

# El arte británico que surgió después de la segunda guerra mundial

## Xavier Antich



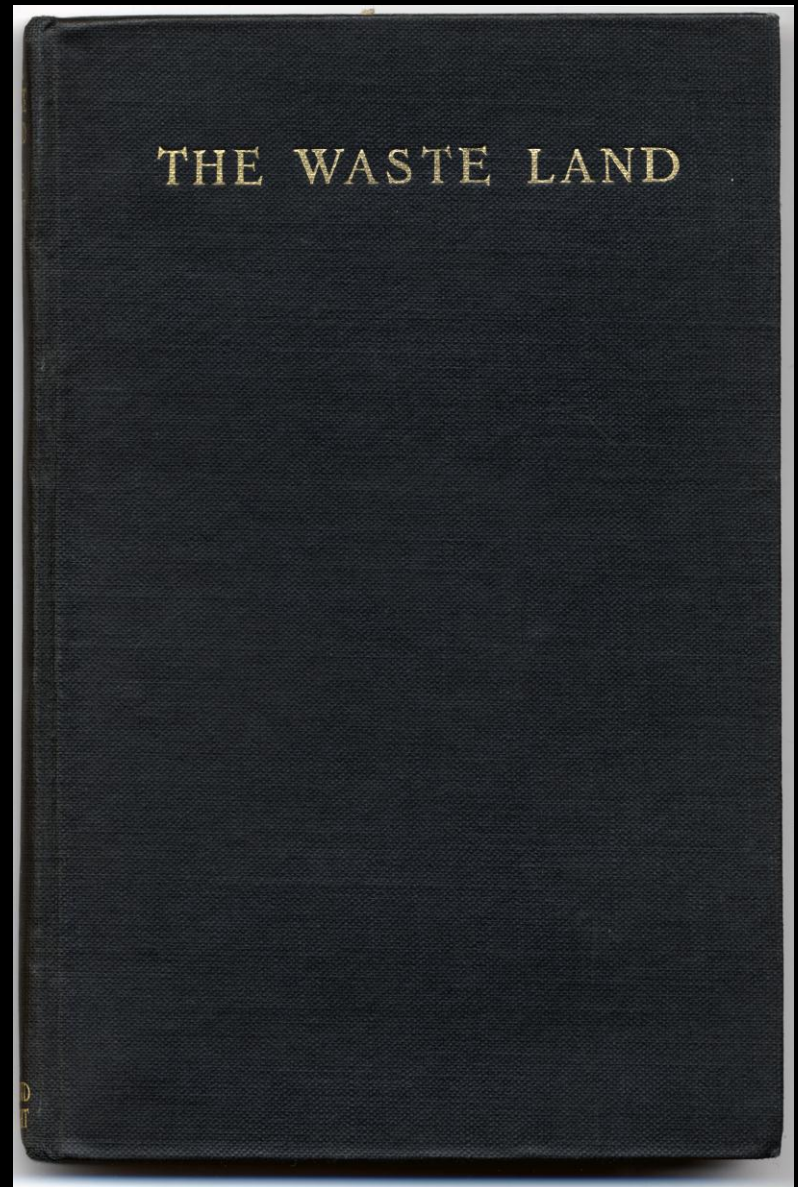
Ciclo "Imperio y Arte"  
Fundación Juan March  
Madrid, octubre 2012

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.



T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land* (1922)

[trad. J. M. Valverde, “La tierra baldía”, 1977]





Gisèle Freund. *Walter Benjamin en la Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris* (1939)

**“una catástrofe única que amontona sin cesar ruina sobre ruina”**



Gisèle Freund. *Walter Benjamin en la Bibliothèque Nationale de París* (1939)



T. S. Eliot en su estudio, 18 de enero de 1944

“In my beginning is my end”, *East Cocker* [*Four Quartets*, 1944]

ERIC HOBSBAWM  
AÑOS INTERESANTES  
UNA VIDA EN EL SIGLO XX



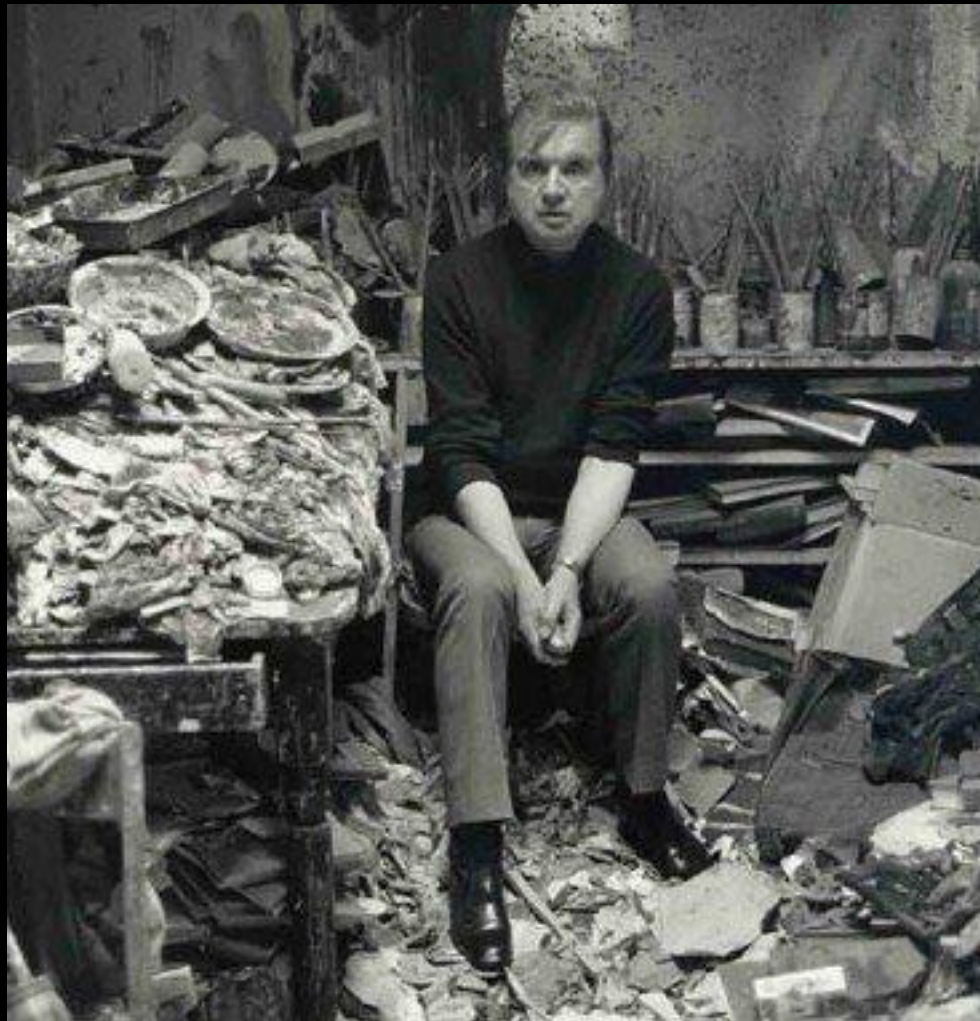
Crítica

ERIC HOBSBAWM  
AÑOS INTERESANTES  
UNA VIDA EN EL SIGLO XX



“No soy capaz de recrear la persona que fui. El paisaje de aquellos días permanece sepultado bajo los escombros de la historia universal”



