

Tadeusz Nyczek, wstep do „Beksinski Peintures et dessins 1987-1991” (moje wydanie)



Beksinski

Subject: Zdzislaw Beksinski info (long) and artist's photo - artist.jpg [1/1]

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Sorry for typos, I ran it through OCR and didn't verify afterward.

Hope this helps.

A.

Biography

True to the image of his work, Beksinski is a secluded man. He does not appear in public, and does not exhibit his paintings. When museums or collectors exhibit them he does not show up. He works on his paintings twelve hours a day against a background of classical music. They are always painted on hardboard, signed on the back, and they bear no titles.

He was born on February 24th 1929 in Sanok, a small town near the south-east border of Poland. His father was a surveyor, his grand-father a building contractor, and his great-grandfather Mathieu, an insurgent of 1869, was the founder of a wagon factory. Under the German Occupation Beksinski continued his studies at a secondary level, first in a school of commerce, then in a clandestine highschool. In 1947, after the Liberation, he entered the Faculty of Architecture in the Mines and Steelworks Academy in Cracow under pressure from his father. In 1951 he married Miss Sophie Stankiewicz, and in 1952 he obtained his degree in architecture. Due to the obligation of work which was at that time imposed on young graduates, he started working in a

State building enterprise where he supervised the building lots.

Although he had been drawing since his early childhood, he applied himself to it seriously in 1959. He also concentrated on painting, photography and sculpture, and thus prepared his way out of a profession which he disliked. In 1958 his only child, Thomas, was born.

In the same year his first exhibition of plastic works, and especially abstract relief, was held in Poznan. At that time he was still a member of the Union of Polish Artist-Photographers and he took part in numerous exhibitions of photography in Poland and abroad.

In 1960 he abandoned photography and in his plastic works broke away from the avant-garde. This break was felt by some as an act of treason, since his early creation had aroused much hope among the partisans of abstract art. But it was also this step towards fantasy expressionism, noted during the exhibition of 1972 organized by Mr. and Mrs. Bogucki in the "Contemporary" gallery in Warsaw, that was to make him known to a wider public. The polemic aroused by his painting reached its climax in 1975 when after a poll organised by art critics he was declared "the best painter in the thirty years of the People's Republic of Poland" thanks to the votes of certain participants who gave him almost all their points, while others refused to give him even one... In 1977 he left Sanok and moved to Warsaw only to isolate himself from the world even more radically because of the inconvenience arising from the celebrity he now had in his home town. When he moved into the Polish capital he hoped to mingle in the anonymous crowds of a big metropolis. Despite

the curiosity he arouses, he refuses to take part in any manifestations and accepts neither awards nor medals. He has practically ceased to exhibit, receives only one or two journalists a year, when he grants them an interview which does not touch upon current events.

A charismatic personality and a man with a profound spirit, Beksinski has never left Poland, doesn't speak any foreign language and has never been a member of any ideological group; he hates and despises politics.

by Piotr Dmochowski

Introduction

by Piotr Dmochowski

As he explained in a text reproduced in our previous book, Beksinski has always executed his paintings and drawings in either of two manners, which he respectively calls 'Baroque' and 'Gothic'. The first is dominated by representation, the second by form.

Among the paintings produced during the past five years, those executed in the 'Gothic' manner have become more and more frequent, so much so that pictures in the other style have almost disappeared.

Those light-filled landscapes, those figures drawn with extra-ordinary precision, those disquieting buildings are increasingly absent from Beksinski's work. Instead, simple contours of human silhouettes, or faces filled with myriad

fragment of matter in closely- graded colours. The backgrounds are for the most part flat; nothing lies behind the silhouettes and faces, From the void they come and into it, scarcely identifiable, they instantly dissolve. These works are stark in the extreme and are in small format. Like the low-reliefs executed by the artist from 1958 to 1960, and his early drawings, they are almost abstract.

The second book we are devoting to him testifies to this. We have incorporated two innovations, which complement our first work published three years ago:

First, we thought it would be useful to show the different stages involved in the creation of a painting. In fact, when we saw the video showing the results of Beksinski's daily work, recorded by the artist himself, we were amazed to see that during the first week nothing was happening on the hardboard everything seemed vague. Once the artist finally hit on an idea, that part of the work which, to a layman, would appear the most tedious and difficult was executed in the space of a single day as if it was just some minor detail.

