

Attila József

A Collection of Free Associations

In Two Sessions

8:45 Sunday Evening

Framework:

The unfortunate one who wrote these lines has an unmeasurable craving for love, so that love will hold him back from doing things he is afraid of committing. He was beaten for things he would have never committed. He is the child who was not loved and was beaten not only for that reason, but also because they could not bear the feeling that they couldn't love him. So he craves for love so that they don't hurt him anymore. And now this unfortunate fool is deeply in love with his analyst only because he feels that she won't hurt him. He doesn't notice the evil of the analyst, that she only treats him as a human being three hours per week, and even then only because she must do so for those 40 Pengő's that she is in bad need of, and although she could work with someone else for this money she chose him because he is replaceable with anyone else, so basically it doesn't matter who is there, that's why she works with him. However, even if his analyst wouldn't lose anything in replacing him with someone else, he would lose a lot, as he would have to start the process all over again – he would lose two years.

22 May 1936

Friday, 8 minutes before noon, after Gyömrői and a full breakfast –

Drop dead – black and white checked canvas – I'm thinking – coito ergo sum – I'm frigging therefore you are – Zagyva Laborc Nagyág and the different branches of the Tisza – girls Filiale girl language – Hungarian not French – a gigantic loser – meh meh meh three taylor boys money is also pie pole climbing Kosciusko – not gonna get much smarter – stupid jerk – fucking bitch – Your mom's ass! – horned screamer(the bird) – lemon gypsy horse poop – citronade – a line of farts a line of canes – another fart would ya drink it – Natter-Nád Miksa(name) – Chief editor wrist (rhyme)– what does make you wish (rhyme)

Wrist – pike – Szabadszállás(town) – job(rhyme)

Statature – graphite paper

Tapir – cake paper (rhyme)

Hope I won't shit myself –

Constructy

Predicate

Scaffolding

Fake

Shits

Jackal

Just standing

Nonetheless standing

Left

Stack

Gratefulness

His fish

Fish

Dies('hal' and 'meghal' rhyme in Hungarian)

Listens

Listen do listen

The youth took out his mother's heart and ate it

Ghosts

Cut off the head

The dead mother start talking and says

Did you hurt yourself Son?

Fairy tale

Fairy Fairy Fairy Tale

Cow's buttocks are always stale

Black Peter

This is how I chopped flies

Be good kids

If not then don't eat

Don't take any

Chemicals

Mercichals

Mercichalks

Delphinium

Nice flower

At least without Kaláb

Márton (Károly) Lovászy (name)

The horses shit all over the streeeeet

They gotta stop to pee

Gotta die

To beat the world to pieces

To pull it onto a pole

Tarp

Didn't purchase it

Jerk naughty dork

The elephant with blue spots

White elephant

Mark Twain

Label

Markt

Cattle

Soon

I was thinking why should I hurry?

A woman is here

Getting married

Womanizing

Fucking

Oafish

Kiszela resigned oafishy

Stupid as a dick

Black Peter (Fekete Péter is a card game in Hungary, Black Peter is a card signifying loss)

The devil will take (it/you/me?)

Frog Prince

The little pea sprang out

Jizz

Jizz Olah's melody

Free Word

Judge Me

I didn't do it

My god what have I done

Will she/he read this

Will she/he find out

I ate the bakery

Silly lad

Everything's allowed

You know nothing

He will show it to others too

Die motherfucker for God's sake

god the lord with minuscule

I'll fill this book

Won't get it

Stupid as a horse

Old horse

Old bitch

You wish

My neck is itchy

My ass is itchy so I'll scratch, and right there where it my wishes does match (children's rhyme known in lower classes)

He/she/it died there's nothing to do

Why did they send me away?

And in the meantime they

Fucked

Shot

That's the end for it

He/she fucked her/him pretty well

Shut up

Till I'm asking nicely

I'll beat the shit out of you

Patience is virtue

What is your virtue(what is your worth?)

Everything that it's worth

What is it worth fucking

Licking

Sucking

This is also called licking

Greedy

Voracious

Gangling

Sting

They had a lot of fun during dinner and they didn't wake me up, I can never make up for this loss

Jerking off

It's over now

Starting all over

Eats the man with the pussy, starting from his cock

Grinds it down

Starts it from his cock

Takes it between the thighs

Had thighs made of wood and laughed at the military officer

They unveiled the statue

Show me your cock I'll tell you who you are

You're toast

Aus

Heraus mit uns

Silly Jew

I lit a cigarette, what's left out is left out

It doesn't work for shit

It's a fixed point

Goat

(Kecske)méti

Old Church

Vak Bottyán (name)

Canon

Piercing

I'll beat you real good

So much that you'll be dancing it off for hours

Little coach man big coach man

They drink it all up

Drinklup

Bitter prayers

It this love?

This is shit

All women should just drop dead

Impotence

Somewhere over the dickbow

Potentat

Polenta

Sweet porridge

Corn sweet porridge

My wife's young

Her Pistike should not go

At that time I didn't get what Pistike and whe he shouldn't go

Stupid bitch

Fucking whore

Etus

Mom

Today

That

Anna

K.Fazekas Anna

Poor Mitya

There's nothing we can do

Nothing we can do

Say it

Tátra Cinema

Üllei Út 63 III

The Titels

Titel Margit

Is your pussy hairy already?

