

NIMRÓD BOOKS



Sunting Chose Me



Writings by ZSOLT SEMJÉN
Short stories by ZSOLT BAYER
Installations by ZSOLT VASÁROS
Sculptures by GÁBOR MIKLÓS SZÓKE

*Hunting
Chose
Me*

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*The interviews with Zsolt Semjén
first appeared in Nimród Hunting Magazine*

FOREWORD

LECTORI SALUTEM!

A good foreword is not an analysis of the parts of a book, but of the whole; because it is clear that the whole is more than the mere sum of its parts. In the present case this requirement was easily met, because the writings in this volume form a whole. There are four genres: the leader of Hungarian hunting at an organisational level, Zsolt Semjén, writes about the philosophy of hunting – almost in the form of an apologia; Zsolt Bayer is the confessional story teller; Zsolt Vasáros is the installation artist; and Gábor Miklós Szóke is the creator of elemental sculptures. Yet in this volume all these merge into a single arc of harmonious richness.

Nature: it teaches us about life and death. Culture: it reflects on this through aesthetics, ethics and theology – seeing the Creator behind Nature. All things were created for us, and so He speaks to us not only through revelation, but also through nature. This volume is a resonance of this wordless utterance.

As I write these lines, I am sitting on the banks of the Danube on an autumn day, leafing through this book, admiring the thousand colours of the forest, listening to the stags roaring, and thanking God for Creation!

István Farkas, SchP ("Lupus")

Zsolt Semjén

*Speech on
Sunting*

It is an anthropological fact that man is part of two worlds: nature and history, nature and culture. And natural existence is, by its very nature, hunting existence.

The great Spanish philosopher José Ortega y Gasset expressed the brilliant insight that "Historical man is a fugitive from Nature", but through hunting "It has always been at man's disposal to escape from the present to that pristine form of being a man, which, because it is the first form, has no historical suppositions. History begins with that form. Before it, there is only that which never changes: that which is permanent, Nature. 'Natural' man is always there, under the changeable historical man. We call him, and he comes – a little sleepy, benumbed, without his lost form of instinctive hunter, but, after all, still alive."

And man – precisely because he is man – is also part of historical existence. Therefore nature provides him with the foundations upon which he builds the cathedral of culture: art and science, philosophy and theology, ethics and ritual in all its complexity. In relation to hunting, this means a countless range of work, from the Altamira cave paintings to the books of Zsigmond Széchenyi, from Ortega's work to the Saint Hubertus Mass: "[Hunting] involves

a complete code of ethics of the most distinguished design; the hunter who accepts the sporting code of ethics keeps his commandments in the greatest solitude, with no witnesses or audience other than the sharp peaks of the mountain, the roaming cloud, the stern oak, the trembling juniper, and the passing animal. In this way hunting resembles the monastic rule..."

So in hunting, in a single act man seizes his own anthropological reality in its instinctive and spiritual existence. I think that this arc – the broadest imaginable – was best expressed by Zsigmond Széchenyi: "The solitary hunter is the one most likely to meet the Lord God, who, to this day – despite all rumours to the contrary – often walks in the forest."



Gábor Miklós Szóke: Totem (The gate greeting visitors to the 2021 World Hunting Exhibition in Budapest, made from ten tonnes of deer antlers donated by 70,000 Hungarian hunters as a symbol of their collective solidarity.)

Zsolt Bayer

Why
Did I Become
a Hunter?

There was no family background or external impulse, no paternal example, no grandfatherly heritage.

I just had a big yellow lion's head on a green background. This was the cover to a book by Kálmán Kittenberger: "From Kilimanjaro to Nagymaros", with drawings by Pál Csergezán.

And here we pause for a moment to pay tribute to the memory of book illustrators. Because they are the messengers and the visualisers of the infinite imagination of children.

The fact that it was illustrated by Pál Csergezán cannot be a coincidence. Pál Csergezán drew me and Kálmán Kittenberger wrote me into being a hunter.

Because there within that book was Simba, and Simba's battle with Mbogo, the giant African buffalo, at the end of which they both perish. I gaze at their lifeless bodies with tears in my eyes, and there I am on the savannah; but in reality I am warming my small feet on the warm tiles of our stove, and staring out at the falling snow...

And Marabou, the kindly scavenging stork, and Osiram and Mchavi and fearsome negro sorcerers – for back then using the word "negro" did not mark you out for automatic annihilation.

And then, aged five, you cannot escape from this:

"Back then I also experienced one or two stampedes – in hunting parlance that's when a herd of buffalo is gripped by some blind terror and hurls itself at Creation, sweeping away everything in its path. In such situations there was no alternative to the repeating rifle, because it's impossible to escape a stampede on foot. And what a liberating feeling it was when the lead cow collapsed and the herd changed direction, often right in front of us, smashing everything to pieces!"

Countless times in Budapest's Fészek Street that herd rushed towards me, and each time I took out the lead cow at the very last moment with my repeating rifle.

This is how I became a hunter by the age of six.

And only then came the wonders of István Fekete: first the animal novels, then the hunting short stories, and finally *Ballagó idő* ("Ambling Time").

Zsigmond Széchenyi came into my life when I was a mature, experienced hunter – at around the age of sixteen.

And then, at the age of forty-nine, I passed my hunting examination and picked up the first hunting rifle of my life: a Ruger 308.

And I've been hunting game ever since – and hunting all the wonders of my childhood, with drawings by Pál Csergezán...



Zsolt Vasáros: Savannah

Zsolt Semjén

*Hunting
Chase Me*

*"And their young men
hunted almost every day, so that
from that time until now
the Hungarians are better hunters,
than other nations."*

(Anonymus: Gesta Hungarorum)

If you don't mind, I'd like to make a slightly "personal" comment: some years ago you told Nimród Hunting Magazine that "I didn't choose hunting: hunting chose me."

My family has been hunting for centuries, and I grew up on their hunting adventure stories, among trophies and books on hunting.

Unfortunately, many well-known people don't publicly admit to being hunters. You're an exception.

I'm proud to be a hunter from a hunting family. But perhaps there's more to it than that: it's about normality. Because hunting is part of my life, I think that it would be schizophrenic not to acknowledge it. You can practice politics well as long as you're able to live as a normal person. For me that means, for example, living in the apartment where I was born, sometimes driving myself, and going hunting just as I did when I was a child.

Could you share your hunting stories with the readers of this magazine? For example, what memorable hunting trips have you been on recently?

On principle I never comment on whom I've hunted with or where. I stress that this is purely for reasons of principle. It's a matter of honour that one shouldn't be indiscreet. I've never boasted about my trophies either. I have great respect for trophies, but not in that manner. Nor will I write a book of hunting adventures – although in Hungarian and international terms that would be interesting.

You've publicly spoken about the restoration of the good reputation of hunting. There's no doubt that recently the media and the public perception of hunting has changed positively. Isn't this objective jeopardised by the fact that the amendment to the Hunting Act is permissive towards controversial hunting methods such as the reintroduction of coursing with dogs or hunting reserves?

