

Art for everybody

ART FOR EVERYBODY



ΒΙΒΛΙΟΘΗΚΗ
ΤΕΛΛΟΓΛΕΙΟΥ
ΙΔΡΥΜΑΤΟΣ
ΤΕΧΝΩΝ Α.Π.Θ.
ΣΥΛΛΟΓΗ
ΣΠΗΤΕΡΗΣ

DA
110
.N49
1943
c. 1

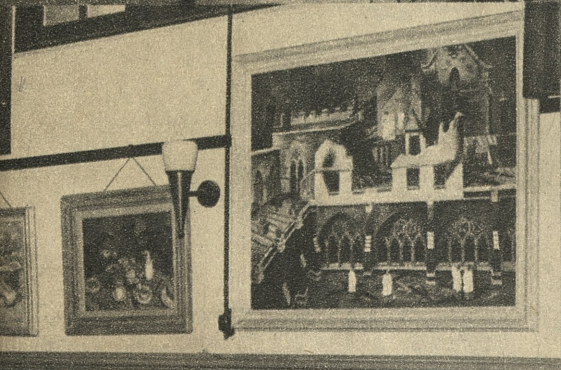
AIN ADVANCES



In a picture gallery



In a hospital ward



In a restaurant

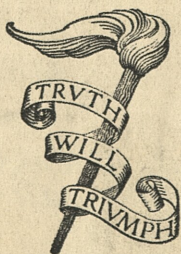


In a Y.M.C.A. rest room

BRITAIN ADVANCES

Art for Everybody

by
Eric Newton



Published for
THE BRITISH COUNCIL
by LONGMANS GREEN & CO.
London New York Toronto



Βιβλιοθήκη
ΤΕΛΛΟΓΛΕΙΟΥ
ΙΔΡΥΜΑΤΟΣ
ΤΕΧΝΩΝ
Α.Π.Θ.
Κωδ. 002441/

1943

064 0013077

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The British Council acknowledges permission to reproduce paintings and photographs as follows: by gracious permission of H.M. The Queen, p. 21; by courtesy of The Tate Gallery, pp. 3, 6, 8-9; The National Gallery, pp. 4, 5; Morton H. Sands, p. 7; The Imperial War Museum, p. 8 (top picture); the Executors of Wilson Steer's estate, p. 10; London News Agency Photos, Ltd., p. 12 (top picture); Fox Photos, Ltd., pp. 12 (bottom picture), 26 (1 and 2); Pictorial Press, p. 14; War Artists' Section, Ministry of Information, pp. 16 (top and bottom pictures), 16-17, 17 (top and bottom pictures), 18, 19; the Birmingham Art Gallery, p. 22; The Topical Press Agency, Ltd., p. 26 (4); Keystone Press Agency, Ltd., p. 26 (5); The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, p. 28 (1); The War Office, p. 28 (3, 4, 6); by courtesy of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office p. 28 (5) (this poster is Crown copyright).

LONGMANS GREEN AND CO., LTD., OF PATERNOSTER ROW
43 ALBERT DRIVE, LONDON, S.W.19 17 CHITTARANJAN AVENUE, CALCUTTA
NICOL ROAD, BOMBAY 36A MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

LONGMANS GREEN AND CO.
55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 215 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO
Code Number: 11060

First Published 1943

Printed in England by The Sun Engraving Company, Limited, London and Watford.

ART FOR EVERYBODY

BRITISH art has a long and honourable history. Vigour and character it has always had in abundance. Yet how few historians have understood its character or praised its vigour. It is perhaps part of the British temperament to be a little ashamed of our own virtues. Even when we do blow our own trumpet we see to it that the fanfare does not trouble the ears of our neighbours. Small wonder, then, that our neighbours tend to be unaware not merely of our virtues but even of our qualities. In certain respects, it is true, we are sure of ourselves. The modest, self-effacing Britisher is convinced that he is a good sportsman, that he is kind to animals, that he isn't a liar or a swindler. He doesn't boast about these fundamental decencies, as he would call them, but any foreigner who ventures to deny them does so at his peril. He is apt to be deafened by an indignant blast from the Britisher, suddenly and unexpectedly blowing his own trumpet.

But British modesty about British art is not so easily upset. One might almost imagine that our refusal to be proud of our artists was based on ignorance of their contribution to European culture. Before the war we had grown accustomed to thinking that all great painters and



*The soaring
imagination of Blake*

sculptors since the 18th Century came from Paris. We had almost forgotten that no other European country has produced an artist with the hearty vigour of Hogarth or the soaring imagination of Blake, that nowhere is it possible to match the poetical power of Turner or the affectionate insight of Constable.

Those giants of British art of the past are not isolated mountains rising out of a featureless, undistinguished plain. Rather are they links in a sturdy chain that stretches forward into the twentieth century, a chain that is still being forged. British art, since Constable and Turner died, has not been better than Continental art, but it has been different. And it is precisely that difference that makes it precious.

*The poetical power
of Turner*



During the period between the last war and the present one the visual arts throughout Europe were in a ferment. In particular, they were split into two camps, the experimental and the academic : and the gap between the two was no less wide in Britain than on the Continent. The reactionary, academic artist continued to use a set of formulæ that yearly became more obsolete and less fitted to express the spirit of his age; while the restless, experimental artist, always seeking new formulæ, found himself in danger of becoming less and less comprehensible to the man in the street. In his search for new modes he tended to concentrate on the means and to forget the ends. New styles emerged which seemed all-important to the artist. But the man in the street, far from recognising their importance, complained that the new styles were a barrier between himself and the artist's message. He even began to suspect that the artist had no message. The cry went up that art was becoming

The affectionate insight of Constable





The hearty vigour of Hogarth

divorced from life. The critic, hearing this cry and distressed at the ever-widening gap between art and the people, began to exert himself as he had never done before. The critics of the 19th Century had made many revealing utterances about the old masters, but their dealings with the contemporary artist varied between fatherly advice and vituperation with occasional outbursts of enthusiasm. Their self-appointed role was to guide the artist rather than the public. With our own century the tone has changed. Where Ruskin was pontifical Roger Fry was explanatory. It was Fry's mission to prove that art was not necessarily contemptible because it was unfamiliar and difficult to understand: that, on the contrary, it was familiarity that ought to breed contempt.

