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## INTRODUCTION

As the title suggests, what follows is about Francis Bacon. What I have tried to do is to make some points which I feel have been neglected by autobiographers and critics in articles and books I have read on Bacon. And I have absorbed a considerable amount of material over the past five years. Naturally then, my thoughts will be profoundly influenced by that material. But I have also reacted against some of it and in doing so have had to reinforce my initial No, so that it could become a positive Yes, in favour of a different opinion; mine.

I am not concerned that my opinions be seen as true, and indeed throughout the discussion, at times, I even contradict what I have said in one chapter by what I say in another. I do not apologise for this, nor do I ask to be excused, because I know that in my case, definitely, and in the case of others, probably, one's ideas on a given topic can be several and diverse at one time, and not just for or against. So I do not intend sacrificing an idea simply because it disrupts the expected coherence of the thesis. Also, in making those points which I feel have been neglected by the various writers on Bacon, I have omitted much of what has been said over and over, because to me it is 'old hat' at this stage and only succeeds in nullifying any urge I may (God forbid) have had to write about all this to begin with.

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I.

Since Bacon did not begin painting on a full-time basis until during the Second World War, one of his first exhibitions was in 1945 when he was thirty five. This was a group exhibition in the LeFevre Gallery in London, and other exhibiting included Henry Moore and Grahm Sutherland. Of these two of his contemporaries Bacon's work at the time related closely to Sutherland's. The influence of Picasso is strong in both artists. The figures in Bacon's, 'Three Figures at the Base of a Crucifixion' (Plate No. 1), are heavily outlined in black and they also have an expressive quality about them similar to Picasso's drawings of figures. Following the war both Sutherland and Bacon became involved in the painting of crucifixion scenes. Bacon insists that the figures at the base of his crucifixion are not necessarily at the base of the crucifixion of Christ. They are at the base of A crucifixion, as opposed to THE crucifixion. This point aside, the manners in which both artists portrayed their respective crucifixions overlap in a number of ways. Sutherland's 'Deposition From the Cross' (Plate No. 2) is very much influenced by Picasso's 'Guernica'. The anguish of the cubistic woman kneeling at the base of the cross recalls the woman carrying a child in her arms in 'Guernica'. Christ is slouched over the cross like a side of meat, looking very hurt indeed. Sutherland was impressed by Mathias Grunewald's , 'The Crucifixion' (Plate No. 3), which is an extremely bloody one with the tortured body of Christ writhing in agony on his cross. In Bacon's 'Three Figures at the Base of a Crucifixion', there is the same type of sweeping motion of the figures, the same distressed faces. Bacon's figures are not human. They are some kind of semi-animalistic creatures with no eyes or blindfolded eyes which appear desperate and lost. Both Sutherland's 'Deposition' and Bacon's 'Figures at the Base of a Crucifixion' contain the background architecture one would expect to find in a Picasso painting.

The brushwork is visible in the paint, and the rectangles and triangles do not relate to any specific objects. They are there as compositional devices and also as evokers of drama. The figure in the central panel of Bacon's painting hovers above a table-like construction reminiscent of those found in Cubist still lifes. In Sutherland's "Crucifixion 1946" (Plate No. 4) the Mathias Grunewald influence comes across very strongly again. The twisting hands and feet of the body on the cross have all the semblance of Grunewald's crucified Christ. There are, however, no spectators in Sutherland's painting. His cross amounts to no more than big planks of heavily outlined Cubist timber from which the body hangs, thorns garishly cutting into its head. Again the background is built of rectangles employed compositionally and call to mind the vertical thrust of the hanging intestines and the window blinds in Bacon's 'Painting 1946' (Plate No. 5), of the carcass of meat and the umbrella, which will be discussed in more detail later. Bacon's backdrop is more clearly defined, but the rail-like construction in the foreground of Bacon's painting is echoed in the similar construction about the Feet of Christ in Sutherland's 'Crucifixion'. Who was ripping the other off?

The Face of Christ and the Crucifixion have been painted by artists for centuries. Yet the physical appearance always varies because there does not appear in The Bible, or anywhere else, a detailed description of Christ as a body. He is invariably depicted as a spiritual being and because of this, despite his mortally lacerated body, he, the essential Christ can always be with us. His presence will always be in our minds since it transcends physicality and travels through the generations as a spiritual presence, a virtue. It is in our collective conscience. It does not matter then by which manner his face is presented to us because it is the expression of his face, the emotion it evokes which is the all

important thing. His body is painted or sculptured just as a poem is rendered in ink, but like the poem it is the spiritual content which must prevail upon the spectator. Bacon paints crucifixions which he says are not The Crucifixion but A Crucifixion. But they must be THE Crucifixion, really, if we take what he says about the Crucifixion covering all areas of human experience into account:

"Well, there have been so many great pictures in European art of the Crucifixion that it's a magnificent armature on which you can hang all types of feeling and sensation ..... I haven't found another subject so far that has been so helpful for covering certain areas of human feeling and behaviour. Perhaps it is only because so many people have worked on this particular theme that it has created this armature - I can't think of a better way of saying it - on which one can operate all types of level of feeling ".<sup>1</sup>

Because the crucified Christ symbolizes to mankind man's own spiritual structure and the vicissitudes of his life, the Crucifixion has always been the symbol of symbols used to move us. It is a look at ourselves. A feeling felt by one man which has become the feeling of a whole people. When Bacon paints Christ and the carcasses the condition of twentieth century life is what he is painting. The painting process for Bacon is a sensational rather than an intellectual one, but nevertheless seems to be intrinsically mixed with the intellect and certainly achieves statements equally as potent as those of intellectuals. From his Crucifixions there develops a separate series of paintings of ordinary persons (not Christ), but fundamentally depicting man and man's condition. The symbol of Christ

has been replaced by the average naked or clothed body and these have superseded Christ as the symbol of the universal dilemma of mankind. And wrapped up in this, and not able to be separated from it, we have Bacon the individual. Now we can assume that it is Bacon's dilemma which is mankind's dilemma and that Bacon, by perpetrating his statements, is in himself a 'chosen one', so to speak, who is voicing the anguish of his people. His portraits of himself and of his friends are all his private crucified Christs, carrying the cross, which it seems is contemporary conscience. We have evidence in the paintings that he is undergoing the type of pain, the type of awareness which leads him to his isolation and trauma often felt by the man in the street; you and me. The evidence which points to the fact that we feel much the same (now that it has been pointed out to us) is in our fascination with the paintings. The fact that we haven't rejected them as stupid idiosyncratic doodles. We identify to a lesser or greater degree with what Bacon places before us. We know that we can ignore it, but we don't ignore it because we also know it is no use to do so since sooner or later we may be confronted by this state of consciousness ourselves.

Unlike Rene Magritte who believed, as many of his forerunners did, that truth is to be found in appearances, Bacon has to get beneath the appearance of the face he paints (the face which is so familiar to us that we don't see it anymore) and reorganise the appearance of the person being painted by trying to convey the inner reality of the person with the reality of the sensation of the paint with which the person is depicted. For Bacon the sensation of the paint on the nervous system is on par with our experience of the person involved, and relates in essence to the spectator the essential and unembellished core of his portraitee. When the sensation

of the paint and the sensation of one's experience of another human being come together in the painting, then Bacon has achieved what he wants, which is to

"unlock the areas of feeling which lead to a deeper sense of the reality of the image, where you attempt to make the construction by which this thing will be caught raw and alive and left there and, you may say, finally fossilized - there it is ".<sup>2</sup>

In 'Three Studies for a Crucifixion' (Plate No. 6) done in 1962, the centre panel is made up of those irrational marks which, according to Bacon, by having (seemingly) nothing to do with the thing they are representing (in this case the human figure), nevertheless get it across to us more poignantly and more violently. The emotion with which the paint is applied is almost the same emotion that the figure possesses. By revealing Bacon's emotion in the way it is applied, the paint which composes the figure is revealing the emotion of the figure that much more immediately than illustrational - type painting. The force of the marks and the force of the tension of the figure are one and the same thing. The abstract shapes or holes which construct the image are in themselves haunting, and are full of the feelings of Bacon, and since the body he paints must also display these same emotions (because it is painted by him also), these abstractions which appear to have no rational bearing are in fact quite in tune with the emotion of the painting as a whole. Bacon talks about the Rembrandt self portrait in Aix En Province (Plate No. 7), about the way the eyes are just big holes or brush strokes which when carefully observed are completely unlike the eyes of any person. But on closer scrutiny still we may find that they

are like eyes or eye sockets. Eye sockets without the details. What they are doing is supplying the drama of the Facial expression, and to do this no detail is needed. If one thinks about it, a face in very strong light, which puts the expressions of the face in deep shadow, is far more dramatic than a fully shown face. There is also the drama of light and darkness, the contrast. As well as that there is the fact that things are suggested rather than asserted and a lot is left to our imagination. The areas of supposedly non-rational involvement with the image are helping the image by not limiting it. We can do anything with it in our minds. A whole stream of associations and elaborations can get underway and the painting becomes suddenly alive and full of the character of the person painted. We can invent (from the suggestions) the expression of the eyes we cannot see and also the more perdurable experience of the person portrayed. In fact the ambiguity is the great thing about this type of painting. Instead of being told, "this is how it is", we are asked "how is it?" and our imagination is on the wing.

When asked to give his concept of the difference between illustration and non-illustration in painting, Bacon says;

"Well, I think that the difference is that an illustrational form tells you through the intelligence immediately what the form is about, whereas a non-illustrational form works first upon sensation and then leaks slowly back into the fact. Now why this should be, we don't know. This may have to do with how facts themselves are ambiguous, how appearances are ambiguous, and therefore this way of recording form is nearer to the fact by its ambiguity of recording." <sup>3</sup>

And if the fact is ambiguous then his interpretation of the fact has

a great deal to do with his imagination also. He takes one ambiguous fact which is his subject and communicates in the painting another ambiguity which is his perception and subsequent conception of the fact, which becomes the painting itself. In both cases the imagination is what is needed to swell the perceived image and make it real in our minds. The success of the painting in this case depends on how closely our conception of the painting relates to Bacon's conception of his subject. If ours is similar to his, then he has communicated successfully what it is he feels about his subject, which is usually a person. John Berger, in an essay on Bacon,<sup>4</sup> makes the point that Bacon's main concern is with the human being. O.K, we all know that, but Berger defends this assumption by indicating how Bacon seems usually to illustrate the beds, chairs and other non-human entities in the painting, while actually concentrating his non-illustrational approach on the people. This seems feasible to me and also suggests that although Bacon insists that he is just trying to paint what is before him when he is painting a nude, for example, he is in fact being much more of a narrator than he pretends to be. If he was not he would paint the people in much the same way as he paints the beds and windows and blinds. He is commenting on the psychological condition of the people as well as the physical.

