

## TRADITION AND INTUITION<sup>1</sup>

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The enticing title of our scholarly conference warrants an explanation. When we began planning the nature, content and form of what was to be a familial sort of seminar, there was no doubt that some kind of reminiscence was to enframe this farewell event. We wished to involve our younger colleagues as well — and they agreed with this — and so I asked one of them, who, in the capacity of architect, was the worthy partner of our renowned sculptor in the creation of the Mátyás well at Székesfehérvár, to recount how this artist, who is not an architect, intuitively interprets and handles traditional formal vocabulary. The episode then gave birth to the entire conference theme, just because it sounded so 'grown-up'.

But with this I stirred up trouble. We planned that is, to appear according to our areas of specialization. In this chronology then, I got to be in first place, as the classicist, and thus wound up with the task of setting the tone of the entire meeting with my presentation. The presentation had to be weighted with profound thoughts, and demonstrate scholarship and festive spirit.

I cannot fulfill this expectation. Of course I could have written in this vein, since Lajos Fülep lifted the process of recollection to the category of art.

Instead, frankly, I shall trace the role tradition — not in a general but quite personal, subjective sense — has played in my own career by pointing out the influences that shaped it, and, more importantly, the personages whose contact became a decisive factor in my development.

I am quite aware that with this I am treading on the dangerous grounds of exhibitionism, and that I swell the ranks of those who try to

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prove their importance by citing the many 'famous people' with whom they had this or that connection. In spite of this, I will continue, in the hopes that, in this conference, I will win the 'captatio benevolentiae', or general approval of the listeners, on an intimate, familiar plane. In addition, objectively speaking, this could also mean an additional slice or two of cultural history, if done well, that is.

Starting therefore with Adam and Eve, I will begin with my high school years with the Cistercians at Baja. It was either in my fourth or fifth year when we got a new drawing teacher, Sándor ÉBER, Jr. Not he, but his father, Sándor ÉBER Sr. appears in the annals of art history, as the pupil of Bertalan SZÉKELY, whose fresco, entitled 'The allegory of artistic training' decorated the wall above the stage of our high school theatre, as well as numerous church walls, in like manner. His son, our very ambitious enthusiastic fledgling drawing teacher, was committed to pastel: he drew his inspiration from the dead branches of the Gemenc forest, and the yellow sand dunes of the Danube shore. During his regular and special drawing sessions, he held bewitching mini-lectures about the changing world of colours, about how white snow can be lilac, that the clumps of tree leaves that are in nature, green, can be blue, red, or even black, which we, with the arrogance of teenagers, doubted. His slide-illustrated art history lectures further advanced our initiation into the artistic sphere — and this was how it went all over Hungary in high schools of the 1930's.

The *first milestone in my own personal storehouse of tradition* therefore, happened with this 'eye-opening' experience, and without my even knowing then what I wanted to become in life — a gym teacher or a theologian.

My search to find my way in life took me to Pécs in 1930–40 as a student of Italian and Hungarian art history at the University. This was mainly because I knew that Lajos FÜLEP taught privately there.

I do not belong — according to the professional lists anyway — to the 'official' roster of Lajos FÜLEP's students, such as, for example, Lajos NÉMET, or Zsuzsa URBACH. Nevertheless, so many things tied me to him since my high school days, and I came to understand him so profoundly, that actually I regard myself as a student of his. He knew my parents from his days as a minister in Baja, and Protestantism brought the two families together. My mother was the president of the Zsuzsanna Lorántffy Women's Club, and the very reverend lady, the beautiful Aunt Zsuzsa was its spiritual leader. The two of them organized afternoon tea parties with real programs and skits, but such modest cultural events occurred at our house as well, where once Aunt Zsuzsa tried to convince me to memorize the Diligenter, and even had me recite it. Something's always going on there — was Lajos FÜLEP's comment — one of the boys is playing the cello, the

other Chopin on the piano, and some of the kids are painting away. By then all of us already knew his eccentricities: one afternoon my good father went to look him up at his residence, where he was told that the reverend minister was in church. My father went through the courtyard entrance, and stopped in the doorway. Lajos FÜLEP, an expression of utmost strained concentration on his face, was pacing up and down the aisles, and although aware of his guest, did not stop his perambulations. Only after a good ten minutes or quarter hour did he approach my father, saying that it would not have been advisable to interrupt his train of thought at the moment: 'and what wind swept you this way, Judge . . . '.

My mother was quite a fine seamstress, and back then even ran a small provincial salon. The result of this was that, after the Füleps moved to Zengovárkony, my mother was a frequent guest of theirs, in order to assemble Aunt Zsuzsa's toilettes, for which welcome trips to Pest were in order. Once I and my brothers visited our mother in Várkony, going on foot from Baja. She told us many interesting stories, and one which I remember in particular. His professor colleague, József Halasi Nagy, once stayed so long that he missed his train to Pécs, and had to be put up for the night. Two over-night guests were too much for the Füleps, so they made up the bed for my mother in the library, not for Halasi. Lajos Fülep, that is, declared to the women that 'there was no need for Halasi to rummage through my desk . . . '.

Thus it was quite natural that I became his pupil in Pécs, for one thin little semester in the spring of 1940. *Introduction to art history*, or something like this, was the title of the seminar, and there were only three of us enrolled: one of the professors' cross-eyed daughters, an undistinguished guy, and myself, who at that time was rather only emotionally bound to Fülep, by the notion that somehow I was basking in the shadow of a great man. He conducted his lessons in the garden of the University — we all, the professor and the tres faciunt collegium, all fit on the bench — and he just told stories on and on, and we hardly understood what he was talking about. I remember only that once he was explaining the fact that everything has a meaning, analyzing at length the flight and disappearance of a bird — and looking back on this, it all seems so panofskyian. At the end of mid-year he asked which of us wanted to take the exam, and we, like dead fish, kept still. Upon this, he smilingly inscribed a very high mark in our notebooks. I only began to get to really know him in Kolozsvár (Cluj) when they transferred the Philosophy Department from Pécs, when I took Hungarian art from Ernő LÖRINCZ. Ernő practically dedicated his life to the FÜLEP myth, moving to Pest and opening an antiquarian book store in the Castle district, where he became the purveyor of books to his master until the end of his life.

