely: Ákos Kun – 14 January 2021.

I recently read on the Internet that the Japanese car manufacturer Toyota has targeted Hungary for research and development. They were not being stingy, because they are giving us a total of 241 billion forints for high-tech developments. From this investment fund, they would primarily support technological developments in the automotive sector. The Woven Capital investment fund, which is part of the Japanese automaker's Toyota Research Institute Advanced Development (TRI-AD), will start operations in January 2021 with \$800 million in capital. The fund will invest in growth-stage companies in areas such as self-driving cars, artificial intelligence and automation, data management and analytics. James Kuffner, CEO of TRI-AD, said the investment fund aims to invest in a global portfolio of companies and technologies that work together. This portfolio would likely include the reconstruction of the Tesla converter and the development of an anti-gravity engine. I have therefore sent them my letter above.

Since a Hungarian factory also uses lithium batteries for their small aircraft, I offered them my cooperation. In 2018, an eFusion propeller-driven small aircraft manufactured by Magnus Aircraft Zrt. crashed during a test flight at Pécs-Pogány airport. The two pilots on board were burnt to ashes. The wreckage of the plane was also burnt beyond recognition. The cause of the accident was the explosion of the lithium battery. Even smartphones with lithium-ion batteries often explode, causing serious injuries. People using electric skateboards should not feel safe either. Recently, a mini Segway exploded on the pavement in public use.) After this tragedy, Magnus Aircraft Ltd. would certainly welcome you in their laboratory. I also wanted to send my proposal to the owner of Tesla car

company, but couldn't. Elon Musk has neither his e-mail address nor his phone number on his website. If he's in hiding, I'll throw it at you. Anyway, it wouldn't make sense to contact him, because Elon Musk doesn't believe in UFOs. He said he doesn't believe in aliens because if they existed, he would certainly know about them. That's why he's not interested in antigravity propulsion. He wants to conquer the cosmos with his smoking rockets.

Magnus Aircraft Zrt.

info@magnus-aircraft.com

Dear CEO!

I am sorry to learn that one of your aircraft crashed in 2018 and two pilots on a test flight were killed. According to news reports, the accident was caused by the lithium battery exploding. To prevent similar accidents, it would be advisable to replace the lithium-ion battery with a Tesla converter. This would not only eliminate the risk of explosion, but would also make the production cost of the aircraft much cheaper. Since the Tesla converter produces energy continuously, the rather limited range of a single charge would be eliminated.

I have been involved in esoterics for more than 40 years. Using my research in literature and my own ideas, I have created 4 esoteric books, which, together with my inventions, are available in the Kun Electronic Library. Title: <http://kunlibrary.com> For ease of use, I have extracted from my works the information that would help you to get started with these developments. (These extracts are located at the right hand side of my library, below, under the title **Esoteric Inventions**.) Of the seven inventions, you will be most interested in the following two:

1. The description of the **Tesla converter** describes the principle of operation of this device and the method of its reconstruction. This should not start from scratch, because Tesla developed this device 80 years ago, but the profit motive prevented its practical application. Scientists say the Tesla converter is nothing more than an urban legend. It never existed. But it's not true, because hundreds of people have seen Tesla driving his completely silent electric car through the streets of Buffalo. His assistant even described what the device looked like from the inside. He also gave the exact outside dimensions. Unfortunately, no production documentation of the device has survived, because Tesla created all his inventions in his head, and when he saw the perfect one, he sat down and made it. His thinking was always so precise and exact that his appliances and devices worked perfectly the first time he turned them on. It should have been documented when he released it for mass production. But that never happened, because the would-be manufacturer smashed the prototype with a hammer so that the free electricity would not compete with the power station's electricity. This remarkably simple device could be built and produced for a few tens of thousands of forints, even with a power output of several kilowatts.

2. The description of **Antigravity propulsion** would open up the possibility of antigravity propulsion used by extraterrestrials. Airplanes and spacecraft equipped with anti-gravity propulsion can reach flight speeds of up to 72 00 km/h, as they fly in a vacuum due to the plasma envelope. They do not need fuel either, because they produce it themselves. And they cost no less to produce than the explosion engines that power propeller-driven aircraft, or in your case, electric motors. In this case we should not start from scratch, because the Germans made great strides in this direction during the Second World War. We should just continue this research. The esoteric literature mentions nearly half a dozen anti-gravity engines, at least one of which could be built in the foreseeable future. If my suggestions have aroused your interest, please reply to my letter.

Yours sincerely: Ákos Kun – 14 January 2021.



Egy hónap után megérkezett az Eötvös Loránd Kutatási Hálózat válaszlevele. Nem lepett meg:

EÖTVÖS LORÁND RESEARCH NETWORK SECRETARIAT

ELKH

Registration number: 4/1/2021/HNF

For Ákos Kun

Subject: Letter of reply to enquiry

Dear Mr. Ákos Kun!

We have received with thanks your letter addressed to Mr. Miklós Maróth, President of the Eötvös Loránd Research Network, in which you inform the Network about your publications on esotericism and present your inventions.

I would like to take this opportunity to inform you that the public tasks of the Eötvös Lóránd Research Network are governed by Act LXXVI of 2014 on Scientific Research, Development and Innovation, which means that the esoteric field you describe does not fall within the competence of the Research Network.

I wish you continued good health in your work.

Budapest, 26 January 2021.

Sincerely: Csaba Horváth
Head of Department

There was no good news from foreign car factories either. Of the 7 recipients, only 2 replied. I did not get anywhere with these either. The administrator of BMW Hungary Kft. wrote this: "Your letter has been gratefully acknowledged and forwarded to the relevant department. If your offer becomes relevant to us, we will contact you." Presumably, „becoming relevant” means that BMW has just started building its car plant on the outskirts of Debrecen. They are currently in the process of excavation work. It will take at least six months to build the factory hall. They could have sent my offer to their German headquarters, but they did not.

And Toyota's venture capital has not yet reached us. So I could not apply for it. I therefore wrote to Toyota's sales network in Hungary and received this not very encouraging reply: „As you may know, our company is engaged in commercial activities, distribution of Toyota and Lexus cars, supply of spare parts and we have expert information on these activities. In our experience, the Toyota factory/development centre only accepts technical development ideas, to our knowledge, from companies with an official development background and respect. Unfortunately, we do not have any information on how and in what form this can be done, so we are not in a position to assist you with your request." They do not seem to be talking to private individuals, some kind of inventors.

In the absence of interest from foreign car companies, I have again turned to Hungarian government institutions. The other day, I received the news that the government had appointed Dr István Stumpf as government commissioner. His task is to bring Hungarian universities up to world class standards. This requires a change in the higher education model. The head of government realised that making the country competitive must start with changing the curriculum of higher education institutions. The structural change will require new university research centres. For his part, he has done everything he can to make this happen. They have received 1509 billion forints from the European Union. Of this, HUF 955 billion is planned to support structural change, renewing education, research, the arts and infrastructure, HUF 382 billion to create science and innovation parks and national laboratories, and HUF 172 billion to renew the structure of vocational training.

He has entrusted István Stumpf with the task of implementing this renewal. He may not have chosen the right person for the job, because István Stumpf is a lawyer with a PhD in political science. He was a member of the Sub-Constitutional Court for many years. I sent him my proposal, which I had the misfortune to send to him, drawing his attention to the fact that the only way out of the current situation was to change the paradigm. I do not have much hope of a positive response, because Ist-

ván Stumpf is also a member of the scientific community, and therefore most probably thinks in the same way as the academic gentlemen. He may well not be worthy of a response either. This is what happened.

Dr István Stumpf
Government Commissioner
stumpf.istvan@tk.hu

Dear Mr. Government Commissioner!

Congratulations on your appointment as Government Commissioner. The Hungarian government is placing great emphasis on innovation and making the country competitive. In order to achieve this goal, we need to change the model of higher education and catch up Hungarian universities and colleges. You yourself said that Hungarian universities are not competitive, and it is very important to catch up with the world leaders. You also said that there are no financial obstacles to changing the model, because of the HUF 1509 billion in EU funding for the development of universities, HUF 955 billion is planned to support structural change, the renewal of teaching, research, artistic activities and infrastructure, HUF 382 billion for the creation of science and innovation parks and national laboratories, and HUF 172 billion for the renewal of the structure of vocational training.

He concluded by saying that development is not just a question of money, but also of attitude. He said that the country's development and its catching up with the world of science is a question of attitude. We should not support outdated techniques and technologies, but we need a radical change, a change of paradigm. But a change of model is not possible without a change of approach. To do this, we need to explore the possibilities offered by esotericism. The current public perception of esotericism is that it is pseudo-didacticism, quackery, fraud. However, esoteric literature offers a number of technical possibilities which, if exploited, could bring about revolutionary changes in our lives. We could be the initiators of these changes.

I have been involved in esotericism for more than 40 years. Using my research in literature and my own ideas, I have created 4 esoteric books, which, together with my inventions, can be found in the Kun Electronic Library. Address: <http://kunlibrary.com> These works contain insights that could lead us out of our present troubles. Not only would they help our moral development, but they would also accelerate our technological progress by orders of magnitude. This would also be necessary because the current "blurring" (solar panels, wind turbines, geothermal power plants, hydrogen-powered cars, etc.) will not stop global warming or avoid climate collapse. This requires a paradigm shift. Technical solutions that are orders of magnitude more efficient than current methods. Subotronics (the five quintiles of esotericism and electronics) could create these tools, devices and equipment. This would not mean starting from scratch, because our great predecessors (e.g. Tesla or Raymond Rife) developed these devices 80 years ago, but the profit motive prevented their practical application.

For ease of application, I have extracted from my works the information that would help to get these developments started. (These extracts are in the right-hand margin of my library, below, under the heading Esoteric Inventions.)

1. The description of the **Tesla converter** describes the principle of operation of this device and the method of its reconstruction. It also informs that this extremely simple circuit is suitable for longitudinal wave telecommunication.

2. The **Tesla generator** could eliminate the vast majority of diseases. The lemniscate pipeline could be used to structure the destructured molecular structure of tap water, which would also lead to significant health improvements.

3. The description of **Antigravity propulsion** would create the possibility of building spacecraft used by extraterrestrials. This would get rid of our smoke-belching and accident-prone rockets, which can only reach the Moon. The anti-gravity engine requires no fuel and is orders of magnitude faster than a rocket. With this engine, we could travel freely not only in the Solar System but also in the Galaxy. In this case, we would not have to start from scratch, because the Germans made great strides in this direction during World War II. The Hamel generator from extraterrestrials also looks promising. It could easily be used as a mini power station.

4. The device described in **Cancer medicine** would solve the most topical problem of our time, the fight against viruses and bacteria (e.g. the coronavirus epidemic) in a radical and extremely cheap way. The device invented by the American Raymond Rife can be used to eradicate all microbes and harmful insects (e.g. ticks). All you have to do is irradiate them at resonant frequencies. It can also kill cancer cells. Magnetic waves tuned to the resonance frequency could also be used to eradicate harmful plants (e.g. ragweed). All that would be needed is to irradiate the seeds and make them germinate. The destruction of parasites on trees and in the soil would be very simple and cheap, because only the irrigation water sprayed on them would have to be irradiated. This would eliminate the need for preservatives in the food industry. Foods sterilised by magnetic radiation can be preserved almost indefinitely. They do not even need a refrigerator for storage.

5. The description of **Longitudinal telecommunication** allows us to apply the telecommunication process commonly used in the Universe. Longitudinal signal transmission, which is based on electromagnetic carrier waves, allows signal transmission only at the speed of light. Longitudinal signal transmission, invented by Tesla but still not used, is 12 orders of magnitude faster than the method used by Marconi and still in use. This is because longitudinal signal transmission uses the aether as the carrier wave. Since the aether energy particles (aether ions) are 12 orders of magnitude smaller than the electron, their propagation speed is also adapted to this. The circuits that emit and receive longitudinal waves could be used to reconstruct the chronovisor developed in the 1960s, which was dismantled and hidden. Using this principle, we could build a time machine that would allow us to go back in time and perhaps see the future. This simple circuit allows law enforcement agencies to eavesdrop on criminals from a distance, even within walls, without being detected.

6. The description in **Modern alchemy, Conversion of matter** informs us that magnetic irradiation can indeed be used to turn any substance into almost any other substance. (Even from sand to gold.) This process will not produce gold in the first place, but rare earth metals and minerals that are being depleted in our mines. This topic also includes a discussion of microgravity, the use of which allows welding without melting, surgery without scarring, surgery without bleeding, and material separation without damage.

7 Describing **Weather control** gives the possibility of influencing the weather, cloud cover in times of drought, the elimination of tornadoes, the avoidance of floods and landslides, the dispersal of clouds causing hail. This is not a new technique either. An Italian inventor was able to influence the weather from hundreds of kilometres away in the first half of the last century. This method also offers the possibility of air-conditioning any area of the Earth. With an air temperature stabilised at +23°C, we would be greeted by an eternal summer.

Starting these developments will not cause any problems. While it costs billions of forints to build an iron boiler or a nuclear power plant, esoteric products can be made from parts costing a few thousand forints. All you need is a well-equipped electrical laboratory, of which there are several in the country. It is also possible to find professionals who are receptive to new things, who are not unfamiliar with the subject. Such a group of developers could achieve spectacular results in a short time. If they get stuck, I would be happy to help them. It is worth starting down this path be-

cause it involves no risk and no major investment. But the results can be beyond all expectations. Using the ether can solve almost all the problems of our world.

Best regards: Ákos Kun

At the same time I have sent my letter to Dr. László Palkovics, Minister of Innovation and Technology. I received a reply from him, but no thanks. On 25 February, his Deputy State Secretary sent me a message saying:

“In response to his suggestions, I would like to inform you that the CCIV of 2011 on National Higher Education. Section 108, point 46 of the Act does not list the research topics listed by you in the fields of science, nor are they included in the new scientific nomenclature compiled by the Doctoral Council of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. At the same time, as a competent administrative body managing innovation policy with taxpayer resources, we are not in a position to support intangible human resources in a direction that does not fit into the scientific worldview.”

In other words, the standpoint of the FIDESZ government has not changed over the last ten years. They continue to believe that esotericism is quackery and a scam on which taxpayers' money should not be wasted. 20 years ago, their Minister of Education, Zoltán Pokorni, wrote that „they will not mislead the youth with quackery”.



INNOVATION AND TECHNOLOGY
MINISTRY

DEPARTMENT FOR INNOVATION IMPLEMENTATION AND ANALYSIS

Registration number: 1FVEF/32436-1/2021-ITM

For Mr Ákos Kun

E-mail: kunlibrary@gmail.com

Subject: Response to the request to start developing appliances

Dear Mr Ákos Kun!

Thank you for your e-mail to Prof. Dr. László Palkovics, Minister of Agriculture and Forestry, dated 5 February 2021. Your enquiry has been forwarded to the Deputy State Secretariat for Innovation of the Treasury, and within it to my department.

The increasing frequency of extreme weather events and the threat of significant damage they may cause have drawn the attention of decision-makers and experts to climate policy. Developing measures at global, regional and national level has become a matter of urgency. The second National Climate Change Strategy, which is Hungary's preparedness plan for the global warming crisis, has been developed in line with the latest scientific findings.

In its letter, it outlines technical solutions that can stop global warming. However, in response to your suggestions, I would like to inform you that the research topics you have listed are not included in the disciplines of the Act CCIV of 2011 on National Higher Education, Section 108.46, nor are they included in the "new nomenclature of disciplines" compiled by the Doctoral Council of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. The new list of disciplines approved by the Doctoral Council at its meeting of 24 June 2016 can be found at <https://mta.hu/doktoritanacs/tudomanyagi-nomenklatura->

106809 However, as an administrative body with competence in the field of innovation policy and taxpayers' money, we are not in a position to provide intangible human resources support for a trend that does not fit into the scientific worldview.

Nevertheless, I welcome your ideas for restoring the natural ecosystem, and suggest that you contact the National Intellectual Property Office (hereinafter referred to as the NIPO) as a way forward. In order to put your innovative idea into practice, you can initiate a patent protection procedure by filing a patent application with the SZTNH. For more information, please visit <https://www.sztnh.gov.hu/>

Please also note that information and assistance to citizens on how to apply for funding is provided by the National Research, Development and Innovation Office (NRAIDI Office). The NRDI Office can be contacted on +36-1-795-9500 or by e-mail at nkfi hivatal@nkfi.gov.hu or nkfialap@nkfi.gov.hu.

I hope that one of the options outlined above will help you to achieve your goals, and I wish you every success in your future work.

Budapest, 25 February 2021.

Yours sincerely:


Hugyák István
főosztályvezető



In mid-February, the European Commission voted to provide €807 billion from the EU Recovery Fund to compensate Member States for losses related to pandemic Covid-19. Hungary has been allocated a record €17.2 billion (HUF 6,100 billion) from this fund, with the proviso that 30% of this money must be spent on the development of environmentally friendly technologies. There is now plenty of money for green development and green housing, and the country has even made an EU commitment to do so, so I have sent my letter of recommendation to Prime Minister Viktor Orbán, Finance Minister Mihály Varga, Foreign Minister Péter Szijjártó and Agriculture Minister István Nagy. If they read it, they will realise that billions of euros have been spent unnecessarily on the expansion of the Paks nuclear power plant and on subsidising foreign lithium battery and solar panel companies invited to the country. I have received no response from either place. The head of government and his ministers are not interested in the proposals of a charlatan. They still won't talk to swindlers.

Viktor Orbán
Prime Minister
e-mail: miniszterelnok@me.gov.hu
e-mail: orbanviktor@orbanviktor.hu

Mihály Varga
Minister of National Economy
e-mail: miniszter@ngm.gov.hu

Péter Szijjártó
Minister for Foreign Affairs and Trade
e-mail: kozkapcsolat@mfa.gov.hu
peter.szijjarto@mfa.gov.hu

Dr. Nagy István
Minister of Agriculture
e-mail: info@am.gov.hu

e-mail: miniszter@am.gov.hu

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Starting these developments will not cause any problems. While it costs thousands of billions of forints to build a nuclear power plant, esoteric products can be made from parts costing a few thousand forints. All you need is a well-equipped electrical laboratory, of which there are several in the country. It is also possible to find professionals who are receptive to new things, who are not unfamiliar with the subject. Such a group of developers could achieve spectacular results in a few months. If they get stuck, I would be happy to help them. It's worth starting down this path, because it involves no risk and no major investment. But the results can be beyond all expectations. Using the ether can solve almost all the problems of our world.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun – 3 March 2021.

The answer came only from the Minister of Agriculture. He too has shaken me off his neck:



MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE

DEPARTMENT OF PARLIAMENTARY AND SOCIAL RELATIONS

Registration number: PTKF/360/I/2021.

Administrator: Szabóné Nyerges Magdolna

Telephone number: 79-52088

E-mail: magdolna.nyerges@am.gov.hu

for Mr Ákos Kun

info@kunlibrary.com

Subject: information

Dear Mr Ákos Kun!

I have received your electronic letter to Minister István Nagy, in which you recommend your esoteric inventions to the attention of the Minister.

The material has been reviewed. I would like to inform you that, due to lack of tasks and competences, the Ministry of Agriculture is unfortunately not in a position to support your research.

I wish you every success in your work and ask you to accept my reply.

Budapest, 08 March 2021.

Yours sincerely:



Agrárminisztérium, 1052 Budapest, Apáczai Csere János u 9.
 email: parlamentinfo@am.gov.hu
 tel.: 795-3994; Fax: 795-0520

Hungary does not seem to be threatened by global warming and climate collapse. Therefore, the Hungarian Minister of Agriculture is not competent in matters such as weather regulation, avoiding droughts, floods, hurricane-force storms and hailstorms. We do not have to protect ourselves against insects and rodents attacking plants. Let the bees die from the pollen of poisonous plants. And let those allergic to pollen continue to choke on the pollen of ragweed. There is no need to purify our waters either. We are doing well with our rivers polluted to the point of spooning, our muddy, algae-laden lakes. No need for chemical-free agriculture. We are used to poisoned fruit and vegetables from our fields, which are over-fertilised with pesticides and fertilisers. We are not bothered by the fact that fruit is picked unripe so that it can be stored for as long as possible. They will ripen at home, on the credenza. That the fruit that ripens under duress has no taste? It's okay, we're used to it. There's no need to increase the yield by magnetic irradiation either, because there's already a surplus in Hungary. We also do not want to banish preservatives and other chemicals from our canned foods. It is also no problem if 60 thousand people get cancer every year and 30 thousand of them die. So at least we do not have to give them pensions.

Meanwhile, the third wave of coronavirus infection has reached our country. As a consequence, the number of newly infected and dead people has been rising steeply day by day. Faced with an increasingly serious situation, I thought that health leaders would be more open to alternative solutions. I read an interesting article on hydrogen peroxide disinfection in the February 2021 issue of Természetgyógyász magazin. Naturopaths can kill all viruses, bacteria and fungi in 1 minute with a 0.5% solution of hydrogen peroxide. There is no after-effect because hydrogen peroxide breaks down in the body into water and oxygen. Spraying a 1% solution into the throat has been effective in curing fatal bilateral pneumonia. Hydrogen peroxide can also be administered intravenously by infusion. I have copied this article. I have copied the article warning about the dangers of vaccines from genetic modification. I have also added a paper on two types of medicine recommended by homeopaths. I sent the three articles on 3 March to Cecília Müller, the national medical officer, János Szlávik, the chief infectologist, and Miklós Kásler, the Minister of Health. They did not reply to my letter either.

Prof. Dr. Miklós Kásler
 Ministry of Human Resources
 e-mail: ugyfelszolgalat@emmi.gov.hu

Dr. Szlávik János
 Chief Infectologist
 South-Pest Central Hospital
 e-mail: szlavik.janos@dpckorhaz.hu

Dr. Cecília Müller
 National Medical Officer
 e-mail: muller.cecilia@nnk.gov.hu
igazgatas@nnk.gov.hu

Dear Dr. Cecília Müller!

I am sorry to learn that the third wave of the Covid epidemic has reached us. It could well be that we will have the same situation as Slovakia, the Czech Republic and Portugal. In order to avoid this, it would be advisable to consider the use of alternative treatments. We should not reject out of

hand all ideas that do not come from the scientific academies. Ter-natural healers may also have effective ways to contain the epidemic. Three articles on this subject have been published in the February 2021 issue of the journal *Naturopathic Medicine*, copies of which are enclosed. It would be useful to read them. It is definitely worth a try to see how effective these methods are. There is nothing wrong with them, because they are cheap, cheap procedures.

Sincerely: Ákos Kun – 3 March 2021.

As a last resort, I have come up with a proposal that is likely to win everyone's approval. The resonance frequency device should not be used to treat patients one by one, as this would be rather lengthy, as would vaccination. It would take months to get everyone irradiated and then they could start all over again, because magnetic irradiation does not give immunity. It is true that it cures all patients, but it cannot eradicate the virus from the country, from the world. The virus in the air and on various objects will infect more and more people. This epidemic can only be stopped by mass treatment of virus carriers. The more people who are irradiated, the less chance there is that there will be any carriers left.

The method of mass treatment is extremely simple. The device is not placed in front of the patient, but mounted on the ceiling. Not on the ceilings of doctors' surgeries, but above the entrances to public buildings. Places where many people go. E.g. supermarkets, hypermarkets, malls. While shoppers get a shopping trolley and then put the goods in their bags on the way out, they are healed under a source of radiation in the foyer of the store. Resonant irradiation can kill all microbes in 3 minutes. The same should be done in the lobbies of cultural and educational institutions. People should therefore no longer be subject to quarantine. No need to impose a curfew. In fact, the opposite should be done. People should be assured to go to the community. Go to the theatre, cinema, concerts, libraries. Students should go to school.

The more people get out of the house, the more people get well. Hospitality and the hotel and restaurant industry will be reinvigorated. No more banning foreigners from the country. On the contrary, they should be invited to come and visit us as much as possible. In the transit lounge at the airport, their disinfection is then broken. And at road border crossings, passengers must be asked to get out of their cars for a few minutes and enter the border station building. There, they can sit down under the magnetic irradiation device suspended from the ceiling and be on their way in 3 minutes. No need for vaccination cards or tests. Those who are sick are cured, those who are not are not affected. With a high number of visitors to community buildings, the virus will have no chance of spreading. After a few weeks, the epidemic will disappear. Once the coronavirus epidemic has passed, the device can be switched to the resonance frequency of the influenza virus or the bacterial or viral agent of the day.

This solution would certainly please the Prime Minister and his ministers, who are most concerned about the economic damage to the country and the loss of revenue from quarantine. The sharp fall in GDP is a serious blow to them. The economy is suffering huge damage from the lockdown. According to Foreign Minister Péter Szijjártó, the country is losing 15 billion forints a day because of the restrictions imposed by the Covid quarantine. If this continues, next year the social safety net will be torn apart and austerity will follow. This will lead to the fall of governments around the world.

There is also a risk of rebellion. People have been living locked in their homes for a year now. Spring is coming, and they want to be out in nature, untethered. In summer they want to go on holiday, sunbathe on the waterfront, swim in the lakes. They want their old life back. They want to go to the theatre and cinema, young people want to go to concerts. They are fed up with online education. They miss their schoolmates. Restaurant owners and hoteliers are eager to open. Impatience is making itself felt. Restaurants are opening illegally in Italy and France. Their owners and guests are booing the ban, the safety regulations. You cannot keep people under house arrest for life.

If this riot becomes mass, the authorities will be powerless. The whole country cannot be arrested and imprisoned. Politicians are looking to vaccinations for a solution, but the pharmaceutical companies cannot produce enough vaccines to vaccinate a large swathe of humanity. Then when they are

done, they can start all over again, because current vaccines only provide immunity for six months. Not to mention the cost. A dose of vaccine costs 15-20 dollars. (The vaccine in China costs \$64.) To end the epidemic, 60% of humanity would need to be vaccinated. Since two vaccines are needed for full immunity, that's 9 billion vaccines, which at \$20 costs \$180 billion. Since this vaccine has to be administered twice a year, the total is \$360 billion. How long can governments fund this? Magnetic irradiation is free because the generators will most likely be powered by a small Tesla converter. The production cost is also low, not even the price of a respirator. I sent this letter to the three health leaders and hoped that they would share its contents with the political leaders. This did not happen. This idea of mine also ran blind.

Prof. Dr. Miklós Kásler
Ministry of Human Resources
ugyfelszolgalat@emmi.gov.hu

Dr. János Szlávik
South-Pest Central Hospital
National Medical Officer
E-mail: szlavik.janos@dpckorhaz.hu

Dr. Cecília Müller
National Medical Officer
e-mail: muller.cecilia@nnk.gov.hu
igazgatas@nnk.gov.hu

Dear Dr. Cecília Müller!

I have been working in esoteric medicine for more than 40 years. Using my research in literature and my own ideas I have created 4 esoteric books, which together with my inventions can be found in the Kun Electronic Library. Address: <http://kunlibrary.com> These works contain insights that could lead us out of our present troubles. You would be most interested in solving our health problems. For ease of use, I have extracted from my works the information that would help you to start these developments. (These extracts are available at the right hand side of my library, below, under the title **Esoteric Inventions**.)

The device described in **Cancer Medicine** would radically and extremely cheaply solve the most topical problem of our time, the fight against viruses and bacteria (e.g. the coronavirus epidemic). The device invented by the American Raymond Rife can be used to eradicate all microbes and harmful insects (e.g. ticks). All you have to do is irradiate them at resonant frequencies. It can also kill cancer cells. Magnetic waves tuned to the resonance frequency could also be used to eradicate harmful plants (e.g. ragweed). All that would be needed is to irradiate the seeds and make them germinate. The destruction of parasites on trees and in the soil would be very simple and cheap, because only the irrigation water sprayed on them would have to be irradiated. This would eliminate the need for preservatives in the food industry. Foods sterilised by magnetic radiation can be preserved almost indefinitely. They do not even need a refrigerator for storage.

Resonance frequency virus eradication also has one very big advantage: it can eliminate outbreaks worldwide in a matter of weeks. One way of using magnetic irradiation is to treat patients one by one, as in vaccination. This is a very lengthy operation, and the treatment of billions of people can take years. However, this procedure does not require individual treatment. With a range of up to 100 metres, the device must be mounted on the ceiling. It can be installed in he-holes where many people go. E.g. supermarkets, hypermarkets, malls. As shoppers get their shopping trolleys and put their goods in their bags on the way out, they are healed under a source of radiation placed in the foyer of the store. Resonant irradiation can kill all microbes in 3 minutes. The same should be

done in the lobbies of cultural and educational institutions. People should therefore no longer be subject to quarantine. There is no need to impose a curfew. In fact, the opposite should be done. People should be assured to go out into the community. Go to the theatre, cinema, concerts, libraries. Students should go to school.

The more people who get out of their homes, the more people get well. The hospitality and hotel industries will be reinvigorated. No more banning foreigners from the country. On the contrary, they should be invited to come and visit us in greater numbers. They will then be disinfected in the airport transit lounge. And at road border crossings, passengers should be asked to get out of their cars for a few minutes and enter the border station building. There, they can sit down under the magnetic irradiation device suspended from the ceiling and be on their way in 3 minutes. No need for vaccination cards or tests. Those who are sick are cured, those who are not are not affected at all. If there are a large number of visitors to community buildings, the virus will have no chance of spreading. After a few weeks the outbreak will be gone. Once the outbreak of coronavirus has passed, the device can be switched to the resonance frequency of the influenza virus or the bacteria or virus of the day.

Sincerely: Ákos Kun – 10 March 2021.

This idea of mine has not been taken up by Hungarian health leaders and government politicians. So, in all areas, the nagging continues. We are sinking deeper and deeper into the pandemic. On top of all this, we are facing the threat of global warming and climate collapse. The number of cancer patients and infectious disease sufferers is growing unstoppably. Chemisation is rendering the world's land infertile. Hundreds of plant and animal species are dying out every day. The use of food preservatives is making hundreds of millions of people sick and allergic. Today, one in three people suffer from some form of food or pollen allergy. Air pollution is a major contributory factor. Outdated vehicles with explosive engines are a huge source of air pollution. The number of people suffering from respiratory diseases and dying from lung cancer is constantly rising. Rising carbon dioxide emissions cannot be offset by warming ocean waters and shrinking forest cover. (Half of the tropical rainforest has been cleared in the last 40 years). Since 1971, twice as much forest has been cleared along the Amazon as in Hungary.) The thinning of the ozone layer has made sunbathing on the waterfront dangerous. Those who spend time in the hot sun are at increased risk of skin cancer.

Insect pests are also becoming more active, destroying the plants that provide the raw materials for our food. The disruption of the seasons has also led to an unlimited proliferation of rodents that damage farmland. The water in our rivers is full of hormones and pharmaceutical residues that cannot be filtered out. They also get into our drinking water. The decomposition of millions of tonnes of rubbish dumped into the world's oceans poisons fish with microplastics and mercury, which are also ingested. The pollution of the oceans is exacerbated by the accidents of oil tankers and the washing of their tanks. Climate disruption has led to droughts, forest fires, floods, tornadoes, late spring frosts, micro-cell storms with continuous lightning, hailstorms the size of tennis balls, and the destruction of our habitats. The destruction of nature has also led to an increase in the number and intensity of earthquakes. The problems are so great in all areas that a paradigm shift is the only way out of this pit. If we refuse to go down this road, external forces will drag us down by the hair. But it will be costly and painful.

The reply letter from the Ministry of Finance dated 16 March 2021 makes it clear why I am not getting help from the authorities. Why all the existing money taps have been closed off from implementing my proposals. It's not me they have a problem with, it's the issue I'm dealing with. Politicians have made scientists believe that esotericism is a pseudoscience. Anyone who does is a charlatan, a swindler. And they don't give money to charlatans. They don't support quacks, especially not with taxpayers' money. So we are sinking deeper and deeper into the quagmire into which we have been plunged over the past decades. The way out of our troubles should be pointed to the scientists, but they are incapable of coming up with a sound proposal. The esotericists, called charla-

tans, could pull our civilisation out of this pothole, but they are not allowed to. Therefore our world will inevitably perish.

PM_ERK/10933/2021

Dear Ákos Kun!

We have received with thanks your letter on the possible use of esoteric inventions. Although it is not the responsibility of the Ministry of Finance to determine the appropriate directions for innovation, we consider it important for Hungary's competitiveness to encourage investment in research and development. I think we are in a good position, with many tenders open to inventors and a continuous market demand for new and efficient solutions. We have the conditions to develop useful and proven inventions, but we are not in a position to support those that do not have a scientific basis. We do not therefore support the creation of the development group proposed in the letter.

Yours sincerely:



Ministry of Finance
Department for
Administrative Coordination
and Customer Relations
ugyfelszolgalat@pm.gov.hu
Tel.: 06 1 795 5010

After three weeks, the letter from Péter Szijjártó, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Trade, has also arrived. The letter has been cleverly shaken off his neck. He passed my recommendation on to the Minister for Innovation and Technology. But I have already been to see László Palkovics. He had a similar brush-off. He sent me to the National Intellectual Property Office. But the head of the National Invention Office wouldn't even talk to me. To this day he has not replied to my letter.

Public Relations Office < kozkapcsolat@mfa.gov.hu >
Addressed to: Ákos Kun < info@kunlibrary.com >

22 March 2021 12:19 PM

Dear Mr. Ákos Kun!

Your letter to the Minister has been received by the Public Relations Office of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade. We thank you for the confidence you have placed in the Minister, however, in accordance with Article 136 of Government Decree 94/2018 (22 May 2018) on the Duties and Powers of the Members of the Government, the Minister of Innovation and Technology is responsible for the matter of the inquiry.

We recommend that you submit your proposals using the [form](#) provided by the Ministry of Innovation and Technology.

Contact details of the [Customer Service Information Office of the Ministry of Innovation and Technology](#):

Postal address: 1011 Budapest, Fő utca 44-50.

Central P.O. Box: 1440 Budapest Pf. 1.

Telephone number: +36-1-795-1700

Fax: +36-1-550-3944

Customer Service Information Office: 1011 Budapest, Fő u. 44-50.

Telephone: +36-1-795-6766; +36-1-795-3832; +36-1-795-8455; +36-1-795-2792

E-mail: ugyfelszolgalat@itm.gov.hu

Yours sincerely:

Public Relations Office
Ministry of Foreign Affairs and Trade
 H-1027 Budapest, Bem Rakpart 47.
 Telefon: +36 1 458 1576
 E-mail: kozkapcsolat@mfa.gov.hu

After two months, a reply was received from the Ministry of Human Resources. Dr. Miklós Kásler has surpassed Péter Szijjártó in ingenuity. He shook him off his neck like a born politician. He forgot to tell me how to achieve international professional recognition without money. Ah, to develop first, then to produce.



MINISTRY OF HUMAN RESOURCES
CENTRAL CUSTOMER SERVICE OFFICE

Reference No: 11/2704-2/20216 ÜGYFEL
 Administrator: Dr. Veres Gábor
 Phone number: (36-1) 795-3018
 Attachment:---

For Ákos Kun

kunlibrary@gmail.com

Subject: alternative medicine

Dear Mr Ákos Kun!

Please allow me to reply to the letter addressed to Minister Miklós Kásler, Prof. Dr. – due to the Minister's personal engagement – on my own behalf.

