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# THE INTERPRETER

GEDDES

THE MAN AND HIS GOSPEL



*“The ideal of Evolution is thus no longer a gladiators’ show, but an Eden. . . . It is much for our pure natural history to see no longer struggle, but love, as ‘creation’s final law.’”*

*“And I, John, saw the holy city, the new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.”*



PLATE I



*A. Ledda*

[front.

# THE INTERPRETER

GEDDES

THE MAN AND HIS GOSPEL

By

AMELIA DEFRIES

FOREWORD BY  
RABINDRANATH TAGORE

INTRODUCTION BY  
ISRAEL ZANGWILL

*"Consider the lilies, how they grow"*

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IN MEMORY  
OF THE  
LATE ANNA GEDDES, AND HER ELDER SON,  
MAJOR ALASDAIR GEDDES, R.F.C., M.C.,  
LEGION D'HONNEUR;  
Who both Died in the Service  
of their Country,  
1917.



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## AUTHOR'S NOTE

My thanks are due to the following friends :

The late Mr. Israel Zangwill, who encouraged me to write this book ; Dr. R. Tagore, Professor Abercrombie, Professor H. V. Lanchester, Mr. Lewis Mumford (of New York), Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, and Professor Patrick Geddes, to all of whom I am indebted for kind and valuable contributions ; also to Mr. Alexander Farquharson (of the *Sociological Review*) and to Mr. Victor Branford for invaluable criticism ; and to Mr. Rupert Mason, of Manchester, without whom this book could not have been published.

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## FOREWORD

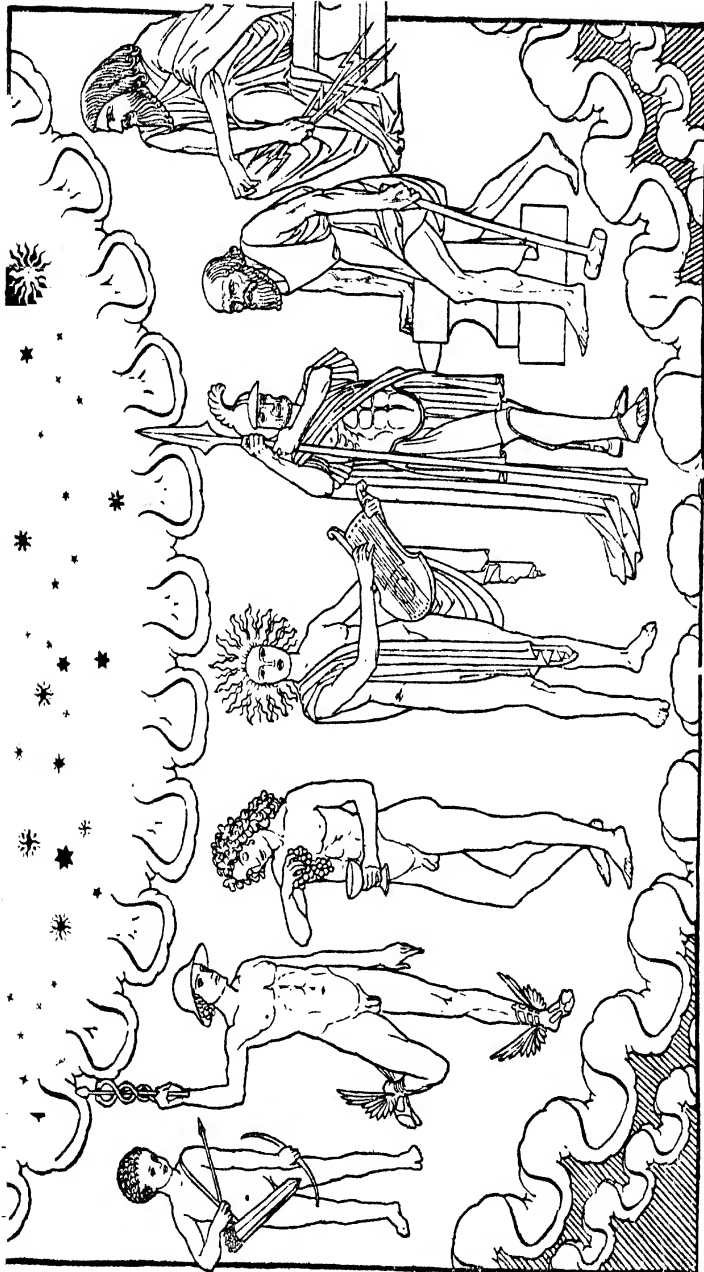
BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

WHAT so strongly attracted me in Patrick Geddes when I came to know him in India was, not his scientific achievements, but, on the contrary, the rare fact of the fulness of his personality rising far above his science. Whatever subjects he has studied and mastered have become vitally one with his humanity. He has the precision of the scientist and the vision of the prophet ; and at the same time, the power of the artist to make his ideas visible through the language of symbols. His love of Man has given him the insight to see the truth of Man, and his imagination to realize in the world the infinite mystery of life and not merely its mechanical aspect. ,









THE GODS OF OLYMPUS: OR, THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN (See Chapter IV)

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## PREFACE

### WHO IS PATRICK GEDDES ?

BY LEWIS MUMFORD

(From "The Survey," New York)

**I**F one dropped in on a luncheon group at the faculty club of a metropolitan university and asked a dozen scholars: Who is Patrick Geddes? there would probably be a dozen answers, and though some of the answers would be hazy, they would all, I think, be different; and one might get the impression that Professor Geddes is a vigorous institution, rather than a man.

The biologist would probably be the first to speak up: he would say that Geddes, with his old pupil J. Arthur Thomson, the editor of *The Outline of Science*, had written the classic book on *The Evolution of Sex*, and in more recent years had collaborated on two fertile little volumes in the Home University Series. He might add, if he had been abroad, that Geddes had occupied the chair of botany of St. Andrews

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University for more than thirty years. The economist is a little more shaky in his knowledge ; still, he might recall that Geddes had written on statistics and economic theory and co-operation in the eighties, and had only a year or two ago published a closely written pamphlet on the *Principles of Sociology in Relation to Economics*. At this point the sociologist might wake up : for him Geddes would be one of the main founders of the Sociological Society of Great Britain, the author of a series of papers published by that society on "Civics as Concrete and Applied Sociology," the joint editor of a series of post-war books devoted to *The Making of the Future* ; and if our sociologist were quite honest, he would probably add that he had not read any of these essays, since they were not in the Ward-Giddings-Gumplowicz tradition.

So it would go on. The geographer would think of Geddes as the founder of the regional survey movement, and the professor of city planning would put Geddes at the head of the Cities Movement in Great Britain, and indicate how Geddes' survey of Edinburgh was the starting-point of the survey movement in England. Some one else might volunteer that Geddes had spent the better part of the last ten years in India and Palestine surveying and planning and replanning some fifty cities, and laying the foundations for the Universities of Jerusalem and Hyderabad, for Tagore's college at Santeniketan, and for numerous temples and gardens. Even the physicist would have a word : he would remember Geddes as the man who anticipated Ostwald and Frederick Soddy in applying the concept of energy to the social sciences, and as the biographer of the great experimental physicist, Sir Jagadis Bose.

We have not yet exhausted the man. The instructor in dramatics—if for the sake of convenience we may include him in this impossibly mixed group—would perhaps know that Geddes was one of the principal revivers of the masque and the pageant ; while the

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librarian might speak a little resentfully of this Patrick Geddes, who, in collaboration with Paul Otlet, the founder of the International Institute of Bibliography at Brussels, desired to substitute a rational principle of classification for the ten arbitrary categories of the Dewey decimal system, or the endless and even more arbitrary categories of the British Museum! The professor of philosophy and logic would probably be the only member of our group who had never even heard Geddes' name; and he would wince with scepticism if I told him that, extraordinary as is the range and intensity of Geddes' thought in the fields we have been glancing at, it is as a rigorous systematic thinker, comparable to Leibnitz, Aristotle, or Pythagoras, that Geddes will perhaps best be known one day.

I have briefly sketched in the outward and visible results of Geddes's threescore and ten years of unceasing activity; and yet it is only a beginning. In the cupboards of the Sociological Society's headquarters in an old Victorian house in Pimlico, and in numerous rooms in the Outlook Tower at Edinburgh are boxes and bales that are filled, as it were, with the debris of Geddes' thought. There is something in the quantitative total of these notes and lectures which means more than figures can convey: these endless heaps of notations and diagrams, here complete, there but suggestive scraps, are witness to a constant fury of thought. Such activity is too often only the compensation for a defect: the intensity of Cavendish was the mark of a deep neurosis, and Herbert Spencer completed his philosophy out of a pre-occupied invalidism. Not so with Geddes; for his work and his philosophy have sprung out of the fulness of his life, as Hermes the traveller; as Apollo the thinker; as Ares, the husband and father; as Hercules, the cleanser of the slums of Edinburgh, and now, at the summit of his life, as Jove, the wise parent of spirit-

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children scattered about the world in New York, Bombay, Calcutta, Indore, Jerusalem, Edinburgh, Montpelier, London, and where not.

Come in to Geddes and watch him at work. If you have learned to use your eyes and hands, if there is still a touch of the peasant or craftsman about you which will redeem your cockney attention to the abstractions of money or literature, you will be twice welcome ; and if you know how to ask intelligent questions, or hold your tongue when you can't, you may stay till long after your stomach has vainly signalled the dinner hour and has collapsed in sheer despair at not being attended to ! Geddes, like every great teacher, is as ready to expound his faith and his views to the first honest fool he can pick off the highway as he is to the scribes and pharisees ; for the scribes and pharisees do not like to have their tidy habits and their comfortable arrangements upset by one who touches no subject that he does not question, and raises no question that he does not meet with an answer not provided " in the back of the book."

Drop in, and behold a wiry little man, with a bushy, reddish gray beard and a bulging forehead, carefully folding and refolding a piece of paper to serve as a diagram--a method which grew out of a period of blindness at the very outset of his career. A rapid flow of words strains through the beard in a sort of muffled soliloquy ; the eyes fill with pucklike humour or with grave pity ; the big, heavy masterful hands, hands that seem like roots that have not quite shaken off the earth, bend themselves deftly to the task ; and if the talk turns to the imbecility of the cockney or the stupidity of the bureaucrat or the helpless mechanization of the modern world or the rendering unto Cæsar of the things that are Cæsar's and also the things that are God's, both the humour and the pity may disappear from those grey eyes, and they will be filled instead with a red berserker rage which kindles

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momentarily into a memorable phrase or an epigram. To be present when Geddes is at work is to know what Bernard Shaw meant when in *Back to Methusaleh* he pictured his ancients as living in a vortex of thought. And whereas most of us do not separate thinking from reverie unless we have some practical piece of work to do, with Geddes the early morning hours are kept inviolate for thinking alone, and if he has no fresh task to perform he still goes through the ritual of thinking, as a musician will go through his finger exercises, or run over a piece for the five-thousandth time for the sake of an additional depth of perfection.

Professor Geddes perfected for his own use a method of dealing with complex data which is comparable to the invention of the logarithm table in trigonometry, and when applied to social life, for example, it produces a degree of symmetry and order in the haphazard jumble of facts comparable to that produced in chemistry by Mendeleeff's table. The perfecting of this intellectual apparatus or "thinking-machine" and the mapping of the world and life and time have been the great intellectual adventures of Geddes's life. They have been responsible, too, perhaps, for the slowness in which he has come into his own; for he did not merely create new ideas, he was forced to create a new framework which would embrace the existing ideas and hold a place for fresh ones. In other words, he not merely focused attention on new objects: he hit the new objects by using a new kind of glass. The Struldbrugs of thought regard the discovery of new ideas as a serious offence; but when one compounds the offence by adding new categories they become merciless. It is no little wonder that Geddes has survived; and no wonder at all that he has not the popularity of a Wells or a Robinson.

Now, if we are to have fresh thinking, if we are to create democratic art, a polity, a culture comparable

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to those that have existed in the past, we must find a new habitat for our thought. Geddes, as a biologist, looks upon thought, with John Dewey, as a response to an environment, and does not expect new wine to ferment in old bottles without breaking them. So it follows that Geddes not only emphasizes the necessity for a new kind of university, but has taken the pains to create it. Whereas the ordinary university attempts to meet the conditions of modern life by introducing courses on business or engineering or what not, Geddes conceived of a university militant which, instead of passively following the currents of the outside world, will stand above them and react upon them. The name of this new university, or this new adjunct to the old universities, is the Outlook Tower.

The Outlook Tower is both a real building and an idea. It stands on Castlehill, at the head of High Street in Edinburgh, watching over that historic mile between the Castle and Holyrood, where the events of Scotch history are sealed in a hundred buried stones and living edifices. Once used by an Edinburgh optician as a museum of astronomical instruments and scientific toys, this romantic building, with its castellated roofs and turrets, passed into Professor Geddes' hands in 1892; and thereafter it was more than a physical structure, it was a sociological laboratory, it was a meeting place for all those who had common interests in the community or in the intellectual life.

From the gallery at the top of the Tower one has a view of Edinburgh and the surrounding region, and by considering in turn all the elements of the view—the sun, the clouds, the distant hills and their vegetation, and the nearer works of man—one tends to drop the habit of thinking in terms of bare abstractions, and one sees the variety and unity of the world from which the sciences, the arts, the organizations, the movements, take their departure. With this initial

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view, one goes down from the prospect to the floor devoted to Edinburgh, next to that devoted to Scotland, and then to the English speaking countries, and finally to the planet as a whole. One leaves the building with a new orientation: and if Professor Geddes has been at one's elbow, as interpreter, one has perhaps for the first time got one's bearings in the world of "reality" and the world of thought.

For the twenty years between 1892 and 1912 Professor Geddes was able to infuse himself in all the activities of the tower. In the nineties it served as the centre of an artistic and literary revival in Edinburgh and Glasgow, which was dimmed only by the profounder Irish revival of O'Grady, A. E. and Yeats; out of the collections of the Tower grew Geddes' famous Cities Exhibition; and out of the Tower went forth a stream of disciples, colleagues and visitors who had caught some glimpse of the new vision of a life abundant, that had taken fire here. The Tower and Patrick Geddes: it is almost impossible to distinguish them. And as the Tower embodies a new outlook, a new method, a fresh mode of life, wherever that vision is seen and that mode followed, some new avatar of the Tower must arise. "Why not," as Professor Geddes would quickly urge, "in America?"





# INTRODUCTION

## THE APOSTLE OF EUTOPIA

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL

### I

My claim to write a preface to this book does not rest on any special knowledge of the thought and activities of the great citizen to whose life-work it is devoted. For although a quarter of a century ago, in my causerie *Without Prejudice* (which will be found reprinted in the appendix), I gave a lightning sketch of him, not devoid, it would now seem, of likeness, I fear that in the meantime I have neglected him as grossly as the bulk of his contemporaries have done, such ideas and achievements of his as have filtered into my consciousness being more the proofs of his success than of my attention. For while noisier prophets with a livelier "gift of the gab" have held the world's ear, Geddes has gone on practising as well as preaching, building rather than destroying, so that in the end he will perchance outstay them all.

"Nobody in London knows him," a noble lord observed to Miss Defries. "Is he not thus a failure?" The question whether London was a failure does not seem to have been raised. Yet Oscar Wilde never said a wiser thing than when he observed that he went to the first nights of his plays to see if the audience was a success. The artist or thinker does not, as the young men on our newspapers suppose, submit his work or thought to their examination, to be accorded marks. His purpose in publishing it is to enkindle

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the mind and soul of his generation. And that generation may be as sodden wood to the match. London has not, however, failed so hopelessly over Geddes as the noble lord imagined, for if it has not wholly succeeded, some part of its failure is due to the fact that a large part of his dynamic energy uses the channels of speech and action rather than of the printed word, and in his remoteness from London this personal force is attenuated to vanishing point ere it reaches the centre of conceit. In playing the Boswell to Geddes, as well as sketching his main doctrines, Miss Defries enables the full personality of the sage to impinge upon us, and she is to be congratulated upon the share her unpretentious work must have in diffusing some of the most seminal ideas of our generation, and in bringing a prophet to honour even in his own country.

These ideas have begun to propagate themselves over India and America, as well as at home and on the Continent, and disciples and fellow-workers have helped to translate them into institutions. There has been in England, as in other places, a notable movement to masques and pageants, to university settlements and regional museums, to town-plannings and open-air education ; and if Professor Geddes cannot be called the father of all who handle civics and reconstruction, he is, at any rate, the big brother, and it is in his architectonic personality that all these characteristic movements and impulses of our day are gathered up. In encouraging Miss Defries in her task, I did not suppose indeed that she possessed any more than myself the technical scientific knowledge necessary to a full exposition of Geddes, for the late Dundee Professor of Botany and the present Bombay Professor of Sociology and Civics specializes in omniscience, and aggravates his manysidedness of thought by all-embracing activity. But that so ardent a disciple would produce a vivid outline of the Master I

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felt confident. And to bring Geddes home to the man in the street is exactly what was wanted, for the whole idea of Geddes is to bring things home to the man in the street—especially one's own street. Indeed it is with one's own street that the Geddesian philosophy begins. Unlike Mr. Bertrand Russell, who sees truth loftily enthroned in Platonic universals, Professor Geddes is all for the concrete particular, starting geography with the street you stand in and history with the house you inhabit. It is highly significant that when Alasdair Geddes, that richly gifted youth who fell in the war, was playing the showman to his father's itinerant Cities Exhibition, an eminent European historian should have confessed that by this concrete method certain things in history had become clear to him for the first time.

The Geddesian method is seen at its clearest in that monumental report of his to the Durbar of Indore entitled *Town Planning Towards City Development*. I must confess that when Professor Geddes kindly sent me these two monstrous volumes, though I doubtless returned a courteous acknowledgment, I was more frightened than grateful. Did he really expect me to wade through this morass of technical matter? If ever there was an example of Lamb's *biblia abiblia*, it was surely these massive folios. The mere charts that opened out with such expansive enthusiasm and were so hard to repack within their original neat folds were calculated to repel the layman, and when to boot some of these cumbrous charts that fluttered like three sheets in the wind proved to be of drainage systems, my repugnance grew almost insurmountable. Yet in an era in which physical courage has shown itself so gloriously common, it seemed unseemly to shrink from any horror, and so I boldly plunged into the sewage-infested marsh. My feelings as I read can only be compared antithetically to those of the farmer who had purchased Ruskin's *Notes on*

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*the Construction of Sheepfolds*, and found himself entangled in a proposal for the federation of Protestants. I had not got ten lines before I was deep in a fascinating study of the evolution of cities from a ford or a fort, a bridge or a palace, and before I had finished a page I had flitted through centuries of history, shuttled to and fro 'twixt Scotland and India, and was looking feverishly for an old Shani temple, whose very existence had been unknown to me two minutes before. Within the next few minutes I had watched Indore grow up as a religious centre, seen how the beauty of its river landscapes could be disengaged, traced the parallelism of its evolution with that of Westminster, learnt how every house, lane and turning may contribute to the deciphering of the historic record, and how military training must be readjusted to the conditions of modern warfare and the dietary of the poor improved to defeat the diseases of the alimentary canal.

Soon quite new perspectives opened up, and after traversing passages upon the reconciliation of science and faith, and upon idealism translated into civics, I found myself exploring the social and civic aspects of cotton, investigating why cotton has produced the Manchester School of Thought, why Belfast linen fosters higher cultural conditions than Dundee jute, and whether the silkworm might not regenerate Indore, and through that example all India, besides incidentally raising the status of Hindoo womanhood. As for the drainage question, this proved not the least absorbing section of the first volume, demonstrating as it did that the modern system of sanitation is a mere superstition if conceived as an absolute method applicable to all conditions. It is only when towns become so congested—the Professor rightly teaches—that there is not room for sun and air to do their natural thaumaturgic work, that it is necessary to aggregate filth into pipes.

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The second volume, though drainage is even more to the fore, and in the still more repulsive form of Estimates, is, if possible, yet richer in vital matter, and under the guise of a technical report on the proposed University of Central India we are conducted through elaborate analyses of Germanic and other university systems, expositions of Regionalism, discussions on Education, profoundly wise theses on Religion and Religious Differences, and the translation into modern terms of Pallas Athene. In short, these marvellous volumes constitute a complete Geddesian gospel, in which the financial and statistical details, while they would satisfy the veriest Dryasdust, are illumined by a noble idealism to which they in turn give substance. Hence, though in reading them one wishes again and again that this or that piece of eloquent exposition could be extracted for publication in a more popular form, the overwhelming effect of the whole is due to this almost unique combination of the practical with the religious. Oddly enough this last word does not occur in the admirably arranged index, but outside the Mosaic code—on which, of course, Geddes as a Scotsman was nurtured—I know no such transfusion of the practical by the spiritual, strange as it is to come upon it in this professional report of an architect. The truth is, Geddes is out not for town-planning but for world-planning, and his real theme is the rebuilding of our crumbling civilization.

My ancient article in the appendix of this book shows Geddes already in search of a new synthesis, and my sympathetic picture of him at that *fin de siècle* was probably due to our common perception of the need of it after the century's orgy of analysis, for soon after I find myself saying in *Dreamers of the Ghetto* :

“The time had come for a new religious expression, a new language for the old everlasting emotions, in terms of the modern cosmos; a religion that should contradict

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no fact and check no inquiry . . . . . The ever-living, darkly-labouring Hebraic spirit of love and righteous aspiration, the Holy Ghost that had inspired Judaism and moved equally in Mohammedanism and Protestantism, must now quicken and inform the new learning, which still lay dead and foreign outside humanity."

The conception here adumbrated is not the same as that of Geddes, who wavers between a neo-Hellenism and a neo-Hebraism, or rather attempts a synthesis of both, with an eclecticism that will not even be denied a touch of ancient Rome. But the demand for the vitalization of the dead matter accumulated by science, and for its assimilation by the social organism, is identical, while the refusal to allow Art and Science an absolute existence outside Social Conduct is purely Hebraic. It is by reason of his spiritual affinities with Hebraism—is not indeed the land of "The Cottar's Saturday Night" practically a modern Palestine?—that I advised the utilization of his architectonic genius in the reconstruction of the Holy City, and I am rejoiced to think that his unresting effort to "build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land" may now have for complement the congenial task of building it less metaphorically in its own land. For it is unthinkable that the Zionists shall have a sort of American City-Plan foisted upon them by the British military authorities, a plan that takes scant account of the special conditions of an oriental city, and of such a city!

## II

Two separate causes have contributed to our contemporary chaos. The first is the breakdown of the old feudal order and the rise of an industrial anarchy, both aspects of the same phenomenon and due to the growth of towns and the facility of movement and

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communication under steam and electricity. Outside a few villages where a fading patriarchalism lingers, or a few enlightened enterprises where the more human relation of the future is already embryonic, there is nothing but the cash nexus to link the classes. Even where religion survives, it brings no real fraternity. The sole gain of the modern world was—before the war—a measure of mobility and liberty. But under the development generalized by Sir Henry Maine as “from status to contract,” liberty, even if it does not degenerate into license, does not easily evolve into harmony.

• The second factor in our existing confusion is the collapse of the historic conceptions upon which all the religions of Europe were established. The astronomer’s enlargement of the horizon of space co-operated with the transformed perspective of geological time and with the doctrines of Darwin to displace the Book of Genesis as an interpreter of the universe and its story; and, to the modern conception of the world-order, miracles—whether of Moses, Jesus or Mohammed—became as incredible as broom-sticked witches had already come to be. Excavations into the human past made Homer and the Bible the literature of periods so late as to be almost modern.

These subsidences of our social and theological foundations need not have been simultaneous, for they were not necessarily inter-related. Steam and machinery might have had merely the effect of multiplying Bibles cheaply, but they coincided also with the growth of theoretical science; so that the Western world found its theological ideas undermined at the very instant that its social roots were being loosened.

The Great War has given the last shake to the crumbling pillars of the old Society, and, like a blind Samson, may yet bring down the whole structure. Those who preached “the knock-out blow” forgot not only the parlous state of our foundations, but



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that in the delicate inter-linking of the modern world, the blow you give your enemy sends its jarring vibrations round the globe and back again through your own quivering body. The war has also taught us that these innumerable mechanical inventions externally super-added to man's sinews and nerves have not been accompanied by any development of his moral nature, but that his heart—his cruel, callous heart—is still in its Stone Age. At least it is incapable of imaginative sympathy, once it beats for war.

At such a moment of bankruptcy, social and spiritual, no less than financial, when over large areas of the planet human life has lost its sanctity, and the world is full of rogues and reactionaries fishing in troubled waters, when Vanity Fair is more than ever strepitous with charlatans and quacks, when misguided sentimentalists administer opiates, and churches blandly pursue the old method of sitting tight, a sane Messiah, with a scientific gospel of Reconstruction, is surely what the Germans call—with an optimism implying that the need brings the remedy—an historic necessity.

### III

Thomas Hardy, watching the farewells of soldiers on the way to the Boer War somewhat disconcerted himself with the reflection that even before all this heart-break the world had not figured to his Muse as a vale of roses. Even before the blackness of Armageddon, the new Science had reduced thinking Victorians to despair, or the dimness of half-belief, and *In Memoriam* must ever remain the swan song of the orthodox era. Tennyson was actually driven to contemplate suicide.

## INTRODUCTION

“Not only cunning casts in clay:  
Let Science prove we are, and then  
What matters Science unto men,  
At least to me? I would not stay.”

The threat is redeemed only by the Gilbertian paradox of the motive. So sure is the poet that determinism is not true and that we are more than “brain” or “magnetic mockeries” that he is determined, if determinism is irrefutably demonstrated, to prove his liberty by destroying himself, free will included. Browning managed to flaunt an obscurantist optimism, but only Swinburne, misconceived as the shallow singer of an empty song, breasted and surmounted the full wave of modern thought, emerging from its dark abysses with a ringing gospel of the glory of Man. No less indomitable, Geddes faces life as it is, though he, too, has lost all but faith in it. He, too, taking the buffets of thought, has battled his way through the trough of negation to *terra firma*, and is engaged in throwing lifebuoys and building lighthouses for others. He has that “brave belief in life” which Ruskin commended; Ruskin who, whatever his personal faith, was almost alone in his generation to see that the popular doctrine of an inevitable immortality may lead to laxness and waste of life rather than to rigour and economy. And though he lacks Ruskin’s noble eloquence and *sæva indignatio*, just as Ruskin lacked his capacity for scientific research and practical architecture, yet there is in both men that rare union of letters and action, that same contempt for the conventional political economy and social ethics, the same initiation of sociological activities, the same promotion of housing schemes, museums and local industries. Both writers, too, labour to bring home the vital significance of the Greek myths, to reanimate Dionysos and Athene, though Geddes, having been borne farther afield, brings the Hindoo mythology, too, within the scope of his reinterpretation.

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It is with the remark that Natural Selection functions as the third Fate, not the first, as Siva, not Brahma, that he concludes the profound little book on *Evolution* in which he co-operated with Professor Arthur Thomson. His meaning is that Natural Selection though a *vera causa* is no longer to be regarded as the sole factor of evolution. It is a pruning knife, not a positive determinant. Incompetent as I am to handle this question, I am bound to say I find the Geddesian view of evolution as proceeding through definite dichotomies more convincing than the Darwinian, with its fantastic notion that "sports" have sufficed to provide all the variations from fishes to philosophers. I never could see how the accidental variation of a single specimen could be diffusive and decisive enough to beget a new species. But with the life-force continually putting forth new variations according to its inner nature—and to go behind its essential exuberance may prove impossible—it is intelligible that many should be destroyed by the environment. On the other hand, I feel that optimism, too, may be overdone, and that the Geddesian attempt to rehabilitate "Nature red in tooth and claw," though it provides Miss Defries with a motto, is as exaggerated as Tennyson's despair. Kropotkin's insistence on the co-operation as well as the struggle in Nature is too slender a foundation for the claim, almost worthy of the Christian variety of scientist, that for "pure natural history" "Love" may now be accounted "Creation's final law." It is pleasant, however, in days when every illiterate lady novelist presumes to scoff at Herbert Spencer (apparently because he plugged his ears to shut out the banalities of ordinary conversation, which are not as easily escapable as novels) to find the latest biologist acknowledging the profound obligations of his science to that great and heroic personality whose dynamic conceptions revitalized every branch of speculation.

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### IV

How the reputation of Geddes himself as a scientist stands among his scientific brethren I do not know, but the orthodoxy of science being no whit less narrow than that of religion, I should be surprised if his versatility and the compass of his activities did not expose him to the suspicion of shallowness, and even of crankiness. This is a period of pigeon-holes, and a Professor of Botany must only "peep and botanize," though it be "on his mother's grave." It is assumed in our academies that to know a subject properly a man can know only that subject. The reverse is true. A man who knows only one subject does not even know that.

It is interesting to read in Mr. J. A. Hobson's study of Ruskin what a rough shaking to the academic proprieties was given by the Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford through the encroachment of his lectures on the spheres of his fellow-professors. Yet, as Mr. Hobson observes: "The shock was particularly needed, for one of the chief intellectual dangers of the age is a too precise specialism, which, by sharply marking out into carefully determined provinces the domain of learning, runs a constant risk of losing the wide standard of humanity, and cultivating triviality under the false name of thoroughness."

Unavoidable as may be the specialization of science, through the cumbrous multiplication of departmental data, it leads to a mentality as unbalanced as that of an ear-specialist compared with that of a general practitioner. Here indeed is the true crankiness. Wordsworth's reminder of the danger of scientific specialization is more necessary than ever. For upon whatever "our dark foundations rest," it cannot be truly scientific

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“ That we should pore and dwindle as we pore,  
Viewing all objects unremittingly  
In disconnection dead and spiritless.”

Nor can it be true wisdom to imagine

“ That this magnificent effect of power,  
The earth we tread, the sky which we behold  
By day, and all the pomp which night reveals,  
That these—and that superior mystery  
Our vital frame, so fearfully devised,  
And the dread soul within it—should exist  
Only to be examined, ponder'd, search'd,  
Probed, vex'd, and criticised.”

So far from Geddes being a crank, he is perhaps the sanest man living, his only departure from perfect balance being his inability to suffer cranks gladly, or to appreciate their rôle in social evolution. It is he himself who offers us the explanation of the Crank as the antithesis to the Fossil, and as a type no less at fault than that crusted conservative in his understanding of the present or the past; apt to see in existing phenomena nothing but obstacles to his dream, to be criticized or battered away. The psychology of revolution and unrest—and of that of its would-be repression—is in essence the outcome of the same utopian glorification, by revolutionaries of the future, by reactionaries of the past.

The true perspective belongs naturally to the builder of the Outlook Tower, for whom neither Time nor Space can be insulated, as it belongs equally to the scientist to whom nothing human is alien. For, unlike the average man of science, Geddes understands that the unsuppressed aspirations of man's spirit are as much a part of the natural order, or as legitimate a section of psychology, as the suppressed desires in over-interpreting which Freud spoils an excellent case. And yet there is something after all of disproportion in Geddes—he plays with “graphs” as delightedly as

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a child with dolls. It is true they often vividly illustrate his thoughts; but though they make admirable summaries and mnemonics, they seem to me merely a pictorial shorthand, and far from the scientific exactitude with which he would fain invest them, having more affinity with the ideographs of primitive language than with the symbolic processes of logic or of mathematics. And even the symbols of logic or mathematics express comparatively simple concepts, not the rich vagueness of the sociological vocabulary. Yet if the fond inventor finds his graph arranging itself in a geometric pattern, he gloats over its profound significance as though he himself had not arbitrarily determined its lines and curves. It is the one touch of Celtic mysticism in his unflinching rationalism, unless you elect to perceive the friend and confidant of "Fiona Macleod" in the romantic interpreter of the loves of the lilies. This is not to deny the profundity of his *Notation of Life*: the depth and insight of the analysis whereby dreams and deeds are shown mutually generating one another and the inner and outer worlds interfusing, separating and reuniting in an ever-evolving psychical complexity.

## V

One of Geddes' distinguished disciples, Mr. Victor Branford, sometime Hon. Secretary of the Sociological Society, has drawn my attention to a remarkable utterance on Capital and Labour made by the Master in the last generation. "More than thirty years ago (1886)," he writes, "a course of addresses by representative public men on *The Claims of Labour* was organized in Edinburgh. Selected to deliver one of these public lectures, Professor Geddes made his contribution under the title *On the Conditions of*

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*Progress of the Capitalist and the Labourer.* In method and outlook it is a representative sample of Geddes' writings, chosen almost at random from an immense mass of fugitive pieces. These, if collected, would compose into a series of volumes treating all the main aspects of life, mind, morals and society. From an objective standpoint, salient facts are selected, observed, interpreted. Generalizations are deduced and principles of action suggested. Predictions of hope or warning are often uttered. These qualities are typically exemplified in this particular essay. And the reader will discern in the events of to-day a startling verification of diagnosis and forecast made over a generation ago. Indeed, with little more than verbal alteration, the essay might be read as a contemporary document, and, moreover, one full of illumination for leaders in politics and industry who are striving to guide us through present troubles to a state of society "at once more creative and more orderly."

Mr. Branford has allowed me to see his copy of this lecture, apparently the only copy in existence, and it assuredly deserves multiplication more than many more vaunted documents of the last century. Opening with a picture of the anarchy in the world of thought, which was but a faithful reflection of the chaos which prevailed in the world of action, Geddes says: "Everywhere individualistic anarchy the most utter is neutralized only by Socialism the most cramped. In the world of practice each school of reformers seeks to act at once, without further deliberation; while those excluded from power threaten force, if they do not even use violence." The scientist must, however, he points out, look at labourer and capitalist "in a quiet natural history sort of way," with the result that he finds the description of these species in books or orations as unreal as "the stock Irishman or the wicked uncle of the play."

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With more humour than he usually allows himself, Geddes pictures the capitalist as painted by the orthodox economists :

“ like the popes and kings of old, invested with attributes and perfections little short of those of deity. His enlightened self-interest moves the world, and without him no industry is possible. Possessing all wealth, which he is perfectly entitled to consume himself, he yet graciously makes a covenant or free contract, originally commencing in infancy, with the otherwise starving and helpless labourer for his working hours, ‘ advancing ’ to the labourer (at the end of each fortnight’s work) his ‘ wages ’—wages being defined as ‘ what will just maintain the labourer ’—of course retaining the entire product of industry as his legitimate share, or ‘ natural remuneration ’, as it sounds more dignified to call it. For must he not be rewarded for his generous abstinence from consuming his whole wealth in a moment ; compensated for his enormous risk of loss in astutely finding the best investment for it ; rewarded for his unparalleled labours of superintendence, performed, of course, as much as possible by deputy ? That under these circumstances this benignant autocrat should be entitled to absolute obedience, enforced by one penalty, that of instant dismissal, with its stern consequences, for all offences alike, was also only ‘ natural ’ again.”

The labourer, however, was recalcitrant. Unable to refute the political economist, he “ simply grumbled at political economy altogether, and said (as he might have done to a pugilist), if that was science he did not want any more.”

The economist had one argument with which he largely reconciled the labourer to his lot, namely : “ That many capitalists had been workmen themselves ; and that it was therefore possible for any labourers whatever (and therefore presumably for all labourers), if only sufficiently able, abstemious, thrifty, lucky and long-lived, to become capitalists, of course with plenty of labourers too.”

Professor Geddes then directs his humour upon Labour.



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“ But if now we turn to some of the more recent writings on economic subjects, we find a startling and complete contrast. In very many respects new Socialism is only the old orthodox economics turned inside out ; the old metaphysics, the hypothetical science, the one-sided politics, are there as much as ever. The propertied classes, however, are this time the wicked. The capitalist is merely a ‘ vampire ’, battenning upon wealth which he does not help to create. He toils not, neither does he spin ; even labour of superintendence—nay, too, those scarcest of human qualities, power of foresight and organisation—now counting for little or nothing. The labourers are the blameless and long-suffering elect ; a glorious future of wealth and leisure—and that for an unlimited population, mark you—is, however, to be obtained at once by simply altering the present distribution of land and capital, of rent and profits. It is exactly the old story over again. You can all be capitalists. Out of a limited supply of wealth you can get an unlimited supply of well-being—in imagination, of course.

“ Leaving now the stage labourers and stage capitalists of the two great rival theatres to confront each other, what do we find in real life ? Truly, all sorts and conditions of men, a host of irreconcilably different types and varieties of labourers and capitalists, struggling for existence among each other. Some of each there are—let us frankly admit it at the outset—who deserve all that their severest critics say of them ”

But other types, even of employers, are honourable and zealous. There are capitalists who sacrifice themselves to keep their hands employed through hard seasons. So far from being “ vampires,” many capitalists have made attempts to throw light on the labour question. Professor Geddes recalls a shipyard in Dumbarton, which drew up its rules in collaboration with its hands, and where the workmen themselves proposed a reduction of their wages in a dull period. And the labourers vary even as the capitalists.

“ Perfect craftsmen, ideal citizens, natural gentlemen, are not far to seek ; we have all known such men again and again ; yet, alas, how often the opposite ? It is not

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for the labourer, any more than for the capitalist, to cast the first stone.

“No, we really sometimes hear too much humbug about the labourer nowadays. Let us, instead of now flattering him as a political genius, or again weeping over him as a persecuted martyr (he certainly can't be both at once), try to recognise the facts.”

And these facts are that “in every age of the world,” and on the whole, “master and man, mistress and maid, have each been just about as good as the other deserved.”

And Geddes comes to this not unprophetic conclusion :

“Admitting that the modern capitalist is largely a hard man, and still more a thoughtless one, most of all perhaps an ignorant one—that he thinks much of the rights of wealth, and little of its duties—would it not be even worse if we replaced such capitalists by labourers, chosen by lot or suffrage, or as you will, to-morrow? It would be very easy to promise great things of such new masters, very pleasant to hope that they who had known poverty and suffering would be surest to do most for their fellow-men, but I am sorry I cannot believe it ; it is not human nature.”

He gives the example that at the Industrial Remuneration Conference of a few years before, “It was a melancholy fact that there was no graver charge of systematic oppression of any class of labourers than that alleged against the highly paid and successful ship-platers with respect to the labourers who assist them”—such platers, in fact, being simply capitalists in embryo.

But that the modern capitalist would ultimately no more escape civilizing than the ancient baron in his castle on the crag, Geddes had no doubt. Not that this could come about by merely taking away the capitalist's share of the fruits of labour, and subdividing it among the workmen. In a remarkable passage he wrote—and it is notable that almost

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synchronously Max Nordau was saying the same thing in *Die Krankheit des Jahrhunderts* :

“ We, in fact, have got back very much to a delusion from which political economy seemed to have worked itself clear a century ago—that any addition to one man’s gain must be a deduction from another’s. Many believe that if the capitalist’s share could only be lessened, the labourer’s share would be almost indefinitely increased ; yet if we add up the total product of industry and divide it by the number of the population, the result is by no means astonishingly great, in fact it is most astonishingly small. The vast income of a great brewer or city landowner dazzles us, but it would only make a small addition to the wages of his workmen and tenants were it all divided to-morrow. I should like enthusiastic reformers of distribution to work out a few sums of this kind (at best they seldom work more than one, and then publish the result without getting a critic or even an accountant to check it.) They would find the number of extra shillings to be added to wages, even assuming none to be lost in the redistribution, would be surprisingly small. I might also insist on the very simple fact, yet one constantly overlooked, that the greater the capitalist and the more striking his fortune to the imagination, the less he has really cost the community ; for, unless he owns his fortune to a monopoly or a swindle, as not infrequently happens, he has made it by accepting lower profits than the twenty small capitalists he has displaced were accustomed to obtain, and so represents a real relative economy to both labourer and consumer. He is always better than the past, though, I trust, worse than the future.”

These considerations will irritate the friends of Labour, but they cannot be too much insisted on. The fact that really rich persons are so few is what, paradoxically enough, saves the situation from being monstrous ; since their wealth, equally divided among the overwhelming majority, would yield such a little gain per head ; and it is not true that this wealth, though grossly abused, fails entirely to fulfil communal functions. Geddes goes on to discuss the conditions

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of progress, rightly ranging himself with Ruskin against the idea that railroads, steamboats and telegraphs constitute it, but attempting to found his case upon biology, and maintaining with John Stuart Mill that "average well-being can only be raised by largely raising the standard of comfort; that without this the population merely increases up to the old level, and no gain, save of greater numbers in equal poverty, can take place." If Mill and Geddes are right, and the keeping down of population in the interests of a higher type be the true panacea for our social discontents, then we come smack against the tragic problem that the more prolific populations might attack, or at least economically invade, the less prolific. Which only shows once more the solidarity of humanity and the impossibility of solving its problems piecemeal. The standard of comfort must be equally raised for all peoples. Hence perhaps the Labour Charter drawn up by the Peace Conference may prove its greatest achievement.

Geddes goes some way with the Malthusians and Darwinians in the contention that the increase of population tends to outrun that of subsistence; but connecting it with the important Spencerian generalization that the rate of the multiplication of species varies inversely as their individuation, he draws the deduction that the root of our social disease lies in reproduction outrunning individuation—individuation with its higher efficiency and standards. "The mere growth of our cities has outrun their real development, our progress is as yet only quantity, not quality." And he sums up his doctrine with a conclusion, whose truth seems to me independent of his scientific premises.

"Happily the remedy, if gradual and costly, is sure and simple enough. It lies in getting above this sordid conception of progress as in quantity of wealth and number of population; the true progress of

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population lies in definitely subordinating the popular and so-called 'practical' conception of progress to the evolutionary one. For the evolutionist is the only true utilitarian, and the old utilitarian has much to answer for, since in recognising only the fundamental needs of the belly, but ignoring the supreme needs of the brain, he has imperilled the very existence of both. Remedial treatment then demands a raising of the whole character and aims of our civilisation, yet this would only be the sum of that raised and ennobled standard of individual living, at which no one need think it utopian to aim. It is no small matter to speak of reorganising cities, of reforming industries, of transforming the ideal of progress from an individual Race for Wealth into a social Crusade of Culture. Yet though the vastness of the problem needs the largest aims and the most liberal sacrifice of life and wealth, the resources are at hand, nay, the process is fairly begun; art and education (both in the widest sense) are commencing to reassert their ancient leadership of civilised industry. Only thus can we ever hope to realise the aim of practical economics, which is not illusory progress visible only in census returns and bank ledgers, but is the progressive development of the highest human and social life—not the Increase of Wealth, but the Ascent of Man."

With the translation of these ideals into real schemes, Geddes has been since much occupied. He has tried to get people to put their money into the kind of investment which really pays. "Invest your money," he says "in your own town, among the people who made it for you, and in permanent realities. Not in more smoke and nuisance, more percussion and corrosion, not in more factories, and more back streets full of workers in them—we have plenty of these, too—but in nobler dwellings, in giving the higher industries their long-delayed turn, and so producing a larger individual return for labour than is to be got by our too exclusive tending of machines."

These schemes might be difficult to conceive in theory, and to execute in practice, but, as he truly winds up his prophetic lecture: "Both ideals, and the practical steps to them, will not fail to become

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distinct in proportion as we all think somewhat more of duties and somewhat less of rights ; as we plan and consider, not so much how to take a little more out of this poor commonwealth, as how to put a little more in."

### VI

But if Geddes' habit of looking before and after prevents him from ranging himself whole-heartedly with the Socialists or the Bolshevists (who, to his thinking, mistake money for real wages or real Goods), or with the Sinn Feiners (equally arraigned as confusing shadow with substance), he possibly fails to allow for the driving force of delusive ideals, in winning for the world such elements of truth as Socialism or Sinn Feinism may contain. It is to Geddes we owe the word Eutopia with its witty retort upon those who would dismiss as impossible any world worth living in. But something of the Utopia must mix with every Eutopia, if it is to inspire to devotion and sacrifice ; the kinetic universe must mirror itself in a static perfection of which art alone is capable. Hence if the philosopher wishes to be a man of action, he must not discountenance too severely in his followers the illusions which he perceives as a thinker.

And action is in the Geddesian scheme a necessary part of the intellectual synthesis. One is even adjured to share the shepherd's vigil and the fishing-boats voyage. Wordsworth's warning not to break up knowledge is in fact supplemented by Mazzini's monition that to dissever thought and action is to "dismember God and deny the eternal unity of things." *Pensiero e Azione* is Geddes' motto no less than the Italian prophet's. Goethe's famous maxim, too, it will be remembered, adjures us to live in (not merely to ponder on) the Good, the Beautiful, and the

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Whole. And the greatest of these is—the Whole. It is not for the first time that I point out that all the puzzles, paradoxes and futilities of metaphysics may be due to the attempt to abstract one aspect of the mind—the intellectual—from the emotional and volitional aspects of its trinitarian activity. Mr. Bertrand Russell, not satisfied with presenting Truth divorced from Action, has even desiccated it into mathematical relations. Almost alone of his contemporaries, Professor Geddes has been pressing—with characteristic Hebraism—for the marriage of life and modern thought, and while several have offered us pure thought, Geddes has understood with Napoleon that nothing can be destroyed except by replacing it. As William Morris complained despondently, “opinion spreads, but organization does not spread with it.” Unless the new thought enroots itself in practical expression, everything tends to lapse back. “That objection has been answered,” an American was assured. “Yes, but it doesn’t stay answered,” he retorted. And in the same idiom, Truth will not “stay put”—unless it is put into action. Not into stereotype, mark you, for that brings the opposite danger of immobilization.

Geddes’ revolt against learning minus action is summarized by his demand for a new Encyclopædia. Comparatively futile to him are the monumental volumes where devitalized information moulders, without quickening our epoch as the eighteenth century was stimulated by the Encyclopædia of Diderot and d’Alembert.

But before anything can be replaced constructively, it must be studied, the secret of its persistence disengaged. In observing the existing systems of faith or life, the biologist but extends his method to ampler and more momentous phenomena than those of sex or crystals. Before all else the sociologist must be a psychologist, since all the systems and faiths which

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confront us cannot be anything but expressions of racial or national mentality. Hence if we are to destroy anything we feel to be false, it must be by filling up the empty emotional categories. If, for example, Wordsworth is right in saying :

“ We live by admiration, hope and love,”

then to destroy the objects of these without substituting better ones is to destroy the human soul. And to arrive at these emotional or moral categories, an analysis seems necessary as radical as that which Kant undertook for the intellectual categories. One such analysis underlies William James' famous suggestion of “ Substitutes for War,” arrived at—it is interesting to learn from Mr. Victor Branford's eloquent necrology of Alasdair Geddes—after a discussion with the father about the boy's upbringing. If the League of Nations wears a stillborn air, if Peace seems far from alive and War far from dead, the cause lies partly in our cowardly evasion of the root-motives of war or peace. Not till these are ruthlessly bared on the dissection-table, can humanity progress towards its pretended ideals. No disease can be cured if the diagnosis is wilfully false, or if the patient is secretly or subconsciously anxious to perpetuate the malady.

## VII

A coherent system of thought or a real analysis of its own mentality is, however, the last thing that humanity seeks or even tolerates. While I was penning these discursive remarks, I was invited by a club of Intellectuals to give an address. Upon anything, I was told—“ except, of course, Religion and Politics.” A trivial exception truly, none the less grotesque for being familiar. That was our stage censor's canon, I remember—“ No Religion or Poli-



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tics"—though sex, too, was tabu if taken as seriously as either. Life is conceived as practically complete without Religion or Politics, hence the dramatist who wishes to paint it, need not be at all inconvenienced by their prohibition, though a figure-painter who was forced to omit arms or noses would be in a strange plight. The truth is, of course, that not only are they the two topics absolutely indispensable to any debating society or any play, but that the attempt to keep them out destroys the proportions and therefore the validity of everything admitted. Not that it is possible to keep them out, for they are not mechanical parts of the universe of discourse, but chemically interspersed with everything except expositions of dead scientific fact. The moment the question of value comes in, politics and religion are implicitly present. But of course by religion is here meant *Weltanschauung*, and by politics the sociological action consequent on such envisagement of the universe.

I remember that when, at the Censorship Commission, I was under examination by Lord Newton, that noble lord was startled by my pointing out that not only had a political play—*An Englishman's Home*—been licensed, but that this political play was regarded as so sacrosanct that parodies of it were prohibited. But that was not "politics," Lord Newton protested, puzzled—it was a question of national defence which united men of all parties. The worthy peer had confused parliamentary debate with politics. But politics, as Professor Geddes (or etymology) could have taught him, is precisely what concerns the welfare of the city. Nor is religion limited to the wrangling of the sects. To exclude the dramatist or the artist from the remaking of religion would be to leave it to its emptiest and driest expounders. The Opera had its origin in the Mass, but there is no reason why a new Mass should not have its origin in the Opera. There is no more spiritual

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communion than that of a great audience surrendered to some noble form of beauty. But this breaking-up of thought into truth-tight compartments, this tacit assumption that contradictory things can both be true, so long as you do not believe them at the same time, this want of any organized system of knowledge and action, is the outstanding fact of our day.

The old theological system perishes apparently piecemeal, and the missing parts are replaced after a fashion, but by concepts grotesquely incongruous with what remains alive. There is for example the modern limitation of the family, a practice absolutely revolutionary and entirely inconsistent with the notion of children falling from heaven. Yet it prevails in circles still permeated with the belief in heaven's direct action in the matter. In its sense of causation in fact the general mind has progressed little beyond those savages who, travellers tell us, fail to connect their own actions with the propagation of the race, but regard children as erratic incidents of femininity. Similarly we imagine historic events to spring into being without any responsibility on our part, unless they happen to be peculiarly glorious, when we are ready to take the credit. So long as history thus appears to humanity as a series of "sports," the graver consequences of which may be averted by prayer, there can be no serious sociological thought. Until men are taught not to cast their burdens on Providence, and that the marriages of epileptics are not made in heaven, there can be no eugenics.

It is a good omen that a prince of the blood has studied civics at Cambridge, for the way may now be paved to that active correlation of city and university which is one of Geddes' most pregnant ideas. The university should, in this conception, be not "academic," but the live brain of the city, to which the city's problems would be referred. At present there

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is no way of deciding questions except by party prejudice, and when this is allied to ignorance, the consequences may be appalling. An instance has arisen during the recent war, for the current failure to distinguish between biological and sociological inheritance has led to the idea that mere birth is sufficient to stamp a man incurably with all the qualities exhibited by his race in its own country. A German, for example, immigrated into England at an early age, is supposed to have all the perfervid patriotism inducing him to risk even his life to serve his remote country. In truth, he might have acquired the very opposite characteristic, that of hate for the Fatherland. Mr. Benjamin Kidd in his *Science of Power* has rightly pointed out that the wild duck, immemorally hunted of man, has no fear of him if brought up by a foster-parent friendly to him. Yet the law of naturalization has been altered hastily to fit the false science of anti-alien agitators. Had the question been referred to professors of sociology, the comparative insignificance of the hereditary compared with the social factor in psychology would have been taught. That is, of course, on the assumption that the university will not prostitute its standards and ideas to those of the howling herd. But the behaviour of our professors under the contagion of the mob mind, their graceless denunciation of the German culture which had nourished them, does not altogether encourage the hope that the university will be less time-serving than the Church. Indeed the Church halts at making bishops of successful generals, though the university has always made them doctors of literature.

### VIII

This is not the only misgiving with which I contemplate Eutopias constituted by civics and peopled

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under eugenics ; and even a perfunctory survey like this should not wholly overlook the other side of the medal. Regionalism itself has its dangerous side. For though civics, like charity, begins at home, and a man's first and clearest duty lies at his doorstep, yet the radiations received from without are not less important. Not that the Geddesians—whose Outlook Tower strives to set the Region in its larger environment, and anticipates Mr. Wells' insistence on the necessity of imparting to the student the perspective of history—fail to recognize the value of travel and intercommunion of cultures. On the contrary, Mr. Branford almost achieves the sophistic in his interpretation of mediæval pilgrimages as culture-quests. But to start from your Region may mean in practice to end with it. That is, unless a Geddes can be provided to safeguard its interrelations, and then it risks losing its essential content.

It is not really where you are but what you are that determines the character of Regionalism, and the average inhabitant has been talking Regionalism all his life without knowing it. His unconsciousness is what gives Regionalism its intensity: under self-consciousness it tends to become insincere. There is a general tendency to overlook the deflection and refraction of values in the mirror of consciousness. But even if we could cultivate Regionalism in its autochthonous simplicity, we should fall into the peril of provincialism.

It was Carlyle who inculcated the virtue of staying at home as opposed to the "windy sentimentalisms" of the eighteenth century "with its mania of saving worlds." Nevertheless the world still needs saving, and the attempt to save it may plunge us too far back into narrowness, while its reconstruction under ancient mediæval forms may lead to museum mummeries. The spirit out of which these forms hardened was changed and cannot easily be renewed. Were

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there nowadays a conception of life as pervasive as Catholicism in the Middle Ages, as common to high and low, to thinker and tailor, then the Theatre, University and Church would speak one and the same language, and forms, dramas, institutions and buildings would arise of themselves. But we live in a period of transition, and, cumbered as we are by brainless crowds, it is a question how far the pace can be forced by a freely-thinking minority.

Moreover it may be that the human evolution is from the regional or religious group to nonconformity and individual liberty, and that even chaos is not too large a price to pay for the growth of autonomous personalities. One must never forget the old Church claim : *Nulla salus extra ecclesiam*. Reconstruction may be re-constriction. The group domination, the persecutions inherent in religions, are grave drawbacks to the communal life, and when freedom is bartered away, one asks, as Hafiz asked of the rose-seller, what can be got in return half so precious? Ruskin instituted an unhappy comparison between Luini, the orderly civic painter, and Leonardo, the untamed artist and thinker, pretending that the results of conformity were far finer. But few will agree with him. The Greek city whose glories are sung to us, and whose problems (not, as Mr. Branford reminds us, the problems of the State) made the *Politics* of Aristotle, was, like all the ancient Aryan cities, studied by Fustel de Coulanges, a circle of closed concepts. The social heritage of language and religion, customs and institutions, was swathed round a racial identity that has become impossible in our interfused world. Moreover, the noble civic conceptions of Plato and Aristotle did not exclude slavery nor a patrician contempt for labour and industry. The martyrdom of Socrates is a useful reminder that intolerance is the price of unity.

In the Middle Ages we had the same phenomenon of

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constrictive homogeneity. But the world which Dante painted under the illusion that he was painting the after-world is one which we have—for good or evil—outgrown, if not outlived. The admirable city surveys of the Geddesian school reveal an overwhelming complexity and diversity of life which only some force as crude and intense as war-fever can weld to even a temporary cohesiveness. Massive and uplifting as is such a general emotional consensus, it is the spirit of a hive rather than of man. *The Man versus the State* was a phrase that would not have been understood in old Greece, Professor Butcher tells us. But it may be that just this evolution of individuality, this production of souls rather than sheep, is the real planetary adventure. The Geddesians avoid some of the dangers of the “Leviathan” State by their insistence on its separation from the Church, so that moral power may have its own autonomy. But it is questionable if two rival powers can subsist together, and with a Church devoid of the mediæval thunders that paralyzed princes and dragged emperors to Canossa, it is the State which would at the supreme crisis swallow up the Church. We have, in fact, just seen this happen.

How to find forms of social and spiritual co-operation which will afford the advantages of communal life without destroying individual initiative and individual liberty—here is the problem which insistently confronts us. Possibly a profounder acquaintance with Geddes would have yielded the solution.

## IX

Analogous issues are raised by other aspects of the Geddesian Renaissance. Can drama, for instance, any more than civic life, revert artificially to forms it has sloughed? Can we revive mystery plays or

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masques, any more than village sports, rituals or dances, which are no longer the outcome of a happy naïveté? To ask the question is not to answer it in the negative: indeed, to stimulate thought as everything else is the function of the Geddesian Renaissance, and I learnt from the peace celebration of my own village how much passion and talent for symbolism and pageantry may be evoked by a really great occasion. But such powerful impulses are not to be had every day, and I remember remarking about the boom in "Celtic Renaissance" a quarter of a century ago that the Spring is not made by tying buds on trees.

Professor Geddes in his sympathetic universalism expounds the ideas and social values of Indian temples and their ritual. This is true humanism, and very admirable is his definition of a temple as "the power-house of a folk and its faith." Even when he refuses to criticize the architecture and sculpture of the Indian temples from the Western standpoint, he is well within his rights. But when he refuses to admit any absolute critical standard of art or ethics, as though one could look at Phidias or a bone-scratching cave-man with the same imperturbable eye, he unconsciously demonstrates the limitations of the biologic method, with its impotence to construct or apply any criterion of quality. And when, with a similar scientific sangfroid, he goes on to defend the notorious Car of Juggernaut for its civic value as a road-preserver, he is flying into the opposite error to that of the Christian missionary, or the recent *Child's Guide to Knowledge*, which imparts as a first aid to acquaintance with the Hindoos that they are "idolaters." It is true that we in Europe have not advanced ethically beyond this sinister Car, and that we are still precipitating ourselves in our thousands under its wheels. It is true furthermore that there is no superstition, however monstrous, but may have

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valuable ethical by-products, as war used to have its chivalry and has still its camaraderie. But not content with interpreting the sociological values of Juggernaut in the past, the Professor preaches the continuance of the Car ceremonial to-day, minus, of course, the self-immolation, and is not indisposed even to defend the Hanuman worship as an obscure recognition of our evolution from simian stock. He omits to consider whether without the self-immolation the Car ceremonial brings the old thrill to the partakers, or whether an intellectualization of the Monkey-God's cult would leave the Maratha countryman's soul as stirred by his favourite deity. Can you in short eviscerate an ancient ritual and still make it yield its old or even any potent physical effect? Is not the real need to create a new faith out of which new rituals as vivid as the ancient shall flower of themselves?

We are in fact overdone with Pragmatic interpretations and justifications of the past. I am reminded of some ancient lines of mine, printed in the same airy volume that holds my tribute to Geddes.

Cultured Baalite, loyal wife,  
Jezebel.

Martyr in a noble strife,  
Jezebel.

Protestant for light and sweetness  
'Gainst the narrow incompleteness  
Of Elijah and Elisha's view of life!

And with these philosophic whitewashings goes also an artistic reaction, a sophisticated return to the primitive. The barbarian's fumblings become the modern sculptor's inspirations. On the stage, too, though the war has perhaps quashed these trivialities, we were brought back with a great flourish of trumpets to crude and outgrown stages in the evolution of dramatic art, as when characters in Greek or pseudo-Greek plays made their entrance or exit through the



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audience. You became part of the play, you were told. In reality, you lost the essential value which Schopenhauer assigned to art, the escape from the will-to-live. If the Geddesians in their reaction from the Paterites insist too much on the fusion of art and life, thought and action, they will end where Tolstoy ended, in excommunicating the spiritual pleasures of art and speculation. There is already a tendency to glorify the peasant and the man in the street and to make art safe for democracy. It is not true that art is merely the heightening of our everyday activity or of merely tribal significance. In escaping beyond the bounds of action, the human soul created for itself new worlds to range in—the sphere of music, for example. The truth is that man is greater than his actions, whether individual or communal. He breaks through his civic environment. We are citizens of no earthly city. That is not to say we should be content to be citizens of mean cities.

## CHAPTER I

### THE MASQUE OF LEARNING

MY telephone rang insistently one Spring afternoon in 1913 and a friend's voice, that of the daughter-in-law of Coventry Patmore, at the other end, said : " I have been asked to rope you in for the *Masque of Learning*." When I enquired what that was I heard faintly the name " Geddes " and " Crosby Hall," and that I was to attend a meeting at a certain time.