Two other episodes connect me to Lajos FÜLEP. The first is the appearance of my first article, which he pushed through the press, in the *Művészettörténeti Értesítő* (Art History Bulletin). *The concept of space in architecture and in art*, was the title of my attempted writing, which dealt with Egypt. He made three comments on my manuscript. The first was, 'why did you quote that upstart DOBROVITS three times — once is enough.' The second sounded like this: 'the way you write, you deserve not twenty five, but a hundred twenty-five lashes on your backside, your writing is full of germanisms.' 'How then do you write in good Hungarian', asked I timidly. The reply was this: 'if you can easily translate the sentence into German, then that is not a Hungarian sentence, you must start all over again.' Finally the verdict: 'I don't support it, nor do I oppose it.' My efforts thus slowly but surely did see the light.

The second experience is connected with my classical exercise textbook. I made an appointment to hand over my masterpiece to him at Széher utca. I was to be there at eight. Knowing him, I was already pacing up and down in front of his villa at 7:30, but after awhile I decided to go up and ring the bell at 10 minutes to 8. The housekeeper opened the door, escorted me into the study, where I could hear the clatter of silverware and dishes: he had not finished supper. Exactly at eight he appeared smiling, and said: 'punctuality is punctuality, not one minute before, nor after.' Then he began turning over my book, and asked whether it was an album or some nineteenth-century young ladies' diary. 'The only kind of book one should make is what KNER makes at Gyoma.' Some days later he called me up to tell me that the inside looked better than the outside, that it seemed honestly written. He gave it to someone for editing, then they passed it on again, until finally it wound up with Miklós SZABÓ, who put it down but good, saying that the architects nowadays make a big deal out of history-writing, instead of just sticking to writing about architecture.

I also cherish some postcards from Lajos FÜLEP. In one he asks me to find him an electrician, in the other he hunted for a reading chair with an armrest that wouldn't make his elbow blister. I also had the same experience with him as Ernő LŐRINCZ, who bitterly remarked at his death, that he held him in such great esteem, that he didn't dare visit him often for fear of disturbing him, even though he could have done so, without meeting any objection. This therefore was the *second tradition*: the example, for how, with quasi-monastic self discipline, starting from earliest youth and through a long lifespan, to utilize time, without wasting a second of it. Of course this in itself was not enough, it took more than this. But that is no longer in the category of tradition, that is a gift of God.

I have to thank György KARDOS that I stand here today, because of him I became a 'university' man. My notes caught his attention. When he

returned my Modern Art notebook — in those days the professor himself looked over the notes, signed them and made comments throughout — he asked, 'are you that Holéczy?' I said, 'not exactly, but something like that'. To make the story short, in my fourth year he made me his studio assistant, because, as he said, I admired his draughting style. This was great praise indeed, because he — like the other professors of art history — outranked all of us with their knowledge of drawing. He took me up to the roof of the Phoenix Insurance Company's apartment building in Aranyhal street — he had either designed or supervised the construction of the building — and said. 'Now draw St. Anne's Church from here, while it's still standing, because RÁKOSI is going to have it torn down.' He also wanted me to draw the Elizabeth Sisters' church, but somehow I never got around to it, and anyway, neither church was torn down in the end. In those days the new graduates were placed in specific jobs, mine was as construction inspector at the Ministry of Interior Commerce. György KÁRDOS asked whether I was going out into the big world, or staying in. Although I entered University to become a practicing Architect, during the year spent as a teacher's assistant I got to like the academic atmosphere, and perhaps it also awakened my earlier interest in art history — so I got into the department as an assistant (lecturer) professor.

That learned, greatly talented 'little baroque man', as his students lovingly referred to him, became the victim of his profession. He drove himself too hard, even conducting the evening lessons himself. He died while giving a course, in night class. His modesty and unselfish, self-sacrificing life is the *third tradition* for me.

My contact with Jenő RADOS did not start off exactly smoothly. He failed me in the history of medieval architecture — in my second year — because I was not able to unravel the intricacies, on the blackboard, of depicting a ceiling rib crossing. Of course, make-up was not such a big deal in those days, and I quickly repaired the lapse by drawing the cross-section of Hagia Sophia on the exam, which got me a well-deserved A. In September 1950 — in the first month of my paying job — I got married, and wanted to take some time off. He objected that I made such a request at the beginning of the school year, and so my honeymoon was one day's stay in the Hotel on Margaret Island.