I would like to inform you that your request to the Ministry of Finance, in which you draw our attention to your esoteric books based on your literature research and your own ideas, has been forwarded to us by the Ministry of Finance, in addition to the Ministry of Innovation and Technology.

We have reviewed the requests received and I am providing the following information on the requests received, with regard only to the health aspects of our sphere of influence:

Domestic medicine is based on evidence-based therapies and international professional guidelines adapted to domestic conditions. If the therapies you propose are in line with these, they can be incorporated into the practice of domestic medicine.

On behalf of my colleagues, I wish you all the best!

Budapest, 28 April 2021.

Yours sincerely:

Office Manager

Dr. Veres Gábor

Cím: 1055 Budapest, Szalay u. 10-14. Postacím: 1884 Budapest, Pf. 1.

E-mail: ugy_felszolgalat@emmi.gov.hu Honlap: <http://csaladitudakozo.komany.hu/>



Dear Ákos Kun!

We do not know each other, my name is XY, I live in Veszprém. You wrote an article about the Tesla converter, and you have already updated it. The truth is that I am very impressed with it. From your description I concluded that you must have read György Egely's book *Parajelenségek*, silenced inventions (*Parajelenségek*, silenced inventions) and you very cleverly built up the possibility of building a converter in principle on the "Tesla line", although you had very little data available. I was surprised that you didn't ride the "Moray line", even though there is apparently much more "data" there, including Moray's relevant patent (which obviously doesn't, or doesn't contain the most important things that would actually allow you to build your converter, something even your son hasn't managed to do yet). So it was brave of you to choose the Tesla converter instead, based on the poorer original data available. I like that one better for a number of reasons.

But I don't want to waste your time with empty ramblings. I am in a great, almost hopeless dilemma. Ever since I read the Egely book, it struck me almost like a bolt of lightning that I should be dealing with these converters. (It is an open question how much this had to do with the fact that I had taken Reiki I and II courses shortly before the book - and many others over time - which had fundamentally changed my atheistic worldview, and I quickly developed an environmentalist vein instead of a chemist one.) Of course, I immediately dismissed the idea at the time, since I am a chemist, I know next to nothing about electricity. (In the meantime, I have moved from chemistry to quality assurance.)

This went on for many years. Then the urge came, I let it go, it came again, I let it go again, but unfortunately it still keeps me going. Then I tried to find someone who knew more about electricity/electrical engineering than I did. Although I met such people, one either told me flat out that he didn't believe in these things, the other was willing to look through the circuit diagrams I had gathered from the internet or here and there, and told me briefly that they were not suitable for building a working gadget. So no one could or wanted to help me in any meaningful way, although they might be able to, if they could help me with drawings/descriptions of very concrete, well-finished and therefore promising looking widgets. The problem with me is that, although I myself am over 60 in the meantime, it is not my aim to make a big profit one way or another from the thing, although money is always good of course, I just feel I should do it, or at least be involved in making it. It must be an esoteric thing for me somewhere, that's what the inner urge is about.

To get to the point of what I'm looking for from you. You wrote that article for some reason, I infer it was out of helpfulness, because if you were the only one who wanted to build it, you wouldn't have revealed it to the world. My questions:

1. Have you yourself been involved in the actual construction of the Tesla converter, or have you succeeded in the meantime?

2. would you, as an electrical-electrician, and as a thinker who is quite well versed in many other directions, be willing to cooperate with me, a layman, in building such a converter, not with concrete ideas?

If you would say yes, I would thank you, and we would obviously find a way to make it work for both of us. As a chemist, I found great pleasure in experimentation, and I have patents in chemistry. Development has remained a part of my life ever since, and I am now a quality systems engineer.

One more little thing. In your article, you mention that a young boy in the Middle Ages was allowed to time travel and somehow ended up on Atlantis. For you, as someone with a strong background in esotericism, I'm obviously not going to tell you anything new about Eckard Strohm, who brought back a relatively large amount of knowledge from Atlantis, including angelic communication techniques (he was also on a time travel trip and when he was there he saw and heard everything around him, but he was not seen by the Atlanteans). If you want to ask him any questions, I could help you with translating the letters. I once went to university in Germany (GDR), I am still in daily contact with my German colleagues in the group, I speak German. I would be grateful if you could reply to this e-mail.

Yours sincerely, XY - 01 September 2021.

Dear XY!

I appreciate your helpful letter. I started inventing 44 years ago, I have been writing my books for 31 years and you are the first person who wants to help me. I have read all the books and newspaper articles on esotericism. So I am also very familiar with the works of György Egely. I am a great admirer of him. I have tried to contact him twice for professional cooperation, but he has not replied to any of my letters. A reconstruction of the Tesla converter would be very useful indeed. Currently, 60% of the world's electricity generation comes from environmentally damaging coal, natural gas and oil. Consequently, the energy industry is responsible for 26% of the increase in carbon dioxide production that causes global warming. Transport also contributes 26% and industrial production 20%. Households also contribute significantly to air pollution, at 15%. Surprisingly, residential solid fuel combustion is responsible for 50% of the emissions of toxic gases and particulate matter. In rural areas, many people use wet and soft wood, or wood treated with chemicals and poor quality coal. And the poor heat their homes with waste.²⁵² Plastic rags, PET bottles, car tyres, which pollute the air heavily. To add insult to injury, millions of people around the world die every year from air pollution.

All of these problems could be solved by the use of energy from the brain. Switching cars to electric motors and the widespread use of electric heating would in itself lead to a significant reduction, but the problem is that the electricity needed is still produced by polluting fossil fuel power stations or dangerous nuclear power plants. The Tesla converter, on the other hand, generates electricity without producing any emissions. And it does it for free. Another big advantage is that it generates the energy locally, at the point of use, so it doesn't need transmission lines or transformer stations, and it doesn't need expensive power stations.

By installing small-scale Tesla converters, all electrical appliances would be self-powered, increasing their portability in addition to reducing running costs to zero. There would then be no need to wire the homes. Fires caused by electrical short circuits would be eliminated. No chimneys will be needed on the roofs of the houses, reducing construction costs. There will also be no more risk of carbon monoxide poisoning from gas heating. The fact that we would not be vulnerable to weather extremes is also a factor to be considered. In the event of hurricanes or flash floods, power would not be cut off for days. Without electricity, patients in hospitals on ventilators would not die.

The Moray converter will play a major role in revolutionising communications technology. It will increase the speed of the emitted signal by 12 orders of magnitude, allowing communication with extraterrestrial civilisations as well as with otherworldly beings. The detection of longitudinal signals also allows the reconstruction of the chronovisor. And security services and counter-terrorism forces will be able to keep an eye on criminals at a distance. Once the longitudinal magnetic signals penetrate the globe, the cost of building radio and TV transmitters will be reduced by orders of magnitude. Mobile telephony will not require relay stations. Purely magnetic signal transmission will also eliminate electrosmog.

I cannot deal with the actual construction of the Tesla converter because I do not have the means. It would require a well-equipped electrical laboratory, which I do not have. There are at least a dozen such laboratories in the country, but I have no chance of getting into any of them. They are under the supervision of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, and the scientists think that esotericism is a pseudoscience. I could not even get funding. Over the past decades I have sent thousands of letters to various institutions, industrial companies, banks and entrepreneurs with billions of dollars in assets, but no one has helped. At first I received rejection letters, but recently they have become unresponsive. Recently, I tried the ministries, but to no avail. If you are interested, you can read these letters and the replies to them in the mail section of this piece. (They are a little higher up) I have received replies from each of these institutions that the MTA's position

²⁵² Burning used tyres releases thirteen thousand times more mutagenic compounds into the air than coal-fired power plants produce.

is that esotericism is quackery, imposture, and that impostors are not supported. Anyone who engages in such activities is considered a charlatan.

Anyway, I'm retired now, and I can't afford to buy hundreds of thousands of forints worth of instruments and parts with half my pension. (I've been writing my books 24 hours a day, week in, week out for 31 years. That is why I could not get a job. As a result, I only get half the pension I would have got if I had worked all my working life.) So for the time being, I can only help you with your work in theory. As for the help you are offering, I could use it. You mentioned that you speak German well. If you would be willing to proof-read the German translations of the seven inventions descriptions, that would be a great help. These are only 10-30 pages of documents. If these descriptions could be read abroad, many people could get involved in this work. The more of us there are, the sooner we will get there.

Sincerely yours, Ákos Kun - 02 September 2021.

Dear Ákos!

It is no small dilemma we face with our requests to each other. At my first job at Nitrokemia (Balatonfüzfő), I worked for many years as a part-time translator. So it is not about language skills per se. Inevitably, there were also a small number of proofreading jobs. But in such cases, a lot depends on the quality of the raw translation. Even if it is at least four-fifths of perfect, there is still enough to go around, words, word order, conjugation, verb tense alignment, but each sentence still needs to be thoroughly chewed over. If the quality does not reach the above level, then, based on experience so far, the text has to be practically re-translated, which is a huge amount of work and time for just one of Ákos' materials (10-40 pages), and it is no coincidence that the price of translations has gone up incredibly.

My main problem here is time. In the meantime, I myself have reached retirement age, but I am still actively working in my last job in the same job (quality system developer, supervision and development of internal audits, quality processes, process specifications, preparation for external audits, and environmental protection, maintenance of quality documentation systems). My problem is that the work brigade for us practically starts at this time every year and lasts until the end of March. The reason for this is the annual major audit of our company, during which I have the responsibility of preparing for the annual major external audit of the company (with a German auditor). I can only do the translation/proofreading at home in the evenings, which may increasingly include work from home.

Ákos mentioned that he could only help me with my work in theory for the time being. With good and concrete ideas, this would also be a good help. I need to find someone with good electrical engineering skills. I have such a friend. The problem with him is that he doesn't believe in this stuff. I'll probably offer him an hourly rate if he's willing to do the job for me. But he will need specific wiring diagrams, with specific part names and dimensions. Without that, he won't be able to do it either, if I know him.

In the meantime, I have compiled an Excel file, a kind of task list, based on Ákos' article, including the components needed for the future gadget (which are in principle in the article, and therefore in the Excel file). If you like, I'd be happy to send it in my next email, just smile a little at the most. It would be up to Ákos, if you agree, to define a specific up-date sequence, assign specific parts to each task, and wiring diagrams. The parts would of course not be ordered by you, but by me. You would assign them to the table/tasks, so you would "only" specify what is needed. Sorry for the typo. If I seemed too direct, I apologize. Ákos can also feel free to give a collaborative suggestion, and then a good compromise will emerge.

I am not so naive as to believe that the first series of experiments will immediately produce the expected result, a working "gadget". However, based on that, we will immediately see what to change, and again run through the series of experiments, discover further things to optimise and so on. To ensure the earliest success, I recommend that for the very first experiments we use only well known and proven components, even if they are 50 or 80 years old, so the first working gadget can be as big as you like and relatively inefficient, as long as it works to some extent. Only then would

we scale it down and increase its efficiency. Nitro-chemistry's vast amount of experimentation has proven this principle to be true in the design of every new product/technology. I have several well-established experimental principles, more on those later when we get more specific.

For you, as an enthusiastic believer in esotericism, the Akashic Chronicle is obviously nothing new. I'm convinced that every successful writer, composer, artist, and of course the "suspiciously" successful inventor (and Tesla was just such a person) has access to this central cosmic data source, where optimal ideas for any area of life, including optimal engineering, can be found. From the fact that you are a successful writer and inventor, I believe you have some access to this source. Am I wrong?

And if so, I believe that with a little adjustment and fine-tuning, Ákos can (or has) reached the stage of producing (near) perfect solutions. If this could be done, and if Ákos could be a partner in this sense, a lot of valuable time and money could be saved, but the basic principle is that the widget is created one way or another. So, as I see it, we both have something that could help each other, it's a kind of fate, and although it would be a lot of work for me and a lot of useful and concrete ideas for Ákos, we would be closer to each other's goals on a reciprocal basis. What do you think?

Yours sincerely, XY - 05 September 2021 (detail)

Dear XY!

I understand that you are very busy. With so many work commitments, I cannot expect you to proofread for me. What I don't understand is that if you are so busy, how do you expect to improve? Esoteric development requires a whole person. Not 8 hours a day, but 14, and not only on weekdays, but also on weekends. I have been doing this since I was a child. I was born in a poor family, so I have been working 14 hours a day, non-stop, since I was 13. While other children went on holiday and to camps, I worked through the summer holidays. During the two-month summer "holidays" I earned the money I needed for my schooling and clothing for the next year.

My father, a political prisoner, was in poor health and could not support my studies financially. So I took a part-time job during my college years to support myself.

Then, at the age of 27, my inventions came along and I had to work all the time. As a development engineer, I also spent my holidays working. I typed, drew patent specifications, produced the printed circuit boards for the fire and burglary protection range one after the other. Then I didn't get anywhere with that either. For lack of money and support, the National Invention Office terminated the protection of all 10 of my inventions because I could not pay the maintenance fees, which were increasing exponentially every year. I could not even do anything with the two dozen sensors, alarms and alarm devices because I could not get the money to produce them.

Then, at the age of 40, I started writing books. At first only esoteric books, but I could not get them published either. At first, publishers claimed that I was an unknown author, so they could not sell my works. Later, they refused me on the grounds that printing costs had risen dramatically and that they could not finance the publication of my increasingly voluminous books. Around the turn of the millennium, book distributors went bankrupt and publishers were unable to recover hundreds of millions of euros in outstanding debts.

Seeing this, I tried private publishing. I published three books, first 50 copies, then 100, then 150. They were distributed by the Lira and Lant chain of shops. They sold out in a few weeks. I couldn't go on producing them because I produced them myself, and all the paper cutting with a wallpaper cutter had ruined my hands. I got tendonitis. The other reason was that my copy editor took my money in debt. In the 90s I didn't have a computer, so I had to employ a word processor. He took the 350,000 forints I had received for my parents' plot in Érd, and I still owe him 80,000 forints. But it wasn't only this money that went missing. I sold my parents' silver cutlery, my mother's jewellery, and I financially ruined my family, needlessly. (It also ruined my marriage.)

In the meantime, I sent out thousands of letters, nationally and internationally, looking for sponsors, but no one helped. At first I got rejection letters, but now I don't even get rejection letters anymore. I have received no reply to my request. Even the heir to the British throne, Prince Charles,

sent me a fancy rejection letter. (A week later, Windsor Castle caught fire and the butlers were frantically carrying millions of pounds worth of paintings and other artifacts out of the castle to keep them from burning. The damage was still estimated at around £120 million. More than 100 rooms were damaged, nine of which were completely destroyed.) Prince Charles refused my request, citing lack of funds. George Soros rejected my application in Hungarian with a one-and-a-half line letter in English. (25 years ago George Soros was not as notorious as he is now.)

Then I tried to get donors through other means. I thought I should get people interested in my work with lighter topics. So I edited a 32-language exotic fruit and vegetable album with nearly 700 tropical crops, illustrated with about 13 500 pictures. Then I created a continental fruit and vegetable album with 550 fruits and vegetables that we can grow here, illustrated with 11 000 pictures. I edited the two photo albums for 6 years, working 14 hours a day. At the end, I included a four-language Book Guide to draw readers' attention to my esoteric works.

My goal was not achieved. Both albums are downloaded by many people at home and abroad, but nobody is interested in the brochure. So I started collecting jokes to see if this would attract the attention of my readers. I edited two volumes of general jokes and a collection of erotic jokes. The three volumes contain 9,000 selected jokes, 200 of which have been included in my 1,200-page cookbook. As with my esoteric books, I have also edited hundreds of high-quality cartoons into the joke books. This work took 3 years. At the end of the two collections I have now included the four-language Book Guide. The result is the same. My joke books top the download statistics, but nobody cares about the brochure. My collection of erotic jokes was such a success that it was downloaded by hundreds of thousands of people in the Hungarian Electronic Library. When it was approaching half a million, they reset the statistics counter because they were ashamed that the most successful work in the MEK, with 22,000 volumes, was an erotic book. After a few months, the download index soared back up to several hundred thousand. It was then reset to zero again. Now the counter is at 150,000, so I'm waiting for the next reset.

Another failure has not put me off my work. I kept trying. After that I started collecting dance songs. The result was a volume of Singers and Bands, containing 8375 Hungarian songs downloaded from YouTube, in 57 944 versions. I also completed the two volumes with a collection of songs from abroad. The editing of the three volumes took 4 years. At the end of these I also put the four-language Book Guide. These were either not read by anyone, or if they were read, not bothered. They didn't bother to help. In total, I wasted 13 years of my life on these side works, completely unnecessarily.

And they didn't have to spend a fortune on me. On the Internet they charge \$5 for an electronic book, half the price of a printed one. (It's not expensive. 1500 Ft for a book is not much these days.) According to the statistics, 3 million people have downloaded my books so far. If everyone had paid that much, I would have 4.5 billion forints. Add to that the fees for using my inventions. Make that 4.5 billion forints. With the 9 billion forints I could have set up my own laboratory and even pay staff. But no one gave me anything. The fashion these days is to take what you can from everyone and then kick them away.

Two years ago, after a series of failures, I decided to collect the esoteric inventions from my books and put them in my library, divided into seven themes. The success has been overwhelming, further enhanced by the fact that I have also produced rough translations of my works in German, English and French. My books are now downloaded from over 100 countries. My library circulation for June was 159 GB. (Of this, 99 GB were taken by the Chinese.) The latest statistics for August are not much worse. 146 GB were downloaded. My own inventions are also very popular. They are aware that they no longer have to pay for them because they have expired.²⁵³ They deserve a thank you. My 10 inventions, my fire and burglary protection product line and my 12 books took 44 years to create. After getting them for free, I deserve at least this message in a short letter: 'Well, you idiot! Thanks for spending your whole life making us rich off you.'

²⁵³ In hindsight, the September statistics were even better. This month 186 GB of material has already been downloaded from my website. Of this, the rapidly growing China took 98 GB.

After seeing my successive failures, I was advised to sell my books for money. But that was not the way to go. People are used to everything on the Internet being free. If it is not, they make sure it is free. They crack the password and put it on another website where they can download it for free. If I block it with a lawyer, the next day they put it on two other free websites. If I block those too, they put it on four websites. And I get to pay the horrific legal fees. If Microsoft, with \$100 billion a year in sales, can't protect its programs from code-breakers, then a poor individual has no chance of doing so. (All Microsoft programs are available on the warez sites, free to download and use without registration.)

I can't help others for lack of money. According to the download statistics, thousands of people are already engaged in the 7 esoteric inventions, but no one asks for my help. They think they have now "touched God's foot" and will get rich on it. The reason they don't contact me is because they don't want to share the con. They don't know that I will help anyone who asks. I don't ask for any payment or share from anybody. I would be willing to work for free in any laboratory if they would let me in. But I have no chance of that, because I am stigmatised, considered a quack, a charlatan. They are incapable of understanding that the world is in so much trouble in all areas that only a paradigm shift can lead us out of it. And for that we need broad-minded esotericists. Scientists with narrow minds cannot lead this process.

I would be happy to help you, but judging by your letter, I will not be able to. Development on a contract basis would be a viable option, but the person you are looking for needs specific wiring diagrams and parts lists. If so, there would be no need for a development engineer. An engineer could assemble the device on that basis. The Akasha chronicle is not a viable option either. I have never received any suggestions or information from the afterlife. All my creations in my life have been born in blood sweat. I have scraped together literature with ten fingernails and then planted my ideas from my own wellspring. These ideas did not come from a central cosmic repository. I'm not a telephone station. I don't even get inspiration from data. I treat the crumbs of information I gather like a movie screen. What fits, I incorporate, what doesn't, I discard. Everything I have achieved is the result of hard work and diligence.

This is also how development will take place. It takes a lot of work, and then I figure out what needs to be done as I go along. "A blind hen can find an seed". I'm counting my lucky stars that it works. I don't expect help from anyone. Not from the spirits of the afterlife, not from extraterrestrials. Extraterrestrial civilizations could help, but they won't. They'll give me a wide berth. I've never seen a UFO from a bird's eye view. Yet I believe in their existence. Well, not believe, but I do believe they exist. I experience the existence of God and unfortunately Satan on a daily basis. I also believe that these inventions are feasible. That is because there are no separate physical laws for us and for extraterrestrials. The same laws prevail throughout the universe. Therefore, if they can do it, we can do it.

Sincerely, Ákos - 6 September 2021.

Dear Ákos!

Thank you for your long letter. I am sorry that you have not been very successful in selling your things so far. I'm sorry to hear about your long loss of success with your auctions. Many people make a fortune from selling intellectual property on the internet.

I see a slight misunderstanding about our possible collaboration. I didn't write that I was going to hire an engineer friend of mine. If he were one, and he was very persistent and skilful, he could produce drawings and would certainly do the construction. No, I have an engineer friend, but in this case, Ákos does not intend to help me either. It's a bit of a catch-22. If I have a research engineer acquaintance, then perhaps Ákos would help me, if not, then Ákos will not help me. But I think that if he really wanted to, he could.

If I let go of my imagination and try to think with your brain, there are several reasons for your NO:

1. why would you do it, we don't know each other, in case I steal what Ákos creates, since that's what has always happened with his stuff.

2.

3. Ákos has put together what looks like a fun thing that almost anyone can do, in the form of an article, but Ákos doesn't really think it's feasible.

4.

Obviously there are a million other reasons, but I can see one or a combination of them from a distance. On the other hand, somewhere, Ákos believes, perhaps rightly, that he has given enough to the world, now it is his turn to give something back, and no one wants to do even this proofreading for free, and where is this from the overall value of your work so far? And you are right in a way, but I fear that the world does not quite work or think like that. But there is a controlling, coordinating central force which, although indirect, supports certain causes and persons which it likes and which are in the interests of humanity. Just think of Mother Teresa and Csaba Böjte, who have brought together a whole charitable network from scratch in a highly inhibiting environment.

Let's turn it around: Send me a small piece of material to proofread, let me see what it's about, and I'll do it, for free of course. Therefore I expect nothing, no support from Ákos, except that Ákos should sleep one more night on his current negative answer. (If he continues to insist on no, I'll go for point 3.)

What I offer: If he does decide to go for yes, that doesn't mean that Ákos should do the parts procurement and assembly work. So it won't cost Ákos a single cent for the cooperation, but the more concrete brainstorming and the preparation of the wiring diagrams would be very useful, and without them it wouldn't work. Ákos mentioned that he used to make printed circuit boards, would a circuit diagram be a problem? That being said, I would not expect the gadget we put together to necessarily work the first time or the second time, and would not put any pressure on Ákos in that direction. (If the collaboration gets going, I will of course continue the proofreading work at my own speed.)

If it were to happen, and the future gadget would work efficiently, then Ákos would get a share of the sales of the gadget, say 33%, if the gadget was built according to Ákos' instructions. In the meantime, I have to find a large-scale contractor, and I already have an idea of who he will be.

If there is sufficient knowledge and diligence on the part of all members involved in the task, and if we get the nod and the support from above, then it can be done seemingly by our own efforts, but with true support from above, if it is in the best interests of the universe. If it is not, or if someone wants to appropriate it for their own ends, they will go wrong somewhere, it will certainly not succeed. I can tell you one thing, which I have already mentioned: is it a coincidence that I have been thinking about this subject for a long time (and I am not referring to the article by Ákos in a narrow sense) and that whenever I deal with it, I am always inspired and feel a greater sense of power? Isn't it worth an experiment, for you of all people, who have already planted the seed, and by the time it sprouts, you are the one who will be crushing the seedling?

Of course, there are many ifs, I haven't even told my technician friend, for the time being, but I promise everything will fall into place after your yes. After that, we would work closely together on everything and provide you with info and pictures on the go on a daily basis. Of course, we would need sincere trust on both sides. Of course, it is one thing if you honestly admit that this is beyond your abilities, then I would obviously leave you alone, but I think you are capable of it, especially in the light of your article.

Yours sincerely, XY - 10 September 2021 (excerpt)

Dear XY!

There must be some misunderstanding. I never said I would not help. I help everyone who asks for it, and I don't even have to pay for it. And the suspicion of stealing my ideas is out of the question. I publish all my ideas and suggestions, I put them on the Internet, and I do not charge for them. I don't even have to register. Nor do I send cookies to anyone's computer to spy on them. Everyone gets everything and does what they want with it. If they don't get along, I help them.

But it is not that simple. There are tens of millions of electrical engineers and technicians in the world. At least one thousandth of them, or 10,000 technicians, have tried to reconstruct Tesla's

inventions, but have failed. The reason for their failure is that they have used traditional tools and traditional thinking. Tesla, however, used physical phenomena for his inventions that are not yet known to us. He did not write them down because Tesla created all his inventions in his head. When he found them workable, he went ahead and built them. He made it so detailed in his head that it worked the first time he turned it on. That's what he did with the Tesla converter. Then he took it to America's largest electric utility to manufacture and distribute. But he smashed it with a hammer. He realised that he had nothing to gain from free electricity. If people have access to free clean energy, they won't use power plant electricity. No need for power plant workers, no need for power companies. Hundreds of millions of people around the world will be out of work and, worst of all, there will be no profit. After what happened, Tesla did not document how the converter was made, and has not even patented it. What's the point if no one wants it?

So now we have to start all over again. First, the physical laws that made Tesla's converter work must be discovered. My guess is that there are three. One is the soliton effect. To test the effectiveness of the soliton effect, we need a soliton generator. There is no such thing. At present, no signal generator gives a soliton signal. This will have to be developed with one of the manufacturers. This will not be cheap. The second is the near-zero threshold voltage diode, which has a negative internal resistance and a terminal voltage of several thousand volts. There are none of these either. I have a semiconductor invention called the "Field-Electrical Semiconductor" diode that will most likely be able to do this, but it would have to be manufactured to find out. This would require collaboration with a company that makes discrete semiconductor devices. This is not easy and will not be cheap.

Decades ago it would have been easier because I worked at the only semiconductor company in Hungary, Mikroelektronikai Vállalat. I entrusted the sale of my inventions to the Licencia Invention Sales Company. They offered all three of my semiconductor inventions to the CEO of MEV, who did not want them. Then for some reason he was removed. The next CEO came in. They offered it to him. He did not claim it either. Then, a few weeks later, the microprocessor manufacturing plant of the Microelectronics Corporation burned down. It created such a huge cloud of smoke that you could see it from across town. Underneath one of the production units, there was several tonnes of cooling oil that firefighters were unable to extinguish. The plant burned to the ground, even melting the metal fittings in the factory hall. According to journalists, the 1986 fire at the Microelectronics Company was one of the most devastating industrial safety incidents in Hungary in the 20th century.

The loss at the time was HUF 2 billion. (This could be 200 billion forints at today's exchange rate.) This accident brought the company down. The production of other products (e.g. obsolete sensor elements) could not support the company's 500+ employees. It was therefore sold in bankruptcy. Interbip Rt. bought it, but they could not recover either, so they also went bankrupt during the regime change. All their employees were made redundant, and Hungary lost all possibilities for semiconductor production. At the moment they are trying to rent out the buildings of the Micro-electronic Company on Fóti út as office space, but the dog doesn't want it. Who goes out to the outskirts of the city, 10 kilometres from the city centre, when in Buda, in a green belt, 10 minutes from the city centre, multi-storey office buildings stand empty.

Since the possibility of semiconductor production in Hungary has also disappeared, a foreign company must be found that is willing to produce the samples. This could be Texas Instruments or Siemens. The third physical principle generating electricity will be resonance. This is already known, but only when excited by ultrasound. In the case of electrical excitation we may be in for surprises. For example, harmful magnetic radiation. Developers also need protective clothing, a suba. Without them, they will die of blood cancer.) These garments can perhaps be ordered from Transylvania, from shepherds grazing sheep in the Carpathians.

There will also be problems with accessories. If this device has significant magnetic emissions, domestic livestock will cease. (There is no way to shield the gravitational and etheric radiation.) This radiation does not affect us because after the flood, God raised our brain frequency to 20 Hz as punishment. We have lost our parapsychological ability called the "third eye". Animals, however,

still have 10 Hz. They are therefore extremely sensitive to magnetic radiation. When a UFO lands somewhere, cows start crying, horses go wild and dogs and cats run away in panic. If this device is planted in homes en masse, the neighbours' pets will go crazy. The reason for this will soon be revealed, and we will be cursed by hundreds of millions of people worldwide. Single people, pensioners, families with young children treat their dogs and cats almost like family members and do not look kindly on our activities. It is no accident that civilisations more advanced than ours do not keep pets in their homes. This does not mean that they have excluded animals from their lives. They have animals too. They live in a separate reserve without magnetic wave emitting devices, so they can live in peace. If you want to see animals, you go out to this reserve and travel around on a safari.

I believe that one technician is not enough to perform these tasks. You can see that I can't give you a wiring diagram, because you have no idea what's going to come out of all this. All I know is that we have to get started or we won't get to the end. And to do that, you need a well-capitalised company with dozens of well-trained research and development engineers. (That could be Siemens or Philips or AEG.) It's a nice pipe dream to say, well, let's make a Tesla converter and get rich on it. I can't do that by going to the wall and hanging the finished documentation on the nail. And then I give it to an engineer who puts it together. It's a very bumpy road to get there. It involves so many logistical tasks that you couldn't do on your own even if you didn't have a job. Nevertheless, if you feel you have the strength and the money to overcome these pitfalls, I am still at your disposal. Sincerely, Ákos - 10 September 2021.

titkarsag.noklapja@centralmediacsoport.hu

Dear Editorial Team!

I read an article in the 25th August issue of Nők Lapja entitled "Keyboard age and mouse trouble". This article, however, only drew attention to an almost universal problem of our time: inflammations caused by computer keyboards. I too struggled with this problem for a long time, until I finally found two workarounds. If you find my idea useful, please publish it. It is likely to be used by many:

Lately, many people have been complaining of getting tendonitis from using mice for years, or almost decades. They have been taking medication that only helps temporarily, and the chemicals in their system are causing undesirable side effects. Various bandages and dressings do not help much and are very uncomfortable. The only effective remedy is rest, but anyone who works in IT cannot afford it. Because of this, there is a high chance of getting stuck in this disease and losing your job. I was in a similar situation. Using a computer for 14 hours a day gave me tendonitis and caused me severe physical pain when using any type of mouse.

That's when I figured out that I was going to use my left hand. It was not easy. The left hand is clumsier, but with practice it gets more and more dexterous. The biggest problem was that my left hand was reversing the left and right mouse buttons. After a while this problem was solved. After 2-3 weeks this problem disappeared. So now if I get tired of my right hand and move the mouse to my left, my brain immediately switches to left-handed handling and I can handle it as quickly and accurately as I can with my right hand. Then, if my left hand gets tired, I continue with my right hand. I have been using this method for two years now and the tendonitis has disappeared.

The other problem is that pressing the keys on the keyboard all day long caused my fingertips to become inflamed and burned after a while. (This is a problem for people who can't type with 10 fingers.) This can also be prevented. People who type with two fingers use their middle finger instead of their index finger. If this also gets inflamed, use your ring finger. This doesn't go smoothly either, because these fingers are clumsier than the index finger, but with some practice you can do it. The final solution will come with telepathic text input, but that remains to be seen.

Budapest 2021.09.03.

Unfortunately, the editorial staff of Nők Lapja was not interested in my proposal. They did not even reply to my letter.

Ádám Béli
Sewerage Director
Petőfi Rádió

Dear Director!

Congratulations on your appointment as the head of Petőfi Radio and Petőfi Television. This morning I heard your interview on Dankó Radio. There you said that you are completely restructuring the programme structure of Petőfi. To do this, you will launch new programmes. Allow me to propose a completely new programme that would significantly increase the number of listeners to Petőfi Radio. For years, Dankó Radio had a very popular programme promoting the operetta genre. Ibolya Nagy not only played operetta songs in her programme "Beyond the Operience", but also made very interesting interviews with operetta artists. In these music history interviews, secrets from the world of operetta were revealed that had never been told anywhere else.

In January, however, Tamás Szabó, the new deputy director of Dankó Radio, cancelled the programme, which had enjoyed great popularity for eight years, in order to broadcast more Hungarian songs. This was done in a rather hypocritical way. Dankó Radio still advertises this programme, but it has been moved from the 9-10 a.m. slot to the 5-6 a.m. slot. In doing so, they killed this programme. Who gets up at 5 o'clock in the morning to listen to the radio? Moreover, these are not new programmes. They are repeating Ibolya Nagy's previous programmes.

It would be appropriate to take over and relaunch this programme. Petőfi Radio used to broadcast music mainly for young people. In order to increase the variety of music, it would be worthwhile to include this programme in the programme structure of Petőfi Radio for 1 hour a day. This would attract listeners of an older age group. There are 2 million pensioners in Hungary, and the majority of them are fans of operetta, which is currently not broadcast on any music channel, even though operetta is of a standard comparable to opera. It is no accident that many opera singers sing operetta songs. This programme could also play a role in shaping young people's musical tastes. The rich melodies of operettas could keep them away from popular music and the monkey music that is now so popular (tukci-tukci music).

Sincerely, Ákos Kun – 5. September 2021.

Dear Sir!

Thank you for your letter and suggestion.

However, Petőfi Rádió is a contemporary, light music, pop culture radio station, which we would not like to change, and therefore we cannot include stage genres such as Opera, Operetta, Musical etc.

We ask for your understanding and hope that you will still enjoy the Petőfi Radio programme.

Best regards:

MTVA Press and Marketing Office
Media and Public Relations Department
+36 1 759 5050
kozonsegszolgalat@mtva.hu
1037 Budapest, Kunigunda útja 64.

info@globalchallenges.org

Dear László Szombatfalvy!

I read an article about you in Incredible magazine about your successful career in Sweden. I also learned from this article that you are very concerned about the fate of our civilisation. You have therefore put half of your fortune into a foundation to support those who can show us a viable way out of our problems. The Global Challenges Foundation's main objectives are to fight poverty, war, climate change and population growth. But these noble aspirations cannot be achieved through traditional methods. A paradigm shift is needed to stop global warming, avoid climate collapse and

end poverty. This cannot be achieved by narrow-minded politicians. It also requires broader knowledge, including esoteric knowledge. I have been working in this field for more than 40 years and I have the experience to start this process. The only obstacle is lack of money. Without it, I cannot buy the equipment, the parts or start the necessary improvements.

I tried to ask for government help, but all the ministries rejected my request, saying that the Hungarian Academy of Sciences considers esotericism to be a pseudoscience. It's quackery, it's fraud, and they don't support fraudsters. These letters are available for study in the Kun Electronic Library, which I have created. Web address: <http://kunlibrary.com> (link: Esoteric World - Correspondence section) In the bottom right corner of my library you will also find 7 inventions describing in detail how to solve the world's most pressing problems. They show that these are very serious plans and objectives, not hopeless. It is only a matter of diligence and perseverance, of which there is no shortage. All that is lacking is the money to get started. If you think these ideas are feasible, please support my work.

With thanks:

Kun Ákos - Budapest, 2021.09.17.

László Szombatfalvy, billionaire living in Sweden, left the country in 1956. He made his fortune on the Stockholm Stock Exchange. After his retirement, he donated half of his fortune, the equivalent of 160 billion forints, to the foundation he set up. The Global Challenges Foundation has been rather stingy with the funds at their disposal. In 2017, they launched a call for proposals for a total prize of \$5 million to tackle global challenges. However, the proposals received were not to the liking of the board of trustees and the prize was not awarded.

