

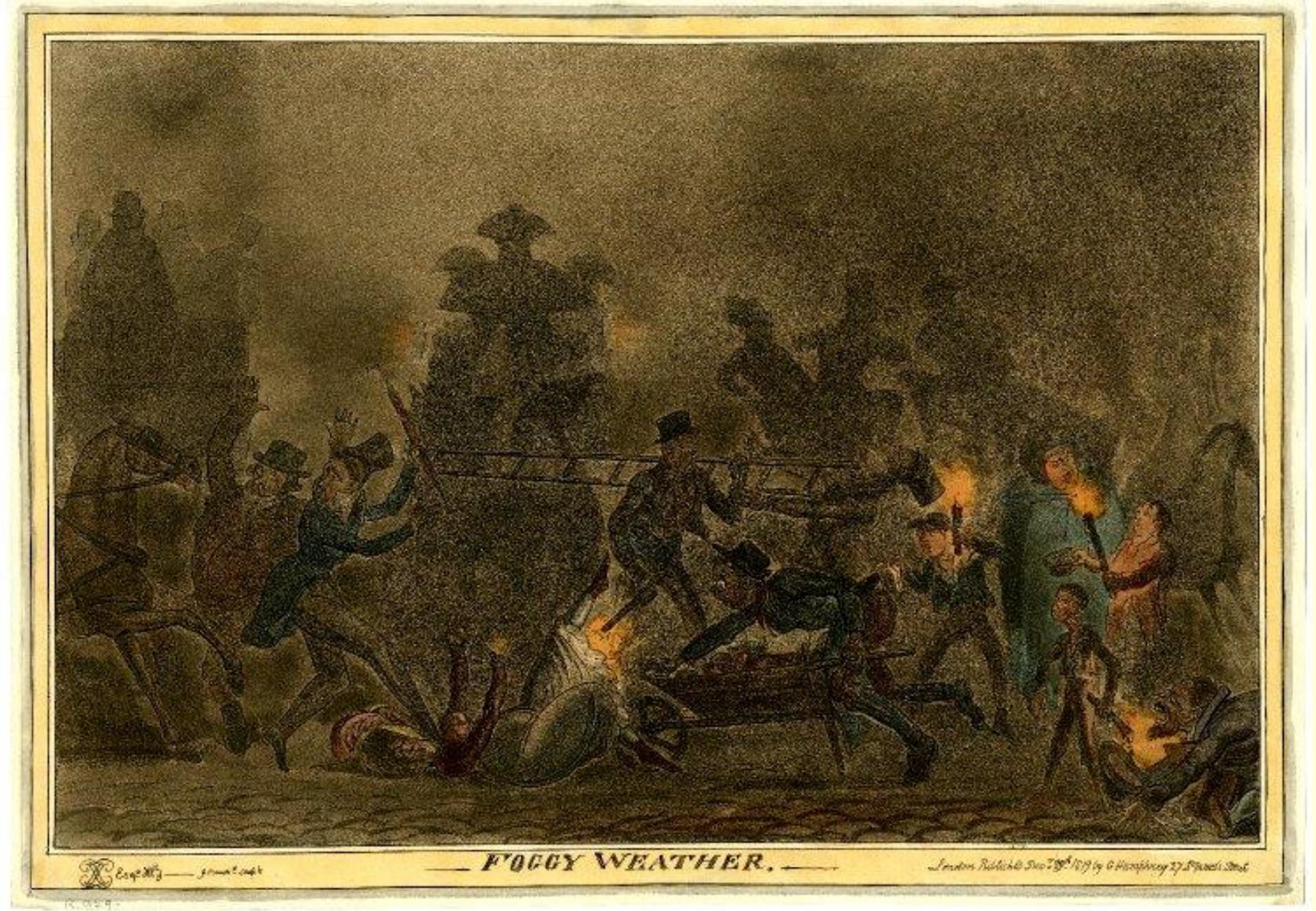
London Fog and the Impressionists

Christine L Corton

Gresham College, 27 June 2016



M. Egerton (artist) *A thoroughbred November and London particular*, 1827



Foggy Weather by George Cruikshank (December, 1819)