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## II.

Obviously, the role of the artist differs enormously today (twentieth century) from the role of the artist in the seventeenth century. Because there were no cameras in the seventeenth century a portrait painter would have had almost guaranteed employment, given that he was sufficiently competent of course. The painter Diego Velazquez spent most of his life working in the court of Count-Duke Olivares of Spain where he was treated with much affection and financed as his duties demanded into the bargain. He could thus paint without having to worry about making money doing something else. And since he was such an avid studier of individuals the commissions he undertook at the court were ideal for the development of his work. That is not to say that he never painted anything other than portraits, he did, but people were his main interest, and it is his painting of Pope Innocent the Tenth (Plate No. 8) which attracted Bacon's attention and inspired him to do his series of Popes which are based on Velazquez's Pope. Why Bacon was so obsessed with this painting is not clear, but one reason is probably the fact that Velazquez's Pope is very tense. The whole painting is full of tension. The Pope is scowling out at us like the very powerful man he must have been, but he is sitting up straight, unrelaxed and his hands grasp the armrests of the throne instead of lying sedately in his lap, or whatever. A large amount of red paint is used. What Bacon did to this Pope in his own painting of the Pope could quite well have been the logical thing to do, or at least his were understandable responses to such a painting as Velazquez's. It is quite possible that Bacon recognised in Velazquez's Pope Innocent something of the vulnerability of the man, because this vulnerability certainly comes across in Bacon's paintings of the Pope. Naturally we have no idea as to why, or even if the Pope was tense. Maybe it was Velazquez who was tense. Perhaps the tension could be explained very simply. But it is Bacon's reaction to the painting

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that is important and not the Popes real disposition. Similarly Bacon's many paintings entitled 'Studies of the Human Body', although inspired largely by Muybridge's photos of the same, are not studies of the human body at all. Again they are Bacon's subjective reactions to Muybridge's studies. They are reorganizations of aspects of the human body which Bacon is stimulated by. He studies the body before he puts his brush to the canvas. When he actually applies the paint the study is finished and a construction related to his own 'Feelings' for the body begins. The study has occurred alright, but not during the painting process. He may be analytical in thought but the paintings are the next step. The paintings either destroy or rebuild (or both) what he has witnessed. The analyses goes on prior to the act of painting. If he were an analytical type painter he would relish the 'boredom of the conveyance' of the image.

"I want awfully to do the thing that Valery said;  
to get across the sensation without the boredom of  
its conveyance." 5

In reality he tries to get across the sensation without this boredom. In attempting to emulate Velazquez's Pope (which is itself a study) Bacon proved that he was not that way inclined. His 'Study After Velazquez's Pope Innocent' is anything but a study. It would be better entitled 'After a Study of Velezquez's Pope Innocent'. If the term 'creative artist' ever meant anything it is certainly applicable to Bacon. The people he paints are not enough, they must be added to, subtracted from, changed and rearranged. This is tantamount to his attitude to life which we understand as one of questioning of set values, etcetera. What he sees he has to interfere with. Nothing is acceptable in itself. And he also, like any painter, has to play with the coloured muck which is paint. The

pure sensation of paint is at one with his drives to create the image.

It is mixed up with the thought process ( if thought is the correct term) and I do believe that the odd painting is no more and no less than sensationalism. This is not, however, a derogatory remark.

John Russell<sup>6</sup> claims Bacon's lovers, the lovers he paints, are no more than 'battling heaps of anonymous meat'. I don't really agree. His lovers in the grass, or on the bed and elsewhere may be meaty but they are not quite anonymous. Bacon is there. What he seems to me to be doing with these paintings, particularly the 'Lovers in the Grass' (Plate No. 9), is trying to hide something of the act of making love and also trying to divulge something about it at the same time. It is as though he were ashamed of the homosexuality involved while simultaneously attempting to justify it. His bodies are meaty and battling but we are not allowed to see all the truth, the whole truth. Despite his purported unlocking of the valves of feeling, he has in fact unlocked only a portion of this feeling and I think that as a consequence it is difficult to know exactly how to respond to his paintings. I mean, one never knows exactly what to think and the reason is that Bacon is teasing us with clues, he is playing safe. Playing safe because the spectator can not criticize what he does not see. He can not condone what he does not see either, but he can be moved just enough to want to see more and the end result is that the end is what is needed to clinch the truth. What is the next painting going to be? What will he reveal? And the truth is that he does not reveal anything more in his recent paintings than he did in his first. His work in that sense has not developed to a mature stage. His technique with the brush has certainly reached a high level of slickness but his painting, ironically, has suffered as a result. The awkwardness which is found in earlier paintings has vanished,

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and with it the mystery of the paint. When he was trying to make his image as near to life as he could the magic of chance, for which his work is renowned, occurred. Now he is attempting to disguise what is contrived as what occurs in the act of painting. He is the illustrator supreme. He once was repelled by the whole idea of illustration (in painting that is) but his work now is in its manneristic stage - it is the beginning of the end. Of course he is nearing the latter part of his life and this is to be expected. In a way his fame is at fault. Granted, it probably supplied him with the money and confidence to keep working, but that is exactly the problem, his lack of confidence in himself seems to me to be the star quality in his earlier work. When he thought he could not paint he could paint better than when he thought he could - although I've never read anywhere that he thinks he can paint, but what does one expect after all these years of success? I don't know if what I am saying is justified but I do like to make the point.

'Three Studies For Portraits including a Self Portrait' (Plate No. 10), Painted in 1969, this is Bacon the illustrator at his most illustrative. The middle painting is a cartoon. He talks about paint and making an image with paint. When the paint creates in some accidental fashion the image the painter is looking for, well that's a good image. And I agree with that, I mean it always works. It has its own life, in a way. Having succeeded in doing this in some instances he now (in this painting) is attempting to copy directly his previous accident. He is attempting to make a replica of his accident by directly drawing it with the paint. Except this time the thing is forced. It is pretentious. The face is not breaking up naturally, as it has done in other paintings. Take, for example, 'Studies of George Dyer and Isabel Rawsthorne, 1970' (Plate No. 11). George Dyer's face seems right in this painting. The disfiguration is occurring

naturally. The expression of his face fits the mood of the image as a whole. Isabel Rawsthorne is the same. The blob under her chin, the smudge that seems like a clamp across her nose and mouth are as much a part of her as the eyes and nose. George Dyer's face looks as though a bomb has just exploded in his mouth. Both George and Isabel are a little surprised. They look like the photos they have been drawn from. They look like images in the memory of Bacon. They look like Bacon feels meaninglessness, futility, and he sees it in them also.

In 'Triptych May-June 1973' (Plate No. 12), the person in the painting on the left is defecating, the man in the middle seems to be very sick and the person on the far right is vomiting, into a hand basin. They all look as though they will just get up when they have finished what they are doing and mope around until they want to do it again. Instead of wanting to improve their situation ( and one would assume that this would be the case) they look rather subdued, in complete deference. Or more accurately they look very resigned. They prefer to sit in the dark and scream rather than try to do something about finding a means to light the place up. There is a proverb which goes; 'better to light a candle than to curse the dark'. These people are cursing the dark. Or worse still, they are not cursing it. The emotion expressed here is not that strong, they probably do not know what to curse. They do not even want to curse it. And of course all three are Bacon, since it is his feeling which is being exposed. The people here do not see a way out - they believe that this is the way things are, and who are we to change it.

Bacon says that he does not like his own face. I think his self portraits testify to this. He destroys the image of the face as if he were destroying the face. In his self portraits his eyes are never fixed at the spectator. They look down or just stare. They lack the conviction to challenge anyone

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who cares to stare back at them. It is almost as though he were being interrogated and his interrogator ordered him to look up. He looks up but his eyes remain downcast. His expression evasive. He is uncertain and cannot confront the viewer head on. All his portraits (both he and others); all of them remind me of people who are photographed during interrogation. The interrogator holds them under the chin and forces them to be photographed. The faces are twisted in the same way that faces twist when the interrogation cop holds peoples' faces by placing his thumb on one side of the jaw and his four fingers on the other side, then applying pressure so that the face squirms up. In portraits of people sitting down, the faces have just been slapped and are still turning away from the punishment. Not one is fighting back. All of them are content to complain, to self express; and not to the one (or the thing) responsible for the punishment, but to themselves. And the self expression is not a triumphant thing which accompanies positive action. It is a pathetic sort of end in itself. Rather than fight the cause of the pain they (Bacon really) lash out at nothing in particular, at themselves, because lashing is all they want to do. If the aim is off it is not meant to be anything else. Unlike what we have come to expect of the proverbial British, Bacon in his honesty does not care too much for the old stiff upper lip. His lips have touched the blade of a revved chain saw. He gives the impression that he is not in control of his situation. His condition is determined by an external force, and if the anguish is self inflicted it has become so only after the other, bigger pressure has been inflicted by something else. He has to inflict his pain on himself, because he does not know who or what caused it to begin with.

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'Painting 1946' (Plate No. 4) . A painting of carcasses of meat, a man's body with an umbrella over his head. Lots of intestines hanging down from

the top of the painting. The Surrealists have done paintings in which they don't (or claim not to have done) premeditate what the image will be. Even when the painting can have several contradictions if taken rationally. Their idea here was to show the true thought process of man and not just the logical or rational one. In the above mentioned painting Bacon claims that he was trying to paint a bird alighting on a field and in doing so the marks he made suddenly suggested a whole new image. They suggested the overall image of the painting in fact - not just the umbrella or the carcasses. This is clearly a case where the unconscious is at work, or at least is playing the major role. This painting is very satisfying in that it seems 'finished', whatever relevance that has. One is more inclined to look for a longer period of time at it, and apart from the impact of the colour and the meatiness of the painting, there is a nice interplay of shapes in operation. The shape of the umbrella and the blinds in the background. The painting is also very three dimensional. There is quite definitely a foreground which is given depth by the rail-like construction. Then there is the seated man plonked solidly in the middle behind the rail, and out of his shoulders grows the crucifixion-like figure of the carcass. The purple blinds then provide a definite backdrop for the whole stage set up. Like all his paintings this one works quickly, but again it seems fuller, more finished than most.