I followed a similar path. My application was not even worthy of being rejected. Yet the ideas I had proposed could achieve the Foundation's goal of combating climate change and eradicating poverty. My proposals are not spiritual speeches, but solutions driven by hard economic interests. Begging and conscience-stricken rhetoric cannot persuade people to care for nature and not destroy the planet. Multinational companies are not interested in nature conservation. Their profit motive comes before everything else. They exploit the Earth to the limit to increase profits.

They will only get involved in conservation if it is in their financial interest. If we supply them with energy, they will immediately give up fossil fuels, which will stop global warming. The same should be done with private individuals. At the moment, 1 litre of fuel costs 450 forints. A car tank can hold nearly 50 litres of petrol, which costs more than 20,000 forints. With the reconstruction of the Tesla converter, fuel will be free for them too, so they will switch to electric cars en masse. Nature will be saved by what is now destroying it: self-interest, the profit motive. Poverty and hunger can be eradicated by the magnetic sprouting of food. If the product does not spoil at the producer, the distributor or the consumer, it will increase the amount of food available to us by 30%. Since they cannot deal with this surplus, they are better off giving it to the poor. That way no one will starve. A globally balanced food supply will also be able to stop population migration, illegal immigration.



I read an article on the Internet at the end of September. It told me that Steve Jobs' widow Laurene Powell had donated \$3.5 billion from her widow's estate to the Waverley Street Foundation to tackle climate change, food security and health problems. I thought I'd try to get some money from them to start the development. I sent my letter, translated into English, the same day. A few minutes later, I received confirmation that my request had been registered and would be dealt with. It seems to take a long time to study my work, because I have not received a reply for months. I suspect I never will.

Waverley Street Foundation
sales@charitynavigator.org

Dear Lisa Jackson!

I am Kun Ákos from Hungary. I have been working in electronics, subtronics and esoterics for 44 years. During this time I have created 10 inventions and written 12 books. These works could stop global warming and prevent climate collapse. In addition, they would eliminate all infectious diseases and make it possible to cure cancer patients. They offer a solution to curb extreme weather events (hurricanes, flash floods, hail, drought). They would end world hunger. (Magnetic irradiation would make food last almost indefinitely. This would increase the world food supply by 30%, which would be used to feed the poor.) My proposals would allow the development of an anti-gravity engine to free our spacecraft from the solar system. I tried to get funding from government agencies to implement my ideas. However, the ministries rejected my requests one after another, claiming that esotericism was quackery, fraud, and that taxpayers' money would not support charlatans. I urge you to read the description of the seven inventions of the Kun Electronic Library and, if you find these ideas feasible, to support the launch of its development.

My website address is: <http://kunlibrary.com>

The description of the seven inventions can be found on the right hand side of my website, translated into three languages below.

My correspondence with official bodies can be found in the correspondence section of my book "Esoteric World".

Ákos KUN - Budapest, 28 September 2021.



Since I couldn't start esoteric developments in 2022 due to lack of funding, I started expanding the Hit List in February. I was surprised to find that the YouTube titles of the lists I had edited in Word did not open. Currently, the only way to launch YouTube videos is to copy their web address into the YouTube search engine. This triples the time needed to expand the list. And all the clicking makes my hands go numb. I'm going to write a letter to the YouTube developers and draw their attention to this bug. It didn't work that time. There is not a single e-mail address for YouTube on the Internet. After several hours of searching, I only found the address of their legal department. So I wrote to them as best I could:

Dear YouTube Team!

I've been listening to music on YouTube for a decade from a list edited in a Word document. So far I have had no problems with it. I clicked on the URL and the song started immediately. But now I can't listen to music from a Word list. When I click on a song, the YouTube search window appears and I have to paste the URL. This can only be downloaded via the Clipboard. This way, it takes 5-6 clicks before the song plays. Listening to a list of thousands of songs this way gives me tendonitis. Interestingly, if I convert the Word file to HTM or PDF format, there is no obstacle to launching the URL directly. In fact, if I open the Word document with LibreOffice, I can just click on the selected song and it starts immediately. Why are you angry with Microsoft Word? 90% of documents in the world are created in Word. Why can't YouTube titles be used in Word? I look forward to your reply:

Ákos KUN - 28 Feb 2022.

e-mail: info@kunlibrary.com

*

YouTube Legal Support Team<legal+1edivh2g4rd8o0z@support.youtube.com>
febr. 28., H 21:42

Hello,

Thanks for contacting the YouTube Legal Support team. We will review your request as

soon as possible. Please note that general help inquiries won't be answered here. To expedite our ability to investigate your claim, we encourage you to submit your legal claim electronically [via the instructions here](#).

For help with other site-related issues, please visit our [Help Center](#). If you wish to report abuse or inappropriate content, or would like to make a privacy complaint, please visit our [Safety Center](#).

Regards,

The YouTube Team

*

YouTube Legal Support Team other-legal+2pfvgmwrwye3u0m@support.youtube.com

febr. 28., H 22:13

Hello,

Please note that this team handles legal removal requests. Therefore, we cannot help you with this matter. For information regarding technical issues, please visit our [YouTube Help Center](#).

Regards,

The YouTube Legal Support Team

*

Dear YouTube Team!

Unfortunately I could not find an answer to this problem in the Help. Could you give me an e-mail address to contact your technical development department? As I wrote in my previous letter I have been using YouTube videos from Word documents for a decade. So far I have not had any problems with it. However, for some months now, when I click on a YouTube title, it does not open. Instead, it opens the YouTube search window, into which you have to copy the YouTube title via the Windows Clipboard, and only then can it be launched. In a playlist of thousands of songs, clicking three times causes tendonitis. It's not good for you either, because 90% of the world's documents are written in Word. If users can't access YouTube from here, they won't see your ads, which will mean they will lose out on significant profits. Thank you in advance for your help.

Sincerely, Ákos KUN

*

YouTube Legal Support Team 2022. ápr. 1. 9:01

Hello,

Please note that this team handles legal removal requests. Therefore, we cannot help you with this matter. For information regarding technical issues, please visit our [YouTube Help Center](#).

Regards,

The YouTube Legal Support Team

*

On my second attempt, I received a meaningless template letter. Multinational companies cannot be contacted. They do not give their contact details, and if anyone tries to get in touch with them, they shake them off. They are so arrogant that they will not even take good advice. They don't even care if it hurts themselves.



For 45 years I have been trying to get support for the foreign patenting of my inventions, the production of the fire and burglary protection product family, and the printing of my books. In this case, I have sent more than 1,000 letters to government offices, factories, individuals with billions in wealth, but I have not received help from anyone. Rejection responses were received from abroad, and in most cases no response was received at home. I have addressed my latest letter to Mr Jörg Bauer, CEO of Tungsram. To my great surprise, they were ready to negotiate with me. Two technical advisers attended the hearing in Tungsram. They liked my suggestions. I was told that they were ready to put the fire and burglary and decade cabinet product line into production right away, and they were looking for a cooperating partner for esoteric inventions. However, I waited in vain to start work. After two weeks of silence, the news came to light as a lightning strike, according to which Tungsram filed for bankruptcy after Eximbank Zrt. Filed a collection order for the company's bank accounts. So this opportunity also fell into the pit.

In my opinion, this would be the way out of the current crisis for you. They would have to produce products that no one currently produces and can be sold in large quantities. Many people today are talking about a paradigm shift, but no one is doing anything about it. Because scientists call this topic pseudoscience and fight it with fire and iron, they dare not act. The cultivators of the esotericism were branded as curate, charlatan. And politicians have fallen victim to this claim and reject those who turn to them. They are told they are not giving support to scammers. Yet esotericism will be the science of the future. The resentment associated with it is due to the fact that the field of esotericism is very broad. Unfortunately, it also includes magic, which is really curious. The science of the demonic world, the cultivation of which leads to hell.

However, subotonics is also included, which is nothing more than a mixture of electronics and esotericism. Capturing gravitational radiation and ether radiation to work by electronic means. (Scientists deny even the existence of the ether. And they don't want to hear about the use of new physical laws we don't know.) However, influencing gravitons and ether ions requires special instruments and components. It does not go with traditional means. Therefore, no significant results have been achieved in this field so far.

However, with the inventions I have made and the esoteric knowledge I have gathered in my books, we could make significant progress in this area. I have described how to do this in the 7 esoteric inventions on the right side of the Kun Electronic Library. Please read them!

Address: <http://kunlibrary.com>

A Tesla converter would allow disconnection from the power grid. In addition, the electricity it generates is free. By putting this in order, energy prices would cease to rise. Electricity would also trigger gas, there should be no fear of shutting down the pipeline for political reasons. When installed in a car, it eliminates the need for an expensive lithium battery. This halves the price of electric cars and increases their range almost indefinitely. The Tesla converter can only supply one household, but it is also possible to supply factories and offices with free electricity. The Hamel generator would have to be used for this. This device, unlike nuclear power plants, can be built for a few thousand forints. Combining the current of the generators installed on the edge of the industrial plant with an inverter could also supply factories and plants with free electricity.

With the development of antigravity engines, we could finally start exploring space. For the past 60 years, all we have achieved with our smoking rockets is that we have fired our astronauts at a height of a few hundred kilometers as cannonballs. From the description of the invention of Cancer Medicine, we can learn how to eliminate all infectious diseases, including the Covid epidemic, in a few minutes. It can also kill insects that cause plant diseases (e.g., beetles that destroy walnut trees). Infectious ticks can also be eradicated by this method. And livestock would no longer be decimated by bird flu or swine fever. With the help of the invention description of longitudinal telecommunication, we could also switch to longitudinal signal transmission, which is 12 orders of magnitude faster than electromagnetic signal transmission. Its range is also very long, so there would be no

need for microwave relay stations when setting it up. This would reduce the operating costs of mobile phones by a tenth and eliminate harmful electrosmog.

The ideas contained in the description of the Tesla generator invention promote the maintenance of health and healing. It can be used to kill microbes in food, which increases their shelf life by orders of magnitude. We would get rid of preservatives and nothing more would spoil in food warehouses and refrigerators. This will increase the world's food supply by a third, eradicating hunger. The description of the weather control invention makes it possible to eliminate drought and weather extremes. The description of the invention of Alchemy - Microgravity provides an opportunity for material transformation. From cheap raw materials e.g. we could even produce gold from sand, of which the electronics industry is using more and more.

The development of these inventions requires new instruments and components, which take months to manufacture. We shouldn't be idle until then, because I previously developed a complete family of fire and burglary protection that can even be put into production right away. In addition to the complete production documentation, I made a proto piece from each device and device to check their functionality. In addition, I have developed a family of decade cabinets (resistance, inductance, capacitance) that cost a tenth of the cost of producing rugged robust decade cabinets. A large quantity of this could also be sold. I have also designed several devices that can be used in gastronomy, which are also marketable. Their operating principle and design are unusual, but very useful. If you are interested in my offer, please reply to my letter.

Budapest, April 19

Sincerely:

Ákos Kun

My email address is info@kunlibrary.com

Dear Mr. Kun!

Budapest, May 16

Thanks again for meeting me a few weeks ago! I presented the results of our discussion to Mr Bauer, but we have come to the conclusion that in the current situation we are unfortunately not in a position to develop / research new technologies and start new projects. Thank you very much for your inquiry and cooperation!

Regards:

Gergely Földes

Innovation Coordinator

Chief Executive Officer 's Office

gergely.foldes@tungsram.com

T +36 70 652 5257

Tungsram Group

H-1044 Budapest / 77 Váci út

www.tungsram.com



The Tungsram fiasco hasn't discouraged me from trying again, although I'm getting fed up with 45 years of failure. After that I turned my attention abroad again. I thought of trying to get EU money for development. I was encouraged by the announcement by the President of the European Commission that EUR 300 billion would be distributed among the Member States to help solve Russia's energy dependence. I sent my letter to two addresses. One was addressed to Christian Wiggand and the other to Katarzyna Kolanko, the Commissioner for Research (Ursula von der Leyen's e-mail address is nowhere to be found on the Internet). However, she did not reply to my letter sent by regular mail. Ursula von der Leyen is busy drawing up a new package of sanctions against the Russians and has no time to save the world. Here is the letter:

Ursula von der Leyen
European Commission
1049 Brussels
Belgium

Dear Madam President!

I follow events in the world on a daily basis. I am deeply concerned about the war between Russia and Ukraine and its likely consequence, global famine. The energy crisis and its almost unstoppable inflation are also causing unbearable problems for hundreds of millions of people. But we could overcome these problems and create a normal world instead of the chaos we expect. To do this, we would have to use a completely new technique, namely the use of etheric particles, also used by extraterrestrial civilisations. These tiny particles of energy, which fill the universe to the brim, are capable of miracles. Matter is also made up of etheric particles. By manipulating them, we could create tools, devices and equipment to fight almost all our ills. But manipulating gravitons and ether ions requires special instruments and components. Conventional tools can't do it. That is why we have not yet achieved any significant results in this field.

However, with my inventions and the esoteric knowledge I have gathered in my books, we could make significant progress. I have described how to do this in the 7 esoteric inventions on the right hand side of the Kun Electronic Library, below. Please read them! Address: <http://kunlibrary.com>

The Tesla converter would give us the opportunity to disconnect from the grid. Plus, the electricity it generates is free. Putting it on the system would end the exorbitant rise in energy prices. Electricity would also replace gas, so there would be no need to fear the gas pipeline being shut off for political reasons. Fitted in cars, it would eliminate the need for expensive and explosive lithium batteries. It will halve the price of electric cars and increase their range to infinity. The Tesla converter can power just one household, but it can also supply free electricity to factories and offices. This would require the use of the Hamel generator. Unlike nuclear power stations, this device can be built for a few hundred euros. The electricity from generators installed on the edge of an industrial estate could be combined with an inverter to supply factories and offices with free electricity.

With the development of anti-gravity engines, we could finally start exploring space. In the last 60 years, all we have achieved with our smoking rockets is to launch our astronauts like cannonballs to an altitude of a few hundred kilometres. With anti-gravity rockets, we could reach hundreds or thousands of light years. The Invention of Cancer Cures describes how all infectious diseases, including the Covid epidemic, can be eradicated in a matter of minutes. It can also be used to kill insects that cause plant diseases (such as the bark beetle that destroys walnut trees). Infective ticks can also be eradicated by this method. And livestock would no longer be decimated by avian influenza or swine fever. The Longitudinal Telecommunication invention could also help us to switch to longitudinal signal transmission, which is 12 orders of magnitude faster than electromagnetic signal transmission. It also has a very long range, so that microwave relay stations would not be needed. This would reduce the cost of operating mobile phones by a tenth and eliminate health-damaging electrosmog.

The ideas contained in the Tesla generator invention description promote health promotion and healing. It can be used to kill microbes in food, increasing its shelf life by orders of magnitude. We could get rid of preservatives and stop food spoiling in warehouses and fridges. This would increase the world's food supply by a third, which would end hunger. The invention of Weather Control allows drought and extreme weather events to be eliminated. Drought and ice damage would not destroy crops, and floods would be eliminated. The Alchemy - Microgravity invention description gives the possibility to transform matter. From cheap raw materials such as sand, we could even produce gold, of which the electronics industry is using increasing quantities.

If you are interested in this brief description, please allow me to set up my own laboratory where I can develop and reconstruct these inventions with some of my colleagues. Academic research institutes do not admit me. Since scientists consider this subject to be pseudo-science and are

fighting it tooth and nail, the heads of well-equipped laboratories will not even talk to me. The practitioners of esotericism have been branded quacks and charlatans. And the politicians have fallen for this allegation and reject those who approach them. (The letters of refusal are in the Correspondence column of my journal, Esoteric World.) But esotericism will be the science of the future. The opposition to it is due to the fact that the field of esotericism is very broad. Unfortunately, it also includes magic, which is indeed quackery. The science of the demon world, the cultivation of which leads to hell.

But it also includes subtronics, which is a combination of electronics and esotericism. It is the capture of gravitational radiation and etheric radiation by electronic means. (Scientists even deny the existence of the ether. And they don't want to hear about the use of new physical laws that we don't know.) But it would be good if they did, because the science of the future will be esotericism. The world is in such trouble in all areas that we cannot get out of it by conventional methods. The only thing that can help us is a paradigm shift. We need revolutionary changes in every aspect of our world to survive the horrors of the Apocalypse. For current events are only the beginning of the age foretold in the Bible. If we do nothing, things will get much worse. But the opportunities are there to avoid the tragedies that await us. We just need to make way for those who can help us to do so. Sincerely:

Budapest, 14 June 2022

Kun Ákos
development engineer
E-mail: info@kunlibrary.com



After another fiasco, I decided to give the new president a try. Katalin Novák. As a woman and a mother of three children, maybe she will empathise with people's concerns and do something to help them out of the current crisis. I had no luck with the previous president, János Áder. He promised to study my library, but the two years left of his mandate were not enough to get to the bottom of it. János Áder was only great in speech. He travelled the world, making impressive speeches everywhere, but did nothing to tackle the problems. He knew exactly what was wrong, he said exactly what should be done, but he did not lift a finger to put it into practice.

But he could have done so, because the government has given him a budget of 73 million for public initiatives (money which the President of the State is completely free to spend, i.e. there is no obligation to put it out to tender or to select a candidate, and no written contract to spend it). The entire annual budget can be given to a single organisation or individual.) It is not a large amount, but the President of the Republic, because of his power and connections, can raise orders of magnitude more money from ministries or foreign companies and organisations. He doesn't even have to ask for it, because the Blue Planet Foundation he set up has just received a budget grant of HUF 2.5 billion from the Ministry of Finance. The capital fund was working with a budget of HUF 10 billion until mid-2021, which would have been enough for paradigm shifts.



In the meantime, my inability to do my job has reached its peak. Some outside force or power decided to destroy my library. (They don't consider me an impostor. They know that what I do is not quackery. That's why they want to shut me down.) They have chosen DotRoll Ltd to do it. On May 4, 2022, they sent me a long, smeary letter informing me that WEB-SERVER Ltd. was discontinuing its domain and hosting services business and that DotRoll Ltd. would continue to manage the services. In their letter, they cunningly tried to cheat me of the password to my hosting account:

Dear Kun Ákos!
Welcome among our customers!

We would like to confirm the information sent to you by WEB-SERVER Kft. by e-mail on 14 April 2022, that WEB-SERVER Kft. will discontinue its domain and hosting services business and will entrust the further management of the services to DotRoll Kft.

In the present e-mail we would like to inform you about what is happening and what will happen in the future regarding domain names and services.

Your domain name(s) and service(s), if any, will be migrated to our customer management system at <http://www.dotroll.com> olda. You can then manage the administration of your services in this system. E.g. service renewals, cancellations, new orders, billing, payments, etc.

To log in, you will need your full e-mail address (info@kunlibrary.com).

The password required to log in is automatically generated, it is not sent by e-mail for security reasons and is not known to our employees. Therefore, please enter your new password using our forgotten password page: <https://admin.dotroll.com/password/reset>

After logging in, you can check that all your domain names and services have been successfully and correctly migrated into the system. Please be patient, as the complete migration and verification process may take several days, i.e. it may take a few days for us to correct the data and fill in any gaps.

Please be informed that the expiry dates of domain names will be aligned with the dates in the central domain registries database, so you will see the correct expiry date in our registry system.

Renewal process. Our system automatically orders the renewal and generates the fee request to be paid 15 days before the expiry date. You only have to pay the fee and there is nothing else to do. If you do not wish to renew a domain name, you can deactivate the automatic renewal at any time, in which case no fee request will be generated. Our system will send several expiry notification emails before expiry.

Invoicing: our company uses the well-established samlazz.hu system for invoicing, we will issue a paper invoice electronically for each payment. You will have access to the invoices and invoices at any time after logging into our system under the billing menu. Please check that your billing details are correct and change them if necessary.

Payment. Please always make the transfer based on the details on the fee request, enter the fee request number in the transfer message box and transfer the exact amount so that the system can automatically process your payment and the extension of your services. IMPORTANT: if you accidentally transfer to WEB-SERVER Ltd. bank account, your transfer will be reversed and your service will not be extended.

Technical management of services.

You can reach our Customer Service team directly by phone every working day from 6 am to 10 pm at +36-1-432-3232, via the online chat application at <http://www.dotroll.com> , by e-mail at support@dotroll.com or by logging in to the Customer Service menu and creating a ticket. We expect to receive more enquiries in the next few days, so please be patient due to possible increased response times.

Looking forward to a successful cooperation,

Yours sincerely:

DotRoll Ltd.

<https://www.dotroll.com>

<https://admin.dotroll.com/clientarea.php>

<https://admin.dotroll.com/submitticket.php>

Fortunately, they could not fool me. After writing two books on computer science, I now have some experience of how hacking attacks are carried out. I wrote a letter to WEB-SERVER Ltd asking them if they had indeed handed over their server park to DotRoll Ltd. I received a very brief reply to this, which read:

Dear Customer!

The Web-Server has ceased its activities and has been taken over by DotRoll Kft.

Yours sincerely:
 Zoltán Kiss.
 DotRoll Ltd.
 Zoltoll DotRoll Ltd.
 Phone: +36-1432-3232
 11484 ZROLLR, Budapest, Hungary +36-1432-3231
 e-mail: support@dotroll.com
 web: www.dotroll.com
 ICANN accredited

 Error ID: #807017
 Subject: Request for clarification
 Status: Answered
 Error URL: <https://admin.dotroll.com/viewticket.php?tid=807017&c=pRMshPDI>

It turns out that the e-mail address of the Web Server has been hijacked, directed to you. I have also replied briefly to your short letter:

Kun Ákos <info@kunlibrary.com>
 Jun 23, 2022 13:31
 addressed to: DotRoll
 Good, OK. Then please send Web-Server Ltd. an official notification about this, saved as a PDF file. They have had my website for nearly 20 years. For that, they deserve at least that much.
 Yours sincerely.

The reply was even shorter:

DotRoll Ltd.
 Jun 23rd, Thu 13:38
 recipient: info
 DotRoll Ltd.

Dear Kun Ákos!
 You can send a request to babicz.tibor@web-szerver.hu .
 Regards:
 György Kántor.

György György, DotRoll Ltd.
 DotRoll DotRoll Ltd., 1148 Budapest, Fogarasi út 3-5.
 Phone: +36-1-432-3232
 +36-1-432-3231
 e-mail: support@dotroll.com
 web: www.dotroll.com
 ICANN accredited

 Error ID: #807017
 Subject: Request for clarification
 Status: Answered
 Error URL: <https://admin.dotroll.com/viewticket.php?tid=807017&c=pRMshPDI>

With this letter you have been exposed and it is obvious that this is a nefarious manipulation. The e-mail address of the administrator of Web-Server Ltd is babicz.tibor@web-server.hu . A fake e-

mail address was created in the name of Tibor Babicz. They expected me to overlook the one-letter discrepancy. To a casual observer, this could easily happen, as in English, server is pronounced szerver. In order to add a touch of authenticity, they even included a photo of Tibor Babicz. I then sent my official notification letter to babicz.tibor@web-szerver.hu . I did not have to wait long for the fake reply, which read:

RE: REQUEST FOR CLARIFICATION

27/06/2022 10:23 Tibor Babicz" babicz.tibor@web-szerver.hu "
sent a letter to Kun Ákos " info@kunlibrary.com "

Dear Ákos!

Thank you for your message.

Dotroll Ltd. has indeed taken over our server and domain services, which we informed you about on April 14th, and Dotroll Ltd. also on May 4th:

Here is the quote of the alleged notification:

"Dear Customer!

WEB-SERVER Kft. i.e. web-server.hu will cease its domain registration and web hosting services, SSL and VPS services, including their additional services, and will transfer the future operation of these services to DotRoll Kft.

DotRoll Ltd. is expected to take over the operation of the Services from 05 May 2022 and will assume the performance of the contract with you from that date. DotRoll Ltd. will notify you of the final date of takeover of the Services by separate email."

The transfer/acceptance has been successfully completed. You can turn to them with confidence, your services are in prepared and technically advanced hands.

Have a nice day!

Sincerely

Tibor Babicz

WEB-SERVER.hu team

This action has already exhausted the fact of forgery. Since they could not deceive me this time either, they sent me another letter in which they tried to trick me into giving them my e-mail address password:

DotRoll Ltd < support@dotroll.com >

Jun 21, Mon 15:07

DotRoll Ltd.

Dear Ákos Kun!

Please click the link below to verify your email address. This is necessary in order to confirm your email address.

To confirm your e-mail address

If clicking on the link does not work, please try to copy and paste the URL below into your browser:

<https://admin.dotroll.com/user/verify/68ff291334d953c184775b6bbea8c378fb5349cf92466e462e3cbe39dee5a0fc>

This link is only valid for 60 minutes. If it has expired, log in to our admin interface and request a resend of the verification email. Without validating the email address, the email address will not be usable in our system.

Best Regards,

DotRoll Ltd.
 tel: +36-1-432-3232
 fax: +36-1-432-3231
 e-mail: support@dotroll.com

I did not despair at their threats this time either. I did nothing. It's been not just 60 minutes, but over two weeks since then, and my email addresses are still working. Fortunately, my library is still available. In the meantime, I tried to phone Web-Server Ltd. in Debrecen. It turned out that their telephone number had been expropriated. After repeated attempts, I was first told that the line was busy and that I should wait. After about half a minute another voice told me that they still could not connect me, please use their e-mail address instead of calling. I have experience of using this. A week later I tried again. Then the switchboard said, "No subscriber can be reached at this number."

I then wrote an e-mail to the administrator's real address. However, Tibor Babicz did not reply to my letter. I then sent my letter of clarification to their two IT specialists, Ádám Benke and Máté Bakó. They did not reply either. Maybe they were intimidated, that is why they did not reply? They could not delete their mailboxes, because then Mailer Daemon would have indicated that my letters were undeliverable. I then went to Web-Server Ltd's homepage via the Client Portal and tried to contact them through their internal mail system. No one can find out about this, because the communication with the Internet service providers is encrypted (https). However, this did not work because their mailing forum has been closed. At the same time, the register of paid invoices was deleted. This left me with only one option: I sent my letter to the address of their premises in Debrecen, with return receipt. I enclosed a copy of my correspondence with DotRoll:

Web-Server Ltd.
 4025 Debrecen.
 Pásti utca 2. 1. floor. 5.

Dear Web-Server Team!

I tried to reach you by phone, but the line is busy and your phone number has been disconnected. I would like to know if you have indeed transferred your servers to DotRoll Kft. I have not received any notification from you. Lately I have been receiving letters from them asking me to enter the password for the Client Portal. Now they want to redirect my mail addresses to their server. I would like to know what the situation is with you and what I should do.

Thank you.

<http://kunlibrary.com>

In the meantime my G-mail mailbox has been hacked. Someone has deleted two of the most compromising letters from DotRoll Ltd. This is surprising, because G-mail protects its mailboxes with embarrassing precision. If I just clear my browser's cookies and then check my mail, the G-mail server immediately sends a notification that someone has accessed my mailbox. Confirm it was me! In addition, I always check the date of my previous visit and only see the dates of my usual daily visits. Therefore, the two letters could have been removed by an institution that has free access to anywhere. They went in through the back gate and deleted the letters within the system, most likely from the Lom Library as well. The other possibility is that people from DotRoll Ltd. hacked into my mailbox. However, the likelihood of this happening is very low, as all the online services I use are protected by extremely strong passwords. A password cracking attempt that would take hours would not be tolerated by the G-mail server. My computer is also under multiple protection, so the likelihood of a password attack is also low. Fortunately, I downloaded these emails as soon as they arrived.

After a week, the return receipt from Debrecen, signed by Tibor Babicz, arrived, confirming that my letter had been received. However, no reply was received by post. Nor does the owner of Web-

Server Ltd dare to comment on what is going on. This campaign is not your usual hacker attack. A hacker cannot hijack mailboxes, phone numbers, destroy companies, intimidate their owners and employees. Nor can DotRoll Ltd be assumed to have initiated this action. This hosting company manages 100,000 websites. In this situation, what does it matter to them whether they have one more or one fewer customer. This series of crimes was committed because they were either under pressure or they were well paid off.

The series of attacks did not stop there, and even escalated into the theft of money. At the beginning of September, my website's domain and hosting lease for this year expires. I have therefore been waiting since mid-August for my fee request for the next year. It came, but not from where I expected. On 21 August, I received a payment order from DotRoll Ltd for 5320 HUF. I then wrote a letter to the WEB-SERVER.hu team saying that this invoice was probably fake. I would like to continue to host my library with them.

Text of the first fee request:

Fee request completed

DotRoll Ltd. support@dotroll.com 21 Aug 2022 4:04 PM

Dear Kun Ákos,

As per your order, we have prepared the fee application form for your payment.

We have sent you the invoice for your order.

Fee request number #DRPRO-395140

Amount to be paid: 5320.00 HUF

Payment deadline: 2022-09-04

Ordered items

Domain renewal - kunlibrary.com - 1 Year 4189.00 Ft + VAT

Net: 4189.00 Ft

27.00% VAT: 1131.00 Ft

Credit: 0.00 Ft

Total: 5320.00 Ft

To download please log in at <https://admin.dotroll.com/viewinvoice.php?id=395140> Click on the pay now button and follow the instructions.

In case of payment by bank transfer, please transfer the amount of the fee to the following bank account number. Please note that we do not accept bank transfer payments for USD and EUR amounts, only credit card or PayPal payments!

Bank account holder.

Bank account number: 11713005-20406563 (OTP Bank NyRt.)

IBAN code: HU06-11713005-20406563-00000000

SWIFT code : OTPVHUBH

Please enter the following in the communication field: #DRPRO-395140

Amount to be paid: HUF 5320.00

Yours sincerely / Best Regards,

DotRoll Ltd.

tel: +36-1-432-3232

fax: +36-1-432-3231

e-mail: support@dotroll.com If you have any questions about the information in this letter, please contact us! We are happy to answer any questions you may have!

The first sentence of the DotRoll fee request does not correspond to reality. Contrary to what they claim, I have not ordered any fee quote from them. As the Mailer Daemon mail forwarding system did not indicate undeliverable this time either, my letter arrived in the e-mail inbox of Web-

Sever Ltd. (They seem to be sufficiently intimidated.) However, DotRoll Ltd responded to my letter to the Web-Server Team the very next day. They sent a new fee request for three times the amount. They claimed that I had ordered this too.

Text of the second fee request:

Fee request completed

DotRoll Ltd. support@dotroll.com 23 Aug 2022 4:02 PM 2022.

Dear Kun Ákos,

As per your order, we have prepared the fee application form for payment.

We have sent you the invoice for your order.

Fee request number #DRPRO-395499

Amount to be paid: 15497.00 Ft

Payment deadline: 2022-09-06

Ordered items

web-server.hu hosting - Domain + package (2022-09-06 - 2023-09-05) 12202.00 Ft +ÁFA

Net: 12202.00 Ft

27.00% VAT: 3295.00 Ft

Credit: 0.00 Ft

Total: 15497.00 Ft

To download please log in at <https://admin.dotroll.com/viewinvoice.php?id=395499> Click on the pay now button and follow the instructions.

In case of payment by bank transfer, please transfer the amount of the fee to the following bank account number. Please note that we do not accept bank transfer payments for USD and EUR amounts, only credit card or PayPal payments!

Bank account holder.

Bank account number: 11713005-20406563 (OTP Bank NyRt.)

IBAN code: HU06-11713005-20406563-00000000

SWIFT code : OTPVHUBH

Please enter the following in the communication field: #DRPRO-395499

Amount to be paid: HUF 15497.00

Yours sincerely / Best Regards,

DotRoll Ltd.

tel: +36-1-432-3232

fax: +36-1-432-3231

e-mail: support@dotroll.com If you have any questions about the information in this letter, please contact us! We are happy to answer any questions you may have!

In the meantime, my letter to the Web-Server team has been answered. The reply was again sent from the fake mailbox babicz.tibor@web-szerver.hu they created:

RE: PRIZE STATEMENT

Week 2022.08.22. 14:41

Tibor Babicz "babicz.tibor@web-szerver.hu"

Dear Ákos!

The domain and web hosting services have been taken over from us by Dotroll Ltd. WEB-SERVER KFT. has ceased to provide these services.

The fee request is real, I suggest you contact them by phone.

Have a nice day!

Sincerely
Tibor Babicz
WEB-SERVER.hu team

Now it has also been revealed why DotRoll Ltd. can reply to the emails sent to Web-Server Ltd. Unlike their phone number, they were unable to delete the email address of the owner of Web-Server Ltd, but once they got into their servers, they were able to redirect the emails coming to their address to their own inbox. However, they cannot reply from the Web-Server mailbox because they did not reveal their password. They have therefore created a deceptively similar mailbox and are swindling from there. (They are using the mailing address babicz.tibor@web-szerver.hu instead of babicz.tibor@web-server.hu .) By issuing these illegal bills, they have committed another crime, which amounts to bank fraud and embezzlement. I did not reply to their letters this time either, but paid the 18710 HUF requested last year into the bank account of Web-Server Ltd. In my earlier letter to them, I mentioned that if the fee had increased in the meantime, they should let me know and I would pay it subsequently. As the money has not been refunded, they have probably paid the US company the domain maintenance fee and continue to run my website with the rest of the money.

At the beginning of September, the DotRoll-Web-Server war, of which my library is the target, reached a critical date. On 3 September, the domain maintenance expires for this year and the agent contract expires. One after the other, I have received a series of demand letters from DotRoll Ltd asking me to pay next year's fees. I have not complied with this request either. After repeated reminders, I replied to them:

Kun Ákos <info@kunlibrary.com>
August 2022. 30. 11:25 (5 days ago)

Dear DotRoll Team!

I decided to stay on Web-Server Ltd. server. On 23 August I transferred to your account the amount of 18710 HUF, which is the same as last year's payment. Since the money has not been refunded, it is highly likely that the US company has been paid next year's domain maintenance fee. With the rest of the money they will continue to maintain my website.

Sincerely yours.

This is the reply I received:

Thank you. DotRoll Support.
Aug. 2022. 30 13:46 (5 days ago)

Dear Customer!

Can you please send the transfer confirmation as we do not see the amount in our system yet. There are two fee requests open in your account for 20817Ft, this includes hosting and domain name renewal, these will need to be paid.

Regards:

Kinga Loibl.

Loilo Kingi Kingl Kingl Kingl, Financial Coordinator

King King King King, this is the contact person of DotRoll Ltd.

DotRoll.RollerRoll.DotRoll.RollerRoll.1148 Budapest, Fogarasi út 3-5.

DotRoll, DotRoll, DotRoll, DotRoll, Budapest, 11.11.2011. In their previous letter they said: Domain + cso-core (2022-09-06 - 2023-09-05) 12202.00 Ft + VAT. Amount to be paid: 15497.00 Ft. Their scamming knows no bounds. In their rage they want to take another 5000 HUF off it.

I thought I would close this matter with this reply:

Kun Ákos <info@kunlibrary.com >
August 2022. 31. 12:56 (4 days ago)

Dear Kinga Loibl!