Van zer a vazán

Fó de le kupé

I was checking it if it was getting hairy
Should I now tell this to that fucking woman

Pászty

Toast

Officer toast

Rüstung

Mannlicher

Mann

Es kommt darauf an ein Man(!) zu sein

Thomas Mann

Aquinas

The Golden Ass

A tiny amount

Of breadcrumbs

I'd be better to die

Why would I like women

Monday at four

Then and now

They would need me now

Die you fucking Judit

She beat me to death that bastard

Why does it still hurt

It doesn't hurt

Jáf

It's a pity

Cancer

Spinning wheel

Disabled

Disabled benefit

Your mother's no military widow

Özv József Áronné

Özv József Attila

This notebook will never be full

Throw it away burn it

Pay Gyömrői and don't go

She's duping you

A conwoman

Deceiving you

Fucks me big time

My client

My side

My bottom side

My waist hurts

It's like working

Penzum

It will never end

Picking onions

It will never end

Neverending work

Perpetuum mobile

Man always gets filled up with shit

Carrying rocks

It will never end

No Mom don't hurt me

Your mom that fucking bitch is dead stop shouting

Why are you always shouting can't you speak quietly?

Yes sir

Yes sir

Order some cheese

There is a good cheese vendor in Óbuda there you'll get nice cheese

No justice

What do you mean by justice

No justice not even this one

Work

Always work

Always work

Maybe Mother Earth would produce it anyway

Gyömrői you fucking bitch

She's not working

I'm working

She isn't

Get to work lads tomorrow is market day

I'll never be a factory hand

I'll never be a miller

I'll be a boat captain

I'll be a diver

I'll be a train driver

I'll be a repairman and then I'll be a train driver

Why are they beating the workers

Why are they beating the children

I would just break mine's neck

Serves him right

Serves him right, why needed meat in the pie (childrens' rhyme for 'serves him right')

I don't want to work

I will not work

I'd rather die

I haven't worked so far and I won't

He doesn't work either

Hatvany doesn't work either

Rapaport doesn't work either

Gulya Illyés doesn't work either

A revolutionary because he's afraid of workers

I don't want to hoe weeds

I'm not looking after swine

I'm not running around geese

Let Gyömrői work

Let Jolán work

Let Etus work

Let mum work

Drop dead

Say My Lord Jesus and die

Why always me

Let him do it and go down

Why always me

Why me

Me

Me

You

He/she/it

Weyou they

Pitty

Petty

To beg

Dogs don't work either

Shut up

Horty doesn't work either

Workers work

They should just drop dead

Serves them right

I'll be a burglar

I'll be a thief

I'll be a robber and a murderer

I'm not going for psychoanalysis

I don't eat

I won't eat

If you don't work don't eat

Give me food

You'll eat it in the moonin'

Let Judit work, that stupid animal

If I were a woman I'd be a bitch

For free

I don't have a shirt I have straw slippers

Gibberish

Apologies this is gibberish

Stupid animal

I will NOT work anything

I won't mind even if I kick it

I don't like myself enough for work

I want to go to school

I want to go back

I'll kick you so much you'll fall back to your mother's ass

The aggressive can make it in life

Blessed are the poor because

Absolon

Matthias

Songs of street orphans

I want to wander around

I don't want anybody to be good to me or I'll kill them

Kill them off

Murder them off

Andor Németh works

Yeah that's different

My water's fresh, nice cold

I want something for free

Stupid

Stupid jerk

Die

I want WANT everything for free

The choirs

Sing

Godmother

Until the farmer sleeps

The mistress out to someone's arms creeps (rhyme)

Party time merriment zum zum zum

After binding up the vines we used to sing

The ship is swimming on the water

Drawn by 32 horses (dialect)

Not this

About students

If you're a student don't learn

1x1

Physics

I can't take it anymore

I can't take it anymore

It's not worth a dam (typo or on purpose? Szar>szer)

I don't need therapy

I doesn't work for a woman (!)

I'll be a pimp

I'll be a homosexual

Serves him right

Drop dead

Round and round

You stupid animal

And she still wants to help

She wants to help ME

Stamps

Marx-Engels Petőfi

Kún Béla (typo or on purpose?)

B series

Postata blue money
I don't need money
I don't need anything
Just throw me out
Just don't hurt the madmen
I'm a madman anyway
Stamp on that little bug please
They always promised to but never raised my pay
I didn't go in on payday
I ate főzelék toppings for at the expense of the bank
Stupid jerk
Mr Bartos the head accountant
Please take this 240 million to the National Railway Co.
I didn't escape
Everybody just drop dead
Nobody will take advantage of me
I'm a sponge
Women should just die
Of course, I should get to work
Little hammer
Little saw
Little drill
I should carry the sack and go shopping too
I should look after Judit
I didn't ask my mum to have me
To work for my sake
I have nothing to do with it
Here comes the kind person

I have no regrets
Why should *I* regret everything?
Babies should be put under the trucks
Expectant women under lorries
Coffee-coffee coffee beans
Society for Children's Welfare
Bullets raining down
They didn't let me to the front
Had I been a varlet
I didn't take the exams
I didn't want to take the high school final exam
I dropped out of high school
I dropped out, skipped the gym classes
There was no Greek Orthodox Sunday School
Why didn't they treat me well
I'm not writing more poems
I don't need the money
I don't need women
Especially Gyömrői
I don't need Gyömrői
I'm working and she's having fun
I can also play solitaire
My mum used cards for divination
Her son is going to be an important person
Well, why is this not happening?
I should just drop dead
I will fill up this notebook no matter what
This is work