Fry's brilliant example spread. During the decade before the war the B B C established itself as the champion of non-academic art. Prior to 1934 no full-length series of talks on the visual arts had been broadcast. Since that date no less than four such series have been given on the theme of contemporary art and design. And all over England, interested groups of young people gathered to listen and to discuss each broadcast. Despite the fact that painting and sculpture are the most difficult of the arts to talk about (because, unlike music, they cannot be effectively broadcast except through the medium of television) the desire to know more about them and to get into closer touch with contemporary movements grew rapidly. In London a new kind of public began to frequent the galleries. Art was no longer the private preserve of the connoisseur or collector. Outside London the new demand for art gave birth to travelling exhibitions which reached small towns and villages that had rarely had an opportunity of seeing a modern picture. And whenever lectures on art were given in connection with such exhibitions the public showed its interest not only by listening but by eagerly discussing.

Meanwhile the British artist continued to forge fresh links in the chain of British art. Some, like Sickert, who died a year ago, carried the influence of Paris and French Impressionism northwards across the Channel, but gave the French idiom a peculiarly British twist.

Sickert—the "influence of French Impressionism"





Paul Nash—"the imaginative power of Blake"

Steer took Constable's sparkle and gusto a stage further. In spite of the international tension that was spreading all over Europe from 1935 onwards, British art was abundantly lively in the pre-war years, and the people of Britain were beginning to understand at least some of the problems it was tackling.

Then came the war. Immediately, it affected every human being and every form of human activity in Britain.

Stanley Spencer—
"emotionally intensified detail"



Others were more whole-heartedly British. Paul Nash, for instance, seemed to inherit some of the imaginative power of Blake. Stanley Spencer developed the love of closely observed and emotionally intensified detail in which the Pre-Raphaelites had specialized. Wilson

In particular, it has had a profound and in many ways a surprising effect on the arts. One associates the cultural side of life with peace. Music, painting, sculpture, poetry, apart from rare cases in which they can be harnessed to the propaganda machine, tend to flourish when men's minds are not engrossed with the urgency and the tension of war. If war is to be "total," if every ounce of available human energy, mental and physical, is to be directed to the immediate task of ensuring complete military victory in the shortest possible time, then surely the arts must, for once, become an irrelevant if not a positively obstructive factor in wartime life. Or so one might have thought.

But to think so would be to take a very superficial view of the workings of democracy and of the deeper meaning of the war. Military victory, the





Wilson Steer—"Constable's sparkle and gusto"

mere triumph of force, is not enough. Behind it there must be a creed, an acknowledged set of values. We are not only fighting *against* a form of tyranny which we hate : we are also fighting *for* a type of civilization which we love. And the things we are fighting *for* must be kept alive even in the heat of the battle—perhaps even most of all in the heat of battle—lest an empty victory, a mere triumph of lethal weapons, should leave us, in the end, with nothing but a shattered world and a beaten, resentful adversary.

And yet during the opening phases of the war, when the whole nation was adjusting itself with feverish but rather muddled enthusiasm to the new turn of events, there seemed little room for art in the everyday life of the British people, and little opportunity for the artist to make a serious contribution to that life. The one warlike activity that appeared capable of absorbing his gifts was camouflage and many artists and students accordingly offered their services for no better reason than that camouflage

seemed to have some connection with paint. The fear of air raids on a vast scale caused a sudden cessation of art exhibitions : the national art treasures were rushed away into safe places in the country; the great galleries and museums closed their doors. A cultural blackout descended on Britain. The normal rhythm of life was broken and the arts were momentarily forgotten.

Then, gradually, the cultural blackout began to lift. Air raids on a vast scale did not materialise. A "business as usual" spirit began to manifest itself. The usual annual exhibitions of pictures were held. Their size was smaller and their quality was disappointing, but there they were, shy but defiant. "Art in war time," they seemed to say, "is perhaps a luxury, but surely there is still room for a little luxury. Commend us for our dogged courage in carrying on." One or two artists ventured on a one-man show. It seemed an almost reckless gesture in those early days when the war was so far away and yet seemed so liable to arrive on our doorstep at any moment.

But what was more remarkable than this "business as usual" spirit among the artists, was the continued increase of interest in art on the part of the public. Nature abhors a vacuum, and certainly a temporary vacuum had occurred in the artistic life of Britain. Attendances at picture galleries are a fair indication of public interest in art, and in the early days of the war attendances had certainly fallen off. But gradually the vacuum filled up. Later, after the fall of France, when the air raids did arrive, when the population of England had redistributed itself, when London was comparatively empty and the provincial towns uncomfortably full, it was only to be expected that the machinery of the art world should be disorganized. And yet the disorganization was merely superficial. Beneath the surface the appetite for art was all the time increasing. In particular it showed itself in two ways : more and more people began to



Private view

buy pictures, and more and more people began to demand to see them.

The sale of pictures surprised even the dealers, for a new class of picture buyer was appearing.

In the years before the war there had been a smallish number of comparatively wealthy collectors who from time to time would add a comparatively expensive picture by a comparatively famous artist to their collection. The new wartime buyer is of a different kind, a younger, poorer man who feels that a room is a dead thing



Hanging Committee

without pictures, and who will make an exhaustive tour of the dealers' galleries looking for a picture that he likes. He cares little for the reputation of the artist, and he has not much money to spend, but he regards an exhibition of pictures as a collection of purchasable objects and not merely an occasion for spending a pleasant half hour. True, he is no longer able to spend his money on motor cars and petrol and on holidays abroad, but the shortage of goods and pleasures that were once considered almost necessary luxuries is not enough to explain the increase in our aesthetic appetite as a nation. The war has caused us to revise our sense of values. We have begun to feel that behind all those acute but temporary urgencies that crowd in upon every moment of our lives, there lies a set of more permanent, more real demands that only art can satisfy. A picture or a concert are not alternatives to a motor car or a fortnight on the Riviera. They are somehow more important. And the result of this new outlook can be seen in the little red spots (indicating that a picture has been sold) that decorate the bottom right hand corners of the paintings in almost every good exhibition of inexpensive pictures in London.

