



**Diane Brady**  
530, S. E. Bush St.  
Issaquah, WA. 98027  
USA

09.21.1998.

Dear Madam,

According to our agreement we conducted research on József Császár the author of the collection of poems entitled "Báránnyfelhők" (Fleecy Clouds) in two ways. On one hand we intended to collect the publications about him, on the other hand we tried to clarify the potential relationship between him and your grandfather, Gejza Császár, and to find the place of residence of Gejza's family prior to 1863 and after 1866.

As for József Császár's literary activity we looked through almost 3 dozens encyclopedias for literature and literary history and we only found one short review about him in the 671<sup>st</sup> column of the 4<sup>th</sup> volume of the book series entitled "Magyar írók élete és munkái" (The Lives and Works of Hungarian Writers) published in 1942 and edited by Dr. Pál Gulyás. The book only says about József Császár that his poems appeared in the periodical of "Képes Családi Lapok" (Pictorial Family Pages) between 1894 and 1896 and one of his volumes was published with the title "Báránnyfelhők" in Sátoraljaujhely in 1899. Dr. Gulyás did not state either József Császár's birth date or his birth place. The research seemed to fail at this point.

At this time you informed us about the personal data of Gejza Császár and the exact names of his parents, so research took a new turn. Being aware of the names of Gejza Császár's parents we examined the relevant part of the obituary collection of several



hundred thousand pieces in the National Library Budapest and found the obituary of Gejza's mother. According to that Mrs. Rezső Császár (Rezső is the Hungarian form for the first name Rudolf of German origin), née Adalberta Puza died on 27<sup>th</sup> November, 1901 when she was 59 years old. Her burial service took place on 29<sup>th</sup> November in Abaúj-Zsadány according to the Greek Catholic service. Among the mourning family members, there were her husband, Rezső Császár, their children Géza, Ilona, Gizella (wife of Sándor Siskovits) and Margit (wife of Jr. Gusztáv Szövényi). There was no child with the name József. We also found grandchildren with the name Siskovits, Ugray and Szövényi and three son-in-laws, namely Sándor Siskovits, Lajos Ugray and Jr. Gusztáv Szövényi. Among the mourning children there was no daughter whose husband would have been Lajos Ugray.

What happened to this daughter? The answer lies in the obituary of Mrs. Lajos Ugray. The wife of Lajos Ugray née Anna Császár from Jólész died on 11<sup>th</sup> April, 1895 in Homonna (today Humenné, Slovakia) in Zemplén County when she was 27 years old and in the 5<sup>th</sup> year of her marriage. The burial service took place on 12<sup>th</sup> April in the Roman Catholic cemetery in town. According to her obituary her husband, Lajos Ugray, her children Lajos and István, her parents Rezső Császár from Jólész and his wife Berta Puza and her siblings Géza, Ilona, Gizella (wife of Sándor Siskovits), Margit and József! mourned her. At last we found a child named József.

However, is he identical with the author of the volume entitled "Báranyfelhők"? In order to answer this question we examined the two most popular regional periodicals. First, we looked through the "Abaúj Kassai Közlöny" periodical that was edited in Kassa and was published three times a week (the city of Abaúj-Zsadány, later Hernádsaadány, today Zdana, Slovakia is situated next to the city Kassa, today Košice, Slovakia), within the time interval of 1897–1903, but the results were fairly poor. We

only found news about the burial of Mrs. Rezső Császár in the December 1<sup>st</sup> 1901 issue. But we did not obtain more information than we got from her obituary. The periodical did not say a word about the publication of József's book.

Following this we checked the periodical "Zemplén" edited in Sátoraljaújhely and also published three times a week, within the interval of 1897-1901 in order to find relevant information regarding József's book or perhaps about the author, himself. However, nothing was found which was quite surprising since "Báránfelhők" was published in Sátoraljaújhely.

As there was no valuable information in these periodicals we focused our attention to the volume "Báránfelhők", itself. From the front page we got to know that the book was printed in the press of "Landesmann Miksa és Társa". After that we went after Miksa Landesmann and found out that not only books were printed at his press, but he also was the editor of the "Felsőmagyarországi Hírlap" (Upper-Hungary News) published in Sátoraljaújhely three times a week. We looked through this periodical and on page 3 of the issue of 6<sup>th</sup> of September, 1899 we came across a half-column-note with the title "Egy vidéki poéta" (A Poet from the Countryside) which on the one hand looked down on the literary public life in the capital, on the other hand felt sorry for the miserable fate of country poets as well as introduced a country poet whose volume would appear soon with the title "Báránfelhők". This poet was József Császár who worked as a notary assistant in Kosaróc (today Koskovce, Slovakia) situated in Zemplén County. Further note related to József Császár however, unfortunately, did not appear in this periodical either. What else can we learn about the author from this volume? A dedication is found on the first pages "Dedicated to my siblings as a sign of my respect" from which we can see that József had siblings. As it can be read in the first stanza of the poem entitled "A csányi malomtól" (From the Mill of Csány) on page 75 (in free



translation):

“On the bank of river Hernád

My soul revives.