Unfortunately, Beksinski is incapable of painting if anyone is watching, which is why he has never agreed to allow the different stages of his painting to be photographed at the end of each working day or every time he changes his mind. So all we can get from him are his own video recordings, from which we produce printed reproductions, whence their rather poor technical quality.

The second innovation we decided to incorporate into this new book consists in showing the highly individual creative

process involved in Beksinski's latest drawings. Around a fixed element, which is repeated in each drawing, the artist constructs a series of variants by adding more elements or removing others. Here again, we are able to observe the stages in the birth of a drawing, the artist's moments of hesitation, the variants of a particular fragment, until the work is finally completed.

We have but one aim in mind in introducing these new explanatory methods: namely to make the reader aware that the artist's hesitations and searchings during the creative process stem essentially from considerations of form and technique. This is what opponents of Beksinski's work refused to understand when he was still almost exclusively painting 'Baroque' pictures. Even then he never dreamt of expressing any particular message, any general idea or any symbol, as his detractors kept insisting. Even then, the only thing that mattered was 'how it would be painted'. But each painting appeared to be so heavily overlaid with representation that it has not been easy for us, as a propagator of his art demonstrate the artist's intention.

By showing Beksinski's new paintings and drawings, in themselves near-abstract, and by illustrating the successive stages in their creation in this book, we hope to put an end to all these reproaches about ideology, hidden messages and literary interpretation and to demonstrate that this extraordinary art lies far beyond meaning.

BEKSINSKY'S AUTOPSYCHOTHERAPIES

by Tadeusz Nyczek

When James Joyce's 'Ulysses' was published in 1922, one critic made a statement that has gone down in history: that after this book, no one would ever be able to write a simple realist novel again. Which would imply that there are certain revolutions that rule out any retrograde movement. After Copernicus' discovery that the earth was round, did the flat-earth theory not completely lose its validity? It might have seemed, then, that literature was afflicted with the same ban on the retrograde, since the discovery of Joyce threw the very sense of the survival of conventional prose into question. The old form, finding itself disowned, would never be born again.

There was a similar attitude to painting. After the impressionists, who could ever have imagined that classical painting could still have its followers? No one, surely, and even less so once the art world had experienced abstract art, surrealism, pop art and conceptual art. For followers of the revolution in form, the calling into question of 20th-century art forbade any return to the past. Monet and Mondrian could never be succeeded by a Moreau or a Courbet. And after Picasso, how could any artist try to paint like Bocklin.

But where art is concerned, nothing is impossible. In art, Copernicus and Ptolemy can both be right. In art the earth can be round and flat at the same time, because in this unique world of artistic creation, true freedom of choice reigns supreme. A close look at the history of 20th-century painting is enough to convince us. Even today, as we approach the turn of the century, there's room at once for Moneran

Salvador Dali and Arnold Böcklin. There's a place for Kiefer and Bacon, Warhol and Balthus, Beuys and Tibor Csernus.

So are we living in an age of eclecticism? Maybe we are. But in any case this also means that the artistic revolution of the late 19th to the early 20th century, from Seurat to Miró, is just one choice among many. Even after Malevich's black square there's still nothing wrong with painting sunflowers...

Beksinski is proof positive of this: it is still possible to marry water with fire, tradition with modernity. His own experience as a painter should be a lesson in humility for those doctrinaires for whom 'being faithful to form' is nothing more than a craven obedience to current fashion. And this cannot be put down simply to the fact that Beksinski started out thirty-six years ago as a photographer. Or, after his photography period (1965- 1970), to Beksinski's work on sculptured reliefs (1982). Or again, to the reputation he gained as a graphic artist during the years that followed. Or, finally, to the fact that it took several years for the world to realize that here, indeed, was a painter of immense stature.

This is how an artist's-career unfolds, stage by stage.

This is the way new forms and new conventions are explored.

Beksinski was trained as an architect. His first forays into plastic art are consequently marked by a certain prudence, as if he felt they might overstep the norms and categories 'in force' at the time.

Beksinski confirms this himself: it's true (and there is no reason to doubt what he says) that his contacts with the

art world of the fifties were, to all intents and purposes, non-existent. They are still practically nil today and are limited to meetings with his closest friends. But, for Polish painting, the fifties were a time rich in ferment. After Stalinism, which spawned socialist realism, creative artists sought to distance themselves from the rigid forms of naturalism. Stalin's death and the politically-motivated revelations made by Khrushchev about Stalinist totalitarianism gave rise to a short-lived breach in European frontiers and at last gave Polish artists a glimpse of 'new horizons'.