The other symptom of the increased interest in art—the demand for more exhibitions, especially outside London—is equally significant. In what way and to what extent this demand is being satisfied will be touched on later. For the moment it is sufficient to note that in our smaller provincial towns the number of travelling art exhibitions is steadily increasing, though the supply has by no means caught up with the demand. Perhaps it has something to do with the re-distribution of the population in England—the enormous numbers of evacuees who have doubled the population of so many of our medium-sized towns. Perhaps it has something to do with the fact that the visual arts cannot be broadcast. The BBC can radiate music and, to a less extent, literature to the remotest parts of the country. But it cannot radiate painting and sculpture. There

must be hundreds of villages whose inhabitants are familiar with Beethoven but who do not even know what a picture by Rembrandt looks like; who have heard of Debussy but never of Degas or Sickert. An exhibition of contemporary pictures, arriving in such a village, arouses immediate interest. Sometimes, naturally, it is a puzzled interest, for contemporary art needs understanding. The modern artist is bound to seem strange to those who have been out of touch with recent developments in the art world. And unfortunately the contemporary art world, before the war,

was so completely concentrated into a couple of square miles of the West End of London that it is no wonder that vast areas of England were, and still are, unfamiliar with the achievements of our contemporary painters. That lack of familiarity, however, is slowly disappearing, and it is no exaggeration to say that this



new contact between the artist of to-day and the public to whom, five years ago, he was unknown, is the direct result of wartime conditions.

Meanwhile it is perhaps more interesting to inquire what the artist himself has been doing during the past four years and what effect the war has had on his art.

To a great extent, art is dependant on patronage, provided that patronage is of the right kind. One kind of patron—the well-to-do collector—has already been referred to, but he is rapidly disappearing, if for no other reason than that taxation is depriving him of the means to indulge his hobby. But the wealthy collector, the mainstay of popular Victorian art, is by no means the only patron of art to-day. Patronage can conveniently be divided into three kinds—State patronage, municipal patronage and private patronage. And one of the most heartening results of the war in the world of British art is the ever increasing support given to the artist by the State. This is all the more surprising when one remembers that the Government, which, before the war, was by no means niggardly in its grants to the National Museums and Galleries of London, spent only a fraction over £500 annually on work by contemporary artists.

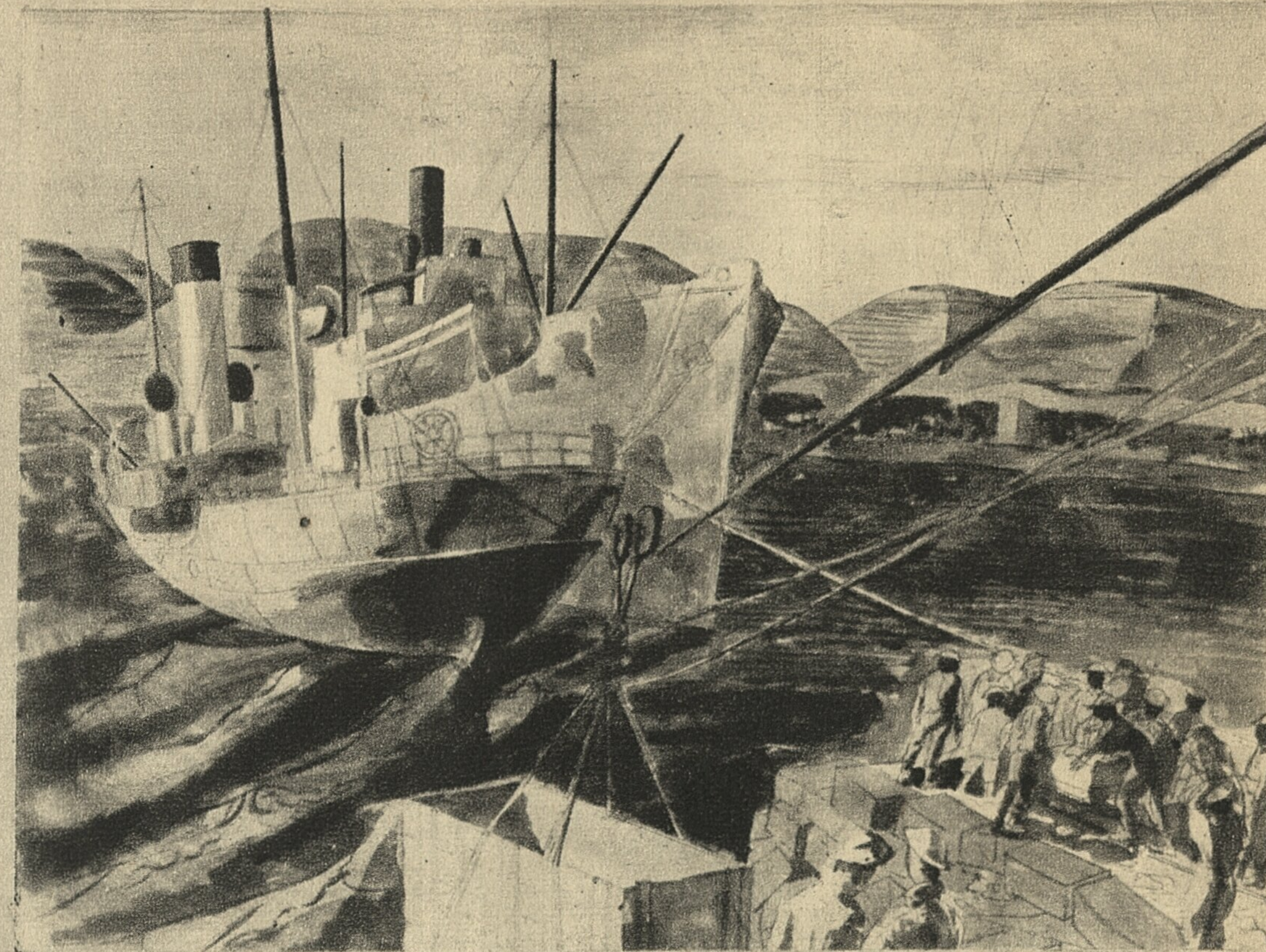
In December, 1939, a Government committee was appointed to select a set of artists to record the war in its many aspects. Obviously the necessity of creating a body of visual records was urgent, and equally obviously artists as well as photographers were needed for the job. It was not a question of making the war look "artistic." It was a question of selecting its significant moments and intensifying their significance. The camera cannot lie, but equally the camera cannot interpret, and a war so epic in its scope by land, sea and air, and so detailed and complex in its mechanism, requires interpreting as well as recording.

