Routledge
Taylor & Francis Group

Word & Image
A Journal of Verbal/Visual Enquiry

ISSN: 0266-6286 (Print) 1943-2178 (Online) Journal homepage: https://www.tandfonline.com/loi/twim20

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To cite this article: Richard Read (1989) ‘A name that makes it looked after’: Turner, Ruskin and the visual-verbal sublime, Word & Image, 5:4, 315-325, DOI: 10.1080/02666286.1989.10435412

To link to this article: https://doi.org/10.1080/02666286.1989.10435412

Published online: 31 May 2012.

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'A name that makes it looked after': Turner, Ruskin and the visual-verbal sublime

RICHARD READ

This article attempts to reconstitute some of the conditions of meaning in which J. M. W. Turner's *Snow Storm – Steamboat off a Harbour's Mouth* (exh. 1842) was produced and understood. It does so by examining the impact of that painting on the various kinds of commentary that it gave rise to in newspapers, magazines, books, letters, and diaries. In a sense the first written commentaries that paintings receive are their titles. Since the normal path for the spectator is to attend first to the title and only afterwards to the image, it is often forgotten that, unless determined by a patron or some other special circumstance, the final wording of a title is usually arrived at through reaction-formation with its image and, as the first thing which the spectator is likely to observe, is the artist's last opportunity for attempting to control the reception of the image – even though the image itself may be produced within a linguistic paradigm.

Turner often changed titles and verse inscriptions in catalogues after exhibitions had opened 'with much discomfiture to the printer and the public';[1] or he would change a title long after its initial exhibition, either through forgetfulness or in order to reanimate an old painting with a new idea or to satisfy the whim of a patron. As he writes in 1818 to a potential buyer of *Sun rising through Vapour; Fishermen cleaning and selling Fish* exhibited eleven years earlier:

> The Description of the Picture was as follows. Dutch Boats and Fish Market – Sun Rising thro' Vapour – but if you think dispelling the Morning Haze or Mist better pray so name it.[2]

But if titles were less sacrosanct than a later age of strict attribution would normally permit, there was also greater freedom and variety in the use of words for the positioning of images vis-à-vis patrons and public.

Many of Turner's titles, whether topographical, mythological, historical or literary, were of course straightforward in their bearing on subjects, leaving little to conjecture which their inscriptions did not settle. I agree with Marcia Pointon 'that for a contemporary audience, the linguistic differences [in Turner's titles] between the informative and the poetic signalled different categories of response',[3] but it would be much harder to say this of a late painting such as *Light and Colour (Goethe's Theory) – The Morning after the Deluge – Moses Writing the Book of Genesis* (exh. 1843) where categories seem to cross and multiply. A significant number of his later works appear to have deeper meanings to which their titles give little access. To put it the other way round, there is an increasingly pronounced indirection in Turner's titles that bewildered and annoyed the critics to such an extent that we may suspect Turner of trying to create new categories of response from old ones. As an early instance of this, Turner chose the sub-title of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* for a painting called *What You Will!* (exh. 1810). The critic would have needed a good knowledge of the play to recognize that the painting illustrates a very specific scene, but the addition of an exclamation mark to the title creates further difficulty by leaving open the possibility that the choice of subject was at the spectator's discretion. None of the critics recognized the Shakespearian allusion, and they consequently denounced the painting as an aberration. The ridicule of one reveals a stolidly conventional idea of what a title should be. The painting has

> a name that makes it looked after. But for its general application it might suit many a subject, portrait or view; as, the Portrait of Lady –, or who you will; His grace, or &; a view of –, or what you will, and so on to the end of the catalogue.[4]

How much more confusing to discover – if any contemporary ever did – that the title of another painting, *Boccaccio relating the Tale of the Birdcage* (exh. 1828), refers to a story that does not exist in Boccaccio's canon.[5] Other indirections of titling are *'Now for the Painter', (Rope.) Passengers going on Board* (exh. 1827), which has a private dimension of meaning intended only for the humorous appreciation of certain artists, and *Port Ruysdael* (exh. 1826) which refers not to a place but to the Dutch painter.[6] Other of Turner's titles may leave us unprepared for anachronisms such as the Claudian painting and seventeenth-century colonnade in *Rome, from the Vatican, Rafaelle, accompanied by La Fornarina* (1820),[7] or may offer contrasting dimensions of experience that critics found difficult to reconcile: 'What

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can the moon have to do with the loss of a hoop or a boat?' asked one critic of *The New Moon: or, 'I've lost My Boat. You shan't have Your Hoop'* (exh. 1840)[8] A title may contain information that one searches the image for in vain (as the position of Regulus in the painting of that name),[9] or fails to elucidate features that cry out for explanation in the image – as we shall see with the picture that chiefly concerns us. A familiar cry is that a title 'might as well be called anything else'.[10] But *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus – Homer's Odyssey* (exh. 1829) would seem a straightforward *ut pictura poesis* demonstration, while *The Fighting 'Temeraire', tugged to her Last Berth to be broken up,* 1838 (exh. 1839) seems as topically historical as *Slavers throwing overboard the Dead and Dying – Typhon coming on* (exh. 1840), yet scholarship has shown that each of these pictures has a penumbra of scientific, mythological or moral associations that take them beyond the sphere to which their titles lay claim.[11] If one compounds these discrepancies between title and image with Turner's penchant for changing and inventing quotations – 'His style of dealing with quotations is as unscrupulous as his style of treating nature and her attributes of form and colour',[12] – then we must assume that in the interests of creating new pictorial ideas the perplexing effect he had upon his critics was partly deliberate, particularly in those imaginative pictures which most annoyed them.