And on these new European and American horizons, Polish artists encountered, above all, the avant-garde. Abstract art, informal art and (to a certain extent) tachisme reigned supreme. The different genres went into the melting-pot and very soon every tradition was denied: the work of art itself and hence the painting, the drawing, and the sculpture per se. All manner of hybrid genres were spawned, and with them kinetic and op art. Liberated, the artistic act was no longer dependent on anything, and the outside world ceased to serve even as a pretext. Art was living through an era of narcissism and was as self-sufficient in ideology as it was in forms and sources of inspiration.

Beksinski or Beksinski at the start of his career, at least, when he had no direct contact with the artistic life, attended no exhibitions and did not fraternize with other artists this Beksinski could not have failed, however, to be highly attuned to the 'spirit of the age'. His photography was therefore of a semi-abstract nature. The images represented highly constructed situations compositions

refined in their perverse simplicity. The relief-pictures that he had just begun to make (not 'to paint', but just 'to make') in 1958 were themselves prepared from specially welded metals that were subsequently applied to a metal or wood surface. These works display an infinite richness of handling. From the contrasts obtained with the specially prepared wire, sheetmetal and metal splinters, sprang countless associations of visionary effects. Here again, the artist categorically refused any suggestion that he had been inspired by real phenomena or objects. He was opposed to their metaphorical interpretation. The postulate that his art was independent of all symbolism and literal meaning was to accompany Beksinski throughout all the ensuing creative years.

But a fatal misunderstanding was to arise between the artist's intentions and how the public perceived his work. For Beksinski was to transform the form of his art; more precisely, he was to modify his philosophy of the work of art. He discovered that he felt much closer to 19th-century painters (and writers and musicians too) than to those of the 20th century, and that his spiritual temperament and his imagination were far more at home in tradition than in denial of tradition. So it was no longer Pollock and Rothko, Rauschenberg and Hartung, but Bocklin and Friedrich, Turner and Klimt to whom he felt closest.

All the same, Beksinski's unique character does not reside in the fact that for twenty years he has been painting at least as well as, if not better than these artists. What is unique about him is that he rejected every artistic ideology programmed by them, and that in place of ideologies

he introduced the conscience of man in the second half of the 26th century, complete with all his existential and intellectual experiences.

So those who see, in the 'old-style' painting of Beksinski, the resurrection of a long-dead tradition, are much mistaken. Although we are living in an age where everything is possible hanging a chair from an electric wire is just as permissible as painting a bunch of daffodils against a yellow background Beksinski is no 20th-century Turner or Friedrich. He is neither a symbolist nor a surrealist. Even less is he a realist or a painter of fantasy. Nineteenth-century painting*ad its own ideology: the mystique of vanitas venitatum', the miracle of Nature, the despair of existence, the horror of living in the shackles of tyranny. The painter of the time felt that he was part of the world he lived in, irrespective of whether his relationship with that world was a good or a bad one. He wanted to modify it or at least reflect it in the distorting mirror of his paintings.

Beksinski, by contrast, lives removed from the world This-may seem something of a paradox but it is nonetheless true. At most, the world supplies him with what he needs to subsist on, plus the objects that inspire him: this is a hind, this is a seashore... But that's all. And even these were superfluous to the relief works he executed at the start of his artistic career.

The, abstractionism that marked his early creative years turned out to be an unforgettable experience for him. Only the tangling of wires has become that of the veins on a

human body. The background light that shines transparent through the layers of low-relief is transformed into the light shining from the windows of his ghost-houses, or from between figures sitting amid empty landscapes.

I am well aware that I am tackling a subject that is almost impossible to prove, as the abstract is, after all, far removed from the figurative. A yellow patch on the canvas may symbolize the sun, but the reverse seems to be impossible. In other words, it would appear to be out of the question that the sun could symbolize a yellow patch. If the artist paints a brown rectangle in the middle of an equally-divided surface, with blue at the top and green at the bottom, I could interpret this as an expression of his anguish in the face of existence. If, however, the same artist were to paint a man wearing a brown coat in the middle of a green field under a clear sky, the first question will inevitably relate to the man and the empty field. What are they doing there? And the man who is he? What is he looking for? In effect what's it all about? Only another painter, untouched by the content of the picture, will ask the right question straightaway: what is the relationship between the brown coat and the green field? Is it a happy choice? Is the composition correct? And so on... But for the general public, the man in the picture will go on standing there for ever. This is why Beksinski, who for twenty years has been painting the strange scenes taking place in his semi-theatre, will never be able to get rid of the spectator, who will obstinately insist on asking questions about their meaning. Beksinski will reply that there is nothing there but visions from the subconscious. And that he was not trying to express

