

Izsak Brull



The person behind the desk is my father, Izsak Brull, a porcelain specialist. The photo was taken in the Turda porcelain factory during Communism, as the hammer and sickle shield also shows.

In 1935 my father went to Turda when they were building the factory. Luckily the factory wasn't badly damaged during the war, and continued its production. Immediately after the war, when things were sorted out and Transylvania was under Romanian authority, my father remained in a leading position. My father did a lot of porcelain exhibitions. He remained a 'conducator technic' up

until the state-takeover. Then in 1948 they nationalized the factory and got rid of Iliescu. My father stayed. He didn't really like it, the altered work situation, as they appointed managers who had no idea about porcelain manufacture and yet began to give orders. After that I went to Kolozsvar, to the music conservatory, and my father also wanted to go there. But then they didn't really let one go from one town to the next. Even then, he managed it with great difficulty, and came back to the Kolozsvar factory, but not as a 'conducator' [manager] but in a lower position. He was given the position of quality controller, and retired from there. They wrote a lot about him in the papers.

Despite the fact that my father had come to Kolozsvar, his birthday was celebrated every five years by both the Kolozsvar and the Turda porcelain factory work communities. They liked him so much that they organized a joint dinner for his birthday. This was rare for a leading person; in general a person is forgotten after one to two years. But they organized a party for him until he was 85 - that was the last one. This was done in his honor, as he was a great expert.