



Source: Evening Standard (London) {Main}  
 Edition:  
 Country: UK  
 Date: Thursday 25, August 2016  
 Page: 39  
 Area: 192 sq. cm  
 Circulation: ABC 915660 Daily  
 Ad data: page rate £57,120.00, scc rate £240.00  
 Phone: 020 7938 7161  
 Keyword: Francis Bacon in Your Blood



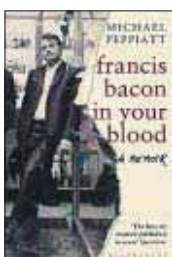
## PAPERBACKS

William Leith

### **FRANCIS BACON IN YOUR BLOOD**

by Michael Peppiatt  
 (Bloomsbury, £9.99)

A VERY absorbing book about an artist. But this is more than that. There are some special ingredients here. Michael Peppiatt is a very good writer, and Francis Bacon was one of the most intriguing artists of the last century. Plus the two men



knew each other for decades, so this is also a memoir. Peppiatt takes us back to 1963. He's a student at Cambridge. He meets Bacon, who lives in a sort of underworld in Soho. This has the feel of one of those books about Paris in the 1920s. It's about creation and death, drinking and sex, and lots of interesting people, too: Lucian Freud, Sonia Orwell, the Kray twins.

### **TRUMP & ME**

by Mark Singer  
 (Penguin, £4.99)

TRUMP! Can anyone tell us who he really is? Can anyone tell us what's really going on? Perhaps Mark Singer can. Singer spent time with Trump in the 1990s. He was writing a profile for The New Yorker, so he's seen Trump from close range. He understands how he works. If



you're a Trumpwatcher, this book will fascinate you. Singer gives us a good picture. For instance, does Trump have a health regime? "Evidently," says Singer, "Trump's philosophy of wellness is rooted in a belief that prolonged exposure to exceptionally attractive young female spa attendants will instil in the male clientele a will to live."

### **THE GREAT BRITISH DREAM FACTORY**

by Dominic Sandbrook  
 (Penguin, £12.99)

I LOVED this book about British culture, partly because there's so much in it, and partly because of the brilliant way the author joins the dots. For instance, he starts off by telling us about a guy from Birmingham who has an accident in a foundry: "to his horror he caught a



glimpse of the ends of his two middle fingers, just sitting there on the machine". That man was Tony Iommi. He was a guitarist. Because of his loss he now needed to improvise, and heavy metal was born – his band was called Black Sabbath. Then Sandbrook gets us thinking about cinema, art, country houses, Tolkien, Doctor Who and, superbly, much more.