The rich scholarship that has emerged on the sources of his paintings in recent years leaves no doubt about Turner's intellectuality, but at the risk of seeming to return us to an outmoded formalist interpretation of his work, the question remains as to whether he wished to expose 'the amazingly unsystematic workings' of his mind by *communicating* this knowledge,[13] or whether in the interest of particular aesthetic effects it served as an inducement to unsatisfied inquiry. What, in other words, are the historical conditions in which Turner realized his contention of 1818 that '[The] imagination of the artist dwells *enthroned* in his own recess [and] must be incomprehensible as from darkness?'[14] Before getting down to learned exegesis of Turner's *Palestrina – Composition* (1828), Ruskin was capable of saying 'It is *not* a composition'.[15] He was trying to save Turner from comparison with Reynolds and Claude. But without regarding Turner as a contentless aesthete, was he not in *certain* strategies already on the road that would bring Ruskin and Whistler into conflict? The latter wrote in a letter of 1872:

> I can't thank you too much for the name 'Nocturne', as the title for my Moonlights. You have no idea what an irritation it proves to the critics, and consequent pleasure to me; besides, it is really so charming, and does so poetically say all I want to say, and no more than I wish![16]

In what follows I shall argue that discrepancies between paintings and their titles derive in Turner's work from a traditional conflict in conceptions of the sublime between the merits of poetry and painting, and more generally of words and images, a conflict that goes far to explain his muted appreciation of his most ardent supporter, John Ruskin.

I

J. G. A. Pocock has argued in a historiographical study that an author's language is always already in use by others. The author's writing merely intervenes upon a series of discourses that continue to operate within it. It is therefore possible to extend the same point to the reception of that author's work in other writings:

> It is not clear whether an author's action is ever over and done with; but it is clear . . . that we have begun to concern ourselves with the author's indirect action, his posthumous action, his action mediated through a chain of subsequent actors. Such is the necessary consequence of admitting the context to parity with the action.[17]

Could these ideas not also apply to the interactions of critics and visual artists? In exploring the trail of texts that Turner's 1842 *Snow Storm – Steamboat off a Harbour's Mouth* left behind it, I will try to reconstruct some of the interventions that Turner established in the critical discourse of his day. Turner was often his own subsequent actor in this, responding to criticism of his painting in circumstances different from those in which he painted it, but perhaps the very first intervention upon the painting was the strange title he contrived for it.

The present writer has always thought that the final import of this mid-nineteenth-century image is, simply, *something more than itself*: not just a ship in a particular storm, but some metaphor of the wider cosmos, the concrete embodiment of a vast generalization. If one tried to specify this larger meaning one might follow different avenues of inquiry which yet do not do justice to it. One might refer to scientific discourse, as Turner often did,[18] in this case perhaps to the popular *History of the Inductive Sciences,* published in three volumes in 1837 by the Reverend William Whewell, five years before the painting was exhibited. From it one infers an analogy between the vortical pattern of the painting and Keppler's theories of a universal vortex composed of smaller vortices grinding together in eternal conflict, 'a current of fluid matter circulating around the sun, and carrying the planet with it, like a boat in a stream.'[19] It is to some such trajectory of vortical patterns that the eye is invited in Turner's painting, though of course it is the feeling of the model of the universe, not the cosmos itself, that is being painted, and this would suggest some aspiration towards elevated scientific discourse in the very action of painting. Not scientific discourse alone: the encompassing profundity might be just as easily poetic, if

Figure 1. Turner, Snow Storm: Steam-Boat off a Harbour's Mouth (exh. 1842). Courtesey of The Tate Gallery, London.

only in the unspecific sense of Wordsworth's 'something far more deeply interfused'. Or it might register the contests of aesthetic philosophy – the wavering-corkscrew-pattern of Turner's image pitching its sublimity against the austere line of beauty framed within a pyramid upon the frontispiece of Hogarth's *Analysis of Beauty*, 1753.[20] I would not argue preeminence for any one or many other of these 'sources'; what I would argue is that the furthest reaches of the painting, its faintest skeins of paint and most trenchant overall effect, depend for their effects upon a conception of elevated discourse that is largely at odds with the rhetoric of the title.

The full title is: *Snow Storm – Steam-Boat off a Harbour's Mouth making Signals in Shallow Water, and going by the Lead. The Author was in this Storm on the Night the Ariel left Harwich.* The title was long, even for Turner, and its additive, breathlessly specific sentences – but for two details – promotes the urgency of a newspaper report quite out of kilter with the decorum of its place of exhibition, the Royal Academy.[21] Turner was revising the genre of history painting by fixing it upon an immediately contemporary event, the potential shipwreck of a steam-boat, an event that, with all the hubris of technology thwarted by the elements, was intended to excite the same lurid fascination as replays of the space-shuttle disaster perhaps did for us.[22] The breathless title – but for one factor – presents the painting as a realist document, and strives to catch up with and describe an actual event at a particular time and place for a more or less general public. This was unlikely to please establishment reviewers, who found neither painting nor title perspicacious. Hence the *Athenaeum* critic for 14 May 1842:

> This gentleman has, on former occasions, chosen to paint with cream, or chocolate, yolk of egg, or currant jelly, – here he uses his whole array of kitchen stuff. Where the steam-boat is – where the harbour begins, or where it ends – which are the signals, and which the author in the *Ariel* ... are matters past our finding out.[23]

This notice combines two striking attributes that are often found in criticism of Turner: denigrating culinary metaphors and confusion as to the relationship between title and painting. The significance of oral imagery I shall discuss below, but in regard to confusion, Paul Grimley Kuntz has remarked on how the anti-conceptual nature of the blottesque style of painting encourages a vocabulary of negatives, 'irrational, accidental, unrecognizable, inarticulate, incoherent, chaotic',[24] while William Hazlitt's famous pronouncement on Turner was *'pictures of nothing, and very like'*. Yet it is a moot point whether Turner's lengthy title seeks to prevent incomprehension of this kind, for in this painting, as in many others, Turner seems to be playing a game of cat and mouse with the spectator by mentioning some things which can be seen in the picture and others which cannot. The reviewer was wrong about the signal: it is just discernible to the left of the mast and stands out in crusty relief from the original painting. But he is right about the indefiniteness of the harbour: does the smoke and light beyond the *Ariel* belong to the shore or are we near the shore looking towards ships further out at sea? With a central British icon of this kind it is perhaps not surprising that scholars have diligently established that no ship called *Ariel* was associated with Harwich at this time and that Turner is not known to have visited the east coast for twenty years beforehand.[25] These deviations of the title from the painted image would seem calculated by Turner to highlight the irreducible qualities of visual phenomena, yet at the same time they force us to imagine what we have been told, but cannot see, is there. As one of the strategies of realism it represents a marked excess of the image over the text: we cannot recuperate the painting as altogether semantically relevant to the title and the effort warrants mistaken belief in the fidelity of the image to an actual scene.[26]

This is one standard modern explanation, but it will not do. The reviewer's bewilderment over the title's 'Author' and his position in the image is one way of ascertaining that far from being realistic in an exclusively visual sense, the artist conceives of his function linguistically, for it is a markedly creative, anti-realist, literary mannerism in the title for a painter to call himself, with capital letter, an Author, and where, as the reviewer pertinently asked, is the Author in the *Ariel*?

