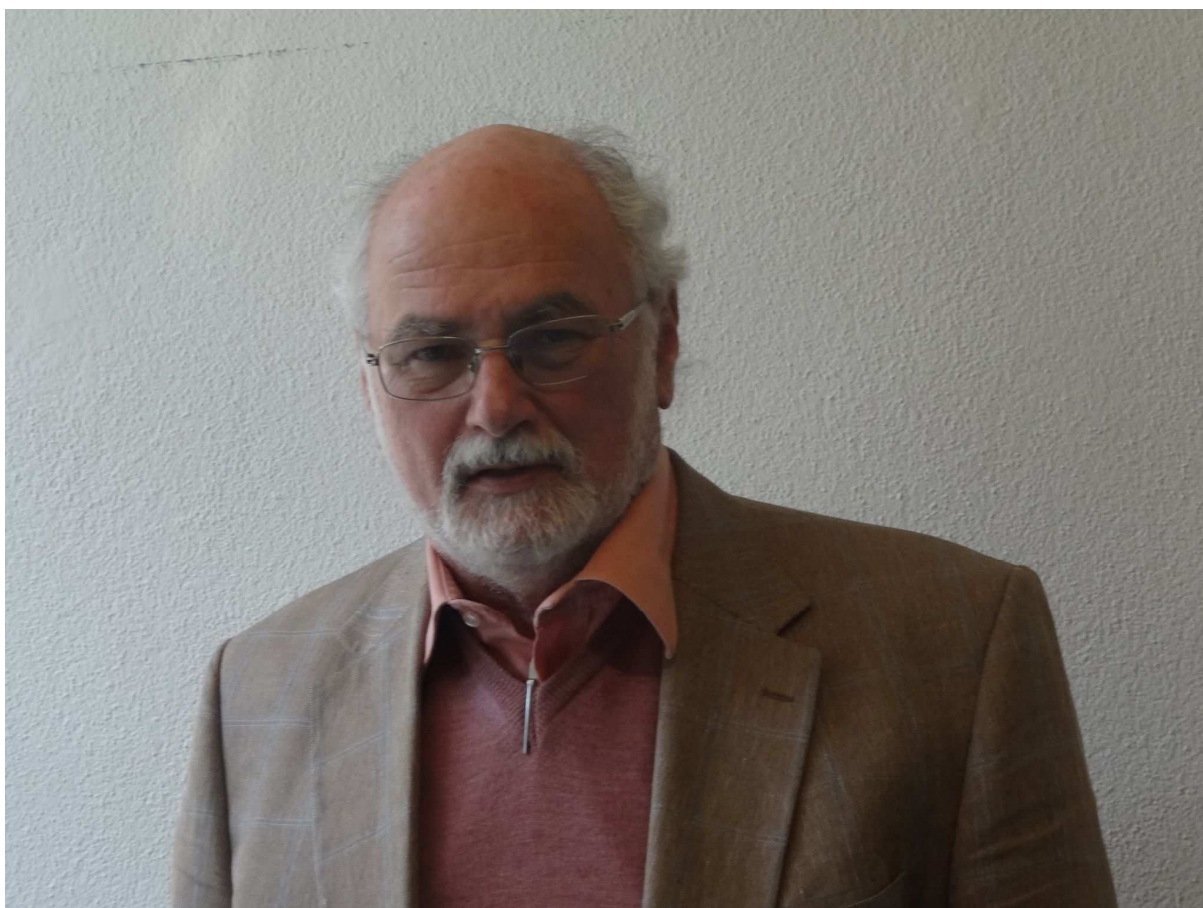


JAM SESSION

75
and a half



Someone who lives in two countries and travels all over the world to deliver lectures and participate in scholarly conferences has an exciting life. Someone who has family members and friends on six continents is blessed but is not likely to see all of them at the same time. The interference of the vicious virus made face-to-face reunions even more scarce than before, and even virtual get-togethers are complicated due to differences in time zones. Yet there is little to prevent us from finding alternatives to celebrate and say some good words to a birthday boy. It is true that a special birthday has already passed. But like UNESCO dedicating each year to an important theme, the initiator of this project pronounces March 2023- March 2024 a **Janos Makowsky Year**. This makes it easy for everyone who cares to pay respect, sing praise, express love, joke or ... tease and mystify Janos.

The organizer of this modest informal festschrift has to admit that she managed to get in touch with just a small part of the people who value Janos, but those who participated did it putting their heart into their writing. Participants could choose the language in which they wanted to express themselves, so this is a quadrilingual booklet reflecting the diversity of Janos' life.

The best way to make children good is to make them happy (Oscar Wilde)



אבי היקר

אני אוהב אותן מאוד ושמח שהקשר שלנו חזק שנותן לי
הרבה ומקווה שימשיך להיות לנו קשר חזק וטוב מבן
האוהב

יובל מקובסקי

How can I summarize my relationship with Janos?

In one short sentence: He is my father.

In more words:

After a rough time in our relationship after my parents divorced when I was 9 years old, we found a way to have a healthy father and son relationship.

I will always remember our weekly meeting in a nice Tel Aviv's restaurant where we discussed many world's issues and specially comparing Israel and Switzerland. Those discussions helped me to develop a strong opinion and I always be thankful for them. Later in life after my mother pass a way you proved to be someone I can count on as a responsible adult. I will mention two examples, but I am sure there are many more. First, you came all the way to India when I was 24 years old and felt completely lost, you proved to be not only a logical genius in the academic world but also to take the most logical decision when it came to real life. By coming all the way to India, you probably saved me and gave back our relationship something that was lost after the divorce – TRUST. Second, when I was 32 years old and already a father for Boaz, I had a sudden cardiac arrest. My wife saved my life but again without hesitation you came all the way from Israel and spent a few weeks with us and proved to be a great father when it mattered the most.

I am sure many people will emphasize how smart you are and how many great things you did, but I am happy to contribute how great of a father you have been for Yuval and me, and we know how hard it was sometimes.

So, I want to thank you not only for your brain but also for the human you are and the father you have been for us.

Your loving son.,

Amichai Makowsky

Grandsons make you feel younger and let you do things together for which there was no time earlier.



Boaz Makowsky's message for Saba:

Saba is one of the most intelligent people I know. His status as a professor only proves that more. I couldn't even dream of learning 7 languages. He's quite a role model for me.

Love, Boaz

If you don't have a daughter, get yourself a very special daughter-in-law



Lucinda Makowsky's message for Janos:

It has been almost 14 years since I joined the Makowsky family. I remember meeting Janos and feeling really excited by his knowledge of all things. He is the constant educator. What I value most about our relationship is how much I learn from him. That first night I remember him telling us we lived around the corner from the Tenement house museum, which neither of us knew. He has taken us to amazing places, cooked us delicious food and loved us unconditionally. He has been there for us through all the ups and downs and has been a constant support system for our little family. We love him and wish him wealth, health and many more blessings. Love Cindy

Friends are forever, cousins are for life.



“Onkel Janos”

My connection to my family’s history in Europe came alive when I met my cousin Janos. Or rather, I should say when Janos found me. Both of my parents were only children, so I didn’t really think about cousins very much and had no aunts or uncles. I never knew my mother’s parents, who died before I was born. I lost my mother, father, and his parents at an early age. With no one left to ask about the past, I studied my father’s poems and journals for clues. After his death I published some of his writing on my very first website.

And that was how Janos found me! He was searching for descendants of our common ancestor, my great-great-grandfather David Deutsch, when he came across my website. He wrote to me and invited me to meet him in Toronto, along with other Deutsch cousins living there. That led to subsequent meetings in Seattle, Vancouver, and Zurich, and I was lucky to attend his 60th birthday party in Israel and to meet his wife and sons. Our bond and love for one another has deepened and broadened over the years. In many ways, Janos is the uncle I never had.

Our connection and Janos' passion for family history has impacted my life in profound ways. For example, I was one of the founders of the Sousa Mendes Foundation, an organization devoted to the legacy of the Portuguese diplomat Aristides de Sousa Mendes, who provided life-saving visas to many thousands of Jewish refugees and others trying to escape from Occupied France in 1940. This occurred because researchers who were trying to find families who received these visas found my contact information on Janos' web pages devoted to the Deutsch family tree. My grandfather Jacques, grandmother Kate, and my father, Arthur Oesterreicher, received visas from Sousa Mendes and from Portugal and were able to eventually emigrate to the United States. I served the organization as a director, treasurer, researcher, and lecturer for several years, and learned a great deal more about my family's exodus from Europe.

Janos knew my great-grandfather Moritz when he was a child and showed me where Moritz and his wife Hermine lived in Zurich, sharing with me a loving impression of them and we visited the cemetery together to honor their memory. Through Janos' research, I was also introduced to our cousin Martin Swartz, who himself was searching for long-lost relatives. Martin had applied for reparations from the Austrian government for Moritz' stolen assets and generously passed these funds along to me and my siblings.

Most of my life I longed for a deeper connection to my family's roots, and Janos has helped me to develop that connection with love and care. Now, after many years of effort, I have acquired Austrian citizenship and live in the Czech Republic. I will be able to visit the places where my ancestors lived in Bohemia, Slovakia, and Austria. And hopefully, I may also spend more time with my beloved "Onkel Janos" here in Europe and in Israel. Thank you, dear Janos, for expanding my family, my mind, and my world!

