

maturity takes other forms; or at least it can be seen under different aspects. Most of us inhabit a world in which space exploration is not yet emotionally permissible. It does not belong to *our* time, or to *our* experience of space.

If, on the whole, I do feel a more immediate hostility to cosmonauts than to astronauts, it is not only that the cosmonauts have done "better." It is because the disparity between the astronauts and the society which created them is not so great as the disparity between Major Popovitch's capsule and his mother. True, the American space programme is every bit as premature in the context of world history. But the prematurity of the cosmonauts is grosser and more apparent simply because most Russians live in more primitive conditions than most Americans.

AND LET US HEAR NO MORE of the eternal spirit of man ever reaching to new heights... The world ought to be more grown-up than it used to be. We ought, by now, to have developed a better estimation of our priorities. We ought, to put it less arguably, to have a nicer sense of propriety—of what is fitting—of the movement of history as something which should proceed at a decent, or at least at a regular and more or less uniform pace. (I am not concerned with

whether history *can* proceed like that, but with whether we want it to or not.)

The Two Cultures? But it is too easy to see them simply as distinct academic disciplines. The real dichotomy is between, on the one hand, the domestic, the everyday, the intimate possession of an immediate and poignant past, and on the other hand, those waddling, Michelin-like figures which feed a nuclear reactor. (Take off their protective clothes and *they themselves* turn out to be tenders of rose-gardens with yellowing photographs on the mantelpiece of Edwardian grandparents.)

We can distinguish—I *think*—between the changes which have been more or less fitting, because more or less timely and necessary, and the changes which have been gratuitous, because premature and irrelevant. To abominate television sets, refrigerators, democracy, and the health service is the false application of a natural and true nostalgia. To find the advent of the "space age" premature, and therefore alien and repulsive, is the proper reaction of any sensitive man.

Perhaps. I think so. But perhaps, too, this simply shows the limits of *my* tolerance, the extent of *my* hardened arteries, diminished sympathies, futile craving to undo what is done and to restore what can never be restored.

Philip Toynbee

## On Goethe

For a New Translation — By W. H. AUDEN

EVERYBODY knows that the thrones of European Literature are occupied by the triumvirate referred to in *Finnegans Wake* as Daunty, Gouty, and Shopkeeper, but to most English-speaking readers the second is merely a name. German is a more difficult language to learn to read than Italian, and whereas Shakespeare, apparently, translates very well into

German, Goethe is peculiarly resistant to translation into English; Hölderlin and Rilke, for example, come through much better. From a translation of *Faust*, any reader can see that Goethe must have been extraordinarily intelligent, but he will probably get the impression that he was too intellectual, too lacking in passion, because no translation can give a proper idea of Goethe's amazing command of every style of poetry, from the coarse to the witty to the lyrical to the sublime.

The reader, on the other hand, who does know some German and is beginning to take an interest in Goethe comes up against a cultural barrier, the humourless idolisation of Goethe by German professors and critics who treat every word he ever uttered as Holy Writ. Even if it were in our cultural tradition to revere our great

W. H. AUDEN has just completed (together with Elizabeth Mayer) a new translation of Goethe's *Italienischer Reise*. This is his introduction to the handsome illustrated (by Goethe and his friends in Rome and Naples) edition which will be published by Collins (London) and Pantheon (New York).

writers in this way, it would be much more difficult for us to idolise Shakespeare the man because we know nothing about him, whereas Goethe was essentially an autobiographical writer, whose life is the most documented of anyone who ever lived; compared with Goethe, even Dr. Johnson is a shadowy figure.

For those whose ignorance of German cuts them off from Goethe's poetry and who have an instinctive prejudice against professional sages, *Italian Journey* may well be the best book of his to start on. To begin with, there are hundreds and thousands of Englishmen and Americans who have made an Italian journey of their own and, to many of them, their encounter with Italy, its landscape, its people, its art, has been as important an experience as it was to Goethe, so that the subject-matter of the book will interest them, irrespective of its author, and they will enjoy comparing the post-World War II Italy they know with the pre-French-Revolution Italy which Goethe saw. (Speaking for myself, I am amazed at their similarity. Is there any other country in Europe where the character of the people seems to have been so little affected by political and technological change?)