Of course after this everything changed. Elemér NAGY, Károly FERENCZY, and myself were the assistants. We three lived and worked in 'holy communism'. Whatever work any one of us got from outside, we split the pay three ways, even the premiums from the University, if these were not divided equally. And we were driven by the momentum which our beloved supervisor exuded. His vitality, his extraordinary capacity for work, and yet, the calm and cheeriness radiating from his very being, was such an en-

couragement for us, and brought out so much good in us. 'Come up with youthful ideas', was his favorite saying, and we tried. Together with my professor, I compiled a notebook on the study of architectural drawing. He involved me in informative lecture series, and I myself gave a lecture on Budapest's bridges once. His other project was called 'Get to know Budapest' in which a good number of us students got together of a Sunday morning, walking the city's streets, and studying the buildings. He involved me in historic conservation projects: we restored several residential buildings in Székesfehérvár and in Vác. Under his direction we compiled documents for neoclassical architectural drawing, combing the entire country. He personally directed the survey work and assessment of the condition of the castle ruins of Nagycenk and Fertőd. The younger of us took our whole families down, and returning from our late afternoon strolls, he too carried my tired little boy on his back, like St. Christopher. He arranged my work schedule so that I could go over to the ELTE (Budapest University) to complete my Classical Archeology studies. Later he bestowed the honor on me of having me write the first chapter of the history of architecture of Hungary — the period before the Conquest by the Hungarians. Then later, he was a favorable member of the opposing committee, when I came up to defend my rather confusing Ph. D. dissertation. And so I could go on forever . . . .

This then was the *fourth milestone in my storehouse of tradition*, to have the instructive and understanding patronage of a man in whom I could admire the scholar and the practicing architect at once.

The young titans of art history have already told all sorts of things about Zoltán OROSZLÁN, the consummate professor of classical studies and art history: that he is anachronistic, that he is a positivist, that he is not inventive. When I became his student, I did not see him as such. I was quite well trained in the basics of architectural structure and form, but less so in the content and meaning of things, since these were only glossed over in our technical courses. So that all I got from him nicely filled in all the gaps of my historical knowledge. He always told the story of when he and Jenő RADOS were vacationing together in one of the Academy's resorts, and, they began pondering the future careers of their mutual delinquent students. On the occasion of a seminar, he distinguished me with the honor of holding the lecture on the morphology of classical architecture to my classicist colleagues. I almost didn't get my Master's Degree, (Bölcsészdoktor) because even though I did very well with him and DOBROVITS, I was less brilliant in ideology — and as they later told me — they went to great lengths to explain, that this candidate already published articles, had done such and such — thus saving my summa cum laude. When he saw the Iseum at Savaria he said, 'Well, Gyula, the architect in you really comes out here,

not the classicist.' I could still hand over to him my book on Classical Architecture, which contained much of what I had learned from him.

This then was the *fifth factor in my storehouse of tradition*: unadulterated clear knowledge, understanding human goodness.

The serious, existentialist events in my life are tied up with Máté MAJOR. I achieved the highest rank of my teaching career with his help and protection, during the time he was Director of the Institute. After '56 there were some uncertain times, and I enjoyed a somewhat unclear reputation. I dare think not because we were from the same hometown — both of us are from Baja — but perhaps also because of some other things, that he always dispelled the clouds gathering over my head. He was commissioned with the writing of a Classical textbook, but he said, 'look, I've already written mine, now you try it.' This was how I got to be the author of a big book while still an adjunct professor. He also made it possible for my dissertation to see the light of day via the Academy Press.

I was the direct witness to the testing of the solidity of his ideologic-conceptual convictions. I don't know how I got to be at that general meeting — here within these walls — in which György ACZÉL not only lectured at him, but almost humiliated Máté MAJOR. Only László GÁBOR stood up for him, even in spite of ACZÉL. With quiet self-confidence he won out in the end, but he never boasted that now, history had proved him right. Later however his historical sense left him, and he became immersed in the wretched arguments opposing the newest experiments in architecture. His former reputation now damaged, he lost his students, and mostly the young ones. Of course I pondered the parallels I had discovered between Lajos FÜLEP and Máté MAJOR: FÜLEP could not accept Eclecticism, MAJOR could not bear Postmodernism. It seems that not even the great can transcend their own earliest convictions.

This then was my *sixth tradition*: the attachment to a thoughtfully, developed, broad-visioned concept of life, of being systematically, with calm faith, true to oneself.

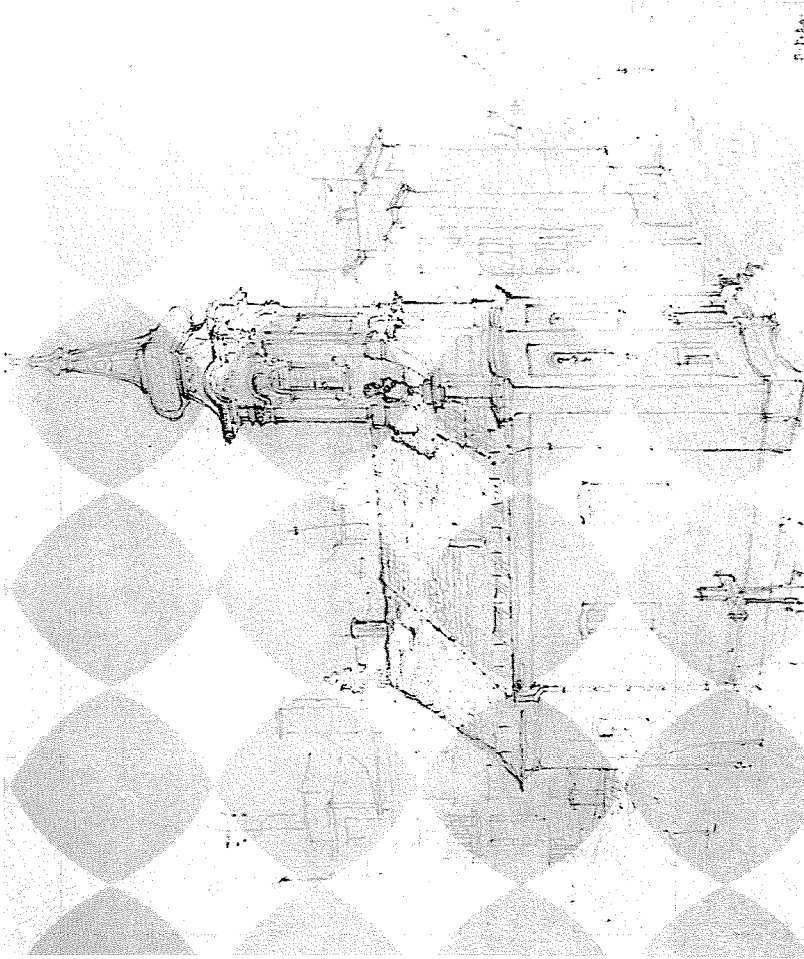
Last but not least: Anna ZÁDOR. Although my personal contact with her has been minimal, — nevertheless she followed, as she still does today, — my career development. Back in my earliest time as a T. A., György KÁRDOS delegated me into one of the academic architectural historical subcommittees, where I mostly just kept quiet, listening to what was going on there: that is when I met Anna ZÁDOR. At the time we were researching the material for the Classical drawings course, and I was copying the plans of the Verschönerungs-Kommission in the basement of the Basilica, trying to come up with some facade system, she looked over my experiments with approbation. When I submitted my dissertation to Zoltán OROSZLÁN, he ran to her, asking, 'Can you get a doctorate with this?' As she later told me,