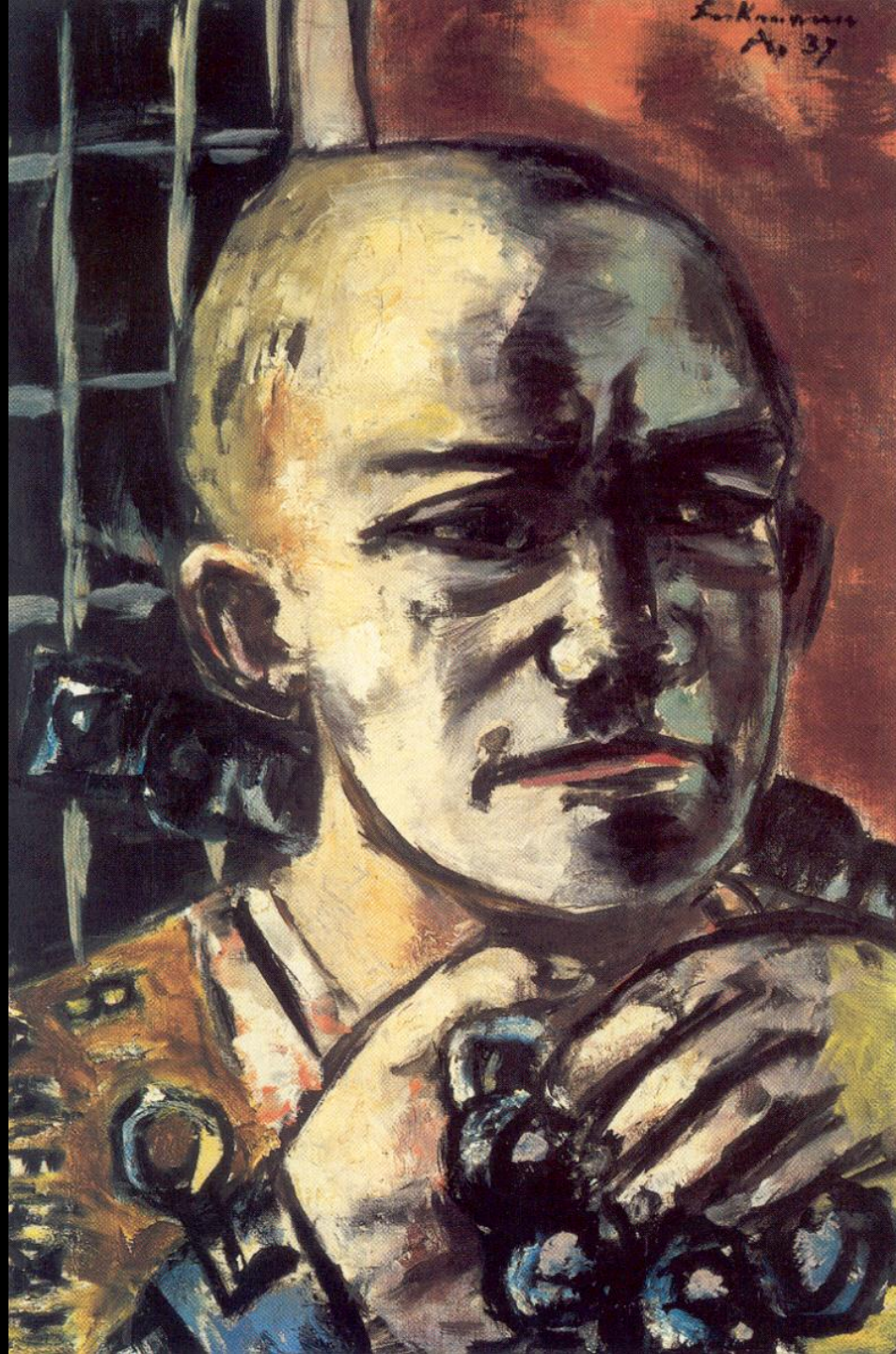




Francis Bacon  
Composición, 1933



Francis Bacon  
Crucifixión, 1933



Max Beckmann  
1937



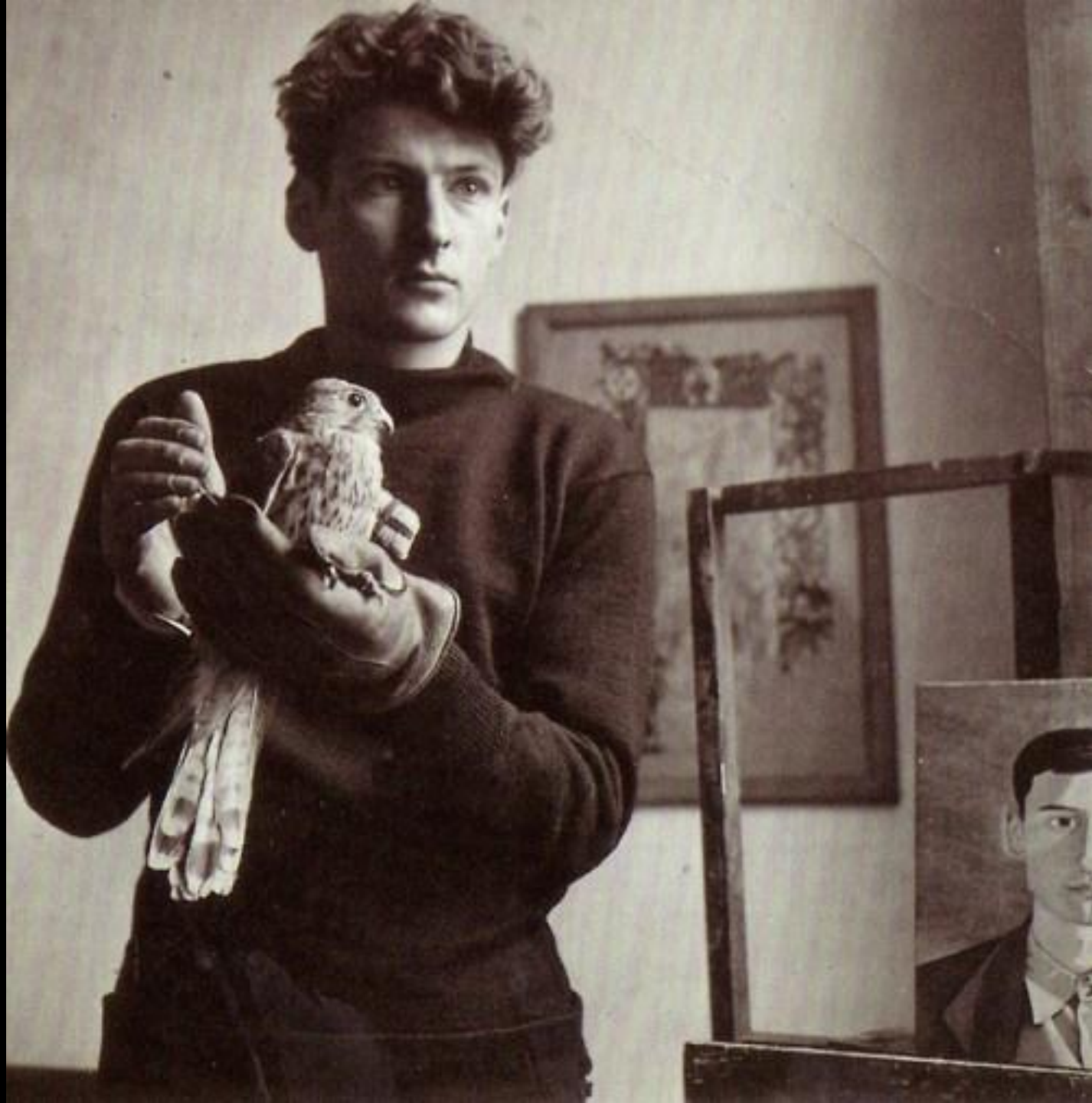
Paul Klee  
Esborrat de la llista, 1933



Paul Klee  
Mort i foc, 1940

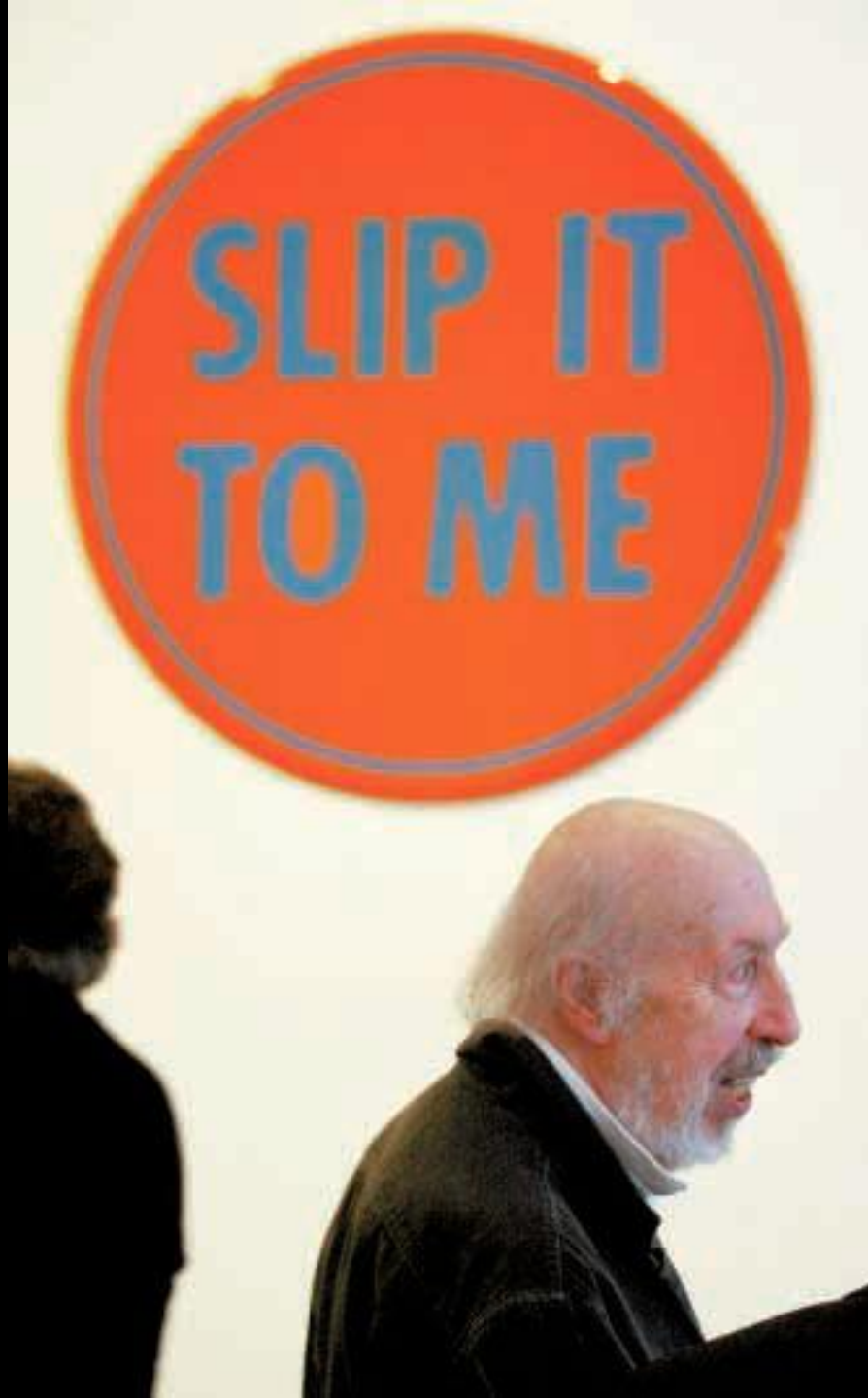


Francis Bacon. Figuras en un jardín, 1936



Lucian Freud  
Foto: Clifford Coffin





Richard Hamilton en Barcelona,  
en la inauguración de su exposición  
en el MACBA. Marzo de 2003



Jean-Paul Sartre, 1939  
Foto: Gisèle Freund

# LA VANGUARDIA

BARCELONA

Miércoles 11 septiembre 1940

ESPAÑOLA

15 cénts. Precio de este ejemplar

REDACCION Y ADMINISTRACION

Pelayo, 28. - Teléfono 14135

FUNDADORES: DON CARLOS Y DON BARTOLOME GODÓ

Año LVI. - Número 23.080

DIRECTOR: LUIS DE GALINSOGA

## LA OFENSIVA AEREA CONTRA LONDRES



I y II. - Aviones alemanes dirigiéndose hacia sus objetivos

III. - Una vista de la capital de Inglaterra, en su parte central, con los cuatro puentes que atraviesan el Támesis

IV. - Cruce de carreteras, en las afueras de Londres, que son objeto de intensos bombardeos

V. - El mariscal Goering, que dirige personalmente la ofensiva

(Fotos T. B. y Consorcio)





# PICTURE POST



**TWO OF HITLER'S ENEMIES**  
A bombed East End child and  
his foster-mother.

HULTON'S  
NATIONAL  
WEEKLY

In this issue:

## THE EAST END AT WAR 3<sup>D</sup>

SEPTEMBER 28, 1940

Vol. 8. No. 13



# PICTURE POST

Vol. 8. No. 13.

September 28, 1940

**A LONDON STREET IN THE AUTUMN OF 1940: Hitler Brings the War to the East End**

Something has happened to the street they knew so well. It was never a very imposing street. No one could have called it beautiful. But it was their street. And in it was their home. . . .

## EAST END AT WAR

War, which had been a word, becomes a thing. It becomes a winged thing in the sky. On to the poor East End of London it sheds ruin. With courage, with patience and with friendship, the East Enders carry on.

**I**N a street in Stepney, the crowded heart of East London, there stood a small boy, just old enough to write. He had a piece of chalk and with it, very carefully, almost painfully, he wrote in huge capital letters on the wall of a bomb-shattered warehouse. Gradually he formed his sentence; and with it he summed up the feeling of London about the aerial hell into which it had been pitched. The message was:—

**HITLER IS MAD**

Most of the population in the heavily bombed areas is too dazed to think. Homeless people think about how to get shelter or save some of

their belongings. Others think about how to get a night's rest out of the sound of bombs. Some think about the need for deep shelters. But to the whole community all this bombing, and the destruction of homes, is a great catastrophe which has come out of the blue. It appears at the time to be without rhyme or reason. That is why the boy writes "Hitler is mad."

Look at the sort of thing London has been living through. Since September 7th, a whole new world has exploded on its head, an unbelievable world of sudden destruction from the skies—the skies which, for centuries, have been the friends of the people, but which suddenly became its

deadliest enemy. First of all, when the skies were clear they brought destruction. Worse destruction came when the skies were dark. And then the focus of destruction started to come down from cloudy, lowering skies. It seemed hopeless to think of relief for the people below. The dream-like quality of life became shockingly continuous.

This feeling is best summed up in a fragment of conversation at an East End street corner:

*First girl:* "All we do is work, eat, sleep and go to the shelters!"  
*Second girl:* "It doesn't seem real to me. It's like some sort of vague dream, that you can't quite realize it on somehow."

Picture Post  
28 de septiembre de 1940  
Fotografías: Bert Hardy

[...] Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the  
dance is,

But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity,

Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement  
from nor towards,

Neither ascent nor decline.

[...]

I can only say, there we have been: but I cannot say  
where.

And I cannot say, how long, for that is to place it in time.