As I mentioned in my letter of 30 August, I paid the domain maintenance fee and the server rent (18710 HUF) to the account of Web-Server Ltd. I decided to stay on Web-Server.hu.

Yours sincerely.

The hassle continued:

DotRoll Ltd. Support / Support

August 2022. 31. 16:21 (4 days ago) DotRoll.com has not been able to provide any support for the newcomers.

Dear Customer!

Web-Server Ltd. has ceased to exist as a domain and hosting provider. Our company took over the customers and services from them, although our company is not the legal successor of Web-Server Ltd. Please send us the receipt of the payment in question so that we can look into the problem.

Best regards:

Alexa Balogh

DotRoll Ltd.

Balogoll DotRoll Ltd., Budapest, 1148 Budapest, Fogarasi út 3-5.

Please, don't let that be the end of it:

Kun Ákos <info@kunlibrary.com >
1 Sep 2022 15:13 (3 days ago)

Dear Alexa Balogh!

Please find enclosed the OTP confirmation of the Web-Server deposit. However, this does not give you the right to migrate my website to your server. I wish to remain on Web-Server.hu.

Sincerely.

I received an even angrier reply 1 day before the domain maintenance fee expired:

DotRoll Ltd. DotRoll Support / Support
2 Sep 2022 9:32 (2 days ago)

Dear Mr. Kun Ákos!

WEB-SERVER Ltd. discontinued its domain registration and hosting services in April this year and transferred the management of the existing services to DotRoll Ltd. This applies to infrastructure, staff, software, everything. This means that WEB-SERVER Ltd. can no longer renew your service because they don't manage it, they haven't had access to it for a long time.

If you wish to extend your service, please pay the fee invoices issued by our company. If this is not done, your service will expire and will not work without renewal. Until the expiry date, you can of course arrange to move your services to another provider.

WEB-SERVER Ltd. will soon refund the amount transferred to it because, as I said, they can no longer extend your services.

Thank you for your understanding!
 Best regards,
 Zsolt Komáromi
 DotRoll Ltd.

The next day I went to the bank and checked if Web-Server Ltd. had indeed returned my money. They had not refunded anything, from which I concluded that they had completed the extension of the domain maintenance fee and, contrary to what DotRoll Ltd. claimed, they were still managing my website. It is also a big lie that the employees of Web-Server Ltd have transferred to DotRoll Ltd. No one has joined them. If they had, they would have replied from their previous e-mail address or from their new address provided by DotRoll Kft:

Ákos Kun <info@kunlibrary.com>
 2 Sep 2022 20:44 (2 days ago)

Dear Mr. Zsolt Komáromi!

Web-Server Ltd. has not refunded the amount paid. Therefore, you have most likely completed the renewal of your domain registration. You should check the US domain registrar's records to see if the renewal for the next year has been done. I cannot pay the maintenance fees again.

Best regards.
 kunlibrary.com

It seems that they have checked the registry, because there has been no reply to my letter. Their plan was that by putting my domain name under their control and paying the annual server fee, they could finally take possession of my library. Then came the request to give me the password to the Client Gate and my e-mail address so that they could migrate my website to their servers. This would have been followed by destruction. This plan did not work either. I have remained on the Web-Server.hu server and my directory is still up and running. Your client will not be happy about this, so I fear that this matter will continue. Unfortunately, the uninterrupted operation lasted only 2 days. On 6 September my library was disconnected from the Internet. Without any prior notice, a service that had been paid for a year in advance was discontinued. This crowned their months-long series of crimes. On top of that, my e-mail accounts were blocked. Because of this, no one can send me mail and I cannot use my e-mail.

In this situation I had no choice but to urgently look for another hosting. I found a provider that was no more expensive than Web-Server Kft. and much cheaper than DotRoll Kft. wanted to charge me. I received a reply the same day saying that they would be happy to migrate my website, but that the AUTH/EPP code was required to transfer the domain address. Since I had invented the kunlibrary.com address and paid next year's maintenance fee, I thought I owned it. Therefore, I have the right to transfer it. To be on the safe side, I have requested it from Web-Server Ltd and DotRoll Ltd. Neither of them sent it.

After 1 week after destroying my library and mailboxes, I asked them again for the code. This time they did not respond to my letter either. For want of a better idea, I looked around on my website to see if I could find it somewhere. It was nowhere to be found. This code is well hidden from users so they can't find it. In the end, they managed to fully comply with their client's wishes. They made 45 years of my work inaccessible to the public. This has caused immeasurable damage not only to me, but to the whole world. They cannot access the ideas and suggestions contained in the 7 inventions that would lead humanity out of its present and future ills.

The skyrocketing energy prices could be prevented, for example, by free electricity generators. Droughts could be eliminated by rain-freezing devices (These devices existed decades ago, they just need to be reconstructed.) Magnetic irradiation of seeds could greatly increase yields. Raymond Rife's resonance frequency device could kill all microbes, so that harmful viruses, bacteria, moulds and insects would not decimate the crop. It would also protect food from spoilage, which alone

would increase the world's food supply by a third. You have done a perfect job. Your client should be pleased with them. This campaign has condemned hundreds of millions of people worldwide to starvation and freezing death.

As I have experienced greater tragedies in my professional career, I have not been comfortable with this situation. Nor because I don't like to work half-heartedly. I will continue to fight despite any difficulties, even if I die. I will not let myself be defeated, I will not let the world be destroyed by whoever is behind this attack. I have contacted a dozen experts on the Internet. Their replies revealed that Web-Server Ltd had not paid the domain maintenance fee. The kunlibrary.com address shows busy because it is hosted by the <http://www.namecheap.com> provider. It will be parked for 90 days, and if the situation is not resolved by then, it will be returned to the domain registry ICANN. I was told that even after that, I am not sure I will get it, because domain name hijackers watch for domain addresses abandoned due to inattention, snap it up immediately and often offer it to the original owner for millions of forints.

Most of the experts suggested that I should somehow try to get the AUTH/EPP code needed to migrate. They also stated that the hosting provider is obliged to provide this code. After waiting in vain for the code to migrate my domain address, I had no choice but to take the matter to the authorities. I described in detail what had happened to me and sent an e-mail to the National Cyber Defence Institute on 15 September. I have enclosed my specific correspondence with DotRoll Ltd. This investigation can only be conducted by them.

My hopes were soon dashed. No sooner had I sent my letter than I received a negative reply:

Dear Mr Kun Ákos!

The National Cyber Defence Institute of the National Security Service performs the tasks related to the management and coordination of security incidents of electronic information systems on the basis of Act L of 2013 and Act CVIII of 2001.

Thank you for your notification.

Our Institute is not competent in this matter and we have no investigative powers. If you think that you would like to file a complaint, please contact the competent police station in your area.

Sincerely:

Lilien Németh

Lilien Lilien, Specialist National Security Service

National Cyber Defence Institute

+36-1-336-4833

Web: nki.gov.hu

E-mail: csirt@nki.gov.hu

I tried to persuade my new hosting provider to buy my domain address, because this would be financially important for me, because my new provider is aware that in case of migration the old provider will not refund the hosting fee. Therefore, they will waive the first year's hosting fee as a discount. However, to do this, I will need to show proof of payment of the rental fee. I sent the confirmation of the transfer of the fee to OTP Bank the same day. I received a bureaucratic reply to the effect that only the official invoice issued by the recipient would be accepted. This is not the case, because Wb-Server Ltd does not communicate with me and therefore refuses to send me an invoice. They will not even release my domain address, even though I would have been able to migrate completely free of charge if I had it.

Kun Ákos" kunlibrary@vipmail.hu "

Dear Renáta!

Please help me. Please try to request the invoice from one of the companies. If they receive a formal request, they might be willing to do so. They do not communicate with me. Perhaps you

could mention that if you forget your obligation to issue an invoice, you are in breach of the Tax Act. The Tax Administration severely penalises those who do not invoice their income.

Their address is:

babicz.tibor@web-server.hu

support@dotroll.com

Thank you.

Dear Ákos!

Thank you for your letter.

Unfortunately, this is not possible, you have a contract with the other service providers, so we cannot ask them to send you an invoice.

Please check with the companies about the invoice. We cannot approve the order without this, in which case you can order new hosting outside of the relocation campaign and the relocation can be done by you or your web developer.

Kun Ákos" kunlibrary@vipmail.hu "

Dear Victoria!

Unfortunately, my former hosting provider is not in contact with me. Therefore I am forced to request a new hosting provider. I am doing this now. Since I have no other choice, I will pay the hosting rent and domain maintenance fee for the next year twice.

Best regards.

The next day I deposited 17 255 HUF into your account, which I used to pay off my pension this month. After receiving my money, I started editing the new website and relaunching it at kunlibrary.net.

After falling out of the last domestic opportunity to obtain a domain address, I tried to get it back from the US domain name registrar, Namechip Inc:

Dear Namecheap Team!

I registered the domain kunlibrary.com with you 16 years ago. So far there have been no problems with it. However, my current hosting provider Web-Server.hu does not use a secure (http) line for uploading and downloading. Because of this, my website is increasingly being hacked. Therefore I decided to move the Kun Electronic Library to another provider that uses an encrypted (https) line. However, I can't do this because the owner of Web-Server Ltd. is stuck on me and refuses to release the AUTH/EPP code. Without this, my new provider cannot perform the migration. At the end of August, I paid Web-Server.hu for next year's hosting rent and domain maintenance fee. I enclose the bank receipt for this. However, they are not doing anything. They have disconnected my website from the Internet. They have blocked both my e-mail addresses. They have not paid the domain maintenance fee. They have not sent me an invoice for the payment, and they refuse to refund my money. In view of the situation, I request that you release the kunlibrary.com domain from the parking and send me the AUTH/EPP code. The new service provider will then pay the maintenance fee immediately. (The last time I received an invoice from them was for encrypting the domain owner's data. I will send you this enclosed.)

Thank you.

I received an immediate reply to my request in English translation. I did not get much further, however, because they asked for my username and support PIN. I do not have this. My domain name was requested by Web-Server Ltd, so they have this information. Nothing can be obtained from them. However, on the website there was an option: Forgot username or password? Clicking on this opened Reset My Password, where after entering my domain address I got this reply: You've

entered the incorrect username, email address or domain. Please try again. The loop is closed again. Nothing can be done without the assistance of Web-Server Ltd.

Hello,

Thank you for contacting Namecheap!

Please rest assured that we will gladly assist you with your request, however, we will need to verify your account first as the security of our customers is our top priority.

Please provide us with the username and Support PIN.

The username may be found here: <https://ap.www.namecheap.com/profile/Info>

You can find the Support PIN here: <https://ap.www.namecheap.com/Profile/Security>

We are looking forward to your reply.

Best regards,

Oleksandra Laposhko

Namecheap Concierge Representative

Ticket Details

Ticket ID: NXH-597-96141

Department: Feedback

Type: Issue

Status: Awaiting Client Response

Priority: High

This inertia is confirmed by my further correspondence. I have not bothered to do anything to recover my domain name. I continued to bombard them with my requests. Finally they decided to refer my case to their Risk Management Team. They thoroughly discussed my problem and then in a long letter they also rejected my request. They gave me the coup de grace.

Risk Management Team« security@namecheap.com »

Hello,

Your ticket has been forwarded to Risk Management.

Per our check, the domain name kunlibrary.com expired on 9/4/2022. Here is a brief description of a standard domain life-cycle for your information:

The owner of a domain name has a non-guaranteed grace period of about 30 days after the expiration date to renew the domain at the regular rate. If the domain is not renewed, it is deleted from our database and placed to a 'redemption period' at the Registry. In order to re-instate a domain name in the redemption phase, there is a redemption fee in addition to a regular price (most TLDs require the additional \$0.18 ICANN fee) to renew. If the domain is not re-instated in this phase, it is released to the public and becomes available approximately in 80-120 days if not auctioned off by upstream vendors.

In addition, there is a final 5-day 'Pending Delete' phase. When a domain is in 'Pending Delete', no one is allowed to renew it and it cannot be registered as a new domain (not released to the public pool). Please note that some TLDs (mostly Country Code TLDs) have specific Registry restrictions and their life-cycle may differ. You may find more information via this link:

<https://www.namecheap.com/support/knowledgebase/article.aspx/9916/2207/tlds-grace-periods>).

If you are afraid that all the listed above may take too much time and prefer to renew the domain first it can be done in the following way:

1) You will need to create a new account with Namecheap, pre-fund it with the amount required for the domain renewal (\$14.16 in this case).

2) We will contact the account owner and, if we receive no objections within 24 hours, the domain will be renewed manually.

However, please mind that we will not be able to provide you with access to the domain name, to our regret.

If you agree with the above-mentioned conditions, provide us with the username of your new account and Support PIN (available at <https://ap.www.namecheap.com/settings/security>) for verification purposes.

>>>I didn't register the kunlibrary.com domain, the hosting provider did.

Unfortunately, we cannot assist with your request, please contact the person responsible for account management and resolve the issue with them.

If you cannot agree with the person responsible for the account, you may need to seek legal advice on how to proceed.

Please be aware that Namecheap will comply with any decision issued by a U.S. court of law. If you can provide us with a court order demonstrating your rights to this domain, we will gladly help you with your request.

Alternatively, if the domain name itself contains a trademark you/your company own, you might want to get in touch with one of the Approved Dispute Resolution Service Providers about initiating a UDRP case for the domain. The approved providers can be found at <http://www.icann.org/en/help/dndr/udrp/providers> . The information about UDRP is available at <http://www.icann.org/en/udrp/udrp.htm> .

Your cooperation and understanding are highly appreciated.

Hope to hear from you soon.

Best regards,

Anastasiia V.

Risk Management

Namecheap, Inc.

Ticket Details

Ticket ID: NXH-597-96141

Department: Risk Management

Type: Issue

Status: Awaiting Client Response

Priority: High

In my desperation, I asked them to send me an e-mail notification after the kunlibrary.com domain was released. This request was also refused. So I had no choice but to move my library to a new domain address. I can start all over again with the domain kunlibrary.net. Over the last 16 years, Google has indexed my library in so many places that my works have been downloaded from 103 countries and the number of daily visitors has reached 3,600. With the change of address, all these entries are lost and I can start all over again. In 16 years I'll be where I am now.

Risk Management Team« security@namecheap.com »

Hello,

Thank you for getting back to us.

>>> Please send me an e-mail before the library.com domain name is fully released so that I can now register it freely?

Unfortunately, we do not provide such an option of monitoring and informing our customers once a domain name is released. Please be reminded that the domain name in question expired on 9/4/2022, thus, you may feel free to check if it is available for registration in about 48 days.

Should you have any other questions, please let us know.

Regards,

Olena S.

Risk Management

Namecheap, Inc.

Ticket Details

Ticket ID: NXH-597-96141

Department: Risk Management

Type: Issue

Status: Awaiting Client Response

Priority: High

The story of my library's failure is not an easy read, but it is a lesson for those who want to set up a website afterwards. If you want to avoid these pitfalls, don't leave it to your hosting provider to apply for your domain address. Go to the Namecheap Inc. website and register your domain address in your own name. Web address: <https://www.namecheap.com> Pay the annual maintenance fee to them. This way we can transfer our website to another provider without any obstacles if necessary. If you have the AUTH/EPP code, the secret services and the back office will be less able to harm you. Gaining ownership of our domain name also makes it harder for the demon world to intrigue. Given its circular execution, it is highly likely that this campaign to destroy my library was a demonic manipulation. Those who carried out this operation were Satan's puppets, trapped and dragged by wire. To enhance our security, we also request that ownership data be encrypted. In doing so, our personal data will be deleted from their records. This means that we will not be harassed at our place of residence. Encryption is not too expensive. The annual subscription fee is less than the domain maintenance fee.



Unfortunately, I have not received support from the Hungarian head of state, the Minister of Development or the American multi-billionaires. Nor have they even been worthy enough to send me a rejection letter. Recently, I have been treated as if I did not exist. I am totally neglected. They no longer even call me a quack or a charlatan. The only option left to me now is to approach foreign government agencies.

Since the massive increases in electricity and gas prices, as well as the skyrocketing food prices, are hitting Western European countries hardest, I will try to get help from the German, Austrian, Swiss, British, French and Norwegian governments (in the latter case, I will apply for support from the Norwegian Fund. This fund has been set up by oil-rich Norway, Liechtenstein and Switzerland, as they are not members of the European Union but see the benefits of cooperation in the form of bilateral agreements. However, the billions of euros are not paid into the EU coffers, but are awarded by tender (and because in many cases the money is misallocated, they claim a say in how it is allocated.)

The Hungarian government has also asked for the equivalent of HUF 77 billion from this fund, but has received nothing. The neo-liberal Norwegian government does not like the policies of the Hungarian government, which upholds thousands of years of moral values. They also criticised the corruption surrounding the allocation of the money. I thought that the easiest way to send my petition was to send my letter to their embassy in Budapest. (In my previous experience, embassies always respond to petitions addressed to them.) I therefore translated my letter to Ursula von der Leyen into English and French as well as German using a translation program, and sent it by e-mail on 27 August to the addresses available on the Internet. (I have also enclosed the original Hungarian version of my letter, so that in case of any confusion of interpretation, another translation program can correct the machine translation.)

I have also had no luck with the embassies of Western European countries. The Austrian, British and French embassies acknowledged receipt of my letter, but none of the 6 countries replied. They read my letter but not the 7 inventions. At least that is the conclusion to be drawn from the fact that the statistics file on my website has not detected any increase in traffic in this area. They have certainly done what Hungarian politicians have been doing lately. In one fell swoop they threw my application into the Lomtár. They do not care about quacks either. If scientists say that there is no ether, it cannot be put to work. Anyone who says that is a charlatan.

Although I didn't see much point, I kept trying the western countries. Now I'm targeting countries outside Europe, Japan and Australia. I also sent letters to the Belgian, Danish, Dutch, Swedish and Italian embassies. I sent my application by e-mail on 31 August to their branches in Budapest. These letters have not been translated into national languages. I sent the English version because all politicians now speak English. As I did not have high hopes for the success of this new attempt, I started a new series. On 1 September, I sent my request to Spain, Portugal and Greece, the countries worst hit by the drought. I also sent my letter to the embassies of Finland, Ireland, Luxembourg and Canada. However, I had problems with my Canadian application. The Canadian Embassy in Budapest returned the letter with the note: "Message bounced by administrator." I sent it to their embassy in Vienna. It came back from there too. They refused to receive it there either. Finally, I sent it to the embassy in Budapest by registered mail, return receipt requested. So they finally accepted it. But they did not reply. None of the 20 rich countries were interested in saving nature and the survival of our civilisation. They prefer to starve and freeze, but they still don't ask for help from quacks.



After receiving no response from the European Commission or from the President of the Republic of Hungary, I sent the above request to János Csák, the Minister for Culture and Innovation in the new Orbán Government. I read many positive things in his biography. Among other things, he was the head of Helikon Publishing House. He was also chairman of the board of the Mol Group and head of Matáv. So he will not be a stranger to the content of my books. But János Csák was not at all interested in my activities. He did not even deign to send me a short rejection letter with one of his secretaries. Like his boss, he does not talk to quacks and swindlers.

For a long time I wondered what to do now. While updating my cookbook, I came across an interesting article. In mid-July I read on the news portal Index that Bill Gates has vowed to give away his entire fortune. For decades he was the richest man in the world. Only a few years ago, he was overtaken by Elon Musk. The billionaire wants to be removed from the list of the world's rich. The Microsoft co-founder has announced he will donate \$20 billion to his humanitarian foundation. The world's fourth richest man said he had a "duty" to give back to society.

He has previously put much of his wealth into the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation, which donates \$9 billion a year to community causes (the foundation currently has over \$50 billion.) They mainly give money to eradicate disease, improve education and sanitation, and fight the climate crisis. The foundation is the largest private donor to the World Health Organization. This gave the idea to try to raise money from them. On 24 July, I sent him an English translation of my above request. (As this is a machine translation, I have copied the English version below for clarification.) This time, there was no problem with the mailing, because unlike other high-profile people, Bill Gates' email address is publicly available.

My internet browsing also revealed that 91-year-old stock market guru Warren Buffet has joined the Bill and Melinda Gates Foundation. He has contributed \$30 billion to the Gates Foundation's efforts over the past 15 years. However, after their much-publicised divorce, Mr and Mrs Gates decided to leave their foundation. Warren Buffett is one of the five richest people in the world, with an estimated wealth of \$110 billion. After a long search, we found his email address. After a few days I sent him my request.

After receiving no reply from anywhere, I moved on. I offered my help to the two rocket makers, Jeff Bezos and Elon Musk. Jeff Bezos is the founder of the online package delivery company amazon.com. His business has grown to become so successful that he is now the second richest man in the world. Interested in space exploration since childhood, he used his fortune to set up the Blue Origin rocket company. The shape of his rockets brought smiles to people's faces, but it turned out that there were technical reasons for the special training. For now, he only fires his rockets a few hundred kilometres up, but by 2024 he wants to put a man (a woman) on the moon. It plans to carry out its plan in partnership with Lockheed Martin, Northrop Grumman and Draper. He is also keen to donate his wealth to community causes. He recently pledged to donate \$10 billion to fight climate

change. (Sending this letter was not difficult because Jeff Bezos' email address is also public. He has a unique habit of checking his inbox himself.

Elon Musk would see the greatest benefit from my ideas. With a fortune of \$220 billion, he is the richest man in the world. His massive income comes from the Tesla car company he founded and the Space X rocket factory. His electric motor vehicles would be a great asset to the Tesla converter. With lithium batteries accounting for half the price of electric vehicles, his cars would cost half as much and have unlimited range. Elon Musk's rockets are no longer going to the moon, but to Mars. By 2040 he wants to put a colony on Mars. But with the current smoke-belching rockets, it is unlikely to reach its destination. With rockets that haven't changed their propulsion for 80 years, it takes 300 days to get there, and a lot can happen in that time. With anti-gravity propulsion, however, you can get there in 5 minutes. (You'll also need a dematerialisation device in the spacecraft.) Elon Musk is much harder to reach. He has already deleted his website. And Space Exploration Technologies has no website, no postal address, no email address. Well, I'm sure it does, but it's not on the Internet. Only the press address of Tesla Inc. can be found. It has had problems with its cars and rockets for years, but it won't let them help it.



After years of not being able to improve, I collected dance songs as a substitute. On 21 July, I uploaded three volumes of Evergreen Hits to my library. There was not much point in updating it, because especially in the Singers list, hundreds of songs have been deleted from YouTube, which still makes my work almost unusable. The vast majority of the deletions were made by the TV2 channel, because they had set up their own server on which they put the songs from Star on Star and I'll Be a Star on Star on Star. This gave me a lot of work because I had to link dozens of songs to the new titles. But a bigger problem was that the songs from the previous competitions were not uploaded to their server. So I wrote a letter to their editorial team saying that it would be good to fill the gap. It is mainly in their interest, because they have spiced up the individual video clips with advertising, which brings them a considerable profit. I received an extremely unfriendly reply to my request:

kozonsegszolgalat@tv2.hu

24 July 2022.

Dear Mr Kun!

We have received your enquiry with thanks and are pleased to inform you of the following. Your activity is subject to a licence and a fee, to which TV2 Zrt. does not wish to give its consent. Please note that unauthorised publication constitutes unlawful use. Please take the necessary measures to remove the content you have already uploaded without delay.

Sincerely:

TV2 Public Service

I did not understand why I should have to ask for permission to collect songs and after I should have to pay a royalty. I have not downloaded any songs from TV2's popular music programmes onto my computer, so I cannot remove them. I have only used the web addresses provided by TV2 to draw the attention of music lovers to the dance songs on TV2's server. This way, more people will listen to them, which will increase their advertising revenue. Is that a problem? I didn't know that awareness-raising was prohibited and subject to royalties. If I want to draw the attention of my readers to a TV channel's News Feed and tell them which web address they can watch it on, do I have to ask for permission and pay for it?



My new library at <https://kunlibrary.net> has not been a success. It has been up and running for a month now, but I have not had a single visitor. Google is ignoring this library. It does not index its

content. It recommends the old kunlibrary.com directory to everyone. And it won't open. However, during my research I discovered an unusual phenomenon on my old homepage. As of 13 October, the AWstats detailed statistics file started working. I don't know who revived it and how. It was a big surprise that in the last week 143 people have downloaded more than 200 files from it. The reason I couldn't understand how they did it was that they were often downloading to unusual addresses like /ads.txt, or /test/ or /.env or /Backup/

Seeing their struggles, I thought I'd post a call to my repository telling my readers the web address of my new directory. That didn't work either. Logging into the FTP account on the web server, I saw that uploading was also disabled. I asked the web support IT person to try to open it. He said he could not. The predatory, walk-over-everyone leader of DotRoll has not only disabled downloading by disconnecting my homepage from the Internet, but has now made uploading impossible. In doing so, he has completely killed my former library, rendering it unusable.

Now I can only update my new library. On 17 October, after I had added to the correspondence column of the Esoteric World with subsequent developments, I thought I would update this document. I've attached an updated version of the Rejected Newspaper Articles folder and the Chemistry Test. Upon entering my repository, I was shocked to see that my new directory had been infected. The Esoteric World photo album appeared to be loaded, but did not appear in my storage. This was the message from the FTP uploader. Unsuccessful file transfer. I also discovered two unknown HTM files in my storage that could not be deleted. One was esoteric.world.gb.utf8.htm, the other was esoteric.world.gb.1250.htm. This was the message from the FTP uploader.

The real shock came next. I opened my directory to check that the other files were working. Then the browser told me: "The search term (kunlibrary.net) is not found in any document." This directory was also destroyed by the hackers. To top it all, on the day of the destruction of my second library, three months later, I received a rejection letter from the President of the Republic, Katalin Novák. She wrote that my petition did not cover the statutory activities of her office. According to her, it is not her job to save nature, to avoid starvation and freezing deaths caused by drastic food and energy prices.



SÁNDOR-PALOTA
BUDAPEST

File No: KEH/04337-002/2022

Kun Ákos

Subject: Letter of reply to a request for programme proposals for his own inventions

DEAR KUN ÁKOS!

On behalf of the President of the Republic, Mrs Novák Katalin, thank you for briefly describing your own inventions and bringing them to the attention of the President.

I regret to inform you that the request in your submission is not covered by the statutory activities of our Office. The duties and powers of the President of the Republic are set out in Articles 9 to 14 of the Constitution and other legislation. The President of the Republic has the power to act only and exclusively in the matters specified in the aforementioned sections of the Fundamental Law and in the laws.

In view of the above, the inventions presented in your letter can be validated and recognised in the appropriate scientific fora in the first instance.

Please take note of my information with understanding.

Budapest, 12 October 2022.

Yours sincerely:



Katalin Vicze Director
Secretariat of the President

SÁNDOR-PALOTA, 1014 BUDAPEST, SZENT GYÖRGY TÉR 1.

The IT staff of my new hosting had a hard time making my library viable. There are several attacks on my website. It was not possible to find out who did it, but it was determined that the attack did not come from abroad. This was not the only hostile action against my library. My books and research have been available on the Internet for 24 years. During this time, many problems had to be solved, from overload attacks to the destruction of statistics. At the end of my bumpy road, I also had to deal with the destruction of my website. During these I gained a lot of experience. I thought it would be worth posting this. Many people want to create their own website, but do not dare to do so without sufficient information.

This guide would be useful for beginners and those with little computer experience. The result was an 39-page report that I edited in Text Editing Skills II. at the end of his volume. If you want to avoid pitfalls related to creating a website, read the guide entitled Creating a website. By following what is written there, this process becomes smooth, and we do not need anyone's help. You can find out how to prepare the edited file for uploading to our website from the guide entitled Things to do before sending books to the website in the Accessories folder. After that, I prepared an 18-page guide on how to install a Hostinger hosting server. I also put this in the **Text Editing Skills** and **PROPERTIES** folder.

My new library has been up and running for two months now, but I haven't had a single visitor. That's why I made another attempt to get my old domain name back. I have now written to the CEO of Namecheap Inc., Richard Kirkendall. I told him about my struggles two months ago, at the end of which I did not succeed in getting my kunlibrary.com domain back from his company. I thought he felt some sympathy for me and was trying to help me. I was wrong. He behaved similarly to other powerful business leaders. He didn't even read my letter. He tossed it in the trash with a casual motion. Meanwhile, Namecheap started selling my domain name. The starting price is 485 dollars (approx. HUF 200,000). At the time, it was registered for 5 dollars. Recently, the new kunlibrary.net domain name also cost this much. In this world, everyone is taking advantage of me. They are completely looting, robbing me, not giving me a single penny of their huge profits. It's fashionable these days to rip everything out of everyone and then kick it away.

My ordeal did not end there. Its peak occurred in early December. The end of the tug-of-war with Namecheap was that domain names left alone are parked for 90 days, after which they can be purchased. After the 3 months ended at the beginning of December, I checked daily to see when it would be released. It remained occupied. I then opened the WHOIS domain finder to find out what happened. I didn't go far with it. The almost two-page statement contained everything, only the essence was missing, the name and e-mail address of the current owner of my domain name. A few years ago, the owner of domain names, the American ICANN, prohibited the publication of personal data.

The report only revealed that it was sold on October 13, presumably to a nepper. I was scammed by the domain name provider Namecheap. They thought why give it to me for a few dollars when they can auction it off. The auction is not managed by them, but by the SEDO domain trading company that cooperates with them. Well, what should I do now? I had no choice but to contact them. I pretended to bid on this domain name. They responded to my letter immediately. They filled out a long form asking for all my personal information. They just didn't ask for my blood type. It was already suspicious, but I was hoping that they would finally reveal the nepper's name and e-mail address. Then I discuss with them what happened to my domain name, to see if they will change their mind and not demand 500 dollars from me at the beginning of the bidding. After my registration, the asking price jumped from \$485 to \$500. At the end of the bargain, I would probably have been charged several thousand dollars. However, the matter has not yet been resolved, because another letter arrived:

Dear Ákos Kun,

Your Sedo account has been marked and suspended during a security check.

To verify the authenticity of the contact address details and re-open your account, we require your assistance.

Please send us a copy of your ID (passport or driving license) and proof of your postal address (e.g. bank statement or utility bill addressed to you and dated in the last 6 months) to security@sedo.com. Please be informed it will not be possible to re-open your Sedo account without the required documents.

We appreciate your understanding in this matter and thank you in advance for your support.

Best regards,

Your Sedo Team

Security & Compliance

sedo.com

This undisguised information gathering operation is nothing but identity theft. SEDO is not satisfied with the thousands of dollars that can be extorted at the auction, but wants more. Requests personal data that are suitable for applying for loans, online purchases, real estate purchases or other illegal purposes. In doing so, they push their victim into a deep pit from which they can never climb out. He can argue for the rest of his life that he didn't commit anything against the law, they don't believe him. The documents contain all your personal data, so it is impossible to find out what happened afterwards. In the end, the unfortunate victim is locked up in prison, from which he will probably never get out. So Sedo is nothing more than a vile criminal gang that will stop at nothing to make as much profit as possible.

Since I did not allow myself to be tricked, it is still impossible to find out what happened to the domain name kunlibrary.com. One thing's for sure, I won't be repurchasing from them. I wouldn't do that even if I had to. I don't associate with criminals. It is also not advisable to buy it back, because in the meantime the Google search engine deleted all the results that pointed to the kunlibrary.com domain. This domain name is only visible in links. (E.g. in other libraries.) My books and invention descriptions were put up in many places where this address was indicated as a source. Clicking on these libraries does not open my library, but that of those who quoted from me. When I type kunlibrary.com into the Google search engine, it does not bring up a single result. (It says: No information available for this page.) This domain address has been completely destroyed. The demonic forces have reached their goal. They mercilessly put me out of their way with a series of nefarious schemes. Now nothing stands in the way of them destroying our world. The implementation of my ideas would probably have made it possible to end the current energy crisis and prevent climate collapse, but if they do not reach anyone, then nothing will happen.



More recently, TV Híradó publishes details from János Áder's podcast almost every day. The former president of the public treasury is now the president of a climate protection foundation. In this capacity as well, he is extremely passionate about avoiding climate collapse. Seeing this, I thought I would draw your attention to my activities in this direction again. I sent him a copy of my letter to Katalin Novák. Two years ago, as President of the Republic, I received the answer from him that the content of my website would be examined. Then János Áder's mandate expired. However, he did not abandon his main activity, climate protection. He created the Blue Planet Foundation and now devotes his full attention to environmental protection. He also created a podcast channel, where he gives loud speeches about the need for environmental protection. There can be no financial obstacle to supporting efforts to prevent climate collapse, because they recently received HUF 5 billion from the government. Their own capital is also significant, exceeding HUF 2 billion. So it depends only on him whether he helps to start these developments.

It didn't help. He also refused to send a rejection letter. Two years ago, he probably asked a scientist to evaluate my books and inventions, who, as expected of him, classified my activity as pseudoscience. János Áder presumably remembered this test result and now reflexively canceled my application. Like the ministers of the Orbán government, he does not support charlatans. Paks II continues in its podcast programs. advocates the construction of a nuclear power plant, which will cost HUF 3,700 billion. Since its construction began, HUF 120 billion have already been spent on it. It will be ready by 2030. Then they can tear it down because it won't be needed. This will also cost many billions of forints. And MOL announced that next year it will spend HUF 40 billion on oil and natural gas research.

All seven esoteric inventions could be reconstructed from the one thousandth part of the 3,700 billion forints. The billions of forints that our politicians, who were shackled by scientists, gave to foreign multinational companies for the establishment of lithium battery and solar panel factories are also wasted. You won't need these either. Their latest decision is to invest HUF 200 billion in Hungarian oil and gas production. Vehicles powered by an electric motor do not need gasoline or diesel oil. All the more so for my free flow. The population would not object either if they could produce their energy needs locally.

On March 11, my study on VoIP phones was completed. I also completed the How to Create a Website guide and uploaded them to my website the next day. Then I recommended them to hosting providers (Hostinger, Websupport) by telling their new customers about this guide. None of them needed to. The operators of the TITAN mail system didn't need my help either. I sent my information about the installation and management of VoIP phones to dozens of online stores. None of them thanked me for my efforts or said they would pass my guide on to their customers.

I also wrote to the developer of the Axtel factory. He didn't ask for my help either. They still include palm-sized user manuals with their devices, which only contain minimal guidance. Also in English. The detailed user manual I wrote is 17 pages long, which they think no one will read. The development of the two descriptions took 3 months, unnecessarily. Nobody needs them. Google refuses to index the content of my websites either. No one but me can open my new library. Me too just to check if it works at all.

During the inspection, I made a surprising discovery. I knew there were other Internet search engines besides Google, but I didn't use them because computer science magazines said they were insignificant. In my predicament, I just clicked on Microsoft's Bing search engine. He was in for a big surprise. Since the introduction of Artificial Intelligence (AI), Bing has started to soar. Microsoft's search program closely cooperates with ChatGPT. And the Artificial Intelligence program developed for billions of dollars already knows about my new website and has started indexing its content. In addition, you also know what the term subotonics means. After typing in subotonics.com, it says "The search term was not found in any document."