This is a very important issue. Firstly, there's the preservation of old coursing traditions, such as the spring woodcock hunt; and with regard to hunting reserves, it would simply be unrealistic to ignore economic considerations. But there's a deeper dimension to all this. Ethics and etiquette are often confused with each other.

But hunting ethics is a moral imperative, while hunting etiquette is recommended, decent behaviour. So, for example, to track a wounded game animal and put it out of its misery is a moral duty, while stepping over game laid out in a tableau is an impropriety. The difference between the two is literally like that between night and day. Moreover, questions of etiquette – including hunting methods, styles, etc. – vary across time and space. Those in our country, for example, differ from those in the former Soviet Union or in America. In addition, ethics binds absolutely, while etiquette is often subordinated to the level of courtesy to one's host. To give you an example, I'd never normally eat horse meat, but in Central Asia respect for one's host demands it – especially when there's an element of national interest. But in diplomacy, such "gastronomic trials" are commonplace.

Zsolt Bayer once told me "Semjén's rule of shooting": "Shooting skills are directly proportional to one's mastery of the art of settling into a stable position."

An accurate and precise definition. You have to continue trying to settle until you're completely at one with

your rifle, and it's especially important to have firm support for your right elbow if you can. This is my motto for those who – *in nomine Sancti Huberti* – are setting out on the hunting trail.

Christmas will be here soon. Hunting families frequently prepare a festive menu, including game.

I'm lucky, because as an angler I also catch the fish for our fish soup (traditionally eaten on Christmas Eve in Hungary). In addition to this, a centuries-old tradition in our family is the Christmas spread: my wife prepares saddle of venison with dumplings, and my mother follows my great-grandparents' recipe when preparing the indispensable rabbit pâté.



Gábor Miklós Szóke: Fleeing

Zsolt Bayer

*The Great
Otter Catch*

The great joy of fishing and hunting is unpredictability. This is precisely how the great otter came to be hooked.

It was night, a warm summer night, and the hunter was relaxing by fishing from the pier at Balatonboglár – or “Boglár”.

With its red stone teeth, the Boglár pier has made a big bite in the waters of Lake Balaton, causing deep indentations and excellent sheltered havens for fish. These attracted the hunter, who had fished as a child and had never abandoned his passion for the rod and reel.

Perch: that was the prey he sought. Perch are always the most sought-after prey – followed by catfish, then pike, carp, crucian carp and bream.

There are two species that never feature in the list of desired fish: the brown bullhead and the eel.

This is why, on the Boglár pier, the hunter caught almost nothing but eels. Whether it's small or large, an eel will immediately swallow the hook down to the middle of its snake-like body, then wriggle, writhe, turn and squirm until the line and all the tackle is a chaotic

mess which would take longer than eternity to untangle. And the angler curses, flaps and tries to catch hold of the snake-fish – which simply cannot be grasped, except possibly with sheets of newspaper. And then, once it's there, you just bag it, of course; because it's heavenly when smoked, and some people swear it's good as a stew – but then again the hunter has encountered some who swear by badger stew. So you end up putting the fish away somehow, then you cut your tangled line, prepare new tackle, bait your hook, cast, and wait. No small fish, no worms, no maggots for bait: just corn – so you don't catch another eel.

Then there's a huge bite, the hunter strikes, plays and tires the fish; and in his mind's eye he sees fresh fish soup from a good carp. He reels in his catch and sees it break the surface ... another eel.

With corn for bait!

By all the sacraments!

Unravelling, struggling, newspaper, swearing, cutting, new tackle, baiting, casting. His new solution is the oldest: paprika bread. If an eel takes that bait, you'll have to re-

write all the biology textbooks, and Brehm's great animal encyclopaedia.

After half an hour or so, something starts to nibble at the bait, the bobbin jitters hesitantly on the line – at first dithering, then slowly and gracefully rising up to the rod. The hunter strikes, and feels the fish on the line.

It's not very big, and certainly not an eel, because it's too calm for that. It could be a small carp or a bream, thinks the hunter (who is now fishing). That's as far as his thoughts have gone, when suddenly his rod curls into a ring. It's hard to understand how it hasn't broken from the sudden jerk, while some elemental force starts pulling on the line, as if he's hooked a Type XXI German U-boat.

"If this is another eel, I'll quit this hobby for good and switch to canned fish in oil", the hunter (who is now fishing) muses to himself, "But if it's a zander, I'll be out here tomorrow night..."

A good half an hour has passed, but there's still no sign of what's on the hook, because he hasn't managed to coax the fish even an inch towards the pier. But then, after that half an hour, the blessed creature seems to tire,

starting to approach the shore – albeit slowly – as the hunter reels in the line.

And when it emerges, flapping on the stones of the pier, the hunter is struck by a surprise that's hard to put into words. So in a low voice, to almost no one but himself and the Good Lord, who is obviously amused, he simply moans:

"Lord above! It's got fur!"

Indeed, it had fur.

For a sturdy otter has sunk its teeth into an emaciated bream which is pathetically clinging to the bait, wondering what sins it has accumulated in its simple life. First it was hooked, and then clamped in the jaws of an otter. Let's face it: this bream must have been guilty of some great sins.

The otter is tenacious and shows absolutely no fear, but the angler, stumbling across the stones, finally sees it off. Then he starts wondering to himself who could be the chosen ones who effortlessly reel in magnificent zander. He packs up, puts the two lifeless eels in his pouch, takes them home and stows them away in the refrigerator. Fol-

lowing this he goes to bed with the pleasant thought that tomorrow he'll skin them and his neighbour will smoke them.

He's just fallen asleep when a piercing scream shakes him out of his well-deserved slumber.

It's his mother.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph! There are snakes in the fridge!"

The hunter (who happens to have gone fishing that night) rushes into the kitchen, where two eels are coiling and uncoiling on the stone floor.

They're still alive!

The hunter's convinced that eels are simply indestructible, and if he wants to live forever, he'll have to be an eel in his next life – or indeed a fruit fly, as that's another of God's creatures that's indestructible...



Zolt Vasáros: Jungle

Zsolt Semjén

Zsigmond Széchenyi

HOUSE SPEAKER: Honourable Parliament,
Mr. Zsolt Semjén, Deputy Prime Minister and
Member of Parliament from the KDNP parlia-
mentary group, has asked to speak after the end of dai-
ly business on the following subject: "Fifty years since
the death of Count Zsigmond Széchenyi". Deputy Prime
Minister, you have the floor for five minutes.

DR. ZSOLT SEMJÉN, Deputy Prime Minister:

Thank you Mr. Speaker.