To select a biggish team of artists of the right kind and to apportion them to the right tasks was no easy matter, but it was done with courage



1

1. Norway, 1940
Eric Ravillious
2. Derna
Edward Bawden
3. Stoker A. Martin of
H.M.S. "Exeter"
Eric Kennington
4. Tube Shelter Perspective
Henry Moore
5. Devastation, 1941. City.
Twisted Girders (2)
Graham Sutherland



2



3



4



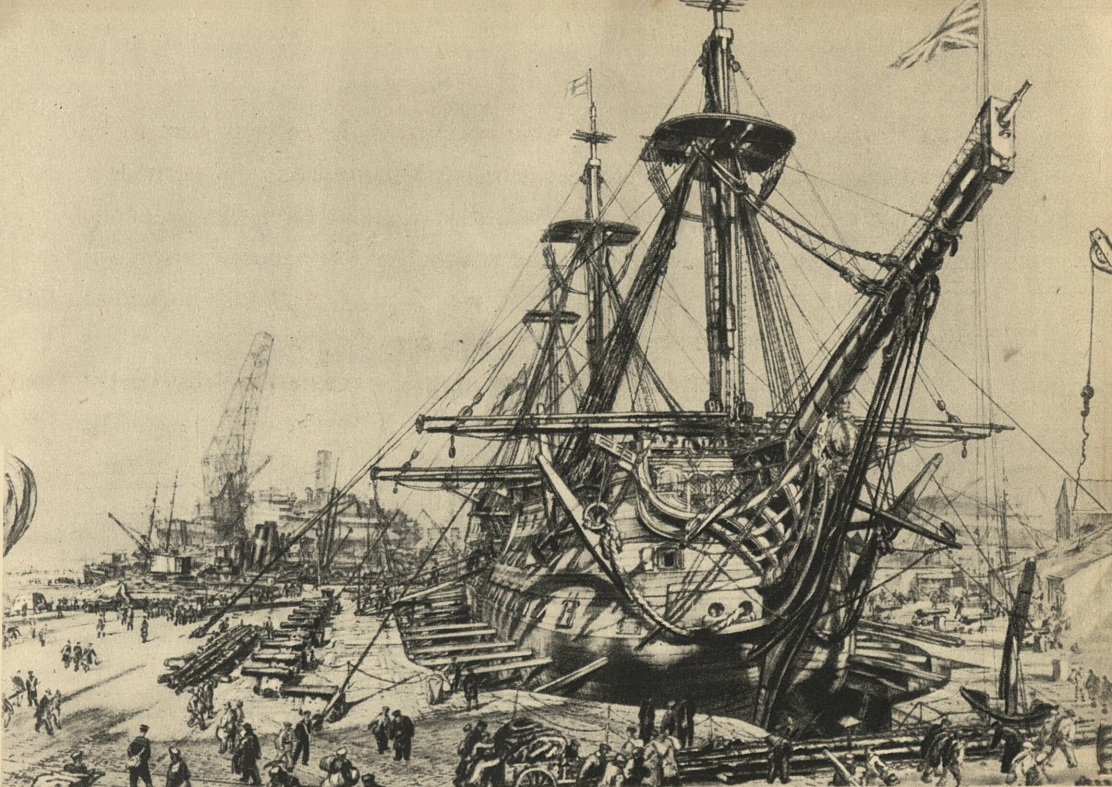
5

and intelligence. Both qualities were essential if the records were to be worth while : courage to pick an artist with a personal and perhaps a strangely imaginative point of view, rather than a competent academic painter whose pictures would lack the vitality that war pictures must have; intelligence to guess how each artist would respond to the particular aspect of modern warfare to which he had been allotted.

Given the State as patron and warfare as his theme the British artist had a truly exciting opportunity to show himself worthy of his task. The first exhibition of war pictures was held in the National Gallery in July, 1940. It contained vivid water colours by the late Eric Ravilious of the strange naval engagements off the Sub-arctic coastline of Norway with the midnight sun shining luridly over fiords dotted with half-submerged ships, or of giant aircraft carriers and impetuous destroyers playing their part in the adventure. It contained drawings by Ardizzone of the lighter



Laughter



H.M.S. Victory in war-time

Sir Muirhead Bone

side of warfare in the army in France and by Edward Bawden of its more serious side. Sir Muirhead Bone and Richard Eurich made faithful and wonderfully detailed records of war at sea, Eric Kennington began a long series of pastel portraits, mainly of airmen, on which he is still engaged. Later additions to the exhibition were Paul Nash's pictures of crashed German 'planes including his two big important and ambitious paintings "Totes Meer" and "The Battle of Britain," both of them vivid records of the defeat of the Luftwaffe: Graham Sutherland's tragic drawings of bomb damage in the East End of London: Henry Moore's equally impressive studies of Londoners sheltering in underground tunnels at the height of the air raids; and Stanley Spencer's crowded panels showing the fantastic activity that goes on in a modern shipbuilding yard.

Here was an exhibition which could be, and is being, added to week by week, as new records come in from the home front, the aerodrome, the training camp, from the Middle East, from the battleship and submarine or the bomber over Berlin, the tin mine in Cornwall, or the farm in the Midlands. For there is no facet of life in England to-day that does not reflect some aspect of the war. Many of these pictures have been sent abroad, others are touring the country, while at the National Gallery itself a selection of the latest arrivals is always to be seen. But what is significant is that, taken together, they contain some of the finest work these British artists have produced in more than half a century. The economic security of a direct commission by the State and the stimulus of exciting and congenial subject-matter have, between them, brought about a new vitality and even a new imaginative vision. British art has always tended to produce good draughtsmanship rather than good painting. The British painter has always loved to describe rather than to invent, and this opportunity to make war records is one to which the best of our artists have risen magnificently.

