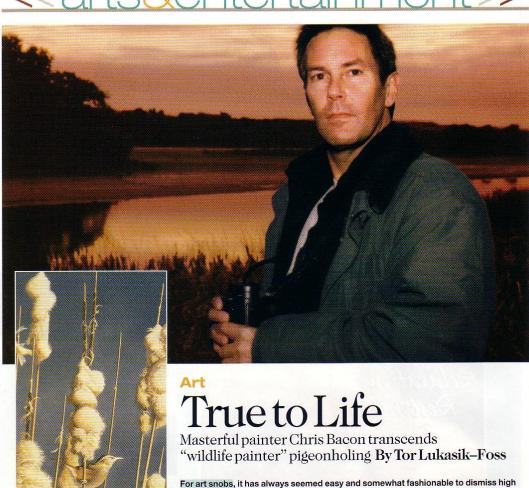
DAZZLE & DELIGHT HM's Jewellery Guide CORE BELIEFS Bob Bratina stands up for downtown lam Winter 2004 magazine Goodbye GoodFellas The New Face of Crime: Who's In Charge Now Breaking the Segregated Suburb Master Painter Chris Bacon

<<arts&entertainment>>



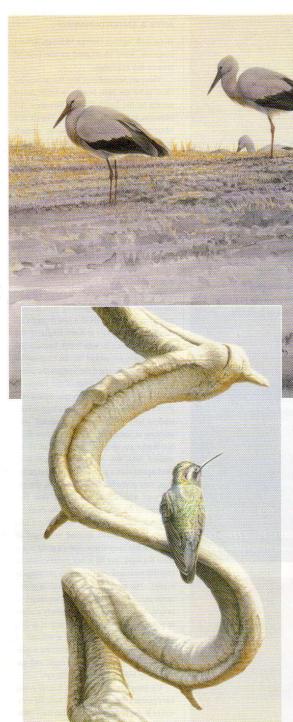
For art snobs, it has always seemed easy and somewhat fashionable to dismiss high realism painting. Since the advent of photography over a century ago, high realism's function has been in question, and its appeal to the flashy, hyperbolic contemporary art palette has steadily lessened (unless it is used ironically or to serve a complicated postmodern agenda). Only a trickle of it makes it past the guarded gates of the public art edifice.

Worse, within the private gallery and art publishing universe, high realism is often stereotyped as a populist money maker. Through an economy fabricated from prints, posters, and other reproducible knick-knacks, all manner of well-crafted yet accessible imagery is peddled. Whether it's the saccharine throttle of cottage-scapes, pet portraiture, or anything from the semi-pornographic depths of fantasy art, there are myriad examples of high realism which sound the alarm that an artist is showing off his or her technical gifts whilst descending head-first into sentimental and heroic clichés.

How then, amid this difficult climate, do you understand an artist like Chris Bacon? This reclusive Burlington resident is a humble, disciplined, self-taught painter who uses water-colours and occasionally alkyds to craft luminous, meticulously composed images exclusively of birds. He works almost completely outside of the spheres of public and private art in

(clockwise from the top) Artist Bacon drawing inspiraation from nature; Stormwatch (Long-billed Marsh Wren), 2002. Watercolour and acrylic on rag board. Collection of the National Museum of Wildlife Art, Jackson Hole, Wyoming.





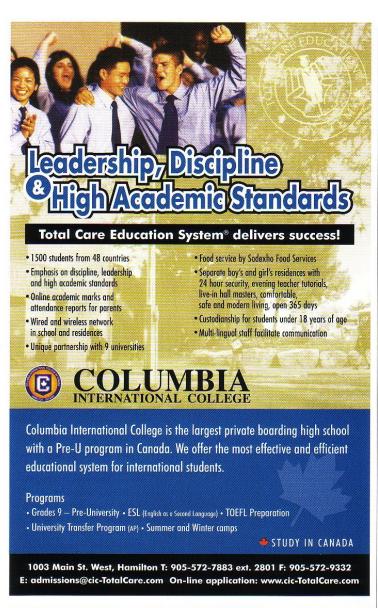


Canada, and yet has been steadily garnering the kind of acclaim which places him with the best high-realist painters on this continent. Despite the ease with which he is categorized as a "wildlife painter," Bacon is poised to prove that he is more than just a genre realist, that his works are imbued with the complexity and craft that warrant appreciation from a wider swatch of the artistic community.