she answered: 'Look, Zoltán, this is an architect, and not a scholar. These people like to make sweeping connections, suddenly. If he made a typology for Roman squares, then so be it, nobody has ever systematized them anyway.' When, together with Jenő RADOS and Géza ENTZ, she agreed to be on my doctoral examining committee, having prepared her remarks, she summed me to her and read them off to me. Then she asked me, Tell me, Gyula, have you ever been in any sort of in-depth analysis?' Now that I am emeritus, and have taken on the task of writing some notes about the history of architectural theory, I took out her book on the Renaissance and Baroque theorists. I know that this work is valid to this day, but knowing how long ago she wrote this, I realized, my God, what knowledge she had then, barely out of her teen-age years. She was one of the first to congratulate me when I received the greatest honor citation of my life, and did the same during the presentation recently of my portrait film.

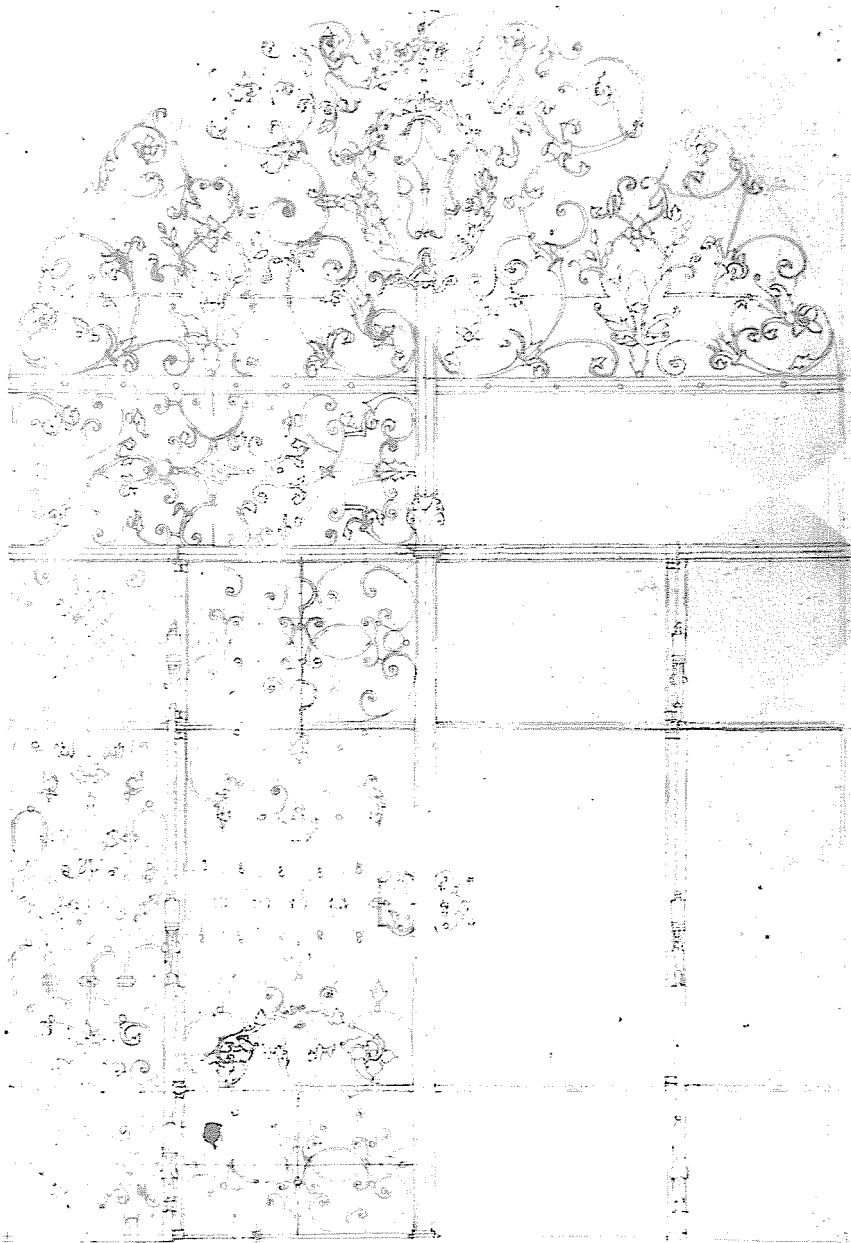
The *seventh tradition* is therefore this: the sensitive appreciation, almost like a seismograph, of every vibration and movement of a scholar's career, the deep love of youth, encouragement, even if things don't go as planned at first.