But war-art is not the only type of art which the State has supported during the last four years. Another set of artists has been at work recording the beauties and curiosities of Britain. "Recording Britain" is the title of two exhibitions that have already been held at the National Gallery. The subjects selected are corners of England which have a special preciousness in view of the rapid and often regrettable changes that are taking place in town and country. Some but by no means all of those changes have been occasioned by the enemy. Aerodromes, factories, new schemes for water supply can alter the look of a whole district. As for those gems of unobtrusive architecture that are so typically English, it was time that they were sympathetically and affectionately recorded by artists. And again it is worth repeating that no camera can record as efficiently as an



The Quadrangle, Windsor Castle

John Piper

artist, for sympathy and affection are beyond the camera's scope. If I may pick out from a host of good drawings a couple which seem to me outstanding, I should select John Piper's spacious view of the great quadrangle at Windsor Castle (one of a series commissioned by the Queen) and Kenneth Rowntree's little watercolour of the interior of Whitby Parish Church. The English watercolourists of the early 19th century were famous throughout Europe for the delicacy and accuracy of their topographical draughtsmanship, and their successors of the 20th century have shown how worthily they can carry on the national tradition.

Naturally, it has been impossible to employ all our artists on warlike themes. Nor would all our artists wish to be so employed. Artists like Ben Nicholson whose work is mainly concerned with pure form—a kind of architecture with no representational theme to tie him down—or

Frances Hodgkins, with her lovely and adventurous sense of colour orchestration, could hardly be harnessed to any specific wartime purpose. Such artists, detached from their immediate surroundings, have always existed and always will exist, and the added stimulus of the war is bound to leave them untouched. The popularity of such painters, who reflect none of the grimness of their surroundings, has even increased with the war. It is easy to dub them "escapist" simply because their eyes are not focused on their immediate surroundings. The word "escapist" has been debased during the last few years by persons who cannot distinguish between the attitude of the romantic who turns away from the real world and takes refuge in dreams and the attitude of the seer who penetrates through the façade of reality to an even more fundamental reality. But the fact remains that the public, though deeply interested in the artist's interpretation of the war (and the crowds that pass through the War

Exhibition at the National Gallery are evidence of this interest) has developed a thirst for something less immediate and more universal than war pictures, and the pictures it buys are generally those which emphasize harmony and order rather than tension and tragedy.

For the less portable and more difficult medium of sculpture there is less demand. Sculptors have undoubtedly been hard hit by



Joseph Conrad

Jacob Epstein

the war. The impressive public building that demands sculptural adornment must wait till the war is over, and the sculptor must wait, too, for the opportunity which will certainly come. But though monumental conceptions in stone are at present out of the question, there is plenty of opportunity for portrait heads : Epstein's head of Joseph Conrad is a fine example of our best portrait sculptor's work.

Mention has just been made of the exhibitions of war pictures which have been circulated throughout this country or sent abroad, to our dominions or to the two continents of America. But the circulation of pictures in this country has by no means been confined to paintings by the official war artists or to work with war as its theme. Long before the war it had been realized that the centralization of exhibitions in London and a handful of our larger cities was an undesirable thing and that if the country as a whole were to be kept in touch with contemporary art, elaborate machinery for touring good contemporary exhibitions would be necessary. The work of circulating such exhibitions had been undertaken notably by the British Institute of Adult Education which not only arranged for representative examples of modern painting and modern design to be shown in small towns and villages all over the British Isles, but provided lectures and guide lecturers to explain what the modern artist intends to convey. But with the advent of the war and the increased demand for exhibitions from every corner of Great Britain such machinery as the British Institute could set in motion proved quite inadequate to the needs of the country. Again the State proved its awareness of the need for something more fundamental than the mere manufacture of armies and weapons of war. C.E.M.A. (the Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts) was created to take the situation in hand and, backed by the Treasury, is giving its support to Drama, Concerts and Art Exhibitions. The British Institute, working under C.E.M.A.'s wing, has

redoubled its activities, and to-day more than a dozen exhibitions are touring the country, exhibitions to which visits by parties of school-children are organized by the local education authorities.

Thus an awareness of the meaning of art is being fostered and spread, and with that awareness comes the realization that art has hitherto played too small a part in the life of the people. It became clear that pictures should be seen not only in special buildings which require a special visit (for which, in the overcrowded life of to-day there is often little enough time), but also in places where people congregate in the course of their everyday life—above all in factories and in canteens. Exhibitions have therefore recently been arranged in British Restaurants, under the auspices of the Ministry of Food, and in certain factories. On the outskirts of London a constantly circulating collection of original pictures and lithographs passes from one British Restaurant to another, and in cases where the building is unsuitable for such exhibitions distinguished artists have offered to paint permanent mural decorations on the walls in return for their expenses and the cost of the materials used. One such restaurant, at Merton, near London, has been decorated by John Piper. Schools of Art up and down the country have seized this opportunity to experiment with mural decoration, and—since opportunity begets talent—it would not be surprising to see a real renaissance take place in what has been, virtually, a lost art.

Already twenty or thirty British Restaurants have been decorated by artists. The Ministry of Food, not content with looking after the quality of the meals, has given practical encouragement to the movement by appointing an expert art adviser to see that such decorations are not thoughtlessly designed and carried out. The movement is spreading all over the country, and it is a significant one, for it brings art into the daily lives of people who would normally have had to make a special journey

to an art gallery to see it. The difference between art as a background to everyday life and art as mere museum furniture hardly needs pointing out.

While the Ministry of Food has been presenting a new aspect of art to the British people, the British Council has found a means of introducing British art to the many foreigners now in our midst. In London, each of our allies has a National Centre, a club house in which they can meet and entertain their compatriots and friends. The British Council has organized a series of circulating exhibitions of British art in these Centres, and is thus making our art familiar to our allies. These exhibitions, carefully chosen and of a high standard, are playing a significant part in the spread of international culture. Our friends from abroad will return, after the war, to their respective countries, with at least a nodding acquaintance with the quality of our painting.