Here it really feels,

Life is how nice.”

Csány (later Hernádcsány, today Cana, Slovakia) is situated about three kilometres far of Abaúj-Zsadány and it is likely that Rezső Császár worked here when József was a child, since Rezső had already been working in a mill as a warehouse keeper in Sátoraljaújhely in 1872. The birth record of his daughter, Irén Ida Mária on 11<sup>th</sup> July, 1872 at least said that his profession was a warehouse keeper.

Possessing these data we can declare the following:

Within the time interval 1863–1866 four children (Gizella Mária, Gejza, Vilhelmina, Eleonóra) were born from Rezső Császár and his wife in Bodrogszerdahely (today Streda Bodrogom, Slovakia). We do not know where they lived between 1867 and 1871. In 1872 the family lived in Sátoraljaújhely and was likely to move from here to Csány or Abaúj-Zsadány where, perhaps, József was born in. He was more likely to be the younger brother of your grandfather, Gejza Császár.

Finding the birth record of József and the residence of the family needs searching in the Archives of Kassa, Slovakia as all the records for most of the settlements occurred during the research must be found there.

What are the opportunities?

- The birth of József must have been recorded in Csány or Abaúj-Zsadány but neither locations had Roman Catholic Registration. People from Csány were recorded in Kassamindszent (today Vsechvatych, Slovakia), inhabitants of Abaúj-Zsadány in Alsómislye (today Nizna Mysla, Slovakia). The birth record might give us information



about the place and time of József's death since we can only be sure about the fact that he was still alive in September, 1899 but already deceased in November, 1901. As we mentioned above József lived as a notary assistant in Kosaróc in 1899, but there was no Roman Catholic Registration there. The residents of this village were recorded in

- Szerelmes (today Lubisa, Slovakia), but data can only be found until 1895 in the Archives of Eperjes (today Prešov, Slovakia).
- According to her obituary Anna Császár must have been born around 1868. Her birthplace –thus the place where the family lived from 1867 to 1871– can almost surely be found out either from the record of her marriage of 1890, in Abaúj-Zsadány or from her death record of 1895.
- The Roman Catholic death records for Alsómislye can be found in the Archives of Kassa until 1908, and if Jenő Császár had died till then, we could find out from his death record where he was born, giving us a chance to say more about his connection with the noble Császár (Cházár) family from Gömör-Kishont County. The family, by the way, was ennobled about 4 centuries ago, in 1609. Unfortunately, the book about noblemen from Gömör-Kishont County gives only a simplified family tree of the Császár's, that makes us unable to put Rezső Császár on it.
- Finding the birthplace of Rezső and Adalberta would be easier if we knew where they had got married, but we don't. The wedding used to be held at the bride's house in the last century, so it is necessary to know Adalberta's birth place. Her death record of 1901 must contain this information, but unfortunately the Greek Catholic death records of Bölzse (today Belza, Slovakia) – where the Greek Catholics of Abaúj-Zsadány were recorded – after 1896 are missing from the Archives of Kassa.

That is what we could find about József Császár and his family, and the above-mentioned possibilities are at our disposal so as to continue or make our research more complete.

"the translated poems of  
Granduncle, József Csaszar. 1899

our translator tells me that  
in Hungarian, these poems  
rhyme, and are "excellent!"

Page numbers correspond  
with the poetry book in  
Hungarian.

Future translations will  
be sent to you as I get them  
Love, A.

A

RAIN SEED

- POEMS -

WRITTEN BY:

JÓZSEF CSÁSZÁR

**B.-A.-Ujhely**

From the printing house of Miksa Landesmann and Co.

1899

B

Dedicated to my siblings

As a mark of my ardent esteem

### Introduction

My sorrows, my joys,  
The desires of my soul,  
And the struggles of my younger years  
This little book will reveal.

All desires and all secrets are told.  
In a true song I will chant  
What feelings fill my soul.. -  
- Being a poet! - means going on the parish..

And if you read  
These few humble pages through,  
You will completely know me  
For you have read my soul.

### In the spring pg 7-8

Blossoming leafy boughs, a lot of gorgeous flowers,  
Amber colored blooming buttercups, bluish violets  
Finally, you have arrived! Look, my heart is cheered up,  
My eyes find beauty in your flamboyant colors  
And in the rejuvenated Nature.