Goethe did not go to Italy as a journalist in search of newsworthy stories, but some of the best passages in *Italian Journey* owe as much to journalistic good luck as they do to literary talent. While sketching a ruined fort in Malcesine he is nearly arrested as an Austrian spy; Vesuvius obliges with a major eruption during his stay in Naples; sailing back from Sicily, the boat he has taken is kind enough to get itself nearly shipwrecked on Capri; eccentric and comic characters cross his path, like the Neapolitan Princess with the outrageous tongue, the choleric Governor of Messina, or Miss Hart, the future Lady Hamilton, who seems—God forgive her!—to have invented the Modern Dance; a chance remark overheard leads to his meeting with the humble relatives of Cagliostro, the most famous international swindler of the time. Goethe is not usually thought of as a funny man, but his descriptions of such events reveal a real comic gift and, even more surprisingly, perhaps, they show how ready he was to see himself in a comic light.

TO WRITE A SUCCESSFUL travel book, one must have an observant eye and a gift for description. Goethe held definite views about how things should be described, which are summed up in a letter he wrote in 1826 about a young writer who had consulted him.

Up till now he has limited himself to subjective modern poetry, so self-concerned and self-absorbed. He does very well with anything con-

finer to inner experience, feeling, disposition, and reflections on these; and he will deal successfully with any theme where they are treated. But he has not yet developed his powers in connection with anything really objective. Like all young men, nowadays, he rather fights shy of reality, although everything imaginative must be based on reality, just as every ideal must come back to it. The theme I set this young man was to describe Hamburg as if he had just returned to it. The thread of ideas he followed from the start was the sentimental one of his mother, his friends, their love, patience, and help. The Elbe remained a stream of silver, the anchorage and the town counted for nothing, he did not even mention the swarming crowds—one might as easily have been visiting Naumburg or Merseburg. I told him this quite candidly; he could do something really good, if he could give a panorama of a great northern city as well as his feelings for his home and family.

Goethe's own practice is peculiar and reminds me in a strange way of the a-literature of some contemporary French novelists. The traditional method of description tries to unite the sensory perception of objects with the subjective feelings they arouse by means of a simile or a metaphorical image. This Goethe very rarely does. On the contrary, he deliberately keeps the sensory and the emotional apart. He makes enormous efforts, piling qualifying adjective on qualifying adjective, to say exactly what shape and colour an object is, and precisely where it stands in spatial relation to other objects, but, in contrast to this precision, the adjectives he employs to express his emotional reactions are almost always vague and banal—words like *beautiful*, *important*, *valuable* occur over and over again.

THE DIFFICULTY ABOUT this procedure is that, by its nature, language is too abstract a medium. No verbal description, however careful, can describe a unique object; at best, it describes objects of a certain class. The only media for showing an object in its concrete uniqueness are the visual arts and photography. Goethe, of course, knew this, and said so.

We ought to talk less and draw more. I, personally, should like to renounce speech altogether and, like organic nature, communicate everything I have to say in sketches.

He also knew, of course, that this was an exaggeration. There are certain characteristics of things which are every bit as "objective" as their visual appearance and with which only language can deal. A drawing can show what something is at a moment, but it cannot show us how it came to be that way or what will happen to it next; this only language can do.

What gives Goethe's descriptions their value is not his "word-painting"—he cannot make us "see" a landscape or a building as D. H. Lawrence, for example, can—but his passionate interest in historical development—more than most writers he makes us aware of *why* things have come to be as they are. He always refused to separate the beautiful from the necessary, for he was convinced that one cannot really appreciate the beauty of anything without understanding what made it possible and how it came into being. To Goethe, a man who looks at a beautiful cloud without knowing, or wishing to know, any meteorology, at a landscape without knowing any geology, at a plant without studying its structure and way of growth, at the human body without studying anatomy, is imprisoning himself in that æsthetic subjectivity which he deplored as the besetting sin of the writers of his time.