Harry Oesterreicher

April 25, 2023 - Prague



I first "met" Janos on the Internet in 2004, as he had stood up a web page on the history of the Deutsch family, which included a tie-in to my great-grandmother Josefine Hofmann, nee Oesterreicher (her brother Moritz Oesterreicher had married Hermine Deutsch). Through Janos I was able to make contact with other Oesterreicher family members, and to learn about this part of the family history, which I hadn't known about. So I am very grateful to Janos for that.

In addition, I have very much appreciated Janos's sense of history (especially Hungary), international politics, art, and languages, all of which I share to one degree or another. I also know Janos is amazing at math, though I have no way to confirm that those complicated-looking equations in his office really are anything other than random numbers and letters.

Michelle and I feel very fortunate that we were able to visit Janos (and you) in Haifa a few years ago and hope that you will be able to visit us in Washington one of these days. All best wishes, and Happy Birthday Janos!

Martin and Michelle Schwartz



A message from Adam Deutsch:

I first met Janos in December 1974 at Union Station in Toronto. He had just crossed Canada by train from Vancouver where he did a six-month post-doctoral fellowship at Simon Fraser University. To this day, Janos is the only person I have met who has made the trip from Vancouver to Toronto by train. I was 18 and Janos was 26. I had met his mother the previous summer during a six-week Eurail and youth hostel trip I made to Europe. I was just starting to study mathematics at the University of Toronto and Janos was considered to be the genius of the family. We took quite a few walks around Toronto together and his perspective on things was always interesting.



When I met Janos in Zurich in 1988, not long after his mother died, he told us a lot of family stories, which he subsequently put into writing. I could feel the weight of history in those stories and also the weight of all the personal difficulties he had endured.

Janos has extensive knowledge, a sharp mind and the ability to see situations from a different angle. He is also a very loving father and grandfather (although I have only seen him in photos with his grandson).

I wish Janos excellent health and a fulfilling retirement.

A message from Marika Deutsch:



I believe the first time I met Janos was in Zurich sometime in the early 2000s. I was vacationing there with my parents and he came to see us, and we had dinner at a restaurant nearby. I believe I also met Amichai and Yuval then.

On another occasion, I believe also in Zurich, my parents and I met up with you and Janos for dinner. I remember it took a very long time to find the restaurant Janos had picked out. Looking back now, it was rather amusing. I remember we ordered chicken, and it was a pleasant meal.

I would like to wish both yourself and Janos good health and happiness.

A message from Eiko Okunuki:



I can't remember exactly when I met Janos for the first time. It was probably when we visited Europe (Bratislava) about 23 years ago.

Janos visited us in Vancouver a few times.

We saw each other either in Vancouver or Europe (Zurich).

I remember we went to the concert in Lucerne while we were travelling.

I slept during the concert due to a jet lag.

We visited Janos's Zurich apartment too.

He is very knowledgeable about many things, such as food, wine, art and music.

He is an amazing person.
I feel that he is a very good father.
I am happy Janos found Masha.
I wish him good health.
And I hope he and Masha continue to live good life.

Send love from Vancouver,
Eiko



A message from Naomi Beth Wakan:

My death poem

Japanese
haiku poets
of yore
wrote their death bed
haiku
days, months, years
before dying
so that they had time
to edit it,
lest it not be
a perfect haiku
to be remembered by.
Thinking of this,
now I've signed my will
and allocated
my power of attorney,
I'll sit for a moment
and see if I can catch
my dying moment
which I trust
will be sometime
in the very distant future. . .

Here it is:

clouds pass
across the skylight . . .
I, too, drift along

Growing Old tanka

I grow old
impatient with words
which can explain nothing
“what is left to do?” I ask . . .
the wind blows up from the beach

preparing
for my next step
in life
I am surprised to find
sickness, old age and death

as I age
I seek perpetual
safeness
knowing that any life worth living
demands perpetual risk

growing old
is no guarantee
that foolish maidens
will turn into wise old crones
muttering oracles worth a dime

fretting about life
past regrets and future fears . . .
when past and future
suddenly collapse into chickadees
on the mountain ash

Goldfish

one does not write
because the goldfish play
at the bottom of the waterfall,
but because not everyone
can see them



“Drawing is not what one sees but what one can make others see.” Edgar Degas



“I am here with my favorite cousin”, wrote Beverly Deutsch.
Her most important words are not in sentences but in her art.
Beverly’s works adorn Janos’ homes. The two which follow are new gifts to celebrate Janos’ 75.



Hammer



Pommy

It took many years of search and research before the crossword puzzle of family photos was solved and people in the pictures sent from Australia acquired names. Janos met their offspring and even brought some of them together.



A message from Bev Darvey:

Janos, the Darvey's in Sydney, Australia (originally Danos) wish you health, happiness and a long and happy marriage to dear Masha. You are a wonderful couple, and it has been our pleasure to know you as

family for most of the twenty first century. Norman only discovered his Jewish roots in his mid-years, and it is thanks to you Janos that we have such a comprehensive family tree.

You have stayed in our home, and I must say I was knowing what a good cook you are. But you are always very gracious, and it has been a joy to just sit and talk with you on any subject. A highlight was an extended family lunch in 2017 where we met unknown relatives who live in Australia over a sumptuous meal.

Janos, thank you for your friendship, good company, wisdom on life, logical mind and so much more. Your academic achievements are legion – we look forward to catching up with you both after yet another conference.

May the Lord God bless and keep you and your family.



A message from Melissa Darvey:

I first met Janos when I was about 11 or 12 when he visited my family in Sydney, Australia. My most memorable encounter with him was in 2011, over a decade after we had first met, when he was generous enough to offer up some space in his home in Zurich for me to stay. He was also very generous with his time showing me around the beautiful city, taking me to the opera and introducing me to some Swiss delicacies. Myself and my family would like to wish Janos a wonderful 75th year-long birthday along with good help and happiness. Much love from Melissa and the Darvey family.



A message from Eugene White:



Well Janos has had his 75th.

I only met Janos 12 years ago. My sister, Naomi - I think - found Janos via her research into our family tree - the Weiss one - and Janos was interested in the Deutsch family and there was an intersection.

Anyway somehow Janos and I connected and we arranged to meet in Vienna. This was interesting and fun. We went to the Stadttemple and Zentralfriedhof and found some relatives there – a Weiss not Deutsch. We also had some excellent meals.

In late 2011 Janos came to Melbourne I think for a conference where he saw Louise and Sue Newman - two other “cousins”, though not directly related to one another - and who I see regularly

on my visits to Melbourne. He came to Brisbane and we had arvo tea with my mother and tea with Naomi and me – and visited a nature reserve.

In 2017 there was a Deutsch family get-together in Sydney - I think Janos may have instigated that – and I met several hitherto unknown rellies. One woman, Deanna, was a very distant cousin my sister found, who was also an existing decades' long friend, so I brought her out to lunch as well.

Our conversations were wide ranging, and for me sometimes intellectually challenging. I am not mathematically inclined at all, though I have some interest in chemistry, geology and biology. We also discussed philosophy and politics, and I affirm my total opposition to Netanyahu and especially neofascist elements in his government. If I had the vote, I would have cast my ballot for Meretz, but they missed the threshold cutoff this time. Janos has strong views but they seem somewhat different to mine.

One thing was for sure: we did not waste time discussing mundane trivia, daytime TV or tabloid media crap!



Janos - On reaching your 75th Year! Congratulations!

First a family connection and letters sent
Then by chance to Europe we both went.
We met, in Prague, and had time to explore
A beautiful city, and exchange family lore

Throughout the days we walked talked and ate,
At night to the Opera there was no debate
“La Clemenza de Tito” not Mozart’s best
But an experience shared, that was the test.

Next contact in Israel ,I visited there
A most generous host, who took so much care
To show me his home and Haifa, his city
That I didn’t have longer was really a pity.

He showed me his home and his interests and art,
Lent me interesting books, Oh, dear, where to start?
You played me the harpsichord, then thought of dinner,
Drove into the mountains, special herbs made a winner!

University culture was something we shared,
Where things intellectual often mixed with the absurd!
Your home are in Israel, and Switzerland too,
There is so much you value, so much that you do.

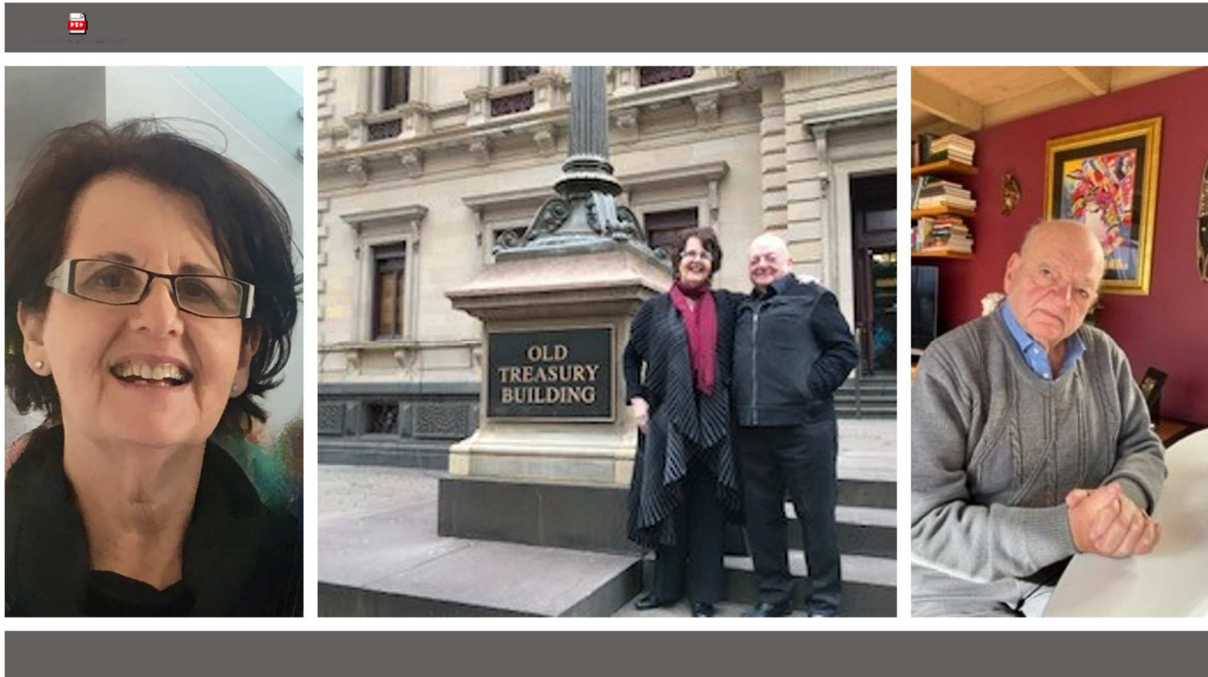
Committed to family, connected world-wide,
That’s where emerges a caring ,softer side,
In researching our families, you help our memories last,
Of those presently living and those well in the past.