ChatGPT amassed more than 1 million users five days after its launch in November. Alarm bells were sounded at Google's headquarters in Palo Alto after the news of its widespread use. The company is said to be on "red alert". The management ordered the development of its own artificial intelli-

gence. However, the development of Buzz is still far from over. Years of backlog cannot be brought in in a few days. According to the former head of Google's advertising team, the use of ChatGPT can lead to users not clicking on ads that appear in the search engine. This is a big loss for the company, which only had \$208 billion in revenue last year. That's 81 percent of Alphabet's total revenue. Pushing advertising revenues beyond all limits is slowly making the Google search engine unusable. If we enter a technical term, it does not recommend professional websites to our attention, but an endless series of sponsored ads, peppered with phishing websites. Bing does not follow this path. Therefore, if we want to find out about a topic quickly and without risk, we use the Microsoft Bing search engine. Web address: <https://www.bing.com>

Returning to the previous topic, after its completion, I recommended the detailed operation and installation description of VoIP and analog telephones to the attention of prospective buyers in the **Reviews** section of arukereso.hu. I uploaded my reviews of more than a dozen devices to the websites of 27 online stores. One of them was:

"The **Axtel AX-200** type device works perfectly. However, there may be problems with its installation and use. In order to avoid these, it is worth reading the guide entitled "**Installation and use of VoIP telephones**" in the Kun Elektronikus Könyvtár. In it, you can get detailed information about several Internet and analog telephones. Web address: <https://kunlibrary.net> "

The next day, the e-mail notification came that: The opinion has been rejected by our moderators. **In addition to fraud monitoring, we strive to display the most useful reviews from the user's point of view on our site.** I don't understand what is the fraud when someone wants to help uninformed customers for free. The operators of online stores would also have been happy with this free advertisement. However, the greedy Hungarian mentality does not allow anyone to stand out among us. We don't allow each other the slightest success. It's okay if the country falls into this, because we're used to it. In the course of our history, we have lost every war because of disunity and quarreling with each other. We continue to do this because we stick to our traditions. We kick and strangle each other wherever we can.



Recep Tayyip Erdoğan Ákos Kun
 Republic President info@kunlibrary.net
 bilgi@turkiye.gov.tr

Dear Mr. PRESIDENT!

Please accept my deepest condolences for the terrible earthquake that hit your country. It is a national tragedy that the earthquake killed 56,000 people and left 2 million homeless. During your last visit to the disaster-stricken area, you promised your people that in March they would start building 270,000 houses in the 11 disaster-stricken provinces. But why? So that the next earthquake will destroy these houses too? Instead of cube houses, ring-shaped houses should be built. Even in elementary schools, they teach that the most solid geometric shape is the arch. This was also often used by Roman architects in ancient times. Bricks placed next to each other in a semi-circle form are also stronger than reinforced concrete beams.

The ring-shaped house is considered a vault on all sides. Therefore, it is almost impossible to ruin it. The Jarga civilization, which lives closest to us, knows this well. They live on a planet three times more massive than us, so earthquakes are common with them due to strong gravity. Every day they experience an earthquake as big as the one that happened in Turkey. They don't even pay attention to that anymore. Their only inconvenience is that there are no tall cupboards or shelves in their apartments. They store their tools on the floor. That way, they don't fall down, they don't break, they just slide around. Their ring-shaped houses can survive an earthquake of magnitude 9 on the Richter scale.

In addition, they are fireproof. If a fire breaks out somewhere, unlike our cube houses, there is somewhere to escape. You don't have to jump off the balconies of the floors. Within the ring road, the individual apartments are connected by a circular corridor, so if a fire breaks out somewhere, they can easily escape from the building on the stairs of one of the neighboring apartments. Another advantage of the ring-shaped house is that every apartment receives the same amount of sunlight, both from the front and from the back. (There are no fire walls, no blind windows.) Light floods the rooms from all directions. There are no north or south facing apartments. North-facing apartments receive a sufficient amount of sunlight from the back, from the south side. (So it's just a matter of choice which room should be the bedroom and which the living room.)

The ring-shaped house also protects against tornadoes. During its migration, even a storm with a speed of 300 km/h cannot collapse its wall. Even the funnel of the tornado can only damage the roof of the building, the occupants of the house survive the disaster. Decades ago, our neighbors from Jarga visited us and handed us the design documentation of their houses. A part of this can also be viewed in my book *Esoteric World*. Address: Kun Electronic Library. Web: <https://kunlibrary.net> It would be worthwhile to consider this construction method, because it is no more expensive than building block houses. The Japanese also build earthquake-proof houses, but they are very complicated and expensive. Also, they are not as solid as ring housings.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun

Email: info@kunlibrary.net

I drafted this letter on March 8 and sent it to President Recep Tayyip Erdoğan in Ankara the next day by e-mail. For the sake of security, I also sent two e-mail addresses to the Turkish Embassy in Budapest. He came back from one. The Mailer Daemon indicated that this address does not exist. However, it arrived at the other two addresses. However, I waited in vain for an answer. According to the statistics, they didn't even open my library. It seems that the Turks want to rebuild their cities for the third time.



I'm still not receiving support. No one transfers a single penny to me. Now I can't even say that no one pays for my work, because Satan made sure that my work does not reach people. He destroyed my previous library, and he is suffocating the current one, ramming it into clay. I can't do anything about it, because the fight is unequal. Thus, the world sinks deeper and deeper into the swamp, nature kicks the last ones. I could do a lot to stop this process, but I can't move without money. Creating a laboratory costs a lot, instruments and parts are not given for free. The lack of support is not due to poverty, because enormous wealth has accumulated in the world. However, their owners have run out of money and are no longer willing to donate to community causes. For 45 years, I have been trying to get support for the development and production of my inventions and the publication of my books, without success. Last time I tried to get money from the American billionaires, but they didn't even give me an answer.

The richest man in the world, Elon Musk, did not respond to my letter either, even though he would have a fundamental interest in the paradigm shift. He wants to conquer outer space, while he didn't even reach the moon with his smoking rockets. His last attempt was also a spectacular failure. His company SpaceX built the world's most powerful rocket. The monster was 120 meters high and cost a lot. After several postponements, it was launched on April 20 and exploded as it rose into the air. This was not the first failed attempt. Previous versions of the Starship exploded as early as 2016 and 2121. I was hoping that the series of failures would finally open Elon Musk's eyes and realize that he was on the wrong path. The attached photo shows that it is a rather complicated structure. The anti-gravity engine could be built from a few parts. Its production cost would not even reach 1000 dollars. But he is not willing to sacrifice that much. While he threw \$200 billion to buy Twitter, which isn't worth a tenth of that. I sent him another letter encouraging him to change his attitude on April 22, which was not easy. SpaceX has neither customer service nor an email address. At least not publicly. That's why I sent it to the Tesla car factory to two addresses. Since the Mailer

Daemon did not report undeliverability from anywhere, they probably read my mails. However, I waited for an answer in vain.

Dear Elon Musk!

I'm sorry that the Starship exploded after launch. Such accidents can also be expected in the future. Therefore, it would be time to replace this 80-year-old technology with a more modern one. The II. The V-2 rocket used in World War II was invented to destroy ground targets at great distances. Not suitable for space exploration. Its speed does not even reach a hundredth of the speed of light. That's why we can't even reach the star closest to us with it. It would take at least 80 years round trip to travel the distance of 4 light years. Extraterrestrial spacecraft cover this distance in 5 minutes. I know that you do not believe in the existence of extraterrestrial civilizations, and you even consider the existence of an anti-gravity engine impossible, even though this engine is extremely simple. Its production is only a fraction of the production cost of smoking rockets.

There are already several ways of producing an anti-gravity engine. These can be found in the Kun Electronic Library, in the description of Antigravity Gears: Address: <https://kunlibrary.net> Please read this information. Developing these structures would not cost much. It would be worth a try. Equipped with an anti-gravity engine, the spacecraft can travel at 72,000 km/h in the air and at almost infinite speed in space. In the case of an ether body (flying at hyperspace speed), its speed exceeds the speed of light by 12 orders of magnitude. I know it seems incredible, but this is how extraterrestrial civilizations living hundreds or thousands of light years away from us reach us. There are countless proofs of their existence. Every tenth person in America has seen or even interacted with an extraterrestrial spaceship. It's unlikely that there are that many crooks in the US.

Just because you don't believe in them, they can still exist. Don't believe the brainwashed scientists that we are alone in the universe. In the Milky Way alone, there are 8 million civilizations inhabited by intelligent beings on different planets. And the number of star systems is almost uncountable in the infinite universe. This is why the extraterrestrials say that the universe is teeming with life. It would be good if you change your position, because further development of smoking missiles is a dead end. You will spend millions of dollars on it and get nowhere.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun



Another failure did not discourage me. After spending every afternoon in local libraries, I also read the tabloids. I don't keep these dirt sheets for long, because I don't care who, with whom and how many times. There is no doubt, however, that they shed light on a lot of hogwash that the official press does not write about. Sometimes we also have useful articles. In the past, e.g. reported the growing willingness of Hollywood stars to donate. American actors and pop singers have hundreds of millions of dollars in wealth, so they distribute part of their income among the needy. They support the victims of natural disasters, and they don't spare money for environmental protection either. This gave me the idea to try to get support from them. I searched the Internet for the media stars who are most active in donating. I found quite a few names:

1. Leonardo DiCaprio, 2. Keanu Reeves, 3. Taylor Swift, 4. Jane Fonda, 5. Angelina Jolie, 6. George Clooney, 7. Emma Watson, 8. J.K. Rowling, 9. Beyonce, 10. George Lucas, 11. Miley Cyrus, 12. Ringo Starr, 13. Tom Cruise, 14. Barbra Streisand, 15. Cristiano Ronaldo, 16. David Beckham, 17. Matt Damon, 18. Alec Baldwin, 19. Bono, 20. Jennifer Aniston, 21. Lady Gaga, 22. Oprah Winfrey, 23. Jackie Chan, 24. John Cena

After that, I started an intensive search on the Internet to find their website and their e-mail address. I have already encountered insurmountable obstacles here. I started my search with Leonardo DiCaprio. First I tried to find your website address. It didn't go. There are many newspaper articles about him and his extensive donor activities, but his official website is nowhere to be found. The e-mail address is not disclosed anywhere. I finally found his website in Wikipedia: www.leonardodicaprio.com When I clicked on it, the Google search engine told me: "The website is not available." This address is also no longer active: www.leonardodicaprio.org I read in several

places that he also collects donations. But how? If he is hiding, if he has no contact, how will the donations be delivered to him? He does not publish the address of his foundation either. However, he proudly shows off his newest, 19-year-old girlfriend on the Internet.

The same thing happened again with Keanu Reeves. He is nowhere to be found on the Internet. The newspapers even wrote: "You can drink wine with Keanu Reeves, who gives the most money to help children with cancer." But how do you achieve it? Journalists also quoted him as saying, "If the aliens arrive, Keanu Reeves would love to be the first person to talk to them." But how will they contact him? Taylor Swift, on the other hand, has two e-mail addresses on the Internet. True, none of them are his. The first is for your record label: communications@umusic.com the other is for your manager: info@13management.com I sent my letter to both addresses, asking you to read my library's seven invention descriptions and organize a collection to start development.

However, Jane Fonda's email address is nowhere to be found. She does have a website: www.janefonda.com , but the Google search engine refuses to open it, citing security problems. Angelina Jolie was known to have created a charity foundation with her husband. However, the address of the Jolie Pitt Foundation is nowhere to be found. However, the address of his agent was found: angelinajolie@studiofanmail.com I hope they will forward my letter. George Clooney and his wife created the Clooney Foundation for Justice. However, it is not possible to contact them on this website. Only the e-mail addresses of donors are requested. They don't release theirs. They have no other contact information. Previous addresses are no longer alive. There is no e-mail address on his wife's Facebook page either.

Emma Watson has two email addresses in the blog posts. Both are probably false. One: Emmawatson@mailinator.com the other: emmawatson@citromail.hu And his website is not accessible. After further research, I found fans@emmawatson.com . Since this address and info@emmawatson.com seemed authentic, I sent my letter to them. J.K. Rowling's email address is hard to find, but I did: info@jkrowling.com Beyoncé's website is unavailable. I found this as an email address: info@parkwood-ent.com I hope the Parkwood Entertainment production agency and record label will forward my letter. George Lucas's e-mail address is not public. This is Lukas Films address: publicrelations@lucasfilm.com Miley Cyrus also has three email addresses: mileycyrus@mileycyrus.com and fanclub@mileycyrus.com and admin@mileycyrus.com

About Ringo Starr you can find this on the Internet: "Ringo Starr banned fans from writing to him." The e-mail address of the Beatles is also unreachable. (Apparently there are too many fans. They can't read thousands of fan mails a day.) Tom Cruise doesn't post his private address either. The only thing that can be found about him is: contact@meetingtomcruise.com He seems to be very excited about this topic, because according to the journalists: "Tom Cruise and Elon Musk are working on a joint film project." Maybe he'll convince Elon Musk to stop being so short-tempered and try to go into space.

Barbra Streisand's email address is not public. The Streisand Foundation is unavailable. Neither Cristiano Ronaldo nor David Beckham want fan letters. That's why they don't share their e-mail addresses. And yet they have, because according to newspaper reports: "David Beckham's correspondence was hacked." The hackers found that he reacted very angrily when his friend and PR consultant, Simon Oli-veira, suggested that he transfer one million dollars to a UNICEF event in Shanghai. "I don't want to put my own money into this. If it weren't for this foundation, that money would be mine. My kib...there money!" This says a lot about the skill of the donor.

Both Matt Damon and Bono are unavailable. Neither their website nor their e-mail address is on the Internet. Alec Baldwin created a website with his wife. The Hilaria & Alec Baldwin Foundation's never-ending Facebook page has a lot to offer, except for their email address. However, the eternally young Jennifer Aniston does not hide her email address: jenniferaniston@studiofanmail.com Lady Gaga also has four email addresses. One of them is ladygaga@umgstores.com Oprah@oprah.com looks real. It seems that the popular host, Oprah Winfrey, is not afraid of her fans.

Jackie Chan's website has this e-mail address: enquiry@jackiechan.com Finally, John Cena's e-mail address is: FanServices@wwe.com This is also the address of a fan site, from which they either forward my mail or they don't. While posting my letters, I noticed that several of the stars use

the collective address @studiofanmail.com This agency collects fan mail sent to media stars. I had the idea to send them my letter for actors who don't have an email address. They probably aren't registered with them, but presumably they can be reached, so if I'm lucky, they'll forward my mail to them. Finally, I couldn't miss the teenage Swedish climate change activist Greta Thunberg either. I thought I would let him know that his struggle is not so hopeless. There is a solution, but it couldn't hurt to get a little publicity. He is said to be available at smalldickenergy@getalife.com. This little girl is an extremely determined environmentalist. She has already sued the Swedish state because she thinks they are not taking enough steps to curb the climate crisis.

Greta Thunberg

Email: smalldickenergy@getalife.com

Dear Greta!

For years, I have admired how determined a fighter you are for environmental protection. Your persistence probably stems from the fact that you already feel that if the environmental destruction continues at such an intensive rate, it will break your age group. The lives of today's youth will be ruined by the irresponsible behavior of their parents. However, the situation is not so bad because a paradigm shift is imminent. The discovery of physical laws that we do not yet know and putting them to the service of practice solves all our problems. The science of the future, subotonics, will lead us out of the hole we are in now. If you are interested in how to do this, please read the seven invention descriptions of the Kun Elektronikus Könyvtár. (They are on the right, below.) My website's web address is: <https://kunlibrary.net>

If you find this way out, please help promote it. Unfortunately, no one knows me. I'm a development engineer and I don't show myself in public. However, the whole world knows you, so if you draw people's attention to the need for a paradigm shift, to the possibilities of subotonics, developments in this field could start. Money is needed to purchase instruments and spare parts. If many people became aware of this eruption possibility, there would certainly be those among them who would financially support the saving of nature and thus our civilization. Thank you in advance for your help.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun

After three days of research, I sent all the letters on April 24th. However, none of the 24 American media stars responded to my letter translated into English, nor did the letter reach them. According to the statistics file, no one has opened my website and no one has downloaded anything from it. They weren't interested in saving the world. The most painful thing was the indifference of the little Swedish environmental activist, Greta Thunberg. I only asked him to tell the world that there is a way out. A paradigm shift and subotonics could lift the world out of the current quagmire.

The reason for the failure is that instead of their real email address, they gave the address of their producer's office or the address of a fan website. And from there they were too lazy to forward my letter. About MEETING TOM CRUISE - THE PODCAST e.g. this answer was received: "The producers of this show do not have, and never have had any contact with Tom Cruise himself." Email addresses that look real don't work either. Regarding the email sent to Oprah@oprah.com, the Mailer Daemon wrote: "I regret to inform you that your message was not delivered to the recipient." All the other letters went the same way. Hollywood stars cannot escape from their fans. Therefore, their previous e-mail addresses are deleted and their websites are terminated. The letter written to Greta Thunberg received no response by post, but no reply either. So I don't know what happened to this letter.

After this fiasco, I thought I would try Hungarian media stars. Primarily with people who are known throughout the country. Not with celebrities and scandal heroes, but with talented and valuable people. Andi Tóth seemed the most suitable for this. Recently, he stands out more with his bourgeois behavior, but this can be attributed to his youth. In time, he will also "grow a soft head"

and then he will become a valuable member of society. He has the talent and ability to play a serious role in Hungarian music life.

Dear Andi!

Don't be angry that I'm going to tease you in my letter, but at my age I could be your grandfather. I have been following your musical career with admiration for years. It shows great courage that you left the safe family nest at the age of 15 and set off into the unknown. Trusting in your talent, you confidently embarked on this bumpy course and gained national fame. I also know that you are currently in a deep mental crisis, you don't know where to go or what to do with yourself. I would have suggestions on what to do with yourself, but maybe you will figure this out on your own. In the meantime, you could help your environment, in the world that is sinking deeper and deeper. If you listen to the radio, watch TV, or read newspapers, you are certainly aware that the world is threatened with climate collapse. If nature is destroyed, plants will die. After that, the animals starve to death, and then we starve too, because there will be nothing to eat.

However, there is a way out of this situation, because a paradigm shift is imminent. Discovering the physical laws we do not yet know and putting them to the service of practice solves all our problems. The science of the future, subotronics, will lead us out of the hole we are in now. If you are interested in how to do this, please read the seven invention descriptions of the Kun Elektronikus Könyvtár. (They are on the right, below.) My website's web address is: <https://kunlibrary.net>

If you want to find out what the word subotronics means, don't use Google, but Microsoft Bing. Web address: <https://www.bing.com> The artificial intelligence program (ChatGPT) is also available here. Nowadays, everyone is skinning this, and not by chance. (Open AI is also available directly in the Windows Edge browser.) ChatGPT also answers the question of what the term subotronics means.

If you find this way out, please help promote it. Unfortunately, no one knows me. I'm a development engineer and I don't show myself in public. However, the whole country knows you, so if you draw people's attention to the need for a paradigm shift and the possibilities of subotronics on your Facebook forum or in the tabloids that like to talk about you, developments in this area could start. Acquiring instruments and buying parts costs money.

If many people became aware of this eruption possibility, there would certainly be those among them who would financially support the saving of nature and thus our civilization. No support can be expected from the government and the ministries, because they classified me as a swindler and a charlatan, and they told me that they don't give money to fraudsters. Especially not taxpayers' money. (Politicians listen to the narrow-minded scientists who believe that esotericism is a pseudoscience, and that Tesla's inventions did not exist, and that the report about them is an urban legend.) So I can only hope for micro-support from private individuals, small people who are concerned about the preservation of nature. Thank you in advance for your help.

Sincerely: Ákos Kun

This attempt of mine also failed. A lot of idleness, miles of self-talk on Facebook take up all of your time. That's why he can't save nature. In this case, the letter also went because I was not notified of its undeliverability.



On April 25, a Japanese private company's unmanned spacecraft also failed. It orbited the Moon for four months before landing on its surface. He studied our celestial companion for a long time, but found nothing unusual about him. The Japanese were especially interested in the far surface of the Moon, which we cannot see. They were looking for a secret base on the far side of the moon, but were disappointed. There is indeed a secret base on the moon, but not on its surface, but inside it. Several civilizations are active in the hollow interior of the Moon. Their main task is to keep an eye on us.

After seeing nothing from afar, Ispace's ground controllers decided to land the vehicle on it by remote control. The Atlas crater was singled out for this purpose. However, those under the crust did not tolerate this, because presumably this is the entrance to their world. Therefore, they paralyzed the spacecraft with a concentrated magnetic beam. The powerful beam burned out his electronics and lost contact with him. After becoming out of control, the Hakuto-R crashed. On board Hakuto M1, the Japanese Space Agency (JAXA) and the two- and four-wheeled research rovers of the United Arab Emirates, SLIM and Rashid, the experimental solid-state battery of Japan's Niterra, and the moon camera of Canada's Canadensys Aerospace were also lost.

This spacecraft behaved like most of the rockets sent to Mars. Before they could land on it, the civilization inside Mars rendered them inoperable. This case also proves that extraterrestrial civilizations do not take us seriously. Our smoking missiles are being destroyed one by one. This is how they want to persuade us to move forward, because we are not getting anywhere with this outdated, 80-year-old technology. An Indian and an Israeli project have already failed. Both of their attempts to land ended up crashing into the surface. In order to facilitate the technical change, I also sent the letter I wrote to Elon Musk to the CEO of Ispace, Takesi Hakamada. One news agency mentioned that two American private companies, Astrobotic and Intuitive Machines, are also planning to land on the moon. I sent them my letter too.

I almost failed to send my Japanese mail because I couldn't find the Ispace email address anywhere in Google's detailed search. That's why I opened Microsoft's Bing search engine. Here I got at least a dozen hits to their website, including email addresses. Recently, Google's advanced search engine is full of sponsored advertising and phishing websites. The Bing search engine, on the other hand, only has useful results. Web address: <https://www.bing.com> I sent my letter to four e-mail addresses at the same time. However, no answer came from anywhere. This attempt also ended in failure. My library was opened from the central Japanese address, but nothing was downloaded. They saw that my library is full of esoterica, and they don't ask me to do anything.

I also couldn't find Astrobotic's website in Google's detailed search. However, this was the first result in the Bing search engine. Needless to say, they didn't respond to my letter either. They must have received it because I uploaded it to the internal mail interface of their website and they thanked me for contacting them. It was the same with Intuitive Machines Inc. In this case, I could only find their website and e-mail address in the Bing search engine. It was a shame to send this letter too, because it bounced back. Mailer Daemon failed to forward.

However, in connection with the Astrobotic space program, I noticed a piece of Hungarian-related news. A Budapest-based space technology company, Puli Space Technologies Kft., participates in Astrobotic's space program. A small lunar rover and a neutron spectrometer were developed to explore lunar water ice. For the development of this measuring instrument, they received HUF 66 million from NASA. This gave me the idea to send my letter to NASA as well, to at least five addresses. These letters were received, but no reply came from them either.

I also received an automated email from one of the addresses asking for confirmation that this is my email address. I confirmed it. The next day another letter arrived with this message:

WELCOME TO THE "JSC-NEWS" MAILING LIST

Yesterday 17:15 « jsc-news-request@newsletters.nasa.gov »

sent a letter to Ákos Kun at « info@kunlibrary.net »

Welcome to the "jsc-news" mailing list!

To be added to the list, send your message to:

jsc-news@newsletters.nasa.gov

This revealed that there is no question of a professional response. They want to add me to their newsletter. But why does it have to make such a fuss. It seems that NASA also envisions future space exploration with smoking rockets. I also sent them my previous letter. Of course, they didn't forward it to management, but added it to their newsletter. The next day, the first newsletter arrived announcing that Emily Nelson had become NASA's new director general of flight. Well, I also sent him my previous letter. Of course, this was not forwarded either. Mailer Daemon informed me that my mail was being held: "This will take until the list moderator reviews it for approval. The mes-

sage is withheld because: The message is not from a list member. The message will either be added to the list, or you will be notified of the moderator's decision."

It's the same with Astrobotic. They didn't reply to my letter either, but added me to their newsletter. The first newsletter has also arrived from them. On May 3, I sent them my first letter again. I had no luck with them. Mailer Daemon wrote back: "I regret to inform you that the message could not be delivered to the recipient. Attached below. For further assistance, contact the mailbox maintainer." It seems that the Astrobotic newsletter server does not accept replies. In my anger, I wanted to unsubscribe from their newsletter, but I didn't. I thought that important news about American space research might come from them later. The Japanese, on the other hand, didn't even bother to add me to their newsletter.



On April 30, I noticed an interview that Attila Várszegi conducted with Tomán Szabina in the morning program of Retro Rádió. The businesswoman is one of the members of the RTL commercial TV channel Cápák kött program. The adjective "sharks" indicates that this is not charity, but hard business bargaining. Five Hungarian multi-millionaires are willing to invest in the start-up of unfortunate inventors or masterminds like me. Of course, they don't do this for free. In some cases, they take even 30% of the profit. (This is real usurious interest. They take advantage of the creators' services and really rob them.) The interview ended with Szabina Tomán encouraging everyone to boldly apply for this show, and if one of the investors likes their idea, then they get money for the implementation.

I don't like this procedure, but I thought I'd give it a try. They don't go far with me, because I make all my ideas and results public and public domain. Anyone can use it freely, there is no need to pay for it. That way there is nothing to share. The benefit I offer is saving nature, thereby saving our civilization. With their support, they save their most precious treasure, their lives. They probably won't see that. They think that anyone who claims this must be a fraud. In any case, I sent my support request letter to the businesswoman's two e-mail addresses. He didn't answer any of them. She's busy with her fashion company She couldn't even take the time to see what it was all about. He didn't open my library either.

During my Internet wanderings, I came across the activities of Sir Richard Branson. It was written about him that he founded the multinational company Virgin Group, which now manages more than 400 companies. Virgin plans to spend \$3 billion to reduce global warming through its Unite Foundation. Well, I need it! I thought. Sir Richard Branson does not hide from the public. I found your company e-mail addresses easily. I sent my letter to all three addresses. Two turned out to be false, but the letter went to the third. However, no answer came from him. He wasn't interested in what I was asking for the support for either. According to the statistics program, he wasn't interested in my library either.



After the financiers' indifference, I turned to an internationally known climate researcher. On May 22, I heard an interesting report in the Déli krónika about Diána Üрге-Vorsatz's climate research activities. I also found out on the Internet that he is a physicist by profession, so he has no problem understanding and unbiased evaluation of technical descriptions. That's why I sent him my sponsor application. It wasn't easy for me either, because he has neither a website nor an e-mail address. That is why I sent my letter to his workplace and to the address of a scientific institution closely related to him. The next day, an automatic reply was received, according to which he stated that he was staying abroad and would not come home until May-June 26. Until then, he can't answer letters.

However, after he arrived home, I waited in vain for an answer. Therefore, I sent my letter again on June 1. There was no response to this either. According to the statistics, he didn't even open my library, he didn't read the seven invention descriptions. It seems that Diána Üрге-Vorsatz also advocates saving nature only in words. Like János Áder, he can only speak. He travels around the world,

giving speeches everywhere, but does nothing to overcome the problems. He knows exactly what's wrong and says exactly what's wrong, he also says what should be done, but he doesn't lift a finger in order to implement it in practice. He could, because he is currently a full professor at the Department of Environmental Science and Politics at the Central European University (CEU). He is a research assistant at several American universities. Vice President of the Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change. It plays a leading role in the development process of the UN's new development goals. (Ensuring access to affordable, reliable, sustainable and modern energy for everyone.) Member of the scientific committee of the high-level conference "Our common future under climate change".

In addition, he played a leading role in the Nobel Peace Prize-winning intergovernmental panel on climate change. He is a member of the United Nations Panel of Scientific Experts on Climate Change. He was selected as a member of the Delta Omega Honorary Society among outstanding public health professionals. Member of the editorial board of the Annual Review of Environment and Resources. Member of the Strategic Advisory Board of the Austrian Climate and Energy Fund. Member of the Energy Working Group of the Hungarian Decarbonization Roadmap. Member of the advisory board of the European Climate Foundation. Board member of the European Research Council in the area of "Environmental Protection". He contributes to the work of the Scientific and Technical Advisory Board of the Global Environment Facility.

He is a member of the strategic advisory board of the Competitiveness and Innovation Framework Program of the European Commission. Member of the UN Foundation's expert group on energy efficiency. He gave advice to the G8 process in the area of "Increasing the level of energy efficiency". He is a member of the United Nations Panel of Scientific Experts on Climate Change. Member of the Advisory Board of the UK Energy Research Centre. He was invited to the steering committee of the UN Energy Efficiency 21 project. He was the organizer and president of the Media and Environmental Protection Conference in 1997.

In addition, he holds a leading role in dozens of other places. (Those who are interested can find the complete list on this website: https://people.ceu.edu/diana_urge-vorsatz) As you can see, he could have drawn the attention of the authorities to the opportunity I offered on numerous forums, but he did not. He could have obtained support from hundreds of places to start the paradigm shift, but that is not in his interest. He uses his countless positions to polish his own nimbus. In fact, he is not at all interested in the fate of the world, the destruction of nature. Even though he has 7 children and climate change will affect the current young generation. They will suffer the most because of their parents' irresponsible, selfish behavior that doesn't care about their environment.

Dear Diana Ürge-Vorsatz!

I heard an interesting report on your climate protection activities in Kossuth Rádió's Southern Chronicle. Due to your high level of education and social position, you are fully aware that the world is threatened with climate collapse. When nature is destroyed, plants die out. After that, the animals starve to death, and then we starve too, because there will be nothing to eat. Unfortunately, no one sees this, and nothing is done to prevent the danger that lurks upon us. However, there is a way out of this situation, because a paradigm shift is imminent. Discovering the physical laws we do not yet know and putting them to the service of practice solves all our problems. The science of the future, subtronics, will lead us out of the hole we are in now. If you are interested in how to do this, please read the seven invention descriptions of the Kun Elektronikus Könyvtár. (They are on the right, below.) My website's web address is: <https://kunlibrary.net>

Since you are a qualified physicist, you can certainly judge the viability of these ideas factually. If you read what is included in the seven invention descriptions, you will not consider me a charlatan. Until now, I knew that I was a development engineer, but until now everyone considered me a jerk, and in their reply letter they told me that they do not support fraudsters. If you find this way out, please help promote it. Unfortunately, nobody knows me, I don't show myself in public. However, the whole world knows you, so if you would draw people's attention to the need for a paradigm shift, to the possibilities of subtronics, developments in this area could start. Money is

needed to purchase instruments and spare parts. If many people became aware of this eruption possibility, there would certainly be those among them who would financially support the saving of nature and thus our civilization. Thank you in advance for your help.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun



At the beginning of June, there was a glimmer of hope that we might be able to break out of this trap. On June 6, a letter was received from the American company Astrobotic, in which they informed that they wanted to develop a power supply unit with the Westinghouse company to power their spaceships. It would be a mini nuclear reactor. I drew their attention to the fact that it would be more appropriate to reconstruct the Tesla converter. As with the previous ones, this reply was not received by their server either. Fortunately, they provided the Westinghouse website address. I found their email address there. I also sent them my letter, in English of course. Fortunately, this did not bounce:

Dear Westinghouse Group!

I received a letter from the Astrobotic group. In it, you were informed that you are developing a microreactor for powering satellites orbiting the Earth and for installation on the surface of the Moon and Mars. The development of this power supply will probably cost a lot. I think it would be much cheaper to reconstruct the Tesla converter. I have already started this development, but in the absence of support I cannot continue. If you are interested in this project, please visit my library. Web address: <https://kunlibrary.net> The links to the descriptions mostly of Tesla's inventions can be found at the bottom of the right page.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun

Email: info@kunlibrary.net

There was no response from them either. The managers of Westinghouse are not interested in his cheesy offer either. However, the Americans could now grind out the problem, which they did 90 years ago with Tesla's invention. Tesla took a prototype of the converter named after him to the local electric company and offered it for serial production. However, they were afraid of the profit from their coal power plants and electricity distribution activities, so they smashed the device providing free electricity with a hammer. If they had started producing it and distributing it worldwide, there would be no energy crisis, no inflation, no skyrocketing food prices, and perhaps the Ukrainian-Russian war would not have broken out.

The Tesla converter would not only have made the use of fossil fuels unnecessary, but also petroleum and natural gas would not be needed. Therefore, the Russians would not have been able to make such a horrible profit from Western crude oil and natural gas shipments, which made the armament possible. Since the Tesla converter would have also solved the electrification of motor vehicles, there would be no global warming and our lives would not be threatened by climate collapse. But our money was more important than our lives. And this position has not changed in the last 90 years. The noose is already around our necks, and we still care about profit.

By then I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Only one more piece of hopeful news pulled me out of this state. Kossuth Rádió Southern Chronicle also heard that in June the government will launch Contractor Start II. tender. Allegedly, the previous Start I tender proved to be very successful. Thousands of young people were helped to start their own businesses, and those over 30 became self-employed with the help of the initial capital. In Start II. tender, the applicants receive nearly HUF 5 million to get started, which is enough to register their new company at the company court. If the business has started, they will receive an additional HUF 150 million in July to maintain their functionality for the first year and to hire employees. As soon as the application was announced, 5,000 people applied for it in a few days. That is why the government has multiplied the amount allocated for this purpose. This opportunity also excited me. However, reading the applica-

tion conditions quickly cooled my enthusiasm. They wrote that only people between the ages of 18 and 64 can apply. Since I am already 73 years old, I also fell for this opportunity. Old men are no longer allowed to save nature from destruction. An old troll should plan his funeral, not save the world.

This failure did not discourage me either. Despite my "bent" age, I continue to work. In fact, I work more than I did in my twenties. I reviewed the development tasks waiting for me and found one among them that requires minimal investment. However, in order to document the results, a high-quality digital camera was needed, which also records the measurement values shown by analog instruments in a visible form. There is not a very large selection in this area. One option is to use a high-end smartphone. However, the price of the Apple iPhone 14 pro phone, which takes high-quality photos, is HUF 750,000. You can get a high-quality mobile phone cheaper, but it also costs HUF 200,000. That's why I looked around on the Internet, among digital cameras. Their price also reached HUF 500,000.

Then, to my great surprise, it turned out that you can get a video camera for a tenth of that price. With a Chinese video camera, e.g. You can record videos for 1.5 hours in 4K resolution. I ordered it right away from the eMAG online store, who delivered it for HUF 77,000. Since they did not provide instructions for use in Hungarian either, the English instructions had to be translated. It took me two weeks to translate the hastily edited English text made by the Chinese, paraphrase it and re-edit the prospectus by enlarging it. Then I wrote a 10-page installation and user manual, because the brochure of a few pages did not provide any information about this. After much agonizing over it, I thought I'd send it to eMAG for publication. Don't bother others with this. My intention to help also failed.

Dear eMAG Group!

I recently purchased an NBD 4K Ultra video camera from you. I am very satisfied with it. The only problem is that there are no instructions for use in Hungarian. I received a palm-sized user manual for it, in English. The letters are so small that you can hardly read them even with a magnifying glass. That's why I enlarged it to A/4 size and translated it into Hungarian. I would be happy to send this to you. I also added a 10-page user manual, which greatly facilitates the use of the device. If I were to link to the website of this camera and write above it that the Hungarian manual can be downloaded from here, many people would certainly be happy about it. I do not ask for money for this work. I give it for free.

