



GREGOR KRUK

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BAND 2



Ukrainische Freie Universität

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Hüte dich vor kalter Vielwisserei,
vor frevelhaftem Vernünfteln;
sie töten das Herz,
und wo das Herz und Gemüt erstorben sind,
da kann die Kunst nicht wohnen.
Caspar David Friedrich



Le sculpteur ukrainien Gregor Kruk a mené sa carrière à travers les vicissitudes propres à notre tragique époque ; c'est dans une suite d'exils qu'il accomplit son œuvre et loin de sa patrie et des réalités populaires que cette œuvre évoque. Mais elles demeurent obstinément vivantes dans sa mémoire d'artiste, apparaissent obstinément présentes dans ses ouvrages. Ceux-ci valent donc par leur accent de vérité, leur vigoureuse franchise, un émouvant sentiment de rusticité ; tout cela se communique irrésistiblement à notre sympathie, comme une chanson paysanne avec tout ce qu'elle apporte de l'air et du sol où elle est née. Des réalités aussi simples et aussi vraies ne pourraient que s'exprimer par un art lui-même simple et vrai, fondé sur un savoir sérieux et de bon aloi, et qui, entre autres qualités et d'une façon particulière, témoigne, chez son auteur, d'un sens très vif et très sûr du mouvement.

Jean Guis

Er hat seinen künstlerischen Weg durch all die Ungewißheiten und Unbeständigkeiten hindurch gemacht, die unserer tragischen Epoche eigen sind. In einer Kette verschiedener Exile hat er sein Werk vollendet, fern der Heimat und fern den volkhaften Wirklichkeiten, die sein Werk beschwört. In seiner künstlerischen Erinnerung bleiben sie ungebrochen lebendig, in seinen Werken erscheinen sie ungebeugt und ungeschwächt gegenwärtig. Seine Werke schöpfen ihren Wert aus dem Klang ihrer Wahrheit, aus ihrem starken Freimut, aus einer anrührenden Empfindung bäuerlicher Grobheit. Das alles teilt sich unwiderstehlich unserem Gefühl mit, so wie ein Volkslied etwas von der Sonne und dem Klima und von der Erde mit sich trägt, auf der es geboren wurde. So schlichte und so wahre Wirklichkeiten können nur durch eine Kunst ausgedrückt werden, die genauso schlicht und wahr ist, eine Kunst, die auf wirklichem Wissen und auf Gediegenheit ruht, eine Kunst, die neben anderen Begabungen auf besondere Weise auch ein sehr lebendiges Gefühl des Künstlers und die Sicherheit seiner Bewegungen, seines Ausdrucks, bekundet.

Jean Cassou

The Ukrainian sculptor Gregor Kruk has made his way as an artist through all the vicissitudes of our troubled times. It was in various places of exile that he accomplished his work, far from his own country and far from the peasant realities which his art evokes. These realities still remain a vivid part of the artist's memory and appear just as vividly and persistently in his sculptures. Their value derives from their sincerity, their powerful frankness and from their moving rusticity. All this evokes an irresistible feeling of sympathy like a folk-song that breathes something of the air and the soil in which it has originated. Such true and simple realities can only be expressed by an art which is equally true and simple, an art based on a sound and genuine knowledge which, beside other gifts, demonstrates most particularly a vivid and sure sense of movement.

Jean Cassou

DIE WELT DES KÜNSTLERS



Ich wurde in der Westukraine in dem Dorfe Bratyschiw geboren, welches in der südlichen Talebene nahe Stanyslawiw liegt. Die Ortschaft bestand aus ungefähr 350 Häusern mit weißgewaschenen Lehmwänden und strohbedeckten Dächern, einer lieblichen alten Holzkirche, einer vierklassigen Schule, und direkt in der Mitte befand sich eine aus Ziegelsteinen erbaute Schenke.

Die Reichen lebten von der Landwirtschaft. Die weniger Bemittelten waren Handwerker, wie zum Beispiel Schuhmacher, Schneider, Zimmerleute oder Töpfer. Die Armen arbeiteten als Tagelöhner für den Gutsbesitzer, dessen Güter außerhalb der Ortschaft lagen. Manchmal, wenn uns das Getreide ausging, ging auch meine Mutter auf die Felder des Gutsbesitzers, um Weizen oder Roggen zu schneiden. Dafür bekam sie jede dreizehnte Garbe. Viele Alte und Kranke, die allein waren, gingen betteln von Tür zu Tür. Wenn jemand Brot oder etwas Getreide gab, segneten sie laut das Haus mit einem Vaterunser. Am Sonntagmorgen trafen sich die meisten Leute vor der Kirche, am Sonntagabend in der Schenke.

Während des Winters lag das Dorf tief im Schnee. Ich baute Schneemänner (wir nannten sie ›Großmütter‹), und manchmal, wenn ich Husten hatte, saß ich am warmen Ofen oder vor den zugefrorenen Fenstern, welche mit Eisblumen und phantastischen Figuren bedeckt waren. Verwundert betrachtete ich die eigenartigen Muster und kratzte mit meinen Fingernägeln tiefe Konturen ein. Dannleckte ich sie zufrieden ab, bis auf das blanke Glas.

Im Sommer wuchsen hinter unserem Haus Kletten und Brennesseln. Nach dem Regen spielte ich dort und baute eine Kirche mit kleinen Figuren aus Lehm. Um mich herum schwirrten Schmetterlinge mit roten Flügeln. Immer wieder faszinierten mich ihre Farben. Ich lief ihnen nach,

konnte sie aber nicht fangen. Sie ließen mir keine Ruhe, und doch gelang es mir niemals, einen zu fangen, um die Farbigkeit der Flügel ganz zu erfassen, genauso wie ich noch heute versuche, hinter das Geheimnis der Form in der Skulptur zu kommen. Es verfolgt mich und entzieht sich mir. Es gibt mir Kraft zu schaffen und zu hoffen, aber es läßt sich nicht *be-greifen*.

Im Alter von neun oder zehn Jahren, als ich schon größer und kräftiger war, ging ich zur Schule. Samstags half ich meiner Mutter Weizen, Roggen oder Mais zu mahlen. Es war meine Aufgabe, den großen Mühlstein zu drehen, weil meine Mutter nicht stark genug war und ihr immer der Rücken weh tat. Ich liebte die Samstage nicht und fürchtete sie, weil ich wußte, daß ich wieder diesen schweren, lärmenden Stein zu drehen hatte, um mit eigener Kraft das harte Korn in Mehl umzuwandeln.

In der Schule lernte ich gut, obwohl ich mehr Angst vor den Lehrern als vor dem Lernen hatte. Jeden Tag, wenn ich nach Hause kam, mußte ich die Kuh auf die Weide führen. Diese Art Hausarbeit war für mich leichter als das Arbeiten in der Mühle, weil ich singen konnte, wenn ich mich langweilte, oder Engel mit einem Messer schnitzen, die ich in der Kirche gesehen hatte.

Der Hang, an dem meine Kuh weidete, wurde der ›Wolfsberg‹ genannt, weil es einmal dort wirklich Wölfe gegeben hatte. Einem Jungen in meinem Alter erschien er gewaltig und geheimnisvoll.

Die traurigste Erinnerung meiner Kindheit ist der Tag, an dem ich die Kuh im Walde verlor und abends ohne sie heimkehren mußte. Die Mutter schlug mich nicht, aber voller Zorn sagte sie: »Ich werde dich nicht ins Haus lassen und dir auch nichts zu essen geben, bis du die Kuh wieder nach Hause gebracht hast.« Ich hatte furchtbare Angst und

begann zu weinen, bald darauf fielen meine Schwester und mein kleiner Bruder ein. Wie sollten wir nur ohne unsere Kuh auskommen?

Auch Mutter fing zu weinen an. Sie nahm eine Laterne, und wir alle machten uns auf, die Kuh zu suchen. Im Walde war es still. Wir lauschten, konnten aber kein Geräusch wahrnehmen. Nach einer Weile rief Mutter laut und fast weinend nach der Kuh: »He, Minka! Komm her!« Die dunkle Nacht und die Stille des Waldes ängstigten uns. In tiefer Verzweiflung und Trauer traten wir den Heimweg an. Je mehr ich weinte, desto heftiger schalt Mutter mit mir: »Lauf in den Wald und such' die Kuh, sonst lasse ich dich nicht mehr ins Haus!«

Doch ich rannte nur einige Schritte von meiner Mutter weg, denn ich hatte Angst vor ihr und dem dunklen Wald. – Als wir in die Nähe des Dorfes kamen, blieb sie an der Wegkreuzung stehen und erhob ihre Hände zu einem tränenreichen Gebet: »Oh Herr, gib mir meine Kuh wieder!« Ihr Gebet wurde nicht erhört, und weinend gingen wir zurück ins Dorf, ohne Minka.

Jetzt bin ich über sechzig. Ich war bei vielen Begräbnissen und manchen Unglücksfällen zugegen, aber niemals wieder habe ich jemanden so weinen sehen wie wir es taten um unsere verschwundene, geliebte Kuh. Doch um so unbeschreiblicher war unsere Freude, als wir zu Hause ankamen und Minka im Felde stehen sahen. Sie war ganz allein von der Weide zurückgekommen und wartete auf uns. Außer sich vor Glück umarmte meine Mutter die Kuh und gab ihr unzählige Küsse.

Mein Vater Jakiw und mein Großvater Iwan waren Töpfer. Sie stellten aus Ton Krüge, Töpfe und Schüsseln her, bemalten und brannten sie und boten sie auch selbst auf dem Jahrmarkt in der benachbarten Stadt feil.

Vater hatte es nicht leicht gehabt mit meinem Großvater, weil der alte Mann, sobald er seine Töpfe verkauft hatte, in die Schenke ging und in munterer Gesellschaft seine gesamten Einkünfte vertrank. Er hatte meinen Vater noch nicht einmal zur Schule geschickt. Aus eigenem Antrieb hatte Vater Lesen und Schreiben gelernt, und er war darin sehr fleißig gewesen. Großvater konnte den »nüchternen Spaßverderber«, der sich niemals zu einem Glas Schnaps mit ihm und seinen trinkfesten Brüdern Antin und Mykhailo Kruk hinsetzte, kaum ertragen, da er lieber in der Kirche oder zu Hause, laut und teilweise singend die Schriften der Apostel, das Evangelium und die Psalmen las. Tatsächlich kannte mein Vater alle Kirchenlieder und Lobgesänge und alles, was zum griechisch-katholischen Gottesdienst gehörte, auswendig.

Als mein Vater noch jung war, arbeitete er in Großvaters Werkstatt. Nach seiner Heirat machte er sich selbständig, um für seine Familie zu sorgen. Seine erste Frau und sein siebenjähriger Sohn Olexa starben und ließen ihn allein zurück mit seiner Tochter Maria, welche noch heute mit meiner Mutter in dem Orte Bratyschiw lebt. Später er-

zählte mir mein Vater, daß er nur auf Drängen seiner alten Mutter sich entschloß, wieder zu heiraten, weil die Hilfe einer Frau im Haushalt nötig gebraucht wurde. Aus der zweiten Ehe gingen zwei Söhne hervor: Mein jüngerer Bruder Iwan und ich Hryhorij.

Der erste Weltkrieg riß meinen Vater von seiner Arbeit weg, und er trat in die österreichische Armee ein. Sein Militärdienst, den er in Wien, Budapest und teilweise in Jolkiw (in Ostgalizien) ableistete, brachte ihm jedoch gewisse Vorteile. Als er zurückkehrte, war er kräftiger und hatte Deutsch gelernt. Außerdem hatte sich im Hauptstrom der europäischen Kultur sein Horizont wesentlich erweitert. Nicht lange danach starb Großvater, und mein Vater nahm das Geschäft und die Werkstatt in seine eigenen tüchtigen Hände. Jetzt war es ihm auch möglich, mich und meinen kleinen Bruder zur Schule zu schicken. Oft sagte er zu meiner Mutter: »Du wirst sehen, Alte, unsere Kinder werden sich nicht mehr um die Viehherden der polnischen Gutsherren kümmern müssen oder wie ihre Vorfahren in den Schenken herumsitzen. Heraus mit ihnen aus dem Dorf – in die Städte und auf die Hochschulen!« Selbst mein Vater hörte nicht auf zu lernen. Niemals verpaßte er eine Versammlung. Er gehörte dem Bildungsverein »Sitsch« an, den Cyril Trilowskyj gegründet hatte. Oft hörte er unseren Führern der ukrainischen Freiheitsbewegung zu, dem feurigen Iwan Makuch, dem vorsichtigen Pawlyk und vor allem dem begabten Politiker und Dichter, unserem nationalen Vorkämpfer, Iwan Franko.

Zu Haus berichtete er uns, was er von ihnen gehört hatte. Wir standen mit offenen Mündern und unsere Augen leuchteten, obwohl wir sehr wenig oder auch gar nichts von all dem verstanden, was er sagte. Aber unbegreiflicherweise werden wir oft gerade am stärksten durch das geformt, was wir nicht verstehen.

Solange ich noch ein Kind war, half ich meinem Vater und war glücklich, wenn unter meinen kleinen Fingern Figuren aus dem herrlichen weichen Lehm entstanden, denen ich Form und Gestalt gegeben hatte. Mein Schullehrer Was-sylyj Lukasiewitsch war der erste, der meinen Zeichnungen und Gebilden Beachtung schenkte. Er war es auch, der meinem Vater den Rat gab, mich an eine Kunstschule in Stanyslawiw zu schicken. Mein Vater tat es.

Mein Vater war nicht nur Töpfer, sondern auch Maurer. Er errichtete für die Bauern jene großen und breiten Öfen, auf denen man die kalten Winternächte gemütlich zubrachte. Aber er baute nicht nur Bauernöfen, er konnte die anspruchsvollsten Wünsche befriedigen.

Darüber hinaus schnitzte er für die Heiligenbilder der Dorfkirche Rahmen und malte eigenhändig auch die großen Bilder hinein – in Öl natürlich. Ziemlich ehrfurchtlos nannte man bei uns solche Talente »Bohomas«, was soviel wie »Gottesschmierer« heißt. Vater sagte, er habe diese edle Kunst gelernt, als er in Wien Soldat war. Später, als seine Hände unsicher wurden, gab er sein Handwerk auf und

betätigte sich als ›Kräuter-Doktor‹. Bald wurde er damit bekannter als vorher mit seiner Kunst. Nicht nur kranken Schafen, Schweinen, Kühen und Bauern half er geduldig, sondern auch Gebildete, wie Lehrer und Priester, die diese Dinge gewöhnlich für Aberglauben hielten, kamen von weit her, um sich von ihm Heilmittel geben zu lassen. Am berühmtesten war er für sein Mittel gegen Schlangenbisse. Meine Mutter und mein Vater waren nicht ganz zufrieden mit meinen künstlerischen Studien an der Fachschule, da ihre Wünsche darüber hinausgingen. Ich sollte mich bemühen, ein ›wirklicher Herr‹ zu werden – oder wenigstens ein Dorfschullehrer oder Priester. Ja, das wäre die Erfüllung höchsten Ehrgeizes unserer bäuerlichen Familie gewesen.

Während der Sommerferien kehrte ich nach Hause zurück, um meinem Vater weiterhin in der Werkstatt zu helfen. Dies gab den Leuten im Dorf Anlaß zu manchen Bemerkungen. Sie sagten: »Schau, schau, der Sohn trägt Krawatten und Hosen aus der Stadt und schämt sich trotzdem nicht, vom Bauernhof zu stammen und mit seinen eigenen Händen zu arbeiten.«

Wenn wir unterwegs waren, um Öfen zu setzen, hörte Vater während der Arbeit niemals auf, über Lebenserfahrungen zu sprechen. Davon habe ich viel gelernt, was in meinem späteren Leben nützlich war. Auch heute noch ist sehr viel von dem, was er sagte, lebendig in meiner Erinnerung. Ich halte mich auch heute an seine Ratschläge. Später, als ich an der Kunstakademie in Krakau studierte, lernte ich nicht nur ukrainische, sondern auch andere Literatur kennen. Doch die Gespräche mit meinem Vater waren für mich lehrreicher und wertvoller als alles Büffeln. Eine kleine Quelle im Walde erfrischt viel mehr als das Wasser aus dem Wasserhahn eines Schulkorridors.

Verwundert fragte ich oft meinen Vater: »Tatu, wie kommt es, daß du niemals gelehrte Bücher gelesen hast und doch in Gleichnissen sprichst wie ein großer, weiser Mann?« »Das ist so«, sagte er, »folge immer dem weisesten Lehrer der Menschheit, nämlich der Natur. Lerne in der Natur zu lesen, und wenn du sie liest, wird sie sich dir selbst offenbaren. Schafft und gestaltet nicht jeder, Grundbesitzer und Bauer, bewußt oder unbewußt, aus der Natur heraus?«

Mutter nannte uns die ›Philosophen‹, und oft hörten wir sie rufen: »Kommt zum Essen, meine Philosophen, sonst werden die Bohnen im Borschtsch kalt!«

Mein Vater war sehr fromm und versäumte niemals eine Sonntags- oder Feiertagsmesse. Sein urwüchsiger Humor brachte den Kranken Erleichterung und den Gesunden Erheiterung. Er war von einer gütigen, sanften und versöhnlichen Natur. Kein Bettler verließ unsere Türschwelle mit leeren Händen. Aber mein Vater konnte auch hassen. Er blickte mit Verachtung auf das Militär, die Polizei und die Steuereinzahler, die sehr lästig waren. »Wage es niemals, solche Uniformen schön zu finden oder gar eine tragen zu wollen!« Er warnte uns mit einem bösen Blick.

Manchmal sagte mein Vater: »Gregory, du bist nicht für den Bauernhof geschaffen, denn du hast ein Talent, das nicht verkümmern darf. So manches Mal wirst du allein in der Welt sein, ohne Rat und ohne Hilfe. Aber dafür hast du hier ein lebendes Beispiel vor Augen, das Beispiel eines sehr scharfsinnigen und sehr, sehr tüchtigen Volkes: Die galizischen Juden. Trotz meiner sechzig Jahre sah ich noch nie einen betrunkenen Juden durch unsere Dorfstraßen torkeln. Auch sah ich noch nie einen jüdischen Grobschmied. Deine Gesundheit ist kostbar, Gregory, so hüte dich vor schwerer körperlicher Arbeit, und wenn du deine Augen gebrauchst, dann richte deinen Blick auf schöne Bilder, niemals auf belanglosen Plunder!«

Vater war auch sehr musikalisch. Daß er Hunderte von Volksliedern kannte, war für einen Ukrainer sehr natürlich. Aber oft, wenn wir vom Jahrmarkt kamen, zum Beispiel aus Nischniw, und an einer katholischen Kirche vorbei kamen, in der jemand Orgel spielte, nahm mich mein Vater ergriffen an der Hand und führte mich zu der Kirchentür. Dann bekreuzigte er sich nach östlichem Ritus und lauschte entrückt den erhabenen Orgelklängen. Wenn das zauberhafte Erlebnis vorüber war und wir uns wieder auf der Straße befanden, sagte er: »Welch eine Schande, daß wir keine Orgel in unseren Kirchen haben! Was für ein edles Instrument! Es bekehrt die Heiden.«

Nachdem ich die Kunstakademie in Krakau unter Prof. Laschtschka absolviert hatte, schickten mich Bohdan Lepkyj und Museumsdirektor Stanislaw Till nach Berlin. Ich erhielt ein Stipendium für die Berliner Kunstakademie vom ukrainischen Institut für Wissenschaften unter Leitung von Dr. Iwan Mirtschuk, dessen engster Mitarbeiter Dr. Zenon Kuzela war. Die Professoren Alfred Focke und Otto Hitzberger sowie Arno Breker waren meine Lehrer in Berlin. Ihnen verdanke ich meinen Wahlspruch: »Zuerst sei ein Mensch, dann erst werde Künstler!«

Während des zweiten Weltkrieges kam mein Bruder Iwan zu mir nach Berlin, und wir lebten zusammen. Er war Malergeselle. Iwan war intelligent und bescheiden und hatte keine Ambitionen, in die Akademie einzutreten. Vor Kriegsende konnten wir in unser Heimatdorf zurückkehren und, wie es schien, unsere geliebten Eltern das letzte Mal wiedersehen. Welch tränenreiche Freude des Wiedersehens nach den langen Jahren der Trennung, und welcher schmerzlicher Abschied mit einer Vorahnung eines tragischen Schicksals, welches uns alle ereilt. Nach diesem Beisammensein in den Jahren 1944/45 sollten wir die Eltern nie mehr sehen.

Bei unserer Rückkehr nach Berlin erkannten wir, daß es für uns unmöglich war, dort noch länger zu bleiben. Nach kurzem Aufenthalt gingen wir nach München. Der Anfang in München war schwer. Trotzdem konnten wir einen kleinen Kiosk für Lebensmittel eröffnen. Dann wurde ich für ein Jahr Lehrer für Bildhauerei und Zeichnen an der UNRRA-Universität (Abteilung Architektur). Nach Auf-

lösung dieses Instituts kehrte ich zum Kiosk zurück. Ich hatte gerade genug Geld gespart, um kleinere Reisen nach Frankreich, Italien und England zu machen, und nur zu gern hätte ich meine Sehnsucht gestillt und Griechenland, Spanien und vor allem Ägypten, die Wiege der machtvollsten Bildhauerkunst der Welt, gesehen. Aber meine Pläne wurden durch den schweren Schlag zunichte gemacht, den ich durch den plötzlichen und viel zu frühen Tod meines geliebten Bruders erhielt. Er war immer mein hilfreicher, liebevoller Beschützer gewesen, der für alles Verständnis

hatte und sich mehr über meine Erfolge freute als über seine eigenen. Es blieb nur sein kleiner Sohn Maxym, der auch jetzt in meiner Obhut ist.

Mein bescheidenes Werk — das bereits geschaffene und das, was mit Gottes Hilfe noch zu tun ist — weihe ich dem Andenken an meine lieben Eltern. Heute noch sehe ich sie vor dem Heiligenbild, ihre schwieligen Hände, veredelt durch ein Jahrzehnt schwerer Mühen, erhoben in einem inbrünstigen Gebet zu Gott, um eine bessere Zukunft für ihre Kinder.

Gregor Kruk



IN THE ARTIST'S WORLD



My birthplace in Western Ukraine was a village called Bratyshiv. It lies in the southern piedmont region near Ivano-Frankivsk and on my birthday consisted of some 350 houses of whitewashed clay walls and thatched roofs, a lovely, old, wooden church, one four-class schoolhouse and a large, brick structure in the center of town. The latter housed Bratyshiv's tavern.

The people lived life from the tilling of their soil. Those with little land of their own practised trades, particularly shoemaking, tailoring, carpentry and pottery-making. The poorer residents worked as hired hands on the landlord's estate which sprawled on the outskirts of the village.

There were times when my family would run short of grain. My mother went to work on the landlord's field, reaping his wheat or rye. For this she was permitted to keep every thirteenth sheaf.

Some of the town's sick and old had no family of their own. They would subsist by begging from door to door. When someone gave them bread or a bit of grain they would proclaim their personal blessings on the benefactor's house with loud utterances of the Pater Noster. Sunday mornings the townspeople would all gather as a matter of ritual; first they would meet in front of the church and then, later in the day, toward evening, at the tavern.

Winter would find the village of Bratyshiv lying deeply buried in blankets of snow. My favourite pastime then would be to build snowmen (in Ukrainian 'grandmothers'). And sometimes, when nursing a cold, I would be made to sit on the warm stove or would perch in front of the frozen windows which were encrusted with sugar-frost flowers and other fantastic designs and figures. I would gaze in amazement at these atoms of beautiful complexity, and then dig in with my fingernails in this way adding my own

special touch. The result was often quite pleasing, especially when my own fingered engravings complemented the existing contours. Yet each time what a careful job I'd make of the slow wiping off into oblivion of this 'masterpiece'! After the frost had slid off meticulously from the slippery glass only the light shimmered through the bare pane. The greatest pleasure indeed was to wipe the entire glass clean with my tongue.

In the summertime, burdock and nettles grew in profusion behind our house. Particularly following a rainfall, I would play there with relish, making little 'churches' out of clumps of seeping mud. Red-winged butterflies swarmed about me as I crouched in the muddy earth, and only now can I grasp the power of that contrast. The thick, soupy stuff slithered through my little fingers which immediately would instinctively reach out to grasp and catch the butterflies' magic patches of bright, flying colours. I never did capture with my dirtied hands those fascinating flying hues, though I would often run after the creatures with all my might. They took away my peace of mind and up to now I have yet to succeed in capturing a butterfly in my hands in order to pore over its colour from very close-up. In much the same way I have yet to grasp and capture precise form in my sculpture. This haunts but forever eludes me, it is one and the same for the unyielding demands of my intellect: an impetus toward work, an inspiration through disappointment.

When I turned older and stronger, a boy of nine or ten, I began to attend school during the week, helping my mother grind wheat, rye or corn on Saturdays. It was usually my job to turn the huge millstones, for my mother was not strong and always complained about her painful back. I didn't like Saturdays; in fact, I dreaded them, be-

cause of that heavy, noisy stone that would stand as dead weight against my straining youthful body. The coarse grain became flour under the burden of the stone's crushing which my younger sinews turned round and round, the effort lubricated by thin streams of sweat spots beading along my brow and nape.

I managed well in school although I feared the teachers themselves more than their teaching. Daily when I returned home it was my chore to walk the cow into the forest for grazing. This was far easier than pushing the mill, and when bored I could sing or take out my pocket knife to whittle wooden miniatures of angels which I had seen in church. The hillside where the cow grazed was called 'Wolf Mountain' because wolves really roamed there. For a boy of my age it was particularly awesome and mysterious, that my cow and I were sharing this solitary mountain with ferocious, wild beasts.

My childhood was marred by one memorable tragedy, the day when I lost my cow in the forest and had to return home in the evening all alone. My mother didn't beat me, her furious rage and violent words were thrashing enough: "I won't let you into the house, nor give you anything to eat until you bring that cow home from the forest!"

Frightened, I began to cry. At once I was joined in the uproar by my sister and little brother. Indeed, what were we going to do without our one and only cow?

Eventually mother too began to cry. Doing so she pulled out a lantern and had us all set out to find the cow. We listened for any revealing rustle or sound in the quiet forest but our straining ears heard nothing. The only noise now was that coming from my mother—in loud laments she half-cried and moaned pleadingly: "Hey, Minka! Minka! Come here, here!"

As the heavy darkness of the night tightened its blanket of desolation and silence around us, our bravery too began to evaporate. The trek home was propelled by my mother's spurts of despair and grief that fanned our mood of helplessness. Along the way I cried harder and still harder only to have my mother scold me more and more. Her words stung like a bee's bite on a forehead that is parched after a day in the sun.

"Go into the woods after the cow . . . I won't let you into the house anymore!"

I ambled alongside my mother's wailing form and trembled in fear of her as much as of the ominous forest that had swallowed so viciously our precious cow. Dragging her incompetent search brigade out of the woods my mother stopped at the crossroad near the village. She raised her hands imploringly in fervent and profound prayer.

"Oh, Lord! Give me my cow!" she said in tears. But God Himself must still have been out looking for the cow; he did not heed her tears. We returned to the village without Minka.

Many years have passed since then, I have attended count-

less funerals and witnessed many fatal twists in life that dashed my and other people's hopes. Never, though, have I seen anyone weep for a departed loved one the way we cried over one cow. But then I can hardly begin to describe the joy that shook us like a bolt of lightning when we arrived in front of the house. There, in the nearby field stood that blessed cow, Minka. She had found her own way home from the forest and was actually waiting for us! Minka likewise probably could not begin to describe my mother's boundless happiness showered on the calm cow in a hundred hugs and kisses.

My father, Yakiv, and his father, Ivan, were potters. They turned household crockery from backyard clay, then decorated their craftwork by hand. The pieces were later fired and marketed personally by these artisans at neighboring towns and wherever else trade would flourish.

My father did not have an easy time with his father. As soon as the older man sold his pots he would head straight for the tavern and there, amidst spirited company, would drink away all the money he had made. My grandfather never did send my father through school. And yet, although a self-made man, my father managed to acquire literacy and, in fact, learned to read and write well. My grandfather could hardly tolerate this 'sober kill-joy' who, rather than sit down over a glass of schnapps with him and his hard-drinking brothers Antin and Mykhaylo Kruk, would spend his time otherwise. In church or at home my father was fond of intoning loudly, half singing and half speaking, all the Acts of the Apostles, the Holy Gospels and the Psalms. In fact, my father knew from memory all these chants and still other canticles, the great repertory that makes up the Ukrainian Greek-Catholic service.

When my father was still a young man, he worked in his old father's workshop, but after marriage he decided to strike out on his own. His first wife and her seven-year-old son, Oleksa, died, and he was left with only an orphaned daughter, my half-sister Maria who still lives in the home village of Bratyshiv with my mother. Years later, my father confided to me that only at the insistence of his old mother did he decide to marry again. Then too, a woman's hand was greatly needed around the household. Two sons came of this second marriage: My younger brother, Ivan, and I. They christened me Hryhoriy (Gregor).

The world's first big war of the century tore my father from his work and forced him to join the Austrian army. He spent time in Vienna, Budapest and in Zolkiv in East Galicia, returning home stronger than before and with a new-found knowledge of the German language. Most important though, he was touched by the mainstream of Western culture.

Soon thereafter my grandfather died, and his son took over the entire business, workshop and all, into his capable hands. Now he even considered himself able to send my

little brother and me to school. I'd hear him speaking in this way to my mother many times:

"Take heed that our children never tend the herds of Polish landlords or learn to sit in the tavern like our people before us. Away with our children to the cities and the universities."

These words came from his own experience, for my father himself never seemed to cease learning. He loved to attend town meetings, never missing one and became a member of 'Sitch', a local cultural organization founded by Kyrylo Trylovskij. There he would hear lectures by such Ukrainian national leaders as Ivan Makukh, the cautious Pavlyk and above all, the gifted politician, poet and national apostle, Ivan Franko.

At home we'd hear my father discuss the wisdom which he would bring back from these inspired speakers. Our open mouths and sparkling eyes showed how little we understood of what he said. But something must have registered in our tiny minds, for we are often formed and nourished by what we understand the least at the time.

As a small child I helped my father at work, if only for the delight of oozing the sweet, soft clay through my little hands which attempted to give it form and shape. Vasyl Lukasevych, my school teacher, was the first to notice my simple drawings and figures in clay. Thanks to his advice my father sent me to the handicraft school in Stanislaviv.

More than just a potter, my father was also a mason who made those great, wide stoves for the farmers to sleep on during icy winter nights. Whoever had my father's stove in his household could well be proud of it, for the piece was better than any other farm stove around; it could satisfy the most demanding cooking and heating needs.

Apart from all this, my father also carved frames for the iconostasis in the village church, painting, in fact, also the large pictures that fitted into these frames. And the pictures were done in oil, no less! Our people have a mildly irreverent expression for people such as my father and his talents: 'Bohomaz' (God-dauber). My father claimed that he had learned this noble art together with his painting and woodcarving while still a soldier in Vienna. But in later years when his hands became unsteady he occupied himself as a 'herb doctor,' becoming even better known for this than previously for his artistic ability. Ailing sheep, pigs, cows, and farmers alike became his patients. Even the intelligentsia, teachers and priests, who ordinarily regarded such matters as superstition, came from distant places for my father's cures. His most famous remedy counteracted snakebite.

My efforts at the handicraft school did not satisfy my parents fully, for their hopes for me went beyond such elementary training. They dreamed that I would become a 'real gentleman,' at least a village schoolmaster or a priest. Such was the height of most farmer's dreams for their abler sons.

Summers I returned home to help in my father's workshop, and this would arouse considerable interest in the village. The people would say:

"Look! The son wears a tie and city trousers but he isn't ashamed of his father's farmhouse or the dirty work."

While working, my father would not cease talking about life and his experiences. I must say that I truly learned much from him and it has proved useful to me often in my adult life. Much of what he said is even today quite vivid in my memory; I still turn to these wise teachings of a simple, old man.

Years later, while studying at the Krakow Academy of Fine Arts, I became acquainted with Ukrainian and other world literatures. This provided a fertile substance for me, and worthwhile, practical wisdom such as that which my father supplied me day in and day out at home. It was more than all my booklearning put together; much like, a little forest spring which can be more refreshing in a different way than all the water splashing from a school water tap.

I often asked my father: "Bat'ko (father), how is it that you've never read a clever book, yet you speak in the parables of a wise man?"

And he would say: "Always follow the wisest teacher of mankind, nature. Learn to read nature and to love her. And when you do, she will bare herself to you. Doesn't everyone, learned landlord and a simple peasant alike, create and build his life from what nature gives and takes?"

My mother called us the 'philosophers,' and often used the nickname, for example: "Come to dinner, my philosophers, or the beans will get cold in the borshch!"

My father was a pious man and never missed services on Sundays or holidays. He cheered the sick and the healthy with his humour, and had a kind, soft and conciliatory nature which couldn't allow a beggar to leave our threshold empty-handed.

Oh, but how he could hate when he wanted to! He held the military, the police and the tax collectors in utter contempt. Father would warn us sternly: "Don't ever see glamour in the uniforms of these people, or ever wish to wear their hides!" His angry look at that moment was all the warning we needed.

At times my father would say: "Hryhoriy, you are ill-suited for the life of farming. You have talents for other things which must not be buried. Because of these talents you will find yourself lonely in the world, alone and with little counsel or help. Take then the Jews as your model. They are a shrewd people, and very, very practical. In my sixty-odd years I have yet to see a drunken Jew stagger through the village streets. Neither have I seen a Jewish blacksmith. Care for your health, Hryhoriy for it is precious. Protect yourself from physical labour. And if you must ruin your eyes, spend them on beautiful things, never on trash."

My father was furthermore a musician at heart. It was not unusual for a native Ukrainian to know hundreds of

songs. But my father knew more than that. Often as we walked home from Nyzhniv or elsewhere, we might pass a Roman Catholic church whose organist was playing. My father would then grip my hand and lead me excitedly to the church door. Crossing himself in the manner of the Ukrainian Catholic Rite, he would listen transfixed by the soaring organ music. When this magic spell unwound itself and we were again on the street, he would say to me:

"Oh, what a shame that we have no organ in our churches. It is such a noble instrument that it can make converts of heathens."

After I completed the Krakow Fine Arts Academy, where I studied under Professor Laszczka, Bohdan Lepky and Stanislav Till, then Krakow Museum Director, arranged that I continue my schooling in Berlin. I applied for and won a scholarship to the Berlin Kunstakademie from the Ukrainian Institute of Sciences, at the time headed by Dr. Ivan Mirchuk, later Rector of the Ukrainian Free University. Assisting me in this was Dr. Zenon Kuzela, Prof. Mirchuk's closest colleague at the Institute. In Berlin my teachers were Professors Alfred Focke and Otto Hitzberger, who left me with this motto: "First be a man, and then an artist!"

During the Second World War, Ivan, my brother, a journeyman painter, came to live with me in Berlin. Ivan was an intelligent and modest person never entertaining any

ambition to enter the Kunstakademie. Before the war ended we were fortunate to return to the home village and be with our parents for what appeared to be the last time. What terrible grief was in that premonitory parting! It was in 1944/45 that we left them, never to be together again.

Returning again to Berlin, we realized that it would be impossible to remain there much longer. After a short rest we set out for Munich only to find that our beginnings were to be awfully difficult. We managed, though, to rig up a little retail kiosk. Then I became an instructor at the UNRRA University's Department of Architecture. When this institution was disbanded, I returned to the little kiosk and eventually saved up enough money for little trips to France, Italy and England. I yearned to visit Greece, Spain and above all, Egypt—the cradle of the world's most powerful sculptures. These and other plans were soon shattered by the crushing blow I sustained when my dear brother died at an early age. Always loving, helpful and understanding, Ivan was also a patron rejoicing more in my success than in his own. Ivan's little son, Maksym, was in my care.

My modest work, carried out so far, and that yet to come with God's grace, I bequeath to the memory of my beloved parents. I can still see them today in front of the Holy Icon, their calloused hands—so dignified by the toil of many decades—raised in fervent prayer to the heavens, pleading for a brighter future for their children.

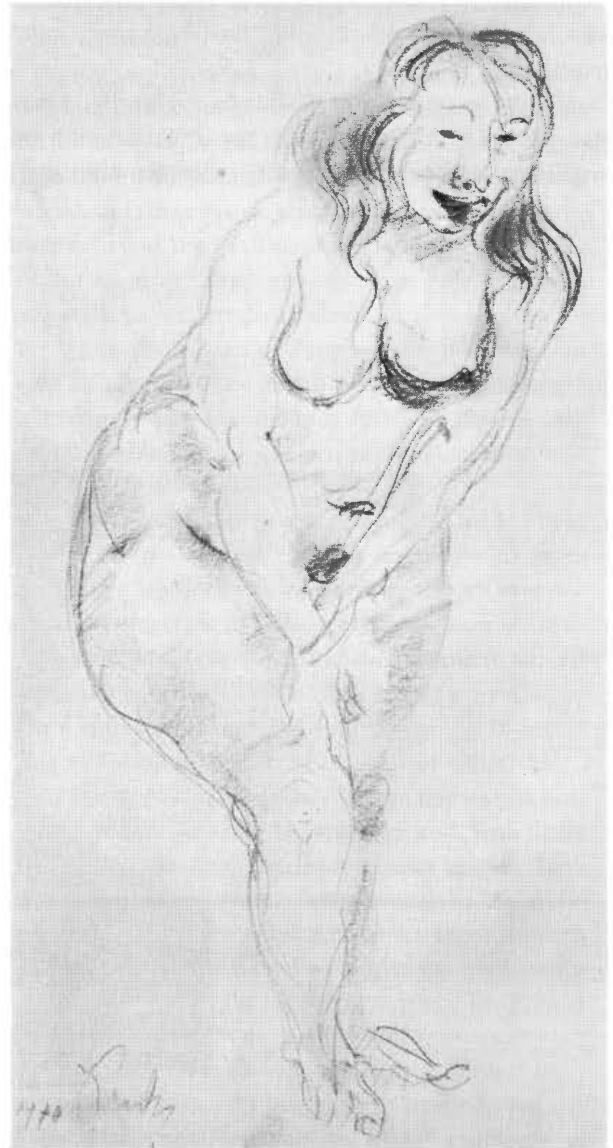
Gregor Kruk



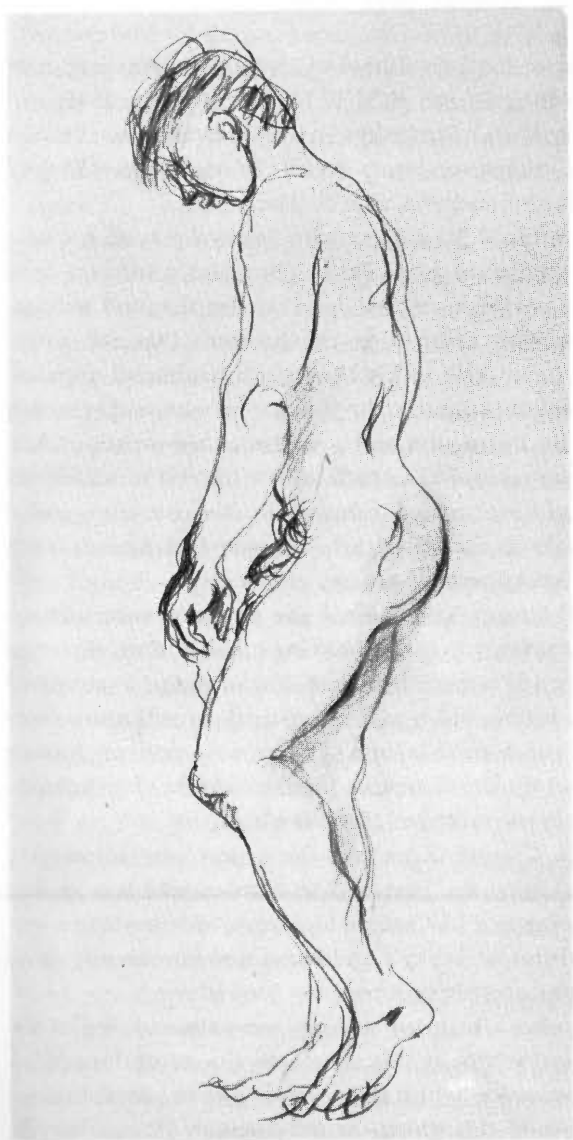
DER KÜNSTLER ÜBER SEINE ZEICHNUNGEN

Meine ersten Schritte im Zeichnen unternahm ich erst im Jahre 1934 auf der Krakauer Kunstakademie unter Prof. K. Sichulskyj. Um in die Kunstakademie-Bildhauerklasse aufgenommen zu werden, mußte man außer guten Skulpturen auch brauchbare Zeichnungen vorzeigen können. Nun, Zeichnungen hatte ich überhaupt keine – weder gute noch schlechte –, weil ich noch nie gezeichnet hatte. Nur von dem innigsten Wunsch beseelt, auf der Akademie studieren zu können, wagte ich, mir einige gute Zeichnungen von Jurij Jaremtschuk, dem sehr begabten Schüler von Olexa Nowakiwsky auszuborgen. Auf Grund meiner Skulpturen und der ausgezeichneten Zeichnungen wurde ich sofort in die Bildhauerklasse aufgenommen. Während der ersten Zeichenstunde kam es dann zum Eklat. Als Prof. Sichulskyj nämlich meine erste selbstverfertigte Zeichnung sah, veränderten sich seine Gesichtszüge merklich. Mit zusammengekniffenen Lippen, somit die Prothese am Herausfallen hindernd, stieß er erregt hervor: »Mensch, sag mir bloß, durch wen und wie du hier auf die Akademie gelangt bist!« Ich schwieg. Da kam aus undefinierbarer Richtung mit halblauter Stimme die Antwort: »Auf demselben Weg wie Sie hereingelangt sind, Herr Professor, durch die Tür!« Dem Professor riß nun vollkommen der Geduldsfaden. Er drehte sich um und donnerte zum Rest der Klasse: »Wer hat hier gewagt, das Maul aufzureißen? Ihr vergeßt, daß ich der beste Schüler bei Stanislaw Wyspiansky war! Ich besitze eine geniale Begabung zum Zeichnen!« Das war wohl der größte Heiterkeitserfolg, den er in seiner Karriere als Professor verbuchen konnte. Die Klasse brüllte vor Lachen. Die Korrektur an meiner Zeichnung war sowohl für Sichulsky als auch für mich die letzte. An der Akademie opferte ich meine ganze Zeit der Skulptur bei Professor K. Laszczka. Das Zeichnen gab ich auf und probierte es ganze zehn Jahre nicht mehr. Erst durch einen Zufall las ich in der Biographie von Henri Matisse folgendes: »Wer nicht gut zu zeichnen vermag, der soll eben schlecht zeichnen.« Dank dieser Worte habe ich bis heute nicht den Mut verloren, schlecht zu zeichnen. Und überhaupt, wo und bei wem liegt die Entscheidung, was gute und was schlechte Zeichnungen sind?

Gregor Kruk



THE ARTIST ABOUT HIS DRAWINGS



My first steps towards drawing I undertook at the Academy of Art in Krakau in the year of 1934 under the direction of Prof. K. Sichulsky. In order to be admitted to the sculpturing class of the Academy of Art, I had to present some acceptable drawings besides good sculptures. Well, I had no drawings at all—neither good nor bad ones—simply because I had never drawn before.

