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THE LECTURE AS EDINBURGH'S SNARE OF THE SUN

OWEN DUDLEY EDWARDS

PREFATORY NOTE

MY BEST THANKS are due to Caroline Cullen, who prepared this lecture for publication, and to Andrew Fraser, who edited it with characteristically aquiline observation.

'My first problem', he commented, 'was to understand whether a snare of the sun was a good or a bad thing'. I don't know the answer to that; or whether the whole history of science is a good or a bad thing, for in H. G. Wells's *The World Set Free* I think his exceptionally fragmented plot turns apparent narrative into symbol for scientific advance. I chose Wells's description in that book of an Edinburgh lecture at the beginning of the twentieth century as a way for me to begin Twentieth-Century Edinburgh Cultural History. To snare the sun is impossible, and so is to capture Twentieth-Century Edinburgh Cultural History in anything less than a book, probably of many volumes. Of course the successive volumes of the *Book of the Old Edinburgh Club* span that century and, in their own way, tell one form of that story, and deserve to be re-read as such. The way we look at our own past may be the best way for our posterity to understand us.

But meanwhile there is my present business of giving some indication of the cultural history of our city in our century, and I have chosen to do it by views from a number of checkpoints across the century, beginning with the imaginary event Wells used as an inauguration climax for *The World Set Free*.

The determinant for our vantage-points is unsatisfactory, as any such determinant must be. Since we were culminating a century of the Old Edinburgh Club in a day of lectures on Twentieth-Century Edinburgh, I went back to lectures given at various times across that century as a means of recalling and examining a very few of its cultural phenomena. This has its own limits, notably in the poverty of record of lectures, however great, and it is appropriate that in the Edinburgh lectures I must rely on such fragments of text, context, staging, reception and so forth as remain and thus that the best account of a Twentieth-Century Edinburgh Lecture we have seems to be the one that never existed, viz. Professor Rufus's lecture in *The World Set Free*, above all for its scrutiny of audience response.

There is a case, and a very visible case, for declaring William James's *The Varieties of Religious Experience* (1902) to be the greatest lectures heard by Edinburgh in the twentieth century, save that he began to deliver his original Gifford Lectures in the final months of *fin-de-siècle* (as intellectual a *Götterdämmerung* as could be asked); that the Old Edinburgh Club's Twentieth Century is conceitedly taken as beginning in 1908–09 (*a societate urbis condita*, so to speak); and that however vast the spectrum with which I have confronted myself (and you), it cannot include Religion, for which Professor Stewart Jay Brown bears inspirational witness elsewhere in this volume. It might be a temptation to include the lectures in Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World* (1912), culminating in Professor Challenger's use of a live pterodactyl as an audio-visual aid, but in that text these are Londonised, and while their antecedents are Edinburgh events, these happened in the 1880s, at least in part (the pterodactyl has yet to make its appearance). The main lesson to draw from here and from the lecture of Professor David Purdie at the Centenary Conference itself, is that the Golden Age of Edinburgh Medicine in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had long, haunting shadows in literature as well as in life.

Yet in citing Professor Purdie's lecture, both it and that of Professor Randall Stevenson (on Twentieth-Century Edinburgh and Literature) must survive in the Conference audience's memory as they were, instead of as subsequent printed text coming between the event and its remembrancers. And for all of my use of printed texts of lectures in the ensuing essay, and its own pretensions to a lecturing basis, the art of the lecture is frequently lauded as best when bereft of the written word, either for reading to augment or absorb the lecturer's activity, or for reproduction in some or other form of authenticity. When, later in this essay, we encounter the critics of Donald Tovey, we find the question winning pedantic preoccupation. The laugh is against those of us who prefer to lecture without notes since 'lecture' originally meant a reading. But when the idea of the lecture first became separated from the reading of a text, clear distinctions in vocation could emerge between lecturer and scholar. The contrast was indeed pointed by Conan Doyle (1859–1930), who himself had the rare distinction of an Edinburgh MD (1885) and gave an Edinburgh tone to his Professor Challenger, as he moves a vote of thanks to a lecturer: 'Popular lectures are the easiest to listen to, but ... they are necessarily both superficial and misleading, since they have to be graded to the comprehension of an ignorant audience ... Popular lectures are in their nature parasitic ... They exploit for fame or cash the work which has been done by their indigent and unknown brethren.'[1] But the result of the lecture is in fact Challenger's 'reflection' (in many senses of the word) and the further controversy stirred up in the audience eventuating in the decision to send an expedition to South America where he finds proof for his thesis of the survival of dinosaurs. To the complaints of teaching getting in the way of research is the answer that every researcher needs to test conclusions before a sceptical audience, preferably undergraduate.