Sincerely, Ákos Kun

We didn't have to wait long for the answer:

Dear Ákos Kun!

Thank you very much for your inquiry and comment.

I would like to inform you that the Hungarian user manuals for the products on eMAG will soon be uploaded to the product page by the colleagues in the relevant background department, so that our customers will not have any problems in the future with obtaining or possibly translating the descriptions in Hungarian.

We wish you a nice day! :)

Sincerely, Emma Husztig-Kassai

Customer contact

eMAG Customer Service

August 19, 2023

They would rather have it translated by a professional translator for expensive money, so that you don't have to accept help. The gift doesn't even have to be free, because it comes from me. They also treat me as if I were their sworn enemy. They don't need anything to do with me.

The slaps also come from abroad. On October 13th last year, my kunlibrary.com domain was stolen from me by an American domain nepper. Then he put it up for auction. The asking price was \$500. I wouldn't have bought it even if I had the money. I don't do business with criminals. He realized this too, because he didn't try any further. He stopped paying the maintenance fee. Anticipating this, I went to the Namecheap website to finally claim my rightful ownership. He was in for a big surprise. The nepper actually gave up on it, but Namecheap got blood on his eyes and is now selling the domain name kunlibrary.com for \$3000. I bought it for \$10 at the time. The other extensions are not more expensive now either. The kunlibrary.co and kunlibrary.tech cost \$9.48. The kunlibrary.online domain name has an annual maintenance fee of \$0.98.

Everyone is a parasite on me. I started working 60 years ago as a 13-year-old child. I did hard physical work that shamed even grown men, for alms. After graduating from college, my salary as a development engineer was HUF 1,900. I paid HUF 500 of this for a sublease. I had to live off the rest. After 20 years of practice, at the time of the regime change, I was put on a shovel along with 1.5 million of my peers. At that time, my salary was HUF 16,500. A large part of this was also taken by the sublease. It wasn't even enough for the remaining cold water and dry bread. In the meantime, my ten inventions came, which ruined my family. I sold all their property and movable assets. Still, it wasn't enough to pay the fees associated with patenting. Because of this, the validity of my inventions was terminated and made freely available. I didn't fare any better with the fire and burglary protection product line either. I couldn't put them into production due to lack of support.

After that I started writing books. I'm already at 16, but I didn't benefit from that either. In order to spread the enlightening knowledge they contain, I declared my library non-profit. Everyone could download anything from it for free. You don't even need to register, and I don't even send cookies to your computer. I only put a request at the end of my books, that anyone who wants to support the printing of my books can do so on the given account number. No one was willing to. I created an account for this purpose 25 years ago. Since then I have been the only contributor. I pay HUF 5,000 to UniCredit Bank every six months to maintain my account, and they send out a notification every month saying that no support has been received.

I didn't even receive a thank-you letter saying: "You bastard! Thank you for sacrificing your life so that we can get rich from you." Everyone is a parasite on me. The fashion these days is to rip everything possible out of everyone and then kick them away. I can't even hope for micro donations. Even ordinary people don't care about the world's problems anymore. Neither their work nor their money help the survival of our civilization. They are waiting for a fool to pop the roast pigeon in their mouths.

I'm also waiting for government help in vain, because the ministers described me as a charlatan and a fraud. In terms of my creative activity, I have been languishing in this treadmill for 45 years, and I cannot break out of it. However, I have many ideas on how to save this world from destruction. The inventions I created 45 years ago were already suitable for the start of developments promoting a paradigm shift. If my environment had not prevented this, today this world would be a Canaan flowing with milk and honey. However, the people did not need it in Canaan. They decided that they would rather suffer, but even then they wouldn't accept the help of a "cruiser". If that's what they want, so be it. Suffer! There will be plenty of them.

They are already up to their necks in the suffering caused by global warming and imminent climate collapse. And that's just the beginning. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, wars are coming. There will be such chaos in this world as our civilization has never seen in the 11,500 years of its existence. For those who haven't noticed yet, the Apocalypse, also prophesied in the Bible, has begun. In the process, this world becomes a valley of mourning. We could defend ourselves against an endless series of calamities if we wanted to, but we don't want to. We act like crazy. We cling to our money with ten nails, so that in the end we will burn with it in the coming flood of fire.



Frequently asked Questions

Dear Ákos!

Thank You. Is the content free to use?

Sincerely: XY

*

Dear XY!

The Kun Electronic Library is a non-profit library. Anyone can download anything from it. You don't have to pay for anything. I wish you success in your work.

Sincerely: Ákos Kun



Gastronomy

This interview was conducted on the 20th of August, the Feast of the New Bread:

Baked pastries baked according to an ancient recipe are not competitive. It may sound like a spoilsport, but the fact is that new bread is rarely baked without the use of artisan additives. Bakers are, by their own admission, forced to „compromise” by politicians, traders and the economic situation. The baker can only be satisfied with the bread in the shop until he has eaten his first bite. At home, a product that looks good often turns out to be tasteless, bloated, crumbly, impossible to cut and dries out the next day. Even a tasty, our-quality baked good can be alarming to the observant customer. Looking at the label, you can see that the bread is not just flour, salt and yeast as it once was, but also a number of additives hidden behind E numbers. A bread consumer who is not familiar with the baking industry might ask: wouldn't it be easier and cheaper to bake good bread using traditional methods?

Not according to the experts. The bakers interviewed by our newspaper, who asked not to be named, say there are several reasons why bread is practically impossible to make today without artificial additives. – In the old days, all I needed was flour, yeast and salt to bake bread. But the flour on the market today is not of the quality we need – complains one baker. He says the reason for the decline is the political and commercial attitude to the price of bread. The government of the day does not look kindly on the price of bread because of social considerations. The cost-cutting approach has been adopted by multinational retail chains established in Hungary, which constantly offer their own products at discount prices as a way of luring customers – he complains. This is where the vicious circle starts. Bakers can only sell their bread at depressed prices, with only a few percent profit. They are therefore unable to pay a fair price for the flour to the millers, who buy the wheat from the farmers at low prices. As a result, the farmer has no money to buy the best wheat seeds, fertilize his fields properly and apply herbicides. Inadequately managed fields are then used to harvest poor quality wheat, from which millers can only mill poor quality flour. Bakers are therefore left with no choice but to use flour improvers.

According to other bakers, there are only economic reasons for using additives. They say that it is simply not possible to sell traditionally made bread because the price would be much higher than it is now. And retailers, who are fighting for the favour of their customers and buying in large quantities, simply cannot afford to do so. Some bakers justify the use of additives on productivity grounds. The traditional method takes 12 hours to bake the bread. Additives reduce the baking time to 3.5 hours. It is not difficult to calculate that flour improvers and accelerators can be used to produce and market three times as much bread for the same amount of money as if the baker had bothered with yeast. This is vital for bakeries in a sector where production capacity is too high.

Despite the myriad problems, the solution for the consumer may seem simple. If they can, they will pay for „real” bread that is more expensive than the average. There are plenty of quality products on the shelves at such higher prices. However, this is often only an illusion. Our informants also told us that many bakeries are also tricking their customers into making more expensive bread in the hope of generating more revenue. Rye bread, for example, which is perceived by the public as

healthier, uses malt to replace expensive rye flour. In addition, the seeds used in the products sold as organic bread are often not grown under conditions that are free of chemicals and fertilisers. The explanation is simple: you can only make money on the more expensive bread. The lower the cost of production, the more. And there are plenty of additives to make bread cheaper. Manufacturers, who are slowly being pushed out of Western Europe by increasingly health-conscious diets, are expanding their flour improvers here in Eastern Europe. And bakeries, under economic pressure, are proving to be good customers.

Consumer protectionists say the bakers are not breaking the rules. Ms Pálné Sohár, head of the department of the National Institute of Food and Nutrition, said it was not necessarily the additives but rather the poor quality of the flour and the rush to bake the bread that made it taste and taste bad. The expert says that no matter how annoyed we are about the quality of the product, the use of additives is allowed. And „pumped up” bread is not harmful to health – he says. Some of the E numbers on the label are natural substances (acetic acid, lactic acid, lecithins), which are only labelled because they are clear and short. Of course, some of the E numbers are indeed artificial food additives, but their use is only authorised after years of animal testing – explains Pálné Sohár. In addition, consumer protection, animal health and food control authorities claim that they are constantly checking that bakers are using additives correctly.

So the baking industry can safely take advantage of the possibilities offered by chemistry, as EU rules do not prohibit the use of accelerators, texture improvers, mould inhibitors and flour improvers. Consumers have not yet tested the quality of breads on the shelves this year, but have done so in the past. Attila Kathi, Head of the Information Department of the General Inspectorate for Consumer Protection, said that the composition of the bread was checked to see whether it complied with the Hungarian Foodstuffs Codex. No major problems were found in this respect. The bakers are therefore feeding us with chemically-added, poor quality bread within the law. The economic situation is to blame for all this, not them. If you want to eat good bread, bake it yourself at home. It's not only healthy, it's half the price of the shop-bought stuff.

Népszabadság – András Mihálovits - 19 August 2004 (page 17)



The bakery smells divine. In its shop, I am at least 20 different kinds of pastries, and I am at a loss as to which one to choose. I also look at the brown breads. One of the rye breads is found to be oddly light. It's a beautiful brown colour, loose with holes, soft. It's just like white bread, but brown. When I bake bread with rye flour, it's heavier, more dense than holey-ducky, nothing like this! The label says it's rye bread. And they sell it like sugar, but it is very expensive. It takes 10 minutes to almost run out of the tray. Just in time for the sale. "May I speak to the baker?" – I ask. The salesman looks at me in amazement. – The baker is at work, he can't come out. What is it about? – he asks. I am about to ask him a question when he sees the rye bread in my hand. He seems to like me, because he says quietly: "If you want rye bread, don't take this! It's not what it looks like!" And from the shelf he takes down a loaf of the same, but heavier, solid bread. Later I learned: in many places they use malt to colour the white wheat germ, and the pumpkin product I held in my hand, called rye bread, was a rye flour I had never seen before.

Julia Frank – Metro, 19 November 2004 (page 12)



The appearance of organic food stalls in large shopping malls is becoming more and more common, a welcome phenomenon, as we have been waiting for it for 25 years (since the Organic Farming Association was founded). But there is also a lot of sadness, because in a very high percentage of cases, non-organic products are also found in the corners, sections or shelves of these organic food shops, cleverly mixed in with the real organic products. This can happen in only two cases, and one is worse than the other: either the distributor has no idea what is organic about a product, or he deliberately mixes the organic with the real. Since the current legislation provides guidance on organic labelling, this is nothing less than deliberate misleading of the consumer, nota bene, accor-

ding to a more stringent judicial ruling, even food adulteration. The situation is entirely analogous to smuggling sugar-free products into the diabetic section or wheat flour into gluten-free products. Even if the damage cannot be mentioned on the same day as those. Up to now, we have only seen this in the case of reform products, which are unfortunately labelled organic in the popular imagination, but more recently, non-organic (i.e. chemically produced) products from the same company have been proudly displayed among the organic produce. It is regrettable that neither the inspection bodies nor consumer protection are taking sufficiently rigorous action against this obvious fraud. We must therefore urge our readers to act in self-defence. They should not put everything in their shopping basket that is offered by the "organic food chain" without thinking about it, but should check the product carefully to see whether it bears the certificate of inspection HU-ÖKO-01 or HU-ÖKO-02.

Ferenc Fröhwald – Természetgyógyász Magazin, September 2007 (page 81)



Some manufacturers are devising new tricks to manipulate consumers, and since EU accession, suspected scams have become even more common. The attempts are aimed at selling the willing buyer something other than what the product name suggests. Not, say, cocoa instead of milk (although the cocoa from which cocoa is made would also be a business fantasy), but, for example, stabilisers and vegetable fat instead of yoghurt, milk powder and gelatine instead of sour cream, at yoghurt or sour cream prices of course. According to a survey of Hungarian consumer habits, Hungarian consumers consider cheese, kefir and yoghurt to be the healthiest foods (with saffron at the other end of the scale). Why this is the case is not known (cheese and kefir are hardly promoted by manufacturers), but it is clear that this is a belief on which effective marketing can be built. The dairy market, on the other hand, is a highly competitive market in terms of price and advertising, where every penny and every word of hype can be a decisive factor.

Take milk, for example, which we thought before EU accession would become more expensive on entry. Instead, there has been a noticeable drop in prices, mainly because cheap imported milks have appeared on the shelves, of course also in Hungarian packaging and with the name „fresh milk”, which sounds nice to the Hungarian ear. However, the Hungarian Food Codex (the food codex, which lays down what can be called what by the force of law) contains strict rules on what can be called „fresh milk”, specifying exactly how long the pasteurisation process can take and how long it can take from milking to delivery to the shop. As a result, fresh milk produced in Hungary, which complies with the rules of the Foodstuffs Codex, has to compete with milk types that are somewhere halfway between fresh and ultra-pasteurised, have a much longer shelf-life and (because they are easier to transport and store) can be cheaper.

In principle, you can't call anything yoghurt either, but some manufacturers try to ignore this. The most common trick is to replace milk bases containing beneficial micro-organisms with post-heat-treated (ultra-pasteurised) milk products, and to replace animal fat with vegetable fats, which cost much less. Some „yoghurts” require virtually no milk at all, just gelatine, milk powder, starch, water and a little vegetable fat. Or take fruit yoghurts, which, according to the Food Guide, cannot be made from anything either. Each manufacturer may call the food fruity, fruit-flavoured or fruit-flavoured, depending on the amount of fruit used in the production. Fruit yoghurt should therefore in principle contain fruit – despite this, there have been several cases of German and Spanish „fake yoghurts” being simply labelled as yoghurt and advertised on TV as yoghurt (until a million euro fine put an end to the offending practice).

There are two ways of "grabbing" the Hungarian consumer on the basis of their typical characteristics: one is the health claim, the other is the lower price. Experience has shown that it is not necessary to talk much about health (most customers have no idea what they are eating), but the other is to use the practices listed here: it is easy to produce cheap goods from cheap raw materials. The problem is that consumption of dairy products is falling anyway, and a series of scams – if consumers realise that the „word game” is getting under their skin – can be used to dissuade many from buying. In order for Hungarian dairy farming to survive, loyal customers are needed. The current

„bubble marketing”, which is based on consumer ignorance, could easily burst, and then we would be bathing in milk and butter, but not enjoying it.

H. M. – Népszabadság, 29 July 2004 (page 9)



The existence of „life-cycle marketing” for industrial products – a code name for the business case for carefully planned and exploited obsolescence – is probably no secret to readers. But we might be able to tell you that similar practices are at work in the food industry. Fortunately, it is not a question of artificially shortening the shelf life of food and drink (industry efforts point in the opposite direction). The phenomenon is more complex and is based on the fact that, like any product, a biscuit or a beer has a predictable life cycle, and within that life cycle, the quality of each stage is far from identical. Composition, flavour and perceived value are at their best in the lead-up phase and at their worst at the end of the life cycle, in the descent phase. But within this, the complex interrelationships between quality, expenditure, brand image and popularity are determined using the full tools of science.

The multinationals in the food industry entrust the task of planning the life cycle and the associated quality to specialised companies with names and profiles unknown to the general public. For a new brand, the „honeymoon period” lasts about a year. During this period, consumers get used to the novelty and associate the brand name in their minds with a certain level of quality. Once the grace period is over, and „gossip marketing”, together with paid advertising, has successfully established that the product is of a high standard and meets premium requirements, a second period – lasting up to a decade or more – follows. Then quality (and, of course, cost) stabilises at a lower level.

The scientific apparatus is needed to determine how much ballast (in industry jargon: sawdust) at least three quarters of the regular consumers can tolerate without rebellion. Various „sawdust” bars, nuggets, drinks, etc. are subjected to a series of pho-kus group tests – and reactions are not only questioned, but also videoed, watching for telltale gestures. In fact, finding the optimal sawdust ratio is the key to how long a product stays on the market. In the first period, the product is often „too good” (at least for its price), which means that the producer may even lose money on each piece sold. But if the second phase of the life curve is well planned, not only does the initial loss come back, but profits even stabilise.

It follows from the above that the same chocolate or soft drink may have a different composition from one country to another. A known food tends to be at a different stage of life from market to market, and the feedback from the focal points may also vary from country to country (i.e. there are places where the public can tolerate several sawdusts). The third stage, the landing branch, usually takes place when a product is to be driven out of the market – for example, to make room for another. In this case, a deliberate deterioration in quality may even be accompanied by a small price increase, but just for contrast. The aim is to ensure that the new favourite, even during the honeymoon period, is as good as possible in terms of price and quality. There is only one point in the whole process where the interests of the wood-worker can be discerned: the manufacturers are very careful to use only perfectly harmless – or downright healthy – materials as sawdust. Thus, it is possible, exceptionally, that an unflavoured product in its middle life stage is actually healthier (in the biological sense, that is) than when it was finer.

Miklós Hargitai – Népszabadság, 1 August 2011 (page 13)



Dr. Valéria Duscharrek is a microbiologist, preservation engineer, biochemist and meat engineer, living and working in Budapest, Hungary. She is also an expert in canning, refrigeration and meat processing technology and biochemistry, and is the inventor of several commercially available beneficial food products and applied technologies. He also has a long-standing interest in allergies. This is the main reason I contacted him, thinking of the pollen season not far away.

- It's not true that ragweed causes allergies – she says immediately. – But it's the hypersensitivity to harmful foods that's behind it. This first manifests itself in respiratory diseases.
- Harmful foods are in the media today, scandal after scandal.
- Yet food safety in Hungary was at a far higher level – until we joined the EU – than in Western European countries. The problem is that after the change of regime, the food industry went bankrupt and the majority of unqualified people started to work in food processing. Now there is product liability, so instead of the previous practice of control, the producer is responsible for the product. There are only professional reasons for defective food production. In one scandal, when hashish was found in a soft drink, the manufacturer claimed that the content was below the permitted limit. But: poisoning slowly, in small doses, within the limit, already leads to allergies. After all, nutrients are broken down in our metabolism down to the cellular level, so that the food substances we ingest reach the tiny „chemical kitchen” in our bodies. Na-benzoates, yellow and red dyes, additives and other chemicals ingested within the permissible limits cause metabolic distortion and upset the metabolism. In addition, they can cause developmental disorders.
- So are we becoming more and more what we eat?
- Let's not get carried away: if every person consumed a thousand different foods periodically, there would be no problem with metabolic „shifting”. But the majority of people eat no more than 8-10 types of food. In fact, they don't know any more than that. Many people, for example, don't know what sopska salad is, or pastinac... Bitter vegetables and fruits are very important in the prevention of allergies. In addition to grapefruit, endive, artichokes, chicory, lollo rosso lettuce, iceberg lettuce, dandelion leaves, Jerusalem artichokes. Many people only eat the "fad" foods they see in advertisements. It's only natural that their body reacts to the slightest smell or pollen with an immediate allergy. The only way out of this is to eat a variety of different foods. The use of seeds and iodised salt are also important.
- But it's no use eating thousands of different foods if I have no idea where they come from, or if I can eat them at all...
- The culture of food consumption in Hungary is downright tragic. Let me give you an example. It is well known that the peel of tropical fruit is coated with an anti-rot agent, as it has travelled a long way to get here. But it is no longer common knowledge that it is not safe to eat a banana if, after peeling, you spill the poison on the skin from your hands into the banana flesh. This could be prevented by a proper washing – i.e. rubbing.
- One food scandal after another: peppers and meat...
- All sprays have a withdrawal period. It varies, usually 8 days. That is, until the imported peppers reach Hungary: one or two days. Peeled and spread: two more days. If I buy these peppers and keep them in the fridge in foil for at least a day after washing, or, like a bouquet of flowers, soak them in a bowl of water – so that the clean water leaches out the toxins – and then eat them, I have already done a lot to protect them from chemicals. Moving on: the meat industry is a matter close to my heart, as I work in it. Hungarian meat products go out of our country for export, and foreign ones come in. One reason for this is that if we don't have genetically modified feed, animals don't eat it, so it is more valuable. In Western Europe, this exchange is common practice. In the Netherlands and Denmark, for example, chickens are fed halloys, which cause a very unpleasant by-taste, and then imported into Hungary as cheap poultry. Strikingly cheap meat should not be bought, because they are surely trying to sell a stock destined for destruction in a western cold store.
- And what about E-numbers?
- The woman who used to be able to pickle cabbage 4-5 years ago without benzoate, which is one of the most harmful preservatives, can no longer do so. People with allergies should be aware of the following four numbers. Don't buy foods containing E210, E211, E212, E213.²⁵⁴

²⁵⁴ The meaning of E-numbers can be found in the book Food Additives.

That's all anyone can keep in mind. The less Na-benzoate (E211) people eat, the less allergic they will be. The movement against ragweed should rather start with the companies that produce Na-benzoate and force them to use a more "humane", easily degradable preservative, e.g. salicyl...²⁵⁵

- Why not use that?
- Salicyl is more expensive. Unfortunately, all scientific thought and decisions are overridden by economic interests.
- Can we "get away" with the upcoming allergy season by eating right?
- Spring vegetables are an excellent way to boost your immune system. Fresh kohlrabi, celery (its greens), asparagus are all suitable. Immunostimulant foods, a variety of fruits – these are the basis for preventing ragweed allergies. But I repeat: ragweed is not the culprit in allergies.

Noémi Kocsis – Fejér megyei Hírlap - Hétvége annex, 9 April 2005 (page 6)



COCA-COLA is it!

- The active ingredient in Cola is phosphoric acid, with a pH value of 2.8.
- It dissolves an iron nail in four days. Phosphoric acid leaches calcium from bones and contributes to osteoporosis.
- A glass of Coke completely dissolved a milk tooth in 3 full days.
- Tanker trucks carrying concentrated Coca-Cola syrup must be equipped with a special corrosive, hazardous materials sign.
- Cola distributors have been using it for 20 years to clean the engine compartments of trucks!
- In several US states, police accident investigators carry 2 gallons (about 7 litres) of Coke to remove blood spilled on the roadway in accidents.
- If you put a steak in a bowl and pour Coke over it, it will dissolve in two days.
- Cleaning the toilet bowl: pour a can of Coke into the bowl and leave this real „miracle cure” to work for an hour, then flush. The shell will be completely clean.
- To remove rust stains from a chrome-plated surface: rub the surface with aluminium foil soaked in Cola.
- You can easily remove corrosion from the terminals of a car battery by pouring a can of Cola over it. You can watch it bubble.
- You can easily loosen a rusted screw by putting a cloth soaked in Cola on it for a few minutes.
- If you want to remove lubricants from a fabric, pour a can of Coca into the washing machine with the detergent and run the programme. The can of Coke will help remove the lubricant residue.
- It also removes dirt from the windscreen.
- So what would you rather have, a Coke or a glass of mineral water?



We remember the Transylvanian grand dames, don't we? If nothing else, from the novels of our great classics. They were excellent wives, good at baking and cooking, good at all the tricks of the trade. But today's daughters and young women don't even know which end of the spoon to grab.

"I went to my favourite butcher the other day. In front of me was a young woman, obviously bi-curious about what she wanted to buy. She just looked at the meat on display and took out a fully-written slip of paper. To the butcher's question »What can I get for you, madam?« she replied – I'll have meat for roast beef.

- What kind of meat?

²⁵⁵ This was the other way round. The production and marketing of salicylate has been banned throughout the European Union. Instead, only sodium benzoate is available in supermarkets.

- Well, stew!
- How about a shoulder?
- No, I want stew! "Madam," said the butcher – this is the best stew!
- I don't want shoulder, I want stew! – she shouted impatiently but firmly.
- What do you mean?
- Well, give me the little cubes! The butcher turned away, probably in fits of laughter. Finally he diced up a small piece of shoulder and weighed it.
- That expensive? Then no, please – said the woman. Then she looked around triumphantly, turned on her heel and left."

Julia Frank – Metro, 03 December 2004 (page 10)



Trouble, the British can't cook! – sounded the alarm bell for Jamie Oliver, the world-famous master chef and child nutrition adviser to the British government. During the 90-minute report, Oliver, who has gone from being a popular TV chef to a national catering manager, explained that the situation is particularly critical because, while in previous economic downturns people bought cheaper food and cooked at home, today society has become so stunted that generations brought up on fast food cannot cook and cannot put healthy food on the table. "We are facing an incredibly deep health crisis" – he stressed, adding that this crisis affects everyone, regardless of social class. He also cited this as the main cause of obesity in the country and predicted a dramatic worsening of the situation. He called the £650 million (210 billion forints) spent so far by the government to revolutionise school feeding for children insufficient, and was not satisfied with the organisation, saying many school cooks had not been properly trained. He said the public health budget should not be spent on promotion but on free cooking classes. Most recently, the famous chef experimented, the BBC recalled, with teaching some families in Rotherham how to cook.

Metropol, 7 November 2008 (page 8)

Unfortunately, this is also the case here. But not only here, but all over the western world. The pampered citizens of the welfare pseudo-states have given up using the kitchen. The daughters of our time can no longer cook at all. They have no one to learn from, because their mothers can't either. Two generations have grown up unable to look after themselves and their families. If they lose their jobs, their income, they will simply starve to death. In the current global economic crisis, millions of people are becoming unemployed overnight. The tragic situation of those out of work is compounded by the fact that they cannot live in poverty. They do not know the survival techniques that could keep them afloat. Their previous security of existence has made it unnecessary for them to learn to adapt to difficult situations. We thought that we would no longer need it, so we let the results of our grandparents' poverty-induced ingenuity, the way of exploiting the possibilities offered by the sustaining power of nature, be forgotten.



The wife explained to her husband in detail what meat to buy. He ordered two kilos of lean beef, at least seven to eight centimetres thick. She also told her husband that she wanted to spice the meat, as she promised her guests a real „Baloghna-style” game. The butcher was bored and showed the man a piece of meat about three or three centimetres thick. In addition, there was a lot of skin hanging off one side, and he could see that there was some bone and perhaps some fat on it. He told the butcher he would not take it. The white-coated man rushed over and showed a thick piece of meat through the glass of the counter. Our man agreed, paid for the "half and half" and went home proudly.

The woman took the meat out of the nylon-lined paper. At first glance, she even smiled. But then she was shocked to discover that the meat had been folded in half and the inside was horrible. The meat, spread out in a crisp and crunchy paste, was identical to the one the butcher had first offered

the customer. The wife scolded the seller like a bush and called the consumer protection agency, but she didn't rush off, she started cleaning the meat. When she had finished, she weighed it. The piece he paid for was 2 kilos, 23 kilos, of which 87 decilitres had to be thrown away. With great difficulty, she sliced the meat and put it on the gas. Luckily for her, she had canned mushrooms and sour cream at home. By the time the mushroom slices and dumplings were ready, the guests had arrived. They liked the food, but were a little disappointed. Well, even the couple...

Mária V. Horváth – Népszabadság, 4 October 2004 (page 11)



A new movement has emerged in gastronomy: slow food. Here's the delicious philosophy of the Slow Food²⁵⁶ movement's sub-poster: slowing down is not a waste of time. Instead of heating up canned sauce, it's oil and garlic and tomatoes, fresh pasta sauce in 5 minutes, and what a difference in the mouth, but also in the soul!

In 1986, in contrast to the fast, unhealthy, plastic-tasting fast food fad, Italy's Slow Food movement was born, promoting slow, enjoyable eating based on local produce. The initial impetus came from a protest against the opening of a McDonald's fast food restaurant in Rome. It's no coincidence that Slow Food is based in the Piedmont region of north-west Italy, in the Langhe²⁵⁷ hills of Bra, perhaps the best place in Italy to eat and drink (cheese, meat, truffles, chocolate and Barolo red wine). And eating well means enjoying food. Not just eating in, but eating fresh, delicious food, discovering what is growing around us – in balance with nature. The founder of eco-gastronomy, Carlo Petrini²⁵⁸, sensed that the world was starved for healthy food. Everywhere you look, there is something special, unique and, above all, your own food. This could be not only oysters, but also a type of bean, for example. Surplus agriculture has not stopped hunger, it has destroyed peoples' farming cultures – biodiversity.

Petrini's ars poetic: "We need an international movement to defend microbes, which are the basis of prosciutto²⁵⁹, salami and cheese." Italian producers and restaurants immediately joined Slow Food with the slogan "eat your country". The movement has designated protected food products: in Hungary, for example, mangalica sausage, which was launched in Italy last December. The success of the movement is reflected in the Gusto²⁶⁰ taste festival, which takes place every two years in Turin. Beyond the borders of Italy, the philosophy of the 'slow food' advocates is also that the perfect feast is to eat local specialities in a local restaurant, where the food is prepared using fresh produce from local small producers.

Of course, we don't have to spend long hours doing all this, as we live in a fast-paced world. The leaders of the international Slow Food movement have such a sense of reality that they admit on their website that what really matters is not the amount of time spent at the table, but the quality of the food – and the relationships we build in the process. Address: <http://www.slowfood.com> Because the slow food movement (which now boasts hundreds of thousands of followers in eighty countries around the world) is not just about the pleasures of the belly. Let's start with the belly, of course. Slow-cooked meals should be made from delicious and varied ingredients, never bought from the nearest supermarket. There, too, we are accustomed to monotony with a limited choice of products that are quick to ripen, easy to pack and transport. Explore the local specialities, homemade cheeses, wines or cakes – and you've made new friends. In short, we eat well, stay healthy and get culturally enriched.

The work of Slow Food activists around the world is far from limited to cooking. For example, there is a special project to collect products and dishes on the verge of disappearing, which are promoted at festivals and in publications. They are also trying to protect heritage inns, cafés and

²⁵⁶ szlou fúd

²⁵⁷ lánge

²⁵⁸ kárló petríni

²⁵⁹ prossuttó

²⁶⁰ gusztó

production methods. They are trying to shape the tastes of future generations through courses and food demonstrations. And that quality food costs more? The advocates of slow food do not deny this either, but claim that consumption habits have changed in the wrong direction. Today, families spend more and more on clothes, appliances and entertainment – and less and less on what they eat. Júlia Sárközy, Balázs Pócs – Népszabadság, 13 January 2005 (page 5)



More and more people are finding their way back to the old, well-established way of eating. Junk food consumption is on the wane. The **Clean Program**, fashionable in America, has declared war on health-destroying junk food. It already has a following of global stars (such as Demi Moore and Gwyneth Paltrow). The most important rule: no fast food of any kind. Convenience products (meat stock cube and their companions), semi-prepared foods and carbonated drinks are also banned. Also, foods that are high in sugar, contain artificial additives and are low in vitamins, minerals and fibre. It is also an important rule to reduce salt intake. Therefore, avoid products manufactured by the food industry. Preferably, all food should be home-made, at home. The diet encourages you to cook, not to go to restaurants, and to use grandma's recipes. After all, our grandparents did not live on refined and chemical-laden food. Nor did they have so many cancer patients. Centuries ago, cancer and allergies were rare diseases. And today, one in five people have allergies and are suffering from cancer.



Once upon a time there was a wealthy Indian youth. He was also a Brahmin, a member of the highest caste. That meant he could do anything, live any way he wanted. Nevertheless, he lived a life of self-sufficiency. He was already 26 years old, but he had never eaten meat in his life. One day, he surprised his European friend by saying that he would like to try the damn meat, eaten from a „corpse”, because he was curious about the taste; about what he was depriving himself of. His friend took him to the best restaurant in England, where the curious multimillionaire devoured a medium-rare beefsteak. When he put down his knife and fork, he said:

– You know, I could not imagine that such delicious flavours existed in the in the world. I've never tasted anything better!

And she still hasn't eaten a bite of meat, and probably never will for the rest of her life...



Finland has halved the number of deaths from coronary heart disease in 20 years. This has been achieved by cutting smoking and promoting healthy eating and exercise. In contrast, the number of deaths from heart attacks and thrombosis is rising rapidly. In the past, men were the main victims of this disease. However, emancipation has enabled women to catch up with men in this area too. Many people think that cancer is the cause of most deaths. But the number one killer is not cancer, but heart disease. One of the causes of this is stress and obsession. The main cause is poor diet. The recipe inserts in various newspapers and magazines make a significant contribution to this. With the exception of natural medicine journals, they are full of meaty dishes.

The majority of journalists are now aware of the dangers of eating meat and animal fats, yet they publish recipes that are actually killing the vascular system and promoting the development of iron colon cancer. They do this on the grounds that their readers demand these recipes. It does not even occur to them that the media's job is not just to entertain and inform; it is to educate and guide. If people are not made aware of the wrong way of life they are leading, self-destruction will never stop. Maintaining sales figures at all costs plays no small part in their behaviour. If the circulation of the paper falls, their jobs are in danger. They'd rather see their fellow octogenarians die than lose their jobs and be put out on the street. A blatant example of their nefarious activities is the recipe for **Vértorta**, which appeared in one of our able magazines:

Chop 1 large head of onion and fry it in 10 dg of lard. Then cut one and a half sliced buns into small cubes and fry them in the fat until golden brown. Cut 25 dg of head meat and 15 dg of sausage into small cubes, add enough water to cover and cook until tender. Then mince it with the skin. Add the onion, the toasted buns, 1 tablaspoon marjoram, 1 teaspoon ground black pepper, 1 teaspoon ground allspice, 1 mocha spoon salt and a quarter mocha spoon pepper flakes. Pour over 0,5 litre of blood, knead well and place in a greased deer-skin try. Cover the top with aluminium foil and bake in a medium hot oven. Remove before it is fully cooked, turn out onto a baking tray and bake on a high heat for another 5-8 minutes to get a nice crispy top. Serve hot or cold. Grated horseradish, purple onions and leek onions are equally good.

It's a wonder that foreign tourists find Hungarian cuisine too spicy, fatty and unhealthy, and that more and more of them choose Mediterranean countries as their destination. In these countries, they cook with olive oil and do not treat their guests to stewed leg of pork or blood cake made with lard.



In the cultured West, special slaughterhouses operate and flourish. They source their raw materials from Eastern European countries in a sophisticated way. Sometimes, however, the supplier is caught before he reaches his destination with his poached prey. Thousands of lark carcasses, for example. These birds are dropped with particular affection in the country where a famous composer was inspired by the song of the lark²⁶¹. As we know, only a bird with a beak with a tongue glued to it by the Creator can sing. He has glued it to all of them, but the most beautiful voices are those of the bunting and the lark. And the most delicious tongue is that of the warbler. This was discovered by Italian restaurateurs who use this delicate tongue to make a special pate. One lark's tongue is not enough, of course, but thousands are. For this reason, this isteni singer is a much sought-after animal, and poachers are exterminating them with fire and brimstone in the bait pits and fields of Romania and other Central and Eastern European countries. Why doesn't the Creator punish the hunter who points his gun at a lark, the restaurateur who has a lark pate on his menu, and the gluttonous customer who wants a lark pate? Because the hand of the Creator does not reach everywhere. István Németh – Family Circle, 18 November 2004 (page 3)



Despite the inglorious activities of our journalists, there are more and more people who, fearing for their own health and that of their family members, are ready to switch to the new, modern way of eating. Their situation is not easy either, because there is a lack of knowledge in this area. Professionals who advocate healthy eating often make contradictory statements. Almost every month, the dietary habits that have been declared to be correct change. What is considered harmful today may turn out to be harmless tomorrow, and the trends that have become correct are said to have done more harm than good. Éva Bangó reports on the trials and tribulations of this bumpy road on page 3 of the 2001/19 issue of the Pictorial Newspaper, entitled "Help, what to eat?":

I have always believed in scientists, professionals and doctors. When I was told not to eat too many eggs because they make my cholesterol high, I almost forgot what a good scrambled egg tastes like. Then I switched from fat to oil because it's much healthier. It's true, my cosmeti-cousin said that since women stopped eating fatty bread, their skin has become much more wrinkled, because pig fat contains a lot of collagen. Just look at the faces of the butchers, not a single one of them is ashen-faced. At this point I faltered, but the doctors won. After all, health is more important than beauty. Salt was almost banished from my table, in the face of all the rebellion in the family. I read somewhere that salt is poison in a pinch. And I reassured my loved ones that with a little persistence, they would soon not miss it. At least then they will be able to taste the natural flavours of the food that salt has so far prevented them from enjoying.