Your mathematical genius is truly profound,
Every year in your specialty covering new ground,

You travel the world keeping contacts alive,
with family and colleagues, I envy your drive.

But at seventy-five you haven't slowed down
You are writing a novel, will soon visit our town,
A man for all seasons, with skills so diverse
It doesn't surprise I am driven to verse!

With very best wishes,
Sue and Frank Newman



Friendship is worth nothing if it can't survive the slow decay of time and distance.

Janos Makowsky zum 75sten Geburtstag

Zum ersten Mal habe ich Janos im Gymnasium Freudenberg in Zürich kennengelernt, eventuell schon in der ersten Klasse, oder erst dann, als sich die Klasse in eine Griechisch-Klasse 3a aufteilte. Janos ist sofort als sehr intelligenter und vielseitig interessierter Schüler aufgefallen. Insbesondere hat er in Mathematik und anderen naturwissenschaftlichen Fächern gegläntzt, was uns andere etwas frustrierte. Dafür konnten wir das meistens im Turnen kompensieren, was wiederum Janos nicht sehr freute. Nach der Matura sind alle Schüler verschiedene Wege gegangen, Janos hat sich aber häufig gemeldet, wenn er Gastvorlesungen in Zürich hielt. So konnten wir uns mit der alten Klasse 7a immer wieder treffen, wobei ehemalige Schüler auch von weit her dazu kamen. Das letzte Mal habe ich Janos bei der Klassenzusammenkunft bei Henk van Riemsdijk in Arezzo gesehen, wo fast alle noch lebenden 7a-ler die Gelegenheit nutzten, das schöne Landgut von Henk zu besuchen. Janos hat uns Morgenmuffel als Frühschwimmer im Indoor-Pool beeindruckt. In den manchmal hitzigen Diskussionen zeigte sich Janos auf verschiedenen Gebieten sattelfest, es gab aber auch Differenzen, als andere Teilnehmer mit noch besseren spezifischen Sachkenntnissen auf seine häufigen Nein-Antworten etwas gereizt reagierten. Im Hinblick auf die offenbar bindende Zeit über sieben Jahre in der Mittelschule konnten diese Differenzen aber immer wieder weggesteckt werden, sodass insgesamt eine schöne Erinnerung zurückblieb. Ich wünsche Janos und seiner Familie weiterhin interessante und fröhliche Stunden, und dass er seine hohe Intelligenz noch viele Jahre zum Nutzen vieler einsetzen kann.

Herzlich Felix Walz



A message from Henk van Riemsdijk:

I met Janos in the Gymnasium in the Freudenberg School. We were both there from the first to the last. Janos was, I am sure, during the whole 6 and a half years the most intellectually advanced of us all. And in all modesty, I was probably the number two.

Our areas of interest were rather diverse, but we did discuss occasionally. As we then were in different Universities, first as students and later as professors in different fields and in different countries. It is fair to say that my visit to Janos and you in Haifa was pretty much the only serious connection. It was a wonderful stay at your place and I often think back of it. The two of you were kind enough to take me on a tour in various parts of the country. That was both beautiful and interesting. Thanks again! But we also had long and intensive discussions about our fields of interest, and that too was very interesting!

It's a shame we did not have more connections in all that time. But, as you say in your mail, Maria, we did have a long-distance friendship and we respected each other's work.

Janos, herzliche Gratulation zum 75. Geburtstag

Eine Nacht in Paris mit Janos

Janos war in unserer Klasse der Töcherschule Hohe Promenade in Zürich gut bekannt, einerseits weil er sich während der Jugendunruhen in den 60er Jahren stark engagierte und weil es manchmal Tanzabende gab, bei denen sich unternehmungslustige Töchter und hoffnungsvolle junge Männer trafen.

Vor der Maturaprüfung wollte ich mein Französisch verbessern und dazu in die Normandie reisen. Die Reise führte über Paris, wo ich am späten Abend umsteigen musste, der Zug nach Norden aber erst am frühen Morgen weiterfuhr. Geld für eine Uebernachtung im Hotel hatte ich nicht. Im gleichen Sommer weilte Janos ebenfalls in Paris, weshalb weiss ich nicht mehr und so war ich höchst erfreut, dass er mir anbot, mich durch die Nacht in Paris zu begleiten und zu beschützen.

Als ich spätabends in Paris ankam, stand Janos tatsächlich auf dem Bahnsteig und nach Einstellung des Gepäcks begann unsere nächtliche Wanderung durch Paris, wo ich zuvor noch nie war. Nach Einstimmung in einer kleinen gemütlichen Bar wanderten wir durch breite Strassen mit eindrucklichen und schönen Bauwerken. Ich kam aus dem Staunen nicht heraus und Janos konnte mir alles erklären. Die Stadt war nach Mitternacht ruhiger geworden und wir müde, worauf wir entlang der Seine schlenderten und uns unter einer Brücke auf dem Boden etwas ausruhten. Die Stimmung war romantisch und grosse Angst vor einem Ueberfall hatte ich nicht, schliesslich kannte sich Janos ja aus. Er schwärmte von den „Halles“, das Zentrum, wo am frühen Morgen um drei oder vier Uhr Lebensmittel aus dem Umland an kleine Händler in Paris verkauft wurden. Es war unbeschreiblich! Berge von frischem Gemüse, Früchte, Fleisch und weitere Lebensmittel stapelten sich und wir konnten uns ungeniert umsehen und staunen. Es herrschte eine unvorstellbare Geschäftigkeit von Verkäufern und Käufern. Mit

unvergesslichen Eindrücken stärkten wir uns bei einem feinen petit Déjeuner, bevor ich rechtzeitig den Zug in die Normandie bestieg. Später wurde die „Halles“ umgebaut und die Lebensmittelverteilung findet leider nicht mehr im Zentrum von Paris statt.

Lieber Janos, herzlichen Dank für dieses einmalige Erlebnis einer Nacht mit Dir in Paris!

Ursula Künsch

Winterthur



A message from Marina Mertens

Wir kennen uns seit über 50 Jahren, das ist eine lange Zeit. Ich habe in meiner Erinnerung herumgekrant, und versuche jetzt das zu Papier zu bringen, was zu all diesen Jahren haften geblieben ist.

Die erste Begegnung soll in unserem Badehaus in Feldmeilen stattgefunden haben. Ich kann mich erinnern, dass ich, wie häufig, alleine auf ein kurzes oder längeres Bad dort war, als eine Gruppe junger Leute eintrudelte, die dort ein Fest feiern wollte. An dich persönlich habe ich aber in diesem Zusammenhang keine Erinnerung. Weiter meine ich wir hätten auch auf dem Pfauen mehrmals zusammen palavert, wohl gegen Ende der Mittelschulzeit. Und ich kann mich an eine Diskussion während unserer Poly-Zeit erinnern, wir standen glaub vor dem Hauptgebäude, Ecke Tannenstrasse/Universitätsstrasse und möglicherweise ging es darum, ob eine Revolution von unten nach oben stattfinden müsse, oder von oben nach unten. Ob sich das wirklich so zugetragen hat, sei dahingestellt. Erinnerungen sind keine zuverlässigen Chronistinnen.

Aus der Zeit nach dem Studium – du warst damals nur noch sporadisch in der Schweiz – ist mir eine ausgezeichnete Randensuppe nach polnischer Art in Erinnerung, die du mir einmal nach deinem Aufenthalt in Polen aufgetischt hast. Ich kann mich auch an verschiedene mehrseitige Briefe aus Vancouver erinnern und an eine Schallplatte von Dory Previn aus Kalifornien. Dann hat wohl eine längere Beziehungspause stattgefunden, in der du Irit geheiratet und mit ihr Kinder bekommen hast, und in der ich in Zürich meine Diss machte und dann für zwei Jahre nach Algerien an eine Uni ging.

Wieder zusammengeführt hat uns eine Krisenzeit. Du warst dabei, dich von Irit scheiden zu lassen (oder hattest die Scheidung erst grad

hinter dir) und deine Mutter lag im Sterben. Ich steckte in meiner happigsten Lebenskrise, hatte die Trennung von meinem Partner aus der Studienzeit noch nicht verkraftet, und das Mietgerichtsverfahren gegen meinen schon halbseitig gelähmten Vater auch nicht, und ich war längere Zeit arbeitslos. Wir haben uns in der Zeit wohl gegenseitig Halt gegeben. Aber da du ja in Israel lebstest und lebst, war es eine Beziehung mit Unterbrüchen, die uns beiden eine eigenständige Entwicklung ermöglichte.

