

Who shall stay and who must go?

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Editorial

"who shall take up Hungarian folk traditions as a hobby
who will get a bale and a half of baby blanket donations
who gets the [cheap shoes], the [pretty boots], [traditional Hungarian clothes]
who gets it? they shouldn't get shit if they're gypsies"

These four lines are from the outstanding poem "And now what" (*Na most akkor*) by Virág Erdős [*Hungarian poet, playwright*]. And here is what Gábor Balogh wrote yesterday on *Jobbegyenesen* [*a Hungarian right-wing political blog*]:

"Anyone who has ever, at the sight of staggering figures in the night, felt his heart pounding and prayed – 'oh God, please don't let them be gypsies', knows what I am talking about. I do not have to explain this to anyone who has felt his face burning in humiliation as they jeeringly picked his pockets or bags. Nor to anyone who has huddled in a corner of a bus or a train, trying to make himself invisible when you people get on and sit as far apart from one another as possible in order to yell to each other from one end to the other – just to make sure that we know that the whole place is yours. The whole train, the whole bus, the whole country."

The issue of Gypsies in Hungary lies somewhere between these two quotes.

2013 has begun with a new version of the Cozma case [*the murder of a Romanian handball player by several Gypsies in 2009*]. The only difference is that the victims were not internationally renowned athletes, only young sportsmen. Stabbed by cowardly, repulsive, noxious animals. This last sentence will be the cause of mock indignation, which, for the politically correct world, is much simpler, and much more profitable than facing up to the facts.

The facts however, are as follows: a significant part of the Gypsy population is unfit to live in a community. They are unfit to live among people. These members of the Gypsy

population are animals and behave like animals. They row with whomever they see whenever they see them. If they meet with resistance, they kill. They defecate and urinate wherever and whenever the urge strikes them. If they sense that there is some obstacle to this, they kill. Whatever they see, they must have. If they don't get it right away, they take it and kill. This part of the Gypsy population is incapable of any communication that can be termed as human. Instead, inarticulate sounds spew from their animal skulls, and the only thing they understand from this miserable world is violence. Meanwhile, this half of the Gypsy population turned animal is using the "achievements" of the idiotic western world. Everyone should see how these "subsistence criminals" strike poses on Facebook with weapons in their hands, massive gold chains around their necks, and a "can't wait to beat you up, you stupid Hungarian trash" look on their ugly faces. Take a look at that rat who stabbed Gergő Sávolgy [the victim of the New Year's stabbing incident referred to below], and his pals on Facebook and you'll see that all three of them are potential murderers. Eo ipso murderers. This is no time for tolerance and understanding, we have to retaliate. And it is in this respect that the idiotic politically correct western world commits its gravest error. Out of pure calculated self-interest, it acts as though these animals can, for some reason, be tolerated, understood, even respected, as if they would be entitled to some sort of human dignity. The most appalling of all this ghastliness is that these immediately destroy all the chances of the normal half of the Gypsy population. When Gergő Oláh won on X-Faktor [a popular Hungarian talent search show], I thought: "what a great, clear answer the people are giving to all the Hungarian scum who call us racist: they voted for this talented, likeable, modest Gypsy kid who has come such a long way. And I also thought that this Gypsy, who has come such a long way and who is really very likeable has, on his own, done more to subdue the Hungarian/Gypsy conflict than all those good-for-nothing "human rights defenders" taken together.

But then came New Year's Eve and once again along came some forty filthy animal Gypsies, including this certain János Jónás, and they went on a killing spree. Just because they couldn't go take a piss in the toilet when they felt like it. Because they would have had to wait two minutes. Because – there are no reasons. Because they are not human. Because – even if there are forty of them – they whip out a knife and start stabbing. To the heart, repeatedly. Good Lord, how unbearable all this is, how it destroys all that is human! And how there is no place for any sort of explanations and tolerance.

And this isn't even the point! The point, the very essence of the unbearable, is still to come! The families of the stabbers don't turn within, despairing and apologizing. Instead, they threaten the victims and their family members, saying that "even more blood will flow" if they dare to testify.

We are left free to ask – like Virág Erdős – “so then, oh wise ones, now what?” Or we can ask – is this still a society? Because if it is, then the police should take away these threat-making animals today. If they don't, then it will be the community of Szigethalom [*town where the stabbing took place*] that is going to make sure that they will never feel like making threats again. In any other case, we can unequivocally say of ourselves that we are no longer a human society.

*„tell us then, oh wise ones, what now?
who shall remain among us, and who shall not?”*

This is what Virág Erdős asks. May Gergő Oláh always be there, and long may he live among us. But the animals shall not. Not under any circumstances. This must be dealt with – immediately, and by any means necessary.