Honourable House,

First of all, it is a great honour to welcome in the
Chamber "Aunt Mangi", the widow of Count Zsigmond
Széchenyi. [Applause]

It is fifty years since Count Zsigmond Széchenyi,
the greatest Hungarian hunter, returned his soul to the
Creator. Generations have grown up reading his books,
which conjure up for us exotic landscapes: the world of sa-
vannahs, jungles, deserts and snowfields. He was the man
who expressed the timeless credo that became the motto
of true hunters: "Hunting combines the chase and the mur-
mur of the forest. But mostly the murmur of the forest!"

By the 1930s his books had made him a household
name not only in Hungary, but around the world. In the
daily newspaper *Pesti Napló*, Lajos Zilahy wrote the fol-
lowing about his books: "Their language is infused with
the aroma of hay from the villages of Transdanubia; and
it is a pleasure to hear this strong peasant language com-
ing from a Hungarian noble."

He set out on his first trip to Africa from his estate
in Kőröshegy. This had been in the Széchenyi family for
eight generations, but then, as he writes, "it was fed to the
lions". That was not such a bad investment, however: the
resultant writings enriched the nation, and although his
property was confiscated by the post-war regime, some
time later his books were republished. From these – and
so ultimately from his hunting experiences – he was able
to make some sort of a living.

During the Second World War a diplomat moved into
his villa in the Svábhegy area of Budapest. Count Széche-
nyi therefore thought that his superb collection of tro-
phies might enjoy diplomatic protection; but the house
and the collection were reduced to ashes by an incendi-

ary bomb. Within a matter of hours, the country's richest hunting collection had been destroyed. In terms of African specimens alone, he had managed to collect 80 of the continent's 130 species of big game.

After the Siege of Budapest his house in Kőröshegy was confiscated, his parents' house in Sárpentele was left in ruins, and he himself was reduced to penury and stigmatised as a "class alien". He recalled these years with wry humour: "I became homeless in my own homeland." Asked why he did not defect, his wife recalls him repeatedly saying, "This is where a Hungarian should be."

As part of its drive for consolidation after the Revolution of 1956, the regime in Hungary arranged for his books to be published in succession. They appeared in large print runs and were enjoyed by a great many enthusiastic readers, but there was something else that meant just as much in the Budapest of that time: the circulation of numerous anecdotes related to him. When the lorry arrived to pick him up for his internal exile in Hortobágy, he was waiting at the gate with a rucksack on his shoulder. Asked if that would be enough, he replied, "If one rucksack was enough

for my trips to Africa, I suppose it will be enough now." And in twentieth-century Budapest, if someone was the subject of anecdotes, the city would take them to its heart.

He was able to make two trips to Africa – sponsored by the state – to acquire replacements for National Museum exhibits which had been destroyed. This period saw the publication of autobiographical masterpieces such as *Ahogy elkezdődött...* ("As It Began...") and *Ünnepnapok* ("Feast Days"). On 24 April 1967 he returned his soul to the Lord – whom, he confessed, he met while walking in the forest.

Zsigmond Széchenyi is primarily remembered as a great hunter, writer and photographer of remote, exotic landscapes. But his testimony about the forests of Hungary is equally beautiful: "The Hungarian forest's number one game animal – the Hungarian hunter's most coveted prey – is the red deer stag. For us, the most special month of the year is September, the season of the deer rut [...] There are no more beautiful forests than stands of silver-stemmed September beech, and amidst them there is nothing more beautiful than a roaring red deer stag."

When we established the Hungarian Hunting Museum in Hatvan, there was never any doubt that it should be named after the greatest Hungarian hunter, Count Zsigmond Széchenyi. Thank you for your attention.
[Applause]



Gábor Miklós Szóke: Vizsla on the Trail

Zsolt Bayer

*My First
Buck*

The first buck is important. You remember it. But let's not forget that it's only worth hunting for as long as you still remember every buck, every stag, every boar and every ram; for as long as you set off at dawn in excitement and with butterflies in your stomach; for as long as you sit in a high stand in the twilight hours, or you need to take a deep breath before pulling the trigger. But when you've started heading out with a loaded gun only because something is "in season", then call it a day and write your memoirs instead.

Without denying the truth of the above, your first buck is, after all, your first buck!

I was invited to the Southern Great Plain for that buck many years ago. What's more, if I could manage to fell that buck, one of my dearest friends would be my "initiator".

It was a beautiful spring – sometime in late April or early May – and the evening hunt had ended in total failure. For a long time, not only did I not shoot, but we didn't even see a single roe deer, buck, doe, or anything. Then, out of nowhere, a huntable buck jumped out of a ditch. As usual, I missed.

At dinner I bewailed my fate, but all my friend said was this:

"Wait for the dawn..."

At that time of year dawn would be around four o'clock. "Now, when my muscles are slackening with age"*, getting up at four o'clock is extremely exhausting; but back then it was still no effort – especially as this would be my first buck. I didn't really sleep, but dozed at most. The alarm clock didn't wake me: I woke it.

By half past four we were already in the jeep.

First we made our way along the flood barrier, looking for hungry deer grazing on the fresh greenery. There were some, but about four or five hundred metres away, and not even Old Shatterhand – or perhaps even Winnetou himself – would have tried to take a shot from that distance. So my Ruger remained in my lap and my hopes remained in the searching gaze of my friend and the master hunter.

A good hour or ninety minutes went by. We'd made a circuit of the flood barriers, the most promising tracts, alfalfa fields, groves, spinneys. A hundred times it was said, "Well, if they're not here, they're not anywhere". And they

**A quotation from the Hungarian poet Dezső Kosztolányi*

weren't there. (With all these years of experience behind me, I can safely say that game animals have a much more accurate calendar than we do. This is why you might run into a roebuck in the stairwell of your apartment block before April 15, but after that they've disappeared into thin air, leaving only the does parading in front of you.)

So, no buck anywhere. It's at this psychological moment that gentle, cautiously consoling thoughts begin entering the rookie hunter's head. He says to himself, "It's all right, it's always like this. And the air's heavy, it's going to rain, so that's why they're not in sight, but next time..." And the rookie hunter is almost driven mad by the thought of "next time".

And so we turned into a stubble field.

You don't go into a stubble field in the spring to look for anything. Because, let's face it, what on earth would game animals be doing in a field in the spring, when there's fresh greenery and fresh seed all around? So we turned into the field to take a shortcut across it and "quickly get to Béla's alfalfa field, because they're always out there".

We turned into the field, and there – in the middle of it – was the buck.

"Stop!" hissed the master hunter, raising his binoculars to his eyes.

"A beautiful mature huntable buck, all yours..."

My heart was in my mouth as I raised the Ruger to my shoulder. I turned towards the buck, found the support I needed, and looked through the scope...

The sun had risen directly ahead of me and was shining into my eyes. So I couldn't see anything, except for my buck standing somewhere in the middle of the disc of the sun. The whole image made me feel like I'd just walked right into a Marcell Jankovics animated film.