You, lawn, are parading in the color of hope,  
Let me lie down and my tired body rest on you!  
Green leaves, hide, oh, hide me in your shadows,  
Here in silent solitude, this is where I find my relief.  
And this is where my soul is lost in reveries...

The harmonious music of humming little bugs  
Has such a sweet and lovely effect on our mood!  
In the soft bubbling of the crystal-watered creek,  
In the song of the nightingale singing in the thicket  
My desires are fulfilled.

I am truly happy now! I love the spring.  
As it bursts the buds and leaves with its soft sunrays:  
Let me live my life like this, in sweet solitude,  
Finding great pleasures in songs, in the scent of flowers,  
In the rich parade of the spring.



C continued

At night pg 9 - 10

The bright crown of the sun has fallen.  
Some of us have already made the bed:  
Dry leaves for the creatures of the woods,  
A hollow for the bees and a nest for the birds in the tree;  
The herd of cattle and the studs are marching to the barn,  
Putting on the black mourning robe of the night.  
The crops and bushes provide night shelter for the rabbits,  
Tiny little babies are dozing in their cradles.  
To the outlaw, the shady woods and the wilderness  
And the grass on the plains are all there to give some rest.  
And all, whose worries seem to fade away,  
Have laid their heads down for a peaceful rest for the night.

Everything is asleep and quiet in the silence of the night,  
Finding relief and a sweet and peaceful rest.  
All is asleep, not one creature is awake  
Dreaming in the rocking lap of sweet dreams.  
Only the sound of the fireflies pierces  
And the eerie squawking of the screech owl can be heard.  
And suddenly, the wings of the night butterfly flutter:  
So many are only awake in the entire great Nature...

So attractive is the "sister of death"!  
Should we be surprised when she finally gets laid?  
As the grass and the trees sow the seeds of dreams  
So the guard and watcher of the night  
And the shepherd of the herd - however hard he tries to fight -  
Is slowly taken into the arms of Morpheus...

On the death of my little older sister pg 11 - 12

She was such a lively, cheerful little girl,  
Ever chasing colorful butterflies,  
On the pretty meadow she always picked flowers,  
And suprised me with them - so many times.  
As she is lying on her bed taken by fever  
I feel so sorry for her, the ailing little girl...  
Her tiny lips are not chattering merrily...  
- Oh, my God, please do not take her away!

The torture of hard rattling as the hours go by  
Has already started to weigh her down  
Her feeble chest is rattling in the agony of dying  
Though her dear mother is still next to her, faithfully trying.

### **While smoking my pipe. Pg. 13**

Sitting in my little corner room, I look out sadly  
Through the dusty window, And I daydream while chewing on the  
Crooked mouthpiece of my worry-chaser pipe.

Across from my window, the balcony of a palace,  
A living angel, a blonde-headed beauty,  
Sings joyfully  
A true gentle lady!

Seeing this girl, I truly feel  
What an orphan my heart is  
But I still listen to the song  
Holding my breath ...

And her song causes my heart to immerse in  
Bitterness and sorrow;  
Tears well up in my eyes, - and I throw  
My bitter pipe into the corner ...

### **Dream and Reality. Pg 15**

I dreamed I was gardening among roses in my little garden.  
And there I got into the mood to pick the most beautiful rose.

And my reality wandered into  
The beautiful garden of joys  
Where such noble roses bloom:  
I thought I would pick you.

Because you were the most beautiful one there,  
And I fell in love with you,  
But the gardener, the good mother, would not hear of it.

Now my boat ran aground  
I constantly see your image  
My aching heart cries out to you:  
Why are you such a shrinking violet!

### **The small shuttered window ... Pg. 17**

I look up often onto the small shuttered window,  
And I forget my eyes there:  
A red-cheeked little girl embroiders  
A beautiful blanket high above me.

Singing her joyful song, she stitches her silk with care  
It shows its beauty:  
Oh, how happy I were, if I could achieve  
To be the one who would lie under it! ...

**At dusk** Pg 18

The sun sets, the shade grows,  
The summer afternoon is so beautiful!  
Daydreaming in a leafy garden,  
I stretch out in the cool shade ...

I would love to drift into sleep,  
But no dream comes to my eyes:  
That damned evil mosquito-swarm  
Bites me to pieces if I don't smoke my pipe!

**Love her too!** Pg 19-20  
(To my mother)

There is this beautiful little girl, a true blonde angel,  
Her cheeks are blushed; she is fresh like the dawn,  
Her tiny hands are velvet, her bosom like marble;  
Her parents died, she remained an orphan  
My dear mother, I beg of you - do not reject her:  
Love her too, be her mother!