GOETHE is more successful at describing works of nature than he is at describing works of art. Indeed, the reader sometimes finds himself wishing he had more often practised what he preached when he said: "Art exists to be seen, not to be talked about, except, perhaps, in its presence." One reason for this is, of course, that Goethe knew a lot about natural history and very little about art history. Another may be that the two kinds of history are different. Natural history, like social and political history, is continuous; there is no moment when nothing is happening. But the history of art is discontinuous; the art historian can show the influences and circumstances which made it possible and likely that a certain painter should paint in a certain way, *if he chooses to paint*, but he cannot explain why he paints a picture instead of not painting one. A work of nature and a great work of art both give us, as Goethe said, a sense of necessity, but whereas the necessity of nature is a *must*, that of art is an *ought*.

When, thirty years later, the first part of *Italian Journey* was published, the German artistic colony in Rome was outraged. Those whom he had not mentioned were offended, and the works he had failed to see and the judgments he passed on those he did made them say that he must have gone through Italy with his eyes shut.

This was unfair. Like everybody's, Goethe's taste had its limitations, owing in part to his temperament and in part to the age in which he lived. It seems that the Giotto frescoes in the Arena Chapel were not on view when he was in Padua, and we know that he tried to see them, but he deliberately refused to visit the Two Churches in Assisi. For Goethe there was no

painting or sculpture between Classical antiquity and Mantegna.

Yet, when one considers how little painting and sculpture and architecture Goethe had seen before he came to Italy, one is astounded at his open-mindedness. Though Palladio, for example, is his ideal modern architect, he shows far more appreciation of Baroque than one would have expected, more indeed than most of his successors in the 19th century. He started out with a strong prejudice against Christian themes as subjects for paintings and overcame it. Though to him the Apollo Belvedere was the finest achievement in Greek art, he learned to admire works of the archaic period like Paestum, and though he professes to be shocked by the grotesque villa of the Prince of Pallagonia, the zest with which he describes it betrays his fascination. And, in any case, Goethe made no claim to be writing a guide to Italian art; he tells us what he looked at and liked, he makes no claim that his judgments are absolute, and though he may, in our view, have overpraised some pictures, I do not think that he condemned any which seem to us really good.

ONE REASON WHY we enjoy reading travel books is that a journey is one of the archetypal symbols. It is impossible to take a train or an aeroplane without having a fantasy of oneself as a Quest Hero setting off in search of an enchanted princess on the Waters of Life. And then, some journeys—Goethe's was one—really are quests.

*Italian Journey* is not only a description of places, persons, and things, but also a psychological document of the first importance dealing with a life crisis which, in various degrees of intensity, we all experience somewhere between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five.

The first crisis in Goethe's life had occurred in 1775 when he was twenty-six and already famous as the author of *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Werther*. One might say, though it is a gross oversimplification, that the *Sturm und Drang* literary movement of which Goethe was then regarded as the leader stood for spontaneity of emotion as against convention and decorum, Shakespeare and Ossian as against Racine and Corneille, the warm heart as against the cool reason. Such a movement has often arisen in history and the consequences have almost always been the same; those who embrace it produce some remarkable work at an early age but then peter out if they do not, as they often do, take to drink or shoot themselves. An art which pits Nature against Art is bound to be self-defeating. What Kierkegaard called the æsthetic religion which puts all its faith in the mood of the immediate moment leads, first, to the "culti-

vation of one's hysteria with delight and terror," as Baudelaire put it, and, ultimately, to despair, and it brought Goethe to the brink of disaster. "I am falling," he wrote in April of 1775, "from one confusion into another." His father suggested a trip to Italy, but he did not go. At the beginning of November he was in Heidelberg; the young Duke of Weimar sent his coach and invited Goethe to join him; without a moment's hesitation, Goethe jumped in and was whisked away.