With the burning desire in my heart to study at the Academy, I dared to borrow some good drawings from a very talented student of Olexa Nowakiwsky, his name being Jurij Jaremtschnik. Due to my sculptures and those excellent drawings, I was readily accepted to the sculpturing class. Then during the first drawing lesson it happened. When Prof. Sichulsky eyed my first self-fabricated drawing, the expression on his face changed remarkably. With his lips pursed—to keep his false teeth from falling out—he gasped: “Man, just tell me how and with whose help you got in here!” I kept silent. Then the answer came from some undefined direction—in a subdued tone of voice: “The same way you got in here, Professor, through the door.” Now the professor lost all patience. He turned around and shouted at the rest of the class: “Who dared to open his mouth. You seem to be forgetting that I was the best student of Stanislaw Wyspianski. My talent for drawing is that of a genius!” This remark raised the biggest laugh he had ever experienced during his whole career. The class was roaring with laughter.

The correction of my drawing (sketch) was the last one for myself as well as for Sichulsky. From then on I dedicated my whole time at the Academy to the sculpturing class under Prof. K. Laszczka. I gave up drawing completely and did not try it again for ten years.

Only by accident I read in the autobiography of Henry Matisse the following sentence: “Who is not able to draw well, should draw poorly.” Thanks to those words I have not lost the courage up today to draw poorly. And anyhow, who is to be the judge of what is a good drawing and what is a bad one?

Gregor Kruk

THE BIOGRAPHY OF AN ARTIST

*Do not follow the footsteps of the old,
only search for what they were searching!*
Kôbô Daisbi

Gregor Kruk was born on the 30th of October 1911, in the village of Bratyshiv, Stanislaviv Region (known today as Ivano-Frankivsk).

What made the small boy Gregor become interested in sculpture? Possibly his father's pottery craftwork may have stimulated this interest, for the child was soon found moulding his own clay models. Little Gregor would use his finger to draw various forms and shapes on frosty window panes, and he would also fashion clay figurines or carve wooden angels in the shapes that he saw on the church iconostases.

Gregor's schooling went well. Upon his completing the fourth grade in the village school, his teacher, Vasyl Lukasevych, suggested to his parents that the boy should develop his talents further, so they sent him for the fifth grade to a school in the nearby town of Nyzhniv, which overlooks the Dnister river.

A year later, since Gregor Kruk's parents were unable to afford the cost of tuition at the local high school, Lukasevych took his pupil to a wood arts-and-crafts trade school in Stanislaviv, where, in spite of some formal difficulties, the director, Evstakhiy Myronovych, who was a friend of Lukasevych, accepted the lad for admission. The subjects featured in the school curriculum were carving, pottery and carpentry, of which Gregor chose to study the first and third. He stayed in the nearby high school dormitory where the supervisor was a teacher called Liskevych.

After graduating, Kruk continued his sculpturing and carving studies in Lviv, the capital city of Western Ukraine, where he worked for a while as an assistant to Andriy Koverko, who was, at the time, completing the iconostases for the chapel at Lviv's Major Seminary. In 1931, Kruk was

admitted to the Lviv School of Decorative (Applied) Arts, matriculating in the field of sculpture under Professors Nalborchyk and Stazinsky. It was here that he met the talented young sculptor, Antin Pavlos (1905–1954), a native of Kholmschyna, who died in America.

Kruk continued his studies with Serhiy Lytvynenko, who had just returned from Paris. The older artist was then working on the memorial for Ivan Franko, and entrusted Kruk with completing the hammer that the stone-breaker figure held in his hand. Such haphazard responsibilities did not appeal to the young man who sought rather, systematic instruction and a well-rounded artistic education. Once again, Lukasevych, whose interest in his former pupil had never ceased, came to Kruk's assistance, and it was thanks to the village schoolmaster that Kruk was admitted to the Cracow Academy of Fine Arts.

In 1934, Gregor Kruk passed the entrance examinations for the Academy in spite of having no high school diploma. He entered as a special student. The professor of sculpture was the famous old teacher, Konstanty Laszczka, who recognised the natural talents of his young aspirant. Among his earlier students Laszczka numbered Serhiy Lytvynenko, Mykhaylo Havrylko and Natalka Milan.

While in Cracow, Kruk had the opportunity of meeting Bohdan Lepky, the poet and art scholar, who was at that time a professor of Cracow University. He became a frequent visitor of Lepky's and benefitted enormously from the poet's sincere friendliness and good advice.

Several other Ukrainian students were also enrolled at the Cracow art school at this time, and the group formed an arts organization which they called 'Zarevo.' Kruk became a member of this group, as did Damian Horniatkevych,

Myron Bilynsky, Maria Harasovska, Yuriy Kulchycky, Ivantsiv, Kisilevsky, Bohdan Stebelsky and Mykhaylo Cheresniovsky. While still a student, Kruk sculptured the altar of the Ukrainian Church of St. Norbert in Cracow. In 1947, the Polish government took back this church from the Ukrainians, destroying the Greek-Catholic rite iconostases and liturgical adornment that filled the church.

In 1937, Gregor Kruk completed his course of studies at the Academy with highest distinctions, but, in order to receive the state teaching certificate required of all would-be high school art teachers, it was necessary to have first a high school diploma. Since he did not have this diploma, Kruk decided to go to Poznan in the hope of completing the necessary examinations at the local arts school there. Professor Lepky, however, discouraged the young artist from following this plan. In his opinion Kruk would be wasting his time by going through the motions of fulfilling formal educational requirements. He felt that Kruk should continue his professional studies at an advanced art school such as the Berlin's Kunstakademie. Calling upon his friendship with Doctors Ivan Mirchuk and Zenon Kuzela, both of Berlin, Lepky succeeded in obtaining for Kruk a modest scholarship from the Berlin Ukrainian Research Institute. In the fall of 1937, therefore, Gregor Kruk found himself again a student, but this time at the Academy of Fine Arts in the heart of Germany's creative cultural center.

At the Berlin Academy his professors were Otto Hitzberger, Alfred Focke, August Kranz and Arno Breker. The first of these teachers particularly became in time especially interested in Kruk's artistic talent, appointing him eventually as his personal teaching assistant.

During his stay in Berlin, Kruk developed a useful acquaintance with the sculptor, Fedir Yemets, who was also a professor at the Berlin Academy. Yemets showed his compatriot a sincere personal interest and was able to assist him on several important occasions. He used to enjoy driving Kruk about on his old motor-cycle to see the artistic monuments of Berlin, and soon a close friendship grew up between these two native Ukrainians. From Fedir Yemets, who was himself a skilled portrait painter, Kruk received much valuable professional advice. Eventually, Yemets left Germany for Caracas, Venezuela, where he resettled.

In Berlin, at the same time as Kruk, was another sculptor and graphic artist, Vasyl Masyutyn, whose best-known works included portrait-medallions of Ukrainian knights, kings, and hetmans (Cossack leaders). Kruk met Masyutyn frequently in the Academy studios but no lasting friendship came of this acquaintance.

Having a fairly large and vocal Ukrainian population at the time, the Berlin community included among others an active Ukrainian students association, a Ukrainian Research Institute, and a Ukrainian national union. As Kruk was a supporter of these institutions, he used to visit them

and in this way met many interesting personalities. After being invited on one occasion to the home of Hetman Pavlo Skoropadsky, he was invited to paint his portrait. Berlin's Ukrainian community proved to have a formative influence on the early works of the young artist. In those days, Gregor Kruk dreamed of restoring and adorning his native Ukrainian cities and drew up many plans and blueprints for a variety of memorials that were to stand one day on the liberated homeland soil.

Graduating in 1940 from the Berlin Academy, Kruk found himself in circumstances which were particularly unresponsive to further artistic enterprise. The Second World War had already begun, and the Germans were drafting their citizens straight away into military service or for work in wartime industries. Even foreigners who happened to be around were detailed for work on national projects, and it was not long before Kruk found himself sent off to Silesia to work as a farmhand. Only after a year did he succeed in gaining a re-entry to Berlin where he tried to resume his artistic career.

The fall of 1942 saw Kruk as the only foreign exhibitor in a group of artists showing at the Berlin Academy. Working, as he was, far from his native land, Kruk could never forget his beloved Ukraine, as was evident from the models and prototypes scattered about in his atelier: Here, a *chayka* (small boat) carrying two Cossacks, proposed as a memorial to the Zaporozhian warriors in their fortress on the mighty Dniper River; there, a large sculptured figure of a kobzar player—for the Ukrainian capital city of Kiev—at whose feet the heads of four Cossacks served as water fountains; and many others in the same national vein. The Cossack heads were, themselves, studies in contrast: One was that of a pessimist, the second an optimist, while the other two represented materialism and idealism. For a projected memorial to Ukrainian mothers, Kruk carved a woman holding a cross in her hand. This figure was a testimonial to the mothers whose sons were murdered by the Bolsheviks in 1941 in the prisons of Lviv.

In 1945, the Red Army finally occupied Berlin. Together with his brother, Ivan, Kruk fled to Munich, the artistic centre of Western Germany. In Munich, Ivan opened a foodstore which supplied the brothers with their daily needs and enabled the sculptor to concentrate solely on his artistic labours. This shining example of brotherly affection and dedication ended in 1954 when Ivan died quite suddenly.

Kruk's Munich atelier is located on Elisabethstraße in the city's Bohemian district. Here he has two workshops, one in the backyard basement and the other a large studio in his flat on the fourth floor of the same building. Since 1945, this split level facility has witnessed the creation of almost three hundred sculptures, and has become a sort of cultural meeting place for Ukrainians who visit Bavaria's capital city. For them and for other visitors it is a welcome

opportunity to see the artist at his work and to view his extensive creative output. Although such visits tend to encroach on his busy working schedule, Kruk is the last person to complain and is known, in fact, for his cordial hospitality shown to visitors and personal friends alike, and for the very real humour and sincerity of his personality. Working for a time as a pedagogue, Kruk held the post of professor of sculpture—from 1945 to 1946—at the UNRRA University, which had been set up for foreign-born students then living in Germany.

When the first post-war occasion presented itself, Kruk departed for Italy to learn at first-hand something of that country's artistic and architectural heritage. He received a travel grant for this purpose from Bishop Ivan Buchko, Apostolic Visitor for Ukrainians living in Western Europe, and spent several months in Italy, discovering for himself its historic charm and beautiful countryside, and satisfying the natural cravings of his artistic imagination.

These first years after the war witnessed also the creation of bold, original sculptures by Kruk which were soon to take a paramount position among the works of the finest contemporary Ukrainian artists. The critic, Sviatoslav Hordynsky, writing about Kruk in a monograph (Munich 1947), entitled, *Kruk, Pavlos, Mukhin*, provides the following apt characterization of Kruk's style:

"One's initial impression of Gregor Kruk's sculpture is of statuesqueness, which is naturally static and strong. His forms are large and simplified, and are denominated to basic, raw masses. Yet, the static nature of his sculpture does not, in fact, deny its force of movement, for he achieves this not overtly by impelling it directly, but actually dynamically, via essential linear direction and an internalized rhythmicity within the whole . . .

The Academies have given Kruk a solid base for his art, providing impetus and opportunity for the development of those features which are unique to his nature. Chief among these is one so-called 'peasant complex'. Kruk's sculptures project a special weightiness, succinctness and fullness. The forms of his raw-mannered masses are somehow severe and knotty, reflecting that same complex which is peculiar to people who live in covenant with nature and her soil, and who work with her dirt. Of particular interest are Kruk's peasant figures—massive and raw massed, as if clay-formed at the strike of Genesis' first profound words . . . This 'peasant complex' resounds highly individualistically in Kruk; it is truly his own, a typology, so to speak, of 'poor folk,' with whom the artist shares special cordiality and sincerity. Were we to verbalize this complex yet further, we might describe it as a complex peculiar to a Galician small-land-holding peasant. The typology, encrusted by ageless strife and misery, hallmarks the mouths of Kruk's figures. It appears to signify a divine joy that derives from the very ecstasy of existence."

During the 1950's Gregor Kruk reached his artistic majority as an original sculptor, composing in an individual manner of plastic expression and style. The time had come for the world to share the wealth of his artistic talent and to measure its achievements. In January 1952, he began a series of one-man shows at European and American art centres, and in the decade that followed (1952–1962), he presented eight separate exhibitions, and often participated in group exhibits. His individual shows were often made in partnership with the painter, Severyn Borachok.

Beginning in Munich, in 1952, where he presented seventeen pieces, through 1954 in Paris, London and Edinburgh with twenty-eight pieces and several drawings, Kruk's exhibitions took on the appearance of a series, leading to Bonn in 1955 where he again gave a twenty-eight-piece show. In 1961, Kruk was encouraged by his American friends to visit that continent with his show of thirty-five works, and the exhibition travelled from New York to Philadelphia with resounding success. In the following year (1962), another choice of works was exhibited in Vienna.

Those ten years were extremely active for Gregor Kruk. By 1960, his output had reached two hundred pieces of sculpture. The chief works included: 'Family of Escapees,' 'Bandurist,' 'Washerwoman,' 'Woman in a Bath,' 'Peasant Woman,' 'Peasant in Church,' 'Orthodox Priest,' 'Latin Rite Priest,' 'Incense-bearer,' 'Galician Jew,' 'Witch,' 'Orphan,' 'Chambermaid,' also, portraits of V. Lypynsky, S. Petlyura, V. Zalozecky, A. Melnyk and Mahalia Jackson. During his travels, Kruk became familiar not only with the artistic capitals of Western Europe, rich with their treasure-laden museums, but also with Ukrainian artists and civic leaders. In Paris he met the famous painter, Oleksa Hryshchenko Gritchenko, in London, Professor Robert Lisowsky and in Vienna, the master enamelist, Maria Dolnycka and the community leader, Andriy Zuk.

"During my visits to the home of Mr. Zuk, where I completed his portrait," Kruk later wrote, "I found myself enjoying his company. My host would show me original letters which he had received from Ivan Franko, and also some works by Taras Shevchenko which Franko had translated into the German language. These were all actual personal manuscripts by Franko. At dinner time, I had the esteemed honour to occupy the chair, where, earlier, Vasyl Stefanyk, Aleksander Oles and other paragons of the cultural and political mainstream had sat in person."
(From a letter, 1962).

While in New York and Philadelphia, Kruk was delighted to have the opportunity of renewing some old acquaintances, particularly with artists such as Mykhaylo Moroz, Mykhaylo Dmytrenko, Petro Mehyk, Petro Andrusiv, Stepan Rozko and others. In addition to his travels with the exhibition, Kruk found time in the spring of 1956 to visit

Holland, where he viewed with interest the masterpieces of Rembrandt and Van Gogh. Later, in the fall of 1958, he travelled to Belgium on an excursion to the old Flemish cities of Ghent and Bruges, to see something of the treasures of the old and modern Flemish art.

Gradually, Kruk's exhibitions and individual showings were beginning to bring him widespread fame and critical acclaim in the professional press. On the occasion of the sculptor's special Paris show, Jean Kassu, the director of the city's Museum of Modern Art, wrote the following:

"The Ukrainian Sculptor, Gregor Kruk, has made a successful career amid the highly insecure conditions indigenous to our tragic age. He has reflected his own flights from these varied circumstances with an artistic output carried far from the presence of his native habitat, whose spirit, nonetheless, pervades his works. And this native origin, this for him genuine reality, has left an indelible imprint on his soul, spilling out its life force into the sculptures he carves. The truth in this reality lies in its virtuousness, its manly courageousness and its concerned sensitivity for the simple, peasant mien—all of which elicit from us an overwhelming empathy much more like that for the country song that originates from a point where the heavens and earth meet to give it its birthright. This simple, sincere truth is indeed expressed in Kruk's art, an art which contains identical spiritual features though it is founded on an earnest and tested skill. To sum it up, all this attests to the vibrant sensitivity and accomplished forcefulness of the artist."

In February 1963, the world rejoiced at the news that Yosyf Slipy, the metropolitan archbishop of Galicia, had arrived in Rome after eighteen years of exile in Siberia at the hands of the communists. The charismatic figure of this immutable Confessor of the Faith aroused worldwide interest and respect and evoked an extensive commentary by the international news media. Sensing the historical importance of the moment, Kruk decided to sculpt a portrait of the metropolitan, and set out in the fall of the same year to Rome.

After examining photographs of Kruk's assorted works, the prelate realized that before him stood an outstanding artist, and, in spite of a hectic schedule, he agreed to pose for a portrait. In due course, the archbishop arranged a Papal audience, for Kruk, as a result of which Kruk completed not only the portrait of Metropolitan Yosyf Slipy, but also one of Pope Paul VI.

During this visit to Italy, Kruk took part in a competition held for the purpose of creating a statue of Notre Dame de la Salette to be erected in a new Roman church in Monte Verde Nuovo. Kruk's entry, a four-metre-high sculpture completed in Munich during the summer of 1964, won the first prize.

Another monumental work sculptured by Kruk in 1964 was the memorial commemorating the 30,000 Ukrainian war refugees who had died in the prison camps of the first world war. The grand unveiling of this monument took place in Gmund, Austria, on the 26th of September, 1964. This work, cut in granite and depicting a peasant with two little children, is of monumental stature and its poignant theme borne out in the laconic composition imparts a startling starkness.

In the summer of the following year, 1965, Gregor Kruk journeyed to Greece to study Athens, and particularly holy Mount Athos whose monasteries and groves have remained unchanged since the Middle Ages. He made many drawings, and, returning home, carved several works depicting the typology of the monks of Athos, in which he sought to recreate the ascetic mood of a way of life outside the material world. In this he was eminently successful. In my opinion, Kruk's monks are people from another world, and yet so human as to seem very much alive.

Lately, the artist has concentrated on small forms, carving portraits and drawing innumerable sketches of which he has quite a collection—chiefly prototype drawings and compositional project outlines. He draws boldly and rapidly in order to capture within a few lines the essence of a figure, or to establish a particular linear movement.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

Gregor Kruk, the artist, possesses a natural talent for human communication, easily striking up a rapport even with strangers. His candid and forthright manner wins him swift sympathy and the confidence of all with whom he comes in contact. Sociable and conversant, he enjoys describing his adventurous life and occasionally ventures into the world of fantasy.

That Kruk has a fine eye for comic situations may be seen in his published articles describing impressions from events such as the Brussels World Fair, American and Grecian exhibitions and study tours. There is a substantial self-criticism in this humour which, at times, inclines towards aggressiveness, but in jesting, Kruk speaks a great deal of profound truth which might pass unheeded in a more serious guise.

A model of tolerance towards all who come to visit him in his spacious atelier to view and comment upon his work, Kruk listens calmly to their observations, never arguing or attempting to defend his aesthetic course. Professional criticism is for him a welcome voice whose advice he does not hesitate to heed. Fellow artists find in Gregor Kruk a friendly and unenvious colleague who prefers not to discuss other sculptors by name.

In painting, Kruk enjoys most imaginative colour schemes and is particularly receptive to the works of Vasyl Khmelyuk, whose exhibition of paintings he first viewed in Munich in 1948. Kruk regards Khmelyuk as one of the finest Ukrainian colourists. After seeing the Van Gogh and Cezanne exhibition held in Munich in 1956, Kruk wrote in a letter to a friend:

"Currently a very fine Cezanne and Van Gogh exhibition is on view in Munich. Borachok and I often argue about the art aspects of these giants. Borachok prefers Cezanne and I, Van Gogh. When I wish to tease Borachok a bit, I tell him that Cezanne is a good but stingy pharmacist. Cezanne's brush is guided by his mind, whereas Van Gogh's is an impassioned angel . . . Both are geniuses immortal."

Modest to an extreme, the artist has never been known to devise his own publicity campaigns, as is the practice of many Western artists today, and in fact, he feels hard-pressed when asked to show his personal archives of press-cuttings, reviews and other writings about him. He has yet to compile a complete, comprehensive collection: His sculptures never bear the signature of their creator, and many of them have not yet been photographed. Among the vast number of portraits sculptured by Kruk there is not even one self-portrait, either as a separate entity or as part of a larger composition.

The sculptor's personal philosophy of life is essentially the same as that of native Ukrainian peasants. There is little room here for materialistic concern or for praises and honours. Naturally industrious, Kruk finds in the satisfaction of his daily creative work his purpose for being. Day in, day out, he lives almost the life of a recluse in his subterranean, basement workshop, tucked below the backyard of his residence. Rarely does he venture far afield but prefers to live humbly and frugally, much as he did in his student days. His one great wealth is the countless numbers of sculptures and many hundreds of drawings. When viewing these treasures one is reminded of Rodin's Museum in Paris, where too the sculptures of the great man stand crowded in what once was his living and working quarters. Were it not for the spacious and comfortable atelier that Kruk has established in Munich, he would, by now, have probably settled elsewhere, either in Rome or Paris. But, besides his work, his other great passion is travel—and Munich is very central. Yearly he embarks on tours out of Germany, mostly travelling alone, but sometimes with friends who take him with them by car. His favourite jaunts are to Italy whose art treasures and people he finds equally spellbinding. For Kruk the Italian people are basically sincere and earnest, and after many visits over a number of years, he has little difficulty with the language.

THE ART OF THE SCULPTOR

Gregor Kruk usually works in clay, and hopes, eventually, to cast the pieces in bronze, modelling the material with this in mind. Other works he conceives for carving in stone and yet others for terra cotta. The latter are generally used by Kruk for underlaying the bronze, although there are some terra cotta figures which have been left to date in their original form. Only in rare instances does he paint the sculptures in enamel colours.

The media most appropriate to Kruk's strong, bold style are bronze and granite, and it is difficult to imagine a piece by him created in wax, in the technique beloved of M. Muchin. Nor does white marble or wood convey with any certainty the character of his hand.

A typical sculpture by Kruk is of medium size: He has made few miniatures or even small pieces. Thus, it would be reasonable to assume that, given the opportunity, Kruk would very much enjoy working on monumental or at least large forms. His output, to date, can be divided conveniently into several thematic groups, although there are some exceptional pieces which are difficult to categorize in this way because they belong either to no group or to several at once.

The following may be regarded as a basic morphological scheme:

1. The world of a Galician peasant village (men, women, children, laymen and clergy, village Jews, peasant emigrants, etc.).
2. Works in a classical, academic vein (nudes, youngsters, girls) to which category one might also add certain monumental pieces (Madonna, memorials).
3. Works reflecting a more or less humourous, satiric or grotesque mien.

Given this variety, it is somewhat difficult to establish wherein the artist finds his great accomplishments, for each genre contains works of equal achievement and stylistic consistency. Even in his portraits and classical compositions the hand of the sculptor is quite apparent.

Obviously the subjects which appeal most to Kruk come from his background of Ukrainian village life, and this group encompasses, indeed, the largest part of his catalogue. Being himself a child of an Ukrainian village, the artist reveals his perfect familiarity with its life-style—a style that he loves and cannot forget. In 1957, Kruk wrote:

"I work and I long . . . but those touching letters from my mother, which I receive constantly, fire my sentimentality and give me strength for further work."

In his letters much of Kruk's personal and family life is reflected. The death of his brother, Ivan, leaves him 'in solitude.' His widowed sister still lives in Ukraine. In 1956, Kruk wrote:

"A few days ago I received a letter from Galicia, from Stanislaviv, written by my old mother. She is happy that I'm alive, but chides me that I am still a bachelor."

And again, in 1958:

"I received a letter a few days ago, with a photograph, from my mother. I pine to visit her, if only for one month, but the situation there is so barbaric that I can't even do that—visit my own mother. This hurts and upsets me."

The artist's mother died in 1970: His dream of visiting her was never fulfilled.

Spiritually, Gregor Kruk strolls frequently along the village alleys of Bratysliv, remembering his friends there. These memories and impressions come alive in the clay worked by his hands. The people from these visions crowd his workshop with their forms. This is Kruk's means of dispelling solitude. He fills his studio with the shapes of those whom he cannot forget and whom he loves so dearly.

The impressions of his far-off village life and the longing for its folk are not the only impetus for Kruk's sculptures, however. He wishes also to project the Ukrainian village, lying at the foot of a mountain, as a separate world in itself, living its own special, severe, moral code. He represents the people as those who, though impoverished, cope definitively and honestly with their life's hard and unrelenting circumstances. These works are Kruk's testimonial to the peasant village cosmos from which he came. He feels impelled to rehabilitate the Ukrainian village which, to some of his countrymen, is too lowly to be worthy of note. Kruk's message to the village children is simple: Be happy that you are the sons of Ukraine's soil.

Apart from personal and emotional motives, which partially explain their thematic preponderance in Kruk's work, there are others, too, which we might call 'artistic-formal.' Kruk identifies with sculpture what is rough, powerful and simple, without detail—as S. Hordynsky has already pointed out. The arresting beauty of his sculptures lies not in any intentional gesture towards pretty or calculated forms, but in their intrinsic genuineness. In the great majority, his works evidence a plastic rather than a subjectivized approach. Kruk's peasant world is neither literature in art nor in ethnography. It is pure, fine art built on a peasant theme. This is the outstanding virtue of Kruk's art. To date, no other Ukrainian sculptor has found success in imparting so wide and comprehensive a picture of the Ukrainian village cosmos in pure art form. Some representative examples are such pieces as 'Peasant Farmer Sitting,' 'Washerwoman,' 'Girl Carrying Water,' and 'Man and Wife.'

Gregor Kruk's early period saw the composition of many pieces bearing out a classical theme, yet, even these early

works indicate clearly the individuality of the artist. His classical figures are not artificial or detached from real life, originating from a world of fantasy or mythology; with both feet planted firmly on the ground, these figures radiate strength and vivacity. Unadorned by any unnecessary detail or articulation, they are free, fresh and dynamic, the sculpture following one overriding trend which evokes Kruk's plastic conception. Illustrative of this are such pieces as 'Nude,' 'Woman on her Knees,' 'Aphrodite,' 'Boy with Dove,' 'Madonna,' and 'Curly-Headed Boy.'

As a portraitist Gregor Kruk truly stands superb. Although the physical recognition between portrait and model is always apparent and true, the portrait exhibits the person not only in the physical but in the psycho-spiritual sense. When Kruk meets someone who interests him, he is the first to propose carving a portrait, if only for the sheer pleasure of embodying in objective material the subjective rarities of a human soul.

Many of Kruk's portraits are laconic, though frequently even this varies in degree, for he has no one manner of portraiture. Depending on the personal characteristics of the model, his portraits are often psychologically inclined—as was the case with his portraits of Hordynsky, Zalosetsky, Luba Zuk, or Jackson—or, again, monumental, as we see in those of Petlyura, Lypynsky, A. Melnyk, Cardinal Yosyf Slipy, Pope Paul VI—to mention only a few.

Portraits constitute a major part of Kruk's work (nearly fifty pieces) and mark a separate period in the historical development of Ukrainian art in the field of portrait-sculpture. The finest Ukrainian portraitists of the first half of this century—A. Archipenko, M. Parashchuk, F. Yemets—find in Kruk a worthy successor.

Unrepetitive, Gregor Kruk's art is not static in growth, becoming merely a craft, as is sometimes the case with other artists, who having achieved a certain success, deny themselves the motivation of further quest and discovery. From his earliest compositions, Kruk has continually established for himself definite challenges. The first of these involved the problem of eliminating unnecessary detail in wood sculpture, that is, attempting to make the work more concentrated and focused on a primary line of attention: For example, silhouette—the expressiveness which projects from the totality of the piece without belabouring the eye with superfluous detail and fine reliefs.

Kruk was able to achieve this conscious refusal of the superfluous in his sculptures quite early, venturing in his first years to reach those parameters which signify today the fine line between the possible and the impossible in essential sculptural plasticity. This is evident in such pieces as 'Woman Sitting,' 'Boy in a Fur Coat,' 'Bath,' and 'Orthodox Priest.'

Sometimes later on, in the years between 1958 and 1960, Gregor Kruk established his characteristic style of today. Its features are rawness in construction and roundness in

density and form. Whereas Giacometti strove to pare his figures to slimness and elongation to the point where they became almost wiry, Kruk's approach is quite opposite. His rounded forms and proportionally shortened hands and feet are executed in a personal style, and, in spite of a certain amorphism at first glance, fulfill compositions of free and uncramped monumentalism and expressionism, giving to the whole a formal unity. He has left behind the static phase and now imparts to his work a dynamic sense of life and movement ('Wounded Woman,' 'Eavesdropping').

A Sculptor of infinite variety, Gregor Kruk has occasionally branched out into the grotesque. Here, he mocks and underscores emphatically those aspects of Western civilization that seem to him abnormal, while in the same genre, his

lively sense of fun leads him to comment on the humour of human life. In these sculptures the artist denounces artifice, falsehood, human exploitation and social/political injustices as a whole, being, as he is, especially sensitive to human problems of a social nature.

Having contributed so much to Twentieth Century sculpture, Gregor Kruk may well be considered the first artist to recreate in his work the basic themes of Ukrainian village life, thereby bringing this subject to the attention of the international art world. His is a unique contribution, the more so because all his predecessors, who have attempted to portray Ukrainian village life, have done so only from the perspective of ethnography or folklore artistry.

As a portraitist and national sculptor, Gregor Kruk today holds a paramount position in his field. *Dr. W. Popowycz*

Some of mentioned sculptures
can be found in volume I.

KRITISCHE WÜRDIGUNG

In geschlossenen, starken Formen, unter der Maske lieblicher Groteske, enthüllt Gregor Kruk mit seinen Plastiken einfache menschliche Wahrheiten. Leid, mühsame, qualvolle Arbeit, physischer und psychischer Schmerz machen den Inhalt seiner Plastiken aus.

Echtes, wahrhaftes Leben spricht aus seinen menschlichen Figuren, welche durch ihre Expressivität Stein und Bronze zu entmaterialisieren scheinen. Seine ›Wäscherin‹, die in einem der seltenen Augenblicke der Rast vor uns steht, ist in ihrer Bewegung — unförmig und schwer und doch voller Weiblichkeit — wirklich überzeugend gestaltet.

Obwohl Kruks Plastiken vorwiegend in schweren, vollen Massen gearbeitet sind, fehlt es keineswegs an Eleganz der Bewegung — ja, Bewegung ist ein charakteristisches Zeichen seiner Werke. Tiefe psychologische Beobachtungsgabe und Instinkt für die Enthüllung wesentlicher Inhalte, aber auch die außergewöhnliche kompositorische Vereinigung und Geschlossenheit der Form — jeglicher unbedeutender Details beraubt — machen den Wert Krukscher Kunst aus.

Ogleich seine künstlerische Ausbildung zum größten Teil in Deutschland vor sich ging, vor allem unter dem Einfluß der Berliner Schule, so zeigt sich doch unverkennbar in seinen Werken die starke innere Verbundenheit mit seinem Heimatland. In seinen Werken spürt man deutlich die Gegenwart der Ukraine und die Tradition der ukrainischen Bildhauerei.

Dubrovnik, 24. 9. 1970

Professor Tomislav Suljak

CRITICAL APPRECIATION

The sculptures of Gregor Kruk manifest plain human truths in harmonious, strong forms under the mask of lovely grotesque. Grief, troublesome, painful work, physical and psychic pain, are the themes of his sculptures.

Natural, real life is evident in his human figures, which, by their expressiveness, seem to dematerialize stone and bronze. Convincingly modelled in her unwieldy and heavy movement, but yet full of womanliness, is his 'Washerwoman,' which is displayed here at one of the rare moments of rest.

Although Kruk's sculptures are primarily worked in heavy, full masses, there is no lack of elegance in movement, for movement is a characteristic of his works.

Deep psychological observation and instinct for manifesting essential substance, but also unique structural combination and harmony of form, deprived of any insignificant details, constitute the value of Kruk's art.

His works obviously exhibit the strong intrinsic attachment to his homeland, though he received most of his artistic education in Germany, mainly under the influence of the Berlin school. The presence of Ukraine and the tradition of Ukrainian sculpture are distinctly felt in his works.

Dubrovnik, 24th September, 1970

Prof. Tomislav Suljak

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- 79 Portrait of a woman, Minden 1946, terra-cotta, 35 cms
- 80 Olga Schklar, Toronto 1975, terra-cotta, 43 cms
- 81 Author Richard von Eichler, 1975, plaster, 40 cms
- 82 Miss Demianiw, 1971, plaster, 25 cms
- 83 Female artist, 1974, terra-cotta, 38 cms
- 84 Mrs. A. Lyn, 1974, plaster, 40 cms
- 85 The Ukrainian journalist S. M. S. T., 1975, terra-cotta, 42 cms
- 86 W. Lypynskyj, 1969, bronze, 35 cms
- 87 Mrs. M. Dolnycka, Vienna 1964, bronze, 38 cms
- 88 Head of a child, 1974, plaster, 27 cms
- 89 Mrs. Kit, 1965, terra-cotta, 48 cms
- 90 Sonja Bean, 1973, terra-cotta, 30 cms
- 91 Ewa Sturm-Heller, 1963, terra-cotta, 30 cms
- 92 Borys, 1949, bronze, 35 cms
- 93 Catherine from Senegal, 1974, terra-cotta, 40 cms
- 94 Model in studio
- 95 to 182 Sketches
- 183 Patriarch Athanagoras, 1969, bronze, 50 cms
- 184 Gregor Kruk working at a sculpture for the church Madonna de la Salette, Rome, Monteverde Nuovo

LISTING OF THE VIGNETTES

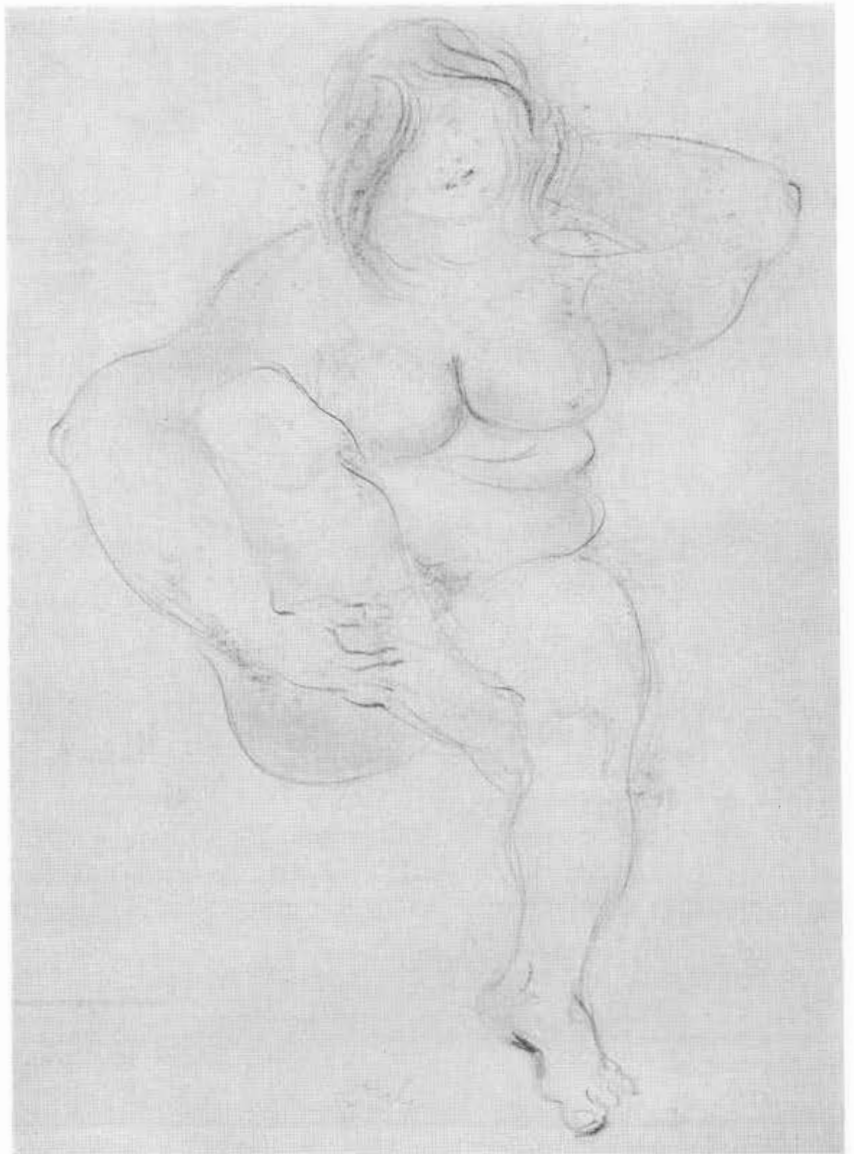
- Page 5 Owl with boy, 1973, plaster, 23 cms
Page 8 Eleonore, 1962, terra-cotta
Page 12 Fragment, 1957, plaster, 20 cms
Page 15 Portrait of a sculpturer, 1938, plaster
Page 25 Fragment, 1965, plaster, 10 cms
Page 27 Female artist, 1974, terra-cotta, 38 cms

AUS DEM SCHAFFEN

*Folge nicht den Spuren der Alten,
sondern suche jenes,
was diese selbst gesucht haben.*

*Ne marche pas sur
les pas des anciens,
mais cherche ce
qu'ils ont cherché!*

Kôbô Daisbi



THE ATELIER OF HRYHORIY KRUK

In clear Bavarian light, bronze, clay and plaster
Clothe the incarnate ghosts of memory
Freezing the rainbows, spun of tears and laughter,
To grey and white stone immobility.

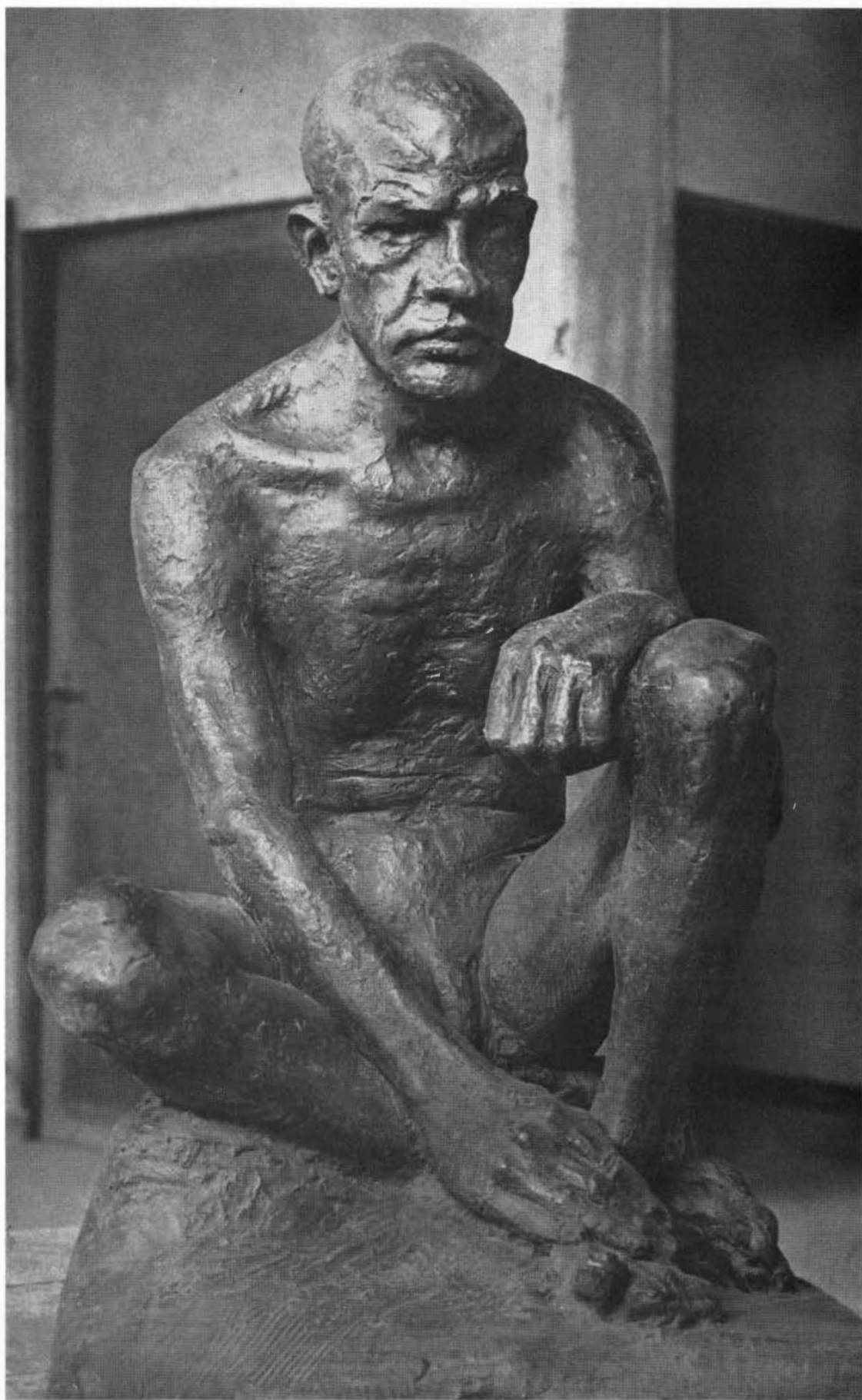
Old cossack, washer-girl, or Jewish pedlar,
Bold shapes, firm chiselled from a childhood dream;
Time's clock has stopped its hands—no western meddler
Can dare rewind their backward-pointing gleam.

Yet these are no grim death-masks of a nation,
Museum-labelled figures of a past;
Hands mould firm flesh, eyes spark an inspiration,

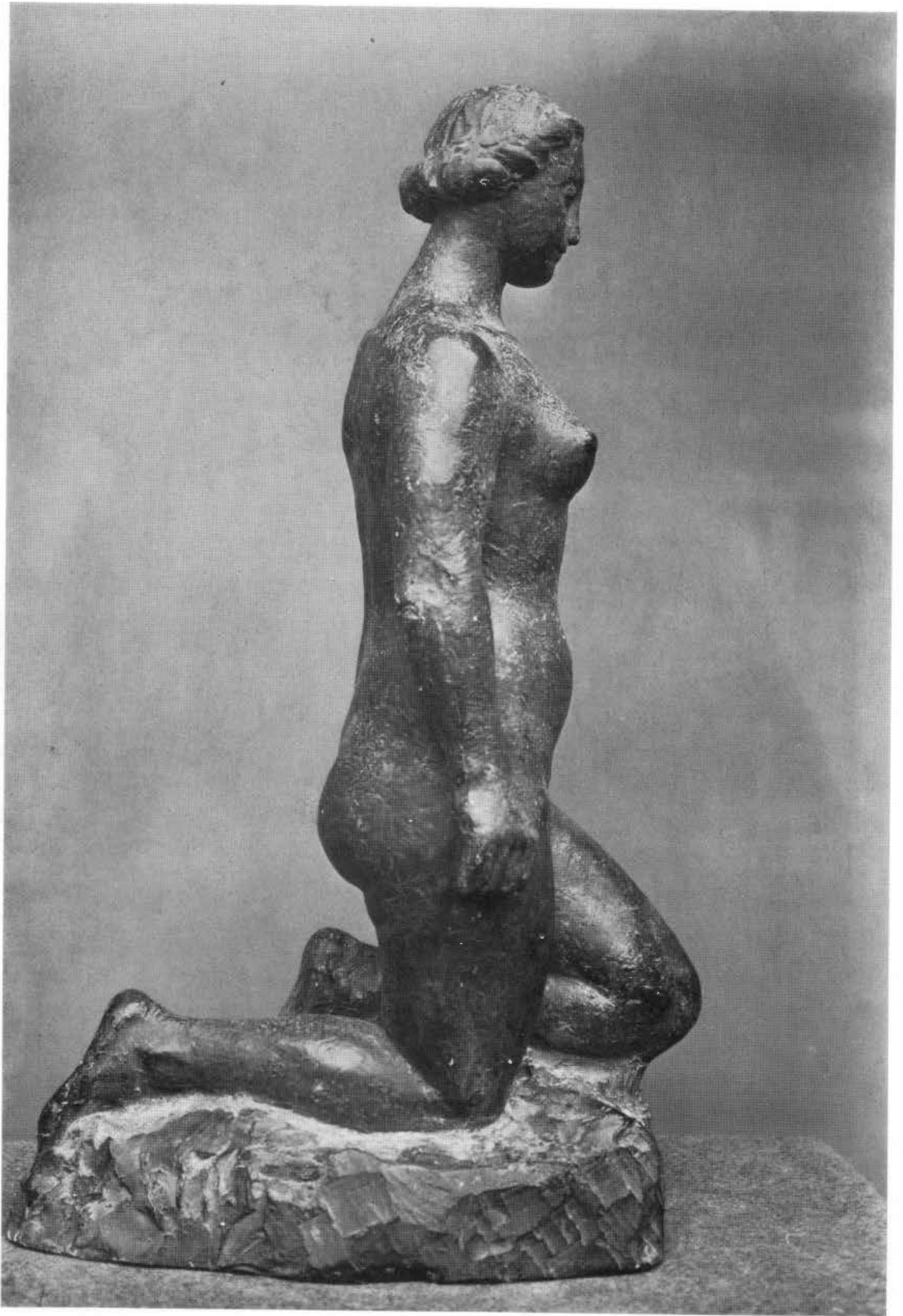
Love plants a soul—and there stand bold at last
Not nerveless wraiths to mock the wistful dreamer,
But vital living forms of Ukraina.

