

translated text for videofilm about musician Szabados György.

1

...But that Endless Canopy of the Heavens

x

Szabados/Music

(in Visegrád) →

In the Highlands

Dz.: Darkness fell upon us...

R.gy.: Darkness is within us. So is light. So is God. The source of everything is within ourselves, ~~something~~ happens through us: through our lives, destinies and our consciousness. We are living through dark times. Darkness is the vestibule of mercy itself. Hence silence. There are many kinds of silences: the silence of falling silent, the silence of expectation and the silence of preparation. The last one is beneficial. Cosmic silence is perhaps most heavily burdened of them all. The Silence when God is silent. And I'm sure we need both silence and darkness to teach us once again how to be attentive, deeply attentive and notice things from afar where the purity of the past ages and of the silences starts uttering again deep down within us. It is like tempting God when this first happens. Because it's cacophonous. There is nothing left from the beauty that our eyes, minds and ears are used to. These ^u sounds are childlike and faltering like everything else that was just born. Man takes great pleasure in admiring himself. Himself alone. Once, upon a time, he looked into the water, saw his reflexion and fell in love with himself. Since then each one of us has been infected with that disease of the mind. We simply must forget what our faces look like. We should notice, and hear, and become imbued in the spaciousness we knew before we caught sight of our reflexion. These crickets. The way they chirp is their space

filled in their music. When things do not get separated, when the deep, the high and their expression get merged into oneness as naturally as in this small cricket. People, too, have their own 'cricket-chirp', their own 'birdsong'. It is when one fills music with oneself, with the 'self' one was when born. We have become somewhat shabby lately. As if the dark shadows were not outside but inside us. Perhaps, the sounds might help. Music never stops. Music never gets corrupted. Even the most simple-minded man can feel with his heart that there is music, heartening music. Music is partly from another world. It is the sound of ~~timelessness~~ ^{timelessness}. Sweet melodies are unlikely to be composed either nowadays or in the near future. What we get are awkward, screaming, harsh songs, and tunes. These almost repulsive chords express great suffering. Everything will calm down once our hearts find the way back to that long-forgotten attitude which might be called holy attitude. I guess, holy music is the only worthy music, and it is improvisation that leads to it nowadays. What a dubious word, improvisation! What a wicked and counterfeit, how forbidden it has been for a long time among musicians. And yet, how it gains adherents ^{these} days. Indeed, if someone dare express oneself in musical terms, in a simple, even happy way, or let's say, send a message by music without any notation, any rules or expected tone, one really has a chance for a harmony. It is exactly what improvised music, like an ancient wise man, or a devoted child intends to achieve: to bring up from the depths those unforgettable sounds and make them be music, transparent, beautiful music in any way, including the way children draw. In that music there are no exceptional ones, or represented ones, no authority, and if yet, because there is always one, let it be divine authority which sounds through us. Because it's spontaneous, it's good, it's beautiful.

- And then the whitethroat will begin to sing, won't it.

- '...it is not yet near day; It was the nightingale, and not the lark.', writes Shakespeare in 'Romeo and Juliet'. One should not be afraid, darkness will be remaining for a while. It is not so easy to step out of it. A ~~dark~~ ^{darkness} it is. That's why the

burdened

whitethroat may sing.

259 → - In the Lowlands -

12.3: This is the place where I usually go out when I am troubled confused. When I was a child, I learned how time could be flow slowly on the banks of the Tisa. Every time I came out here, experienced the motionless, the eternal. The kind whittles down everything.

52.67: - A special culture has yielded from it. The culture of the lowlands, the culture of the prairies, the culture of the steppe so to speak. It is where every single detail has a profound meaning. It is where the small, the tiny has probably greater importance than elsewhere, it's more essential, carries a great value. ^{Over here} Everything requires greater love ~~over here~~ than elsewhere to help living keep on. - If I listen carefully, I can hear the exquisite richness of many a detail, each with a refined flutter, rustle, like apparition, or vanishing, ^{yet} sounding like complete music, filling me, because it is based upon a powerful silence, in fact it is sprinkling all over it.

- This is a world of passivity, a world of toughness and endurance.

- It's our nature, substantially. Moreover, it's familiar making us feel blessed.