ONE WOULD NOT have expected a young poet, who was well enough off to do as he liked, to choose to become a civil servant at a small court when he could have chosen to go to Italy. That Goethe did so is proof of his amazing instinct, which he was to show all through his life, for taking the leap in the right direction. In the state he was in, what could rescue him from a meaningless existence was not freedom but a curtailment of freedom, that is to say, the curb upon his subjective emotions which would come from being responsible for people and things other than himself, and this was precisely what Weimar offered. With the exception of the Grand Duke and Duchess, who were only eighteen, Goethe was the youngest person at court, yet, a year later, he became a Privy Councillor and, in the course of the next ten years, found himself at one time and another responsible for the mines, the War Department, and the Finances of the Duchy. In addition to these duties and as a further defence against subjectivity, he began to study science seriously, and in March, 1784, he made an important discovery: he was able to show that the intermaxillary bone existed in man as well as in the other mammals.

Those first eleven years in Weimar were also the period of his platonic affair, conducted largely by notes and letters, with Charlotte von Stein, a rather plain married woman with three children and eleven years older than he. Again it seems strange that a man in his twenties and thirties should have been satisfied with such a "spiritual," uncarnal relationship; yet again, perhaps, it shows the soundness of Goethe's instinct. While, as a Privy Councillor, he was ready to take impersonal responsibility, he was not yet ready to take emotional responsibility for another person; what he needed at the time was emotional security without responsibility, and that is obtainable only in a platonic relationship, as to a mother or an older sister.

TO AN OUTSIDER, Goethe's life in 1786 must have looked enviable. He held an important position; he was admired and loved. Yet, in fact, he was on the verge of a break-

down. The stability which Weimar had given him was threatening to become a prison. Though it had enabled him to put *Werther* behind him, it had failed to give him any hints as to what kind of thing he should be writing instead, for, while he had come to Weimar to get away from *Werther*, it was as its author that Weimar had welcomed and still regarded him. His official life had had its remedial effect, but as public affairs were not his vocation, his duties were becoming senseless tasks which exhausted his energies without stimulating his imagination. His greatest gains had been in his scientific studies, yet here again Goethe was not a scientist by vocation but a poet; scientific knowledge was essential to the kind of poetry he wanted to write, but, so long as he remained in Weimar, his scientific researches and his poetry remained two separate activities without real influence upon each other. As for his Weimar friends, he was beginning—this is one of the misfortunes of genius—to outgrow them. Herder, to whom, since he was a young student in Strasburg, he had owed so much, had nothing more to teach him and, probably, Herder's schoolmaster temperament which liked to keep disciples was beginning to irk him. So far as Charlotte was concerned, Goethe seems to have been, like Yeats, a man in whom the need for physical sexual relations became imperative only relatively late in life; by 1786 it had.

When the idea of escaping from Weimar to Italy first occurred to him we shall never know. He tells us that the longing for "classic soil" had become so great that he dared not read the classics because they upset him too much, but his actual decision to go may have been taken at the very last moment. On August 28, he celebrated his thirty-seventh birthday in Carlsbad, where a number of the court were taking the waters. Two or three days later, all the party except Goethe and the Grand Duke returned to Weimar under the impression that Goethe was going on a short geological excursion into the mountains. After they had gone, Goethe asked the Duke for leave of absence and, at three in the morning on September 3, jumped into a coach with no servant and hardly any luggage, assumed the name of Möller, and bolted. He does not appear to have been very explicit about his plans even to his sovereign, for the Duke cannot have received his letter, dated September 2, until after he had left.

Forgive me for being rather vague about my travels and absence when I took leave of you; even now I do not know quite what will happen to me.

You are happy, you are moving towards an aim you wished and chose for yourself. Your domestic affairs are in good order and in a good

way, and I know you will permit me now to think of myself. In fact, you have often urged me to do so. I am certainly not indispensable at this moment; and as for the special affairs entrusted to me, I have left them so that they can run on for a while quite comfortably without me. Indeed, I might even die without there being any great shock. I say nothing of how favourable these circumstances are at present and simply ask you for an indefinite leave of absence. The baths these two years have done a great deal for my health and I hope the greatest good for the elasticity of my mind, too, if it can be left to itself for a while to enjoy seeing the wide world.