II

Pocock's concern, earlier quoted, with the author's 'action mediated through a chain of subsequent actors' may be extended here to the text that has done most to condition our understanding of the enigmatic title. The 'subsequent actor' is Turner himself as reported in a letter of *c* 1842–43 from the Reverend William Kingsley to Ruskin, but his role is conditioned by the critics who have attacked his painting and by a particular social context.

> The story I told you about the 'Snowstorm' was this: – I had taken my mother and a cousin to see Turner's pictures, and, as my mother knows nothing about art, I was taking her down the gallery to look at the large 'Richmond Park', but as we were passing the 'Snowstorm' she stopped before it, and I could hardly get her to look at any other picture; and she told me a great deal more about it than I had any notion of, though I have seen many sea storms. She had been in such as scene on the coast of Holland during the war. When, some time afterwards, I thanked Turner for his permission for her to see his pictures, I told him that he would not guess which had caught my mother's fancy, and then named the picture; and he then said 'I did not paint it to be understood, but I wished to show what such a scene was like; I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it; I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape, but I felt bound to record it if I did. But no one had any business to like the picture'. 'But', said I, 'my mother once went through just such a scene, and it brought it all back to her', 'Is your mother a painter?' 'No', 'Then she ought to have been thinking of something else'. These were nearly his words; I observed at the time he used 'record' and 'painting', as the title 'author' had struck me before.[27]

This mast-lashing, nowhere apparent in the title or the painting, has often been taken as a dramatic endorsement of its *cinema verité*. According to Ruskin's introduction to the letter in 1857, Turner was still smarting from the hostile reception of the painting: 'he burst out: – "Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea's like? I wish they'd been in it"' (*Works*, XIII, p. 161). But if in the letter 'the artist stressed the truth of the incident and his interest in recording the experience',[28] may this not be because, initially at least, he has been obliged to defend himself on the realistic ground established by his critics – and admirers? All those involved in the letter – Mrs Kingsley (reported indirectly), Turner, Kingsley and Ruskin (as its instigator and recipient) – claim a cosmopolitan first-hand experience of storms at sea that implicitly excludes others, 'for few people have had the opportunity of seeing the sea at such a time, and when they have, cannot face it'.[29] Indeed Kingsley grants his mother an explanatory power superior to his own on the basis of that experience, though he deems her ignorant of art. Turner's first reaction to Mrs Kingsley's praise is to discount her eye-witness experience, laying emphasis upon the manly endurance of his own. Rather than liking the picture we may suspect he thought she should have been terrified by its sublimity. In replacing Mrs Kingsley's experience with his own, he asserts that he 'wished to show what such a scene was like'. If he had succeeded in that task, as he clearly thought he had, why should it be necessary for someone to have experienced the scene in order to

recognize its merit? And surely, if Mrs Kingsley liked the picture, it was not because she enjoyed her experience of storm but rather because she admired the painting's fidelity to 'such a scene'. But it is now generally doubted whether a man of Turner's years could have braved such long exposure and the story 'does indeed bear a suspicious resemblance to accounts of the marine painter Joseph Vernet'.[30] If we accept the modern view that Turner was creating from memory and was never in the particular storm he describes, it is less surprising that when Kingsley comes to the rescue of his mother's powers of memory and observation, Turner abruptly changes his tactics. By taking the artist's part in the old controversy 'On the Judgement of Connoisseurs Being Preferred to that of Professional Men',[31] he now discounts her appreciation not for ignorance of storms but for not being a painter. Logically this should also disqualify Mr Kingsley, but this is not the gist of Turner's remarks. 'Is your mother a painter?' sounds like a rhetorical question with a highly predictable answer, and the brutal follow-up 'Then she ought to be thinking of something else' would strongly suggest that if male critics were unable to appreciate the rarified qualities of his sublime painting then Turner was unwilling to be praised by someone's mother. In introducing the letter Ruskin behaves towards Turner as a pastor – 'At last I went to him, asking "why he minded what they said?"' and in writing it Kingsley acts as the scientist he was – 'I observed at the time . . .'. Whatever the inaccuracies, omissions or contradictions that are natural to both letters and conversations, it is the rhetorical use of a woman as a foil against which educated men may advance their researches into the workings of a troubled genius that counts, and here it is significant that Mrs Kingsley herself, though at an obvious disadvantage in the record, nowhere lays claim to anything more than mechanical powers of observation and recall.[32] The value of Turner's reported remarks is not that they supply information that is lacking from the painting but that they duplicate in her regard the strategy that was used against critics in the title: she is not expected to understand the Homeric allusion to Ulysses at the mast resisting the sirens' lure to shipwreck any more than the critics could understand that the original title subverts its own newsy idiom by mention of an author in an *Ariel*: Shakespeare's *Tempest*.[33] In the same way neither the critics nor Mrs Kingsley can be expected to appreciate that the art of painting encompasses reportage but sublimely transcends it.

But which, to repeat the reviewer's cry, is the author in the *Ariel*? One modern critic says that we, the spectators, stand in his position, witnessing the view he stored in his wonderful memory. Another that the picture has no reference to observation, and is an imaginary view of the ship he was travelling in.[37] But depending upon our gender and status as spectators at that time, we need not have chosen between both 'points of view'. Turner offers a view as it could have been seen and an imagination of his position within it, and of course this secondary, anti-realist viewpoint is reinforced by the entirely literary idea in the anecdote about being lashed to the mast, for Turner frames himself, in this retrospective context, as Homer in his *Odyssey* just as Shakespeare in the guise of Ariel is both outside the *Tempest* looking on and inside making it happen. Since there is nothing in painting or title, however, to signify Ulysses or the sirens, could the parallel have been drawn from Turner by the specific occasion of a woman's dangerously uncomprehending praise?