I had only just returned from a year in Italy where I had been among a little circle of artists whose views had opened out to me new fields of thought, and whose experiments were scarcely understood even by themselves. They seemed to have broken with the past. The Futurists had made their manifesto and one English artist had written a remarkable pamphlet, heralding the Dawn. The Dawn of what? Even the artists themselves could hardly explain what they expected. Bernard Shaw had been for many years scoffing at hypocrisy and tearing down our innumerable pretences : but he substituted no creative programme ; or, at best, the socialism of the Fabian Society. Many people dissatisfied with the social and artistic life of the day, and with its politics, religion, and education, did not feel completely drawn to Socialism as we knew it, nor to any other current form of religion. Some of these drifted into Christian Science or Theosophy ; others remained in Positivism or Agnosticism ; others did not let themselves think at all about anything that they could not either do, or see, or eat, immediately. Some gave up reading the news and turned to delving into the remote past :

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or into such depths as, for instance, the search for the origin of life ; while still others were content to make pictures or poetry from their own "subconscious" experiences—too often showing how trivial these experiences were.

Thus many of us fell back on Shaw, the Lucian of our era ; for to most of us he loomed as a landmark and a signpost in our world of art and letters. In Italy, however, the people I met seemed more under the influence of Nietzsche, the beauty of whose style disguised the lack there was in his philosophy. Everywhere ideas, indefinite but revolutionary, were stirring ; and especially were the established views of morality toppling off their early Victorian pedestals. The Eugenic Society's researches were widely misinterpreted ; and indeed ever since Darwin's theories had upset the conventional beliefs of the bourgeoisie and the aristocracy alike, there had been a muddle-headedness, not to say a fog, among educated people. Many there were who boldly announced that they were not immoral, but decidedly non-moral ; and confusion reigned supreme. Out of this chaos there arose a certain number of "Reformers," some devoting themselves to trying to alter the marriage-laws, and others doing battle for new laws in art and literature. "Free verse" was born considerably later than "Free love" ; but everywhere the ideals of Liberty were in danger of running to seed. License was mistaken for liberty.

The condition of London in that period is described in many of the novels of the day ; especially in *Subsoil*, by Charles Marriott, who diagnosed that a turning of the sod was in progress and that underneath the top soil there was more fruitful earth, from which would grow plants more vital.

Wells did not make plain the way ; even later *Mr. Britling* did not see that through : to many of us he seemed merely adding to the general irritation. Some

PLATE II



A Lion in the environment designed for him by Geddes and Mears at The Edinburgh Zoo.



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said we were living in a condition similar to that of Rome before its fall. At any rate, all these cliques and societies and "movements" could not satisfy some of us, and we felt dimly the working of other elements—the key to which was not in our hands, even though with Bergson's *Evolution Creatrice* we had seen some light.

If ever there were Dark Ages, we of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries were living in them! We were groping for a clearer vision, for a truer interpretation, and we felt that the time was ripe; we were hopeful; as if it only needed someone to touch the right electric button, when the world would be flooded with sunlight, which would lay bare the secret of happiness.

One English artist<sup>1</sup> wrote a prose poem, which, instead of ending with a new theory of life, broke off with these words:

"Behold! It is the Dawn!"

Everywhere there was a stirring, as of a giant about to waken from an age-long sleep; and many among the artists were feeling it in their very bones, though few could interpret what they felt.

As I walked, out of mere curiosity, along Cheyne Walk that chill afternoon, in answer to the telephone call, all these confusions were uppermost in my mind: yet I was feeling convinced that somewhere, living perhaps in poverty and isolation, there must be a leader who could show us the right way of life. We were smouldering with a spirit of revolt against the current criticism which praised second-rate talents and neglected or scoffed at first-class inspiration, real vision and real skill, and which preferred hypocrisy to truth—and "faked" living to real life. In seeking escape from the present muddle one instinctively

<sup>1</sup> Stephen Haweis, 1912.

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turned to the past. And I remembered that when Catholicism represented the thought and philosophy as well as the system in European life, the finer things of life had been developed and no skilled artist or artisan had been left unemployed.

Now, like those who fish in dark waters, one only occasionally brought to the surface anything important. One had been told of the disadvantages of the Middle Ages, of the Roman Empire, of the great Greek Period, and of the Jewish, Indian and Egyptian systems of living ; and yet none of these seemed as full of wrong thinking as our own. Some of us longed to be savages and throw over civilization. Only respectable and educated people could turn for enjoyment to these glories of the past ; and of these, few went further back than the Renaissance, though some there were who went with Pater and Wilde to the joys of the classic past.

When I arrived at Crosby Hall chaos met my eyes, and ears.

Several hundreds of young men and women stood about aimlessly in the big bare underground crypt ; and most of them shook their heads and smiled when I tried to discover, from them, for what we were all gathered together.

In a far corner sat a little lady with grey hair and a pale, smiling face. She was dressed in grey and was tranquilly writing in a book ; at the same time apparently answering dozens of questioners without being flurried and without raising her gentle voice. If any order was to come out of the chaos here, it was coming from this lady. As I stood and watched the steadily increasing crowd I gradually made out the thin figure of a bearded man whose eyes were very bright and whose hair stood on end. He reminded me of those creatures whom Nature endows with protective colouring and who can only be seen after they have been pointed out, or, if caught sight of when

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noving ; for as soon as I had noticed him he was lost again, dressed as he was in a gray tweed which seemed at times to render him invisible !

Someone told me that he was the author of the *Masques of Learning* which had been performed successfully, by some five hundred masquers in Edinburgh, and that one of these was shortly to be given by ourselves at London University. We were to present the history of modern civilization, beginning with the Fall of Rome. It seemed a colossal work to undertake, and with so many amateurs ! Just then a call went round for organizers, and I volunteered ; so to me was given the responsibility for one out of the many scenes, and I lost touch with the production as a whole for the next few weeks.

Rehearsals proceeded in an unorganized way, which made some of us wonder whether there would ever be a performance at all. But in and out of the various groups of performers the thin, agile figure of the author might at times be seen moving about, like a shepherd's dog among sheep. Occasionally he came to my group and acted the part of each person, with complete absorption and with the dramatic force and finish of a fine professional actor, as indeed I at first took him to be. In these rare visits, he inspired us with an almost ferocious vigour ; and he gave us an insight into the different characters in the Masque, which went far beyond our ordinary ideas of history.

All the while the dear lady with the grey hair and pale face, and the tranquillity of a Quakeress, was hovering around the performers and weaving order out of chaos ; with invisible wires she pulled us together into a whole.

At a very serious moment in our rehearsals, when in real need of the author, who was also the director, to my surprise I discovered that he was away in Scotland, and that he was the planner and designer of the new Zoological Garden of Edinburgh. To



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undertake a production in London involving five hundred performers at the same moment as one undertook to design and carry out one's plans for so complex a thing as a Zoo seemed to us a little mad ! Yet one gathered that this Zoo, for example, was the most up-to-date in existence—smaller, but more perfect than even the much-praised Hamburg Zoo. And only the grey-haired lady, who passed so peacefully in and out of the tangles and upheavals of the production, had any idea of the innumerable other important schemes and organizations in which “ the Professor ” was the inspiring leading figure.

It gradually dawned upon us that there was method in the madness of the wizard who turned to touch us, each one, with his magic wand when necessary ; but who left us alone to plough through our difficulties and find out for ourselves, instead of drilling us in the ordinary way. Towards the end he was back again, quietly giving confidence here and touching up a performance there, now in a passion of earnestness and now smiling or talking softly and rapidly into his beard, until the Masque began to *live*.

We masquers were invited to a reception in the University Hall of Residence close by, which turned out to be another responsibility of the Professor's, he being its warden. I remember distinctly his lecture to us in Crosby Hall, for here, for the first time in my experience, was a man of learning to whom the present was more important than the past, and the future more important still. “ No dreams are worthy of the mighty Future,” my artist friend had written in 1912 ; but here it seemed as if an echoing spirit answered, for all this historic talk to us led us into “ the opening future.”

Thus, later, in the closing scene of the Masque, we passed the Torch of Civilization on from one to another, onwards from past ages and into the coming generation ; and there came to us some understanding,

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some realization, of the past—and the priceless-ness of modern culture ; some perception of our responsibility, to keep alight this divine fire which had been held aloft by heroes in the world's darkest hours and kept burning at the cost of life itself, and even upon the martyr's pyre. What indeed is the Divine Adventure if not the quest for Life and Truth ? Is this not, in fact, the quest of the Holy Grail ?

The *Masque of Learning* was a great success in London : it played to full houses, and had to be repeated for a second week. In America, too, pageants were being given, and this old form of presentment had largely been re-started in Scotland by Professor Geddes years before, though here, as so often, his initiative has been forgotten.

This vivid and living dramatization of the past made more impression upon our minds, both young and old, than the dull reading of school and college histories had ever done ; we felt it a method of ching by which the important events of many generations could be visualized and learnt without drudgery ; further study at home was carried on by all those whose minds were set working by the performance, and by its accompanying booklets of the *Masque*.<sup>1</sup>

Above all things the *Masque of Learning* differed from conventional teachings of history ; instead of so many facts about royalties, wars, politics and commerce, we were given the elements of real progress. Kings and politicians, generals and admirals, were subordinated to poets, inventors, discoverers, and students of nature. We saw Friar Bacon in his cell, we were present when Columbus pleaded for his voyage ; we feasted with Shakespeare at the "Mermaid Tavern," yet with the moderns also ; now with the philosophers, from Hume and Adam Smith to

<sup>1</sup> Lately reprinted in one volume, as *Dramatizations of History* (Sociological Publications, Ltd.).

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Hegel ; with the singers, from Burns to Beethoven ; and again with the men of discovery and invention, from James Watt to Lister. We saw the evolution of human thought, the sacrifices that had been made for truth ; and, as we watched the handing on of the torch, we felt what was expected of our generation in its turn : we must perform deeds of initiative equal to any in the past !

A few weeks after the production of the Masque we masquers received a dainty vellum-covered book, luminously interpreting the saints as poets who lived their poetry. It was entitled : *St Columba : a Study in Social Inheritance and Spiritual Development*, by Victor Branford, and was published by Patrick Geddes and Colleagues. So this wizard who wrote masques and produced them, and at the same moment was designing zoological gardens, was also a publisher ! It appeared that the Celtic Revival was one of the movements he had had a finger in fostering, and that he had first published the beautiful works of Fiona Macleod, whose studies in the spiritual history of the Gael have had so great an influence. Several years afterwards in Canada I came across Mrs. William Sharp's *Life of her husband*,<sup>1</sup> the secret of whose dual literary personality was so well kept during his lifetime. From her delightful book I extract the following :

“ In the Autumn of 1894 we had come in touch with Professor and Mrs. Patrick Geddes of Edinburgh ; and a friendship with far-reaching results for ‘ Fiona Macleod ’ arose between these two men. Both were idealists, keen students of life and Nature ; cosmopolitan in outlook and interest, they were also ardent Celts who believed in the necessity of preserving the finer subtle qualities and the spiritual heritage of their race against the encroaching predominance of the materialistic ideas and aims of the day. It was the desire and dream of such idealists and thinkers as Professor Geddes, and those

<sup>1</sup> *William Sharp, A Memoir*, by Elizabeth Sharp. (Heinemann).

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associated with him, to preserve and nurture what is of value and of spiritual beauty in the race, so that it should fuse into, work with, become part of, the great acquisition and marvellous discoveries of modern thought. To hold to the essential beauty and thought of the past while going forward eagerly to meet the new and ever-increasing knowledge, was the desire of both men. In their aims they were in sympathy with one another ; their manner of approach and methods of work were different. Patrick Geddes, a biologist, was concerned primarily with the practical and scientific expression of his ideals ; William Sharp . . . with expression through the art of words.

“ It was the dream of Professor Geddes to restore to Scotland something of its old pre-eminence in the world of thought, to recreate in Edinburgh an active centre, and so arrest the tremendous centralizing power of the metropolis of London ; to replace the stereotyped methods of education by a more vital synthetic form, and to encourage national art and literature. Towards the carrying out of these aims he had built a university hall and settlement for students, artists, etc.

“ Perhaps the most important of his schemes, certainly the most important from the scientific point of view, was the planning of the Outlook Tower, an educational museum on the Castle Rock, commanding a magnificent view of the city, of the surrounding country, of sea and sky ; an institution designed to be a method of viewing the problems of the science of life. This little scholastic colony in the heart of Edinburgh symbolizes a movement which, while national to the core, is really cosmopolitan in its intellectual worth. Grouped with this scientific effort was the aim to revive the Celtic influence in art and literature : the little colony contained a number of men and women working to that end ; and before long a publishing firm was established, for the issuing of Celtic literature, and of works on Science.

“ To Mr. and Mrs. Geddes was confided the important secret relating to the personality of Fiona Macleod, and the thoughts and ideals that underlay her projected work. It was arranged that William Sharp should be the manager in the firm—an arrangement that made it possible for him to publish three of his ‘ F.M.’ books and others under his immediate supervision, and from what was then one of the centres of the Celtic movement.

“ In August 1895 we shared actively in the Summer

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Meeting. It was an interesting experience. The students came from England, Scotland, France, Italy and Germany ; among the lecturers in addition to Geddes and Arthur Thomson were Elisée Reclus, the geographer, and his brother, Elie Reclus, Edmond Demolins and Abbé Klein."

. . . . .

About this time I had a talk with Geddes, of which the following is but a brief resumé.

The world is looking for leaders. We must get intellectual as well as practical leadership, and we want interpreters as well, for guidance ; we are looking for staff officers in the peace just as much as in the war. We want leadership for planning the next campaign upon its map, no less than it is wanted for combatants day by day upon the field of battle.

The familiar leaders who have done so well in one thing are not the men to guide us now. Military leaders retire with well-earned honours ; the older statesmen must soon pass away. Younger men come along with too much the same old ideas.

They are here liberal or radical, there imperialist or socialist, often fanatical, sometimes even anarchistic. But these are the theories of the nineteenth century ; we may well ask, " Are there not fresh views for our generation ? "

Even the men who seem to us most advanced, like Wells, Webb, or Shaw, have not, with all their ability, offered us any very definite new lead ; and in the fact of the tremendous situation before us we are plainly short of interpretation, and still more of guidance.

Thus, though the great political clubs seem as full as ever, and the Fabian Society—or the Labour Party—is as well, or better, filled, we do not get from any of them a clear presentment of the general situation. In short, we may plainly discern the truth that Ideas are at war. No professional writer, sitting in his office or library, is apparently doing more than using the

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paper of one or another of the well-known parties or societies ; and each seems to impede the other, so that we feel at present more heat than light ; we see more fog than sunshine.

Endeavouring to get out of this fog we ask ourselves the natural questions : “ Where are we ? ” “ How do we stand at present ? ” “ Where are we going ? ” And the common reply is only : “ Who knows ? ”

Now, without expecting that anyone exactly knows, much less that anyone will be able to answer all questions, or give everybody such a lead as they desire or at any rate seem to require—since we, like sheep, are gone astray—is it not time we were looking around for fresh minds, and fresh capacities ?

But where, then, shall we look ? No doubt everywhere, since insight and ability, however scarce, are limited to no school or set, or class or party.

So let each be looking where he can. I, for one, have been long on the quest, and on both sides of the Atlantic, and not entirely without success ; so I hope to write one little book after another to express such ideas, such messages, as appear of value, for I believe it may be a help if I state my discoveries and experiences as simply and graphically as may be.

At one time on this quest it has seemed as if the poets and artists, in their manifold efforts and mental ferments, were distilling the very spirit of the times ; and so far, without being completely satisfactory, that quest has been a hopeful one.

At another time it has seemed as if this or that statesman, ambassador, administrator, was making real advances upon his colleagues ; but they rarely really progress beyond the nineteenth century in their views ; or again, among business men, one finds a genius for great affairs, even a spirit above and beyond personal fortune, but the result is the same.

So, too, in the ranks of Labour, where there are not lacking minds of sane and generous outlook which are

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in bondage to a modernism grown old-fashioned. Among women, too, there is evidence of administrative ability of real value. Great thoughts are coming to birth, some even nearing effective maturity; but there is no far-seeing vision to meet the times.

I begin with what is to most people the least attractive issue of all: that to which answers have come from at times working with the scientific men of one's acquaintance, and from questioning them as to how their special work may be brought to bear upon our common problem.

You ask: Why not rather the religious teachers? In all the faiths, besides obvious sterility, there are signs of a renewing spirit. There are churchmen in the most radical groups, whereas formerly a bishop would hang the Labour Party. This modern spirit is not only in the historic and long-established faiths, but in the later and newer ones, both in Europe and America, and even in the East. Obviously we cannot have too much of this increasing openness, this renewing aspiration and goodwill, this widening tolerance.

Yet we have to fall back upon our initial enquiry, that for the wider outlooks, for the clearer interpretations, which are the high endeavour of science.

But science, too, has had its limitations. It has been minute, dispersive, analytic, in its main interests; and even in most of its applications, though increasingly at the back of every activity in war and peace. With all its discoveries and its many inventions, it has seemed lacking in breadth and generosity of view; and, even when it undertakes research into physical phenomena, it is still far from satisfying to humanity.

Despite its vast theories of energy and of evolution—despite its studies of races, its knowledge of languages and origins, of economics and history, of mechanics and of nature in general, science has failed to combine all these into a view of modern society and human

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life ; and least of all do these illuminate the present post-war situation.

Yet a closer view of scientific activities has elements of social hope. Though physicists seem concentrated upon their magic of radium, the biologists are speculating more freely and widely on all subjects, even educational, psychological, social, than did their predecessors of the clear-cut atom and the measured light-wave ; and sometimes not without kindred accuracy. Thus physicians and surgeons, bacteriologists and hygienists, are all reaching forward towards a new vision of health : some are joining hands with the physicians of the soul, till now they can minister even to a mind diseased or, at least, dis-eased—for whose mind is not to-day neurasthenically depressed, abnormally excited or both by turns ? Education, too, is everywhere in the melting pot, and schools of all kinds are on their trial—even universities are under the test ; and perhaps the most in need of new leadership. Education is not only teeming with new subjects of learning, but with new ways of teaching as well, for with returning psychology and advancing ideals, a new pedagogy is arising everywhere. Madame Montessori herself is but one of the pioneers.

So it is with the social sciences. History and economics have long been escaping their water-tight compartments and illuminating each other, while beyond and above these there has long been the great dream of a unifying social science. A new system of thought, an all-comprehensive sociology, is once more making itself heard. Here, then, if anywhere, we may look for reasonable indication of the signs of the times.

Leadership is not thought of by scientists so much in terms of personality as in terms of ideas. "*Il n'y a point d'homme nécessaire !*" is the attitude of the scientific mind, which dislikes and evades the publicity usually sought by the nineteenth century type of



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politician, and works with much of the impersonality of the great old builders of the Middle Ages.

Time after time the slow dawn of this new science called sociology (so absurdly confused in the popular mind with socialism) has been clouded, though Comte and Spencer seemed all-illuminating in their day. Yet now, if we have no such salient figures there is evidence, and in every country, that their beginnings have not been renewed in vain.

Sociology has its workers in every country, reading its history, its economics, and its arts, its laws and morals, manners and customs, its politics, its education and religion—and with clearing eyes. It is here and there venturing into tentative explanations of the movement of our own times : and even if not yet ready with the well-defined proposals needed for active statesmanship, it is not without constructive suggestions towards these.

One example may be pointed out—that of the town-planning movement which is becoming so familiar to us all ; and its hopeful and constructive ideal, all parties agree, must be set going. There is, indeed, the danger of too rapid adoption of such schemes in incomplete form by the working statesman, who is now alive to the immediate housing needs of the citizens yet blind to the profound needs of their city. For unless the ideal build the house, they labour in vain that build it.

One day after I had urged him to let me embark upon some publicity for his ideas and had rated him for his well-known hatred of having the limelight turned upon him, he at last wrote to me :

“ You think the dislike, even dread, which scientific and medical men, or serious students of any kind in this country, feel for publicity *a l’Americaine* (or by *Daily Mail*) is merely shy,

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retiring, modest—perhaps a little morbid—if not, after all, self-deceiving! But here, as so often, your rapid journalistic ways don't give you time to understand. Try two minutes!

“ We want publicity sometimes, and more than we ever get : we should like demand for our ideas and our books, like literary men, and for our schemes, like politicians! But on condition that they are ready ; not before the investigation is brought to some clear result ; or the scheme has proved workable. So if you could now get headlines for, say, ‘ City Surveys before Housing and Town Planning ! ’ or for ‘ Hygiene Proper ! ’ or for educational renewals—say ‘ The 3 H's instead of the 3 R's ! ’ or ‘ Nature Occupations ! ’ (versus mere parsing and kicking !) or even ‘ The University Rejuvenescent, and Militant ! ’—by all means do so !

“ When I make a Masque or Pageant I feel the playwright's pleasure ; and I want something of his success—not simply to reduce the deficit ! So for my buildings, gardens, and what not, I have felt something of the artist's pleasure, and of his bitterness ! But we don't any of us want to be caught, and classed, by these. Our real interest, like the children's, is in the next game, not the last one, and so, too, it is the new research, rather than the finished and published one, that we care for—like the artist for the next picture.

“ And we need time—and so, above all, peace and quietness—for this. That is the very meaning of the cell, the hermitage, the cloister, the study, the laboratory, and so on through the ages. You Londoners talk endlessly of Politics and Capital and Labour—but what makes your Parliaments so futile (to-day most of all) and Capital and Labour alike too sterile (save of money quarrels) is just that they have *no study to retreat*

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*into, and thus no fresh thought to offer.* But in science—perhaps most of all just now for social solutions—we need in the most real sense to revive the monastic discipline for ourselves and not simply its hospitality for others.

“The American press method not only killed poor Langley, with its sneers at his aeroplane, it does worse : it has spoiled Edison largely, and Burbank almost altogether, not to speak of often making them laughing-stocks for sober science. And so it is spoiling the younger generation, too—and increasing that tragic sterility of American science, which seems to increase, with all its well-meant millionaire foundations ! And our own science similarly begins to suffer in the same ways.

“So leave us at peace in our cloister, to think out and prepare the better city, the renewed university—which do not come so easily as in your hopeful press prospectuses, but need all our time, all our work—and far more !”

## CHAPTER II

### CITIES AND TOWN PLANNING

#### I

MY next meeting with Geddes was in Belgium, where he had invited me to help with his "Cities and Town-Planning Exhibition," a feature of the Ghent International Exhibition of 1913.

Here I saw a phantom city growing into being; and never shall I forget the new chaos which met my eyes! Few of the buildings were finished; others stood in their bare scaffolding, with matting flapping in the wind.

The silence of the Sabbath contrasted with the confusion all around. Debris everywhere! Heaps of earth, mounds of plaster of Paris, collections of bricks, stones, and all the paraphernalia of the builder and sculptor met me at every turn. No wonder a great sense of disappointment overcame me; I made up my mind to return to London the next day. Years later I realized how symbolical was this approach to ideas which are now coming to the front as scaffolding towards the reconstruction of the world. How exactly this picture of desolation and ugliness, of things half-finished, or but tentatively begun, of rawness and of confusion, of disorganization (behind which the real constructive scheme was not apparent), coincided with the mental chaos and darkness of the age! The other wanderers I came across could not tell me anything about Geddes or his Exhibition; and even the British Pavilion could give me no clue, save

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by sending me to look for Town Planning in the German section.

This gallery of the vast German Pavilion was magnificently arranged. Every photograph was a fine one, every plan splendidly drawn; and each exhibit was not only well framed and glazed, but usually in good taste. Underneath each was a clearly-printed label in gold on black; the whole was well hung and the wall covering artistic. Thus the gallery presented a unity and harmony which heightened the efficiency manifest throughout. Although not completely finished, the work was being done in so orderly a manner that one was not disturbed by carefully-covered packages, as yet unopened. Guardians in German uniform stood at each end of the building, who were able to reply intelligently to all my questions, and even to direct me to Geddes, to whom had been given the galleries beside theirs.

Arrived at length, I stumbled over scaffolding and fell into a litter of maps, plans, and prints, scattered over the floor. Around was a vast gallery, partitioned into smaller rooms of different sizes, "papered" in jute sacking, on which were roughly pinned plans, photographs, and incomprehensible-looking diagrams. In every room masses of material were scattered on the floor, with endless piles of apparently disordered notes. After a glance through them to understand the reason for the apparently unrelated things, I discovered a wonderful collection of old coloured prints of mediæval cities, and next a wealth of fine old prints and etchings, among them some realistically horrible representations of war.

My visit to the orderly Exhibition of Germany indescribably enhanced the chaotic impression of this first glance. Hearing voices, I ventured further, and there—on his knees, working in shirt sleeves and at high pressure—was the slim, agile, bearded figure of the masque, unrolling material of all descriptions.



The late Alasdair Geddes  
aged 17



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Bending over these was a youth, with shirt sleeves rolled up, and another workman in clogs, to whom the youth was speaking fluent idiomatic French, and with eloquent gesture: I decided he was the foreman. To my surprise, however, the Professor, rising from the ground in some excitement, plans in hand, went over to this young workman, and, laying his arm around his shoulders, entered into animated conversation with him. The young fellow responded by linking his arm around that of his master. Here, thought I, is socialism indeed.

I moved a little further into the room; Professor Geddes came forward delightedly, and immediately plunged into explanations (always at high pressure), while the young man went quietly on with the work.

It must have been about 9.30 a.m. when I found them, and it was 5 p.m. when the Professor left off talking to me as he worked. Meantime he had introduced the youth as his elder son, who had just come from Montpellier University to take charge of the hanging and explanation of the Exhibition. I was by this time exhausted, mentally and physically, but so interested that I had scarcely noticed my hunger, or that I had been on my feet the whole day!

We three went off to a small restaurant, and in a corner, over excellent coffee and cigarettes—while on the quiet air the beautiful old bells of the city rang out for Evensong—the explanation of the Exhibition went on, the Professor folding papers while he talked, and making things clear as if by magic with diagrams, or graphs, which he drew as he went along; in the interpretation of which Alasdair (no longer in shirt sleeves) with his quiet smile, his gentle patience and sweet low voice, was a great help.

Wandering round Ghent with these two, I soon learned how to reach the heart of the historic place. As in a vision I was shown its future.

We supped late in an open-air restaurant, and



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during the whole time the Professor was enthusiastically outlining and explaining his theories, and demolishing the current method of education and its resulting waste of life.

As night fell, we went to sit by the lake beside the old moated castle, and silence came upon us. After such a strenuous day the relaxation was a treat indeed. Alasdair and I exchanged a few words from time to time, chiefly about the beauty of the shadows and the trees—or in appreciation of the great historic castle at the base of which we sat ; but Geddes was sitting like a mediæval monk, hands folded, lost in tranquil meditation which seemed almost like a prayer.

Just at my door the Professor said quietly : “ You will stay a few days and help Alasdair ? ” And, without waiting for an answer, they both disappeared into the night.

The next morning, when I went down to the Exhibition, the Professor had gone, and Alasdair—so business-like that it was hard to realize his youth, or that he was inexperienced in such matters as handling workmen and managing the finances of such an undertaking—was hard at work. He gave me a swift smile and told me his father had been working with him until 5.30 a.m., when the early boat train took him back to England. Then he led me to the workshop and asked me if I could make picture frames ; but soon found me a more suitable job. Without any definite undertaking on either side, my few days of helping Alasadair turned into the best part of a year !

For the next two months we saw nothing of Professor Geddes. Like a wizard he had touched, as if with magic, the high lights, and secrets of the universe had been momentarily laid bare ; he had roused enough doubts and questions in my mind to provide thinking matter for years ; and had left more fresh thought than was digested for many a day to come.

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During his absence from the Exhibition he seemed not even to trouble to send directions ; nor did we have information as to the date of his return from his summer term of botany teaching, complicated by the continued making of the Edinburgh Zoo.

He explained, " you get measurements of the jumping capacity of the wildest young lion in captivity, and thus settle the making of his home, which has to be in the open air and as much as possible a den among the rocks." His daughter, Norah Geddes,<sup>1</sup> was developing his general garden design for the new Zoo, while Mr. Frank Mears was the architect carrying out his buildings ; but there were times when he also had to be there. How many other things he had to see to that summer, one can only guess when looking back over his numerous activities, which now seem less unrelated than they then appeared.

Without turning a hair, or losing his simple and quiet joy in living, Alasdair worked regularly from 6 a.m. to 8 or 9 p.m., including Sundays. He had, with my assistance, and that of a workman or two, to cover all those many wall-spaces with strange and copious masses of drawings, maps, pictures, architectural, engineering and gardening plans ; and these, of course, arranged so as to tell their story.

Needless to say, I did not keep the long hours that he did, although I often felt ashamed to find what a lot of work he got through in the mornings before my appearance, and in the evenings after I left ! Yet he found time to dance with the University students at night, to keep up his 'cello playing, and even to exercise his skill on the bagpipes.

Although only twenty-one, and looking younger, he quietly interviewed the Belgian authorities, the Burgomaster, or the Director of the Exhibition, and the representatives of the British Government at the Palais Britannique, with its huge machinery halls

<sup>1</sup> Now Mrs. Geddes Mears.

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relieved by Henry Wilson's splendid arrangements for the Arts and Crafts Society. He handled his financial and other difficulties with masterly ease, although this, as he laughingly told me, was his first experience in keeping business accounts. Of "business training" as such, he seemed to have had none; but he had turned his hand to many things, and had not yet made up his mind what he wanted to be; nor even, after a good few years of varied university experience, had he begun the usual book-work for his degree. "My father says early degrees are 'false beards,' and I need not hurry to get one," said he, as we took our usual luncheon of bread and cheese and apples upon a bench in the sun, as did the other workmen too.

It was extraordinary to me to see how he managed the men under him. Sometimes, when fresh and bulky cases arrived, he had as many as six or eight men at work. He treated them familiarly, as elder brothers; yet they never took liberties with him but obeyed with a flash of understanding, and with unfailing good humour, working hard the whole long day. He talked to the Flamands in Flemish, and used all their gestures while among them.

One day we watched Belgian soldiers marching past us in the street; I remarked upon their smallness, and their lack of discipline, their bad marching and their untidy appearance. But he said quietly: "I've worked with those men; and you might be astonished at their fighting capacity.<sup>1</sup> They are quick and intelligent, and have good powers of resistance; even in the army 'goose-step' isn't everything; nor can you judge a soldier by his height or by his uniform entirely, you know." But his interest seemed more with the socialists than with the army.

He talked of the two burning questions in Belgium in those days—the political and racial, and the

<sup>1</sup> 1913.

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religious. The racial question involved the difference of language—French and Flemish—and ran so high that many of the Flemish party thought Verhaeren and Maeterlinck traitors because they wrote in French. Alasdair was much struck by the simple force of the people as compared with the armed force of the soldiers ; and spoke of days to come when working men might take to themselves all the glory and paraphernalia, brilliant uniforms, bands, flags and ceremonials of a royal army, on holiday occasions and for pleasure. He believed in discipline, but not of the military kind : it was rather a disciplined mind and an exercised soul that he thought should again express itself in splendid festivals, as of old.

In our many talks he showed at once rare sensitiveness to beauty and to order, to wildness and to discipline, and a poetic insight as well as scientific power. Yet he gave the impression of a very young dreamer, and never for a moment was he a “high-brow,” or in any way an intellectual prig. He had a store of information on all sorts of questions, and a rare knowledge of folklore and tradition—the fairies and brownies of the Highlands and Lowlands, the myths and legends of Ireland, and of France and Germany as well.

All the time he was quietly discovering what I could not do, and doing those jobs himself ; and teaching me the meaning of the whole mysterious business in hand, day by day, with patience as great as my ignorance !<sup>1</sup>

There seemed to be little money to hang the show, and often my enthusiasm fell when I compared the look of our rooms with those of the Germans, with whom we were obviously in open competition. But the high courage and perseverance of Alasdair made

<sup>1</sup> For full description of Alasdair's education—and thus of Geddes' method of training—see *A Citizen Soldier*, by Victor Branford. (Sociological Publications, Ltd., 6d.).

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everything come right, while any personal embarrassment I might have had was overcome in the purely brotherly and workmanlike friendliness with which he treated me.

On Saturday evenings I sometimes went with him to see some of the interests of Ghent. Once we went to look at the weekly open-air dance held in one of the large squares of the old town, where the city provided illuminations and a band once a week for a decorous public ball. Another time, Alasdair in his kilt accompanied me to a "Pan-Celtic" Concert, where we greatly enjoyed the Walloon singing and folk-music.

It was surprising, considering how hard he worked and the delight he took in simple recreations, that he also found time to make a thorough study of Ghent and its environs, its people and its industries. It was not for nothing that he was afterwards described—and distinguished—as "the best observer in the British Army!"

He had already been many things in his short life—home, village, and public school-boy, university student and art-student, gardener, and even market-gardener, shepherd, and ploughboy, ship's cook, seaman, and map-surveyor on an Arctic expedition, and a very good amateur actor as well as dancer and musician. He had bought a bicycle out of his pay on the ship, and with this he had roamed through England, and across the Netherlands and France, to Montpellier. He was fluent in French and German, even in Flemish, and knew Gaelic, too.

His whole life-experience seemed so new to me that parts of it are worth recording, not only in memory of a gallant youth and an excellent comrade, but also as an example of Geddes' ideas applied to education.

It was part of this method, too, that he was at home in Paris and Edinburgh, as well as in country places ;

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that he was experienced without being sophisticated, and that he had no "wild oats" to sow.

His gentle manner contrasted strangely with his muscular strength, for he could lift and carry with any labourer; yet few girls could dance better than he. He was expert at Highland games and dances, yet gave no prominence to sport, except as play. He was handy with horses, and could manage a boat; and he was very fond of walking. A long tramp by himself was ever something of an adventure.

Although nine years my junior, he knew more of the variety of the world than I did, but I never knew even any artist so unworldly. His boyish attitude to women was one of reverence, yet he had none of the painful shyness of most youths at his age, and none of the cocksureness with which they mask their shyness. He was reserved, but not shy.

When at work our relations were that of chief and assistant, and he gave me orders which he expected me to obey; but he never forgot to be courteous; and when it was a question of lifting weights or of stretching up high, I never had to ask for aid; his thoughtfulness brought him to my assistance every time. Had I been a charwoman he would have helped me as courteously.

In the luncheon hour we often went to view the other exhibits; and I was surprised at his appreciation and good criticism of pictures and sculpture and of the Arts and Crafts. In every way his companionship was enlightening; and few people knew better than he the value of silence. He never read me any of his poems, but was not ashamed to speak of his experiments in verse.

One of the most delightful things about him was the way he spoke of his parents and of his childhood. A happy childhood was one of the things we had in common: and he told me that his father considered this the essential of real education, and

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one which it ought to be possible to provide for everyone.

It was from Alasdair that I heard one unusual thing about Professor Geddes. Although no longer in possession of any private fortune, he had refused to "profess" for more than three months in a year, and thus gave up the normal professorial income for two-thirds of every year. Few men with a wife and three children could do that, and few wives and children so cordially accept it. Yet his children received an education which fitted them for life : and his wife, who was his constant companion and colleague, did not grudge her sacrifices. All the family was at once free and united. And all were willing that the bread-winner should give up most of his year in pursuit of ideas and projects which they believed of value.

As far as I know, few professors thus limit their incomes, or do so little of "pot-boiling." Yet he had always managed for the family to live in beautiful surroundings and to have varied experiences ; and certainly no queen had a more wonderful outlook than Mrs. Geddes had from their charming flat on the top of the University Hall buildings, which stand at the summit of the Castle Hill in old Edinburgh.

Three months after my arrival in Ghent, it transpired that we were the nucleus of the first Congress of Cities. This had arisen from ideas discussed between the Professor and M. Paul Otlet, of Brussels, long famed for his services to bibliography and indeed to international undertaking of all kinds, in fact, an organizing genius of the highest order, who made the "International Union of Cities" a *fait accompli*.

Before the day when the Congress was to visit the Exhibition, Alasdair and I had satisfied ourselves that nearly every city exhibit was in the place assigned by the Professor in the sketch he had left with his son, though the boy had much reasoning to do, and many

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trials to go through, before this plan could be fully interpreted.

For this had to be an *exposition raisonnée*, with each thing hung in relation with the things next to it: in fact, each document was almost as necessary to the others as are the various phrases and clauses in a sentence. There were scarcely any labels. A catalogue did not exist!

People were expected to *read the Exhibition!* And when I expostulated that every one would walk straight through to the beautifully labelled and catalogued collection of German Planning, and use ours as a mere passage-way, Alasdair gently said: "Not everyone. Most people will prefer the German method, obviously. But we are willing to lose them—for the ones we value will stay. You'll see!" Just then he put on his coat to welcome a white-bearded, exquisitely-groomed and top-hatted Belgian gentleman, with a decoration in his buttonhole. Grimy as we were, Mr. Otlet took us both out for coffee; and even at such a hasty meeting the purity of diction and fluency of phraseology, which marked our host an orator, made no small impression upon us.

He had brought with him the papers of this *Premier Congrès des Villes*, and he laughed heartily at my dismay over the appearance of our ill-conditioned exhibition, and the non-existence of the catalogue. He said something in fun about "the tyrannic Geddes, who would have things his own way," and, turning to Alasdair, he cried with some excitement: "*Mais, où est-il, ce bon Geddes, hein?*" Alasdair shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands like a Frenchman, and said simply and smilingly, as if it were a joke: "*Il n'est pas encore arrivé.*"

He turned up, however, from Edinburgh just in time for the meeting, for, as he said, "Why should I not trust you to be ready?"

It must be understood that we were "on our own"



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in our work. For, unlike the artist-craftsmen and the mechanics, engineers and tradesmen exhibiting—unlike the Germany city-planners, too—we had no Government support in our whole effort. Certainly one of the largest endeavours in this Ghent Exhibition, ours was entirely voluntary and individual, the effort of dreamers, yet men of action, and undertaken at no little individual, financial and physical sacrifice, for the sake of its ideas. Such frames as we had for our exhibits were roughly made on the spot, and largely by ourselves; we could seldom run to putting glass in them and the strain of getting ready was certainly not lessened by the knowledge of our well-financed competitor next door!

## II

On the third day before the convening of the first International Congress of Cities—agitated visitors from different countries, as well as Belgians, were wandering about looking for an interpreter. Alasdair, busy amidst his finishing touches, was able to enlighten some, but my general impression was of frock-coated gentlemen, top-hats in hand, decorations in button-holes, rather excitedly exclaiming: “*Mais M. Geddes, où est-il, donc ?*”

One tall, thin, strong man in a pepper and salt suit, with a red, eagle-like face and bright eyes, holding a large wide-awake hat of light-grey felt, came to me and announced that he had travelled from Australia to see Patrick Geddes. And busy men, with rolls of papers under their arms, joined in the chorus: “*Où est-il donc, ce Geddes ?*”

I remember once, when I was complaining that his name was not identified with the important affairs which he had started, and that the credit went to others, he said to me with a satiric smile: “I’m just

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the boy who rings the bell and runs away!" And in these days, before he was scheduled to open his exhibition doors for the International Union of Cities, it looked very much as if he had this time actually set things going and then run away! Through all Alasdair went serenely on, quietly confident that his father knew what he was doing.

The day before the opening ceremony I arrived especially early at the Exhibition, but a little group, too much occupied to notice me, feverishly at work in one of the rooms, had evidently reached the place hours earlier.

There, on the floor, in his shirt sleeves, was Geddes, working at white heat; and on the floor around him were many of the plans and pictures we had so laboriously hung in the galleries.

For the first and last time I saw Alasdair in a rage. But no word was said: he was obeying orders like a conscript and it was towards the middle of the day, when helping him to get a great map of Paris into place, that I asked him if we had really made so many mistakes as to hang all those things wrongly.

"No," he said quietly, with tight lips and almost on the verge of tears—"No. Daddy had an inspiration in the train last night. He saw all at once a way to make things clearer." That was all.

There was no question as to whether we could now be ready in time. We had got to be ready if the Professor and we had to work like navvies all day, and he all night, without a break! I shall never forget my fatigue that day! Looked back on, it seems like a forced march on short rations preparatory to a great battle which had to be won at all costs.

At eight we broke bread and, as I stumbled home to bed, Geddes and Alasdair went back to work, though they did not ask the workmen to remain.

All that day, in the library, where was the first international collection of civic literature, which I

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had not had time to touch after it was unpacked, there sat serenely the pale, grey-haired lady who had brought order and peace into the preparations for the masque. This was Mrs. Patrick Geddes, who had mothered so many students, and to whom more than Geddesians owe so much. She had, on arrival, noted what we had perforce left undone ; and without a word she settled down to put the library in order—for this room was also the meeting-place and council room of the Congress. But with the sympathy and hospitality which characterized her, she found time, while sorting books and jotting down notes, to inquire as to my health and living arrangements ; and a few days later she had me in much better rooms, working shorter hours and living more normally than during the last three months.

I remember a pretty tribute Alasdair, later on, quite unconsciously paid to his mother—and our sex—on a day when his father had almost reduced me to tears because of my slowness of understanding (for which harshness he made up, be it said, the next day !). We were going to supper, and I said gloomily : “ Women’s work will never be of any value in the world.”

“ They just hold the world together,” said Alasdair gently.

### III

The Congress passed off successfully, like other international meetings, and the Union of Cities came into being.

It was remarkable what different kinds of professional and business people it brought together. A Congress of Cities might be supposed to consist of mayors and town councillors, and perhaps a barrister or two, and, of course, some lawyers and politicians

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But these were supplemented by architects and artists, engineers and craftsmen, scientists, and even a poet or two. All shades of political, professional, or religious opinion got along amicably together.

On the first day Geddes had to give a demonstration of his Exhibition. He spoke in French, but so fast and so quietly, although with passion, that I lost half his discourse. But the throng was keyed up with interest, and perambulated with him for hours while he interpreted gallery after gallery.

No fitting name has yet been found really to give the public a right idea of this Exhibition. "Town Planning" sounds to most of us too much a matter of streets and drains, and even suggests poor houses and hospitals, or, at best, parks and town halls; while "Civics" reminds us of our rates and taxes, with perhaps a Lord Mayor's Show thrown in. Such titles did not lead one to expect a brilliant and enlightening interpretation of all ages of man and of all civilizations, seen in "the six-sided crystal of life." It was a penetrating analysis of each city, each civilization; so that for the first time one fully realized how much good there is in Judaism and Hellenism, in Catholicism and in Protestantism, in Buddhism or in Paganism, yet one was seeing reasons for the failure of each in turn, and especially also when applied merely in their old forms to our present-day problems. One learned something of why Rome fell, and why Athens came to an end. Each was great in its day: yet each had a different quality lacking.

We saw the Renaissance as a partial re-birth of the spirit, but limited as well as kindled by its revival of classical antiquity. We saw the Reformation with its qualities and its mistakes more clearly than ever before. Above all, we felt almost stunned by the masterly outlining of the errors at the root of our own industrial civilization, and of the shaky scaffolding upon which the modern world has been run up—too

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much stagnation of thought, too much jerry-building, too much bad materialism, and on both sides of the Atlantic.

On this subject of material and spiritual, Geddes cleared my mind one morning. "No one," he said, "knows enough to profess the science of God."

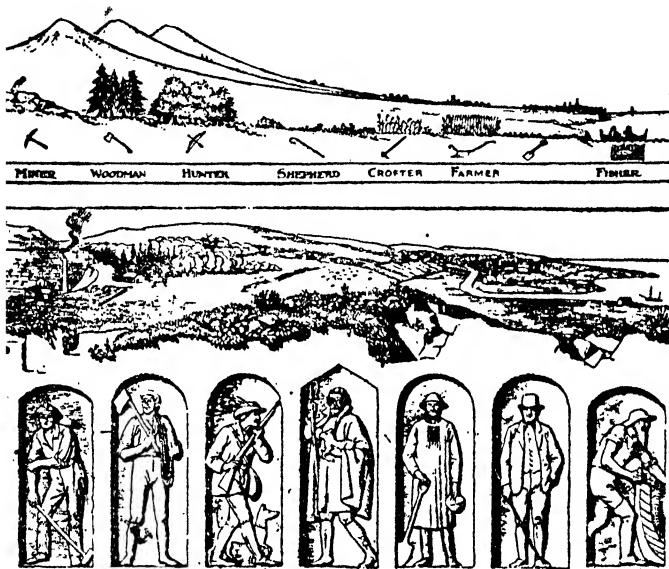
I asked him what light had science on the spiritual side of life. He dipped his pen in red ink, and let a blot fall on to a clean piece of blotting-paper, then turned it. "You see," he said, "it soaks through." Then he went on passionately to convince me that science knows of no such separate things as material *and* spiritual: "We only know life, which is both in one." One-sided schools of thought had made here, as everywhere else, artificial divisions which do not exist in fact. "The body without the spirit," he said, "is a corpse. The spirit without the body is a phantom." He laughed a little sardonically, and added: "The materialists are but morphologists and necrologists, mechanists at best; while the spiritualists turn away from Life to be phantomologists! There is no science of convexity and concavity; yet the convex and the concave exist—as the two aspects of every curve; and so with material and spiritual. The religion of the future will give a clearer understanding of both; and its theology will be of the Ideals of Life—which all the great teachers and saints of the past have understood and expressed, each in his own way and time."

It is not out of place to speak of religion here in connection with this Civic Exhibition, because, behind the sacking, opposite the workshop, in the "Cell" of Thought (as I came to call it), the religions of the past were graphically re-interpreted in their essentials, and each shown as so far right, and so far persistent, in its contribution to the idealization of life. Here, too, I learnt that the action of Natural Selection furnishes the brake rather than the steam or the rails for the

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journey of life; or, in better metaphor, instead of guiding the ramifications of the tree of life, it would, in Mivart's excellent phrase, do little more than apply the pruning-knife to them.

In my capacity as demonstrator, I saw the effect of these ideas upon the minds of a variety of people, many of whom would willingly have spent all their



THE NATURE OCCUPATIONS (cf. p. 182)

time in profitable discussion. By the light gained in this "cloister" some understood the rest of the Exhibition, and the underlying and unifying aim of the whole.

But most—men especially—had to be introduced by the other end of our galleries. With some, one could begin in the classic rooms, of Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome. But the majority woke up in the first room, that of Nature surveys and occupations, with

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primitive dwellings, villages, and customs. The simple occupations are of tremendous importance, because of the clear view they give of the origin of society ; but also because they dissolve so completely the apparent complexities of social life to-day, which are but of the old occupations variously developed and combined.

For example, one comes to see that Lord Lister was " the shepherd with his tar-box by his side," hygienically cleaning the wounds of sheep. From this tar-box to modern antiseptics was but a step, first made by Pasteur, the tanner's son, whose mother had " given him her eye for dirt." And hence Pasteur and Lister came to do their main work in Paris and in Edinburgh, cities then so famously dirty and in need of these new brooms to sweep them clean. So, too, the Lady Mayoress of London, for all her pomp and ceremony, is " the leading fishwife of the Thames." The soldier is the hunter, and man-hunted : all origins persist, no matter to what extent embroidered.

In this geography room one sees how cities originated. The magnificent avenues and circles of Paris were originally the hunter's clearings, his rides in the forest. London streets—like Boston's—were often cow-paths on the common.

Of course, historical developments come in. Paris became the centre of mediæval intellectual life, because of the meeting there of routes between the Mediterranean and the north ; and hence, not only a crossing of roads, but a meeting of intellects. By continual rubbing of these intellects against one another, the Parisian—during centuries—has acquired his clearness of view and of expression ; his variety, yet refinement, of taste. Similarly with Rome and other historic centres, the rise of each great city was traced out of conditions as natural as the course of a river in its valley between mountains. These origins were here for the first time clearly set out upon our

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walls, like the muscles and veins of the body laid bare by the knife of the surgeon. The whole complex modern city—Modern London or Ghent in particular—was shown to contain no more than these few original nature occupations, however compounded and transformed.

From this room it was indeed hard to drag the materialists. To them it was a vision clear and beyond anything they had seen : it was an unfolding, an elucidation, of all that had been sketched out by the best thinking among them. Their minds could grasp this, and they revelled in it. To me their excitement here was the most exhausting part of my day's work. They saw their world as if touched by magic. That there was more to be seen hardly occurred to them !

This was one pole of the Exhibition ; but there was another. The interesting point for me was that I found women and artists could not easily grasp the first one, but preferred to start in the Cell of Thought, from which I could scarcely drag them. Few of either party ever got beyond discussing these fresh lights upon things they already knew. Each type wanted to stay in its own world, neither realizing how much there was beyond. Thus the teaching of our Exhibition was full of difficulty. Yet some of both types went further on later visits. I could not follow up the effect of our show upon them. But a demonstrator sees a good deal in the course of such work.

One great craftsman afterwards wrote and charged me with "good wishes to Patrick Geddes, whose devoted admirer and follower I am." This from one master of nearly sixty to another of the same age, is significant.

One day, just as I was closing up for the night, I saw an old gentleman of distinguished appearance, who seemed to me quite mad. I watched him for some time in some fear, for I happened to be alone



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in the place. He had come out of the "Cell" and, taking off his soft hat, bowed low several times! Looking at the other exhibits, after studying them awhile, he repeated his bows, backing at times, as if retreating from a royal presence. When at length he caught sight of me, he asked in French: "Who is responsible for this?"—waving his hands expressively.

"It is an exhibition of the ideas of Professor Geddes," I said, wondering what he would do next, and how I would be able to get him out of the place.

"Ah!"

He looked round for half-an-hour more, and then he came to me and bowed. "I take off my hat," he said, "to the genius whose thoughts are here. I take off my hat to him." He bowed again, saying: "Tomorrow I return;" and next day came back early. He was Emil Claus, the father of Belgian Impressionism!

By August the Exhibition visitors had changed from municipal and formal visitors to holiday crowds.

Our café group was often joined by artists from many parts of the world, and one vivid memory is of our great craftsman, Henry Wilson, who was alive to so many of the ideas for which we were making our stand. He it was who had arranged the wonderful rooms of the Arts and Crafts Society, which Paris invited—and to the Louvre—for 1914.

Another memory is of a famous educationist,<sup>1</sup> who had been round our galleries with Alasdair, and who, before leaving, put his hand on the youth's shoulder, saying: "You will reform the Universities!"

"That is one of my dreams, sir," was the firm yet modest reply.

### IV

Arthur Geddes, the second son, had come out to join the party, and he worked in the workshop at

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Mather.

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carpentry, or pastelled a town-planning picture as part of his day's work, yet amusement.

During the months that followed, Geddes continued to explain his theories, and on many a day he would stand and talk to us from nine in the morning until nearly closing time, without stopping for food. He would take his watch out of his pocket at long intervals, and say in his beard: "Dinner-time! Poor thing, poor thing—you want your dinner!" and then go on talking till tea-time, when the process was repeated! By the time we joined the others at their *al fresco* supper, it was often very late indeed!

I could not stand about as he did, so carried a small, empty packing-case with me to sit upon at intervals during many consecutive hours. He spoke so swiftly that it was useless to attempt note-taking, and almost impossible for one as ignorant as myself to follow what he said.

He called me "an innocent Impressionist," useful to talk to people more ignorant than myself; and I have never made any effort to be more than this.

Geddes as writer, as lecturer, and as conversationalist, is three different persons. One may safely say that few people have such brilliancy in conversation: for hours he can hold people spellbound. He is paradoxical and epigrammatic; but his wit is not at all like that of Shaw, though M. Hamon, the latter's French biographer, pairs them. It is not for his wit that one listens to him, though sociology is criticism of life. It is not even for his wide, yet minute, knowledge, nor for the breadth of his reading, nor for his marshalling of facts. These are the things he has mastered, and uses as instruments. One can sum up his talk by saying that he is philosophizing as an artist and as a poet, that his theories of evolution are his lyrics, and theory with him is a call-to-arms—to action!

He widens the world and gives new thought, and

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sets one face to face with facts without losing the poetry of life. He is student and teacher, becoming prophet and interpreter. And to him it is all play ; all a great game. He is still the child playing in the garden—and always filled with wonder. His ideas evolve as he talks : one can watch them grow. He rarely explains a thing twice in exactly the same way ; but from a given principle he sets you down anywhere !

Theory for him cannot be vital if separated from practice ; yet practice without theory leads into blunders or follies. Industry without art, as he points out, is empty as well as ugly ; and art without industry becomes vague and useless, or falls from sensuous to sensual. At their best these were vitally inseparable, and are becoming so again.

Geddes repeatedly says : “ There is no cure-all—no patent remedy. There are different causes in different places for different evils, and ‘ Housing ’ will not cure everything. Nor will ‘ Art,’ nor will ‘ Exhibitions,’ nor will ‘ Education,’ nor will ‘ Eugenics,’ nor ‘ Nationalization,’ nor ‘ Hygiene,’ nor ‘ Production ’ ; none of these taken separately is going to cure every evil : nor, indeed, all of them taken together.”

### V

Huntly Carter tells how Geddes came to think in graphics ; in Mexico as a young man, when shut up in a dark room for many weeks, in danger of blindness. So I asked Geddes to tell me this story of his.

He replied : “ ‘ What is a visual to do when he goes blind ? ’ I had to ask myself. One day, feeling over my darkened window-panes, there came the idea—make graphics ! Hence my graphic statistics ; of course at first of the ordinary kind, and mostly economic. But next, naturally, singly, yet forcibly,

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grew up the further idea. Many sciences are making their graphics: not only mathematics or economics, but geography and geology, chemistry, physics, engineering, and what not. Biology makes diagrams. Even history makes its charts. Then why not every other science? And why not group all these graphics, and for all the sciences? And arrange them with the concrete particulars, organized in terms of the abstract, as in every map, with its concrete 'shrunk landscape' made accurate by imaginary lines of latitude and longitude? Thus notations are the true language of the sciences, of which words are merely for explanation's sake, as from the mathematician to his reader. The traditional logic, despite its grand claims, does nothing for any of the sciences; yet diagrams are the form of mathematical logic, and so may do all that rational science can desire. So let us make full inventory of the sciences, and this again into classification; if possible better than heretofore. And why not under them related arts as well; and with these the graphic resources and results of each, and thus, in time, of all? This, then, would be the notation of all notations, and so, in time, the *Encyclopædia Graphica*.

"How can mathematics help us? At present it is potent in the inorganic world. From crystal faces to light waves, from planets to atoms, all can be measured by it, visualized and calculated.

"But what can it do for Life—for Mind, for Morals, for Society? Here we have only statistics—and this is little more than a grand name for mere numeration, not yet, therefore, the rational process that we must seek. Yet since the phenomena of life and mind, society and morals, are found increasingly to present the order of science—this rational process must somehow be there, and waiting to be found. The Calculus of Life and Mind, that of Society and Morals, are thus to-day as rational aims for biologist and sociologist as

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were yesterday the mathematical methods with which the astronomer or the physicist now solve their problems ; and these methods were not found without working for them, but by meditation and trial long repeated.

“ Well, year in, year out, I have kept at this ever since, and not without some success ; and though my long-dreamed Encyclopædia is not achieved, some things have been realized. In a few years I got my classification of sciences and arts clearer than before, and with much of the problems and tasks of each accordingly, and have gone on learning to handle them in some measure. And not simply as the dispersive puzzler I have so often seemed, even to the specialists of these, but with methods more general and more potent than their customary ones. You know that when Baby is learning to count, his toes bother him because different from his fingers. So with bigger children. Thus my mathematical colleague came back from inspecting arithmetic in schools, and told us how, when he asked the class : ‘ How many yards of carpet of such and such breadth would be needed to cover a floor, say 20’ by 14’ ? ’ the answer came correctly from a pupil, to whom he then said :

“ ‘ How many yards of paper would you want for the ceiling of that room ? ’ and the answer came : ‘ Please, sir, we don’t know ; we have only learnt how to do carpets.’

“ This seems funny to us, but all the sciences go on doing the same. When you see that the different biological sciences—paleontology, embryology, and so on—are just the old social ones over again for simpler life, their history, their biography, and the rest, you can thereafter work at sociology and biology by turns, indeed, together, and with each throwing light on the other far more clearly than before.

“ The same holds good for every curve. When you look at it from inside it is concave, but from

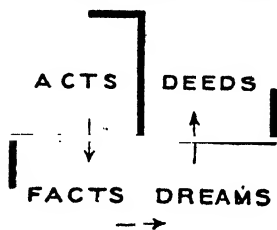
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outside it is convex. So, if mathematicians were like our specialists of the concrete, they would make the inner view of the curve, with its chords, etc., into a whole sub-science—a concav-ology! And similarly the outside view into a convex-ology, with perhaps a tangent-ology again. This is what we do when we think of 'economics' as a science quite apart from 'ethics,' of 'psychology' as apart from 'biology,' or of 'esthetics' as apart from 'physics.' All these 'sciences' are specialized apart, but that is why a university is a Babel at present; with the current confusion of scientific tongues, and correspondingly practical result—of collapsing society. Whereas, by the help of notations, you see first as clearly as with the mathematician's curve, how to handle both sides, and so bring these disparate pairs of sciences together. And next, even with each other. And all this not only in clearer thought, as Synthesis, but with their applications in the arts of civilization as well, towards the corresponding Synergy. Hence my school of geography, of nature studies and social studies, brought into working and educational harmony, as in the Tower and its regional surveys. Hence my plans for reorganized studies, and faculties, in the university, and beginnings of that in Edinburgh Summer Meetings, and School of Sociology. Hence special studies, like that of sex, carried more clearly than heretofore through plants and animals to man and society. Hence a more general Life-Notation, a clearing up of the old quarrel of 'materialists and vitalists' into a reasonable correlation of bio-psychology and psycho-biology. And so for 'economics and ethics' into Ethopolitics. (See chart facing p. 129).

"On the one side, then, we are all for the better organization of studies, but on the other for the corresponding applications, better organized also. Philosophers desire the one, and statesmen the other; but their failures, too, are like concave and convex,

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or like the philosophers trying to walk on the ceiling (or sections of it) and the practical men struggling, all tied up among torn carpet-strips, on the floor! As knowledge unifies towards synthesis, that is our long-dreamed University; as practice unifies, and through all minor co-operations, towards Synergy, that is the making of our ideal City. But only as Synthesis and Synergy are wrought also into one, by associating the thinking life and the working life, and more and more fully. Scientific Philosophy here, Leagues of Nations there, are thus not distinct lines of advance, as their respective exponents at present think; we need both types of mind to be fused together. Hence these thinking-machines, which have been the main inward occupation of my life, and the town plannings, which have become increasingly its outward application, are indispensable to each other—and go on improving together as well and by turns. Hence Plato's goal of education—to train the philosopharchon—must again become ours. The Indian ideal, of the *raja-rishi*, is the very same also, and, to do Oxford and Balliol justice, despite their in many ways backward curricula, and their too often tragic political outcomes, there was, in Jowett, a real effort towards applying Plato's teaching. Well, all I ask is that we go on bringing such ideals onward, but orchestrating all the sciences to that end. Thus better than ever we shall rejuvenate the classic heritage, while freeing ourselves from its burdens,

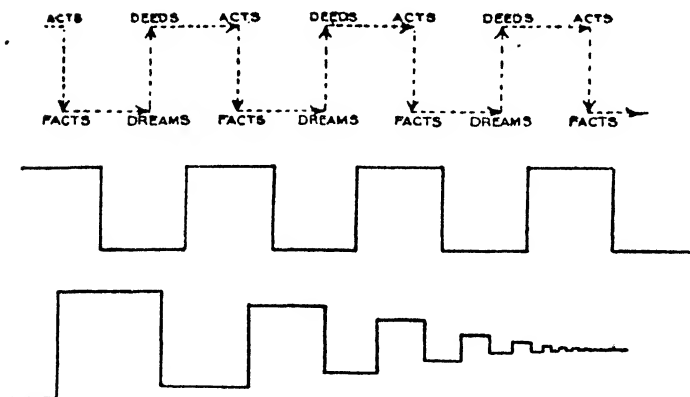


while making the best we can of our own world, and shaping towards the opening one.

ACT—Thing done : process of doing.

DEED—Thing done intelligently : brave, skilful, or imaginative act.

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“These claims for notations, then, the essential intellectual instrument of all the sciences, all the arts likewise, may thus well seem as bold as those of ancient magic. Well, so be it: magic largely was a pioneering in notations, and so far it was the alchemy of this incipient science of sciences, and art of arts. That was the dream of the old logicians, and it is thus coming true. But people find it hard to learn the lesson. One reason is that they imagine they work with their hands, and think with their heads. But with your hands making thinking-machines, and your head designing towns, you learn that all abstract and concrete are just like the projection lines and the maps on them. And further, that as you can only work aright with your whole mind, so you think with your whole body. Hand and head are thus at one—with heart in both. Enough; I see I have talked of more than graphics; indeed, I have been making my Apologia.”