One other surprising stimulus to the production and enjoyment of art must be mentioned. Since the outbreak of war there has been an enormous increase in the interest taken in painting and drawing by amateur artists. Here again opportunity has played its part. The vast organization of Civil Defence has called into being a new mode of life, a mode of life in which men and women are forced to spend long stretches of time on duty, ready for an emergency, but unoccupied until that emergency arises. Firemen, wardens, stretcher-bearers, rescue parties, tied to their posts yet unoccupied, have felt the urge to create and to express their experiences (often spectacular ones) in paint. When the Civil Defence Artists held their first exhibition in a Bond Street Gallery a new source of artistic energy was tapped which has flowed freely ever since. Amateurish their art may be, but the practice of art is not just a question of producing masterpieces. It is also a question of training the imagination and observation, of providing a new outlet for experience. It is encouraging to think that the war has actually fostered rather than suppressed this creative urge in



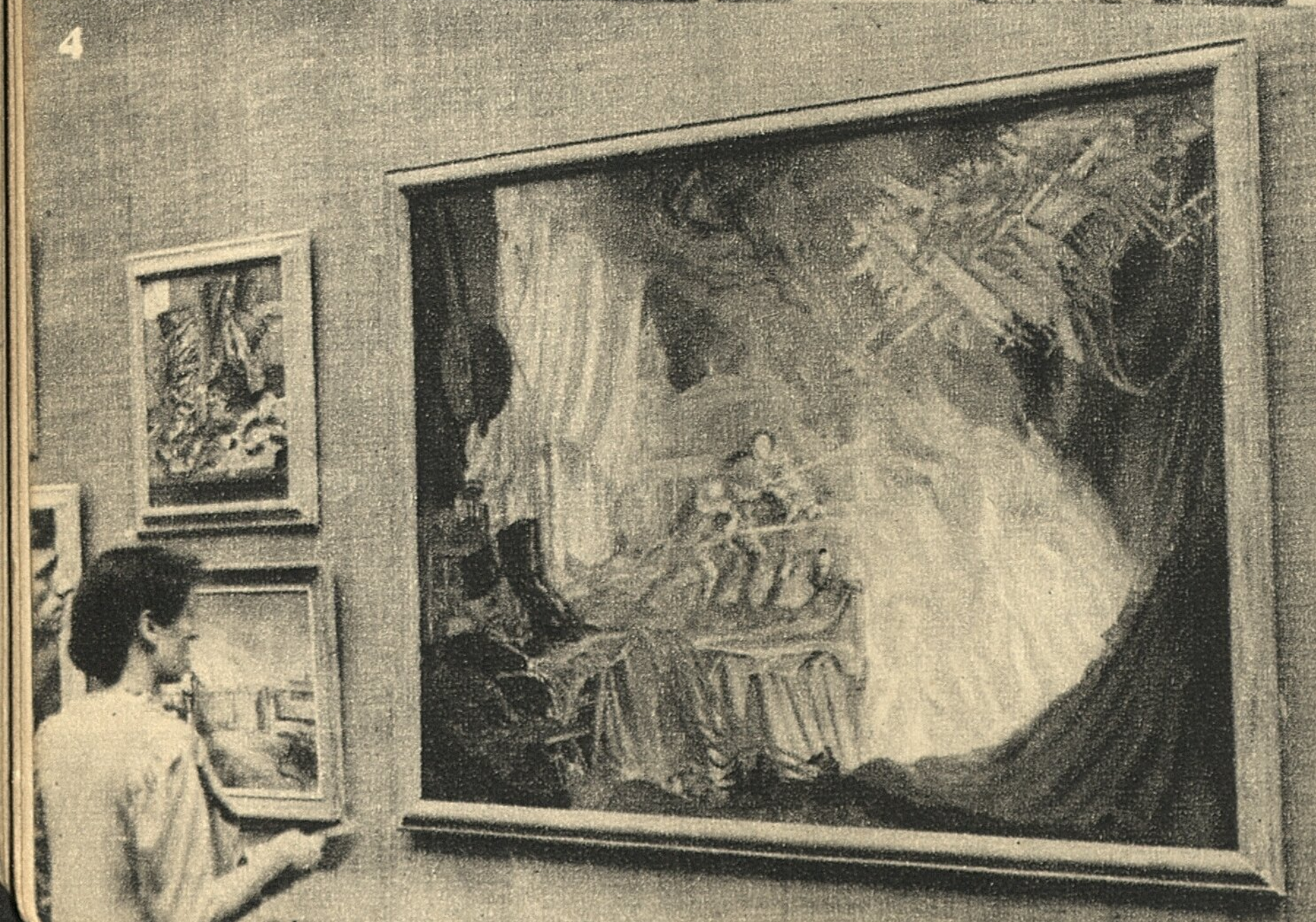
1. The hanging committee of a Civil Defence Artists' Exhibition: left to right C. W. Nevinson, Dr. John Rothenstein, R. H. Wilenski.