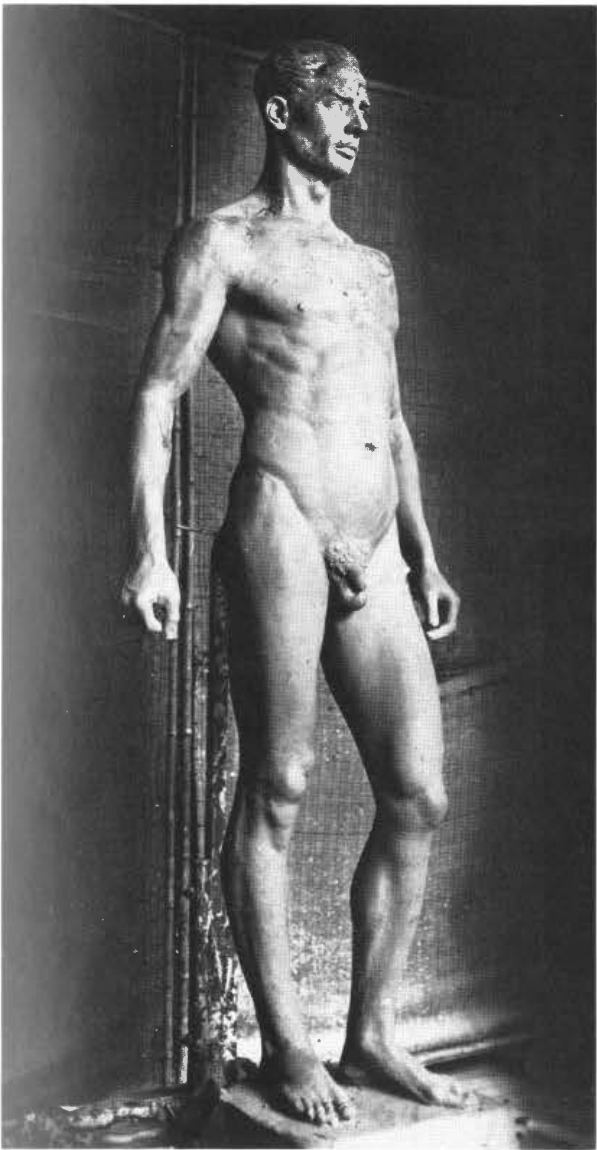
Vera Rich



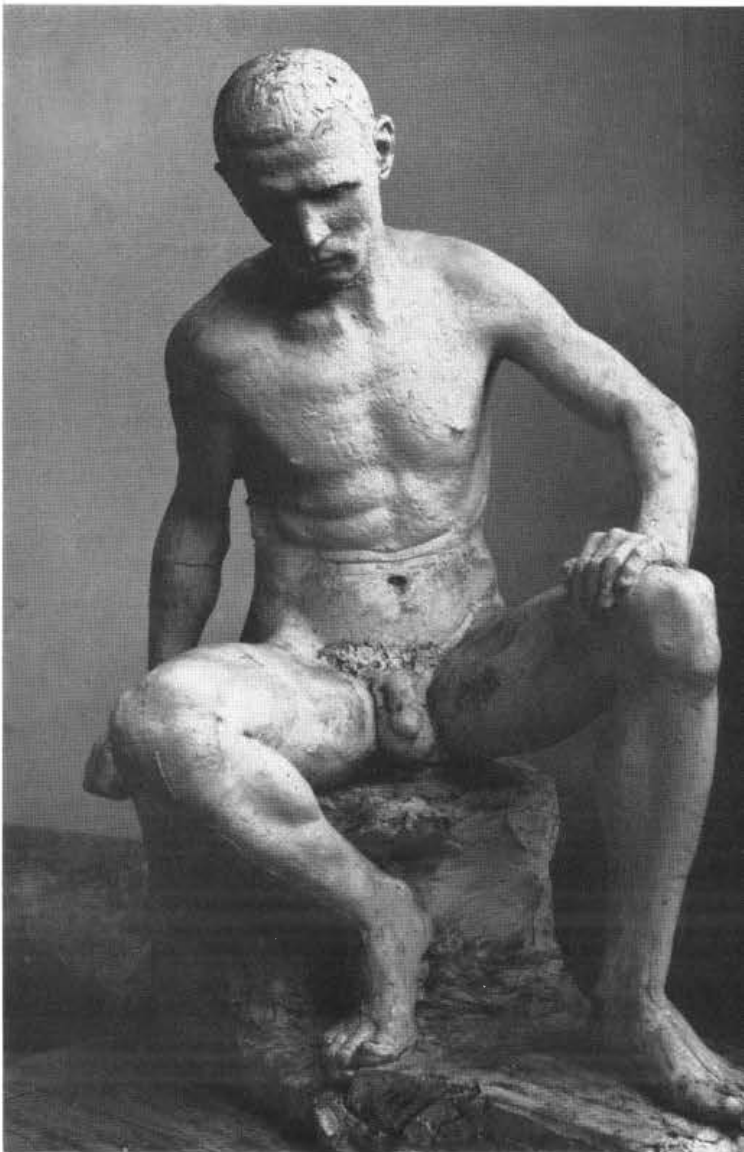




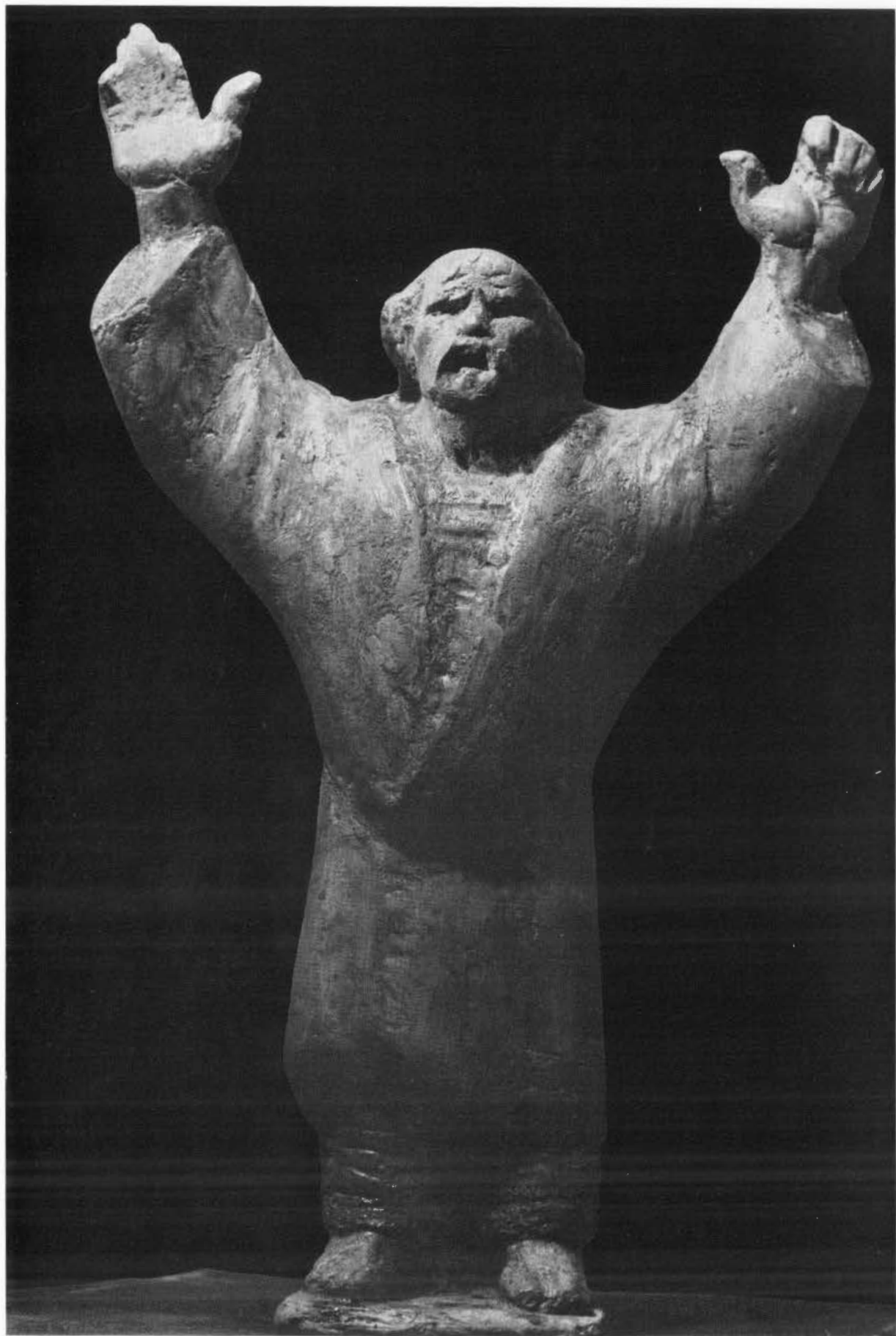




5

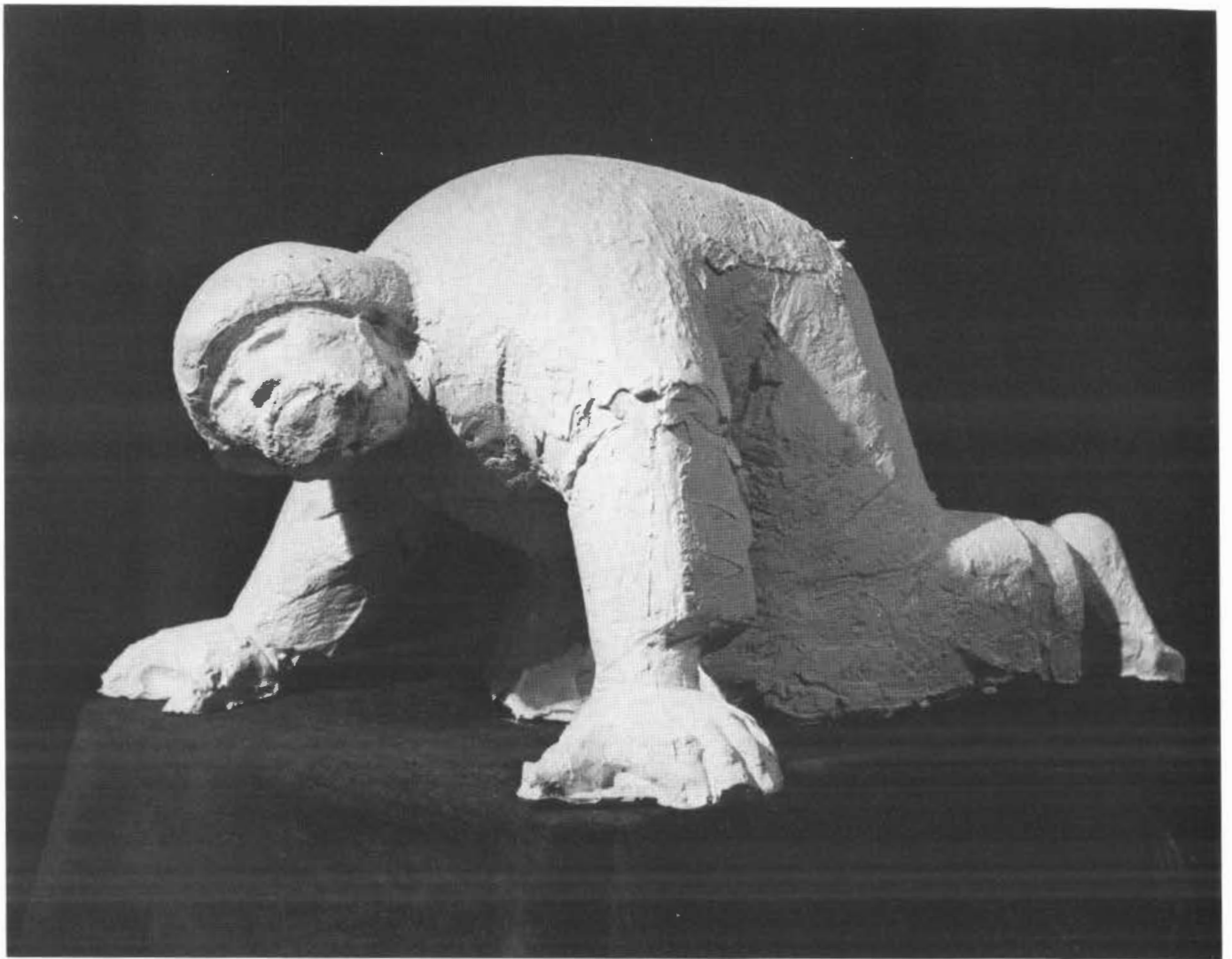


6

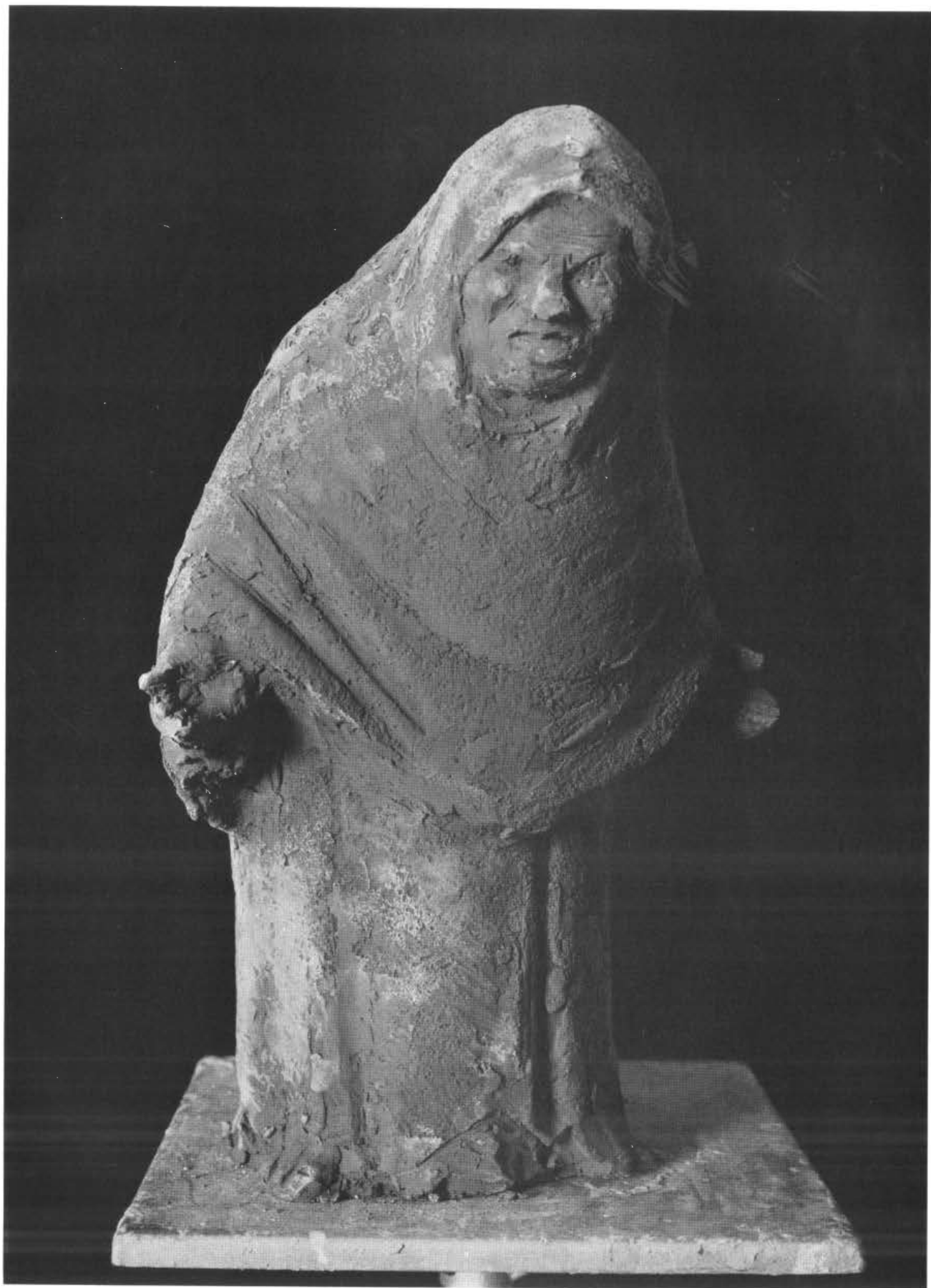


Die Signale menschlichen Schmerzes sind nicht durch Gitter oder Mauern zurückzuhalten: sie sind wie Elektronen, die im Kosmos schweben, einen Zünder zu finden, so wie es Shakespeare, Goya und Taras Schewtschenko sind.

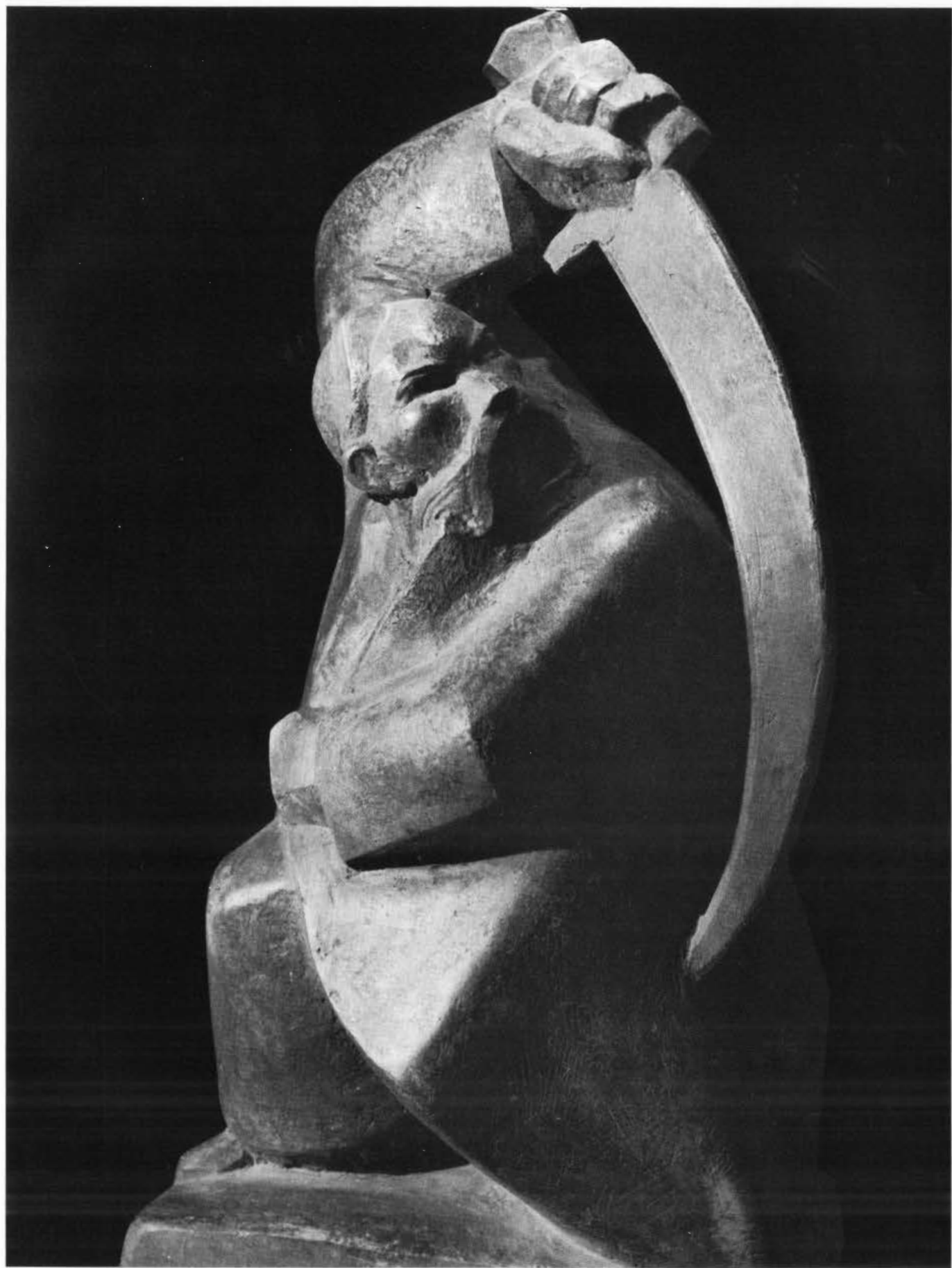
The signals of human pain cannot be restrained by walls or iron bars: They are like electrons floating in the universe trying to find a spark to ignite them, such as Shakespeare, Goya and Taras Schewtschenko are.



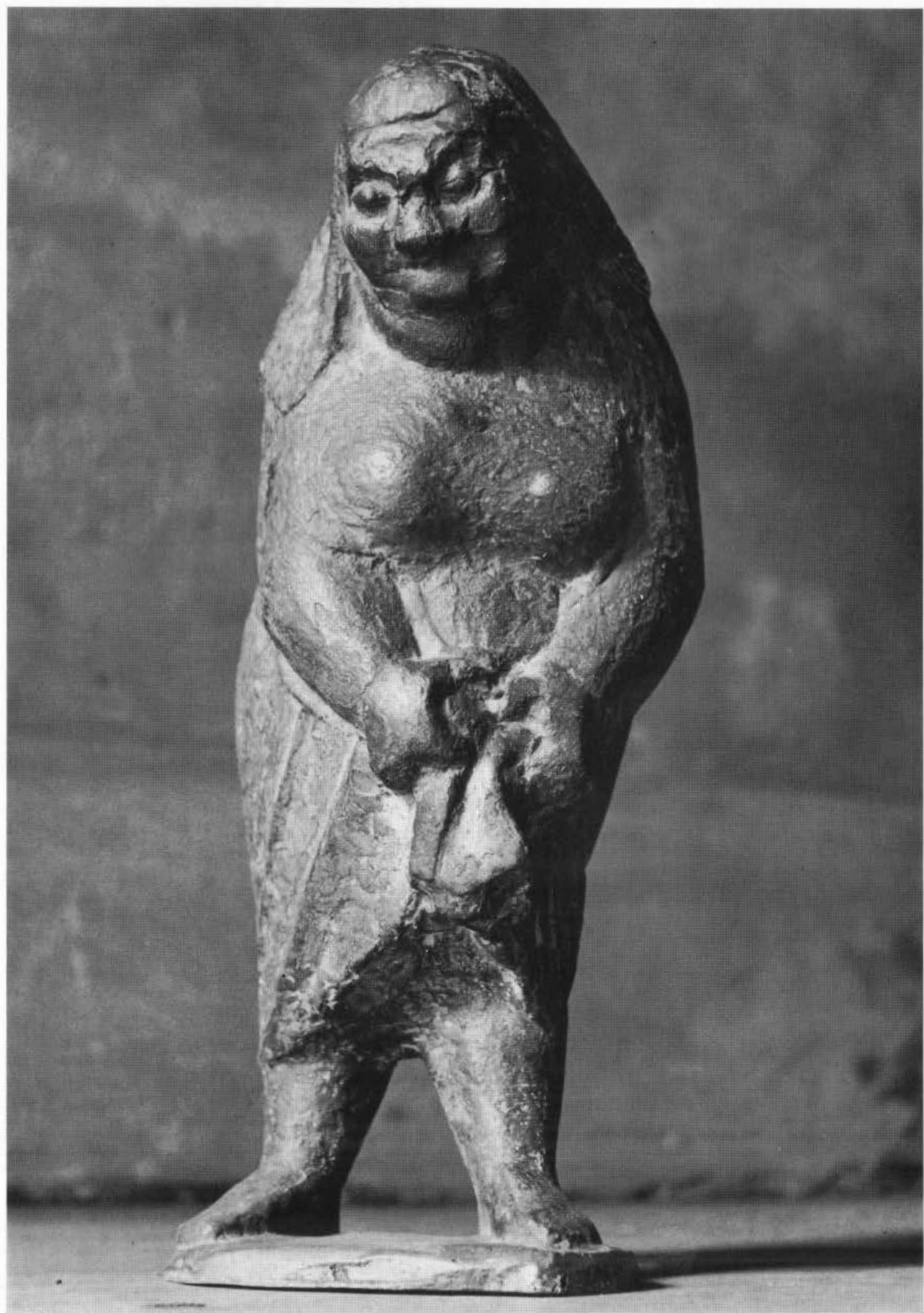












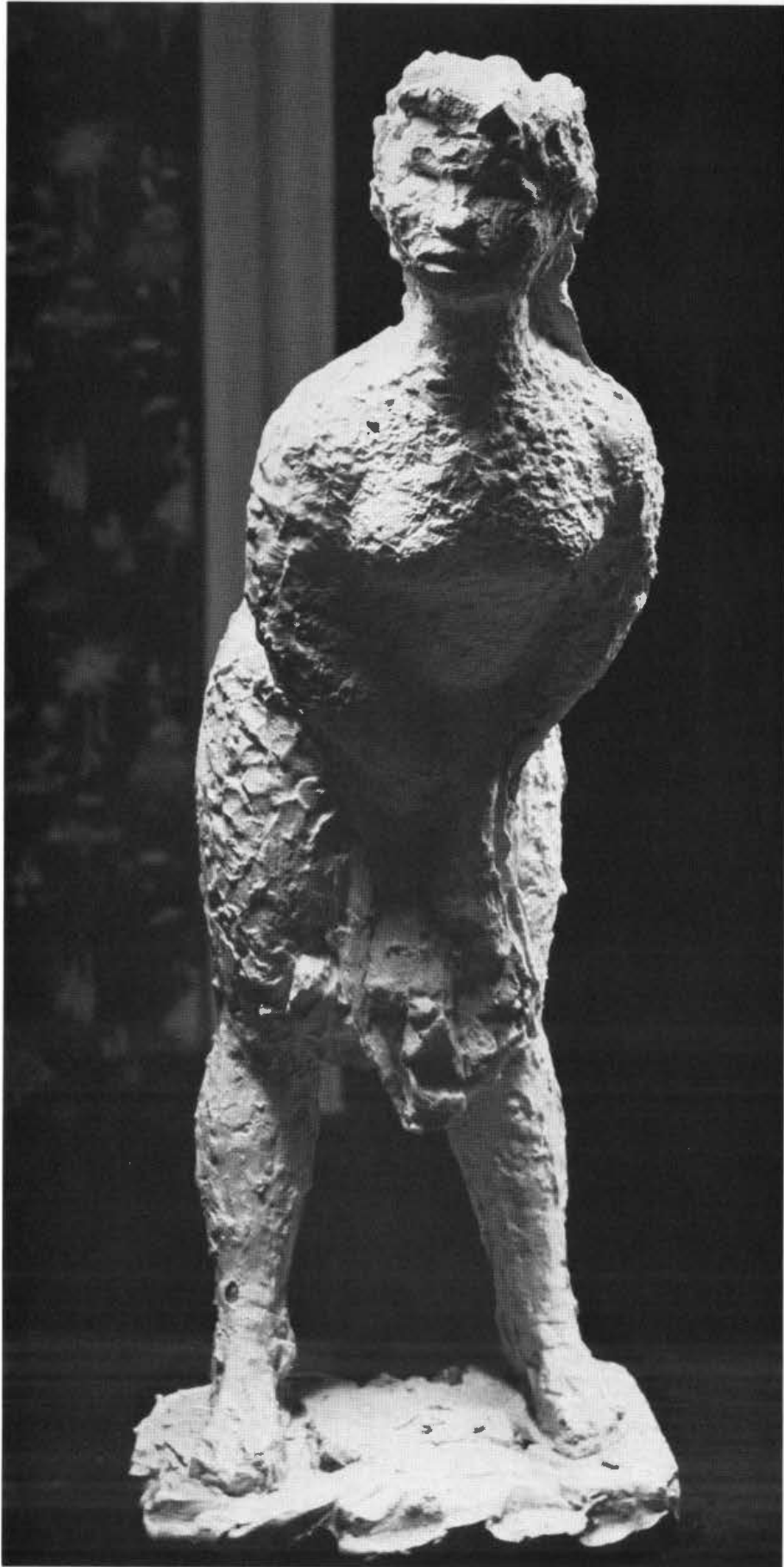


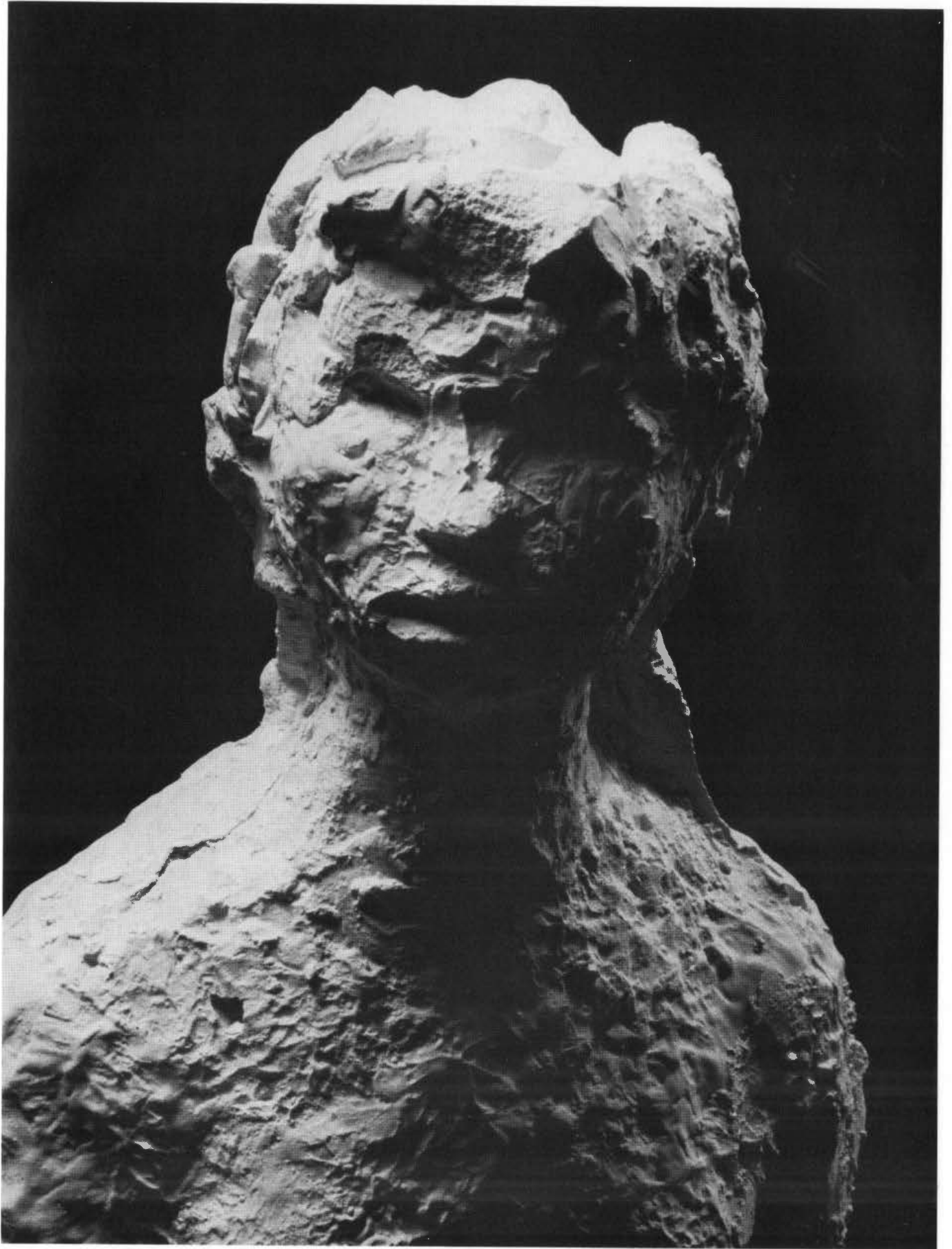
15



16



























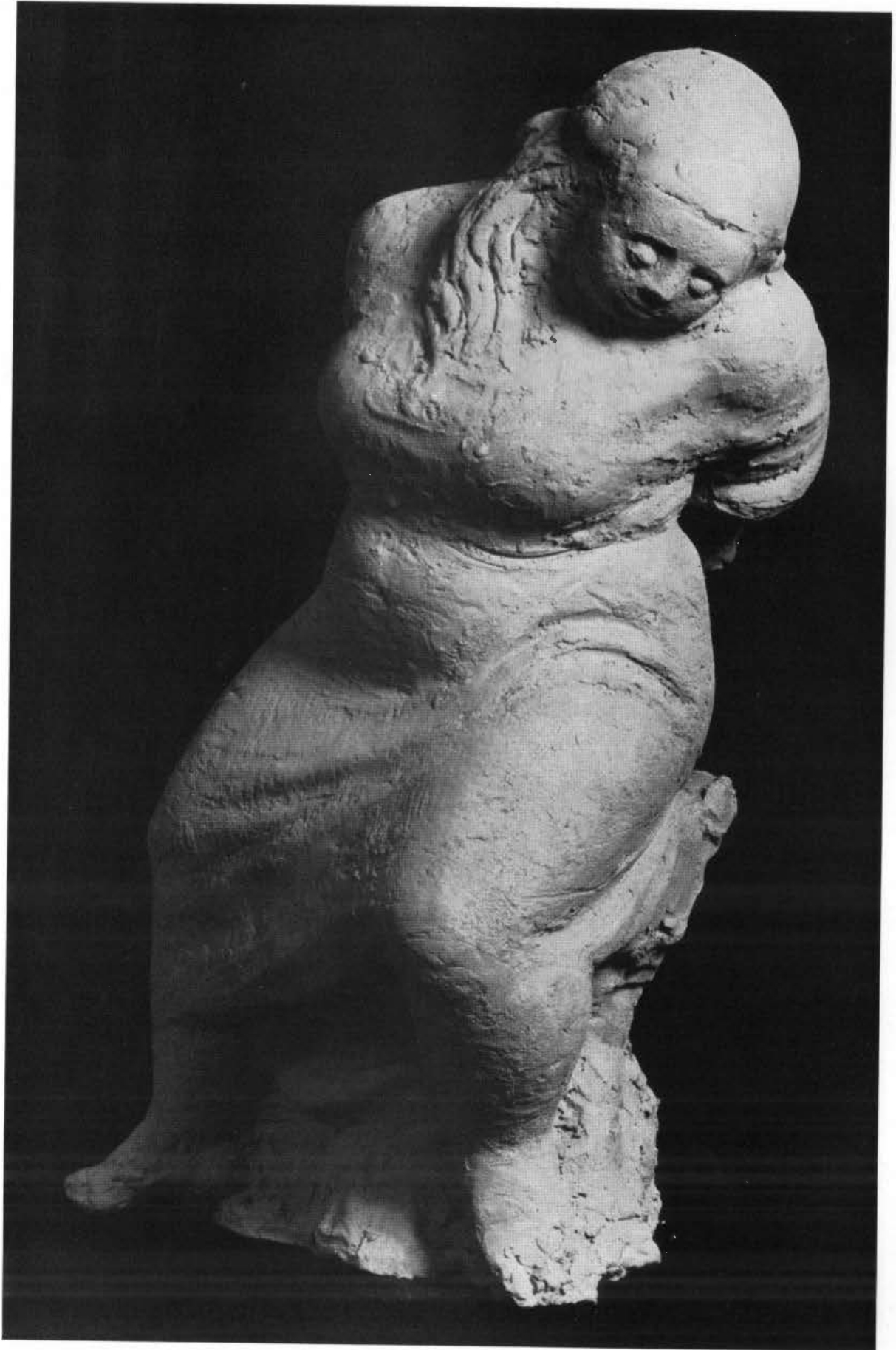




31

Meiner Erfahrung nach wird in italienischen Nonnenklöstern eher die Kunst des Humors gepflegt, denn in deutschen Kabaretts.

To my experience there is more humour in Italian convents than there is in German cabarets.



