



Budapestre vonatkozó újságcikkek

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Budapest--The World's Play Center

Following a several weeks sojourn in England and on the continent, Gilbert Miller, head of the Charles Frohman Company, in a discussion of his recent European observations, emphasized the fact that Budapest is gradually becoming the most important theatrical city in the world from the standpoint of the play output.

"Hungary is surging with talent," was his report. "One cannot exaggerate the culture rampant in Budapest. The native dramatists, men such as Molnar, Lengyel, Dregley, Herczeg and Lakatos, are able to proceed on the assumption that their public is so well grounded in dramatic sources that they can express themselves fully without the necessity of box office compromise, and yet produce a play which has enormous national appeal. Although the center of a comparatively small country, Budapest is none the less a true center and as such imbued with a concentrated form of its artistic impulses. In fact the very smallness of the nation drives its dramatists to extra effort in their desire to create something which will reach not merely their own countrymen, but the rest of the world as well. Furthermore, the Hungarian capital is well placed to catch on one side the influence of Asiatic melancholy which provides

mystery and subtlety, and on the other the powerful flavor of French technique with all its spontaneity, charm and vigor.

"As a matter of fact, Budapest may be said, in a sense, to be turning out far better French plays than is Paris. The French city is in a deplorable state dramatically. The stage is commerce ridden beyond belief. Sordid syndicates are in control of everything. There are four authors to every play, each trying to outstrip the other in constant pandering to boulevard taste. This is the first time in many years that I have found nothing new in Paris that might possibly interest our audiences. 'The Alarm Clock,' which Avery Hopwood has adapted from 'La Sonnette d'Alarme,' by Maurice Hennequin and Romain Coolus, I bought some time ago, and to my mind, is the last of its kind among recent French pieces.

"But the Hungarians have everything. Their theaters are admirable—their productions flawless. And, incidentally, the native point of view gibes in many ways with our own. Hungarian light-heartedness, mingled as it is with common sense, the Hungarian love of personal liberty and national independence, are qualities which must inevitably bring our respective native dramas into close harmony. I predict a day when the exchange of plays between us will be as common as it is with London."