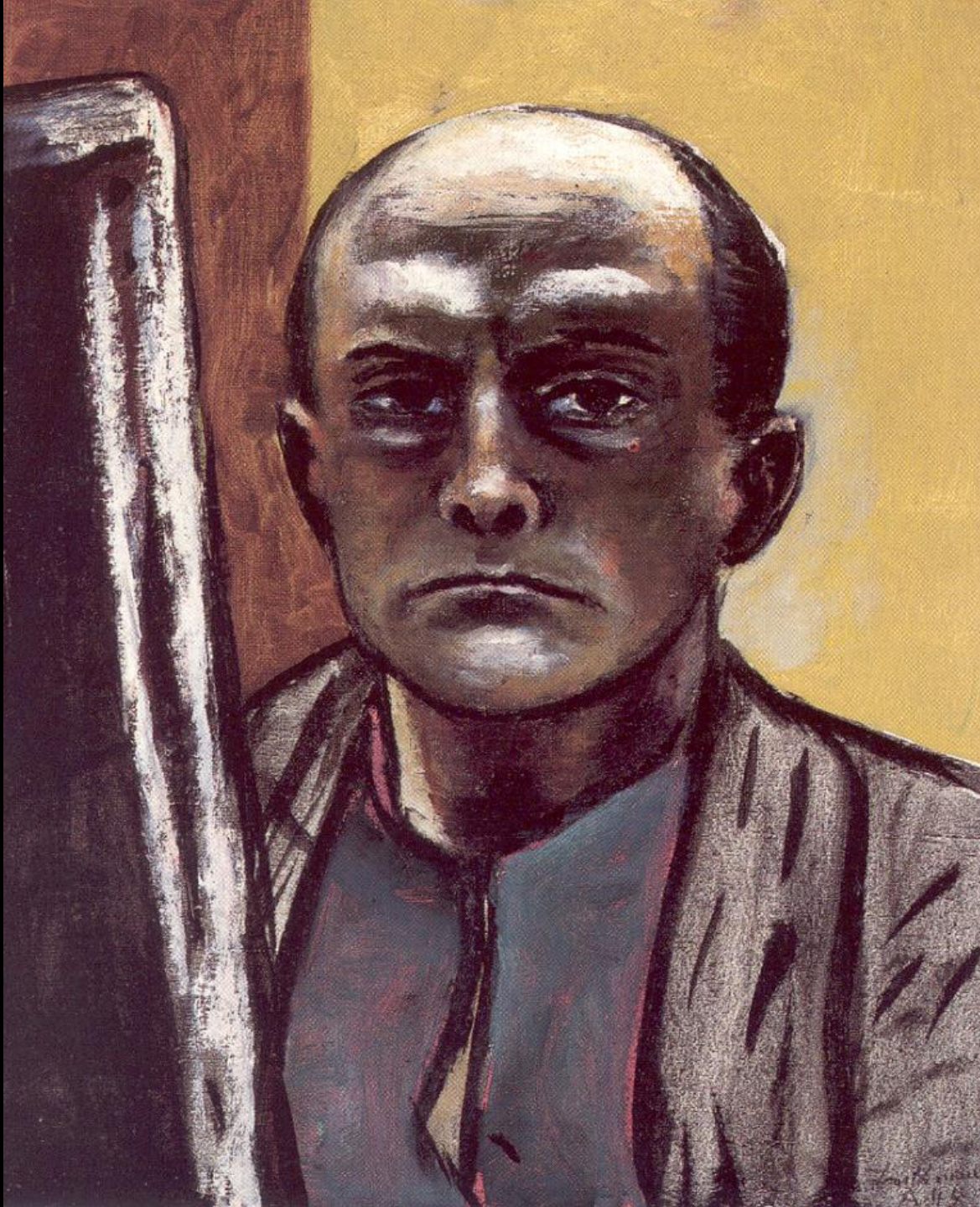
T. S. Eliot, from "Burnt Norton", *Four Quartets* (1943)

In my beginning is my end. In succession  
Houses rise and fall, crumble, are extended,  
Are removed, destroyed, restored, or in their place  
Is an open field, or a factory, or a by-pass.  
Old stone to new building, old timber to new fires,  
Old fires to ashes, and ashes to the earth  
[...].

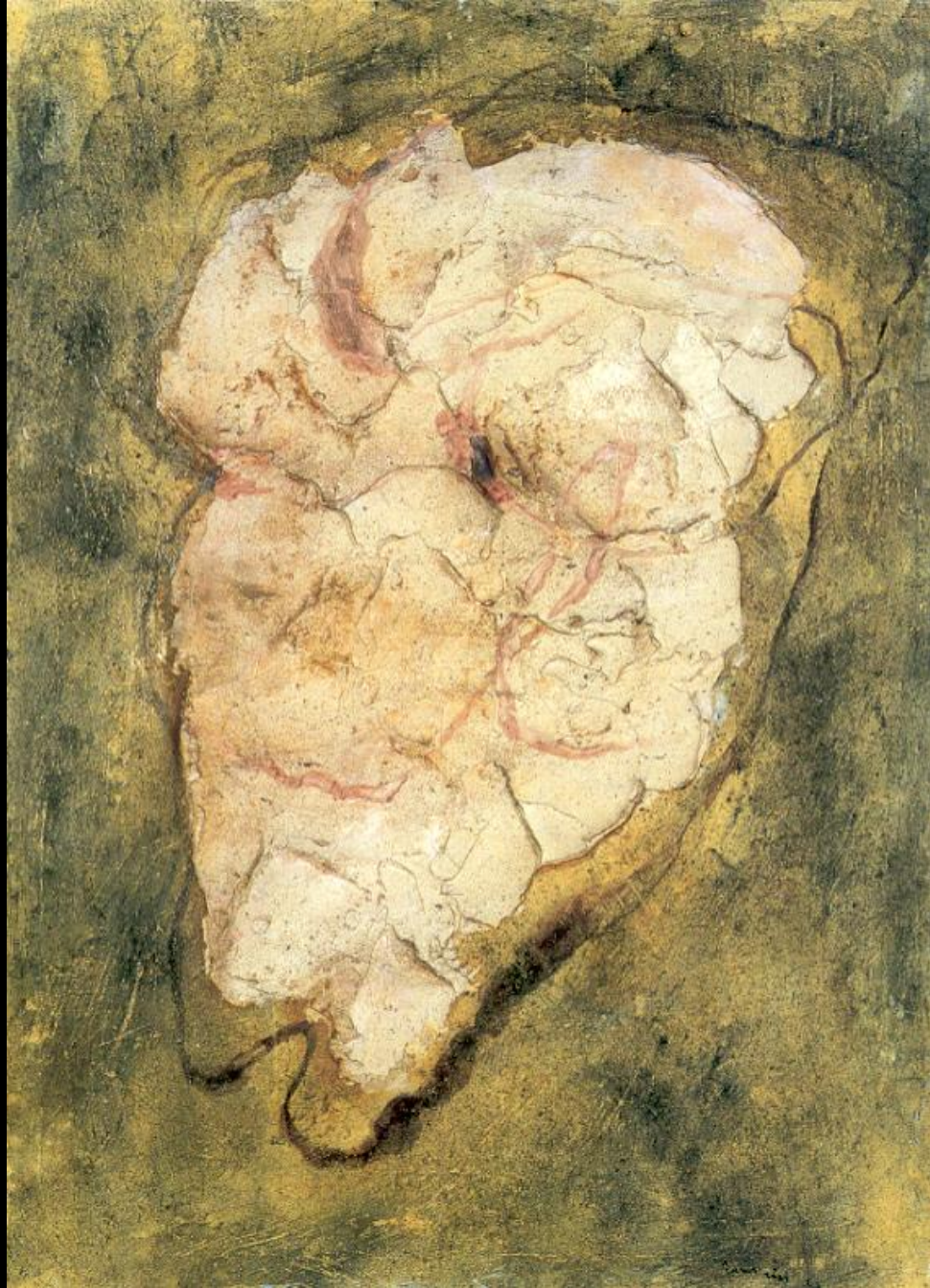
T. S. Eliot, from "East Coker", *Four Quartets* (1943)







Max Beckmann  
Autoretrato, 1945



Jean Fautrier  
Rehenes, 1945



Jean Fautrier. Rehén, 1945



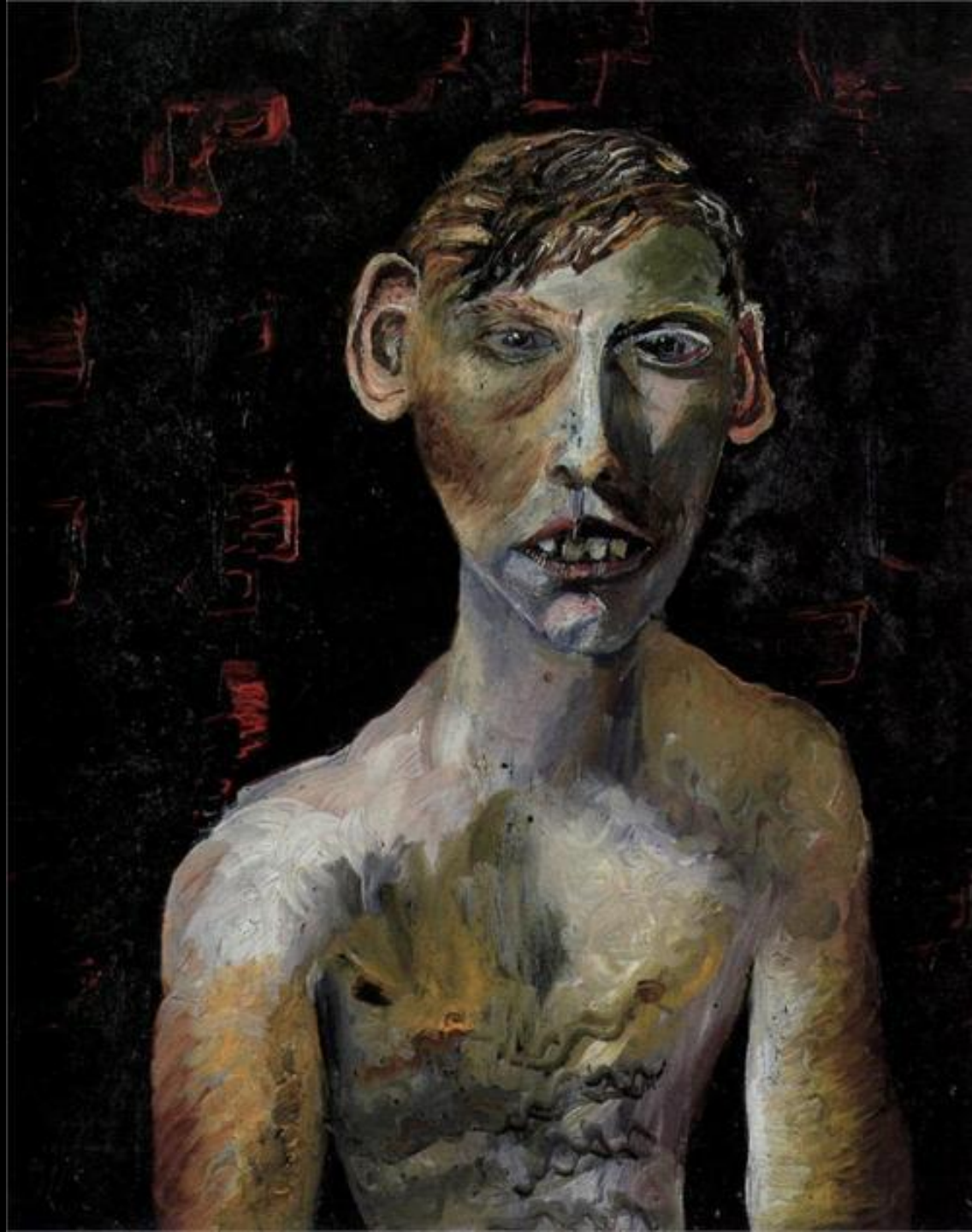
Lucian Freud  
Hombre con una pluma  
(Autoretrato)  
1943