After this answer I asked Geddes if graphic presentation of feelings and ideas, sensations and memories, and of their reactions on self, is not what the Cubists and Futurists are groping towards?—though they have scarcely yet made this clear, even to their followers.



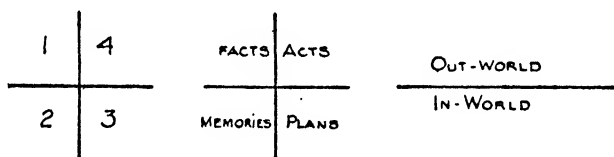
## GEDDES : THE MAN AND HIS GOSPEL

“Yes,” he said at once. “Certainly. I don’t often understand them, but I do see they are moving in the same way, and in their own media.”

### VI

I can now take an example of his method and show how his interpretation of the Life-Cycle helps us out of our vicious circles and brings into view fresh sources of inspiration, for artists and poets, politicians and working folk ; and a moralizing force for adolescents, inspiring them to the transmuting of their dreams into deeds.<sup>1</sup>

I turn to his little book, *The World Without and the World Within*, and find in this one passage which strikes me and helps to clear up much in his teaching :



“And were I in prison,” he wrote in this booklet for his children, “though I do not say I know St. Peter’s secret, I would make thinking ladders of my prison bars, and so climb away into the skies of thought . . . where no jailer, himself a prisoner, could follow me. . . . Up in your tree-castle you often sit dreaming, of course ; and from your hidden cave through its ivy curtain, you love to peep ; still, in the main, one is the Out-World’s Watch-Tower, the other the In-World’s Gate. . . . You wonder sometimes why so many grown-ups look unhappy ? There are many reasons, no doubt ; but one great reason is that too many have fallen from the first of those, or have lost their way to the other.”

<sup>1</sup> See diagram on page 82.

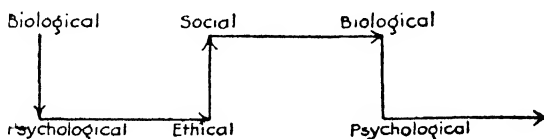
## CITIES AND TOWN PLANNING

Once, when I was puzzling over a graph, Geddes said to me : " Does this look very technical, because, like music, it is written in notation ? Take then the song, which perhaps more than any other has helped to inspire it, since it pictures the very secret of the dreamer's cell and cloister, and of its creation of the City."

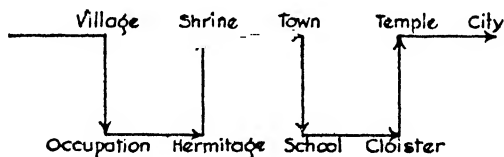
*" We are the music makers  
And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
And sitting by desolate streams—  
World-losers and world-forsakers,  
On whom the pale moon gleams,  
Yet we are the movers and shakers  
Of the world forever, it seems.*

*" We, in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth,  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself with our mirth ;  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
To the old of the new world's worth :  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth."*

The diagram of the world without and the world within, shows at the same time the inter-relation of their sciences :



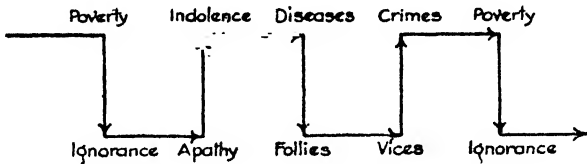
Stated now concretely, for actual life, in town and city, it becomes :



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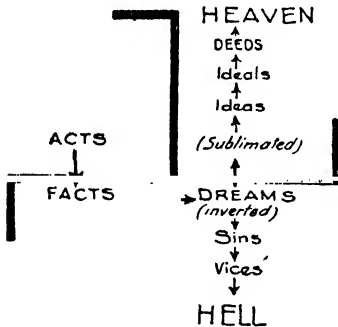
But here are cities in evolution, even leading to politics in devolution—and to real ideal, real polity, real ethics, real education, real art and real work and real progress.

The reverse of these into evils, as into evil dreams, drawn from evil facts and evil acts, hence runs into “vicious circles” on principle :



and so on through all stages of deterioration and degeneration. This graph helps also to the way out of these vicious circles. Yet it has its reverse, the fate of those who do not find a way of escape, or even, alas, at times, of those who overstrain and go to excess

in their work. We can now read the graph with understanding.



This, it must be observed, is the spinning world of Reality.<sup>1</sup> Dreams, if not sublimated, transmuted into Deeds which lead to Heaven on earth, must inevitably go down in apathetic folly to vices and crimes, which are

Hell here and now. The first is normal, the second is an inversion of the normal. Dreams arise, and if not used will be abused ; if not understood and set in action normally, will be misunderstood and set in action abnormally or subnormally, thus leading to

<sup>1</sup> For the world of the Gods and Muses see chap. v, and for that of the Mystics see chap. vi, with its new mysticism.

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that state which Freud in his pathological studies of dreams has elucidated.

The above are the simplest samples from this treasure-house of graphs kept in Ghent in the room I have called "The Cell of the Thinker," many of which are carried about the world in the brains of the hundreds of students who have worked with Geddes, and the thousands more to whom they have handed them on. Each graph is a masterpiece of concentrated thinking, and contains in itself, on one piece of paper, at least one book, sometimes material for volumes. There were, in one room where he kept them, stacks upon stacks of such graphics. They were piled high on the benches and under them as well, and piled again in corners on the floor. There was material towards the new Encyclopedia and the new University—for the new Schools and the new Church. His victory over the German Exhibition<sup>1</sup> had its origin in these—here was his thinking-shop, his idea-factory. The result of five-and-thirty years' spiritual fighting was in these graphs in our Exhibition. But the whole of this, with, too, many of the plans and notes—the lifework of Geddes, in fact—was sent to the bottom of the Indian Ocean by the *Emden* in 1914. Luckily he and Alasdair happened to sail on a different ship; but many of us considered that this would be the end of Patrick Geddes.

His name was so little known to the general public that it had never occurred to me that he had any real following. One paper—I think the *Westminster Gazette*—chronicled the sinking of his collection; and an artist in New York wrote an article about the event, which he called *Destruction of the Future*. And that, apparently, was all. It was the beginning of one of the worst periods of the war. So to whom did it matter that Geddes' Exhibition of his ideas was destroyed?

<sup>1</sup> He and not the Germans received the International Award.

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### VII

Three months later a note appeared in an evening paper in London, saying that the colleagues and followers of Patrick Geddes had made up and sent out to him a new Exhibition.

No visible organizing had been done ; there had been no appeal for money or even for material ; no advertising of the loss. Even to this day his close friends cannot quite account for what occurred. Mr. Branford told me that he had "done a little" towards letting friends know : others "did a little" more, Mr. Lanchester and Mr. Unwin especially. In any case there was no publicity. But from all quarters there seemed to spring up voluntary contributors determined not to let this German act have final effect. Although, of course, much of the material could never be replaced, it is yet a fact that within three months an Exhibition, even in some respects superior to the lost one, was on its way to Geddes in India. And so his work continued.

In 1915 Huntly Carter said that the Professor was determined to hawk civics round the world, if he had to take it in a barrow ! By 1919 an officer in the Indian cavalry, on his way home from China, found that a miracle had been worked in India, where town-planning is now a subject of conversation at fashionable tea-parties.

In 1917 a wonderful Civic Pageant was enacted in Indore,<sup>1</sup> by which Geddes "charmed away the plague," the people said. At any rate, he thus started the city's interest in improvements.

*A propos* of Germans, it is interesting to recall that the Professor, who had been with Alasdair to see an Exhibition of City-Planning in Cologne in September, 1913, returned in anger, saying that they were

<sup>1</sup> See *Town Planning in Indore*, by P. Geddes. (Sociological Publications, Ltd.).

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actually bristling with swords, and would be at somebody's throat before long. He felt clearly that a terrible war was in the air. Since then, Mr. Branford has shown me a letter from Geddes to him, written in 1910, in which he predicted the war for 1915, and he had indeed been doing so since 1900.

### VIII

A great deal remains to be told of experiences in Ghent, for from that Exhibition, and that International Union of Cities, too, much has grown, and more is yet to come. Even people who thought Geddes unsatisfactory and elusive, yet went away with ideas for reconstruction which they were now working out in their own way. He went back to his multifarious duties at home, and Alasdair, with the help of a friend from Oxford, remained to pack up the Exhibition and send it out on the road again—to Dublin the next year.

I had learnt to put most current ideas behind me. I knew now that the doctrine of the struggle for existence was less barbarous than from our reading of Ruskin we had understood, yet also very different from the German interpretation as expressed in the war. I had learnt, moreover, that "each science is but an aspect of the whole, a pictured facet of Nature's unity; yet it has its own categories, its own values." And I realized that "the amendment of Nature, and, above all, the distinction between ascending and deteriorative progress thus alike become more clear" when the "student of sociology re-emerges into the world as a civic statesman" who sees that "we do not reconstruct with money, but with life" and that "when we no longer divide our wealth between creature comforts and munitions, as in the recent past and present, we shall find our

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resources ample for greater achievements than, in our days of fat utilitarian prosperity (and its heavy war insurance), we ever dared to dream."

But perhaps the high light in my mind at the end of this strenuous novitiate was the, to me, startling discovery of the real meaning of culture. "Agriculture," "horti-culture"—I had known the meaning of these words without ever having related them to education. Idea-culture—the sowing, planting, tending of ideas until they flower, bear fruit, and in turn sow seeds—this is true culture and true education. I realized then that a complete reorganization of life would be necessary before we could leave the "contemporary inversion of Apollo's Hill" and get on to real civilization.

Tagore's Dādū must have had a like experience when he wrote: "The Teacher uttered his words of joy; the distant and the near became one; the disciple Dādū heard them, and their music dwells in his memory. . . . Sit still where the night never touches the day and tell the beads in the rosary of the mind. The thread is given by the Teacher and the telling is simple."

## CHAPTER III

### THE OUTLOOK TOWER

ONE'S first impression of the Outlook Tower, on the Castle Hill, one of the oldest schools of Sociology—and the first laboratory of civics in the world—is, if one goes by oneself, too often again of disappointment and disillusionment. "St. Francis could talk to the birds. I cannot!" Geddes had said to me.

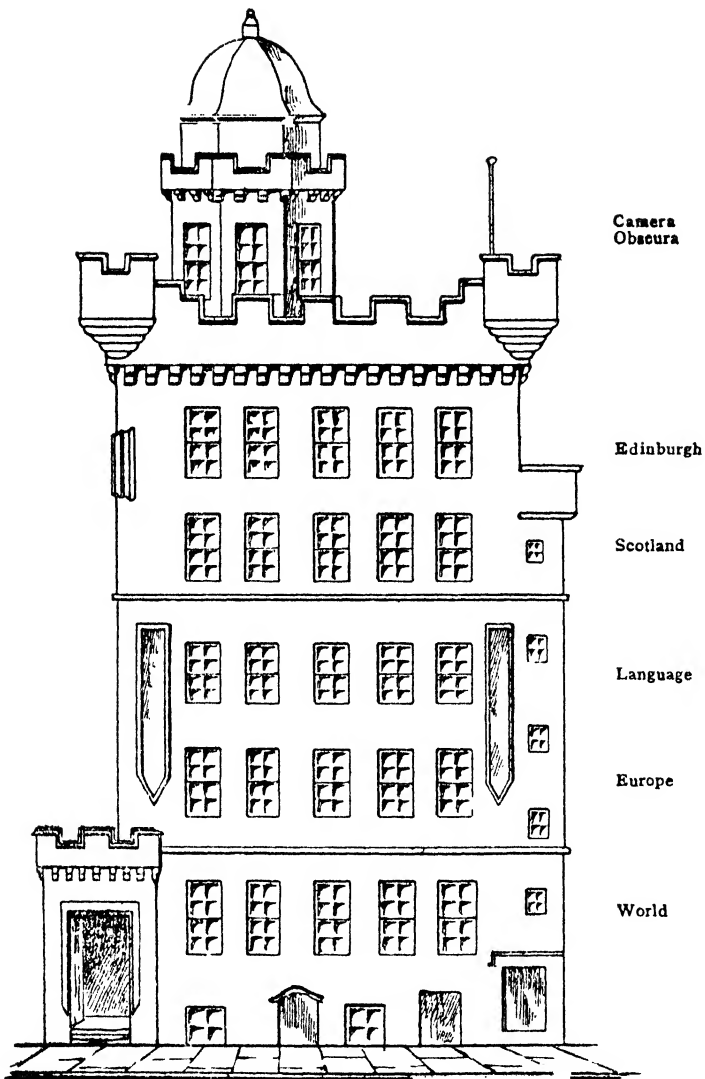
But after being taken over the Tower by him, I remembered an old fairy tale Alasdair had told me in Ghent.

I had asked him why it was that none of us could succeed as we would like in explaining his father's ideas to the world. He replied: "Isn't it a little like the tale of the man who tried to make straw into gold? He couldn't. But when Rumpelstiltsken came, he easily made gold out of straw."

Once, in Ghent, I invited the wife of the British Commissioner to spend an evening in my lodgings. She came with the aide-de-camp, and I had only a bunch of grapes to offer them; but when, after a little music from Alasdair, the Professor began making graphs for them, they were enthralled until one in the morning. That is why I call Geddes a wizard.

The Outlook Tower has been so often described that I will only give a very brief outline of it. More scientific accounts can be easily referred to—beginning with its own little guide-book, which I therefore





The Outlook Tower, Edinburgh, in diagrammatic elevation, with indication of uses of its storeys—as Observatory, Summer School, etc., of Regional and Civic Surveys, with their widening relation, and with corresponding practical initiatives (from *Cities in Evolution*, by P. Geddes. Williams and Norgate, Publishers).

PLATE IV



Exterior of the Outlook Tower, Edinburgh.  
(From "Cities in Evolution" by P. Geddes.  
Williams & Norgate, Publishers).



## THE OUTLOOK TOWER

do not use—and the latest is in one of the *Papers for the Present*.<sup>1</sup> But I saw it as a nucleus of the University of the Future for all neotechnic thinking and teaching and for the Future Encyclopædia Civica. It has been an inspiration to not a few writers, to artists, even poets. It largely inspired Otlet to that first Congress of Cities; it made the Cities Exhibition, with which the German one was beaten at Ghent in 1913; and this is not all that it has done.

Walking up to the Castle through the old High Street, one sees, on the left, the historic church of St. Giles, where John Knox preached to Mary Queen of Scots; and higher up one sees a turreted building, and on its broad side-wall three more-than-life-size witches flying on their broomsticks. A curious thing to find so near to the austere High Kirk of Knox! One explanation is that once upon a time the Tower was in danger of closing down, having swallowed up Geddes' available funds; and that while he was away from town, Mrs. Geddes and two of her women friends set to work and formed a committee, by help of which it went on again. What they achieved seemed witchcraft, and so in memory of their deed these three Witches were painted for all to see upon the Outlook Tower. Thanks to such helpful witchcraft this laboratory has struggled on, producing ideas to be seen in fresh city developments, in new and progressive universities, in fresh philosophy of life, and even in *The Coming Polity*<sup>1</sup>—"The Making of the Future."

Every civic survey involves manifold civic studies, so here we find the essential outline of a Civic Museum for Edinburgh, and thus a suggestive model for such museums throughout the world. And for the universities in the opening future, here are advances in the

<sup>1</sup> Sociological Publications, Ltd.

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classification of knowledge, and fresh outlooks upon many issues of life.

But above all, the Tower stands for civics and for regionalism :<sup>1</sup> and such policies will make for better politics. "Economization of energies and time, improvement of communications, of industrial and domestic conditions, all these are plain ; public health and recreation too ; but what less immediately obvious elements of the life and functions of cities can their planner afford to ignore ? To deal with health he must be something of a hygienist ; must he not be the like with other things ?

Geddes has no cut and dried method to impose, but he urges that the disconnected studies of the faculties and the schools are inadequate. An escape from libraries and lecture-rooms, a return to Nature is needed, and to direct observation in the life of the city and region. And all this for art, as well as for science and the humanities.

Above all, at the very outset of these freshening studies, arises the question : What is to be our relation to practical life ? "A wise detachment must be practised : our meditations must be prolonged and impartial : yet we must also learn by living." Hence *Vivendo discimus* is carved on building after building of this nascent University.

## II

The high Outlook Tower of the artist has its associated open-air gallery for his scientific brother, the geographer, united now in synoptic vision. Below this, on the open roof, is the Prospect of the Sciences. Here Geddes or his pupils at times expound the analysis of the Outlook into its various aspects—with telescope and other devices we cannot speak of

<sup>1</sup> For Regionalism see also *Sociological Review* : Autumn, 1919.

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here—astronomic and topographic, geological and meteorological, botanical and zoological, anthropological and archæological, historic, economic, and so on, and for each science is indicated its immediate and local problem, under their eyes. Their separation as “sciences” is illusory. “This and that element of the whole environment is but isolated, by the logical artifice of science, from the totality of our experience”; the only complete science—the synthesis as the mother of them all—is Geography.”

From this Outlook even his children, and increasingly those of the schools, have started out upon their expeditions and studies. Yet to this “the expert must return, to discuss the relation and applications of his own science, with the philosopher as citizen and the citizen as philosopher.”

When we have enjoyed these many outlooks, we may again reunite them in the Prospect, or its mirroring in the Camera.

As I stood, crammed with new knowledge, and upset by such sudden change in my ordinary ways of looking at things, Geddes pulled aside a curtain. “In here you may rest awhile.” I entered a veritable cell, with plain rough walls, only roof-lit. Nothing was to be seen except a solitary chair (and a devotional one, though no one notices this). The curtain was gently pulled on me. I was alone with my thoughts. Here is the cell for meditation; for turning over in memory the outlook and its mirrored reflection, and the particular detailed studies of these. But I came to feel its emotional reaction. Here is the place where one’s picture is conceived—not copied—from Nature. It is the room of the Weaving of Dreams.

With this in mind, I re-enter the heavy old door of the Outlook Tower. Here on the right of us is a globe, almost overpoweringly large in the small entrance hall; but I pay little attention to it, nor even notice the colossal bust of Pallas Athene, on our

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left, for my eyes are hypnotized by a small golden ball dangling beyond them. This psychological test is also a symbol. For people neglect the World on the one hand and Wisdom on the other, because they are all hypnotized by Gold. Mammon has his clutches on us all !

Smiling a little sardonically at the success of his ruse, the agile Professor rushes me up the stairs, not letting me stop by way, until we are on the roof, indeed on the turret-gallery above, and half-breathless.

Here is one of the great views of the world, for we see out over the roofs of Edinburgh, with the Firth of Forth on one side, and the Lomonds and Fife and the Pentlands on the other, with the great Castle to the west, and the snowy Highland hills in the far distance.

Above this open gallery we enter the *Camera Obscura* ; and here, in the darkness, there travels anew before our eyes the whole vast view ; but now lowered in tone, intensified in shadows, yet thereby glorified in lights ; and with its colours refined and purified, indeed transmuted into those of art, and changing too with every passing cloud, still more with every hour, and thus passing with the sunset through Turner's effects to Whistler's. We realize how the great Impressionists were right, for here are all their colours and " values " shown far more clearly than in the dark mirror with which the older painters so often worked.

Called all too soon out of this quiet retreat, and passing the outlook of the sciences, I descend to the next storey, a large room devoted to the City. Here, in the centre, is the relief model of Edinburgh ; and around it on the walls are old plans, drawings and photographs, telling the story of the city's history from its earliest beginnings until to-day. At first the beauty of the city seems forgotten ; but high above this survey collection run along friezes by Mr. Cadenhead and other painters, each one of its vast

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panoramas from sea or hills, or down "the Historic Mile."

Here is the pioneer City Survey, the gradually prepared survey of Edinburgh—first of its kind, yet still incomplete—and to which each generation must add. This has been the starting point for city survey in America, carried further in detail, yet without such comprehensive vision. From here has grown much of modern town-planning, and this at its best to-day, as city design. Beside this Edinburgh Room open to visitors, is a little architectural office, where the schemes of University Hall have been worked out, as well as improvements of the old High Street, and schemes for Edinburgh more generally.

Besides understanding our city, we need to enquire into its country, so below this is the storey for the illustration of Scotland; with emphasis upon its regions, Lowland and Highland. On the staircase on the way, Geddes points me to Dr. Hardy's immense coloured map of the vegetation of the Highlands, which he has since continued for Lord Leverhulme in Lewis, with his great project of the island's improvement as an object-lesson for the regeneration of the north—long ago anticipated in Hardy's *Caledonia Rediviva*—"itself an earnest of Hibernia Rediviva, Cymria Rediviva. Why not some day Anglia Rediviva, and for export beyond?"

In this Scotland Room there had also been hanging the alternative plans of the great project of the Forth and Clyde Canal, and for twenty years or so before the recent interest in it. The comedy is that this, though now accepted as practical, used to seem to practical people a mere case of Geddes "crowing before the dawn," as a reviewer put it; and, further, that the plans freely lent around since interest awoke, have at length not been returned. Such is the luck of this poor Tower.

Knowing our city and its immediate country we



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come to study Great Britain, not forgetting Ireland ! A huge map of the British Isles is painted on the floor, and stretches up on the walls ; and round these a collection of plans and pictures, mainly of Scotland, for we should know our region first. On the floor map a pin is stuck into the spot occupied by Edinburgh and standing on this you look over the three kingdoms.

Yet the next storey is for the English-speaking world ; and " language being here taken as of more sociological and social unity than can be even the bond of Empire," there was not only some outline of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, and the Empire generally, but also a room for the United States, from old maps of " the thirteen colonies " and their Declaration of Independence, onwards to modern times.<sup>1</sup> " For the world is one ; our Edinburgh situation is thus no longer remote ; the world is one, and where can you be forgetful of the rest of its countries—you must realize universal connections. The same regional principal holds everywhere." Once, in a small suburb outside Dundee, which I thought unimportant, Geddes replied characteristically : " It arose as a needed station on the High Road from Rome."

The next storey widens once more to Europe and Occidental civilization, with its long historic chart round the room, even from before Rome, and through all the later centuries. Here history is not thought of as ended, for shelves are filled with voluminous and classified Press cuttings, which the Tower's Current Events Club has kept for many years, even up to the recent war and its outcomes. In the background are portfolios of cities, indeed a main source of the Cities Exhibition.

So now, with all these methods and studies, we are

<sup>1</sup> Alas, much of this was lost in the *Emden* disaster, though some day to be replaced.

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ready to go to the Orient—where too many have gone without them.

Of Sister Nivedita's training in this way (it was from the Tower, when practically transported to the Paris Exhibition of 1900), I have elsewhere spoken. There is as yet no Exhibition, though long-planned, for Israel, and for the civilizations of the East. Here, however, I would put Geddes' many reports on Indian Cities in the past ten years; with these, of course, similar town-planning schemes from everywhere, now in all stages of delay or progress.

Nor is the anthropology of simple races forgotten; but there has not yet been space or time for this to be developed here.

Reviewing our whole descent of the Tower, we see here a reclassification of social studies, and a freshened way of teaching them. The general principle is primarily that of civic and social outlook, intensified into local details with help of the scientific outlooks, of a complete survey, yet each and all in contact with the larger world. It may be experimented with in any city, in anyone's study; even begun upon successive shelves of a bookcase, or better in the co-operative activity of a Current Events Club, and in that of a Regional and Civic Survey Committee, such as have been starting in so many places.

### III

Geddes went on to tell me how the Geological Survey of Britain developed, not only from the Ordnance Survey, but from William Smith's road maps, and how the corresponding Botanical Survey has since been growing out of the admirable maps made by his former Dundee assistants, first Robert Smith up to 1900, for the Dundee and Edinburgh districts, and next Dr. Hardy's Vegetation of the

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Highlands, already referred to. Thus we shall soon really know our basic assets and the character of our land—and not any longer make haphazard guesses as to our national wealth of soil and its possibilities.

There is now an Ecological Society for this study of the vegetation of Great Britain. There is also a Regional Survey Association in touch with the Sociological Society, with the Civic and Moral Education League, etc., and with the active congresses of Ideals in Education. There is the Institute of Town-Planners, and so forth—with all of which Geddes is intimately connected; in fact, in the founding of these, he has been more or less an instigator. Thus is growing up a new Domesday Book; and a pamphlet on this subject, by Mr. P. Westall, mentions Geddes as a “pioneer in Regional Surveying,” from the Tower survey of Edinburgh, onwards. Further results are coming: thus, Arthur Geddes, who has helped Dr. Hardy with his survey of Lewis, tells me, that one of his dreams is of a similarly full survey of the Highlands of Scotland—in their social conditions as well as their natural ones. “Diagnosis before treatment,” with a view to helping both spiritual and temporal renewal of his favourite region of his native land. Or, to return to facts accomplished, it is encouraging to note that Dr. Hardy’s Survey of Lewis was the ground of his appointment by the Supreme Council as one of the five international experts chosen by them to study the resources of Germany—he for Agriculture and Forestry. So here is a first touch of regional survey with high politics.

One begins to realize at length that Geddes has been founding a new school of geographers, who will soon be working all over the world. As a general bases his plan for battle upon maps, so must regional and civic reconstruction and development be polity based upon surveys. “This prime necessity of

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regional statesmanship" is made clear in *Cities in Evolution*, where it is amiably explained that our politicians, as yet, are a class "regionally blind," "geographically next to nil," but that the elements for a real Parliament, for these matters, are developing; to that we may hope now to "evolve some new form of organizing better able to cope with regional problems than are the present district and county councils."

In this book<sup>1</sup> the chapter on the Population Map and its meaning, is of value to all who would comprehend the need and importance of regional statesmanship. "Instead of the old lines of division we have new lines of union"—"for practical purposes a vast new unity"; a vision of a "higher unity of the body politic" and a sure knowledge that "the growth process is at work, and tends largely to submerge all differences beneath its rising tide." People who will not recognize this—or who say, as do practically certain members of the Labour Party, and other parties, "there is only one point of view, and there can be no other," are, in Geddes' phrase, "thought shirkers, who have never seen thirty *different kinds of pears all grafted on one tree and all doing well.*" These people either cannot see the detail for the design, or else they are too far from the design to see the detail; among modern writers there are "fools who never put a day's work in anywhere, who, when saying, 'I am a citizen of the world, I am anywhere' do not see that they are, in reality, nowhere—obsolete Utopians—and useless accordingly."

But "a city plan is a map of houses: and a map of parishes makes up the map of Europe."

"No," said he presently, when I questioned him, "you do not have to live and die where you happen to be born, to be a Regionalist; but you do have to study the place where you are—and this in all its

<sup>1</sup> *Cities in Evolution*, by P. Geddes, pp. 25-45.

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aspects ; and in detail as well as in perspective. This, too, is the way to real art—to a real Renaissance of art.”

He went on to explain that one must not force one's ideas upon all places alike, but study local conditions and ideas. “Don't be like the Fabians, who are too anxious to imprison the souls of other men in their own d—d box ! Wander about grafting new ideas on to old stock, wherever you can find it suitable. And live where you can work effectively ; that is my advice to individuals.”

I asked : “What, then, about a graph for this ? ” and he replied, “Will this do ? ”

(1) a geographer makes surveys, maps, notations.

(2) an artist makes pictures.

(3) an engineer makes motors.

2 expects 1 and 3 to look at his pictures :

3 expects 2 and 1 to get into his car : so

1 expects 2 and 3 to be able to read his notation.

Again, another way of summing up. As the theatre is a meeting place for many arts and crafts, and some little science too, so with regional survey. All the professions have to come together, to take stock of what they have, to compare notes and learn from one another. And then, after critically examining the causes of trouble, wherever it is found, sifting through what we have and keeping what is valuable while dropping out what is mistaken or outgrown, then, and then only, can we begin to plan for the immediate future, and towards a life healthier, more desirable, and less wasteful than it has been hitherto in that region. For this plan an insight into all the variations of “Place-Work-Folk” is needed. To carry it out in its full completeness, an orchestration of all the arts and all the sciences—in all the real occupations—is required : and with this we shall be coming towards some understanding of the mysteries of human life—its perfections, as

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images of the Gods, and with inspirations from the Muses.<sup>1</sup>

### IV

Having grasped these main principles of the Tower as a centre of studies, I came back another time to the Edinburgh Room, and here came some fresh readings of its facts, but now also of their applications. I continued my education in the architectural and business office, where the main practical work of the Tower has been in progress for many years—for instance, improvements of old Edinburgh courts and slums, work of housing, repair or rebuilding. Also increase of open spaces, and gardening in these. Preservation of historic buildings has thus been effected, even expressed as a civic principle, and for Edinburgh a peculiarly important one. Also establishment of College Halls of Residence; first in Edinburgh, and then later in Chelsea.

Each piece of work has been undertaken as circumstances and means allowed, leaving completion to the future. The influence of all this went long ago far beyond its district: take, for one example, the idea of gardening vacant plots of land, started more than thirty years ago, and later extended to Dublin, London, etc. These gardens are mainly for children's pleasure and play, and so are sometimes taken over by schools.

Hence, under the title of *Allotments for All: the Story of a Great Movement*, Mr. Butcher, the Superintendent and Instructor of the Vacant Land Cultivation Society, makes an omission when he says "over twenty years ago the movement for securing the temporary loan of pieces of vacant land originated with our American cousins . . . and since then vacant

<sup>1</sup> See chapters iv, and v.

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lots societies in various parts of Philadelphia, New York and other cities have become firmly established." The pioneer work in London was, quite independently, done by that "socialized millionaire," the late Mr. Joseph Fels ; so that in London at the outbreak of war, the Societies' plot holders numbered 140 on 17 acres of land. But the inner history of the story is that the Fels came to Edinburgh about 1910, and formed a warm friendship with the Geddes'. Alasdair and a student-friend of his enthusiastically surveyed the environs of Edinburgh for such allotments, finding no less than 500 vacant acres thus usefully available. Their plan was hung in the City Chambers, and Mr. Fels<sup>1</sup> addressed a crowded meeting convened for him by the Lord Provost. All was going well, but alas, his views on "Single Tax" came in at the close too fervidly for that audience. The magnates of the city took fright, and fled, and all this vacant land remained vacant until the war. The initial work inspired by Geddes then bore fruit.

### V

The history of many other schemes and ideas set on foot by the Professor and Mrs. Geddes at the Outlook Tower would require whole chapters. Yet to the uninitiated visitor the Tower may at first seem as unsatisfactory and diffuse as it appeared to me, when I tried, alone, to make head or tail of it. The pity is that few of his fellow-citizens—and sometimes even of his collaborators—have yet understood the Tower or its work ; and scanty means and membership thus leave it but a beginning of what it seeks to be.

Then, too, though even the passing tourist may learn much, and the habitual visitors more, the key to understanding this first school of sociology and civics

<sup>1</sup> See *Joseph Fels : His Life Work*, by his Wife.

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is to know its principles, its classifications, its interpretations, and the progressive method by which seemingly detached materials are woven into a creative whole.

As to these general ideas, Mr. Branford wrote in 1914, before the war :

“ With the appearance of civics and eugenics there is now emerging an integrate body of doctrine as to the origin, place and purpose of man, which utilizes alike the resources of the natural and the social sciences. It is neither Comtist nor Spencerian ; still less is it Darwinian. . . . The dispersive specialisms of sociology must gradually crystallize into a Human Science, complementary and corrective to the Cosmic Science of the naturalist. Not until these two poles of life and thought are linked into a working bi-polar system, can the moral anarchy, the intellectual confusion, and the practical disorder of our times cease, and give place to an ordered march of civilization.”

## VI

One afternoon Mrs. Geddes was “ at home ” to visitors in her delightful house on the top of the Castle Hill—the highest house in the city, save the studio flat above it, from the windows of which the expanse of the Forth and hills beyond that could be seen, and the marvellous northern sunsets watched all the year round. The whole Tower Outlook is thus again before us—and with a difference. To my admiring congratulations my host quietly said : “ Yes—that has been our way of making our fortune. We want to see nature, and cities ; this is built as a point for both.” Turner or Monet would have painted endless studies from this vantage point.

As host, in his family surroundings, the Professor was quietly humorous and self-effacing ; with his characteristic elusiveness he sat about in corners, chatting with one or another of his guests, and throw-



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ing aside his strenuous activity. For the first time now I saw Norah Geddes, gracefully helping her mother with tea and cakes, prettily dressed, fresh and dainty; she was not at all one's first idea of the gardener at the Zoo! She was not even sunburned, and her hands were white, like an artist's. I mentioned this to Geddes, saying: "She doesn't look as if she did much digging!" "She learned her digging before she was twelve," he told me.

I remembered a conversation I had had with him at Ghent about cooking, and how he had shown me that all four quarters of the notation of life arise even in this. For from plain cooking, as from other things, the apprentice becomes a journeyman and then master—"Chef." And cooking can be raised to the point of a science, with chemistry of food, and dietary to an art even; and food-preparing may rise to an ideal—"to renew the very Eucharist and that in deed."

Norah had served her apprenticeship with her father as working gardener throughout childhood, and as botanist later at College, and at Montpellier—a great school of botany—the one with which Geddes has most kept in touch. After visiting the gardens of Italy, she had become an art student in Edinburgh, and had then practised in Edinburgh and in Dublin for several years before coming back to lay out the gardens of the Edinburgh Zoo. It seemed strange that Sunday afternoon, when this young girl left us to keep an appointment with the trustees of the Zoo, her work seemed no strain to her: she was mistress of her art.

## VII

Alasdair told me that he was now going in for an honours degree in natural science at Edinburgh

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University.<sup>1</sup> Not that he coveted distinction, but I think he wanted to prove that his unconventional education had made him fit to compete with orthodox school and university men. In due course I heard that he had not only got his honours, but won a valuable fellowship among competitors of three past years. And to this young man, whose education had alarmed even old friends, some nine or ten appointments were offered in the first month after getting his degree—five or six in universities—for geography, botany, forestry and more—a librarianship, too, and two appointments in town planning. I forget all. But eventually he decided to go to India as assistant to his father.

Arthur was planning, that Summer of 1914, to work as a crofter in the Highlands, and get up his physique and his agriculture together.

Around the little hall was a fine frieze, painted by their friend, John Duncan; and other painters had each their room. Flowers were everywhere. In happy home-life, tranquil, artistic, natural, the Professor rested from his labours.

Yet a peep into one room showed it filled with "thinking-machines" and piles of notes, at least equal in volume to those at Ghent. Here he and Mrs. Geddes would often work together; or one or other of the children, or students and friends, too, would thresh out their problems with him.

In the big sitting-room, Mrs. Geddes would, on Sunday afternoons or of an evening, gather musicians round her, or she would accompany the 'cello of Alasdair and the violin of Arthur, or play the piano or sing herself, for she was a first-rate musician.

My visit to Edinburgh had made clear to me what Geddes wrote in *Cities of Evolution* :—

<sup>1</sup> Which he naturally won.

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“ Ideas are but sections of life, movement is of its essence. This life-movement proceeds in changing rhythm, initiated by the genius of the place, continued by the Spirit of the Times.”



CARICATURE OF PATRICK GEDDES  
(from "The Blue-Blanket")

## CHAPTER IV

### THE RETURNING GODS

#### OLYMPUS

RETURNING Gods? What Gods? we ask, and how are they returning? What can a botanist or a city planner tell us about them, even if they do return? Granting that mythology is beautiful at its best, what has it to do with science or with modern life?

Mr. Zangwill wrote: "Even in the sacristy one is not safe from the spirit";<sup>1</sup> but this, it seems, is true to-day even of the laboratory.

Not at first did I see any order in such ideas, any relations possible between mythology and biology; but this turned out, in fact, to be one of the fundamentals of Geddes' teaching, about "Nature in its evolution, and Man in his ascents and falls." When we consider the plant and how it grows, we come to see its life as a succession of phases, and these are familiar to us throughout the seasons. First come Swelling and Budding, then Shooting and Leafing, then Flowering. Yet leafy growth is resumed, Greening, as we may call it. Then Fruiting and Seeding; and at last Drying, towards Resting or Dying.

All these phases must more or less be presented in every individual; yet the characteristic form and "habit" of plants may often be interpreted as no mere adaptation to external habitat and its circumstances from without, as the custom was; but also as the accentuation and predominance of this or that life-phase, no doubt favoured by external conditions.

<sup>1</sup> *Jinny the Carrier.*

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Hence Geddes has once and again planted a garden in this order—first with the swelling cacti, then the bud-like agaves, the cabbages, the palms, each a great bud upon a stalk. Then the climbing and twining plants, as glorified shoots. Next, the plants especially leafy in their growth, from grasses to trees. After all these forms of vegetation, the types pre-eminent in flowering, the roses, the lilies, and, above all, the gorgeous annuals which thus burn themselves away; yet next for persistence after flowering, and in enduring verdure, the evergreens. The fruiting plants have the vine as their very king! And the seeding plants are queened by corn. Finally, for drying and resting plants, the thorns: and thus back to the cacti once more.

The seasons on one hand, the diverse forms of life on the other, are thus linked up with life's normal phases. But so, too, is human life; indeed, the comparison of natural and human life is as old as literature; it is only since we learned to talk of "biology" and "sociology" as widely different sciences, that they seem far apart. Hence one of the earliest adventures of the Outlook Tower group, and its start in publishing, was with *The Evergreen*—a series of four ambitious, even sumptuous, volumes, one for each of the seasons, and with its characteristic expression in Nature, in human life, in Scotland, and in their city; and each, too, in collaboration of scientific man and essayist, of artist and poet. Given thus the oldest of themes, the attempt was to combine scientific and artistic presentments with a freshened unity.

But all this is of earlier teachings and endeavours. I came in at a later stage of further developments. When, early in 1914, I was struck by the enthusiasm of Londoners over a lecture in the Little Theatre by Mr. Chesterton on the subject of Magic, the idea occurred to me that if people could be turned away in hundreds from a discussion on Magic, they might

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be induced to think about Life ; hence I persuaded Geddes to prepare a series of causeries on modern life and its ideals, in ancient imagery, entitled *The Returning Gods*, and under the introductory chairmanship of Lord Bryce. Here are extracts from the initial summary :

“ Long-accepted doctrines and established conventions are losing authority ; yet the needed regroupings of men and of ideas have not yet clearly appeared. In the press, the sides of life are separated, and each is again broken up into details without end. Yet vital and constructive tendencies are now manifest on all hands—in literature, in the school of science and of philosophy, and in each and every art. The advancing sciences are coming to realize their manifold connections, their profound and intimate unity. The arts are striving towards unity, and this with widening aims, of expression and of citizenship.

“ The humanizing and reunion of the sciences, this kindred orchestration and application of the arts, are now seen as the essential problem and movement of our time : but towards their discussion and their furtherance the present meeting-places are too specialized. Thinker and artist are now needed on a common platform, and before a single audience—one open at once to ideals and to enquiries, and desiring truth and beauty together. This reunion of speculative thought with creative activity requires for its exposition not only the resource and the audience of pulpit and platform, of university and exhibition, of publication and discussion, but—as most unifying of all—those of the Theatre. For what is the aim of science, and whither the increasing sweep of its generalizations of energy, life and evolution, if not towards an even fuller presentment of the universe as Cosmic Drama ? What the advance of arts, from scratch to sculpture, and bone to bronze, from cry to speech and song—and with these the advance of nature-mastery, from flint and spark to aeroplane—if not the Technic Drama, the tale of Prometheus throughout the ages ? While of yet higher dramatic value and appeal is the Pageant of History, with its majestic succession of races, of empires, and cities, of arts and literatures, of philosophies and faiths.

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"Of these movements, each so dramatic in its fullest sense, the resultant is the present, and the World its stage. The varied ideas and individualities of the day, and its contemporary Theatre, are thus kindred expressions of the times; and these remain insufficiently effective until they are interact, each with the others."

To this we added that the first series of causeries would be delivered by Professor Geddes. His various sympathies and activities—scientific, philosophic, architectural and civic, historic and dramatic—are unitedly expressed in the above outline, with its combination of mystic and poetic tradition, with fresh interpretation of present-day criticism, and hopeful forecast, and this with suggestive applications of many kinds.

Whether Geddes was too little known in our outer circles of so-called educated people, or whether—even more likely—the flood of ideas thus suddenly let in upon the manager of the theatre was too much for him, I do not know. But the effect was stillborn. The manager had a nervous breakdown; Geddes was left to shoulder the expenses; and the causeries were never given! Probably the psychological moment had not arrived. I rescue, however, the embryo of the high argument.

First is outlined the course of life with its main periods of Youth, Maturity and Decline, expressed as the ascent, culmination and fall of a curve (and thus punctuated by four main crises—of Birth, Adolescence, Senescence and Death). Within the first period may be distinguished infancy and early youth; within the next, adolescence, maturity proper, and sex fully realized through offspring. Finally, Age has its earlier and later phases. Thus seven phases in all.

I would fain popularize this too condensed summary, and carry it on. Thus, the gods are more familiar under their Latin names than their Greek ones (Artemis as Diana, Aphrodite as Venus, Pallas as

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Minerva, Hera as Juno, and Demeter as Ceres ; and so, Eros as Cupid, Hermes as Mercury, Dionysos as Bacchus, Apollo, Ares as Mars, Hephestos as Vulcan and Zeus as Jupiter) ; yet the Greek names are best, for the Romans more or less vulgarized all they borrowed from the Greeks. More important, however, are their meanings for modern life. [See drawing, p. xvi, "The Gods of Olympus," and Geddes' Book (Yale University Press).] The Gods as super-normal types of humanity, the Humans as norms, and the Demi-gods as various combinations, are thus frankly compared. Sub-norms also are shown arranged in like series, and in their various combinations, of good or evil—witness the origins of the Sister and lay-sister, and of their evil contrasts—and correspondingly for demi-gods and fallen ones.

Here is a new approach to the individual and social pathology which Freud and his disciples are so fully popularizing to-day, and a more general view and interpretation of their problems, if as yet less minute in detail. Here, in fact, is an example of that unity of life-studies, from simplest to highest, from normal to pathological, which appears as the evolution process becomes more clearly presented. This view of life is by Geddes even applied, and with fresh readings, to cities, alike at their best and at their worst.

First, however, there is outlined the garden scheme already referred to, and with the phases of plant life expressed in characteristic forms.

"Beyond traditional gardens," he writes, "begin to appear those of evolution ; each a sacred enclosure, with the gardener biologist as its ministering priest. For the student of life is turning from post-mortem divinations. As florist and breeder, he is considering the potentialities of life's phases and the enhancement of these in perfection and beauty. All this for many species—even at length his own ; the



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breeder hurrying into eugenics, and the florist venturing into education. Such advancing aims involve first our seeing the normal type for each species ; and beyond this, the conception of a super-norm to be striven towards. This idealization of human life for both sexes, and for all their well-marked phases of development, presents us with far more than a single type of superman. It likewise involves the recognition of the psychic and outward activities of these. All this is a veritable re-evocation of gods and muses ; it is the return of the Olympians, the re-ascent of Parnassus."

After this outline of the development of living beings, we next come to his interpretation of the gods of ancient Greece, in their temples. In fact, as

### *The Living Past and the Returning Gods : Their Images, Fallen or Renewing.*

To understand the mythology of a people (the Professor's own words are now given), and its expressions in art and cult, in temple and in drama, in personalities real and ideal, we are indeed helped by the anthropologist. But the study of Greek cities and temples is not one merely of origins—whether these be sought in the state of innocence or amid the strifes of savage passion. It is that of the most marvellous period of human evolution, both civic and individual, and into unique and supreme blossomings of thought and deed, into gods and heroes.

Who, then, were the Olympians ? Without disrespect to their anthropologic and poetic traditions, or to the scholarly discussion of these again in active progress, it is their organic and psychic essentials which here vitally concern us. The Greek anticipated our ideals of eugenics and of education ; for him vitally expressed in a vision of divinities—beings at

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once normal and ideal, human yet superhuman ; and far beyond those earlier and simpler idealizations of occupation and place which were foreshadowed in Apollo, the divine shepherd, the musician, the healer ; in Athena of the olive, and Demeter of the corn. Goddesses and gods thus supremely expressed each the ideal, the super-norm, of a phase of life. This vivid and creative intuition has since Greek days too much seemed but a mythopoetic dream, but none the less it reappears in evolutionary thought. Each goddess, each god, is the essential and characteristic, the logical and necessary expression of the corresponding life-phase of Woman and of Man.

Man as lover, idealist, poet, has ever created the goddesses. He worships each perfection of womanhood ; he defers to her bright intuition, bows before her ready spear of woman's wit, and yields his apple to her compelling charm. Each youth, in his turn a Paris, has his three-fold vision ; Aphrodite, Pallas, Hera, are no further to seek than of old. On either side arise other goddesses, of younger and of older phase ; there Artemis, the maid, still unawakened to sex, running free in Nature, and Hebe, the winning and willing child ; here again Demeter, aging, saddened and grey, patient, helpful and wise.

So for her part woman creates her types of the gods ; first the father, in patriarchal perfection as Zeus ; next Apollo, in whom manhood stands complete ; then Eros, the babe of inmost longings. Between these appears Hermes, the boy messenger, swift and eager ; soon giving place to Dionysos, the youth awaking towards manhood, thrilling to woman, wine and song. After Apollo, master of himself, comes Arès, armed and active in the struggle for existence ; later Hephestos, with his mastery and skill, yet limited, even lamed, thereby. Seated now in their series, the Olympian Circle is complete. Its architectural and sculptural presentment necessarily

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follows, and the plans of Athens, of Olympus or Eleusis may be interpreted more clearly.

Nor does such high expression of the phases of life end with the Hellenic age. The "rites of expression" predominant in simpler faiths, give place to the higher, but less joyous, "rites of passage."

The Parthenon of Athens or Byzantium becomes the Church of the Sacred Wisdom ; in Cyprus Stella Maris again rises from the sea, and amid white doves as of old. The maiden immaculate re-appears, and so the mother with her sorrows ; yet each more truly a phase of the changeful life of ideal womanhood. All the goddesses are thus resumed into the high succeeding faith. For this, too, the Christmas Babe, the boy seeking wisdom, the youth tempted, the good shepherd, express and yet more humanly the earlier phases of this enduringly human cycle ; while the later phase—of warfare with evils, of bearing of toil and suffering—become incomparably more divine.

Finally, the interpretation of human individuals, first as normally in the image of the ideal of each of these phases of perfection, but next as actually fallen from it, may be traced out, and for each age, with no less graphic precision. For Eros we have too often the brat, and for Hermes the *gamin* ; Dionysos becomes hooligan or *apache* ; Apollo falls to prig, and Ares to bully or worse. The drudge is the fallen image of Hephestos, and the tyrant or dotard of Zeus ; and similarly, for the various degradations of woman. Woman and man alike present more complex types of fall ; yet correspondingly alternatives of rise.

Turning now to the study of civics, we see that just as the town plans of ancient and sacred cities were determined by their temples as institutes of ideal expression and of human development, so are those of our great towns—cities we cannot truly call them—by the corresponding environment correlated with each type of degradation. Hence the slum, the

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ghetto ; hence our squalor of factory and mine, our garish centres of debasing pleasures. Each is an inverted temple-precinct, and the nemesis of our lack of the corresponding worthier one. Yet, with all this, the conclusion is far from wholly pessimistic. For again town plans no less graphically present themselves, on which city and citizen may, as of old, develop together. But these—since depending for their character not upon mere breadth of road, but rather upon its direction, and not upon mere magnitude and material purpose of edifices, but upon their ideals—are as yet seldom demanded from city planners.

Thus, though “the immortal gods” of antiquity and of the Renaissance have sadly faded in the twilight of the study, the gallery, the museum, they necessarily return, evoked and declared by those very sciences which scholar and artist, in their too ignorant worship, have feared as destructive. To discern anew these types of beauty and perfection—and as of old, fitly to house their carven images—to express their beauty and meaning in discourse and song, in pageant and in symbol—all this is no mere classic revival, still less fantastic dream. It is the needed re-educative and re-creative preparation to-day for the more eugenic and eupsychic humanity of to-morrow.

This making realities of myths is now indelibly dyed into my thoughts. I have often seen Geddes, like a new Socrates, in corners of cafés—or where you will—grouped with youths, just met, or students, who never tire of this thing, and who pore over any old scrap of paper upon which the teacher draws his interpretation of the gods and goddesses of Greece. I have seen people of all ages and faiths and nationalities—from Roman Catholic and Hindoo to Jew and Socialist, Freethinker and Quaker—intent upon this theme, with which they seldom disagree. The violent

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opposition, or else cool indifference, with which some of his ideas are met, never appears when he is expounding this version of the life-cycle. Most listeners go away with the bits of paper upon which he has scribbled it down.

Many struggle over some of the phases, trying to see themselves in one or another of the temples ; and many morbidly inclined are ever after helped to optimism by the invigorating realization that real genius is normal and not a "sport."

The superman should be thus as normal as is the best blossom on a rhododendron head. Many of us, like flowers in a garden-bed, get a bad start, or are crowded out, meet with bad luck or untoward circumstances, and are thus warped from the right curve of the normal life cycle, but yet pass on over (or under) to the next phase in life and may still make a success of that in every way—even in love and in art. We have, as it were, seven chances and seven sub-chances in life.

Such an outlook helps youthful and adolescent troubles to appear in their right light (even to the adolescent), and it helps people of maturer years to recover from tragedy and ill luck, for in every one of the seven phases of life there shines the lamp of Hope and Fulfilment, though the way to this be over rocks and mountains and great chasms, painful to cross. That the myths are real and true, and have biological explanation—relating the life of man to that of flowers and plants—is indeed a revelation, since so widely different a view of evolution from the current one.

The Greeks accentuated the Joy in Life—the moments of attainment ; and Jesus, who knew the pain there is in between these moments, sublimated the suffering which is also common to us all ; and so, as it were, opened to us a new spiritual continent and made a larger world. To this ideal, "Greater love

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hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend," is thus added an interpretation of love—that of service by living, which indeed Jesus showed while alive.

Most girls get to the Diana phase without mishap ; and all women have been in the third Venus phase, looking into their mirror, as attractive to gods and men ! Suppose, however, that, unhappy in love, the Venus never marries—is never even the fortunate mistress of any good man—is her life a failure ? By no means ; she will lose that happy experience, but go on to another—possibly on a higher plane (through sex-sublimation) ; she may become a goddess of Wisdom ; or a saintly lady, with greater opportunities for service than even if she had had her home and children. She may, indeed, mother more children than she could possibly have borne. Just as there are many degrees of service in which she may rise and develop the love at first suppressed in her heart, so, by contrast, there are degrees of lowness to which she may fall.

Failing to become Minerva, or even a simple wife and mother, she may be "Mistress ;" she may become a Harlot, a Prostitute. Yet she may be "Sister," with age "Mother Superior" (even out in the world) : these alternatives centre around the middle phase—the most tremendously difficult and critical.

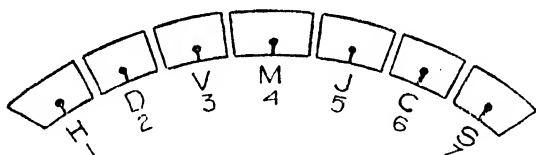
There is practically no end to the play of life possible between the phases ; but it is obvious that the great game of life should be so played that every woman becomes in the end—not a hag, not a crone, not a failure in any way, no matter what her shocks and disappointments, her struggles and disillusionments, but a Sibyl, such as Michael Angelo pictured ; diffusing in the serenity of old age, not irritation or superstition, but enlightened love and experienced wisdom. Thus she should reach—not senility—but

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senescence, with its final flowering of the spirit ; and here is her great chance of vital influence—her spiritual powers triumphant over those only of sex—her last sowing of her seed before death takes her.

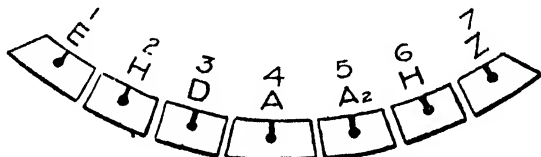
Having now this interpretation of the phases and crises of life, and for the Greeks—the Rites of Expression, and of the perilous passages between them, more emphasized by Christianity, as also by simpler and earlier faiths, with their Rites of Passage—it behoves us to build again temples where young and old may meditate and worship and go for refreshment of the spirit.

I have spoken of those who have been warped or blighted in some one phase of life, yet who may reach completion in another, here on earth.



- (1) Hebe, the child.
- (2) Diana, the maiden.
- (3) Venus, the girl ready for mating.
- (4) Minerva, Goddess of Wisdom.
- (5) Juno, with her experience.
- (6) Ceres with her sorrows.
- (7) Sybil with her understanding.

Similarly for men :



- (1) Eros (Cupid), the enchanting babe.
- (2) Hermes (Mercury), the bright boy.
- (3) Dionysos (Bacchus), the adolescent.

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- (4) Apollo, the man in early prime.
- (5) Ares (Mars) in struggle for existence.
- (6) Hephestos (Vulcan) in life-work, fully skilled.
- (7) Zeus (Jupiter) mature age.

The seventh God is finely characterized in old-world fashion, by Moses in old age or by Socrates, and by the myth of the great God Zeus or Jupiter, whose altar is the Temple of Senescence.

The arrival at this temple unscathed—though not unwounded—is, I think, what is meant by “Life Triumphant.”

Geddes, his vitality unimpaired in his seventy-third year, is on his way to this temple himself : he has been long passing through the Temples of Mars and Vulcan, and his life is still that of life in struggle, and towards creative skill.

A main lesson of this interpretation of the Gods is that it is not necessary to fail in life because balked at the entrance to one or another of its phases and temples. If you may not enter by the way of the normal life-cycle, you may pass on and enter the next on a higher level by sublimation of the instinct which led you to the one at which you failed. For Evolution of Spirit is possible in one lifetime ; and one may fall to rise again—and higher !

Into these ideas the old symbols of Faith, Hope and Charity, revitalized and reinterpreted, may be woven ; but to these one word may be added, which previously was undoubtedly “understood.” So the reading now is Hope, Work, Faith, Charity ; and Charity being, of course, not interpreted in terms of money, but in the spirit of that helpful goodwill which comes with understanding love.

Space forbids elaboration of the fascinating problems in this fresh bio-psychology which have been worked out by Geddes, but never yet put into print. However, in the promised volume on Olympus Geddes is



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now preparing for the Yale University Press, we shall find this inquiry into the human life-cycle and its innumerable variations more fully described. For the moment Geddes and Branford give us as preparation :

“ The actualities of education ” say these authors in *Our Social Inheritance*, “ but too much tend to complete the bewilderment of the modern man. He, in the ardours of youth, struggles through this welter of confusions to realize the personal dream of Marriage, Career, Home. Call these by the general terms of Folk—Work—Place, and you reach the standpoint of a science genuinely social because really vital. Try, in mood alternately realistic and idealistic, to make the most of this Invisible Triad, not for a fortunate few, but for all, and throughout life : engage in this uncovenanted service and you embark on a forward move through the Transition—from the phase of life you are personally in, through the inevitable crises and on to the next Temple, where you will find Joy and a suitable ritual to the sublimation of that particular phase of your life.”

So far tied to scientific language and order in his writing, Geddes has not permitted himself in print the flights he rises to in verbal teaching or in conversation. I have but drawn back the curtain slightly to give a glimpse into the Cell of Thought which was in the Exhibition of Cities, and which is set apart in the Outlook Tower and indeed wherever Geddes lives or works.

## CHAPTER V

### THE NOTATION OF LIFE

#### PARNASSUS

As a preliminary to understanding Geddes' *Notation of Life*, it is well to know something of his sociology, so here I quote from Victor Branford's *Interpretations and Forecasts*, in which he says :

“ . . . To arrange the manifold approaches to sociology in orderly method, and present both the principles and the method as an evolutionary doctrine, has now for more than a quarter of a century been the main aim and theme of the Edinburgh School of Sociology.

“ Thus far the work of its founder is better known for its experimental application of sociological principles, the reform of education, and the betterment of cities, than for any systematic exposition yet published.

“ It is the ethic of the school that with the unifying of thought should go on the organizing of citizenship—each process being needed to fertilize and make efficient the other. The university and the city should thus be linked, and their co-operation rendered conscious and effective by the needed School of Sociology, at the same time an Institute of Synthetics. Towards this, the Outlook Tower is an experimental beginning. It constitutes one of the few examples of the laboratory of the working sociologists, with its fields of observation and experiment set out in storey below storey, from Neighbourhood, City and Region, throughout the widening world. . . . Its many practical applications and endeavours may be imagined from the maxims, that life without Labour leads to folly or to vice ; that Labour without Education leads to stupidity or to crime ; that Education without Citizenship leads to all the diseases of the body politic.

“ It thus stands for a vitalization of society, a renewed process of social genesis—in a word, no mere Revolution, but a re-birth, a veritable Regeneration of the City . . .

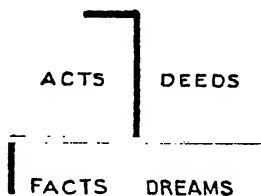
## GEDDES : THE MAN AND HIS GOSPEL

a Eu-genesis of Man, towards the citizenship of Plato's noblest dreams."

He then shows Geddes as combining the teaching of Comte with that of LePlay, and again with that of older and later thinkers, into his own theory of Life, which is thus like a sea wherein all rivers meet, and no mere wizard's pot, in which all manner of things and thoughts are melted down. In a letter to me Walter Lippman of the *New Republic* wrote: "I come more and more to value his marvellous synthetic power."

Branford tells us how Geddes has used and clarified LePlay's essential concept (his *Lieu, Travail, Famille*), incorporated the *Race, Moment, Milieu*, of Taine, and worked all these and more into the concept of the city, with Comte's *Temporal and Spiritual Powers—People and Chiefs, Intellectuals and Emotionalists*—in their working co-partnerships, and changes and strifes through history. He speaks of Geddes as one "whose answers to problematical questions are flashed into unity in ecstasies of vision."

Coming now to Geddes' *Notation* itself, I think his syllabus of a paper read to the Sociological Society is worth inserting, condensed though it be, since the text—such is his provoking way—has never yet been completed for publication.



## THE NOTATION OF LIFE

In previous papers before this Society (e.g. *Civics as Applied Sociology*, 1904-5) will be found a diagrammatic analysis of a city's life, which not only anticipates the notation of the present paper, but applies it to the sociological field.

The advance of science is not merely an increasing knowledge of facts, but it depends also upon our increasing generalization and mastery of these, towards classification and interpretation.

The progress of mathematics is thus essentially an advance of notations; and this the chemist and physicist clearly recognize. Biologists have their classifications and their diagrams. Economists have their statistics and these increasingly graphic; but *amid the complexities of these concrete studies, and their extreme division of labour, we are apt to lose sight of the general task of science.* Yet this is clearly grasped by the geographer, whose concrete maps are made by the aid of abstract projections, so that these support each other in making the universe intelligible and with sufficient detail to show our place and guide our journeyings.

*To achieve this for all departments of knowledge is the task of science:* to compile all these is the task of scientific textbooks and encyclopædias; to see all this generalized and unified is the desire of the scientific philosopher, from Aristotle and Bacon, Comte and Spencer, to our own day.



Those who have sought of old to penetrate the mystery of life seem commonly to have thought of this in terms of chemical and alchemical substances, like the "elixir" or "quintessence" of old; while in modern times this has been discussed in terms of the modes of energy, and described as "physical" or "vital" according to materialistic or idealistic leanings. But the biologist must leave such physical and chemical speculations to their respective cultivators, and seek his rational view of life within his own order of ideas. For him *life is process; life is relation; and this two-fold, of environment in action upon organism, and of organism in reaction upon environment;* in formula therefore, Efo, Ofc. On one side of this process we view life so far as determined by circumstances; on the other side life as so far dominating circumstances. Similarly for social life: for which environment is *Place*,

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function is essentially *Work*, and organisms essentially *Family* or *Folk*. Place thus determines the nature of the *Work*, and *Work* thus determines the constitution of the *Family*, and so the institutions of the *Folk*. But *Folk* are also active : they work on their place and modify it increasingly. Hence the social formula at its briefest, is parallel to that of the living organism.