Coleridge distinguished between a language of sense 'as objects appear to the beholder on this earth' and that of science 'which supposes the beholder placed in the centre'.[35] That some classes of people are excluded from the second kind of language is evident from the Kingsley letter. John Barrell's essay on 'The uses of Dorothy: "The Language of the Sense" in "Tintern Abbey"' may serve to widen the significance of Kingsley's letter in relation to the *Snow Storm*. Barrell distinguishes between two kinds of language in Wordsworth's poem: the abstract, highly articulated, obscure and indefinable language of the sublime, and the language of natural description. I am unable to reproduce the ancillary arguments here, but Barrell's conclusion is that the poem's 'sublime discourse invited the polite male to experience a peculiar satisfaction in contemplating the vast gap which separated him from others, the uneducated rustic and the impressionistic female, who could perform no very elaborate operations on the impressions [of sense] they received'.[36] Wordsworth confines his sister Dorothy to the mastery of a sense-language which the poet himself has transcended in favour of an obscurely sublime language of the intellect which in the terms of the poem she can only ever aspire to.

What is at stake here is not a direct link of the kind that has often proved specious in the study of Wordsworth and Turner, but the possibility of a shared body of assumptions about the social function of sublime language that was perpetuated and in one key respect dramatically reversed by Turner in the forty years that separate *Tintern Abbey* from *Snow Storm*. Turner was not, in his birth or often in his behaviour, a polite male, and this had been a barrier to his becoming President of the Royal Academy;[37] yet his social and intellectual aspirations are clear from his founder-membership in 1824 of the Athenaeum Club –

> for the association of individuals known for their scientific or literary attainments, artists of eminence in any class of

> the fine arts, and noblemen and gentlemen distinguished as liberal patrons of Science, Literature or the Arts . . .[38]

It may well be that part of the purpose of the gap between the sublime language of his *Snow Storm* and its prosaic title was to confound the established critics whom he would fain rise above in his status as Creator,[39] but this could make his attitude towards women all the less polite, particularly in the all-male company that the Kingsley letter describes.

The analogy between Wordsworth's Dorothy and William Kingsley's mother does not need much pointing. By the time of *Snow Storm* it was not just in poetry but in painting also that there was 'aesthetic pleasure to be derived from leaving open the gap between simple linguistic signs and those words, fiduciary symbols, whose meaning resisted analysis' and 'whose connotative aura spreads beyond our ability to grasp its limits'.[40] At a time when his relations with Turner were at a *nadir* (1846), Ruskin himself was capable of feeling such subjugation: 'Turner's powers of thought and combination are so strange and vast that I feel a great gulph fixed between him and me'.[41] It is likely that in the mental actions of his brushstrokes Turner, 'the Paganini of the palette', was emulating the performative syntax of elevated male discourse, be it poetry, music, science or aesthetics. Clearly this takes us beyond effects of the Real, even if the title presents realistic access to the painting for a lower order of spectators. Despite the representational cues that are scattered throughout the image, every contending line of force is a compound substance of varying brightness and density. Air, light, fire, cloud, snow, spray, water, wood, steel, and, at the level of technique, such contending elements as perspective and the blottesque style – all blend in our awareness of the artist's gestures, and thus the innovative brushstrokes more resemble the syntax of Shelley, say, than they do the comparative objecthood of all the pictorial sources that Turner wilfully coagulated in the paintings that lead up to this tour de force: Dutch seascapes, Claude, Cozens, Wilson, and Gainsborough.[42] Turner was not content, however, for painting to aspire to the condition of language, he wished it to excel. John Gage tells us that from the first decade of the nineteenth century, Turner 'wished to arrogate some of the poet's prophetic functions to himself' and by 1812 was prepared to regard poetry and painting as entirely reciprocating arts which reflect and heighen [*sic*] each other's beauties like . . . mirrors'.[43] As the Author of the *Snow Storm* three decades later, Turner is no longer content with equality between the arts. The abstract power of the image and the banality of its title are set to reverse Edmund Burke's erstwhile pronouncement that 'language is a more obscure and therefore more sublime medium than the visual image'.[44] Perhaps this is why Turner seemed often less than pleased by the verbal eloquence with which John Ruskin defended this and other paintings in *Modern Paintings I*.

III

In a long and final example of indirect authorial action, Ruskin's celebrated passage on the *Snow Storm* in *Modern Painters I* (1843) takes us to the heart of what was at stake in the contest between visual and verbal sublimity. The book was written for 'the paid novices of the *Times* and of *Blackwood*' (*Works*, XXXVIII, p. 336) and was considerably spurred by the effect on Turner of the hostile reception of the *Snow Storm*.[45] The passage itself incorporates many elements of the Kingsley letter. But how passionately literal was his understanding of and identification with the story of Turner at the mast is suggested by another source: a defence of his own architectural drawings that had been criticized for indistinctness. Clinging to a column instead of a mast, Ruskin deviates so far from Homeric precedent towards literal reinactment that he courts the ridiculous instead of the sublime:

> It is not so easy as the reader, perhaps, imagines, to finish a drawing altogether on the spot, especially of details seventy feet from the ground; and only one who will try the position in which I have had to do some of my work – standing, namely, on a cornice or window sill, holding by one arm round a shaft and hanging over the street (or canal, at Venice) with my sketch-book supported against the wall from which I was drawing, by my breast, so as to leave my right hand free – shall not thenceforward wonder that shadows should be occasionally carelessly laid in, or lines drawn with some unsteadiness. But, steady or infirm, the sketches of which those plates in the *Seven Lamps* are facsimiles, were made from the architecture itself . . .
>
> (*Works*, IX, p. 341).

It is this literal approach that determines at least one level of the *Snow Storm* passage of *Modern Paintings I*:

> Few people, comparatively, have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three of four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air. The water from its prolonged agitation is beaten, not into mere creaming foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast, which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave, and, where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery from its edge; and these are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses, which make the air white and thick as with snow, only the flakes are a foot or two long each: the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract; and their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise, and carried away in

> roaring smoke, which chokes and strangles like actual water. Add to this, that when the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught by it . . . and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist; imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave; and finally, conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness, and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos; and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and air; that no object, nor any land-mark or natural evidence of position is left; that the heaven is all spray, and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract. Suppose the effect of the first sunbeam sent from above to show this annihilation to itself, and you have the sea picture of the Academy, 1842, the Snowstorm, one of the very grandest statements of sea-motion, mist, and light, that has ever been put on canvas, even by Turner. Of course it was not understood; his finest works never are: but there was some apology for the public's not comprehending this, for few people have had the opportunity of seeing the sea at such a time, and when they have, cannot face it. To hold by a mast or a rock, and watch it, is a prolonged endurance of drowning which few people have courage to go through. To those who have, it is one of the noblest lessons of nature (*Works,* III, pp. 569–71).