Dann trat Masha in dein Leben. Wenn ich mich recht erinnere, war unsere erste Begegnung an der Bahnhofstrasse, in der Nähe des Rennwegs, und sie war mir auf Anhieb sympathisch. Falls ich mich recht erinnere, sassen wir draussen, vor einem Kaffee, umgeben von etlichen Einkäufen. Aber ob Amichai und Juval dabei waren, kann ich nicht mehr mit Sicherheit sagen.

Seither sehen wir uns zwei bis drei Mal im Jahr, wenn ihr in der Schweiz seid. Meistens zu einem gemeinsamen Essen, oder zu einem Kinobesuch, wir waren auch schon zusammen in der Oper, und sogar am Polyball. Und wir halten uns auf dem Laufenden über das, was in unseren Leben grad Wichtigkeit hat. Denn wir kennen uns ja schon seit über 50 Jahren...

Marina



Malgosia and Donato Giorgetta—friends for all seasons



A message from Donato:

J

JM

JAM

MAYA

WANYA

NOWAYS

SO OKAY

ANY YANK

MANY YAKS

KAKON SOMA

SMOKY NOOKS

MOANY SKYMAN

SNOWY OAKMOSS

JANOS MAKOWSKY JANOS

WYKONAJ JAIKO

SWANKY WOMAN

MASON KNOWS

MONK WANKS

MONA MOWS

KYON SOS

KOMA ON

MONJAS

SWAMY

AMOK

MJA

MJ

J

Deux ou trois choses que je sais d’lui

En enseignant des Mathématiques, on peut du moins essayer de donner aux gens le goût de la liberté et de la critique, et les habituer à se voir traités en êtres humains doués de la faculté de comprendre.

Roger Godement, Cours d’algèbre, p.17

In the teaching of mathematics it is at least possible to attempt to impart a taste for freedom and reason, and to accustom the young to being treated as human beings endowed with the faculty of reason.

(Often quoted by Janos)

We didn’t grow up together, but we did grow up in the same neighbourhood. So, when we met at the beginning of our university studies we had a little bit of a common social background. I am two years older than him. So, we didn’t attend the same public school. Later in college (gymnasium) Freudenberg he met my younger brother, and they were friends for many years. I attended a college affiliated with a monastery. It was situated near the source of the Rhine and at that time it took almost a whole day to get there from Zurich. (My grades were not high enough to continue schooling in Zurich.) Our neighborhood, once a village called *Enge*, i.e. “narrowness”, is situated at the shore of the lake of Zurich on its left or western side. Janos’ home was separated from the lake only by the avenue known as *Mythenquai*, vis-à-vis a little harbor for anchored boats and yachts. The name of the avenue is due to the beautiful panorama opening on the Alps, and especially on the Mythen-Mountains in the centre of Switzerland. From his home to the town centre with its great Swiss banks—of which however none exists anymore—one needs a walk of some 10 minutes crossing a beautiful park called *Arboretum* because of the wonderful trees growing there. (This location has been populated for 4,000 years.)

The home of my family was on a hill behind Janos’ house, some 40 meters higher. From there the view was on some hills in the west, covered with forest and 400 or 500 metres higher than the city. It took between 5 to 10 minutes to cross the park separating our homes. The park pertains to a villa that was once property of a rich German industrialist. From that villa one has a nice view over parts of the town, the lake and the hills above it, and the Eastern Alps.

Zurich was mainly a protestant town then, with two thirds of the population being protestants. Our neighbourhood has a protestant church built at the end of the 19th century. It is visible from many parts of the town, like Sacré Coeur in Paris. There is also a synagogue at Freigutstrasse constructed in 1924, and a catholic church inaugurated in 1951. In my class in the public school a third of the pupils were Protestants, a third were Jews, and a third Catholics. What Jews and Catholics had in common was a large number of religious holidays when the children could stay at home, while Protestants had to attend school and had no “proper” days off. Multireligious friendships were common. It was not at all because of our tolerance, but primarily because of curiosity and appreciation of different ways of life.

It seems that for some reason Janos had some interest in the life of our catholic parish. Anyway, we had common acquaintances, boys and priests. Later he met a Dominican father, whom I also knew because he was responsible for the pastoral guidance of young students. He asked me one day: “Do you know this Janos M.? What a knowledgeable young man he is.” But not everything was in perfect harmony. Once Janos was attacked by a schoolboy I have known from the religious instruction. This fellow reproached Janos and his people for the death of Christ. So, such things also happened.

When we finally met, Janos was a friend of my brother’s, who introduced us to each other. We would meet him in his home at the lake or in ours on the hill. His home was the apartment of his mother’s located in a large building of classic style with several wings and many ceremonial entrances and wide staircases. The name of the building was Mythen-Schloss (Mythen Castle). It was erected in 1928, and the name associated it with the Mythen-Mountains. On both sides - Northern and Southern sides of the avenue - there are buildings of powerful insurance companies. Many of the inhabitants of our neighbourhood were senior employees of these firms. From time to time the Mythen-avenue was used for military parades and receptions of high-rank foreign guests and foreign rulers, like King Haile Selassie of Abyssinia.

This building was home for many people I knew either from the primary school or from parish life. On the fourth floor of the same wing as Janos there lived a family of Rudolf Lüscher. One day, when we were students, Janos introduced me to him; I don’t remember now on what occasion. Rudolf was to become our common friend. We didn’t build a trio, but we had many interests in common, and so we would meet again and again.

It was in 1968, a year of ideological or philosophical awakening or initiation for many West European people – both young and older ones. For us it was a year of encounters with many writers and teachers who seemed to have changed the way we saw or would see the world. To shorten the “history of thought” of these time for us just one figure should be noted: Wittgenstein. Yes, it was not Marx, Freud, Adler, Adorno, Sartre, or Negri, although among others they were acknowledged by many - including us - as important figures too.

Janos took me to a seminar conducted by the great logician E. Specker and devoted to Wittgenstein, or rather to Wittgenstein’s *Tractatus* reedited in 1963 by Suhrkamp Verlag. As far as I remember much of what was discussed was Bertrand Russell’s views of how to translate common language phrases into logical formalism. Formal logic was for most of the young people a new matter. The philosophical ideas of Wittgenstein’s work in logic, however, were related to other traditions of thought. For instance, the sentence “The limits of my language mean the limits of my world” seemed quite revolutionary and reminded us of Sartre’s theory of choice: “*Nous sommes nos choix*”. No seminar participant accepted this analogy as if there were a choice of “my” language. At least, this idea made a connection with a great living representative and street-seller of the Parisien journal “*Cause du peuple*” and for many an “idol” of these quasi-revolutionary times.

There was an important connection between Wittgenstein and a great Austrian writer, satirist and poet Karl Kraus. He wrote: “*Nur in der Wonne sprachlicher Zeugung wird aus dem Chaos eine Welt*” (“Only in the delight of breeding words does the chaos too become a world”). Wittgenstein never met Kraus personally. But when he gave away his fortune to some Austrian artists in need, he based his choices among others on judgements of Karl Kraus. Karl Kraus dedicated his whole life to the critique of language and relying on infinite satirical examples he showed how the misuse of language destroyed the capacity of thinking ... and ultimately resulted in the *Walpurgisnacht* of the Third Reich. Along with the many books Kraus authored, he founded, edited and wrote for the satirical magazine “*Die Fackel*”. With a few exceptions, our friend Rudolf owned the full collection of this magazine’s issues, an invaluable treasure in these years. (Today it is easy to find *Die Fackel* in second-hand bookstores for a low price.) Rudolf’s extraordinary library was full of literary, historical, sociological, and psychological works in German, French, Italian, English and other languages. From time to time Rudolf read or recited beautifully some of the ingenious texts by Karl Kraus.

As we know Wittgenstein's *Tractatus* contains his own refutations as it implies, which he admits, an outright solipsism which "coincides with pure realism". (But: "what solipsism means, is quite correct, only it cannot be said, but it shows itself"). The final refutation came, as acknowledged by Wittgenstein, through the then little known (to us) Italian economist Piero Sraffa (a friend of Keynes), who with a typical Neapolitan gesture of disdain confronted Wittgenstein asking what the logical form of this gesture was and how it is an image of reality. Sraffa was the author of a little book on the production of commodities by means of commodities, a book that many people because of its stylistic austerity and mathematical precision compared to Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*. But the philosophical point in the years after 1968 was that this book implied a "logical" rehabilitation of Karl Marx's (in fact Ricardo's) economic theory of value as presented in his "*Capital*" and by way of counter examples a mathematical "refutation" of the mainstream economics theory. (Interestingly, in a conversation a friend of his once compared Wittgenstein's *Tractatus* with another book, Gérard Debreu's "*Theory of Value*". This little beautiful booklet in the Bourbaki style is said to be the purest expression of the mainstream economics.) Sraffa opened the way to Wittgenstein's second important work: the philosophical investigations which contained a "language-theoretic" (as one would say in our days) refutation of the *Tractatus*.

I myself was a student of the sociology of "the" then described as unipolar international stratification system. So, yes, Rudolf, Janos and I were by no means a trio. We were from the same neighbourhood, and they were from the same "castle", but that was all, although we discovered some similarities in our religious, ideological, political and scientific interests. And clearly: friends of our friends were also our friends just as real or imagined enemies of our friends were our enemies of the same type too, be they living individuals or dead writers. We liked the same moviemakers. Janos preferred Godard, my choice was Truffaut, and Rudolf's New York Underground Cinema. So ultimately, we were from the same "milieu".