Lucian Freud. Sala de hospital, 1941



Lucian Freud  
Niños de pueblo, 1942



Lucian Freud  
Muchacho evacuado  
1942





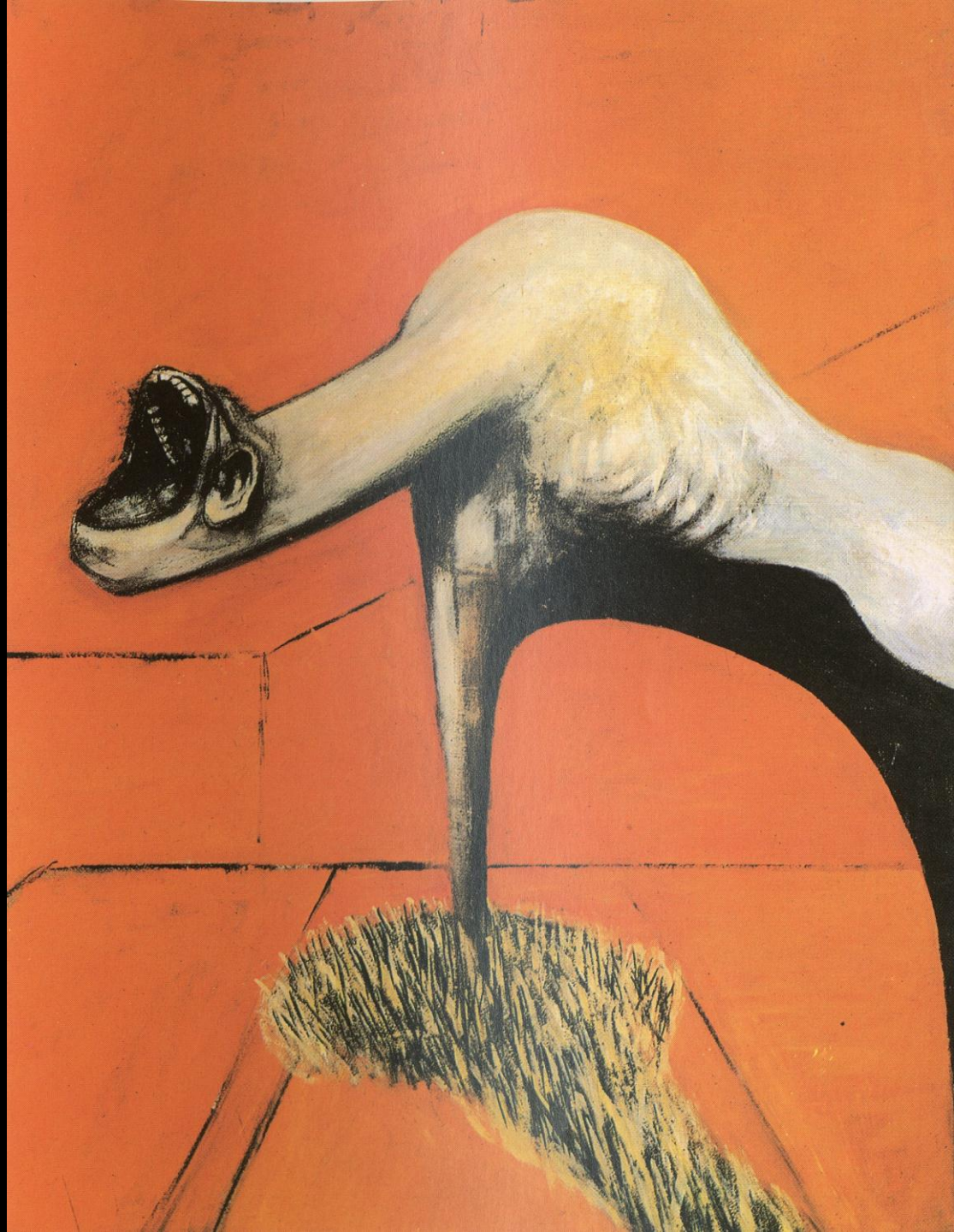
Francis Bacon  
Tríptico. Crucifixión, 1965  
[panel central]

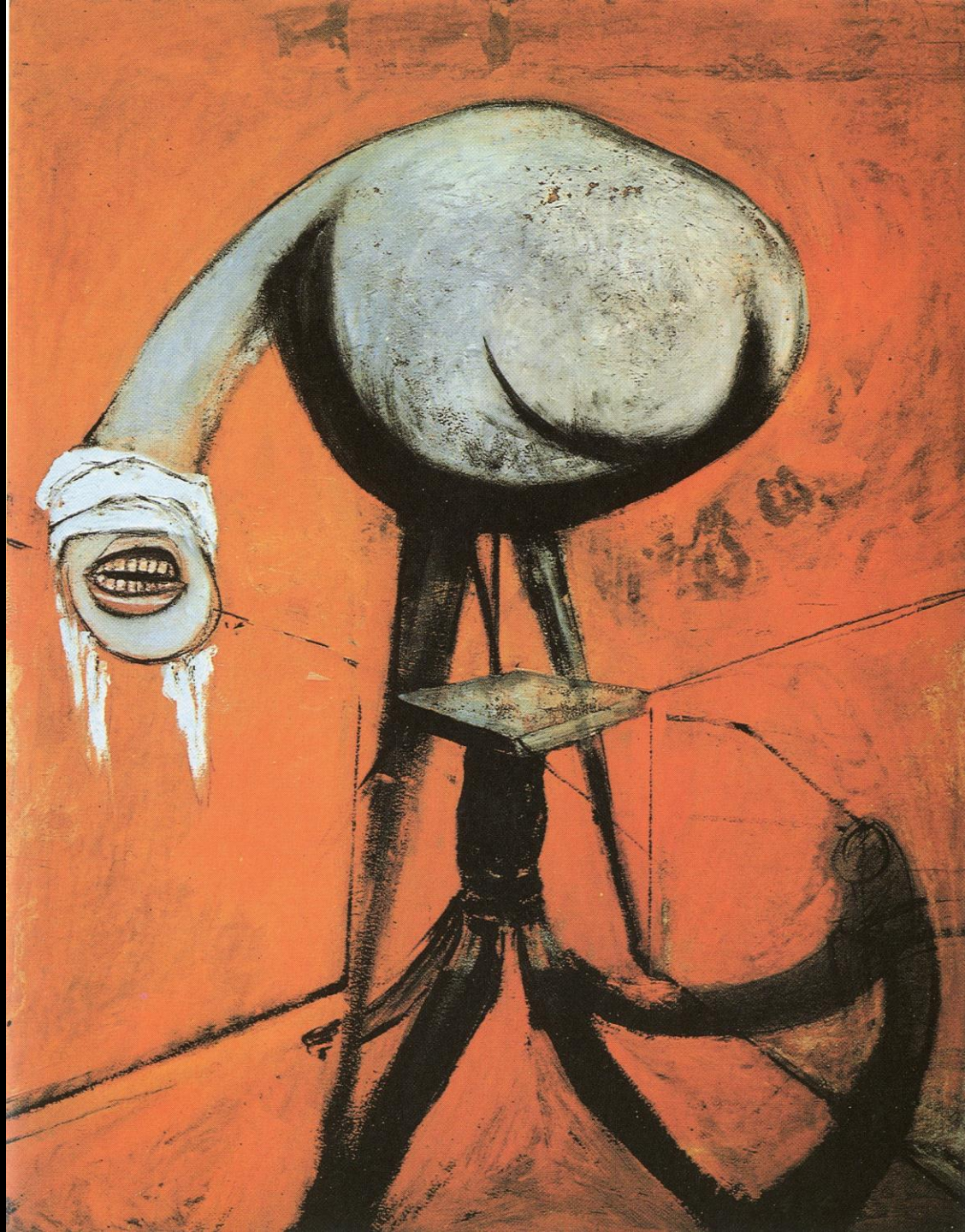


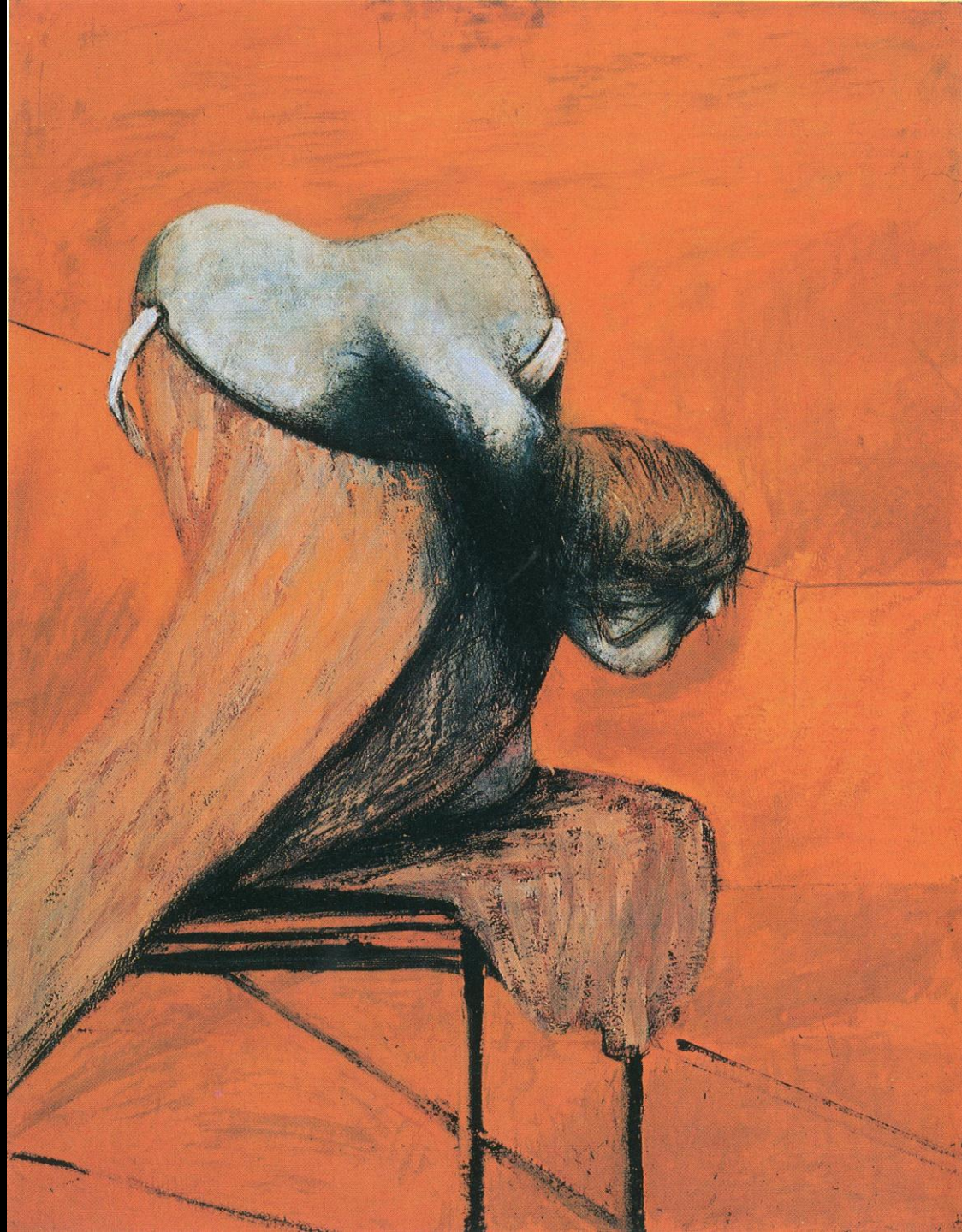
Francis Bacon  
Tres estudios de figuras para una crucifixión, 1944  
94 cm x 74 cm (c.u.)