Ruskin is adopting his customary habit of 'describing nature's work and Turner's with the same words' (*Works,* III, p. 485), for only after a lengthy evocation of 'the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights' do we finally 'have the sea picture of the Academy'. As such he is reverting to an antiquated theory of the sublime that predates Burke by stressing causes rather than effects:

> *Sublime* in *Writing* . . . is no more than a Description of the *Sublime* in *Nature,* and as it were painting to the *Imagination* what *Nature* herself offers to the *Senses*. . . .[46]

This is precisely the representational model of language that Turner and Burke opposed, though Turner used paint instead of words to do so.

The use of biblical typology considerably strengthened Ruskin's representational bias, for just as the signifier stands for the signified in language, so the Type in the physical world stands for the spiritual reality of the Antitype. Turner himself was no stranger to typology, but the antitype in his later work creates a sort of mental traction from what in a different context Gilpin calls the ineffectual efforts of the imagination 'to conceive some dark, obtuse idea beyond its grasp'.[47] Where Turner prefers sublime mystery, Ruskin wants Revelation. His own brand of typological realism therefore commits him to howlers in regard to the *Snow Storm.* He clearly intended his description of the 'first sunbeam sent from above' to stand for the Creation, the 'Let there be light' of Genesis. But the title tells us it is 'Night' and the scene is illuminated only by the boat's 'signals': darkness will return after the rocket has fallen on this inconclusively tragic journey.[48] Ruskin has no room to discuss the anomalous position of the Author for he entirely ignores the poetico-mechanical drama of the *Ariel.*[49] His response to a picture which 'was not meant to be understood' is to turn it by stages into 'one of the noblest lessons of nature'. The painting is thus shorn of its imaginative qualities, and here we should not be deceived by the adjurations to the reader to 'add', 'imagine', and 'suppose', for readers must imagine and suppose the scene only because they have never experienced it. By laying his stress on the realism of the painting Ruskin effects closure upon a deliberately inconclusive image. For Turner indistinctness is a valuable quality of painting, for Ruskin it is pardonable through lack of 'natural evidence'.[50]

Yet to leave the pasage here would be an injustice to its complexity. The sustained length of the description perhaps takes its initiative from Turner's title (which Ruskin barely mentions). As the description runs on and on, however, the newsy banality of the title is lost and there accrues a wealth of connotation that Turner had reserved for the painting itself.[51] This runs counter to the representational argument of the passage and derives in part from an inherent contradiction in Ruskin's theory of imitation. The ostensible aim of Ruskin's early writings on art was to oppose the idealist aesthetics of Sir Joshua Reynolds by extending almost indefinitely the territories of imitation available to art. The fact is, however, that Ruskin's religious convictions prevented him from approaching the 'real' too closely, for he also exhibits an acute need to discriminate between the physical material of signs and the sacred ideas they convey:

> Whenever then in future, I speak of ideas of imitation, I wish to be understood to mean the immediate and present perception that something produced by art is not what it seems to be (*Works,* III, p. 103).

This is no doubt a partial reversion to the idealism of Sir Joshua Reynolds:

> Imitation is the means, and not the end of art, it is employed by the sculptor as the language by which his ideas are presented to the mind of the spectator.

But by comparison with Reynolds's view of imitation 'as a gradual ascent always advancing towards faultless form and perfect beauty',[52] Ruskin's 'immediate and present perception that something produced by art is not what it seems to be' is far more paradoxical. The material character of visual language must be preserved as a barrier against what he describes in 1870 as 'the essence of evil idolatry' which begins

> in the idea or belief of a real presence of any kind, in a thing in which there is no such presence (*Works,* XX, p. 230).

Time and again in *Modern Painters I* Ruskin will approach a work of art so closely that the physical nature of its medium obscures the illusion. The 'rude', 'thick solid', 'projecting', and 'scratchy' marks of Rubens' *Adoration of the Magi,* for example, are purged of their physical grossness as the viewer steps back:

> From the right distance (ten or twelve yards off, whence alone the whole of the picture can be seen), it is a complete, rich, substantial, and living realization of the projecting head of the animal; while the background falls far behind (*Works,* III, p. 124).

Confused appearances give way to the shaped power of nature, but it is necessary first that they seem confused and physical. An ambivalent iconoclasm runs through Ruskin's work long after his exclusive preoccupation with imitation had ended. It is the result of him regarding art both as a natural and arbitrary sign of God's existence, as an indispensable means of communing with Him and an impenetrable barrier between man and God. As Pater put it in a deadly sentence which surely had Ruskin as its target: 'The sensuous expression of ideas which unreservedly discredit the world of sense, was the delicate problem which Christian art had before it.'[53]

From this perspective we may return to the passage to see that on the connotative level of its imagery and metaphors it insists on a whole series of arbitrary relations denied by its imitative argument. In the first part of the description God's almighty power in nature literally blinds us; we become aware of the medium of the prose instead. Such is the density of the passage that at first we are likely to attend only to its sound – the sublime heaving rhythm of the sea storm. Simple imitation as this is (simple to listen to, but not to write) the meaning of the language disorientates: it impedes conceptual recognition in the same way that the paint does. By dramatizing his inability to capture what he nevertheless describes, Ruskin highlights the physical qualities of the paint: the prominently crusty surface acts as a barrier against idolatrous illusion. Ruskin contrives a language that is deliberately arbitrary towards its referents. A disconcerting mixture of negative metaphors are made to proceed in a sequence of afterthoughts and qualifications – '. . . not into mere creaming foam . . .', '. . . not in dissipating dust . . .'; '. . . not merely with the smoke of finely divided water . . .' (there are eleven negatives in the whole passage). The metaphors are themselves worthless, physical things taken from the funeral parlour ('wreaths'), wardrobe or drawing room ('drapery') and the kitchen ('rags', 'beaten', 'creaming', 'accumulated yeast', 'roaring smoke'). Their quick succession gives language the substance of paint, yet they are made unfamiliar and deprived of domestic comfort in order to claim our attention as an overall sequence of abstract shapes.