any particular message when he painted a decomposing body or a group of wolves under a hot-air balloon soaring high in the sky. And that these are obsessions that have come straight from psychoanalysis. Then the spectator will ask the same question again and the misunderstanding will persist, immutable, with each side sticking fast to its position.

We ought, in fact, to take a closer look at these obsessions, because better than anything else, they provide an explanation of the character of Beksinski's painting.

Although Beksinski has insisted in countless interviews and conversations that his pictures have no intention of modifying the world (i.e. that they express no ideology) and that they do not seek to serve as a distorting mirror for it (doubly emphasizing the absence of ideology), then, perhaps, these paintings can tell us something about their author.

This would already be quite something, since Beksinski is no abstraction but a creature of flesh and blood like all of us, living here and now in the 20th century. And his experience could turn out to be our own experience.

His pictures will thus first of all tell the spectator that he is dealing with a neurotic. The repetition of certain accessories, the constant recurrence of seemingly cult objects are enough to convince observers that this is the case.

Take a look at the heads in Beksinski's art. In the past, he photographed them. Then he sculpted them, after which he drew them.- And finally he painted them in every possible variant, as he did with his figures seated in a kind of armchair in the middle of a landscape strewn with the filth and rubbish of our urban culture. For thirty years, the

vision of the Crucifixion has never left him. For thirty years he has striven to photograph, sculpt, draw and paint objects in the wind or in twilight. For years, his paintings have shown something burning, something growing on living or dead bodies. Leaves fly in the air; a figure is constantly out walking with a dog- or wolf-like creature; fragments of architecture, houses, castles and bizarre buildings float above the ground. Another familiar figure is a multi-fingered musician playing the flute or the clarinet.

These motifs recur like the subjects of nightmares. Can it be that they torment Beksinski as the ghosts at Prospero's bidding tormented Caliban in Shakespeare's 'The Tempest'? Beksinski, like any good disciple of psychoanalysis, frees himself from these obsessions by painting them and externalizing them.

So, if there absolutely has to be a goal behind these paintings, could the aim be the artist's own autopsychotherapy?

However, there is most probably something else involved here, namely the accomplishment of A Task. This seems mystical, but what I am thinking of is really very simple: all of us are carrying out a task. Survival is of course the most obvious one. For others, work is the most important thing. Theologians have yet another suggestion to offer, namely that the Task consists in spreading the Word of God. Finally, there is a different task, the most disinterested one of all because it is accomplished away from the human conscience: what I mean by this, of course, is Art.

This is why artists often admit that 'Something' is speaking through them, that they are just carrying out the

Will of Another. This is not necessarily God or some Superior Power. The 'Something' can be a psychic need, not all that much different from daily needs like defecating and breathing. The nature of this singular imperative divides painters into those who depict sunflowers and those who paint executions; it produces the composer who will go on writing symphonies after losing his hearing, or the author who, night after night, will fill reams of paper with poems about the devil's supremacy over God or vice versa.

Basically, all Beksinski does with his life is to paint and to exist. Perhaps, moreover (as he avers), the one is organically bonded to the other? In other words, he lives because he paints and he paints because he lives. So it is not surprising that there came a time when, he became bored with executing semi-abstract relief-pictures because the universe they reflected had become a tedious one. It was as if one was condemned to a lifetime of alternately eating boiled eggs and chocolate mousse... True, the ways of combining abstract forms are infinite. But perhaps it is this very infinity the certitude of this infinity that becomes sterile. It would appear far more interesting in that a much stricter discipline is imposed on drawing and painting to paint the world of objects. In a way, this task demands more skill... For if there are so many possibilities of creating forms and objects, they are still executed according to the rules of the game. What's so wonderful about painting a hand that looks like a saucepan? What is wonderful is to paint it perfectly.

The 'horror vacui' that dominates Beksinski's paintings (or at least those executed between 1968 and 1987) is proof

positive of the perverse pleasure he gets out of the creative process. All those veins, nerves and folds, the proliferation of objects and bodies, all that obsessive effort to cram every inch with anything so long as it constitutes pictorial material, i.e. brush-strokes on the support.