Pwf:	→	←	Fwp	From one side life is but
				a game of chance, at best
Efo:	→	←	Ofe	a novel of circumstance :
				on the other, a novel of

character, a championship of skill. Thus one religion or philosophy bows before Fate, submits to impassive gods ; yet another expresses hope and emphasizes example. So evolutionists argue over "Luck or Cunning" ; educationalists tend to overstate the importance of Nurture, and eugenists to undervalue this in urging that of Nature. Yet if this two-fold conception of life be set down in simple notation (as in formula above), this is seen to be capable of development. It can be shown to afford a method of orderly book-keeping and balance between these long contrasted theories and philosophies of life ; and this not only on the organic and the individual levels, but on that of societies also, even to the comparison of cities in detail. But with a notation at once so simple and so comprehensive, our specialized sciences and our general philosophy of them may be pursued together. It is the task of the present paper to give some justification of this large claim, by showing the applicability of this notation to unite many fields of specialism long and commonly kept distinct, as those of the biologist with the psychologist. First for the naturalist with the geographer, the economist with the anthropologist, and next for the biologist with the psychologist, including even with him the logician, the esthetician, and even the interpreter of religion and philosophy, science and art.

The unity of all these studies, affirmed times without number by philosophers and scientific men alike, is by help of this working method increasingly verified. This may be tested by examples drawn alike from modern or ancient thought, examples so apparently distinct as are the philosophies of Bergson and of Eucken, and again from the poesy and mythology of the past, from Gods and Muses, Olympus and Parnassus.

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When explaining the notation of life to his students and friends, Geddes makes us play with him his life-long game of paper-folding. "Just the kindergarten," he tells us, "if the children and their teachers understood what they are doing, as they some day will. For this is making thinking-machines." So we obediently take a sheet of paper and ask—what next ?<sup>1</sup>

"Before attempting the mapping of life, which is not familiar to anybody, begin first with what is familiar, the mapping of the world. If you try to draw the continents from memory you won't be nearly correct. Why? Because you have no guiding lines. Fold the paper then across the middle, for the equator; and now the top and bottom of our sheet are the (stretched-out) poles. Parallel folds to these give you the arctic and antarctic circles, and another pair the tropics, and between these, you can put in the parallels of latitude like the big map on the wall. But these are not enough. We must also fold down the middle of our sheet, for Greenwich mid-day, by which the railways and clocks of all the world are now timed, hour by hour, so that you can put in the whole twenty-four meridians of longitude like the map, if you will! The great point gained by these intersecting lines, ruling off our map into so many squares, is that we can now draw our island in its place and all the continents with comparative accuracy. Hence every skipper can steer his course as over oceans far vaster than was the then uncharted sea on which Ulysses lost himself.

"So far, then, for our familiar map of the world, with its shrunken landscape in concrete clearness, because kept in order by its abstract and imaginary lines.

"Now, then, let us start afresh, on a new sheet, and try whether we cannot also do something towards

<sup>1</sup> See chart.

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the charting of Life, on which each has his own Odyssey of wanderings."

Yet even now he does not begin by folding papers ! Like Bergson, yet independently, since as biologist, not as metaphysician, he tries to put before you life—the living being—in its sensations and experiences, its movements and activities, i.e. in constant relation to environment. He expresses a revolt and a rebound from his old master, Huxley, with his teaching of biology from a succession of dead "types," on the dissecting table ; and insists that you begin in Nature, with the trees and flowers *alive*—that is at once absorbing the sun's light and utilizing it, drinking up the soil's water with its dissolved salts, and transforming them into its very life and substance ; and this is no mere passive spongy way, but as living, as breathing, transforming the atmosphere, even creating it as we know it. We have to see the plants creating their own food-substances, growing thereby, and all the while not in any passive, inert, half-alive "vegetative" state, but keenly alive, even to a degree often surpassing animal or human sense, and though seeming stationary, really moving, in all the wonderful ways Darwin first began to elucidate, and Bose has so subtly explored. So again the biologist's fish is not dead, but aswim : the bird for him is not the dead laboratory pigeon, but the living dove in all its beauty, with its pretty amorous and nesting ways, its splendid flight, its mysterious home-returning powers.

In short, he insists on your studying life in its living, life acting and reacting with its environment, Nature everywhere as Drama. Even in "inorganic nature !" —the flying sun carrying with it its environmental system of planets, and our planet as conditioned by and reacting to its dominant environment, the Sun. So we have to visualize everything in Nature : every species, every organism, society, etc., has to be seen like Saturn—never without his complex environment











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of rings, and these, in all their manifold components, inter-related with the central mass. This image of moving equilibration may serve us well as a simple initial diagram of the complex process of Life, with its alternating action of environment on organism and organism on environment.

Many people have for many years made efforts to get Geddes to put this synthesis down for publication (in however abbreviated a form), and I have at last been able to induce him to write the following for me ; he sent it from India, after protesting that the subject really needs a book in itself. But it will soon appear more fully in the book on *Life in Evolution* he is writing with Professor Arthur Thomson.

### *The Notation of Life*<sup>1</sup>

This at first sight looks complex enough, with its 36<sup>2</sup> squares—a chessboard reduced by cutting off its outer row all round, which we can more easily produce by folding an ordinary sheet of double letter-paper. First into vertical columns, three on each side ; and thus six in all. Thus on the left hand of our open

<sup>1</sup> See chart facing this page.

Coming from the sublime to the ridiculous, I must tell a story told by Mr. H. V. Lanchester after a lecture at a literary club, given by myself on Geddes. He told how a lady who had known Geddes in India came to him and asked him if the Professor was well, and on being answered in the affirmative, breathed a sigh of relief, and said : " Oh, some one told me that he had said he was going to build the New Jerusalem, and I was afraid he had suddenly died ! "

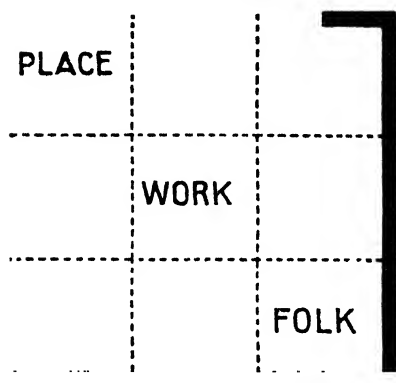
<sup>2</sup> I must also tell that it was when Geddes first gave this Notation to the public in London, at the Royal Society of Arts, for the Sociological Society, in 1914, that I heard the reporters say to one another as they laid down their pens : " We can't report this stuff ! " Accordingly the general public never heard a word about it, nor did it seem to have any effect upon a well-known Art Critic who sat beside me and heard the whole thing.

*It was on this occasion that a scientist in the audience rose and said that this Notation was more important than Goethe's famous contribution to science (in which he showed that all the parts of a plant are variations of a type most clearly seen in the leaf).*

The reader should here take a piece of paper and, following the directions, fold it and fill it in as he reads.

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sheet we have space for the comparatively passive side of Life which environment dominates, and on the right hand for the active, in which man dominates his environment. The whole sheet is now like a Debtor and Creditor account. On the one side we have space for the views according to which circumstances dominate life, and man is in the grasp of fate ; but on the opposite side we have space for his freedom, his ever-increasing domination of Nature and circumstance.



Begin with the first of these. The study of place grows up into Geography ; that of work is Economics ; that of folk is Anthropology. But these are commonly studied apart, or in separate squares touching only at a point. Witness the separate Chairs and Institutes and

learned societies of that name ; but here we have to bring them into living unison. Place studied without work or folk, is a matter of atlases and maps, with a library of travellers' descriptions of travel. Folk without place and work are dead : and hence Anthropological collections and books are too much of mere skulls and weapons. So, too, for economics : the study of work, when apart from definite place and definite folk, comes down to mere abstractions, and becomes " the dismal science," *par excellence*, reduced to theories of exchange and money, and even then mostly described as if by blind men comparing notes of what they have heard in the market.

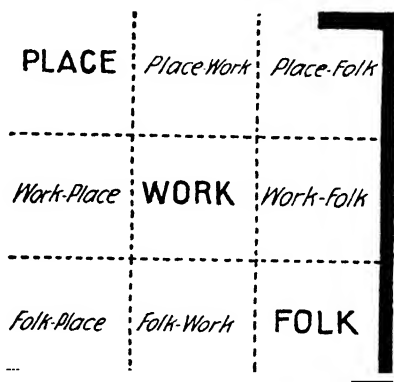
But what do these side-squares mean ? Below

## THE NOTATION. OF LIFE

our maps of place, we can now add pictures of the human work-places, i.e. of field or factory ; and next of folk-places, of all kinds, from simply savage to civilized, from country house or villa, farmhouse and cottage in the country, to homes or slums in the modern manufacturing town. Our geography is now fuller ; and our town planning can begin, of better work-places, better folk-places ; and even with " zoning " to keep these from spoiling each other.

So again for Folk.

Place-folk are natives or neighbours : and Work-folk are too familiar at all levels to need explanation. Our anthropology thus becomes living and humanized, it even comes up to date,\* in the world around us, and surveys the living town ; it is no longer content with opening the graves of the past.



Work, too, becomes clearer. For " Place-work " is a name for the " natural advantages " which determine work of each kind at the right place for it ; hunting, mining and foresting, shepherding or tilling the soil ; and " Folk-work " is our occupation ; this often tends to accumulate into caste, and in more countries than in India.

Our geography, economics and anthropology are thus not simply enlarged and vivified : they are now united into a compact outline of Sociology ; and all this is a summary of how a Sociological Society seeks to recruit its members primarily from among the more open-minded of these three types of specialists, who are thus brought to weave their studies into one, and

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to follow each thread of its warp and woof into what has been too long the separate fields of the others. From these three separate notes of life we thus get a central unified Chord of Life, with its minor ones as well. We so far understand the simple village, the modern working town.

In short, then :

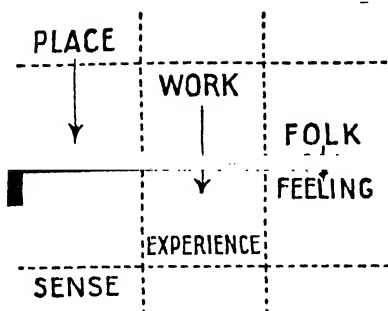
ENVIRONMENT	—	PLACE
FUNCTION	—	WORK
ORGANISM	—	FOLK

But, then :

PLACE	—	GEOGRAPHY
WORK	—	ECONOMICS
FOLK	—	ANTHROPOLOGY

But thus to unify geography, economics and anthropology is not enough. Social life has its mental side : so we must here call in the psychologist. Now of psychologists there are two great schools : the older, who have so long wrestled with the deepest problems of the mind ; and the later, who are all for beginning with the simplest problems, which can be experimentally handled in their laboratories ; with our senses observed, tested and measured, our simple experiences registered, our elemental feelings inquired into. Sense, Experience, Feeling : can we not relate these to Place, Work and Folk ? Plainly enough. It is with our senses we come to know our environment, perceiving and observing it. Our feelings are obviously developed from our folk, in earliest infancy by our mother's love and care. And our experiences are primarily from our activities, of which our work is increasingly the predominant one. In short, all are now grouped and paired as :

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Thus to the chord of elemental and objective life in village and town, there now also exactly corresponds the elemental chord of subjective life ; that which we learned in the home, the mother-school, or the kindergarten, which Madame Montessori is but developing in her turn ; and which goes on through later life as well.

Now with this chord we must evidently play the same game of making nine squares as before : and with no less advantage, to our elementary psychology first of all, and with a richer geography, economics and anthropology also, and a fuller sociology accordingly.

But for simplicity's sake enough here to keep to the main three, and next to ask, How can we go further ? What of the deeper psychology which no brass instruments can measure ? Can we penetrate into the world of imagination in which the simple natural sense impressions and activities which all observers can agree on are transmuted in each separate mind into its own imagining : so that while all beginners in the drawing-school can more or less copy the same flower, draw the same model, no two artists ever painted roses alike, much less their landscapes or figures ! All surveyors can measure the fields alike ; but how did Egyptian land-surveying develop into

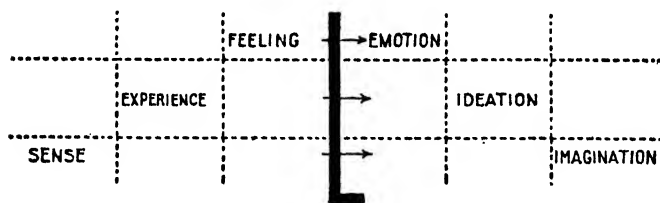


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Greek geometry, sweeping over earth and heavens, and becoming independent of both, thinking abstractly and universally, transcending observation and experience, creating a science of pure ideas ? And similarly for every later science.

Above all, how comes the simple world of folk-feelings, so warm and yet so narrowly restricted at first only to immediate kith and kin, to widen and transform into those deeper emotions which increasingly open to us the whole human world of sympathy ? And how indeed has this come, as it so often has done, through individual (and even social) history, to seek for the transcendent and divine, to reach all manner of mystic ecstasy ?

Without asking why, or even here considering exactly how, we must agree that all these three transmutations are desirable. From the present viewpoint, let us call them the three conversions, or, in more recent phrase, the sublimations, and tabulate them thus :



The conversion of the simple folk-feeling of the child into the human emotion of every generous adolescent, is now, we may fairly claim, accepted by the psychologists as normal to human life, and described by them among all peoples ; the phenomena of "religious conversions" are thence viewed as intense expressions of this, and those of religious genius and mystic ecstasy, with their stupendous historic results and world-transformations, are thus but the supreme examples of the same psychic sublimation. Stanley

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Hall's *Adolescence*, William James' *Variations of Religious Experience*, are here enough to cite for elucidation ; the Freudians and others are essentially working out the same process, in more detailed ways, though as yet too often pathologically.

Well, is not thought in kindred fashion sublimating its simple experiences of human activities, and so creating every science ? And art even thus sublimating sense ?

Here, then, are three " conversions," not merely one ; and though few, if any, in our day, attain to all three, may not that be but our modern limitation ? What if the historic religions have become fixed and sterile and stand to-day as dogmatic, because of their lapse from that life of ideation which once created their great systems of doctrine ? Why, too, have they lost their old creativeness of temple and symbol ? By their lapse also from that life of imagination which of old expressed these in vivid visions, even to Paradises and Hells ?

And as the Religions have fallen behind the march of science, and lost their powers of art, may not the dryness of Science, its modern antipathy to " emotionalism," its persistent divorce from art, be similarly an arrest and an incompleteness ? And the life of imagination, and of Art, with all its varied modern endeavours—is it not now, also, bewildered and astray among too purely personal dreams, and too ignorant to grasp and express the vast conceptions of science or to renew and re-embody the renewing idealism of humanity, which is again searching towards religion ?

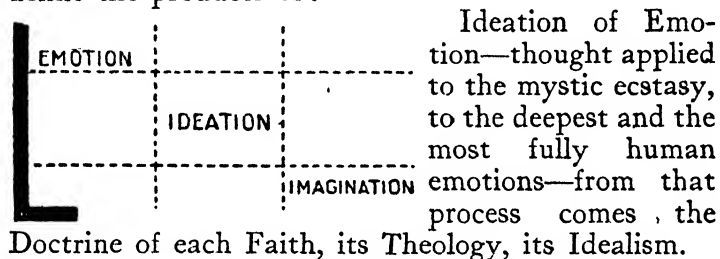
Yet, looking at our simple diagrammatic enumeration above, is not the answer clear upon it ? *Emotion*, *Ideation*, *Imagination*, these are not merely three great notes of the inner life : they are normally its single chord. Sound this anew, the three notes together, and our modern, arrested, life again goes on. Our uneasy spiritual sleep, our fitful and troubled

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dreams, our perplexed thought, have all to awaken together, and to the light of a new morning—why not to as good days as those of old ?

The creative spirit of Dante—religious and mystic, intellectual and critical, imaginative and constructive—has thus not died with him ; it lies open, as indeed every creative artist since his day has more or less shown. So it may be for the really religious : why not in some measure for the really scientific as well ?

If this essential Chord of the Inner Life be thus clear, we may go farther, and try next to map out its nine-fold field, i.e. to study the interaction, and even to define the products of :



Ideation is ever creating idea-systems into sciences, and these towards synthesis : and as the interest of these enlarges and deepens, fuller emotion is aroused. A new combination thus arises ; and what is that but Philosophy—no longer the clear and cold-seeming ideation-process, but deeply thrilled, however the philosopher's abstract language may disguise this, by his hopes or fears for the world, his optimism, his pessimism, or his meliorism, mingled at best ?

But Ideation calls for Imagery, and this in every science, from geometry onwards, and this more and more as each progresses : hence the Notations of every science. Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, have long had those notations ; Biology, too, has its morphological diagrams and its evolutionary “ trees.”

So the historian condenses his annals into graphic “ rivers of time,” and even the abstract-seeming

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psychologist at times makes schemata. Thought of all kinds was first written in pictorial hieroglyphics, and it is from these that have come even the printed letters of this modern page. But, above all, as master of notations, it is the musician who accomplishes the seemingly impossible feat of graphically transcribing sound, nay, even of creating his vast orchestrations—his emotional ideation of imagination—as a score which outlives him, and becomes the possession of the world, and from which it can be called forth again into music at will.

But as even the mystic ecstasy of the spiritual seer has ever been clarified and defined by the subsequent ideation (of himself or others) into Doctrine, so also it may be rendered visible by the helpful combinations of the imaginative life. Thus ever arises the world of Symbolism, and in all forms from fetish stone to lingam, from cross to crescent, or as noble figures, in the days when men could see “the very gods arising ’mid their graven images.”

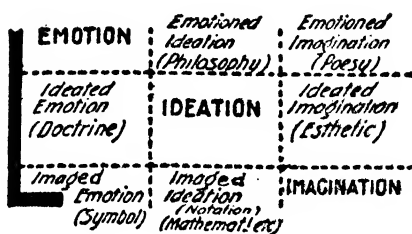
Thus the Imagination has ever subserved religion, and even more than science. Can Emotion and Ideation also help it? Apply Ideation to Imagination: it is no longer a free phantasmagoria, but is criticized: selectively in appreciation, actively in design; and thus a new field, of *Æsthetic*, is defined.

But Imagination is apt to be chilled by *Æsthetic*; it needs more than mere design; to be fully vital, this must be fused with the kindred glow of emotion. Thus we have Poesy:<sup>1</sup> not merely the music and poetry of words, but that which is in all forms of imagination, visual and mobile.

Our ninefold cloister is now complete, around the essential triad, and in no less definite order than were the preceding ones.

<sup>1</sup> I have not dwelt at all on the poetic side of Geddes, but any one who has been to a flower show with him, or wandered with him in a garden would know what a poet he is.

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Why not possess this inner thought-world more completely? For this in every age men have renounced "the world" of ordinary life: many at the thrill of the mystic life, its gleam as symbol, its definition as religion. But have not most of all followed Imagination, no doubt too often lost amid the varieties of its phantasmagorias, yet many reaching to design and poesy, and all, more or less, to appreciation? And has not Ideation its votaries? Never was Science so productive: and Philosophy is again high in debate.

So far, then, this cloister of thought with its nine-fold quadrangles; and here for many, indeed most who enter it, the possibilities of human life seem to end. To whoever has fully entered the religious cloister, indeed any of these nine, there is no returning to the simple everyday life of place and work and folk, of sense, experience and feeling. The vows are irrevocable, and this not by reason of external authority, but by choice: here the spirit finds its life indeed, and far more abundantly than in the simple world of childhood, or of everyday affairs; which all now seem but child's play too, however vast in place, or rich in material wealth, or successful in outward ambitions. For whether we be men of to-day or of old, if once at home in any of the retreats of living religion, in the studies or laboratories of the sciences, or in a studio of the artistic dream, we are henceforth content to abide. This was the Limbo where Dante

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saw the sages, the thinkers, the poets of the pre-Christian past. And here, too, we are beginning to build the University of the Future.<sup>1</sup>

Yet from all this varied cloister there are further doors ; and these open out once more into the objective world ; though not back into the too simple everyday town-life we have long left. For though we have outlived these everyday acts and facts, and shaped our lives according to our highest dreams, there comes at times the impulse to realize them in the world anew, as Deeds.

Many a cloistered spirit may dream beyond its bounds, "of the High Geste I cannot do!" Many even attempt this ; and though "the many fail, the one succeeds!" Thus the life of religious emotion, having clarified itself in doctrine anew, goes forth to convert an unwilling world, and transform it into a new Etho-Polity. Often indeed it well nigh does so ; witness Buddha, Paul, Mahommed and more : and later leaders, even to our own day, attempt with varying inspiration, varying success, this highest of human endeavours. Every doctrine, clearly grasped, sends youth forth anew upon a career : for every career that ever was or ever will be, can but leap from such springboard as it has found in its doctrine. For many—in our day most—the doctrine has much of temporal elements : hence Polity may be more apparent than Etho-Polity ; but here let us take it at its best.

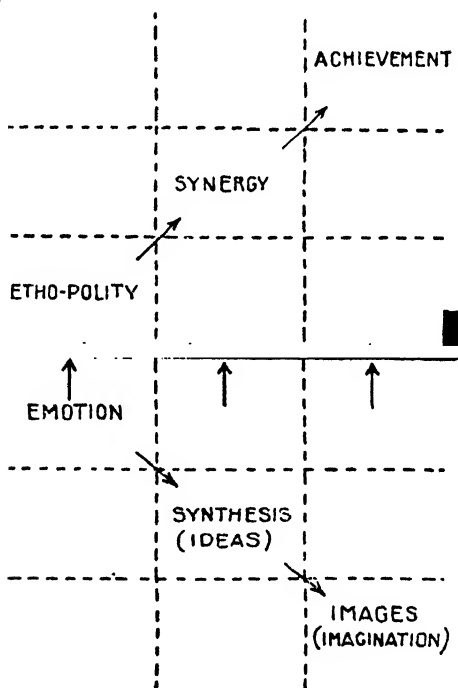
Not every thought takes a form in action ; but the

<sup>1</sup> After reading this chapter to a mystic and mathematician, who is versed in the Kabbala and the ancient mystic numbers of the early Jews, he remarked to me musingly : "Thirty-six squares, there ought to be thirty-seven." Then, as if he saw light, he concluded : "Of course ! the thirty-seventh must be the synthesis of the whole, the synthesis of the thirty-six : that's it, Geddes has got the key, for the synthesis of his Notation would be Divinity : and the thirty-seventh number of the Kabbala stands for God." And then, growing excited, he exclaimed : "If he is going to build the New Jerusalem on his Notation, he is the right man to do it ; the only man who could possibly do it."

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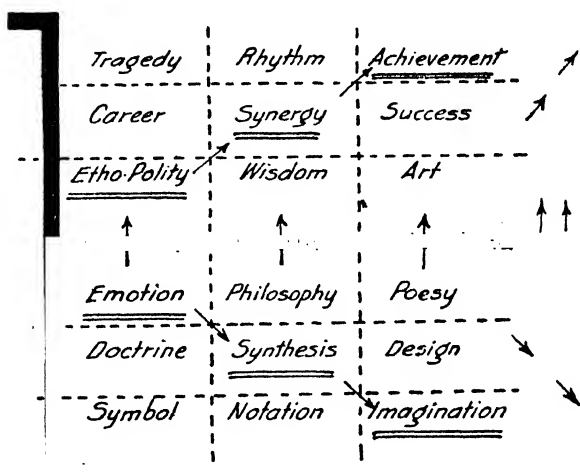
psychologist is ever more assured that it at least points thither : and with increasing clearness and interests, still more with increasing syntheses with other thoughts, ideas become emotionalized towards action. Synthesis in thought thus tends to collective action—to Synergy in deed : and Imagination concentrates itself to pre-figure for this Etho-Polity in synergy the corresponding Achievement, which it may realize. Here then is a new Chord of Life ; that in which the subjective creates its objective counterpart. We thus leave the Cloister. We are now out to reshape the world anew, more near the heart's desire, and hence so often caring little what of the past we shatter.

Here then the supreme chord of life and its resultant in Deed : that is in fullest life.



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And here we may work out in detail the completed nine-fold series of Deed, perfected as far as life can allow :



For perfection the inward Poesy must ever form, as Art ; but so Philosophy when it leaves its cloisters, as so rarely, may rise into Wisdom. Hence not only the tradition of Israel, but the greatest thought of Hellas, if not indeed of humanity, has proclaimed that “ it will never be good times for the world till the kings are philosophers, and the philosophers kings.” India has had its royal sages, its *raja-rishis*, and in these very days is calling for them again. And thus it was in the best days of old, that Etho-Polity could call forth Wisdom and Art, even if not always the central chord, that of Synergy and Achievement.

So true Design (this is an orderly universe) may achieve Success ; and the career which can synergize has often been thus justified in deed.

But no life lasts for ever : indeed no career comes to its full. Every life must end, and before final achievement—at best in the midst of this : and this



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is Tragedy, when the failure is at levels truly high. Does not its subjective, correlative of Symbolism, at once prefigure this and record it? What between Tragedy and Achievement? Here may be Life's supreme Rhythm—Life's highest music, ranging like Beethoven's between utmost possibilities—even Life's greatest dance—since between the leaping joy of victory, and the funeral march of the hero.

Here then is no small conclusion: that from the simplest chord of the acts of everyday life, from the facts of its ordinary experience, there may develop not only the deep chord of the inward Life and Thought, but that also of Life in Deed. And is it not a strange—indeed a wholly unsought for, but now evident, coincidence, that in this continuously reasoned presentment of Life, in everyday modern scientific terms, first as geographic, economic, anthropological, and next as psychological, elemental and developed, there should thus emerge this unexpected conclusion—that the Greeks of old knew all this before, and had thought it out, to these same conclusions—albeit in their own nobler, more intuitive, way?

For our diagram next turns out to be that of Parnassus—home of the Nine Muses; and their very

<i>Melpomene</i> (Tragedy)	<i>Terpsichore</i> (Rhythm & Dance)	<i>Urania</i> (Nature & Architecture)
<i>Calliope</i> (Epic)	<i>Clio</i> (History)	<i>Thalia</i> (Comedy)
<i>Erato</i> (Love)	<i>Polyommia</i> (Wisdom)	<i>Euterpe</i> (Sacred Lyric)

names, their significance, and their Symbolisms, will be found to answer to the nine squares above, and to connect them with those below, and this more and

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more precisely, as the scheme is studied ; not indeed without one or two difficulties at first sight, but these can easily be cleared by a little psychological and social reflection.

Here then assuredly—even to mathematical probability, let alone to reason—are the Nine Muses of Parnassus, neither less nor more ; and as Hesiod recorded them—it would seem from an even then fading tradition, albeit fourscore generations ago. Since then at times they have inspired writers, as last at the Renaissance ; but too much always as mere literary revivals, till at length they have come to seem too hackneyed for our fresh young poets of to-day.

But none the less they here reappear in Life and prove themselves as immortal ; not only as the source of inspiration of all poets, past, present and to come, but the very genii of will, the inspiration of every worthy deed. And they come to all peoples, simplest as well as highest. The first clue to this recovery came indeed not from musings in Athens or at Olympia, from dreamings at Sunium or on Pentelikos, but from the simple dances of the Australians, from the flower-crowned Hawaiian maidens of Cook's Voyage, and again from the varied moods of the songs and tales of Highland Ceilidha. Everywhere then we may find or recall them : they are the nine-fold Soul of Life.

Still, it is the Greeks, above all other children of men, and despite all their faults, who have been our complete exemplars : for all Nine Muses came most fully to them. Hence theirs was the fullest chord of the inner life—emotional, intellectual, imaginative, as in Plato perhaps above all, yet he only first among peers. For these were creative at once not only of morals and philosophy, of esthetics and logic, but of every one of our modern sciences ; also in every way giving fresh, rich and full expression of all their nine-fold complex in the activity of Deed. Thus it was that

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beyond the everyday town and school, beyond even the academe of thought, the Greeks realized the City—and, least imperfectly of all men—the City founded on sound agriculture and craftsmanship, yet these rising to initiative and perfection in each and all of the material arts—architecture, sculpture, painting. So, too, their life blossomed into the dramatic arts—music in all its moods, with dance no less fully expressive, drama to this day supreme. All became founded in comprehensive thought: and thence realized in citizenship.

Geddes works the above notation out in numerous ways—as, for example, when he starts with Space—Energy—Time instead of Place—Work—Folk.

The reader may enjoy working this out for himself, and find it more interesting than a cross-word puzzle!

## CHAPTER VI

### GEDDES IN HIS GARDEN

#### I

MY first walk in the garden of Geddes at Dundee in the modern college of old St. Andrews University—(of which Lord Haig, Barrie and Kipling are the latest Rectors)—brought the same sense of disappointment which had accompanied my first impression of the Masque, the Exhibition, and the Outlook Tower; though at his lectures on the Gods and Muses, and on the Notation of Life, I had at once received the enlightenment which will follow me to the end.

Even had I been an historian or an educationalist, I might not at once have appreciated, from the chaos of rehearsals, what the Masque was to mean to teachers; even had I been an architect or an engineer, or an artist, the significance of the Cities Exhibition might at first have been lost on me, and even had I been an educationalist I might not have understood the Outlook Tower. Similarly perhaps if I had been a botanist I might not have been able to read significance in this garden—which at first seemed like the playground of a sphinx—a puzzling labyrinth among fine trees and shrubberies, in peaceful lawns, but of varied and wild-looking beds, full of strange plants I did not know.

Noting my disappointment, Geddes said to me: “But, you see, I am something of a painter in greens!”

The significance of this came to me next day when

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I saw, with rested eyes, how the shrubberies were arranged amid trees and lawns, so that a Monet or a Claus might have painted on indefinitely, studying here the varieties of colour possible where all seems green ; but where, in the changing lights, there is an endless series of variations that includes form and design, grouped by the planter with a view to this, and not simply as the scientific arrangements with which some botanic gardeners are too easily content. There was in this garden a veritable artist's laboratory, even apart from its seasonal bursts of flowers.

### II

My next days were spent partly indoors in the workroom, partly in the garden discovering many things.

From this small school a good many botanists have gone out into the world and made their mark ; notably Robert Smith and Dr. Marcel Hardy, who, as I have said, made the best botanical maps and stirred up the making of more.

Poems, too, have come from this garden, such as Rachel Annand Taylor's *Garden Song* : <sup>1</sup>

*" While walking in a twilight  
As jubilant as dawn,  
I heard a silver singing  
And lo ! a dreamy Faun,  
Upon a lily lawn.*

*" O come within the garden,  
And see the Spring aflower  
Sad mortal folk, I call you,  
For in the dewy hour  
My music still has power !*

<sup>1</sup> *Rose and Vine*, Elkin Mathews (by permission).



Prof. Geddes and his old friend the Gardener, at the  
University of Dundee.  
(From a photograph by the Author).



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*" O come within the garden  
The Tree of Life will rain  
Her healing leaves upon you,  
And ye shall find again  
The Gods ye seek with pain.*

*" They dwell within the garden,  
Like lilies white and gold :  
O come with dreams and dances,  
Adore them as of old—  
Forget your idols cold ! "*

Thirty years ago there was no garden, but only an excessive outlay of gravel on walks unnecessarily wide. Coming from the big botanical garden of Edinburgh with its fifty gardeners, here, in Dundee, Geddes with difficulty and scanty funds got scope to have one. ~~There~~ were more obstacles than botanic gardeners are used to : poor soil, hard climate, sea-winds blowing round high buildings, and factory smoke. Out of a collection of hardy roses chosen by the best local grower only one kind could resist this rigorous environment and really thrive and blossom ; it is the hardy wild rose of Japan, and this, Geddes says, will do well in any slum, for has it not been tried and proven in this place of wind and thick smoke ?

We met the old gardener as we walked along, and Geddes introduced me to him, saying : " One of my oldest friends."

As we left him at his work, the Professor went on : " Here in miniature is the solution of labour troubles. We're not master and man ; we're comrade and friend, with our common interest in the garden we have made together. He is one sort of specialist, and I am another. The garden needs us both. He cultivates and can make things grow, and he likes me to design and improve the picture. I never give orders, I merely suggest ; he, recognizing that I know my job as he knows his, is pleased to have such design as I can give him." And as we strolled in the sunlight he



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murmured : " Live and let live, live and let live. H'm ? "

He next pointed out how easily the struggle for existence may be inverted where, in such crowded garden beds, the plants, profusely growing, fight for their boundaries, giving the bad weeds no chance to speak of.

An artist and his wife now joined us, and she told me a story about the big elm tree standing in the entrance drive. Before Geddes came to the college, the architect, thinking the tree in the way, had ordered it to be cut down. Day after day the order was repeated, till at last he asked the labourer angrily : " Why don't you obey orders ? "

" See you damned first, sir ! "

The man was dismissed, but the tree was spared : and by and by the Professor had the satisfaction of thanking the man and giving him employment. The old tree still stands, but seems now as if lightning-struck, with dead branches high among its leaves. Under its shade a big patch of fungus was growing between path and lawn. " You see the fungus is killing it," Geddes said, and crushed it with his heel. And a day or so later, repassing this spot, I saw another patch of fungus had cropped up a little further on.

" Yes," he remarked, " these fungi are but an upgrowth ; the real trouble is now all through the tree, from roots to tips of branches."

From this, to me, fresh fact, he set me to draw my own inference—how we so often try to treat symptoms without reaching their deep-lying causes.

" Watch those bees ! " he said suddenly.

One forced its way into the narrow mouth of the flower to get her honey in the proper way ; another, hovering by the neck, made a bite into the side, and sucked out the honey—a labour-saving short-cut ! The first was following her traditional instinct ; how

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far was the second displaying intelligence? "A bee seems nothing to you, but here you see how Darwin learned!" "And how Bergson's sharp distinction of instinct and intelligence will hardly hold." And from the back of my mind came the old command: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

"Each bed in this garden," he pointed out, "is planted as a scientific group, a family or order; and sometimes as a life-association; yet as something of a picture, too." He told me of the relations between one plant and another, and of the evolution the group was arranged to show. He said he liked better to write by such gardening than by papers or books.

Standing before a big bed of spreading saxifrages: "See how the plants, if let alone, struggle with one another—each seeking to extend its frontier. But," turning to an overgrown shrub, and suiting the action to the word, "here we may exercise a gentle restraint, and it is time to suggest to this plant that it is going too far, and must give the other poor fellow a chance." And he broke out a few branches without spoiling its shape.

Further along, as I took up the puzzle of equality of opportunity: "Out of the many seeds, a few thrive, and dominate the bed; the others never reach maturity of perfection. Look beneath the big leaves of this successful plant, and see how many are failing in the struggle." Then, suddenly breaking off, he said excitedly: "Here's something new! One is always making little discoveries. It is the first time I have noticed this, though I have known this plant all my life!"

The garden is arranged for long views as well as close ones; and both perspectives are constantly changing in his talk and teaching. He is always leaping between general ideas and particulars, and explaining both with intense passionate insistence.

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Outlook and inlook—the world without and the world within, are here in the garden ; and he is ever observing and interpreting the two, which are always mingling ; he is at one moment the philosopher and the next the practical man—very irritating, since most listeners incline to one or another. When I complained of these swift and kaleidoscopic changes, this æsthetic thinking, he laughed : “ Why should not philosopher and practical man play leap-frog ? And why all the water for the one and all the whisky for the other ? Better mixed ! And why not even sometimes intellectual cocktails ? ”

There he summed himself up ! That is his effect on people ; like very disturbing cocktails, cocktails never twice the same, and too many of them !

### III

I saw an urchin run off with something in his hand. “ Don't the children steal your flowers ? ” I asked.

“ If I see a child stealing flowers, I give him more—if he will wait for them. Don't the children need them ? All the students are told to take what they want ; and nobody does any harm. There is enough for everybody—we gardeners have generally something to give away—in fact we are like children who would rather give away kittens than drown them ! ”

### IV

The passing of the gardener made me raise the problem of labour and wages (for a coal strike was uppermost in the minds of people just then).

“ Pay is not the end or aim of the work of any true gardener ; he loves it ; small as it is, and poor as botanic gardens go, this interests him ; and he gives

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it any amount of unpaid overtime because he enjoys it; and he is pleased and proud of the results of his toil. So, you see, higher wages or shorter hours alone cannot end the labour troubles.

They will not be solved by State control, and nationalization would only mean more bureaucracy. *The great problem is to make work congenial*, and it is only our modern machine-drudgery that sickens labour. No—on second thoughts there is more—the financial madness for money returns, instead of real wealth, has infected the workman too. The cure is in the dawning neotechnic order of things; and still more in the biotechnic order, of which a garden was the first expression, and still perhaps the best.

Entering the cool study, I opened *Cities in Evolution*<sup>1</sup> and read: “Debts all round rather than stores, in short a minus wealth rather than a plus. *Per contra*, the neotechnic economist, beginning with his careful economization of national resources, his care, for instance, to plant trees to replace those that are cut down, and, if possible, a few more, is occupied with real savings. His forest is a true Bank, one very different from Messrs. Rothschild’s ‘credit’—that is, in every ultimate issue our own, as taxpayers.

“Again, under the paleotechnic order, the working man, misdirected as he is, like all the rest of us, by his traditional education, towards money wages, instead of a Vital Budget, has never yet had an adequate house, seldom more than half of what might make a decent one. But as the neotechnic order comes in—its skill directed by life towards life, and for life, he, the working man, as in all true cities of the past, aristo-democratized into a productive citizen, will set his mind towards house-building and town-planning, even towards city design; and all these upon a scale to rival—nay, surpass—the past glories of history. He will demand and create noble streets

<sup>1</sup> *Cities in Evolution*, by P. Geddes (Williams and Norgate).

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of noble houses, gardens, parks ; and, before long, monuments, temples of his renewed ideals, surpassing those of old. Thus he will rapidly accumulate both civic and individual wealth, that is, wealth two-fold, and both hereditary.

“ It will be said, even as he says it yet—paralyzed as he still is—that this is ‘ Utopia ’—that is, practically Nowhere. It is, and should be, beyond the dreams of the historic Utopists, right though they were also in their day. But just as our paleotechnic money-wealth, and real poverty, are associated with the waste and dissipation of the stupendous resources of energy and materials, and power of using them, which the growing knowledge of Nature is ever unlocking for us, so their better neotechnic use brings with it potentialities of wealth and leisure beyond Utopian dreams.

“ This time the neotechnic order, if it means anything at all, with its better use of resources and population towards the bettering of man and his environment together, means these as a business proposition—the creation, city by city, region by region, of a Eutopia ; each a place of effective health and well-being, even of glorious and, in its way, unprecedented beauty, renewing and rivalling the best achievements of the past ; and all this beginning here, there, and everywhere—even where our paleotechnic order seems to have done its very worst. . . . Through region and city, and in course of their revivance and development, lies the peaceful yet strenuous way of survival, and of evolution.”

### V

We must turn from the present ideas of mechanical “ efficiency ” of administration to others derived from organic growth. Earlier that day he had taken me into a long valley in his garden, where huge umbel

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plants were left to grow into all the exuberance of a flowery jungle. From this we came down a pleasant shady grass walk under great lime trees and with a rhododendron shrubbery, beyond which I could see a golden wealth of flowers. Looking over the wall across the road I saw a big, ugly, barrack-like school, and behind the iron railings which enclosed it, was a narrow, harshly-paved yard, itself divided again, between boys and girls : not even a veritable barrack-yard, since far too small for Tommy to turn round in. And this was the sort of playground authority had provided and administration approved, for one of the main secondary schools of Dundee.

So much for administration ! No, not all. Geddes told me that the immense and magnificent new Training College up the street, beside this dismal school, had all its first floor throughout its length, marked out on its plans for "*Administration!*"—teaching being relegated apparently to the basement and the roof storey.

"Here," he continued, "in our old-fashioned college atmosphere, we can't administer to that extent. Personally, I don't administer ; I have no rules. My one rule to my students has been : '*Please take flowers : you will naturally observe the simple rules of ordinary good manners and good feeling, of not spoiling beauty, and not taking the last flowers, so as not to interfere with the pleasure or study of others.*' Well, so it should be with government, municipal and more ; we must aim to organize life and its congenial surroundings in progress together. But even in administering Oriental races—" (he drew four similar squares—"Too much like that often"—he said) "I differ from the engineers in not wanting to plan these people into my ways, or in the style I bring from Europe. On the contrary, I try to discover how these people need, and really want, to be planned. *This is the difference between false and true*

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*planning*. And so there grows up in one's mind a better theory of life, and of education ; one newer than that of sanitary engineers, yet which is the very oldest theory of all, and the best. For the town problems before us resolve themselves into this—how to help each type of community, each individual home in it, so as to make this and that town, as it were, a human garden of the world, where each form of life may grow and develop according to its nature. To the engineering mind, and the mechanically administrative mind which the machine age has produced, such ideas, of course, seem 'impracticable'—to some they even seem more or less revolutionary ; and so I, occupied only with the most simply constructive and the oldest of all human activities, have been mistaken before now for a new sort of anarchist ; and with a new brand—I suppose—of bombs to match !

“ Yet this theory of life and development, as free as may be, means also an ever-widening grasp and control of Nature. And why should not we naturalists go on from studying plant associations and insect communities to the hives and nests of our own kind, which we call towns ? These methods, too, of trust in the initiative of life and youth have justified themselves even in the War, with all its restraints, and will do so far more in the coming peace. Applied sociology is now boldly out for Eu-topia, or the place of well-being wherever you can make it, some beginning of the Kingdom of Heaven here and now !

“ We see in politics the two main alternatives at present : on the one hand a vague endeavour to restore the old world as before the war, the impracticable utopia of mere 'business as usual' ; on the other hand the growing threats of revolution, and its rival utopia. But there is a third alternative—of taking hands and seeing what we can do. For why should not men of labour and men of capital go on working together as they did in the great war ? Why

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should they not suspend their mutual threats of civil war, and start together on a new endeavour? Only by this third alternative can revolutionary unrest and struggles be averted. Well, we claim that every child can start from his home garden—or the school's, the town's—and each be helped to develop more than at present, according to his real nature and capacity."

"Is this practical education?"

"Absolutely so. This is what is practical! Even the best thinking is done in the open air; witness Darwin's, aye, or Kant's. And one thinks better in his garden by having to work at it. I have thought more here than I ever could have done in Edinburgh, with scores of gardeners to do everything for us, and leave us useless, handless paper gentlemen!

"Darwin's theory of Natural Selection was worked out in his garden as well as thought of in the wilds; and I have heard Lord Avebury telling how his former gardener, who had gone to Darwin, told him: 'I'm afraid the master has got something wrong with his head,' because he used to see him standing ten minutes or half-an-hour or more, intent upon a single flower, and on the insects visiting it.

## VI

Early the following morning we resumed our discourse, and went a little further into the subject of garden education, coming back to plant life, to the groups of plants ranged on the lecture-table at his farewell lecture the night before on either side of him (on the one side herbs, big weeds and branches, all green in leaf; and on the other a wealth of flowers in their beauty). "These first," he said, "all exuberantly grow, in ecstasy of leaf, while the second as exuberantly blossom, in an ecstasy of flower. Now there," he went on, "on that table is an outline



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summary of this garden—of its general arrangement in bed after bed, each with its natural order or alliance of flowers, and of their wider relationship too—here from orange lilies to green rushes, there from big purple irises to the modest grasses (even purple-tinged often too in their flowers) resulting from a common type. Here on the flowering side are the gorgeous arums, there, on the leafy, their kin among the palms. This gorgeous blue larkspur is but the glorified orchid-like form of the buttercup (as is the orchid itself of far away simpler and even lily-like ancestors). This big clematis bloom is but a more flowering sister of the common traveller's joy, scrambling over a tree or a house; and other clematises again pass into leafy meadow-rues, with small, grassy-looking flowers. Yet all these from larkspur to meadow-rue are but repeating the same divergence of evolution, within the buttercup order itself, from which the precious orchid and the common grass have but more widely diverged. But by the pasture grasses, and their sister species, the cereals, the farmer earns his living, and gives us ours: while you may spend a fortune on orchids, but thus have nothing to eat. Here, then, is the main evolution process, traceable more or less clearly throughout the whole plant world.

It is no mere matter of insect fertilization for the flowers, of wind-fertilization for the grasses, as Darwin thought, and these determined by the indefiniteness of floral variations, selected here and anyhow by surrounding natural or human conditions. On the contrary, here is definite variation long and still in progress, and of leafy and flowering life in perpetual oscillation of preponderance. Nature's great garden is thus like our own small gardens: here the exuberant growth, vegetation and storage of the kitchen garden and the cultivated fields, and there the beauty of the flower-garden in all its glory.

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Most plants have by this time settled in the main to one side of Nature's garden or the other: yet each varies, too; hence it is that the splendid sunflower leaps over into our kitchen garden again to settle down into the Jerusalem (Gira-sole) artichoke, and seems resolved never to flower again, but feeds us instead. So, too, innumerable orchids have lost, or are losing all their splendour, and seem mere grassy things once more; yet even here the change may not be final, for the *Masdevallias*, often among the most splendidly coloured of all, are plainly forms which are returning once more to flower, and with a new simplicity, as well as a freshened perfection.

“Recall, next, the theory of sex, so often and long expounded by Thomson and me, though often to deaf ears—that of the female sex as the more growing, the more vegetatively exuberant, since needing to bear the heavier strain of offspring; while the male, in the flowers, in animals, and in humanity, too, is the more actively exuberant, but more perishable also; shorter-lived accordingly, though in varying degree. Hence, in the very nature of sex, is the contrast of the transient stamen to the long-maturing fruit, from the gorgeous orchid's flower to the green tree on which it grows—or again, of shorter-lived man as compared with woman, as the nearest registrar's or insurance office will show you. Hence the sexes are so often and increasingly divergent varieties within the species. Related varieties and species, too, are often strangely like the two sexes; and so with related genera, orders, classes and more. Thus even plant and animal have long ago diverged; and hence it is that wise antiquity saw a Dryad in the tree, but gave Pan the intensest at once of animal and masculine forms. The myth-making poet and the working physiologist are thus at one, and our science is but tardily recovering, as so often, the vision of the past. Yet let there be no misunder-

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standing of any of this as fanciful ; recall the familiar animal forms in the same way. Compare the kindred species ; say sheep with goats, and cattle with buffalos ; even the big-horned ram is gentler as well as gentler-looking than is the bearded nanny-goat ; and the first caution you get in India is that while you may stroke the common bull, or even push him out of your way, you had best give a wide berth to the shaggy and big-horned buffalo-cow ! Here then are divergent species, of more feminine type and more masculine respectively ; but so everyone feels it is, with busy bees and angry wasps, with soberly dainty moths and flaunting butterflies. Are these not plainly feminoid and masculoid species ? So on for all forms of life : the more you look into them the more the same great rhythm of variation appears. Not, of course, that this is the whole story of evolution, but it is something, even much, thus to find deep among its mysteries the external sex-story ; and not merely that competitive and cumulative survival of indefinite mechanical variations which Darwin and Wallace too naïvely borrowed from the mechanically inventive and commercially competitive world around them in their day, even supplemented by colour explanations, too subconsciously derived from the advertisement hoardings which were the main art form of their generation, as still too much of ours. *The Origin of Species* was not thus the last word on evolution, as naïve Darwinians have so long maintained—up to Weisman, with his absurdly cocksure ‘all-sufficiency of Natural Selection.’ On the contrary, all this was but a beginning ; and here we have, at any rate, a further step, and one which brings out a deeper unity through<sup>2</sup> out the diversities of Nature’s evolution.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Geddes and Thomson, *Evolution of Sex* ; also their *Evolution and Sex*, 2 vols., in the Home University Series.

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### VII

One of the characteristics of Geddes is the light swiftness with which he breaks through one subject into another and back again—at one moment like an antelope leaping from crag to crag, yet next like the shuttle weaving a tapestry of thought, in which with design, even colour, all come into their place, defined and composed into some new pattern.

Somehow, I think from history-reading, there arose a general consideration of novel-reading, and Geddes, a little to my surprise, defined this roundly as one of the greatest of all the arts of our modern age, and developed the theme until it seemed as though one could learn almost all one needed from the realistic and idealistic novelists.

We got back again to education proper; and on this he talked, as in Ghent, most of the day, forgetting to stop for luncheon and being late for tea! To give a synopsis of a talk with him is impossible, and perhaps misleading. I can but ask the reader to be an antelope and practise leaping with me. When I asked, "What shall I answer when people say to me, 'But where can I send my children to learn such things?'" he gave me a whole list of live schools, of which I remember best the King Alfred School at Hampstead, of which Geddes was President, until his old friend, John Russell, retired.

But when I asked him if he was alone in holding these ideas, he said sharply, "Are my ideas unique? should hope not! They are in the air, say rather the nature of things as they are moving."

"But," I said, "why don't you write more?"

"I am not an individualist, dying to patent ideas, but a teacher, trying to pass them on," he replied.

The next moment he was again sketching the world process of education from classical to dark

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ages, through the middle age and the Renaissance to the industrial revolution, and the railway age, and dismissing these later manifestations as Paleotechnic, in contrast with the Neotechnic Age, into which we are emerging, with its beginnings towards bettering cities, and thus its belief in a realizable approach to heaven on earth.

Thence he diverged—or returned—to a story of his friend, Sir J. C. Bose,<sup>1</sup> who might have made a fortune by his inventions, but who, even as a young man, had always refused to patent; and who had lately invented the best and simplest of thermostats, for which he might have had thousands of pounds in America; but he published it like any other scientific paper, and not in any moment of generous impulse, but simply as the rule of his own institute, as well as of his life. Geddes said that scientific men grudge the time for writing pot-boilers, and as for inventions there are two standards. The engineer may take out his patents, but a medical man would be thrown out of his profession if he took one; and more and more we incline to the latter view. We did not like Lord Kelvin making a fortune—and thought far more of Berthelot, who might have made a far bigger one, but who never patented anything.

In the fight between

<i>Mechanical</i> <i>M</i>	<i>Industrial</i> <i>I</i>	<i>Financial</i> <i>F</i>
<i>R</i>	<i>S</i>	<i>A</i>
<i>Radical</i>	<i>Socialist</i>	<i>Anarchist</i>

we have the jealousies of the dying past contracting on individuals with their theories or their vested interests. But from this is coming the co-operative and creative spirit of the opening future—in which

<sup>1</sup> See *Life of Sir J. C. Bose*, by P. Geddes.

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an "M.A." will actually know a great deal about art—perhaps even be an artist—in which the scientist at a flower show will be like a painter at a picture gallery. From the *regime* of repression we are moving to the *regime* of ordered growth, to the real Eutopia, or place of happiness here and now.

Then, drawing a diagram which sums up a scene from his *Masque of Learning*,<sup>1</sup> he went on with his explanations; outlining the collapse of our present system—the outcome of our expensive teaching; a system with which goes the suppression and inhibition that leads to disease and death (or to inefficiency)—he asked:

"What if, instead, we try to grow ideas?—children are full of them: suppose we handle these on the principle of the good gardener who does not chop things down, but practices gentle pruning where necessary to prevent excessive wildness."

I happened to mention Abraham Lincoln, as one who is said to have had no education: "Nonsense! Lincoln learnt in the great school of life—the Work, Place, and Folk School. He saw the work determined by the place, the folk by the work and place; and the folk reacting upon the place through their work. But this *is* education. Perhaps Lincoln even considered how the lilies grew! H'm? Abraham Lincoln was not an uneducated man—far from it: he learnt by doing. He did the thing he had to do, and did it superlatively. What is success: To do what you love doing, in an environment as suitable as you can make it: thus making your life your poem.

"Education—on its receptive side, and so preparing for the active side, too—is awakening *awareness* of environment. Among its stimuli, the first things you are aware of are food, pain, light, warmth, and so on: but, shall we say primarily, *food*. The baby, wanting its food, kicks and howls. The pig remains a

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted as *Dramatisations of History* (Le Play House Press).

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baby, and squeaks and howls. But the man baby grows to a philosopher—who may forget to have his lunch—H'm ?—though he will then get impatient and irritable, like the baby and the pig, by supper-time !—H'm ?

“ So—various people have their awareness. The painter's eye is particularly aware ; the musician's ear is particularly aware, and so on.

“ All this increasing awareness of environment comes together at length, into Regional Survey, whether we call it that or no : and at last one comes to be conscious of his own thought-stream, with a certain continuity of its own, and often becoming independent of the immediate environment which may have started it. To develop these thought-streams to their best and make them habitual, yet keeping on in growth—that is another great step in education. But not yet in the system of the administrative school across the road.

“ Out of these awarenesses accumulate *experience*, and this from a two-fold source :

1. Outward awareness of environment—*survey*.
2. Inward thought-stream—*images, ideas, emotions*.

“ Alasdair as a child used to call each interior thought-stream, with its corresponding ambition of action, a ‘craze.’ So we said to him : ‘All right. If you've got a craze on, go and play at it, and *do* it. Work out your dream, and make it a deed ? And so he often did.’”

## VIII

Arthur was sitting beside us in the study with its background of innumerable cardboard boxes, each containing materials for some unwritten book, and without ceasing the talk flowed on :

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“ Students play truant—h’m ? Of course they do, and very good, too. Darwin was the greatest truant of all. But, notice this, too many truants don’t go off on a real ‘ craze ’ at all : these are merely shirkers, who go off in a funk ! It is they who keep the right sort of truants from being understood and encouraged by every educationalist worth his salt, every sensible parent, too.”

I happened to mention the word “ average,” and was at once jumped upon !

“ The average person,” said Geddes, “ only means the poor smashed devils of the bureaucracy or the rod : there is no such thing as a real live *average* person. Every individual is unique ; in face, in thumb-print, and so in thought as well. Education must be transmuted into growth-helping—and all teaching must begin with

### LOOK AND SEE

and then go on to

### FIND OUT, AND DO,

for we are all still boys playing ! Whereas the administrator thinks he can keep up the electricity of youth by putting it into a tin box, and he puts that box into the water of his official moat : and then he gets his ‘ average ’ result—the electricity all dispersed and the box empty !

“ Some people think to improve on this by getting a fashionable architect to build the box. But no matter how grand the box, it is still empty—the vital force is lost, or left outside it. You can’t give people electricity—but most people have some of it—the wires above your head as you walk down the Nether-gate look uninspiring enough, but if you touched them with your wet umbrella while your feet were on the wet pavement, you would be instantaneously dead. Such is the power of these dull-looking wires. There is



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*elan vital* in everyone to a certain degree. But the system of fixing life in a metallic holder, and putting this into cold water, is not the way to develop Power."

To illustrate our present educational philosophy as it rules in the university and the school as well, Geddes told an old Indian story :

"This tale," he said, "is thousands of years old. There were six blind men who wanted to find out what the elephant was like. One came against his tusk, and said : 'Alas ! the elephant is a spear !' The second caught his trunk and said : 'Nay, the elephant is a serpent !' The third embraced the nearest leg, and said : 'Nay, the elephant is but a column !' The fourth gripped his tail, and said : 'Nay, the elephant is but a rope !' The fifth felt his huge side and said : 'The elephant is a great wall !' The sixth got in below and felt up to his 'tummy,' and said : 'Nay, nay, the elephant is a canopy !'—and so that is how they founded the Elephant University, with all its separate specialisms !"

We laughed, and Arthur said : "Daddy, you added that last bit on yourself !" But the Professor refused to smile, and maintained he was seriously describing the education of our Paleotechnic *regime*. "But if you like," he went on, "I will tell you the other story of the University of the Future—the tale of the six little girls round the baby. One said : 'See how bonny he is.' (That's the artistic point of view.) 'Yes, and how intelligent, I'm sure he knows me.' (That's the psychological point of view.) And the next girlie : 'How good he is, he hasn't cried yet !' (That's the ethical view, the recognition of self-control.) So these little women begin with beauty, with intelligence, with goodness, just as they will with their homes and children later. Yet they can see our masculine world, too, just as well as boys and men. For a fourth says : 'Look how he kicks ; how strong he is !' (That's the physical point of view we

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menfolk are stupid enough always to begin with.) And the fifth: 'How rosy and well he is—look how he drinks his milk!' (That's the physiological and hygienic point of view our mechanical age is just beginning to come to.) And then the last: 'Ah yes, he'll be a man yet!' (That's the social point of view): only the beauty of it all is that the six little girls agree, and among them they have expressed the whole philosophy as well as biology and psychology of life. And that's the sort of school and university we've got to come to again—when Pallas Athena comes back to it once more. Yes, this will be the united view, which will govern in the future, in the renewing universities. It will be realised that youth will grow when understood, and taken care of, yet also let alone; weeds don't thrive where you encourage exuberance in growth of better plants."

He then walked us out to the garden to a bed in which no weed was to be found, hunt for it as we would; for here, sure enough, was a big plant in blossom, and growing so exuberantly that it filled all the space. "Here," said Geddes, "you see the *élan vital* of Bergson—h'm?"

Then, in a moment: "You can only stop Revolution by admitting Evolution. You can only destroy wrong ideas by leading people gently towards better ones—h'm? By bureaucratic methods of administration, imagination is inhibited and crippled."

"But what of the practical world, the business world?" said I. "What place have you for imagination there?"

"Well," said he, "the problem of education is really the same, always is: how to release life from our boxes and prisons; and how to train it. This answers a great part of your question: but to carry it further, we see that in all big business imagination is needed. It is not only art and literature that needs imagination, nor even evolutionary science or pro-

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gressive mathematics, though they are increasingly full of it.

“Take then any type of business, even big shop-keeping—say Selfridge’s—and there we observe a type of imagination, so far developed, but otherwise closed.

“We pass on to another type—say the railway men, like old Strathcona, or Sir William Van Horne, makers of the vast railway across Canada, who each rose from a poor boy, to be more powerful in the Dominion than the Governor-General.

“Theirs was bigger business than Selfridge’s—more imagination accordingly. And what do you find in the head of such great enterprise—take Horne, this self-made man? You find a mind open on many sides—a man who becomes not only one of the great art-collectors, as many rich men have been, but himself a real artist as well. He trained his mind so that he could, and did, regularly paint on an excellent picture while dictating his business letters every morning; and at night he cleared business away by painting in miniature, or in making water-colours of his specimens of Chinese porcelain—thus producing an illustrative catalogue, that alone would have made him distinguished. No wonder he could inspire people, and that he had a fund of unflagging energy.

“His life in the country was such—his awareness of environment such—that in his office, while doing his correspondence, he could, and did, paint from memory landscapes from his own estate, and he knew antiquities from the early Greek things onwards, and the modern pictures, too. No critic or dealer interpreted Cezanne as well as he. All his life he had been drawing while talking—so that his clerks preserved his blotting pads. . . . Here, then, was a neotechnic man of business, an artist, though in practical life master of many subjects, in short, effectively living, all round.”

We want more of these types, I reflected. Such a

## GEDDES IN HIS GARDEN

man could grasp those evolutionary and regional ideals of Geddes—when lesser men, calling themselves practical, shy at them and run away from them.

“But,” Geddes went on, “people are obsessed by the labels of the past. They may admit that a man of business can also paint—and if he has made his millions they are satisfied, and see in his other activities merely a harmless hobby. But that a man of science may develop beyond his specialism—that people may be educated to develop beyond their little boxes—this, to them, is unthinkable!

“People want,” said the Professor, “to put me into one of their pigeonholes; but, you see, I put them all into one of mine instead: namely, in that of the Past!”