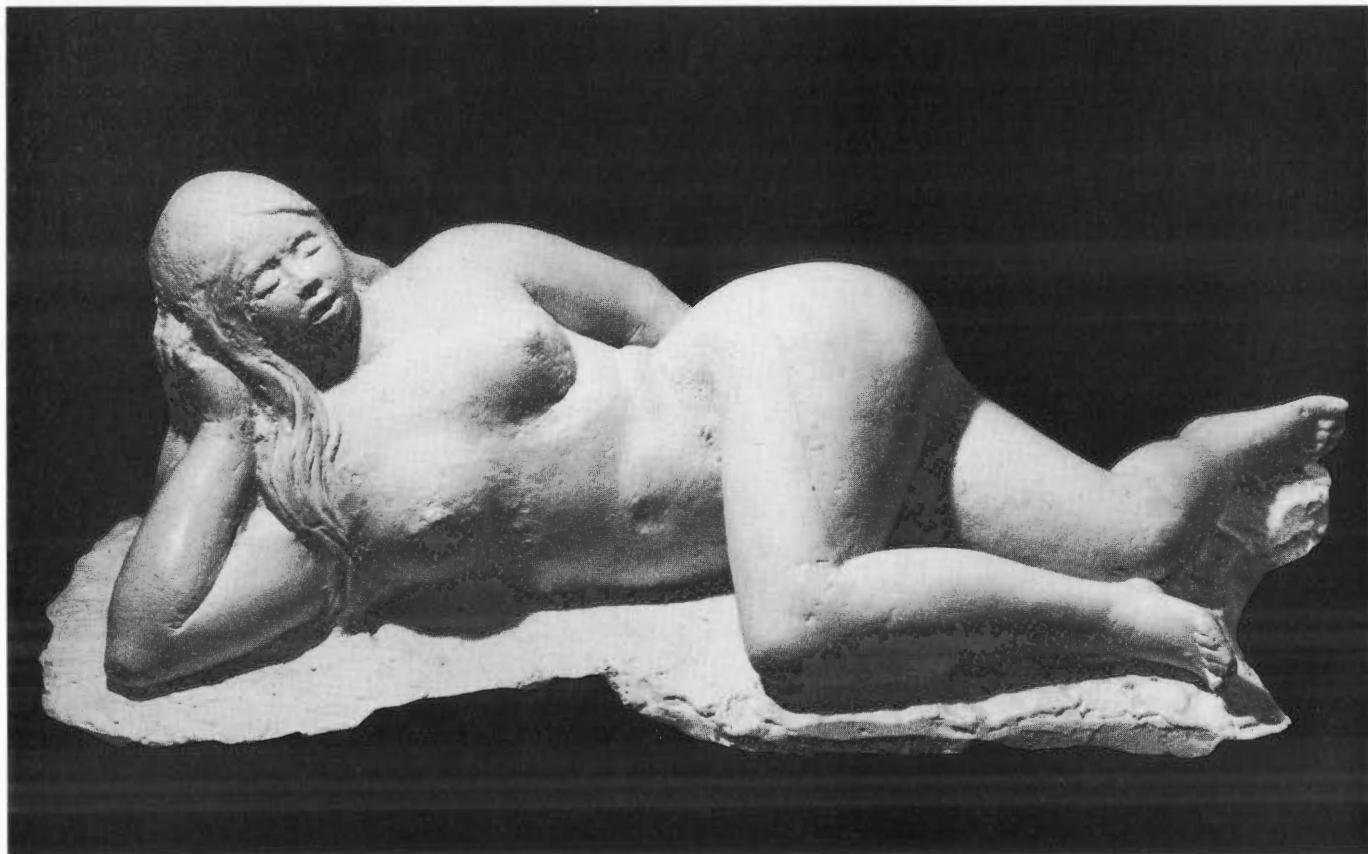


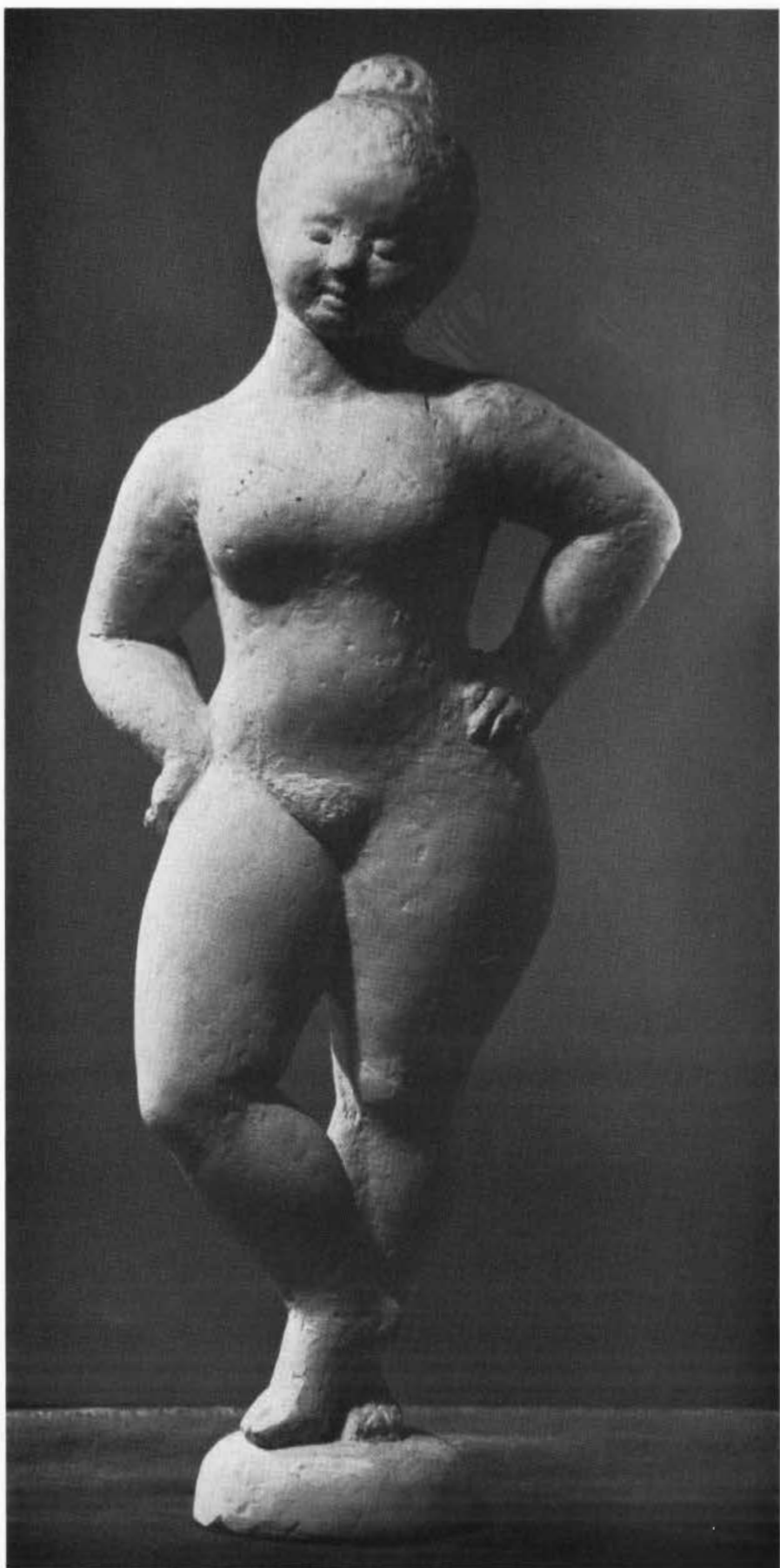


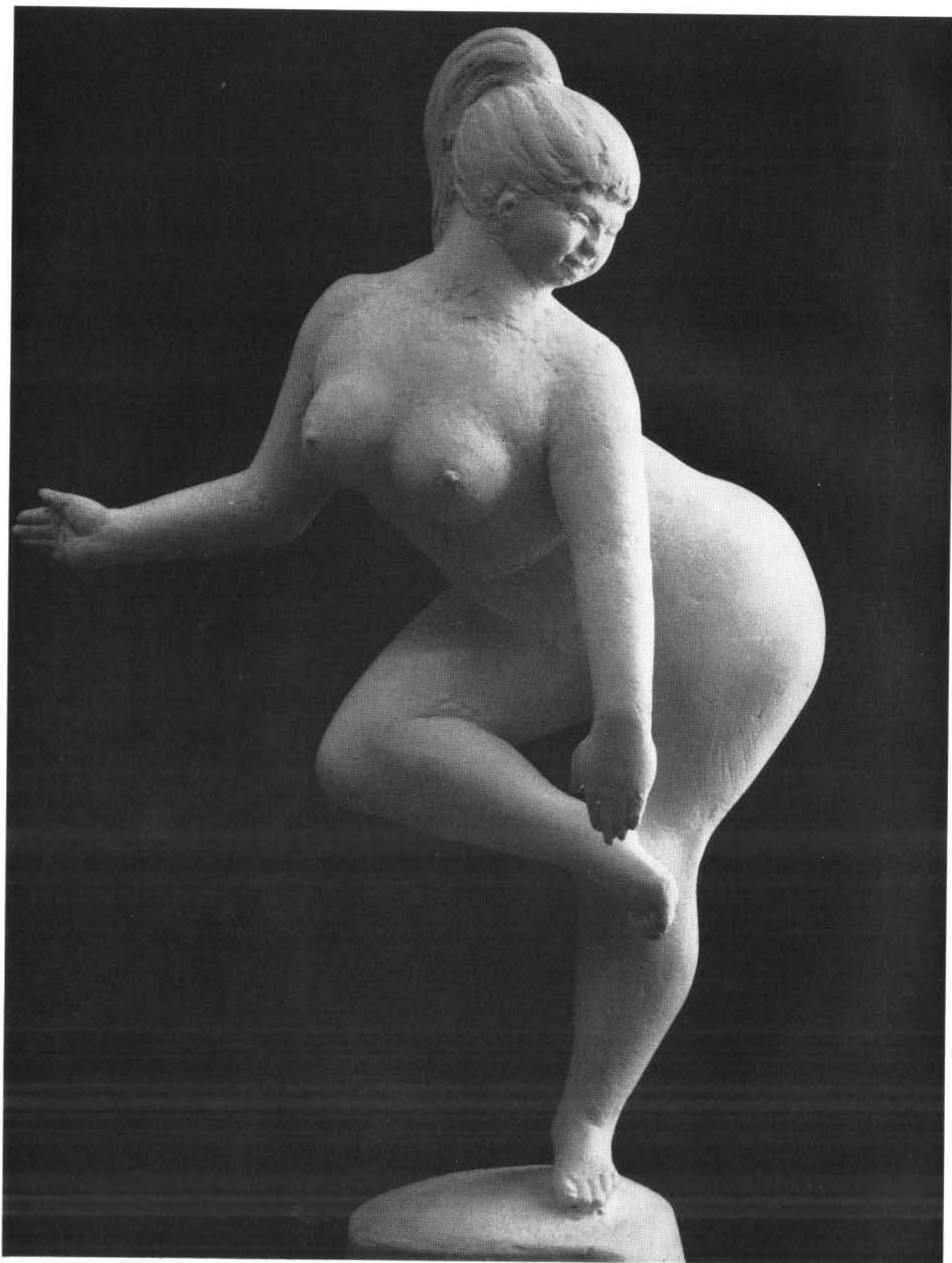


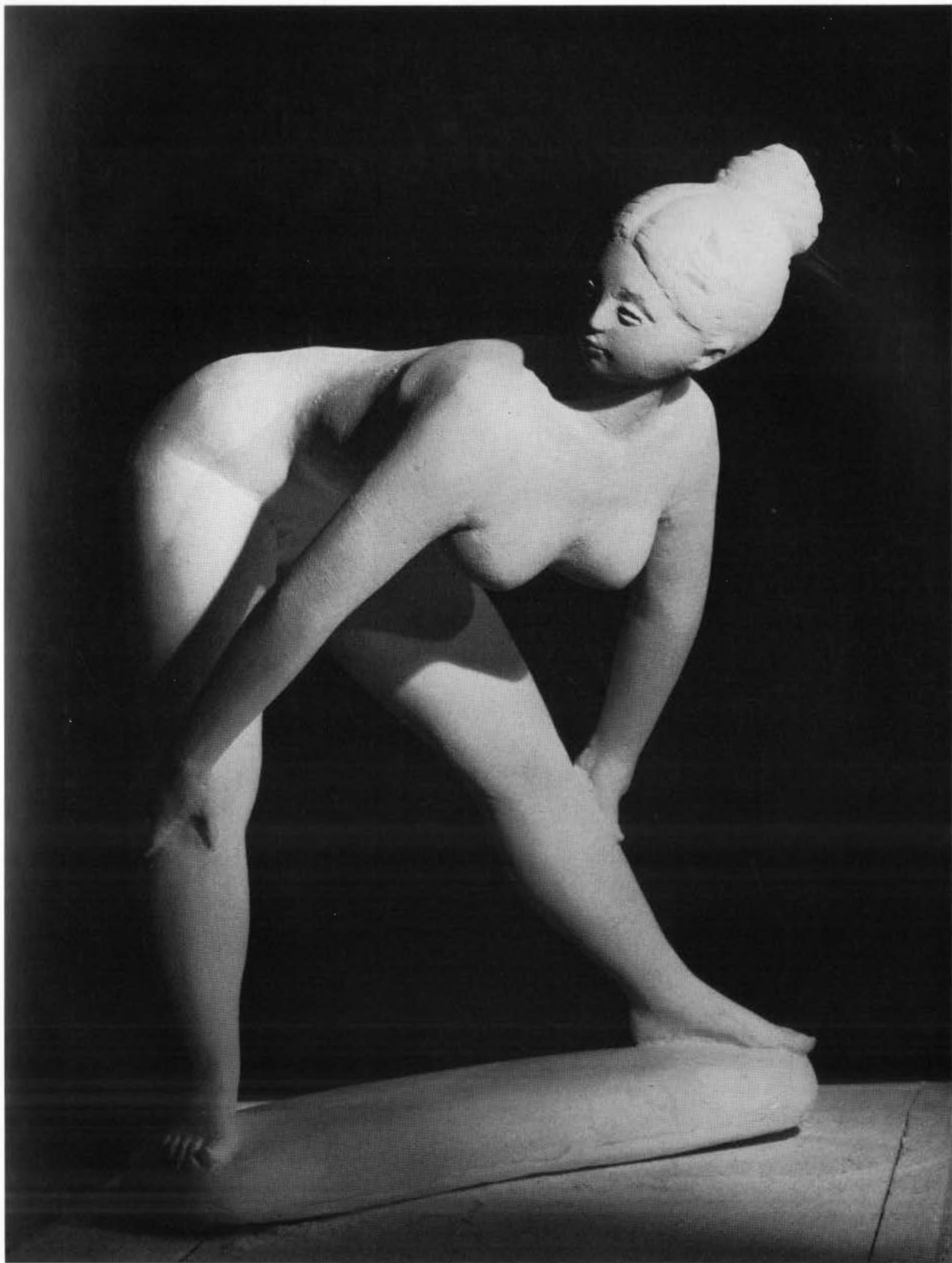


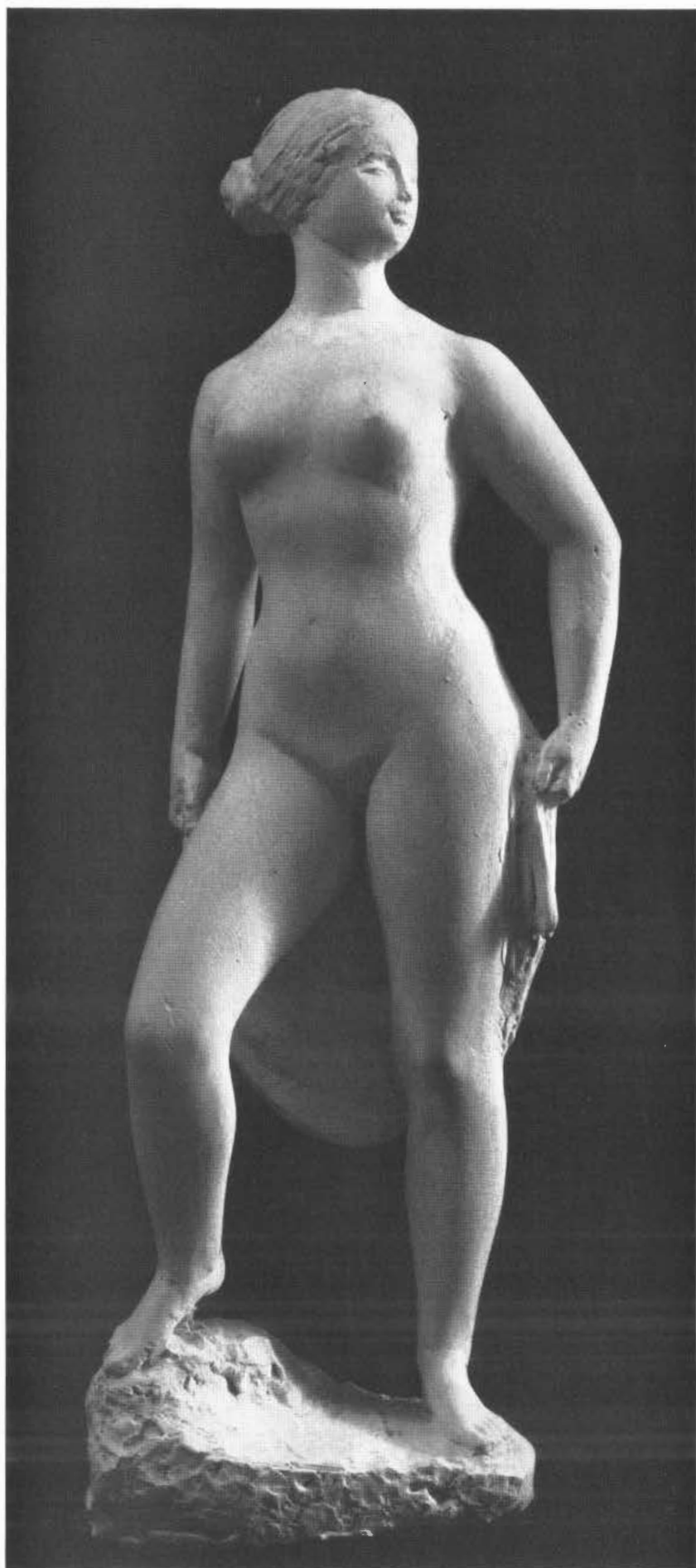


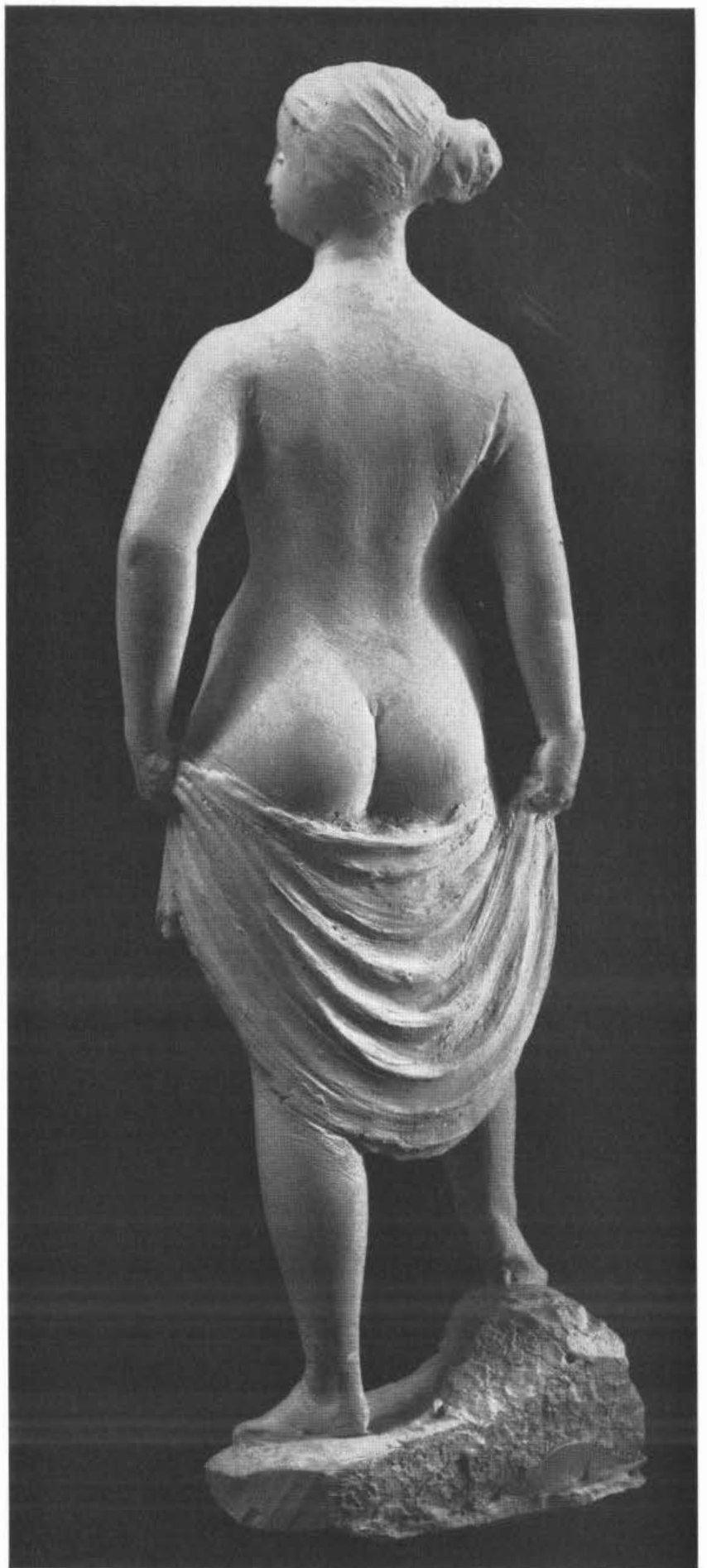








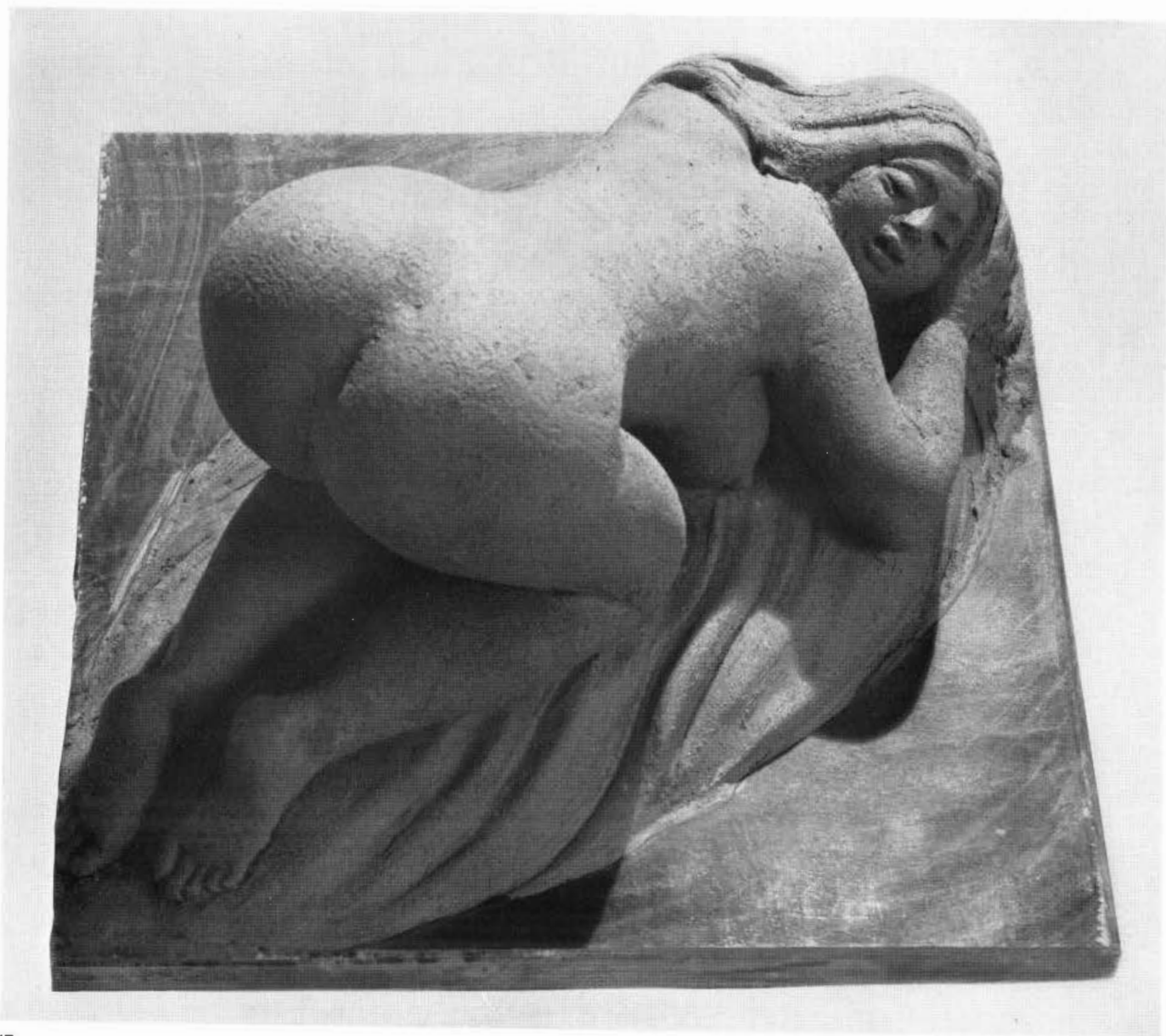


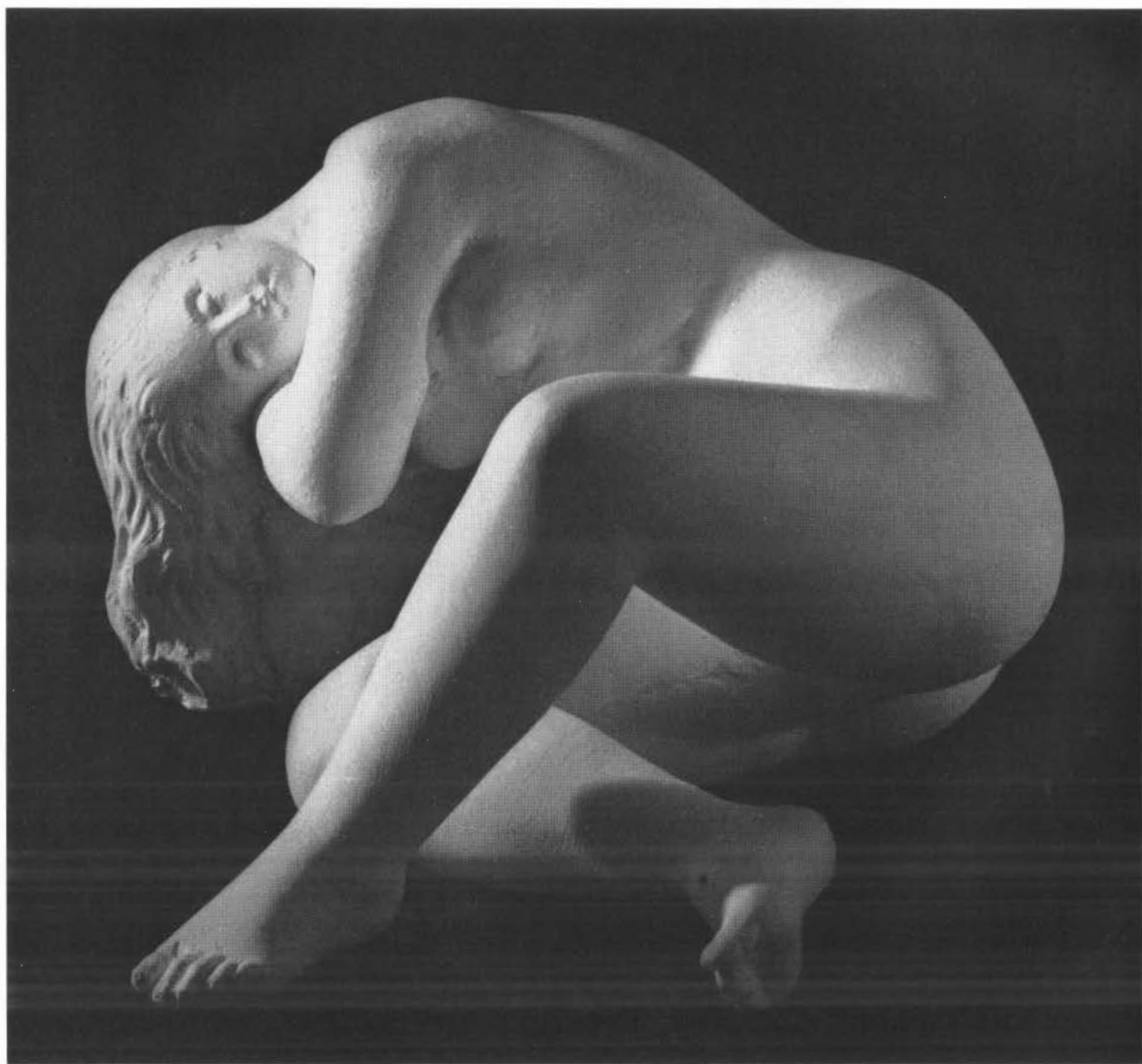
























54

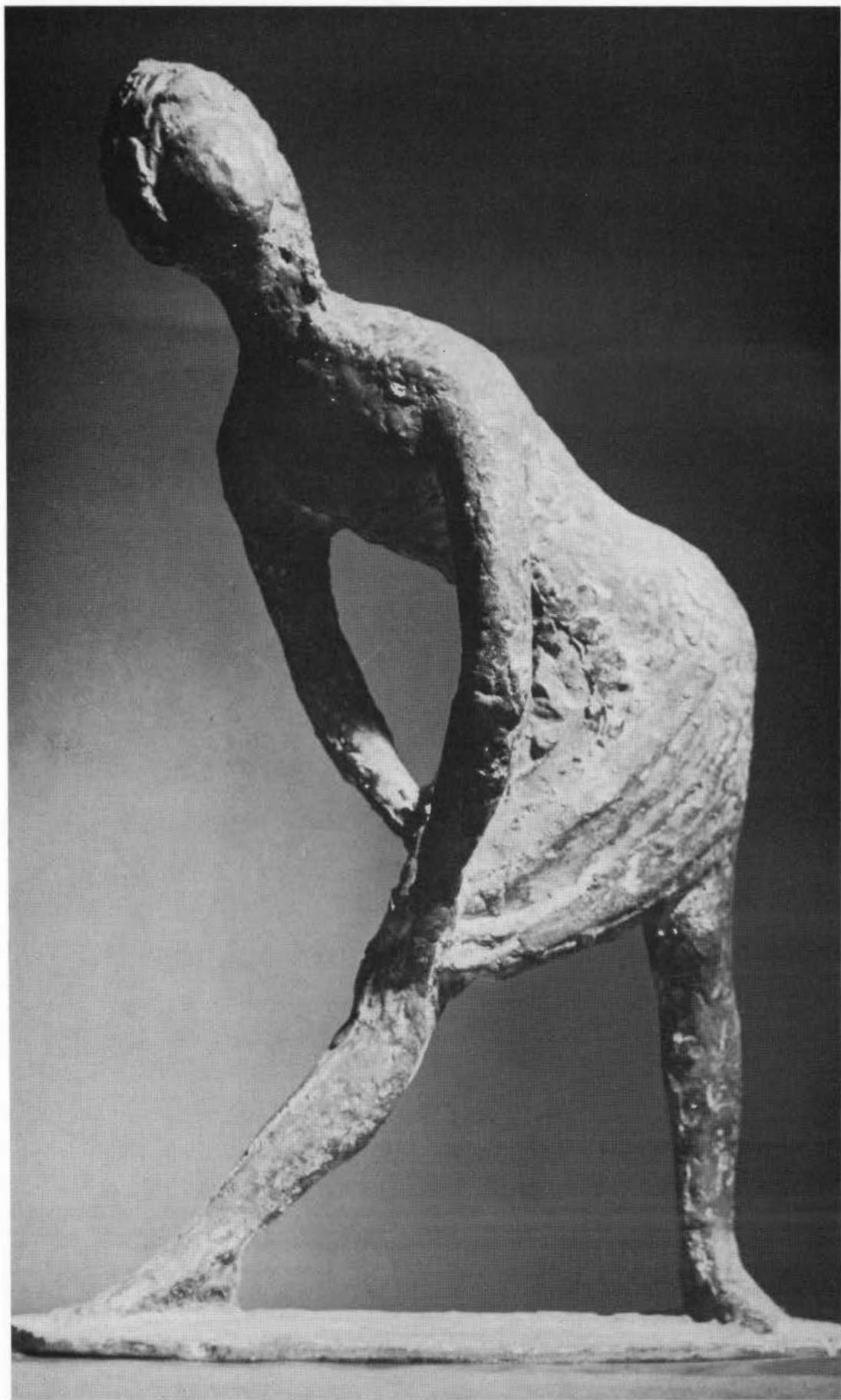
Gehen Sie nach Spanien oder Italien und versuchen Sie, unter der Sonne des Südens die Kunstwerke von Michelangelo, Goya und El Greco zu entdecken! Sie werden nichts finden, wenn Sie nicht Ihre eigene Sonne im Herzen mitgebracht haben.

Go to Spain or Italy, searching under the Mediterranean sun for the works of art of Michelangelo, Goya and El Greco. You will not find them if you do not carry along the sun in your heart.