'Study of a Baboon 1953' (Plate No. 13). In this painting he really does get across the sensation without the boredom of its conveyance. There are no superfluous brushstrokes about, and the existing marks are scanty, straight to the point. What strikes me about this painting is its similarity to the type of thing prevalent in the American Abstract Expressionist movement at the time. The way in which the actual marks, even more so than the image, are employed as evokers of response. The image is of elemental importance, no doubt, but what makes the image live in the painting is the velocity of

The brushstrokes which suggest everything and say very little. In the case of this baboon painting the unfinished quality is its strength. This seems to happen a good deal in Bacon's work. In some cases the creamy finished look occurs, and in others the dry sketchy look. Both function well in their respective contexts and, I suppose, testify to Bacon's method of letting the painting decide for itself the way it should go. His criterion seems to adjust as the situation does. This, to me, is evidence of versatility and also attests to the fact that he knows what he wants. I doubt very much if he stopped at this stage in the painting simply because he became tired. He obviously felt right about what was on the canvas - after it appeared. | A purely abstract painting is constructed of forms which do not represent directly anything other than themselves. The marks in this case are mono-functional. If a form suddenly takes the shape of a recognizable object such as a face, mouth etc, for most people it becomes much more interesting. The marks have now become bi-functional. They are themselves and they are also the essence of the thing they have created, or the thing the spectator has created as a result of the suggestions of the abstraction. I think this is what Bacon wants when he tries to let the image grow spontaneously and of its own will. And I have already mentioned how, when this has happened successfully he has often tried to mimic in another painting the natural accident which has occurred. The result as far as I am concerned is a completely stagnant painting which appears false. I spoke of his painting of an umbrella and intestines and carcasses earlier. I said that I thought it to be successful, and I think that its success depended largely on its natural evolution through the painting - thinking process. But what has he gone and done? This: 'Second Version of Painting 1946,1971' (Plate No. 14). The result? A clumsy mess. Now, having seen this what am I to think? How do I react? I tell myself that because he has

done this again and has let it be seen, he has reduced the credibility of the original. Why? Because this second version is not an improvement, and neither is it a different direction. It has not gone anywhere that the other has <sup>not</sup> already gone. It has not even gone as far as it. It is, in my opinion, a forced replica of the prototype. And the fact that he releases it or even allows it to be photographed implies that he does not recognize the success or failure of his paintings, and is therefore not a competent self critic. And since I've already stated that he knows what he wants (or at least recognizes it when it occurs) I now must reassess my previous assumption. I might think that he is good, but wonder how much better he could be if he concentrated. Has he wasted a large potential because of his lacidasical attitude to his work? Maybe this point is totally invalid! I do not think that any point is invalid, though. Likewise my assumption may be incorrect, and likewise, as I have stated, this is not the point either. The point here might be that there is more than one way to skin a cat. What? This second painting is a commercial piece of glib, whatever glib is - it sounds accurate. This painting is a smooth cartoon-type illustration.

Bacon's use of colour deserves some comment too. In 'Study for Portrait of Van Gogh' (Plate No. 15), he achieves something which Scientists have been struggling to understand for centuries. By drinking profusely, having absorbed volumes of letters and stood forenenst many's the painting by Van Gogh (or many's the reproduction - these sometimes look better anyhow) he does in fact manage to assume the personality of that ill-begotten mortal of 'Starry Starry Night' fame whom we all cherish so warmly in our hearts today. Although the painting was executed in Bacon's studio it nonetheless captures brilliantly the limpid atmosphere of the South of France, and the excruciating tension of a man with the grit in his teeth, as they say, simultaneously. The reds and the greens in the foreground of the painting, ironically contain that expressive quality which Bacon so emphatically repudiates in his interviews with

David Sylvester. Obviously an allusion to Van Gogh's 'Painter on his Way to Work', the painting has all the ingredients of a painting which was begun with care but ended in desperation. The painter on his way to work has become the shadow man on his way back from the worst day of his life, or on the run from the men with the white coats who are looming up in his delirious mind. Every mark, with the exception of the green field and the yellow field in the background, is a psychological mark and not a structural or otherwise painterly device. As it is Bacon's painting, in being psychological it is also very nervous. The man who painted this painting was behaving in a very expressionistic manner. The lines which Bacon would have us believe to be structural, in his series of paintings or Velazquez's Pope Innocent, are also very psychological. They probably were put there initially as structural devices, but in the context of the painting as a whole they work as psychologically expressive.

Having just said that his structural marks are not structural (at least not in the paintings I have mentioned) I now contend that a prominent feature in determining the appeal of his paintings is the manipulation of space at work in them. Take, for instance, 'Portrait of George Dyer Riding a Bicycle' (Plate No. 16). The definition of space within the painting is described firstly by the circular thrust of the bicycle wheels, then by the fluid body form, and thirdly by the psychological/structural presence of the mauled on paint. The space within the body itself. The paint used to create the image recedes in one area, protrudes in the next. The sketchy brushmarks that suggest spokes are almost flashing like the spokes on a moving bike in reality. These spokes are multi-purpose in that they are spokes and also fast, tense lines of force relating to the structure of the painting. There is this conflict in his painting. A structural obsession and a psychological expression. \*

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### III.

Let us assume, for the sake of argument, that Bacon is credited for a flesh and blood reality in his paintings. O.K? Well, it is not real in any sense. It is both over dramatic and not dramatic enough. It's dramatic when the artist needs the drama and not necessarily when life presents it (every person to their own perception, of course). The reality, the drama, is a fantasy, not a reality. It is only real in the sense that it has a bearing on his thoughts (feelings?) which are themselves factions of reality, but it is reality or aspects of reality isolated from the bigger reality, set aside as issues to be considered, and therefore not reality any longer, but metaphor. And contrary to what Bacon says about being excited by life, it is more likely that he is bored by life but excited by painting; that is, living life metaphorically. (One can infer from this that even that is in itself part of life, but I just feel like being biased and vindictive at the moment so I will pretend that notion never occurred to me.) The life he creates in the fantasy of painting relates to the ordinary life, but the ordinary life is not exciting enough and the sensation of painting is what excites him, any painter. I do not think that this is an escape though, that's a dirty word. In actuality, in reality, the carcasses of an animal or a person severely injured are less dramatic than those found in painting. They can be more potent and they are more arresting, but the fact that they are not isolated and the fact that they are not making a special issue of themselves makes them less dramatic. And humans don't like that, especially if the carcass is one of them. We (humans) make the issue and demand the drama, possibly because we are offended by the indifference Nature displays. I mean, the sky does not necessarily darken when one of our nearest and dearest is killed. We invent the 'pathetic fallacy' perhaps because we like to think of ourselves as special. I sometimes suspect that most people who have seen films (even news film) which deal with violence would be disappointed with violence in reality. In Cinema and in

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Painting, violence and blood and all that goes with it is plastic and over dramatic. Violence in reality might cause fear or disgust, or just plain loss of feeling. Shock is probably the word. But it can also be quite boring to witness violence in reality. One can become apathetic when confronted with it. Or it is so dramatic it ceases to be dramatic, maybe too real to be contained. With art forms we know that it is not real and we can allow our feeling to flow with it and enjoy the drama. But in reality it is almost as if the drama is shut out, it is too close to the bone to pay attention to. Maybe in Art we are finding our relief safely. Art, Cinema especially, also can prolong certain portions of a violent act, or can emphasize one particular aspect of it, thus rendering onto the viewer a deeper sense of disturbance. For instance , in a Feature Film a shot of a person in great pain can be slowed down or there may be no noise apart from a simulated heartbeat pounding as the scene develops. In reality there is nothing save the pain of the victim and the shock of the spectator. Its drama is in its banality. It is like an anti climax, things fall into place before one has time to think. Things happen at normal speeds, and an ambulance comes and takes the victim away leaving the remainder to the police, or whatever. The event just happens and is over. The blood on the road is simply blood. What Art does is to arouse the viewers sensibility and send it on a tangent of associations. I think any artist (give or take a few) is basically a person who finds everyday events boring and has to manipulate them with the imagination. (Although, then again maybe it is the exact opposite which is true, maybe the artist is fascinated by everyday things, but I still want to be biased). The point is that a state of extremity must be reached to overcome the banality of simply existing, and also to try to understand existence. In primitive times one had to spend all one's time and energy chasing one's dinner with one's spear, and had to use one's head in order to survive successfully. In being preoccupied in such a way one never became bored. Significantly Art developed concurrently

with spare time. As soon as the man in the cave had a few deer in his trap he could afford to take a breather and begin thinking about drawing and painting animals on his cave wall. Obviously these paintings functioned differently from paintings today, but still I bet he did not engage in much painting when he barely had time to sharpen his spear so as to enable him to eat, even though he needed the assurance which the totems of cave paintings could offer then also. The fact is that in times of crisis Art takes a back seat. But in a consumer society, as in civilization such as ours, everybody has his own task (every person is, in effect, a specialist) and when a crisis occurs only those equipped to deal with it are called upon. In the event of war then, most artists (and photo journalists, T.V. Camera Personnel and so on) can avoid being killed and can concentrate on relating the experience of the crisis to those left to see it. In doing this, again they are turning the experience of the war into Art experience and not real experience. While the soldiers are dealing with one type of crisis the artists are dealing with another - how people will be affected emotionally by such a crisis. The crisis is, thus, being contained by being contemplated. Just as the man in the cave felt power over his prey when he could see the animal painted on his cave wall, Bacon, in relating the crisis of his existence of his contemporary fellowman has helped in his own way to attenuate the burden of the crisis of existence by making it containable - by setting it apart in artifacts - thereby putting man in a position where he feels he can be in control. Man can then say to himself, "since I am now aware of my dilemma I can step out of it and look at myself, I can manipulate it in my thoughts and anticipate any incurring crisis." Even if he is incapable of preventing the crisis he sees himself to be capable of knowing what it is, and the understanding of a phenomenon is, of course, followed by the control of it, usually. For instance, man feared and lived in apprehension of electricity (in thunderstorms) until Scientists understood it. It is no longer a god but power we can harness and put to work in

our favour, Art has its own way of understanding phenomena which Science as yet cannot clarify, and in its own way also it manipulates reality and makes it tolerable to people. In doing this it is not merely providing therapy for the artist but surmounting the crisis which incites the artist to do his art in the first place. Bacon's art is an arena for our emotions, we can look and be afraid in complete safety, we can see the insecurity and can even feel insecure, but when the mood takes us we can leave the paintings and go about our business. Maybe weaker, but less vulnerable for all that; our security now resting in the awareness of the fact that we are by no means secure, but at least we know we are not secure and so we won't be caught by surprise. Our weakness has suddenly become our strength.