For free
And I'm paying for it
It'd better to sleep
But to do that I should go home
I'm not going home
I'm not going to the editorial office
Not any more
Why always me
They don't pay shit
I'm not writing any more for the 8 o'clock
8 o'clock paper
My water is fresh, nice and cool
Sell stuff at the railway station
Other kids already work at your age
I'm tired
Oh my dear God please help me
If I were a priest
I was stupid that I believed in celibacy
I will play cards
I will kill myself in front of Gyömrői
Just fuck that stinky pig
Pászty didn't work either
Jolán met him
I worked out with his dumb bells
At the Makai's too
Jolán didn't work either
Mum sent her to economy school
Etus she sent to grammar school

And me to the 5th grade in elementary school
Stupid fucking jerks
Why should I have studied
I was happy that I didn't have to work
They had to teach me
Makai didn't even want to see me
Mr Teacher
Conman
On Sundays they sent me for typing class
Used to be typing till 9.30 pm
I felt like I had been working, I was tired
Then shut up and go to sleep
I'll kick you out
André de Prang
Fell down
The Viennese woman
Was standing there in trousers
V or W
Homosexual
The typist lady is varletry
Those fucking bitches in the movement
Why should I clean up
I'll drop dead slowly
Everybody believed me that I suffered so much
Little copper cannon
Mortar like that
I came here on holiday, and not to shell the beans
You too, right, Terka

The little noble boy

Nobody is working here

Everybody is a conman a trickster a thief

I'll be a murderer

They will hang me

I will not be a sour puss about whether they give me food or not

If they love me or not

I can't shake up the world on my own

Gyömrői just drop dead

Edit

Edit

Is that work what she is doing

Chicken shit herself

Fucking chick

I'll quit Judit on the 1st – I'll get full treatment for 100 – I can surely get 100 somehow

*

Zoltán Szász just arrived I'm finished, I won't continue, I don't believe in anything

*

2:21 pm.

Szász just left.

I read what I'd written, (!), when I saw the brutality here and there, I got anxious; I got sad. Now I'll continue because I might be able to be somebody after all- I might be worth something after all.

I'll pay you 10 Pengős if you read this notebook and discover something that I haven't.

It's terrible when one is alone

It's terrible that he has consciousness and that's why he's alone

Or maybe he just thinks he is alone

Judit told me: you're not beside me

What should I do now

I should devour someone

Put them in my mouth and chew on them

Whore

Cocksucker

Cock-Kati(name)

Cock- Margit(name)

The printed index of the dictionary of the entire Hungarian language

Why can't I tell all my follies at once

Teaches me to order, trains me for order

How do you do it (rhyme)

I'm wondering what they do

Coitus interruptus

When one's cock have fired(ejaculated), it looks like as if someone had bitten it

I would like to fuck as much as I'd like to splash around in water

Like when my mum gave me a bath

It has been announced (rhyme for bath)

The news the good news

Little fish big fish

It's good if it dies (hal-meghal rhymes)

It doesn't matter who dies, me or someone else

Bertalan or Tamás

I know nothing

Ja ne sais rien

Maus je peux

Pneumatic

Hydro-chloric gives off a little explosion, gutters into a flask

Tibor Naschitz was paying court to Jolán

The Luciens

Of course she's Lucie

Lucie Lippe

Big lips

Frici Naschitz

The baton stopped

The gold necklace stopped in mid-air

I jerked off my cock many times

My mum jerked me off (or 'kicked me out', these are homonyms in Hungarian)

It's not true that I couldn't jerk it back, if she was alive and remembered it

But I would know what I would be doing

It wouldn't be bodily but a mental satisfaction to me

And then we should make peace

Beaten eggs

Cracked the eggs into it

Pancakes

Plum jam

In which castle don't they have soldiers living in them

A girl awaited wins a castle (proverb)

Men are also beautiful when naked

The Three Graces they are

Time flies

One Dénár, two Dénárs(currency), you get none

You just go on working, you silly fool – my dear Mum said that

What do I do, my God

Should I love myself instead

Why is it good for her

Why is it good for me

I wish she hadn't had cancer

'Coitus with the mother' is constantly on my mind

Eisler could imagine that

Thing

Do the thing

We fucked in Gát street, but it wasn't like that

I was spitting on the wall in the front

They beat up everyone but me

Why did they beat them, my God

King Attila

The teacher gave full marks to me

Sándor Lestyán

Ede Erdős

Márkus Fodor

Mr Thingy

Auntie Iza

Don't accept anything except giant Fedár shoe polish (must be a line from a commercial)

Brázay rubbing alcohol

<one crown>

Sugar whistle and Peter Gala

Stollwerk

One could chew on it and it trailed

Watermelon

Watermelon with yellow insides

I would have gone to do the shopping if Mum hadn't sent me back many times with the goods that I bought, this was very humiliating because I was made to check the produce before buying anyway, now that I accepted it, how should I complain about it

It was also really humiliating when I had to guard the chickens on the square and let the other boys laugh at me

And the straw hat from children's home was also humiliating...you could tell from miles away that it was from a children's home

And the coat too

I engrailed the hat they beat me up like hell, I couldn't tell another lie than 'I didn't do it'

I engrailed it on the fringes again, they beat me up again

Although all I wanted it to be at home – why should I be a child from the children's home

Mum came to me and then left me there, I thought she would take me home

The Makais told everyone too that I was just an adopted poor little boy

I was also an adopted poor little boy at the Rapaport, verwehrlos

Gyömrői regards me as one too, since this is not her fee

In the movement they put me in the same category with the other bullocks

I'm just a poor man to put up with

I have no-one

Judit treats me the same way

I'm going to kill Attila József

At night I imagined that on the 1st, which is the deadline I gave to Gyömrői, I'll put the gas pipe in my mouth, take a big drag and then it will be over

And it was so great to take a deep breath after this: I'm alive

I still have my neck, the train didn't cut my neck in two

They didn't cut out my tongue either

But to whom am I supposed to tell this

This is made from poetry

Lanterna

.....loo (!)

