

Accompanies the major retrospective at the Pompidou Centre in autumn 2019, which explores the ways literature inspired Francis Bacon's art

Francis Bacon

Didier Ottinger

c. 200 illustrations
30.0 x 23.0cm
242pp, including 11 gatefolds
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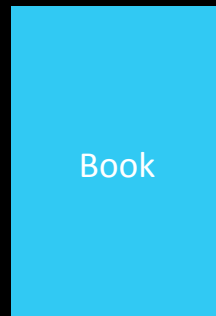
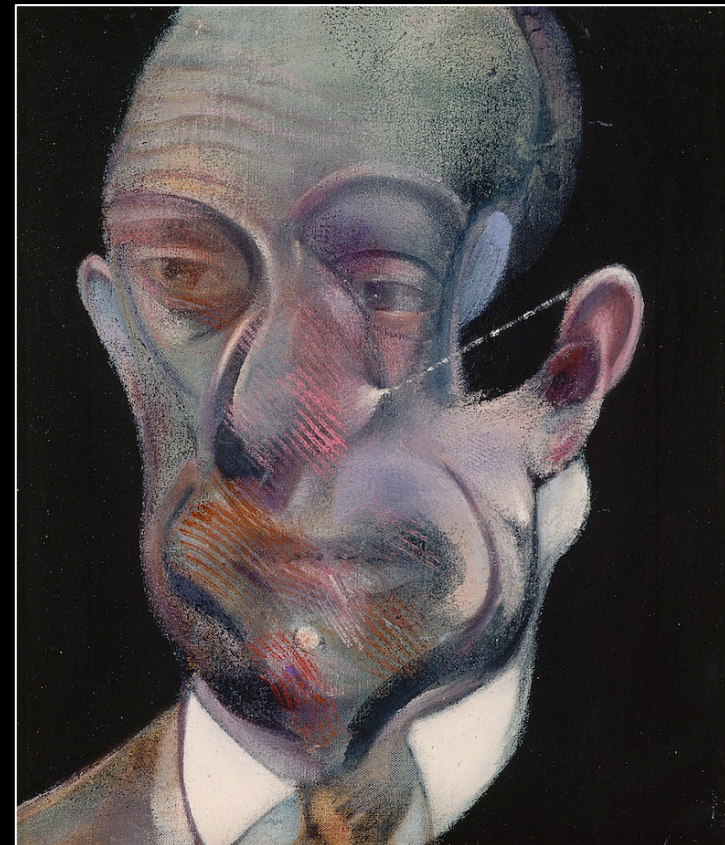


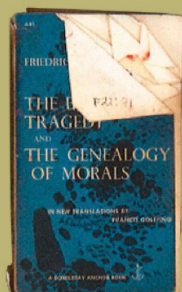
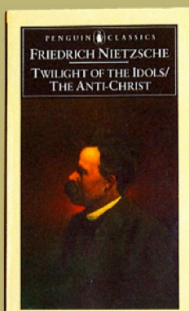
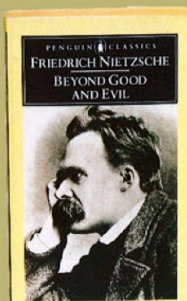
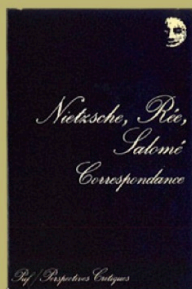
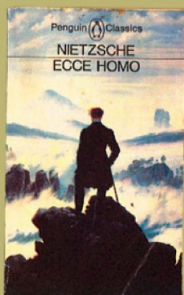
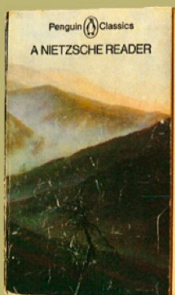
Image from book



Key Sales Points

- A radically new perspective on Bacon's art, analysing the ways in which literature was a powerful stimulus for Bacon's imagination
- The exhibition, which is the first on Francis Bacon in Paris for over twenty years, will be at the Pompidou Centre from 11 September 2019 to 20 January 2020
- A lavish publication, including 11 gatefolds of Bacon's renowned triptychs
- Around 60 paintings – mainly triptychs, and rarely seen together – will be on show, all on loan from such major institutions as MoMA, the Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art and Tate, as well as private collections
- Focuses on the works produced by Bacon from the date of his show at the Grand Palais in 1971 up to the last year of his life

Une sélection des livres de Friedrich Nietzsche dans la collection de Francis Bacon



Nietzsche

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27. Ut es nis inum quam ratus. secatem ut aci tempore velenem.

28. Exposé pour la première fois en 1945 à la Lefevre Gallery dans l'exposition: *Five contemporary british artists*.

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29. « J'ai pensé à elles comme à des Euménides » (F. Bacon - D. Sylvester, *Entretiens*, Paris, 2013, Ed Flammarion, p. 154), tempore perum velenem nis inus quas moluuptatus mos et ulluupta