Sam Hunter. Fotomontaje con material del estudio de Francis Bacon, 1950









Francis Bacon. Figura en un paisaje, 1945



Lucian Freud  
Chica con vestido oscuro, 1947  
[Kitty Garman]





Lucian Freud  
Chica con rosas, 1947-1948



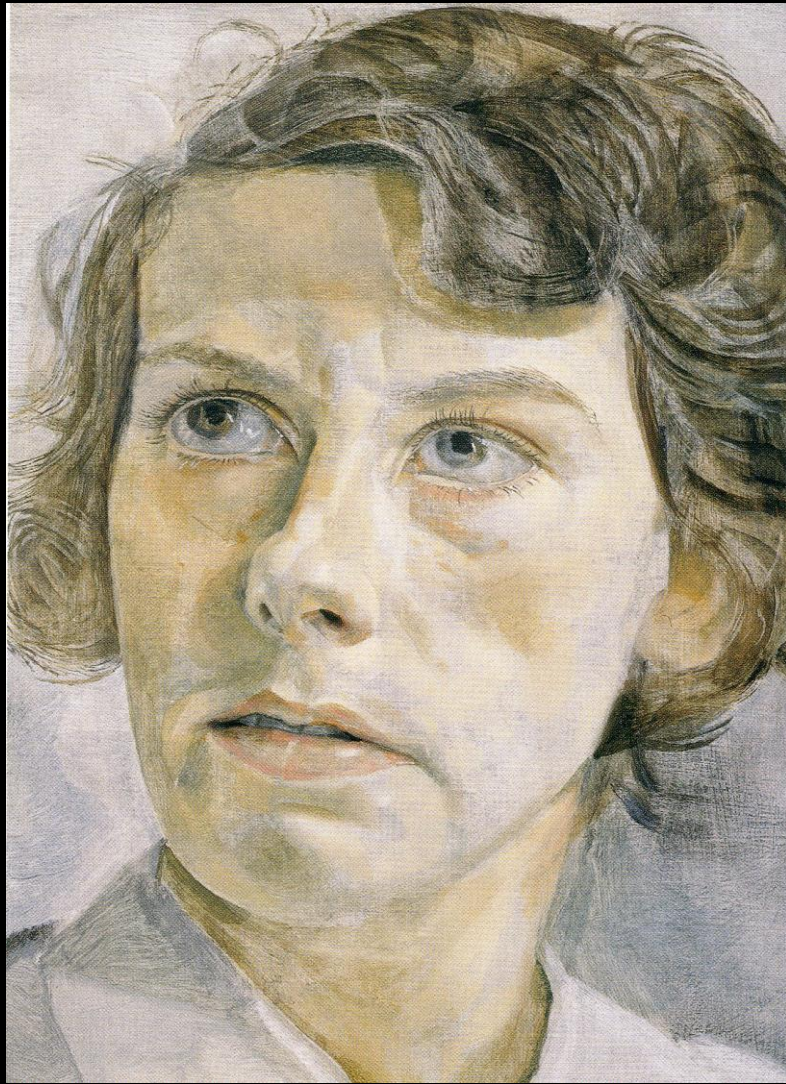
Lucian Freud  
Chica con hoja de higuera,  
1948