My first four volumes are complete at last. Herder has been a tireless and faithful helper; now I need to be at leisure and in the mood for the last four. I have undertaken it all rather lightly, and I am only now beginning to see what is to be done if it is not to become a mess. All this and much else impels me to lose myself in places where I am totally unknown. I am going to travel quite alone, under another name, and I have great hopes of this venture, odd as it seems. But please don't let anyone notice that I shall be away for some time. Everyone working with or under me, everyone that has to do with me, expects me from one week to the next, and I want to leave it like that and, although absent, to be as effective as someone expected at any moment. . . .

THE ONLY PERSON Goethe knew in Rome, and by correspondence only, was the German painter Tischbein. Through him Goethe was introduced to the German artistic colony, and, though he keeps telling Weimar how lonely he is, it is clear that he was soon leading quite an active social life. But in Rome he was free, as in Weimar he had not been, to choose his own company, and his anonymity, though it did not remain a secret for long, seems to have been respected. Whether by his own choice or because Italians were difficult to get to know, he stuck pretty closely to his fellow countrymen. Whereas in Weimar most of his friends had been older than he was, those of whom he saw most in Rome, with the exception of Angelica Kauffmann, were all younger. When Goethe was thirty-seven, Tischbein was thirty-five, Kayser, Kniep, and Schütz thirty-one, Moritz twenty-nine, Lipps twenty-eight, Meyer twenty-six, and Bury twenty-three. Only one of them, Moritz, was a writer and an intellectual, not one of them was a poet or a clergyman, and, again with the exception of Angelica, they were all poorer than he. For Goethe at this period in his life, such a company had many advantages. Before he came to Italy he had seen very little original architecture, sculpture and painting, Classical or Renaissance, and he had the common sense to realise that before he could

understand and appreciate it properly, his eye would have to be educated. He also wanted to learn to draw, not so much for its own sake—he never fancied that he might become a serious artist—as for the discipline; drawing was the best way to train his mind to pay attention to the external world. To train his eye, to learn to draw, he needed the help of professional artists, which most of his Roman friends were. Secondly, if he were to develop as a poet, the best companionship for him at this point, failing a real literary equal like Schiller, was an unliterary one or, at least, a company whose literary judgments he did not have to take seriously. They all knew, of course, that he was a famous poet and Angelica was a sympathetic feminine audience, but they did not pretend to be expert judges of poetry, and if they objected to anything, he could disregard their criticisms in a way that he still found it difficult to ignore the criticisms which came from Weimar. He acknowledged a debt to Moritz's prosodical theories, but otherwise the fresh stimuli to his imagination came, not from conversations or reading, but from watching the behaviour of Italians and living in the midst of Italian nature, the climate, shapes and colours of which were so utterly different from the northern nature he had known hitherto. How necessary it was for Goethe to remove himself from the literary atmosphere of Weimar can be guessed from his letters about his new version of *Iphigenie* and *Egmont*, for it is clear that Weimar preferred the old versions and did not care for his new classical manner.

LASTLY, an artistic, somewhat bohemian, foreign colony in a great city gave him a freedom in his personal life which would have been out of the question at a provincial German court. As he gives us only his side of the correspondence, we have to infer what the reactions of Weimar were to his whole Italian venture. It seems fairly clear that they were hurt, suspicious, disapproving, and jealous. If the reader sometimes becomes impatient with Goethe's endless reiterations of how hard he is *working*, what a lot of *good* Italy is doing him, he must remember that Goethe is trying to placate his friends for being obviously so radiantly happy without them. One of the reasons why his account of his time in Rome, particularly of his second stay, is less interesting than the rest of *Italian Journey* is that one feels much is happening to Goethe which is of great importance to him, but which he declines to tell. There is no reason to suppose that Goethe's life in Rome was anything like Byron's in Venice, but it is impossible to believe that it was quite so respectable, or so exclusively devoted to higher things as, in

his letters home, for obvious reasons, he makes it sound. The difference between the over-refined, delicate, almost neurasthenic face of the pre-Italian portraits and the masculine, self-assured face in the portraits executed after his return is very striking; the latter is that of a man who has known sexual satisfaction.