6th December 1962



Flaming June (1895;
Museo de Arte de Ponce)



Frederic Leighton, 1st Baron Leighton
PRA (3 December 1830-25 January 1896)



Coalbrookdale by J M W Turner c. 1797



The Thames above Waterloo Bridge(1835) by J M W Turner



London: The Thames and the City from Richmond House (1747?) by Canaletto



The Embankment (1874) by John O'Connor



St Paul's From The Thames (1863) by David Roberts



London from the Monument, England (1870) by William Lionel Wyllie



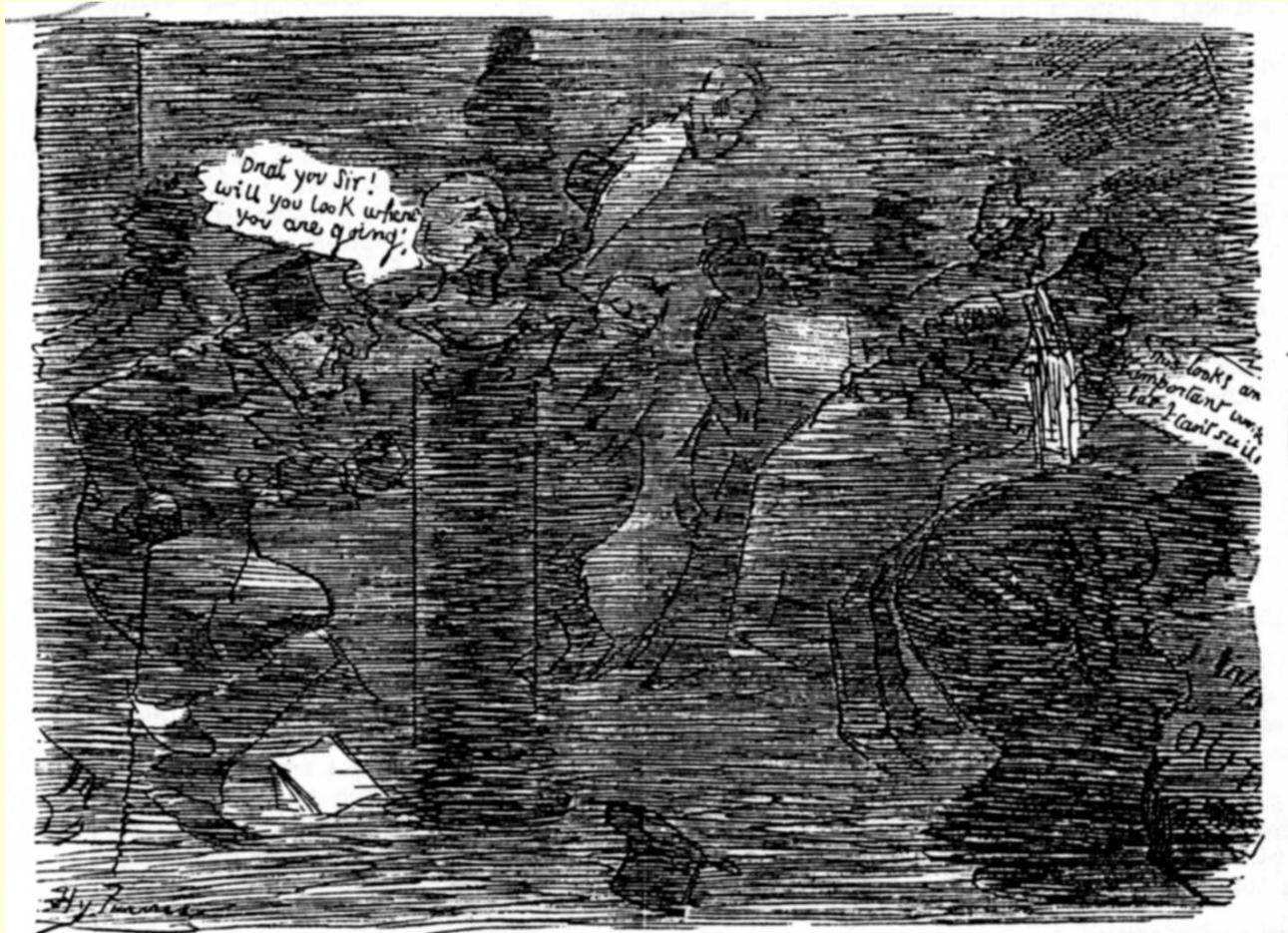
Battersea Reach from Lindsey Houses (1864-71) by James McNeill Whistler