Lucian Freud. Enferma en París, 1948



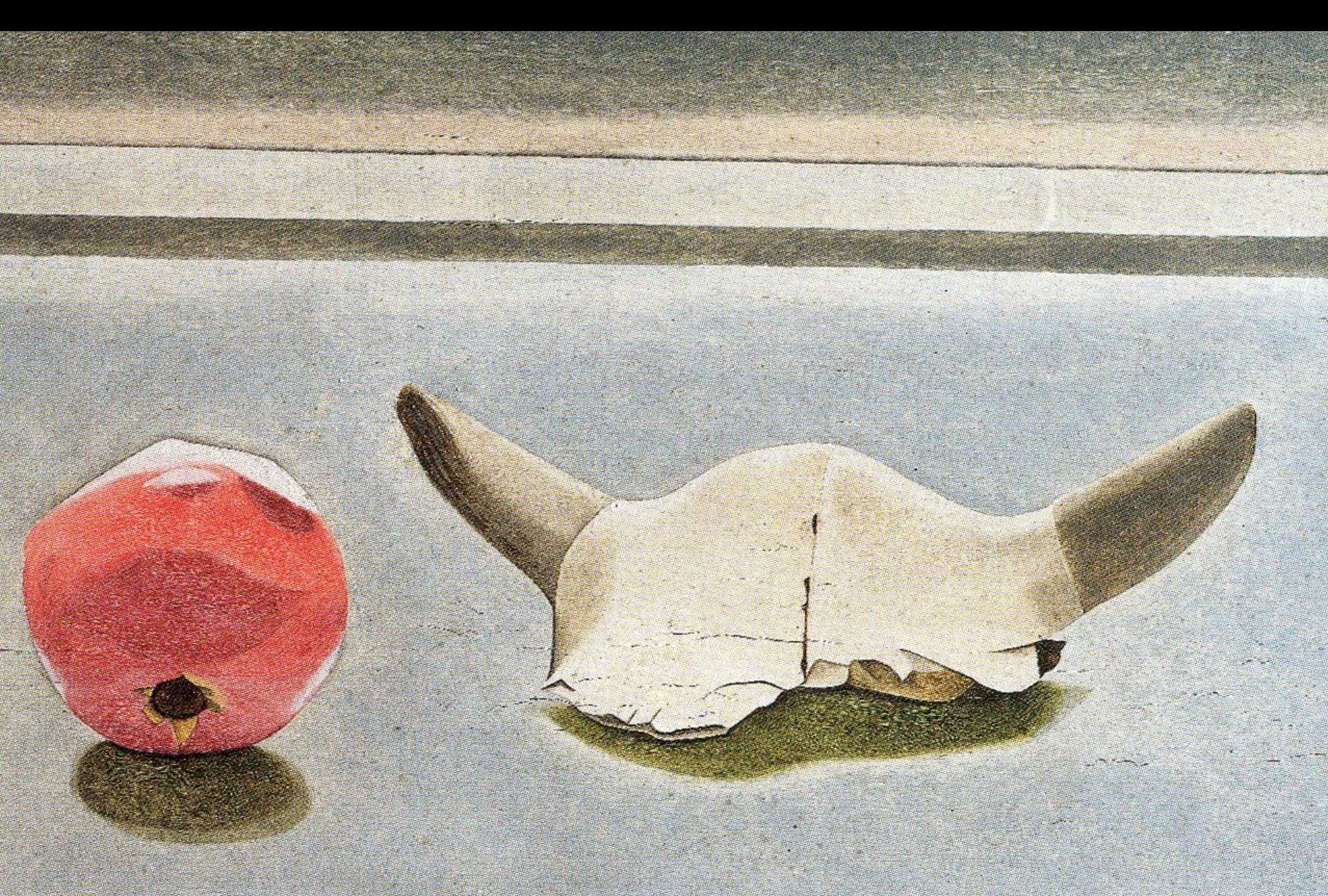
LB. Retrato de noche, 1977-1978



LF. Cabeza de mujer, 1950



LF. Retrato de chica, 1950



Lucian Freud. Naturaleza muerta con cuernos, 1946-1947



Lucian Freud. Ave muerta, 1945

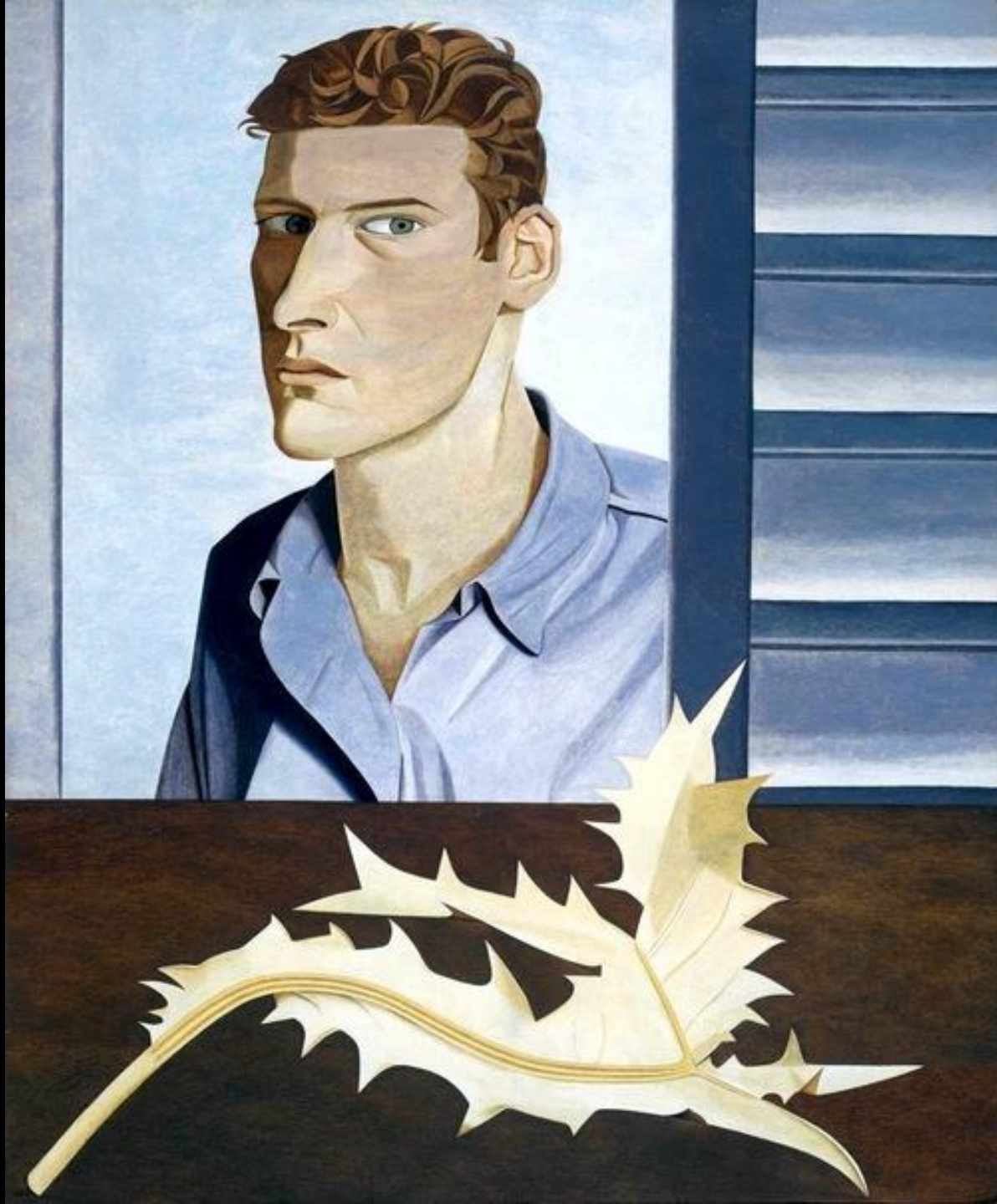


LF. Padre e hija, 1949



LF. John Minton, 1952





LF  
Hombre con un cardo  
(autoretrato)  
1946



LF  
Interior en Paddington, 1951



LF. Mujer con perro blanco, 1952



LF  
Habitación de hotel, 1954



LF. Membrillo sobre mesa azul, 1943-44



LF. La habitación del pintor, 1943-44



Lucian Freud con su cabeza de cebra. Londres, 1943



Joan Miró  
El carnaval del arlequín, 1924-25





LF. La habitación del pintor, 1943-44



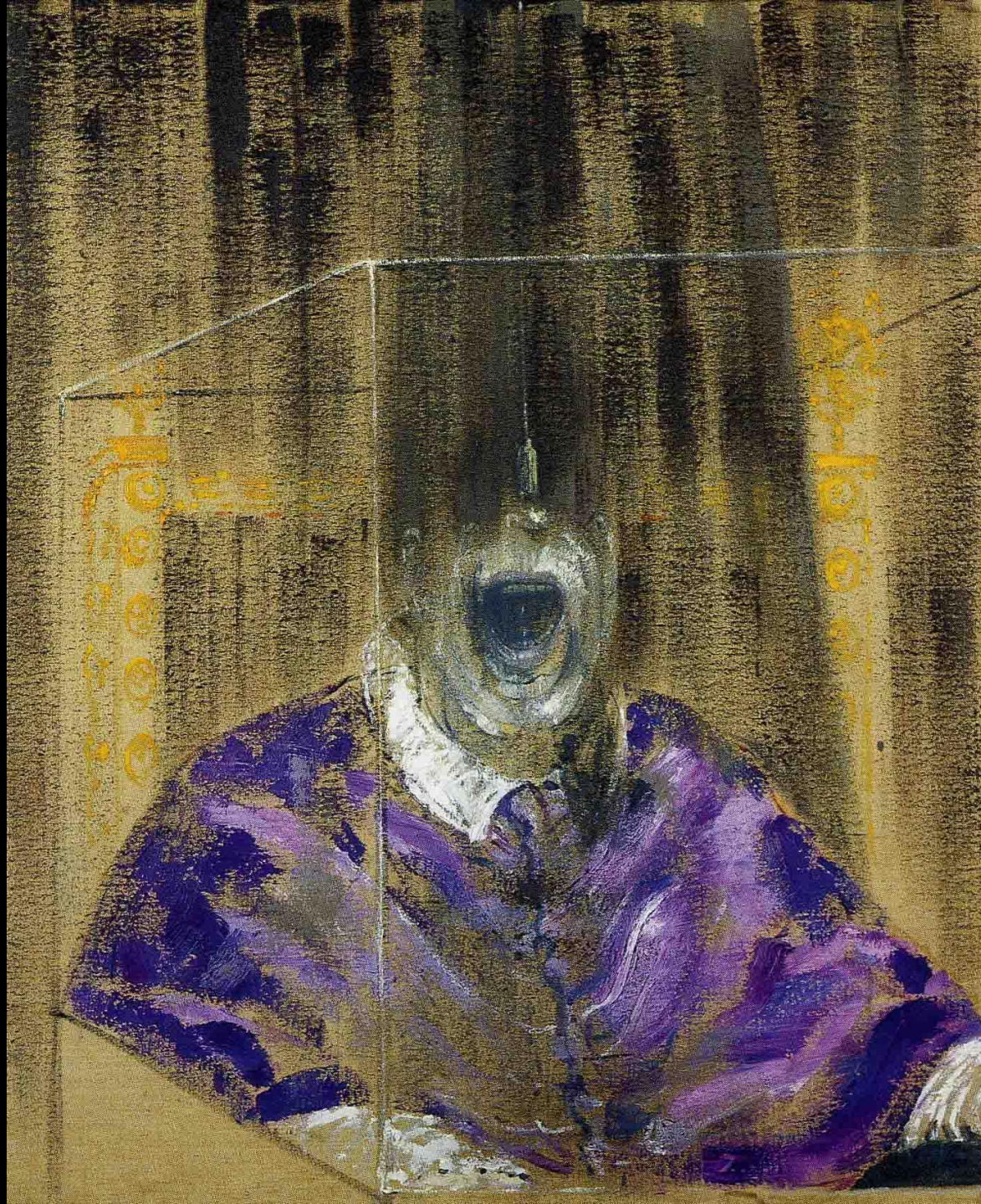
Francis Bacon  
Pintura, 1946



Francis Bacon  
Cabeza I  
1948



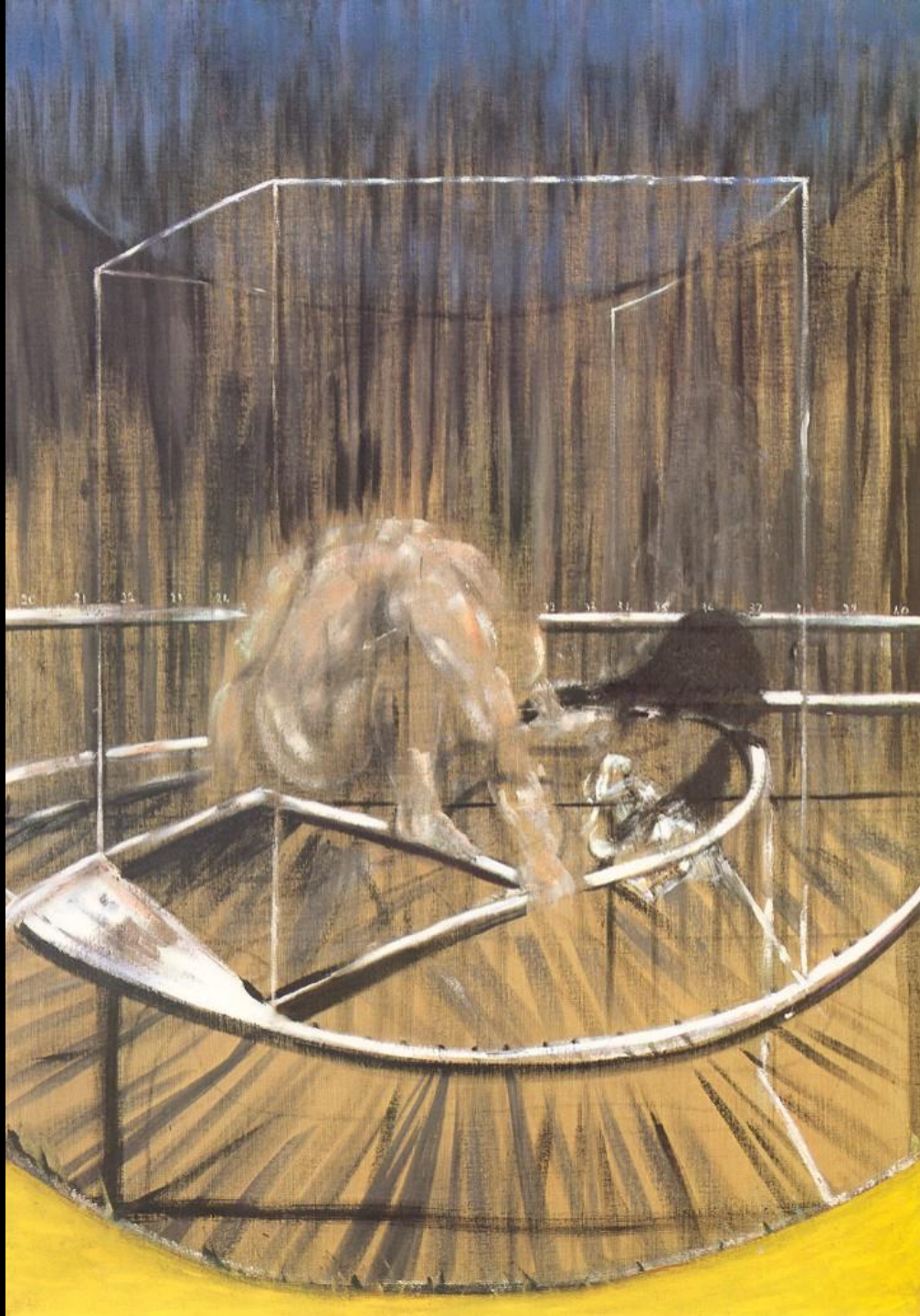
Francis Bacon  
Cabeza III  
1949



Francis Bacon  
Cabeza, VI  
1949



Francis Bacon  
Estudio del cuerpo humano  
1949



FB  
Estudio de desnudo en cunclillas  
1952

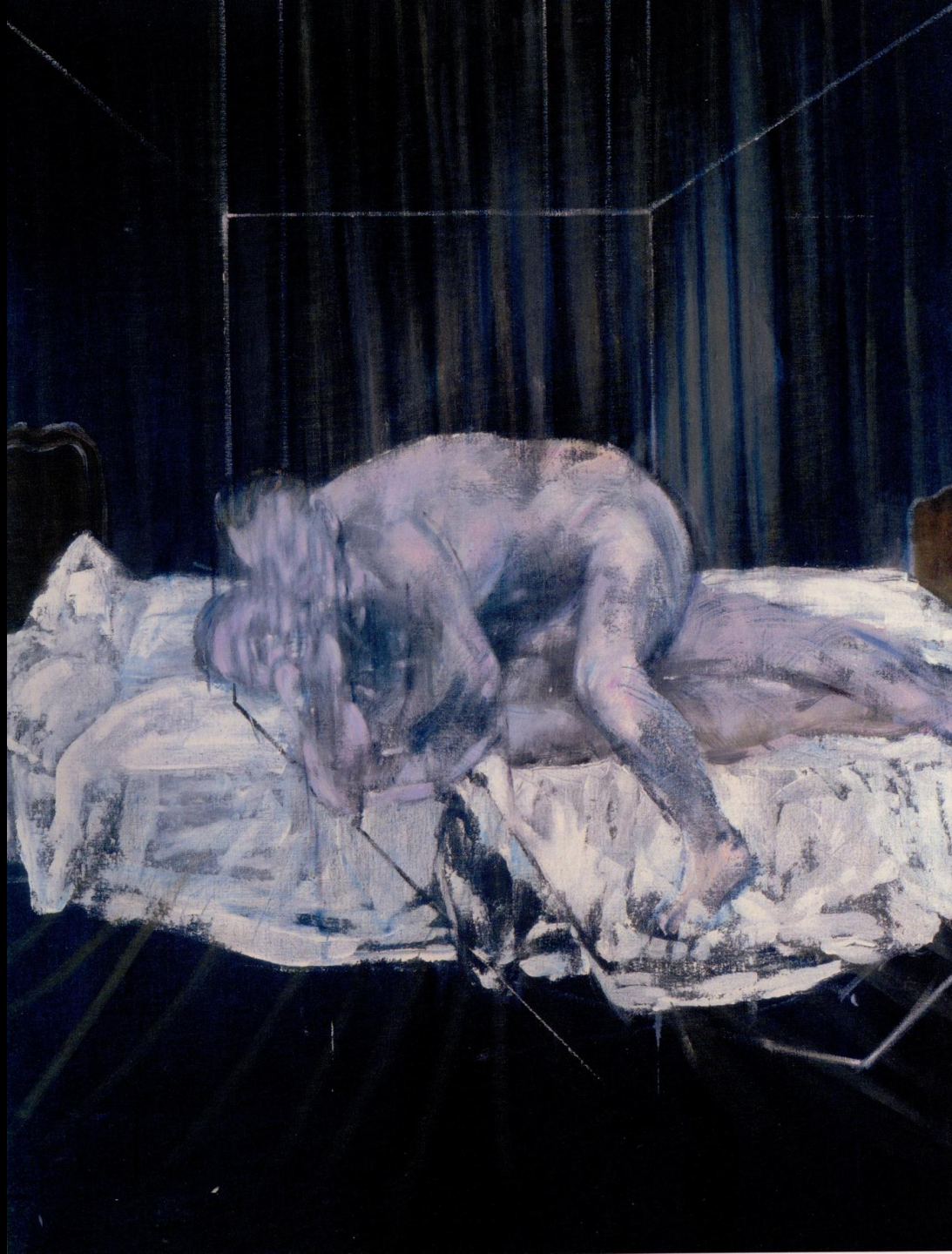


FB

Tres estudios de la cabeza humana

1953





FB  
Dos figuras  
1953

[...] Our only health is the disease

[...]

And that, to be restored, our sickness must grow  
worse.