He then poured out a list of these Labels of the Past. “People ask me,” he said, “am I a Darwinian, or a Spencerian, a Ruskinian or Carlylean, an Aristotelian or a Platonist, a Socratean or a Pythagorean, a Buddhist, a Hindu, or a Parsee, a Bahaist or a Theosophist, a Jew, a Druid, a Chaldean, or an Egyptian, a Roman Catholic or any sort of Protestant, a Deist, Agnostic, a Positivist or an Atheist, a Freudian or a Jungian, a Bergsonian, Nietzschean, or a Smithsonian? Am I an Imperialist or a Home Ruler, a Nationalist or a Sinn Feiner, a Liberal or a Conservative, a Tory or a Revolutionary, a Co-operator or a Socialist, an Anarchist or a Syndicalist, a Tolstoyan or a Bolshevik? And my answer is emphatically: ‘Yes, of course!’ Every man who really and fairly thinks over all these doctrines must go so far with them, and see some truth in each. For we are heirs of all the ages, and even of our own! People are never entirely fools; and there must be some good in all specialisms, some reality somewhere in each one; some vision, some glimpse of fact at least; and I try to find that and profit by it, especially as, in so far as these types of people are mostly living (or preserved!)

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there must be some good in them—some soul of goodness even in things evil—h'm ? ”

### IX

He had by no means done with the garden, and although I attempt some sort of dividing lines in the stream of thought, still it was all one.

From such exhaustive discourse indoors we went out again to consider the lilies, how they grew ; and from the garden as he had planned it, he pointed out the reason and order underlying all real art, and quoted Besnard's saying : “ Every portrait is a Drama ! ”

Here were planted big patches of flowers, yards long, and a quiet green path as “ *Philosophenweg*.” Here again was—purposely—the near view for details, and the long views for general effect, perspective and outlook : with nooks and seats of shady quietness for meditation.

“ My ambition being,” he remarked, “ not to write in print, but to write in reality—here with flower and tree, and elsewhere with house and city—it is all the same ; in each we need all resources on one hand—simplicity and unity—yet the rich mosaic of variety, and detail, too. So wherever I go, my friends are more often among the painters than the men of science,” he said, as he led me up a path some forty yards long all filled with tall blossoming umbel weeds.

“ Forty yards of weeds to give some suggestion of the jungle—h'm ? ”

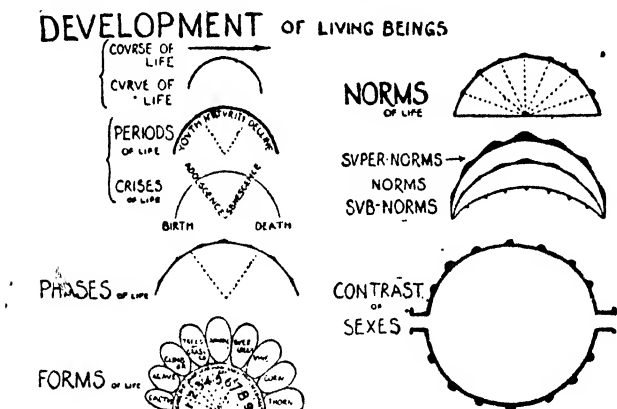
Then we wandered back to the contrast of the well-mown lawns, and I saw how—on this poor site and situation—he had worked as a landscape gardener while making a botanical garden of scientific interest and teaching use.

“ To the fullest possible extent,” he said, “ I want to have each form of life express itself, even the weed

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as really a magnificent weed. Here is ivy: the gardener's ivy problem is not to collect specimens, but to express the iviness of ivy. And then around it, here are great spreading shrubs, there delicate, fine-leaved herbs, all of the ivy kindred; a fairy dance, Proteus in evolution."

In the contrast of flowery and weedy plants his garden is laid out to show what is—for him—a main secret of evolution: the contrasts—rhythms of growth and reproduction, the phase-changes—are the sex (and sex-like) variations of life.



These ideas he uses at every turn, and for interpreting and understanding many subjects and their problems.

"So," he went on, leading me in another direction, "you see the way one can husband and improve resources, working away here almost among the slums (for this university college, instead of being an Acropolis upon our hill up there, has been planted too low and right in the town). Here, now, we need a courtyard of gravel. Gravel, like everything else, is good in its place. Here it gives simplicity and repose; it helps to show up there a touch of gorgeous colour, and there a shadow—and yet again—repose.

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“ Next, here is all we have room for as a labyrinth—a small child’s maze, only notice, this is a free maze—not the clipped one of the past. And this is my suggestion of an orchard ; poor fruit, but growing, flowering, fruiting—that is, Living.”

Seeing this courtyard, in the heart of slums and factory chimneys, yet now exuberant and merry with daisies and trees (crab-apples beautiful, and good after season for the gardener’s wife’s jam) and the whole gamut of greens for artistic interest and flowers for scientific study, I cried out : “ And this is how it must be everywhere.”

“ Not must be,” said Geddes, “ but may be—that is the principle of Etho-Politics : there will be no “ must,” only “ may.”

Thus snubbed and reminded of my incipient Germanism, I followed him in silence—and through a fairy mist of little flowers and frail grey branches against grey stone walls ; then—somehow—he drew a contrast between the old rural city of Scone, not far off—once the capital of Scotland—and this great mechanical city of Dundee—too much the modern outcome of the paleotechnic Jute industry, which has so outgrown its finer crafts, of linen, of ship-building and more.

And to my remark that Dundee was not so very big, he said quietly : “ Maybe not—maybe not ; but the big Jute-Calcutta is its suburb.”

We passed a fine winter background of big evergreens, and thence into what was once the janitors private slum, but now a little garden, too ; and we finished our outing in the laboratory proper : first peeping into other laboratories, of medicine—which seemed to me rooms of death.

“ I, too, have my death-chamber,” said Geddes as he opened the door, “ but we have been all this hour learning in the chamber of Life—h’m ? The Death Chamber will not depress us now.”

## GEDDES IN HIS GARDEN

In his laboratory and little museum, as in others, of course, there are bottled specimens of dead things—shelves filled with dried plants in their coffins, and so forth—all duly labelled and classified; but in the centre was one thing which I have seen in no other museum—a huge globe, rightly oriented to the pole—a constant reminder of the great world without—and painted with the regions of vegetation: where plants grow and flowers seed, and where folk work and grow, and flower and seed along with them.

“Well,” said Geddes, as we at last concluded that train of thought and went off for supper, “you see I am *not* a necromancer who draws horoscopes, nor am I merely sticking pins in butterflies, nor cutting up flowers—nor a politician who can answer all questions, and provide editors with headlines—but I am trying always, in garden and in city by turns, to work out a method which can adapt itself to anything, whether it be to brighten vacant spaces in old Edinburgh, or to abate political trouble in Dublin slums, to revive an old city like Jerusalem or like Indore; a social and evolutionary method, which can be adapted to the Coal Strikes or to the Taj Mahal—in fact, a technique of life.”

I had seen Geddes in Ghent and London; now that I had seen him in his own biological environment, I understood—paradoxically enough—why it is impossible to “place” him.



## CHAPTER VII

### A BOTANIST LOOKS AT THE WORLD

ARTHUR and I had helped the Professor to carry plants and range them on each side of the lecture desk, before his farewell to his students—his valedictory address after thirty years of work.

Slowly the people filtered into the lecture room, a miscellaneous audience, dotted with many sturdy, khaki-clad figures.

The chair was taken by a splendid young fellow, who—my neighbour told me—had won the Military Cross in France as the surviving officer of a Black Watch attack.

A good many townspeople were there, but the faculty of the College was absent, and its governing body, too; and this was commented on around me. I got no clear reason, but I gathered that Geddes was felt as a sort of truant professor, who ran about the world and only returned in Summer-time; and then more to lead his students through gardens and woods, than to lecture indoors with customary proprietary. But I think a fuller answer runs through this book, and may explain, too, why, though reporters were present, there was nothing in the papers next day of any use to help out my own notes. The reader may judge from these:

Speaking quietly, but not inaudibly, he began his Dundee Swan-Song, the title of which had been announced as, *Biology and its Social Bearings: How a Botanist Looks at the World.*

To begin with botanists, even at their driest and worst, they were more reasonable than they seemed,

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and more practical also, for "all knowing is classifying."

The herbarium of Linnæus—of dried plants, well arranged and labelled—and his *System of Nature* is the first great landmark in the modern history of the Natural Sciences, botany and zoology. Librarians have adapted their card catalogues from the herbarium. Men of letters, administrators with their papers well arranged, owe much of this order to Linnæus, who showed the way. Thus even from science at its driest we get order and system—and good catalogues need clear minds, and make them clearer.

Botany has thus led in disciplining the concrete ordering of the mind, well nigh as definitely as mathematics for its abstract order. Mill, Bentham and more actually thus trained themselves with their plant-collections. Modern thought thus stands not only upon mathematics, but is being more and more coloured by biology; and this concrete, that abstract, are vitally inseparable in a true and full education.

It is this dryness of past teaching which leads people to imagine botany a dead, dry thing, and its excursions mere week-end airings conducted by a sort of academic nursemaid given to pedantic language. But what if these airings be an introduction to travel at its best; even initiation into world-travel? How if in this way we learn not only to know the life we find by the way, but to understand and map the landscapes we travel through, and, what is more, to interpret them? What if by such two-fold training to observe we also get trained to think, and this by turns in detail and in general views?

In this simple way we botanists learn to see the great world, and try to make each student his own traveller, gaining his own widening vision of the world. Thus it has been that from our little Dundee School of Botany, with its ever-widening ramblers, have

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come the best maps, as yet, of Lowlands and Highlands, and initiating the best maps yet made for Britain, and now continued by the Ecological Society ; and by Herbertson's regional work at Oxford, and Hardy's Atlas of World-Vegetation also continuing these.

In the war, various students from this little school of botany have won distinctions, one as "the best observer in the British Army," another as a responsible cartographer : and another similarly employed and appreciated in the War Office at Washington. For through keen observing in peace, they were prepared to be the same in war.

People are afraid of science, and often think themselves too ignorant to understand it ; but these people are not really so innocent as they imagine ! As a matter of fact, they turn out to be full of the accumulated errors of two thousand years—and more—and this not in any one science only, but more or less in all ! It is not that the public are ignorant, but that they are so full of the obsolete errors of the past that they cannot learn from the fields, or even from their own garden, poor things.

Thus the newcomers from any school to any college have all learned (really from the alchemists) that there are "three kingdoms of nature : animal, vegetable and mineral" ; whereas from Linnæus two centuries ago to Bose to-day, we know more and more clearly that there are but two, the organic and the inorganic, and these deeply related. Even by their chemistry masters they have been taught that the oxygen of the air is a matter of "inorganic chemistry ;" whereas the whole of it is but the ever-increasing waste-product of plant-life. They have barely heard of Aristotle, much less read him ; yet their comprehension of living plants has been made worse than nothing, and largely because they have all inherited his mistaken comparison of the plant to an animal

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with its head in the ground, getting its food there, and his idea that the hairs of animals, the plumage of birds, and the foliage of plants, are mere outgrowths, and thus alike not of the essence of life. And so on through a score of errors, which the prevailing and increasing superstition of "science"—as only of mechanics, chemistry and physics—but exaggerates into that worse and worse misunderstanding of the realities of the world and of life in it, upon which the evils of war and of so-called peace alike flourish, and indeed largely depend.

For an example: How many people think twice about a leaf? Yet the leaf is the chief product and phenomenon of Life: this is a green world, with animals comparatively few and small, and all dependent upon the leaves. By leaves we live. Some people have strange ideas that they live by money. They think energy is generated by the circulation of coins. Whereas the world is mainly a vast leaf-colony, growing on and forming a leafy soil, not a mere mineral mass: and we live not by the jingling of our coins, but by the fulness of our harvests. Moreover, the leaves made the coal: coal is but plant-life fossilized; and hence the coal-miners are the modern masters of Energy. Not so long ago these men were literally sold with the mines—they were thus actually serfs, if not slaves, until the nineteenth century; but now, in the twentieth, they are claiming a directive share in the energy they set loose. From the fossil-leafage which they deal with, has come the past industrial revolution, and now is threatened another.

Running thus easily from botanical excursions to politics, the lecturer went on to say that sociology is not—as so many think—some new, separate, remoter science; it is first of all the widening outlook of biology; and with this come freshening outlooks of Economics. The world is escaping from the conventional political economy of the futilitarians, with its

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money obsessions of the market-place and "the City," into an economics of energy, and of this in the service of life, not *vice versa*, as to-day—for tools and machines are but extended hands. The economics of the leaf-colony, and its fossil plants, and the economics of metals are coming into conflict; thus the first will again have the largest significance, as in the rural world of old.

Contrary to the vulgar economics, as Ruskin rightly called it, it is the artists who have been the producers of the most enduring forms of individual and national wealth: yet here (taking a big leaf from among the plants on the table) is one of the staples of art-production, and a story of art-education too. An Assyrian sculptor admired this Acanthus leaf, and modelled it; and it has been copied ever since, and by all the schools, till we are weary of it. In each great period of design, new plants have been observed and used by artists; but here in the garden around us there is a whole world of beauty for designers to choose from—only the edge of which has been touched. Yet the poor tame art schools go on in their traditional limitation—and their would-be designers fail to find these springs of originality. There they are, around them—outside in the garden, in the woods, by the rivers, even in the sea—where you will in Nature. Here you may draw endless beauties, find fresh symbols, make new conventional designs. With opening eyes, imagination starts anew, and hands work wonders.

But this is not a school of art—of course not. There is hardly a school of art in any university, nor yet anywhere such a school as a Nature-lover might desire. Perhaps we are afraid to let an artist into a university: he might do something!

This is a school of medicine—most of you are to go out into the world as doctors. Why not sometimes artist-doctors—or even doctor-artists, h'm?

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Botany is taught you only in your first year—and you are not supposed to return to it. There are even doctors who grudge that as wasted time for their immediate work. Yet once the botanist *was* a doctor, indeed, the only doctor, the herbalist. But now we who gather and cultivate herbs, leave them to the professor of *materia medica*, to understand the drugs and their action. What, then, is left for us poor botanists? What is the use of us now? In this faculty of medicine, of which we once were masters, we seem—to many—to have become of the least importance. Yet in each age of medicine this has happened already: still, we went on anew. Thus in our schools of botany, we have, in the last generation, studied and greatly cleared up the famous and terrible “germs,” in the fight with which modern medicine and surgery have been so mainly concerned. We have shown, too, that germs are not mere destroyers of life, but mostly beneficent—they are vitally necessary to the soil and to all life, since they remove decay. Thus in the main they keep life going, even though some kill by attacking it at weak spots. But now again they have hived off the bacteriologist from us: so we seem—to many—old-fashioned, and useless again. Yet we botanists, whom they suppose never get beyond the first year of medical studies, are again getting beyond the fifth and sixth years—in fact, beyond the modern departments of Public Health.

How so? Doctors are far too easily satisfied when their patients are out of pain, and call them cured when they are able to get out of bed and move about again. But this freedom from pain and release from inactivity is not yet Health. Health, in fact, has all but disappeared. Most people—indeed, most of whole nations—are more or less neurasthenic to-day; though even Public Health has as yet failed to realize and deal with this. Modern medicine thus needs to be

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renewed and reorganized afresh from current biology, just as from our germ biology in the recent past. For we are coming to a conception of higher standards of life, to conceptions of health, physical and mental, comparable to that of the rose and the lily, the peacock and the song-bird, and thence to ideals expressed of old by the Greeks, and in their Gods and Muses. And what is yet more, we evolutionary biologists begin to see how to get towards understanding this perfect health of leaf and flower, of horse and hound and athlete; and, becoming bio-psychologists, too we are on the way to recover and to re-create the very Gods and Muses.

So much, then, for a statement of these medical aims: say even our renewing claims for the very leadership of medicine. But now a word on the place of biology in the social sciences.

Beyond this little garden I have practically failed to make any real impression upon this great industrial city. In darkest, narrowest, windiest alleys of this college garden, in what you can see are slum conditions about as bad as they make them, you find roses and full-laden apple-trees, albeit those of hard climates—Japanese roses and Siberian crabs. Yet I have failed to move either citizens or city to plant these in the slums, or at most I have induced only a school here and there to do so. Yet in Edinburgh and in Dublin our slum-gardens have taken root, succeeded and spread; and so, too, in other towns, before the war made gardening popular—even necessary. Go, presently, and look at the Janitor's garden. In his backyard, left as a builder's slum, he has made a bright little paradise—and all his own, without a word from me, and at most a few plants from the gardener. Men like these I call our best students.

“In this ‘Bonnie Dundee,’ as it once was, you can make the floral beauty-feasts of Japan, and in this City of Marmalade,” continued the Professor, warming

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up, "each home might make apple marmalade from its own crabs, and grow wild Japanese roses, too, besides having other fruits and vegetables and flowers. Most of such simple cultivation as this is open to every backyard; and, as you see here, laburnums, and more, will do well in practically sunless ones.

"And if you say children will steal flowers, and you will need to call in the police to guard what you grow, I say: nonsense, we lose nothing here to speak of; and it is but a reason to give them flowers, and fruit as well when the poor bairns try to take some. In France, or in Nova Scotia, and other sensible places, too, they grow so many cherry-trees that they neither fear thieves nor birds: there are so many that these cannot make any impression on them. There is no limit to the possibilities of such gardening, even here. That would be real wealth, real economics, vital industry.

"Here, too, is the best of medical treatment towards individual health. Thus you see how gardening comes to town, 'making the field gain on the street, and not merely the street on the field,' as Ruskin put it. True town-planning begins with thus simply amending the surroundings of the people; and it may soon get inside their homes, as I have found these many years in Edinburgh, and in other cities, too. It grows on from small gardens to semi-public ones like this, and thence to parks and boulevards, and so to better houses for all upon their course or beyond it. That is, indeed, the way in which planning has actually grown: even the magnificent circles and avenues of Paris are but the outcomes of clearings through the forest. It is only one of the mechanical superstitions of the times that confuses town-planning with the destructive (or at best, mechanical) activities of engineers."

He told rapidly of his town-planning in Dublin during his Exhibition in the summer of 1914. First



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how the people even of the slum streets round the Exhibition had appreciated its beginnings of clearing up the neighbourhood around it, and had cleansed and whitewashed and gardened, too. Next how, with his host's (the Viceroy's) permission, he had tackled the formidable James Larkin, the leader of the big dock strike then in progress, and had found him most reasonable, and not a little conciliated by the hope of a garden village for miserably housed (indeed practically homeless) dockers ; and so how the Corporation had offered their estate just at the City's edge, and only a mile from the docks, on which he had planned " the biggest of workers' garden villages as yet, and albeit necessarily the simplest and poorest, a garden village still." Then, too, how he had gone to the Catholic hierarchy, and offered them " a plan for their needed new Cathedral, in line with the two mediæval ones, Christ Church and St. Patrick's, which they lost at the Reformation, so making a *via sacra* unparalleled in Christendom ; and this as the best monument for Home Rule (the Act then just passing) and for the Cathedral of the Irish Race, in which was to be sung the High Mass of Peace and Reconciliation." The Archbishop adopted the scheme, and bought the site from the Corporation accordingly ; and its association with a great school, and even perhaps with the new art-gallery, and more, were all being considered. Encouraged by all this, Lord Aberdeen accepted his next suggestion, of an International Town-Planning Competition for greater Dublin, and gave a substantial prize ; so not a few excellent sets of plans were sent in from Britain and America as well. And so on : in fact, a complete scheme for meeting, in positive and constructive ways, at once material yet idealistic, all the varied and divergent aims and ambitions with which Dublin seethes, of ecclesiastics and of laity, of rich and poor, and from insurgent dockers to critical intellectuals. But with the war, men's hearts failed

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them, and all these civic schemes were dropped by all concerned, and Geddes had to leave to fulfil engagements in India. But at this point he thundered out : " With a hundred thousand pounds well spent in carrying out the beginnings of all this—aye, even half of it—there would have been no Sinn Fein Revolution of 1916. I do not merely suggest this : I know it ! And from both sides, from all concerned."

While the British public failed to grasp the stern significance of Darwinism, and thought this great scientist a quaint old country gentleman, with odd theories about " ancestors probably arboreal," the Germans used his " struggle for existence " theory in its strongest sense, and said : " Well, if struggle decides life, you shall have it ! " And they certainly had given it us—fired Darwin back at us these four years and more, had they not ?

The Germans, like the machine and money worshippers at home—for this Darwinism is really an economic theory—say the world is one of " tooth and claw " ; but there were some of us who had tried also to " consider the lilies, how they grow." " I sincerely believe," said Geddes passionately, " that the author of that saying knew and meant what he was saying, and that as literally as we do ! "

After a pause, he continued : " You see, the Catholic reads this verse, so he cuts the lilies, and puts them on the altar ; then the Protestant comes along and throws them out ! That is too much as yet the history of Christianity. But this very science of Botany, in which both types of would-be Christians have seen so little, is left alone in its centuries of endeavour seriously to obey this counsel, to consider the lilies and find out how they grow. See here (he took one by one the plants from his desk), how tall and strong this one is growing, seeming to be using all its energies for itself. But next see how this one is going through a conversion, for there are the buds ;

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and this one in bloom is now living for its species—flowering magnificently, and so also only now fully individualizing itself, in blossom. And its ‘purity’ is the very opposite of the sexless misunderstandings of the past. It is the fullest splendour and frankness of sex in nature, naked and not ashamed.

“You will find more and more,” proceeded the lecturer, “that botany is a key to many things: even the great books of history have largely failed for want of science, and by trying to unriddle the secrets of human life, in its struggles and progress and failure, without study of simple life in nature and in the garden.

“And so with economics and its manifold occupations. For instance, take once again this simple diagram of any river valley, like the Tay here, or the Thames, the Seine, or Tiber, the Mississippi, Amazon, or what you will, from source to sea. (See p. 73).

“You start with its relief and its vegetation; thence come the nature occupations in relation to these—the Miner, Woodman, Hunter, Shepherd, Crofter (or poor farmer), the rich Farmer (and the gardener) and the Fisherman. It is as these occupations go wrong that the hunter turns man-hunter, the shepherd nomad and invader, and the woodman and miner become military engineer and munitioneer; it is this combination, in its frequent ascendancy, that means militarism and war; while the crofter, the farmer and the gardener in their increasingly peaceful occupations, are the very opposite of militaristic, and so the last to be militarized. The age-long peace of China lay in its intensive culture. The League of Nations doesn’t half know this yet, and there is little hope of real peace until it does.

“For an instance of the current confused thinking and crude generalization, we may single out for contempt our attitude to the ‘Textile Industries,’ which economists, who know so little of the realities—if any of them—lump all together.”

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But here, rather than report from the lecture, I quote a passage from one of his town-planning volumes :

“ Beyond this nineteenth century economics, restricted as it has been to money and market place, to machine and workshop, we have now to recall the older economics of India, of Israel, and of Hellas ; or again, in more recent times, of France and Scotland, whose scientists have peculiarly founded the science, and contributed to its later developments. . . . Thus the contrast of Linen towns, like Belfast and Dunfermline, with the Jute town of Dundee, is wide and tragic. . . . The Jute mill and its workers are still only emerging from general poverty and too frequent squalor. . . . Linen has long been at a higher civilization level than cotton. Wool industries have throughout history yielded greater civilization values than even linen. But the highest place among textile towns in modern times is that of Silk Lyons, with its weaver-artists. For here are workmen and masters comparable to those of Silk Florence at the Renaissance.”<sup>1</sup>

. . . He went on : “ Since social types evolve from industries, hence the jute civilization is everywhere poor, that of cotton less so ; that of linen richer in material prosperity, and still more in civilization values. Wool brings with it a yet more vital grasp of life, at once a fuller and more idealistic society—while silk has in some ways given the highest development of all ; and should still more do so in the future. Thus not mere politics, nor even religions, determine social forms so simply as they think. Fundamental work first of all determines types of society capable of this or that political and ethical development, and is to be planned for accordingly.

“ The current text-books of Citizenship sometimes do not even mention cities ; yet these, after all, are no more unreal than are the other generalities of politics. Or again, those of moral philosophy, of

<sup>1</sup> *Town Planning for City Development* (Indore 1918).

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which the current university lecturing contains no guidance for youth, for life or for sex, and which is shocked if you suggest these. No wonder it has its rebounds, as in the current horrors told by the pathologists—Freud and his school, dealing with sex and its disorders and immoralities, but with too little relation to normal health or knowledge of its real nature and possibilities.

“Turning now to philosophy in general, we may be thankful for Bergson, his ideas and outlook. For from it we may look back on the great war as a culminating dispute between the German philosophers of the State, and the French philosophers of Freedom and Life, in the course of which their audiences fought, as audiences so often used to do in the debates of old. Yet what is Bergson’s *Elan Vital* but an appreciation of how flowers grow? Our older theories were more of how artificial flowers got put together, or of how anglers’ flies were dressed: mechanically beautiful, no doubt, but not real live flowers or flies!

“Here in this garden the collection is small, as gardens go; for we keep nothing here which will not actively grow. Some, as you see, grow here till they make a wilderness—but this, too, is ‘life more abundantly.’ Thus, too, you can see in the garden outside, how Bergson’s doctrine of ‘Duration’ is an escape from thought of time as mechanically told by the clock, to appreciation of the phase and quality of growth to which each living thing has come.

“But growth seems slow: and people are all out for immediate results, like immediate votes or immediate money. A garden takes years and years to grow—ideas also take time to grow; and while a sower knows when his corn will ripen, the sowing of ideas is, as yet, a far less certain affair. See on one hand all over Europe the governing classes with their tendencies towards repression, and the governed tending to unrest, if not revolt; and realize that both

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in their haste alike are missing the growing reality of life. Yet at last we are coming into a renascent philosophy of growth and of life."

He then sketched on the blackboard his graphic notation of life with its many squares :

" Life like a dome of many-coloured glass  
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

Let the soul, he exhorted, escape from the mere external and authoritative control of administration, and find its controlling impulse within. The great thing is not so much to control and to administer things or people, as to inspire, to arouse youth to carry out its aspirations towards life at its best, life more abundant.

Study our universities, he said, and you will find they are more concerned with Death than with Life—so their psychological side mostly oscillates between mechanisms and phantoms. And are not the schools of theology too much like our museums, with bottled specimens, dogmas labelled and pinned to the wall?

And our classics—largely wasting time : yet classics are history—necessary when we see this as living heritage. And so with the art of the past, and everything else that we are not doing *now* : but ancient history as merely past!—h'm?

What if we educationalists should study history as heritage, and mind as continuing it in life, and putting it to freshened uses? Suppose, in fact, we take the vital and synthetic view—instead of the dead and analytic, and dis-specialized? This has been, in the main, the German University view. At present education with us, as so conspicuously in Oxford, is mostly Pre-Germanic; though, like Cambridge, we are also becoming Sub-Germanic, and American Universities mainly too. In the next few years, even in India, we may liberate education anew, and make it Post-Germanic, and, in the following generation,

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develop it yet further, as Germans, too, will be doing.

Beaming upon us genially, he said : “ Star-wonder, stone and spark wonder, life-wonder, folk-wonder : these are the stuff of astronomy and physics, of biology and the social sciences. Hence the fundamental place of Nature Study, and of our Surveys. To appreciate sunset and sunrise, moon and stars, the wonders of the winds, clouds and rain, the beauty of woods and moon and fields—here are the beginnings of natural sciences.

“ Set the child observing Nature, not with labelled and codified lessons, but with its own treasures and beauty feasts—as of stones, minerals, crystals, of living fishes and butterflies, of wild flowers, fruits and seeds ? Above all, the cultivated plants and the kindly domestic animals, which have domesticated and civilized man in the past, and have now to be brought back to civilize him to peace again.

“ We adults have all been more or less starved and stunted ; in schools we were even made artificial defectives, for want of such observations ; and with intelligence unawakened through nature’s work and as play. Each child needs its own plot in the school-garden, and its own bench in the workshop ; but it should also go on wider and wider excursions, and these increasingly of its own choice. We need to give everyone the outlook of the artist, who begins with the art of seeing—and then in time we shall follow him into the seeing of art, even the creating of it. In the same way the scholar and student may be initiated, as in our Edinburgh Tower, into the essential outlook of the astronomer and the geographer, of the mathematician and the mechanic, the physicist and the chemist, the geologist and the mineralogist, the botanist and the zoologist, and thence more generally, of the biologist. Next, too, the anthropologist, from these simple occupations ; and thus, too, the economist.

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“ We may know the outlook of the theatre of events, not only as current events, but also as historically influenced, often determined. Eventually opens, often even in childhood, the outlook of the philosopher, both general and abstract: and in adolescence normally, too, that of the poet—with his emotional interpretation, his appeal and significance. Yet all this without being unduly learned: indeed with far less time than is usually spent on (not) learning Latin. Some realization of all these gives the main elements of a general survey, and the further development of each outlook may then go to those who can best deal with it. But this general and educational point of view must be brought to bear upon every specialism.

The teacher's outlook should include all viewpoints. Individual realization of these, and choice of life-interests and of occupation thus go to form the personal outlook of the student, with which he descends from this Tower of Initiation, to the special institutes and departments of the university, yet returns to these general outlooks from time to time. Each, then, may grow and widen through life, in personal evolution: and the resultant personal outlook will determine his main life's service. The naturalist pupil, then, sets out for his education by way of Nature-studies, widening out to regional and general survey. He grasps the essentials as far as may be of all the simple occupations within his reach; first helping mother, for that is the best basis of primary education; next helping father, with a good deal of secondary education accordingly; and then he may go to higher education, with its helping the world; and in time as fathers and mothers, too. All this is in contrast, no doubt, to the current Nature-starvation of school and college, with their verbalism and empaperment. This means also moral starvation, whence too often perversions of all kinds, or at best that paralysis of 'good form,' the real meaning whereof



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is the utmost possible inhibition—in fact, the shamming dead—which is so marked a fruit of ‘the best education’ and thus the delight, so often, of the British parent, pedagogue, snob and fool!

“Madame Montessori has shown how writing and arithmetic can be far more rapidly taught than at present, still more all subjects of vital interest, and so of education proper. Instead, then, of starting with the three ‘R’s’ we substitute the three ‘H’s’—Heart, Hand and Head—for in that order they develop.

“But the mistaken and perverted order is still prevalent, and still authoritative; and beginnings like Madame Montessori’s, or our own at the Outlook Tower—of course with its complemental Inlook—are still far too few.

“People laugh at Madame Montessori’s sense-training: but it has to go farther yet. The eye is predominantly important for this intellectual life (*Do you see?*) and the ear for emotional appeal (He that hath ears to hear—). Odour is deeply related to memory, and taste to good taste, and thus to character; and touch to realism and sympathy. The muscular sense is related to mathematics and also to music: and the orientation sense is related to morals and character—‘steady’ and ‘well-balanced,’ ‘giddy’ or ‘unbalanced,’ as we commonly say. And as senses are thus deeply related in life, so with our ideas, our whole personality and powers.

“Hence we must cease to think merely in terms of separated departments and faculties, and must correlate these in the living mind; in the social life as well—indeed, this above all. Thus emotional education involves Re-religion, and this Re-politics, of which Civics is the best beginning. Intellectual education involves general and sensory, imaginative and artistic education: Re-education, Re-creation, and thus Re-construction and the conception of Culture in its literal sense, of ‘to cultivate.’ Thus,

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then, we are reaching a re-classification of our ideas and our ideals with them. Each science is thus associated with its related arts and crafts, from simple occupations to complex ones : thus (here he drew on the blackboard) :

<i>a</i> { <i>Physics</i> <i>Esthetics</i>	<i>to</i> { <i>Mechanical Industries</i> <i>(Arts &amp; Crafts)</i>
<i>b.</i> { <i>Biology</i> <i>Psychology</i>	<i>(Hygiene &amp; Medicine</i> <i>Education)</i>
<i>c.</i> { <i>Sociology</i> <i>Ethics</i>	<i>(Government</i> <i>Religion)</i>

Language, literature, and the fine arts express all the shades of experiences and emotions of these.

“ In this way we escape alike the extremes of the materialistic and the idealistic position. The one is redeemed from its Philistinism, and the other roused from its usual ineffectiveness. Both may then be developed in harmony, and thus become social, vital, creative. Do we still so far seem of materialistic bias ? So far truly : yet we may best read the series upwards, and from the idealistic arts, and these co-ordinated with their corresponding subjective sciences. In such ways again we come to see that material and spiritual becomes at one ! And abstract and concrete also are at one ! Ethics and politics thus unite into Etho-Polity, which, despite all discouragements and setbacks and appearances to the contrary, is none the less the coming polity. So with education, not merely with bio-psychology ; but psycho-biology, the sound mind maintaining the sound body. And so with art inspiring industry, and

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developing the sciences accordingly. Beyond the attractive yet dangerous apples of the separate sciences, the Tree of Life thus comes into view."

There was silence for a moment as the lecture ended on this note, at once picturesque and practical. All so old, yet here renewed! Obstacles and stumbling-blocks to understanding had been swept away, and we felt as on a mountain-top. I remembered what an American (Earl Barnes, I think) had remarked to me of Geddes: That he was "a very wise man, with his feet on the ground, and his head in the air."

Then the young soldier-chairman rose, and said: "The Professor has given us a method by which to live and teach and work, and a fuller comprehension of life as a whole." Cheers followed this declaration. An old lady beside me said: "He has been talking to the next generation—it is too much for us."

And we all filtered out into the pale light of the long mid-summer evening.

## CHAPTER VIII

### ART AND SEX

#### I

THERE is no balm in Geddes for the amoral, or immoral, artist. Pacing with him a few days later slowly up and down the quiet green walk designed for meditation, I turned to the question of Art and Morality.

He recited to me the following from a poem (dedicated to him) by Rachel Annand Taylor:<sup>1</sup>

*“ O ye that walk in secret places  
Adoring Beauty, who is God,  
Turn, turn your pale enchanted faces,  
Uplift the burning incense rod.*

*“ With Muses, Love, and Heavenly Graces  
Come down and pass among the poor.  
These are your kindred and these only  
Before the blue-winged mercy seat.  
They bring, as ye bring (and these only)  
The piercèd hands, the piercèd feet.*

*“ To the help of the other toilers, the drugged and the broken  
of heart,  
Come, O ye kindred in love, ye beautiful children of art.*

*“ Go up with your sacrifices,  
Fair in the eyes of God,  
Rich thurible—patient hod.  
Peace unto you, brother and brother,  
Ye have need of one another.”*

<sup>1</sup> *Rose and Vine*, Elkin Mathews (by kind permission).

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The poetess had, perhaps, found her inspiration in the following passage of his own—but where can one find the idea of the artist's social powers more beautifully expressed ?

*“ Who, then, are the natural and eternal leaders of the men who work with their hands ? Assuredly none but the artists. Who else have the imagination, skill and intelligence, who else have thought and culture to compare with these, fallen and struggling remnant though they are to-day ?*

*“ Where, in the history of labour, shall we find not only such infinite creation of enduring treasure, but such social and ideal enthusiasm, such self-sacrificing toil, such perfect collectivity or organisation of labour ? And even now, where shall we find such overflowing wealth and generosity of nature, seeking only channels to irrigate the world ? ”*

This is the fitting preface to his lifelong theory (now independently being made current) that “ Trades Unions can be transmuted into Guilds, and that Guilds can be transmuted into real Civic groups, etho-political and Eutopian. These the Master-Craftsmen will lead, with their experience and skill ; and, in their turn, will be led by the Master-Artists drawn from their midst, with fullest inspiration and vision, and thence the highest skill to express them.”

“ Art,” he went on musingly, “ demands *Practical Co-ordination*, plus *Conception* (Imagination, Design), plus *Workmanship* (Technique) ; then *Passion* will give creative execution : a combination of Intuition with Emotion, yet with Intellectualism, too. Thus can be created enduring images of the dreams drawn from Folk-feeling, Place-feeling, Work-feeling, with Polity and Idealization : and all this with individual wildness, tempered with reason ; for personal freedom has to be tempered by the stern discipline of each real art whether Architecture, Sculpture or Painting, for Comedy or Tragedy ; or, perhaps best of all, Music.

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“ But, alas, have we not too often instead our Imagination mostly left to riot, when not silenced in stagnation? Thus art struggles on in confusion. Are not too many of our artist friends something of Thought-Derelicts—or else at best worshippers of phantoms, when not of fossils—since without any adequate philosophy of reality, and thus without guidance from religion or ideal, old or new? In art, as in marriage, the lasting ties are manifold and complex, not simple. And like love, art is an affair of body, soul and spirit, but compounded of these in varying degrees in each individual, and this compound again changing throughout the hours, the seasons and the years.” He recalled what he and Thomson had written on love, that “ the normal love of civilized man and woman is like a tree with deep roots, going far down into animal nature, roots that may be pruned but never wholly cut; with lofty branches that rise up into the sunlight and bear fruits of the spirit, and reminding one that we do not even speak of love that does not rise off the ground.” And as with love, so with art. Mere sense-data cannot constitute it.

“ In the works of the new groups of modern poets— young people still too vaguely aware of this rising order—we see too often the attempt to make Imagination, Design and Poesy serve alone, - indeed often without due endeavour of Design: witness too much of the revolutionary painting, sculpture and decoration. Yet with the fuller relating of the imaginative life to that of Emotion and Ideation, based therefore alike on social feeling and fellowship, on Nature knowledge and its occupations too, there will come an art firmly standing upon Life.”

*Thus, in summary:—*

*Life and Love renewed and thus re-socialized, re-civicized.*

*Knowledge and Faith renewed, thus re-ideating,  
re-impelling.*

*Vision and Hope renewed, and thus re-creative.*

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“ This faith and vision are at times, and for some, aroused by the fading mediæval and romantic tradition, though little by existing creeds or parties. Hence it is that modern art and poetry are too often morbid, despairing, even delirious, with confused design, even vague vision, since lack of purpose.

“ The great art of our nascent Renaissance—let us call it Revivance—will be thus unified from within each artist’s mind, yet called for by the community awakening to its best regional and civic traditions, and to its present dismal state with its urgent needs. Synthesis in thought will thus renew with Synergy in deed : and thus the individual artist will find his place within his Ethopolity—his call from his community of kindred spirits whose application will wake his creation of what they have been starving for throughout the age of futilitarian economists, worshipping monstrous idols, mechanosaurs and pluto-saurs.

“ So the artist will find fulfilment in real achievement, drawn from the chord of Inner Life, and inspiring the *chord of social and civic Life* ; for all these develop from the simple chord of Life, Place, Work and People. (See chart).

“ There is room here, I see, for the ‘ Essential character ’ of Taine, and for the ‘ Form ’ of Clive Bell, as well as for the Design of the Cubists, the Images of the Imagists, the Abstraction of the Futurists, the Synchronism of Synchronists, the whole outlook of the Vorticists : and so for all the Rhythms of the Universe. Room, too, for the colour-splendours of Turner, the light-radiance of Monet, the vitality of Claus. And for the composition of Gauguin, the studies in feeling of Cézanne ; all these, and more to come. For Life is the Universe of Art, and Art ranges over the whole compass of Life, being Life’s mirror and expression in one.

“ As in the antique galleries of Italy, we see now

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faded dreams—poor phantom angels, and gods seated vacantly on clouds, so in modern days we see our poor, empty, circumstances, our sad physical facts, in pictures, too, more often dead than alive! But in this new order of evolutionary understanding, of vital and social impulse, Art will live again as it did in each of its best ages, indeed diffusing a fresh and fuller light.”

### II

The conversation passed to the topic of sex, by which the art and literature of to-day are so much obsessed. Walking with me to the bed of lilies which grew exuberantly before his laboratory door, Geddes poured forth his doctrine of sex.

“Don’t you see that they grow by sex: not merely by mere sexless extension of the individual, but by sex throughout the individual and the race! And the lily in its purity is symbolical because that flower is as splendid an expression of sexual intensity—‘naked and unashamed’—as life can show! See the great golden stamens—here the male—and here, the long style and swelling rounded stigma, the female; try to realize the ardent life-longing these express! Peacock and song-bird, poet and artist, ay, even philosopher and saint, are thus developed: life and sex evolve together.”

That evening I read with new understanding the great passage in Geddes’ and Thomson’s famous study of sex:<sup>1</sup>

“What is the ideal of life? What but the blossoming of noble (that is pure) individuality, human and organic, into fulness, that is, of love, of sex? What better symbol (that is, sign) of these than the lily? And what clearer word of literal revelation, what simpler yet deeper word of initiation to both art and science was ever spoken than

<sup>1</sup> *Sex*—Home University Series.



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in the ancient counsel and command: 'Consider the lilies how they grow.'

"Consider the lily; face its elemental biologic-moral fact. 'Pure as a lily' is not really a phrase of hackneyed sham morals; for it does not mean weak, bloodless, sexless. Its purity lies in that it has something to be pure; its glory is in being the most frank and open manifestation of sex in all the organic world. Its magnificent array is to show forth, not conceal: these wear their lucent argent for the passion-fragrant night, and these roll back their swart-stained robes of scarlet-orange to the sun-rich day; naked and not ashamed, glowing, breathing, warm, each flower showers forth its opulence of golden dust, stretches forth to welcome it in return. This, when we consider, is how they grow.

"We must face, then, the elemental fact of sex and love, making much, not little of it, entering into it as into a great possession . . . and if there be strong love, much may be forgiven—even when it sweeps men and women off their feet. Through history love has covered even the bar-sinister with its gold.

"Are we, therefore, attacking marriage—'sapping the foundations of morality,' as foolish people always say when they are asked to face the facts? Not so, but defending marriage, re-defining it; . . . we are deepening . . . the foundations of morality. . . . Too often the psychical element is wanting, and then there is no marriage at all, but merely pairing of the lower animal sort; . . . mating, physical and psychic, can only be full and true when it is permanent—that is when it goes on evolving throughout the lives it intertwines. . . . Reconstruction must be extended . . . sometimes perhaps confirming, sometimes perhaps modifying current views. Confirming, for instance, the sanctity of marriage, for even apart from the claims and bonds of offspring and of society the biological and psychic ideal is of permanent monogamy, the 'primitive promiscuity' of which we hear so much—being in the main an ugly dream, a disease-utopia of city degeneration under domestication, and probably not at any place or time a phase in the main line of human evolution."

This stern indictment of free love fuses with the indictment of relationless art in a striking letter written by Geddes to me:

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" *The answer is plain, hard though it be to apply. Your whole world of fashion is of sick Londoners, sick New Yorkers, and so on, and those whom they have poisoned and ob-educated. Just as they do not know the elementary care of the nutritive life, and so poison and gorge it, so even less the elementary discipline of the reproductive life (which their mismanaged intestines, etc., also irritate as well as poison!)—still less the elementary morals of either—and thus nothing of the sublimation process (which Freudians think he has discovered, but which my father taught me as a boy, out of Proverbs, just as his had taught him. 'Il faut faire passer son sexe par son cerveau' (par son art, par sa science—et surtout par le vrai amour—poétique et humaine ! Et, bien entendu, par son travail, quoi que ce soit).*

" *Utilize what time you can to see how sane people live—how the fisher-folk, least be-cockneyed, and the peasants (ditto)—are really working and living (Place, Work, Folk : Folk, Work, Place).<sup>1</sup> Consider how art is to rise from them (as it has done in our Scots fisher and peasant songs for instance)—and cease imagining that there is any thinkable work for artists at present in decorating fashion resorts with other than appropriate London hoardings, or the hotels by anything different from the decorative dirt they have got. It is not until your artist world has returned (by sheer poverty, if not for better reasons) to the working life, that it is ever going to accomplish anything of what (at its best moments) is in its dreams. It is because (in the measure of its reality, outside mere technical cram) one and all of the sciences have been doing this, that there is life in them, and some glimpses of common sense and social realities among us as their practitioners. But what seems 'fashionable,' 'advanced,' 'free,' 'natural,' et., etc., is essentially canine rut ! We tolerate and even love the dogs, because they have a beginning of the sublimation of their sex instincts as well as their overfed and over-'domestic' debasement. But London and New York 'life' have been specializing too much in the latter."*

This very typical letter shows well the stern novitate he expects from the artist as from the lover ; and yet if we turn again to his writings, we find that he does not shirk the fact that there are dangers in sex-

<sup>1</sup> See chapter v.

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repression. In discussing Freud's attitude—that neurasthenia and anxiety, neurosis, etc., are caused at the root by this—Geddes and Thomson say :

“ There is, as everyone knows, too long a period between the awakening of strong sexual desire in adolescence and the possibility of regular gratification. Some are able to make this disharmony an opportunity for discipline in nobility, and they have their reward. In other cases, the attempted repression of chastity is biographically a failure ; . . . according to Féré, sexual preoccupation in both sexes is not necessarily an evidence of particularly strong sexual needs ; it may be the expression of degeneracy. What is blamed as a cause is thus sometimes only a symptom. For what cause of degeneracy equals that of unemployment ? And this for rich and poor alike, albeit operating in slightly different ways. . . . Just as the ancients were mistaken in regarding chlorosis as a *mal d'amour*, so the doctrine of the evil effects of chastity requires very careful criticism. It is certain that continence neither injures the reproductive organs nor the sentiment of love, and Féré goes the length of saying that ‘ there is no pathology of continence.’ As the historic religions have especially shown, there may be a high culture of continence, and this of wide applicability ; despite all that may be said of its limitations or its failures. . . . Art and science, health and sanity, morals and citizenship, are all increasingly seen to be rooted in the realities of labour ; and the present lack or failure of them is seen to lie in the commonly contrasted drudgery, exploitation and idleness which are the curse of the existing classes. Thus there appears the necessity of nature education, for one and all. . . . With this approaching renewal of social health, the much needed re-moralization of the sexes will correspondingly be advanced, and this largely in the natural ways of simpler communities—thus abating our present anxieties, perhaps even abating the necessity of much of our purifying and even prophylactic endeavours, urgent though we see all these to be to-day.”

On the subject of love these writers say :

“ It is a transforming force in the individual life-history, like an enthusiasm or like religion. It is a spring

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of conduct which has prompted much heroism and hard work in the world. If we spoil it or make little of it . . . if we degrade it, one of the lights of life, a very 'candle of the Lord' goes flickering, guttering out. . . . Looking backward, we can discern that sex-love has evolved in fineness without losing in intensity. It has become more complicated, more subtle, more physical, more lasting. . . . Perhaps man's difficulties have been increased by the absence (or more commonly the loss) of any very definite periodicity in his sexual appetite; . . . but let us hasten to say man's differences from animals are as important as the resemblances. . . . It may be helpful to read up some thoroughly scientific book, such as Marshall's *Physiology of Reproduction*, and get a clear view of the facts. But to read pathological literature because of some obsession is, we believe, the worst possible expedient."

"A lot of sex-experiences," he said, "bring Death—death to the body as well as to the spirit, but certainly to the latter; while one experience, developed to its fullest—if with knowledge, poetry and understanding—may bring Life and completion. We do well to remember Comte's fine saying: 'Between two beings so complex and so diverse as a man and a woman, the whole of life is not too long for them to know one another well, and to learn to love one another worthily.'" Love without vision is but physical—and physical pleasures alone soon pall, even if they do not actually destroy.

"Given a real working Philosophy of Life, people will tend towards real morality. In all the great cities—especially the great capitals—London, New York, Petrograd, Berlin and Vienna, Paris, and so forth—you have in progress the history of Rome in its decline and fall. Beginning as Polis—the city, it developed into Metro-polis—the capital; but this into Megalo-polis—or city overgrown, whence megalomania. Next, with its ample supply of 'bread and shows' (nowadays called 'budget') it was Parasitopolis, with degeneration accordingly. Thus, all

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manner of diseases, bodily, mental, moral: hence Patholo-polis, and finally, in due time Necro-polis—city of the dead, as its long-buried monuments survive to show.

“That is what great cities have come to, at their worst. But from Paris, New York, London, there must come a renewal of Life and a fresh moral vision—since these cities are vitally situated and cannot really die.

“At present we have for education and religion too much of camouflaged piffle; and for administration, the bureaucratic camouflage of jobs. We are, however, working towards a real awareness of our social, as well as our natural environment, and so towards a new culture. Then we shall have each a thought-stream of coherence and continuity, instead of this everlasting game of cross tig, played by young intellectuals and artists, and which has filtered through into the manual workers as well. Instead of eddies of new crazes, we shall have a vital stream, of re-creative and constructive and lasting values.

“The anxiety to be running after the latest craze of somebody else, and the thinking oneself up-to-date in so doing, is, when analysed, merely thought-shirking, and moral funk! In regional and civic service, continuity of thought will be possible, and development accordingly: and thus sane art and sane poetry, sane morality. For each work of art, each poem, will be the registering of a Deed, which has come from a Dream, and that from a Fact, and that from a real and servicable Act. That was the art of the wild cave-man—who, dreaming after hunting, carved upon the tusk or horn and with fine technique, the object of his chase, the record of his Deed—and if not buried with him, was inherited by his descendants, and in either case is sometimes ours to-day. True art is done in this spirit as a record of experience and of vision, and not for dealers or exhibitions, museums

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or tradesmen—even though these may eventually pay for it and use it.

“Art-Education is thus based on Action, with Survey: it springs from keen Observation, and thus through vivid Imagination into Practice—whether our survey be of skies and clouds, of fishes beneath the seas, or birds above, or again, of the joy and sorrow, the trouble and gladness in Human Nature.

“From all these will come freshened ideals of perfection, realized up to the highest standards of the place and time, as were the sculptured gods and goddesses of the Greeks.

“Now, the essential fact about a popular politician, preacher or orator, is that he tells you beautifully what you knew before; and people have come to expect this also of art. They have been educated to reject ideas that are new: they refuse to take them in; or, like the Catholic who baptized meat on Friday and called it ‘fish,’ they keep old things under new names. But all the time what have we but fixity of life and thought?

“The rebound from this is at first confusion. So the very young go in for ‘free love’ or clever nonsense, leading to wasted talent and skill, if not to wasted lives.

“Such young intellectuals being in present conditions more or less morbidly inclined and thus mentally upset, Freud—as foremost student of the abnormal—appeals to them only too strongly; while Nietzsche, with no adequate legs to stand upon, seemed to them almost a god. Such men or women, being themselves patients, get much excitement from reading Freud—and even run to consultation with these great mad-doctors. So, of course, the studios and the libraries are full of Freud, and his interpretations of dreams from the purely sexual point of view; and so far right, only one-sided, and still narrowed in vision. Too many of these people are

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in the way of killing themselves—for they are rushing to the abyss. Yet, remember, the prodigal may return ; he may grow tired of living among the swine, that is—of being damned. For this is all it means—being damned—or at best being in purgatory—is exactly this which Freud interprets.

“ But men can restrain themselves, and women, too ; and live normally withal. Catholicism teaches birth-control by continence and by temperance. That’s the basis of it all. Other means of birth-control have dangerous elements, often self-deceptive, since yielding to all delights, all passions, without results ; and this shows in the disordered life which not only some art, some poems, reflect, but the law-courts and the Press as well. But Coleridge has expressed all that we—or Freud either—have to say on this subject :

“ All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers to Love  
And feed his sacred flame.”

“ The greatest poets have ever been great lovers, yet true Eugenists at heart. But too many of these moderns of yours know nothing and believe in nothing but an individualistic Society—whether of State or revolution matters little : for they are anyway little devils in a Hell-State. Men are debased and women are degraded by our militaristic, mechanistic, de-vitalized and de-religionized society.

“ The answer to all questions of sex morality is clear : ‘ *Il faut passer son sexe par son cerveau.*’ This is sublimation : and from this all Art, all Science, all Thought, all Deed, is born ! There is, of course, this basal element of Truth in Freud and his school, though too prosaically seen and stated. The neurotics are people who have not yet found outlet. Inhibitions are the product of incomplete circumstances, of bad environment, deficient range of life and work, of

thought and deed. Freud, himself, seems to present something of specialized obsession: thus his extreme insistence on the father-revolt, the 'Œdipus complex,' is far more deeply Jewish, though his censor camouflages it as Greek. Of course, he has made enduring contributions in his own way and grasped the tremendous import and influence of sex; but still he sees it in too limited, pathological, and thus prosaic, a way. For the individualists of all the great capitals, alternately excited and neurasthenic, who were lately all for Nietzsche, it would be a great thing to get hold of a later and fuller biology and psychology of life and sex, and thus to see the social bearings of these, and come to feel their influence in their individual lives. Frankly, except for his brilliant theory of dreams, and his medical applications, I cannot find much in all this school that Thomson and I have not known, since we wrote the *Evolution of Sex* thirty years ago and more. And we stick to it that the normal approach is best, that of the naturalists—to sex in its beauty, in the peacock, the lily and the rose: and thus also with the poets, who have known this better than any of us, and all along. Who better than Coleridge in the lines I have just quoted.

“Freud, and Jung, too (though he has rediscovered Bergson for himself), might have started far earlier with their own Schiller, who stirred us long ago, as students in Germany, with his old saying that while ‘statesmen and philosophers are disputing about the government of the world, hunger and love are performing the task!’ We did not need to wait a generation, as your public has done, for ‘the mad doctors’ to tell us this all over again, and think it their own discovery! But, of course, so far as they can really help to cure patients, so far well. But they have still not come to public health. That is for Regionalism, and its occupations, by which Dr. Brock’s ‘Ergo-therapy’—in plain English work-cure



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—can, and will do, more than any amount of mere psycho-analysis ; and so will the Garden Cities, as we get them—and the renewed old cities perhaps most of all. There, for instance, is the true hope of Zionism—and of ‘ Jerusalem, in England’s green and pleasant land.’ At bottom, sex is best sublimated by hard work—and this with body as well as mind. Gymnastics and games are but insufficient substitutes for this.”

I here asked Geddes—since so much more than we knew depended on early influence—where should children be sent to receive the right impress—and he replied that he was not so fond of schools at all, and that a mother who was “ aware ” to home and nature environment and its opportunities of real education, is the best teacher for the child, with the father’s help as home-builder and craftmaster. In due course call in specialists—of whom there are plenty to be found—to help the child’s particular bent—there is no more ideal early education.

“ Too many people see life,” he said, flashing back to his interrupted thesis, “ through a dome of dirty-coloured glass, which stains the white radiance of eternity with a whole dance of devilries—and when they pretend to think this right—that is only their poor little bravado !

“ We have had a period too much of spurious intellectualism (even in art, sinking towards that of *canaille*). From the mere revolutionary spirit, and the reaction it provokes, it is time to be getting forward to what Branford calls ‘ the third alternative ’—the Eupsychic, and thus Ethopolitic and eugenic order, and so there will be no fear of the scientific, artistic Neotechnic order.

“ To Freud let them add in their reading Bernard Hart’s *Psychology of Insanity*, and remember, too, that there are beautiful types of devils ! Again, these horrors which Freud and others treat as if simply

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psychological and biological, are also deeply social in nature and origin. Beyond defects of upbringing, people go wrong from unemployment and mis-employment; from ignorance and mistake; from lack of dreaming and mis-dreaming; and thus temptation leads to vice and this again to apathy. Non-doing and mis-doing are the stuff of indolence and crime; and these from bad to worse. Thus we get the unemployable; and the unemployable are fools, and fools are unemployable. Vicious circles everywhere, yet with useful work and vital thought as remedies. In such ways we may map out the circles of Hell and Purgatory, yet happily also of Fairylands and Paradises. But these again are but the art play of imagination, on the way to our coming renewal of regions and cities, and towards their realizable Eutopias, for which all art, all work, is needed.

“I am not, you see, abusing Freud’s pathology entirely—but one set of organs is not responsible for all vice. The ‘Modern Art’ you were speaking of,” summed up the Professor, “is too much of pathological phantomology, with a touch of technical invention—h’m?”

He did not, on that occasion, analyse that other form of environment, which is so much more intimately personal—I mean that “atmosphere” which is clear when we go from people with whom we are not in sympathy to those who understand us and with whom we are in harmony, even in the same town, the same street, the same house; so that even the same room may seem to have a new atmosphere, and we are enabled to function differently in it, because of the presence—or absence—of a certain human being. I think he feels that there is too much underbrush to be cleared, too much scaffolding to be erected, too many bridges to be built and trails to be blazed to make the world even commonly habitable, for us to

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spare time just now on these finer points raised by his theories of life.

Yet because of the fact that he has not dealt in print with these (and other matters dwelt upon by Jung and Freud and Havelock Ellis, etc.) in any exhaustive way—some pathological thinkers hastily call him old-fashioned; and to my reply that his interest lies with the normal rather than with the abnormal, they ask pathetically, “What is the normal?” I have never taken their complaints to Geddes—but I imagine him telling them to leave off concentrating upon sexual matters for a while, and wander to work like children in their garden, observing their flowers, and helping them to grow.

After I had had these talks with him on art and sex, it seemed to me that I had discovered a new continent of Thought.

## CHAPTER IX

### CITIES IN DEVOLUTION

#### I

THERE was lately formed a committee of the House of Commons to consider Devolution, which Geddes has been teaching for a generation. Cities are now approaching this process of Devolution: and with decentralizing there must come regional federation. Devolution and federation are beginning to answer the Irish question, and many another besides; it is paving the way towards Industrial reforms and even to the reorganization of local life. Through this dévolution each part of each country will become more productive, and in every way richer and happier. Through federation of regions and union of cities the whole world may be organized into one great federation. Was it not largely this idea, in so many ways materialized and expressed at Ghent International Exhibition in 1913, that won Senator Lafontaine his Nobel Peace Prize?

#### II

“Through the past generation ‘Regionalism’ has been actively planned in France, and by some of its statesmen, as well as by its geographers and economists. The return of Alsace Lorraine, M. Millerand lately confessed, has been a great help as well as impetus towards this. So with the new States formed

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from the breaking-up of the Russian and the Austrian Empire, and so far also the German. The renewal of the Balkan countries is beginning : so Syria and Palestine, Mesopotamia and Arabia are all freed from Constantinople. Norway and Sweden long ago set the example, and now also Finland is free from Russia, and even Iceland has got Home Rule from Denmark. Yet thus Scandinavian unity is strengthened spiritually ; and so the very opposite of weakened economically or even for defence. In short, then, the natural regions of Europe are really to a great extent being reconstructed, and the pessimists who think the war futile and its concluding rearrangements fruitless, are plainly overlooking all this. The world is safer for democracy, since freer from centralized despotisms ; though much still remains to be done.

“ Nor is the Irish devolution to be despaired of. It is much that Ireland should have her own free place in the sun. And let our Dublin friends, who deplore that they have not a united Ireland, project their minds ahead. When Munster, Connaught and Leinster, three regions as natural as any, have in their turn been decentralized from Dublin and come to meet as of old at Tara, Ulster then can join them ; and she will, some day.

### III

The dividing of England into counties was begun before Domesday Book and finished by the eighteenth century—that is, completed before the industrial development, which has made, for instance, some twelve million people group into that “ conurbation ” Geddes calls Lancastonia.<sup>1</sup> Our British reconstructions involves the renewal of all its regions. Not simply of Scotland and Wales, each with its Parliament and its

<sup>1</sup> See *Cities in Evolution* by P. Geddes. Williams and Norgate.

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own minor federal system. For the like for the big England, too, would render possible this far greater economy of administration than we now have, and above all, renew their regional life. London would still be centre enough.

“There are regions at present which are poor and barren, because ‘their chief export is men.’ All of them send to London a steady stream of men and women ‘of good physique and intelligence’ (whatever becomes of it there).

“The existing local government divisions are still based on the ancient counties . . . which arose before the growth of our great cities.” So these are obviously now out of date, even where the boundaries of the counties have been modified.

“Democracy demands devolution . . . for our single Parliament, like any autocrat in a similar position, is too overburdened with multitudinous details.”