Ruskin could not have written like this without wishing to counteract the domestic metaphors that we have seen critics use to revile Turner's work: 'This gentleman has, on former occasions, chosen to paint with cream, or chocolate, yolk of egg, or currant jelly, – here he uses his whole array of kitchen stuff'.[54] Turner's earliest letter to Ruskin discouraged him from reacting to such culinary denigration: '. . . I never move in these matters. They are of no import save mischief and the meal tub which Maga fears for by my having invaded the flour tub'.[55] Gage has argued that 'as gourmandism was already a way of life among the art-loving classes, they hit upon the analogy of food' to account for Turner's extravagant painting,[56] but this does not in itself explain the pejorative nature of the metaphors. This would seem to derive from class considerations of culinary and other kinds of labour as servile professions unsuited to gentlemen on account of their appeal to lower needs. It is largely due to Ruskin that 'the old criticisms now read like praise',[57] for his critical apparatus equipped him to sacralize the 'kitchen stuff' that the critics had thrown at the painting by defamiliarizing it and rendering it meaningless outside the relations established by headlong syntax which moves as he elsewhere says of Apostolic language – 'hurriedly and energetically, heaping the thoughts one upon another, in order as far as possible to fill the reader's mind with a sense of infinity . . .' (*Works,* X, p. 366). The critics' metaphors are purged of their referentiality as the water is beaten 'not into creaming foam' but less palatably into 'masses of accumulated yeast' which in turn becomes the variously fibred compound 'ropes and wreaths'. Language begins to refer only to itself as the masses form 'a festoon like a drapery', an analogy defined by a metaphor which has already been changed three times.

At this point, once the arbitrariness of language has been duly acknowledged, revelation begins, but as an invisible process rather than as anything tangible. The festoons are taken up by the wind 'not in dissipating dust' – which would be dead – 'but bodily, in writhing, hanging, coiling masses'. This accumulation of participles refers to the vortical energy of the scene, as 'beaten' did before and 'roaring' and 'boiling' will do again. It is an important development. Not only is the imagery organic ('bodily'), but the accumulation of participles instead of nouns causes us to switch from the confused appearances of nature to the shaping power behind, or what Ruskin elsewhere calls the *primo mobile*:

> What is this 'primo mobile,' this transitional power, in which all things live, and move, and have their being? It is by definition something different from matter . . . the mere force of junction is not spirit; but the power that catches out

> of chaos charcoal, water, lime, or what not, and fastens them down into a given form, is properly called 'spirit' . . . (*Works*, XIX, pp. 356–357).

From this point Ruskin rehearses the failure of trying to look at something which exceeds the faculties of perception because it 'is by definition something different from matter'. This produces a series of paradoxical metamorphoses: the 'masses' – a word without identity, used for the third time – are presumably composed of freezing water, yet are carried by the wind as 'roaring smoke'. Though the masses have been violently 'torn to pieces' and burnt up by the wind, this smoke is still capable of inflicting the harm of water: it 'chokes and strangles' paradoxically from inside and outside at the same time. The confusion of human faculties by infinite power most afflicts the eye as Ruskin implies by a zeugmatic use of the word 'cataract'. On the first occasion of its use it suggests the visible texture of a waterfall: 'the surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies, underneath, making them white all through, as the water is under a great cataract . . .'; but as the view becomes progressively more obscure the word gains the additional sense of ocular blindness: 'you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract'. At this point God's mystery and power is at a maximum, and correspondingly our faculty of perceiving Him is at a minimum. Thereafter God's power becomes knowledge, phenomena turn into signs, and nature reveals itself as art in 'the sea picture of the Academy'.

It may appear that despite his literal intentions, Ruskin may inadvertently have done Turner a great service, not just by increasing the sale of his paintings, which *Modern Painters* certainly did, but by defending him against the base aspersions of the critics and sacralizing his paint into the elusively connotative language that Turner aspired to. I do not think this is so. Turner was dead by the time of Ruskin's final mention of the *Snow Storm*. This was in 1874 when the 1843 description was reprinted for an anthology of prose to which Ruskin appended the following note:

> The whole of this was written merely to show the meaning of Turner's picture of the steamer in distress, throwing up signals. It is a good study of wild weather; but, separate from its aim, utterly feeble in comparison to the few words by which any of the great poets will describe sea, when they have got to do it (*Works*, III, p. 570 n. 1).

In mentioning the steamer for the first time Ruskin changes the typology of the painting from a heroic witness of the Creation to a sinner throwing up signals for Salvation. The valuation of the painting is also starkly altered. From being 'one of the very grandest statements of sea-motion, mist, and light, that has ever been put on canvas', it is now 'utterly feeble' by comparison with the great poets. Yet in this last respect I believe that the later passage serves as a pithy explanation of the earlier. In contrasting the *Snow Storm* unfavourably with the poets, Ruskin is siding with Burke in the contest between visual and verbal sublimity:

> In reality poetry and rhetoric do not succeed in exact description so well as painting does; their business is to affect rather by sympathy than imitation; to display rather the effect of things on the mind of the speaker, or of others, than to present a clear idea of the things themselves. This is their most extensive province, and that in which they succeed the best.[58]

Although I suggested earlier that Burke's emphasis upon the effects of sublimity at the expense of its causes in nature was of no use to a theory of imitation, the avoidance of 'things themselves' that rhetoric allows was a useful Evangelical defence against idolatrous illusionism. Read in one way, the negative metaphors in Ruskin's passage seem to be saying: 'How could mere words ever capture Turner's painting?', and this was certainly the effect intended upon the denigrating critics. At a deeper level, however, Ruskin seems to infer: 'How can Turner, with his literal and static medium, hope to capture the sacred majesty of a storm? I, at least, can evoke it and complete the painting through the poetic effect of words'. The conflict between imitative theory and expressive effects in Ruskin's passage is resolved by this approach. Turner imitates to the best of his ability, but is in deep water, in need of divine salvation, with a sublime subject. The poetic writer can rescue him, however, through effects which are true to the divine source of things but which do not depend upon pictures. Even in the passage of 1843 there are traces of condescension towards the limits of Turner's craft: 'there was some apology for the public's not comprehending . . . for few people have had the opportunity of seeing the sea at such a time'. Why should those same people have a better chance of comprehending Ruskin's prose unless it be that prose can do something that paint cannot? The very construction of Ruskin's prose, its heaving rhythm, imagery and emotional impact, seems to owe something to Burke's contention that if

> words have all their possible extent of power, three effects arise in the mind of the hearer. The first is, the *sound*; the second, the *picture*, or representation of the thing signified by the sound; the third is the *affection* of the soul produced by one or both of the foregoing.[59]

It is this third effect, peculiar to compound abstract words like Ruskin's 'annihilation', that operates 'not by presenting any image to the mind, but by having from use the same effect on being mentioned, that their original has when it is seen.'[60] It is an irony that could not have been lost on Turner that in an attempt to generate *affection* for Turner's abused paintings, Ruskin uses methods that he considers unavailable to painting, for Authorship belongs to words.