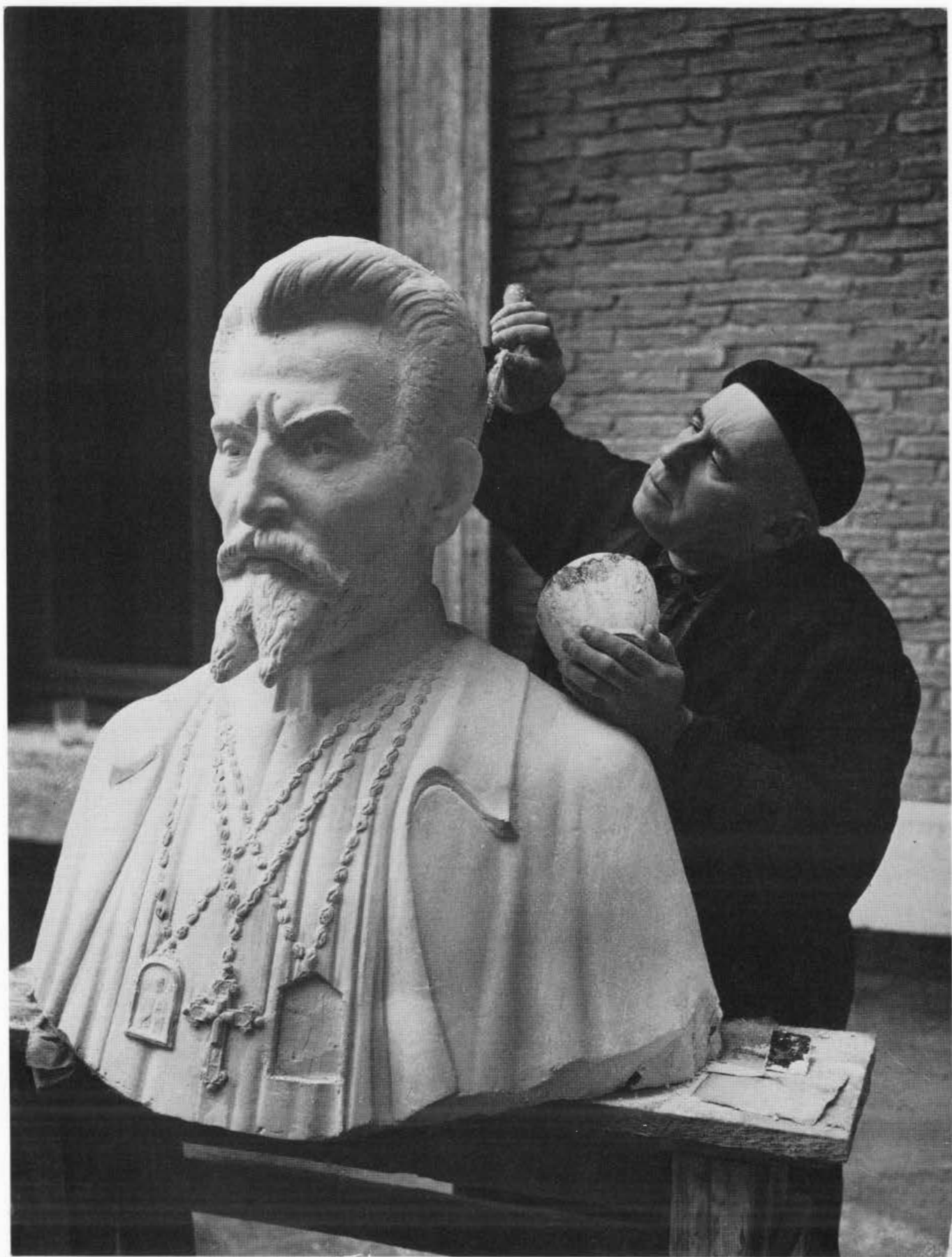


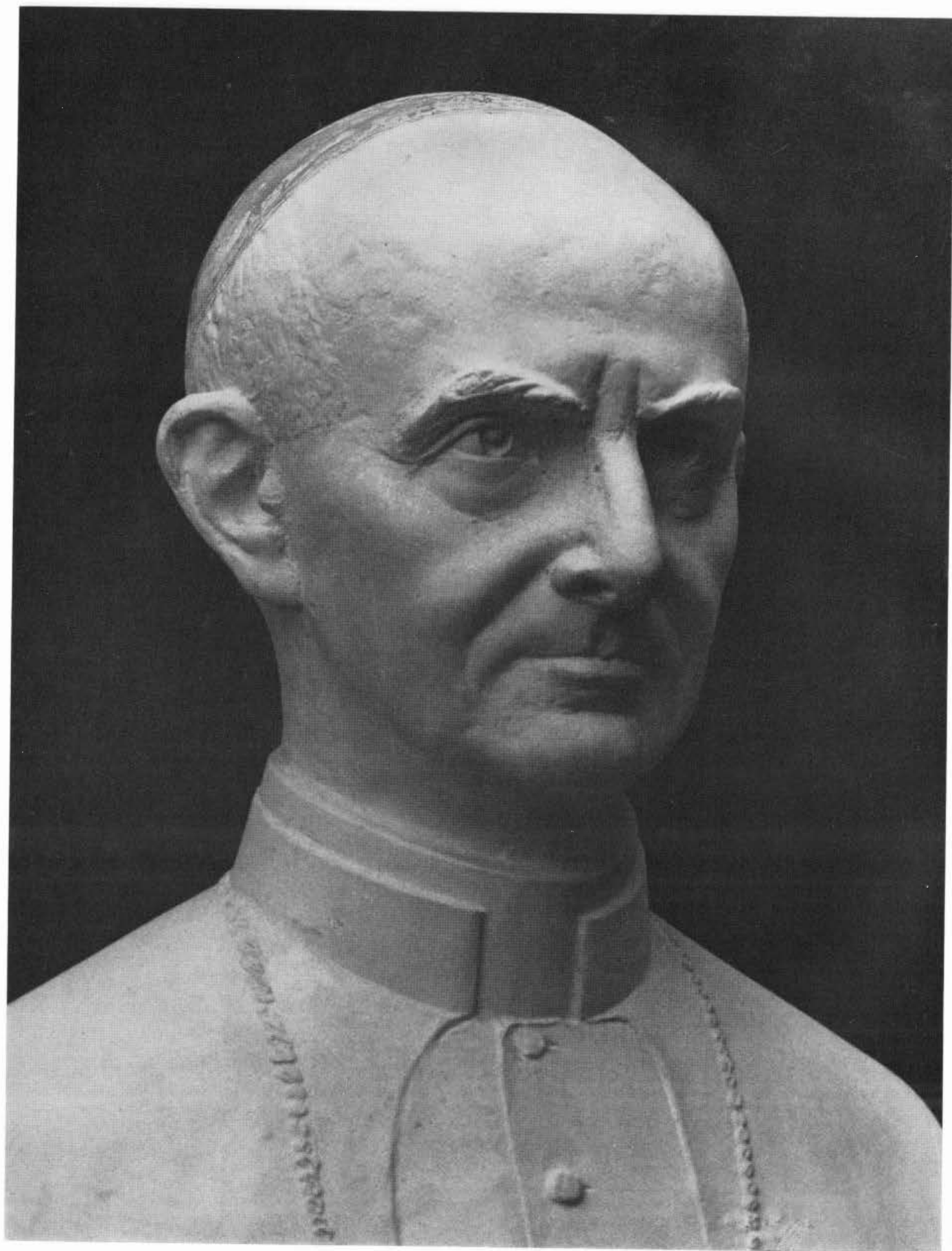


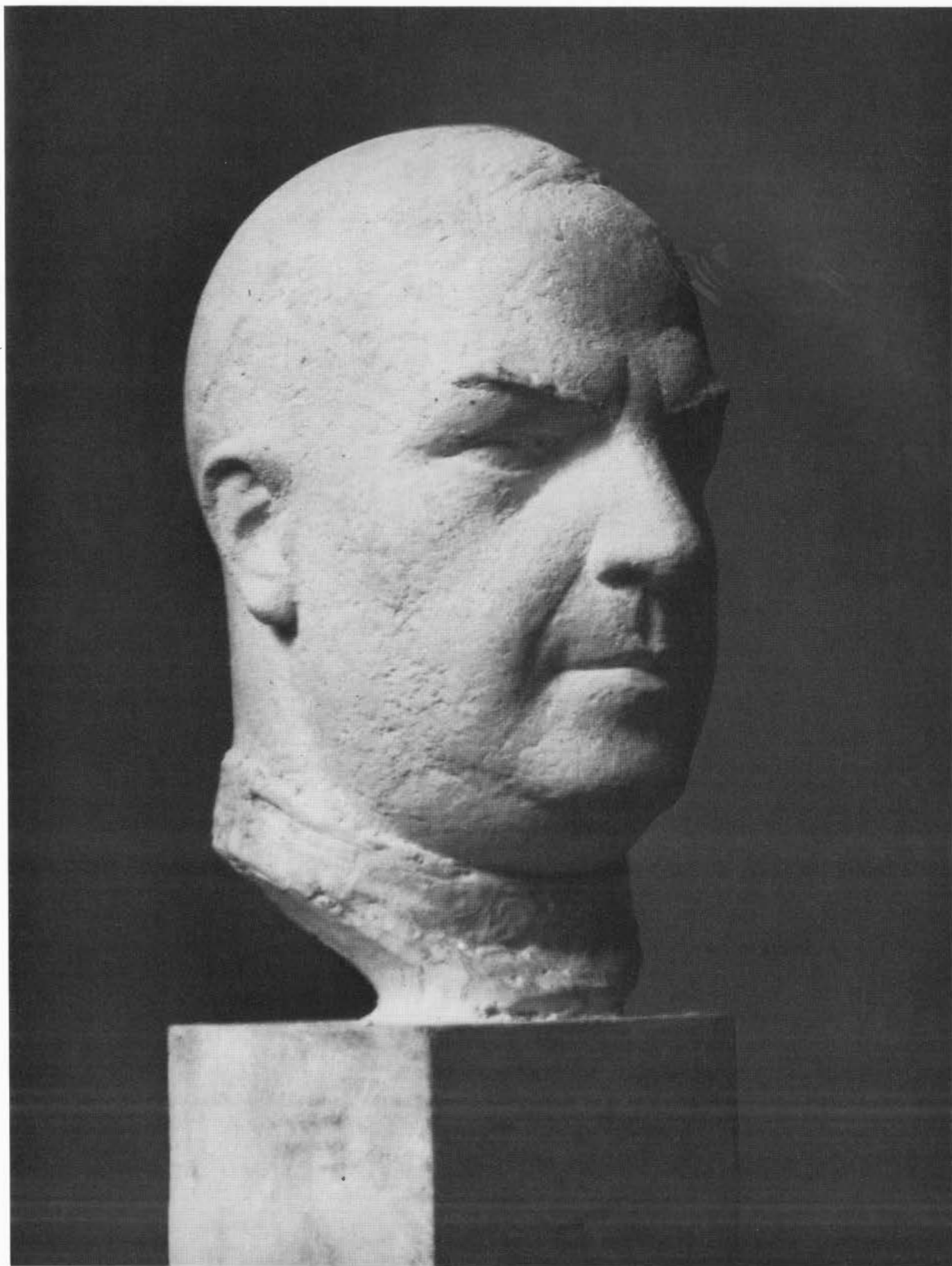


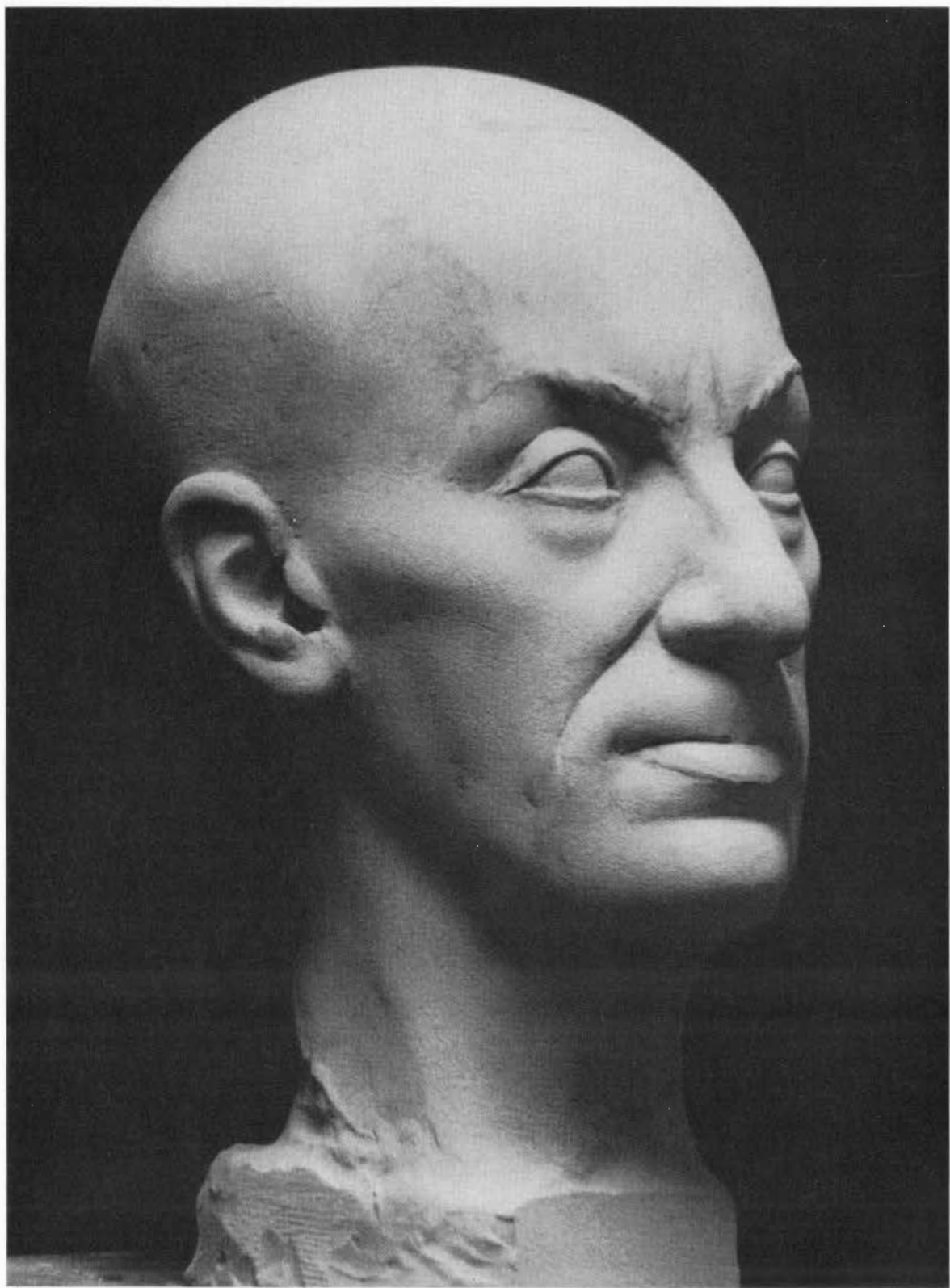


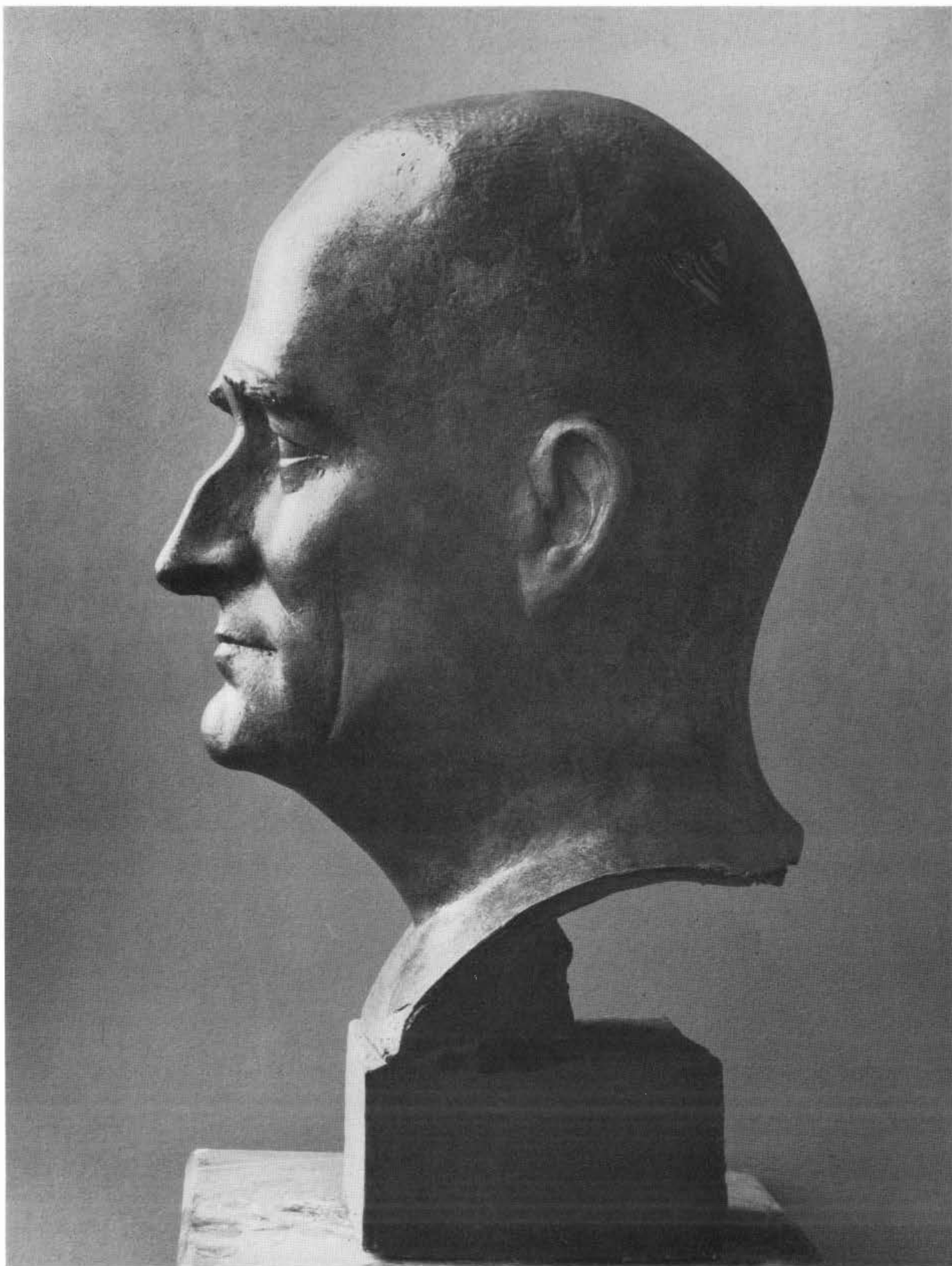




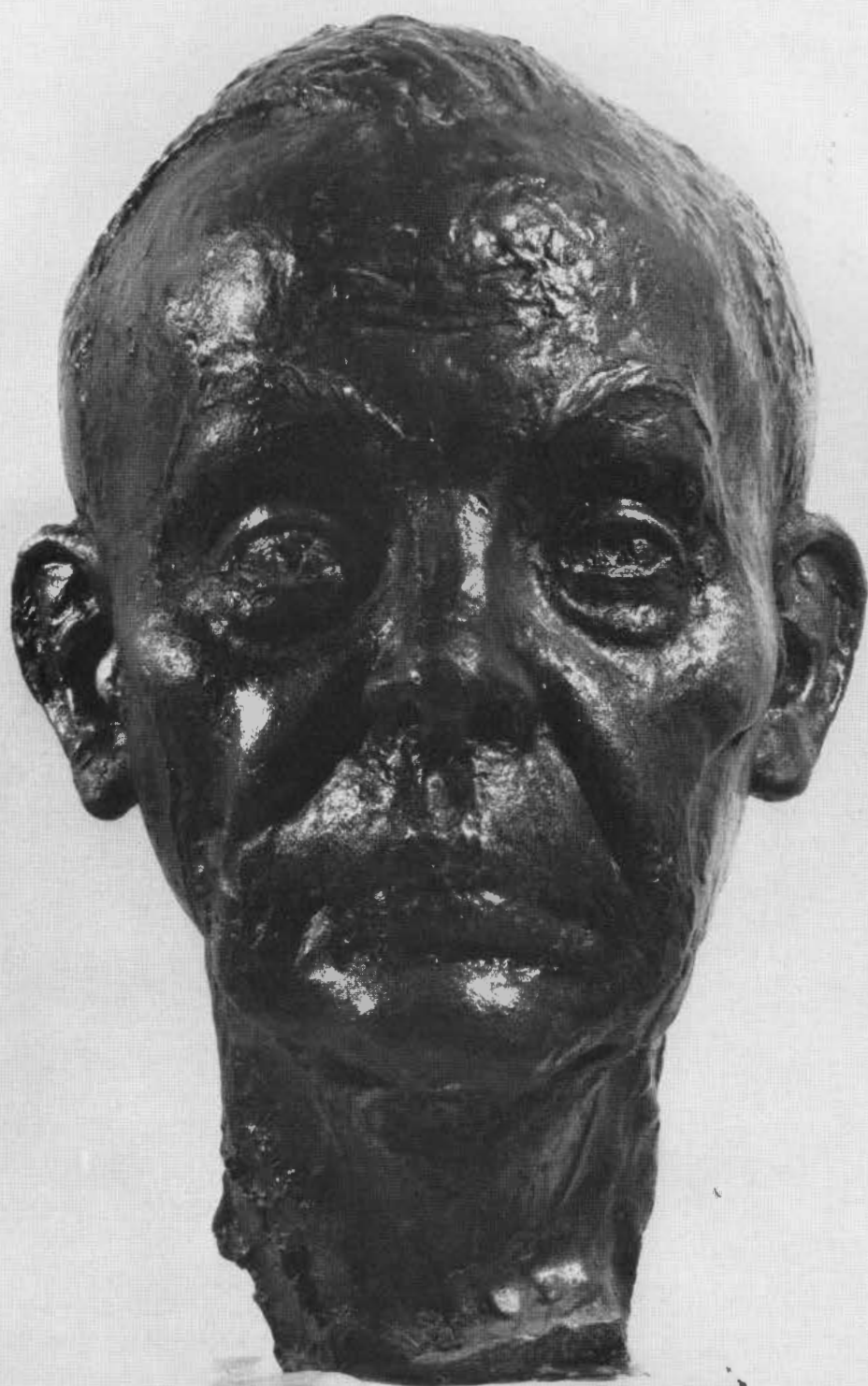




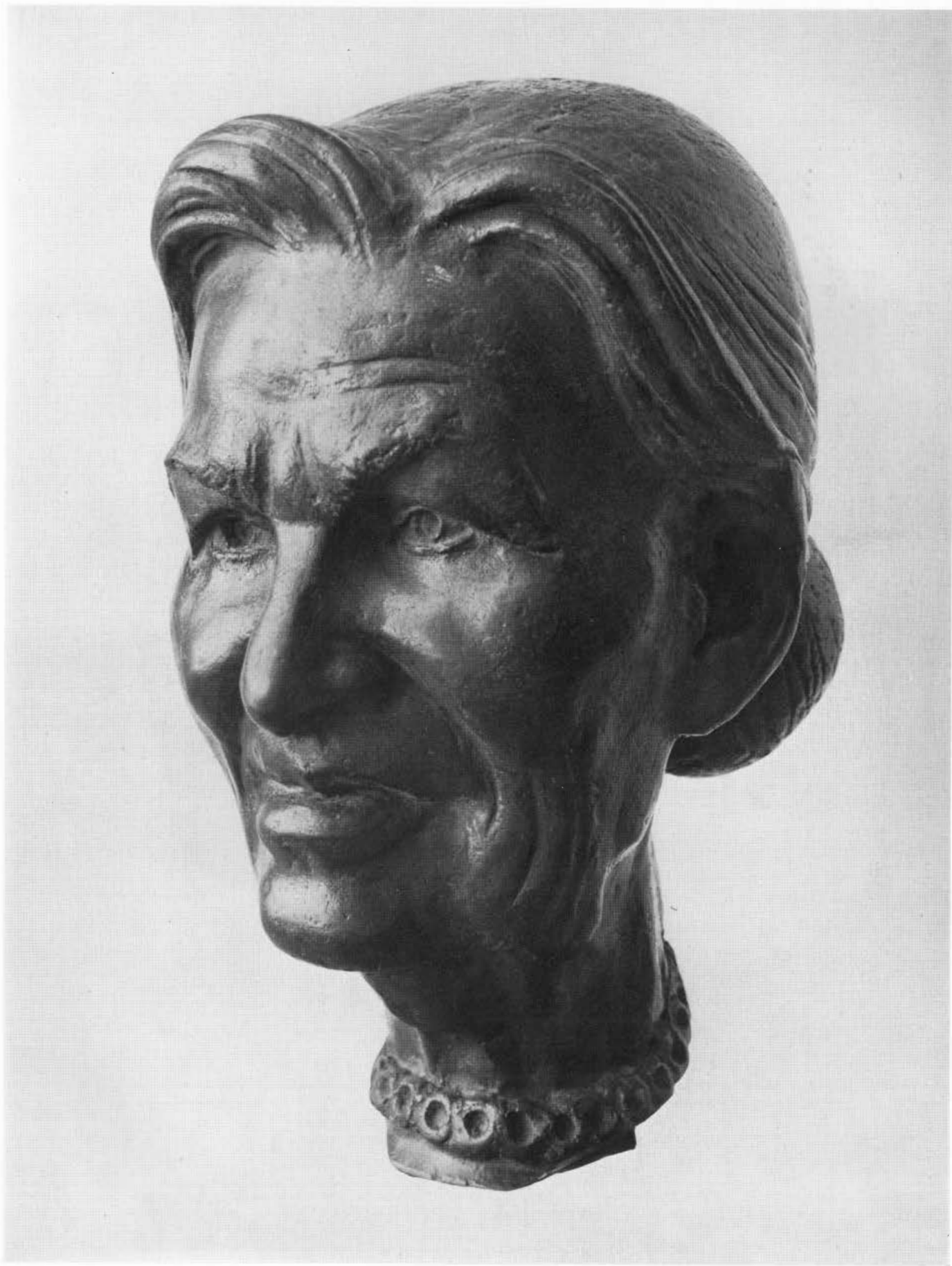




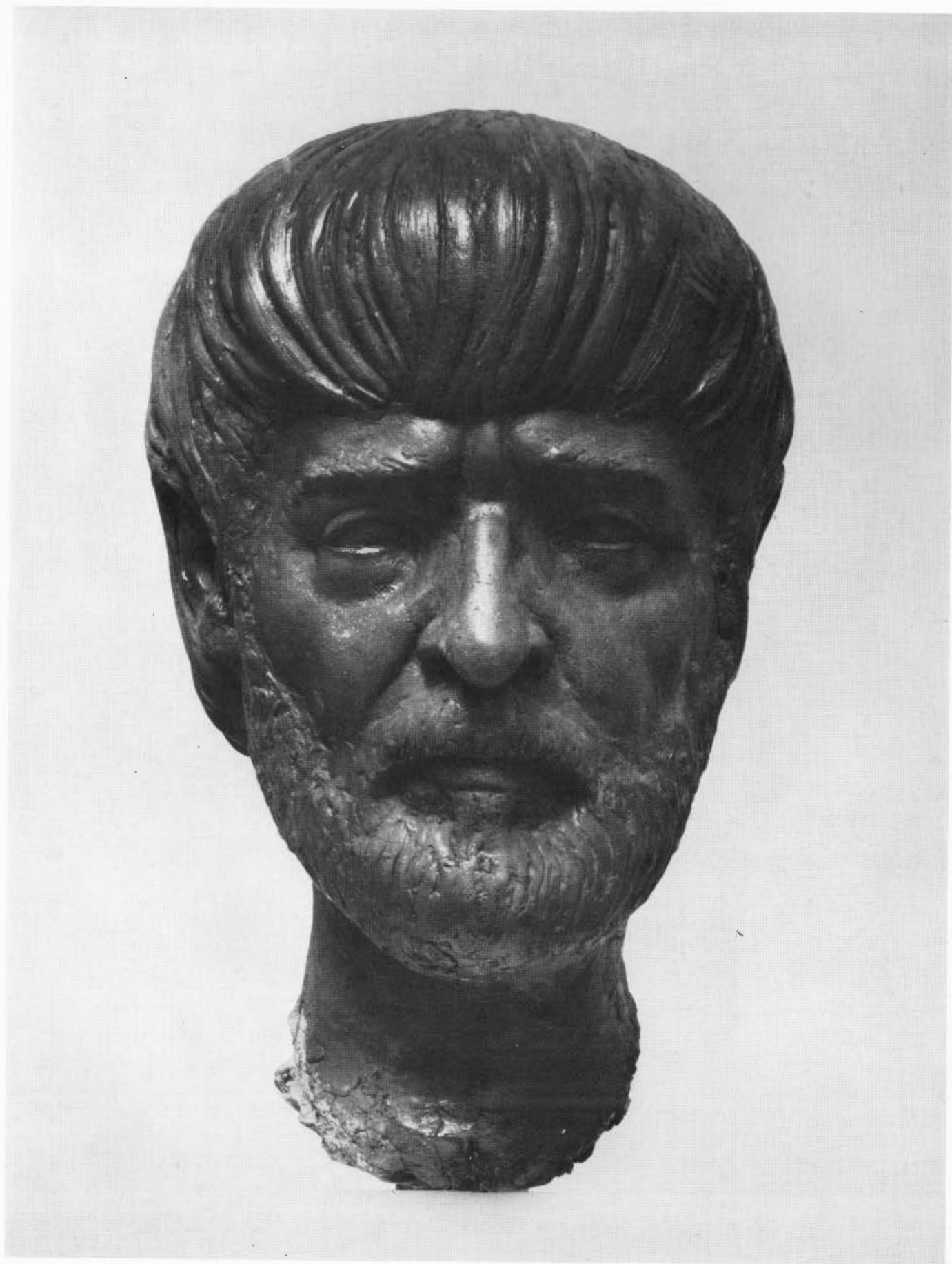




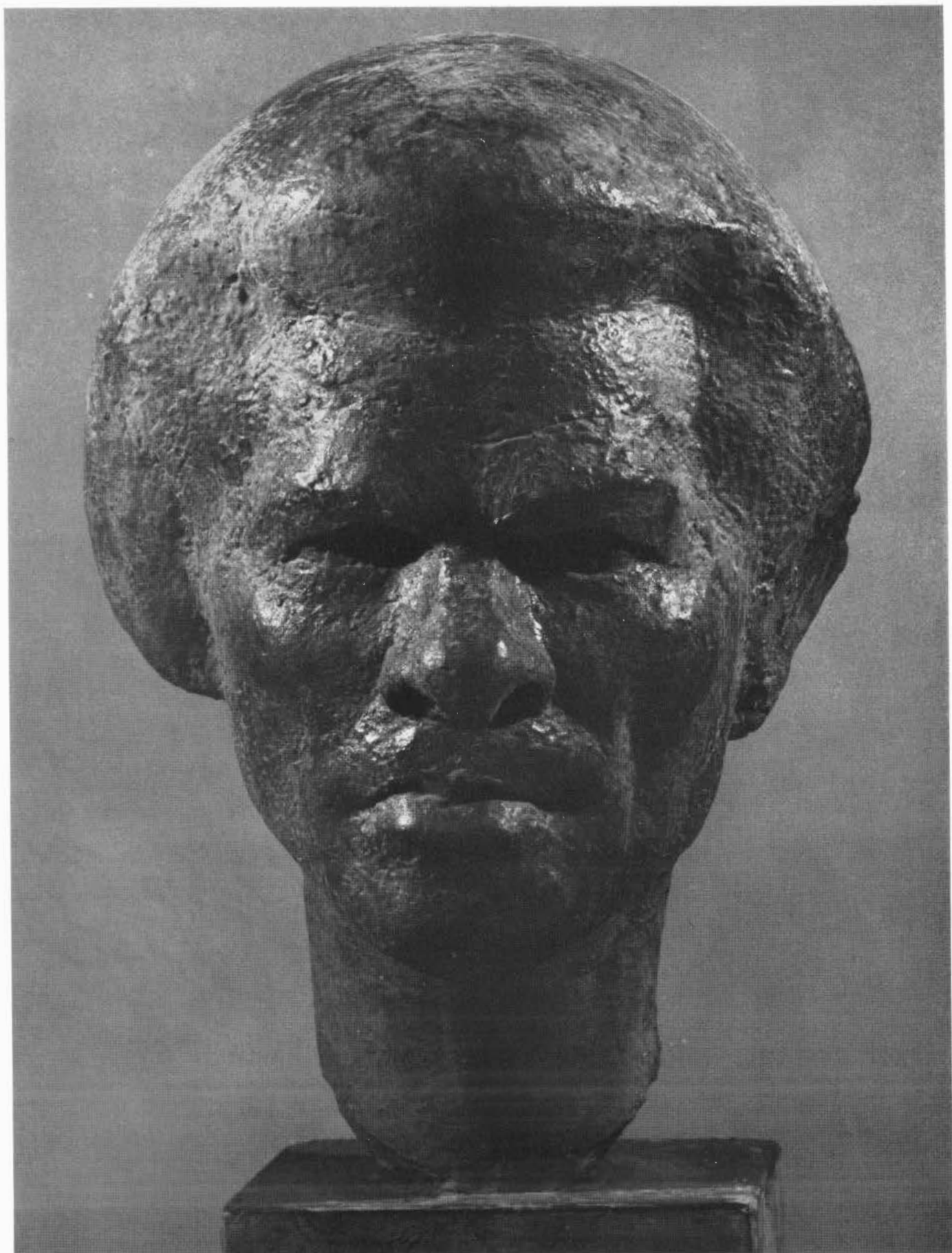




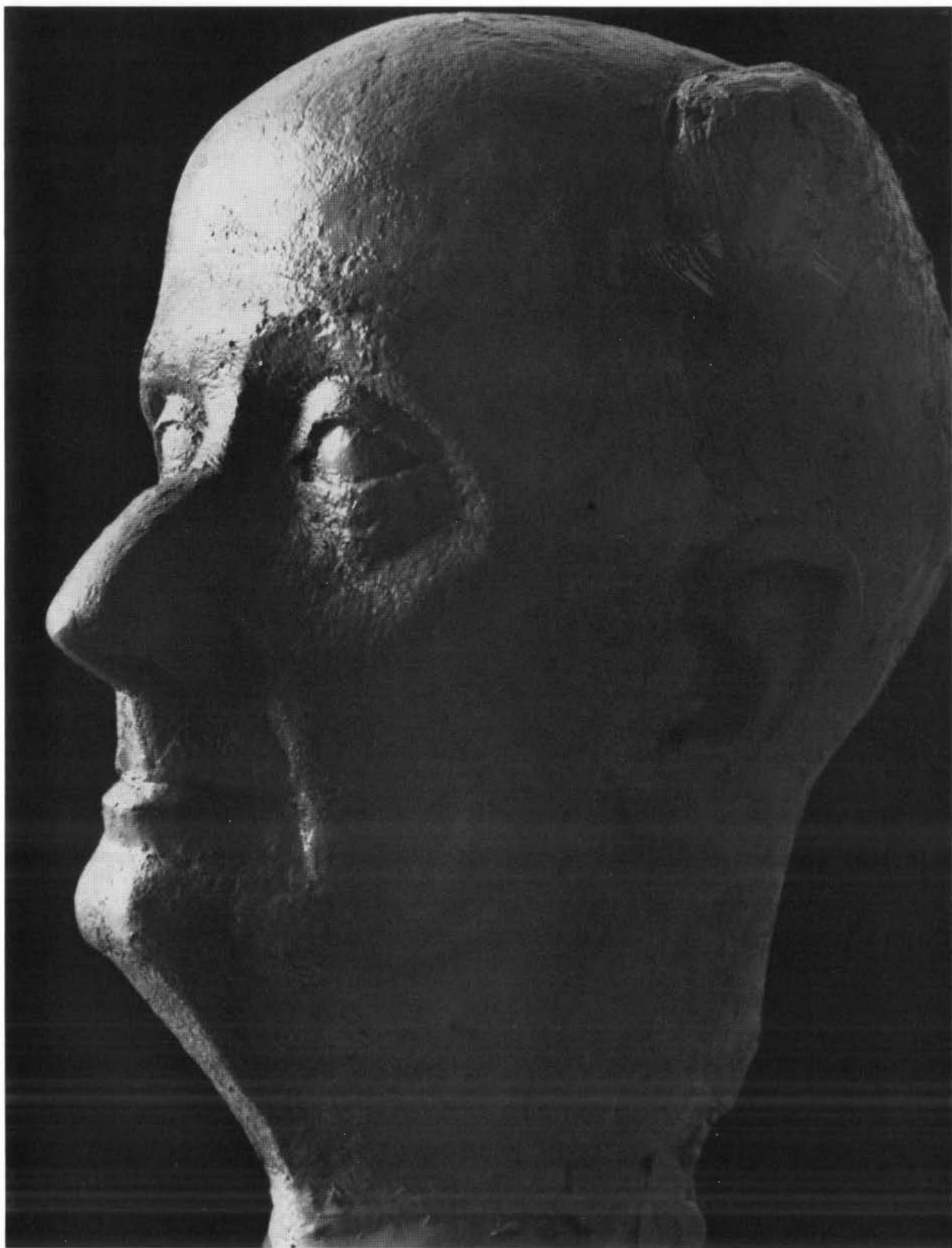


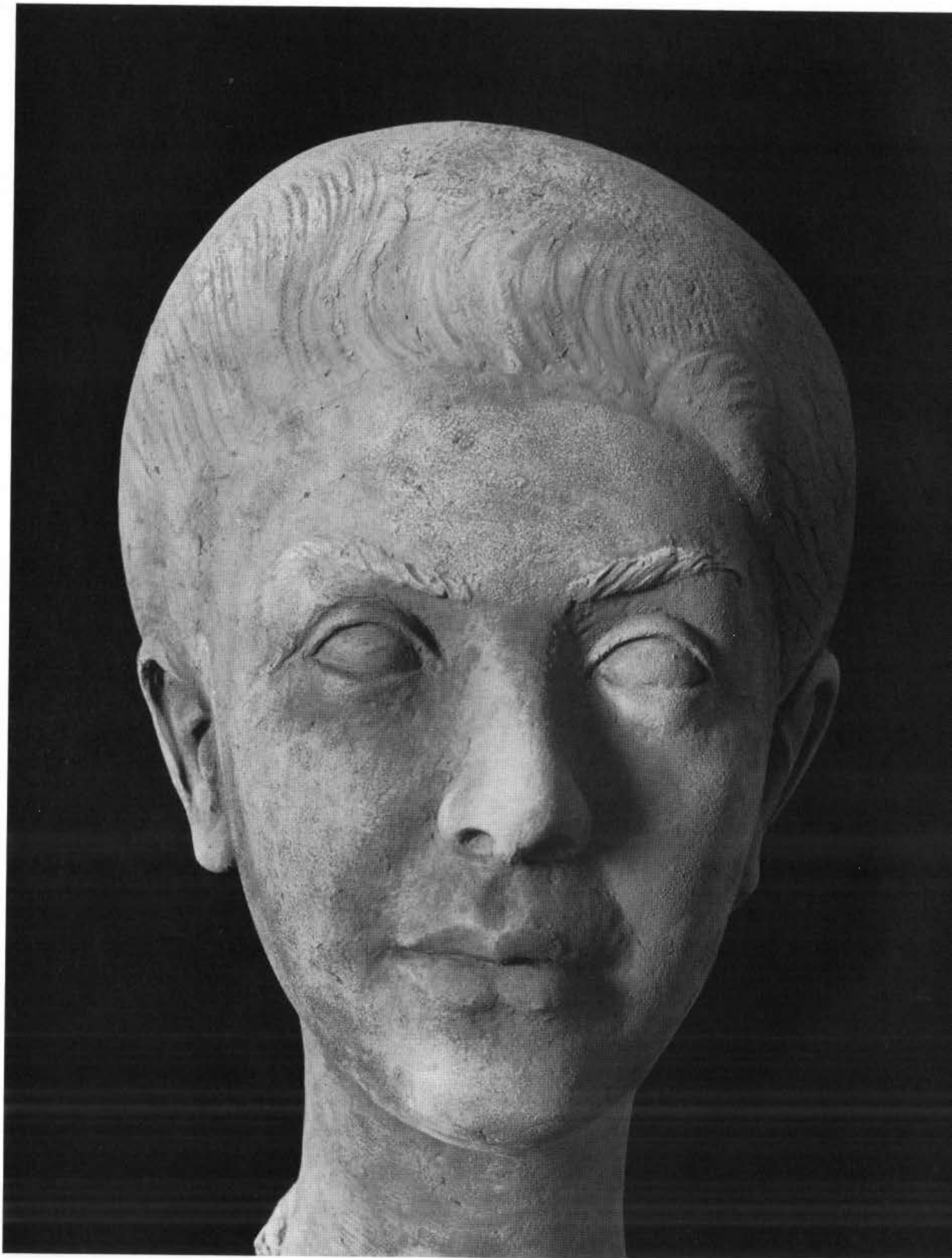


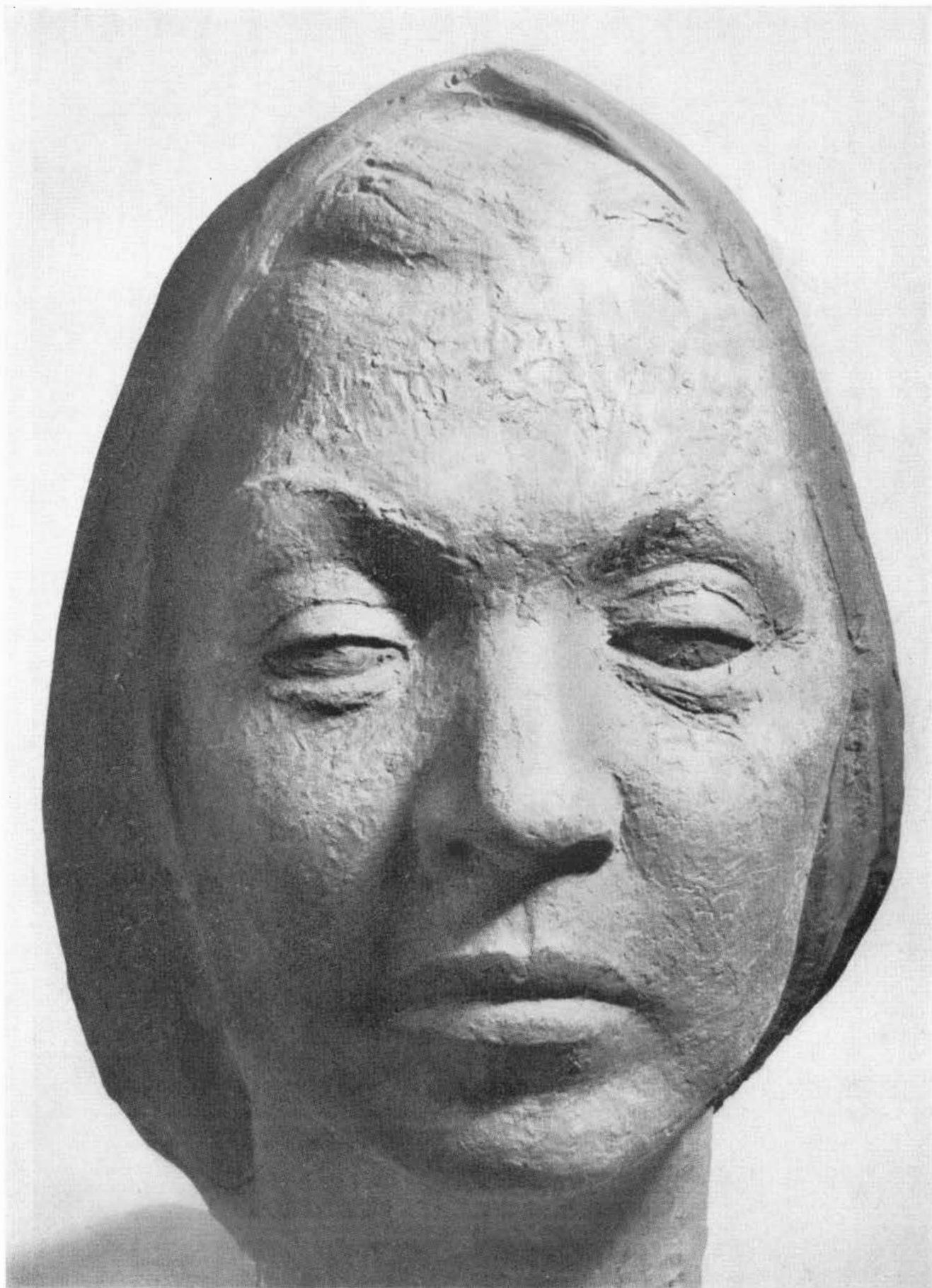




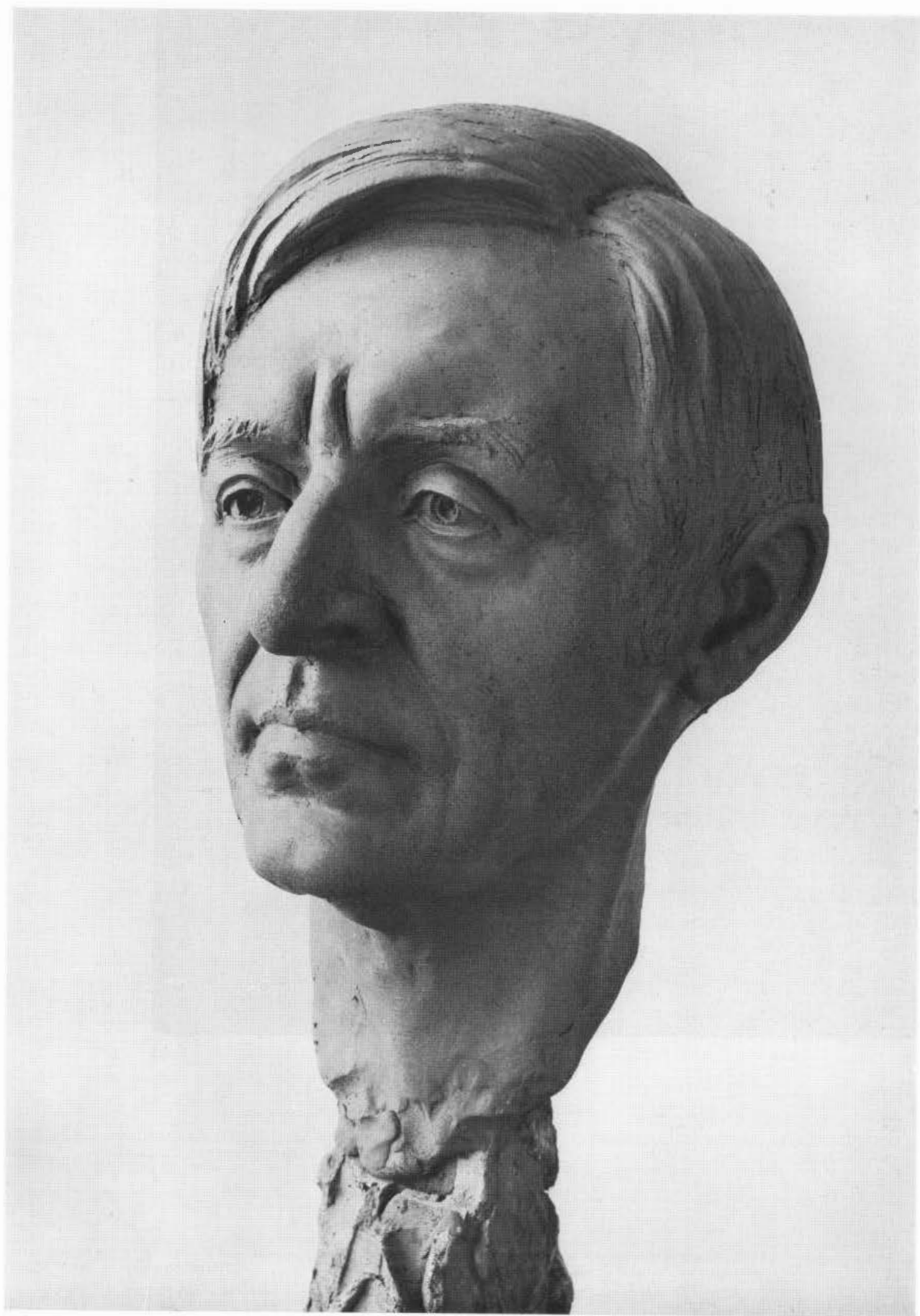










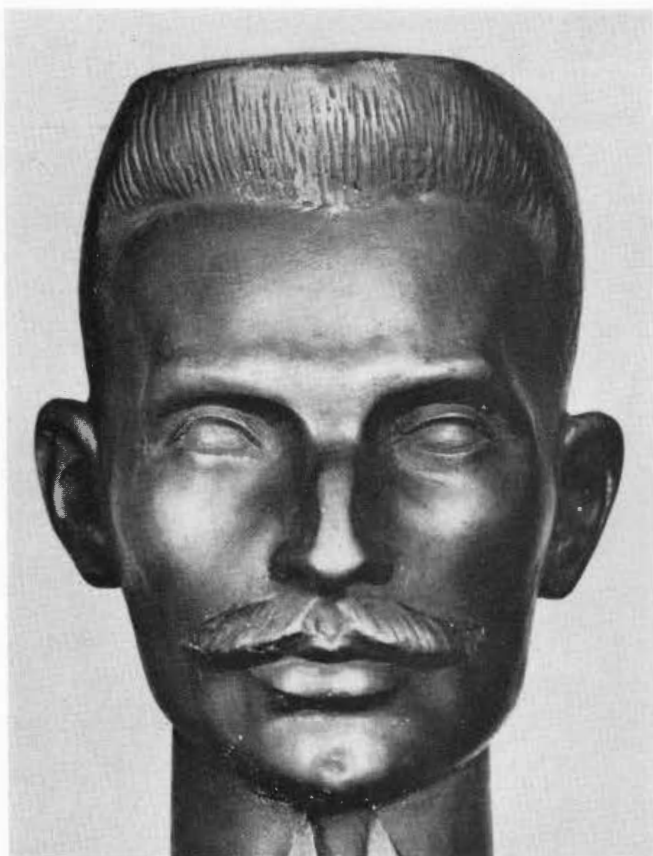












86



87

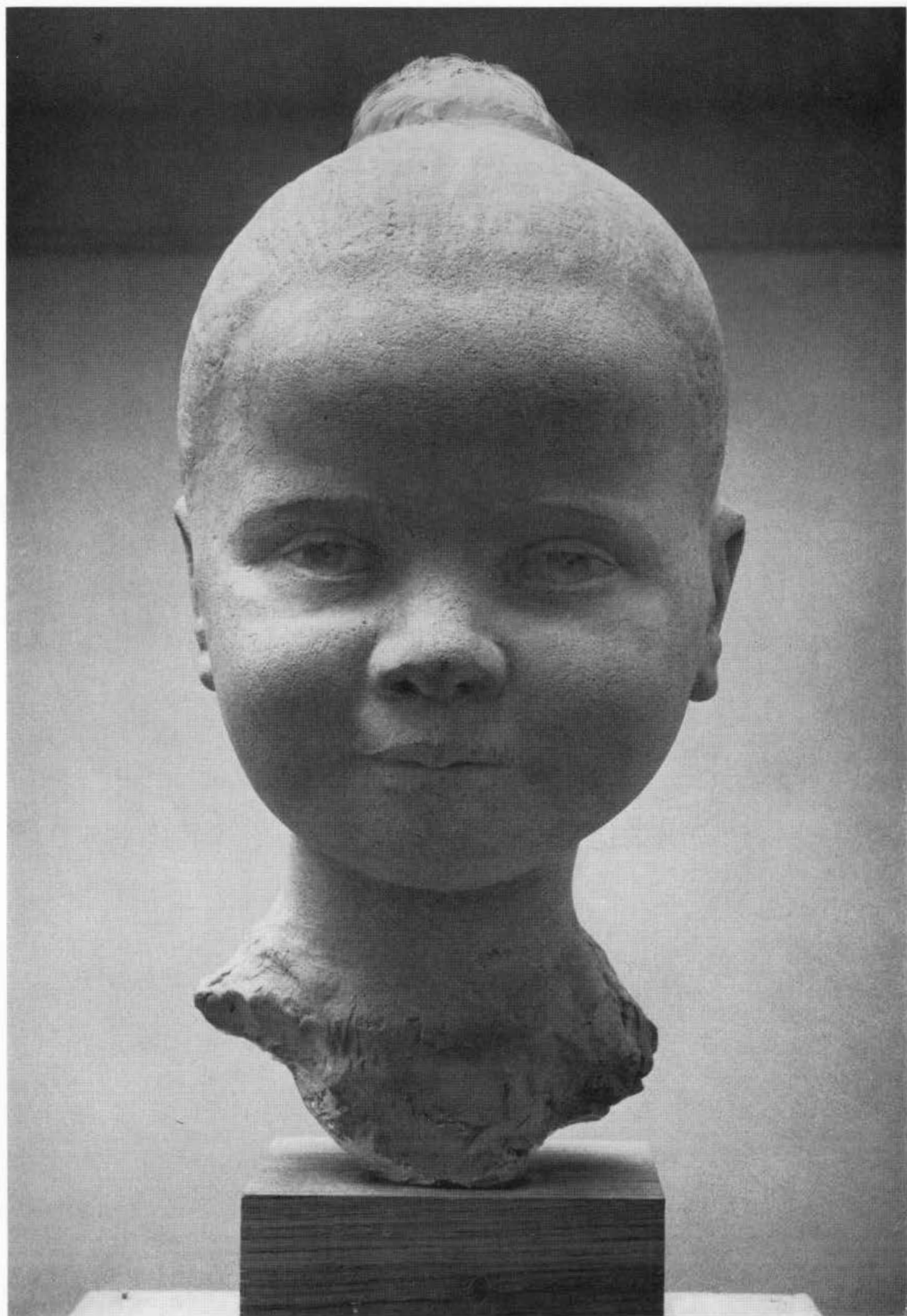


88

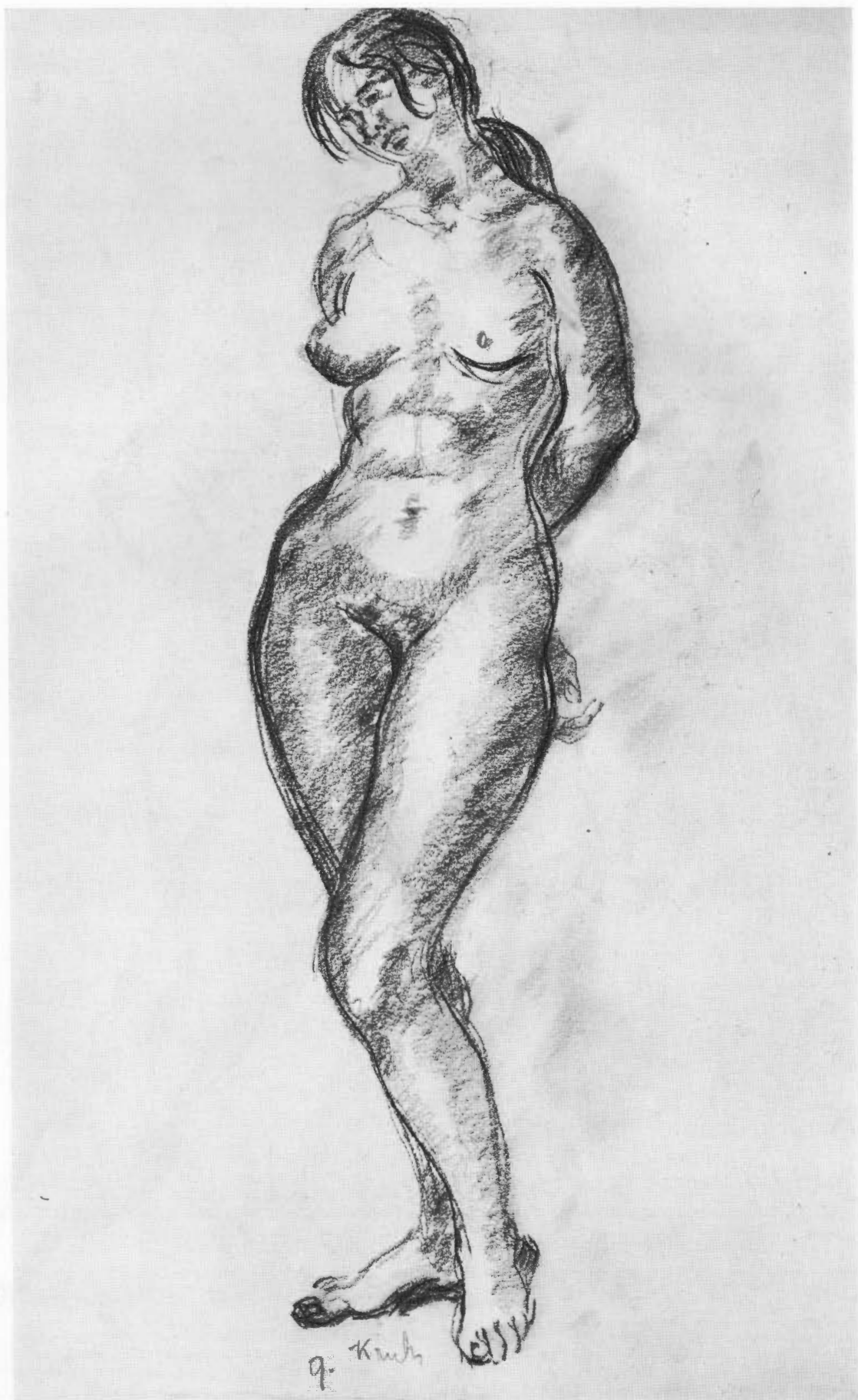


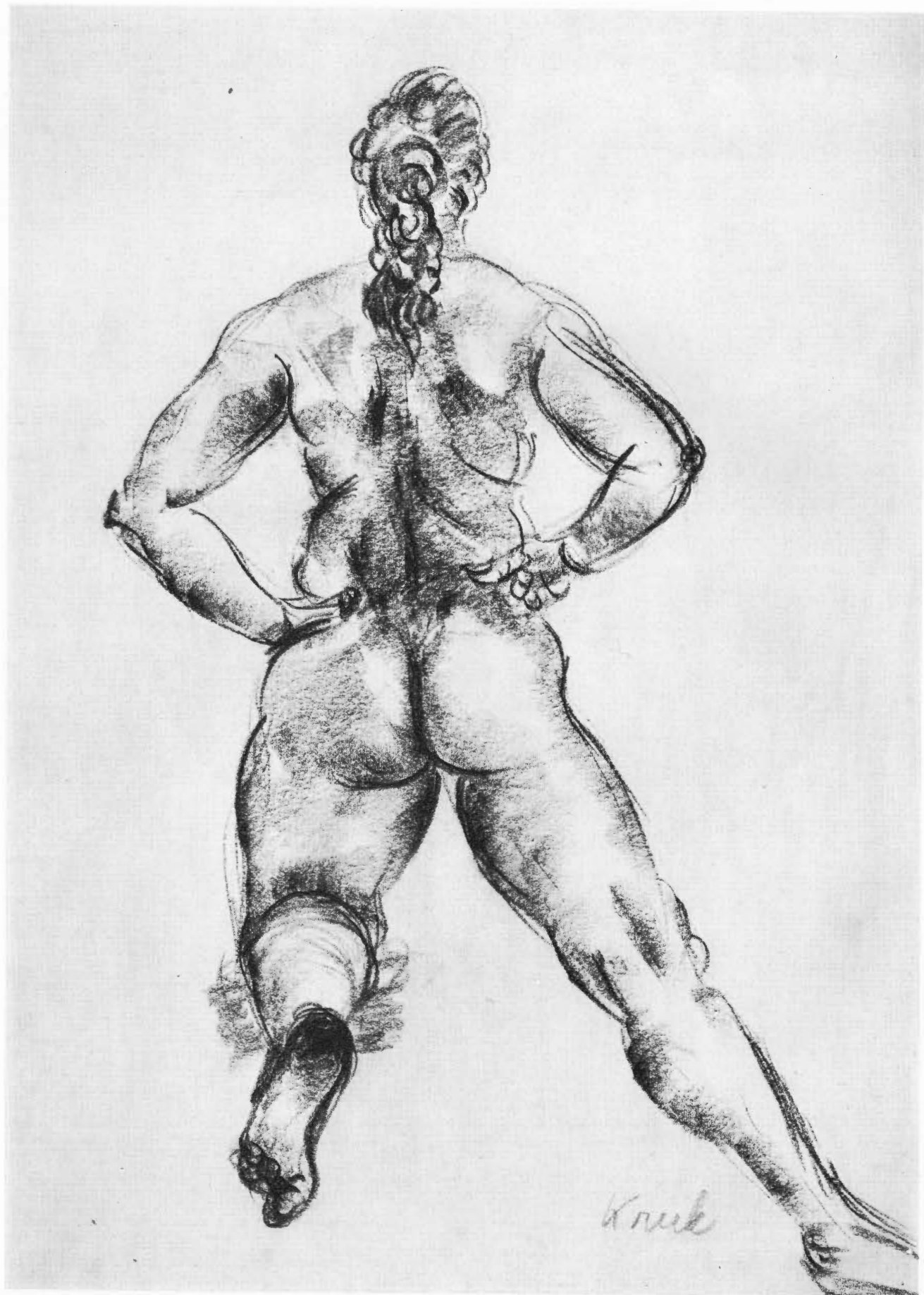
89

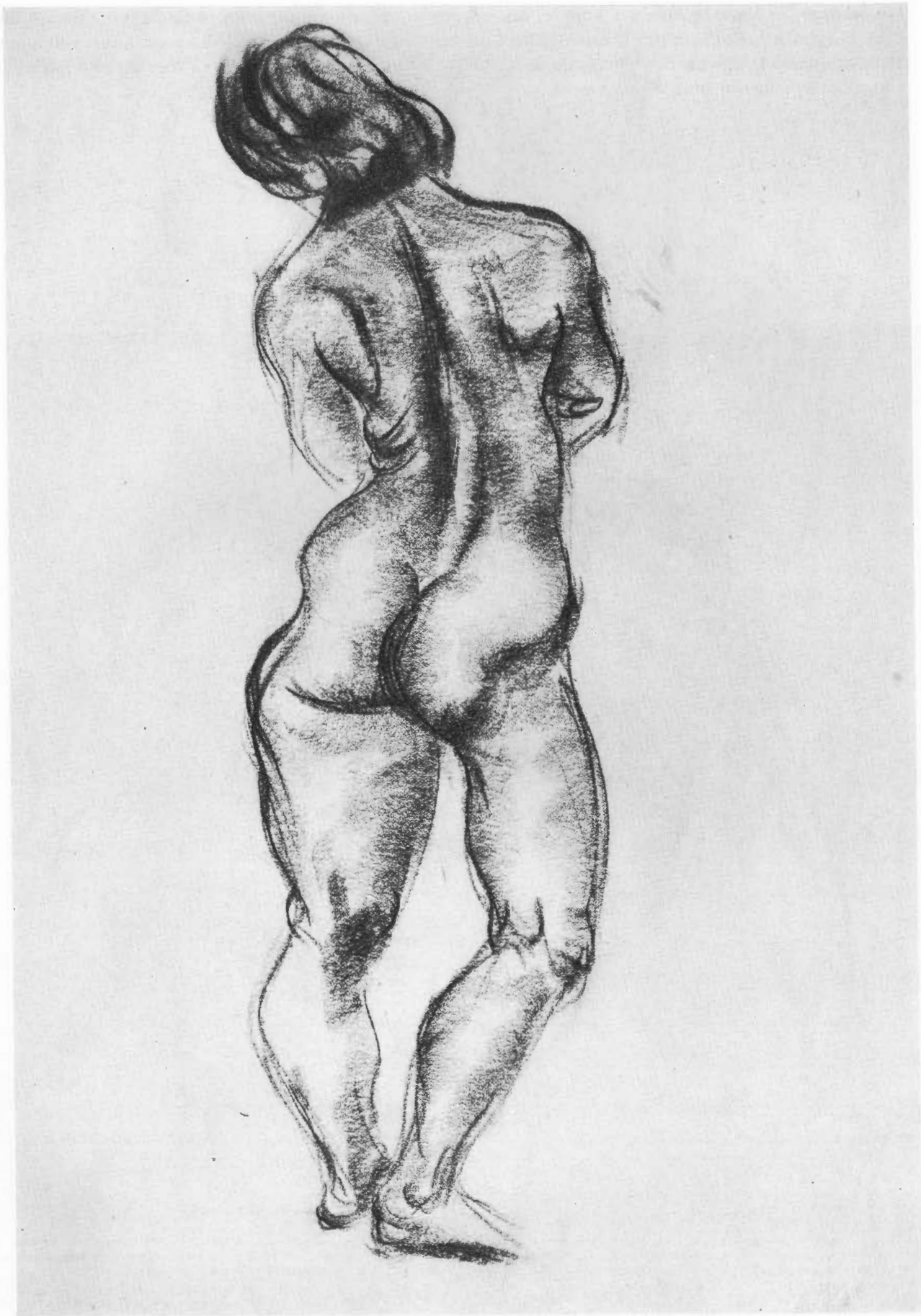






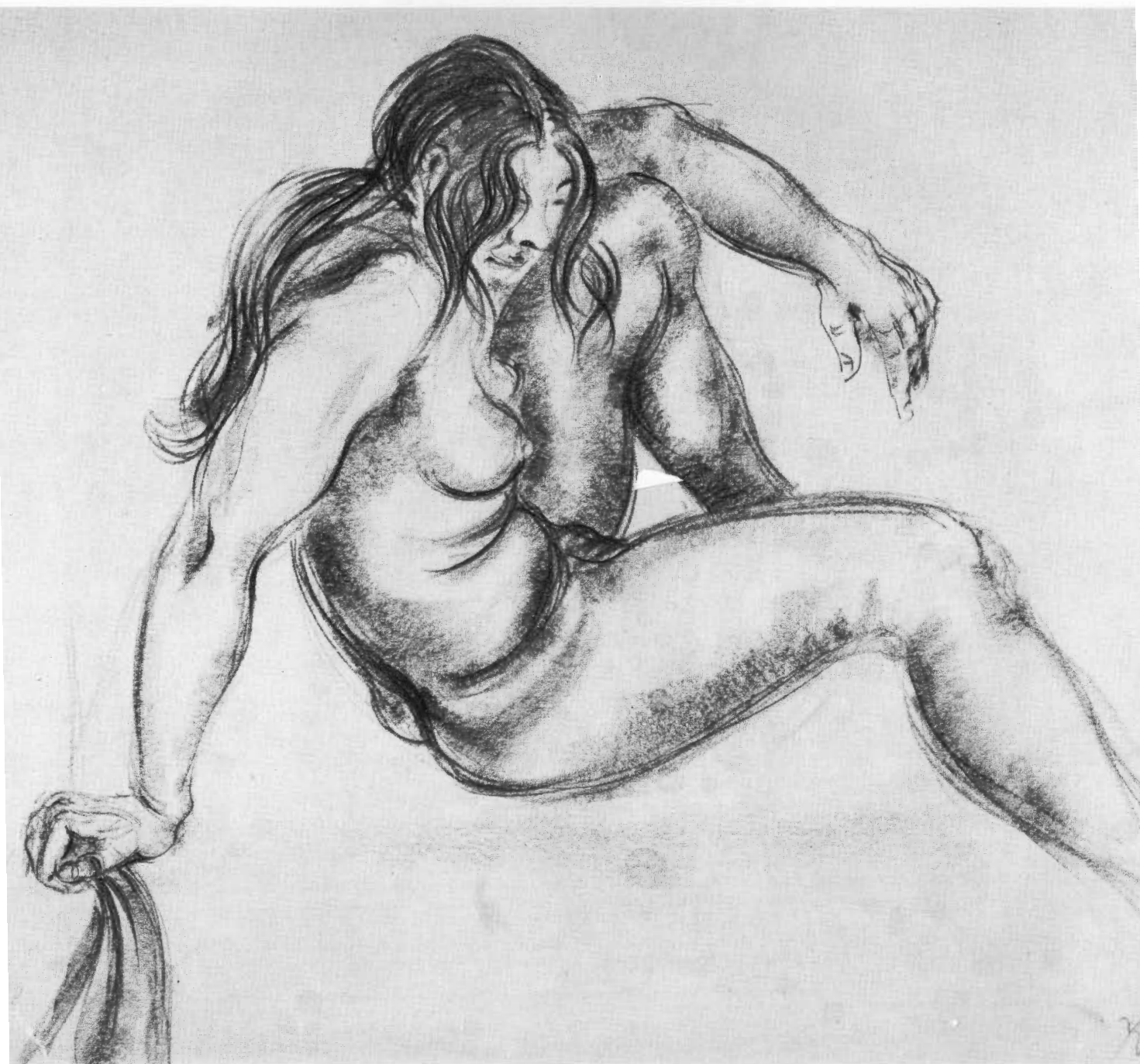