After all this, few words are left for intuition. You may well ask, how it is that such rich soil should have sprouted such a weak little shoot. I wanted to erect real buildings, but instead I concentrated on the truncated ones, the ruins, and the intangible parts — spaces, the voids. Out of these I built imaginary castles.





*Fig. 1.* Budapest: St. Florian chapel, Fő utca, BudaDrawing by Gyula Hajnóczy, 1951



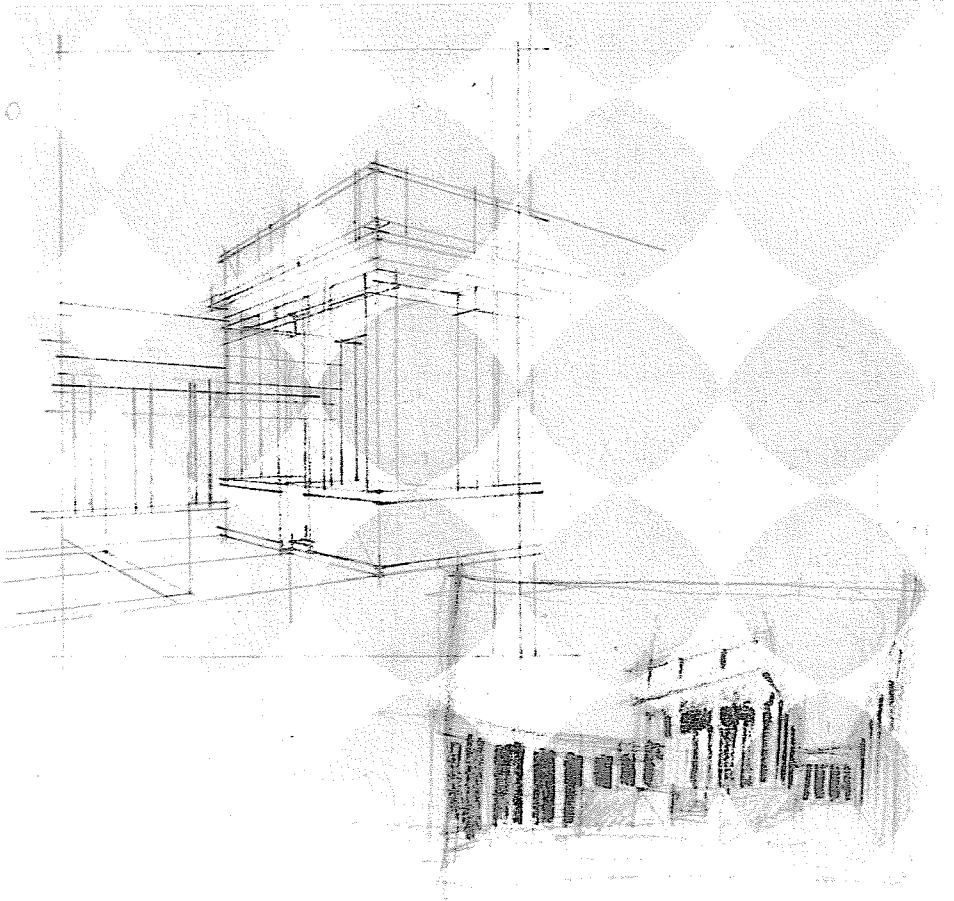
*Fig. 2.* Budapest: Wrought-iron gate of the St. Anne church Monument survey. Gyula Hájnczy, 1952



*Fig. 3.* Budapest – Aquincum. Overall view of the reconstruction of the civil town.



*Fig. 4.* Budapest – Aquincum. Peristyle court of 'Collegium Inventuti' in the civil town.



*Fig. 5.* Szombathely. Sketch of the reconstruction of the Isis sanctuary. Perspective view  
Gyula Hajnóczy, 1967

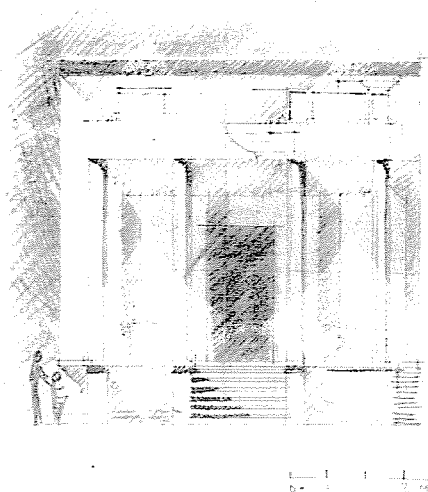


Fig. 6. Szombathely. Sketch of the reconstruction of the Isis sanctuary.  
Facade 1967

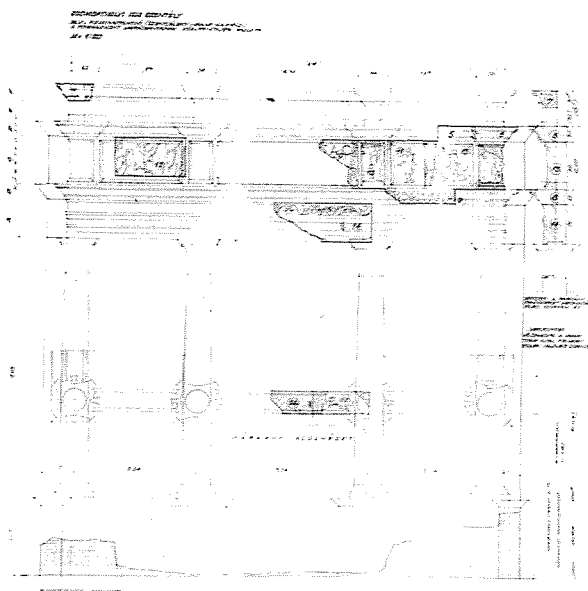


Fig. 7. Szombathely. Sketch of the reconstruction of the Isis sanctuary. Perspective view  
Facade 1968