NOTES

1 – Quoted by Martin Butlin and Evelyn Joll, *The paintings of J. M. W. Turner: Text* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1984), no. 402. References to this work will be to catalogue numbers.
2 – See Butlin and Joll, no. 69.
3 – 'Turner: Language and Letter', *Art History*, 10 (1987), p. 468.
4 – See Butlin and Joll, no. 229.
5 – See Butlin and Joll, no. 244.
6 – See Butlin and Joll, nos. 237 and 236.
7 – See Butlin and Joll, no. 228.
8 – Quoted in Butlin and Joll, no. 386.
9 – 1828. See Butlin and Joll, no. 294.
10 – Quoted in Butlin and Joll, no. 241.
11 – See Butlin and Joll, nos. 330, 377 and 385.
12 – Quoted in Butlin and Joll, no. 402. There is also the problem raised by the status of the quotations from his fragmentary poem, *Fallacies of Hope.*
13 – Butlin and Joll, no. 244.
14 – John Gage, *J. M. W. Turner: 'A Wonderful Range of Mind'* (New York and London: Yale University Press, 1987), p. 206.
15 – Quoted in Butlin and Joll, no. 295.
16 – Hilary Taylor, *James McNeill Whistler* (London: Studio Vista, 1978), p. 65.
17 – *Virtue, Commerce, and History: Essays on Political Thought and History, Chiefly in the Eighteenth Century* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1985), p. 6.
18 – For Turner's scientific interests, particularly in the unity of the sciences and the homogeneity of the created world, see Gage, *J. M. W. Turner*, ch. 8.
19 – Vol. II, p. 130. See also Whewell on Descartes, vol. II, pp. 134–35.
Sublime' in W. J. T. Mitchell, 'Metamorphoses of the Vortex: Hogarth, Turner and Blake', *Articulate Images: the Sister Arts from Hogarth to Tennyson*, Richard Wendorf (ed.) (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1983), pp. 130–136.
21 – A critic asked of a related work, *Rockets and Blue Lights (close at Hand) to warn Steam-Boats of Shoal-Water*, (exh. 1840), whether 'the Artist meant the title and the subject as a sarcasm upon the style'; Butlin and Joll, no. 387. A specific tradition for this kind of reportage may have been created by Daniel Defoe's *The Storm: or, A Collection of the most Remarkable Casualties and Disasters which happened in the late dreadful Tempest, both by Sea and Land* (1704), an elaborate compilation of eye-witness reports solicited by newspaper advertisement.
22 – Amongst other examples of populist intention is *'Hurrah! for the Whaler Erebus another fish!'* in which 'Turner seems to have been cashing in on the interest in the voyage of the *Erebus* and the *Terror* in search of the North-West passage'; Butlin and Joll, no. 423.
23 – Butlin and Joll, no. 398.
24 – 'The Art of Blotting', *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, 25 (1966–67), p. 95.
25 – Butlin and Joll, no. 398, and Gage, *J. M. W. Turner*, pp. 67–68, but see note 33, below, for Gage's understanding of some non-literal meanings in the title.
26 – See Norman Bryson's use of Roland Barthes in *Word and Image: French Painting of the Ancien Regime* (Cambridge and New York: Cambridge University Press, 1981), pp. 9–10.
27 – Ruskin, *The Works of John Ruskin*, E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn (eds.), 39 volumes, 1903–12, XIII, p. 162. These works will hereafter be cited in the text as *Works*.
28 – Butlin and Joll, no. 398.
29 – Ruskin's earliest response to *Snow Storm*, quoted in full below.
30 – Gage, *J. M. W. Turner*, p. 68, and Butlin and Joll, no. 398.
31 – The title of Benjamin Robert Haydon's letter to the *Examiner* and *Champion* of 1816, quoted Ian Jack, *Keats and the Mirror of Art* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1967), pp. 36–37. This debate goes back at least as far as David Hume, 'Of the Standard of Taste' (1757) in *The Philosophical Works of David Hume* (Edinburgh, 1854), III, pp. 248–53, and had been reopened as recently as 'British Artists and Writers on Art', *British Foreign Review*, 6, ii (1838), pp. 610–57.
32 – A similar pattern of passive female recognition occurs in the famous anecdote concerning the woman who follows Turner, whom she did not know, in putting her head out of a train window in a storm only to see the effect a year later in *Rain, Steam and Speed – the Great Western Railway.* See Butlin and Joll, no. 409.
33 – Gage, *J. M. W. Turner*, p. 68.
34 – Respectively, Graham Reynolds, *Turner* (New York: H. N. Abrams, 1969), p. 190, and Lawrence Gowing, *Turner: Imagination and Reality* (New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1966), p. 48. The debate still raged in 1987: Andrew Wilton, *Turner in his time* (London: Thames and Hudson, 1987), p. 231: 'it is no fantasy but the plain unvarnished truth of nature that he offers us'; cf. Gage, *J. M. W. Turner*, p. 68, 'The painting is not documentation, but a work of consummate artifice'.
35 – *Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit*, H. St J. Hart (ed.), (London, 1956), p. 43.
36 – *Poetry, Languages and Politics* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1988), p. 165. My paper is indebted to this chapter and to the following excerpt that Barrell kindly allows me to quote from the outline of a course that was to have been offered in 1988: 'My contention . . . will be that in the late eighteenth century the relations between the two are understood in terms of the belief that poems and paintings can both be approached as discursive formations, and that the meaning of a painting, like the meaning of a poem, is produced by virtue of the relations between the various signs it deploys. By this view, the "natural" signs of painting come to look less natural, more "arbitrary", and instead of poetry aspiring to the condition of painting, painting now seems to aspire to the condition of language'.
37 – Wilton, p. 230.
38 – Gage, *J. M. W. Turner*, p. 228.
39 – See Butlin and Joll, p. 270, for an interpretation of *The Angel standing in the Sun*, exh. 1846, in which Turner may have represented himself pessimistically as the Angel of Darkness in flight from 'vultures', signifying critics, in the verse inscription.
40 – Barrell, pp. 163 and 164.
41 – *Collected Correspondence of J. M. W. Turner*, John Gage (ed.), (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1980), p. 281
42 – The creation of divergent perspectives, the tipping of the horizon against the spectator, the turbulent meeting of inland waters and the sea, the taking up of waves into sky, and the establishment of a thoroughgoing vortical pattern can be traced in resistant borrowings from these and other artists in *Palestrina-Composition* (1828?), *The Shipwreck* (exh. 1805), *The Confluence of the Thames and the Medway* (exh. 1808), *Shoeburyness Fisherman hailing a Whitstable Hoy* (exh. 1809), *Snowstorm: Hannibal and his Army Crossing the Alps* (exh. 1812), and *Snowstorm, Avalanche and Inundation – a Scene in the Upper Part of Val d'Aouste, Piedmont* (exh. 1837).
43 – Gage, *J. M. W. Turner*, pp. 189 and 195.
44 – Stephen Land's paraphrase from Burke, *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful*, 1757, in *From Signs to Propositions: the Concept of Form in Eighteenth-Century Semantic Theory* (London: Longman, 1974), p. 40. Andrew Wilton, *Turner and the Sublime* (London: British Museum Publications, 1981), p. 99, has a quotation of 1815 from Archibald Alison that already seems to reverse the polarities of Burke's dictum: 'It is not the art, but the Genius of the Painter, which now gives value to his compositions; and the language he employs is found not only to speak to the eye, but to affect the imagination and the heart. It is not now a simple copy which we see, nor is our Emotion limited to the cold pleasure which arises from the perception of accurate Imitation. It is a creation of