If the Main Task in Beksinski's life has turned out to be neither architecture (for which he was trained), nor photography, nor even music, which he listens to from morning to night, but painting, who can be astonished that he has made the brush-stroke an art in itself? Who can be surprised that he seeks perfection in his craft because the craft alone can impose others' perfection on him? If he ever happens to look at other artists' paintings, he does so exclusively from the craftsman's standpoint. He is like Casanova, who sought ceaselessly to invent fresh erotic positions, each one more perfect and polished than the last, for each, ever-new paramour (but basically for himself), to the point of self-annihilation.

But we must not go too far. For some time now from the mid-1980s onward, to be more precise a marked change has been noted in Beksinski's painting. There are fewer and fewer pictures that his detractors could qualify (wrongly) as anecdotic or literary, complete with 'heroes' and 'plot'. First and foremost, the three-dimensional vision of Beksinski's earlier works gives way to pictures that are almost flat. The backgrounds that formerly created an atmosphere and emphasized events in the foreground have disappeared. It is as if a thick fog now obscures the half-real, half-dreamt world of Beksinski's earlier paintings. Only the foreground remains. In these foregrounds are

figures, solitary for the most part. If there are several of them, they clasp each other in a kind of love/death-embrace, for they are left to their own devices in this immense void. Lovers of Beksinski's 'typical' work will be astonished, and perhaps worried, by the way his paintings have evolved. They will find it incomprehensible. What on earth made Beksinski change the poetry of his pictures when for all these years his art has formed a coherent whole? Why, as he goes forward, is he turning back?

For there is no difficulty in realizing that his painting is indeed turning back and, thirty years after it began, is starting to describe a great ellipse. Or that by going back in time,- it is drawing closer to its beginnings. To confirm this, let us take a look at the composition of Beksinski's earliest and most recent work. His drawings dating from 1958-1962 were composed, if not in perfectly axial fashion, at least on the basis of the golden mean, in accordance with the rules of the Renaissance. Large surfaces were counterbalanced by smaller ones, and a plain background would often feature a single pictorial accent.

The same applies to the paintings of 1987 to 1991. We find the same flat background formed solely by pictorial means, backgrounds close to those of Turner, but even harder to define. Contrasting with the background, figures, axial for the most part, appear in the foreground. They are often depicted in some strongly accentuated movement; when this is the case the figures give the impression of being caught in a freeze-frame, as if just a fraction of their movement had been captured on film. We can see further proof

of this in the multiple representation of certain elements their hands, for instance, or the folds in their cloaks.

These are all well-known photographic effects.

The novelty resides also in the other relationships existing between background and figures. By following the rather traditional rules of perspective, Beksinski's 'older' paintings (1968-1987) showed space divided into planes. If it so happened that the outline of a figure or object was obliterated (which was seldom the case) this was due solely to the presence of mist, smoke or other natural phenomena in the picture.

The new paintings are characterized by an entirely different type of relationship between background and figures. Very often but not systematically, however the figures emerge from an apparently neutral, 'meaningless' background. I stress the word 'emerge', since the obliteration of the outlines of 'meaningful' objects (or figures) and their fusion with the 'meaningless' background create an impression of the birth, from the background, of what eventually takes concrete shape as an object or a human body.

This pictorial device, neutral in appearance only, is perhaps employed just to diversify the surface of the picture. Be this as it may, in this context it takes on a deeper meaning. Because if Nothing (the background) is capable of giving birth to Something (an object or a figure), we may acknowledge, then, that the object is merely concentrated Nothingness. Given this hypothesis, the artist's affirmation that giving form to paint on a surface is what

really interests him takes on its full force. Art, he maintains, is clearly not a matter of painting anecdotes, which would then need to be 'understood' (this was never the case, in fact, but it was difficult to prove while the object represented called for a literary explanation), but of realizing the prime objectives of every painter: composition, colour, drawing. In other words, the quest is for the autonomy of Art, a quest common to every artistic revolutionary from, the impressionists through to conceptual artists.