IF GOETHE DID NOT TELL everything, what he did tell was true enough. He did work very hard and Italy did do him a lot of good. Any writer will find *Italian Journey* fascinating for what Goethe says about his own methods of working. He would compose with extraordinary rapidity and in his head—if he did not write it down at once, he often forgot it—and under any circumstances: there cannot be many poets who have been able to write while suffering from seasickness. His chief difficulty, partly out of a temperamental impatience and partly because he kept having so many ideas and was interested in so many things, was in finishing a work. He starts re-writing *Iphigenie auf Tauris* and becomes distracted by the thought of another play, *Iphigenie in Delphi*; he is walking in the Public Gardens of Palermo, planning a new play about Nausicaa, when suddenly he is struck by an idea about the Primal Plant, and Botany chases away the Muse.

And he has so many unfinished pieces. When at last he finishes *Iphigenie*, begun in 1779, there is *Egmont* waiting, begun in 1775. He finishes *Egmont*, and there are two old *Singspiele* to re-write. These done with, he takes out the yellowed manuscript of *Faust*, which is eighteen years old, and adds a scene or two, and he departs from Rome with the nine-year-old *Tasso* to re-work while travelling. And he does all this in the midst of social life, sightseeing, collecting coins, gems, minerals, plaster casts, taking drawing lessons, attending lectures on perspective and making botanical experiments. If to read about such energy is rather exhausting, to read about a man who is so enjoying himself is enormous fun.

WE HAVE TRIED to produce a translation, not a crib. A crib is like a pair of spectacles for the weak-sighted; a translation is like a book in Braille for the blind. A translator, that is to say, has to assume that his readers cannot and never will be able to read the original. This, in its turn, implies that they are not specialists in his author. On the one hand, they probably know very little about him; on the other, their appetite for scholarly footnotes is probably small.

The translator's most difficult problem is not *what* his author says but his tone of voice. How

is a man who thought and wrote in German to think and write in English and yet remain a unique personality called Goethe? To offer a translation to the public is to claim that one does know how Goethe would have written had English been his native tongue, to claim, in fact, that one has mediumistic gifts, and, as we all know, mediums are often rather shady characters.

The circumstances under which *Italian Journey* was written, put together and published present a special problem. Most of its contents are based upon letters and a journal written at the time, but it was not until twenty-five years later that Goethe set to work to make a book out of them, and the third part was not published until he was almost eighty. A compilation of this kind involves editing, and it must be admitted that, as an editor, Goethe did not do a very good job. If a man writes two letters at the same time to two different people, it is only to be expected that he will repeat himself a little, and if at the end of an exciting and exhausting day he hurriedly jots down the events in his journal, it is natural enough if there is some disorder in his narrative—what should have come first comes as an after-thought, etc.—but if he decides to make a book out of such material, one has a right to expect him to cut out what is repetitious, to rearrange what is chaotic and clarify what is obscure.

Even in the first two parts of *Italian Journey*, there are places where Goethe has been careless. For instance, he presents his visit to Cagliostro's relatives as a passage from his journal, dated April 13 and 14, 1787. But suddenly, without warning, the reader finds him referring to events which did not take place until 1789. What Goethe has actually done is to print, not his original journal, but a talk about Cagliostro based on it which he gave in Weimar in 1792. As for Part Three, one can only conclude that Goethe handed the material over to his secretary without re-reading it and that the secretary was too overawed by the great man to suggest any corrections.