You can't wipe out all the bugs

I have bugs

I would have liked to have stag-beetle to team it to my matchbox like a carriage

My god, you see, I was so silent in Monor

It's so bad that there is no God

I was working so hard to no avail all my life, I was good in vain, I was bad in vain

Maybe I loved Mum only because she gave me food and I had a place to call home

What should I like about my father – he's alive

4 Mátyás square, I used to get amazing cold cuts at relatives of Pászty

He would've given me more, but I was ashamed to eat as much as I would have liked

It's not something to weep about

Others feel shame too

I learned to feel ashamed from others

I went there via Óriás street (Giant street)

As I carried the milk to Makai's (through Szigony utca) I always watched the street very carefully

I was supposed to hurry but oh my why should I have hurried

I also carried home lunch from the Clinics

And from the social kitchen

I don't know? What is the food that I remember (rice with cabbage)

Maybe potato pottage

Or bean pottage

Or cabbage?

Different cabb. than the one I had in Japan with meat-balls.

Roll balls

Jam dumplings

Rancid ham – it's not good

I also used rancid ham as shoe-polish in Öcsöd

*

Laci's here

*

You feel like swallowing something, as if you had 'butterflies in your stomach', right?

Many times I felt compelled to spit on the street

I wish I hadn't eaten the bukta's (Hungarian bakery) – Mum even brought home her supper

I had something really bad to eat

Maybe butterflies

I had dead ducks

And maybe dead pig

I would have eaten Mum too

There you go eat it up

What was I supposed to do

I don't eat now and it's really bad

Wait your turn I was told

Recruited, will you be

I'll apply to be a soldier my form teacher talked me out of it

Why did they put up all these ads in the school then

For a mercenary

I bought an Éme badge for 25 koronas on the corner of Üllői út at night because that guy said that now the Romanians have pulled out everyone without a badge will be in trouble

Mum was also pleased when I got home, it was 25 koronas

I was responsible for bread at Éme

An eagle on a white cross

The eagle got detached later

And then the whole thing was lost

I was scared when the dog bit me in Kiszombor, maybe it had rabies

The boy who had a lot of affairs with women at the boarding school is now a regional judge

-icz...

Ickowitz – I should have given it back to its owner

I totally forgot that I also had an affair, and with my godmother

- The horse dies, the birds fly out – his style,

Kassák

At the Békeffi's there was a strange atmosphere – there was that woman, who...(!) I almost didn't dare to say 'fuck'

I don't dare to fuck, now I'm saying it in vain

Firefly

Carob

F.T.C stadium

Pászty was a member of BTC (probably a sports team)

I can't forget that brunette at Békeffi's

A bit chubby, I would be afraid to fuck her even today

I'm writing it down as if I had the courage to write it down

It doesn't have a lot of weight for Gyömrői anyway, she doesn't even care what I do, 'I'll talk about it later'

I should get used to being an adult

The woman's husband had a sifilistic nose and face, and this whole thing was in the air

Papa's sister had a hawk nose

Cancer, wanton circle

Well sexual desire can really be considered as wanton sickness

It doesn't matter if one says it's a risk

It's such a shame that my Mum was ill
It was so bad to be sick, maybe now I'm equally helpless
Mum came in once all the same, the poor thing was so skinny
I was so depressed that she's not coming, maybe I didn't even mind that I would die
I need to pee after this little sexual excitement
Problems subside in people, like calcium in the bones
I've only had fake joys ever since I was 13
I was happy just by seeing people not being shocked when they looked at me – what were they supposed to do with me: would have they treated me like I behaved when I saw Mum's skeletal body in hospital
I didn't eat the food that stayed there cooling off on her bedside table
Bad pan
Maybe I did eat from it that's why I spit
Maybe I ate shit or that – who cares I'm here
And I don't exist, only the others see me
I should have gotten someone to take out the arsenic from my tooth on Monday
When I get old, even the bad teeth will contribute to everything
If I want people to love me I have to keep all this a secret
But then they don't really love me, they only love the person that I want to appear to be and not me
The wanton sickness has to be kept a secret too
Rubin said: everyone loves you, since you're your poems
I'm not my poems, I am what I'm writing here
I wouldn't like a person like this either, or maybe yes I would help him as Gyömrői is helping me
She is helping herself through this too
She makes a living on it
The Good Samaritan
Nun nurse
Why don't I ask money for everything too

Then she told me: ‘One day you’ll understand why I’m doing this’, but she also said: ‘You know that this is not my fee’

Now I know, her fee is that I have to break like the glass of a lamp when I sprinkle water on it

Who am I writing this to anyway

For myself

And I’m paying her

She’s the leech not me, she’s the bad kid, I’m the poor little animal, Mum

I can’t have cancer in the uterus

There’s also testicular cancer

I lived like a leech (Hungarian word rhymes with testicle)

‘Then it happened for a reason’ – Gyömrői said

But now I’m living like that now

I’m begging you have pity on me poor blind boy

Many times I used to walk on the streets with my eyes closed I was curious to see if I could keep the direction

I was suffering from bad dreams

‘Ugh, this is natural science’

I’ll drop dead, but before that I’m going to pee

She is saying I want something from her for free – I don’t want anything for free, damn her