Das Studium der Natur ist für einen Künstler das, was für einen Flieger die Abflugbahn ist. Schade, mancher Künstler bleibt zeit seines Lebens auf der Abfluggpiste: Ihm fehlt die nötige Geschwindigkeit, um sich abzuheben!

For an artist the study of nature is the same as the runway for a pilot. It is a pity that some artists will remain on the runway their entire life. They are just lacking the speed needed for the take-off.







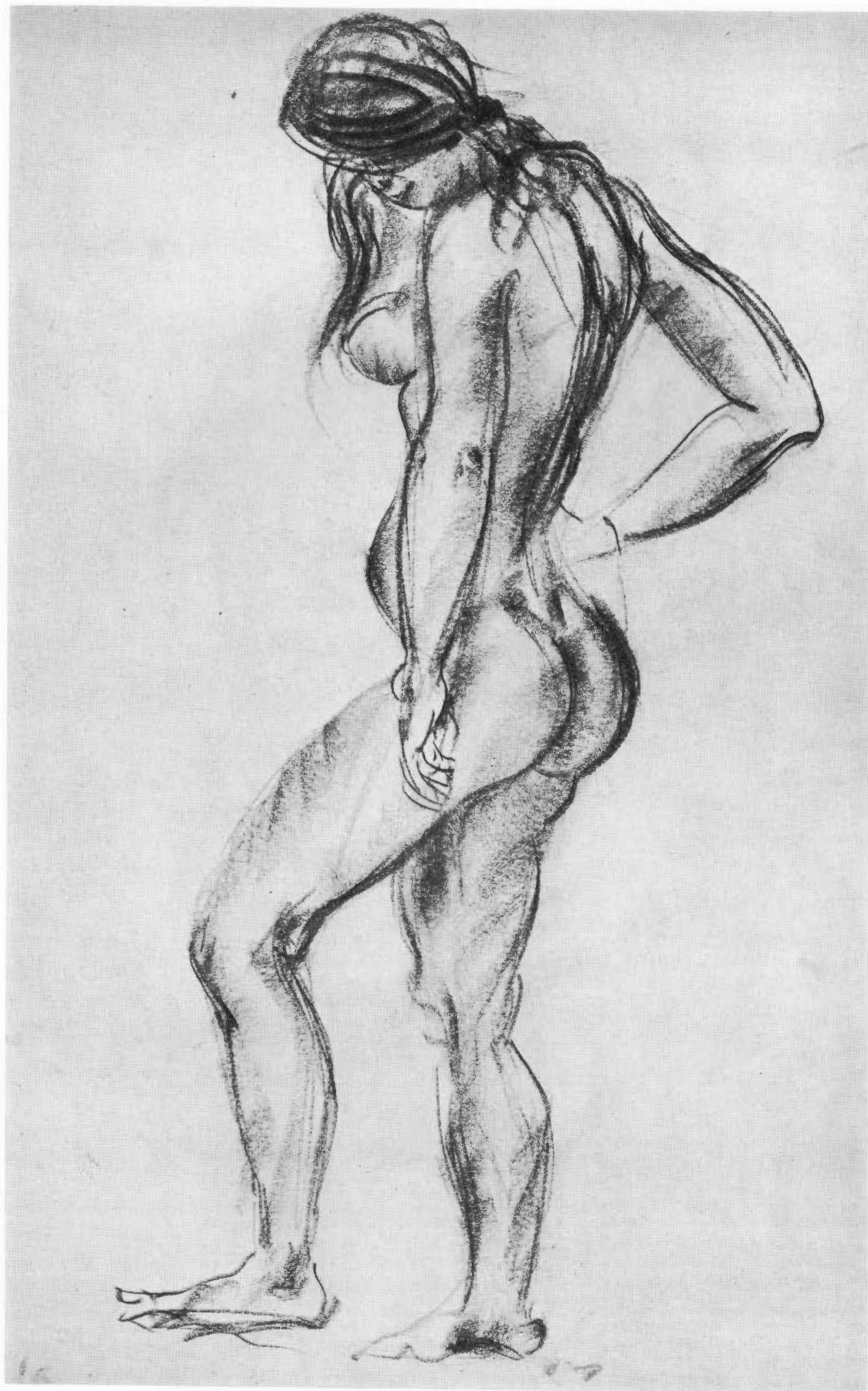




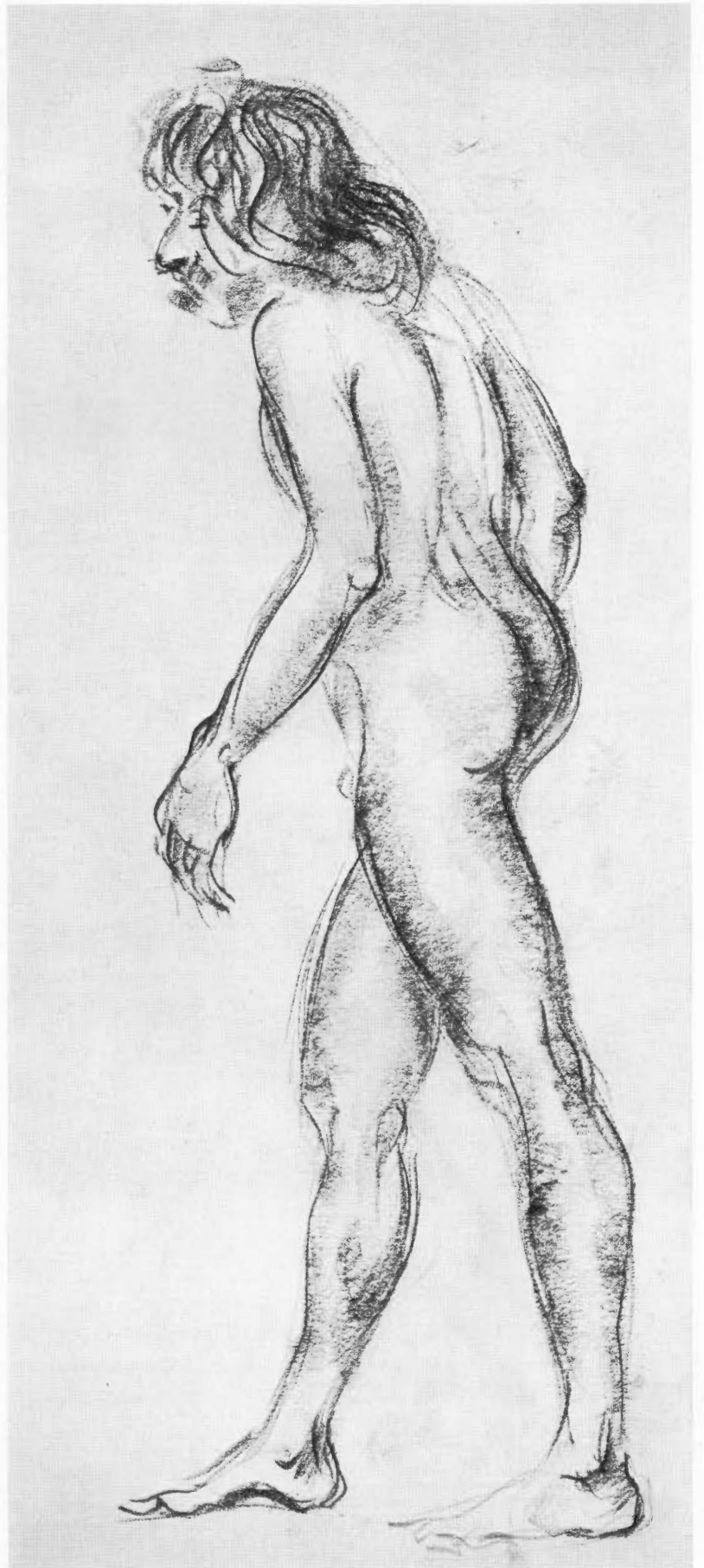


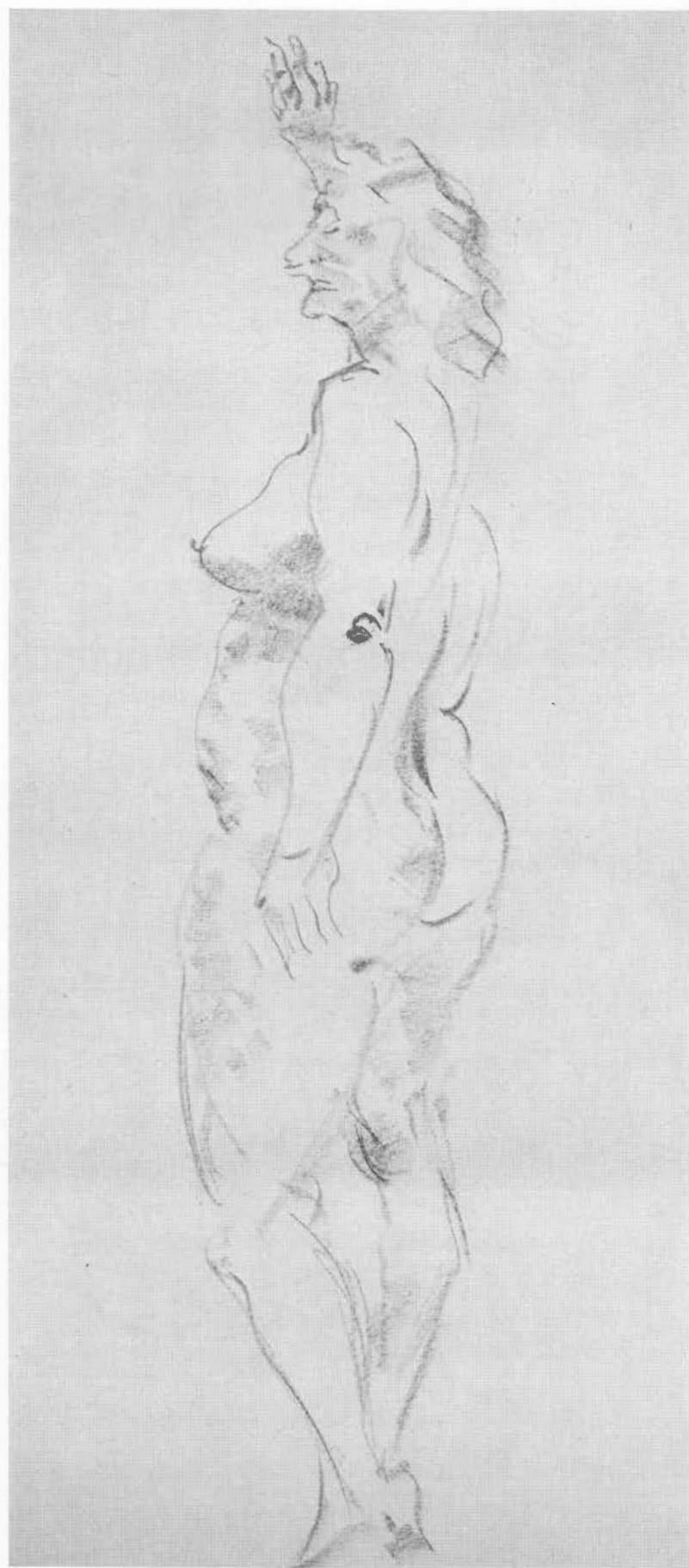


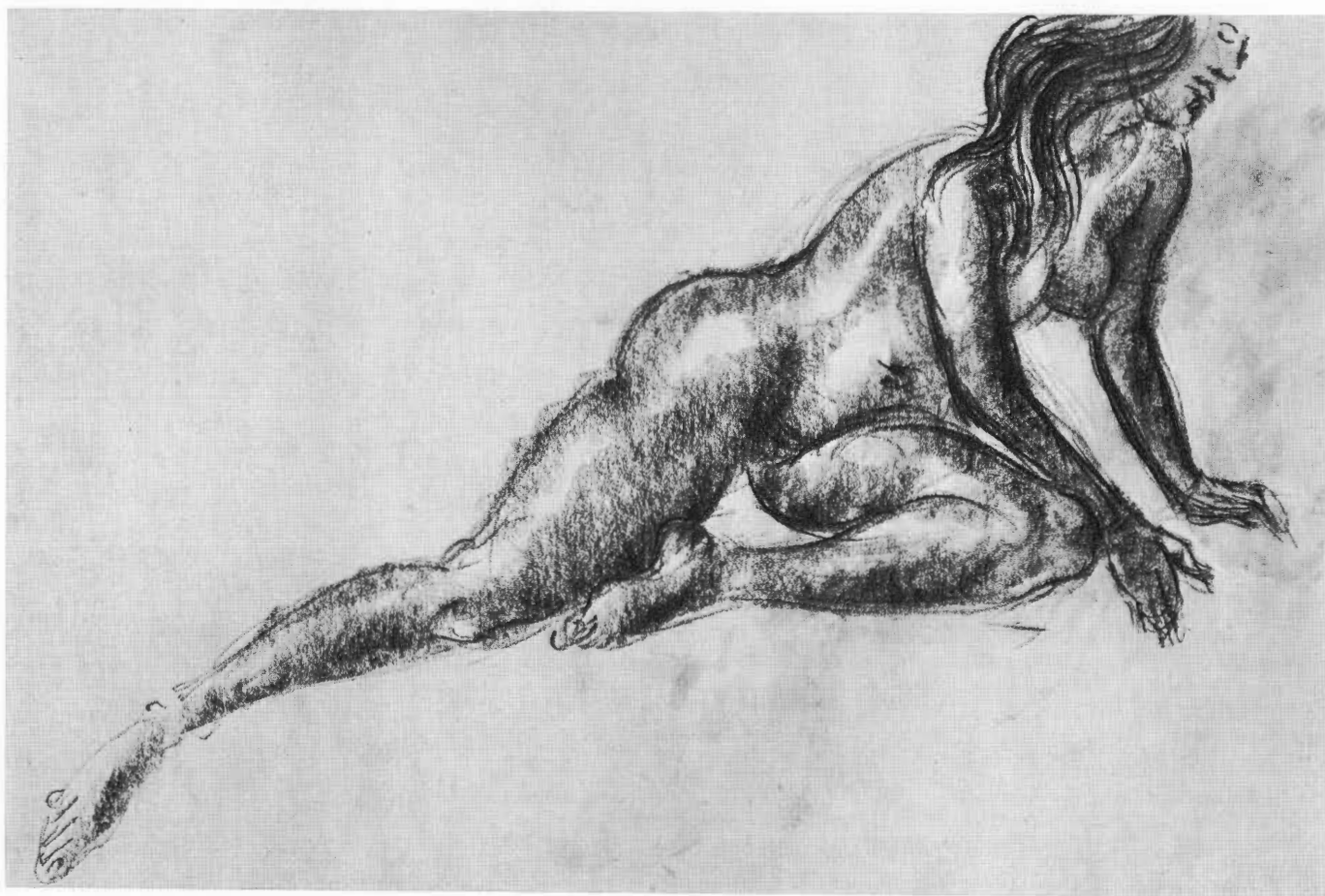


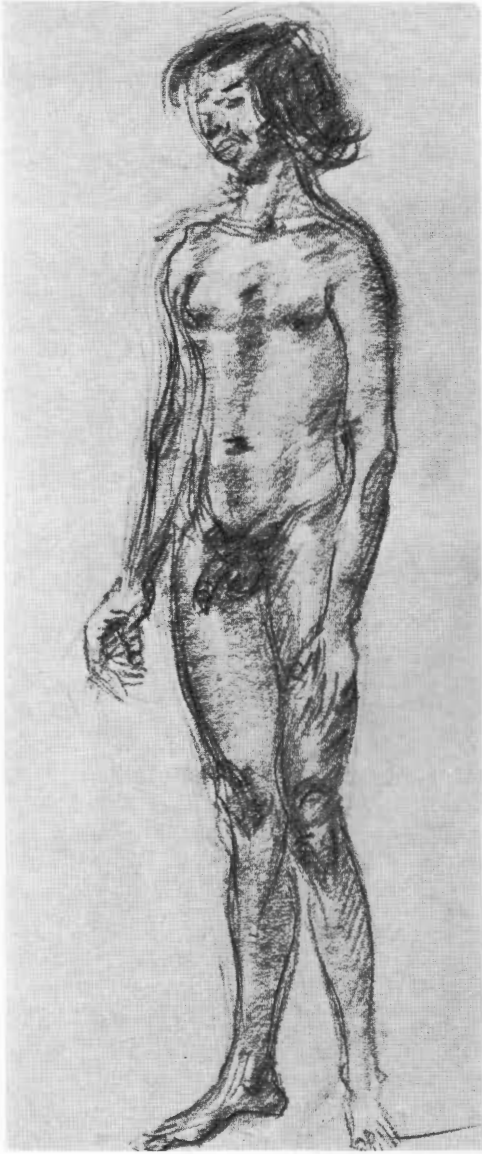












111



112





114

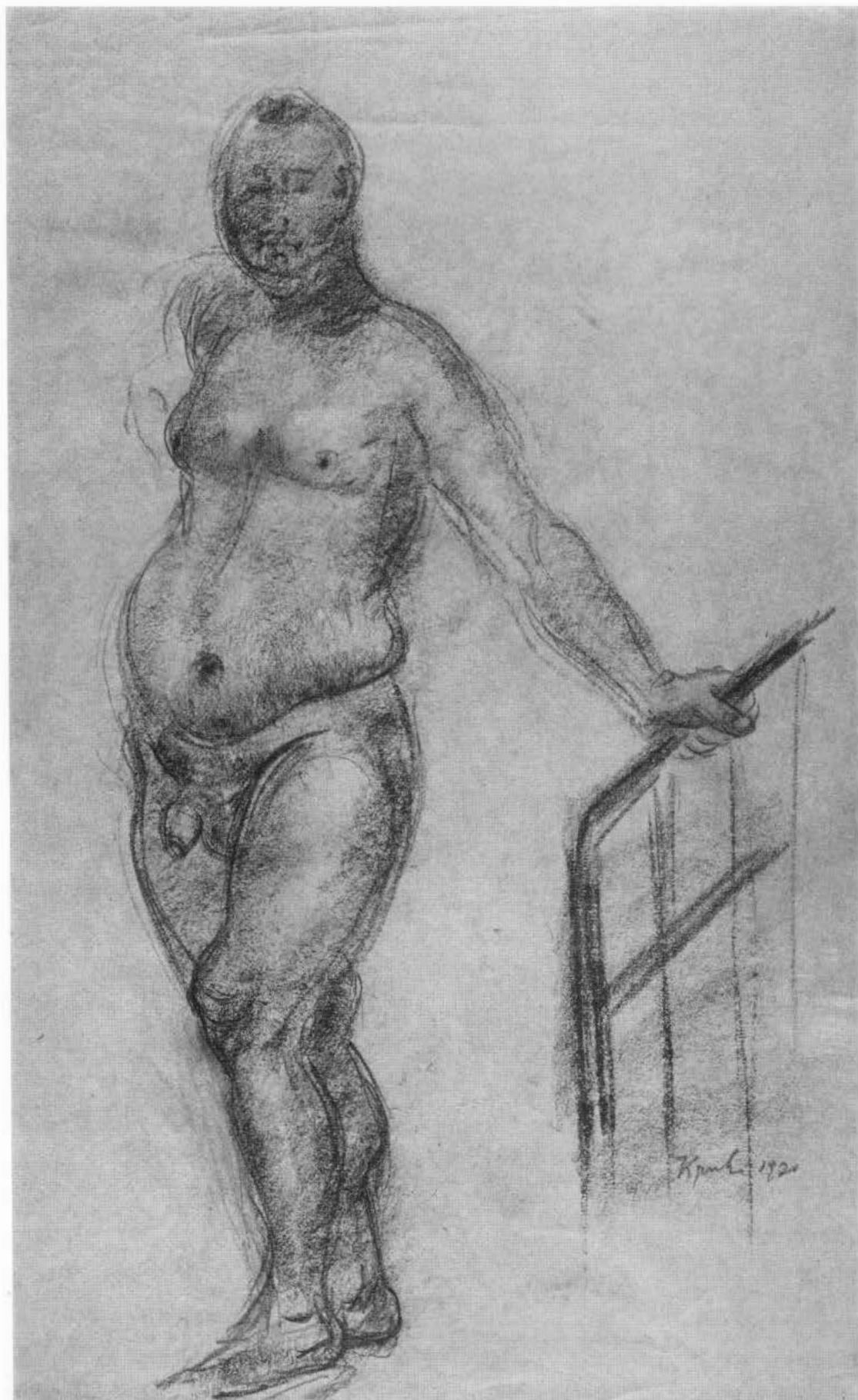
Wenn alle nach vorne drängen, dann bleib in der Mitte oder ganz hinten. Nur die Schafe laufen zusammen, der Löwe und der Künstler suchen selbständig ihren Weg.

When all are pushing to the front, then stay in the middle or way in the back. Only the sheep run together, the lion and the artist are finding their path by themselves.