We have seen fit to do some editing ourselves. One previous English translator, an Anglican clergyman, omitted all favourable references made by Goethe to the Roman Catholic Church; we have confined ourselves to stylistic matters. We have cut some passages which seemed to us unduly repetitious and some allusions to things which were known to his correspondents but would be unintelligible to a reader without a lengthy note, and, here and there, we have transposed sentences to a more logical position. We have also omitted the whole article *Concerning the Pictorial Imitation of the Beautiful*. Our official excuse is that the ideas in it are not

Goethe's but Moritz's; our real reason is that it is verbose rubbish and sounds like a parody of "deep" German prose.

To those who regard such tinkering as sacrilege, we can only cite the authority of the Master himself (*to Streckfuss, 1827*).

If the translator has really understood his author, he will be able to evoke in his own mind not only what the author has done, but also what he wanted and ought to have done. That at least is the line I have always taken in translation, though I make no claim that it is justifiable.

## Beyond Pressure Politics

IAN WALLER'S provocative and well-informed article [ENCOUNTER, August] on some aspects of pressure-group activity raises in an acute form many problems which have long worried professional students of government, and to which no obvious or easy answer can be given. So long as the modern State has it in its power to confer wealth on some and deprive others of their livelihood by administrative action which must always have some element of the arbitrary in it, individuals and interests that may be affected by such decisions are bound to try to see that they go in their favour. Nor, as the Soviet press often reminds us, is this problem unique in capitalist societies. At best, we can hope to remedy proved abuses; the problem itself is inescapable.

When then would we classify as abuses and where would we seek for cures? It is obvious that what worries Mr. Waller is not the possibility of simple corruption which always exists in some measure, but which in a healthy society can be kept in check by the ordinary operations of the law. Nor, provided the laws are obeyed, should we worry too much about the morals of public relations firms—they have a job to do and provided they keep within the law must choose whatever methods seem most appropriate to further their cause. If I had the money to mount a campaign to prevent a road from being run across Christ Church meadow, I can think of few methods of pressure that I should be reluctant to use.

What does concern Mr. Waller, and rightly, is the dubious no-man's land where Members of Parliament and other persons with special public responsibilities may appear to be allowing their views to be swayed by considerations irrelevant

to the merits of the issues. Most of the cases cited by Mr. Waller fall into this category. But I am not sure that the most helpful way to regard some of the activities listed is to appeal to "Victorian standards of rectitude in public life." Those standards applied to a very different situation and one which was itself quite unlike that of the previous century, when the British government, though deeply admired by most forward-looking men abroad, tolerated a degree of identification between public and private interest which we react to with horror when it appears in some newly emancipated polities on other continents.

The "Victorian" standard rested upon a set of social and political assumptions that no longer apply and that cannot be restored. Government itself was limited in what it attempted and the fields in which direct pressure for self-interested ends was forthcoming were consequently comparatively few. It was assumed that Parliament would consist of men for whom rewards were to be found in membership itself, or in prospects of office rarer than now. No-one was paid to be an M.P., and no-one without a private income could afford to sit. Mr. Robert Blake's forthcoming biography of Disraeli is likely to throw further light on the part played in that eminent Victorian's early career by the need for money with which to pursue it. It is taken for granted in Trollope's political novels that if a young man has no money and cannot find an heiress to marry, politics are not for him.

To earn money in some fields was sometimes possible and permissible; but we have made this increasingly harder, so that the House of Commons today is a place for full-time politicians living often on salaries that could only make sense if they were thought of as part-time. It is all very well to say that it would look better for M.P.s to entertain tycoons rather than the reverse; but how many can afford to entertain at tycoon standards, or at any standard? Or, as Ian Waller suggests, to travel and learn about the world whose problems confront them in so much more continuous and complicated a fashion? Dons and other intellectuals are also obliged to accept foreign hospitality, even that of foreign governments—what is the alternative? Are they corrupted thereby?

We have also moved away from some Victorian austerities at a time when a modest comfort costs more to maintain; and the burden of our educational system upon middle-class incomes is not to be underestimated. This again makes the public service relatively unattractive and not only from the parliamentary angle. More worrying than ex-Ministers going into industry is the seepage of top civil-servants; and once this becomes accepted as normal in mid-career,