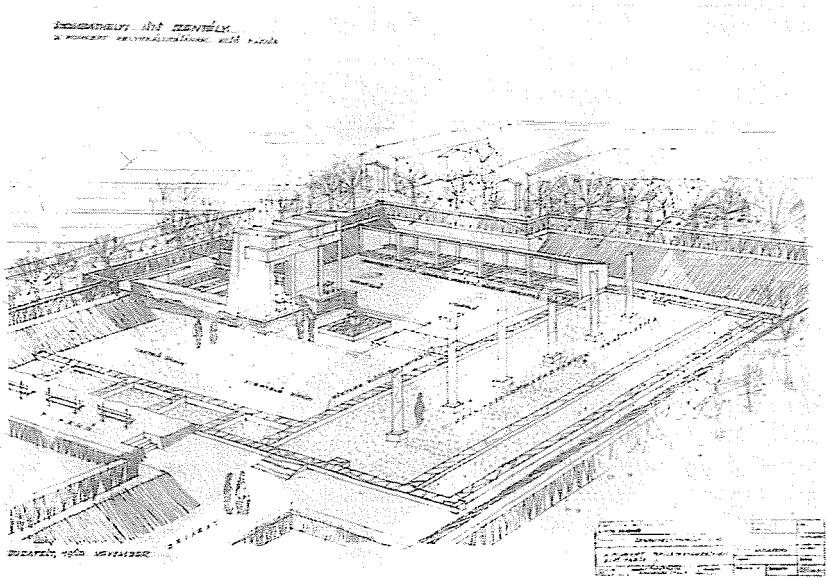


Fig. 8. Perspective view of the Isis sanctuary. Gyula Hajnóczy, 1967

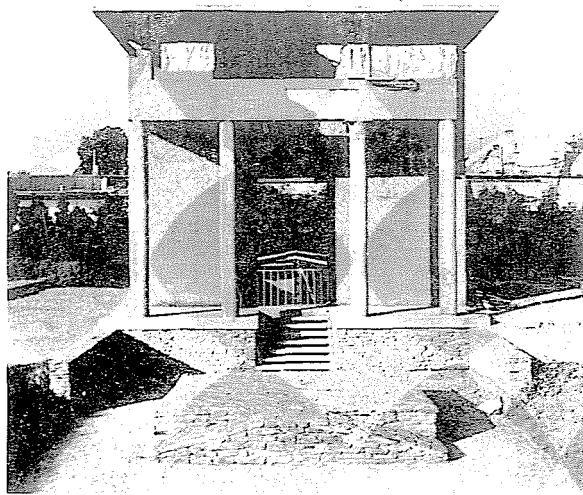
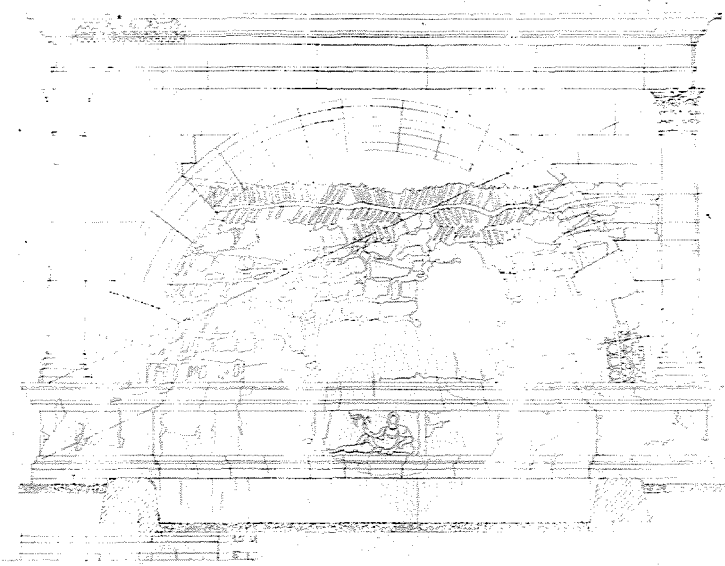
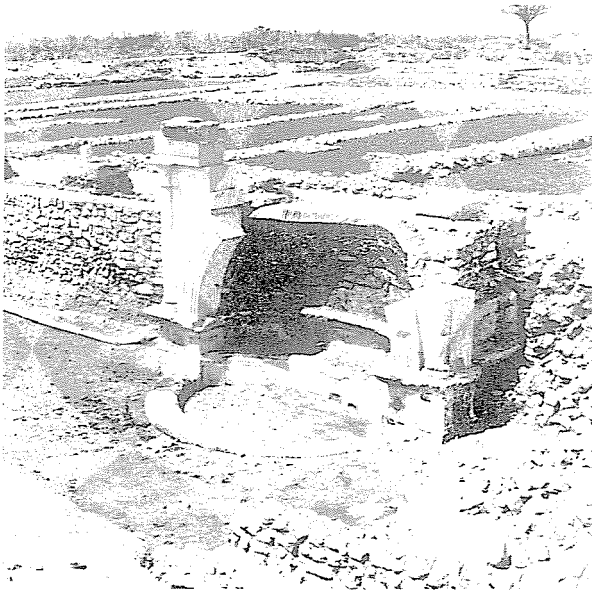