²⁶¹ Dinicu: The Lark

I've killed two birds with one stone: eating healthier and eating less. There are no big binges, no one ever asks for a repeta. In this way, we also sacrifice fasting, which the Bible already says is very beneficial. Then it turned out that salt is essential for the body. People who eat no salt at all are doing themselves more harm than people who eat too much. At least 4 grams of salt a day is essential for the cells to absorb and retain water. People with a salt deficiency also have poorly functioning brain cells and nervous systems.

Coffee? God forbid! I also treat my girlfriends to herbal teas. If someone still insists on a good strong coffee, with a little whipped cream, maybe a chocolate chip on top, I'll date them in the pastry shop. I don't have any at home, so I don't want to be tempted. Gone are the days when I was only willing to wake up in the morning after a cup of coffee. We haven't eaten pork for a long time, only beef or fish. That's why we sometimes had lunch at McDonald's, because everything there is beef. It was made because now they're advertising with oink-oink posters that they've switched to pork. Mad cow disease is what-why. It's true that since then pigs have also become endangered, foot-and-mouth disease and swine fever are spreading. So lately I've been favouring fish.

I have made a list under the headings ENEMY and FRIEND. I stuck the label on the top of the refrigerator. When I read about something I shouldn't eat if I want to stay healthy, I write it down. I've got notes all over the door, because I read all the literature on the subject. I've also bought the bible that recommends a hundred top remedies for ageing. When I get my paycheck, I rush to the gym and leave almost all of it there. Unfortunately, staying healthy and youthful costs a lot. I've given up the hairdresser and am buying beta-carotene instead. It's good for the hair and the skin. I don't even go to the beautician. I'd rather spend the money on vitamin Q10, it helps keep it youthful. I go to the Chinese markets and buy authentic green tea. Green tea binds free radicals, protects against cancer and even prevents wrinkles. Of course I drink it.

I'm constantly educating myself. I'm moving with the times. When I found out that eggs weren't unhealthy, I snuck them back into our diet. I just don't know how much we're allowed to eat. Because the British government only advises eating one egg a week. The British Society of Heart Physicians says four a week. The World Health Organization, ten a week. And now there's the fat issue! Some researchers say that oils and margarines contain carcinogens, and that we should eat butter rather than margarine. And we don't have to ban fat from our tables completely.

In the mornings, I wander around the kitchen, clueless among the many herbal teas. Lately I've been reading that too much herbal tea can cause liver cancer. And vegetables and fruits turn out to contain so many poisons and chemicals that they are not only good for killing pests, but also for killing my life. Celery has recently been claimed to be full of tumour-causing substances. The advice „eat fish instead of meat” is also wrong. Sea fish contain a lot of mercury. And river fish... Well, we know what we put in our water. We Hungarians have turned our rivers into canals. That leaves poultry. My doctor friend slapped me on the hand the other day when I was about to put a pretty little chick in my basket from the refrigerated counter at the mall. *"Do you know how many hormones and antibiotics they give chickens to make them grow faster? And if you eat it, your body will be full of it too!"* I made him laugh back. We're having cottage cheese. Without the cracklings, of course.

Milk is life, strength, health, as we know. But my naturopathic friend gave a lecture about not eating anything but dairy products. (Why not, I can't remember. I'm confused by all the arguments and counter-arguments.) She prefers soya food to supplement the necessary calcium, etc. Soya is also a miracle cure, but Japanese women are not familiar with osteoporosis. I ran out and loaded up on all kinds of soy foods. The other day I got hold of Stern magazine. It describes the results of the latest research: beware of soya, because it plays a major role in the development of a serious disease of old age. Never mind. I've discovered another miracle cure. Tomatoes. True, I don't eat them raw because they're full of pesticides and fertilisers, but I can eat a lot of them when they're processed. It's supposed to have so much in it that it prevents everything from cancer to wrinkles. So I follow the example of Americans who eat ketchup with paradi sauce, they love this vegetable so much.

I read the latest news. Of course, I also browse the foreign literature. And what do I find? Americans who are very fond of tomatoes have ten times more prostate cancer than Japanese who are not

fond of tomatoes. I'm a persistent, fighting type, but this news made me back down. As I recall, I started screaming and shouting: „I will no longer be responsible for the health of my family! Everybody eat what they want. Everything." When I shouted my desperation at our elderly family doctor, he simply said, *"There is no friend or foe in food, because what is missing in one can be found in the other. The point is, never eat too much of anything. Everything in moderation."* My God, if I'd listened to him sooner, how much money and excitement I'd have saved. Not to mention the number of times I could have enjoyed my fine bites.

P.S. I just heard from my friend that they sell a product at her phytoteka that, if you put it on, gives complete protection against all kinds of toxic substances. Oh my God, what should I do?



The end of the 20th century is a time of famine and obesity. While the former is caused by poverty, the latter by richness. Those who have no money cannot afford food, those who do spend almost all their money on food. And then stuffs it in. So the main cause of obesity is gluttony. This usually makes them feel guilty and they try to get rid of the excess food. This is the origin of bulimia, which is particularly prevalent among young women. Let's look at a common manifestation of this process from an Internet experience:

"I want to lose weight! Looking back at me in the mirror is a flabby cow, a stale, overripe pear. The next thing I know, I'm in front of the fridge, the first thing I do is take out the leftover cookies from yesterday. I have to start with sweets. I try to organise the leftovers so it doesn't show how much I've eaten. I add half a litre of milk to make it easier to vomit, then put 6 slices of bread in the oven. When they are toasted, I turn them over and brush them thickly with duck fat. Pray-dom! To hold me over while they toast, I'll eat a few chocolate chip cookies. After the bread comes some cream curd cheese, jam, half a can of ice cream. Then another 6 slices of toast. My stomach is now like a giant bladder squeezed under my chest. Soon I stick my finger out, several times in a row, and I see everything I've ingested. I'm pleased to discover that I've also got rid of the cookies that were so fattening. I end up feeling dizzy, weak and empty."



Although regular exercise is essential for effective weight loss, a lot depends on the foods we choose and how we combine them. A basic rule of thumb is that to lose weight you need to cut back on carbohydrates and increase protein intake. In the meantime, make sure that you provide your body with 1.5-2 litres of fluid a day in the form of mineral water or herbal tea. Nowadays we hear a lot about the weight-gaining effects of carbohydrates, but few people explain in detail what exactly is going on in the body. We will now look in more detail at carbohydrates that have been labelled as „public health hazards”, because some types of carbohydrate are still safe to eat even for those who want to lose weight. Since our bodies get most of their energy from carbohydrates, they should not be completely eliminated from the diet!

GOOD AND BAD CARBOHYDRATES

Different foods: chocolate, bran bread, carrots or strawberries all contain carbohydrates. They are the body's source of glucose, the sugar molecule that allows the body to work and feeds the brain. Depending on how fast and how high the various carbohydrates raise blood sugar levels, they can fatten or slim you up, whip up fat storage or fat burning. Our thinking centres are sugar traps: the brain feeds on nothing but sugar compounds. It constantly absorbs glucose from the blood. If we don't have enough sweet stuff, our concentration is weakened, we get tired and we feel down. The brain has about 70 grams of rapidly usable glucose in the liver. Around 300-400 grams are stored in the muscles in case of a sudden burst of running or active exercise. So our muscles also get energy from carbohydrates! When we move intensively or exert a lot of force, our muscles draw from this energy store and burn sugar. But these reserves need to be replenished again and again, a process controlled by hormones.

Our overall energy programme is regulated by blood sugar levels. Every litre of blood contains roughly 1 gram of sugar, in the form of glucose. Our body is constantly trying to maintain this level

of glucose. Whether we replace carbohydrates with chocolate or bran bread, digestive enzymes first break everything down into small molecules. The sugar building blocks are then passed from the gut into the blood and blood sugar levels rise. Our biosystem is programmed to react immediately: the pancreas sends a hormone called insulin into the blood. This tells the appetite centre in the hypothalamus in the brain that it's time to stop eating. Insulin then makes sure that the sugar molecules get to the two storage sites, the liver or the muscles. However, once these reserve centres are full, the remaining sugar is converted into fat and deposited on the belly, buttocks or hips, sometimes even a little lower, to bring blood sugar levels back down to normal. Then, when the brain runs out of sugar, an alarm system goes off and we become nervous, unfocused, tired and weak. A message is sent to the hunger centre: "Quick, something to eat – but only sweet!"

THE PERFECT START

In the morning, before we eat our first meal of the day, we have about 1 gram of sugar per litre of food in our blood. Depending on what we have on the table, blood glucose levels rise suddenly or slowly. Experts recommend eating fruit for breakfast because it puts very little strain on the stomach. The plant fibre they contain slightly delays the absorption of sugar. In addition, the liver first has to convert fructose into glucose, i.e. it has to be in a form that the body can handle. This means that when we eat fruit, our blood sugar levels rise only slowly, and naturally fall back more slowly. Thanks to our genetic programme, we'll be in the mood for fruit again in an hour or so, and it will provide our bodies with essential nutrients. The fibre found in bran bread (and pasta made from unhulled cereals) has a similar effect, with hunger only appearing about three to three hours after eating it – that's how long it takes for the sugar to be absorbed. However, if we eat products made from fine flour, which lacks fibre, the tiny molecules immediately enter the bloodstream and cause blood sugar levels to spike. Suddenly 1.5 grams or more of sugar is released into the bloodstream, which the brain cannot use quickly and is then released into sugar stores (the liver and muscles). When these are also full, it turns into fat, which really helps you gain weight. A similar reaction occurs if you start the day with jam or chocolate!

When the pancreas is confronted with white bread or sweets, it produces insulin. This hormone is vital: without insulin, sugar stays in the blood and damages tissues, the eyes and nerves. As soon as a dose of „fast sugar” enters the bloodstream, the pancreas goes to work at full throttle. The large amount of insulin produced delivers the sugar directly to the cells. This in turn causes blood sugar levels to move rapidly downwards and the brain suddenly runs out of sugar. We become tired, we can't concentrate and we have an irresistible craving for sweets. So it's not our lack of willpower that makes us reach for sweets! Our bodies make us do it, and in most cases sugar is stronger than us. The next chocolate biscuit or sugary drink triggers the same process again. Blood sugar levels spike, the pancreas gets „scared” and produces lots of insulin. The sugar, as fast as it came in, leaves at a high rate. But the cells only absorb as much as they need. The rest is deposited as fat, and the body is crying out for another dose of sweetness.

THE MAGIC WORD: GLUCAGON

But as well as insulin, the pancreas also produces another hormone, glucagon, which has a slimming effect. Glucagon slows down the action of insulin, preventing all the sugar in the blood from getting into the cells straight away. It only reacts when blood glucose levels fall below a certain level. However, as long as insulin is in the blood, the fat cells remain intact and glucagon, which has fat-burning properties, has no chance. After eating a slice of bran bread or an apple, blood sugar levels naturally drop. The body notices this, but does not panic because it knows that it has enough sugar in the form of glycogen²⁶² and fat. To release it, the pancreas sends glucagon into the blood. This triggers the liver into action, which converts the accumulated glycogen into sugar and replenishes blood sugar levels. But the liver and muscles can only store enough sugar for two days. When glycogen runs out, glucagon extracts fat from fat cells as needed and converts it into sugar. The fat extraction starts with the fat cells in the waist, as these are the body's fat stores. (Incidentally, the

²⁶² High molecular weight carbohydrate that is easily converted into fat

Atkins diet is based on exploiting this mechanism. Since dieters who lose weight in this way take in no or minimal carbohydrates, they work the glucagon hard.)

However, fat-burning glucagon only has a chance if the wrong carbohydrates don't constantly trigger insulin. Because as long as insulin levels are high in the blood, glucagon can't do its job. The glycogen stores in the liver stay full and the fat stores get low. Good carbohydrates, on the other hand, only raise blood glucose levels slightly and slowly, which the brain gradually uses up and does not turn into fat. If the sugar produced in this way becomes insufficient, glucagon is activated and replaces it from carbohydrate and fat stores. In this way, food consumed in its natural state does not fatten but slims. This group includes wholegrain cereals, paddy rice, pulses, fresh vegetables and most fruits. Eating lots of these gives fat-burning glucagon a chance. Chemically refined white sugar should be used as rarely as possible! Instead, sweeten with natural sweeteners: honey, maple syrup, apple or pear concentrate. It's true that these also raise insulin levels, but as long as they are used as flavourings, i.e. in small doses, they won't make you fat. Fructose is also a very cheap, "insulin-friendly" alternative.

If we "hike" our pancreas too often, the bodily cells suddenly "do not take" hyperactive insulin seriously. They become stubborn and resistant to its mission. The pancreas tries desperately to produce more and more insulin, but this does not bring down blood sugar levels. All the while, too much insulin remains in the blood and body weight continues to increase because the sugar that is not incorporated into the cells turns into fat. After a while, our appetite centre stops responding to the message "stop eating!" – so we keep eating more than we actually need. The real problem, however, is not this, but the development of a modern disease, diabetes type 2. This is because the pancreas, after a while, overloaded, goes into overdrive and stops producing insulin. The blood sugar levels then become even higher, causing blindness and vasoconstriction. The final stage is amputation of the legs.

This usually does not happen all at once, but in stages. In the slicing process, the head of the leg is cut off first, followed by the lower leg after the remaining stump has gangrene, and then the upper leg is removed. This process lasts for decades, during which the patient suffers excruciating pain and almost unbearable psychological trauma.²⁶³ It is also a huge burden on social security, as the cost of a series of operations, frequent hospital check-ups and the cost of making a new prosthesis to fit the length of the leg can run into millions of forints. Many modern nutritionists believe that persistently high insulin levels are the real cause of obesity. High insulin levels signal the body to "store fat in fat cells and lock them up". If we try to avoid foods made with sugar and white flour, the extra kilos will no longer weigh us down. If you want to know what foods are included in a diet based on good carbohydrates, see Marion Grillparzer's book *Fat Burning* (Holló és Tárša Kiadó, Budapest, - 2003).

B.V. – Elixir, May 2005 (pages 62-63)



The number of people in Denmark suffering from cardiovascular disease has fallen spectacularly by more than twenty percent. The main reason for the sudden change is the regulation that in 2003 radically restricted the marketing of foods containing so-called trans fats, which are extremely harmful to the circulatory system.

The measure, which is unique in Europe, bans the marketing in Denmark of foods containing more than 2% trans fats. (Trans fats are formed during the industrial processing, hardening and preservation of vegetable oils and increase the harmful LDL cholesterol level in the blood, contributing to cardiovascular disease).) A daily intake of 5 grams of trans fat (no more than the amount found in a piece of fried chicken or a portion of French fries) increases the risk of heart disease by 25 percent over the long term. The Danish measure, introduced three years ago, was initially met with scepticism and grumbling from food companies. Other EU countries were concerned that their products could not legally enter the Danish market. And Danish food producers were concerned that without

²⁶³ As a result of diabetes, a leg is cut every 2 minutes in the world.

trans fats, the texture and taste of their food would change. Experience over the last three years has shown that none of these concerns have been borne out, with French fries without trans fats selling as well as before, and confectioners saying that the Danish flaky pastry made from puff pastry has not changed in texture or taste because it is made with a more wholesome fat. The reduction in the number of newly diagnosed heart patients is certainly an important statistic and a step in the right direction. The rate of decline is similar to that of countries that have taken drastic steps to reduce heart disease, if not by such measures, then by reducing smoking and promoting healthy lifestyles.



US researchers have found that turmeric protects against leukaemia. It has long been known that soya greatly reduces the risk of breast cancer. In Asia, there are far fewer women with breast cancer than in Western countries. Researchers at Loyola University in Chicago have found that Asian countries also have a much lower rate of children with leukaemia than Europe or America. The studies calculated that the reason for this is the frequent consumption of turmeric. This tropical grass-herb contains active ingredients that can stop cancer cells from dividing and also protect against external agents (cigarette smoke, chemicals). This is important because, in addition to congenital predisposition, a number of adverse environmental factors contribute to the development of leukaemia. In our country, turmeric is used only as a food colouring agent, rarely and in small quantities. However, the popular curry spice mix contains turmeric, so Indian cuisine is in a better position to benefit from it.



Agrogeo Kft. of Kecskemét has filed a Hungarian and world patent application for a bacterial pesticide to produce compost from grape marc with high nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium content. The company was set up in the late 1980s by a consortium to carry out environmental research. The Hungarian State Geological Institute, the Kecskemét Research Institute of Viticulture, the College of Horticulture (now Kecskemét College) and Bácsvíz Ltd. joined the partnership. Győző Szolnoky, Managing Director, said: „The bacteria in the biopermet produced as a result of several years of research work will convert grape marc into compost material in three months without emitting harmful gases. The treatment can be carried out at the edge of the property and the resulting natural compost can be used immediately. Research has shown that the nutritional value is four to five times that of manure.”

László B. Papp – Népszabadság, 3 January 2005 (page 10)



I'm 60 years old, I've been on disability pension for 16 years. I carry lunch from the pension club every day, which is soup and pasta or stew, sometimes with cookies or apples for dessert. My lunch costs 420 forints a day and my pension is 57 000 forints. What outraged me was an article in a tabloid newspaper which said that in the Parliament canteen, a lunch from several menus costs 260 forints! We would like to ask so-and-so: who calculated this for the 350 000 forints that Members of Parliament receive?

István Burán, Budapest – Metro, 26 February 2007 (page 10).



In Pest County, farmers protested with a half-lane roadblock on the main road No 5, half a year after our accession to the European Union. A freezing wind is blowing through the fields, and beside it stand gloomy men with red faces. Travellers in the other lane drive on without the slightest sign of interest. The farmers want to force the government to negotiate. The question is no longer whether family farms will go bankrupt, but what will happen to the people who will lose their livelihoods. Do you know what supermarkets sell cabbage for? – asks a vegetable farmer. 5 forints a kilo. Potatoes weighing 5 kg sell for 70 forints. Polish goods. At the market, 1 kg of potatoes costs 50 forints, but anyone who can afford it buys them in supermarkets for a quarter of that. This year's harvest is in the warehouse, without any gaps. I have no idea what to do with it. A piece of cabbage

seedling cost 7 forints this year – says one demonstrator, giving an impromptu arithmetic lesson. That's what it cost to grow it. It took 150 days from planting to get it into storage. The cost price is about 60 forints per kilogram, and we didn't earn a filler then. Then a new shopping centre opens and announces a special price of 5 forints per kilo. A man with a milk carton under his arm walks past the tractors on the road and shows everyone that he has bought 1.5% milk for 198 forints. All he adds is that they buy a litre of extra quality 4.3% fat milk from him for 60 forints. The scale of the trouble is illustrated by the fact that so far, 50 farmers who are incapable of making ends meet have committed suicide.

Tamás Romhányi – Népszabadság, 25 November 2004 (page 17)



The European Union's directives have provoked much criticism in member states. Especially the newly acceded countries complain about the often unenforceable provisions. And the rules on agriculture border on the comical. The most recent report adopted by the European Union states: "Animals must be treated as human beings!" According to legal experts, pets in the EU are more highly valued than children, and are protected and safeguarded by several articles. Not only is torture banned by law, but they must not be inconvenienced and must be allowed to live the normal life of their species. Even humorists have written articles about „happy pigs”. However, the animal welfare standards created by the Euro-bureaucrats raise other ideas. It seems that we have „gone over the other side of the fence” on animal welfare. We can find such phrases in the out-of-touch directives:

The slope of the floor in chicken crates must not exceed 14°, and the relative humidity and humidity levels in pigsties must be controlled. (In other words, air-conditioned pig houses should be built.) In addition, pigs should not be kept in darkness. Artificial lighting between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. should be at least as intense as natural light. (In many places, even people cannot provide this themselves. Even today, millions of people live on farms and use petroleum lamps, which are known to be less bright than the sun.) For poultry farmers, the standard is even stricter. A non-flickering light of at least 50 lux at eye level must be provided over the entire floor area of the building. So children can learn in a classroom with traditional 50 Hz neon lights flashing, but broiler chickens need uniform light. In the case of artificial lighting, laying hens should be given an adequate rest period. In such cases, the intensity of the lighting should be reduced to ensure a quiet rest. The Animal Welfare Regulation also requires that the concentration of ammonia and carbon dioxide in poultry houses must not exceed a certain level, measured at the chicken's head level.

Back to the pigs, the floor must be smooth and slip-resistant. The floor mat should have a firm, even and durable surface. Insulation, heating and ventilation of the housing area should ensure air movement. Overheating should also be avoided and dehumidification provided. If a mechanical ventilation system is used, a back-up system must be provided to ensure adequate ventilation in the event of a breakdown. In addition, an alarm system must be installed to warn keepers of a hi-fault. (What the legislators forgot to specify was what to do in the event of a power failure. You will probably have to get an aggregator to prepare for this eventuality.) The pigs' living quarters (i.e. the pigsty) should consist of two parts: a run and a rest area. The rest area should be comfortable, clean and drainage should be provided. The provision places particular emphasis on feeding the pigs. Up to now, they ate what was available to them, i.e. what was off the farmer's table. However, from now on, pigs cannot be fed food scraps. They are given extra food because their health has to be looked after. The farmer must also take care to keep the animals entertained. A toy (e.g. a ball or other rollable object) should be thrown into the pen to prevent them from getting bored while fattening. As the pigs will chew this up quickly, care should be taken to replace it. All these provisions are made with due regard to the Animal Welfare Act.

After the Animal Welfare Act is enacted, it would not hurt to have a Human Welfare Act, which would prescribe how much food, what brightness of lighting and how many degrees of heating should be provided to people daily. Since humans are more important than animals, they should also have the right to a two-room apartment. We must also provide for the entertainment of people. Oh,

and the right mood lighting to allow a peaceful rest. After all, we too can get tired of entertaining, and during the relaxation period, the intensity of the lighting in the retreat room should be reduced. Now it is just a question of who pays for all this. Most likely no one, because you can't slaughter the em-men, weigh them by the kilo, and you can't expect them to lay eggs. The livestock farmers will not be able to bear the cost either, because if all these regulations are complied with, the prices of agricultural products will rise by a factor and a half. Then the farmer takes the goods to the market and wonders why he cannot sell them, because the supermarkets are selling the same goods at half the cost price. They can easily do so, because they cover the loss from the extra profit of other products (e.g. the profit of the petrol station they run in their car park).

The EU's animal welfare directives have also inspired cabaret artists. The Microscope Stage performed the Eudiszno scene with great success. Address: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3E2_qeVm-qs&feature=related



Brussels bureaucrats have not only made small farmers impossible, but also small one-man shops.

Old customers, new requirements:

The introduction of the HACCP quality control system is a heavy burden for one-eyed grocers in small towns. This has forced a number of convenience stores to close, others to narrow their profile or to ask for a moratorium on compliance. Separate entrances must now be provided for the groceries and the foodstuffs entering the shop. The regulations require separate lockers for street clothes and work clothes. Internal toilets and showers for workers are compulsory. A thermometer must be placed in each refrigerator counter, baskets must be washed once a day and a crate washer is mandatory. Any shop where food mix is prepared or dispensed must have a two-bowl, drip-roofed sink tray within three (!) metres of the shop. Owners must record cleaning at each location, administering the use of cleaning supplies stored in a separate room. For a small fee, they have to draw up a map of the so-called "dormant wormholes" for rodents and insects and pay the State Public Health and Sanitation Service for a certificate after the previously announced extermination.

The Consumer Protection Inspectorate of Borsod-Abaúj-Zemplén County recently checked the existence of all these operating conditions in a convenience store and beer bar in Gagybátor, a small village north of Miskolc. The operator of the mixed shop and pub in the unemployment-stricken village of Cherehát says it cost 320,000 forints to obtain the HACCP certificate, but he still has to remedy a number of shortcomings, according to the report. For example, the strict rules state that a vendor cannot slice up ten kilos of parizo after weighing two kilos of potatoes even if he has washed his hands, and that the unpackaged product must not come into contact with the packaged product. A separate person must be provided for serving. Since the turnover of one-man shops does not allow the employment of staff, all products must be sold in a private shop. The Cherehat grocery store, which is a shining example of cleanliness, now sells only packaged goods. And the price of these is considerably higher than that of meat products. For example, a 10 dg Parisian can cost 45 forints more than a factory-packaged one, and can go up to 150 forints.

Customers keep complaining why they can't buy by the piece or by the piece because they can't pay for the packaged product. The other day a child came in. I knew his brother was seriously ill – says the owner. She puts the money she had calculated at home in front of me and says: "Give me four nappies! What could I do? I opened one of the packages and threw the rest in my car. Understandably, in this village, the best sellers are chicken tail and cheap dumplings. There is no fruit from the surrounding area, but after a few days of aid distribution, the locals will sell bananas, mandarins and oranges. A packet of selected Hungarian tobacco with a hundred cigarette cases costs a total of four hundred and twenty forints. This means that 1 cigarette costs 3 forints and 50 fillers. It is even cheaper if rolled from cigarette paper. Almost everyone arrives at the pub with their money counted out: one by one, they dig out the metal coins lurking in the back of the workers' trousers. The youngsters ask for a grain of sugar or a glass of soft drink, but sunflower seeds are the biggest seller.

- Some people eat this for lunch – notes Elisabeth H., then points to the empty interior. In the past, people used to come here to watch TV, but after one of the inspections, a decision was made: for the use of the TV and radio, a hundred forints a day must be paid to a rights office in Miskolc. Then he got angry and pulled out all the plugs, took the TV home and put the radio in the bottom of the cupboard. Even when he's alone, he doesn't listen to it, lest one of his bad friends report him.
- We are also aware that the tightened regulations are a problem in many places – says Zsuzsanna Tóth, acting director of the Borsod County Consumer Inspectorate. – However, our inspections have shown that commercial and catering establishments are generally able to ensure that the operating conditions are satisfactory. The HACCP system protects the interests of the customer, as it accompanies the goods from entry to sale. Since its introduction, no shop has been closed or fined for its absence. Mandatory documentation also acts as a kind of compulsion for small shops to meet international hygiene standards. The inspection revealed that Elisabeth H.'s college and shopkeeping qualifications are not sufficient to run a pub, and she must also enrol in a catering management course.
- There's not much profit to be made here, by the time I pay for electricity, telephone and petrol, not to mention renovation costs, I'll have 40-50,000 forints left – she says as we step out of the bleak room into the green spring. As our eyes slowly adjust to the glow, we notice a group of men sitting and dozing on the wet ditch bank. In front of them, in an opened plastic bag, a parizer, a piece of bread, a beer bottle in their hands. They must have just bought it at the convenience store. This is the reality of Eastern Europe. The expectation is HACCP, but those who have developed this system and made its application compulsory have forgotten to raise living standards to this level.

HACCP is an acronym consisting of the initials Hazard Analysis and Critical Control Points²⁶⁴. The Hungarian meaning of the term is „Veszélyelemzés és kritikus szabályozási pontok”. HACCP is a special system developed by NASA in the 1960s as part of the space programme to ensure the safety of astronauts' meals. Its simplicity, logic, systematic application and tangible benefits have led to its rapid uptake in food production. It is now incorporated in some form and to some extent into food regulations in the European Union and other developed countries.

Ilona Matkovich – Népszabadság, 25 May 2005 (page 6)



²⁶⁴ heződ enelaizisz end kritiköl kontroul pointsz

POSTSCRIPT

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Budapest, 15 July 2004


Ákos KUN

COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW OF MY BOOKS

It is apparent, even to the most casual observer that our world is in an ever-deepening crisis. Continually increasing pollution affects more and more people, the environment is in a dire state barely able to cope with the incredible amount of toxic waste humans produce. At the same time, life expectancy is decreasing; ever growing number of people live below the poverty level, not just in Eastern Europe but in the West as well. In addition, there is never ending hostility stemming from ignorance and lack of education, leading to escalating violence, countless hot spots and terror acts around the world. There is a way out of this predicament however. I have compiled the newest research results in the esoteric field and these findings combined with my own ideas would provide a solution to these problems.



My tireless efforts during the past few years have produced 4 books which, presented to the public, would help move the world out of this dismal situation. The main theme of one of my books, titled Esoteric panorama, is the introduction of naturopathic therapies. Detailed explanations are offered for mind-control, acupuncture, electro stimulation, various supplementary naturopathic techniques and, one new method pioneered by me, magnetopressura. Big advantage of this latest approach is that it only requires a magnetic bar, therefore the patient's expense drops to virtually zero. Additionally, once the patient masters the techniques of acupuncture, it can be practiced at home. The spread of this method would help the ever-increasing number of people affected by economic hardship and by the increasing cost of medicine. This work gives extensive advice regarding healthy eating, healing the soul and discusses the role faith plays in modern societies. In connection, we discover Jesus' teachings, that are valid even today, and their effect on humanity's development. In addition, the demise of ancient societies becomes easier to understand. It also summarizes the essence of karma philosophy and directs our attention to the cause and effect law's consequence on individuals and communities. It speaks of the eternal battle between Good and Evil, about the triumph of free will, and we can find out about the extent of the negative-power that controls our development. An encompassing aphorism and proverb collection that sheds light on the powers influencing our development both negatively and positively.

Incidentally, we can also gain useful information about the best ways practicing charity. We will get a detailed picture regarding the hierarchy of the beings who manage our universe, about the wonderful world that awaits us in the Heavens; we will shed light on the birth and the unavoidable demise of our universe as well as to the essence of time and reasons for its inception. It is extremely interesting how the past, present, future is intertwined, and how they occur concurrently. These concepts in our psychical world are only separated by the dimension of time, in reality they continually exert an effect on, and change each other. All of us take part in their forming but we can only affect the outcome of the present and the future.

From this book, we can also derive the instant when life begins, and what is the condition for such an event. It will shed light on techniques used by healers in the Philippines and gives us insight into what makes the creation of parapsychological events possible. We will get in-depth information about Earth radiations, about energy emanating from different objects and how we can protect ourselves from their effects. During the discussion of the psychical attributes of subatomic energy radiation, we will surely be surprised to learn that the speed of the gravitational and ether radiation surpasses the speed of light 12 fold. Based on this we will understand why stars thousands of light years away can have an affect on our lives and why scientist working on the SETI program cannot find radio waves in space. The explanation of the rules of ether's motion will make the fundamentally analogous behavior of planets and subatomic particles clear. Furthermore, it contains much more information that is interesting and will help us understand the meaning of life and the incredible complexity of the world around us. Summing it all up, we will have an all-encompassing knowledge about every aspect of our life and we will know what we can expect from our future.

Since these subjects can only be understood in context, at the end of each chapter I expanded

into different part of esotery. During these detours, I made intriguing discoveries that will help us to put an end to our ever more increasing environmental and existential problems. This could have only been done because I was able to bring all of today's known parapsychological phenomena to a common foundation. Besides the ways of utilizing subatomic energy, information can also be found concerning the only possible way to defeat cancer, the possible psychical eradication of all viruses and bacteria, the design and construction of anti-gravitational engines, regarding the technique used building electric motors running without using external power source, and the rules of building UFOs. New psychical laws discovered by me will make it possible to harness electricity from different materials without using primary energy. The utilization of these subatomic level devices will make the creation of unlimited and free energy possible, thereby reducing the cost of industrial production and mass transportation, which in turn will drastically reduce environmental pollution. The anti-gravitational engine will revolutionize air travel and make long distance space flights possible. At the end of the book, while revealing the secret of the powers that control our world, we will discover that ether, the existence of which is denied by physicists, in fact does exist. It doesn't just exist it actually regulates the universe. Stabilizes the direction and speed of the planets and stars, produces inertia and it makes insects' flights possible. We can thank ether for the stability of our world; it is also responsible for the controlled expansion and future contraction of our universe. These discoveries will result in large-scale changes in every aspect of our lives, will transform our way of thinking and pave the way for a more evolved civilization.



My book titled „Reform dishes for gourmets” was written in the hope of reforming eating habits; it is set out to prove that eating meatless meals can be diverse enough without giving up any of the flavors we are so used to. It is quite possible using my newly devised spice mixture that will make the taste of soy virtually indistinguishable from meat. Beside the expertly prepared soy dishes, we can find the healthy variety of everyday dishes as well as my exotic recipes in the book. For instance, the section that deals with home preservation of fruits has instructions for making jams using a large variety of tropical and common fruits. Furthermore, the book explains how to make delicious homemade paprika powder, and gives a detailed description how one can pickle vegetables in a natural way. There is also an array of recipes for skillfully preparing each and every dairy product at home, how to make pasta and meat substitute dough, and how one can bake bread at half cost that is healthier and tastier than those in shops. There are about 1000 recipes and as a helpful gesture toward beginners, all of them are so simple and detailed that even they can get along with them easily.

In addition, there is an introduction to the wide variety of exotic fruits and vegans can find some quality recipes there as well. The book contains useful instructions about purchasing, storing, and preparing the right ingredients. The fact that chapter IV. gives detailed and all-embracing advice about skillfully purchasing and utilizing all the household appliances available, further increases the value of this unusual cookbook. From chapter V. we can learn what future awaits us nutrition-wise, and readers can get to know the newest methods of food preparation and preservation. Besides, one can read about the re-cultivation of long forgotten fruit and vegetable species and about the reason why bio-supermarkets are spreading everywhere. Then it also becomes understandable why the consumption of bread enriched with bran is not getting popular. Finally, we can see surefire solutions for the marketing problems of Hungarian agriculture.



The book titled „Esoteric fulfilment” is actually the continuation of „Esoteric panorama”. In this work, the topics of the earlier book are detailed furthermore to make their practical implementation easier. Offering a new stage, it contains such operational principles that enable thousands of scientists to start on this road and achieve remarkable results at last. We can also learn about the devices invented by scientists in different countries to extract free energy, and which are the most promising to us.

