

Man Drowns Himself in Oil / Devil Dance

Painting by Zoltan Haydu

Devil Dance

The volcanos
the tornados
all the horror
Hitler Stalin
migration follows

Once every 1000 years
around the globe
the dancing devil
sweeps his fire
leaving the dead

Wounded hearts
crippled bodies
distorted minds
behind behind
migration follows

Where was my home
nobody home
the devil
spins around
the fire
migration follows



Additional background on Zoltan Haydu and family (quotes from his video testimonial)

Zoltan Haydu (Hajdu Zoltán) was born on November 22nd, 1926 in Hajdunánás, Hungary. He lived with his mother and father, two sisters, and brother.

Clara was Zoltan's oldest sister, born in 1914. She and her young son were taken to a concentration camp in Austria, and she survived the Holocaust by being the translator for the camp. Following the war, she came back to Hajdunánás with her son (Peter/Ilan). Her husband was taken to a forced labour camp on the Russian front and did not return. She later married Imre who had lost his wife and son in the war, and they moved to Israel together in 1958.

George was Zoltan's older brother, born in 1920. As Jews were not allowed to go to University, he began to work as a carpenter, before being called to forced labour and sent to the Russian front. He was beaten to death on the forced labour camp. "Out of 400 people there were only 30 or 40 left alive. These soldiers, when they were drunk, in the early morning, one by one, took out the Jewish boys and beat them to death with their guns."

Marta was Zoltan's sister, born in 1925. After the war Zoltan learned that his mother and Marta had both been killed in the gas chambers at Auschwitz, the day after they arrived in 1944. *"Because my sister did not want to part from my mother, and insisted on staying with her at all times. When I found this out, it broke my heart."*

Zoltan's father died suddenly in March, 1944.

A few weeks later, when Zoltan was 17 years old, he was called for forced labor first at Püspökladány labour camp, and later Söregpuszta. *"They shaved our heads and all our body hair. We worked from dawn to dusk."* Around September it was announced that the unit would move again. *"So, I got together with five of my friends, and we decided we were not going any further. We could already hear the shooting. We had taken off our yellow stars but we had shaved heads."* Zoltan managed to make his way to Budapest, and snuck into a building where members of the Hungarian Nazi Party trained and lived. A man from Zoltan's small town recognized him – *"How did you get here? You are a Jew!"*. They locked him in a room with mats and said that they will kill him. *"I thought, oh my God, this is it. My heart was pounding so fast."* Zoltan banged on the door loudly.

"What do you want?" a member of the Hungarian Nazi Party said.

"I have to go to the bathroom!"

"Just stay there, we'll execute you soon enough, we're just waiting for the officer."

"Let me out or I'll shit in your sleeping quarters!"

They opened the door and took Zoltan to the bathroom. He saw a small window and jumped out, climbing up a rainspout to the roof of the building next door. On the advice of a family friend, he made his way to the Swiss Consulate, where he was accepted in the Schomer cellar. He stayed at the Swiss Consulate until the Russians liberated that area of Budapest on January 4th, 1945. *"The doors opened and I walked out."*

In April of 1957, Zoltan and his wife Susan and young daughter Agnes came to Canada as refugees. Zoltan died on April 6th, 1998 at age 71.

Photograph of Zoltan Haydu