2. A fireman's painting.

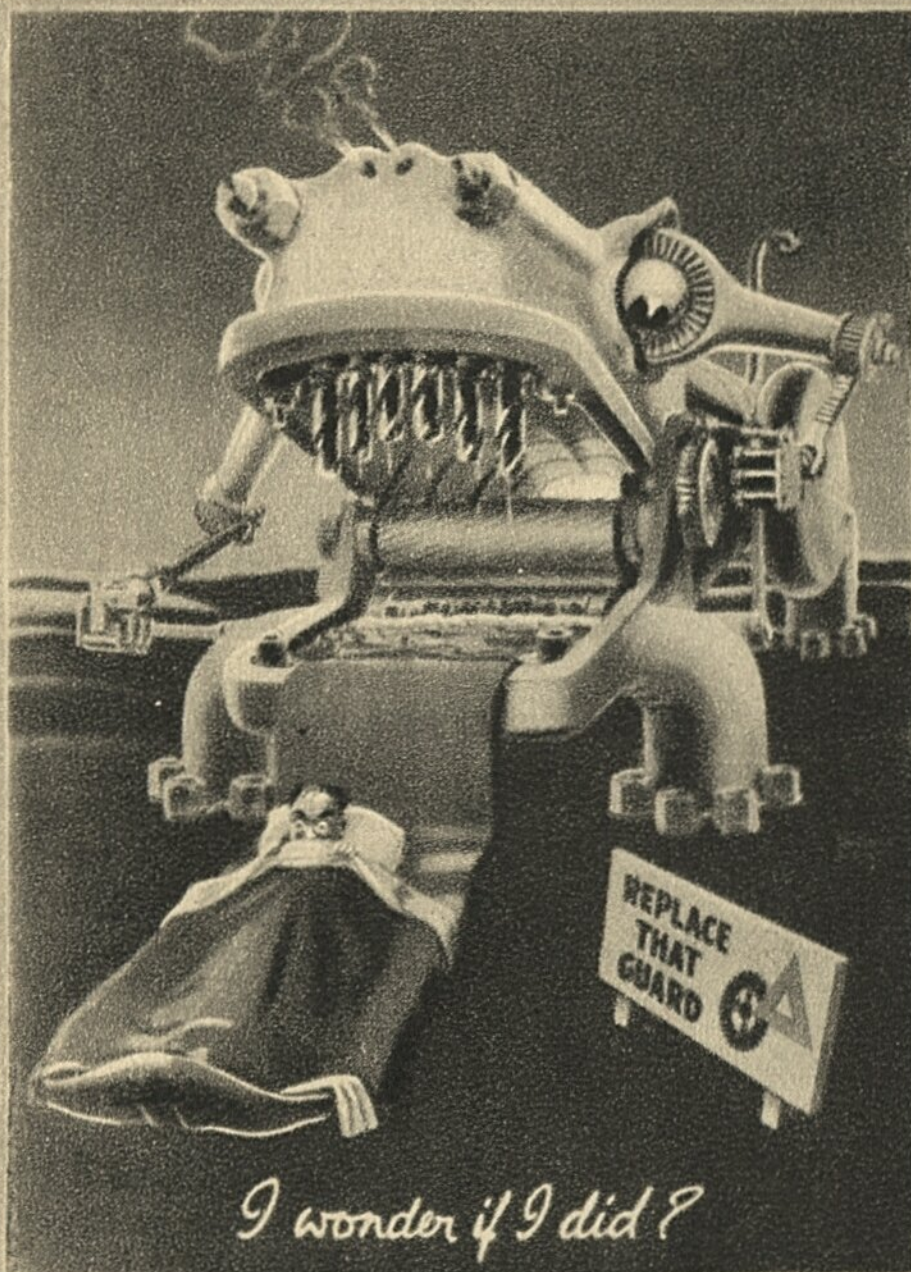


3. A children's exhibition.
4. A fireman's painting.
5. Nurses and ambulance drivers prepare an exhibition.



England. The permanent exhibition of Civil Defence Artists' work at the Cooling Gallery and the exhibitions of paintings by firemen artists (one of which was sent to America as a record of the awe-inspiring spectacle of the blitz) prove that artists are not merely the product of art schools. They are people who have something urgent to say and who find that they can say it in paint more forcibly, though perhaps less coherently, than in words.

So much for the production of what are known as the "fine arts." War-time conditions have been less kind to industrial design or to "commercial" art, but there is certainly one branch of commercial design in which the artist is playing an important and indeed an indispensable part, namely the poster. The habits of a whole nation cannot be changed overnight, and yet the urgency of war has made it imperative that we *should* change our habits, both mental and physical. It is here that propaganda counts. What we do with our morning newspaper when we have finished reading it, what we eat, how we cook it, how much water we use in our bath, how many bones and empty tins we put in our salvage bins, even what we say and to whom we say it—these things and a hundred like them are of the utmost urgency. It is here that the poster artist, hitherto almost exclusively employed to persuade us to spend our money on this brand of cigarettes or that brand of beer, becomes a key factor in the propaganda drive. Here the visual arts are considerably more potent than words. It is no use merely plastering the walls with exhortations to dig for Victory or to buy War Savings Certificates or to eat more potatoes. Only the artist can give such calls to action the punch necessary to make them vivid and effective. Unfortunately, the selection of poster artists has not always been made with the same courage and intelligence as that of the war artists. Too many of our posters have been commonplace and unworthy of a great national effort. But the war has certainly produced enough first-class posters to warrant a mention in this brief Survey of the Art of



I wonder if I did?



Your BRITAIN *fight for it now*



GROW YOUR OWN FOOD
AND SUPPLY YOUR OWN COOKHOUSE



POST OFFICE
SAVINGS BANK



THE AIRBORNE FORCES OF THE BRITISH ARMY CONSIST OF PARACHUTE TROOPS AND GLIDER-BORNE TROOPS OF ALL ARMS OF THE SERVICE. Officers and men in any Regiment or Corps (except R.A.C.), who are medically fit, may apply for transfer to a parachute or glider-borne unit of the Airborne Forces. Additional pay is granted to the Airborne Forces at the rate of 2/- per day for parachute troops, and 1/- per day for glider-borne troops. A limited number of officers and other ranks are urgently required for training as glider-pilots. Applications for transfer or further information should be made to unit headquarters. Conditions of service are laid down in the following A.C.s. - 1677 of 1941, 275 & 1490 of 1942.



War-time Britain. Many of them—those, for example, which are particularly addressed to factory workers—are not seen in public places. The best of them are direct and forceful examples of symbolism rather than attempts at pictorial representation.

The patriotic or political cartoon, with one or two brilliant exceptions, has not been a notable feature of this war. No Daumier has arisen in our midst, but his nearest counterpart, David Low, with his incisive line and vigorous but simple presentation of an idea, has poured forth a consistent stream of cartoons dedicated to sanity, impatient of inefficiency, and paying heartfelt homage to heroism. They lack the fierce bite of Daumier, for Low has not Daumier's gift for the macabre, but when the history of this war comes to be written no more pointed illustrations could accompany it than a selection of Low's pictorial comments on its strange progress.

Certain special exhibitions have been held from time to time, particularly in London. The usual annual exhibitions—the Royal Academy, the New English Art Club, the London Group, the Royal Society of British Artists, and so on—have been held. Nothing less than the destruction of one or two of the larger galleries has been allowed to interfere with the usual peace-time rhythm of such exhibitions. But in addition to these annually recurring exhibitions one or two noteworthy collections of pictures have been held at the National Gallery. The emphasis in most of these exhibitions has naturally been on British art. The easy passage of paintings across the Channel from the Continent ceased with the fall of France, and we became virtually dependent on home-grown produce for our art exhibitions. The result has been almost entirely beneficial. The tendency, before the war, for art lovers to become hypnotized into thinking that all good modern art emanated from France has already been mentioned. London dealers had been so busy telling us that Picasso, Braque, and Matisse were the only really important European painters that we had

begun to believe them and to forget that the British tradition, with its sturdy, tough draughtsmanship and its insistence on virile line rather than on sensuous paint, has an equally noteworthy contribution to make to the story of European art.