I brought my eye closer to my scope, and then closer still – to be precise, I pressed my eye tight into it. And the buck was still waiting there. Finally the crosshairs settled on the buck, I finally saw him and let loose my shot. And my buck ... fell in an instant!

It's hard to describe what the rookie hunter feels at a time like that, and perhaps it's pointless: fellow hunters already know, and those who don't hunt will never un-

derstand. Suffice it to say that I stood there, awestruck, infinitely happy, acknowledging congratulations, and not understanding why everyone was wryly grinning while shaking my hand and slapping my shoulder.

I was trying to figure out what kind of basic error I could have made, but the master hunter simply said, "You'll find out."

Then I realised I was feeling very hot, and perhaps sweating, so I wiped my forehead. When I looked at the palm of my hand, I saw it was covered in blood. I touched my forehead with my other hand – and it, too, was covered in blood.

Of course! I'd pressed my face against the scope, and the gun's recoil had forced its sharp edge into the centre of my forehead, drenching it in blood.

"All newbies go through that" was the stock response, and we didn't give it another thought.

Filled with emotion, I instead took possession of my buck and was given a sprig dipped in its blood to pin on my hat. Then came the initiation: I got down on all fours over my rifle, and in that pose listened to my friend's initi-

ation address. At the end of this I was declared a "roe buck hunter in the name of Saint Hubert".

I stood up, straightened myself with a slight feeling of embarrassment, and was about to leave when my friend came up to me with another sprig. He thoroughly brushed my bleeding face with it and sauntered over to my buck, saying these words:

"And you I hereby pronounce 'Hunter of Zsolt'!"*

And so when I shot my first buck there were two initiation ceremonies.

Now tell me: could this be forgotten?

* *The reader has no doubt guessed who my friend was.*



Zsolt Vasáros: Mountain Scene

Zsolt Semjén

*Eulogy at
the Funeral of
Ferenc Szabó*

Man is destined to not only complete his life, but to fulfil it. Therefore, when a life has reached its fulfilment, it is natural that we also experience the urge to articulate the characteristic, the basic character, the essence, the summation of that life. Ferenc Szabó was a good man. He was a good and true hunter, a good and responsible parliamentarian, a good companion and a true friend.

As far as hunting is concerned, I think it is accurate to say that he was both a master of the science of hunting, and a journeyman for the cause of hunting in Hungary. He knew everything about hunting, and he knew everything about the Hungarian hunting community. He had ties with forestry all his life, and he knew everything about forests and forestry. He lived most of his life as an agricultural engineer, so he knew everything about Hungarian agriculture. Having worked in the Ministry of Agriculture, he was also familiar with the labyrinths of state administration down the years. This specialist knowledge enabled him to coordinate the drafting of hunting law. His ability to create consensus was rooted in two qualities: his aforemen-

tioned professional background, and the “bonbon diplomacy” that was so characteristic of him. The fact is that management can agree on whatever it wants, but if the relevant secretary does not put the paper in front of her boss for signing, it will lie there for weeks or months; and then, sooner or later, it will be forgotten. Bringing bonbons for the secretaries, Feri somehow always managed to get the agreement with the management – in which he played a professionally decisive role – actually signed. This is why I can say that the superb hunting law of 2017 would not have come about without Ferenc Szabó. When it came to the formation of hunting associations' territorial areas, Feri often lobbied, but he never did so in his own interest: he always acted on behalf of others. Whenever we met, he would reach into his pocket and a handful of maps would fall out, each illustrating one proposal or another, but none of them would be in his own area. I will never forget Pali Boldoczki once asking him, “Feri, is everything all right in your area?” His reply was, “Well, I didn't want to bring that up...” This modesty was characteristic of him throughout his life. In other people's lives,

hunting was an episode; but in Feri's life, hunting was the guiding light.

He prepared a great deal for the World Hunting Exhibition. Now Feri will look down on it from above. Feri, this also places a responsibility on us to stage a world exhibition that will make you happy with us. I promise you that your chosen trophies will be on display!

Zsigmond Széchenyi wrote something which is very true of Feri: "The solitary hunter is the one most likely to meet the Lord God, who, to this day – despite all rumours to the contrary – often walks in the forest." His personal experience of faith was also based on those encounters with the Lord that the solitary hunter can have when in the wild.

Epicurus said that death should not concern us, "because as long as we exist, death is not here. And when it does come, we no longer exist." This seems insightful, but it is erroneous in its entirety and in every element. The fact is that not even the most uncompromising atheist can be sure that there is no eternal life, no resurrection and no judgment. For Almighty God – who created the universe

out of nothing, all that is, *creatio ex nihilo* – can have no difficulty in resurrecting from the dust one whom He has created. And Epicurus is mistaken, for while we are here, death is also here: we are here now, and yet we are talking about death. Truth is not on the side of Epicurus but the apostolic fathers, who framed the question by saying that in the end, of course, we leave behind everything: wealth, bank accounts, rank – everything. Only our deeds will accompany us – like dogs. Feri Szabó will be accompanied by his good deeds, like loyal dogs. Let me conclude with a story about dogs. In ancient times we were on a boar hunt, and a boar gored a dog. It had gored it very badly, so it was not something which just needed two stitches from a vet. One could see that the beater who owned the dog did not have that kind of money, and was not going to take it to the vet. A professor of medicine who was present said that he would rather give the poor dog a mercy shot to end its suffering. Feri took the sick dog in his arms and left the hunt, carrying it on foot over three hills, cajoled three people into going to the vet – this was at the weekend – and paid the vet handsomely to operate

on the dog. That dog and that good deed will accompany Feri into Eternity.

Many people say that "we came into the world naked, and that is how we depart". I do not think this to be true. It is true that when we are born our life is like a blank notebook. But when our life reaches its fulfilment, the book of our life is full. The renowned German theologian Gerhard Lohfink precisely states that upon resurrection not only our body and our personality rise from the dead, but also all the memories and relationships that have been part of our life – and therefore also, in a sense, the impact of those we have been in contact with during our life. The life that we take into Eternity is not a blank notebook, but a book full of writing. Feri's book of life, which he filled in the course of his 67 years, also contains us. And you, Feri, are also in the book of our lives.

The Scriptures have very little to say about salvation, and leave no room whatsoever for the imagination. All that the Scriptures say about salvation is that "Things which eye has not seen and ear has not heard, and which have not entered the heart of man, all that God has pre-

pared for those who love Him." Who will come within the sight of God? Good people, the Scriptures teach us: those who, in the words of Saint John, are written in the Book of Life. The good people. And Feri was a good person. *Requiescat in pace.*



Gábor Miklós Szóke: *The Death of Zrínyi*

Zsolt Bayer

*The Suicidal
Buck*

This happened last year. (Now of course that means nothing to those of you reading these lines fifty or a hundred years from now. Therefore, sharing the dilemma of the poet László Nagy, I give you a peck on each cheek – if human faces still exist and you have cheeks – and explain that here “last year” means 2020. It was a rather unpleasant year – both for Homo sapiens and the planet...)