Nocturne in grey and gold – Piccadilly (1881-3) by James McNeill Whistler

'And when the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become *campanili*, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairy-land is before us - then the wayfarer hastens home; the working man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to the artist alone.

James McNeill Whistler, *Mr Whistler's "Ten o'clock"* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1888), p. 15.



THE WINTER ART EXHIBITIONS

OPENED LAST WEEK, TO THE DELIGHT OF ALL. OUR ART-CRITIC, WHO SENDS MR. PUNCH THE ABOVE, HAS NOT SENT ANY NOTES OR SKETCHES!



The Thames Below Westminster, 1871.



Waterloo Bridge, London [Effet de soleil, 1903]



Waterloo Bridge, London, 1903

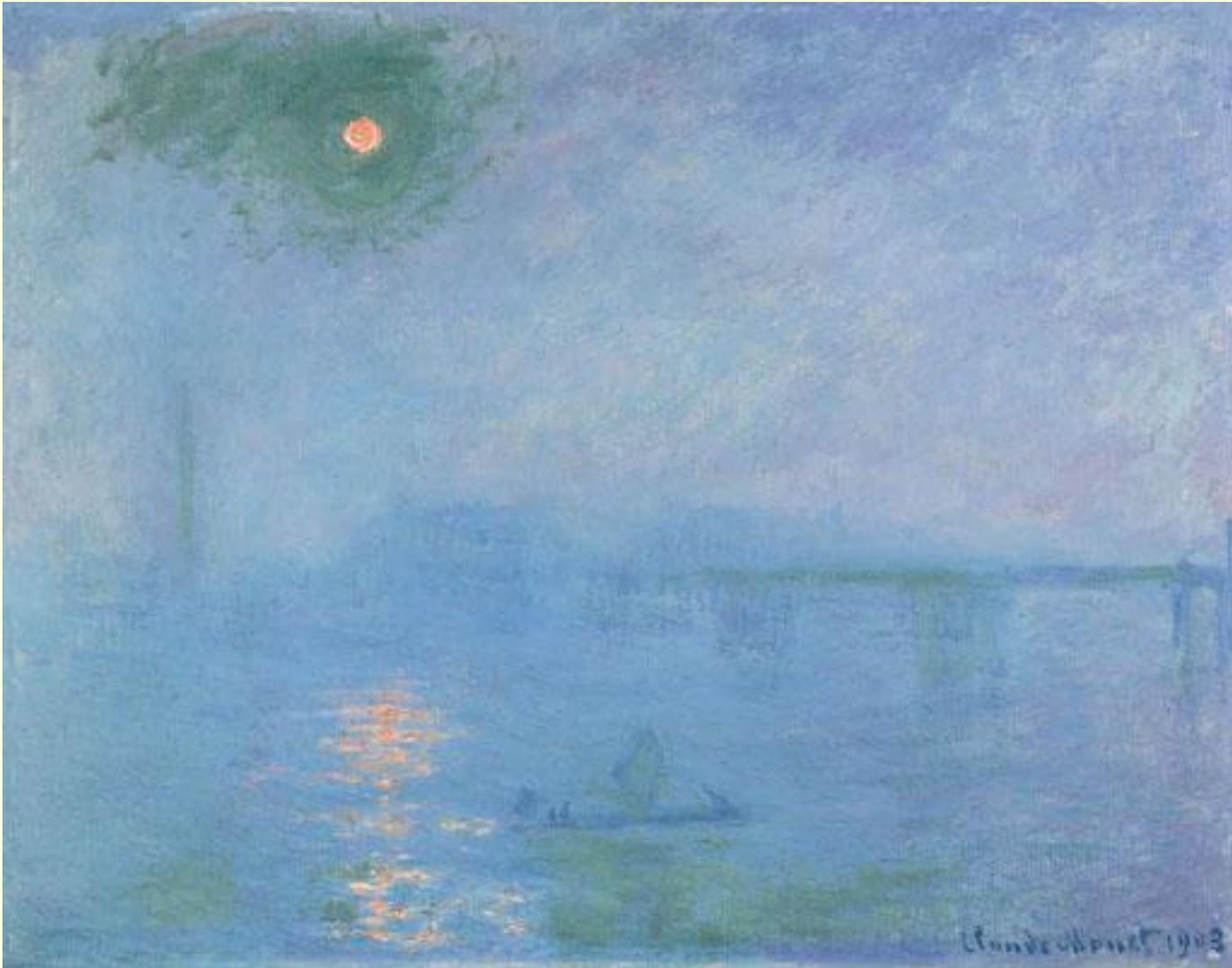


Waterloo Bridge. Effect of Fog, 1899-1901

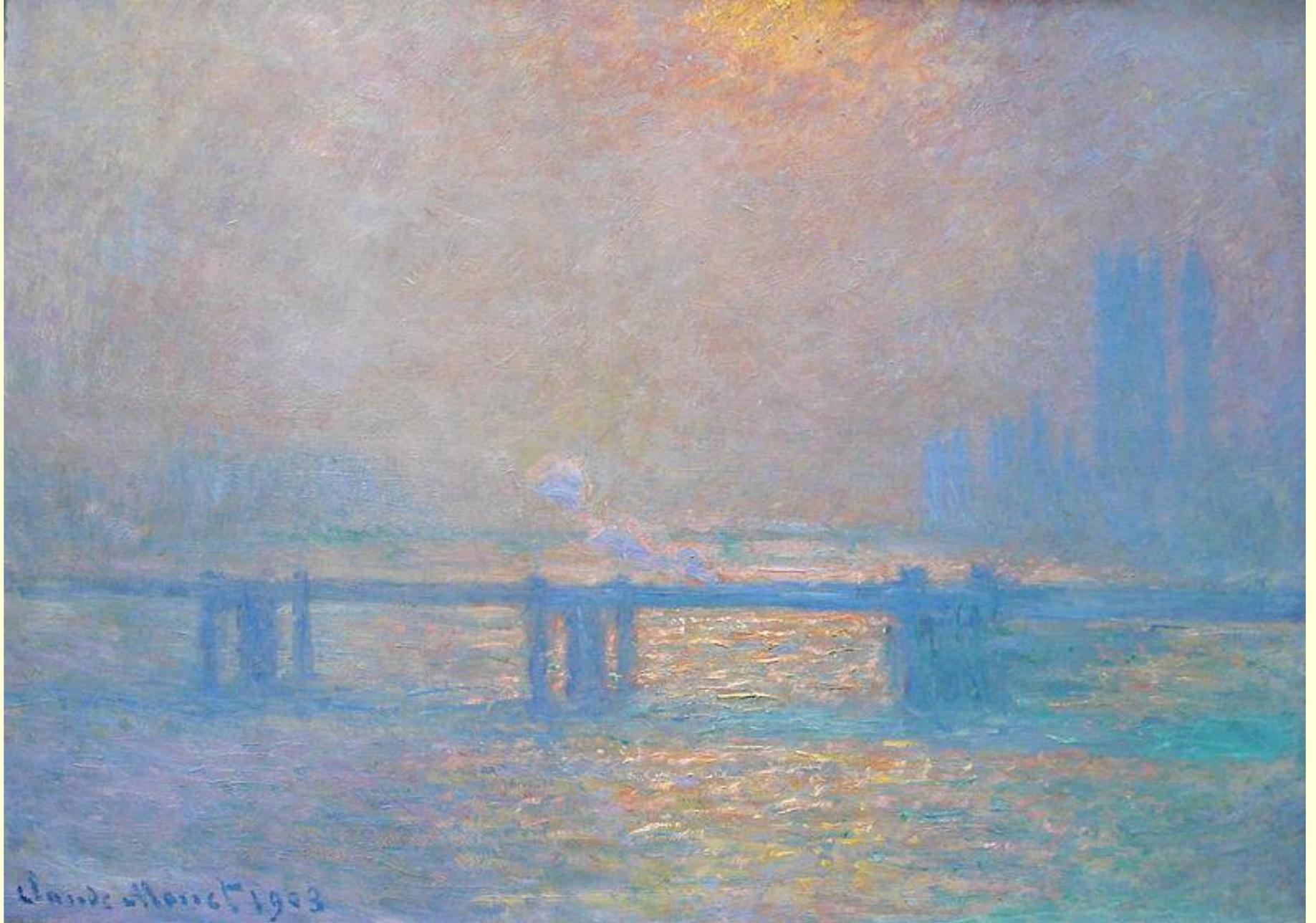
“I adore London, it’s a mass, a whole, and it’s so simple. But what I love more than anything in London is the fog. . . . Without the fog London wouldn’t be a beautiful city. . . . It’s the fog that gives it its magnificent breadth.” The city’s “massive, regular blocks,” he added, “become grandiose within that mysterious cloak.”