Lorenza Trucchi<sup>7</sup>, in the book, 'Francis Bacon', discusses the painting, 'Triptych', August 1972 (Plate No. 17). He says;

'The composition is symmetrical, with those two triangles fanning out at the bottom of the two side panels, and the obsessive repetition of three rectangles, also black, which like so many tombstones form the background for the three figures. Two of them are seated, while the third in the middle spins around in a horrendous convulsion, in a pang that ravages the body, causing all its humours, all its secretions, to spill out in ceaseless flood. And here the shadow of the body for the first time becomes truly, metaphorically, the shadow of death - a rosy ectoplasm that is ready to dissolve when, as is soon to be the case, the body will be nothing but a glob of inanimate matter, freed from the two-fold obsession of living and dying'.

The colour in the painting is very sombre and the paintwork solid. It really conveys a feeling of man invaded by some ominous power which he knows will leave him empty, deformed, reduced to dust. He may be dust already and in that case if we go from left to right across the painting; from dust to this. I said earlier that the people in the paintings never fight back. He probably feels that they can not, since they are all aware that they have already been born and now can only become dead.

When we think about Bacon's self portraits we are easily reminded of the other great self portrait painter, Rembrandt. Both painters have a tendency to depict their unassuming selves with the deepest honesty. Nothing is left out of a Bacon self portrait simply because it may make him appear ugly. Like Rembrandt, the truth is more important than any ideals of harmony or beauty. Bacon tells David Sylvester<sup>8</sup> that he painted his self portraits because there was nobody else around at the time to paint. Anyone who would believe that, though, would want their head seen to. The reason is more likely, that in painting his own face he could, like Van Gogh before him, mercilessly diagnose his own condition without fear of offending anybody in doing so. This is the reason Bacon gives for preferring to work from photos of people, rather than people themselves, since often in distorting a person's appearance he could be (as David Sylvester suggests) inflicting damage on them also. It is easier to distort a photographic image of a person than to distort the image of them while they sit before you. With himself, on the other hand, nobody can be offended. Actually 'diagnose' is probably incorrect to describe what Bacon does. It is right for Van Gogh, but maybe not for Bacon or Rembrandt. Rembrandt observes, almost warmly, the traces of personality on his face. Bacon sort of levers out his. In Bacon's case the effort is in his trying to extract the person from behind the mask of their features,

whereas with Rembrandt the work is in finding on the face the already existing clues to his sitters disposition. With Rembrandt, too, the person (Rembrandt) is in a continuing state of change as he goes from youth to old age, wealth to bankruptcy. Bacon seems to have taken a decision regarding the nature of his existence early in his life and as a result his character never alters. He is the same man in one portrait as he is in the next. In Rembrandt's case, his changing can be taken as evidence of a man who has lived a fuller life, gave life a chance, as it were. But one could say about Bacon that he has stuck by his guns all along and saw from the onset how things really are, to him. In both cases there is sincerity of personal judgement. One slight difference does exist between Bacon and Rembrandt. In Rembrandt's portraits one can feel the humanity, the compassion which overshadows the sadness of the face in his old age portraits. People not involved with Art can look at Rembrandt and feel his emotions, share his experience. But for the same persons to be shown a Bacon self portrait would mean a different reaction altogether. Besides the fact that Rembrandt's technique of painting is accepted now, and that Bacon is still to the non Art orientated person a 'modern' painter, hence posing problems of communication, there is the other factor, that in Bacon's portraits the humanity has vanished. In Bacon's face there are no quashed ideals, no unrealized hopes or ambitions to which everybody can relate and sympathise with. With Bacon the nostalgia of sadness is nowhere to be found. What people see frightens them. The man in these paintings is inadvertantly offering us the reality of his situation without the slightest hint of remorse or reassurance. He is like a computer issuing data to the operator as to the nature of his life. Bacon's method just shows us the reflection of our own face in his. And people not accustomed to 'modern' Art are taken aback. "Rembrandt", they probably would say, "at least seems to be prepared to offer us some kind of comfort, but this Bacon, he doesn't even care

if he shatters everything we have come to believe in".

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IV.

In 'Triptych 1971' (Plate No. 18) the centre panel depicts a man turning a key in a doorlatch, from the inside of his room. This image is an allusion to the lines from T.S. Eliot's poem, 'The Waste Land'.

"I have heard the key  
Turn in the door once and turn once only  
We think of the key, each in his prison  
Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison".

'Painting, 1978' (Plate No. 19) also depicts such a figure. This time the key is turned by the figure's foot. But here is the important point; although these paintings, and others, relate to Eliot's poetry, they do not in fact relate to any specific message or suggestion in the poems. Rather, they come about as a consequence of a feeling which Bacon has, having read the poetry. It is a general thing.

"I always feel I've been influenced by Eliot. 'The Waste Land' especially and the poems before it have always affected me very much. But I've hardly ever done things directly inspired by particular lines or poems. I admire them and they excite me and goad me to try and work much more. That is the way they influence me. It's very difficult to use any poetry for any one painting; it's the whole atmosphere of it that affects me".<sup>9</sup>

He says that 'The Waste Land' and the poems before it have had a particular influence on him, I think the reason for this is the fact that 'The Waste Land' and previous poems ('The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock', for

itself

example), deal with reality as it presents<sup>A</sup> to Eliot; a world devoid of meaning or hope of spiritual redemption in 'The Waste Land' (Eliot's waste land being the spiritual waste land of post-World War One society), and in 'Prufrock' a world of insignificant little crises, futility and despair. Whatever Prufrock's crisis is, it is not to be overcome, and his microcosmic crisis can be allegorically seen as the macrocosmic crisis which everyone, to an extent, experiences. To surmount his problem Prufrock asks himself how he should set about it:

" And should I then presume?

And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets and watched the smoke that rises from the pipes of lonely men in shirt-sleeves, leaning out of windows? .....

I should have been a pair of ragged claws

scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!

Smoothed by long figures,

Asleep ..... tired ..... or it malingers,

stretched on the floor, here beside you and me,

Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,

Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?

But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,

Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald)

Brought it upon a platter,

I am no prophet - and here's no great matter;

I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,

And I have seen the eternal footman hold my coat and snicker,

And in short, I was afraid."

Eliot's later poems again acknowledge the waste land, but then he takes another step. Having found himself in this derelict land his poems assume an attitude of prayer, of resorting to a world of religion in which he is convinced there exists redemption from the spiritual waste land, of life on earth, and which will provide eternal happiness. Poems such as 'Four Quartets', 'Ash Wednesday' and 'A Song for Simeon'. And since Bacon seems to accept reality (though at times he may not be pleased with it) as what it is, these later poems of Eliot's probably amount to no more than wishful thinking for him, despite their power as poetry and the complexity of thought involved. The atmosphere of 'The Waste Land' and the poems before it is what affects Bacon. And the atmosphere is one of contemplation, and finding no purpose having contemplated. Searching for and finding no meaning. Finding only unsatisfactory fragments. This next extract is again taken from 'The Waste Land'.

"What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow out of this stony rubbish? Son of man,  
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only a heap of broken images,  
where the sun beats,  
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,  
And the dry stone no sound of water."

Eliot was somewhat repelled by the notion of sensual or carnal experience. The young man who proceeds to sexually indulge himself at the expense of the submissive girl in 'The Waste Land', is vile and disgusting to him; in any event, shallow:

"At the violet hour, when the eyes and back turn upward from the desk,

when the human engine waits like a taxi throbbing waiting,

I, Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,

Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see at the violet hour,

the evening that strives homeward, and brings the sailor home from

the sea, the typist home at teatime, clears her breakfast, lights

her stove, and lays out food in tins.

Out of the window perilously spread

Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,

On the divan are piled (at night her bed)

Stockings, Slippers, Camisoles, and stays.

I Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs

Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest -

I too awaited the expected guest.

He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,

A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,

One of the low on whom assurance sits,

As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.

The time is now propitious, as he guesses,

The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,

Endeavours to engage her in caresses

Which still are unreproved, if undesired.

Flushed and decided, he assaults at once;

Exploring hands encounter no defense;

His vanity requires no response,

And makes a welcome of indifference.

(And I Tiresias have foresuffered all

Enacted on this same divan or bed;

I who have sat by Thebes below the wall

And walked among the lowest of the dead)

Bestows one final patronising kiss,  
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit .....

She turns and looks a moment in the glass  
Hardly aware of her departed lover;  
Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass;  
'Well now that's done: and I'm glad it's over'.

This is not the healthiest of situations, but let's face it,  
it happens quite a lot. It is basically the way things go, give  
or take the odd detail. The very tone of this extract implies disgust  
for the proceedings being enacted here and, in one sense can be seen  
as a disdain for life as it is, the flesh and blood reality which  
constitutes it. Rather than accept this life as it manifests itself  
to him, Eliot has to look for an alternative life, and finds it in  
religious devotion. In doing this he is, in a way, gaining sanctuary  
from reality. The quotation which follows is taken from a prologue  
to 'The Birth of Tragedy', by Friedrich Nietzsche, called 'Attempt at  
Self-Criticism'. I think Nietzsche is slightly over judicious in what  
he says here, and for that reason I hesitate to use the quote, except  
in the context of the point I have made regarding religious indulgence  
as a sanctuary from certain aspects of reality of life, also, I am  
conscious of the danger of using such an excerpt which was obviously  
written in the light of the discussion for which it was intended.

"In truth nothing could be more opposed to the purely aesthetic  
interpretation and justification of the world which are taught in this book  
than the Christian teaching, which is, and wants to be, only moral and  
which relegates Art, every Art, to the realm of lies ; with its

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absolute standards, beginning with the truthfulness of God, it negates, judges and damns Art. Behind this mode of thought and valuation, which must be hostile to Art if it is at all genuine, I never failed to sense a hostility to life - a furious, vengeful antipathy to life itself: For all of life is based on semblance, art, deception, points of view, and the necessity of perspectives and error. Christianity was from the beginning, essentially and fundamentally, life's nausea and disgust with life, merely concealed behind, masked by, dressed up as, faith in "another" or "better" life. Hatred of 'the world', condemnations of the passions, fear of beauty and sensuality, a beyond invented the better to slander this life, at bottom a craving for the nothing, for the end, for respite, for "the sabbath of sabbaths" - all this always struck me, no less than the unconditional will of Christianity to recognize only moral values, as the most dangerous and uncanny form of all possible forms of a "will to decline" - at the very least a sign of abysmal sickness, weariness, discouragement, exhaustion, and the impoverishment of life, for, confronted with morality (especially Christian, or unconditional, morality), life must continually and inevitably be in the wrong, because life is something essentially amoral - and eventually, crushed by the weight of contempt and the eternal No, life must then be felt to be unworthy of desire and altogether worthless".