Also for health’s sake—because 1,550 persons (as in London) to a square mile is too much; while for utilizing national resources 130, as in Ireland, is too little; between these, on the one hand, lie Lancashire with 1,420, Peakdon with 1,330 and Central England with 275, Scotland with 160, North England with 485, Yorkshire with 600, on the other. From all these, great numbers flock either to London or to the Colonies or United States, thus yearly impoverishing large areas of consequently uncultivated land and dulling life for miles around, so that great portions of England are not as productive as they might be, and most places smaller than Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Liverpool or Glasgow feel too dull to live in all the year round, and give too little “chance” to the very youths who could make prosperity for them. Traffic communication needs reorganizing and decentralizing; and the devolution would, of course, be carried out with proper understanding of such matters

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as water supply, coal and power supply, in which, apparently, there is waste and confusion at present.<sup>1</sup>

### IV

“ Can the student of sociology throw any special light upon the problem of Reconstruction ? First, this suggestion that the practical man, and the benevolent who write cheques, all tend to lay too much stress upon the material and too little upon the psychical side of the task. It is the searing of the memory, the dragging down of character, which is the most terrible side,”

say Geddes and Slater in *Ideas at War*. In *Our Social Inheritance* Geddes and Branford continue :

“ Public health is not one interest and education another ; for life is of body and brain together—psychorganic. Economics and ethics are no longer distinct but becoming ethico-economics, that is civics. France has now an enlarged ‘Ecole d’Urbanisme’ for its provinces, and Paris will be more of ‘Ville Lumiere’ than ever, when these provinces are more free.”

The theme—“How to pay for Eutopia”—is developed in the same volume, and the question so far answered :

“ Long overdue is the extension of the credit system . . . which, given other conditions of attainment, is the key of the economic entrance into Eutopia. . . . The social education of the banker and his colleagues, is on the first plane of national need.”

### V

In London in July, 1919, I found Geddes giving a series of lectures on Devolution and Federation at the

<sup>1</sup> Freely quoted from *The Provinces of England*, C. B. Fawcett. *Making of the Future* Series, 1919.

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Regional Association, Le Play House, on which occasion leaflets issued by the Cities Committee headed "What to do," were distributed freely; and the current *Sociological Review* was at hand (in which was an article on *Public Health in the Industrial Age*, by Geddes), and also Branford's article on *The Third Alternative*. This alternative was discussed by Geddes in his second lecture, which I now report as closely as I can. In his talk there is a dry humour, a real wit, too subtle to bear transcript. The bare bones of his discourse are all that can be recorded.

A friend tells me an anecdote which describes clearly the method he uses in lecturing. "In the Botany Class every traditional precept of pedagogy was violated. Lecturing on the structure of a wheat-straw, he began by unfolding great diagrams of the Forth and Tay Bridges, and went on to an illuminating discourse on the principles of engineering. There was not a word about the straw until the last sentence: 'Gentlemen, there are many points of resemblance between the structure of these bridges and that of a stalk of wheat. It is for you to find them out.'"

This writer goes on to say that Geddes was equally unconventional in the laboratory, where his methods were such that "with the slightest assistance from him" his students in time learned a very great deal about any given specimen, and received a "never-to-be-forgotten lesson in intensive observation." He only tolerated a brief outline of botanical nomenclature, and no other text-books were in use! "His mind," says another student, "is a very seed-pot of ideas" which "springs up in a bewildering fertility, which would be disquieting if one did not remember that they are all connected at the root. . . . He thinks in such quantities and has such an unique mental idiom that it is difficult for the heavy-footed to follow him."



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“Very probably,” another correspondent says, “the true effect of Geddes’ work will be found, not so much in what he has done himself, as in what he has inspired other men to do. A first conversation with him comes as a shock from the blue. . . . You are carried away with the flow of his talk and the freshness of his ideas, and, of course, you will not agree with half he says. . . . He will take up your pet theory, and tear it to shreds maybe, or even commend it ; but he will colour it with his own views, and adapt it to his own philosophy, so that in the end it seems a new thing entirely.”

When such a mind is brought to bear on subjects of the day, fascinating and even amusing as it is to listen to him, a great deal of his electricity must be lost for want of other minds to act as receivers or transmitters.

A famous writer told me that there are not three men in England capable of criticizing Geddes ; and equally difficult is it to report him. But owing to him, many of us have been inspired to new forms of social service, seeing with him a vision splendid ; even a way out of the deadlock between Capital and Labour by a change in system as complete as any change could be. An instance of the way his seed is sown may be given here, from other witnesses than himself.

Many years ago in Edinburgh, William James and Geddes and some friends were talking, when Geddes said quietly : “It’s a moral equivalent of war you want.” James went away, and wrote *his* ideas, but this phrase had stuck—quite unconsciously James used it, and made it his own. People who knew them both, and heard them talk, have told me that it is a question of how much of Geddes James carried to Bergson in those days. In conversation, do we not all assimilate ideas ?

Geddes himself owes much to other men, and often

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says so—being very generous in this respect—and as a lesson in the art of writing, he once told me to “steal from everyone, always!”

After the above indication of his method we may attempt to grasp the trend of his last lectures before his departure for Jerusalem.

### VI

I return to the lecture.

Much of what he wanted us to consider, he told us, is already current in the Press; but set before us in a scanty and a confused way, and obscured by obsolete and passing viewpoints. He opened a writing case, and showed us what a bundle he had that morning “picked out of Mr. Branford’s waste-paper basket”; and he begged that such cuttings be kept by us all as data—and classified anew—a system long in use at the Outlook Tower. Indeed, he was soon pleading for a Central Information Bureau, a great storehouse of classified cuttings, say, somewhere in Fleet Street, to which writers, teachers, speakers and others could go for information, and get what they needed without the delays attendant upon looking up facts in the libraries and museums—where classification, according to Ideas, is unknown!

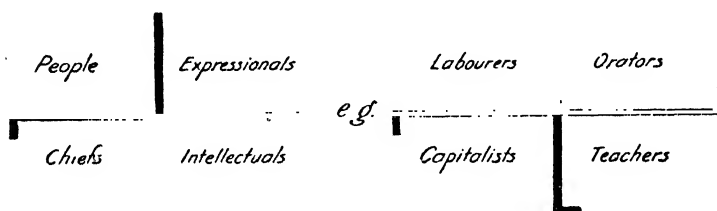
His classification of cuttings becomes the ordering, not only of facts, but of history and its essential ideas, and thus of social phases and their ideals. He begged for a central clearing-house of ideas as a labour-saving machine, and as a cure for our present confusion of thought. Under what headings should the cuttings be arranged?

Taking chalk in hand, he outlined on a blackboard graphs not already given in this book.

“From the beginning of the machine and railway

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age, there was a growing group, in their way as conservative in habit as the older 'governing classes'—who called and thought themselves Liberals, but may best all be included under the term *Mechanical*. They organized machinery, and life was arranged to suit their organization. In each of these opposing groups there were Comte's long familiar main divisions: Every group has its



In opposition to these were more strictly logical Liberals, called Radicals. When the mechanical-minded organizers had established themselves, they next developed as *Imperialists*; and to these in time were opposed the more logically extreme Socialists. Next as Empires are established with an eye to wars, the Imperial point of view becomes increasingly overpowered by the Financial order of things and thoughts, while opposed to these Financiers were the *Anarchists*. The Financier and the Anarchist are the rich and the poor of the same species, since each believes in extreme individualism and a state in which he can do exactly what he chooses, no matter at what cost to anyone else."

Geddes proceeded with keen and witty analysis of each group, and the divisions in each, showing how every side had its emotional and intellectual expression—Seeley, for instance, as the opening intellectual light of Imperialism, and Kipling its culminating and closing expressional and bardic fire.

He had now upon the board the formula :

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<i>M</i>	<i>I</i>	<i>F</i>	=	<i>Mechanical</i>	<i>Imperial</i>	<i>Financial</i>
<i>R</i>	<i>S</i>	<i>A</i>		<i>Radical</i>	<i>Socialist</i>	<i>Anarchist</i>

For a hundred years there had been but these paired sides to each question—men usually saw but two alternatives; and those on one side of each fence were against those on the other, without any idea whatever as to a third wholesale alternative being possible, let alone practical.

“To Mr. Branford,” said Geddes, “is due this phrase—as a needed slogan to progress—‘Now towards the third alternative;’ but the activities it represents have long been growing, yet the public and its leaders have been as yet practically blind and deaf to them. Thus the more conservative groups, mechanical, imperial or financial, have allowed themselves, through moral slackness and thought shirking, to drift towards Revolution, and then endeavoured to pull up by reaction—Russia being but the extreme case of this, and of its failure.

“Some of us are ‘enamelling over ideas that have gone rusty.’ The Sociological Society, the Regional Association, and the like, in collaboration with the great Press, might at once set up a clearing-house of ideas; for thought needs sorting and grading, just as does merchandise. A dossier on every subject, arranged so that the cuttings fell into classification outlined or latent in the above formula, would save valuable time and present a new front to the world; and this, through the Press adopting, developing and using the classification, would soon reach the mind of the man in the street, who, poor fellow, is torn asunder by the way things are flung at him, night and morning—so that in his spare hours he is forced into wading his way through columns of material, most of

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which is, in point of view, out-of-date by many years on the day it is printed !”

“Is the world, then, a bone to be fought for, between autocratically conservative, mechanical, imperialistic and financial-minded chiefs on the one hand, and more or less equally autocratic, radical, socialistic and anarchistic people on the other ? Is it to be dominated by those who desire imperial and capitalistic ideals to triumph, or by those who claim that Labour shall hold all power ? In short, is Reaction or Revolution to triumph ?

“By no means. There is a way out. The best minds of both main opposing groups, and of these in all their sub-divisions, cannot be permanently closed to a fresh way of looking at things : there are men of goodwill in all camps ; and thus accessible to further ideas. Hence we need not despair of understanding, and this in increasing measure. What, then, of this needed arousal ? What fresh ideals are there to make social progress more organic, and more efficient accordingly, yet without shocks or violences of reaction and revolution ?

“Already in the Press we find these ideas among the old ones ; let us set them down under separate headings, in order, like the last. What, then, is the formula of the coming polity under which activities and ideas should be classified ?

“This incipient social order is emerging among the classes as *Neotechnic* in continued industrial progress, the paleotechnic industry of the early mechanical age becoming increasingly neotechnic, that is, more efficient, less wasteful of nature.

“Here America is of leading interest, and of human life ; with its labour-saving inventions and its electricians, its efficiency engineers, each beginning to be conscious of his task, of replacing the paleotechnic industry and commerce by the neotechnic. But also in another and further way ; for as the

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paleotechnic order has there been even more devastating than in our own Black Country, so the need of conservation of resources has come more distinctly forward, and since Roosevelt's day, it is in practical politics. Pinchot, with his renewing forests, is thus like Plunkett in Ireland, with his renewing farms. We are thus passing beyond mere neotechnics, in which the opposition of labour and capital goes on in the city, without thought of the country; and opening fully out into a Geotechnic phase, that which aims at a better treatment of our world than heretofore.

“Moreover, though the neotects have used practically only the mechanical and physical sciences to guide them, the Geotects need the vital sciences as well. Biology thus comes to the very forefront, with forestry renewed, agriculture more intensive, even to gardening. With this, too, are coming better days for social science, of which the past century has but made a beginning. Our science is thus growing more synthetic: our abstract philosophies have now to meet the concrete sciences, each a field of geography, and so begins to appear Geosophy, in which the philosophers become more scientific, and the scientists more philosophical.

“But such progress has to go farther. Philosophers and psychologists, too, are, at heart, upon the old Platonic quest of the good, the wise, the beautiful: here, then, we are in a fresh stage beyond the intellectually synthetic. We now need the love of good, the faith of truth, the hope of beauty. What shall we call this aim, at once so ancient, yet so little considered as modern specialistic science goes? Let us call this the aim of Eupsychics.

“Neotechnics has its physical science, geotechnics its vital sciences, its synthetic aims, but Eupsychics needs embodiment. How? At last—with this and only with this—our Politics can rise fully to Etho-Politics. We have always professed this, of course,

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but only failed to practise it : hence the wars and divisions among us.

“ There are new groups, no longer in opposition, but all working to the same end.

“ Now consider existing society :

	(Mechanical	Radical	)	
I.	(Imperial	Socialistic	)	II.
	(Financial	Anarchistic	)	

“ The Socialist is likewise Militant in a new sense— with his industrial armies. The first three represent— or think they represent—Order. They also represent repression. H’m ? The second three represent unrest. Most of us are, at bottom, tending either towards Tsarist or Bolshevist to-day, taking the two extremes of chaos at the present time.

“ But, I repeat, there is a third alternative.

“ The mechanical group wanted more industry ; the Imperial classes want development of the Empire : and as these come to consider Eugenics, this is still too much on lines of survival of their own class, the well-to-do, aristocratic, administrative, professional and so on. Remember that we are in the throes of a fight between ideas of Individualism and ideas of the State (both alike Utilitarian, Autocratic, Aristocratic, Deregonized, be they Socialistic or Imperialistic). All this leads to chaos, because, though in these discussions there are elements of truth, for a time satisfying, there is no real unity. The natural eugenic centre is in every home ; its young go out to make new homes ; these make the village, the town, the city small or great ; so the would-be Eugenist has to work at all these towards their betterment. Federate homes into co-operative and helpful neighbourhoods. Unite these grouped homes into renewed and socialized quarters—parishes, as they should be—and in time you have a better nation, a better world. Here, then,

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are natural outlets for eugenic and geotect—regional and city planner together.

“With such development in view, may not those poor deteriorating folk who now crowd the slums, and those degenerates of all classes, whose essential course is of ‘a short life and a merry one,’ find more of happiness and health? With these our present eugenic estimates will alter. Publicans and sinners are not necessarily the worst of us. We shall have to study them anew upon our Notation of Life.”

Each group was subjected to the same keen analysis with which the old order had been criticized. “There are,” he said, “as yet too few poets, too few artists, and too few scientists in the new order, for its propaganda to overwhelm the surviving nineteenth century thinking. But already the new order begins to have its Emotionals; and, of course, it has impulses from Intellectuals; indeed, it is rather overbalanced at present on the intellectual side. But we have criticism like Verhaeren’s *Les Villes Tentaculaires*, and Tagore’s *The Parrot’s Training*, while such poetry as theirs, with that of Mrs. Taylor and other younger writers, is emotionalizing ideals, and thus preparing for the accompanying polity.”

Orators who can hold the multitudes spellbound and fascinate them (as Geddes for his moment fascinated us) will be forthcoming. Meanwhile, it is a first essential of political studies to be gathering and arranging our knowledge, even newspaper cuttings to begin with. With our ideas grouped as above, it becomes far easier to see which ideas and movements are emerging, and which are now passing away; and there is no reason to fear we shall not work our way out of the mental chaos from which we all more or less suffer.

Speaking of ideals, Geddes touched upon religion, but criticized religious people as too often “ineffectual angels,” when not “isolated specialists, administering



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antiquated creeds, or new ones, bent upon the cult of phantoms." Yet large elements of appreciation, and of hope, were not omitted.

Turning once more to Regionalism, he referred to the few in Parliament to-day who really believe in Devolution and Federation: but most of us in England have to acknowledge that while our wives and sisters dress in recent Paris fashions, we ourselves are still wearing the intellectual old clothes of over-centralized France. Yet regional studies have long been coming forward over there, which we may begin to utilize to advantage.

The Regional Association is boldly starting towards a new Domesday Book, and many regional surveys are already in progress. So regional geography has henceforth increasingly to be reckoned with.<sup>1</sup>

Geddes pointed out again how the dozen million people centred around Manchester are, in many ways, dependent upon, and governed from, central London, which has only four millions. The actual saving in time alone of the proposed devolution and re-organization would make it worth while. Within the new areas the people would have much of Home Rule—with their provincial Parliament.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *The Provinces of England*, by C. B. Fawcett, throws much light on this issue. He proposes, roughly, to sweep away the old county divisions and to build up new provinces based on the population and requirements of to-day. It is confusing and expensive to fit new cities into old administrative schemes. Sheffield, for instance, is dependent on a variety of capitals, having for some purposes to turn to Leeds, for others to York, and for others to Wakefield! See also Government Report of Royal Commission on Devolution.

<sup>2</sup> As things are now, Sheffield wants to carry out a scheme of some consequence (as it does every year). It spends something like £10,000 per annum in getting the approval of a few amiable gentlemen from other towns. That sort of extravagance would be abolished; and Sheffield would have the services of its officials for local work throughout the year, instead of the best of them going off to over-centralized London—taking with them Sheffield money! And similarly, of course, the other cities of the provinces. Thus at one blow we would get saving in time, money and talent. Three great assets. The scheme is an effort to bring order out of chaos—which would also simplify educational work and do away with much overlapping in the machinery of government, thus making for much greater economy and efficiency. See Fawcett, *Provinces of England*.

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Regional government would replace over-centralization: and thus would constitute an exodus from bureaucracy—by which each one might reach his promised land. The organization we need has in principle been worked out long ago in the cantons of Switzerland.

“The question of to-day,” he continued, “is by no means merely the search for intellectual solutions to problems, urgent though that be: the question of questions is, ‘What to do?’”

“How to meet the House Famine, for example? The Central Government says: ‘Homes for Heroes! We are prepared to supply all these things from Whitehall; at any rate, supervise: to our minds that is much the same thing.’ But are they? Can they? With what results, what achievements?”

“Are they not in principle condemned to fall short of reality in this matter? They cannot, by their methods, get constructive citizenship. Only on the lines of our third alternative can we escape from the present housing famine. This is a real danger—even bringing us some day to ruin and revolt. How set all classes working together, as they worked in the war, but now to develop their regions and cities, to construct and beautify their own homes, and lives?”

“At present we have ‘the Provinces’ all bowing to Westminster, whence they are granted doles; so their best people leave for London. They send their money to Westminster, which (after ample expenses are deducted) is returned to some of them in the alluring form of ‘a grant.’ But why not use this money themselves in the first place? In short, why not keep your money, your artists and your scientists, your orators and your planners—and do up your city for yourself?”

“With the coming polity, instead of opposing parties threatening each other with ruin, whether by reaction or by revolution, the best from each will

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become aroused to Regionalism and civic service. In the war, conversion to classless co-operation was quick and successful—why not again unite to bring the like about ? Thus, instead of continuing economic disputes between Marx and Ricardo, and thence carried into politics, we shall have real citizenship<sup>1</sup> and thus a social economy beyond these old economic schools.

“New Town,” said Geddes, “is capable of stirring people more than economic arguments about wages, for here we begin to see things in terms of real wages ; of life worth living, but in terms of the guild. Also with its renewal of all that was best in regimental *esprit de corps*. Think, too, of the university as a guild; and call for all the best such a renewing guild can do.

“Trades unions will rise into such guilds, and existing professional guilds must rise to a conception of citizenship which will take them out of their present individualistic attitude and fuse them with the other citizens. There is arising the germ of a great guild of city-planners, linked to the craft co-operation of the university ; indeed, such a relation is already begun between their Institute and the Universities of Liverpool and London. May not these in time produce leaders capable of replacing the present guilds of barristers and bureaucrats who govern us ?

<sup>1</sup> We are in a transition stage towards a better and more orderly condition of our civilization and the note of this transition may be found in the town-planning movement ; this tendency to the study of region and city is the saving line of progress.

In *Our Social Inheritance* Geddes and Branford have given a plea for rambles in Westminster, which give the Rambler a sociological vision regarding one part of London, and by which he may read other cities. In this book they plead yet again, and powerfully that the universities rid themselves, now in the hour of their great opportunity, of the sub-Germanic and dis-specializing attitude which has so long obsessed them : and that they lead in the making of the future by giving first place to the humanities, treated with full application of sciences, as thus also of the sciences more fully humanized. The word university means craft-corporation : it was regional and civic, and in part remains so. May not its renewed beginnings of contact with labour and life be far more fully developed ? Here some American universities are leading the way.

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The architects who are carrying out building schemes, or are ready and able for these, with the variety of people and crafts employed on their designs, have now a world-opportunity for renewing, with us planners and students, the vital guilds which once built cities and cathedrals. May not even the freemasons come back to life and reality ?

“ I plead for turning the minds of all the opponents of to-day towards realities—to houses—and even to food. I look forward with great hopes to the advent of a statesman who has got a real *idea* of food—and who is not possessed merely with the *idea* of froth glazing on pastry. Is not Hoover already such a man ? Can we not produce one like him ?” Sir Horace Plunkett has successful meetings in Ireland of opposing parties whose sharp religious differences and violent political opinions do not prevent a common interest in improving their butter !

“ Thinking only of this, must we not refuse to believe that peace in Ireland is impossible ?

“ Think again, of regional survey, as of diagnosis before treatment ; instead of treatment without diagnosis, as usually heretofore. A child can make a survey, educating himself while at play in his district—and his survey is, in its essentials, for him far better than a trained geographer ; even better, too, in interest and stimulus to his school-fellows, and thence, too, to the parents and elder children at home.

“ Throughout the schools there are youngsters who can be rapidly educated to make good surveys, and thus prepared for constructive citizenship. In several places this is already being done. And on the professional plane, for instance, Lord Leverhulme had got Dr. Hardy to work over the Isle of Lewis, making a great survey of possibilities ; yet all such constructive preparations go on unknown to the political-minded central Press, to whom it scarcely seems worth mention as local news, much less as coming polity.

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“ But this survey for service is policy, and by it we are coming towards a concrete education, far beyond our current instruction in words and figures, which are mostly too abstract to make real impression. We come to an education which has, as its first object, our real world and our life and work in it. It is beginning, and will soon widely teach children their geography, not only by the old school books, but from their own district, neighbourhood and city and region, and thence beyond. An associated basis of our education will be a yet more developed scouting, with its occupations better arranged for children who enjoy doing something real and useful, while they will also be learning to know nature and social life, in their history and their present, and thence, too, to begin to take their part in the making of the future, and towards Eutopia. All this goes with regional survey, and from this they will soon look beyond. And these surveys will be worth keeping, too ; a school of planners and constructive economists is thus appearing, very different from the traditional ones of the paleotechnic order and in that mostly restricted to its ‘ pecuniary culture,’ as Veblen calls it.

“ It is for Trades Unions and guilds to take to this constructive view of citizenship, for the unions will otherwise be outlived and even the guilds might become selfish. Yet their members are already often good citizens, and are capable of developing into ardent ones.

“ How to get on with this ? Well, there are various lines of easy approach. Why not stir up, yet more fully than even Mansbridge has succeeded in doing, the old spiritual guilds, the universities and the renewing mason-guilds of the architects and town-planners ? These are on lines of historic renewal—and among them we shall find some of the leaders we need.

“ In making our regional and city surveys, the old

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meaning of *civitas* has to be remembered, since this included both the town (or *municipium*—what we know as the municipal group and area) and the *pagus* or countryside. *Civitas*, indeed, was what we still call diocese, which was not always restricted to an ecclesiastical sense. A right concept of country and town, with its schools and its cloisters—in our day not a monastery but a university, art centre, socialized religious centres, too—develops as a city indeed, and recovers that good term from London's centre of money-changers.

“Again, we make great endeavours towards treating our too abundant disease, folly, vice and crime; but these ideas are as yet too much treated separately—by doctors, teachers, parsons and police, and thus unsuccessfully. For life is one, and social life also one; so, only in the measure of our renewal of the city and its individuals can we unify the growing movement towards prevention of these evils.

“The labourer, who is now often deteriorating, or the man who is falling into crime, fought gallantly in the war, and so he would work as effectively again if given an ideal to fight for, and a leadership he could follow!

“Here is a common meeting-ground for all of good will, alike set upon seeing and facing facts, on amending the present situations, and even more; for we need no longer be afraid of setting forth together towards each and every beginning, towards realization of the kingdom of the ideal. First of all, in our village, or neighbourhood; thence ideas and examples onwards, from each such focus of observant science and reconstructive activity, until they meet and intercross, and combine. Let no one think this mere ‘parish politics,’ unworthy of his powers, even be he philosopher or statesman. These have been sometimes showing the way to mere Utopia, but now we claim their help towards Eutopia; at first local and small,

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yet thus on the way of becoming wider and greater. More definitely still, we need to see clearly, beyond the present strife of Reaction and Revolution, the 'Third Alternative.' Reaction lies in mere maintenance and even exaggeration of the pre-war order ; and yet neither this nor the political and economic philosophy which has grown up with the machine industry, is able to understand, much less suppress, the ever-increasing and threatening impulse of revolution ; hence this essentially new class of scientific yet Eutopian literature—of which this paper of Mr. Branford's is one of the very best we have—deserves the attention of both these parties, the older and the younger, as offering a better solution of our social difficulties than does either of them. In fact, here lies their possible re-co-operation, their Irenicon. So large a claim as his at least deserves a hearing, and from all sides ; from minds speculative or practical, from the would-be conservative and the would-be progressive.

“Here, too, is an escape even for workmen, even for artists ; and here, too, is an indication that in no far distant date men truly practical will no longer refuse to consider ideals and Eutopias, and rejoice when Icarus falls, but will at least agree with that painter who wrote : ‘ Yet the dreamers perform their part ; are they not the flying fish of the Earth upon whom we all prey ? ’ ”<sup>1</sup>

## VI

Geddes and Branford, who have wrought unremittingly for the advancement of thought, in their recent book—*The Coming Polity*—have outlined a policy for the immediate future, even a method by which we may construct “ the great renewal.”

<sup>1</sup> Haweis.

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“The sure and certain hope for the fruition of the New State is in the coming of a generation endowed with a steady outlook towards the future, and yet accustomed to turn to the past critically, though affectionately. For the future can never be disconnected from the past, but must ever be continuous with it. By deliberate selection from past tendencies surviving into the present, and by judiciously planned re-combination of them, we may shape the future,” these writers say, and in conclusion they add: “Under reconstituted politics the injunction to cultivate one’s garden will hold; and for the reason that it is the beginning of an apprenticeship to the cultivation of the Eutopian habit of mind.” With such apprenticeship we can help to make our market-town, which has arisen from the rural occupations, a small yet vital city. With all this comes a vision freshening literature and renewing art, as well as truer politics and a transformed system of education—in short, the vision of a different and happier life, in which old prophecies will come to pass and new ones be made which shall also be fulfilled; for by this Eutopian method the old gift of prevision—foresight—will be recovered.

“Many will doubtless rise to the occasion in proportion to a clear yet moving vision of a better future, and as the means towards its gradual realization are grasped, as a matter of goodwill, and a task of organization. . . . In this direction surely lies a first step towards the Great Renewal.”



## CHAPTER X

### EDUCATION, POLITICS, HOUSING

#### I

FROM the diversity, yet unity, of Geddes' talk, I bring together here (from my notebook) observations thrown off haphazard by him in his talks with me. For instance, when I told him that people asked me: "Who is Geddes? What are his credentials?" he said: "H'm. They ask you to deliver the label. . . . Very well. It can't be done. *Deliver the label means deliver the Bunkum.*"

"Well," said I, "what is one to do?"

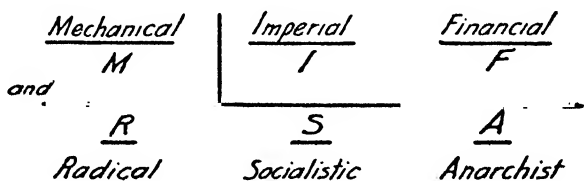
"We'll see," he said, "we'll see; *but there is no pill.*"

"Haven't I," he went on, "already given you a long list of the labels of the past—over which people (variously labelled) are prepared to kill one another to-day? Am I all these things—Imperialist Home-Ruler, Tsarist-Bolshevik, Zoroastrian or Hindu and so on? Yes, of course I am! In so far as these theories are still living—preserved by Natural Selection—there must be some reality somewhere among their ideas, from which I can profit. I know what I owe to each of these people, yet one's mind is one's own and cannot be pigeon-holed into another's strict vocabulary!

"The first thing we all can do" (I now summarize a long explanation) "is to stop and make a survey, a map, so by and by we have a notion of where we are. For instance—when it is a question of a League of

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Nations—why not study the most perfect League of Nations there is?—Switzerland, with all its Cantons, each a State and at its best; yet with five languages and two or three religions. Again it is a question of Trade Unions—why not make a diagram? You then see that these men, workers and employers alike, concentrated and simply bargaining for money-wages are the conspicuous relics of the mechanical, commercial and financial order of ideas, now passing away.



“They are all in a world intellectually extinct, however closely populated by its survivals.” I asked: “Who are the people of the living world to-day? That is, your nascent one?” “Well,” he said, “take for example the observing travellers who are on the way to be regional surveyors, though they may not yet get so far. The nature students, on the way to biology, and the child students on the way to psychology, and thus in time the wisdom of the mad doctors; and more. In various measures, of course, all serious men of science, in whatever field. With them the engineers, the physicians, the agriculturalists, and so on. We city students and town-planners are on the way, and so are all true artists; and these represent many more professions and more achievements than at first appears.

“There are to-day thousands of those people who have a new outlook on Life: theirs is the civic philosophy—they are out for devolution and federation along their own lines—and reorganization, not only of the nation and the empire, but of the world; and

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not only of the world, but of their own district and their own schools, perhaps even of their own souls !

“ So we are coming to a new vision of politics and of regionalism, too. But a new idea, most men throw off from their hardened minds as a dry pea jumps off a polished surface. Women, on the other hand, like students, are often like indiarubber into which one may press the pea—but when the pressure is done it jumps out again : they reject what is new. Ideas long established solidify in the mind, and make the coming in of new ideas a positive pain, though that is a sign of a beginning of understanding. On the other hand there are people eagerly stuffing themselves with whatever seems to them new ; and, of course, an enthusiastic fool may be as bad, if not worse, than a crystallized one.

“ An administrator of education, or what not, is too often like the man who sits upon the head of a fallen horse to prevent his getting up ! And our reformers are all for treatment before diagnosis. But some of those people we were speaking of—the physicians and mad doctors, in their individual way, and the regional surveyor, town-planner, and so on, in their more comprehensive way—make a diagnosis before treatment. So ahead of us we begin to see a general diagnosis, some understanding of our essential world. And beyond that—treatment ! *Why not a veritable orchestration* of all the arts and all the sciences in every region, and as civic group—as orchestra. H'm ?

“ Each region and city can learn to manage its own affairs—build its own houses, provide its own scientific artists and teachers. These developing regions are already in business together : can't they make friends and organize a federation as far as need be. This Federation has already national headquarters ? It would still be of some use, perhaps more than ever. And these national headquarters have already begin-

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nings of an international centre. H'm ? That would not be a mere League of Governments, but of Peoples.

"May not this be the time prophesied by Isaiah ?" he wound up : "'When it shall come, that I will gather all nations and all tongues and they shall come' and 'there shall be a new heaven and a new earth . . . and the former shall not be remembered . . . they shall build houses and inhabit them . . . and I will direct their work in truth.'"

When I pressed for some summary or phrase which would explain him and what he was after, he said : "A flower expresses itself by flowering, and not by being labelled, either by you or by me. This time of ours, as I see it, is for the sower, and thus, of course, for the study and survey of seeds, the diagnosis of the best ones." The effect of his influence—whether named as his was unimportant—should be the helping on of spontaneous development and growth everywhere. "If you must call my teaching a gospel—and must have a label for that—you might call it the Gospel of Life : I am a student of life, that is all."

He then confessed that his intellectual ambition had always been to make a new Encyclopædia. Having as a young man served his apprenticeship as a writer for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and as a sub-editor (for biology) on *Chambers' Encyclopædia*, he had felt that the very principle of the encyclopædia and of the modern university accordingly, as a collection of essentially unrelated subjects, was now out of date in point of view, or rather in want of one. He turned to the rows upon rows of boxes behind and around us, and said that there was material for a hundred books which would never be written, yet full of elements for the new Encyclopædia. His book on universities, for example, though not yet ready, had been going on since student days, more than forty years in gathering facts, criticisms, interpretations, endeavours. What he was working on was behind

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the coming University attitude and spirit, arising now, just as in the middle of the eighteenth century ; and this, as at the renaissance, from outside the existing university altogether. In the eighteenth century the labours of Diderot and D'Alembert, of Rousseau, Voltaire, and more, had made the Encyclopædia the central intellectual influence of the intelligent world, and of the Revolution accordingly. The great Napoleon's thorough organizing and codifying work, by which he still rules from his grave, did not forget the Encyclopædia ; indeed, from its aspect to him, as a well-digested summary of the knowledge of the time, he essentially made the University of France ; but with the fatal defect—of knowledge viewed as something to be memorized and examined on. On this model the University of London was based, and then those of India, so Napoleon still governs them from his tomb. The modern German University was also the French Encyclopædia, definitely imported, but with a saving quality, that of seeing each subject as something to be investigated afresh, so that there one graduates not as a successful memory parrot, but as something of an enquiring one, trying his own young beak and claws upon his nut of knowledge. Hence the German leadership to which we very largely owe such education as our universities do give—as notably at Cambridge—yet not enough.

Geddes' view of the modern university situation is explained in the *Report to the Durbar of Indore*,—and anyone who cares about a better order of things in education (apart even from its outline of renewing civic life—Eutopia here and soon) should read this.

“No true university has ever been founded by politicians or by millionaires ; they really arise from some preliminary growth and even demand, of culture in their cities ; and they can be at best but watered and guarded by external wealth and power. . . . All our universities to-day have fallen to be more or

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less sub-German ones : that is, dis-specialized, without corresponding unity ; but a new growth and a new culture is arising, which our beginnings of Encyclopædia Synthetica at the Tower try to express ; and there are signs of new life in many universities in this country, and in America as well.

“ We are thus arising beyond the existing Encyclopædia, and escaping alike from its Napoleonic memorizing and its Germanic detailed dispersiveness : from the Encyclopædia Tyrannica of the first and from the Encyclopædia Chaotica of the second ; thus preparing the Encyclopædia Graphica : that is, with its scores, hundreds, even thousands, of specialisms now presented more vividly than heretofore, because now vitally as intelligible aspects, products and details of life . . . no longer concealing its unity, but expressing this more abundantly.

“ The tree of knowledge is seen no longer as the dead material of intellectual timber-yards or practical fuel-shops . . . but again as a living and growing tree. . . . So vast is the tree that no man can climb over it wholly, yet so simple that all may see the essentials of its vital architecture and of its mode of growth, may gather its blossoms, may taste the mingled sweet and bitter of its fruit, and plant its seeds within the garden of their own and other's lives. . . . It is this movement which is called Reconstruction. It began for France after the Battle of the Marne. By 1916 it was able to fill the Paris Exhibition of the Reconstituted City, and this although the enemy's guns were still within hearing of the Paris gates.”

“ But our problem of Reconstruction—the making of the Future—how shall we set about this ? ” I asked. He referred me to what had to be done in France.

“ We have to re-open the coal mines,<sup>1</sup> renew the machinery, and multiply their products like our

<sup>1</sup> For Geddes' views on the Coal Crisis see last chapter.

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predecessors of the industrial and liberal age ; but now not merely for sale and personal profit—but for clothing the naked. More important still, we have again to till and plant the ground ; but now not merely or mainly for market, but to feed the hungry. Again, we have to build houses, but now no longer merely as properties, as comfort villas or luxury palaces, still less as speculations in rise of land values or on profits of jerry-building, but to house the homeless. We have to rebuild schools ; yet not to pass examinations in, or provide reports for metropolitan clerks to pigeonhole, but to teach the children.

“The application of this to England seems ‘Utopian’ to many, of course, but the renewal of French universities came as part of the recovery after the Franco-German War of 1870-71. Why, then, despair even for those best satisfied with things educational as they are—or for their pessimistic and unconstructive critics ? The Time of Reconstruction is beginning.”

## II

Speaking of Education, he said : “ Examiners ? I have always had to be an examiner, and I have found my colleagues clear-headed and hard-working, fair and honest. It is only the system I dissent from. We should frankly become *estimators*. In some measure, of course, we are this already, or we could not examine at all. But a far greater proportion of this element of estimation is needed, above all, its ideal : to discern young ability, however immature and unformed, and even when narrowed by limitations or blemished by positive defects. So here is a good French maxim for education : ‘ What is a great life ? It is a thought of youth, carried out in riper age.’ And another is : ‘ Correct faults by developing qualities.’ ”

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“All such ideas,” he said another time, “are again nascent; nobody has ideas of his own—we do not take out patents in ideas. I belong, as its old-world herbalist, to the medical profession, from which, if a man patents anything, he is expelled. One should as soon sell one’s children as one’s ideas! In science, too, if you have an idea worth anything, you give it to the world.”

Later he remarked: “If you want immediate origins of our movement, you may say that the yeasive and generative spirit of Ruskin—with his critique of paleo-technic industry and its economists—had much to do with it. Then came Morris; then Ebenezer Howard and Unwin and the rest of us, with Eutopia as garden-city. Yet civilization does not run on in a straight line, but has its up and downs. And what does civilization mean, after all? Why, as Ruskin said, making civil persons, in city and in country.

“The dark ages,” he went on, “ended with Charlemagne, after which the Middle Ages made order. After the great thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, this order broke down and we got the so-called Renaissance. In the eighteenth century there were many attempts at real reform, but much overwhelmed by the industrial age. In the nineteenth—just before the railway age—there were new idealisms, new attempts at a better social order. But these were again submerged in great part. Now we are trying again, separately at first, yet gradually coming together to support each other. Thus Victor Branford, Martin White, and other active spirits among us, started the Sociological Society, and many of our ideas have appeared from time to time in its ‘Papers’—now a quarterly review.

“There are, no doubt, little jealousies in this or any other movement, but nothing serious while we have a common end, whether like soldiers facing the



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enemy, or like people at a dance. Where you will find real jealousy is in the dying past, where crystallized ideas contract upon individuals ; but we are trying to co-operate towards the opening future.

“But remember, people are never entirely fools; and if anything survives, holds on, we must have some respect for it. Be it militant or pacifist, pro-German or anti-German, ultra-militant or conscientious objector or any other labels you will, say imperialist or socialist, there is something in them all, and any man who can look at both sides of anything must in every question be so far on both ! In the war I felt both with the active militant and yet with the ardent pacifists. Each in his way was right. Still, let us get on with peace. Gardening is a peaceful occupation—h'm ? You never hear of a fight at a flower show ? Of course not ! We gardeners don't hate one another, despite our little rivalries ; if a man can grow a bigger gooseberry than I can, I have some respect for him, I can assure you !”

His talk at times made me think of the teachings of old, especially of Buddhism, and when I mentioned the name of its great teacher, Geddes said : “ Yes, we owe much to him. But, you see, Buddha, though highly reflective, was not occupied with survey, except with survey of the pain and sorrow of the world—though he had, it is true, his own methods for the reorganization of life as he had found it.”

### III

The discursiveness of Geddes is such, and he so generously gives idea upon idea, telling also story after story, and making illustration after illustration, that it is almost hopeless to get a separate reply unless one fixes him down by a hard and fast question. It was

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thus I tried to pin him down on a great topic of the day.

“Is private ownership at the bottom of all the trouble to-day?”

“Of course,” was the dry and characteristic reply, “every fool on earth thinks that social evils have only one root! Recall the fungus which was killing the old tree. The poison is deep-rooted, in numerous places, you see. So with your question, there is no immediate short-cut or revolutionary panacea; private ownership needs a lot of readjusting; but that reform has to come on with many more.”

I asked him about the Sociological Society. “The Society is one of many men and many minds, and should keep so, but our Cities Committee is working towards a programme, that of regionalism and civics, as you know.” But what of Internationalism? “Well, in time that too, for such ideas are becoming world-wide, from Iceland to Palestine, from Barcelona to Bergen. A different Internationalism from that generally understood, however. Too many so-called Internationalists are mere cosmopolitans, that is, a mix-up of many capitals. Too often the writer or artist becomes a kind of educated tramp with the notion that he can live equally well anywhere. But this results in his being affiliated nowhere. And what can his work then amount to, anyhow?”

“He thinks to be regional is to be narrow, provincial, stupid. And no doubt all provinces *have* been much spoiled—by their capitals. And it will be a long job to revive them. Yet such *ir*regionalists are really *irr*rationalists! In time the regional relations will become inter-regional, exchanging their best. Then the *regional man will be universal*.”

“In America there has also gone out our cry: ‘Know your city!’ I trust they say, too: ‘*Know your region*,’ then see its reaction with other regions, and in time with the world. Here in Dundee, or

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still more in Edinburgh with our Tower, we have the key which unlocks the world.”

Geddes draws diagrams the whole time he is talking, so handed me this :

<i>Picture touches</i> )		( <i>Design and Composition</i>
<i>Embroidery stitches</i> )	—	( <i>Detail</i>
<i>Garden-planning</i> )		( <i>Order</i>
<i>House repairing</i> )		( <i>Homes</i>
<i>Slum renewing</i> )	—	( <i>Families</i>
<i>Suburb building</i> )		( <i>Neighbours</i>
<i>Town planning</i> )		( <i>Town and School</i>
<i>City developing</i> )	—	( <i>University and City</i>
<i>Religion renewing</i> )		( <i>Religion renewed</i>

So through the world.

### IV

On contemporary politics Geddes said : “The movement of Politics is no longer a question between Empire and nationalistic Home Rule, between Ulster and Irish Free State : it is really between centralized governments, great or small, and civic regionalism. That revolution is not in the future ; it took place, for instance, with the *Etats-Generaux* of the destroyed provinces to which the Paris Government has conceded great powers—to save its face, of course ; and the same is imminent for Alsace-Lorraine, which will not long be contented as broken up into the old departments, under so many Paris prefects. You may see it accomplished soon in Spain, even in Germany ;<sup>1</sup> and it is that impulse which is seething over Europe from Russia to Ireland. Even Ulster is not really Unionist : it is extremely regionalist, and right so far, in spite of Carson and his firebrands ; while the weakness of Sinn Fein was in its start from the Hungarian nationalism of 1848 and 1860. Why,”

<sup>1</sup> This was said in 1919.

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he asked fiercely, in reply to a question, "should I desire Scottish Home Rule by Edinburgh lawyers and officials? They can't govern Glasgow commerce, nor Aberdeen education, nor abate Highland poverty; each region can only be organized from within, and by real thought and work, survey and service. I puzzle you as at once conservative and progressive; that is our 'heredity and variation'—in society. Life needs them both."

"That is why you are not a Fabian?" I asked.

"Yes, one of the many reasons. Theirs is the cleverest patchwork of the old Manchester political economy with List's German imperial economy, and bureaucracy, of course, too, and of Marxian Socialism with later brands; and so they have done good provisional work, as before the war for Labour and its unions, and more lately in war time, which favours their centralizing viewpoint. But the times are again changing, and they will not be able to keep sociology from a hearing much longer, nor yet block out regionalism and civics in practice."

That is the nearest approach to a political programme I could get out of him.

## V

"Nietzsche," he said once, "has nobler elements than most of those who proclaimed themselves his disciples. His criticism and stirring influence were needed, and if he had lived on, he would have gone farther. But his evolutionary dream was built on too crude a Darwinism, too provisional a psychology, too elementary a Buddhism, and only scraps of sociology; so, though from all these he struck brilliant flashes, they gave too little real light."

Speaking of the great Inspirationalists of the past—Buddha, Hebrew Prophets, Jesus, Mohammed—

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“These men,” he said, “did not want to be worshipped, they merely wanted people to have their outlook, see things that they saw, and follow their teaching—for the good of the world: ‘Would that my people forgot Me and kept My commandments.’”

“Now, as in all things, so in this, most people see only one point; but in matters of religion there are nine viewpoints, and that is why there are nine Muses. Each person usually only sees one and blocks the others out!

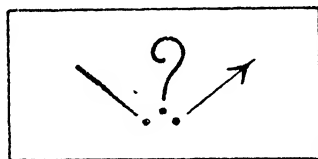
“People read a book,” he went on, “and, as a rule, put a full stop after it in their minds. (.)

“But the scientist questions himself about it. (?)

“And the artist exclaims about it. (!)

“And the man of action goes and does something about it. —→

“This makes a very good book-plate:



H'm? And why not add more?

You will next get as far as the Greeks got, for you will have the Nine Muses or sources of inspiration, and can start upon the Paths of Thought!

“All the gospels are various views of life, and *all true*—as far as they go. All the myths are true too. It is pitiful nonsense that one has heard, ever since Darwin frightened the curates: ‘Do you mean to say you believe in the Bible?’ spoken in a fearful voice by would-be scientific folk. Of course I believe in the Bible,” went on Geddes, with passion, “and in the Koran, and in all the bibles of all people, whether savages or Buddhists, Celts or Christians. To those

<sup>1</sup> I. Zangwill: *Chosen Peoples*, page 71.

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vast storehouses of past wisdom, one makes one's contribution. I make mine by seeing that Life is bigger and more wonderful than has been thought ; and that all the gospels put together cannot encompass it. The ecstasy of the highest Mystics is one with the elemental life-emotion of the Biosphere. There are diverse and varied ecstasies. Even for Botany they range to Samadhi ! ”

“ ‘ *Why are you so far from me, O Fruit ?  
I am deep in your heart, O Flower.* ’ ”

Geddes quoted these lines of his friend Tagore, so fervently that one realized the passion of his life, and how he could see different points of view, experience different ecstasies, while keeping his feet firmly on the ground. Then changing in mood, and citing Stevenson and Henley's play, “ Deacon Brodie,” he chuckled over likening himself to this civic dignitary who was by night a burglar. “ Long ago,” he said with a laugh, “ I bought his fine old house in High Street and carry on the business. I am a burglar by profession, too,” he then said in a stage whisper :— “ That's my secret ! My diagrams are really skeleton keys, and to ever so many of my colleagues' departments, of sciences, philosophies and what not, so I go round even by day and burgle more universities than this one. They never notice, so it's all right. You are quite safe with all the plunder you can take away ! Both science and education are all for communism in ideas.”

Speaking of his long-projected Encyclopædia Synthetica and of the Tower as a beginning of its “ Solomon's House,” he showed me a diagram of its garden. “ There were many paths of Thought, by-paths and side-alleys as well as broad walks as in a park design, and a great ‘ Middle Path,’ where disputing parties may meet and solve their difficulties by seeing that two and two may make one ; thus finding their way

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to creative co-operation ; for when there are two sides to the question, may not both be in the answer ? or why not a third alternative ? ”

### VI

One day I took up the problem, which has long been troubling many people, of how town-planning schemes are to be paid for, since people will not stand further taxation, and the following discussion followed :

“ How was the Parthenon built ? By putting stone upon stone ! ”

“ But how did they get the stone and pay the labour ? ”

“ Like most great things, it came primarily out of their poverty. The best cities were built in old and poorer days, like St. Andrews Cathedral after Bannockburn. Philosophers tell you Socrates’ teaching was : ‘ Know Thyself.’ So far well ; but I tell you Socrates taught a still wiser and happier thing : ‘ Labour and make Music.’ That is how beautiful cities are built. Did not Solomon build the Temple after his father’s time of terrible wars ? We have just to build—without extra taxation—out of our poverty, as great things were built of old. Not extra taxation, but *different use of our money and our time* ; more economically, too. Education, for instance, might be less costly, yet doubly efficient—and this without cutting teachers’ salaries, even by improving them.”

In his Indore book I found the following example of the new economy :

“ But for the intervention of Mr. Lanchester (the famous architect and planner), the authorities would have signed a drainage contract of thirty-five lacs. Two years later, the same scheme, with little reduction, was brought back, this time only asking fifteen lacs.”

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Geddes rejected this, too, and replanned afresh for much less than that sum.

And as this is done for drainage systems, so also for his other town improvements in India. His plans bring down expenses in all cases, generally towards a half, and often less. This triumph for his methods in such a utilitarian question is the best answer to those who still imagine Geddes to be "impracticable" and "extravagant." If neotechnic planning of drainage or road-systems can be as efficient at less than half the cost of these on paleotechnic principles, why not town-planning and education upon these strict lines of economy? The chapter on Drains in the Indore book is the real reply to such Utilitarians, who, to Geddes, are "Futilitarians"—spending far more than he does, with less results.

Taking another example, Geddes showed me how, in a suburb of Dundee, the authorities had planted trees in the street, and put round each an expensive iron railing. Meanwhile, with all this expenditure (with but little or none on good soil), the trees, one by one, were dying. Such things are being done everywhere, as administration, and economy! So with the Indore drains, both the old thirty-five and the fifteen lac plans were so drawn that even Geddes could not read them, without having to redraw them, this time upon the city plan. Yet the authorities—chiefly lawyers, no doubt—had passed it, without understanding it, and were about to incur this great expenditure of public money on what even a planner could not read! There is too much of this administration in the old "economy." It is only a single case of how municipalities, and governments, too, often enter upon costly schemes without really understanding them, and therefore with quite inadequate criticism of plans and estimates.

Continuing to reply to me as regards financing housing and town-planning, he said: "It is prosperity



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that is timid, and poverty that is courageous. It is preposterous to think that we have not got the money to do these things. Building will not take any more *man-days* than before—there is no shortage of bricks, etc. Our terms of money don't affect the growth of trees. Only our book-keeping is puzzled, because the war has upset our old figures. Despite losses, energy has not disappeared, either from man or nature. No, no. The upset money-notation should not prevent our working, and better than ever, though we have to face the fact that this notation has changed.

“ Recall the old Spanish municipality in the Middle Ages—I think Burgos—which put upon their records this decision :

*‘ Resolved, this day, to build a Cathedral, such that future generations shall say we were madmen to have attempted it ! ’*

“ Then, too, the story of St. Teresa, who told the fathers of the City : ‘ You need a hospital ! ’

“ ‘ True,’ said they, ‘ but where is the money to build it ? Can you help us ? ’

“ ‘ Yes ; here is all I have—two reals (sixpences),’ replied St. Teresa, throwing them on the Council table.

“ ‘ Ha, ha ! Do you think you can build a hospital with two reals ? ’

“ ‘ No, but there is God—and Teresa—and two reals ; and I shall stay here until you build it ! ’ So that terrible woman stood over them. They built it within a year, and it stands to this day.

“ Take the Acropolis,” he continued with fervour, “ the rebound from the utter and complete destruction of Athens by the Persians, ruin comparable to that of Ypres ; yet in this poverty the Athenians began to build. Later, of course, they got wealth again, and used it freely. Still, the essential impulse and initiative—

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so even the later execution, too—lay in their having the right spirit.

“What we need, then, is not more money (we are still the richest of nations, America alone excepted). Our poverty is poverty of spirit. A new inspiration would again cause all classes to work together, as in the war. Lloyd George put his beautiful voice to this, for a moment: ‘Homes for Heroes!’ But it needs more persistence, more insight, more steady leadership than his. How are people to recover from such discouragement? It must be done. The hour has come, but not the man. We planners are ready and willing; so really, at heart, are the workers—and there are only too many tenants waiting. We can deliver the goods all right, if someone could get the public to understand!” He paused in thought, then:

“Here is a story which may help you.

“In an old Eastern city, where I was planning, the customary roads (wastefully wide and twice too numerous) for a would-be ‘Garden-suburb’ of large and well-to-do houses were already laid out, and even the sites largely taken up; yet only one house was building, everyone else being hindered by the high price of labour and materials, more than by any bad times of their own, for some at least were financial people. Downhill, on the other side of the road, a little stream came out upon the plain, with precipitous and rocky slopes which no respectable engineer would look at, either for roads or dwellings, and so would value at next to nothing. But all over these rock-slopes any number of the working townfolk were busy, building like bees, and piling up their houses seemingly anyhow, with paths to them somehow, so with all the picturesqueness of the best bits of the old town, or any other, and with fine sea views and fresh air for all. ‘How is this,’ asked my companion; ‘how is it that these poor people are building when the rich can’t?’ Said I: ‘Don’t you see? The rich man looks into

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his architect's estimates, and says, "Too dear—impossible ; we must put off till next year, anyway, or wait for better times ;" so next year he will put off again. But the poor man, perhaps even unemployed, says, "Fine time for building !" and goes ahead with the stones around, and in the stream, and with his own hands mostly, or sometimes with his wife and children to help him—I daresay neighbours, too, at times. So he gets his house this very year, and thus the poor man is rich, while the rich man stays poor."

"The same principle explains why the Turks—who don't have finance upon the brain, and never heard of political economy—have been able to go on fighting all these years, since before the Great War, and are more ready to go on again than any of us."

"And would you then have people build their houses for themselves in this country ?" said I.

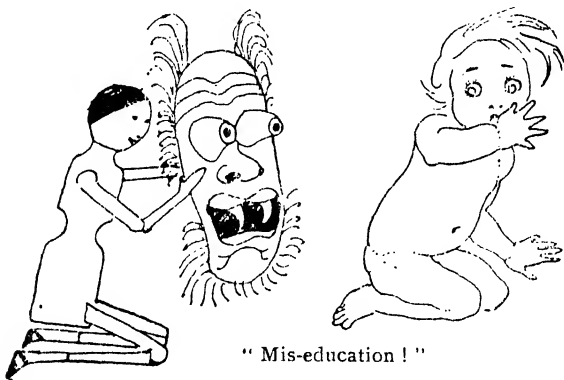
"Of course I would ! If you women learned in the War to make shells, and in six weeks did what was before that supposed to need an apprenticeship of as many years, what is there to hinder anybody, man or woman either, from learning to lay bricks. In that time, indeed, he'd be doing it faster than the trade, as an Efficiency book will show him. Above all, if it is to be his own house, or his group's, he'll be doing it better and faster still."

"But the finish ?" I questioned.

"Confound the finish ; I learned to whitewash passably after the first day or so ; anyway, a little more ventilation than customary will be to the good of health. Perhaps old Ireland may show us how to solve the housing difficulty. Paddy has generally kept brighter wits than poor old John Bull, conquered by 'the City.' And in the good old living-room of his mud cabin he has a home better for family life, and social gatherings, song and music, too, than all the parlours—not to say kitchens—from Brixton to Brummagem and back again, and Glasgow to

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Dundee thrown in. And as for finish, you can paint pictures without end, of such cabins, outside and inside. And what is so pleasing to the painter's eye, as well as Paddy's, is surely good enough for you and me. Why should people who can see that at the Academy not see it for themselves in real life? Their culture is evidently finished! However, in Brixton, the young ladies go to what's called the Art School, and learn to paint the very coal-scuttle, showing how completely finished they also are. Yet, to do them justice, they don't want to make a picture of their parlour, nor yet of their street. Both, you see, are finished, outside and in; there is nothing more to be done with them—except clear them away! That by all means, and as soon as may be."



## CHAPTER XI

### SCOTLAND AND FRANCE

A JOURNALIST who came in to interview the Professor for renewing the old Scots College, in Paris, said something which irritated Geddes.

He broke out : " You gentlemen of the Press are still living in the world of the past ! Why, our little *Sociological Review* has more of the cutting edge of thought than any of your big papers to-day." Thus were we plunged into a discourse which lasted most of the day, since the pressman got really interested, and Geddes drew him out vigorously.

He began with the value of the old Scots College in Paris to the education of Scotland, and of this, too, on Paris, since it gave the University no less than seventeen of its rectors. Asked about the Pan-Celtic Congress, he said the idea was " not a bad thing, though still sentimental, too little regional ; yet such international communication was useful in bringing together again these kindred peoples, who have lost all their old traditions.

" Scotland," he said, " is not so insignificant as she seems in the affairs of the nation ; thus it was very largely Sir Thomas Barclay, of the Franco-Scottish Society, who best helped to bring about the *Entente Cordiale*."

Turning to me, he said : " I know the ideas you Londoners have of Scotland," and then to the Scotsman : " And I know your dream of sending your son to Oxford to be made more of an athlete, a debater

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and a snob ; but remember that a university proper should be the spiritual, the intellectual and the artistic centre of its city and region—the modern Cathedral. In that respect, Aberdeen is the best of our universities, and can do more for your son than most others.

“ To our shame, the best of our old Celtic manuscripts are mostly in Germany ; but our great mediæval university was Paris. Indeed, Scotland had a share in its greatest movement. Michael Scot, knowing Arabic, as old astronomers did, translated Aristotle, who had thus been preserved by the Arabs ; that gave a shock to the Church, which had henceforth to adjust its theology to Greek learning and science in a long wrestle. This was like the shock given to the nineteenth century religion by Darwin, but in a far more thoroughgoing way. Discussions thus arose over Aristotle, and notably between the Franciscans and the Dominicans. This gave the Friars their great intellectual impulse. Active friars discussed with the lay scholars, until the bright youth of the world was flocking to Paris ; even Dante.

“ A great mixture of cultures—Catholic and Hebraic, Latin and Celtic—and still more of students of all Western races and tongues, but with Latin in common. The mediæval curriculum everywhere began with the Trivium—Grammar, Logic and Rhetoric—and went on to the Quadrivium—Arithmetic, Geometry and Astronomy with Music to unify the whole. These were the sacred seven subjects of the arts faculty, which a Master of Arts was expected to learn and then teach ; and the Scottish universities long kept up the same tradition, among their other inheritances from the past. The weakness of Oxford has been the preponderance of the Trivium—Grammar, Logic and Rhetoric still are their significant subjects, and from their Union this goes on to Parliament ; while the more strenuous Cambridge

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has more of the Quadrivium, with its Mathematics and Astronomy, while her poets have given us Music.

“It is a significant fact people forget nowadays, that professors were not invented until the great days of the mediæval universities were over! They came in with the Renaissance, first for Greek, then later for other subjects, but the tutors of Oxford and Cambridge represent the old graduates, who were responsible for more all-round teaching. The Renaissance degenerated, and it is only since the eighteenth century that we have had these perfectly pitiful devils of classicists without real classics, whose birch has driven these great studies out of esteem—even now, though teaching is again rapidly improving.

“Never has there been such ignorance as now (despite Harmsworth and the Press), and Paris, degenerate though she is (largely made so by us!) is still the only complete city.”

Rapidly he sketched out one of his illuminating summaries, for the interaction of (*Later*) *Franco-Scottish Culture*.

- 14th Century : College des Ecosais rebuilt.  
Bruce and Wallace (in touch with France).
- 15th Century : Stuarts (likewise).  
Dunbar, etc., Ronsard, etc.
- 16th Century : Knox & Mary (Calvin & Guises, etc.).  
Scots College again rebuilt.
- 17th Century : Covenanters and Cavaliers (Huguenots  
and Catholics), Urquhart s Rabelais.
- 18th Century : Jacobites with Prince Charlie v. Whigs  
(France v. England).  
Adam Smith, David Hume, etc. (Encyclopædists).
- 18th and 19th Scots Philosophy.
- Centuries : Encyclopædia Britannica (Encyclopædia).
- 19th Century : Burns : Philosophie écosaise.  
Scott : Romantic movement.

<sup>1</sup> In 1923 Geddes himself built and still runs a new Collège des Ecosais, receiving students from all over the world, at Montpellier University, in the South of France.

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Carlyle : " French Revolution." ·  
Lister : Pasteur.  
Kelvin : Carnot.  
Glasgow painters : Barbizon School and  
Paris.  
Andrew Lang.  
R.L.S.  
Franco-Scottish Society.

" Thus the central and vital tradition of Scottish culture has always been wedded with that of France ; it is mostly the many first-rate second-rate Scotsmen who have gone to English Public Schools, or to Oxford and Cambridge : for conspicuous types take Balfour and Rosebery. They would have been more truly productive if trained in Scotland and in Paris, however less politically prominent."

" And has Paris any advantage now ? " asked the journalist, busy with his notebook.

" Of course. First of all, my dear sir, because it is now only possible to tell the truth in French ! That is, to think and speak clearly without deceiving yourself. You say we have a greater language : so far true, but great as is, or was, our language, our subconscious hypocrisy is greater, and our snobbery greater still ! And as for Paris, England does not know it, and largely caricatures it. Though there is a vicious Paris, that is largely what all surrounding foreigners have made it, who went there for their lower pleasures. But that is not the real Paris. These thirty years and more I have been sending my students, and my children, too, to Paris, not only to be better educated, but still more to be moralized.

" What do I mean by being moralized—in this supposed mere city of pleasure ? First of all, to learn the nature of a day's work ; no city works better, no university harder. But beyond that I want them to learn the essential morality, of which is more there, through past history, and still, than in any other city



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I have lived in. What do I mean? That is the secret of French science, art and life. First, try to see the thing as it is, and next, try to make it what it should be. In our time, at least, we have been too much doing the opposite—shirking each attempt to see the thing as it is, persuading ourselves of it as it is not, and thus feeling justified in letting the thing alone. That was what revolted me as a student from Edinburgh, and from Oxford, too, after brief trial of each atmosphere. And so, too, after longer trial (thanks to Huxley and a few other straight-thinking teachers), from London, and even from Cambridge too, though I found it the best of the lot. In each I had my own thoughts, and found in some even inducements towards education and career—but the best experience of my life was my reward for leaving all these; for I found my spiritual home in Paris. Later, I looked for it in Germany, too, and was fortunate in studies and in friends—Haekel, Weismann and many more. Still, I was glad to go home again to Paris, and am still. And later my wife and I also made life-long ties in Montpellier, the old Oxford and Edinburgh in the South.