- Everyone should feel blessing where one belongs. And that's right. Internal silence is as important over here as in the highlands. Longer tunes, however, tunes heard further ought to be played. Everything is linked together. Different kinds of silence too. It is Silence itself over here, where every single leaf and grass meditates. We have ceased to know what looking around is, being. To be... The smoothness of tranquility is spreading ^{with} us. At least ^{within} me. Restored harmony from which one can look even higher. Over here you don't feel you can lose anything. That's why you feel somehow embraced.

- If someone sits there for a while, one will see that the picturesque field begins to develop pictures. I have been wondering

how it would tolerate a piano, probably one of the most beautiful pieces of European culture.

- A landscape with a piano?

- Yes, the two soundings.

- It was sort of a fashion among filmmakers these past few years to put onto a loan or meadow such a bourgeois piece of furniture as a piano. The landscape cannot accept a piano, though the piano can accept this landscape. The moment this landscape started sounding from the piano, I stopped liking it. The piano represents a unique world of music, a unique sound-arch. It has been able to accept actually everything these last two or three centuries. Two, actually. But it ~~seems to be~~ ^{doesn't to be} the case any more. The sine-voice just howls across the landscape. That black thing does not fit in really. Flutes fit in here, actually, or their contemporary relatives: saxophones. Trumpets somehow seem to evoke military movements, but an aeolian harp would sound nice. Certain small areas of intimacy appear according to an extent a tune makes its way, expands. As long as it is heard, it forms a circle. Those who are inside it, belong together. Anyway, just as in a single leaf, where every law of nature is present, here, too, some basic laws function. The laws of relatedness. There are million ways of meeting each other, and the ways of creating relations are different. Interests are extremely superfluous things. Rude things. Playing music together results in relief only if an internal illumination happens. It is not exactly religion I am speaking about. Well, partly it is, but I am trying to speak about experiences. In the course of playing music together, while we were trying to improvise music together, some of the musicians happened to step out of the circle, explaining their decision ^{having} ~~by~~ ^{ed} to give up their personalities. How interesting it is! Life itself is nothing but giving up one's personality, and so is art, being a conveyance of life, a story on existence. Hence, everybody just has to give up one's personality. Every creature has to give up its personality. Life is but a slow giving up of one's personality, while giving a sacrifice. And having fulfilled our destinies, that

just ends.

5

particular thing

- Looking at the drawings and paintings of the ancient times, for a contemporary man all of them look alike. They lack what would make them personal, various. Thus, they are truly pure.

Maybe that's why Bach sounds so pure? Man is more profoundly in it.

- Indeed, if it hadn't been for the bishop ... The same one who made Bach work. Had not there been hunger, or thirst, if our love had not been giving orders, or our lover had not been waiting for us... Which one can love more? The Sun or those weeds?

- These weeds have Sun-shaped heads, *don't they,*

- It is interesting how music of the past century, in spite of its inclination towards constructiveness, basically tended to be even more universal, more complete, more comprehensive, of a more sensitive expression, rhythm, resonance. It has always tried sounding somehow new, *to* ~~become~~ *now* become such as it is. Every small leaf of grass, weed, or each fly that dashes away has a *particular* movement, pace, rhythm. Dissonance does not exist. Only an unbelievably transparent, warm consonancy exists. A comforting one. Lives are linked together, everything has its antecedents as well as consequences. The wholeness works perfectly... Because there is movement in music. This ~~cannot~~ *done* cannot be ~~done~~ while one bound, only freely. Therefore, in order to work freely, yet properly, we should raise ourselves up to it, thus be equal.

- As if true musicians were hidden nowadays. They even pass away unnoticed. - *They are unwanted.* It is not people who do not want them, but the waste-land forces. Two kinds of openness exist. The openness of the desert sand and the openness of creation. The openness of the desert does not demand sacrifices. Nobody would die for it. It is not worth living. That other thing I won't even mention. There are two things honest work can be layed upon. ~~One~~ One is tirelessness, the other is fidelity. To be tireless while faithful to God, fellow-man, the good spirit. It is easy to say, while looking around: "Let's return to Nature!", but ~~in~~ these days it's not enough. And looking at the future it is even less enough. Nature is an enormous master who handles stupid people with a wave

just

of his hand. It is not that salt marsh, that dry sea, actually, which impresses me so much, but that endless canopy of the heavens.