T. S. Eliot, from "East Coker", *Four Quartets* (1943)



Michael Andrews  
1962



Frank Auerbach  
1964

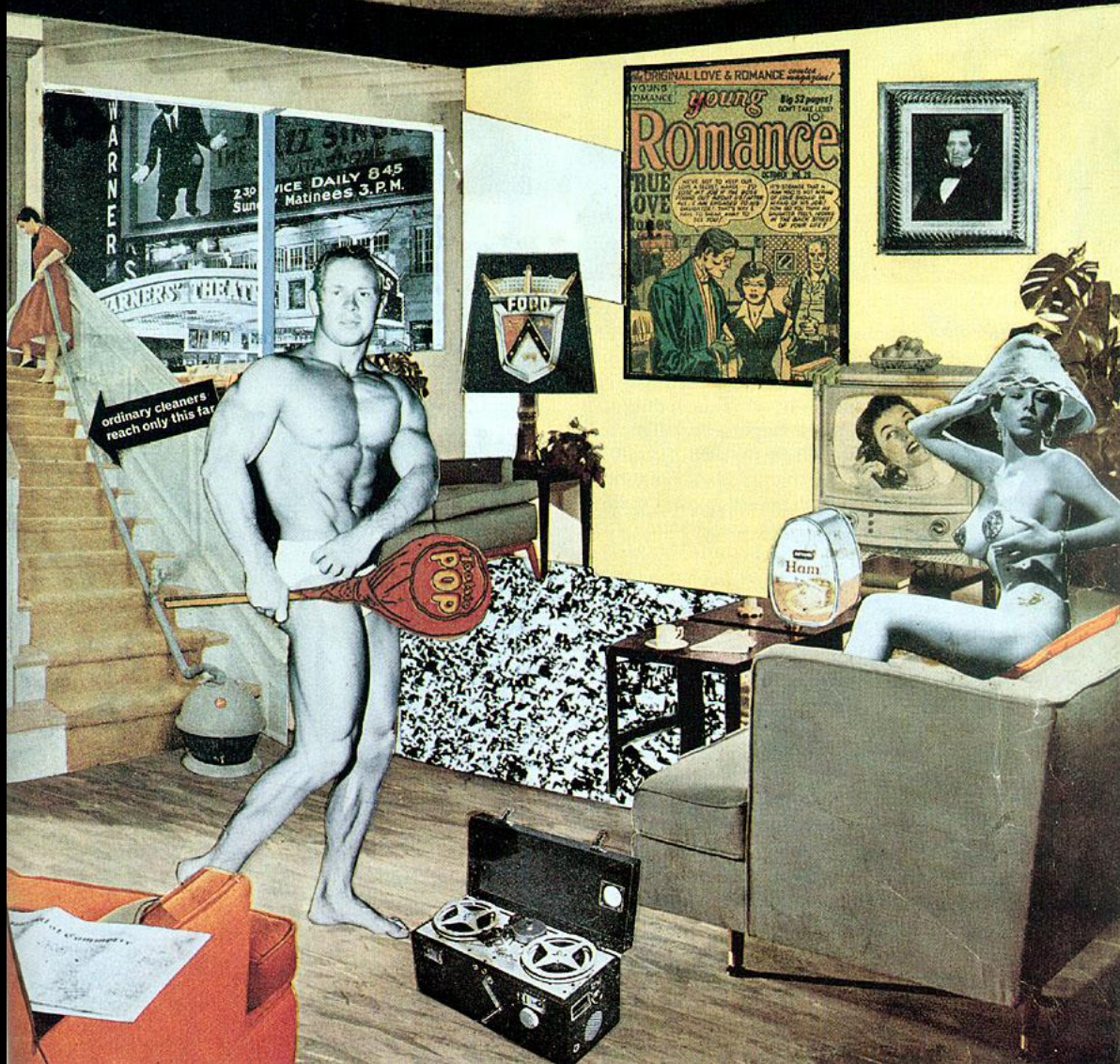


R. B. Kitaj  
La banda de Ohio  
1964

O dark dark dark. They all go into the dark,  
The vacant interstellar spaces, the vacant into the  
vacant, [...].

And we all go with them, into the silent funeral,  
Nobody's funeral, for there is no one to bury.

T. S. Eliot, from "East Coker", *Four Quartets* (1943)



Richard Hamilton

Just what is it that makes today's homes so different, so appealing?

1956 (26 x 25 cm.)

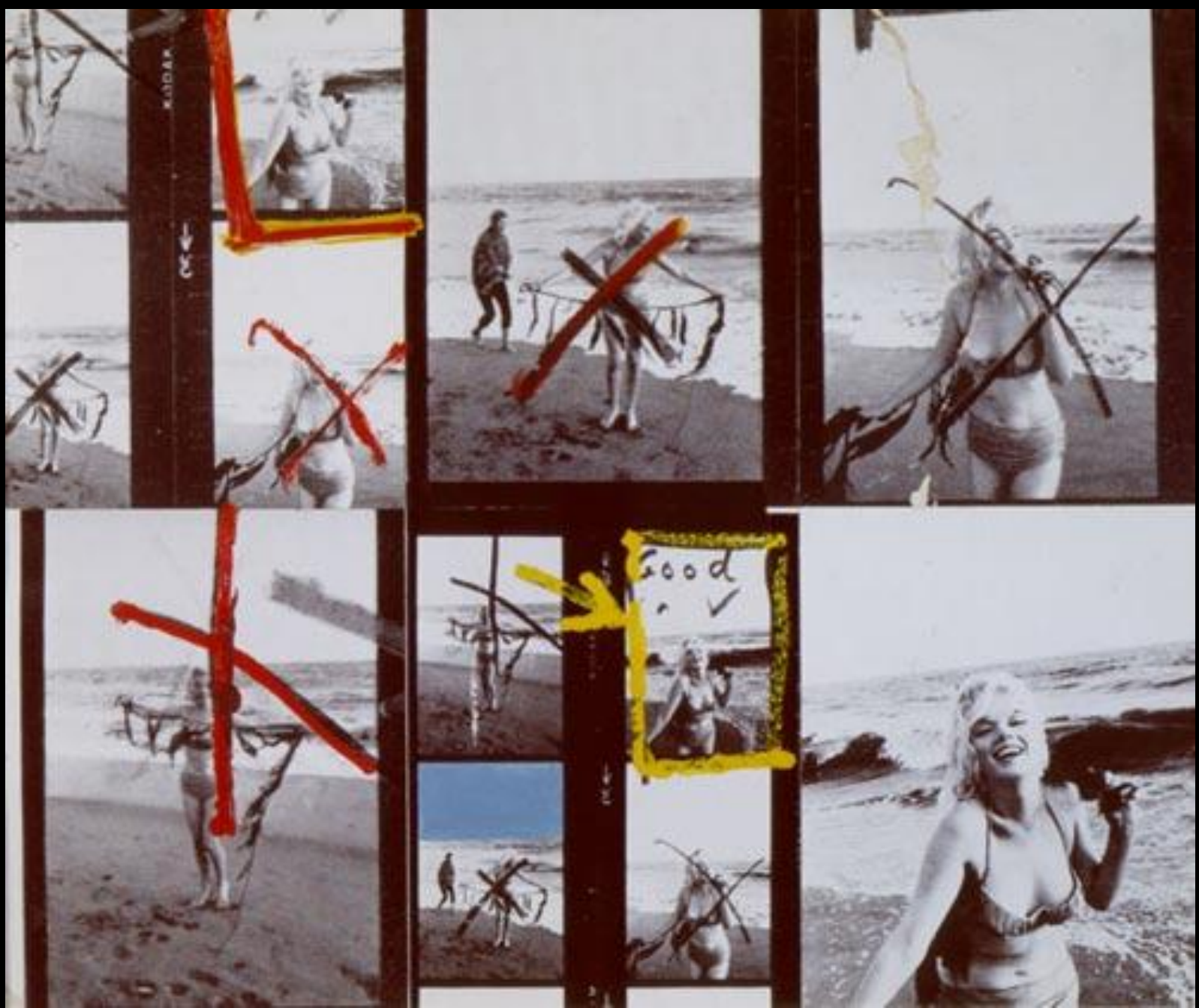


Richard Hamilton. Interior Study, 1964





Richard Hamilton. Interior Study, 1964



Richard Hamilton. My Marilyn, 1965



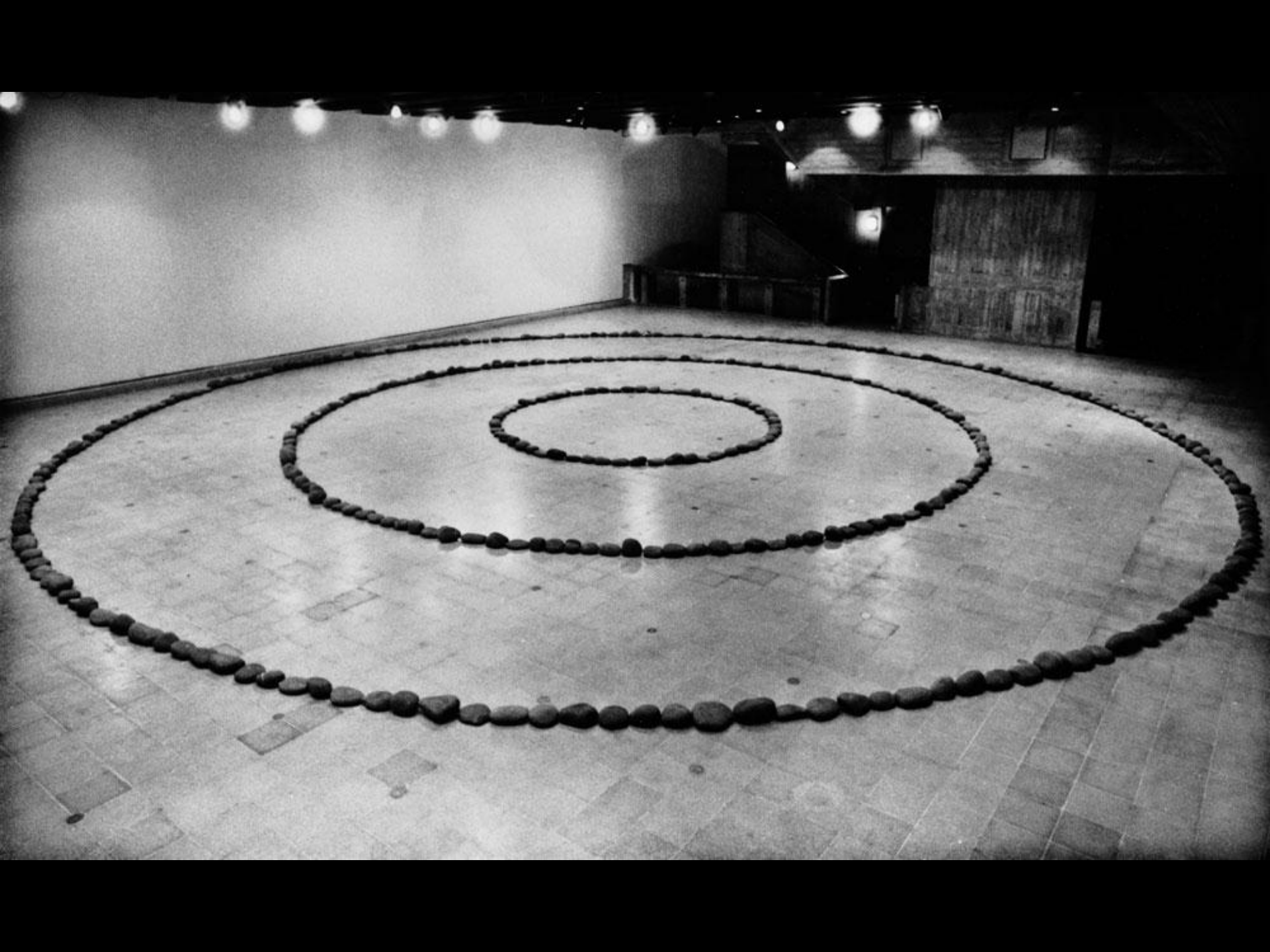
Richard Hamilton. My Marilyn, 1965



Richard Long  
A Line Made by Walking  
1967













Poetry is the subject of the poem,  
From this the poem issues and

To this returns. Between the two,  
Between issue and return, there is

An absence in reality,  
Things as they are. Or so we say.

But are these separate? Is it  
An absence from the poem, which acquires  
Its true appearances there, sun's green,  
Cloud's red, earth feeling, sky that thinks?  
From these it takes. Perhaps it gives,  
In the universal intercourse.