Szabadszállás (town)

I really didn’t like the carrot pottage, but I swallowed it anyway

One should throw up everything, all the shit

Horn (Hungarian word rhymes with shit)

Brass horn

Lehel’s horn, Samson’s hair

What is it that is now passed

What was there

Once upon a time

The Eulogy (Halotti beszéd – eulogy from the Middle Ages in old Hungarian)

Kosztolányi's poem (He also had a poem with above title)

He has cancer too

I had crabs with Bertalan Farkas for appetizer (cancer and crab are the same word in Hungarian)

I'd rather have cancer

Hysteria is cancer in the man, sadness is chewing on men

Hysteria=bees

Gluttonous sting (rhyme)

Honey

Bees collect honey

The worker bee's sting is a dehydrated female sexual organ

Horn

Stag

Key to the loo

Two-flask Policy

A good woman would heal me

Which adult woman would want a child

My godmother

Mrs Kálmánné Kiss

Kyss

Józseffy – I used to write my name like this many times, because it looked more aristocratic

I was called Józsefi in elementary school – in middle school they erased the -i: why do you want that -i, howled the teacher at me

Mum was called the Widow of Mrs Áronné Józsefi

Born Borbála Pöcze

In my first dream three valets were taking me to Rapaport, each carried a bag, what was in them

Leather goods, wine goods,

barber goods

Boráros tér – the music teacher explained that it's called that because wine merchants used to sell wine there: borárosok (archaic Hungarian word for wine merchants)

Trench (rhyme)

Vomits (little bit similar word to trench)

Vomit

I'd vomit (archaic conjugation - the conjugated verb is the same word as vomit the noun)

I threw up because of the alcohol because I was forcing it I wanted to show I can take it

I was behind other kids in all things precisely measurable

Have to dive a header, I'm going to learn to swim

I can swim in water

I wanted to swim against the current in the Danube I got so exhausted

Géza Mokos was courting to Etus on the Danube shore, wearing swimsuits

Etus could dive an excellent header

Stop answering back (rhyme to header) – instructed me Jolán – she was the evil

Her or me – who cares

This was the atmosphere of my free verse poetry Kesztner liked them

I pulled off my blanket in front of Mrs Kesztner so that she can see me

I pretended to do it in my sleep

Once she said laughingly, "You left your thing out"

I did the same in Szeged and I convinced the housemaid – the old one – to perform fellatio

I'd do that even today

What should I do, I'm afraid of coitus

A neurotic is a perverse reversed, a psychoanalyst is a whore reversed

That firt woman was really rough

In a dream I turned the pages in an album back to the "first woman" – the album was full of pictures of female heads and landscapes – I wrote a poem about it:

Lukewarm pond beneath the sparse trees

This was the first woman

It just came to me that this is a mouth (the mouth of a valley) although I wrote vagina

C'mon I don't have all day, she said – certainly, she WAS a woman – and I got frightened and started to masturbate, then I put it in just before I came

I didn't enjoy it at all

Later – many years later – I said <to everyone> many times that I was still a virgin

I told Olga Deák the same, I like her a lot, but I couldn't have had sex with her anyway

I loved mum when I went to the prostitute

If I had got back at mum – motoric relief –

Of course that's why I would have like to have a big penis

Nagy Lajos was here, now he's gone, I went out to pee, I'm not going to the dentist after all,
maybe there is no arsenic in my tooth anyway

Agression – why would I hurt women?

Because of my mum?

Because of Jolán?

I thought that Jolán would invite me to her bed

After the “Strike Down of the Oedipal Revolution”

After the second strike down

The third one “ “

Gyömrői, if you're really a woman, she'll just laugh at me

Condescendingly

She is above me as much as she is condescending

This is joy too

It would be joy if I we had a thing between us, but if I didn't pay, I would be kicked out

And I'm leaving anyway

I'm sorry to lose her

Because if she wanted me

I threaten her with homosexuality

Judit said that when Ferenczy jauntily said to a woman that I'm frigid, she said: Yes you are
really frigid

Today I wouldn't be afraid of a homosexual intercourse per anum – maybe men are not as aggressive as I imagine them to be

I'm afraid of them too just as I'm afraid of women

The strange dizziness in my head might not be due to the arsenic

It'd be nice if it killed me

Even this is sad too, not even <the> dogs will mourn for me

I didn't cry after my mother die either

How could this be that someone becomes impotent

The crow wanted such that its tail can't take so much (rhyming proverb alluring to the Hungarian slang expression for penis *farok=tail*)

My rectum is as big a horse's

But I'm scared of horses too

I need to leave soon

I need to show that I'm somebody

The madmen are coming one by one with their manuscripts – why are they writing it's self-deception, a heist

Maybe it's like making a circle (*maybe crop circle?)

