

Bronisław Krzysztof

Krzysztof Krzysztof

Dad

How many of them were there? In my memory there are many sculptures executed by my dad which continue to live their lives in congealed bronze. Are they dead or alive? When I see them in my mind's eye, it seems to me that my father touches me through them; or maybe they are simply him? What an immense load: that's the true meaning of man.

To be able to guide one's thoughts means to be free. When I enter my dad's studio silently (or maybe quite normally, as he won't turn to me anyway) I see him deep in thought, and focused on his goal; I see him bent over and concentrated when without a word, he performs the appropriate movement. Amid the tension of the moment, he will transfer from him to the world of matter his own trace, his self and in this way, he will create life. Yes, life, for in this way, he gives you reason to live. The moment when amid the silence of thought, there emerges a slumbering might. It slumbers and silently grows. This power and might which is the archetype for my father's final vision fills the dead wax with its light.

Finally, there comes a moment when the vision becomes independent. Then I can see my father moving away from his work, and letting a fragment of himself lead its own life, inside a model. This moment is a new beginning, a fulfillment and an order of thoughts and emotions. Dad introduces order into his work making it free.

What was my father's inspiration? It was derived from love. The situations he found himself in were always subordinated to his will, and the goal which was within him. But does my father understand this goal? In my opinion, by all means yes, although the fulfillment of this goal was always one step ahead of him. Each successive work is a subsequent step onto the next level of initiation into the world of art, but at the same time, it is a subsequent step into life. It is the sum total of experiences prior to the act of creation, and at the same time, a new dimension for subsequent visions. Like every artist of this calibre, dad needs simply peace and time for the realization of his visions; and ideas are born within him all the time. I often wonder how he manages to file and catalogue them; what is the criterion which decides about whether or not to realize them.

Finally, we come to the question why is it man who is the beginning and end of everything in his sculptures? One might just as well ask why man is man and not innocent fiction for my father. Is my father trying to lift and cheer man up? It surely is not his ultimate goal; he is aiming much higher. He experiences man as a man. He experiences, experiences, experiences. He feels and all the time, he is aware of the dictate to give back to people what he himself had experienced.

Where does this dictate come from?