Bacon may have his fantasy in the paint, but he does not allow himself to be beguiled by his own insecurity into trying to justify his life merely because it preceeds the next life, allowing him to die so as to be reborn. He is not tired, as the old man in Eliot's 'Journey of the Maji', of the old dispensation, which is in this case the way things were prior to the birth of Jesus. Although, as I have pointed out earlier,

Bacon sometimes does betray a distaste about aspects of his life, in a strange way he does not seem to want to pass judgment. He does not say, "This is horrid, therefore life is horrid". Perhaps his lack of willingness to judge is a form of cowardice or laziness. I do not think so. He is happy enough to be part of the phenomenon of life, despite what he may see as horrific or sad, etc. He finds beauty (visual beauty) in pictures of diseases of the human mouth. Perverse? Maybe so. Not any more perverse than wishing to be apart from it all, under the shadow of the rock, out of the direct sunlight where the dead tree provides no shelter and the dry stone no sound of water. Bacon tells David Sylvester that he admires religious people and thinks that they are more interesting than people who exist with no sense of purpose, who live for pleasure only. But he also says that to be able to live in total futility would be a great thing. He would admire a person who could do so and still manage to lead a full life. He does not assert much about anything, least of all (as Eliot does in 'The Hollow Men') that

We are the hollow men

We are the stuffed men

If he does feel this way about himself, his paintings seem to be saying; 'I' am a hollow man, perhaps. Not necessarily 'We', the whole of mankind included. His work is an assessment of life, not an indictment. He thus does not assume that everybody should feel as he does; everybody is not upset. Good man Bacon. Rock on.

IN-CONCLUSION ..... AND EGGS

We can understand Bacon's painting a little better if we take into account just one of a number of poems written by Francis during his stay in hospital in Paris between January 1979 and April of the same year. He does not, as a rule, write poetry but supposedly because of his physical weakness and the fact that he was not allowed to paint in the hospital anyhow, he had to vent his creative impulse in some form. Only a small number of poems are extant from the some two hundred written, and they, luckily, survive because a nurse whom he befriended had the foresight to grab what she could of the poems knowing that he would probably have tried to destroy them. Written in French, these poems have not been translated and but for the fact that my sister speaks French and has made an attempt at such a translation, I would never have been able to read them. One in particular sticks in my mind more than the rest, and what ensues is the crude (but accurate) translation attempted by my sister. It is called, "I Bubble", and is a pun on the novel, 'I Claudius', in which Claudius assumes self importance as an individual. 'I Bubble', denounces any such egoism, and the feeling we are left with having read it is one of belonging in a mass of parts of a great whole, each part of which (to me) can be seen as a symbol of the many facets of life which both change, becoming something else, and also last and share the experience of this cosmic harmony despite the mutation and individual anonymity endured.

I, Bubble.

" Half wasp

Sipping the jam, jam

Atop the jar of the jam

The half visible connected

No doubt to the invisible half

Two Fires woofing ~~blazing~~

Two good Sundays spent relaxing

A Daffodil upsurging the ~~clay~~, lately clay

No television to turn on, to turn off

To switch channels

Of on and of Off. OFF ON OFF ON.

Where were you that Saturday

The time we went to see the foam of the big waves

The sea fringes blazing the stopped cliffs

Sand mixing with the little fish and air bubbles

Really everything overwhelmingly kinetically-like mixing up

The shells lately shells. Long ago Fish, Fish mixing.

This mixing up pebbles shells Fishes bubbles takes

the fishes to be the fish and the pebbles the bubbles

Shoals of bubbles then since once shells fish and fish fish

Then this cool fizzing. The joy of the water hops, this

is the only turning of the ever kept turning

churned kinetic lasting motion of what to us is."

One knows from reading this how the paintings are to work on us.

The legs and the paint making the legs and the carpet parts and the

emotion and the expression and the textures and the hue and the gestures and the rawness and the image effect and the scale and the gauze mixture of the paint sensation merging with the intelligence to which we are to be moved withall by are the essence of how the language speaks. That's clear enough, isn't it? Of course the painting (once again) is not to be confused with reality. It just helps (ironically) to determine the dimensions of reality and in that sense the toilet bowls and the du do di dag dubdub contained therein. At at it.

Bacon was not white, as many people until now have assumed. That's right, he was black. His parents were Mr. and Mrs. Grey (they were rather pallid) and because of an inherent ignorance they were known by neighbours and enemies as Mr. and Mrs. Green, meaning intellectually colourless. He (Bacon), on learning of this derogatory reference to his mum and dad, assumed a livid appearance, thereby confusing his neighbours as to the nature of his real colour whereupon they immediately turned bright red with embarrassment. To add to this ill luck Bacon's submission to the Royal Academy of his favourite painting, 'Portrait of George Dyer Riding a Bicycle across a Sitting Room Floor' was rejected by the Academy on the grounds that, and I quote, "It does not at all resemble the George Dyer we have come to know from the photos". Anyhow, what did Bacon expect? I mean, nobody could have possibly believed that such a painting as this would ever emerge from the post-war society of Britain, conservative as it was then, and be allowed to blend with the real drawing room motifs. Drawing rooms being, after all, places reserved for good conversation, other types of sedate pleasantries and cocktail sausages. Eh? Needless to say, Bacon sank into a deep depression, and 'twas at this point that he decided to write his now famous poem 'Stanzas Written in Dejection near Nipples', the title of course referring to the fact that in the throes

of his disillusion he took refuge in the bosom of some benign local harlot. But once again his poem was rejected for fear of offending the general public. (Incidentally, Bacon suggested that somebody should shoot the General) . So Bacon changed the title to 'Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples'. First he had to find the remote little village of Dejection, which is near Naples, and there he sat himself down 'neath the shade of yonder nodding Beech and wrote what was later to become the epitaph on many's the suicide victim's gravestone. This is but one stanza of that fine poem.

I could lie down like a tired child  
and weep away the life of care  
that I have borne and yet must bear  
till death, like sleep might steal on me.

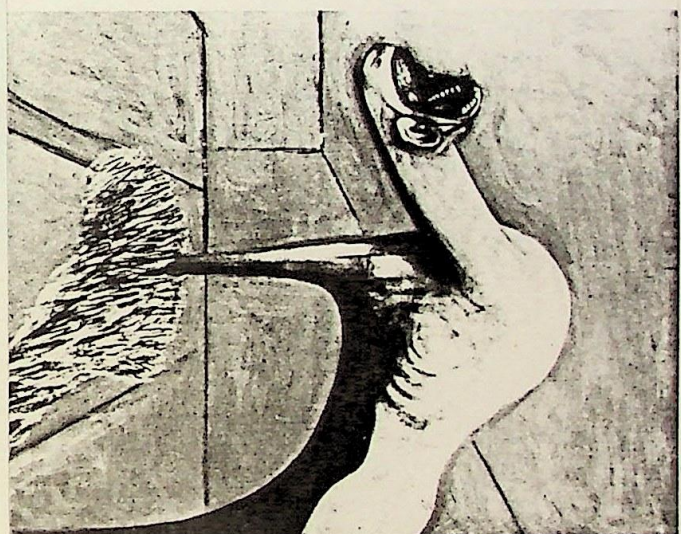
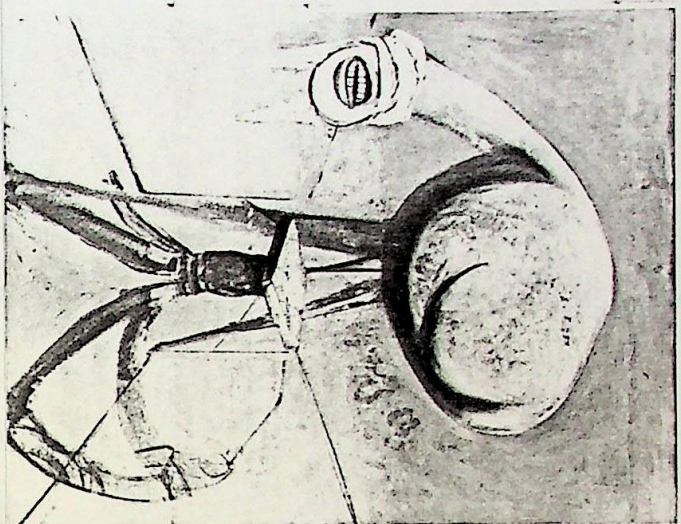
Robert Ballagh said that the only part of the poem which held any appeal, whatever for him was the word, 'steal', since it reminded him of his younger days growing up in the Liberties when he used to steal raisins from his granny's home made buns, and later because he adopted a habit of stealing valuable exhibition space in and around Dublin from those far more deserving of it than himself. Of course such is life, depending on who and where one is whenever. Now aint that a fact!

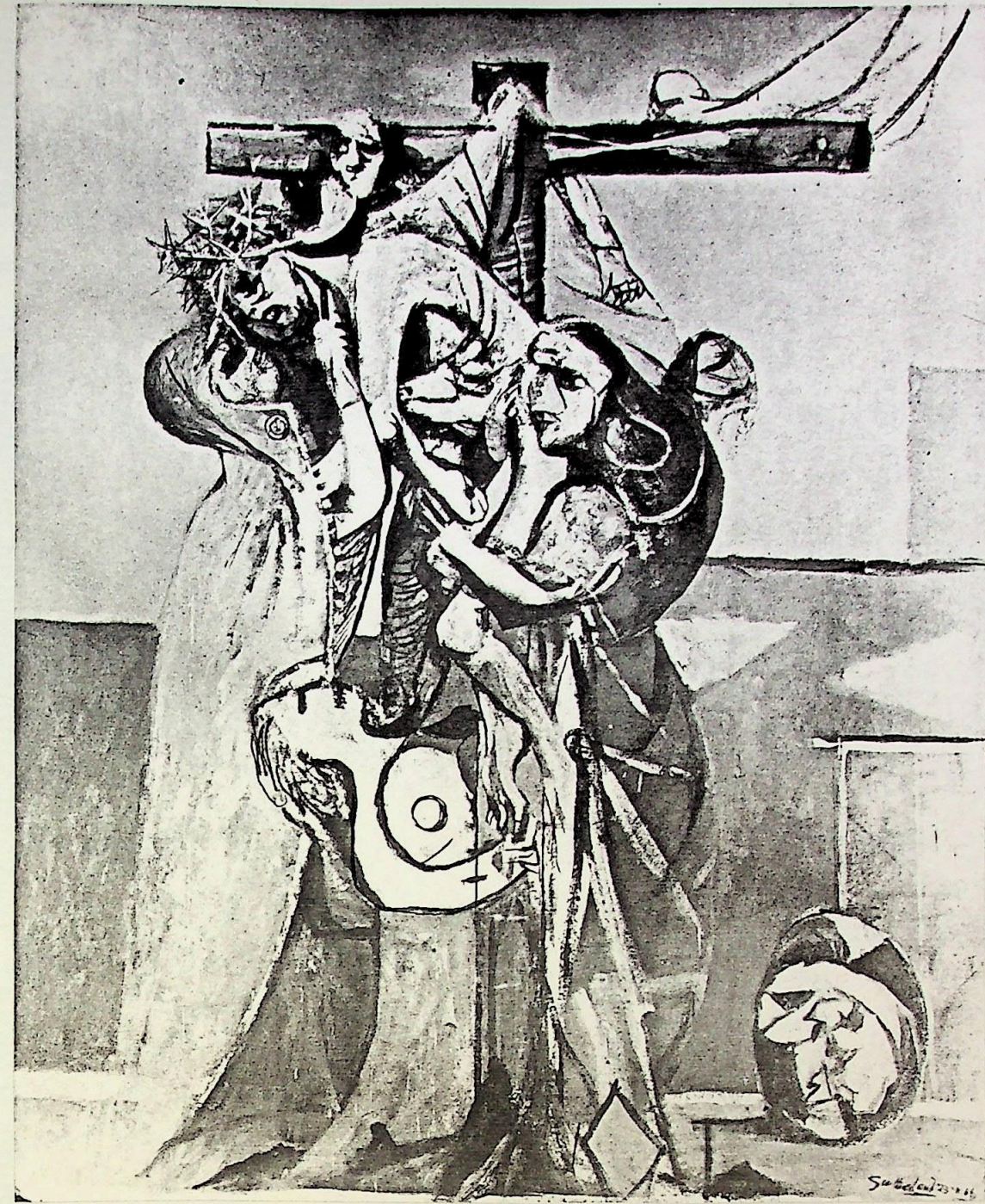
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# ILLUSTRATIONS:

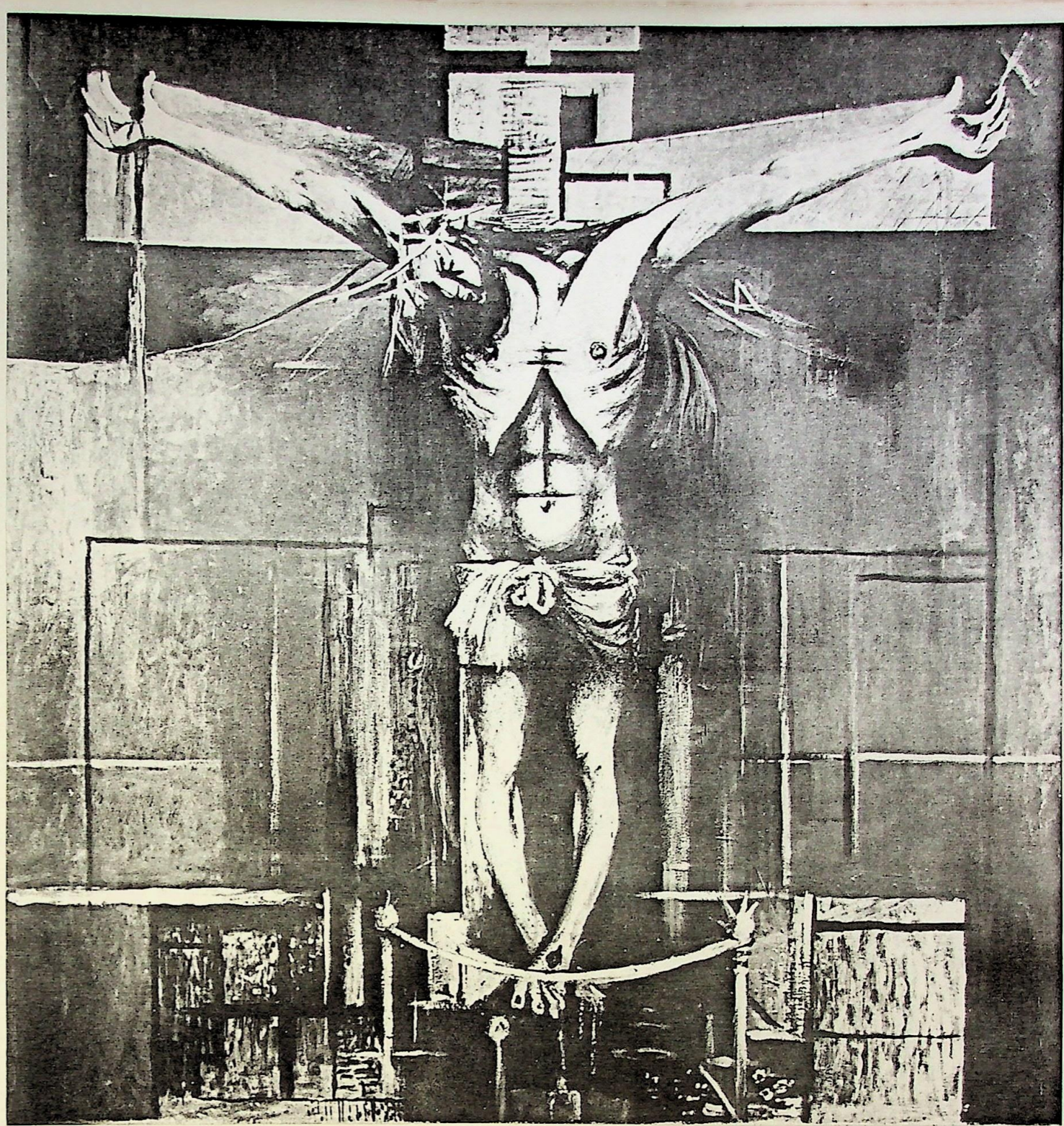
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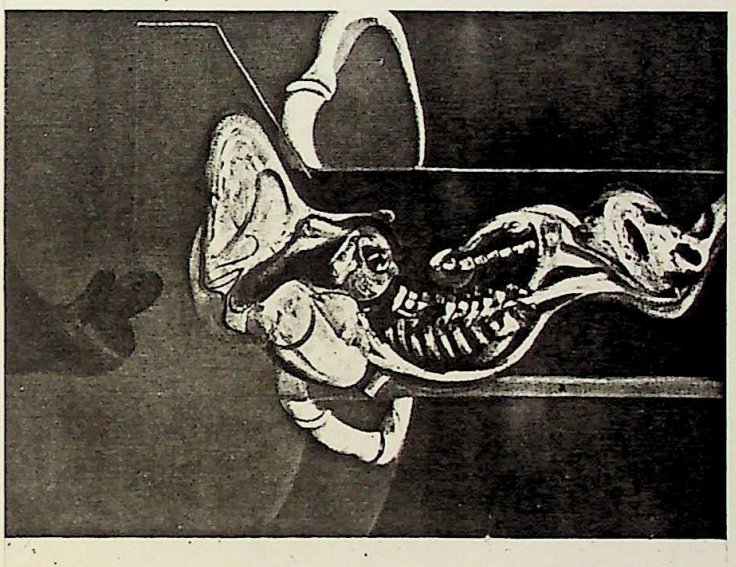
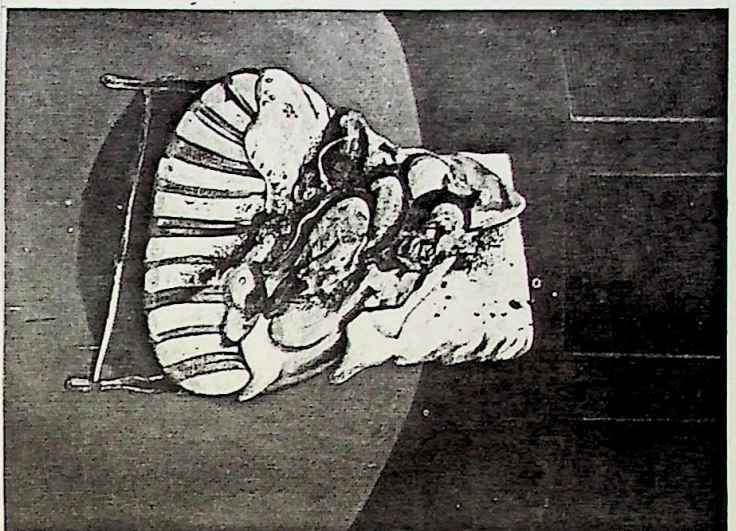
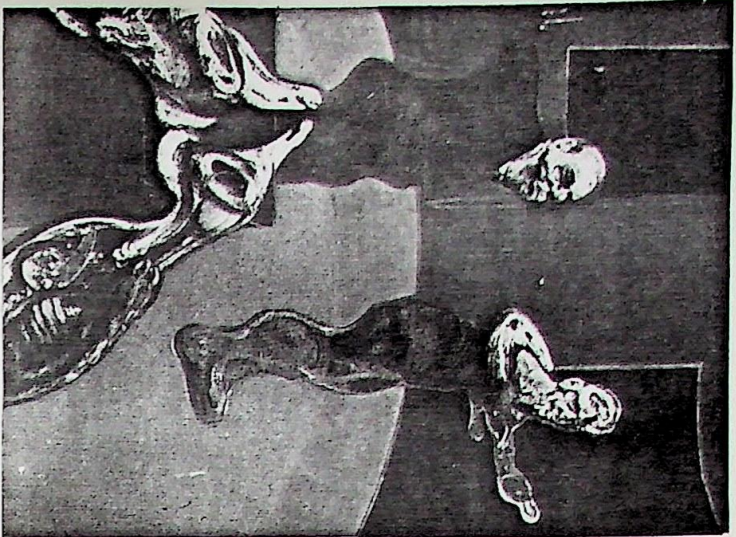