Both Janos and Rudolf had an aptitude for languages and were proficient in many, but I wasn't. I am not even very fluent in German and have a horrible accent. But as a compensation ☺, I was very much interested in linguistics (and for that reason later in programming).

In 1968 there were strong social movements not only in Paris, but everywhere in Europe, including Zurich. In some demonstrations we were together, in

others we weren't. We participated in the revival of Marxist ideology and theory, and we faced challenges of philosophy or philosophies of science. The strongest social movements advocated promotion of the "autonomy" of the youth, not only of the university students, so there was a strong youth movement. More importantly, it was the beginning of a very strong movement not only against exploitation of workers, but especially against the discrimination of so called "guest", but really "foreign" workers, who at that time came primarily from Italy and Spain.

"We called on workers but we've got the whole people". Together with students and pupils, among active participants there were the best writers, journalists and filmmakers, backing and supporting foreign trade unions and foreign, especially Italian, intellectuals. There was a strong revival of interest in the history of workers' movements all over the world. It was particularly strong in Italy and Spain, and it was also powerful in other countries like France and Germany. The movements were so strong that there was a week-long seminar devoted to this theme in the sociology department of the University. It was conducted by a German historian who was later shot by the German police when accompanied by a Swiss student and a former pupil of the Freudenbergs gymnasium interested in his works. During the same encounter another student, Werner Sauber, was shot as if he had been a terrorist. Another fascinating academic event of the period was a week-long seminar with a renowned Italian social science professor, Antonio Negri, who was later persecuted in Italy as the leader of the Red Brigades (He died on 16 December, 2023).

Despite his dedication to his mathematical studies, Janos took part in all these events. He was one of us—greatly interested, well informed, and well connected, far beyond the borders of our neighborhood, town, country and even continent. Later some of us founded our own families. Janos was working—studying, teaching, writing, and exploring in Poland, Italy, Canada, the U.S.A. and later in Israel (not to mention some other countries). He too got married and settled in a multicultural town of Haifa. Yet he remains closely connected to Zurich and regularly comes "back". He even "finally" acquired an apartment near the Universities, and he can now see both of them from his balcony when looking at a wonderful view of the town and mountains.

As we know, the social movements born in 1968 came to an end in 1974 when the oil crisis hit the world and neoliberalism began—first in Chile and in the

U.K. under the Labour government and then it spread everywhere. But, interestingly, social movements had a rebirth in 1980, in Zurich, in Berlin, and in Italy. They involved not only students, but youth as a whole. The influence of the declining Italian operaists¹ was notable in Giorgio Bellini's unforgettable bookshop in *Engelstrasse*. As ever Janos was far away. Rudolf dedicated himself to his writings for political magazines and scientific journals. I did some sociological investigations for the Swiss Federal Government and participated in the information activities for some Central American revolutionary movements.

Our common friend Rudolf Lüscher fell ill suddenly. He died in 1983, three or four months after his illness was diagnosed. Rudolf bequeathed the social-science part of his library to the social science library "*Sozialarchiv*". He left two books he was working on in an advanced state, but unfinished. The first one was a biography of the renowned communist bookseller, acturarian, publisher and an unindefatigable activist Theo Pinkus and his wife Amalia, a former Italian partisan.

His second unfinished book was "*Henry und die Krümelmonster - Versuch über den fordistischen Sozialcharakter*". "Henry" referred to Henry Ford, and Henry's dream was to control the workers. It was based on the accounting insight that workers' wages were not only a cost of production, but also a source of demand . . . for the produced final goods needed for their own reproduction. For that reason, workers in Rudolf's book are referred to as "(Re)producers". The wages were the "variables", with the help of which the capitalists could control the workers. But the workers resisted control in thousands of unpredictable ways, like the uncontrollable *Krümelmonsters* or Cookie Monsters, a kind of muppets so beloved by Rudolf in his childhood . . . and adulthood.

Janos revised the whole text and brought it to a publishable format. I tried to help with the bibliography. That year Janos was on sabbatical, a leave of absence from the Technion in Haifa. He took a job at the University of Lausanne

¹ Operaismo, or workerism is a political theory emphasizing the importance of the working class as an engine driving economic development. Workerism was of particular significance in Italian extra-parliamentary left-wing politics in the 1960s-1980s, (<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Workerism>).

and I accompanied him as an assistant, and we savoured our weekly travels in a car from Zurich to Lausanne and back. Janos succeeded in collecting funds to finance the publication, and Rudolf's book came out in 1989 in the publishing house *Konkursbuchverlag* owned by Claudia Gehrke, a friend of Janos'. He contributed a short but a beautifully precise biographical note.

When you wish to consult Janos about a mathematical problem for which one believes or even knows he "has a solution" he would never give it away as a gift. Instead, he would help expose it, go into its depth and help you find a solution by yourself. A friend, a teacher. The same happens when you ask him what work he is doing. He explains that you should not say that the subject seems too complicated and complex or that you do not have enough background knowledge to understand it. No: First he will insist that you are very capable of understanding it ("you have an inferiority complex, you are not inferior" - contrary to a film by Truffaut), then he will explicate it *ad usum delphini* and treat a series of simple special cases from which you will be able - more or less - to continue by yourself, "and so on".

The very same thing happens in conversations about political, philosophical, artistic . . . and other subjects . . . and about life. You should not give him an opinion which is too superficial, otherwise you provoke an extensive, albeit entertaining questioning and answering. Clearly, this experience induces one to be cautious, even a little bit timid, when one knows his views not to be completely justified or sufficiently documented. Not everybody can easily accept this way of a dialogue, but it helps to develop some real modesty. On the other hand, his efforts are strong; he always uses but never abuses his power.

Generally, Janos is a helpful friend. And this is how he is acknowledged by the author of two sociological theses about mathematicians and mathematics. One of them I use quite often, less for sociological than for philosophical aspects of mathematics.

I remember well Janos' mother, her way of speaking with a light Hungarian accent. I remember her humor, her friend (an art history professor), her brother, her home after the destruction of the castle, her business on the other side of the lake, her illness, her death, and her funeral. I also remember Janos' father whom we visited in Paris in the Belleville African neighborhood. I remember his amiable son Amichai. I also remember very well many

conversations with Irit, the mother of his sons, (she spoke German). She died when she was quite young of a mortal illness.

More or less clearly I remember accounts of Janos' early life in the so called castle after the escape of his parents and grandparents first from the Nazi occupied and then communist ruled Hungary. These events that happened before his time and his early life experiences remain of interest for him today, even more so than ever, and so, he is investigating now not only the life of his ancestors but the destinies of his extended surviving family which is dispersed throughout the world. I enjoy listening to his accounts of the times long gone, his own memories and adventures of his investigative work.

Last but not least, I remember many encounters with his wife. We talk together in English. Or try to do so. So, it is better when Janos can help me bring back some words hidden in the corners of my brain. She has infinite patience and curiosity to keep the conversation alive. But unfortunately, I do not have any other acquaintance that would need any English knowledge on my side. Anyway, life goes on, and so does mutual understanding.

Many, although not all of our personal dreams have reached fulfillment. Obviously, our dreams regarding development of our society as we imagined it at the time we met will not be realized soon, if ever. Some, if not many of the revolutionaries and their followers of those times, are now neocons - "con" also in the French sense.

Balthazar Neidhart



A message from René Levy:

When and how did I first meet Janos?

Well, quite a while ago: back in the late sixties, when both of us were students in Zurich! This doesn't make us much younger!

In fact, at first, I didn't really meet him but just heard of him from other students around me, common colleagues or even friends, like Balz Neidhart or Thomas Held, or intellectual references like Ruedi Lüscher (insider info for Janos).

When and how did we first meet personally? I can't even tell. Janos simply belonged to the same crowd as I, it went by itself that he was there. No specific event, project or activity brought us together, rather a natural, invisible process you might call social osmosis. So, Janos is there, he has to be there - were he not, something normal and important would be lacking.

So, dear Janos, continue to be there, and to feel well in doing so!



A message from Elizabeth and Victor Marek



There was once Janos Makowsky
who studied the works of Mostowski.
Without much strife, his friend found a wife,
We've got two friends for life,
Lucky times, who can disagree?

It all started in 1972, during the Logic Year in Warsaw. We were young and adventurous, and we all had a full head of hair. Since then we have met many times and in many corners of Europe. More than 50 years have passed, but we never really lost touch. Now we are “older and wiser” but still care about each other’s life.

What can we wish you for your 75th Birthday? All is well, so let's hope that things stay the same as long as possible...and maybe there is still time for an amazing discovery?

And the usual, health, happiness and Peace on Earth.

Sending love,

Ela and Vitek

Recollections of Janos

John and Sharon Baldwin

We first met Janos in the summer of 1974 when he came to SFU for the ICM (International Conference of Mathematics) and to spend a year working with Alistair. One of the more memorable events of the summer came after the ICM. We drove to the Rockies (most likely Yoho National Park). On the way Janos insisted on taking a swim in Shuswap lake despite no one having packed swimming gear and the coldness of the Lake. The highlight of the trip was a climb in the Rockies with Janos and I taking turns having 2 year old Katie on our back in her special backpack. (This was the testing point for the date. Sharon remembered the backpack and that I 'lost' during a weekend in Wisconsin shortly after our return to Chicago. She had been getting heavy.)