I had such a nice erection back then when I'd show it to the boys

How big, hard, how powerful

When I unloaded in the kitchen I examined the sperm, I thought I could make out the little baby, the "embryo"

Brioche

Briand

According to the joke the French women tend to spit to abort

Why didn't mum wake me up – I wept

Why didn't he wake me up from homosexuality

That kind of thing that "made" the baby, that same thing got into my mother, that's how I came to be

Not out of shit

But I dealt with it the same way as I deal with shit – I couldn't hold myself back from masturbating

I'm writing this in such a terribly cold unctuous way, I'm such a liar

Maybe I even hate myself more than I love myself

Naked women look beautiful – that's how Jolán pointed out that men are NOT beautiful

Jolán got an STD from her husband – Uncle Elemér – they kept it a secret from me

Eszti got an STD – if only she'd had a child instead – they said in front of me – not to me – in the kitchen

Knock up

Knock down

Shit oneself

Botswana

Black person

Black women have syphilis

The horse is clever (rhyme)

Eats (conjugated verb rhymes to clever)

Ending in the present tense

Many time I thought about castrating myself – now I feel like I would be able to do it, but I know I'd rather go crazy

The eunuch in the harem of the Sultan

Turkish basa has a big belly (Hungarian word for belly rhymes with basa)

Herz waves

I should be in the editorial by now – what am I doing there

I don't get it how come they don't murder me

Why don't they beat me to death

On the bed (rhyme)

I touched my mother's cunt

Bloody cotton wool

Watt

Volt

Ampere

Le pere

Pere-la- chaise

They bit it off

Fed it to the dogs

Dog poop

Dog tail

Shop virgin

Shop assistant

Shop fire

Fire arc (arc and shop are the homonyms in Hungarian)

Firmament (again using the Hungarian word for shop)

Enough (rhyme)

What did I do to my mum's ass

Looks like I wasn't that brave after all

Interesting, Gyömrői would believe a lot of things, but not that I licked out my mum's ass but I didn't dare to put my cock in her mouth because I was scared she'd bite if off

It was similar when I fucked my godmother, I didn't dare to offer her the same perversion

C'mon Pista, lick my cock, God made you to be a pimp anyway (*Pista may refer to József Attila, we know that in Öcsöd they called him by this name as they found the name Attila too strange and foreign)

Everything was fine till the beating started

Then mum got sick

I need to leave

5: 30 pm Sunday

At home – here at home

I have just read the whole notebook and as to my therapy my conclusion is the following:

Gyömrői is sitting behind my back I'm lying on a couch –

She needs to be objective so that I can be subjective and so I can reach objectivity

(obstipation) I wanted to write it without an 'o' and spell 'nélkül' (without) without an 'l', there's something I can't give you, whatever

Somewhere where my thoughts turn into emotions and emotions turn into bodily functions I'm totally healthy, so Gyömrői shouldn't judge "me" by the things I say in free associations, she should tell me the inner core of these confusing accounts

I want some perversion by throwing myself on the couch for her

She is asking me to help her but she won't let me be because she identifies me with the chaos and won't see the hidden order

If I'm beaten like this, I won't strive to please, unless I'm being asked nicely

She is not asking me nicely, why should she – if she wanted to have sex with me this all would have a purpose

She doesn't want to – I'm at her mercy, she can always get another patient

In one word I'm just a piece of shit for her

She won't allow me to approach other women

She doesn't want to play

You can also have sex as a game, e.g you can have sex and pretend it's a train – it's like playing train

Children play instead of sex

Women never played with me and when I was an adolescent I didn't want to play with boys

My dad – Pista – used to tie me to the leg of the table and beat me up like that

Everone is right, I'm the most deceitful man

Even when I say that I've never lied to Gyömrői these past two years is a lie

I'm trying to lie so that maybe I won't be able to mislead her

But as she won't believe the truth she would believe the lies and then what should I do

Then everything would be a mess in my head just as it is now in my emotions and my entire being

I'll mix some lies into the truth, after all I can't leave myself so helpless that much, she will laugh at me anyway

She is laughing to herself about me talking about "private matters" again

Looks like she only considers liars to be as innocent as she is

Nap street

I have to swallow everything

She always told me: this is what I want, I want you(her?) to drop dead (* ambiguity)

And it doesn't matter what I do, the only thing that matters is that I should pay her

Looks like everybody is like this

As a matter of fact, I don't love her – what's there to love about her

She's such a slut

Latest fashion

Cotton wool (rhyme)

Periods

If only I could double myself and I could *also* become a woman

Now I'm shutting up about a lot of things I will only talk about those things with her

I'll slap her like hell twice

And then she'll have a reason to ask me what this reminds me of

I licked my mother's ass – that's what she wanted, and then she unexpectedly rushed at me and asked me to fuck her

I should count the number of pages in the notebook

They laugh at the fact that someone licked someone else's ass, and they laugh at people who don't do so

Gyömrői won't be spared of this therapy

I don't have any evidence for anything

We should turn around our relationship so that I can also see what is inside her

How come she is happy

Maybe I just have a horrible obsession, maybe I just think for no reason that I'd deserve something

Maybe what I want doesn't even exist, maybe having sex is not so pleasant for others either

Maybe I'm expecting more of love than what I get because they used to beat me, they wanted me to work and didn't let me play

It was bad in Öcsöd

There should have been two little horses, a little woman, a little plough

A little house, a little dog, a little foal, a little scythe, a little wheat – everything according to my ratio, just it was to my foster father

Eskimo's put dogs in front of their sleighs

I'm wondering if everything is suitable for my size

Gyömrői is trying to impress as disproportionately healthy

She doesn't want proportionate pay

I'll fuck her up

I'll think of some way to piss her off like my mother, but she won't be able to beat me up

She's gonna have a lot of fun with this

But the one who laughs the last is the one who really laughs

Eye for eye, tooth for a tooth

The sun is shining

The dog is barking

Reversed order

Reversed ratio

I'll show this book to Eisler

Eisler will think that I need exactly his help

There, now I can't show it to him

But it's also true, that cursed science of psychology has two sides to it

I basically acquitted myself from everything by paying Gyömrői

It's true that one cannot deceive oneself, but you can always deceive others

You can't fuck up yourself but you can fuck up others

You can't fuck yourself but you can fuck others

Gee I would be so jealous

Now with the neurosis I'm saving myself from jealousy

Why do people get jealous?