WALLACE STEVENS



Agustí Centelles. Campo de Bram (Francia), 1939



Agustí Centelles. Campo de Bram (Francia), 1939



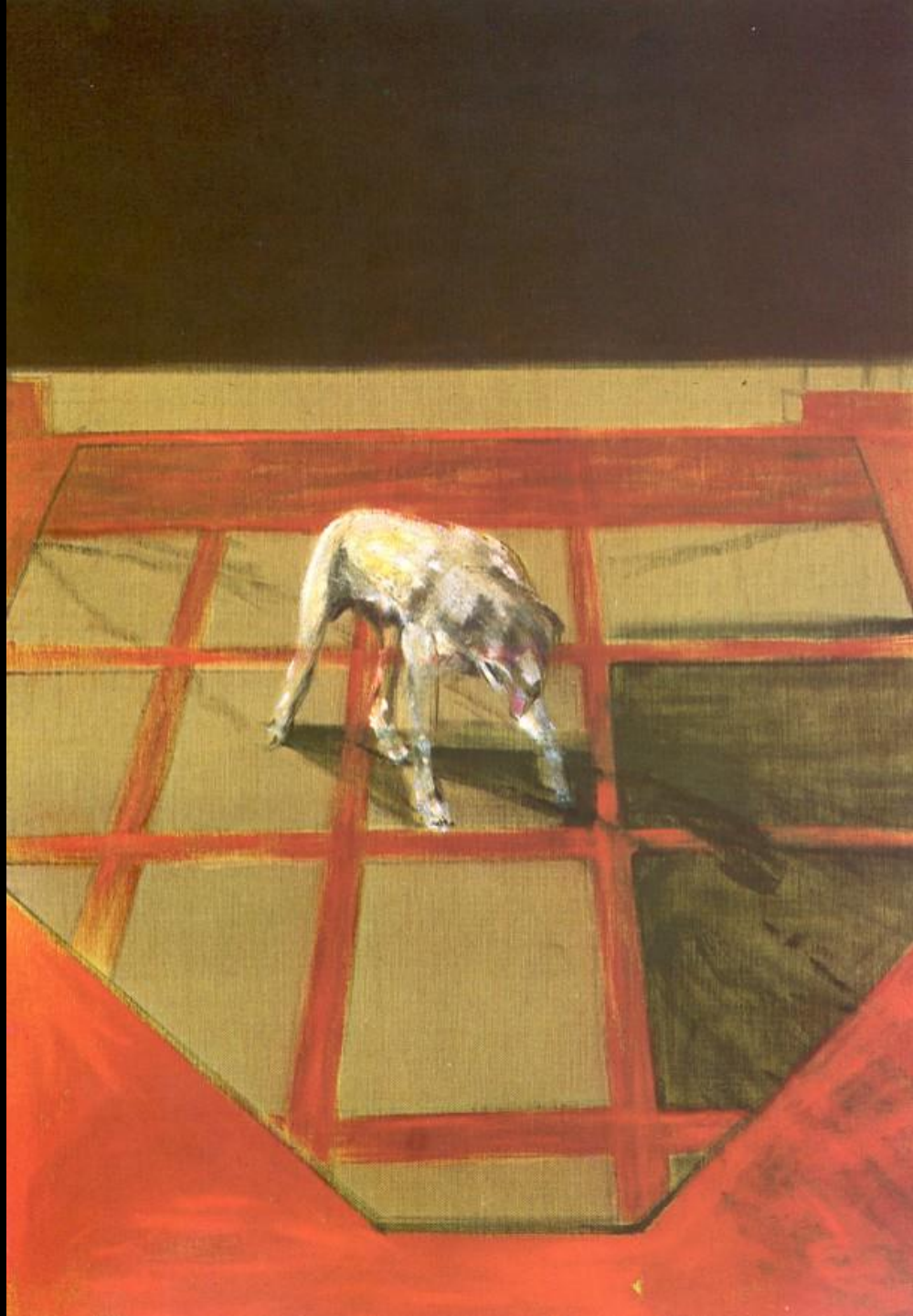
Agustí Centelles. Campo de Bram (Francia), 1939



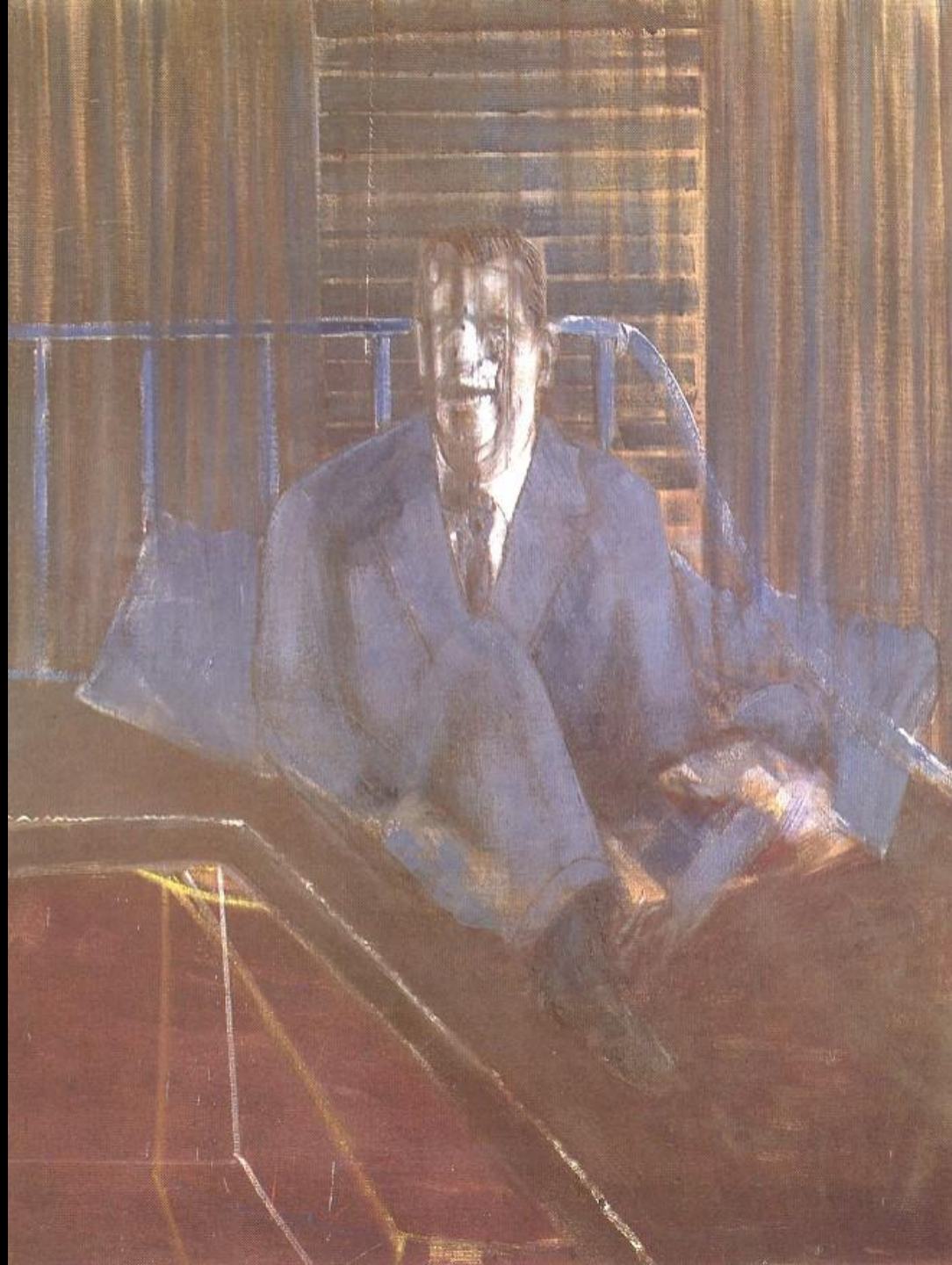
Velázquez,  
Inocencio X



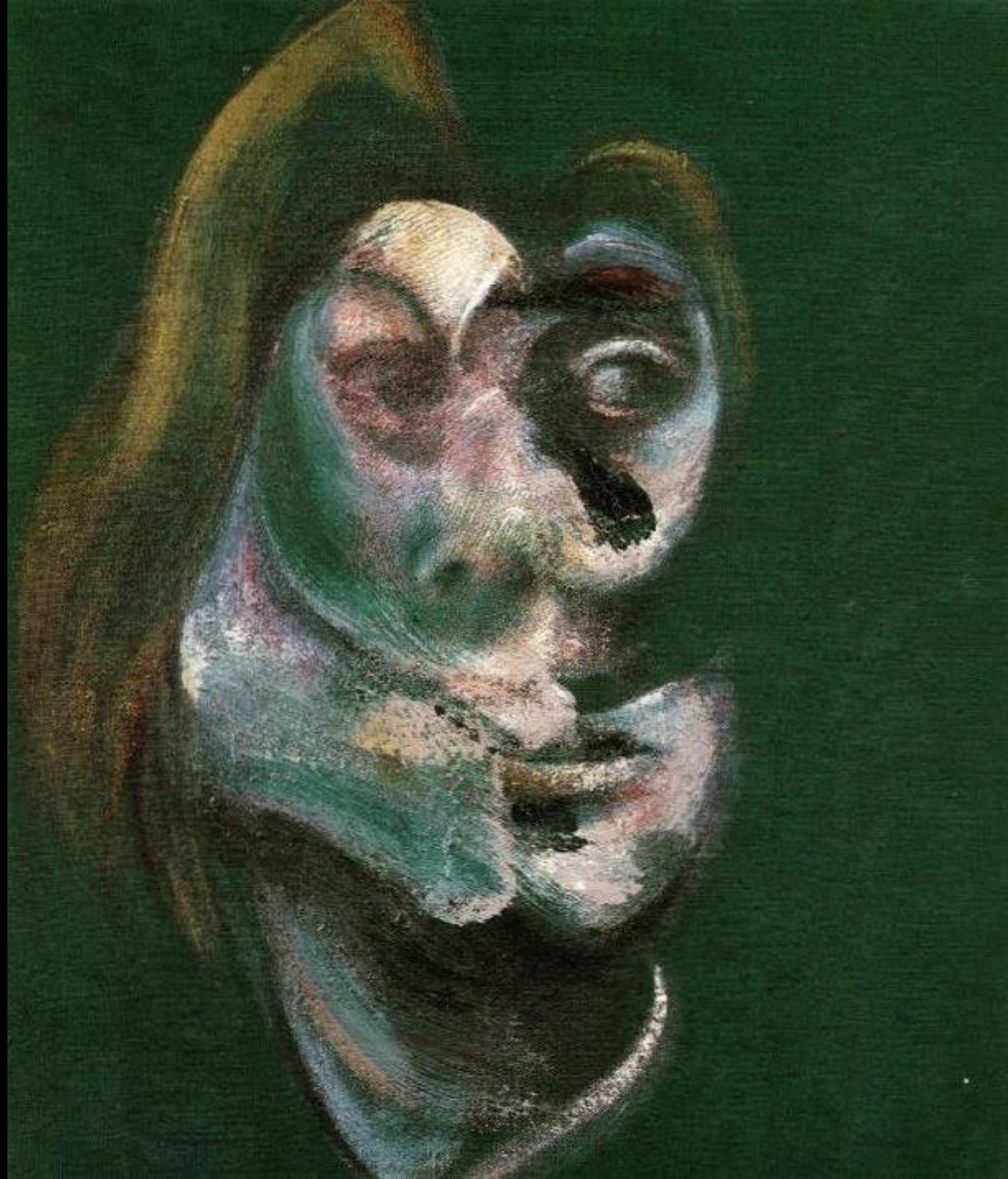












[...] And the conversation rises and slowly fades into  
silence

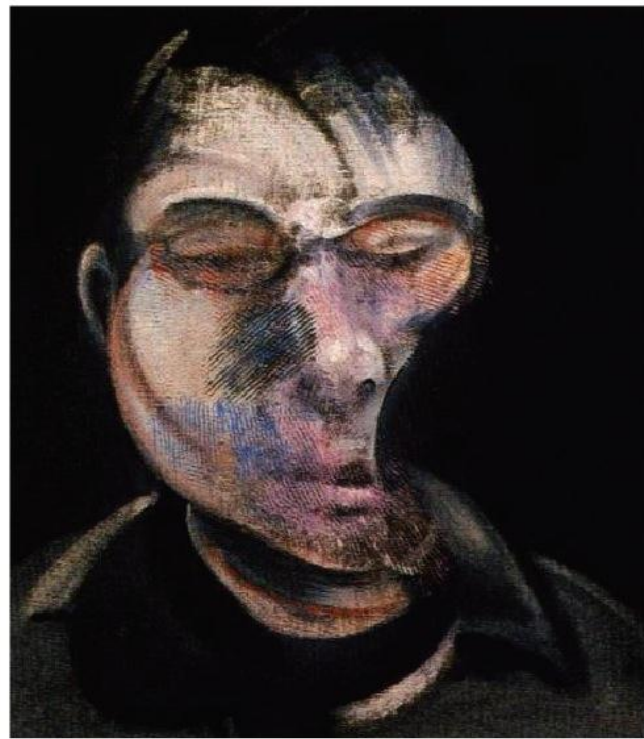
And you see behind every face the mental emptiness  
deepen

Leaving only the growing terror of nothing to think  
about [...]

T. S. Eliot, from "East Coker", *Four Quartets* (1943)

[...] The dripping blood our only drink,  
The bloody flesh our only food [...]

T. S. Eliot, from "East Coker", *Four Quartets* (1943)







R. B. Kitaj  
If not, not  
1975