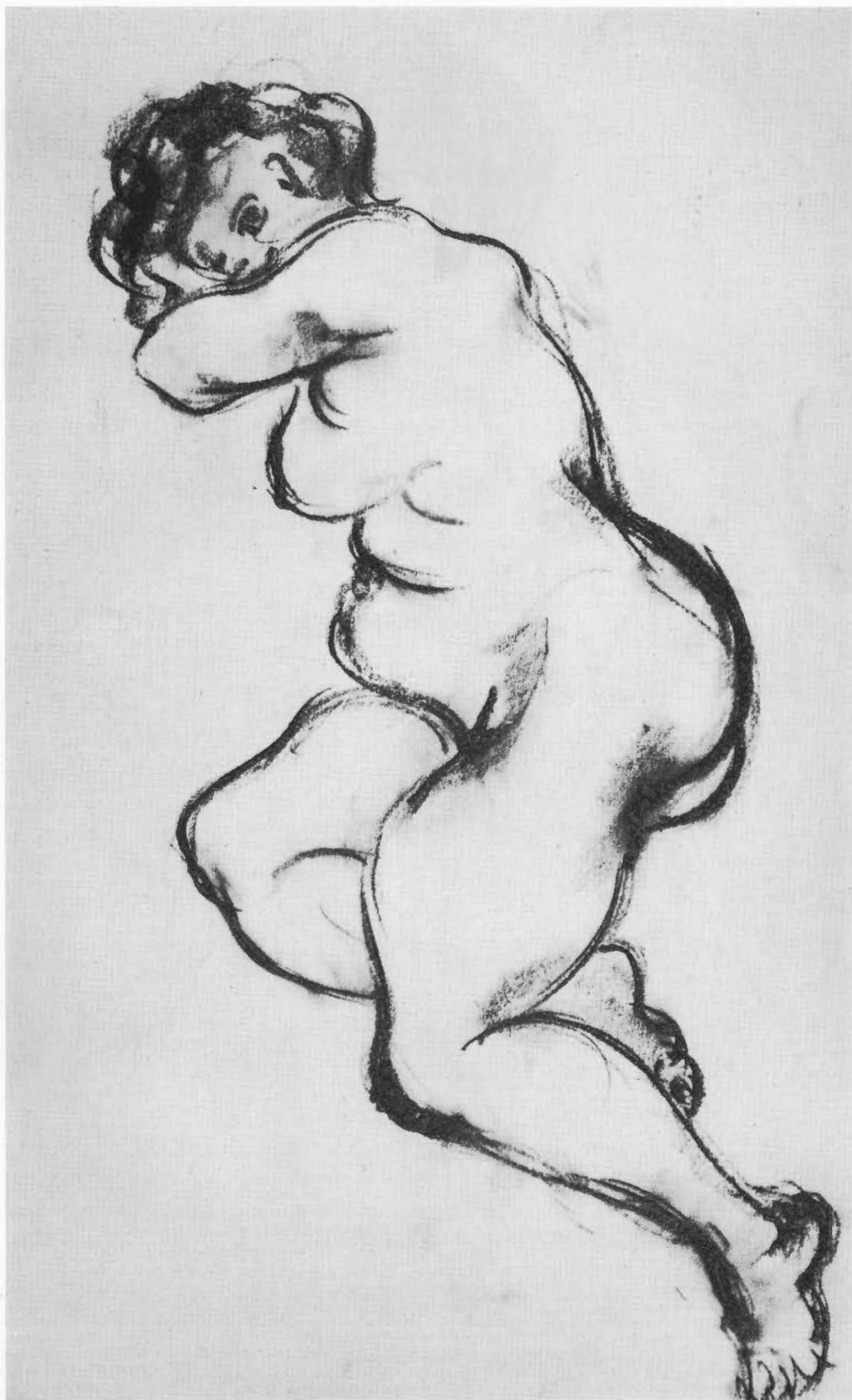


1966

G. Kneib







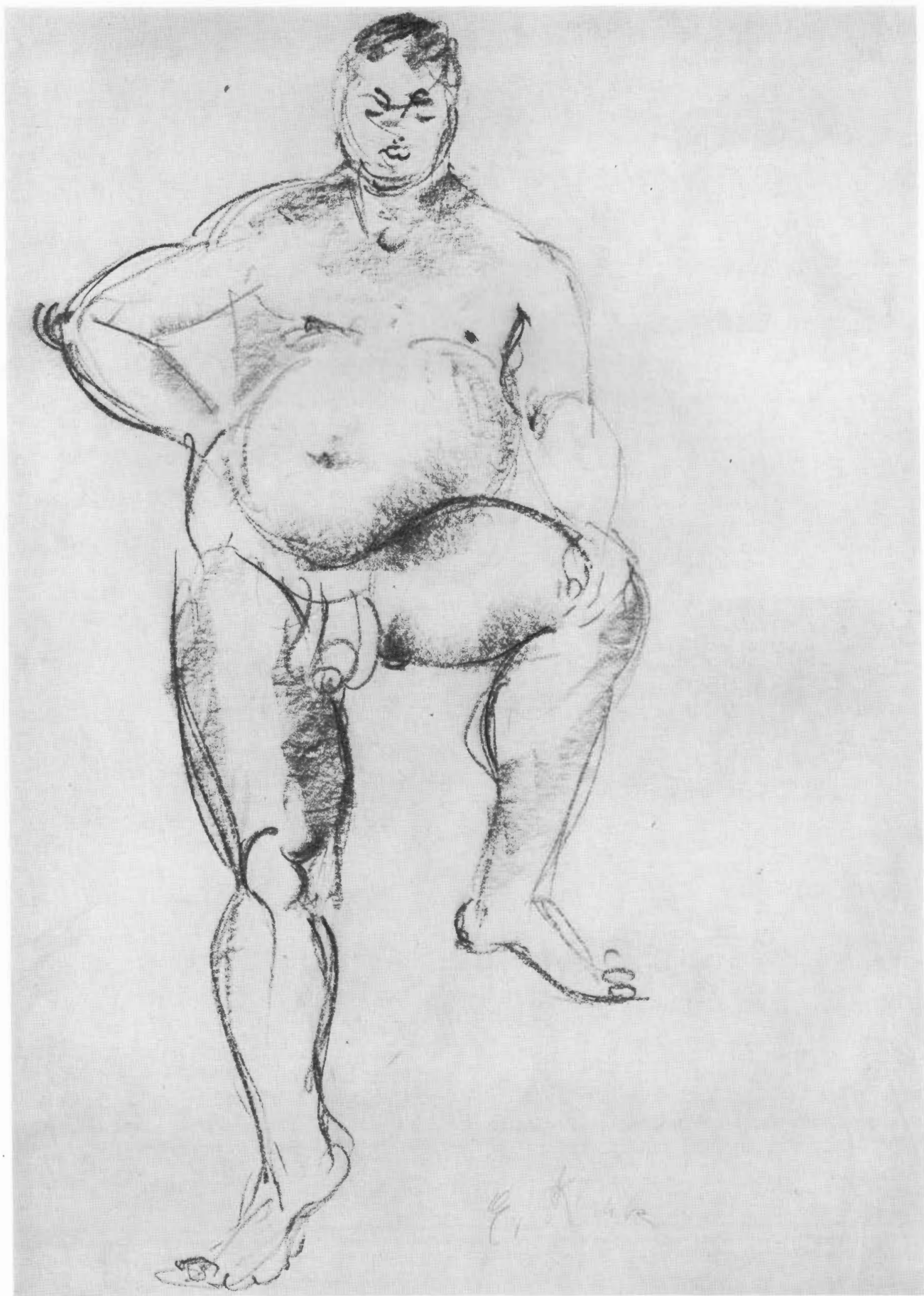


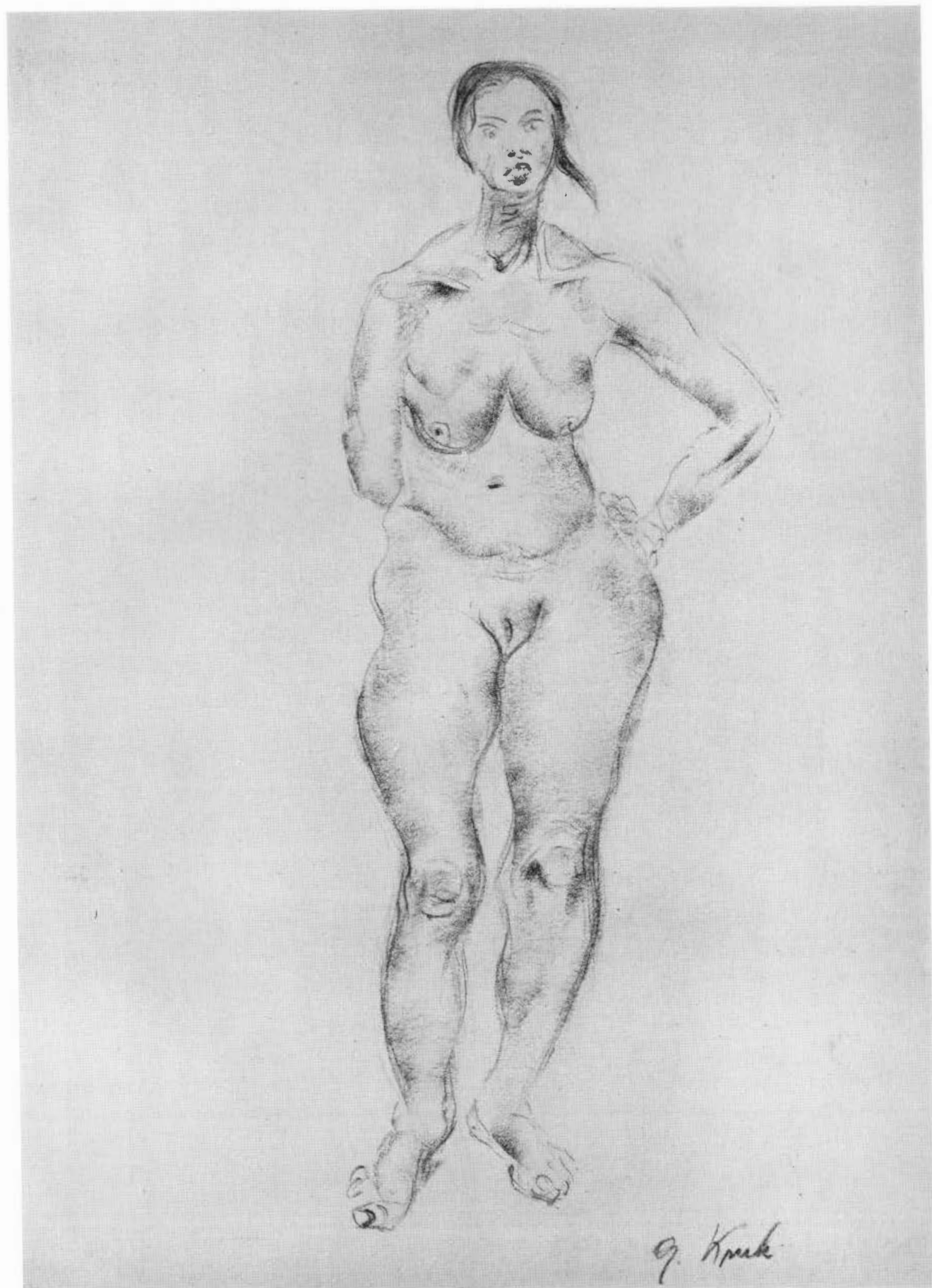


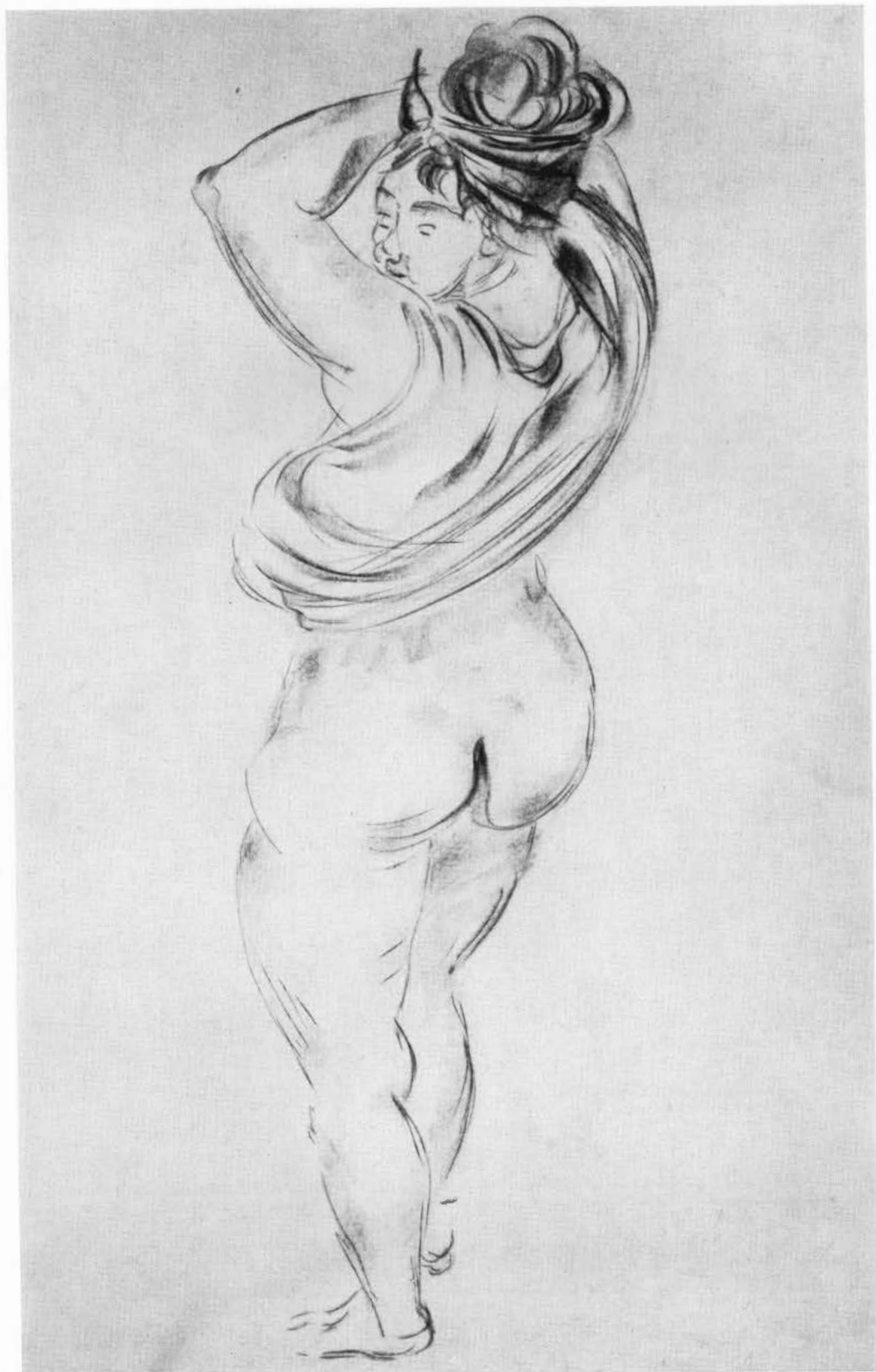
120



121

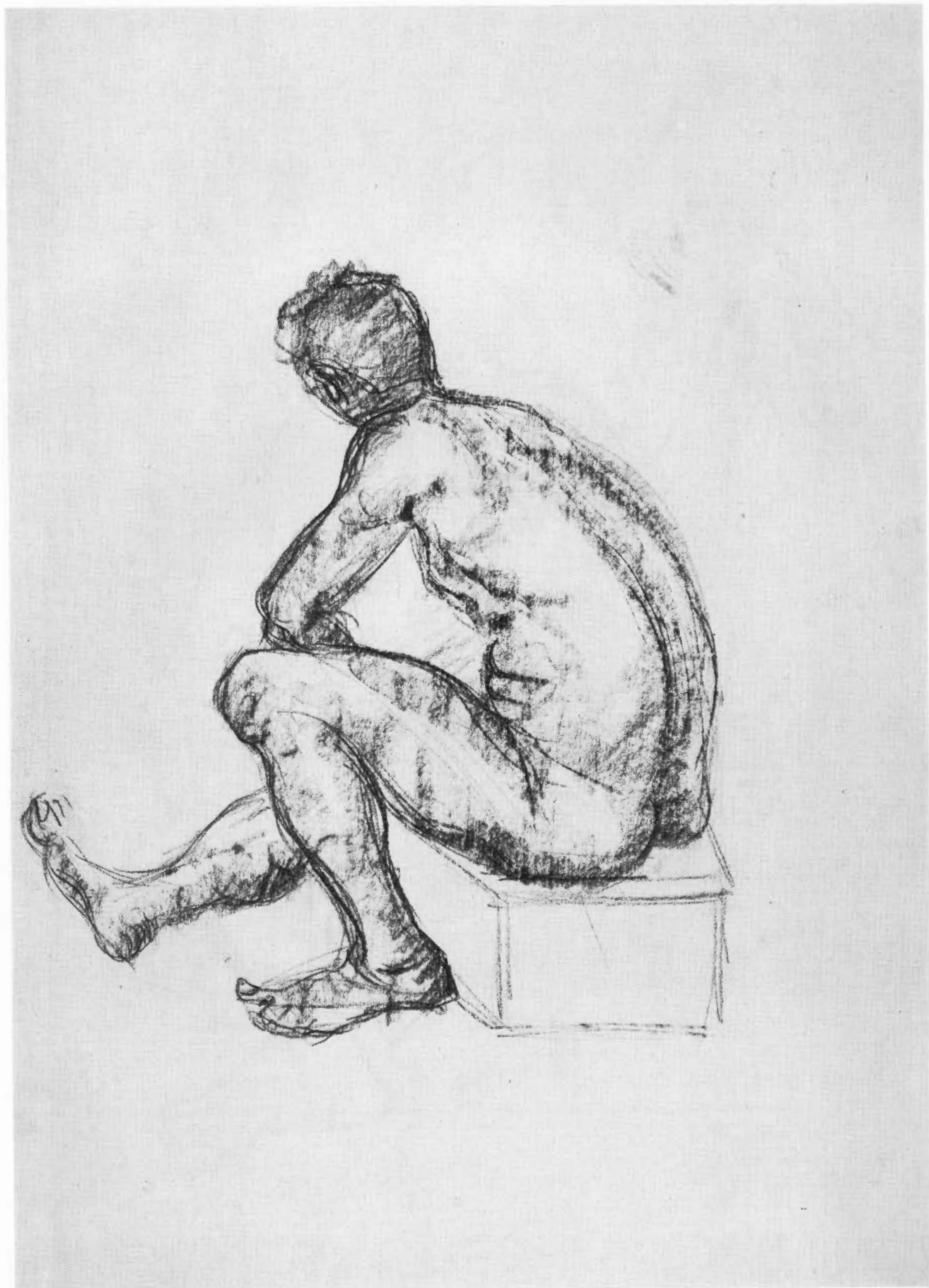






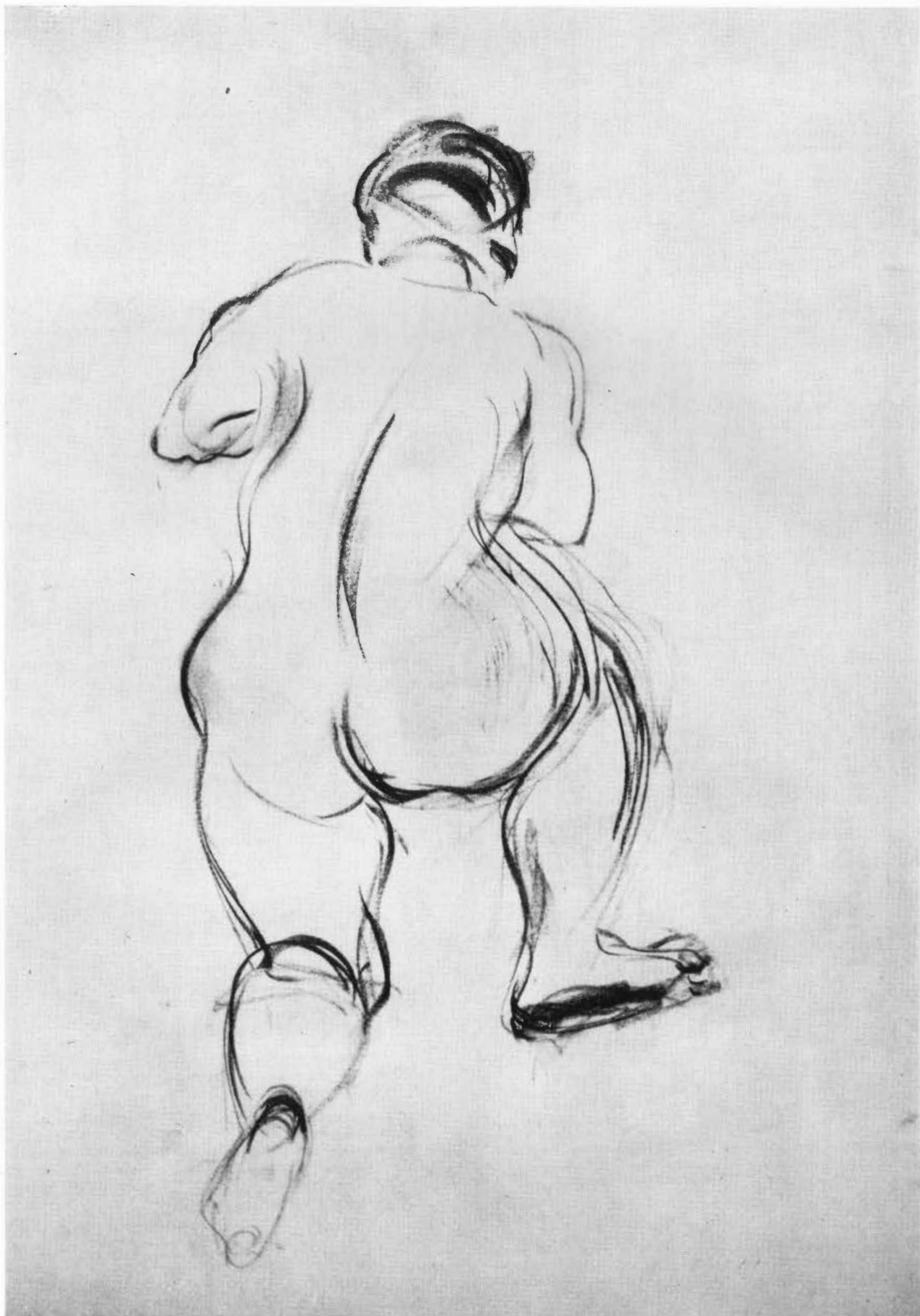








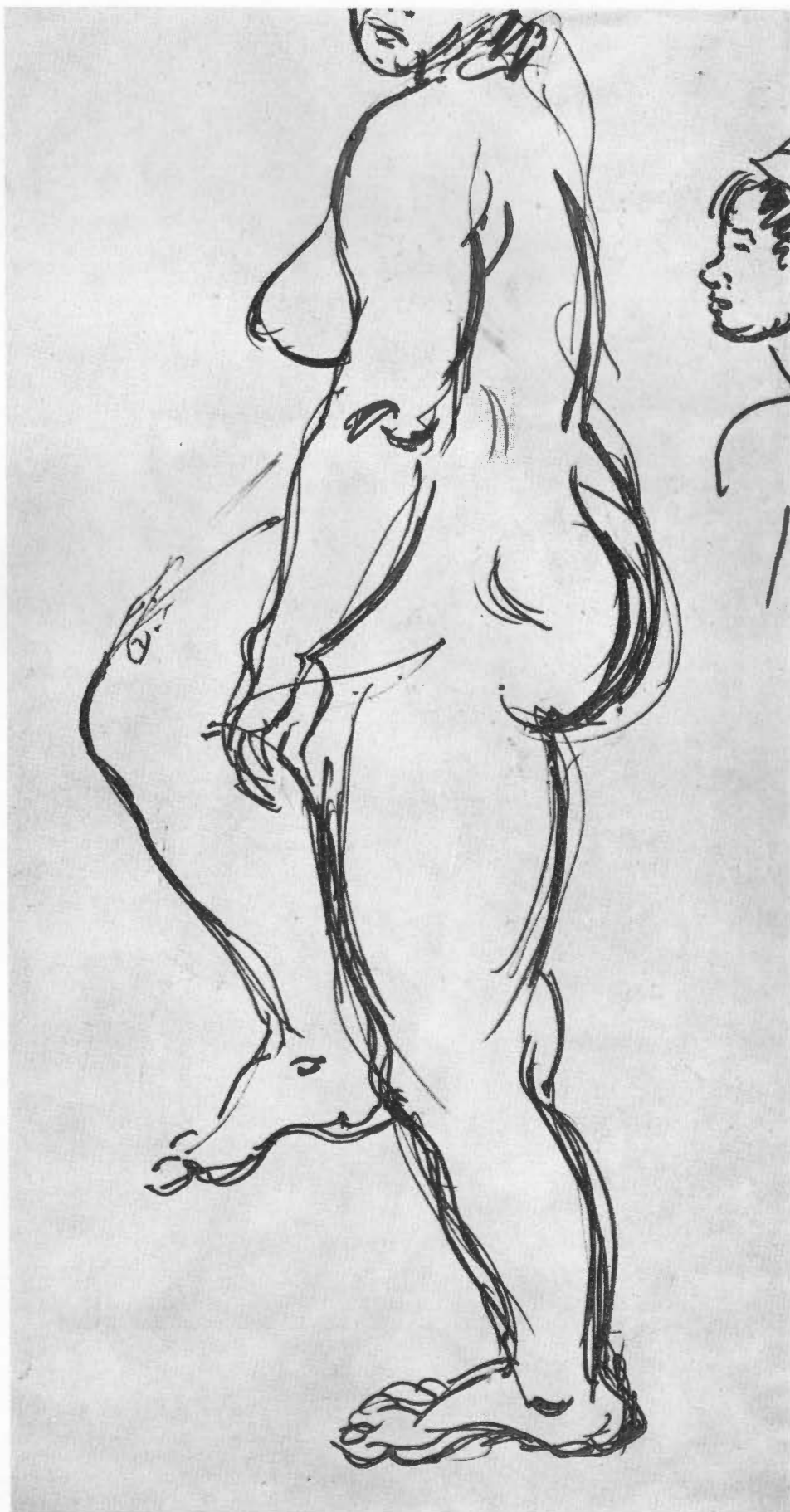


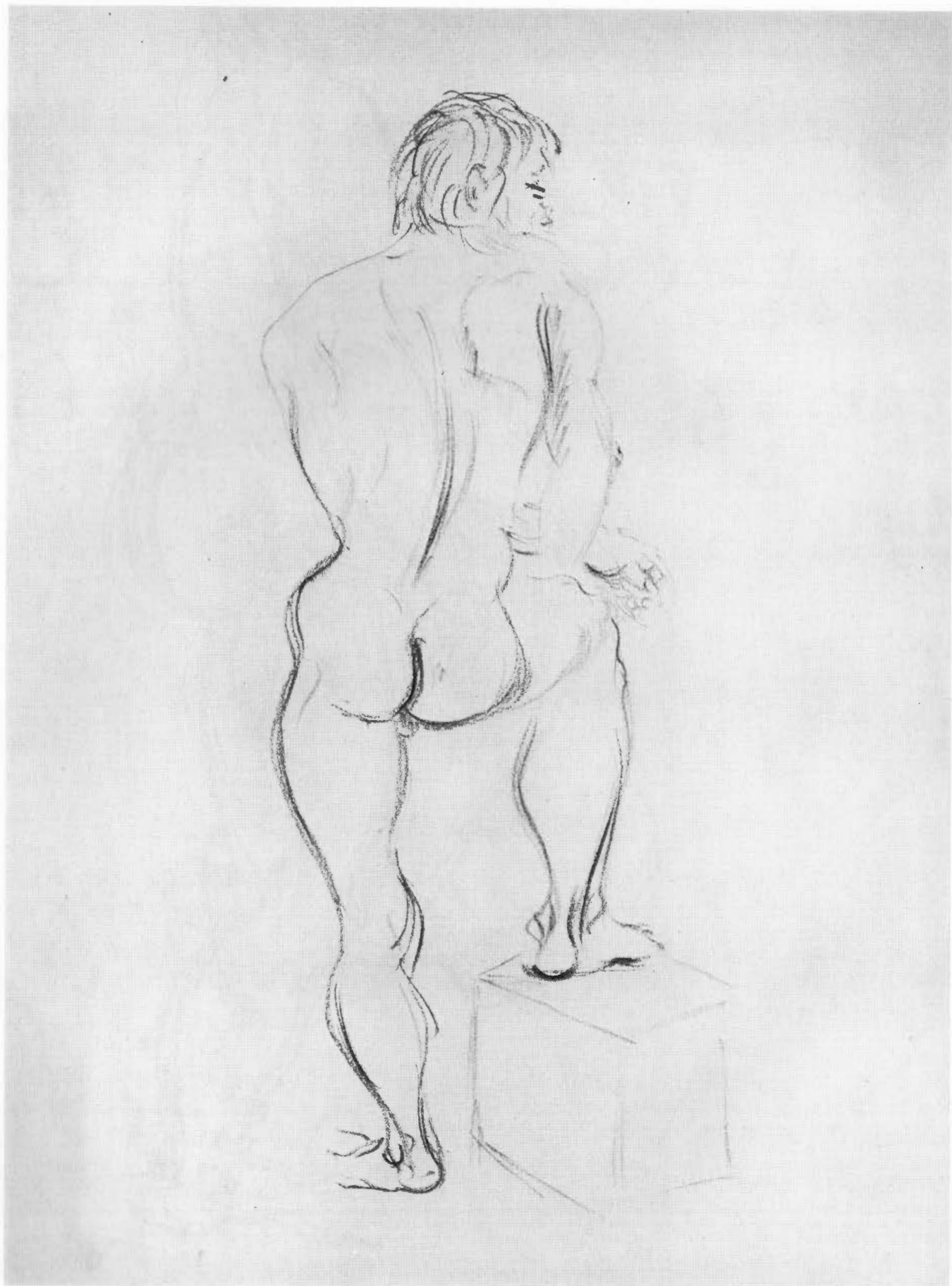




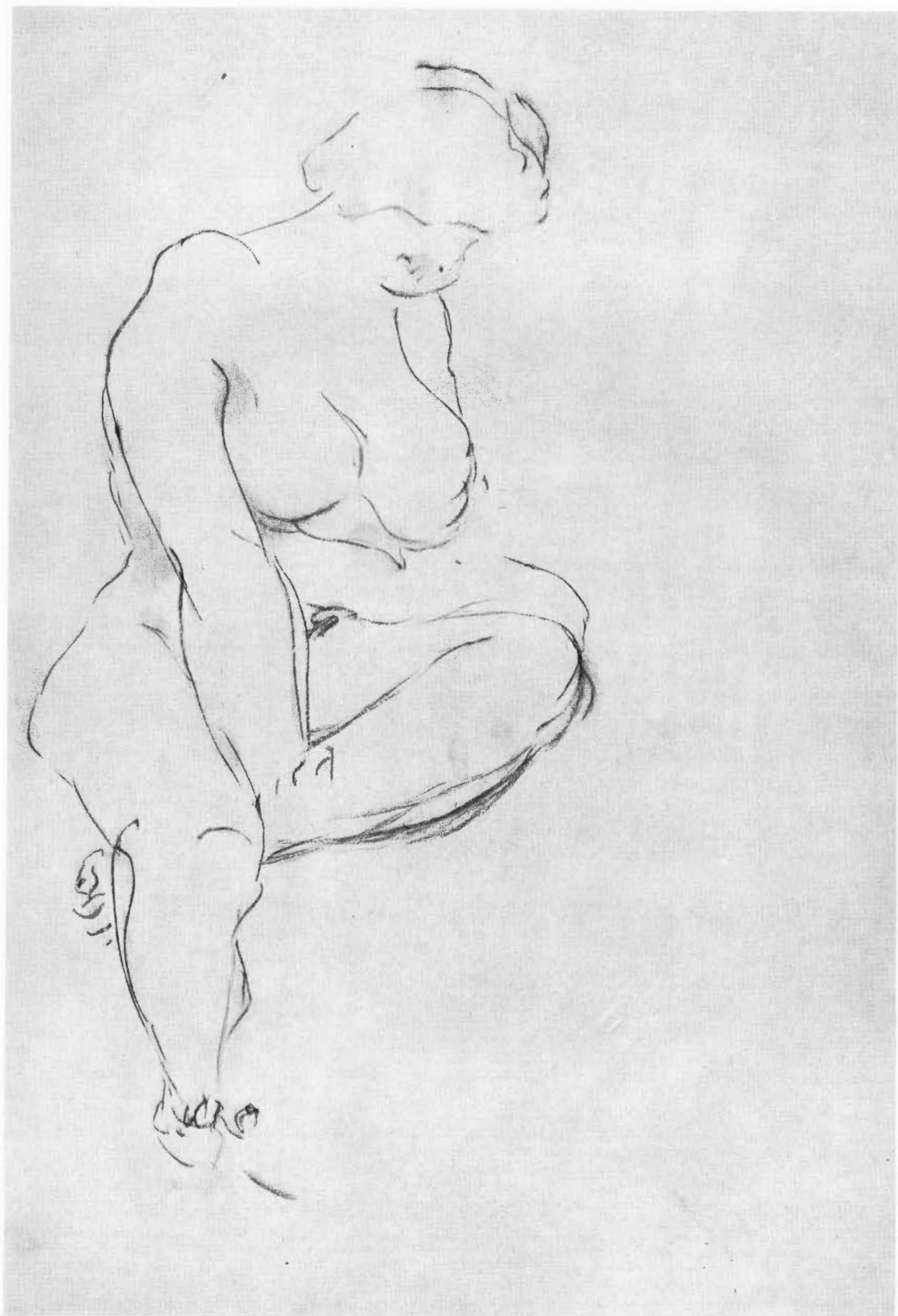


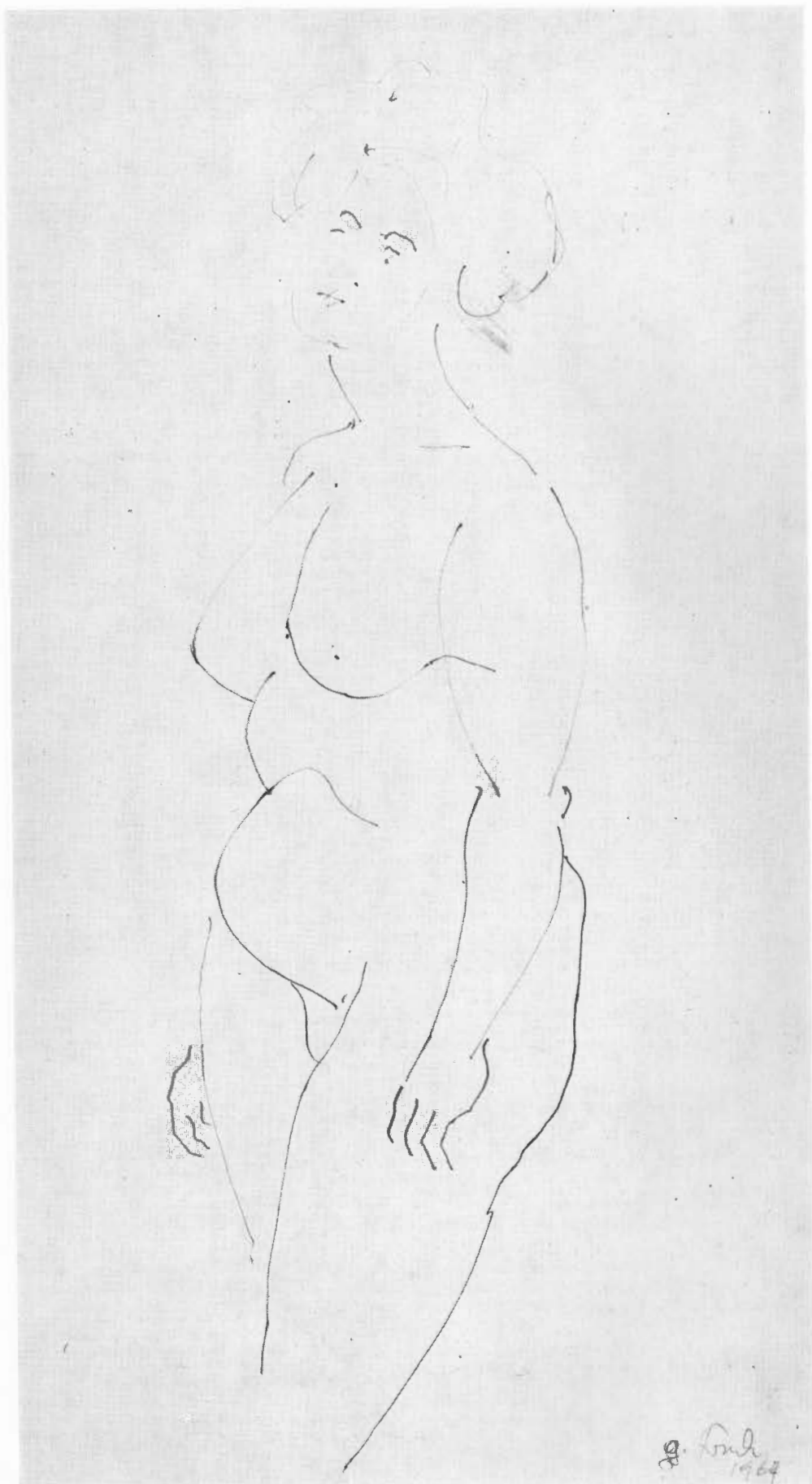
g. Kink 1968

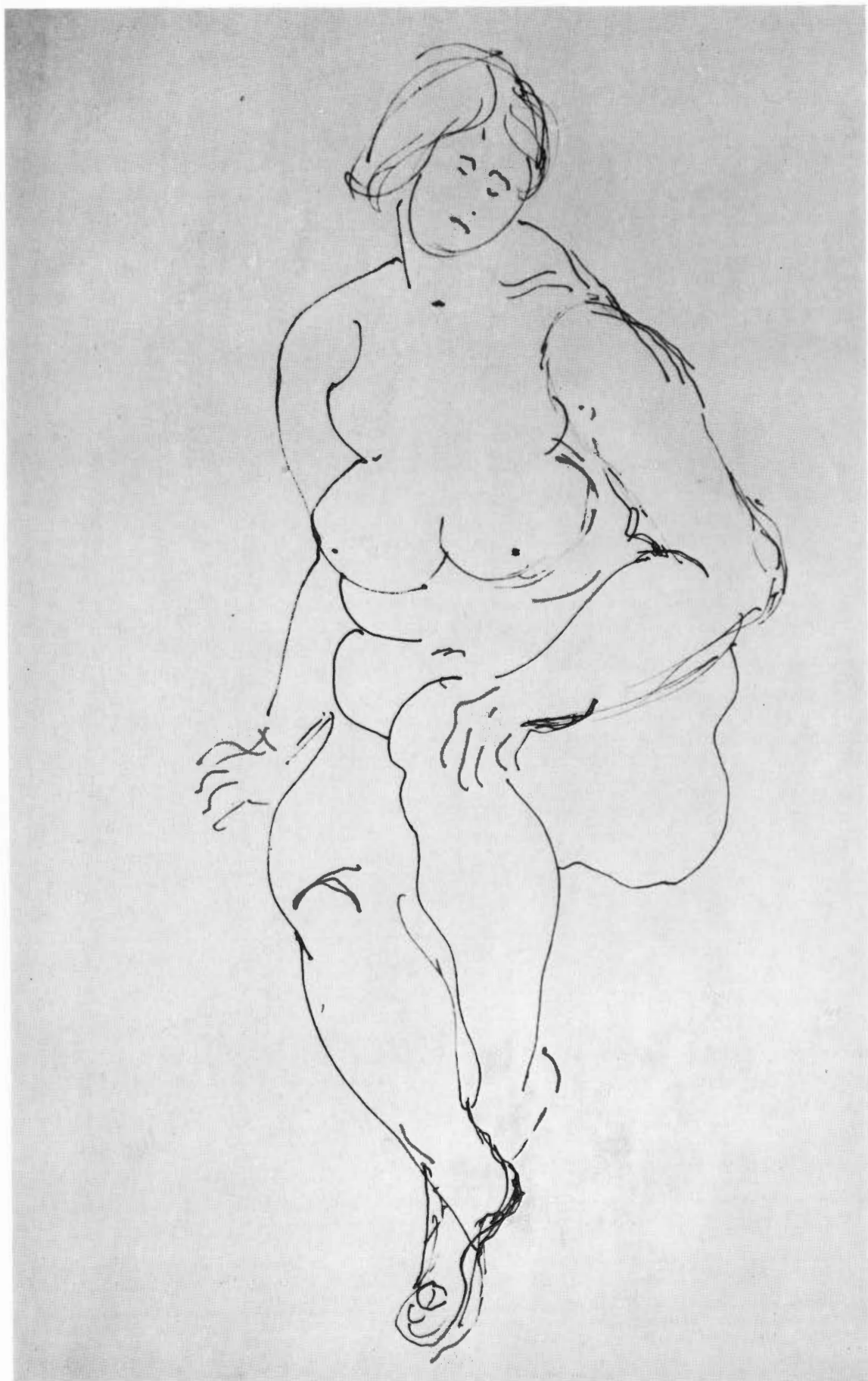


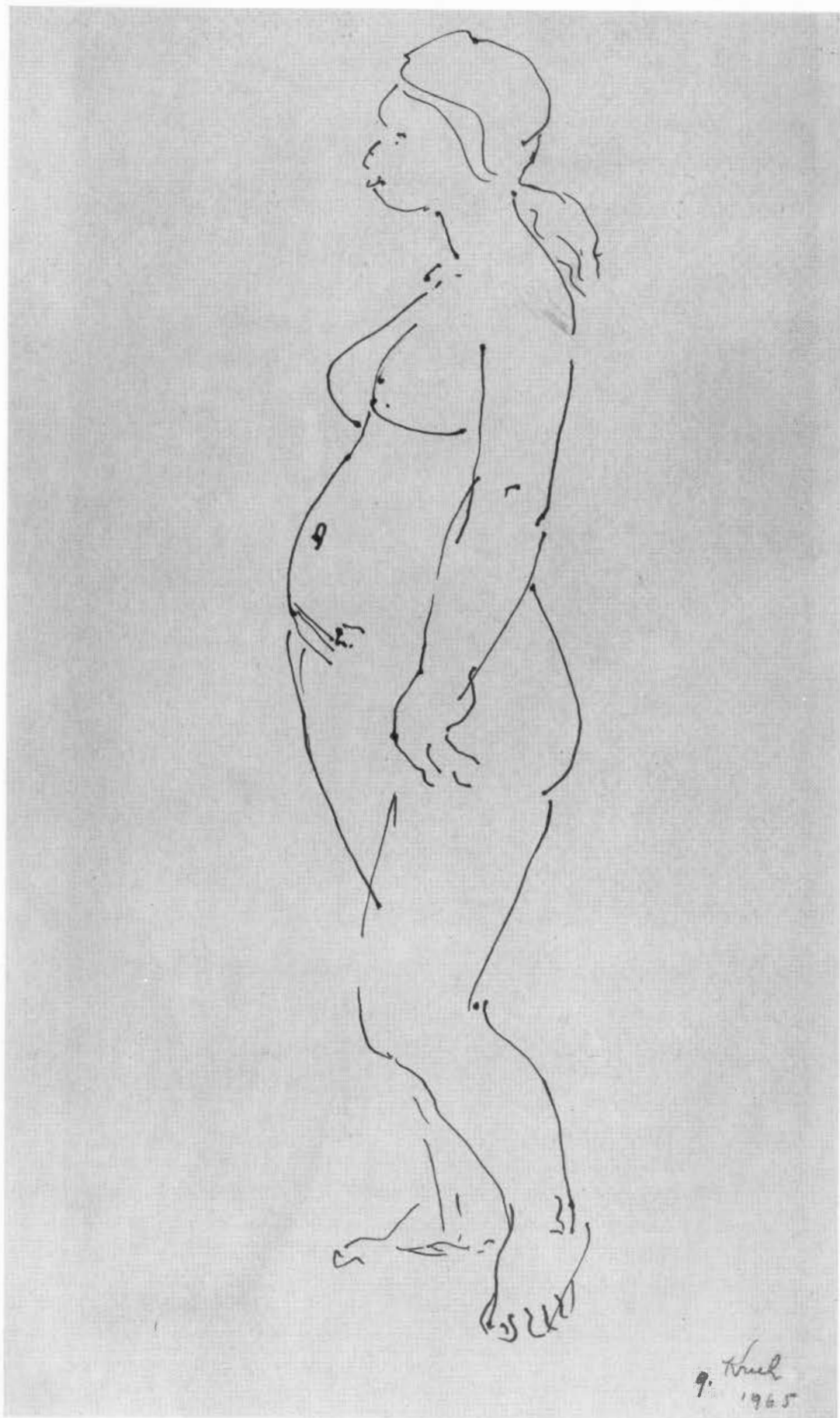




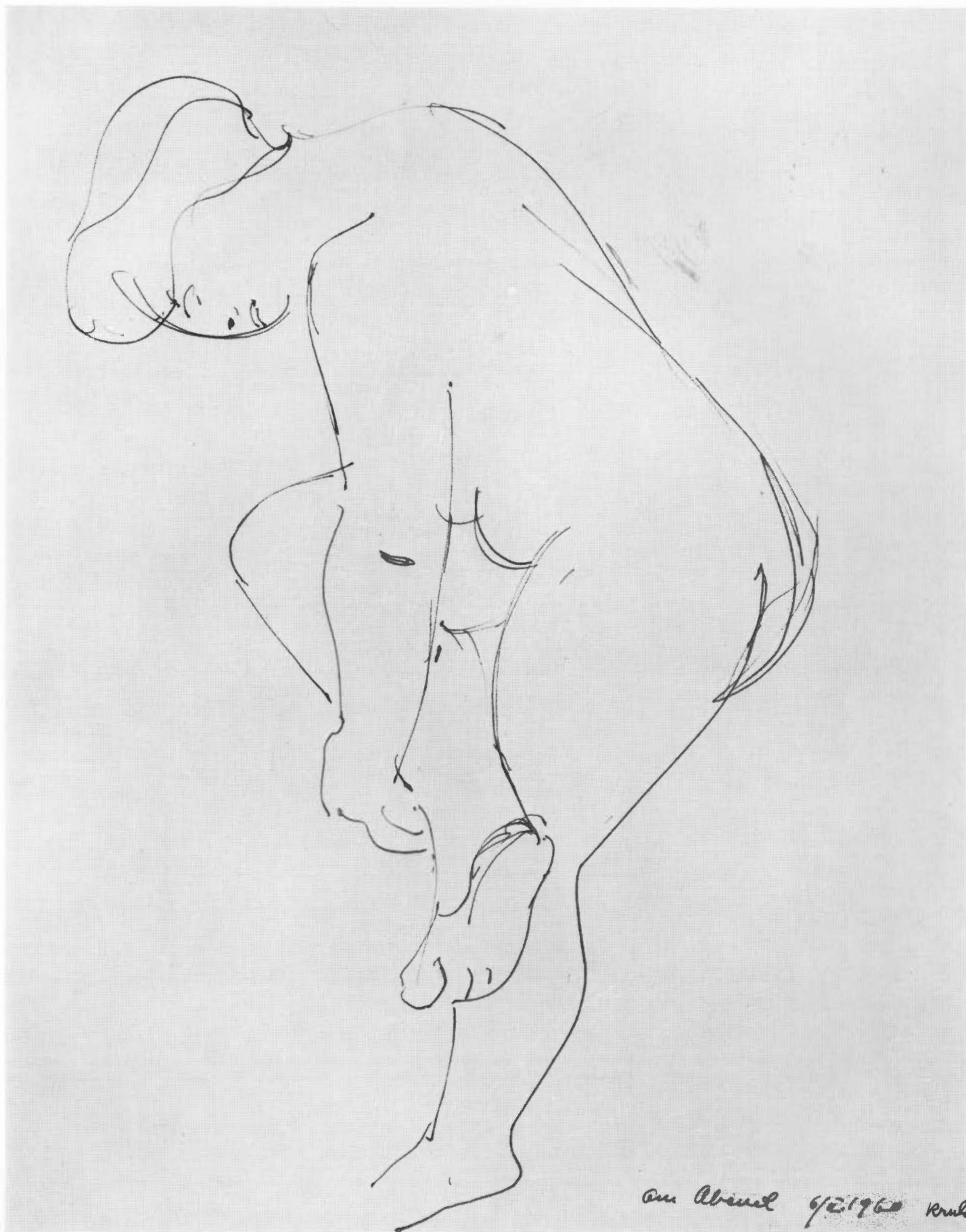




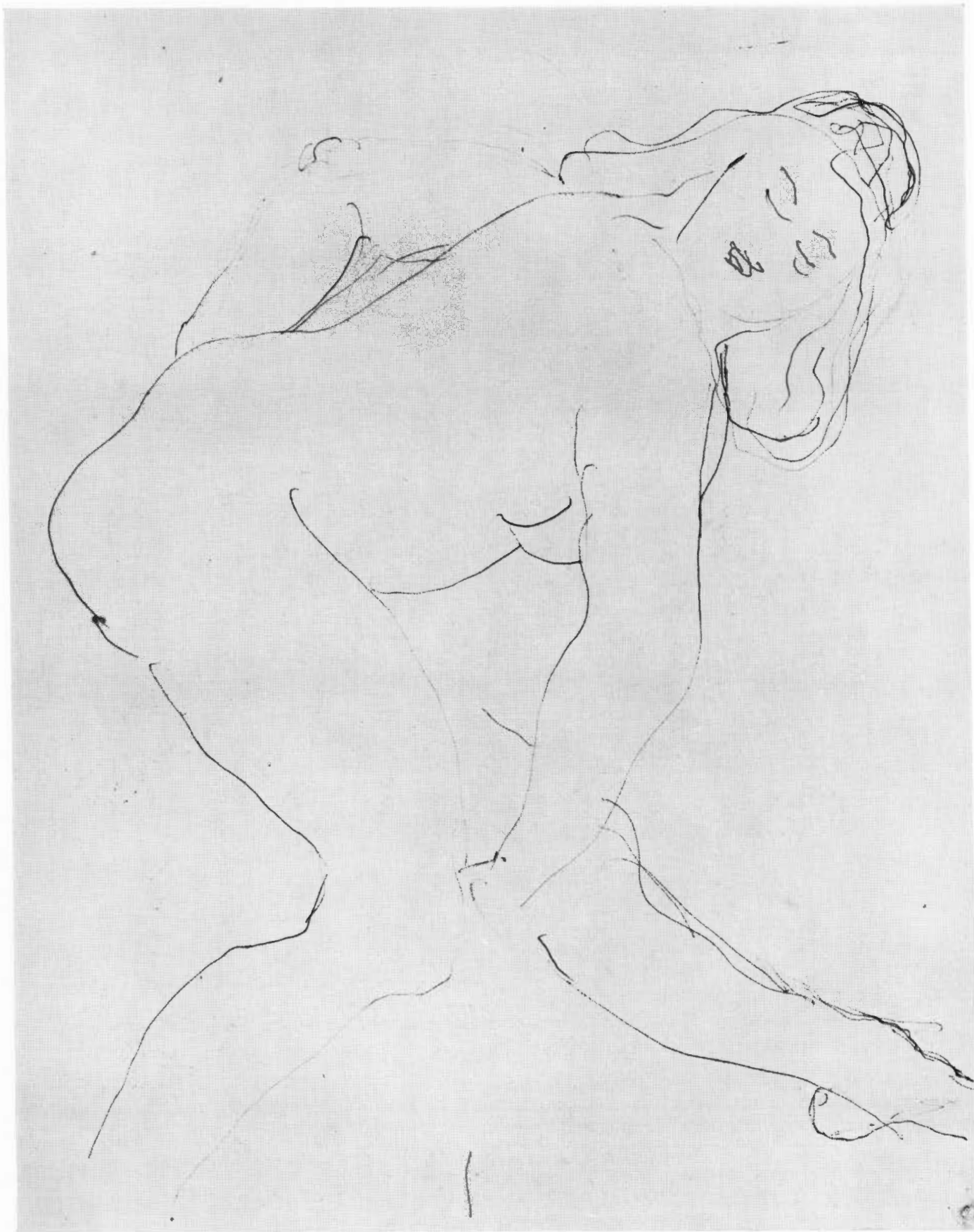


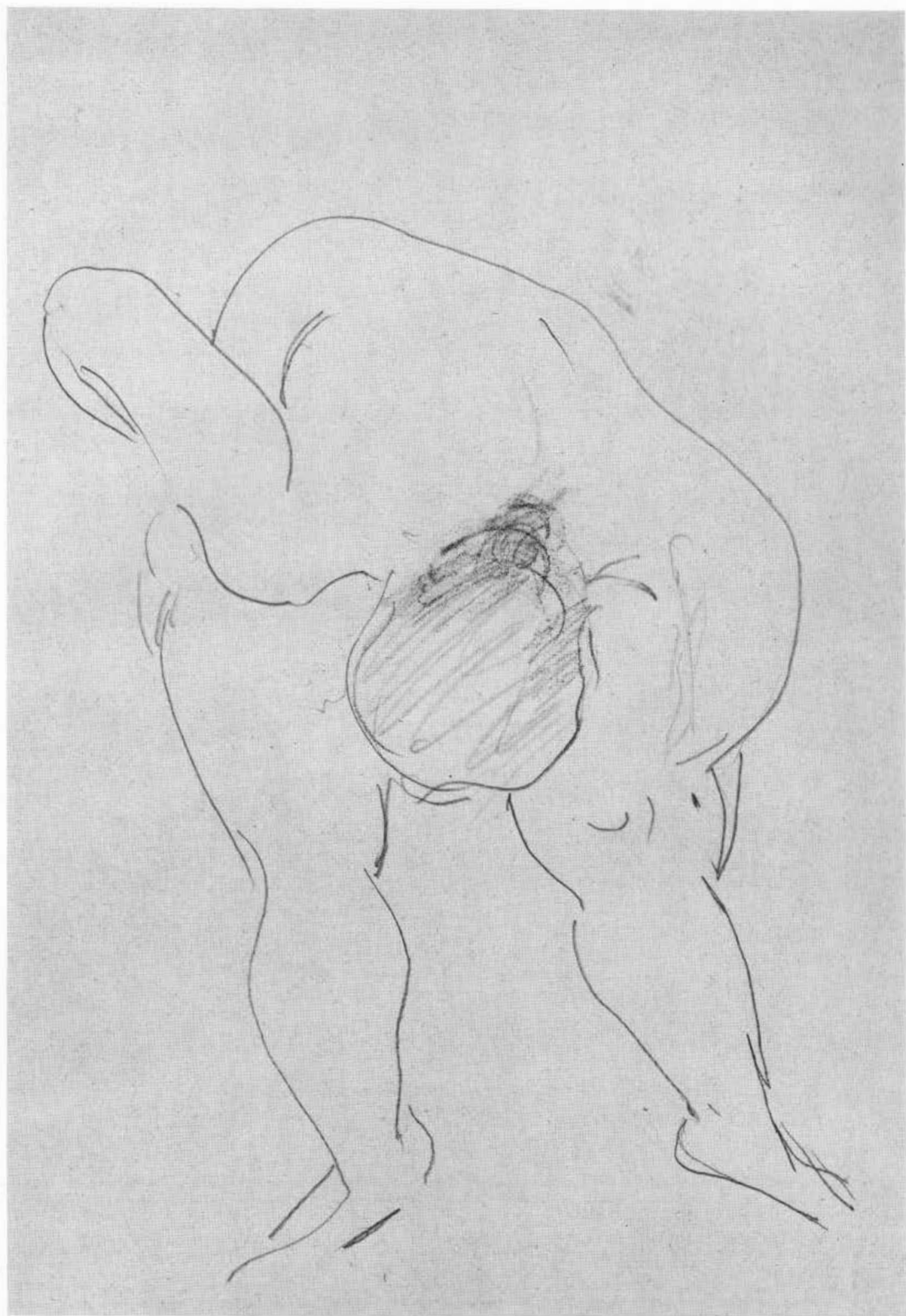




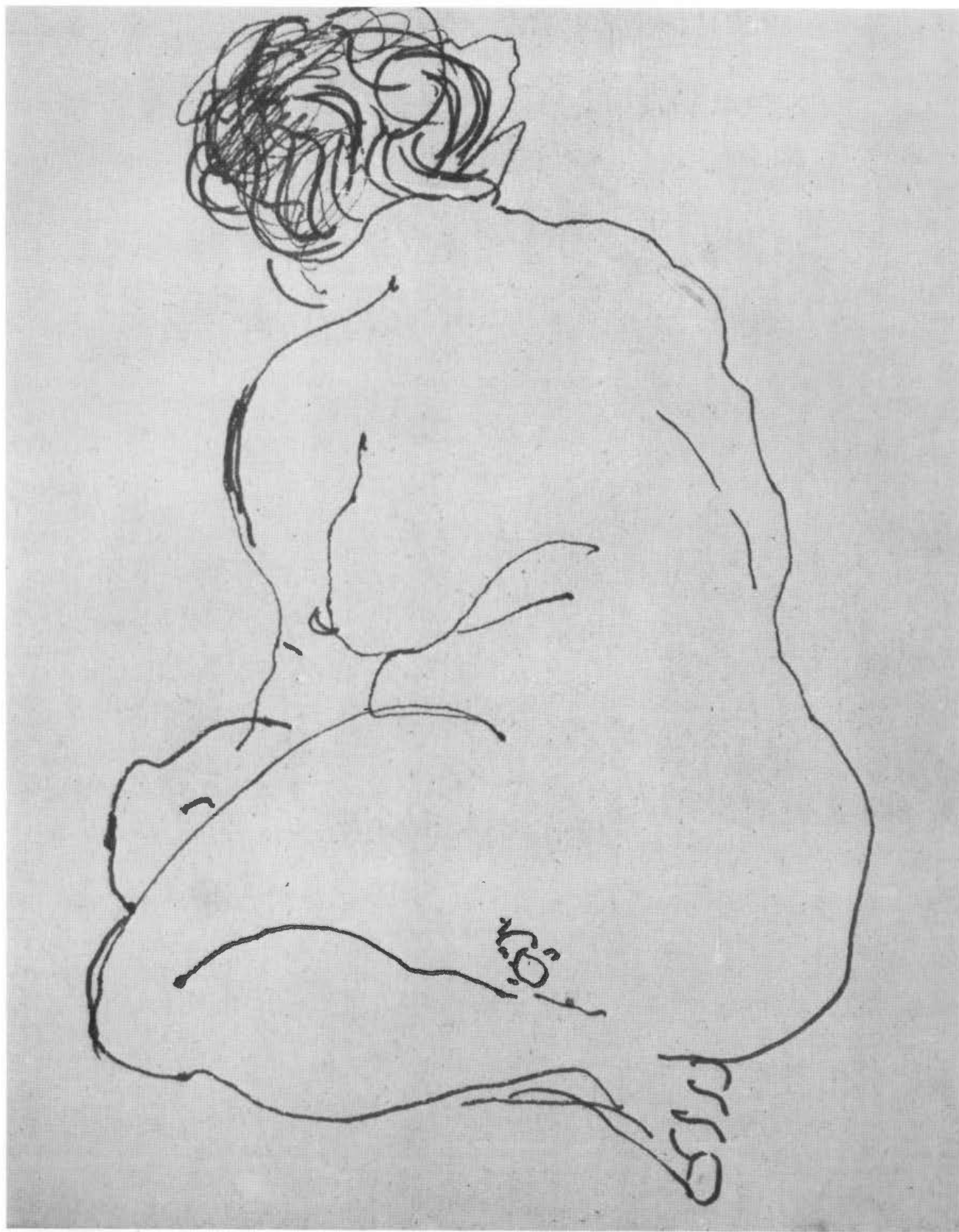


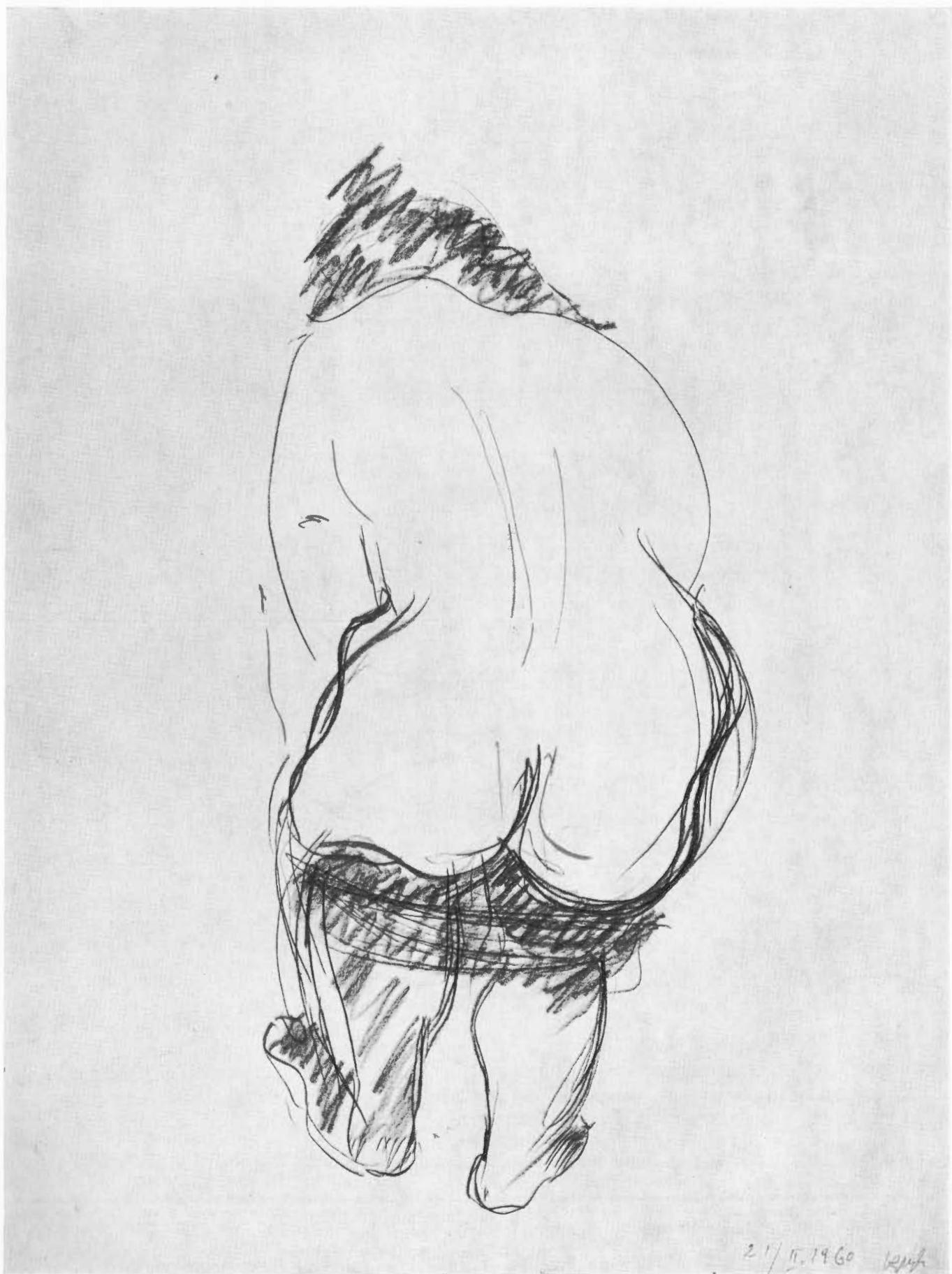
Am Abend 9/2.1960 Kruh



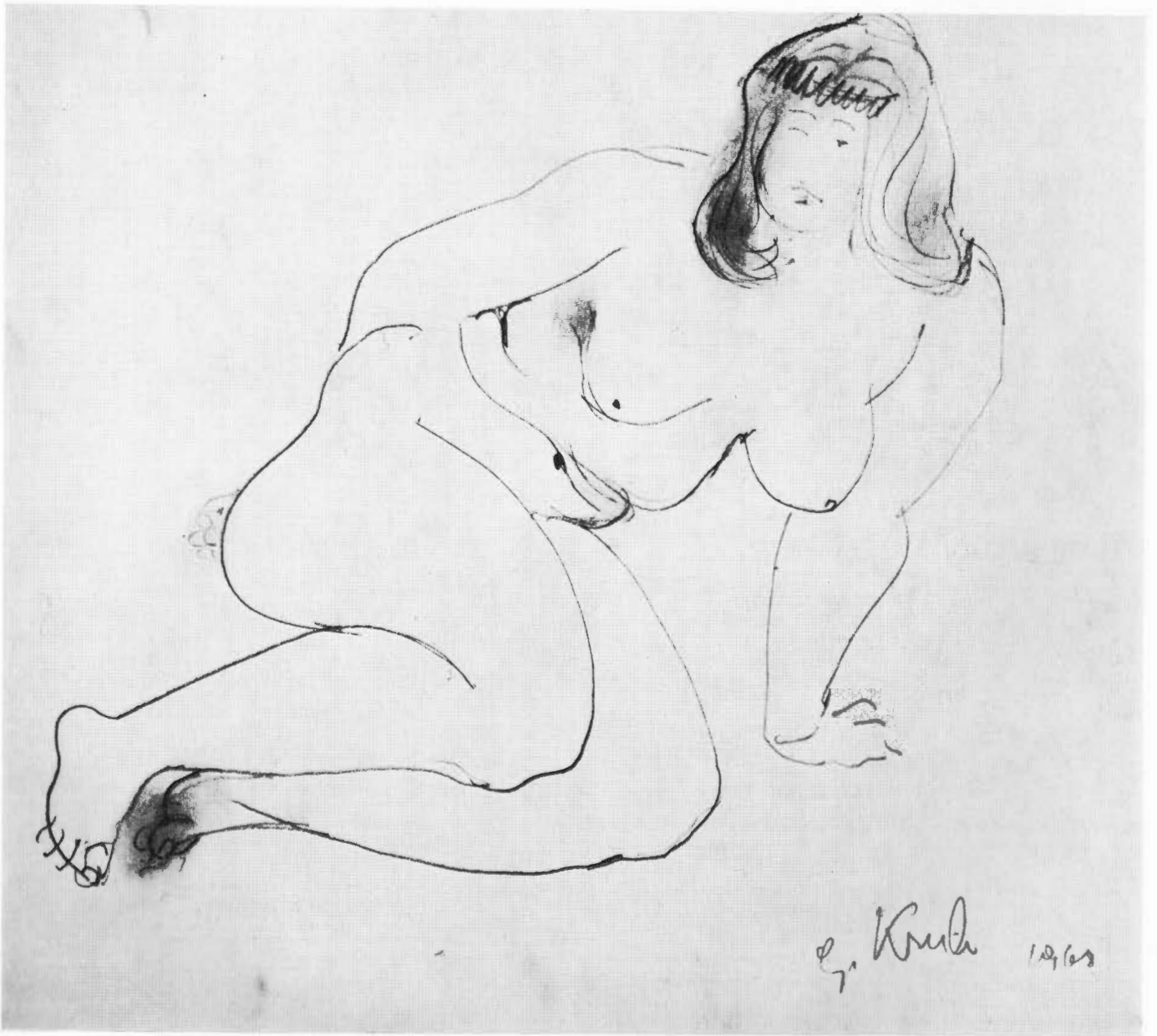








21/11.1960 *W. J. P.*



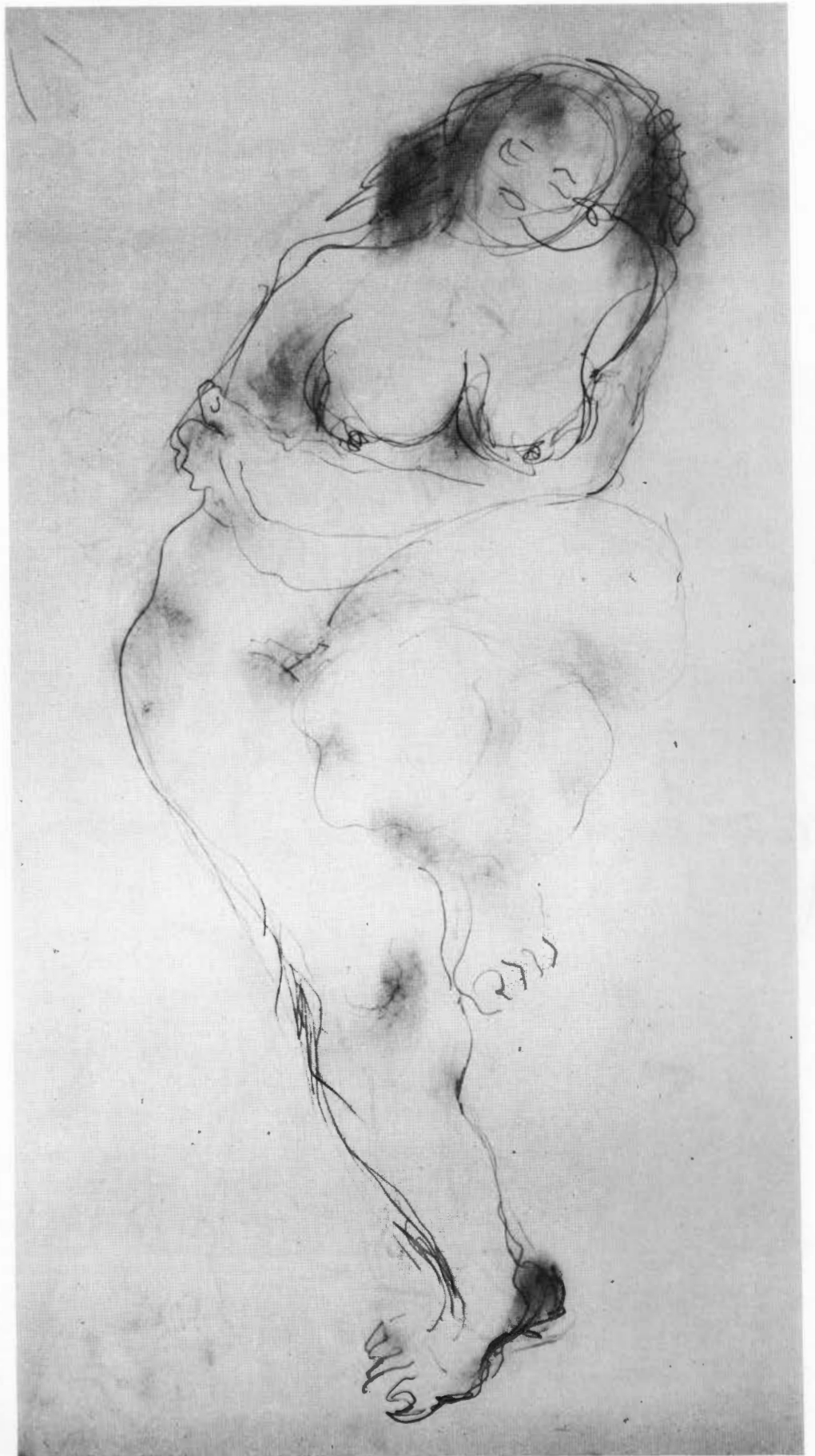


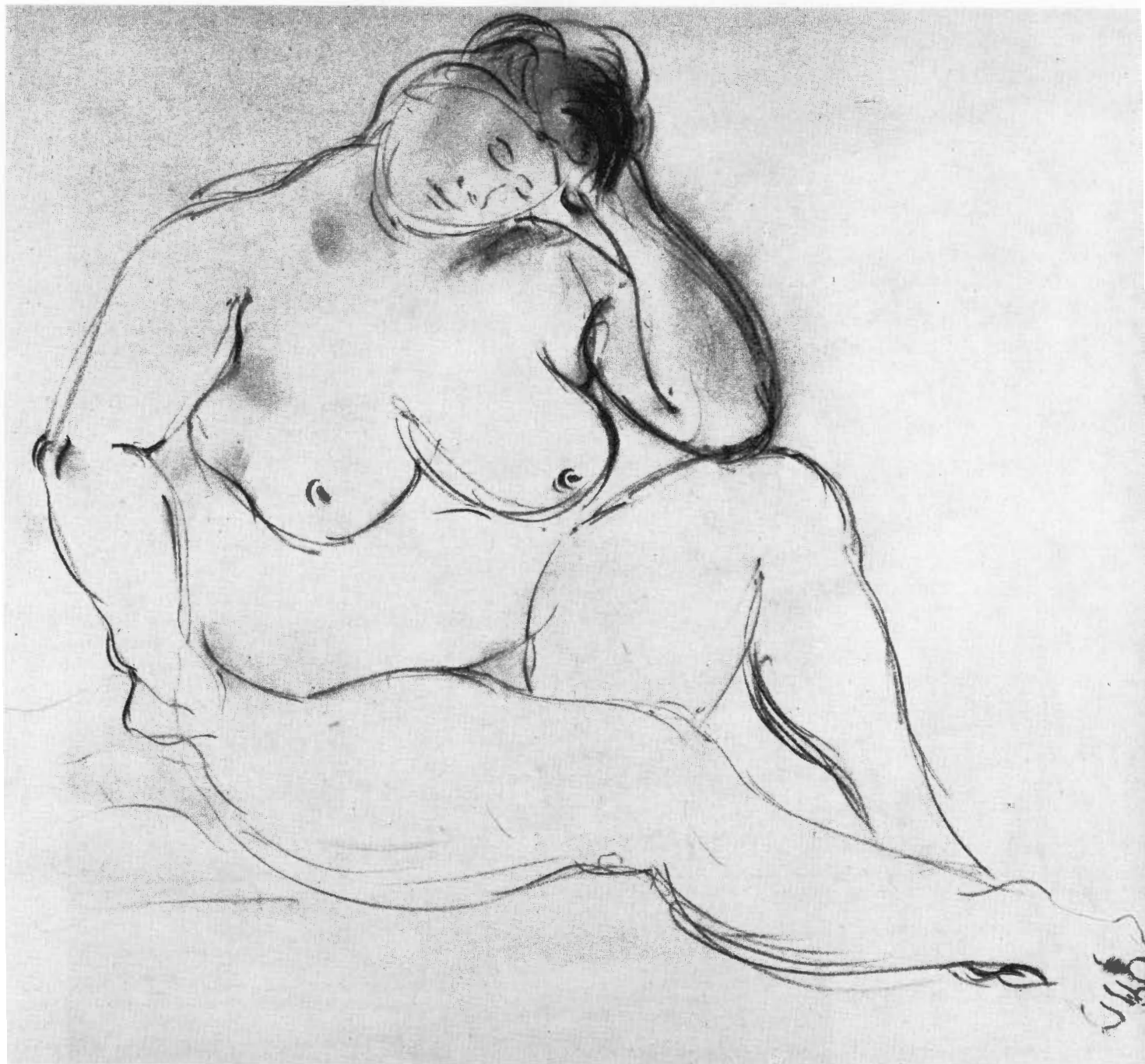