A few years later, Katie was 4, and the three of us joined Irit and Janos for a tour around Switzerland. The motto, offered by Katie was, 'Follow the D-car.' (Janos was working in Berlin at the time.) We now think this was August 1976. Katie remembers the glacier. In 1980 the logic colloquium was held in Patras, Greece. There was a day trip to Delphi and I returned the climbing with children favor carrying Amichai up to the oracle on my back. At the conference, Janos delivered a devastating put-down. Harvey Friedman insisted on playing the piano. Janos congratulated him, 'Oh, Harvey, That was so loud!'.

The next couple of years included the two week long sessions writing the Model Theoretic Logics book, Bourbaki style. These were spirited meetings; Janos was key in spreading the notions that became Abstract Elementary Classes beyond Shelah and his students. In recent years our mathematics interests have diverged and we have had less contact. But Sharon and I treasure meetings with him in Jerusalem and a stay with him and Masha in Haifa. There, we had

another lengthy session on the foundations of geometry. Maybe we will one day realize the dream of a Hilbert-Tarski style formalization of complex geometry.



Dear Masha,

It's good to hear your voice. I hope that you both are fine and healthy.

I don't remember now when I first met Janos. I think that was via Ron Aharoni—it was many years ago. Since then, we have had many chats on various things: mathematics, logic, politics, Hungarian history, common friends, etc. I have always enjoyed his and your company and hope we will soon meet again.

Peter Komjath



A message from Ilia Averbouch

Dear Janos,

About a month ago, I was visiting my parents in Israel.

It was a short and busy visit, and I decided to not go anywhere else, just stay with them. However, there were only a few people that I wanted to meet. I just hoped you were at home then, as I wanted so much to see you.

I believe that there are people that have the ability to change other people's lives. And I am convinced that when I met you, my entire life got the direction that I wanted it to have.

Actually, I first met you back in 1997, among a large number of undergraduate students attending your lecture on logic for computer science. Back then, I didn't realize that I am going to study for a higher degree, and you will be my supervisor. I did enjoy the course though. It felt different from what I was used to in the Technion. It was an astonishing discovery: the entire course was presented as one big theorem, from the beginning to the end. Maybe since then, when I need to teach somebody, I am hopelessly trying to make it Makowsky style...

Six years later, when I started to think about the second degree, one of my friends told me: "Go to Janos - he is *fighting for his students like a lion*". Then, I just followed the advice, Now, when I have learned a lot about the academic world and met many other graduate students and supervisors, I cannot underestimate the importance of this statement.

First and foremost, during all my studies you always made me feel unique, talented and valued. When a journal did not accept my paper, I really enjoyed the elegance of your making them accept and apologize, and then publishing it in another journal. When you had a slight impression that I am undervalued by my employer, you went directly to the head of IBM Haifa to express your disappointment. When I finished the doctorate, I continued to feel your interest in what happens in my life and career, as well as in the lives of all your students. Until now, I confess, this still makes me feel unique, talented and valued.

Last but not least, I was always overwhelmed by the amount of knowledge you possessed, (in maths, arts, sports, theater, economy, politics, life in general).

I am proudly telling my kids that I personally know a mathematician, a musician, an inspiring startup founder, a professional ski instructor, an arts expert, a theater director, and many others—and all those are combined in the same person—my Teacher. I regard this as my personal achievement.

But the main thing for me is that your and Masha's house is always open for me, I know you are *always behind us, your students*, with all your strength and wisdom.

I wish you and Masha many years together, health, joy, and new achievements in many-many areas of your interests!

Sincerely yours,
Ilia



A message from Victoria Bogdanova

Janos is a very special person. I have known him since my childhood. The most memorable event was when I went skiing in the mountains with him. I was happy that I could go down steep and was not afraid to do this. The most interesting conversations with Janos were at dinner time. We talked about everything 😊!

Janos is a very intelligent, unique and kind-hearted person who often helps others.

I wish him all the best, I wish him above all: Health.

Vika



Talking to Polina Berezovskaya:

Do you remember when you first met Janos?

- I met Janos for the first time more than 25 years ago. It was in Böblingen, Germany, after approximately a year after our emigration to Germany from Saint Petersburg. It must have been the year 1996, I was 11 years old. I honestly cannot remember any particular details of this encounter, because, quite frankly, everything was pretty much in a haze at this point for me. But what I know is that my beloved aunt was happy with Janos and that made me happy, too!

What was the most memorable event in which both of you participated?

- There is a very happy and very sad event that both come to my mind. Let me start with the sad one: Janos was there for the funeral after my beloved grandmother Zinaida Jakovlevna Touraeva passed away on February 1st, 2019. Janos' and Masha's presence during this horrible time was so needed and so important to me. I am eternally grateful for this!
- The happy event was my marriage day, August 4th, 2012. I remember how we met Janos and Masha just before entering the Jakobuskirche in the old town of Tübingen and how Janos managed to take a picture of us both before we ran to the church (we were running late)!
- And I cannot refrain from mentioning another "event" that is a fond memory of Janos and me: that was doing spaghetti together in Haifa when I was a kid! It must have been the year 1997/1998. Janos taught me how to make dough and I remember like it was yesterday that we had to hang these very long spaghetti outside in the garden. It seems to me like the whole garden was full of hanging raw spaghetti!
- Also, Janos, I am so grateful that you introduced me to wonderful Sprüngli truffles. I remember you getting them out of the fridge and letting me taste one. Unforgettable! And: spoilt forever! ☺

What was the most memorable conversation you had?

- Oh, this is a hard one, since I feel like we shared so many memorable conversations. But one of the recent conversations that I remember very well is when we visited Janos in Zürich (must have been during Corona, at some point in 2022 probably). Janos was telling me about his book project and his research in archives in Bern and elsewhere. I thoroughly enjoyed to hear more about the turbulent life of Janos' stepdad and his

relationship with Janos' mum. I felt transported into that era, but also learned a lot about the times and the historic content. I was also happy to read a chapter of the book, comment on it and realize how Janos values my opinion.

- In general, I always enjoy hearing Janos' perspective on philosophical and religious, but also on political topics. His take on the war in Ukraine, Zelensky and Putin and the way Janos sees them was so different from a lot of the things I read, hear and think myself. Janos also had a clear opinion on how to deal with some problematic utterances and behaviors of the Ukrainian refugees who were living with us – a very helpful shift of perspective!
- And now that I think more of it, I also took a lot from a story Janos told me about him and his mum: it is a story about Janos visiting her mom, while he had to write/prepare some important academic work and I think also prepare for an important interview. His mom kept coming into the room wanting to chat with /spend time with Janos. This, however, disturbed his work and Janos finally told her in all seriousness and clarity, that, if she wants him to succeed, she should stop. This somehow stuck with me and made me think a lot, since I often put the needs of my family above mine and often cannot say “no” to my close relatives, when I sometimes maybe... just should! I might never really change, but at least this makes me think and shift perspective in my mind.
- In general, I want to say that I don't know another person so well-read and so knowledgeable in all spheres and topics! This makes Janos an extremely interesting interlocutor from whom one can learn so much. This is absolutely unique!

Every person is special in his/her own way. What is special about Janos?

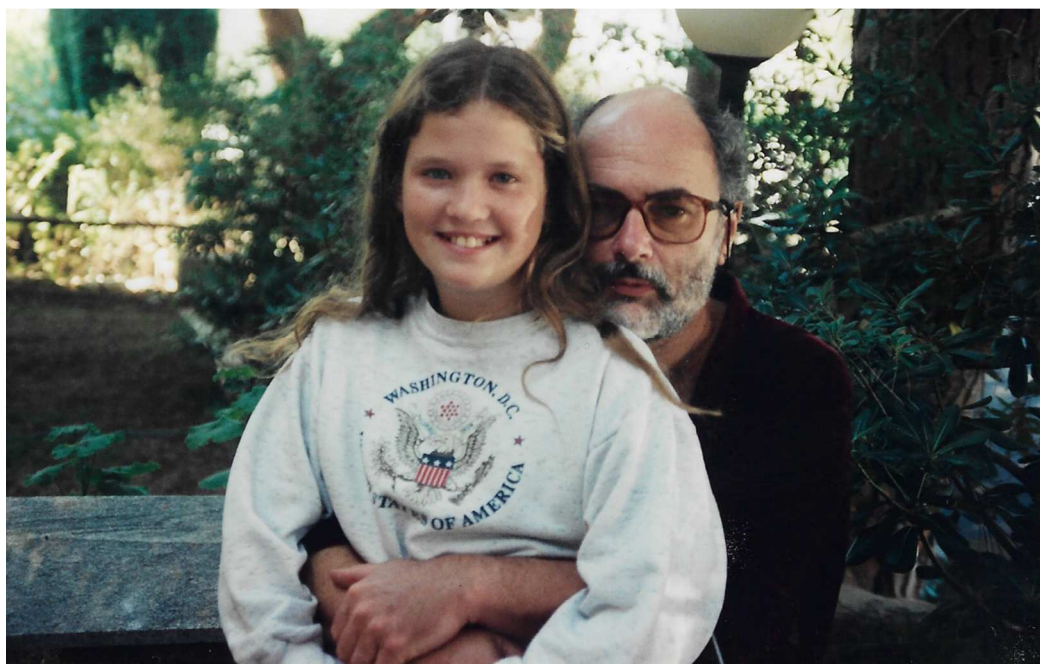
- Janos, to me, is unique in his intelligence, his knowledge, wide interests, his very own take of the world. He might be edgy at times, but I think he is the most loyal, kind and supporting person! You are blessed if you have him in his life. It feels like such a strong presence, such strong support and force. Thank you for everything, dear Janos! I am so lucky to have you in my life!