An excellent representative exhibition entitled "Since Whistler" was held at the National Gallery early in the war. It contained samples of all that has been best in British art since that impish son of America went to Paris, became more English than the English, and then settled in London and turned Chelsea into a British "Quartier Latin." The exhibition, which included pictures by most of our best painters from Whistler's time to the present day, was followed by many others including (just before his death) a big one-man show of pictures and drawings by Sickert. Lately, as though to redress the balance and to remind us of the debt our painters owe to France, a splendid collection of nineteenth-century French paintings—mostly landscapes by the French Impressionists, but including their romantic forerunners, Delacroix and Corot, and their successors, Van Gogh and Cézanne—was held in the National Gallery. If there had ever been any doubt as to the British enthusiasm for painting it would have been dispelled by the sight of a 100-yard-long queue in Trafalgar Square on the last day of the exhibition.

The Tate Gallery (the National Gallery of Modern Art) has perforce had to close its doors since its main rooms were put out of action during an air raid, but it has been actively adding to its collection during the war years, and one of the most stimulating exhibitions of the last twelve months was the show of "Tate Gallery Additions" which included a magnificent series of drawings and prints by William Blake.

The National Gallery has indeed become national in the fullest sense since 1940. Not only has it housed a constantly changing series of important exhibitions, but the fact that a daily lunch-time concert has been

held in it during the last two and a half years has attracted a host of people who would otherwise never have thought of entering it for the sake of what was to be seen there. The arts of music and painting have mutually benefited each other.

One recent innovation at the National Gallery has been the exhibiting, in the vestibule, of single masterpieces from the main collection, each picture being on view for a month. In this way it has been possible to renew old acquaintances like Titian's "Noli me Tangere," Botticelli's "Venus and Mars," Constable's "Hay Wain," Bellini's "Agony in the Garden," and El Greco's "Scourging in the Temple."

What of the future—that mysterious post-war future towards which so many of our most active minds have been directed since the outbreak of war? No final blue-print of a better world can yet be drawn up, but certain lessons have been learned and certain ideals and reforms are being clearly envisaged by those who have the artistic health of this country at heart. It is too early to state them in detail, nor is this the proper place to do so. But the reforms will almost certainly include continued and increased patronage of art and artists by the State. Town planning and housing must come first, but the fine arts will surely not be forgotten, for it is ultimately through them that our inner lives are enriched and enlarged. More efficient galleries throughout the country, more efficient art education for the rising generation, a closer connection between artist and manufacturer, and closer contact between the artist and his public—all these things are in the minds of the post-war planners, even though the full realization of them may seem difficult. But what is interesting, and what was, four years ago, quite unexpected, is the discovery that the war, far from interfering with our progress towards this better world, has actually pushed us a little nearer to it.

THE PICTURES REPRODUCED IN THIS BOOKLET ARE:—

P. 3	Elohim Creating Adam ..	by Blake
P. 4	The Hay Wain ..	by Constable
P. 5	The Fighting Temeraire ..	by Turner
P. 6	Mariage à la Mode—Scene II	by Hogarth
P. 7	Pierrots at Brighton ..	by Walter Sickert
P. 8	Night in the Ypres Salient ..	by Paul Nash
P. 8-9	Resurrection ..	by Stanley Spencer
P. 10	Bird-nesting, Ludlow ..	by Wilson Steer
P. 16 (top)	Norway, 1940 ..	by Eric Ravilious
(bottom)	Stoker A. Martin of H.M.S. <i>Exeter</i> ..	by Eric Kennington
Pp. 16-17	Tube Shelter Perspective ..	by Henry Moore
P. 17 (top)	Derna ..	by Edward Bawden
(bottom)	Devastation, 1941. City Twisted Girders (2).	by Graham Sutherland
P. 18	Laughter ..	by Edward Ardizzone
P. 19	H.M.S. <i>Victory</i> in War-time	by Sir Muirhead Bone
P. 21	The Quadrangle, Windsor Castle	by John Piper
P. 22	Joseph Conrad ..	by Jacob Epstein
P. 28	Safety in Factories poster ..	by F. Kenwood-Giles
	Patriotic poster ..	by Frank Newbould
	Food poster ..	by Abram Games
	'Careless Talk' poster ..	by Abram Games
	Savings Group poster ..	by Pat Keeley
	Airborne Troops poster ..	by Abram Games
	Post Office poster ..	by Frank Newbould

Βιβλιοθήκη
ΤΕΛΛΟΓΛΕΙΟΥ
ΙΔΡΥΜΑΤΟΣ
ΤΕΧΝΩΝ
Α.Π.Θ.
Κωδ.....

BRITAIN ADVANCES

Here, in story and pictures, are some of the things in which
Britain has contributed notably to modern progress

- 1. FIRST—THE INFANT** **by Cicely Fraser**
How children are cared for while their mothers work
- 2. LANDMARKS GIVEN TO THE PEOPLE** **by Eric Parker**
Scenic beauties of England and Wales kept for the people
- 3. MACHINES ON THE FARM** **by L. F. Easterbrook**
Britain's successes with mechanized agriculture
- 4. THE UNFIT MADE FIT** **by Dr. Harold Balme**
The latest methods of rehabilitation
- 5. LONDON CALLING THE WORLD** **by Frank Singleton**
How the BBC Overseas Broadcasts are prepared
- 6. THE COUNTRYMAN'S COLLEGE** **by H. C. Dent**
An experiment in education
- 7. ART FOR EVERYBODY** **by Eric Newton**
The popularity of pictures
- 8. LEARNING TO BE BLIND** **by Sir Ian Fraser**
How the blind are taught to live, to play and to work.

PRICE 1/- NET EACH

16 OTHER TITLES TO BE ANNOUNCED LATER
including booklets on Electric Railways, Mothercraft,
the work of the General Post Office, Music,
Housing, the Police, Factory Welfare, etc., etc.



ΒΙΒ
ΤΕΛΛΟΓΑ
ΤΕΧ
ΣΥΛΛ

The National Gall