Two years ago, Bacon was

invited to show his work as part of the contemporary component of the McMichael Gallery's Call of the Wild exhibition. This exhibition, which focused primarily on early 20th Century master Carl Rungius, argued that "wildlife art" should no longer be exempt from the critical discourse of Canadian museums. Rungius after all, helped pioneered a rigorous tradition of painting, one which balances intense field study, scientific attention to detail, with a carefully considered aesthetic strategy. This tradition continues to have faithful proponents, and Bacon,

(clockwise from the top) Storks on a Ridge study, 1994; Demoiselle Crane II, 2003, watercolour on rag board. Purple-throated Mountain Gem, 1994, watercolour on Arches paper.





ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

along with legends George McLean, Robert Bateman, were showcased as the best of present-day examples.

This past September, Chris Bacon was invited to be the 26th Master Wildlife Artist named by the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum, in Wausau, Wisconsin. The LYWA Museum has spent the last quarter century developing an expertise in avian wildlife art, and hosts the annual Birds in Art Exhibition. a juried show which has essentially become the international benchmark for painters of this genre. The LYWA Museum is also credited as having done seminal work to legitimize the artistic merits of avian and wildlife painting across the globe. Being named Master Wildlife Artist is arguably the highest complement an avian artist can ever hope to receive, and Bacon is the youngest to have ever been offered the title.

Bacon's biography can be reduced to a set of snappy stories beginning with his disqualification two years in a row from an art contest at a local fair in Kent, England (the country in which he was born), because the judges would not accept that an 11-year-old boy had manufactured the images (he eventually had to draw in front of the judges to prove he was no cheat). This tale segues easily into another about Bacon as a high school student here in Ontario, so obsessed with painting at home that he couldn't even keep his marks up in art class, until at 18 he walked into the Alice Peck Gallery in Burlington with a portfolio of 20 bird paintings, was given his first solo show, the entirety of which sold out in the first five minutes of the exhibition's preview evening.

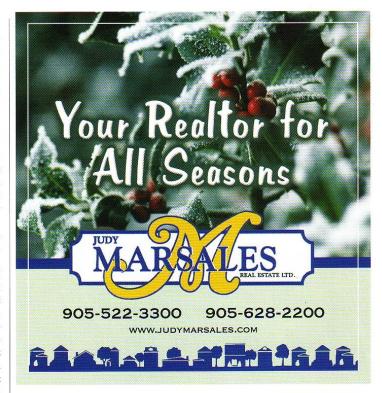
Since that exhibition in 1980, Chris Bacon has remained devoted to images of birds. He has been able to make a good living from his work, but he is not prolific, admitting that he is lucky to finish five paintings in a year. His works are also small in scale, rarely exceeding 20 inches in either length or height. And because there is regularly a buyer in place for a painting the minute it is finished, he has rarely amassed a volume of work to constitute a solo exhibition, something that has helped keep his name and status mostly hidden from the public eye.

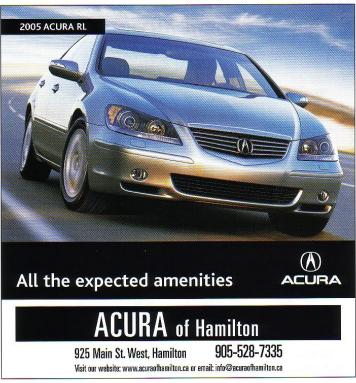
It's tempting to think that Bacon could have generated the same sort of buzz for himself as Robert Bateman did during the 1980s; both artists were represented by Beckett Gallery during that time, and Tom Beckett had established a solid base of patronage for Bacon throughout Ontario and into the northeastern United States. Although Bacon enjoyed a good relationship with Tom Beckett, he remained wary of the habitually corrupt culture of wildlife art, one in which dealers would routinely inflate the value of an artists work up to the point where it would stop selling, or where artists faced pressure to radically adapt their practice to cater to the appetites of art publishing. Therefore, when Beckett retired in the early '90s, Bacon seized it as an opportunity to simplify his universe, work alone, and vigorously protect and intensify the integrity of his work.