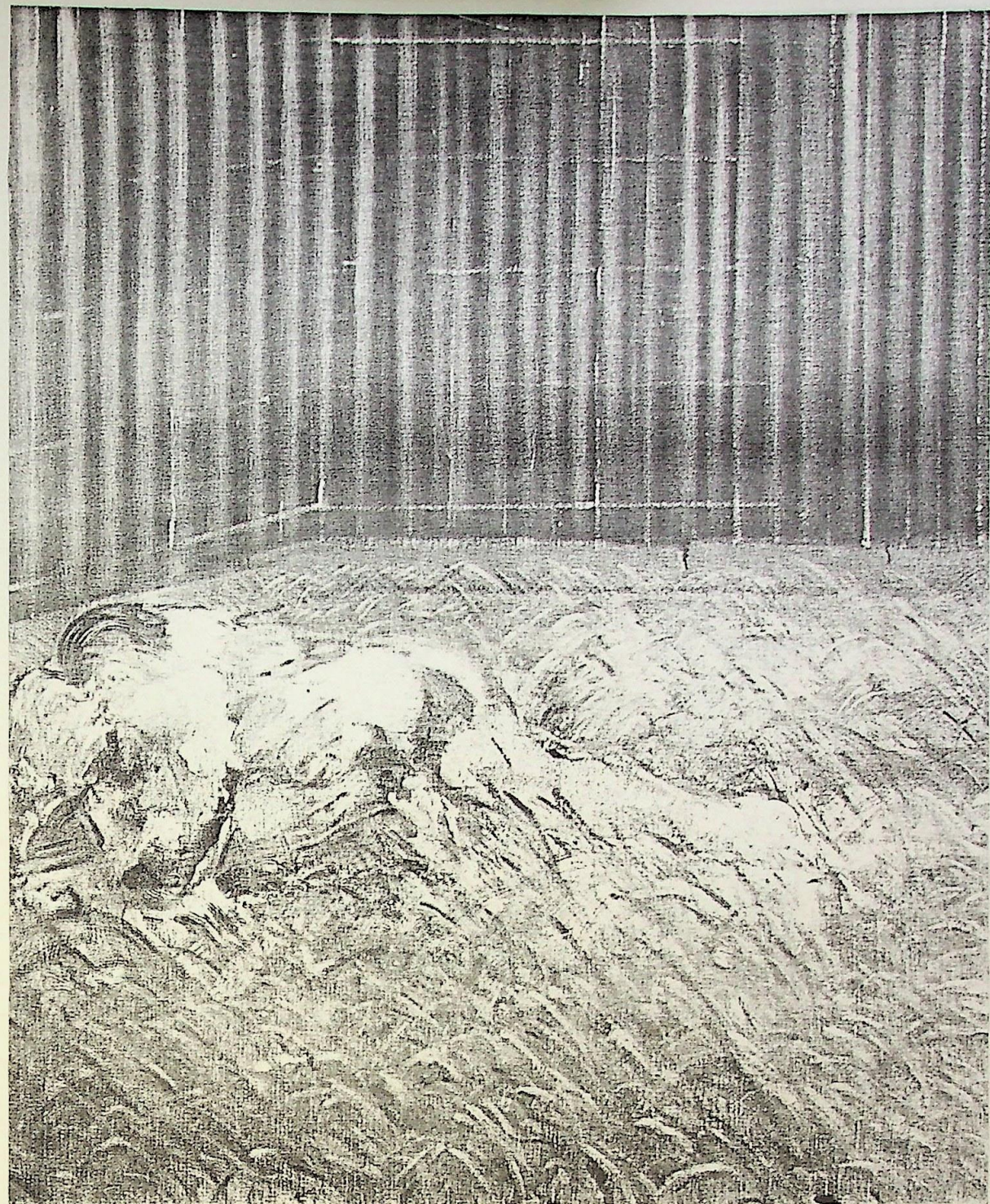






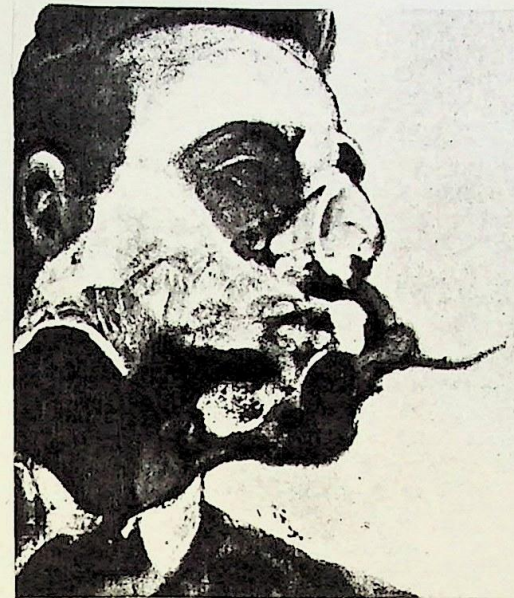




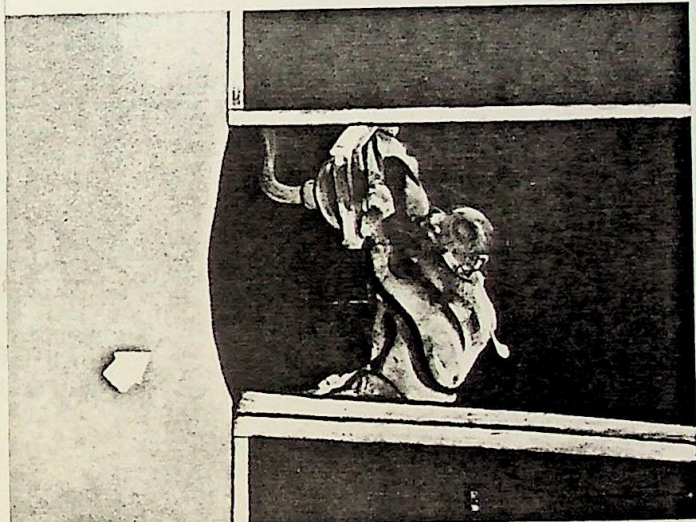
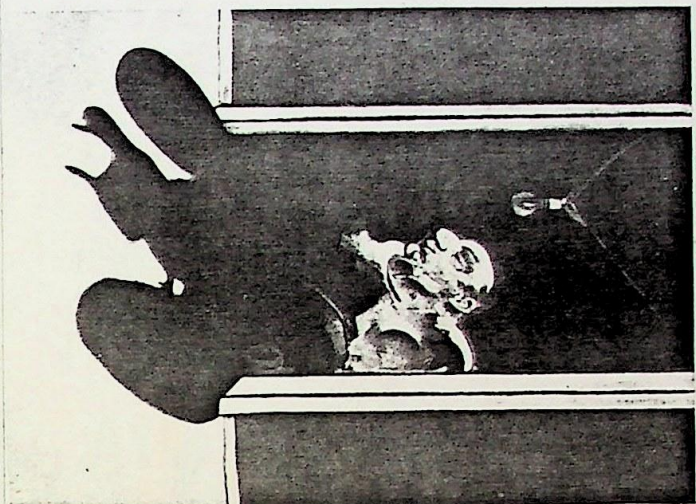
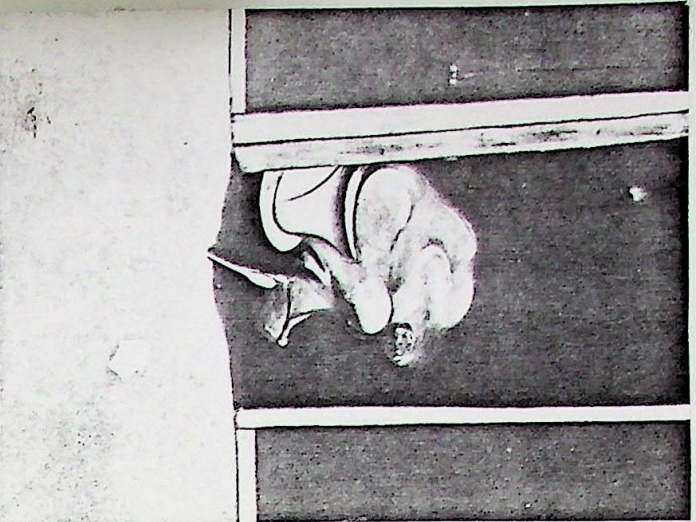