What would you like to wish him?

- Janos, I wish you strong health for many, many years to come, the possibility to do what you love, good luck and success with your current project, THE book. I also wish you love, wonderful times spent with Masha, and also friends and family, I wish you to travel and continue

discovering the world and, last, but not least, I wish you many happy returns of the day!

Love,
Polina



A message from Baroness Olga Daragan-Suschova

Вчера я приехала из Хайфы, где гостила в замечательном доме у Яноша с Машей.

Столько тепла и заботы я давно не ощущала.

С Яношем мы познакомились в далеком 1992 году, когда он женился на моей подруге, и они приехали в Ленинград. Яноша многое удивляло. Когда мы ехали на поезде в Петергоф, он увидел огромные площади занятые гаражами. И спросил, зачем в десяти километрах от дома ставить машину.

В тот же приезд я договорилась встретиться с Машей, приехала на Петроградскую, а на каком-то техническом ящике сидит Янош. Я присоединилась к нему , и так мы и сидели болтая ногами.

За эти годы он стал родным и близким. Янош замечательный отец и муж, Он энциклопедически образован, и мне жаль, что я не знаю так язык, чтобы с ним поговорить обо всем.

Янош, я желаю тебе творческого процветания и долголетия. Пусть Ваш дом беды обходят стороной. Я вас обоих люблю.

Yesterday I returned home from Haifa, where I stayed in Janos and Masha's wonderful home. For a long time, I haven't felt as much warmth and care as you gave me.

I first met Janos in distant 1992 when he married my friend. They came to Leningrad, and a lot of things surprised Janos. Once we went to Peterhof by train, and he saw huge areas occupied by metal boxes housing garages. He asked: What's the wisdom of parking one's car 10 kilometers away from one's home?

During their stay I once arranged to meet Masha in the subway, and I came to Petrogradskaya station. There I saw Janos sitting on a big box with equipment. I joined him, and so we were sitting there, dangling our legs.

Over these years, Janos has become our dear and near. He is a wonderful father and husband. He is equipped with encyclopedic knowledge, and I am sorry my limited language proficiency prevents me from discussing all the topics with him.

Janos, I wish you creative energy and longevity. I love both of you—Olga.



A message from Natalia Chmelnitskaya:

I have known Janos for 23 years since I first met him and Masha in 2000. It was my first visit to their place in Haifa after about two years of my virtual acquaintance and telephone communication with Masha. I had known that her husband was a distinguished mathematician, university professor and it made me feel a kind of awe and reverence for him mixed with apprehensions and embarrassment. I had been sure of being unable to say a word in his presence. So, what a huge sense of relief it was to find a charismatic and charming personality and a well - disposed and hospitable man. I should confess that I was greatly impressed by Masha's and Janos's hospitality and their warm and sincere attitude, to say nothing of their wonderful home with abundance of books and rarities and the spirit of authenticity. Then other revelations followed. It turned out that Janos is an excellent cook who can make various highly delicious food that might please a most fastidious taste. None the less was I fascinated by his playing the piano with gusto and intelligence rarely found in amateurs than by his performance on the harpsichord, which knocked me down completely as I had been sure that few of us born of woman were able to master it. Later I realized that Janos is a great connoisseur of music and very often it was from him that I learned names and due to him that I had an opportunity to hear records unknown to me such as opuses by Arthur Laurie and Mieczyslaw Weinberg.

Quite unexpectedly I found out Janos's love of animals and witnessed for years to a tender and indiscriminate care of them from birds to hedgehogs. All the cats in their street used to come daily to the house for food and they got treat and water there on a permanent basis. They were actually adopted and behaved like fully legitimate dwellers sometimes quite presumptuous. Some of those hangers-on were even allowed to give birth to their kittens in any part or furniture piece in the house they picked. They got from Janos very well-chosen names based on their color or manners, Uglezhog or Grisette for instance, and it was such fun watching them act in accordance with the names given.

It so happened that my visits always coincided with some family celebrations, mostly the hosts' birthdays. and I was lucky to make the acquaintance of all the guests and have been on friendly terms with many of them since then. As a rule, there has never been a casual table talk on such occasions and I can hardly describe all those absorbing and sometimes heated discussions. Janos has never failed to tell something I never knew or heard

before and inspired by his words I have tried to find and read more on the subject.

I am especially grateful to both Janos and Masha and will never forget their kindly taking care of me when I stayed with them after being hospitalized. How well I remember Janos slinging a hammock for me in the yard and tucking me up with a plaid and how embarrassed and deeply touched I felt. I will never forget it and be forever grateful to Janos and Masha for making their home a warm and dear place to me.

What would I like to wish Janos in this Jubilee year of his? My wish, dear Janos, is that you stayed what you are like and have always been, that you wouldn't change and yield to age; that you could go on working fruitfully and successfully, be always happy and enjoy life amid love and respect of your family, friends, colleagues, and followers.

Natasha



A message from Larissa Kaminskaya (Lorka):

It's easy and difficult for me to write about Janos. Easy – because he is such a bright personality, I don't have to invent and exaggerate anything to describe him. Difficult – because there's so much to write about that it's hard to select the most important facts and characteristics.

We first met about thirty years ago when my best friend Masha and Janos came to Moscow and stayed at my place. Since then Janos has become a true friend of mine, and I value our relations a lot. Every time we meet in Haifa or in Moscow I make discoveries. Amazing, happy discoveries of still another Janos, one more talent in him, another aspect of his intellectual and human nature.

My first shocking surprise was caused by Janos's profound knowledge of the history of Russia and the Soviet Union. I had never before met a foreigner who knew so much about my homeland and took so close to heart its problems as Janos. At first I felt lost and ashamed of my ignorance when Janos fired questions at me most of which took me aback. Not only couldn't I answer some of them but I often had never thought about the problems Janos was interested in and knew much about. Later I found out that Janos is true erudite and realized that communication with him was and is a great opportunity of learning and developing, and I appreciate it more and more.

I believe one of Janos's greatest talents is the ability to provoke thought. It makes me remember Tommy Deware's quote "Minds are like parachutes, they only function when open". This is exactly what happens when one communicates with Janos. He stimulates thinking, considering, speculating, arguing, reflecting, resolving.... In short, he activates all the steps of the mental process. I guess this is what his students and colleagues should greatly value in Professor J. Makowsky, this is what makes Janos so special, so unique. There's hardly a chance to have table talk with Janos. Every small talk becomes a great talk, a heated discussion with lots of ideas, emotions, controversial points of view, sometimes leading even to conflicts and sharp criticism but ... it's a real feast of thought. And I'm grateful to Janos for that.

Everybody knows that Janos is a man of many talents. In fact the range of his abilities reminds of Renaissance people. Being a brilliant mathematician he could have become a writer, a composer, a musician, an art critic, a cook, a

gardener, and certainly a linguist. Same as Masha and most of her friends I am a teacher of foreign languages. None of us knows so many languages and is as fluent in them as Janos. Envy and admiration that's what we all experience when listening to Janos switching from one language to another.

In my thoughts I often come back to my latest meeting with Janos which broadened, deepened my understanding of his nature and his character. I was privileged to read Janos's book devoted to his family. I really take it as a privilege for this is a very sincere story about the family happy moments and failures, tragedies and triumphs. This moving family story reveals some very personal episodes and attitudes. But not only that... It shows Janos's sensitive nature, his vulnerable soul, his true devotion to his family and deep understanding of human nature and its interlacement with historical events. Thanks to this book I again got acquainted with another Janos, a dedicated, passionate person who is extremely dear to me.

Go ahead, dear Janos!



A message from István Sziklai:

I met Janos at the ELTE University in Budapest; the history department's notice board advertised that a certain gentleman was looking for a person who understood English and German and was well versed in 20th century history of Hungary to do some historical research. It was the early 2000s, I was a PhD student at ELTE, and I was intrigued by the ad. Who could this mysterious gentleman be and what he would do to research? First of all, that was the question that occupied me. After a short hesitation, I decided to contact him, and soon we met: it turned out that this gentleman called Johann Makowsky was actually János with Hungarian origin, and that he was mainly interested in the past activities of his two grandfathers, Jenő and Sándor - although it quickly became clear that he already knew a lot about them, as well as about the era in which they lived, especially the 40s and 50s of the 20th century. Thus began a fruitful and exciting working relationship for both of us – or I hope it is –, which continues even today, and I can say that it is more intense than ever.

The most memorable event in the years of our acquaintance is not a single moment, but a long series of moments: our joint research. One full of epiphanies, realisations, “aha!” moments (mostly on my part), but I hope I was able to bring joy and excitement to János as I found some important pieces of the puzzle in his family's winding, exciting, long and certainly eventful history. But if there is one moment I would like to highlight, it is the day we met again at Zurich airport after almost 20 years: it was a joyful moment of reunion.

We had many memorable conversations about history, culture, politics, music and a lot of other things and we also had debates – some of them sometimes heated – but perhaps the most memorable ones were always those, where I discovered that János, although he doesn't speak Hungarian, knows so much about Hungarian history, its past and present cultural life, its important and influential figures, details that even many of my compatriots don't know. And although we have not always understood and agreed on everything, I think we have a mutual respect for each other's views, which is very important.