Fancy with which the artist presents us, in which only the greater expressions of Nature are retained'.

45 – George P. Landow, *The Aesthetic and Critical Theories of John Ruskin* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1971), p. 199; and Graham Reynolds, *Turner*, p. 190.

46 – John Baillie, *An Essay on the Sublime* (1747), quoted in Land, p. 39.

47 – Gilpin, quoted Wilton, *Turner and the Sublime*, p. 72.

48 – Compare Turner on Titian's *St Peter Martyr*, quoted in *Turner and the Sublime*, p. 71: '. . . the sublimity of the arrangement of lines by its unshackled obliquity obtains the associated feelings of free continuity that rushes like the ignited spark struggling as the ascending Rocket with the Elements from Earth towards Heaven; and when no more propelled by the force it scatters around its falling glories, ignited embers, seeking again its Earthly bourne, while diffusing around its mellow radiance in the descending cherub with the palm of Beautitude sheds the mellow glow of Gold through the dark embrowned foliage to the dying Martyr'.

49 – Compare Ruskin, *Works*, XXXV, p. 601, n. 1 on *Rain, Steam, and Speed – the Great Western Railway*: Turner painted it 'To show what he could do even with an ugly subject'.

50 – Hence the fascinating interchange between Ruskin and Turner of 29 April 1844, in *The Diaries of John Ruskin*, Joan Evans and John Howard Whitehouse (eds.), (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1956), vol. I, p. 273–74. It is especially fascinating because Ruskin suspected Turner of having read his book (ibid. p. 247): 'I said the worst of his paintings was one could never see enough of them. "That's part of their quality", said Turner'. Ruskin turns to the *Snow Storm*: 'I praised the Snow storm' – was Ruskin trying to elicit a reaction to his description? '"I hope I may never be out in another", he said' – is Turner maintaining the fiction of having painted a real storm? If so then he is leading Ruskin like Hamlet led Guildenstern and Rosencrantz: '"*Any*thing but snow: like the King of Sweden – anything but a bear – he wouldn't have minded a lion, but he didn't like a bear"'. Then: '"Red, blue and yellow", said he good-humouredly, as I lifted the curtain from the Moses writing Genesis.' Ruskin never mentions this puzzling picture elsewhere and he may not have felt he understood it. Turner's amiable preoccupation with colour does little to explain its long and difficult title (Butlin and Joll, no. 405). Perhaps it is perplexity that gives rise to Ruskin's next, possibly diplomatic remark: 'I alluded to the peculiar atmosphere of his recent drawings. "Yes", he said, "atmosphere is my style"'. Again, as at the beginning of the entry, Turner has taken one of Ruskin's words and redirected it to painterly qualities in a conversation-stopping way that perhaps was meant as a 'lesson' for Ruskin. The critic's next and concluding remark to himself seems an attempt to make the best of things, but it does not necessarily imply agreement with or comprehension of the new direction that Turner's work had taken: 'It was gratifying to know what he himself considered his chief characteristic'.

51 – See Norman Bryson's distinction between an article and a poem, each describing a shipwreck, in *Word and Image*, p. 21.

52 – *Discourses on Art*, introd. Robert R. Wark (London: Collier Books, 1966), p. 187.

53 – Walter Pater, *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry, the 1893 text*, Donald L. Hill (ed.), (Berkeley, Los Angeles and London: University of California Press, 1980), p. 179. The fundamental instability of Ruskin's conception is to some extent inherent in the 'essential incapacity of the type to suggest the full nature of the antitype . . . "*There is often more in the Type than in the Antitype*" . . . "*Frequently there is more in the Antitype than in the Type*"', George P. Landow, *Victorian Types, Victorian Shadows: Biblical Typology in Victorian Literature, Art, and Thought* (Boston, London and Henley: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1980), pp. 36–37.

54 – See above, p. 317.

55 – *Collected Correspondence of J. M. W. Turner*, pp. 160–61.

56 – *J. M. W. Turner*, p. 3.

57 – Gowing, p. 10.

58 – Burke, p. 172. Ruskin's short chapter on Sublimity in *Modern Painters I* (*Works*, III, pp. 128–30) is hostile towards Burke, but, in view of Ruskin's flattering references to the *Enquiry* in immediately subsequent works, this may have been because Ruskin felt he had little to add on the subject.

59 – Burke, p. 166.

60 – Burke, p. 167.