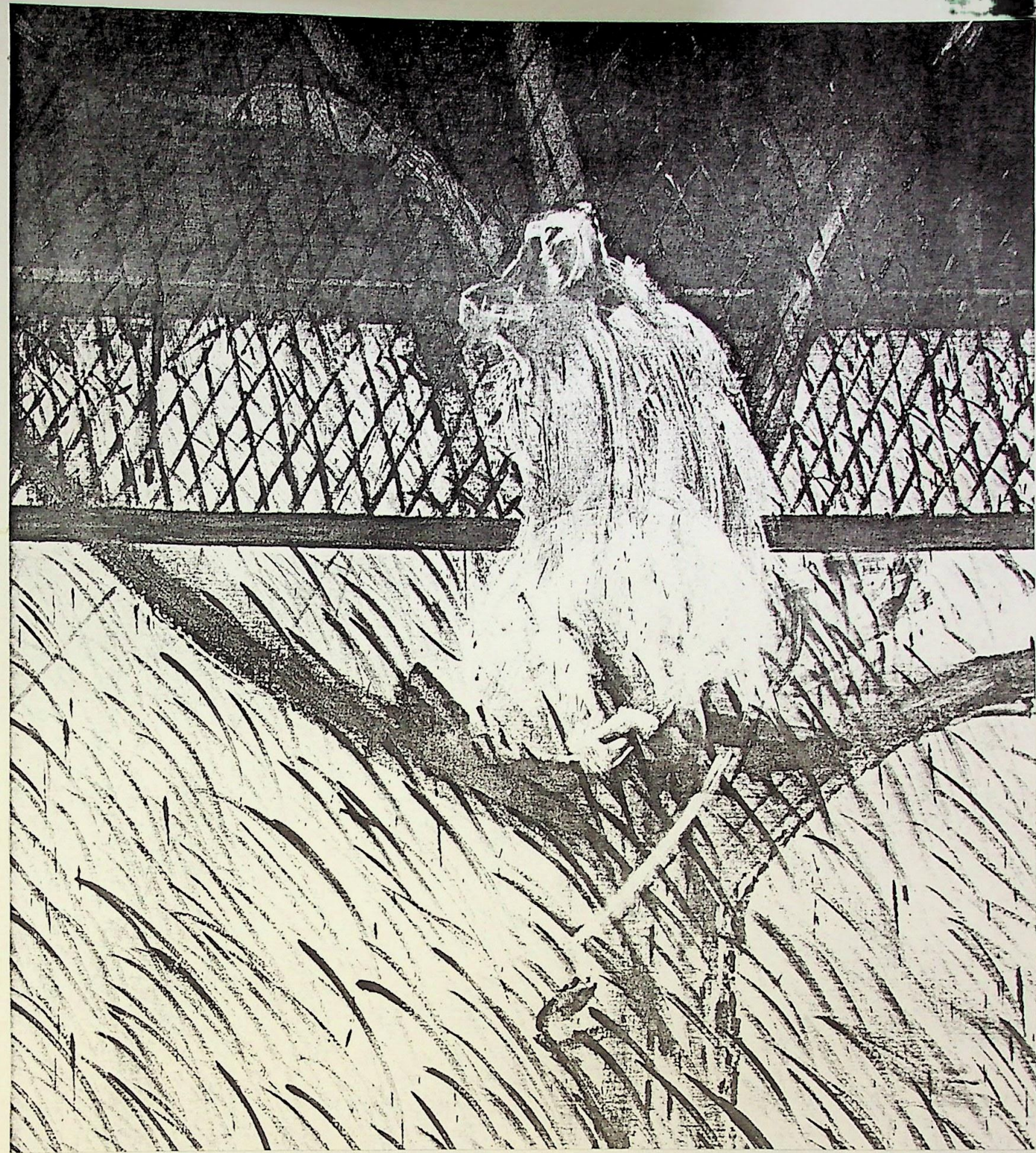


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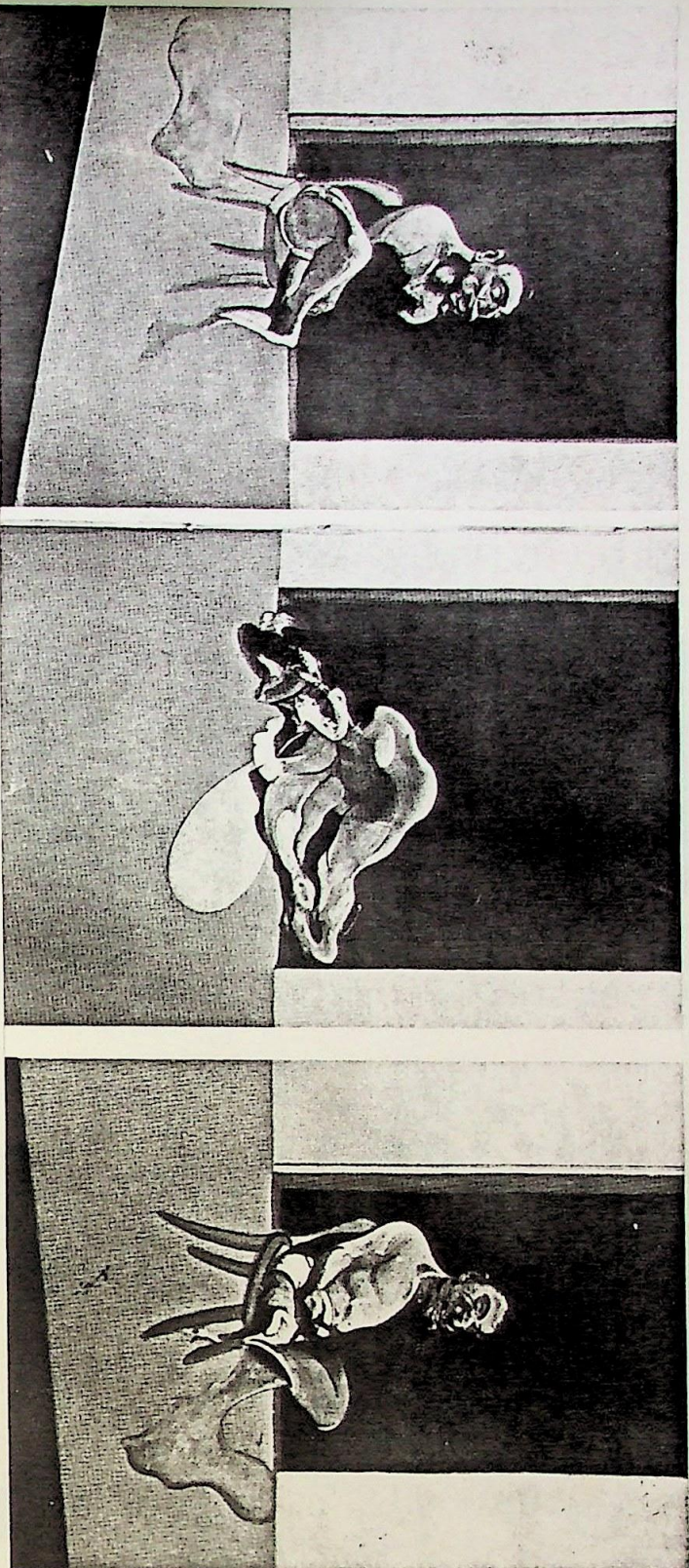


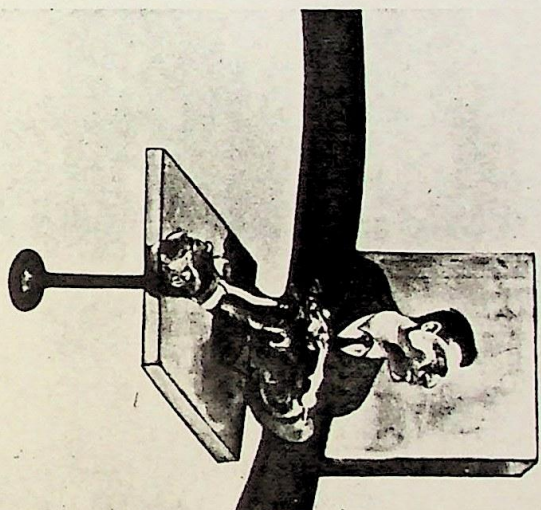
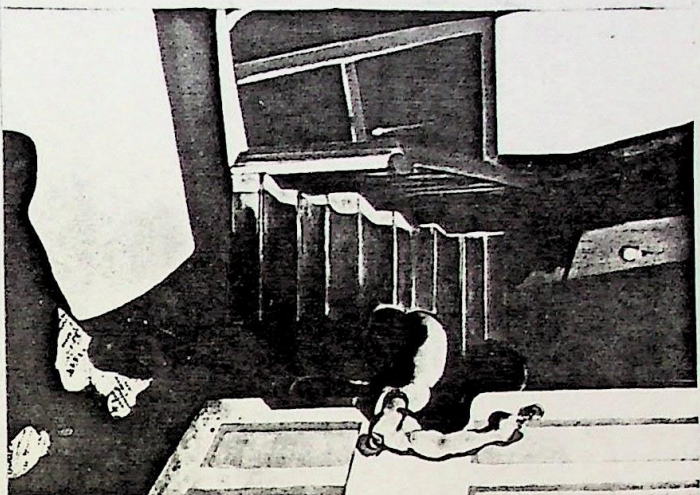


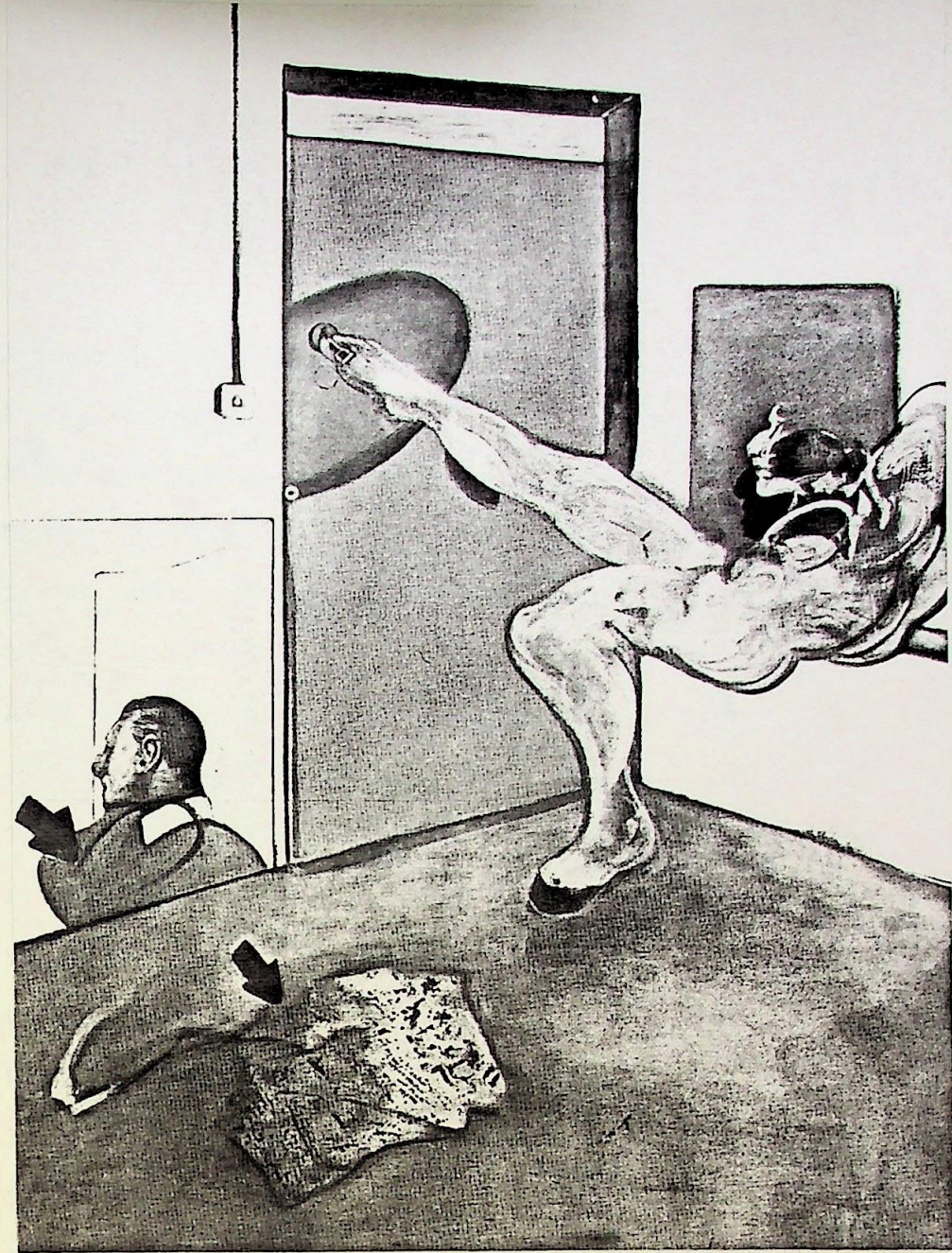












FOOTNOTES

1. DAVID SYLVESTER. INTERVIEWS WITH FRANCIS BACON 1962 - 1979  
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2. DAVID SYLVESTER. INTERVIEWS WITH FRANCIS BACON 1962 - 1979  
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3. DAVID SYLVESTER. INTERVIEWS WITH FRANCIS BACON 1962 - 1979  
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4. JOHN BERGER. ABOUT LOOKING. ESSAY: FRANCIS BACON AND WALT DISNEY.
5. DAVID SYLVESTER. INTERVIEWS WITH FRANCIS BACON 1962 - 1979  
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6. JOHN RUSSEL. FRANCIS BACON.  
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8. DAVID SYLVESTER. INTERVIEWS WITH FRANCIS BACON 1962 - 1979.  
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