Perhaps what I like and envy most about János is his energy, his drive, his passion in many areas of life. The immense vitality he shows in all things, and his curiosity to learn, explore and acquire new things, new knowledge, new skills, the way he is almost obsessed with them. As I have recently discovered, he also writes in a very colourful way, which means that he has hidden writing

talents – at least it was hidden from me until now – which is also something special about him. And there is another area that I feel it is absolutely important to mention: he is an excellent cook, original and innovative in this area of expertise, and that is something that I really have to commend, especially as I have had the opportunity and the privilege of tasting a number of his dishes.

I wish Janos nothing but the best, a long life in health and prosperity, furthermore I wish him to publish his novels and I look forward to their film versions. I would also like our joint research to be as long and fruitful as possible, and I hope there are many more exciting discoveries for János on this journey!



A message from Vitali Shparlinski

Дорогой Янош!

Я впервые познакомился с тобой через моего кузена Игоря и сразу был очарован твоей харизмой, твоим замечательным домом и семьей! Те несколько раз, что я был у вас в гостях, я ощущал себя, как будто я нахожусь в столь любимой мной Европе. Очарование вашего дома и вас с Машей создавало мне такое ощущение. Ты оказался очень отзывчивым человеком и согласился помочь мне начать новую жизнь, и мой сегодняшний успех – это тоже твоя заслуга! Я желаю тебе долгих лет, крепкого здоровья и удачи во всем!

Виталий Шпарлинский

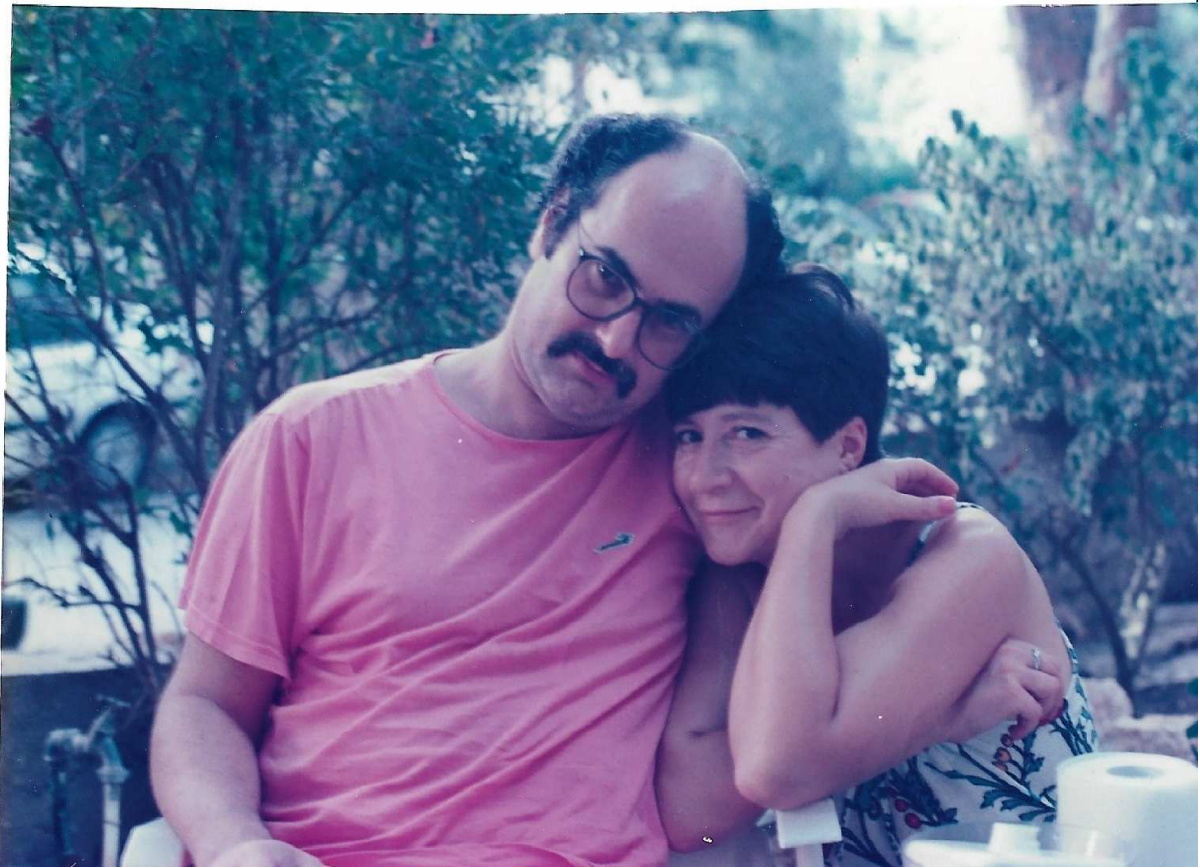
Dear Janos,

I first met you through my cousin Igor and was immediately fascinated by your charisma, your awesome home and your family! The few times I visited you I felt as if I were in my beloved Europe. It was the charm of your home and your and Masha's personalities that gave that feeling. It turned out you are a very sensitive and warm-hearted person and you agreed to help me to start a new life, so my success today is also your achievement!

I wish you a long and healthy life and success in everything!

Vitali Shparlinski





It is all about magic: how people meet, what makes them click and how they carry passions through decades. Married life is an exercise in navigation: there are calm seas and there are storms; there are uncharted underwater reefs, and the ship may run aground. It requires a lot of wisdom, goodwill and sometimes courage to continue sailing.

Janos, you have some amazing qualities which I admire. Your dedication to your children and to your vocation; your curiosity and the width of your interests; your respect for other people's talent and your modesty about your own. Among other things, I appreciate the possibility of learning from you all the time:

You taught me to listen to music and to enjoy art in the way that was unfamiliar to me.

You introduced me to the world of your favorite authors, and you broadened my intellectual horizons.

You have worked hard on educating me to be an autonomous individual.

You have opened the world for me, taking me to dozens of countries and a multitude of fascinating places.

You had some failures too:

You failed miserably in making me take the heat equation into account while cooking.

You failed to teach me how to respect consistency of object location.

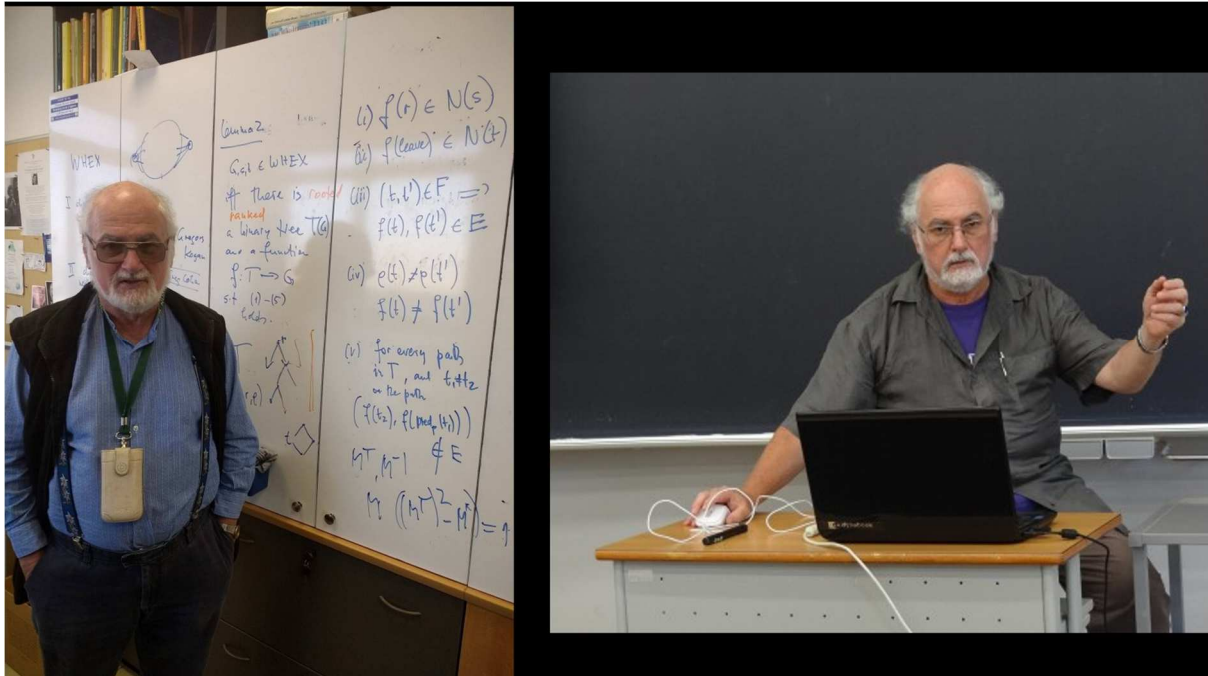
You failed to convince me that Lenin is the most exciting reading in bed.

My heart still misses a beat when I see you in a crowd. I refuse to take you for granted, and value every hour I can spend with you.

Life together is like chocolate: sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter, and then bitter-sweet. What taste do we give it in our future?



Mathematics is the language with which god wrote the universe. (Galileo)



The thorny path of science

Revelation

Exhilaration

Concentration

Inspiration

Perspiration

Trepidation

GAP

It needs courage to attack the problem again, and you always do, because you are a true scientist.

The intricate relations between the author and his protagonists

They tell you their stories, they want you to know,

But you have to uncover every hidden motive.

You share their worries that tormented them decades ago,

But you try to avoid being over-interpretative.

They relive their life in the novel you write,

Go on, don't stop, it's your duty and right.



There are many people who value and appreciate you as a relative, friend, colleague, and student. Whether far or near, you are part of their life, just as they are part of yours.

Continue your journey. Be healthy, happy and ready for new adventures!

