

THE FORBIDDEN UNIVERSE OF BEKSINSKI

by Michel Random

Not just anybody can enter the closed universe of Beksinski. All the roads that lead there are full of snares. And death is not there awaiting us. Because beyond death there is another world, already part of our world. A world beyond time, where every stone is a mystery.

Someone or something is looking on, intensely; and this look tears up, explodes and remakes the mystery. Because of Beksinski, there is a presence: the irony of an unsacred sacredness, I could say; a world in which concepts and ideas don't fit anymore, because here, the existence of all things is stupendously real, whilst still belonging to the one and only possible world: that of hallucination.

The universe of extremes has no name, it is only the road towards the extreme limits of all possibilities, a universe of onlooking mirrors. And these mirrors are beings, things that confront, and impose their awful and enigmatic presence.

In the midst of a moon-like landscape, a tree extends its forest of branches from a single trunk. Then it grows into numerous cells and mingles with the shadows of the other world. And the shadow becomes tree, as the shadow of a man incarnates desire.

This man is an island, nailed to the limits of the seas by the rocks that he clasps. Nothing exists any longer, unless it is this desire to be and to be again, that rises up in the form of seven trees and, in this other-world of the dead, expresses the cry of a new awakening.

It's a dangerous thing to tear aside the veil of mystery. As it is dangerous to look at Beksinski. Because the sign, the arcana, the symbol are the weapon that embodies and outlives the mystery.

Moon, crescent moon, cross, hands, claws, eyes, books, in this, interworld, the ambiguity of the signs precisely demonstrates the existence of a destructured universe with its bones removed, where the reverse of things is nothing other than the hell of the beyond.

The apocalyptic element in Beksinski penetrates us like a multitude of surrealistic images, which are a kind of symphony or death dance, both associated to his funeral etiquette-that of horror.

One imagines that Beksinski is terribly afraid of dying without having witnessed a great cataclysm. He is so anxious to amplify, if this is possible, this tremendous hecatomb, while agitating all the veils of hell. A magnificent celebration of lights, of unbelievable fires, of Luciferian flames, blaspheming in ultimate spasms against the

impotence of the sky. A ballet full of heavenly derisions that have not managed to overcome evil! and therefore have to bear its triumph. Thus, all the damned of the earth in demented crowds would come to insult the Heavens, in the name of their own greatness and in their ultimate damnation.

Beksinski believes in this ultimate resurrection of every hell; death is triumphant by virtue of the sheer degree of its abjection. This is the awesome, horribly alive revolt of a painter who can no longer tell where the formal ritual of this, the ultimate opera, begins-or where the celestial gangrene, that reduces all things to dust, ends in a malefic gust of wind.

Demented, to want to triumph once again over the heavens through hell, over death through cosmic grimaces? Maybe, but are there really limits to this human-size tragedy? Beksinski seems to say that it's the apocalypse every day. However, by endlessly summoning the powers of Lucifer, can we create a countereffect in the Heavens to overcome hell by hell, and death by death? Undoubtedly, a "black hole" exists through which we can have access to other dimensions.

This is where Beksinski brings us, to the other side of all the broken mirrors which, just like all new mirrors, are forever inviting us into all the worlds beyond, where living or dying has no more meaning, where the dance goes on, like an eternal commencement. Then Beksinski would raise his magic wand; this world of the petrified dead, in its most abominable appearance, would rise, robed in another light, a black light, in a dimension where everything would appear the wrong way round. Time would be no more than a cosmic laugh. And these black men behind their macabre masks would go and devour each other in an ultimate embrace. Like a black sun, Beksinski would spread his great coat and fly off into the dimension of Lucifer's domains, carrying Death's mighty scythe in his hands. And his harvest would fill the universe with millions of heads, at once cursing and praising his terrible greatness.

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