Monet to René Gimpel in 1918

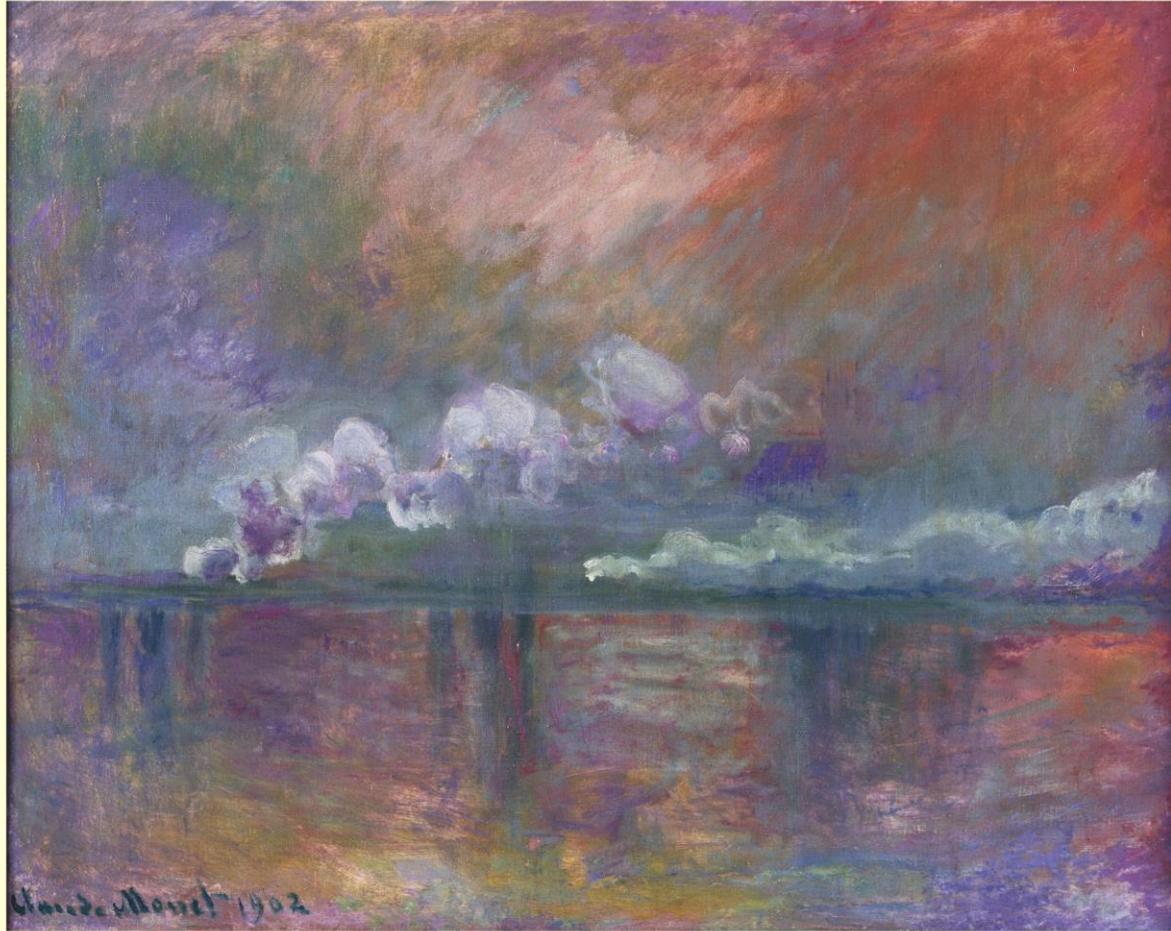
“London,” wrote Monet, “is the more interesting that it is harder to paint. The fog assumes all sorts of colors; there are black, brown, yellow, green, purple fogs, and the interest in painting is to get the objects as seen through all these fogs. My practised eye has found that objects change in appearance in a London fog more and quicker than in any other atmosphere, and the difficulty is to get every change down on canvas.”