There is only one such girl in the world.  
I burn for her, I adore only her!  
Maybe there is no one who would not love her.  
- She lives here, in the neighborhood, not far from here,  
My dear mother, I beg of you - do not reject her:  
Love her too, be her mother!

See, I was always a good son to you,  
Don't spoil my fun, don't make me sad.  
When that little girl will be at home in our house,  
You surround her with love, with care.  
Believe me, she will not remain your debtor:  
Love her too, be her mother!

**The player** Pg 21 - 24

In bored mood he walks, he steps to the table,  
With a small amount, maybe only to have fun.  
And he mixes with the silent company,  
The magic of the dice is great!

And - he sees - he does not lose in the game  
He thinks: fortune is on his side.  
He goes to the limit -  
He already desires the land of another.

And while he is fighting the victorious battle,  
All around him faces whiten.  
But he does not see the problem of others.  
His insatiable desire chases him on.

But fate is changing, betraying.  
It holds you as a prisoner.  
It barely lifted you up, and already,  
You are cast into the deep by its fist in a minute.

And the treasure goes, as it came: easily,  
He looks on first stubbornly, with indifference,  
And if his money gets lost in the game,  
He will not give it up, no way!

The greedy spirit's curse is on him:  
He will be the victim of the shark.  
Standing behind him he can't wait  
For the player to ask him for money.

A big landowner, land has its price  
If his money is running out, they will accept that  
And while his passion is chasing, pursuing him,  
He puts his treasure onto the green table ...

... And oh, too many pay the price  
If their passion carries them away  
And he still will not give up:  
Because he has to win, he has to win!

Do you hear, how in there  
The gloating, wanton mob  
That made you a beggar,  
Laughs and jokes with sarcasm?

They ask you to drink a toast, paid for by your money  
At the rich feast, which is so joyous,  
But do not ask for your honor,  
That will not be returned to you!

What have you been just last night? Speak.  
And what did you become by this morning?  
From a great gentleman a beggar and misery ...  
See where passion led you!.

How will you face your children,  
When they surround you with happy sounds,  
And when your wife will meet you without suspicion,  
How will you plead to them?

Will you have the strength to work, if  
Your fate dressed into mourning?  
- Will there be, or won't there? Chose  
Between the beggar's stick and death! ...

... And oh, too many pay the price  
If their passion carries them away  
And he still will not give up:  
Because he has to win, he has to win!

And if he once lost himself in the swamp,  
In shame, what is life still worth?  
- This is how he thinks and shakes off his shame,  
With one bang of the "polished barrel"!

### **When we walked together ...** Pg 25

When we walked together in the depth of the garden,  
Carefree, happily, living for the present,  
You broke off a small rose-blossom, my darling,  
And with a sweet smile you gave it to me.

I would not give it for the world  
That you pinned that small flower onto my bosom.  
Although you robbed it from life early,  
If it did not become a red rose, it produced a song.

### **My village** Pg 26-27

This, my little village, such a nice place,  
Here is where I truly know what peace means,  
Nothing bothers it.  
Far from the eternal noise of the big city,  
Far from the evil enemy, from intrigue  
It is so good to be here ...

My little village is such a strange place  
No one understands here my mother's tongue.  
I talk it in vain.  
There is no one I can talk to, except the breeze,  
Wilted branch, fallen leaf talk to me  
About passing love ...

This my little village is such a blessed place,  
No noise, no confusion breaks its silence.

Oh, how long it took  
'til my soul finally left the noise.  
And now in my sweet solitude, to the joy of my heart  
I strum my lyre ...

I strum my lyre, I recall the past,  
And in my heart the song of the past clings,  
So painfully, so sadly ...  
Gay glasses tinkle ... girl's laughter (so sweet!)  
I remember it ... Maybe it is too silent  
This, my little village? ....

**First Snow.** Pg. 28 - 29

Must it be winter already, no excuse?  
It is cold outside, a cool wind blows, I am cold.  
Grey clouds are crowding into the sky,  
Even Indian summer is over.

Winter, that old Jew, is come  
It brings a bag of feathers on his back: clouds,  
And while the wind chases them to and fro',  
He warms his icy hands on them.

But cold still blows through him.  
He gets stiff from the cold, each of his fingers are freezing:  
He opens, but cannot readily  
Close the ends of his bag.

And the dawn is flying all over from the rag.  
It flies onto the earth and we say: it is snowing.  
It becomes a blanket for the plain and the mountain.  
In the field it covers the crop, the grass.

The pretty fawn does not graze on the wheat.  
Even the sparrow nears the stable.  
The entire country is turning into a desert  
-What a blessing inside, the warm stove!