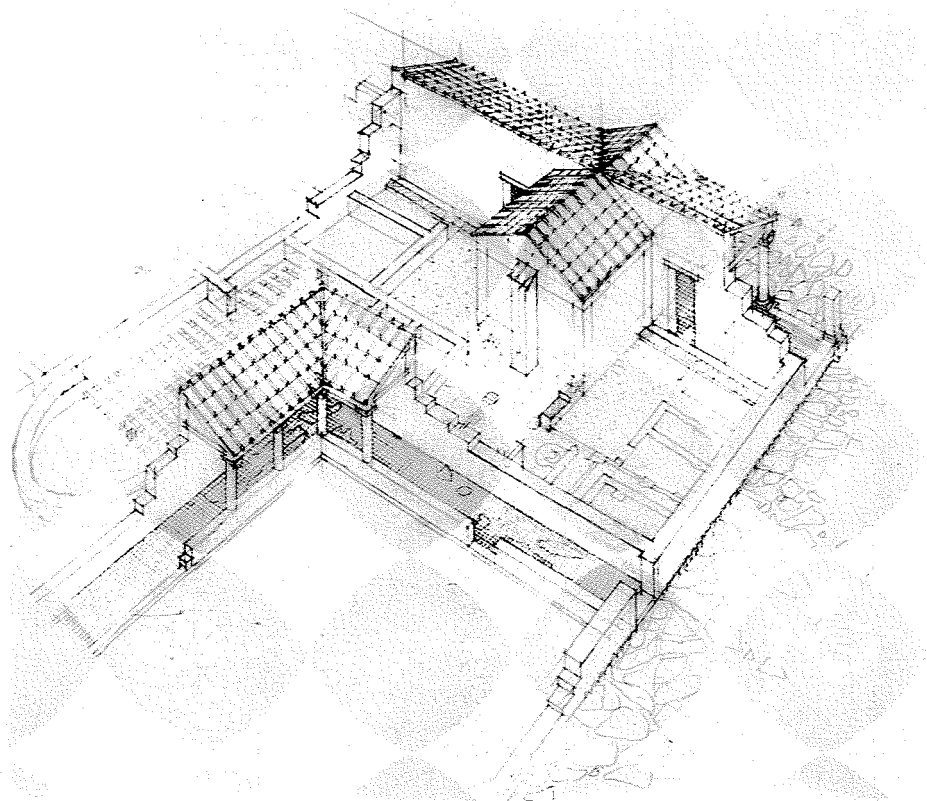
Fig. 9. Szombathely. Reconstruction of the anastylos of the Isis Sanctuary, 1968



*Fig. 10.* TÁC - Gorsium: Reconstruction of the 'Nymphaeum', Gyula Hajnóczy, 1974



*Fig. 11.* TÁC - Gorsium: Reconstruction of the 'Nymphaeum', 1974



*Fig. 12.* Bad Deutschaltenburg – PETRONELL Reconstruction Plan of the DIANA sanctuary and its district in CARNUNTUM civil town Gyula Hajnóczy, 1988.