What I'm about to report happened on a roe buck hunt last year, and if it hadn't happened to me, I'd say that the whole thing was just a fantasy in the mind of an ageing and increasingly sentimental hunter. But it happened to me, an ageing, increasingly sentimental hunter...

We were down in the Southern Great Plain last spring; a band of merry chums and lifelong old friends, hunting roe buck. I may have told you about this, but as I happened to shoot my first buck at dawn, this has stuck with me like some kind of fate or curse: never anything at dusk, never anything in the evening – all my bucks have been shot at dawn and continue to be. It was like that again last spring;

in the evening we wore our legs out in the best places, but I never even got to look through my scope.

Then came the dawn.

And it seemed that dawn had come and would go without sight of game, because the bucks were obviously on their way to some kind of conference in the deepest undergrowth in the deepest depths of the forest. But there wasn't one to be seen: not on the alfalfa fields, not on fresh pastures, not on fields of sprouting grain, not in the sparse orchards, and not in the young woodland. This was a total write-off, I thought, and I'd have settled for a scraggly leveret – if there had been a scraggly leveret in sight.

“Let's go into the young woodland, to see if...”, said Imre. And what usually happened after such proposals was that we went into the young woodland.

Perhaps they figured out from this that we went into the young woodland and stopped at one end of a fire-break, because Imre had given the definite order to do so. Then he raised his binoculars to his eyes, searching at length for something.

“There's a buck...”

"What's he like?"

"I can't see exactly, but in any case, he needs to be shot. He's lame..."

"How far off is he?"

"A good two hundred, two hundred and fifty..."

"Well, I won't shoot yet," I said, and took my finger off the safety catch.

And then we talked a little more, in tones neither hushed nor too loud, as if we were at home in the living room. We looked around us, some by turns either lighting up or taking photos; in other words we made no big deal either of silence or concealing ourselves.

And then, after about five minutes, the buck stepped out into the middle of the firebreak and started walking towards us.

The buck's behaviour was so astonishing that we all fell silent, instinctively and simultaneously. We simply watched him approaching us.

The buck kept coming and coming. One hundred and eighty metres, one hundred and fifty...

He was limping heavily on his right leg, approaching slowly, as if being pulled on a rope. Even though the wind was blowing from behind us.

"Get ready!" Imre called to me – not even in a whisper, but loudly; and the buck kept on walking towards us.

One hundred metres, eighty...

I released my rifle's safety catch, put the barrel on the shooting stick and looked through the scope.

And my buck, now in the crosshairs, kept coming and coming; and my throat tightened...

I told myself I wouldn't let him get closer than fifty metres; but he heard my thoughts, because he stopped at about sixty and turned sideways in the firebreak.

I've never taken such an easy shot with such despondency and such a heavy heart. And after that I just gazed at the felled animal and into nothingness.

The buck was infected with the *Actinomyces* bacterium, which had attacked his right eye and blinded it. He must have been set upon from his blind side by a golden jackal or a fox, which broke his leg.

Thus the stricken buck had come to me, intending to commit suicide. He approached, turned sideways in the firebreak, and said: "Save me from my suffering, Dear Friend; I shall not be ungrateful..."

A fine set of antlers crowned the diseased buck's head.

And every time I look at them, I remember that he was the only animal I knew that wanted to die. He was like the old Szeklers in the mofetta cave, or elderly Japanese people up on Mount Narajama.

Yes. I've never had – and perhaps never will have – such an intimate and direct relationship with any game animal as that which I had with my sick, suicidal buck. I was the one who could be his saviour...



Zsolt Vasáros: Hunting Room

Zsolt Semjén

*In Defence
of Hunting*

*“Only in the contemporary period
– and, within that, only in
the most demoralised regions of Europe –
has an affinity for hunting been held in disesteem.”*

(José Ortega y Gasset: Meditations on Hunting)

Since you assumed the presidency of the National Hungarian Hunting Association we have seen the enactment of sensible gun legislation, excellent hunting legislation, and you have announced the 2021 World Hunting Exhibition in Budapest. In today's world this demands courage and determination, especially from a politician.

In the hunting world there are those who live *for* hunting, and also those who live *off* hunting – in a perfectly respectable sense. And there are those who live *only* for hunting, for the cause of hunting. I have never received a single penny for my hunting work. Detached from the swirl of otherwise acceptable affiliations, I thus have a certain freedom to maintain the direction and ethos of Hungarian hunting and the World Hunting Exhibition. Hunting has been part of my family for centuries, and so I grew up with it; but graduating in Game Management at the University of Sopron also equipped me from a professional point of view.

Despite all this – or because of it – you are subjected to personal attacks.

I am proud of my identity as a Hungarian hunter. Everyone can see that one must not be afraid and that we are

going forward. On the one hand such attacks are a feature of political life, and on the other hand my thirty years of experience as a political practitioner has strengthened my immunity to them. I will not give up my way of life, my family and the traditions of my childhood just because I am a minister and there are people who are enemies of hunting. If I were to deny my identity as a hunter for political calculations, I would be denying myself; I would also be unable to remain a normal person in politics.

In today's world hunting itself is under attack.

Nowadays hunting itself is a target for attacks, which shows how sections of metropolitan society in particular have become disconnected from nature. We have heard the stories of children who think that cows are purple, because they have only ever seen cows on the wrappers of *Milka* chocolate bars. Increasing numbers in society are growing up not on personal experiences or on the wildlife stories of István Fekete, but on Walt Disney's *Bambi*; this bears no relation to reality or nature – and, in particular, it bears no relation to deer. From a philosophical point of view, also, I consider this anthropomorphic depiction of animals to be

a grave danger. This is because, apart from being false from a naturalistic point of view, it creates an image that places man on the same level as the animal world. This kind of humanisation of the animal world is ultimately a relativisation of man, which leads to a dehumanisation of man. Man is man, and an animal is an animal. Of course all living beings are entitled to certain "rights", protection and respect – according to the order of nature. Thus describing the killing of a wild boar as murder is as absurd as describing the eating of a slice of meat as cannibalism. Man has always hunted, and therefore human existence is existence as a hunter – not just for Cro-Magnon humans, but throughout all history. This is the legacy of our nature as humans. So it is natural for man to hunt, and the refusal to do so demands explanation.

With regard to the World Exhibition, what do you think about the fact that in 1971 there were no green ideologies and politicians who were aggressively hostile to hunting, but in 2021 this is almost the mainstream?

It is instructive, and it confirms exactly what I pointed out earlier: certain ideologies that honour themselves with

the epithet "green" – the ideologues of which are obviously members of urban elites who have never lived near forests or fields – may appeal to nature and its laws in the world of animals, plants and minerals, but do the opposite in terms of humans, society and its order! Just think of gender ideology.

And in such a situation in Europe, indeed around the world, what can we do for the acceptance of hunting?