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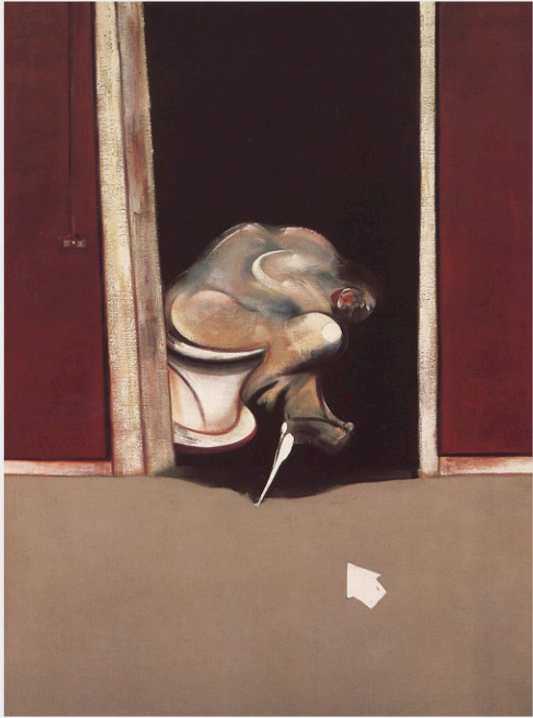
30. Dans la seconde édition de son *American Type painters*, dans *Art and Culture*, C. Greenberg gratifie Heron d'une note en bas de page qui rend hommage à ses échanges avec le peintre anglais.

31. Fugit quasperibus *Nissi Incta Risto* tem et aut quia sitio. Ut es nis inum quam ratus, 1978-79 secatem ut aci tempore.

« Laccuptature quia sus quatem rae officis minulpa pernat rae pos magnatis dolenestia dollaturi aliscip idicaser », p.78.

1971





Joseph Conrad
T.S. Eliot
Georges Bataille
Friedrich Nietzsche
Eschyle
Michel Leiris

T.S. Eliot

The Burial of the Dead

“April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.

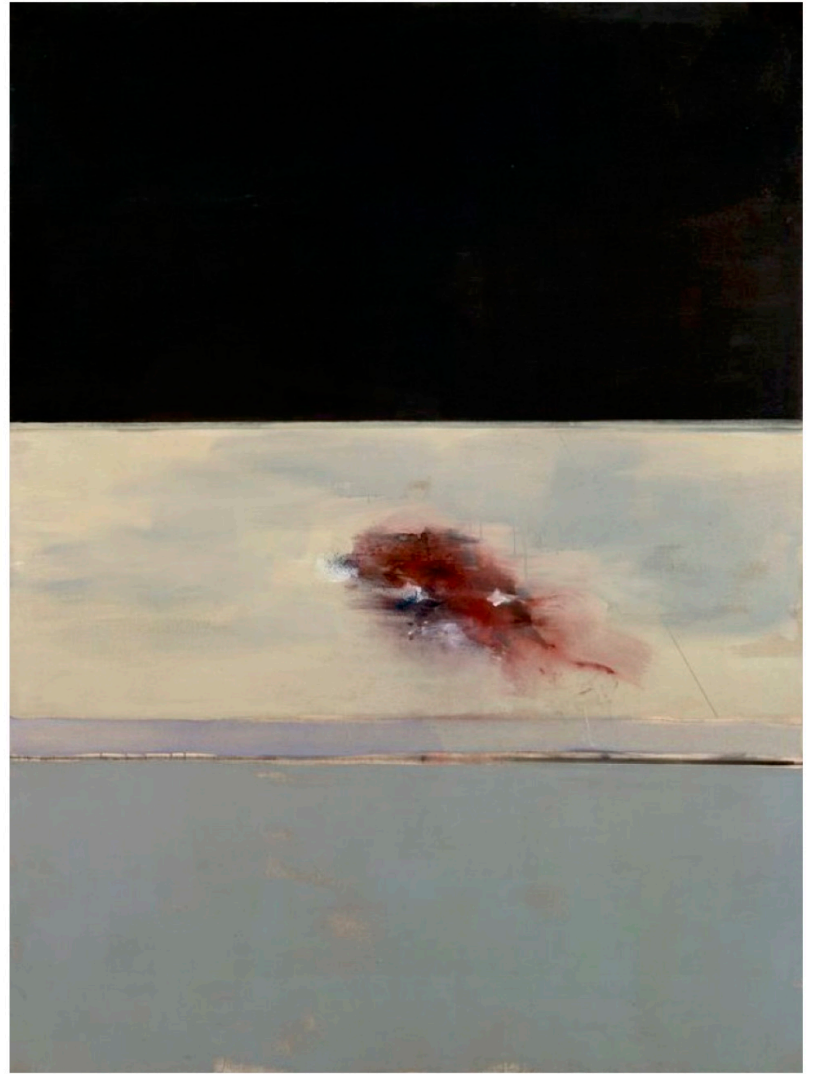
[...]

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. Only
There is shadow under this red rock
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you something different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

*Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu
Mein Irisch Kind
Wo weilest du ?*

“You gave me Hyacinths first a year ago;
“They called me the hyacinth girl.”
– Yet when we came back, late, from the hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.”

T.S. Eliot, “The Waste Land”, in *The Waste Land and Other Poems*, Londres,
Penguin Classics, 2003, p. 55-56





Three Studies for Self-Portrait, 1979
Huile sur toile
37.5 x 31.8 cm
Collection privée



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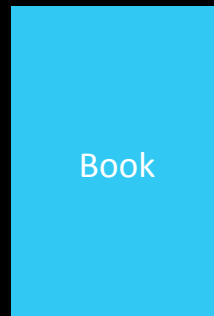
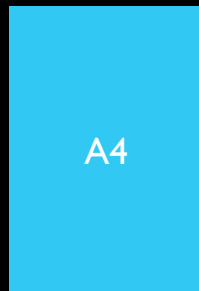


Image from book