Charing Cross Bridge Fog on the Thames, 1903



Charing Cross Bridge, 1903



Charing Cross Bridge, Smoke in the Fog, 1902



Houses of Parliament, London, 1900-1901



Le Parlement, soleil couchant, 1904



Seagulls, the River Thames and the Houses of Parliament, 1904



Claude Monet 1904

Where, if not from the Impressionists, do we get those wonderful brown fogs that come creeping down our streets, blurring the gas-lamps and changing the houses into monstrous shadows? To whom, if not to them and their master, do we owe the lovely silver mists that brood over our river, and turn to faint forms of fading grace curved bridge and swaying barge? The extraordinary change that has taken place in the climate of London during the last ten years is entirely due to a particular school of Art. . . . Things are because we see them, and what we see, and how we see it, depends on the Arts that have influenced us. To look at a thing is very different from seeing a thing. One does not see anything until one sees its beauty. Then, and then only does it come into existence. At present, people see fogs, not because there are fogs, but because poets and painters have taught them the mysterious loveliness of such effects. There may have been fogs for centuries in London. I dare say there were. But no one saw them, and so we do not know anything about them. They did not exist until Art had invented them. Now, it must be admitted, fogs are carried to excess. They have become the mere mannerism of a clique, and the exaggerated realism of their method gives dull people bronchitis. Where the cultured catch an effect, the uncultured catch cold.

Oscar Wilde (1854–1900) “The Decay of Lying,”