Because they feel that women can always find men, but men can't always find women

Men need women in their entirety, but women only need cocks

And money and jizz

The latter one doesn't fit here

Sex is a homosexual act too

If a man can't make a woman to have sex with him, then – extending the example to all womanhood – he might be able to make her want it by not giving a shit about her – ie. Homosexuality

I was so stupid when I listened to my mum, that I fell for her perverted nature and didn't follow boys

It's true though that I would have been exiled by the boys – even that silly Gabor Jobbagy was so malevolent because of my relationship with Sztruhala

If I gave all this to a man of a similar age, not only wouldn't I make a friend but he would happily make me a general laughing stock

One should learn to (deny – this is what I wanted to write) lie and keep secrets when being under, and to be honest when one is on the top

Sit-up

Get-up

Up-fake (rhymes with get up but makes no sense)

Tip roast (rhyme)

Falsch, fake

Dick stands (rhyme)

Dick – fake (rhyme)

Dicking

Dicking out

You're dicking out

You're all dicking out (*makes no sense)

Cunt, ass, cock, bum, fuck, jizz, jerk off . all this – lick - you can talk about all these things so naturally with people who can't do anything about it

Interesting, I saw active motoric relief in these words and I didn't use them because one can't be satisfied with words, but then I wasn't satisfied with actions because one can't be satisfied without words either

The origin of all this can only be that I was beaten because of these words – so this was all a motoric relief for the one beating me

Someone write all such words on a sheet of paper and got beaten up real bad

I'm not recovering for Gyömrői, I'm recovering for my own sake

Once I also scabbled “cunt and cock together mean fuck” on an advertising column

I was really scared then, in the toilets I was really angry that adults wrote similar things there

Now I can make up for my childhood and so I can say: I did this and that, nobody can ask me when

I was such a stupid jerk, how I wanted to help Gyömrői and mum

A mother to her son is not a mum, but womanhood itself

I'm gonna fuck Judit in the ass, she's lying here on the bed, her back is bare

How could I make Gyömrői angry so that she kicks me out and then beg for me to come back

Well I can't really do that can I

Then I'll fuck her up real good in life, outside her practice, I'll fuck up her practice

I'll “accidentally” spill the beans that I'm having an affair with her, and then I'll deny it in a way that everyone, even psychoanalysts will believe it

The whole point is, I want to piss her off and I want her to apologize for it so that I stop the animosity

Then I'll state my condition: she'll have to lick my ass

My mum forced me for such a relationship with her entire behaviour – but then pushed me away even from this reality too

Now I understand what “pervert in reverse” means

The conflict between an adult and a child= conflict between coital craving and pervert lust

This conflict- combined with terror – gets reversed in a way that the inverted sexual craving struggles with the inverted pervert craving

This is what neurosis means

The more passive the analyst becomes the more active they become until they die because of the activity

The activity that would be their own is forced onto the patient, they make him have a double personality

Has to be murdered instead of one repressing their own cravings

If I killed Gyömrői – nothing would be easier – that would still not make me healthy, not because threatening a woman works in a forest but it doesn't work in culture

In human culture every woman is a bitch, the more self-confident the bigger bitch she is

My mum unconsciously hated me because she thought that as a mum she couldn't be a bitch, she will only be able to work and that's why she also wanted to make me work

What Gyömrői is doing is all bullshit because she only wants to talk about me and not my mum, she'll get this back

Stupid – she's saying that I'm loving her and hating her at the same time, but then love already involves ambivalence in itself no matter what, I don't know how but maybe you can find out through hatred

Hatred is love in reverse, so it's ambivalent too

Ambivalence in hatred lies in the desire to destroy and the feeling of helplessness caused by repression

So ambivalence in love lies in the desire to be destroyed and the activity relieving it

As a neurotic I'm crazy ab ovo, looks like an analyst is so ex professo

Professional jerk

Temperance in social and mental terms means that one has to be more stupid than they really are, and not what that jerk Gyömrői is writing (that is, if she is really writing this as a jerk and not out of will of being accepted by people and the authorities), it's not about sublimation but about letting sublimated energies turn back to their original non-sublimated nature so that the affective-connected intelligence changes back into disease relieved through motoric activity

But only love could help people to achieve this, unless they want to become Bolsheviks and rapists and the same time

But if someone reaches that point then it's too late

Then that man would need a woman who understands this herself and is able to do this, that is, one who does not expect harm but intelligence

That bastard Gyömrői is happily having fun, I think I'll join the Hitlerists so she gets exiled from here too

Because dissolving hatred into action also leads to recovery, not just dissolving love into intercourse

Of course she wants and goes out with a man who is possessive, so that she won't have to "keep him", she won't have to fight for him

But she wouldn't have to fight for me either because there aren't too many women who'd compare to her, and that exactly is the problem, I'd be extremely jealous beside her, like the child who knows that he can't give the woman what an adult man can and as a consequence terrified whenever a new man shows up on the horizon

Only one thing could help this feeling, if one could be satisfied with just any woman and I'd love to be, then Gyömrői could be mine too – but for that I'd have to lose her first

I should let things flow – as only she could help me if she wanted to – though she doesn't love me – because she would really have to hate me then – and if she loved me it would be the same as when the outside world interferes with a man's personal issue

So mind is not for "leading" a man (see pedagogy: adults should not lead little children but they should make sense of them) but mind is for making sense of the outside world including itself

Because that exactly is the hard part to comprehend, that Gyömrői is just an analyst, that Judit is only capable of technical coitus

But I'll just let things flow freely – I won't be happy, but – who knows – maybe I won't be this miserable either

But then why is Gyömrői playing nice: for money?