“You will give me credit for looking for good and live people, and I have found some everywhere, and sometimes many, in each of these four British University cities which I studied, of course, too. But most of the best people I have known in my life have been French.

“How so? Who else in Europe have gone through so long a culture in the past? Who have done so much for the world’s ideas and ideals? Then, too, who have made more terrible mistakes, failures, sins, and then so definitely repented of them, and tried a fresh course? Who else of us have passed through such a furnace of affliction as the French in 1870, as again in the recent War? In 1870 they said, as I know many are doing now, ‘*Il faut refaire la*

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*patrie*,' and sat down to think and work with all their intensity.

“That was the spirit of all my teachers. That was the essence of Pasteur, who, though paralysed by magnificent overwork, pulled himself together and rose to the summit of European science, ‘*pour refaire la patrie*.’ To look at, he was plainly the little French peasant. This is the greatness of France—that she has such peasants.

“Again, Huxley was our grand old man of biology in Britain, teaching magnificently, yet always with dead specimens, bones and fossils, while in Paris Lacaze was intoxicated with the wonder and beauty of life, and showed it all the time. Even his laboratory servants were all naturalists and fishermen. They taught us much, and in the seaside laboratory at Roscoff (in Brittany) we learned from them to catch our own specimens and to help with the boat and obey orders. We were not waited on as young gentlemen there. That is the spirit of France—to study the thing as it is, to see it living; while in England, or Scotland, we had things fixed, administered, and at last deadened, as we become ourselves. No doubt there are dangers in being alive, and in living: there is a kind of safety in being perfectly coffined—or at any rate in keeping up ‘good form’—that’s shamming dead!”

The journalist, though glowing with interest, began to struggle for the point he knew his editor would expect—and Geddes said:

“Reviving the Scots College in Paris? My dear sir, I am not the man you should see about that; I only try to keep up interest in it. I know Sir Thomas Barclay, of Paris, is the man you want. I heard the French Government was willing to convey the old building to the Scottish Universities for their use. I think they generously had the idea of selling us the building, and then using the money to endow the

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college. Yet I lately learned there are difficulties, since the Scottish Catholic bishops have old rights over it. But it is worth buying twice over from each, if necessary."

Turning to me, he answered the unspoken thought seen in my face: "You ask what would be the use of this enterprise? Why, besides renewing and continuing so much of our best Scottish past, it means the emancipation from Pre-Germanic universities like Oxford, and Sub-Germanic ones like Cambridge, so that we may learn in the Post-Germanic School of French thought, and thus to build up Super-Germanic universities at home!

"Frankly, I say, anything I can do I largely owe to Paris. I am sorry never to have written my book on the Real France—it was in lectures at the Exhibition of 1900, and also in America just before that.

"When the old mediæval and scholastic discussions were over, the Church was fixed, and the Sorbonne, too, grew conservative. Yet there was a time when the Roman Catholic Church meant the most inquiring body of men in all history. And they may be so again. For what is Theology but an inquiry into Whence and Whither? True Theology is not a more or less obsolete learning about gods of the past—but essentially an inquiring study of the universe, in quest of its highest ideals. Some theologians to-day know that. Flint, our late Edinburgh professor of Theology, was asked by a lady, 'What is a theologian?' 'Well,' said he, 'there are two kinds of theologians, first, those who have read the books of other theologians—and second, those who have had a spiritual experience of some kind—perhaps your old washerwoman.'

"The real teacher, of course, is *both*, and more. Flint had great learning and true fire in him.

"After its philosophizing was completed, the old Church had definite form, and it crystallized anew

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after the Reformation, though, perhaps, less than before: all crystallized, you see, just as Darwinism did in Germany, so that Darwin ran Bernhardt and the German army from his grave. It is the way of the world—past thought rules.

“ You talk of a Renaissance now: look back to when the destruction of Constantinople brought more and more Greek scholars to Italy, and with them the revival of Greek learning. Great scholars appeared in every country—Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, George Buchanan, and so on—but even they could hardly alter the old Sorbonne, and its Oxford and other kindred. *New* colleges had to arise for the Renaissance, just as new colleges have had to be built in our time for the Sciences.

“ Thus the *Collège de France* was founded, so that men might again think freely and teach fairly; and here have worked many of the best minds of France—as Bergson for single instance, among many. Yet this free movement was not sufficient. The scientists seldom could stand the atmosphere of teaching, so in England they founded the Royal Society, and in France the *Académie des Sciences*. This left the universities too much in their pre-scientific state, and also isolated science from the people. Thus Philistinism, which still flourishes.”

Returning to French education, Geddes went on: “ Napoleon made the University of France with its d—d examination papers, and London was foolish enough to take these over. He wanted officers, officials and other standardized people, and as quickly as possible, so cram and exam are the ways for that. He governs us from his grave! People are always governing from their graves; Moses governs the Jews from his grave, and gives them a mingled heritage and burden. But it is hard to have the gold without the weight of it!

“ I tell you Germany, which has carried stern

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Napoleonism and crude Darwinism to the point of caricature, is going to repent, and profit by its defeat. It will learn to unite University and Life, University and City, as well as University and technical matter. The last purpose is all we yet see in the political world. London is like Rome with its *Panem et Circenses*, Bread and Shows—or, if you like, Aerated Tea-Shops and Cinemas, Clubs and Music-halls. A Roman moralist said : ‘ There is good in all men—does not even the poor barbarous Briton send us excellent oysters ! ’ The idea of the Roman Empire was to *eat* the world, and this idea of imperialism is too common everywhere. The Germans wanted to eat Alsace-Lorraine in Berlin, but the Alsatians want to eat Alsace themselves ; they did not want to be eaten in Berlin—and will not want to be eaten in Paris.

“ Many years ago, when Emile Bourgeois, the historian, was Dean at the University of Lyons, he once said to me, plaintively, not bitterly, ‘ You know we sometimes feel a little tired, here in provincial France, of being always governed as a conquered country, and for the exclusive benefit of two million Parisians.’ I hope he has not changed his mind now that he is back in Paris.”

“ At my opening lecture in Paris in 1916, at my Town-Planning Exhibition, I spoke on Regionalism. I condensed the same idea into a symbol. On the slippery, asphalt pavement, I imagined eighty-one fallen horses, and as many men coming down from the big omnibuses. These fallen horses are the eighty-one departments of France, each with a prefect sent from Paris, to sit tight on it and never let it get up ! This profanity not only brought applause, but, at the close, a warm invitation to come and lecture on Regional Geography in the Sorbonne ! Would the like of this happen if I criticized London as sharply with its bread and shows, its camouflaged centralization—double the size of Paris ? That is a great quality of the

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French—their conversation, for all its politeness, is straight speaking, and they liked me to speak straight, too—and about things that matter—with hard hitting, too—take and give!”

“You think me a little extreme in all this about France, but that is only because Scotsmen have been forgetting their history, and getting Anglicized, Londonized, Etonized, Oxfordized, and so losing their old Continental and European culture, and becoming insular.

“John Bull became that through his old French wars, but we Scots were on their side, and still think it the better one—with Jeanne d’Arc—and we were not at the burning of her. See John Duncan’s picture of her, amid the *Garde écossaise*; or look at the tombs of the old Douglasses in the Eglise St. Germain; better there than in Westminster. You think that is all ancient history? Not at all, it all goes on to-day: our churches, our law, our civic institutions, our Universities and schools. Look at Burns’ French Democracy, as well as Scott’s French Chivalry, each of these old in Scottish history, and kindling in each man with his own time and ties. Look to-day at the Franco-Scottish Society, as well as into the works of all the History Societies. And with the regional and civic awakening of Scotland (which is coming on as surely, though more slowly, than in Ireland and with Wales), happily with none of the bitterness of the one, but all the friendliness of the other—you will see this Franco-Scottish tradition correspondingly renewing.

“We could not help it if we wished, for the French have always appreciated our qualities, and valued the best we could give, from swords to ideas. Why, when one Frenchman thanks a host who has done him well, he calls him ‘*hospitalier comme un écossais!*’ or even ‘*un véritable écossais!*’ True, he may also grumble at a man ‘*fier comme un écossais!*’—but he makes it up at other times with ‘*généreux comme un écossais!*’

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And if that last of these old proverbial expressions surprises our London friend, who may have heard there a different estimate, it will be admitted that it is Paris which has more traditions and standards of critical insight, and more understanding of foreigners accordingly ; and perhaps also confessed that each city may have attracted different kinds of Scotsmen, according to their own respective dominant interests—and their deserts accordingly !

“ We have all and real goodwill to John Bull—a name, by the way, due to Scottish humour—who, by his own adoption of it, proved that his shrewd old fashionable doctor (Arbuthnot) great as a diagnostician, gave it with sympathy and appreciation. John must especially be congratulated, as the good-hearted old fellow he is, on increasingly getting rid of his old attitudes to France, and coming into our feeling towards her, at length so fully shared in the war.

“ I am glad, too, that all the students I told you I have sent to France in these thirty years and more, came back fully of my way of thinking, so I was not simply touched and influenced by going to France in youth at a great time. So, too, for my children ; and on my son’s stone near Bapaume, his sister has carved ;

“ For home, for France, he died :  
He would have lived for both.”

Exactly true for this individual Scot as for the world :

“ Un homme a deux patries,  
Le sien, et puis la France.”

## CHAPTER XII

### JERUSALEM

#### I

*“The University,” Geddes once said to a visitor on Mount Scopus, “is neither the court of knowledge alone nor yet the enemy of virtue. It is all the activities of men. It is the prophet as well as the priest. It is the worker with the hand as well as the worker with the brain. It is all the crafts, and it is the mastering of the soil. It is light and colour and music, beauty of form and beauty of love. It is the synthesis of all the arts and all the sciences. It is the people, and this shall be the University of the Chosen People.”*

AMONG my papers I came upon the following letter from Geddes, written to me in 1913, from his Tower ; and now that the Zionist return to Jerusalem is a matter of practical politics, and that he was commissioned—six years later—by the Zionists to plan for them the Hebrew University, and at the Holy City itself, this letter may be cited, since it shows how this work is the curiously close fulfilment of one of his very earliest life's dreams :

“Dear Miss Defries,

“Last week in Dublin I was going into the fields of employment which are opened by city improvement. The mere demolition of ruinous dwellings, and the removal of dirt and rubbish, would alone employ unskilled labour for a long time. Constructive endeavour has excellent reaction upon the workman, and even upon the city ;



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indeed upon Irishmen generally, who need relief from their depression and party embitterment, by reconstructive hopes, in which all can join. Furthermore, while no sacrifice of loyalty to faith or party is suggested by such work, the advantage to all becomes so apparent that the good habit reappears of working together.

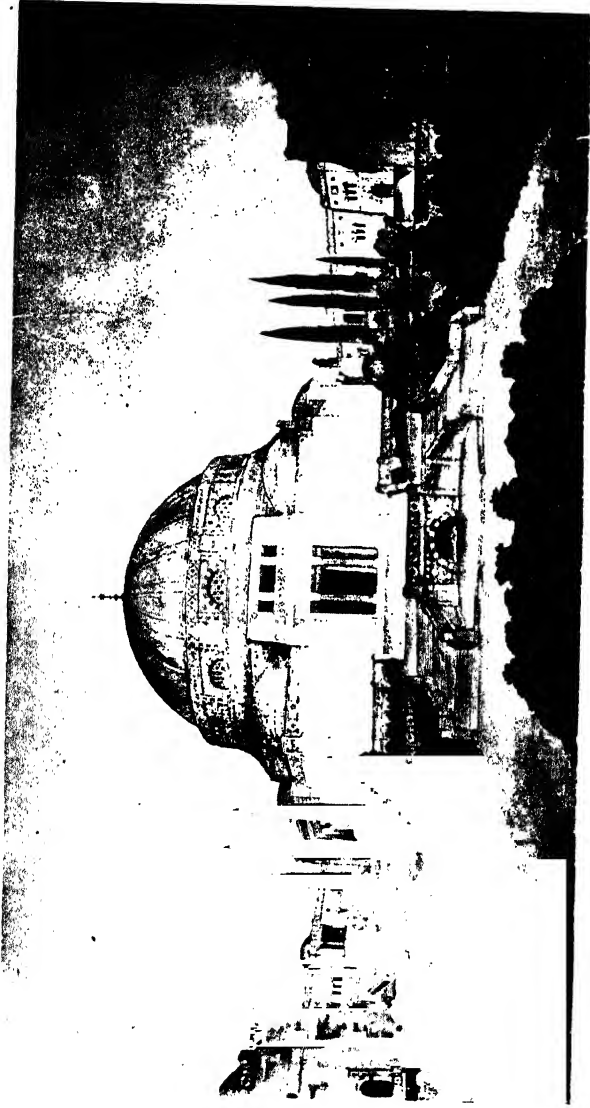
" Many years ago, in farming, etc., in Cyprus, just after the Armenian troubles, I found how easily Turk and Armenian, Greek and Jew could, would, and did work together—wherever the constructive task was clear, and regular employment was forthcoming.

" But the great example, the classic instance of city renewal (beyond even those of ancient Rome and ancient Athens) is that of the rebuilding of Jerusalem ; and my particular civic interests owe more to my boyish familiarity with the building of Solomon's Temple, and with the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, than to anything else in literature. Jews probably know more or less how the Old Testament has dominated Scottish education and religion for centuries ; these were above all the stories which fascinated me as a youngster ; and though I lapsed from the church of my fathers well-nigh forty years ago, I still feel these as the great example for the Town Planning Exhibition ! I hope, in fact, to set our artist this winter to work upon a big frieze procession of the Dedication of Solomon's Temple, and another of Nehemiah's Rebuilding of the Wall.<sup>1</sup> The improving and renewal of cities might, and should once more, find an initiative, an example, even a world-impulse, at Jerusalem. It is no flattery to your people, but the plainest truth, to say that they possess the needful idealism, no less than the (secondarily) needful capital and credit.

" Of course there are dangers, great dangers, in such an endeavour. Bad town-planning can spoil a city no less than good planning develop it : and a survey, if of course up-to-date, and not merely stopping with the present archeological inquiries (interesting though these are), will first of all be needed. One idea would be, in preparation for our next Exhibition, to work upon a ' Jerusalem Room ' for it—Jerusalem Past and Present, with indication of the Possible Future.

" This survey should next be carried on to Jerusalem itself ; and the ideas and alternatives of improvement

<sup>1</sup> Both sunk with that Exhibition by the *Emden*, 1914.



The University of Jerusalem designed by Geildes and Mears.  
(Central Dome).



## JERUSALEM

and reconstruction at once useful and beautiful; would gradually be developed. Am I not right in believing Judaism sufficiently modern and enlightened to realize the possibility and advantage of giving a lead to Christian cities, European and American?

“ Yours,

P.G.”

And when he was first actually out in Palestine, in 1919, a Scottish journalist who had heard of this said to me: “ Aye, but it’s a proud day for Scotland ! ” So deep is the historic Scottish feeling for the “ City of God.”

## II

Naturally I drew Geddes out to talk a little about the Jews. He began by saying: “ As in the war we saw Napoleon and Darwin as Emperor and Pope, ruling from their graves, so in the peace to-day Disraeli and Karl Marx are ruling their parties of empire and socialism. All through history we read, from Moses to Rothschild, the expression of the varied spirit of the Race—from the discoverers of the Unity of God to those of the omnipotence of Gold.

“ The great unity of Finance—this modern worship of the golden calf—is not the last word of Israel. Trotzsky is all for destroying it—so here is civil war for the Jews going on in Europe to-day ! And neither their great financiers nor their later socialists or communists are beloved by other peoples: but these types are all dying into the past :

<i>Liberal</i>	<i>Imperialist</i>	<i>Financialist</i>
<i>Radical</i>	<i>Socialist</i>	<i>Anarchist- Communist</i>

## GEDDES : THE MAN AND HIS GOSPEL

they may alike be transformed in the near future to the policy of the Third Alternative, which, in briefest summary, is at once Etho-Politic and Eupsychic, Synthetic and Geotechnic, Evolutionary and Bio-technic.

“The great heritage of the Jews, and their long martyrdom, have made them the most conservative of conservatives ; yet their prophets have ever been more radical than the radicals. Disraeli and Karl Marx expressed the antithesis of imperialism and socialism ; the tension between these seemed, before the war, the revolutionary situation over the world ; nowadays the main tension is between the financial leaders and the leading Bolsheviks, for Trotsky is a Jew. Their tenacity to their great past is due to their limited present and uncertain future ; their extremely radical lead has come through trouble, poverty and oppression. But nothing has deadened their brains !” He rejoices that they will now have their own university in their own land, with studies as living and varied as was Solomon’s wisdom ; and he sees that the city of this revival of ancient language and renewal of ancient culture, combined with modern thought and learning, and Jewish internationalism at its best, must more than ever become a place of pilgrimage for all three great faiths, indeed all races, a great centre of old and new learning and inspiration.

“The fears of unending strife between Jew, Arab and Christian over Palestine do not exist for me,” he said. “There is never any permanent need for people to kill each other ! And for all three religions there is unity from past origins : the same unity is to be seen in the future, which is in the making ; the historic heritage of every people, their aspirations and achievements, are increasingly shared, and our assimilation of their Old Testament is not the last word in the matter—but a beginning !”

## III

After this he would say no more ; but in the December after his departure for Jerusalem, I received a promised letter from which the following are passages :

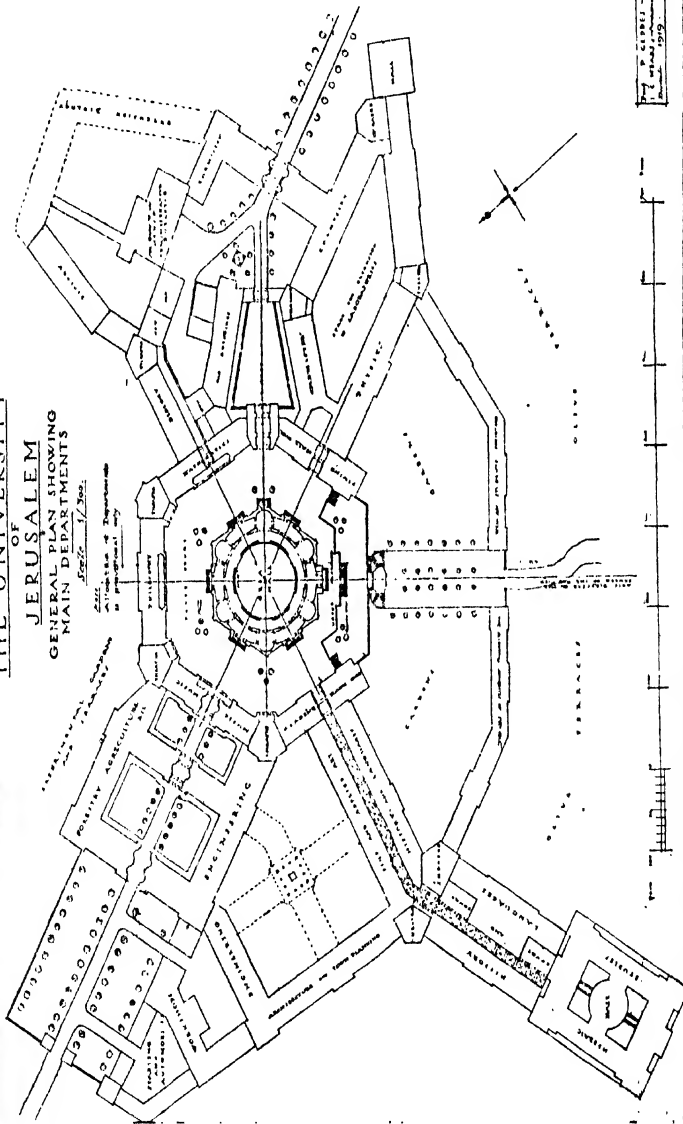
“ I am relieved to say that the various problems set me here are now broadly puzzled out. Even my short glimpse of the Jewish colonies, flourishing in the main though they now are, was enough to show lines of improvement for future ones ; but the main time has been spent in Jerusalem.

“ And there the town-plan is clearing up all right. First the disinterment of the ancient City of David from the vast accumulation of rubbish—which has always hindered the archæologists in their too piecemeal handling of it—by turning this into new gardens in the uniting valley further down. Next old Jerusalem within the Walls, with similar furthering of the cleaning and improvement begun since Allenby's occupation ; and on which I was pleased to find my old friend Ashbee admirably engaged—with all his skill and taste, and above all his human consideration—and even with a Pro-Jerusalem Society started by the widely cultured and sympathetic Governor, Colonel Storrs, in which—for the first time in history—Moslems, Christians and Jews are working together in common citizenship. So there is good hope for all the city quarters, since nothing is more encouraging than (despite the way in which they still growl at each other in their respective Press) the response of the people to this outside clean-up, in the better keeping of their homes, and even to the brightening of them with flowers. It is, of course, always the way ; even in the slums of Dublin and Edinburgh I have had experience of it ; but here I have more hope than ever. Never was worse nonsense than the talk of too many educated people—that of evacuating the old City as hopeless, and keeping it for a museum of the past. Of course, additional housing is needed, and for this garden villages outside the Walls are necessary and two already broadly planned ; but you may take it that with clearance of the rubbish as

THE UNIVERSITY

OF  
JERUSALEM  
GENERAL PLAN SHOWING  
MAIN DEPARTMENTS

Scale 1/3200  
Date of Preparation 1932



PLAN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF JERUSALEM, BY GEDDES & MEARS

## JERUSALEM

well as cleansing of such dirt as remains, only a very small amount of conservative surgery and a little rebuilding, in the old style of course, are needed to make Old Jerusalem healthy, and more beautiful than ever.

“ The new town, outside the Walls, though with too much of modern Ghettos, is on the whole not densely populated ; and even its worst features, again, improvable without great expense. The recent town-plan—that in last year’s Royal Academy (rightly then criticized by Lanchester in the *Observer*)—is being recast upon the contour lines it too much missed, and so with vast economy of streets, as well as better development of each of the new quarters, such varied surface tends naturally to bring about. And as the water-supply, improved by General Allenby’s engineers, can now be further improved—thanks largely to Colonel Gray Donald’s discovery of a fresh source to refill the old pools of Solomon—there is no fear but that such development will soon go on.

“ The great job, however, has been in the University. No other site in the world is at once so magnificently panoramic and historic as this of Mount Scopus ! Rightly named, since overlooking on the south the Mount of Olives ; on the west, below, are outspread the ancient and modern city ; and, on the east, ranges of deserted hill-tops, plunging down to the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea, with the Moab mountains rising again beyond this. Imagine, as the apex and centre, a great central Dome—not that of the library, as at Columbia or Oxford—that after all is a bit of tradition—but the Great Hall—*Aula Academica* : for the full life of a university is in its students and teachers. Then around this come ranges of buildings radiating along the ridges of the hill, and some way down them, to minor domes, themselves centres for future radiations, as need be and as knowledge grows. Even for present studies, minor ranges of buildings, smaller than institutes, laboratories and studios—by and by hostels and dwellings too—follow the contour lines between the three main ranges, and so link these—garland them, may I even say—into a veritable new city of the future, contrasting, yet in harmony, with the old city below.

“ I have been fortunate in getting the assistance of Frank Mears, who has given me my long-dreamed Dome of Synthesis with hexagon base—the historic Star of David as well as the expression of this unification of the arts and



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sciences in life anew—really fine architectural form—more ‘ floating ’ than ever before, so that, where the pillars stand which support other domes, he hangs the lamps. His beautiful perspective, too, of our whole scheme, is most convincing ; so the leaders of the Zionist Commission at Jerusalem are keeping him to go on with the plans into further detail.

“ If, as may fairly be hoped, approval be given, the scheme will proceed as funds allow. We are planning for 3,000 students ; and why not, years hence ? Far beyond the students of Palestine itself, it may safely be expected that more and more of the many Jewish students in the universities of Europe and America will wish to spend a semester or two in Jerusalem, even though they return to make their careers as before.

“ And if the many improvements we are gathering from all the universities be carried out, and with the spirit of unity of knowledge more clearly expressed than heretofore, the university, as well as the city, may draw pilgrims from all faiths as well as all lands. We have also a great scheme for a museum—for Palestine and Jerusalem especially—illustrating the historic and surrounding cultures, too, from Egypt until to-day, which should attract students and inquirers ; and, no less widely, schools of medicine, music, modern languages as well as Oriental, will all help—while even those for the immediate needs of Palestine, like agriculture, forestry and so on, will be, I doubt not, up to the best standards of reconstruction everywhere.

“ So you see I’m going back to India hopeful, and helped too for new and old work there, by this crowded experience.”

This, the first long letter I received from Geddes about the rebuilding and planning of new life in the Holy City, is clearly one of practical experience, and contains no Utopian dream ; but lays the basis for Eutopian development, in accord with his lifelong philosophic, artistic and scientific outlooks towards a better future.

He was not able to stay longer in Palestine on this first visit because of the duties of his chair (of Sociology and Civics) in the University of Bombay, and he has

## JERUSALEM

as yet published nothing of his schemes and dreams for the Holy City ; but busied himself mainly with practical matters. But this, too, is in keeping, for he believes in building the Kingdom of Heaven from the earth upwards—rather than hanging from the sky rope-ladders which never reach the ground.

Some of his thoughts I gathered from a last talk before he set out for Jerusalem in September, 1919. I had asked him what he would be doing, and he said :

“ Well, this time sixteen years ago the Dunfermline Trustees asked two town-planners, Mawson and me, each to prepare them a scheme for the application of Mr. Carnegie’s immense gift for the improvement of their city, and so we met there from time to time—first as friendly rivals, and later as brothers in adversity—for though the plans in our reports were widely different, they were alike too much in advance of our clients’ readiness for them. We have not often met since then, though always with friendly greetings, since our work has been in altogether different places ; but again we find ourselves in splendid rivalry, and on a larger scale now—indeed in some ways the greatest possible—for he is at the planning of Athens, and I am off on a kindred errand to Jerusalem. So it will be interesting to compare our respective reports and plans once more ! ”

Tidying up his many papers and packing trunks while he talked to me, as I helped him, Geddes had rambled on—sometimes talking into his beard so that I could scarcely catch what he was saying, but I remember the following :

“ All such constructive work, of course, goes on unnoticed : peoples and governments alike are too full of what they think the great politics of the world. The problem before Europe, and before America as well, is broadly that following on the war—that of settling between the two great alternatives now

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before us—one the continued Balkanizing of the world towards further strifes, and the other its Helvetizing, as we may call the work of the League of Nations at its best. For, as the Balkans have been the very type of the unequilibrated peoples and regions of Europe—and thus the starting point of the recent war—so Switzerland is the old and standard example of what Europe and the world need—the equilibration of peoples of different races, languages and faiths, into peaceful co-operation. Though for such large aims and large views, the quiet detailed work of region and city planners in renewal and improvement is needed and helpful, it scarcely as yet enters, because in every great country its public and Press, its statesmen, too, have their essential thought—conscious and sub-conscious alike—steeped in the tradition of Rome. The Roman Empire, with its Cæsarism and centralization repeated in every capital, has evoked all later empires. It ruled on both sides in the war—and in the after-war too much as well; with differences throughout, yet mainly of detail.

“ But in all this, they practically forget how from Athens came most of Rome’s civilization, and from Jerusalem its later Christian unity.

“ So, what now do these incipient renewals—of Athens and of Jerusalem—mean to us who work at them, and by and by to those for whose future we work? As we plan and reorganize, we see them suggesting and symbolizing two great possibilities and policies for the world, each better than Balkanizing, more even than Helvetizing. What signifies, do you think, on the great world scale and that of reopening history, the renewal of this little old Athens, of that little old Jerusalem? In the long run, if you think of it, the renewal of Athens and its university symbolizes nothing short of the re-Hellenizing of Europe. And from all its old culture-centres, of course; for what has been the glory and pride of Paris, of Florence,

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of Oxford, Edinburgh or Weimar—or where you will—but as, at its best, something of a later Athens? And reviving Jerusalem stands for yet more—a true re-Hebraizing of Europe and the West; that is, the renewal of the ancient discernment of Unity, and this not only in the cosmic universe but in the moral order also? That these two main culture-cities of the past, each in its own way supreme, should thus in the present, however dimly (in the opening future why not more clearly?) be rekindling their ancient altars, is thus more significant than even they, much less the world, yet see. For they must each renew their ancient messages to the world, now so largely returned to barbarism for having forgotten them: Hellenism, with its high initiatives in sciences and in arts, in philosophy, in citizenship; Hebraism, with its initial proclamation of Unity in the order of Nature and in the right adjustment of human life, and its never abandoned witness to these. Though to Helvetize the world be thus the great aim of the League of Nations, the success of this cannot but be in the measure in which the world is at once re-Hellenized, re-Hebraized as well. Re-Christianized thus also, for Christianity is a union of both elements; but those so-called Christians who despise the Greek, and hate the Jew, and thus break away from their heritage on both sides, are reverting to barbarism, and that no longer pure and simple, but debased and brutalized—losing, casting away, their souls.

“The future will quarrel less about the names of religions; their essential value is the measure of their reuniting spirit of love.”

A reviewer of one of the *Making of the Future* series, published before his departure for Jerusalem, says: “There is more Inspiration and Revelation and Salvation and Sanctification and Beatification in any of the Geddes’ books than in all the Church creeds

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and sermons put together." Still, I think the best of him is in his conversation.

"Utopian" has long seemed a fitting term of scorn to hurl at those well-meaning dreamers who stretched their hands to floating sky-ladders they never could quite reach ; but with Geddes and his prophecy of Eutopia, we, at last—after all these many Utopians—get something to catch hold of : something firm, rock-like, upon which to build up a better civilization ; for this, like that Hebrew one of the Promised Land so long ago, has the basic rock of geography and commonsense, and of regional observation of Nature and Man.

"More, like Erasmus, was a shrewd punster. U-topia is not Greek. But Ou-topia means No-place, and so the impossible ideal ; Eu-topia means the best of each place in its fitness and beauty. A cynically discouraged world missed this latter reading, as More indeed had cause to foresee."

Here may follow the Civic Oath, which he would, again, have taken by young citizens, as they became educated to a sense of the social inheritance passed on to the Present by the thought and labour of the Past. For to Geddes the essential Past is to be distinguished—as Heritage—from that heavy burden of tradition, which provokes revolt.

"We will never bring disgrace to this our city, by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks ; we will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with the many ; we will revere and obey the city's laws, and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught : we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public's sense of civic duty. Thus, in all these ways, we will transmit this city, not only not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Geddes and Branford, *Our Social Inheritance*, London, 1919.

## JERUSALEM

Do I exaggerate when I say that, for me at least, it seems that Patrick Geddes is helping to lay the foundation of living faith—based upon the realities of science—and elastic for development and discovery; so poetic that it lights up the world of thought both for the artist and for the worker, and so true that it cannot be set aside—no matter into how many different groups it may split up individually, or according to place, climate, occupation and temperament of folk?

As such teaching increases, completes, develops, real faith may grow. Mystics in the future will not have to resort to pictures of angels in nightshirts, as did that great artist, William Blake, nor be confined to great thought-forms of the past. Emotionalized transcriptions of realities—and idealities—the best of science transmuted through art, satisfaction for the spirit and inspiration for the imagination; at the same time a call to action such as the world has not had for long.

Late in 1923, Geddes—then in his seventieth year—returned from India and crossed to America, where he lectured and planned an Outlook Tower (and was headlined as the “modern Leonardo”). During the previous season he had—among numerous other activities—planned the University for Hyderabad according to the spirit of his teaching, and he and his son were also planning Tagore’s University in Bengal. He spent two days in London before proceeding again to India, stopping on the way to see old friends and pick up threads (as well as sow seeds) in Brussels, Paris, and Geneva. During his passage through London, on what was his last voyage to India, Le Play House gave a dinner for him, at which Sir John Cockburn, who presided, said that it might surprise Professor Geddes to hear that he was one of the causes of the modern Woman’s Suffrage Movement! For, he explained, it was *after reading* “*The Evolution*

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of Sex," and being armed by it in his youth, that he went to Australia and there fought until women had votes. So the fight, which was afterwards taken up in London, and won there, too, a good while later, owed much to the pioneer Australians, and, before them, therefore, to *The Evolution of Sex*.

## CHAPTER XIII

### MONTPELLIER

His Eastern labours done, and after serious illness due to the Indian climate, Professor Geddes settled at Montpellier, and was soon actively on the war-path there, despite his advancing years. The following is his own brief summary of the new beginning, of the work of his old age (to him as the reader by now will know, the period of life-flowering, or senescence, the best period for the best work, for the finest influencing, or making, of the future) :

Collège des Ecosais,  
Plan des Quatre Scigneurs,  
Montpellier,

3 December, 1924.

“ Here now these six or seven weeks, hard at work building and gardening, and with constant supervision of both—half-a-dozen gardeners at it—not to speak of masons, joiners, labourers, etc. I've not had such a time since making D'ce garden and building Ramsay Garden—for though of course this is a much smaller affair, it is more complex, as by enclosing this old two storey cottage—and on all *four* sides curiously enough—e.g., the old kitchen (now for dining room) has had to have eight holes (doors, windows, etc., great and small) cut through its walls !

“ Imagine this ragged moor I failed to buy—then its steep corner *here* I pounced on ; with mediæval quarry slope overgrown with wild shrubbery above and grassy theatre-like slope below to old stone walls, now beautifully blue with time ; below this again a little olive-yard (there are also olives above) ; below again, a small vineyard opening to a village-road ; and below this again, our future tennis-court between high walls and fine pine



## GEDDES : THE MAN AND HIS GOSPEL

wood of my present home—the little *château* (not *castle*, of course) of Les Brusses (of which my place was the *garrigue*). All pretty well lapsed from its reclamation many years past ; whence the five Italians needed to supplement the permanent Frenchman, whom I am training (I hope) from very decent labourer to gardener proper. My word ! how these Italians astonish the French, and me, too ! Never before did I understand so clearly how the Romans conquered, and with spade as well as sword ; one in particular I cannot but call Hercules ! And if we had such men for and in education, things would ‘ hum ’ anew—become Promethean as well.

“ Imagine then the old terraces broken or fallen—new ones needed also—terrace-fields partly unreclaimed, many outcrops of rock to be blasted or cut out to get such land as may be ploughed for use ! Big stones also utilized as ‘ *garde-fous* ’ for my *other* quarry—a XIX C. one, now being developed as Rock Garden, above on edges and below cliffs ; which I’m altering by blasting here and there to improve picturesqueness, and to get space for planting fig trees in crevices, and stones great for foreground-heightening and smaller for rock garden pockets, dry walls, etc.

“ Imagine too ‘ *Le Volcan* ’—a local name and fame I at first supposed to apply to the crater-like aspect of the quarry ; but no—a rock opening, from which rises warm vapour-laden air from depths (and apparently with CO<sub>2</sub>), and condensing its invisible vapour on cool mornings. Hope soon to turn on geologist and chemist and get it explained and analysed. I see also how to warm *Salon* besides, and to run a small greenhouse—without injury of course to nature or amenity of quarry effects, etc. And even to get a ‘ *grotto* ’ in the quarry-hole below *Salon* door-window. And a tripod for the *Sibyl* !

“ By and by, too, the indispensable *Bois de Pins*, which every proper farm or country house, small or great, in these parts has by this time at full height, as admirably around Les Brusses below—but which has here to be planted (soon). I have only as yet one good tree (and that not very big), the best of its kind in the district, and greatly admired accordingly—an old *Chêne-vert*, usually mere brushwood. But of course thereby all the more sun—the essential of this region in winter, as shade in summer.

“ So you see I’m greatly pleased with the place, and

## MONTPELLIER

with myself, as again happily at real *work*—open air all day long—and bed after bread and milk supper—say 8 p.m.—to begin next day with a spate of thinking, from 5, 4, 3 (or 2) a.m., as the case may be, and before going up to work, at 7, or 7.30, or 8. I am only writing to-day—and the first non-business letter for long—because it is pouring, and no one can work (we have had the edge of the great N.W. European storm here—and beyond local memory they say). In short, I am again realizing *vivendo discimus!* (and even *Creando pensamus!*)

“ Another matter which pleases me is to be making (and to the joy of my dear old friend Flahault) a not inconsiderable succursale to the Jardin des Plantes (long ago over-crowded and not able to extend, since now suburb-blocked)—especially as regards my wild Flora and shrubberies (of course respected), my incipient Bois—an afforestation experiment on small demonstration scale, and my rocky quarry for succulents and *dry* plants generally.

“ Also I hope here to illustrate and develop my theory of variation in planting out—indeed, I dream anew of



getting at my long-laboured botanic *opus*, entombed since I left Dundee, and indeed never cleared up there!

“ So I might ramble on, for here are dreams emerging towards deeds, and some of the ‘ High Gestes ’ I’ve failed to do opening out for a new try at each, e.g., University Hall, Edinburgh, and Crosby (each in its way failure, though I hope towards new avatars) improved on here; and as experimental type for new Universities and old ones; and Collège des Ecosais, for renewed siege of that at Paris also.

“ Four studios, too, on plans, of which first two will soon be ready. And a studio cottage, not too far off, forbye.

“ Now my other place, at Domme, in Bordogne, beside my old friend Paul Reclus. I have on my small plateau-space two wide views—over Vezère Valley to N., and another smaller valley to S.—and on top of ridge the most massively built old windmill you ever saw—alike appropriate to situation in past, and future to my particular

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line of quixotism, that of reconstruction after capture. Damp Castle-moat for garden; old terrace walls for fruit, and for lean-to camp-shelters, and a medieval tower-stump, perhaps not past utilization. Then from a steep path up from public road sloping below, you'll by and by enter by old *Porte des Poissoniers*, as they came up to town with their catch from river deep below. This Gate Tower of town has four storeys ruined, since side-wall fallen in, but still complete on two sides, cliff forming fourth. And thus you get up to terrace levels around and below windmill hillock. In short, all this affords the material for 2, 3 or 4 *châteaux* (term not necessarily so imposing as *Castles* in English).

"Finally, I'm after two or three ruined cavern-cottages at Les Eyzies, for our Archæological Station soon to begin.

"You'll think my ship has come in. But no; my studio-cottage (4 rooms, studio and an acre) over the ridge hard by, cost only £50, and this Domme place under £100 (though with taxes and expenses, say £60 and £120), while the Les Eyzies cottages will be dear at £10 apiece! say thus £200 in all. Of course, I can't afford to do them up very much, or almost at all, till ship does come in again—somehow!

"There, enough of these rambles! But there is method in my present madness, as in previous ones.

"P.G."

Very soon further scope was needed, and he purchased an ancient *château* in the region where he is now in full swing, running colleges, buildings, gardens; and educating men who will be leaders in their turn; and each year he passes through London on his way to Scotland, where he still writes books on biological subjects in collaboration with Professor Arthur Thomson; this year their long-dreamed *Essentials of Biology*.

His editing of the *Making of the Future* series, in conjunction with Victor Branford, at the Sociological Society, still goes on, and a valuable contribution was made to the literature of the *Coal Crisis*, in two volumes, too little yet read. I caught him in the Society library on a recent meteor-like visit to London, where he rarely stays more than two days. He was

PLATE VIII



Population Map of the United Kingdom with inset Coal-fields of same.  
(From "Cities in Evolution" by P. Geddes.  
Williams and Norgate, Publishers).



talking with a journalist and with the Director of a British Cinema Company.

To the journalist he said :

“Why can't we settle the coal business by Film, h'm ? It is a matter of enlightenment, and here you have an instrument for the purpose, but one you haven't yet learnt how to make the most use of.”

“It would take too long to prepare,” said the journalist.

“Well, what of it,” was the prompt reply ; “the coal business will not be settled in a year. The subsidy,” he went on, “should have been given on condition that the owners undertook to reorganize the mines on the one hand, and on the other hand on condition that the miners undertook to give maximum production.” He walked up and down feverishly, pulling his beard and running his fingers through his hair.

“It is an old and tiresome story,” he said, coming to a standstill before us, “but still too true, that though in no country has science yet adequately come into application, we are here in the main essentially behind the continent and America. The time is surely ripe for the order of the Town-planners ?

“Let us take the Royal Geographical Society's Atlas”—he went to the shelves and producing it, he opened it out on the table before us. “Now, compare this population map of England and Wales with this corresponding inset map of the coal fields. Don't you see how, London excepted, coal and population go together ? London obviously cannot understand the coal areas ; nor do these areas yet know themselves.” He paused dramatically and then went on :

“The current dispute between capital and labour is too much specialized upon their immediate money interests of profits and wages ; to the neglect of the stupendous energy-economics. But if you study the last, don't you see you would soon abate, even avert,

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the losses which both parties now so wearily bear—indeed”—he sat down beside us—“even with substantial gain instead.”

“What,” I asked, “interrupting his energetic flow of talk, “do you suggest should be immediately done ?”

“Mobilize the Town-planning Institute,” was the quick reply. “Get out reports such as Patrick Abercrombie has made for Kent.”

“But,” I objected, “this would cost money.”

“Very well,” he said, “multiply the cost of Abercrombie’s Survey and Report by the number of districts requiring the like. The cost, I tell you, is small. After this, of course, there would be financing towards execution. But are there not a good many mining companies willing to face their share of this constructive and necessary work ? They must bring themselves up to date, and out of the present mess. Suppose we even asked for a million pounds ? What is that compared to the recent subsidy ? And it would not be money given away, but money invested. What is a million compared to the special and national losses since the subsidy ended and the strike began. H’m ?” He only paused for a moment, and, closing the Atlas, he continued : “Recall the financings of War ; have combatants ever had the money in hand for that ? They fight along and get it as they can ; and so again in this crisis—already a minor civil war, and full of evil omens of a greater one—must we not somehow do the like ?”

“What would be the use of all this planning ?” put in the journalist warily.

“The use ?” rapped out Geddes. “Is there any sane man who does not see the thousandfold return to be obtained from carrying out methods like Abercrombie’s in Kent ?”

“But that,” objected the journalist, “is a new, undeveloped coal-field.”

“ And do not the old ones need the same treatment ? Of course they do ! The task of clearing up these old ones is not so entirely different as you might at first suppose. Avoid waste and woeful muddle devastating the old mines now. Is it not a special distinction of the English mind in its political intelligence, again and again, to solve such problems by workable adaptations, instead of by sudden and violent ruptures ? Well, here, I submit, is a common-sense contribution towards ending the trouble once and for all : mobilize towards its treatment the very pick of the planning and engineering professions ; and so blend our conflicting groups and interests, economical and political alike, usefully mediating by this method of bringing in such relevant external resources of skill, towards solutions of their difficulties. I say, to Owners and Workers alike, and indeed to all who are suffering from the situation—and why not also those who are thinking over it ”—he had let his cigarette out and now only stopped to light another—*“ Try Regional Planning ! Give us a hearing,”* he said, turning to the journalist, who was busy with his notes, “ for we are an evolutionary group, not a revolutionary one, and we are not a ‘ party.’ ”

“ But what,” put in the Cinema man, “ are we to do while all this is taking place ? ”

“ The old slogan,” said Geddes slowly, “ of ‘ Business as Usual ! ’ has now to be definitely abandoned for good and all. Business is not as usual. . . . We range far beyond the boundaries of current schools of economics and politics.” He paused, then smiled : “ Proposals like these may not, of course, appeal at first to ‘ practical ’ men. But are they not proven Futilitarians ? With their everyday moral temperaments so depressed and their paralysed imaginations and correspondingly lowered intellectual range ? Yet these very men were stirred by the war out of their routine automatisms, their ‘ business as usual,’



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and what not, however much the after-war relapsing may again have discouraged them. Town-planners are accustomed to deal with this conventional routine apathy—and, mark you, planners think in terms of real wages, are alive to fatigue problems, and do not stagnate merely in terms of money and hours, terms of the conventional economics. Planners,” he added, “deal faithfully with owners and workers alike. As it is,” he went on, “even with the subsidy, owners have done little towards improving the mines, of which the technique even at best is rarely up to date. Is it not something”—he turned to us all—“something of a curiosity, we say, to owners and workers alike, this British backwardness in face of American efficiency in our most important industry? Rightly managed, efficiency methods can advance at once the material interest of each worker along with his bodily health and mental vigour, as well as of the mine and the public which it serves. And we need a no less thorough reorganization on the commercial side, from our local coal-merchants to our foreign exporters; similarly, too for the Transport Agencies, Shipping, Roads, Canals, Railways.”

“Do you want,” queried the journalist, “to Americanize us?”

“Not at all,” snapped the Professor, for once tired of those who could not follow him. “Wait till I have done, then you will see I am not copying any country, though taking the good from wherever I find it, and adding more; for instance, what about Lens? You know what the French have built there out of their poverty, out of their ruins? If not an ideal coal district, at any rate the nearest they can get to their ideal? Do you really want,” he said passionately, “to lose the peace? Of course you don’t *want* to; but if you newspaper men don’t wake up you’ll bring ruin down on the whole nation. Now, I say, that while all that I have described is in pro-

gress, we need a no less corresponding domestic and civic coal economy, and this better looked after by all concerned: from municipal corporations to their constituent house-wives in their homes."<sup>1</sup>

"Then you think," I ventured, "that we are all to blame for the present crisis, and not merely the Government or even the Opposition?"

"Assuredly. We ARE the Government!" was the characteristic reply as the journalist looked at his watch and hurried away, armed with notes that no paper would publish, as it turned out.

Yet it was only a month or so later that Sir Alfred Yarrow, whom no one could call unpractical, writing from his inside knowledge of great industries, said: "Until Social Science is taught in the schools . . . I do not believe any real progress will be made in avoiding constant disputes between employers and employed," which brings us back to Geddes' first words to the journalist: "Why can't we settle the coal business by Film?" for this is exactly what he meant; but it is his idea that Social Science should be taught to the parents while it is being taught in the schools; and by Film in both cases, as a start to further study of what is not yet the modern political economy. For the trouble is that out-of-date and obsolete thinking on both sides obscures the issues, and yet we have in the Cinema the instrument for quickly enlightening the whole nation, as Geddes enlightened the inhabitants of Indore with his dramatized version of Health instruction in the form of the magnificent pageant he staged, when he was given permission by the Ruler to act as Maharajah for a day! The same thing can be done on the Film, and Geddes is the man to do it, for well he understands that nothing goes home with the public like a good entertainment.

So that when he turned, after he had bowled out

<sup>1</sup> See Making of the Future series, *The Coal Crisis and The Future*, and *Coal, Ways to Reconstruction*. Le Play House Press, 1926.

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the journalist for the time being, to the Cinema Director in person, it was only following up this thought that made him say to him :

“ Why don't you produce films that will *do* something ? ”

“ There are educational films,” began his visitor, “ but we are out to provide entertainment.”

“ Exactly,” said Geddes angrily ; “ another of your Futile divisions. Of course, if you divide entertainment from education you will fail with both ! Of course, they want to be entertained ; so do I, so do you.” He turned with a smile to me. “ Do any of us want to be bored with dry-as-dust crammed down our throats as education, h'm ? And as for entertainment, are not the Americans themselves wearying of their own Cinema fare ? Of course they are ; and you start in to try and compete with them by aiming at what they have done better and are sick of. Oh, yes you are. And you'll fail. The one way to beat them and to get the world market, is to produce something new . . . all wars have been won by the men of imagination who came forward at the crucial moment with new weapons and surprised the enemy out of his strong entrenchments. Very well. That's your job, go forward with new methods ; make films that do something, as my pageant in India did. . . .” Geddes now described, in vivid language, that pageant, the details of which are to be found in his “ Report to the Durbar of Indore,” or more lately in *The Survey Graphic* (N.Y. 1925), and held his listener spellbound as he made him see how he had entertained the people and *diminished the plague*, by dramatization of facts, done in popular style, with all the local tradition and ceremony, so that the lesson went home ; it was real to them, it roused them, they enjoyed it and took it to heart. From calling him in fear at the outset the old Sahib who brings the plague, they acclaimed him as “ The

old Sahib who charms away the plague." Then, unconsciously beginning to act himself, as in the old Masque of Learning days, he, suiting the action to the word, set forth three distinct scenarios which will have to be filmed one day, so why not now? So good was his acting that his listener, though unable to get the full gist of all he was saying, asked him if he would consent to act in one of his productions. Geddes laughed, quite pleased, it seemed, and did not actually refuse. His eyes gleamed as he said with a humorous smile:

"We'll see, we'll see.

"But now, if you strike a new note you'll win, and if you merely follow safe worn paths, you'll fail. Take big risks, but take them with a policy behind you. Entertain your audience, but have the sense to see when they tire of one kind of food you must give them another. Why entertain them on pap? Mix a little meat with it next time . . . give them a meal, why not? You'll have to come to it in time, so why not make a beginning, h'm? Don't be frightened by the stupendous capital of the Americans; remember how we beat the Germans at the Ghent exhibition the year before the war; they had all, or nearly all, the capital then, but we had all, or nearly all, the ideas; poorly clad as we were, an International Jury awarded all the honours to us, not at all impressed, you see, by the expensive costumes in which our competitors dressed up their lack of imaginative vitality.

"It is, after all"—he leaned back restfully, a little spent by the energetic out-put of the past few hours—"an old story, that of David and Goliath, isn't it? You'll get your capital, enough to struggle along with, that is (and that is enough, for there is such a thing, you know as well as I do, as being over-capitalized), if you have IDEAS, for IDEAS ARE CAPITAL—the first essential, since only by having ideas can you

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gather in money to start with. So I say again, you've got a tremendous instrument ; why not learn to use it so that it *does* something ? ”

“ I can't take on propaganda,” said the rather foggy Cinema man, picking up his hat and cane thoughtfully.

“ But you are doing it all the time ! ” laughed Geddes, rising too. “ Aren't you feeding people's minds with rubbish and unreality most of the time, h'm ? Isn't that doing propaganda for rubbish ? And what about the propaganda for vice and crime and unreal ambitions and unnatural expenditure and silly vanities . . . ? Aren't you propagating what may cause havoc in the race all over the earth, most of your time, eh ? ”

“ We give the people what they want ; we have to when such vast sums of money are entrusted to us. . . ”

“ *Do* you give the people what they want ? That's the question.” Geddes looked him very squarely in the face. “ Have they not, rather, come to want what you give them ? ”

“ It takes great genius,” I put in, “ to put realities into dramatic form as entertainment . . . and at best the Cinema seems to me to have so far more energy than genius among its writers.”

“ It's up to the Director to see that the people are not fed on straw,” said Geddes, at the door, dashing off already late, to see the Commissioner for India.

After which he had an appointment to dine with a great newspaper proprietor, and after that a publisher to see for a friend. And all this as merely side issues of a day's work, at seventy-two years of age ! How aptly had he described himself to me a year or so ago when, after one of his lectures, a man in the audience had turned to me saying : “ Either Geddes is superficial, or else he has invented the greatest of all cramming machines ; for one man could not otherwise possibly know so much about so many different

things." This man did not recognize that it is because of his "Notation of Life" that Geddes has been able to "burgle all the other professors' departments," but Geddes himself, when he heard what his listener had said, replied: "You think I am a genius? Nothing of the sort. I merely work harder than most people, and am physically well and strong—an old Bull of the Herd, h'm?"

This "old Bull of the Herd" had for his father, a long-lived Captain in the renowned Royal Highlanders, or 42nd Regiment, "and," writes a friend,<sup>1</sup> "in all Perth there was no man who so arrested and held public estimation and esteem. His remarkable soldierly bearing, his gentleness, sincerity and consistent kindness—a certain sadness in the dark eyes, and the tan of service on his face, are vividly in my recollection—the very embodiment of a good soldier of the Master."

"Patrick and I were schoolfellows, and from his very earliest days he was in a foremost outstanding rank all his own. He, even in those early days, acquired skill in handicraft by serious attendance in the workshop of a Perth carpenter. He passed into the National Bank at Perth for a year, and then went to London, first as student and then assistant to Prof. Huxley. Since then he has been a student at so many Continental Universities that there is no use elaborating further; and then he went to Mexico botanizing and fossil digging. In 1880 he was back in Edinburgh, and became Senior Assistant to Prof. Dickson at the University Botanic Garden."

Mr. Macdonald recalls, too, the extra-mural lectures given at that time on Zoology, in the School of

<sup>1</sup> James Macdonald, Bailie of Linlithgow.

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Medicine, and he says : “ I recollect very well how the teacher astounded us by his artistic drawings, and his lecturing, devoid of even a scrap of paper.

“ I know,” he ends, “ of no other more fit training, actual experience and alert vigour to set alongside that of Geddes, wherein management of affairs and men are called for, while his total absence of self-seeking is conspicuous beyond expression.”

Soon after getting this from the Bailie of Linlithgow, who is a Solicitor and Notary Public, I received a letter, written by Geddes in 1926, to a leading Indian Agriculturist, which is so typical, such a fitting summary of what he stands for, that I print it here as a condensation, as it were, of my whole book :

“ Our college garden here will interest you ; and first as a *heath-reclamation*—for as I have been again planning in Palestine as well as for Jerusalem University, I have to go one better than my clients at such work ! Our gardens are for use, for beauty and for science—botanical, etc., and with ‘ Philosophers’ ways ’ as of old. For every science is peripatetic—for observation and reflection by turns.

“ Here, too, as in Edinburgh, we have Students’ Hall of Residence, and Outlook Tower ; also a fine old Château as country-house and holiday centre for the university community in the widest sense, and thus both near and far ; and all this as the start towards more. Thus an American and an Indian Hall are already on plan and in active preparation. The little ‘ College des Zionistes ’ is already occupied ; next there may be other nationalities. In fact, we are at the beginning of a ‘ Cité Universitaire,’ part of the needed complemental ones, all over France, to the larger one now aimed at for Paris ; and each will become a League of ‘ Academic Nations ’ again as of old ; and now more needed than ever. Do you know why Stresemann has proved the most reasonable of German statesmen, and most able to get on with the allied ones, at Geneva and elsewhere ? Because in youth he was a student at Geneva University ; and there he learned to appreciate French and other foreign peoples, with their cultures and civilizations.

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International studies in one generation thus make for better politics in the next ; so they are a needed agency towards future peace.

“ And as the L. of N. has its International Intellectual Relations Committee, now starting on a large scale in Paris, so (not without touch with that) have we ; of course, in germ, and as preparatory syndicate. This is linking up our Edinburgh Tower, through Branford and his colleagues with Le Play House (Sociological Society, Tours, etc.) ; and with Otlet's vast Bibliography and Museums at Brussels ; also our beginnings in Dordogne, with Archæological and Regional Geography Tours, conducted by Peyrony and Reclus ; and even with Tagore's University, and with him for President. We are aiming at *Studia Synthetica* ; with circulation of students accordingly ; and thus towards better co-ordination of their studies, and of them as researchers too, with such harmony as may be of their graduation theses. We thus especially aim at advanced students, yet accept a few hopeful younger ones. ‘ University Reform ’ is too slow and difficult ; and ‘ new Universities ’ are too much old ones over again ; so we are out for the formation of the more ideal and yet more practical ‘ University Militant,’ from among the existing ones ; and this by the co-operation of their more progressive members, and towards studies increasingly co-specialised. With groups like Otlet's, Branford's and Reclus', besides those in Edinburgh and Montpellier, and with Tagore as an inspiring President, our network may extend farther before long.

“ Better arranged studies go naturally with endeavours towards better applications of knowledge—Town-planning, for obvious example. Thus here, and elsewhere too, we have the nucleus of a Garden Village, linking the regional outlook with the urban. Otlet, as most ambitious of us all, is active towards Andersen's great scheme of an International City—which Mussolini was considering lately for possible development outside the walls of Rome. “ The ‘ City and University Collaboration Committee ’ at Bombay is also an example of such incipient co-ordination of thought with action. In short, *Studia Synthetica* involve *Agenda Synergica*.

“ The politician may say—that is just what I aim at ! But does he reach it ? He accomplishes little of concrete *Agenda*, i.e., of real work, properly done, for place, work,



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or people ; and still less for all these together. Even in the industrial age, with its railways and transports, etc., he has hindered oftener than helped ; and when he does act for these, as with Suez or Panama Canals, with Nile and Indus Barrages, or draining the Zuyder Zee, he is pushed forward by commercial and financial interests, and these often obscuring and deteriorating the technical advances, and certainly exploiting them. Hence we planners have to come out into the open, and even to the front ; with designs towards making regions again more habitable, fertile and beautiful, and cities more worthy of the name—thus recovering from the deteriorations of the past, and even abating the industrial conflicts of the present. Such designs are indeed appearing, and on larger and larger scales ; witness Abercrombie's recent report for Kent Coalfield area ; or the vast regional plannings around Greater New York.

“ Again, consider the ways and means of afforestation. See how potential for real statesmanship (as even towards the settlement of the war-debts to America, etc., by France) such work might be ! The discussions of the falling franc, and the struggles of balancing the budget by squeezing more and more out of the taxpayer, are missing the real question, that of *valorising* depreciated money, by the creation of more *money's worth*. That can be done ; and in three ways : (a) valorisation of each *place*, as by cultivating, building and foresting ; (b) valorisation of *work*, by better direction, and increased efficiency, American and even super-American ; and thus (3) valorisation of *people*, in health, education, well-being, and better organisation as well. Such valorising is slow, yet what banker or creditor would not think better of a hard-up debtor, if he had great and growing forests behind him, and all these other advantages too ?

“ You, as a large scale agriculturist, ameliorating farms in detail over regions in general, are on the level of true statesmanship. Such work was that of the wise old governments of the Egyptian and Chinese past, regulating their rivers, and of old Ceylon, and India too, catching and holding their rainfall in vast reservoirs and tanks ; and so on. All these are needed for the future. “ Politics ” is a confused party strife, in which no party grasps the larger issues. Its confusion is a vicious parenthesis between the old wisdom of the past, deeply based on geographic and geotechnic realities, and the

needed return to these. Horace Plunkett thus educated his little groups of Irish peasants first, and next influenced America not a little. For Roosevelt's endeavour towards "Conservation of national resources"—versus their mere "business development"—too much as destruction and dissipation—was thus much stimulated and guided by Plunkett's influence and teaching in America, as he indeed generously recognised.

"Foresters, and large-scale Farmers, are thus true statesmen; and though not yet alive to their possibilities, they soon might be. With them come gardeners and fruit-growers, refining these main tasks. And also the Town-planners, who are growing up to City Designers, and Region-organisers too. With these there come also the Doctors, as sanitarians and hygienists; and the Artists and Architects too. Educationists are learning the value of occupational experience, as indeed the Boy Scouts are showing them. The Moralists are emerging from abstract systems, and the spiritual Idealists from dreams or dogmatisms. We all need the Poets—since literally '*makers*' creative beyond us all, yet for us all. And in such a social atmosphere, the poets will be inspired anew.

"So far, then, this attempt towards outlines of our contemporary social evolution, and its needed making of the future. Evolution can only progress through active functioning: (a) socially, as Conduct; (b) individually and mutually, as Behaviour; and (c) efficiently and creatively, as Activity. This working activity is not merely technical, but *eutechnic*, i.e. with the artist's quality manifest, as in every 'good job.' All this has had clear expression in every great period of History. For Good, True and Beautiful are all ever seeking to collaborate in harmony; and sometimes they have gloriously done so. It is something to see how to make fresh beginnings, and start there wherever we can.