Our task here is to make people understand that, in order to protect nature, we must avoid two mistakes: one is the unscrupulous profiteering of the industrial lobby, which would turn the world into an industrial park; the other mistake would be to fail to use the natural world for the benefit of man. In the Bible we read that in the beginning when God placed man in the world, it was as if He was placing him in a garden to cultivate it. This was not to exploit it, but neither was it to leave it to its fate. For land that is concreted over is not a garden, and neither is it a garden if it is neglected and becomes a jungle of weeds. Cultivating a garden is planting fruit trees, weeding, watering and pruning. The rifle is to the hunter what the pruning shears are to the gardener. Wildlife

needs to be managed, its population controlled, its quality improved, and its environment – forest and cultivated land – kept in a sustainable balance. Anyone who denies this does not harm hunting, but harms nature and its protection.

Can all this be demonstrated at the World Hunting Exhibition?

There is a reason that the World Exhibition is called "One With Nature". In the order of creation, nature orients towards man, with nature and man being inseparable. Man could not exist without nature, but, from a philosophical-theological point of view, without man the created world would make no sense.* The protection, cultivation and sustainable use of the created world is not possible without game management. And since man is not only part of nature but also the creator of culture, wildlife management cannot be separated from hunting culture: from the paintings in the Cave of Altamira, through the books of István Fekete, to the Saint Hubertus Mass. The World Hunting Exhibition is an opportunity to present to ourselves and to the world our professional game management and our hunting culture, brought from Asia and consummated in Central Europe.

*See: Genesis 1:26-28, 2:19-20; Romans 8:19-22; Revelation 21:5



Zsolt Vasáros: Smoking Room

Zsolt Bayer

*Trophy From
an Unshot Stag*

The stag lived in Gemenc.
Gemenc lay on the floodplain of the Danube.
The hunter was a Hungarian citizen.

This fortunate alignment created the possibility of a great hunt.

We visited in early September, when the stags were roaring. Anyone who has never heard the roar of red deer stags searching for mates in the autumn forest at dawn or dusk has never really heard anything.

It was this sound that, most of all, caused the hunter to walk through the woods. For those who hear it, this sound lends them some kind of superhuman power: strength, virility, the refinement of instincts found in animals – in short, the beauty of hunting.

And the monarch of all hunts is the red deer hunt – at least in this area. Obviously an Alaskan hunter will have a different opinion when suddenly a one-ton bull moose appears in front of him. But when one hears roaring in our forests and two enraged stags almost exploding with testosterone go head-to-head in a clearing ... well, one re-evaluates a lot of things – about the world, about God, about oneself, about problems, about the meaning of life. But of course everything stays as it was, because man is the most stupid creature on earth, and his endless

stupidity springs from the fact that he is the most intelligent and talented.

Such were the musings of the hunter in the Gemenc forest.

He had been installed in a fine place, in his favourite stand on the edge of a clearing. In the middle of the clearing there was an area of reeds and tussock grass; if there were no stags here, there were none anywhere.

That was his last thought – or his last waking thought, because he then fell into a deep sleep.

In his defence, it was about half past four in the morning, and the air was biting cold.

All we can say is that anyone who hasn't fallen asleep up in a high stand in the biting, chilly air of an autumn dawn has never fallen asleep.

Yes, falling asleep in a stand is one of the important elements in the beauty of hunting.

The hunter was sleeping: soundlessly, deeply, with his chin on his chest; and meanwhile lives were being lived.

An exhausted, hungry, emaciated roe buck, trying to recover from the mating season, stepped into the clear-

ing and nibbled at some of the dewy grasses: so delicately, so fussily, like some spoilt little prince.

And then a stork stepped forward, pecking at the ground here and there with its long beak, much to the regret of some snail, beetle or perhaps stray frog. But it was the stork itself which had most cause for regret about everything, as it seemed to have some affliction, forcing it to stay here while its companions were all already on their way to Africa. Meanwhile, looking right and left, it counted the days and waited for death, like an old man in a nursing home, or a young infantryman in a frontline trench.

A fox came out – foxes always come out everywhere, after all – and trotted across the field as daintily as if it were stepping on eggs, or as if it were a ballroom dancer. The show was about to begin. From the opposite side a badger entered stage right. Now if the fox was a ballroom dancer, the badger was an ice hockey player in full kit, skating a zigzag path across the grass, ungainly but athletic, seemingly about to knock aside anything in its path. Somehow badgers are always angry, like maths teachers who, having no other prospects, just joylessly...

Suddenly all visible life disappeared from the field.
And the silence became very deep.

And then the stag thundered.

The hunter opened his eyes.

He had never heard such a deep roar from a stag: low, forceful, far-reaching and terrifying. "Wah, wah, wah – ooh", repeated the old stag, sounding huntable, mature, mighty, supreme. The hunter put his rifle barrel on the ledge of the stand, pointed the scope in the direction of the sound, and – looking through it – waited with a trembling stomach.

A few minutes later the stag stepped out of the reedy, tussocky cover.

He was huge, mature and huntable, with a capital trophy which could be a dozen kilograms or so.

A fearsome, beautiful, full-bodied stag.

His body was pure muscle, pure tension, and vapour rose from him as if he were an overheating steam engine. As he roared, morning mist came from his nose and mouth, and sedge, bulrush and reeds hung from his enormous antlers. When he had finished roaring, he swung

his huge crowned head to and fro, as if he were facing an opponent, the rival he would have to fight.

The hunter aimed the crosshairs at the stag's shoulder. He felt his finger on the trigger...

But then the stag fell silent and looked up at him. They stared at each other – the hunter first through the scope, then with raised head looking straight and directly into the stag's eyes.

"Not yet", said the stag.

"Very well", said the hunter.

"I still have matters to attend to", added the stag, with a barely perceptible nod.

"I know", replied the hunter.

"Thank you, my friend..."

"Not at all, my friend..."

"We'll meet again."