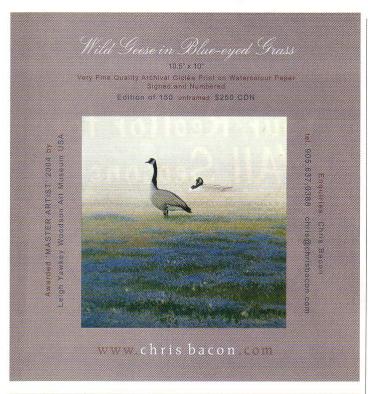
"I needed to have a code of focus and discipline that I could live by. I didn't want to be sucked up and spat out of the machine. What I wanted was long-term survival. I knew I couldn't survive as a Bateman copy; I had to be my own person. So when Beckett retired, I went out on my own. I had to control my own prices, find new audiences, everything. I also shied away from the print market, because I'd seen other artists get caught into a life of serving their market with warm and fuzzy images. It's dangerous. The first three prints I made helped me to purchase a condo... the money can be huge."

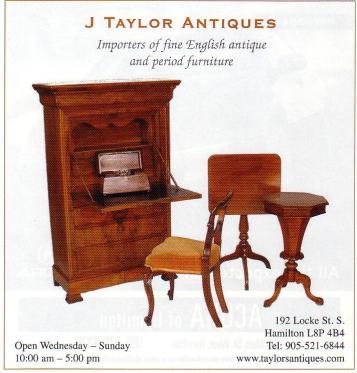
What was key for Bacon was that he remain faithful to his subject matter, and to the purity of his artistic practice. He therefore is perpetually traveling the world doing field study, and relating those experiences artistically and with a painstakingly authentic level of detail. However, he differs from other artists of his ilk, because he does not concern himself with generating images that strictly adhere to the environmental and biological circumstances in which the birds are observed. His concerns are always with the painting, and he is not beyond depicting a bird in an unusual circumstance for the sake of serving a more important aesthetic goal.

"None of the images I paint are photographic - meaning, I don't paint things I've seen. Rather, I compose images in my head and spend a great deal of time drawing them out on paper, and tweaking that drawing until it is compositionally perfect. To me, these paintings are not about birds; birds are simply a vehicle I use to compose paintings. The paintings themselves are things that will hopefully manipulate the viewer into an experience that I may have had, an experience









ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

of vastness perhaps, or a certain emotional feeling."

What also sets Bacon apart from other avian painters is that he doesn't mythologize moments from the field; there are no ducks erupting from the water or falcons bravely gliding down razor-edged cliff faces. Instead, the artist studies moments in between movement or, as he puts it, "when you toss a ball in the air and it stays still for just an instant before it falls back to earth." The result is a very powerful depiction of the interior life of nature. The birds in Bacon's paintings are usually standing utterly still. What moves instead is light, as Bacon is clearly dedicated to the shimmering, bending, shafting aspect of light, and the delicacy of his watercolours seem nicely suited to relay these qualities. As a result, a very Japanese, Zen-like degree of composure emanates from the work. Bacon's paintings unfold in singular, carefully paced gestures; the eye is always being led through a very subtle yet perfectly conceived pathway.

Achieving this sense of balance requires careful, exacting attention, and Bacon admits that virtually every rock, stone, and blade of grass is mapped out and arranged to suit a compositional objective. "I'm obsessive," he admits. "I paint until there is nothing else to paint, and if I paint one stroke too many then I agonize trying to take it off again. I suppose I will go mad eventually... The way I work means that I have intense burnout spells. Usually I'm in agony about how I should try and change the way I paint (Bateman always told me to paint from elbow, allow for bigger strokes, but I just can't). Inevitably, it's always some new piece of education that I should have learned years ago that breaks me out: how two colours create an optical vibration, that sort of thing."

The 2004 Birds In Art Exhibition featured over a dozen of Bacon's pieces, marking the first time in almost 20 years where a body of his work has been displayed in public. He was also honoured through a series of high-brow functions held at the LYW Museum, including a banquet held for master painters wherein artists like Bateman and McLean sang his praises. It will be interesting to see if Bacon's work and reputation will begin to stretch significantly beyond the "wildlife" classification. Until it does, he will most assuredly still be working, quietly and steadily pushing forward.