My dear god please help me!

Nonsense that I only love her as a child – what else could I do if she won't accept me as a partner

I'm just a patient for her no problems Attila, I'll stand by you

She is only nice because we're paying her – when her kindness is not needed any more we won't pay her anymore

There, this kindness can be bought elsewhere too

You shouldn't be so scared of prostitutes: that is life and that is the limit, because everything and everybody in life has its limits

One should fuck as the fly, just laying its eggs and moving on

We were so worried that we would get "respectable" women pregnant – they're not so worried that they drive us into such difficult emotional and spiritual gravity and hysteria they even look at us with contempt for it

You should just fuck them, if they cry just kick them out – they also kick us out as men if we cried

Alright Attila – we're doing quite well together, just drop Gyömrői from your heart as you would drop shit from your ass

If you do this and she will say to this: there see you're healed, I healed you, just let her believe it, let her shit too

Now you can get a flat and full board for 100 pengos per month – women are not as important as you think, to shit, to eat, to have a place, to sleep are each just as important believe me

And that is equally as unimportant for Gyömrői to be the one you fuck – maybe it'd be important and indispensable, if – as you foolishly used to believe – there existed something like a complete union, but it doesn't exist

Women will cheat on you whatever you do – when you were a baby she cheated on you with your father, and she gave herself entirely to you now she would cheat on you with the baby

It was only you who foolishly thought that you're cheating on your mum by seeing a prostitute, and that you're cheating on Gyömrői now

Whatever you do, you're not cheating on them, whatever they do, they're cheating on you – you're a man

Yes you're a man, make up for it: kill, if no other way, kill in secret

Make money through cruelty and then you'll be satisfied with prostitutes too

Just think about the fact that everyone has their 'life-secrets' and then you'll be relieved from the burden of your imagined secrets

Gyömrői will have long grown old when you'll still be young and when she will suffer from the terror of lovelessness you can be objective with her and be so innocently cruel with her as she is now to you

Say what comes to your head in there and do what comes to your head outside

Make her happy by resigning

Think about yourself in general in a way that you see yourself as a second person – what she makes you do against yourself – and then you can even kill her and say calmly: it wasn't me

See, you're growing tired, this is a good sign, you'll get some sleep

You're immortal, Gyömrői made you one – even if they hang you it won't be you

Sour cream (*rhyme)

Get up (*rhyme)

Get up and walk (*rhyme – Biblical reference to Lazarus)

The notebook is full

Give her 10 pengos and then burn this notebook

If you give her this and also the 10 pengos, she'll just laugh at you, how silly you are

See, she said that she laughed but she wasn't laughing AT YOU

Just lie as she is lying who is lying not only by speaking but by speech itself: she wants to make you believe that one can laugh without laughing at you

Lie but don't be a cowardly dog like her who doesn't dare admit that she laughed at you: looks like lying is recovery

See, now you wouldn't want her anyway, now she couldn't provide anything more than a common bitch

What you're seeking doesn't exist

Your seeking yourself in someone else

You love yourself – you won't find anyone like you and if so she won't be among the known women

Either you find the one you're looking for or not, till then use women just as you use a toilet for taking a shit

You used to be happy sitting on the potty that accompanying to you relieving your bodily tensions you had your mother's love

Now to all this hatred is added – hatred that, sublimated as it is the analyst would be blaming on you, if she weren't a lying son of a bitch (but she sublimated into this too) just give away all this shit to her let her be happy

And then look for a way to let it out in a smarter way – as recovery lies in the realization that one finally understands that if he is stupid enough to pay someone else to make them happy with his own misery – then he'll forever remain miserable

Don't worry recovery lies in the fact that one realized that he's being deceived, that the person he trusted the most is exactly the one deceiving him, the one he trusted so much he even paid for her every word

And she's deceiving him so much that even for the money that she gets won't tell him: You're being a fool for paying me, maybe there would be other, nicer ways to spend this money, such as to bring some happiness in your life by eating well, sleeping, buying sugar, ties, shoes, or whatever you need

See, you won't even get the truth about your money from her, you had to realize this yourself too

What more do you want from her: that she at least admits this?

She can't do that because then she wouldn't be laughing so merrily, 40 pengos is 40 pengos and she would lose it because not even you would pay that to her

But you're craving this in vain, that you could expect some expressed truth for your money – she will always describe you as a child because she considers herself to be a mother and not a con artist, although that exactly why she is a fake

And the fact that you've realized this, you who used to adore her and couldn't imagine your life without her, because you were crazed by the silly conviction that it is her I'm in love with – the fact that you've realized that she is deceiving you too, and considers it to be the most natural thing to do so, and that you're a sucker, maybe was worth the money you paid to her

Now to check out the truth in all the above the best thing to do is lie to her – this way you can also check if you could live with her even as fraud

Because you still need someone after all, treat her as Paris doll – do you really think, you jerk, that you love her? – you won't deceive her, the fraud, so why are you fooling yourself, isn't it enough that she's fooling you?

Let her fool you, and you fool her too, but don't forget that this all is a fraud, not for a moment

And then if you tell her you love her and she will say it is true, don't be fooled because she's lying in that too – because that's all she can do: that's her vim, as opposed to you.

8.20 pm –

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Translation by Tamás Baranyi

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