Beksinski's move towards pure painting is also revealed by the fact that it is currently near-impossible to 'describe' or 'interpret' his new pictures. They are no longer 'scary' as his previous works were because of their seemingly narrative motifs like skeletons, crucified figures, walls with cracks appearing in them, and all-enveloping spider webs. The figures in his new paintings lend themselves to no description, no interpretation, particularly because they are reduced for the most part to simple outlines, to the remains of something with no destiny, no goal. They are ghosts of a faraway echo of real objects.

In some of the paintings, elements of the figures become somehow detached and dissolve into the background like a wisp of cigarette smoke floating in the air'. If there was any doubt in the past on the part of Beksinski's detractors, it is quite obvious today that what is important about his pictures is exclusively the way they are painted. And his technique is dazzling something rarely achieved these days. This is how tradition has been reunited with modernity the tradition of a perfect craft allied to modern-day

thinking on painting.

Sometimes people say: "Let's see how well you draw and I'll tell you if you're a real painter"

Before he revealed himself as an accomplished painter, Beksin- ski was known above all as a graphic artist as one of the greatest graphic artists, in fact. His erotic obsessions, to which he gave life in dense, almost caricatural strokes, were on a borderline between the grotesque and the anatomy manual and opened the way to fame. His drawing period lasted for more than sixteen years (1958-1974). During the later years (between 1968 and 1974) it spawned veritable 'graphic paintings', where only the technique employed (black chalk) and the colour (black and white) distinguish- ed them from paintings proper.

This period was followed by a long pause that lasted fourteen years. It could have seemed that Beksinski would never return to drawing. But he did take it up again in 1988. Here too, as with his paintings, he went back to his original source, his drawings of the late fifties: modest drawings almost sketches.

But the difference is obvious at first sight. The older drawings were more precise, more accurate. The artist's stroke cut out the body-object with truly supernatural precision. Nearly all his recent drawings are sketches, too. Some of them give the impression of being dashed off in a hurry. They are lighter, airier, and reveal an . artistic freedom that could almost qualify as casual. They are in some respects akin to the oil-paintings produced at the same time. We find the same composition, the same plain background this time formed by the neutral whiteness of the drawing-paper.

And it is just as easy to discover the same motifs: a figure, a head, or sometimes two beings entwined...

But here again, something entirely new has appeared, something which in turn forces us to concentrate our attention much more closely on form than on content: starting out with a parent-drawing, which serves as a canvas for further manipulations, Beksinski selects a fragment he is particularly satisfied with; he then continues to draw, using the fragment as a basis on which to try out another variant. The manoeuvre is repeated, often many times over. In this way he produces a whole series of variants based on the repeated fragment, which is completed in part by other elements, different every time. Each drawing is therefore at once a separate entity and part of a greater whole.

The passage of time enables us to see the extent to which Beksinski eludes over-simplified classifications. As long as he was being 'modern', he was congratulated on his contribution to 'the progress of art' along the only positive path, which, in 1950-60, appeared to be the avant-garde. Then he began to paint in a 'traditional' manner, which was a big success with a public who adored art that gave the impression of being 'meaningful'. Today, by endeavouring to combine these two trends upon the surface of a single painting or drawing, he is proving that, for a true artist, there are no artificial rifts between pictorial categories. In the same way he 'is reconfirming his own personality and his independence of every trend in contemporary art. His importance and stature will grow with time, as was the case for so many artists living on the fringe of the world. For,

when all's said and done, the only world there is exists
within the souls of true artists.

PRINCIPAL EXHIBITIONS 1987-1991

December 1987. Exhibition. Gallery Wahl. Warsaw. June

1988. Exhibition of photography. Museum Historical. Sanok.

October-November 1989. Exhibition. Dmochowski Gallery. Paris.

October 1990. Exhibition. Toh-Ou Museum (Museum of East
Europe). Osaka.

Permanent exhibition at the "Toh-Ou Museum" (Museum of
East Europe) Osaka. Japan.

Permanent exhibition at the Historical Museum. Sanok.

Poland. Permanent exhibition at the "Dmochowski Gallery".
Paris. France.

FILMS 1987-1991

Two short films have been made on Beksinski and his work
since 1987:

1987 "The Dream" by Bogdan Dziworski 1990 "The
mystery of Beksinski" by Jozef Gebski

A SUMMARY BIBLIOGRAPHY 1987-1991

1988-1989 "BEKSINSKI": a monograph published by A. and
P. Dmochowski (in French and English)

1990 "BEKSINSKI": a monograph published by Arkady (in Polish)

1991 "BEKSINSKI": a monograph published by Ramsay (in French)