"The evils of the past, and those of the industrial present, had their inevitably due catastrophe in the Great War. After such a storm, the waves take time to settle. Our 'after-war' confusions, and perplexities and troubles, are thus not to be wondered at. But it is time to be working anew, in a fresh period, and in a better mood; that of the *Fore-Peace*. Long and difficult though it be to realise constructive peace, the dawn of its renewal is before us. We can go on towards meeting it; and so

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bring our heads together, and join hands for action ; that twofold co-operation is indispensable. Studies isolated—activities separated—these have failed us ; we need *Studia Synthetica*, *Agenda Synergica*, and these carried on in harmony. Each by turns advances the other ; discovery and invention are ever reacting. Science with its keen observation, its rigorous interpretation, ever leads to new and unexpected applications : yet also it learns experimentally by working. The logical and the pragmatic mind thus come together in real life. Our motto of "*Vivendo discimus*" is thus not simply a pragmatic affirmation ; it is an intellectual one, and even idealistic too.

In all this, the religious minds are often asking : Where do we come in ? Are we forgotten ? Are we outside your scientific Synthesis, your technical Agenda ?

Too much, no doubt, hitherto ; and from faults on both sides. But is it necessary ? is it reasonable,—is it even possible, that these faults, and their resulting separations, even antagonisms, can continue ? Assuredly not. Let science first amend its own main limitation as yet ; that of mechanistic conceptions dominating those of life, so that ' things are in the saddle, and ride mankind '. With the evolutionary conception of life, it rises to command of mechanism ; and is no longer in subjugation to it, as in the lower form of the industrial age from which we are now escaping ; as here in this new grouping. Even the religious side of life reappears for us through the recovery of the Life-doctrine which underlies every dogma. Its dogmatisers are after all comparatively recent : the very dogmas science has most sharply attacked were once doctrines vividly and graphically anticipatory of science. Thus geology and biology have verified that it really did take days and days to make the world ; next that its evolution is indeed a creative progress ; and that in this a psychic urge is increasingly manifested. And so for all the great dogmas of the religions and of the philosophies as well. For at their best they arose as intuitions of life ; and this nobly lived. In so far as they have fixed, and even fossilized, into verbal formulations, it is for a fresh study of life to renew their vital meaning ; since it is from vivid glimpses of life that all religions have arisen and all philosophies worth the name as well.

" On the scientific side we also see that syntheses and

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synergies advance with sympathies. In fact, is it not from these that all co-operations start ; and with these that sympathies develop ? In short, *Studia Synthetica*, *Agenda Synergica*, are functions of *Vita Sympathetica*. Is not this what the religious world, at its best, has been saying and feeling all the time ? And in so far as it has fallen short, in thought, and in action, has not its principle of Love declined as well.

“ Here, then, appears the fullest of co-operations— Sciences and Arts organized, in and towards what is no less than Re-Religion ; with the Historic Religions thus re-vitalized as well. Their spirit of Love, which has been their highest good, will thus return to constructive thought and action once more ; and these again felt as Sacred. The age of Temples and Cathedrals, with their ancient threefold co-operation, of good and true expressed in beauty, is thus not past and gone, but renewing, even in our day of small things. But small things grow, like the leaven and the mustard seed of the parables, to this day the best embodiment of sociological foresight and wisdom. So let us be getting on with our respective and associated beginnings.”

In the years to come, when these theories and this practice have become current politics, this letter will be referred to as a summary of the “gospel” of Geddes.

## CHAPTER XIV

### LAST WORDS

THIS book is written because, while I was in America during the War and on my return to London, so many people reiterated the American editors' question to me: "Who is Patrick Geddes, anyway, and what does he stand for?"

I remember meeting a friend of Mr. Victor Branford's in New York who could have answered this question in a way, but who, when she tried to illustrate Geddes' ideas by means of graphs, as he does, was all astray because she had tried to standardize certain diagrams copied from the printed page without knowing the reasoning which they were meant to illustrate.

She had large squares of cardboard cut, upon which she had written single words, and then she tried in vain to play the game of life with these—as expounded in his *Notation of Life*.

This sort of failure to understand or explain what he stands for, one meets very much too often; as also numerous people who, as Professor Abercrombie said the other day, repeat his words, expound his ideas, even carry out some of his theories and make his diagrams, without ever having heard his name!

In America I found schools of civics and of sociology, where the essentials of his thinking were unknown, although he did for civics what Comte did for sociology, and had in addition the first laboratory of sociology in the world. He was talking of Reconstruction a generation ago and has been putting his ideas into practice, wherever possible, ever since:



The Author.



to have a Renaissance now without him would be as impossible as to have had the last Renaissance without Leonardo da Vinci!

I do not know whether any editor has ever reduced the activities and ideas and achievements of Leonardo to an all-inclusive headline. But this I was continually asked to do in regard to Geddes, while I was in America; and even at home the tendency is to endeavour to fit him into some already existing pigeonhole.

It is astonishing that his thought, which has influenced so many people everywhere for so long, is less known in America, and even in London, than it was in the German schools of the nineteenth century,<sup>1</sup> and that Freud's pathological interpretations of dreams should have replaced to a great extent Nietzsche and Wilde, while the real Psychology of Creative Dreaming—which is at the base of all Geddes has ever done—his scientific *Evolution of Sex*, or his theory of Sex, Reproduction and Evolution,—has not yet reached the studios, the drawing-rooms, or the journalists' dens.

What does he stand for? One can reply to that question in one word, or else by an encyclopædia: he stands for Life—for the study of living things in their environment.

Thus he had grown from botanist to town-planner, from psychologist and biologist to psycho-biologist; and from these studies has evolved a working policy which may well be the way out of the difficulties which, in every country, beset us now. In a word, he stands for Etho-Polity—and for a new outlook on everything!

But even the Civic Association of America only knows him by an old book on City Development

<sup>1</sup> Professor Thomson, writing in the *New Statesman* on the death of Haeckel, noted his "good-natured but twinkling complicity" in his own translation into German of Patrick Geddes' article on Morphology from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.



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which he wrote many years ago for the Carnegie Trust ; since which he has by practical applications and fresh thought developed, simplified, and improved his ideas.

I found that the Chairman of the Fine Arts Commission in Washington, for instance, knew him as a town-planner through his Dunfermline book, but did not know his *Cities in Evolution* nor his *Coming Polity*, still less his more complete and clear reports on Indian Cities. Yet when I lent him one of these, he wrote to me that he had "been up half the night engrossed in it."

Similarly with other friends, especially in Washington, I found these ideas of Geddes seemed to them like missing links. But, as a Californian architect said to me persistently when he had "sized them up" — "Those books must be reduced to a simpler statement, every word of which will hit people in the eye!" He has since delivered lectures on Geddes, whom he never met.

It seems, therefore, the vital moment for the publication of some brief and conversational expression of the impressions I gathered while working with Geddes. I could have written his *Life and Letters* in the good old-fashioned way, but I have preferred to make as simple a running narrative as I could ; the material in it will provide people with those pellets wanted by the Californian architect with which to hit them in the eye ! It is better, if one must be so rudely awakened, to be hit by a new and creative philosophy of life, than by re-hashed systems of thought, which were old when Geddes was young ; or by mere pathological studies of the abnormal and the subnormal.

To make a brief survey of what Geddes stands for, is, as I have said, impossible ; but I may quote from one syllabus (out of ten) written for his London University Extension Lectures in 1909.

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He notes how 'with Reclus and Kropotkin the geographic and geotechnic insight, so often lost since Hebrew times, reappears'; and then, he sees 'education beginning to appear in a new light, borrowed neither from the traditional culture nor from the commercialism of its opponents. . . . and its settlement of the long strife between the 'classical' and 'modern' sides, is by the substantial disappearance of both; motor activity, creative interest and energy, aesthetic and social interest all emerging from their long general and social eclipse (during the current industrial age—best summed up as paleo-technic) the pupil becomes something of a neotechnic artist and scientist, and this even of *geotect*, making individual contribution, however small, to use and beauty, in home, garden, and city. Examination-passing must thus be developed into the production of a masterpiece . . . and as the present dominant impulses of fear and competition are thus abated, eupsychics and eugenics return to their ancient dominance and leadership in education . . . vocational training readily re-appears. Here then is a main factor of needed and recipient revivance of country and town communities. . . . 'We have thus not only in thought and complement the economic ethics and politics of Rome by the etho-politics of Athens; but in action aim at the 'righteousness' of Israel and at 'Life' of a simpler yet more psychologic and synthetic teaching, if we would obtain any real vision of the Ideal City.' . . . 'The problem of evil, so long left to the theologian or metaphysician, must increasingly be grappled with by the sociologist. . . . If we cannot yet say as much for vice, there is undeniable progress in the comprehension of crime and the treatment of the criminal . . . and there are beginnings of re-union and co-operation towards unifying interpretation, and action, even in ways recalling those of old. Here then may not our unified doctrine of life be of application? Indeed, why less a social pathology than with organic disease?'

Coming then to an outline of his vision for a civic future, he said:

"We should no longer be dreaming of the future, but observing it, as does the embryologist, within the actual living present . . . for the buds of next spring are no mere matter of hope and prevision:

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they are already here. The young child's second dentition is well forward before the first gives way ; and so on throughout living nature ; whose evolution is thus no mere indefinite variation and adaptation . . . but an unfolding, an effoliation of deep and latent tendencies, a resultant of inward conditions and processes no less deeply, than of external ones superficially. . . . The essential matter is not criticism of the past, but observation and discernment in the present and those of the Incipient Future. Here then the special students of the preliminary sciences are obviously the ' Intellectuals ' (of Comte) of our fourfold scheme,<sup>1</sup> and the artists for whom the preceding phases (of modern life) have had so little use, have now their corresponding status as the ' Emotionals,' say rather ' Expressionals.'

"The criterion of this phase of culture is thus a technic one . . . of quality, not quantity, irrespective of the former standards of quantity of production, of expansion, or of riches, which we saw essential to the predominant world arounds us. . . . Philosophy, then, unites with science towards intellectual order ; and the corresponding emotional development intensifies will towards . . . city design. For with comprehensive thought and vivified feeling comes the geotechnic reconstruction of nature and cities. . . . On the present view we understand how the new cities of the world have already renewed most of the evils of the old ; . . . but what if the model of colonization be rather from the Boston of 1630 than from Chicago or Winnipeg to-day ; from Israel of old rather than from Scotland of to-day ; in general from Galilee rather than from Rome ?"

The last sentence indeed gives a real indication as to what he does stand for—this Scotsman who, despite his many contributions to literature and science and his other varied and strenuous activities

<sup>1</sup> I have gone fully into the fourfold scheme earlier in this book.

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as lecturer and teacher, gardener and city-planner and encyclopædist, can nevertheless continually speak, almost with ferocity, beyond his seventieth year, of his "lifelong silence"! So much he evidently has yet to say which up to now has had to go unsaid!

But of course I make no attempt to fill up his blanks, or even completely to cover all his fields. Since 1886, when one of the longest of his many lines of work came to light with the publication of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* article on *Sex* there has been a stream of creative thought, which will be more widely known to the opening generation than it has been to our own, although as assistant in the late seventies with Huxley, Burdon-Sanderson, Schafer, etc., or in Paris University, he had early made his mark. It was not until 1889, with the classic *Evolution of Sex*, written in collaboration with his old student and lifelong friend, Professor Arthur Thomson (later the author of *Heredity* and one of the editors of the Home University Library) that Geddes came to the front for general readers. When, in 1901, a new edition of this work was published, it was still ahead of its time. In 1911 came *Evolution*, and later *Sex* by the same authors, in more popular form. And nowadays, as Geddes says, "Sex is overcoming the old embargo on its very mention; indeed sometimes too fully!" (See their *Biology* too.)

For ten years and more at the Sociological Society, of which he was one of the founders, Geddes has been winning recognition for civics as a science; and in many papers he has put forward ideas which, at first seeming too unconventional, are coming in to-day.

On looking back, however, I find a good many more appreciations than I knew had already appeared. First, perhaps, of all—nearly a generation ago—Israel Zangwill wrote of his visit to Geddes in

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Edinburgh; and I borrowed this essay from *Without Prejudice* for the succeeding chapter.

Soon after this a well-known American sociologist, Professor Zueblin, described the Outlook Tower at length as "the world's first sociological laboratory."

In American literature one comes across ideas now and then which show at least indirect familiarity with this laboratory; but most of its influence is unknown; for instance, the City Surveys in the United States, which have of late years outrun ours, were actively initiated about 1900 by Dr. Tolman, of the American Institute of Social Service, for its survey of New York—after his visit to the Outlook Tower in Edinburgh.

But French writers have been quicker to realize the value of Geddes' ideas. M. Demolins used to lecture at the summer meetings of the Tower and thence started on his *Anglo-Saxon Superiority*. The famous brothers, Élisée Reclus—the "grand old man" of geography—and Elie Reclus, the historian and philosopher of religions, with their son and nephew, Paul Reclus, were for many years active allies of Geddes, sometimes in Edinburgh, with others, like Abbé Klein, Paul Desjardins and more. Geddes has been of late years a friend and appreciative critic of Bergson. But English critics, save Mr. Zangwill, have been slow to listen to what he had to say; slowest of all, as is the way of the world, were his own fellow-Scots and fellow-citizens. But the "witches" to whom I have referred in describing the Outlook Tower, stirred up Dr. John Kelman (now, unluckily for Edinburgh, called away to a leading church in New York); and his *The Interpreter's House* is the best account of the Tower and its doings yet published; and with it was set going some years before the war the committee which saved its existence when Geddes was discouraged and on the eve of closing it down.

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In 1913, A. G. Gardiner<sup>1</sup> in his *Pillars of Society*, stimulated by the performance of the *Masque of Learning*, gave what is as yet the best journalistic impression of this founder of the modern science and art of civics. Vernon Lee, in her *House of Mirrors*, has taken the title of her book from the *camera obscura* of the Tower, and she paints a word-picture of this first home of civics. In many books and prefaces may be found grateful references to Geddes and his work.

Numerous efforts have been made to describe the exhibitions of cities and of ideas in the Tower that grew into the large one with which Geddes, single-handed, and without official support or recognition,

<sup>1</sup> I herewith extract, with the kind permission of Messrs. Nisbet and Co., a few lines from Mr. Gardiner's fine appreciation :

" Patrick Geddes comes like a Crusader, with his *Masque of Learning*, his astonishing enthusiasm, his eloquence and what someone has called his 'elfish fantasy' . . . to bring the world out of its dusty pigeon-holes. . . . To meet Patrick Geddes for the first time is an intellectual red-letter day. . . . His talk envelops you like an atmosphere, your mind becomes all windows into the past and windows into the future. . . . Learning and life are no longer divorced, but going hand in hand to the complete triumph over the misery and confusion of things. . . . You fall under (his) spell as he reveals the significance of Greek Mythology, translates it into a complete philosophy of life and applies it to the living present and the problem of the making of a great city. For he is above all things a prophet of citizenship. . . . The dead bones of knowledge would not satisfy Patrick Geddes. He must escape from that which killeth to that which giveth life. . . . His mind is a seed plot of ideas. They spring up with bewildering fertility, which would be disquieting if one did not remember that they are all connected at the root. . . . He thinks in such various quantities . . . and has such unique mental idioms, that it is difficult for the heavy-footed to follow him. And yet, however baffling and elusive he seems, the fascination is unfailling. . . . I sometimes say to a student : ' Ah, you have been under Geddes, I see ? ' ' No, ' is the reply, ' I have been with so-and-so at Oxford. ' ' Ah, the same thing, ' I say. ' He was with so-and-so at University Hall under Geddes twenty-five years ago. ' . . . There are dozens of reputations to-day which owe their inspiration to Geddes, just as there are movements and ideas, un-associated with his name, that truly belong to him. . . . Geddes has never made concessions to a dull world. He has obeyed his own imperious impulses, has followed his own splendid vision, without counting the cost or the consequence. Posterity will thank him for it."

Sometime ago, in a Press cutting, I came across some of the above sentences—with no acknowledgment to their author. I have used them in the book, and feel the need here to thank Mr. Gardiner for the chapter in *his* book which has made my task easier.—A.D.

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beat the German experts, with their Government resources behind them, the year before the war.

In 1915 there appeared in the *Forum* of New York two articles by Huntly Carter called *The Garden of Geddes*, with an appreciation of some sides of his life-work, his gardening and town-planning especially.

Appreciative papers appear from time to time in French and Spanish periodicals, and he himself contributes to *The N.Y. Survey* and *The Sociological Review*, etc., etc., but the large public still remains indifferent, partly perhaps owing to the fact that he, who will give away the results of his labours to almost any inquirer, is very shy of publicity. With the habitual modesty of the real scientist, the real artist, the cloistered dreamer and doer, when there is the merest hint of turning the limelight on to him, he is gone! Through his discursive and communicative ways, the thunder of his many beginnings gets stolen, often by people themselves forgetful of the source, and who have passed it on to many others who never hear his name. Thus, as has been stated, not long ago Professor Abercrombie, of the School of Civic Design in Liverpool University—who is now planning Sheffield and Dublin—wrote to me saying that it was surprising to find people expressing Geddes' ideas, even using his phraseology and making his diagrams—yet usually quite innocent of any knowledge of him!

In 1916 at the Oxford "Ideals in Education Conference," Sir Michael Sadler, now Master of University College, Oxford, said, as his chairman :

"We have all come here to listen to Professor Geddes, who is a prophet, a seer, a man of great vision."

In 1914 Messrs. Duckworth published a big volume by Victor Branford, one of Geddes' earliest Edinburgh students and closest of friends, whose delightful *St. Columba* had come to me the previous year like

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water in a desert. The book is made up from Mr. Branford's many lectures and addresses in American universities and clubs, and to London Societies, and is therefore not always easy reading; but it contains numerous fine passages, and remains the most serious effort towards the co-ordinated presentment of these many initiations and interpretations. Its title, *Interpretations and Forecasts*, indicates it also as prologue to the other volumes, now boldly entitled "The Making of the Future" Series, which since the middle of the war has been appearing under the joint editorship of himself and Geddes. Of these, *The Coming Polity*—now in its second edition—is perhaps the most easily read; yet the most quickly successful has been Fleure's *Human Geography in Western Europe*. "Coal: Ways to Reconstruction" is of immediate interest, and I personally like, after "The Coming Polity," "Our Social Inheritance."

Late in 1914 Geddes published his *Cities in Evolution*, in which he especially wrote up the practical side of his civic teaching, outlined in our Exhibition.

I have since been calling these books "The Scaffolding of Reconstruction." They are too technical and condensed, too packed with new points of view, new ideas, fresh knowledge, to appeal to the average reader, for whom, too, they seem heavy in style, though not nearly so heavy as were such books in Victorian times. Artists and others in search of ideas, who still prefer Nietzsche's description of the Superman, or Freud's interpretations of dreams, or who re-read Oscar Wilde, would not find Geddes' books so difficult as they seem if to them *ideas* were really as valuable as style. A Geddes with the style of a Nietzsche cannot be expected: the stylist for his philosophy of life may be yet unborn!

But his own writings are inspiring to those who can make the effort needed to grasp what is new to them, but even the very artists who complain that



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the public just wants to see in a picture what it has seen before and knows, are themselves in this same public when it comes to ideas about life. On the rare occasions when they read, they demand a beautiful exposition of what has been known for a long time: for instance Tagore's revitalized mysticism, or even Rhys David's translations of wonderful old texts. Too few artists, poets, journalists, ever meet scientists of the type of Geddes and his group; and we shirk the labour of studying their books, while we read Freud because he writes about something we know already, living as we do in an inverted world where every other person is a fit subject for pathological investigation.

In 1918 began a further effort towards popularizing these lines of thought and practical policy in pamphlets issued by the Cities Committee of the Sociological Society, under the general title of *Papers for the Present*; and these are full of suggestion and inspiration. There too we have Branford at his best.

It is worth noting that, while the average Londoner or New Yorker, and even their politicians and press, go on in contented ignorance of this new school, it has been summed up as "more conservative than the conservatives, and more radical than the radicals," by people who are leading in more ways than most journalists yet notice. This union of historic conservation with radical freedom, and both in a wider degree than with either party for itself, is naturally enough one of the reasons why the man in the street has hardly ever heard of ideas which have been offered again and again, many for over a generation!

As for some of the groups which, in Westminster or Washington, in Chelsea or Adelphi, or Greenwich Village at New York, are considered very "modern," I heard Geddes say of them that "they are getting all sadly out of date!"

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It has been far from my thoughts to apply popularistic Press methods to my subject. Much that has been said and written must necessarily be omitted from this book, which is intended for people "more ignorant than myself!" I only hope to introduce Geddes to a public which has no clear idea of what he stands for, and to those seekers after truth and good sense who have never heard his name.

Having been uplifted by the flood of new ideas which have been flowing from the fertile brain of Patrick Geddes for over a generation, and which at last begin to reach the public in dribblets, I have endeavoured to make a book which all men and women may understand: a book of myths, religion, quests; about history, education, and the arts and sciences of life; a book about acts and facts, about dreams and deeds! And this seems to me to answer most of the questions to which I have tried to reply during a good many recent years of travel.

I hope it may even satisfy the head of a Department in Washington, who once asked me: "If I sent for Patrick Geddes and asked him to stop a revolution, what would he do?"

Geddes would not like to be described as "before his time"; on the contrary, he is *of* and *for* his time; indeed, he often says that the most forward of the pioneers are not "in advance of their day," as is popularly said. They merely try to keep up with their time, while the public and their leaders keep falling behind; for most people gasp and faint, and turn away before the famous command to "read the signs of the times."

One of the messengers of light, with whom Geddesians are in sympathy, is M. Bergson, whose delightful style is widely popularizing some of the very conceptions of life they have been trying to express and put in place of the established mechanical ones. Of course, William James and Stanley Hall—both

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friends of Geddes for a good many years—were essentially pioneers of the same movement. Indeed, has not Geddes been discovering, and applying in his civics and his occupational education, those “Moral Equivalents for War,” which James sought? And, with his “Gods and Muses,” is he not carrying out the fine ideals of Stanley Hall for adolescence? Nor has he, like Rousseau, failed to carry through and demonstrate these theses in his own household; witness his children, especially his elder son, Alasdair, who proved his father’s ideas valid in life and death, dying as he did in France in 1917 after winning the Military Cross and the Legion of Honour, and being described by a superior officer as “the best observer in the British Army.”

As to education, much will be found in *Cities and Evolution* and throughout his printed works—although Geddes has as yet published no book dealing mainly with educational reforms, but only provokingly scattered papers. In the reports of his recent lectures at the Bose Institute, Calcutta, there is as clear an outline of his educational views as can be found anywhere. The scope of this course, called *Proteus In Evolution*, may be gathered from its syllabus :

- On Nature Studies and the Outlook Tower.
- The Sciences and their contrasted Perspectives,  
Materialisms and Idealisms.
- The Essential Mastery of the Sciences ; with Applications to Study-Methods.
- The course of Life in Plants and Animals.
- The Course of Life in Humanity, its Types, Actual and Ideal.
- Environment and Organism, in the Theory of Life.
- Human Life as Expliciting that of Simpler Forms ;  
Bio-psychology and Psychology proper.
- Psychic Life and its Higher Outcomes, Social and Spiritual.
- The Evils of Life : and the Application of Life-Studies towards Education for Combating them.
- Social Life Renewing its Evolution.

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These lectures may, I hope, become available to the general reader, so that I will not quote at length ; some of the matter they contain will be found scattered through this book, as his conversation is permeated by his theories and experiences ; while much of it is for the expert and educationalist. But throughout he shows the sciences leading towards a unifying philosophy of life and action.

“ Now, is coming the turn of the higher sciences—the etho-social, the psych-organic—and with these a new dawning for human society, with its warring nations regrouping towards harmony. The re-organization of their desolated regions and cities, their ruined fanes, their silenced universities, is also beginning ; and with all the arts and sciences working together . . . it is again a worthy and practical endeavour to organize Eutopia, here on earth ; and this peace over the earth now calls for all men of goodwill ! ”

In respect to the growth of his ideas in India, an Indian writer says : “ Geddes is giving a golden opportunity of service, as Professor Stanley Jevons says : ‘ He has opened to the city of Indore a new view of life and work, at the bottom of which are four great ideas ; ’ to (1) Co-operate, (2) Plan, (3) Study Efficiency, (4) Study Human Beings—thus organizing a healthier and happier life for all classes, castes and races.”

Frederic Harrison says of Auguste Comte that he was “ as indifferent to immediate popularity as the oak sapling, silently stretching out its roots into the soil, or its branches into the air of heaven ; ” and this also describes this one-time student of Comte, who has carried his teaching furthest, and from it branched off along new paths of thought.

As Michael Angelo grew from the teaching of Chirlandajo, so has Geddes grown from that of Comte ; but in his youth he came, too, under the very varied

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influences of Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer, of Ruskin and of Le Play, and more. Spinning together the various essential strands these held, he started his own weaving.

But, as Frederic Harrison again said :

“ The creator of new master-thoughts speaks to the generations about him a strange tongue which they do not comprehend—which revolts all their prejudices and conflicts with their entire teaching. It is hence the law of human nature that a great philosophic thinker can be no prophet in his own country and in his own time.”

And so Geddes, too, has been too little known all these years ; but since he has been planning in old Jerusalem, and for its new university, eyes are being at last turned upon him. He has in his life played so many parts, and broken records of skill in so many different walks of life, that no journalist has kept track of him. Pedants have ignored him, specialists have laughed at him as a Jack of all trades, without seeing him also as master of them ! And always, it seems, he has been elusive and paradoxical, and has evaded all the labels with which friends and enemies would have limited his activities and standardized his opinions.

Comte instituted sociology as a science, and Geddes has been doing the same for civics. Unlike his old teacher—who was left in comparative isolation, misunderstood by his wife and friends—Geddes has the great gift of friendship and of being something to many people, if not all things to all men ; and he is never too busy to interest himself in individual human affairs ; though, as his friend Thomson says, he cannot suffer fools gladly !

He has started many of his younger friends in life, giving them new ways of looking at their problems, and has inspired numerous people in many ways. Of course, all his friends do not agree with everything

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he says, nor does he expect them to ; what he is most concerned with is setting the individual spirit free, to render in its own way service to the race. So I feel sure that Sister Nivedita expressed the sort of discipleship most welcome to him when, in dedicating to him her *Web of Indian Life*, she records her thanks to him " who, by teaching me to understand a little of Europe, indirectly gave me a method by which to read my Indian experiences."

Mr. Harrison says of Comte that he gave " the first rough sketch of a general co-ordination of science . . . and his task may be compared to that of Aristotle." He adds that " no such general idea existed in the world of thought " as that which Comte enunciated. .

Geddes has developed this line of thought, and has embraced also the arts, co-ordinating these with the sciences ; and thus, too, in practice, as in city and university planning, in building, in printing and publishing, along with varied teaching. His University Halls are so many hostels, and his Outlook Tower a new type of college. His theories carried into practice are thus, to many, the application of his concept—that a veritable orchestration of all the factors in life is necessary to success in any issue. Hence many germinal beginnings, increasingly worked for by him, by his colleagues directly or indirectly allied.

Comte's foundation of sociology and Geddes' foundation of civics are kindred landmarks in progress. Mr. Harrison says :

" For thirty-five years Comte continued his intense labour of philosophical absorption, unlighted by one ray of popular fame . . . living day by day the same laborious, self-denying life. . . . There stands out," he continues, " a clear image of dauntless courage and of self-devotion to the cause of human progress, unrecognized by the world around, resting only on his own unconquerable faith."

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Not exclusively, but as one of the pioneers, for forty years and more Geddes has been fighting for civic ideals, and these made practical; and he is "still on the battlefield."

These ideals and this practice are beginning to permeate into the present social situation; almost any journal one picks up may have some influence of his teaching in it, though so far, hardly any except the sociological and town-planning reviews, know whence it has reached them. However, taking up the *Town Planning Review*, I find the leading article, "A Citizen Soldier: His Education for War and Peace; being a Memoir of Alasdair Geddes." Next, an article by the editor on "The Need for Regional Survey of National Resources;" an article by a French town-planner; and also reviews of Ashbee's *Where the Great City Stands*, and of some of Geddes' many Indian Reports. Again I pick up by chance an old number of the *Architects' Journal*, and read Patrick Abercrombie's criticism of Government views on housing—in which he was asking for a Ministry of Ways and Communications (just as previously a Ministry of Health had been asked for by Geddesians). In this article he points out that housing is not town-planning; and a good "lay-out" is not necessarily a good town-plan. "It is nothing new to assert that a skeleton or outline scheme of town-planning should have preceded the gigantic housing activity which is about to cover some 50,000 acres with model housing. . . . It is melancholy to think how easy it would have been for the Ministry of Reconstruction during the last two years of war to have got together the necessary material, in the form of a Survey of National Resources and Deficiencies, upon which to base such a plan of National Development."

On this point of Regional Survey, Geddes once told me: "We need a new Doomsday Book, and more." His Outlook Tower and Regional Association had long

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been beginning this work, but Governments are slow to hear of such things. Abercrombie says the Board of Trade should have been ready with its scheme for Industrial expansion, and this founded upon the location and distribution of electrical energy. . . . "Housing schemes, however gigantic, can only be looked upon as one side of the national reconstruction."

Here is this active planner and architect looking at his world from the point of view of Geddes' teaching, as members of other professions are also beginning to do. The first plan for new Jerusalem prepared by order of the Palestine War Government, and exhibited in 1919 at the Royal Academy, but made from merely the engineer's point of view, was justly criticized in the *Observer* by Mr. Lanchester,<sup>1</sup> another leading planner of the new school championed by Abercrombie, which criticism doubtless led to Geddes being asked by the next Governor of Palestine to report anew. In this field, then, the methods of the Outlook Tower are helping to clear up confusion, and to lead to better ways of doing things.

Of America Geddes said: "Here perhaps beyond all countries, Civics is 'booming,' but it is, as yet, too much a specialism, and the many city surveys still need a fuller conception of the city's life as a whole." But here, too, his influences are spreading, and even being welcomed.

If we turn to journals dealing with education, we shall find the same permeation of ideas. Yet just because of this, anyone who tries to "place" Geddes is at a loss; so though I have asked one after another of those who know his work to sum him up for me, their reply has been usually like that of Professor Abercrombie, who answered: "You will agree that

<sup>1</sup> Now to build the new Leeds University—a design of great ability and architectural distinction.



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he is a somewhat encyclopædic and centrifugal personality to get into a few words."<sup>1</sup>

It was characteristic of Geddes that when I first told him I wanted to make public some of the things he had taught me, and to ask him questions, the replies to which I hoped to print, he said : "*This is like being skinned alive !*" I feared he would suppress me, for he has always shunned publicity ; but I suggested that the time had come when many people wanted to know more about him and that they did not know enough to be able to enjoy his books, even if they heard of them, and, I argued, since sooner or later something must be written it had best be done now, because a living impression is better than a death mask. He would take, however, no responsibility for what I should write, but only said that if I asked my questions (which had been gathering for years) he would try to answer them.

I am left wondering if the result may answer, too, certain British permanent officials in America who first asked if he was any relation to Sir Eric and Sir Auckland Geddes, and then showed no further interest in his work when I said it did not matter to whom he was related. One or two of these scholarly and gentlemanly men did say to me that diplomatic work had kept them so long out of England that they had lost touch with the new movements there ; and I had not the heart, then, to tell them that this "new" movement is already over a generation old, though it has taken the war to make people aware of the importance of the ideas of one who had too long been as a voice crying in the wilderness.

"Is he practical?" they asked in despair ; and the answer is : He shows the only way that is

<sup>1</sup> The *Times*—by no means always in harmony with Geddes or Branford—says of one book in the new series which they are editing : "Every chapter is an act of faith, a venture of the spirit through the darkness of the future, grasping at things as yet unrealized."

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practical at all—a way, however, which means reorganization, and of everything in life.

A great era has come to an end. Paleotechnic History ended in its logical conclusion—the Great War. It is time now to begin making Neotechnic History. “After the destroying comes the great building up.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> S. Hawsis, 1912.

## CHAPTER XV

### FIVE FRIENDLY CRITICS

To test my estimate of Geddes, I thought of asking five of those who have known him, or at least heard of him and his work on different sides, to express themselves regarding how he appears to each of them from various viewpoints. First, then, I print Mr. Zangwill's own record of first and brief acquaintance, for since then the two have scarcely met. Next—as to Geddes as biologist—a letter from Prof. Arthur Thomson, many years ago Geddes' first distinguished pupil, and later his biological collaborator and friend (who has, indeed, since dedicated to him his Gifford Lectures on “Animate Nature”).

Next, as to Town-planning, the letters of Professor Patrick Abercrombie, who, as head of the Liverpool University Department of Civic Design, and still more as Editor of the *Town-Planning Review*, and President of the Town Planning Institute, is naturally specially qualified to judge on this side of Geddes' work, and with full detachment, the more since they have not been associated in work together, indeed, have comparatively seldom met. To this I add Mr. H. V. Lanchester's estimate of him, Mr. Lanchester being one of the supports of the Sociological Society and a Past President of the Institute of Town Planning, besides having met with Geddes on Planning Schemes in India and elsewhere, gives another angle of his activities in this direction.

Then, as to influence in India, Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, K.C.I.E., speaks of his educational work in Bombay.

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### A

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(From Israel Zangwill's "Without Prejudice," 1895  
—by kind permission of W. Heinemann)

TILL I went to Edinburgh I did not know what *The Evergreen* was. Newspaper criticisms had given me vague misrepresentations of a Scottish *Yellow Book* calling itself a Northern Seasonal. But even had I seen a copy myself I doubt if I should have understood it without going to Edinburgh; and even had I gone to Edinburgh I should still have been in twilight had I not met Patrick Geddes, Professor of Botany at the University of Dundee. For Patrick Geddes is the key to the Northern position in life and letters. *The Evergreen* was not established as an antidote to the *Yellow Book*, though it might well seem a colour counter-symbol—the green of Spring set against the yellow of decadent leaves. It is, indeed, an antidote, but undesigned, else had not yellow figured so profusely upon the cover. *The Evergreen* of to-day professes to be inspired by *The Evergreen* which Allan Ramsay published in 1724, to stimulate a return to local and national tradition and living Nature. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues, who publish it and other books—on a new system of giving the author all the profits, as certified by a chartered accountant—inherit Ramsay's old home; that is to say, they are located in a sort of university settlement known as Ramsay Garden, a charming collection of flats, overlooking from its castled hill the picturesque city, and built by the many-sided Professor of Botany, and they aspire also to follow in "the Gentle Shepherd's" footsteps

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as workers and writers, publishers and builders. In fact, their aim is synthesis, construction, after our long epoch of analysis, destruction. They would organize life as a whole, expressing themselves through educational and civic activities, through art and architecture, and make of Edinburgh the *Cité du bon Accord* dreamed of by Elisée Reclus. They feel acutely the "need of fresh readings in life, of fresh groupings in science, both now mainly from the humanist's side, as lately from the naturalist's side."

In this University Settlement the publishing and writing department is to represent the scriptorium of the ancient monasteries. Of the local and national traditions this new Scottish school is particularly concerned to foster the so-called "Celtic renaissance," and—what is more interesting to outsiders—the revival and development of the old Continental sympathies of Scotland. The ancient league with France has deeply marked Scotch history, and even moulded Scotch architecture. As Disraeli said in his inaugural address on his institution as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, "It is not in Scotland that the name of France will ever be mentioned without affection." So, among the endless projects of the effervescent Professor, is one for reviving the Scots College in Paris—the original building happening still to survive—and for making it a centre for Scottish students and Scottish culture in the gay city.

Thus, while the men of *The Evergreen* would "renew local feeling and local colour," they would "also express the larger view of Edinburgh as not only a National and Imperial, but an European city, the larger view of Scotland, again as in recent, in mediæval, most of all in ancient times, one of the European Powers of Culture—as of course smaller countries like Norway are to-day." An aspiration

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with which all intelligent men must sympathize. The quest at once of local colour and cosmopolitanism is not at all self-contradictory. The truest cosmopolitanism goes with the intensest local colour, for otherwise you contribute nothing to the human treasury and make mankind one vast featureless monotony. Harmonious diversity is the true cosmopolitan concept, and who will not applaud this desire of Edinburgh to range itself again amongst the capitals of culture? Why should it take its tone from London? That centripetal force, which draws villages to towns and towns to capitals, everywhere tends to concentrate in one city a country's culture, and to brand as provincial that which is not of the centre. But the centre is corrosive of originality, and if now and then a great man does abide therein, it is because he has the gift of solitude amid crowds, and is not obnoxious to the contagion of the common thought. The Scotch School, though its effort to emancipate itself from the intellectual thralldom of London is to be commended, does not escape the dangers that lie in wait for all schools, which upset one convention by another. Still, a school of thought which is also a school of action has in itself the germs of perpetual self-recuperation.

Yes, there can be little danger of sinking into barren formulæ, into glib, æsthetic prattle about Renaissance, in a movement of which one expression is the purification of those plaguey, if picturesque, Closets, which are the foul blot upon the beautiful Athens of the North. Those sunless courts, entered by needles' eyes of apertures, congested with hellish, heaven-scaling barracks, reeking with refuse and evil odours, inhabited promiscuously by poverty and prostitution, worse than the worst slums of London itself—how could they have been left so long to pollute the fairest and well-nigh the wealthiest city in the kingdom? “Do you wonder Edinburgh

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is renowned for its medical schools?" asked the Professor grimly, as he darted in and out among those foul alleys, explaining how he was demolishing this and reconstructing that—at once a Destroying Angel and a Redeemer. Veritable ghettos they seemed, these blind alleys of gigantic habitations, branching out from the High Street, hidden away from the superficial passer-by faring to Holyrood. They were the pioneers of the trans-Atlantic sky-builders, were those old burghers, who, shut in about their castled hill by the two lochs, one of which is now the enchanting Princes Street Gardens, were fain to build heavenwards as population grew.

It was a stormy morning when the mercurial Professor of Botany, recking naught of the rain that saturated his brown cloak, itself reluctantly donned, led me hither and thither, through the highways and byways of old Edinburgh. Everywhere a litter of building operations, and we trod gingerly many a decadent staircase. Sometimes a double row of houses had already been knocked away, revealing a Close within a Close, eyeless house behind blind alley, and even so the diameter of the court still but a few yards. What human ant-heaps, what histories, farces, tragedies played out in airless tenebrosity!

The native writers seem to have strangely neglected the artistic wealth of all this poverty; pathos and humour reside, then, only in villages! Thrums and Drumtochty and Galloway exhaust the human tragic-comedy. Ah! my friends, go to the ant-hill and be wise! The Professor of Botany (seeming now rather of entomology) explained the principles upon which he was destroying and rebuilding. One had to be cautious. He pointed out the head of a boy carved over one of the archways, the one survivor of a fatal subsidence many years ago, when the ground floor of one of the gigantic houses was con-

## GEDDES AND EDINBURGH

verted into a shop. with plate-glass windows in lieu of the solid stonework. "Heave awa'!" cried a piping voice amid the *débris*, "I'm no dead yet."

The Professor's own destruction was conservative in character; it was his aim to preserve the ancient note in the architecture, and to make a clean old Edinburgh of a dirty. Air and light were to be no longer excluded; outside every house, as flats or storeys are called, a balcony was to run, giving on sky and open ground. Eminent personages like Lord Rosebery, ancestrally connected with ancient demesnes, long perverted into pigsties, had been induced to repurchase them, thus restoring an archaic flavour of aristocratic prestige to these despised quarters. The moral effect of grappling with an evil that had seemed so hopeless could not fail to be inspiring; and as we plodded on through the pouring streets, "I will remove this, I will reconstruct that," cried the enthusiastic Professor, till I almost felt I was walking with the Emperor of Edinburgh. But whence come the sinews of war? Evidently no professor's privy purse would suffice. I gathered that the apostle of the sanitary picturesque had inspired sundry local capitalists with his own patriotic enthusiasm. What a miracle, this trust in a man over-brimming with ideas, the brilliant biological theorizer of *The Evolution of Sex* in the Contemporary Science Series, the patron of fantastic artists like John Duncan! Obviously, it is his architectural faculty that has saved him. There stand the houses he has built—visible, tangible, delectable; concrete proof that he is no mere visionary.

And yet we may be sure the more frigid society of Edina still looks askance on this dreamer in stone and fresco; for after all, Edinburgh, as Professor Blackie said, is an "East-windy, west-endy city." Cold and stately, it sits on its height with something of the austere mournfulness of a ruined capital.



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But we did not concern ourselves about the level and scholastic quarters, the Professor and I. We penetrated into inhabited interiors in the Closets, meeting strange female ruins on staircases, or bonny housewives in bed-sitting-rooms, in one of which a sick husband lay apologetically abed. And when even the Professor was forced at last to take refuge from the driving rain, it was in John Knox's house that we ensconced ourselves—the grim, unlovely house of the great Calvinist, the doorway of which fanatically baptized me in a positive waterfall, and in whose dark rooms, as the buxom caretaker declared in explaining the presence of an empty cage no bird could live. It is not only in its Closets, methought, that Scotland needs regeneration. Many a spiritual blind-alley has still to receive sunshine and air, "sweetness and light." So let us welcome *The Evergreen* and the planters thereof, stunted and mean though its growth be as yet ; for not only in Scotland may they bring refreshment, but in that larger world where analysis and criticism have ended in degeneration and despair.

### B

#### GEDDES—AN APPRECIATION

(From a Letter from J. Arthur Thomson, M.A., LL.D.,  
Professor of Natural History in the University of  
Aberdeen)

PROFESSOR GEDDES is the most educative person I have known, the most thought-stimulating man I have met. He introduces order into one's thinking, but it is a dynamic order : he makes one go on. Surely he has been to many a maker of intellectual roads, opening up paths of thought and work, giving

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vistas that last for life. He can give you the Open Sesame to a subject more quickly and more surely than anyone else I know of. With this comes a conviction, without any verbal insistence on it, that all this science is for Life—for more than Life.

Perhaps the greatest thing about him is that he lives for the higher values—Love, Beauty, Truth—with a preoccupation that one may almost call organic. His life is an example of the whole-hearted and disinterested pursuit of clearness and truth; it shows forth Spinoza's intellectual love of God.

Professor Geddes has more ideas to the square inch than anyone else I have heard or seen. His cerebral variability must be extraordinary. One cannot tell, of course; but one is inclined, in considering the rapidity, complexity and soundness of his resolute thinking, to place him, not merely with Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, Galton and other giants, but above any one of them. He is a genius in the true sense.

His utter fearlessness of man and of consequences, is another feature that impresses one. His determination to try at least to carry an idea into action has become habitual. "*Vivendo discimus*," he is always saying; silently, I mean, for he does not preach. Do something, don't write about it, is his example and precept. Be a citizen first, a scholar if time permits.

Perhaps the biggest thing that Professor Geddes has done is what few people at present understand: he has thought out a notation. Our whole system is an intricate network of inter-relations. If we are to understand anything—a flower, a bird, a social phenomenon, a scientific theory, a religion—we must know its linkages. Most people see one aspect. A few people see three aspects. But Geddes sees all that the wit of a man can think of. And why? Because, following the lead of Pythagoras (and of his followers, who have appeared at rare intervals through the centuries), he has elaborated a scheme of all

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possible relations—a thinking machine, an organon. This shows us how far we have been from exhausting the vital relationships of a subject, how partial the summing up has been, what unthought linkages there are to explore and to experiment with before coming to a conclusion with any approximation to the requisite many-sidedness. False simplicity, at any rate, we may be saved from by Geddes' notation.

Geddes stands pre-eminent in his wisdom—his understanding of the stream in which we swim and float, or are submerged and often sink. The meaning of the universal flux, who can know? But the meaning of the process of evolution the wise get glimpses of. Geddes is one of those who see below the surface, who understand what is really happening. There are, of course, many interpreters, but most of them are very partial. They have no organon for exhausting inter-relations, aspects, or significances, as Geddes has. One need not agree with him all the time, he is probably often wrong, but some of his prophecies have seemed quite "uncanny;" and the present point is that his technique of social interpretation has reached a degree of subtlety which is unequalled. Why is that? Because his genius has developed scientifically. He has evolved his *Novum Organon* and by attending his mind thereunto. There can be no doubt that we have in Geddes a quite unique mind—a Mutation, we think—but the other side to it is the labour of scientific research and cerebral experimentation which the development of the thinking machine has behind it.

You ask me whether Geddes is, in the eyes of scientific experts, as great a botanist as, say, Hugo de Vries. Assuredly not, for at a time when biology was passing into the experimental stage of its evolution, he had not experimented, or, to be more accurate, he has not published the results of his experiments. If he had even published the interpretations of floral and indeed organic structure which he scatters

## GEDDES : AN APPRECIATION

generously among pupils and friends, his reputation and value would have been much greater. Had he followed up these interpretations by research, he might have been the greatest of botanists. But then he had other things to do. As one who understands plants, he is probably what Robert Brown was in his day, "*facile princeps botanicorum*;" but the pity is that many botanists know him only as a sociologist!

What exactly does science owe to Geddes? (a) An important early study on the partner Algæ that lives inside the minute green worn *Convoluta* in mutually beneficial symbiosis. This has been developed and carried much further by subsequent workers. (b) A luminous idea called "The Cell-Cycle"—the tendency of cells to pass from phase to phase—flagellate, amœboid, encysted—which are expressions of alternatives in physiological routine. (c) Breaking ground in the clear-headed study of sex and reproduction. (d) Suggesting a luminous theory of Sex (expounded in *The Evolution of Sex*, 1889), supported by observational evidence and by its utility in interpretation, not supported by experimental evidence by Geddes. This experimental backing has been forthcoming, e.g. in the work of the late Geoffrey Smith, in the work of Professor Oscar Riddle, etc. The theory is stronger now than in 1889. The book has been a strong stimulus to investigation. (e) Contributions to the modern development of geography. (f) Foundations of civics.

A maker of order, his early *Classification of the Sciences* has been a germinal idea to many students. So also his unsurpassable *Synthetic History of Biology*, a forgotten paragon, without the light of which some big histories of biological science are dull and dead. And so with every subsequent advance. He has been a teacher of teachers, I think, more than of average students.

As to eugenics, he is most sympathetic, of course;

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proud of his own stock ; strongly convinced of the importance of the inborn talents (hereditary instincts included). He is afraid, however, that the Eugenists think too much of the body and too little of the soul—hence his *Eupsychics*. He is afraid, too, that Eugenic enthusiasm may lead to methods of selection or elimination out-running our knowledge. As a Neo-Lamarckian of sorts, he believes as much in Nurture as in Nature.

Geddes' brain moves very quickly ; he tires people with his rapidity ; he lives at high altitudes, and when he lifts his friends up, they suffer from mountain sickness ; he is a true idealist, but his urgency for the translation of every detail into actuality upsets people : he is ahead of his time—but desires to take no partial view of everything, for the reality is three-fold.

Organism	—	Function	—	Environment
Eugenics		Eutechnics		Eutopias

My impressions have not included anything of Geddes' emotional, artistic, personal side. You know how beautifully he draws ; how acutely sensitive he is to both wild Nature and gardens ; how deep his friendship and affections ; how attractive his personality.

### C

## GEDDES AS TOWN-PLANNER

*(From a letter by Professor Patrick Abercrombie, Department of Civic Design, University of Liverpool ; Editor of "Town-Planning Review ;" Town-Planner for Sheffield and Dublin)*

It is perhaps safe to say that the modern practice of town-planning in this country would have been a much simpler thing if it had not been for Geddes. There was a time when it seemed only necessary to

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shake up into a bottle the German town-extension plan, the Parisian Boulevard and Vista, and the English Garden Village, to produce a mechanical mixture which might be applied indiscriminately and beneficently to every town in this country; thus would it be "town-planned" according to the most up-to-date notions. Pleasing dream! First shattered by Geddes, emerging from his Outlook Tower in the frozen north, to produce that nightmare of complexity, the Edinburgh Room at the great Town-Planning Exhibition of 1910.

It was a torture-chamber to those simple souls that had been ravished by the glorious perspectives or heartened by the healthy villages shown in those other ampler galleries. Within this den sat Geddes, a most unsettling person, talking, talking, talking . . . about anything and everything. The visitors could criticize his show—the merest hotch-potch—picture postcards—newspaper cuttings—crude old wood-cuts—strange diagrams—archæological reconstructions: these things, they said, were unworthy of the Royal Academy—many of them not even framed—shocking want of respect; but if they chanced within the range of Geddes' talk, henceforth nothing could medicine them to that sweet sleep which yesterday they owed. There was something more in Town-Planning than met the eye!

This was Geddes' first town-planning emergence into public; but he had long been subterraneously at work, and his disciples were scattered over the face of the land gradually spreading his doctrine, until now all the leaders of the movement base their practise on his theory.

Bluntly, what Geddes taught was, that if you wish to shape the growth of a town, you must study it: it sounds simple, but the Civic Survey, by whose agency it can be done, is a sinister and complicated business. And, indeed, a Civic Survey is not sufficient;

## GEDDES : THE MAN AND HIS GOSPEL

it is necessary to go outside the town and survey its Region—to grasp in a word its relation to the country and further to the world at large! It may with safety be said that the errors of our national Reconstruction can be attributed to the neglect of this teaching of Geddes. For while the town-planners of this country are converts, the politicians are not—though the regional devolution of Housing shows some faint appreciation.

But Geddes is no centripetalist, concentrating on the individual town to be dealt with. His subsequent exhibitions take the whole world within their scope; but always the intensive study of the particular city prevents the application of facile generalization—that fatal danger to town-planning.

Geddes' influence will never be known to the world at large—he works by his disciples—his teaching is of such sort that it does not get watered down in transmission: it is a sort of vital idea—a divine inoculation that goes on spreading its infusion without exhausting its original *élan*.

And the hard-headed business man is beginning to recognize that the Geddesian method is the only safe one—Sheffield, the hardest-headed town in this country, has found schemes under the Town-planning Act (the politicians' solution) not enough: they begin just about where you should be ending; you can't plan for the future growth without improving the centre; you should not build houses without studying where the people want to work; you can't understand what the future of Sheffield will be, unless you know something about her past; in a word, you need a Civic Survey. So Geddes the prophet, the magician of the enchanted Edinburgh Tower, is being recognized as the practical man, the one who shows how to build town-planning on a sure foundation—social, geographical, historical, industrial. It was fitting that Sheffield, the most coldly scientific of our

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technical cities and the one whose historic legacies and difficult site make town-planning obviously an involved problem, should be the first to adopt publicly the Geddes method. The work of the War Civic Surveys carried out in London, Leeds, Manchester and elsewhere, under H. V. Lanchester's direction, will bear similar manifest fruit elsewhere.

But the full extent of the debt which England, Scotland, Ireland, India and Palestine owe to Geddes will never be adequately realized.

### D

## ENGLAND TO INDIA

(By *H. V. Lanchester, F.R.I.B.A.*)

It was my good fortune to be travelling to India in 1915 in company with Professor Geddes and to have worked with him for some weeks subsequently. In the early days of the voyage there was no lack of material for discussion, as he was acquainted with my previous work in the east; and, while generally in sympathy with it, had no hesitation in challenging proposals which he felt overlooked any aspect that seemed to him an important one. It was, however, not till we reached Aden that I obtained a vivid impression of his own very personal method in approaching such problems.

Now Aden, to the average man, is about the last place that would inspire the town planner to any effort of the imagination. Its position at the foot of a great bare rock has a certain impressiveness, but the town itself, half of it a coaling station and the rest a small military outpost, and without a single



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dignified building, can hardly be less attractive than it is. It is difficult to make a feature of coal yards, nor do they lend themselves to the ordered amenity which is usually the civic ideal.

Geddes began his search for a keynote as soon as our steamer came to anchor. Perhaps he found it through the boats full of various wares that immediately surrounded us, or more probably his geographical instinct had previously given him his clue. Be this as it may, Aden soon took shape in his mind as a "gate to the east" and as a port of exchange for the various more productive coasts on the African shore. The landing stage should have a symbolic gateway, the coal should be masked by a well-ordered range of warehouses, colour should be used to soften the arid effect, and all other activities better accommodated and more systematically organized. The scheme indicated a degree of order and charm that seemed to justify, on our return to the boat, the employment of the top of the grand piano as an easel on which to prepare a coloured general view. Perhaps this example of the imaginative handling of a very unpromising subject does not fairly represent the attitude of Professor Geddes towards his work generally, emphasising unduly his quick appreciation of salient features and disregarding the meticulous care he takes to grasp all the factors that claim attention. After all, it was merely a sketch, taking advantage of the time the ship required to fill her bunkers. There were other opportunities to correct this impression, at Baroda, Nagpur, and elsewhere.

Under Geddes' skilful interpretation the history of each place gradually unfolded itself and the material evidences of each phase were made to disclose their contributions to the story of development or decline. While improvements were devised it was always kept in view that everything of value

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in the past should be reinstated or used as a basis for something still better. India owes much to Geddes' recognition that her ancient civilization embraced a well-studied synthesis of civic requirements, and that though this was no longer entirely valid, the tendency of the moment went too far in abandoning traditional methods still applicable to existing conditions, and in substituting those of Europe which could only be considered superior by disregarding such fundamentals as race, climate and economics. The European technician can rarely escape the effects of his lifelong training on certain definite lines. Geddes as a philosopher is able to disregard these and base his conclusions on principles deduced from the circumstances of each case as they present themselves.

### E

## GEDDES IN INDIA

*(From Sir Chimanlal Setalvad, K.C.I.E., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Bombay, Member of the Bombay Legislative Assembly, Sometime President of the Central Parliament of India, and Minister of Public Works)*

It is marvellous how, in the present modern age, so little general recognition and appreciation is given to really great men, of whom it can be truly said: "They made the world infinitely better and happier than they found it."

This is true of Professor Patrick Geddes; and it is strange how comparatively few people in his own country know of the real man and his value to humanity.

## GEDDES : THE MAN AND HIS GOSPEL

I had the good fortune of coming across him in India. I had vaguely heard of him as a botanist and a town-planner, and he was represented to me as a quixotical personality who dabbled in almost everything under the sun.

We wanted, in the University of Bombay, to found a School of Sociology ; and we were looking about for a man who would infuse into the students the real spirit of research and originality. It is always difficult to find such a man. It was suggested to me it would be an excellent thing if we could induce Professor Geddes to come and make a beginning for us.

When I mentioned this to the Governing Body of the University, some of my colleagues were amazed at my suggestion. I, however, succeeded in persuading them to invite Professor Geddes to undertake the organizing of the School of Sociology.

I never expected, when I got him for the University of Bombay, that he would do what an ordinary professor of Sociology might have done. I only looked forward to the possibility of Professor Geddes being able to inspire a given half-a-dozen students with his lofty spirit, of self-effacement and quiet working for the advancement of human knowledge and happiness without any recognition. And, I can say, that when I came in closer contact with him, I congratulated myself on having done the right thing for the University.

Professor Geddes is so unlike and beyond the ordinary standards of humanity that it is a patient study to learn to know him and appreciate him.

Everything about him, his dress, his manner, and his self-absorption, are so uninviting that the ordinary man is never able to gauge his real worth and value ; but when you come to know him intimately it is difficult to find anywhere the depth and variety of knowledge that he carries in his little head. It is

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difficult to find anywhere the extent of human kindness or the sense of humour that is inborn in him.

And his energy—the hard work that he does and wants to do—is simply marvellous!

I have seen him working in the University of Bombay from morning till night; and whenever he showed me round his town-planning exhibition, and instructed me about it, I, a much younger man, wondered how Professor Geddes could bear the physical strain of all the hard work he was doing.

He put in five years in the University of Bombay; and looking back upon that period, I feel very happy that we had that connection with him, and proud to have been the means of bringing it about.

He has succeeded in inspiring the young men who were associated with him with the real spirit of liberal education and culture; and he taught them the lesson that the duty of every man is to work selflessly for the advancement of human knowledge.

I am not exaggerating when I say that Patrick Geddes ranks with some of the greatest men that Britain has produced. His place is beside that of Sir Francis Bacon; and any nation would be proud of him.

## EPILOGUE

Five leaders, each in his own way, of modern life, have here shown how Geddes affects each one differently. You never find even one of his students copying him, any more than he would expect an artist to copy nature.

He is more, perhaps, than an Interpreter: for is he not also a Sower who has “thrown his handful of seed on high?”

This handful of seed has taken root in various soils the world over, blown along the Paths of Thought by the varying winds of life; watered by the tears

## GEDDES : THE MAN AND HIS GOSPEL

of terrible years, at last come to the Spring and to flowering ;—though not yet in full bloom, perhaps, in any Land ; all the same, a vigorous plant, whose scent, already wafted across the globe, reaches people who know not whence it comes, but who only know that its perfume is the essence of hope—of hope not deferred but distilled !

\* \* \* \* \*

When Geddes heard of the publication of this book he wrote me :—

“ It is very good of you to have taken all this trouble, and I appreciate your putting so forcibly many of the ideas and ideals one is working for . . . but it is not *kudos* that is wanted ; in London and Paris people think too much of that, and so lose time and peace and quietness for getting on with their thinking and working. What we old fellows need . . . is co-operation . . . above all, we are out for ideas in application . . . Active hands and minds are feeling their way in cities and universities over the world. Far more of them are now needed for these times so increasingly difficult and so mingled into menace, yet with hope. Among our growing groupings then . . . we can help to train and start . . . such men—and women too—as have courage to face the varied impulses towards thought, and openings for action, outlined in this book ; and thus prepare successors better than ourselves, alike in dream and deed ; indeed, why not rivalling—in various ways, even surpassing—those of the best days of old ? ”

And so, across fifteen years of world travail, I hear again the echo of the artist's awakening call to action, “ *Behold it is Dawn !* ”

We no longer need to ask “ the dawn of what ? ” Is it not here made plain ? What if there still persists a punctured optimist who sits and sighs and who fails to see, in the seething confusion of the present transition, any sign whatever of human progress ? Con-

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ditions change, says such a critic, but mankind itself does not progress.

This book, I hope, will answer him ; for if there is anything in the gospel of Geddes at all, there is a tremendous Hope (far beyond any held out by Henry Ford). The Hope given by a study of the Geddes theory and practice is on an altogether wider basis, not the "wage-motive" but the Life-Motive, being its base. And his coming polity shows a way to work such changes that, in time, the new environment (to be aimed at and worked for) will provide a way of living, through which the human spirit, with many of its age-long fetters knocked off, yet with its best traditions maintained and renewed, will flower anew ; and as never before.

For the very methods of science (impersonal though they are and affording cold comfort, perhaps, to artistic temperaments) which have cleared the way, and have knocked off so many human fetters, are themselves only at their beginning. This book merely suggests that the way is open, and how to follow it. Yet there is in the gospel of Geddes (incomplete, though, to some it may possibly seem), a little of that quality by means of which the hammer on the anvil strikes sparks from the iron it moulds.

And by it those very "emotionals" who most repudiate it may find themselves kindling a fire-divine which shall shape not only individual destinies, but the very Future itself.

ENVOY.

FROM BLAKE'S "JERUSALEM."

" I turn my eyes to the schools and universities of Europe  
And there behold the Loom of Locke whose woof rages  
dire,  
Washed by the water-wheels of Newton ; black the cloth  
In heavy wreaths folds every action ; cruel works  
Of many wheels I view, wheel without wheel  
With cogs tyrannic, moving my compulsion on each  
other ;  
Not as those in Eden which  
Wheel within wheel in freedom revolve  
In harmony and peace."

" For Hell is opened to Heaven ; thine eyes behold  
The dungeons burst and the prisoners set free."

" In my exchange every land shall walk ;  
And mine in every land.  
Mutual shall build Jerusalem  
Both heart in heart and hand in hand ! "

" Bring me my bow of burning gold !  
Bring me my arrows of desire !  
Bring me my spear !  
O clouds unfold !  
Bring me my chariot of Fire !  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land."

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BY P. GEDDES

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AMELIA DEFRIES has published :—

“In a Forgotten Colony,” 1917, and numerous articles in the Press of Britain, Canada, Paris, West Indies, and the U.S.A., and has arranged “Episodes from the *Commedia dell’Arte*” for the modern stage: *produced at the Neighbourhood Playhouse, New York, April 5th, 1927.*

*The Architect* says: “People like Miss Defries are a great asset to the Nation.”