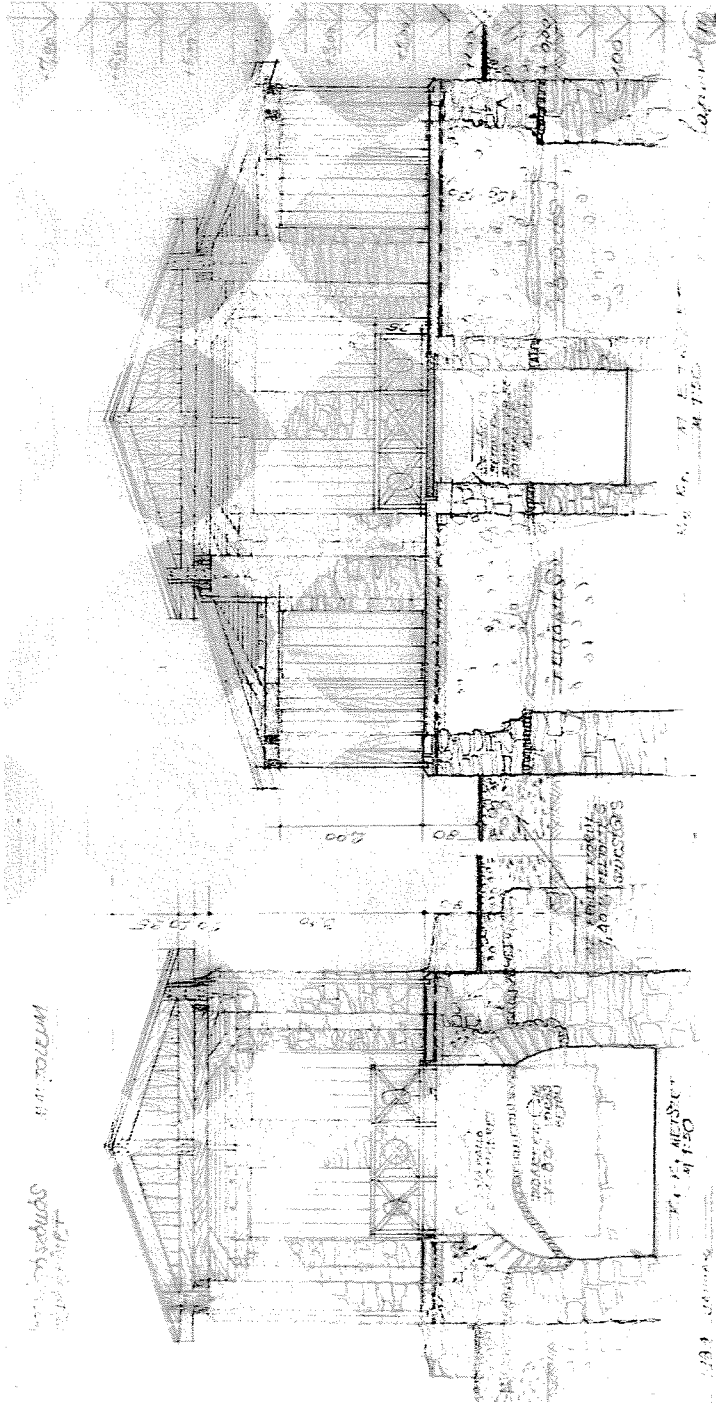
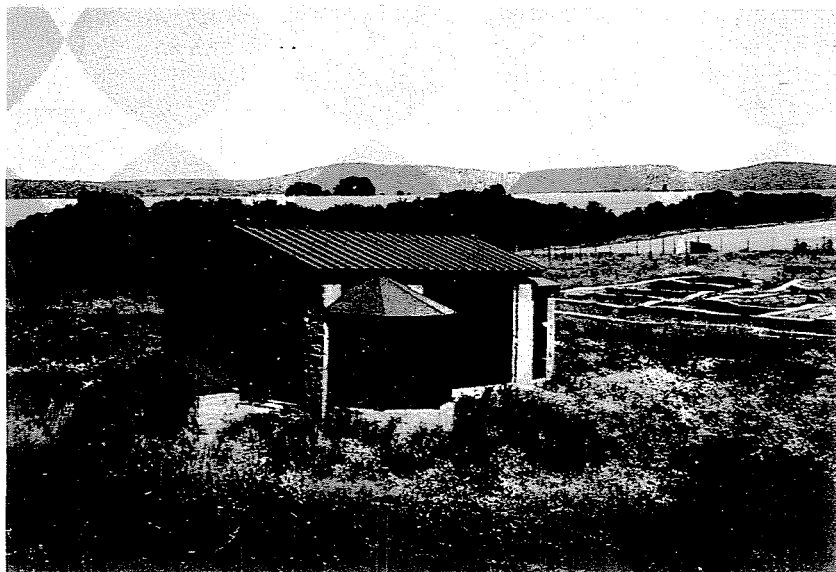
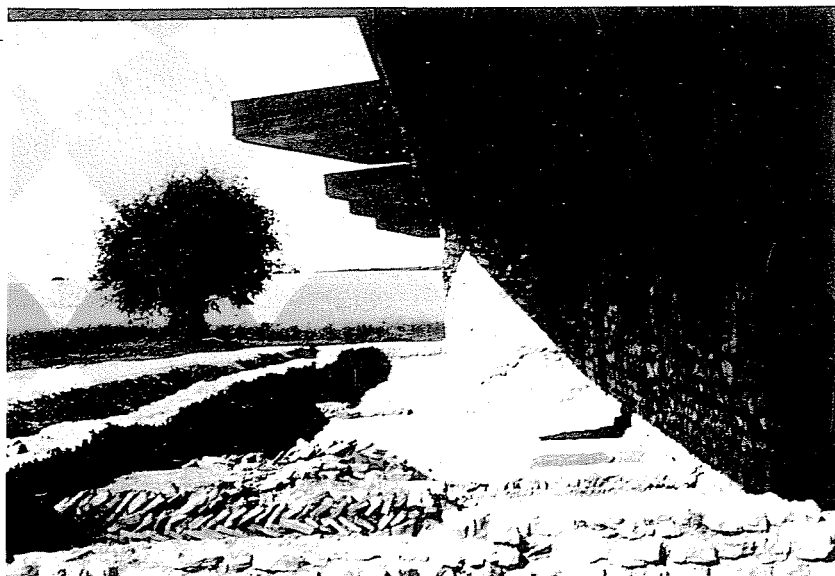


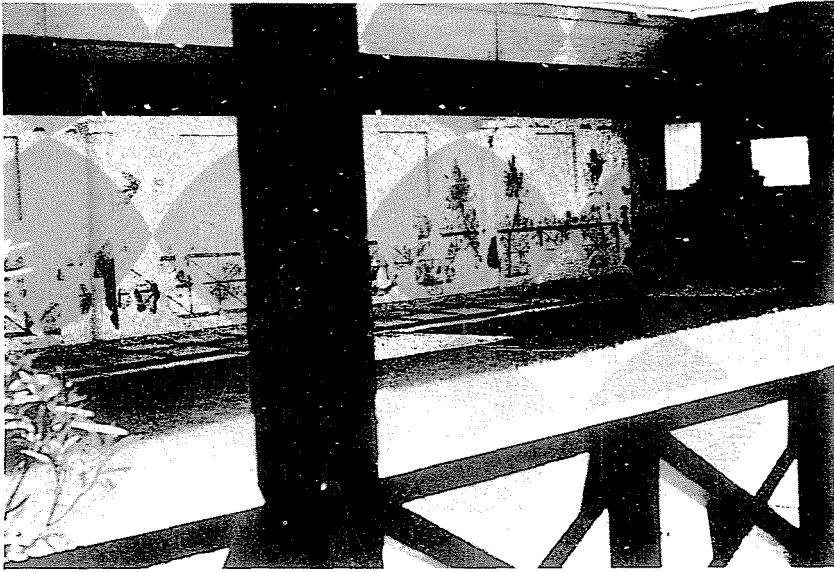
Fig. 13. Kővágószöllős: Protective building of Roman Mausoleum Sections Gyula Hajnóczy, 1984.



*Fig. 14.* Kővágószőlős: Protective building of Roman Mausoleum.



*Fig. 15.* Balácsa. Protective building of the peristyled villa. Perspective image 1980–82



*Fig. 16.* Baláca. Protective building of the peristyled villa. Display of Frescoe remnants 1980-82.