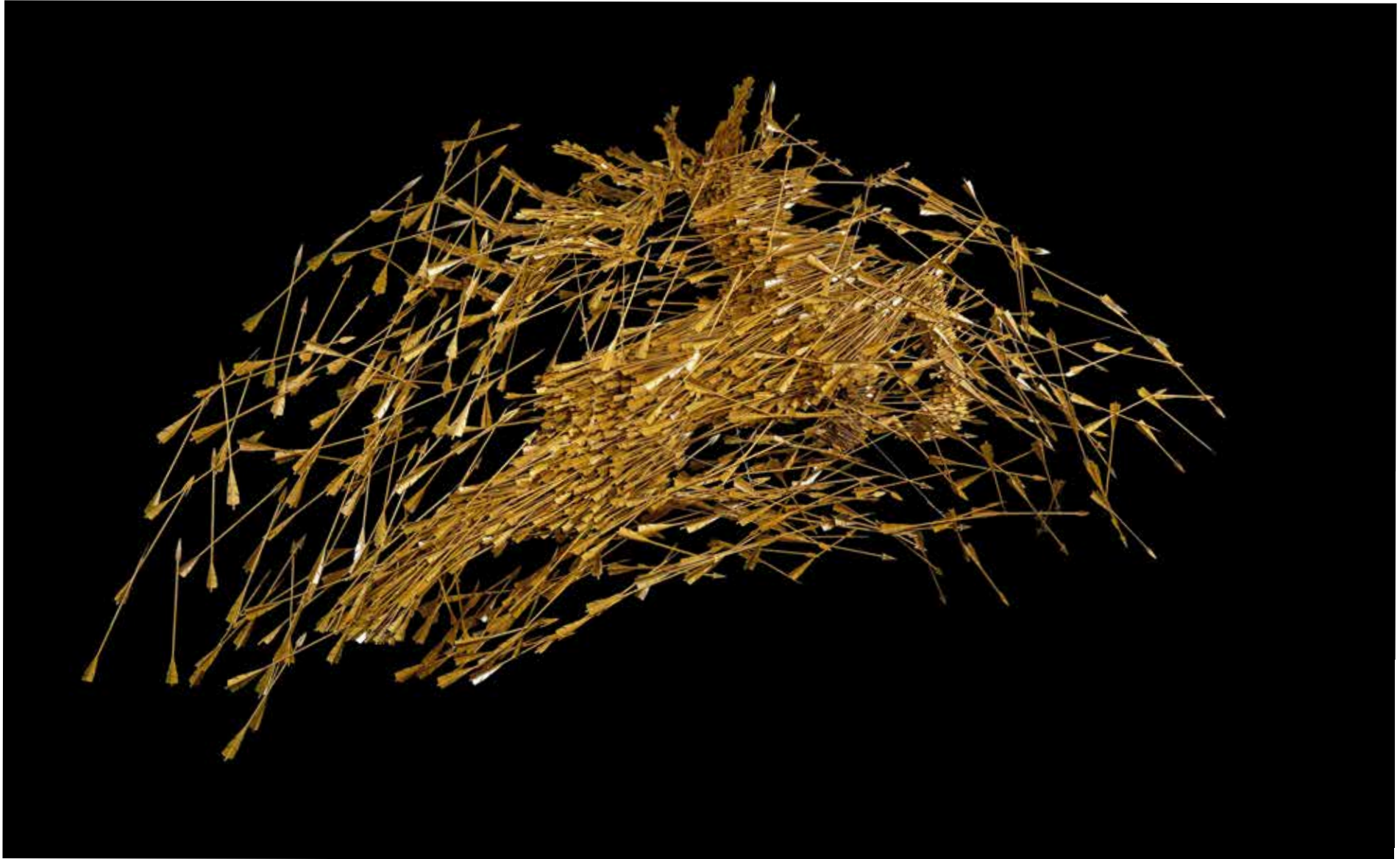
"We will."

And the stag went back into the reedy, tussocky cover.

The hunter continued sitting in the stand for a long time. The autumn sun was strong, warming the clearing, the forest, the reed beds and the air. The mists and

fog patches disappeared, and the hunter was warmed – though not really by the sun.

And in the spacious hunting room of his soul, pride of place was occupied by his huge, mature, beautiful trophy stag, which the hunter had been unable to shoot. There he will roar for the rest of time.



Gábor Miklós Szóke: Miracle Stag

Zsolt Semjén

*One With
Nature*

Our "One With Nature" World of Hunting and Nature Exhibition is unique, but not without precedent, as it has been organised to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the 1971 World Hunting Expo. That in turn was organised on the centenary of the Hungarian National Hunting Exhibition of 1871.

In September 2011, on the fortieth anniversary of the 1971 Expo, I proposed to the Hungarian hunting community that we should organise a new world exhibition in 2021; I announced this at the *FeHoVa* weapons, fishing and hunting exhibition in 2015, and at the following year's event I was able to confirm generous support for it from the Government of Hungary.

Such an event must be organised with a sense of grandeur, to its fullest extent! This is for at least two reasons. Firstly, it is demanded of us by our great hunting culture, which stems from the heritage we brought with us from Asia. Just think of the Turul, the Miracle Stag (mythical beasts in ancient Hungarian folklore), or what Master Anonymus wrote in the *Gesta Hungarorum* about Hungarians being better hunters than the sons of other

nations, because their young devoted much of their time to hunting. This heritage of ours reached its consummation here in Central Europe, with the hunting culture and art of the Habsburg Empire. And here we must also speak of our legendary game management – known and recognised far and wide, and closely linked to the impact of 1971, which is felt to this day.

Secondly, in Hungary there are about seventy thousand hunters, seven hundred thousand anglers, many thousands of sport shooters and archers, and I cannot even estimate the number of hunting dogs and horse riders. If one includes their family members, this is one quarter of the Hungarian nation.

But for us to do justice to the World Exhibition and stage it in a fitting manner, we first had to arrange hunting affairs in Hungary in a fitting manner. We have created a viable and rational gun law, we have put an end to the harassment of hunters and sport shooters, and also to the mentality left over from the years of communism, when the state dreaded the thought of its citizens having guns. We can be justly proud of our hunting law, which

I can venture to call the best in the world today. It stipulates that every hunting area must cover at least three thousand hectares and operate on a twenty-year cycle, and a system of regional chief hunters has been established. We have amply provided for the Chamber of Hunting – which operates as a public body; and we have overseen a process of professional renewal at the hunting magazine *Nimród*. The latter, with a circulation of eighty thousand, is now Hungary's largest periodical! We have a symbiotic relationship with the C.I.C.; and we have not only arrived at a *modus vivendi* with our friends in nature conservation, but at a consensus – especially on the question of habitat development.

In relation to all the foregoing we owe a debt of gratitude to many, many friends. But while asking for the understanding of our other benefactors, here and now I would like to thank just one: Count József Károlyi, the World Exhibition's first ministerial commissioner, whom we must thank for laying the Exhibition's national and international foundations, for the motto "One With Nature", and for the inspired logo!

Having looked at the background, let us turn to the World Exhibition itself. On a personal note, I have never been paid a penny for my work in hunting. I only bear the political risk – but I was predestined to do so by the fact that I took over the presidency of the National Hungarian Hunting Association a decade ago. Another factor was that as a child I was there in 1971. The memory of seeing the African trophies in the Tanzanian pavilion, for example, has remained with me. So that gift from back then is still with me today.

We face a more difficult situation now than in 1971, and in three respects: the anti-hunting attitude of mainstream media and politics; the consequent manipulations of certain Hungarian politicians and media figures; and the Covid pandemic.