Houses of Parliament, 1903 by André Derain

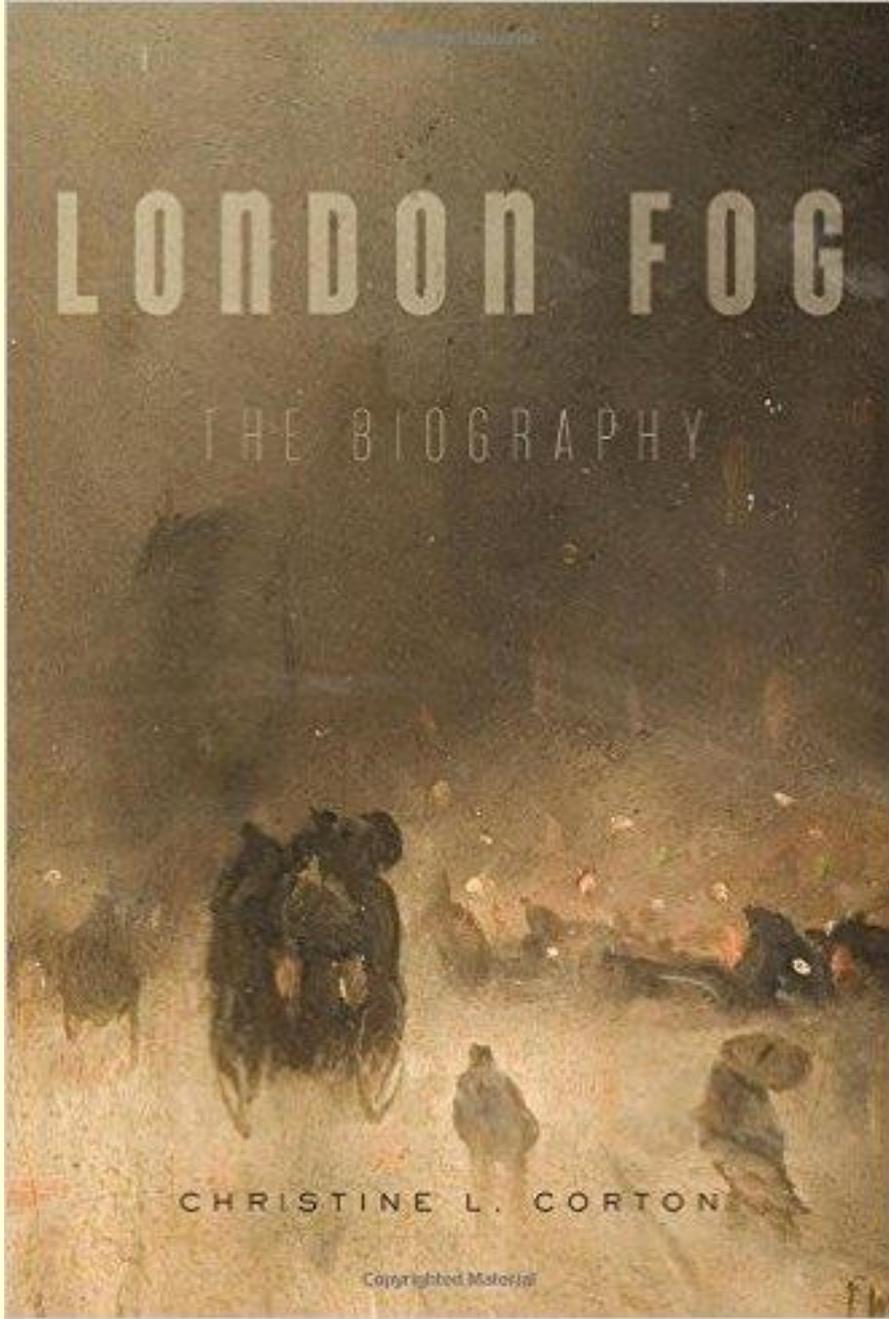


Yoshio Markino
*Fog: Ladies Crossing
Piccadilly, 1907*





Victoria Embankment (1924) by C R W Nevinson

The background of the book cover is a dark, atmospheric painting. It depicts a foggy London street scene, likely during the Great Smog of 1952. In the foreground, several figures are visible, including a person in a dark coat and hat, and another figure in a lighter coat. The overall tone is somber and historical, with a palette dominated by dark browns, greys, and muted colors. The text is overlaid on this background.

LONDON FOG

THE BIOGRAPHY

CHRISTINE L. CORTON

Copyrighted Material

END SHOW