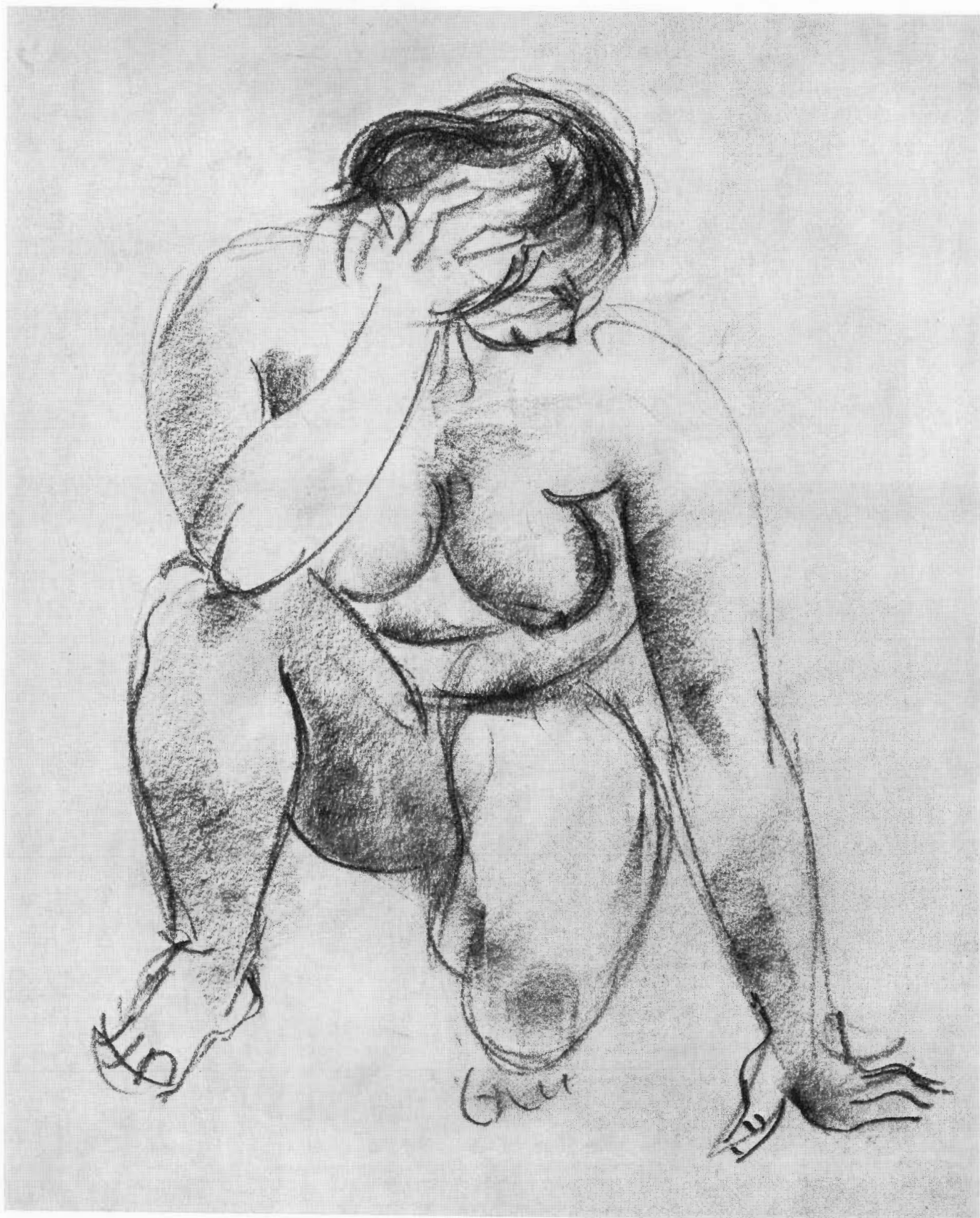










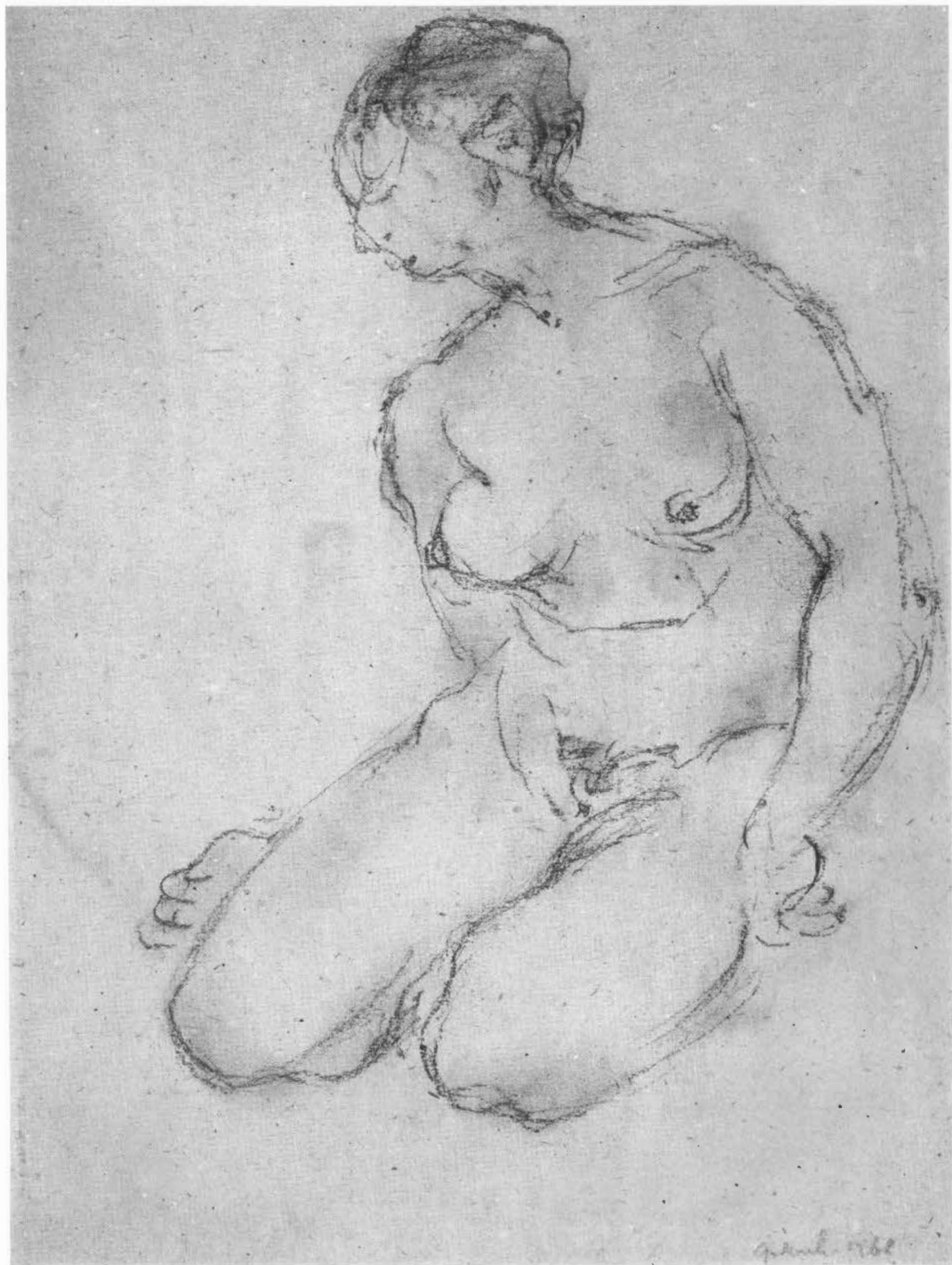


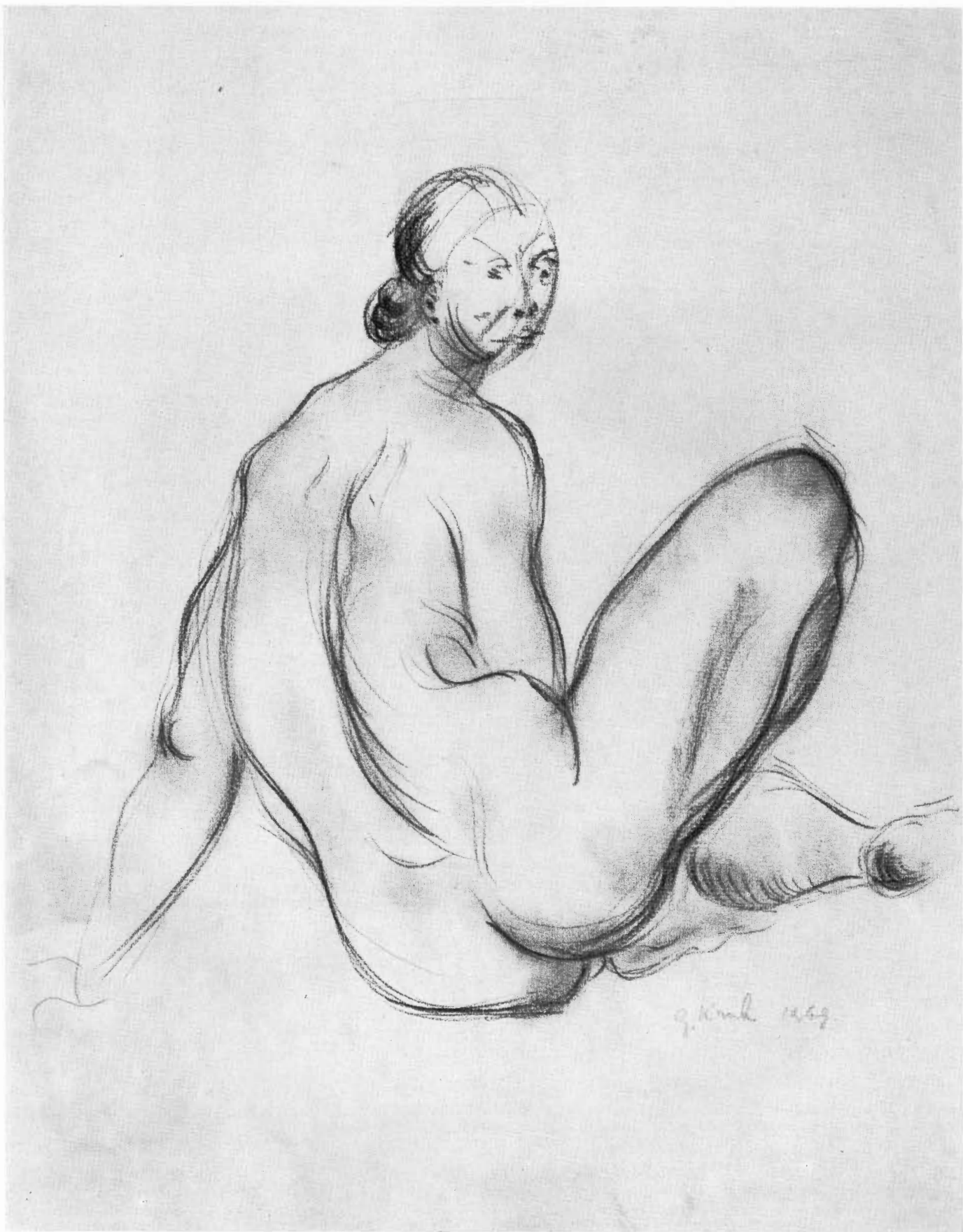


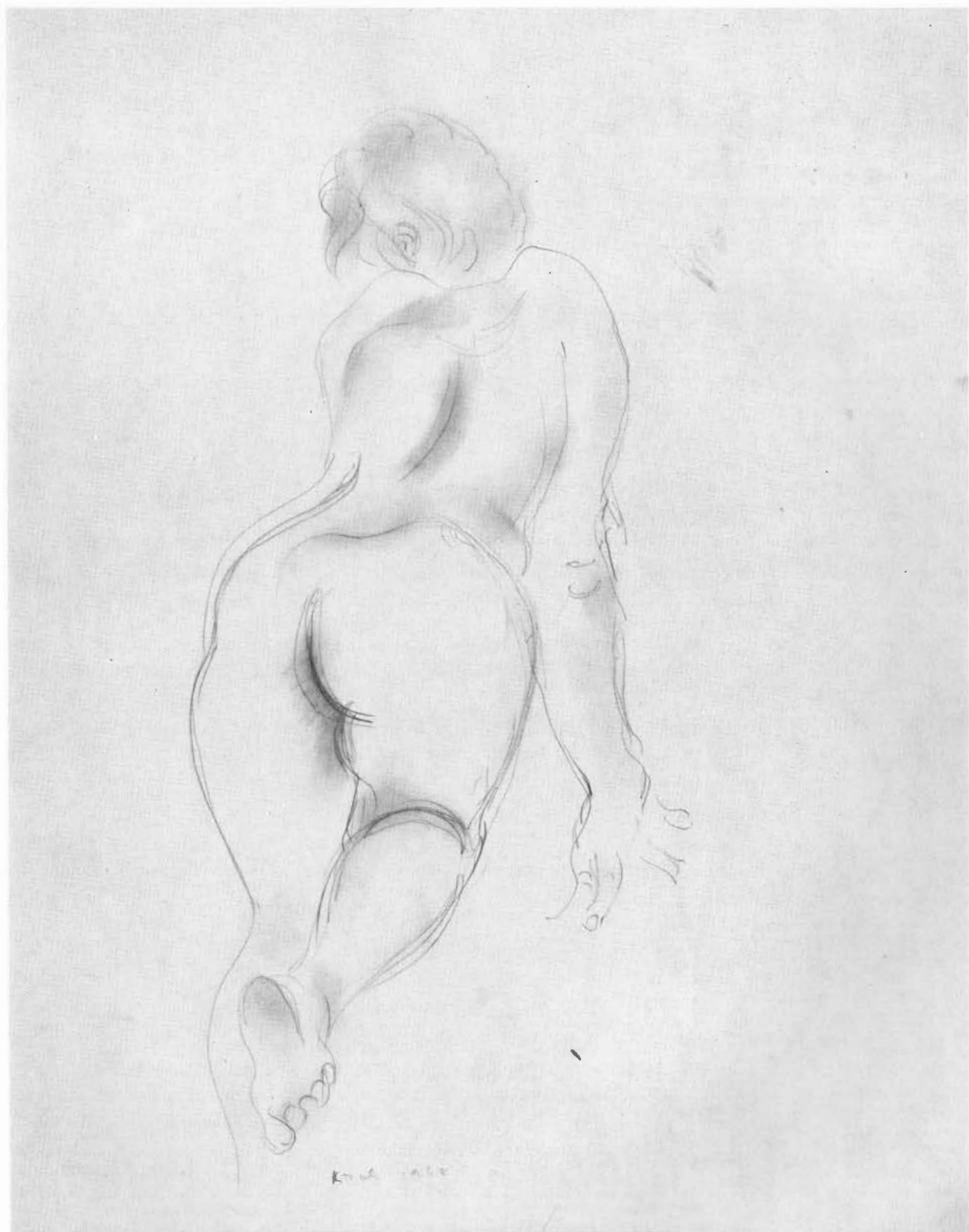








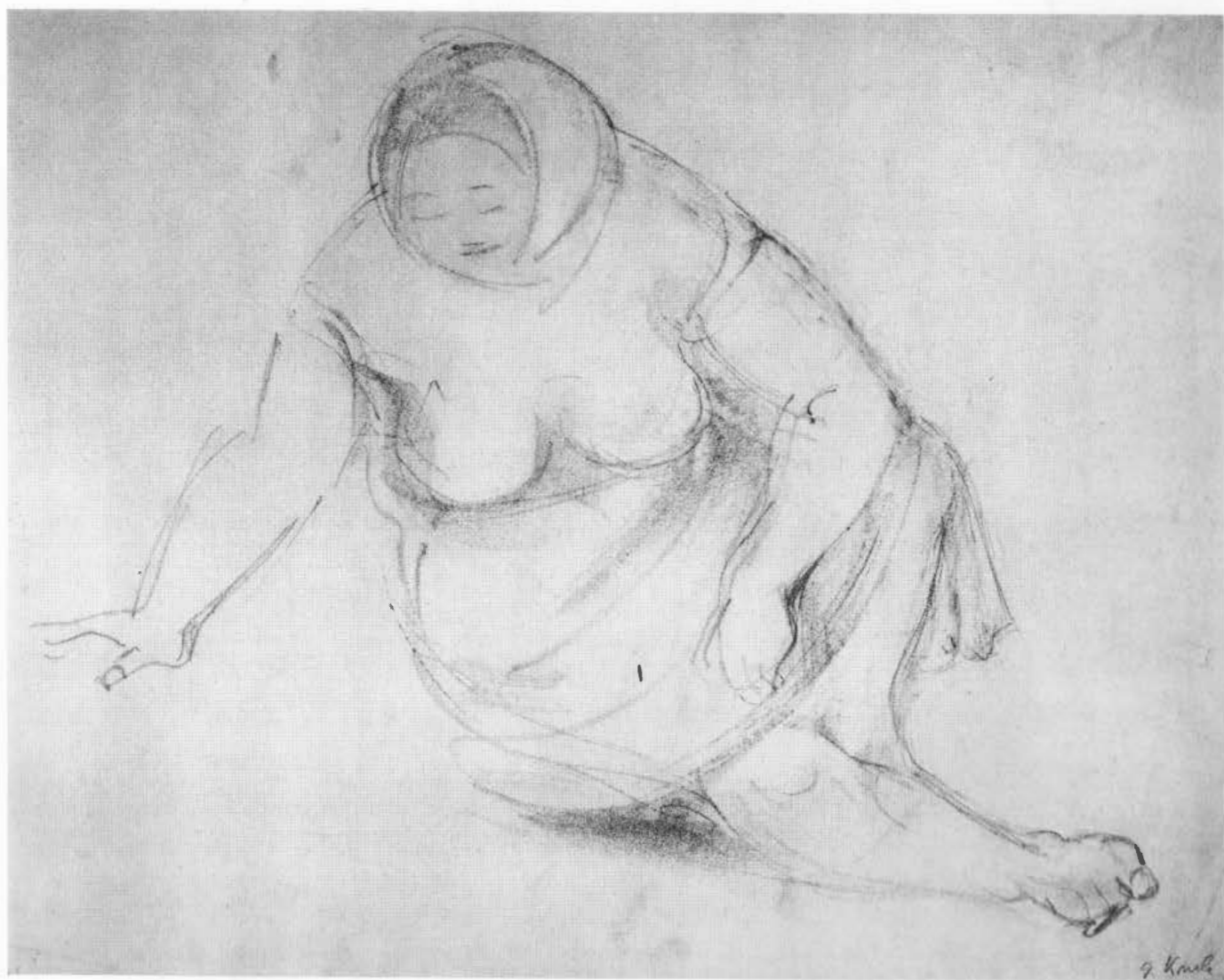




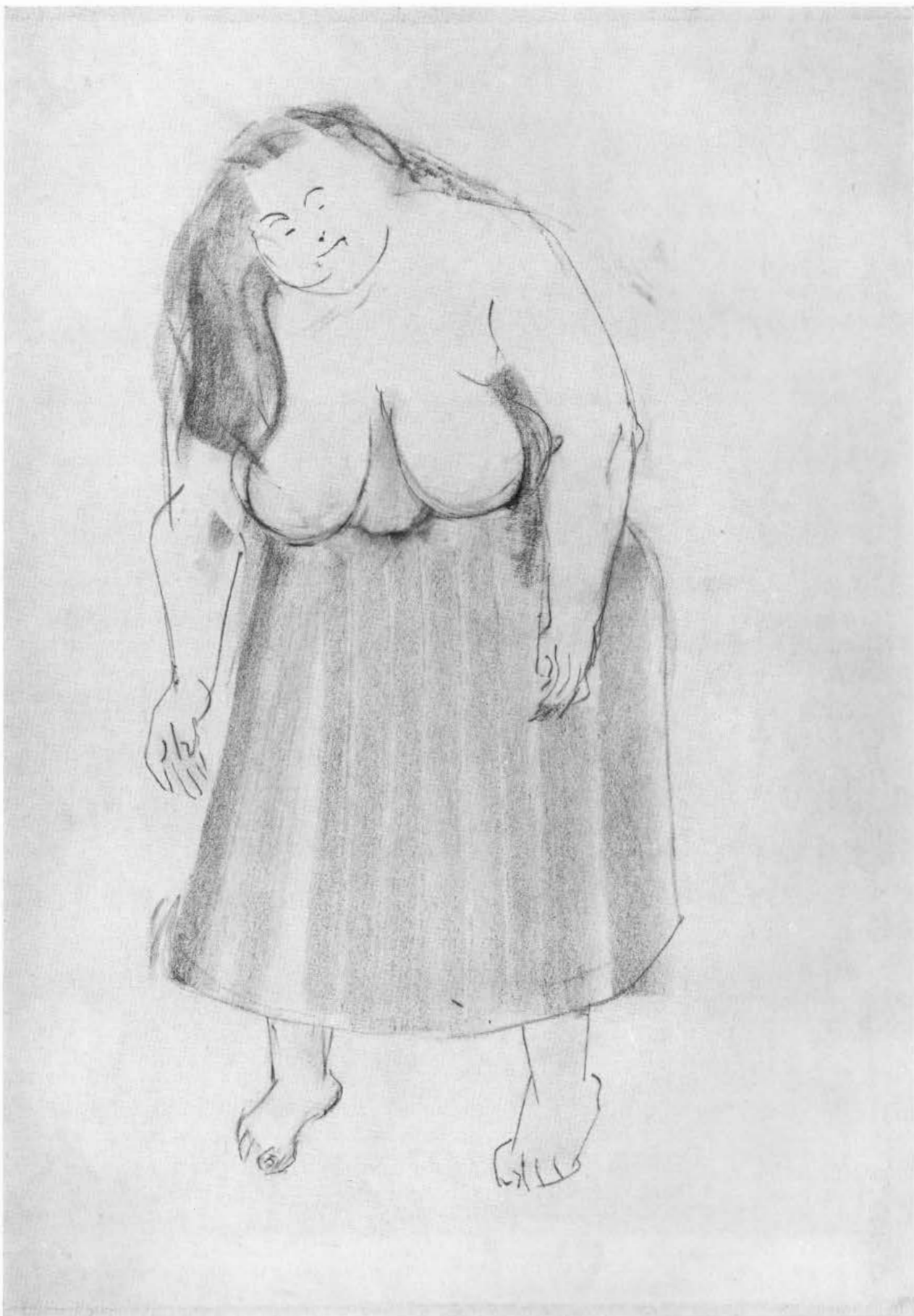


























Kudo

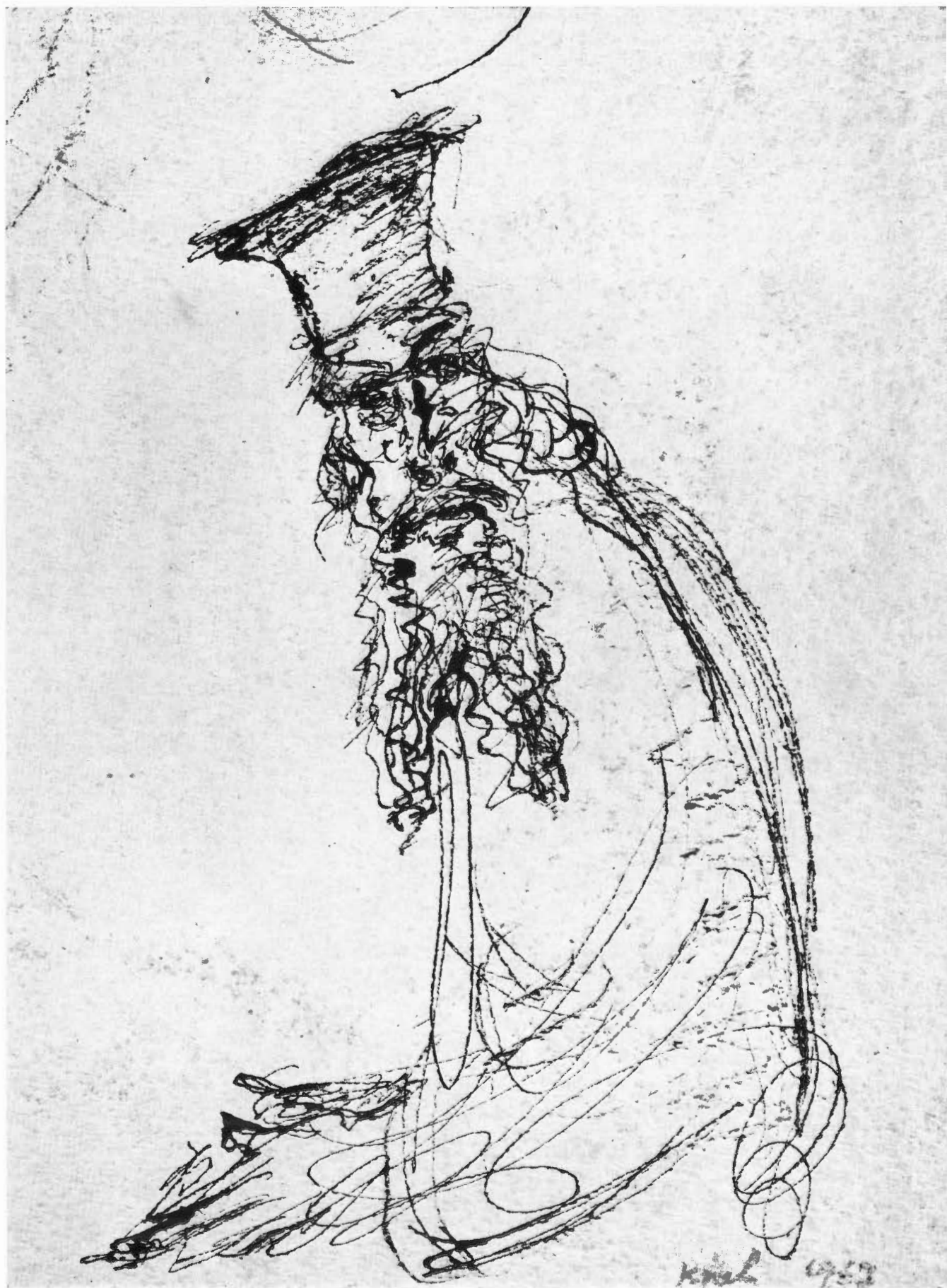




Die Kunst ist für mich wie ein Gebet. Deswegen ist es kein Wunder, daß mich die Dämonen der modernen Kunst aus ihren Galerien vertreiben. — So kommt es vor, daß ich mich fühle wie eine sündige Nonne, die ihren Rosenkranz im Bordell auszustellen sucht.

The art is like a prayer to me. No wonder that the demons of modern art drive me out of their galleries. Therefore I feel like a sinful nun trying to exhibit her rosary in a whore house.







Вселинському Патріарху
Атенагорасові I-му
РПЦ
Архієпископа Митрополита
Української Православної
Церкви
з нагоди Різдва Христового
Грудень, 1971-го Божого року
С. Банді Брук, Н. Дж. ШАмерсон