We not only have to deal with green ideology, but with dark green ideology. We can make a sharp distinction between our green friends who make laudable efforts to protect nature, and "eco-terrorists" of the dark green faction – who often tend to be anti-human. It is strange but instructive that their philosophy and policies claim to cel-

celebrate nature in relation to animals and plants, but denigrate nature in relation to society. We, following the order of creation, protect the order of nature in every respect, giving every being its own dignity as it deserves, according to the order of nature.

Of course it is not easy for us in this world, which is disconnected from nature and its order, where many children believe that cows are purple because they have never seen a real cow in their lives – only the purple cow on a chocolate wrapper. Or they think that deer are like Walt Disney's Bambi – which, of course, has nothing whatever to do with either deer or the reality of nature. The mission of the World Exhibition is also to respond to anti-hunting demagoguery, by demonstrating the following: a hunting culture that stems from human anthropology; the freedom of sustainable hunting; and the necessity and rationality of game management.

We are staging the exhibition with the aim of completeness, including everything related to hunting: dog, horse and falconry shows; fishing, shooting and archery world competitions; art in hunting and hunting in art;

game and fish gastronomy; and scientific world conferences. All this with the aid of 21st-century technology.

As with all things in the world, there are some unpleasant phenomena in hunting that we need to reflect on. Classical moral theology distinguishes between the *actus humanus* and the *actus hominis*. The *actus humanus* is a humane act, the *actus hominis* is the act of a human, but it cannot be called humane. To illustrate this with an idiosyncratic example, wine can be linked to both a tasting session in a wine cellar in Tokaj, but also to someone staggering out of a tavern after having drunk adulterated alcohol. The former is an *actus humanus*, the latter an *actus hominis*. In the same way, the hunting of Count Zsigmond Széchenyi is an example of *actus humanus*, while the destruction of game animals by criminals is an *actus hominis*. Incidentally, it is no coincidence that the Hatvan Hunting Museum is named after Count Zsigmond Széchenyi. The extraordinary quality of hunting culture is that it creates a unity from the anthropological range of human existence, in the complexity of nature and culture – from the passion for hunting to, for example, the Saint Hubertus Mass!

I have been asked this question: don't I think that the tributes paid to the Expo of 1971 represent the apotheosis of the communist Kádár regime? No, I do not! The fact is that there have been two symbolic high points in Hungarian hunting: the Tótmegyer estate of Count Lajos Károlyi, and 1971. But just as Tótmegyer is not about Governor Miklós Horthy, neither is 1971 about János Kádár, First Secretary of the Party. So, for example, what Archduke Joseph did can be directly linked to Archduke Joseph, and what was shot by Pál Losonczi is likewise Pál Losonczi's. This is an event about hunting, not politics; we are not falsifying history!

Because we aim for completeness, in line with the diversity of the exhibition we have asked curators who have already carried out similar large projects to each be responsible for a large area of the exhibition – from the world of water to that of art. I thank them for their professionalism and – although many of them are not hunters – for their enthusiasm. This is another reason why what Government Commissioner Zoltán Kovács and I have said will turn out to be true: the World Hunting Exhibition will

attract one million visitors!*

It is important to mention that we consider it our gastronomic mission to promote game and fish dishes, and to incorporate them into the options offered in public institutions. For if anything is truly organic, then it is game meat and fish. In this case its organic status is not just a marketing label: it is definitely free of antibiotics and is biologically the richest of foods. In this respect it promotes the health of people, and thus the future of our nation.

Sustainable hunting is at the heart of our World Exhibition, so I am especially pleased to report that almost every element will be preserved, and in fitting locations: from the *Laudato si'* place of prayer, through the Carpathian Basin pavilion built by people from Transylvania, to the stag's head built from ten tonnes of antlers, which symbolises the unity of Hungarian hunters and which acts as the gate welcoming visitors. The latter will be relocated to Keszthely. And Budapest will be enriched with the central venue for our exhibition: a rebuilt HUNGEXPO, which first hosted the International Eucharistic Congress, swiftly followed now by the World Hunting

* In the end there were 1.5 million visitors!

Exhibition; and in the future it will play its role in the tourism and economic reopening following the pandemic, and host hundreds of events for a lifetime.

This exhibition is important, but more important is the lesson and the message it embodies and teaches. Its most important aspect is its intellectual and spiritual content, proclaiming the order of nature. In this it shows that, from a human perspective, ninety-nine per cent of all our ancestors hunted – and if they had not been successful hunters, we would not be here. So the passion for hunting is part of human nature. Today the ingrained legacy of this is our hunting culture. And from the perspective of nature, it is demonstrated by the fact that without hunting the balance between game animals, forest and agriculture cannot be sustained, and neither can the diversity of wildlife and quality of game.

From Africa to Central Asia, it is an instructive observable fact that wherever hunting is abolished, game populations are destroyed, and that where there is support and investment for hunting and game management, game populations increase in quantity and quality. Because if

there is no legal hunting, there is also no money to protect game against poachers, and there are also countless examples of local people destroying game with fire, iron and poison in order to protect their smallholdings. But where there is hunting, game management and hunting tourism, there is money for game protection; and because hunting is profitable, the local people have neither the ability nor the desire to destroy game. To give you a specific example, in Kenya hunting has been banned, and so across much of the country game has disappeared; meanwhile Namibia is building on hunting tourism, and so there they have a fantastic abundance of game.

In the opening pages of the Bible we read that God created the world as a garden, into which He placed man to cultivate and care for it. So, according to the Scriptures, there are two mistakes that man can make. One is to plunder nature, and fail to value it. Today this is the rampant industrial lobby, which would turn the world into an industrial park, concreting over every square foot of space. The other mistake is to leave our environment to its fate; because then it will not be a garden, but a cha-

otic shambles. Just as a gardener tends to a garden, we must tend to the forests, fields and game stock entrusted to us. This is why I use the following analogy: the rifle on the shoulder of the true hunter is like the pruning shears in the hands of the gardener.

The inspirational effect of the 1971 Budapest World Hunting Expo is still felt today. May God grant that our 2021 "One With Nature" World of Hunting and Nature Exhibition bears similar fruit in our hunting culture, game and nature management, so that it can be enjoyed by our successors when they organise another world hunting exhibition in 2071!

Respect to the game, salutations to the hunter, all glory to the Creator!



One With Nature



NIMRÓD BOOKS

Hunting Chose Me

Zsolt Semjén said the following at the "One With Nature" World of Hunting and Nature Exhibition: "Ninety-nine per cent of all our ancestors hunted – and if they had not been successful hunters, we would not be here [...] So a passion for hunting is our anthropological inheritance, and therefore needs no further justification or explanation. But the reverse is true for those who deny this, and who, in their prejudice, harbour enmity for hunting and hunters." This explains why "I did not choose hunting, but hunting chose me."

This volume comprises four genres, yet forms a unity:
Zsolt Semjén's writings on the eternal philosophy of hunting;
Zsolt Bayer's confessional short stories;
Zsolt Vasáros's inspired installations;
Gábor Miklós Szőke's elemental sculptures



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