As the Tesla-converter is the simplest, least dangerous and most efficient energy-producing de-

vice, the circumstances of its invention and the areas of its utilization are given in details. One of these areas is the transmission of sound and picture without stations and entering into cosmic connection. Broadcasting radio and TV programs as well as using mobile phones is also on the brink of revolutionary changes. Relay stations and satellites will not be needed anymore because the signals of central stations get through the planet and will be received everywhere. In order to promote the reconstruction of the Tesla-converter the book explains the operation of its most critical part, the coupler diode. We can also learn about the energy-producing method used by extraterrestrials, generating the element numbered 115. Readers get information about the 3 most common UFO engines: the operational basics of the mercury circulation motor, the ringed reactor, and the crystal engines. As a result, the causes of earlier UFO accidents come clear and the mystery of the Tunguzka meteor is solved, as well as the origin of the fire cloud destroying the little town, St. Pière. We get an overall picture about the UFO program of the Nazi Germany, the flying saucers referred to as the „wonder weapon” by Hitler. One can follow up on the fate of the kidnapped German scientists and can learn the reason why the victorious allies’ rocket research failed.

This book also explains how matter can be made transparent and invisible. It’s not a secret anymore that our predecessors on Atlantis made heavy objects weightless and easily transportable by applying sub-atomic energy irradiation extracted from crystals. Extraterrestrials use synthetic crystals for this purpose and its stronger version can be used as a beam weapon, too. They use crystals with low-intensity beams for healing, and perform operations without leaving scars. Besides, we can get to know such mystical objects as the time machine, the chronovisor that can even be used for revealing crimes, or the exploratory searcher of the extraterrestrials. We can learn how the biblical Ark of the Covenant worked and what the tool was that cut through diamond like butter. Readers get information on the size of sub-atomic particles, which remarkably forwards their understanding of the esoteric phenomena. They can also get ideas for implementing the simplest method of energy production, soliton generation, as well as moving ether particles with strong electromagnets. These give the possibility to instantly reduce the electric consumption of household appliances (bulbs, electric stoves, boilers, heaters) to a fraction of the usual amount. Readers can understand the physical basics of the three-dimensional world, and can realize why we are unable to perceive parallel universes or disembodied beings.

However, the main purpose of this book is not publishing the technical results achieved in the esoteric field but to promote the enlightenment of consciousness, which offers a possibility to rescue our decaying world. In order to prove we cannot go along in this fashion any longer, the book gives detailed information about the effects of our activities destroying nature. The facts clearly prove either we do something about saving nature or our civilization becomes extinct. However, we have the possibility to reverse this apocalyptic future and this work was written about finding the ways out, and about the possible methods of escaping onwards not backwards.

For the sake of changing our life-style, the book discloses all the detrimental factors that have thrust our civilization’s progress to its deepest point so far. Aside from social and political anomalies, one is informed about the incidents hindering our happiness, e.g. the social indifference of new governments, the increase in unemployment and poverty, the acceleration of inflation, the manipulation of statistical data, the official silence on the problems that influence our fate the most, the bargain sale of our country, the confidence tricks in commerce and our self-destructing behavior. Our situation is aggravated by lack of self-recognition, estrangement, indifference, the decline of moral principles, the escalation of antagonism between the poor and the rich, the way multinational capital conquers the world, the stretch of crime as well as the arms race. Other tendencies that cause many problems are: the identity crisis stemming from the emancipation of women, the war between sexes, the relationship of couples getting worldly, the generation bomb, the perils of starting sexual activities too early, television affecting children, juvenile delinquency, lack of affection, our culture going glib, the commercial and marketing invasion, the activities of sects and survival techniques sinking into oblivion.

As background information, we can also learn from the book how the physical body grows into the astral body brought along by us. We get an explanation about what partial teleportation is, how

we can take on others' karmic debts, when the spirit moves in the baby body, why worthy spirits don't want to be born as children in a messed up family, and what dangers originate from developing parapsychological abilities before their time is due. It becomes obvious for the reader that honest repentance can avert karmic problems, and proves committing suicide is the least sensible alternative as it does not solve anything only deepens the problem. One can also learn about the way to control the spirits of the dead and how the priority of values change in those returning from clinical death, the true role work plays in our life, and after all these one realizes that neither our fate nor our future is set in advance. We can also learn that sex exists in the kingdom of heaven and not everybody feels good even there. This work shows why revenge is a dead end street, why God lets us fight wars and why we cannot remember our past lives.

The statement there is no bigger disaster than being rich, because poverty teaches one many things and that life's deepest sense is suffering will amaze many readers. Only a few know that games of chance fall under the authority of Satan. We will get a detailed picture of how demonic powers manipulate our world but we can also learn how to defend ourselves. An international group of scientists' shocking discovery is that hell is under Siberia. After reading this book, it will be clear to one what worth calamities have and that endurance is the pledge to success. It also casts light on the real reason of repugnancy against economic refugees, and how the antagonism between the poor and the rich could be eliminated. Those who are curious why our standard of living is decreasing and why we do not seize our opportunities can learn it if they read the section about our relationship toward inventions and creative people.

Similarly to „Esoteric panorama” this book also brings up the subject of sensible charity and gives further data about accessory natural healing methods (e.g. the Gerson-diet, the Simonton procedure, Reiki, NLP, the Alexander method, TM- meditation). By lining up countless archeological findings, it tries to convince the reader that other civilizations existed before ours. This book confirms again that the way out of our problems is utilizing sub-atomic energy. At the same time, it explains why no any progress has occurred so far in this field. The biggest obstacles are denying the existence of ether and the overspecialized, one-way direction of higher education. This situation is not hindering the occupancy of sub-atomic particles though, since it was the same with electricity long ago when we started to use it without understanding its theoretical principles.

As an interesting bit of side information readers come to know what extraterrestrials think about us, what consequences the biblical flood had, and where we can find hills that are easier to walk up to than to come down from and what Raps is. It turns out there is still a camouflaged city on Antarctica that was built by the survivors of Atlantis. Finally, one can get an overall picture about the layers of spheres in the other world and about the present developmental state of humankind. The book describes the features of beings coming from those different spheres and their number living on Earth. We can read interesting facts about the great ancestors and about those from the second and third line. Anyhow, it is promising news that by all indicators God has extended his grace to us; therefore, our future destiny depends solely on us.



The main purpose of the book „Esoteric implementation” is to give practical advice. With its ideas and suggestions, it tries to help us solve our present problems. The most important of these suggestions is to terminate using cash and to introduce a new monetary system instead. Yet another method to suppress crime could be a special punishment: public contempt. Readers can also learn about the possible solution to terminate adverse conditions evolving on the roads as well as the ever-increasing traffic: the introduction of luxury tax.

The tax on using man-power could solve the employment problem of older generations and the tax on childless families could remedy the population decrease. Multinational companies could be deterred from closing factories then migrating to other countries with even lower wages by protective duties. For the reformation of the health care system the Chinese method is the most suitable way. As the continuation of „Esoteric fulfilment” readers get further information here on the distinctive features of higher sphere beings and about the disadvantages of getting into connection with

them. Regarding the topic it also turns out that a soul at a lower state cannot bear the presence of higher state souls. Reading further it becomes clear the most efficient weapon of our times is media. One can also learn how many planets in the universe are populated by sentient life forms stated by extraterrestrials. (These different life forms are listed by their appearances in chapter V. in „Esoteric panorama“.) In this chapter, one can also read about the universal religion that is based on worshipping the ONE, whose number of parishioners is remarkably increasing.

This book delivers news on the latest natural healing methods, as did the previous ones. In connection with health readers can come to know in America there is scientific proof already about the healing properties of praying. It also turns out that in the second biggest US hospital manual healing has been permitted. Besides all these, there is an interesting excerpt from the opinion of the Christian Church on the New Age movement. Then an overall picture is given about renewable energy sources and about the disadvantages of the different procedures. The technical section introduces the sheetpyramid and discusses the simplest method to generate artificial gravitation aboard spaceships. This book talks about the need for sponsorship, just like the others did, and offers new data about it. In the „Amendments“ section readers can find new data regarding the topics of the previous books. The reason of antagonism between mainstream science and outsiders, lone-wolf inventors is discussed along the idea: „God does not select some people to be the elect on the basis of any virtuous quality.“ Another biblical quote explains why our personal intentions and that of the surrounding society do not always fulfill our expectations: „Many are called but only a few are chosen.“ The statement that our highly developed informatics devices turned on us and promote our destruction will surprise many readers. It would considerably increase our chance to survive if people were aware that in ruining our world the main weapon of satanic powers is: hiding behavior. Our situation is worsened by the fact that some extra-terrestrial civilizations hostile toward us „give a hand in it.“ Finally, even that come clean how we can get our homeland rid of us.

Chapter II. points to the expediency of reinstalling the three-generation family model and trusting the elders with raising the children. Here the author shows how emancipation hit extreme levels and consequently women got even worse than men. It cannot be excluded that women's trespasses might result in the downfall of this present age matriarchy. The gradual deterioration of our genetic pool had worried the professional practice especially. Then this problem was solved at one blow when the medical profession mapped out human genom, and with this created the institute of a modern Taigetos. A personal report is given in the book to show how charlatans whirl us into the web of the demonic world and it points at the most efficient way to escape. Based on this the author emphasizes it is high time to clear New Age principles of occultism and what harmful influence magic has on them. This is not easy though, as black magic has already found its way even into curriculums. A recent problem is that techno stress, which is a byproduct of the present information boom, affects almost everyone.

The next topic is getting insight into our future based on individual reports following progressive hypnosis, and we can learn about the mysteries of exorcism. In this book, the author still keeps an eye on the state of environmental hazards. The only good news in this field is that politicians and weathermen stopped denying the fact of global warming. At this point, we find out about our own possibilities to slacken the pace of the ecological catastrophe due to happen. This chapter informs the reader about the tasks that await our scientists after the esoteric research gets going. Meanwhile, it turns out what gravitation really is. Moreover, the author lets us in on the most modern method of alchemy – making gold – and the probable outcome of cloning human cells, which is presently going on. In 2004, it was revealed US government agencies had kept kidnapping geniuses for decades and made them work in underground laboratories.

Most certainly, the suggestion about building an electro plane will raise keen interest among readers. The point of such device is that a fuel cell is not suitable to actuate a plane driven by an electromotor, but a Tesla-converter does the job. In order to facilitate practical implementation the book gives a manageable way of reconstructing the converter. The detailed operational principles make it possible for anyone to produce a Tesla-converter in its original form. The next topic is transversal and longitudinal newscast and after reading it, the fact why researchers involved in the

SETI program are unable to perceive the magnetic waves used by extraterrestrials will be understandable. Limitless possibilities are offered by the technical information that in place of the surveillance systems enmeshing our big cities there is a cheaper and much more reliable solution: we have to join the all-embracing surveillance system of the Higher Intelligence. For this we do not have to do anything else but start the serial production of chronovisors and permit their usage controlled by authorities.

Finally readers get an answer to the question why the number of UFO observations had decreased dramatically by the year of 2000. The cognition that nature has turned on us is quite upsetting. As mankind had not been willing to give up the idea of limitless economic expansion and had not turned to maintainable economic growth, nature ruins our economy with its own means, so as to slacken the exploitation of environment. Nature destroys those who destroy her, escaping the burden this way.

Chapter III. points at the sobering fact that our present behaviour is nothing else but a grotesque mortal agony. We could get out of this situation if our society's leading figures set a good example of right life style and self-discipline. However, there is little hope for this, since it has never occurred yet in world history that an elit with limitless dominance over resources resigned of their privileges totally or partially at their own discretion. A long attachment is added to the section on natural healing comprised of reports on the success with the Silva Mind Control. The stunning results hopefully raise the wish of many to learn and apply this method. In order to reduce unemployment and give a helping hand to the victims of social changes introducing the „Favour bank” system would be expedient in our country too. Another way to help the poor but willing layer of population is giving loans free of interest, whose initiation and exemplary organizer is the Grameen Bank in Bangladesh. The Schwartz-report calls the readers' attention to an alarmingly fast pace danger: a new ice age is awaiting the northern states of Europe, while tropical states will turn into deserts resulting from the standstill of the Golf-stream.

In the next section we can read about a new step of our bestiality. We get more and more warning signals that Nibiru, God's punitive planet is coming. Readers get detailed information about its possible consequences and the ways to protect themselves. Based on the biblical quotations even faithless people can clearly see the connection between the Apocalypses and this lethal planet. In this section one can also learn about the operational basics of the simplest and cheapest antigravitational engine. The device is comprised of 3 swaying cones and 2 magnetic discs and is a typical example of generating counter-reaction. The elements joined into a cascade multiply energy in the structure – gotten from extraterrestrials – to such degree which can lift few-ton vehicles quite high. Its light weight provides a wide range of utilization. Since it has no any parts that we could not produce, its serial production can be started at any time. However, it was not extraterrestrials who taught us how to apply microgravitation but nature did. Finally, one can read an interesting story about the new age usage of antigravitational energy streaming from earth.

In chapter IV. it comes clear the selection before the catastrophe has already started. Everyone is „weighed” so as to make it easier to sift the wheat from the chaff. Right now the ones worthy of saving are being selected. Not God weeds us out but we do it by ourselves. By biblical references readers can calculate the beginning of Lucifer's absolute reign on Earth and its presumed end then they can get to know what life will be like after the catastrophe. A stunning piece of news is that the Almighty lost patience toward mankind in 1955 and let the horses of Apocalypses on the loose. In the spring of 2005 Jesus Christ arrived on Earth and the last judgment commenced. Another topic after this is the question - which divided the scientific world - whether humans can be cloned and politicians channeled the events to a most inappropriate direction. Regarding the development of science and space research we got mysterious messages from extraterrestrials landing in Hungary. They expressed concerns about the steep jump in mankind's technical progress that is about to happen because they consider it too early. This chapter also sheds light on the reason why accidents are more and more frequent in space research: half a century has passed since starting the research and we still fire our astronauts to space just like canon balls. Advance is hindered by the new industrial patent law which says inventions connected to extracting free energy are to be kept secret – this

simply stops the serial production of such inventions! Those who transgress against this law get a 10 thousand dollar fine and 2 years of prison. By the news that oozed out Omega Agency is on the alert to introduce order in the world and to get square with criminals. After seizing power they intend to publish all the secret information connected to extraterrestrials.

The section titled „Books recommended” can unblindfold those emancipated women who can't find their place and goal in life. Before that the newest form of value crisis, brand quackery is discussed, i.e. how brand items are willfully transformed into shitty junk. Many know about it but only a few resent that responsible posts are not filled by appropriate people. It causes immeasurable damage to our civilization that family- or friendship ties, or racial, ethnical, religious lobbies as well as corruption decides where people land in the world. The section on natural healing mentions that there are places emanating positive radiation in Hungary too, which has become famous healing centers. The most well-known among them is Attila-hill. Regarding this topic the author enters into details on how paraphenomen individuals can be included in healing. Finally he talks again about the fact Hungarians still do not claim and utilize their own inventions, in fact, nowadays newspapers don't even publish breakthroughs and new ideas anymore. Although Swedish knowledge parks are convincing examples of what possibilities stem from creative people, from their ideas that we appreciate so little.

This chapter calls the reader's attention to the astounding fact that a 3-minute long magnetic irradiation can heal each and every cancer patient. The frequency specific energy irradiation destroys not only the cancer cells but all types of viruses, bacteria while not harming our body's benign bacteria. This universal cure has been known for 80 years already but its application got banned because of the pressure exerted by the pharmaceutical lobby. Whereas this pseudo-democratic world of ours does not tolerate the slightest offence against human rights and we call the police or run to the court if one of our fellow man or a minority is hurt, yet in the meantime, we turn a blind eye to the real supreme crimes against the Mankind. As the result of our negligence and ignorance we sentence millions of people to death annually, though by reconstructing this method we could exterminate all the harmful microbes on Earth fast and cheap. We could relieve plants, animals and humanity of all the diseases and pests, once and for all. Moreover, the relaunch of this process could greatly reduce environmental pollution as pesticides, drugs and biocide chemicals would not be necessary anymore.

The III. from a volume we may recognize the story of the creationism. In the world's schools big fight the biblical creation story, the scientific evolution theory are going on and it between intelligent planning creationists advertising his principle. It V. chapter dissects the opportunities of the reformation of the power generation. It lightens up on the row of this, that the bio fuels did not solve our energy supply and environment protection problems, indeed serious food shortage, and rise in prices was brought about. We return in that direction in the additional ones, that becoming materialistic, trampling upon ethical values took shape through the more thousand years get into a moral bankruptcy the humanity. The new world created by us selfish, utilitarian and value pursuer. Destructive passions overcome us, and convert we from the right way. Becomes more obvious contemplating our world rotting gradually continually, that we are unable to order ourselves to stop at once. With what the peoples do not want from themselves to change, the circumstances deteriorating rapidly will force us to this. The Earth the nature destroyer defends itself against our activity. The nature destroys those who ravage the nature. The countless harm expressing himself on all space not hits the concerned ones only, but is effective onto all of the society. These harmful phenomena dishevel everything, undo. It also becomes clear that the reason the aliens hiding behavior. The message is that only about what we can do. They do not come because we do not call them.



The book titled „Text editing skills” is an operational manual for Office 2003 and PageMaker 6.0 – 7.0, respectively Windows 7 operating systems worded in a way that even beginners can grasp it. This is not a textbook, rather a guide; a collection of goal oriented methods. The ideas and sug-

gestions included can be useful mainly for those who have acquired at least basic skills at a word processing course. Unfortunately, these courses handle the topic quite rough without including special applications. In addition, most books on informatics are incomprehensible, they are usually written by professionals for pros. Professionals tend to forget once they were beginners, too. Due to this, they are likely to skip those parts, which are obvious in their opinion. Nevertheless, for inexperienced beginners the withheld intermediary steps are indispensable and in lack of these, many people cannot get along with the books. This book however, gives minute instructions, discussing the tasks step by step; so even beginners can use it without any halts. It does not contain generalities; instead, it provides concrete rules, in depth instruction, and many references to special literature. Besides, it enters into details on how to produce books at home. Finally, it gives useful advice about purchasing the PC and its service parts as well as its programs.



Unfortunately, as unemployment rates and inflation are increasing fewer and fewer people can afford to buy books. However, the skills contained in the books above are a must to everyone, therefore I ask all my readers to lend my books to their friends and acquaintances so the road to self-healing and spiritual self-help can open up for them as well and they will not be cast out from our world's renewal. I ask those who bought the new editions but still possess the earlier ones to make them a gift to those who have not read any of them yet.

My books can also be found on the Internet at this address:

On June 30. 2003, the website of the Hungarian Electronic Library has been closed and my new books as well as the earlier ones updated were moved to the site of the National Széchenyi Library. Therefore, the versions of my books can be reached at this URL address: <https://mek.oszk.hu> In this system books can be found by topic. As it is such a lengthy procedure, it is easier to type my name in the search window: kun akos and make the program search for my works. After this, one simply has to click on the book that he/she wants to download. In this library, one can access the data in DOC and PDF formats. Moreover, one can download the books in their real volume and in Win-Zipped format too. The web pages that open up at the selected books provide readers with the possibility of giving their opinion. Download statistics can also be opened from this portal. The number of downloads can be temporarily influenced by fashion changes but a steady increase is always the sign of lasting value and thoughtful message. Real good books are not those read by many at the same time but those still read after some decades pass.

In the autumn of 2003, I was provided with facilities to open up my own electric library. Therefore, those interested in the latest versions of my books should download them from Kun Electronic Library. These regularly updated, page proof versions are appropriate to be printed. URL address: <https://kunlibrary.net> (These can also be opened from the MEK portal by clicking on the Source/-Forrás field at the bottom of the webpage of each work.) If one is interested whether any updates happened in between, it is not necessary to open all the books. The chart that can be activated with the Frissítési dátumok/Updates weblink shows the uploading date of each and every file. (In order to guarantee higher security level against viruses all the files are zipped.)

In the summer of 2004, I started a journal titled „Esoteric World.” The main purpose of this journal is to publish the state of esoteric inventions and the newest information available. We are not flooded by news yet as the breakthrough – foreseen by so many for this field – still has not occurred nor technical development started in the required measure. I am convinced this process will not just start by itself therefore I try to promote the first steps with this journal as additional means. Besides, this forum contains many interesting articles, additional information and useful briefings as well as readers' letters of general interest.

In the meantime, the „Jokes & anecdotes” section of the journal has grown into an independent book. The collection of nearly 9000 jokes came into being by browsing and selecting from more than 250 joke books, joke magazines and anecdote collections. It contains the best part of Hungarian

jokes from the last 100 years. In favor of the new generation, footnotes are available to help their grasp of political jokes. In protection of minors, erotic jokes are in a separate volume. (Nearly 200 jokes regarding gastronomy were moved to chapter 5 in my „Reform dishes for gourmets” cookbook.) On the same website the section on exotic fruits expanded significantly. In the spring of 2007 I supplemented 672 exotic fruits and vegetables with a photo album. The album contains 13 464 photos and it is in 33 languages. It can only be downloaded from this website: <https://kunlibrary.net>. Its content is min. 900 MB. In 2009. autumn I prepared an album with 33 languages from 550 continental vegetables and fruits, what implies 10 042 pictures currently, and his extent 660 MB.

In 2013, the book of jokes, humoresques, anecdotes was supplemented with a collection of humorous pictures, which shows how life was long ago and how now. A study of nearly 350 photo-montage we may obtain an overall picture of the progress our development, which is not positive on all fronts. The II. volume locks a list implying cabaret scenes and burlesque, which allows we can listen to or view the best scenes of Hungarian cabaret. In 2013 I created a pop hit list as well, that from 1931 implies all of the Hungarian hits until the present day. After selecting the artist name a few seconds later we may listen to our favorite songs, concerned we may inspect in the form of video clip on YouTube. There are currently 8375 songs in this collection, with 57 944 variants.

These books are available only in Hungarian at the moment. But the information contained in them would be useful for other nations too. Unfortunately, my financial situation does not allow the worldwide publication of my works. Therefore I try to address foreign enquirers through the net: All of you who regard translating these useful works and publicizing them on the Internet as your heart-felt desire, please help to create the necessary funds with your donation. I run my Internet library as a non-profit activity, therefore downloading the foreign versions will also be free of charge. You can send your donation to: **HU45 1090 0028 0000 0014 3499 0019. UniCredit Bank.** Your participation does matter and I am grateful for it even in advance.

In order to reach those people as well who do not possess a computer yet, I am looking for those well-known foreign publishers who would undertake publishing my works. Their offers should be sent to either of these addresses: info@kunlibrary.net or kel@kunlibrary.net

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	4
Life images	6
<i>(Children dancing on top of their parents' heads. Unconfined young children. The gift-giving binge makes the child sick. An Easter bunny's account of his experience. "Mobile sentience" does not make true friends. Zombie generation. Trendy-fascism. Facebook, Instagram and Messenger down due to technical problems. The instinctive meeting and sobering up of strangers on the street. Distrust and indifference mixed with alienation. We can no longer tolerate silent onlookers. When does one become a great writer? The aftermath of Chernobyl. We put him on the street and then drive our fellow human beings mad. The hero of the coal battles. The poor rich. We become homeless if we look it. He's called Derszu Uzala. Even the ambulance won't come to the homeless. Mother's Day toast. Frozen homeless. A diploma bought for money. Street vendors. Incident on Tagore promenade. Chinese pictograms on a girl's neck. An old lady in front of a cash register. Thieves sneaking into hospitals. Trick thieves roam the villages. Collecting loan sharks with thieves. Thieves send each other messages with graffiti. Preventive vandalism. We won two gold medals in doping. Our lack of culture also manifests itself in transport. We bash each other on the road. We can't even have fun anymore. We've got a new obsession with commercial television. We are now competing with animals in the arts. A victimized mother. Men still can't behave in a civilised way with women. AIDS infection rate in the world; Violence against women is the main cause of the increase. Internet love. Shameless girls. Children forced into beauty contests. Boutique babies behind the counter. Sex phone. Teacher in the porn industry. Hungarian geishas. Graduate prostitutes. Hungarian prostitutes in Germany. Casual whoring in Dubai. Voluntary tours. The sex worker.)</i>	
Sensitive topics.....	70
<i>(Another Holocaust on the horizon. Some gypsies openly admit that they don't want to work. The deviant behaviour of Roma children makes schooling impossible. Livelihood tricks. The ostentatious behaviour of homosexuals is a stumbling block for the neo-fascists. Another march of the Blood and Honour cultural association.)</i>	
Interesting facts from the world.....	84
<i>(Pink TV. Sao Paulo LGBT Parade. Report on same-sex marriage. Norway is a gay paradise. In America, priests who refuse to marry gay couples are jailed. If this continues, paedophilia will become a form of natural sexuality. Alimony for men instead of alimony for women. Yoko Ono's gay anthem. New sexually transmitted disease in the Netherlands. Should I be a boy or a girl? Abnormally high rates of depression and suicide among transgender youth. A liberal dictatorship? The Black Lives Matter movement is pressing ahead. Sweden bans gender and introduces gender neutrality. Christmas celebrations are banned in public institutions across the European Union. Miss. HIV. Junkie board game. Gay bomb. High punishment for protecting morality. Prostitution law in Sweden. Brokerage visit on bank credit. Robot whore in Switzerland. Model policewoman. Virginity auctioned. What's on women's minds these days. The motto of the ladies of our time: 'Orgasm is never enough! Sex toys. Men who conquer with their profession. Sperm donors pay alimony. Moral degradation driven by our politicians. In Sweden, prayer before lunch has been banned in a Christian kindergarten. Atheist cemetery in Sweden. Austrian Catholic faith is dwindling. Women have become a bomb ready to explode at any moment; it is no longer advisable to approach them. Marriage is slowly becoming an aberration. Why don't German women give birth? Child protection law in Britain. Housework protects against breast cancer. An English man gave us a lesson in civic responsibility. We made the world famous at the "Coke Olympics" in Athens. Three-year-old girls are taught how to defend themselves against terrorists. The super-intelligent woman is unemployed. How much are test exams worth? People who help others live longer. Shameful unemployment in Japan. Unnoticed dead in Brussels. The all-tolerant slipper cat. Renewing the Latin language. Tax evasion in India. Debt collection the English way. Alerting geese. Humorous judgments. Santa</i>	

Clauses on the rampage. An American kid busts his wanted father. Drinking-place-setting for alcoholics. Satellite locators for prostitutes. Panic in a Chinese school. Sony Rolly. Balloons are back in fashion. Windsurfing car. Clever hairbrush. Moses effect.)

The globalisation of the world..... 110

(Convergence of world continents. Equalisation of wages. The struggle for existence between Austrian and Hungarian dentists. English dental tourism. Animal auctions on the Internet. With the development of telecommunications, employees must now be available to their employers in their free time. Exchange of letters. Our material world has led women astray. Lilla Bulyovszki is a forerunner of emancipation. The tragic life of Jászai Mari. Ilona Hollósi is the nation's nightingale. Blaha Lujza, the apostle of acting in the Hungarian language. Where is the old, beautiful student life. Cutting agricultural subsidies in the European Union. Even in the Western world, there is already a great insecurity of existence. Many of the unemployed do not even want to work. A modern fairy tale. Job export ban in America. The price of labour in Europe. Legal tax fraud under the aegis of globalisation. Forced cuts in social benefits. The virtuous circle of money. Tax morality in Sweden. Wild capitalism after regime change. The story of a sacked cashier. The plight of cashiers at the Lidl supermarket chain. The multinationals have taught us how to behave. Gretel Szabó, the modern-day maid. Super woman. Housewives of the world, rebel! A manifestation of male chauvinism. Graduate maids. Graduated skilled workers. Turkish guest workers in Germany. Mutual prejudices. Immigrants back to the sender. Multiculturalism has failed in Europe. Huge unemployment after paradigm shift. Europe's rich countries cannot get rid of illegal immigrants. Perpetual unemployment. The labour market has no demand for people over 50. The products of globalisation. Swiss economic policy. Tina Turner's failed bag purchase. Twin employment. Solving unemployment by cutting working hours. Concession of tobaccoists. Even today, the main criteria for selection in a job search are height, tone of voice and smell. Job selection methods of head-hunters. Exploiting the bridge between nationalities.)

The mazes of bureaucracy 150

(Passport application: doctor or not doctor? The anti-snagging device criticised by the Ombudsman. The excesses of the anti-smoking movement. Honourable House or Public House? A humorous video clip about parliamentary business. Tightening police measures in the Netherlands. Viagra offer in official letter. Landlord's mobile number. The real cause of red tape in Hungary. Bureaucracy driven by ethnic hatred. The world is heading for over-complication. The main representative of this trend is Microsoft.)

Modern Bible 158

(Adam's first wife was Lilith, an alien girl. At the birth of Jesus, time stood still. The curious midwife's hand disappeared. The child Jesus' pranks. The Savior was accused of magic. King Stephen's life was protected by angels. St Margaret's carcass became indestructible. The life of Saint Rita.)

The driving forces of life 161

(There are no coincidences. The beginning of Abraham Lincoln's career. An unusual commemoration of the martyrs of Arad. The curse of Batthyány's widow. The crushing of the 1956 revolution gave the coup de grace to communism. Anachronistic values are the linchpin of progress. The German state railways had already realised that 'a dense penny is better than a rare forint'. God does not distribute the goods of the world equally. A tale of a young ascetic. Everyone sees people as he sees himself. A tale about fitting into society. Ashes have stolen the garment of Truth. The behaviour of the rich man and the poor man. Cincinnatus, the ideal statesman. We still do not appreciate our intellectual greats. A comparison between the MEK and the DIA. Change should not start with me. Budapest has become slumbering. The cause of our guilt: the squandering of our intellectual assets. Virus-free SARPO potatoes. Dr. István Horváth: Anticholesterol antibody. The true story of the ballpoint pen. The Hungarian suicidal nation. We need Mohács! The European Union is also behind in the race. Knowledge alone is worthless without practical knowledge. We could learn from ants. The peasant and the donkey.)

Pitfalls of our development 189

(Two faces of a "goddess". In Germany, not everyone becomes a millionaire. Poverty and wealth are relative concepts. Dispelling common misconceptions about money. Our lives are boring. Momentary pleasures bring no peace of mind. In the Middle Ages there were still moral values. In a dead end, even prosperity doesn't bring happiness. The remorse of a naive informer. I want to be a whistle-blower. Facebook beats the NSA in spying. Mária Szepes. Our undemocratic laws do not allow us to develop; Instead of setting family members against each other, we should create normal living conditions. Young people forget to grow up. A shooting rampage at an American university. Teachers cannot educate the child. Gábor Dombóvári. Our brain-democratized lives are making our culture shallow. Hungary has been destroyed. Ending the Balkans could do much to boost tourism. The "deep flight" of Hungarian football. Public service radio and television's rampage on YouTube. Money-grabbing royalty heirs. Tammi, the content-free trash in the book market. Yurt makers on the prowl. Discontent threatens the very survival of democracy. The poor have given up. Begging children. The living standards of the world's population. Nasreddin Hoxha and the sneaking thief. The trials of a young man. A criminal born to great things. Attitudes towards children will change in the future. Al Capone. Dillinger's God complex. Commercial TV channels are leading the way in moral destruction. The biggest obstacle to paradigm shift is laziness, carelessness. Is it worth saving the world? Bunkodump. The sniffing boy. Female predators. Celebrating Valentine's Day. The single woman looking for a husband. A single woman looking for a partner with a dirty laundry list and a love bond. Singles on the run. A prince is coming. Why am I single? Our great lady has come home to save the country. That word is worthless today. We live at the end of an old age and the dawn of a new one. The destruction of the Georgian Witnesses)

Technical novelties..... 244

(A spiral wind motor swinging on a buoy. The OLED takeover is imminent. The durability of digital information storage. Protection against secondary X-rays and radioactive radiation. Paper is still the best data storage medium.)

Technical basics of esotericism..... 246

(Biefeld-Brown effect. Lifter.)

Ufology..... 247

(Valiant Thor is on Earth right now. President Kennedy's speech. Japan prepares for war against UFOs. Aliens lift the roof off a house in Texas. Mysterious rock drawings of Tangaly. The dog associated with Higher Intelligence. Interview with Nancy Talbot. Hollow Moon. Garthouses in the bowels of the Carpathians. Introducing the Jarga civilization. The most advanced extraterrestrial civilizations are bored.)

Parapsychology..... 261

(In John Wilson's hands, broken objects are repaired. Matt Perkins is told what's wrong by the machines. Rocky the heart-healing dog. Simon the magician's rivalry with Peter the Apostle. Mel Gibson: The trials and tribulations of filming The Passion and Terminator IV. Churchill under the protection of the forces of the afterlife. An Indian girl recalled the tragedy of her past life. Schoenberg and number 13. Milk-drinking statues.)

Reform architecture..... 266

(Bio-architecture is forbidden in our country, but supported in the West. Banning old building materials has made it impossible for the poor.)

Environment protection..... 269

(The growth of our ecological footprint has resulted in overuse of the Earth. Rapid loss of plant and animal species. Mindless deforestation. Sister Dorothy was executed. Danish pigs are destroying the North Sea. The environment killer meat. Carbon dioxide pumped into the seabed is a time bomb. With the government's permission, we can keep littering. How to increase the share of alternative energy sources in Hungary. Solar panel use worldwide. The raison d'être of nuclear power. The fate of our power stations. Fuel from plastic bottles. 130 years of mine fires in China. The Chinese economy is heading for collapse. Insurance companies' 2004 annual report. "Demeter" gardening.)

Finding a way out..... 278

(Report from the Sceptics' Conference. Esther's battle with cancer. Hyperthermia has not lived up to expectations. Doctors won't let incurable patients die.)

Natural medicine 281

(Children of parents who smoke do less well. Learn more about using Life Energy. Extending the studies on pi-water. In California, tanning bed use is prohibited under the age of 14. Blood group diet. So Easy detoxification method. Eliminating chronic constipation, reducing symptoms of pollen allergy. Indian Plantain Seed bran, flaxseed meal and chia seed have a bowel cleansing effect. The hormone PPY3-36 is a promising slimming agent. Healing fasting. Consumption with intestinal flora transplantation. Stable dust immunizes against allergies. The toxic effect of Chinese herbal preparations. Side effects of medicines. Language diagnostics.)

The discreditors of esotericism 297

(Counter hypnotist. Many methods, few results. The same cure did not work for the nails. Giving energy did not make bowel problems go away. Sectarian kinesiologist. The vampires of esotericism. Con artists. Misguided researchers, false descriptions of heaven.)

Evidence of the effectiveness of naturopathy 300

Letters of public interest 311

(Clueless girls, young people looking for a way. Forced matchmaking does not lead to results. Quote from official letters. E-mail letters. WARNING: Anyone who tries to help is labelled a quack, a charlatan. Even rich western countries don't want help. The billionaires don't care about the destruction of our world. The destruction of the Kun Electronic Library.)

Gastronomy 463

(Why can't we have edible bread? Counterfeit rye bread. Organic cheese. Plastic dairy products. Food fortified with "sawdust". Preservatives increase allergies. Harmful effects of Coca-Cola. The novice housewife in the butcher's shop. The girls and women of our time can't cook. A con artist butcher. Slow Food movement. Clean Program. Indian youth and eating meat. Collective suicide through unhealthy eating. Blood cake recipe. Lark's tongue pâté. Conflicting dietary advice. Eating and vomiting. The effects of good and bad carbohydrates. A Danish measure to reduce heart disease. Turmeric protects against leukaemia. Grape pomace compost. Parliament lunch at a quarter price. Destruction of domestic farmers. The European Union's specific animal welfare provisions. HACCP quality control system.)

POSTSCRIPT 481

COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW OF MY BOOKS 482

CONTENTS 491

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