Andrew Fraser initially wondered if sun-snaring was in the sense of 'a snare and delusion' and assumed it would be 'an attack on Edinburgh's notorious over-dependence on the lecture as a teaching method'. Not by me. I certainly agree with the American student's comment (in America) that lectures often go 'from the note-book of the instructor to the note-book of the student without passing through the mind of either'. But ideally the lecture does what a book is not normally required to do, galvanise the

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hearer. Stimulating the reader is frequently more valuable, but some of its best work is achieved when a lecture has sent the hearer to the book, either to seek additional evidence in agreement, or to invite more ammunition for dissent. Ideally the lecture should prompt audience enquiry, perhaps at the end of an obvious paragraph, certainly before the end. If the enquiry registers dissent, all the better, though the dissent should be serious and articulate, and should leave zoological imitations to the House of Commons. The lecture should seek exposition in ways a book cannot perform, direct human communication flourishing where mechanical instruments deaden by their sheer want of humanity. And a subject needs to be introduced by 'survey' lectures, reaching heights – and depths – which the textbook cannot. It is our misfortune today that at school and college level specialisation surfeits, and graduates go out on the world having made no acquaintance at all with some of the basics of their subjects.

But Andrew Fraser is right to warn us against delusions, of which the expectation of snaring the sun is among the most absurd – as well as the most beguiling.

* * *

In 1914, H. G. Wells (1866–1946) added *The World Set Free – A Story of Mankind* to the scientific adventures (for his readers no less than for his characters) with which he had been dazzling the imagination for the past twenty years. It began with somewhat excessive infantilisation and brutalisation of our earliest ancestors, until:[2]

.... the beginnings of leisure and thought.

Man began to think.

There were times when he was fed, when his lusts and his fears were all appeased, when the sun shone upon the squatting-place and dim stirrings of speculation lit his eyes. He scratched upon a bone and found resemblance and pursued it and began pictorial art, moulded the soft warm clay of the river brink between his fingers and found a pleasure in its patternings and repetitions, shaped it into the form of vessels and found it would hold water. He watched the streaming river and wondered from what bountiful breast this incessant water came; he blinked at the sun and dreamt that perhaps he might snare it and spear it as it went down to its resting place amidst the distant hills. Then he was roused to convey to his brother that once indeed he had done so – at least that some one had done so – he mixed that with perhaps another dream almost as daring, that one day a mammoth had been beset; and therewith began fiction – pointing a way to achievement – and the august procession of tales.

... And that first glimmering of speculation, that first story of achievement, that story-teller bright-eyed and flushed under his matted hair gesticulating to his gaping incredulous listener, gripping his wrist to keep him attentive, was the most marvellous beginning this world has ever seen. It doomed the mammoths, and it began the setting of that snare that shall catch the sun.

The World Set Free got itself fairly rapidly from that lecture by primitive man to a lecture in twentieth-century Edinburgh, probably, though not certainly, at the University.

Wells's imagery was striking – and would subsequently inspire Arthur C. Clarke (1917–2008) when scripting the movie *2001 – A Space Odyssey* (1968). Clarke – and writer-director Stanley Kubrick (1928–1999) – began their assault on their audience's conventions by the image of a savage hurling a bone into the air where it was transformed into a space-ship. The image was less straightforward than it pretended: Clarke dealt in greater scientific irony than Wells, and the subtitled 'Odyssey' actually hinted at a theme with which several of Clarke's short stories toyed, that incomers from space had played a part in human progress no less than outgoers from earth, so that the conquest of space might also be a long voyage home.[3] But Wells in *The World Set Free*, while not given to élite obsessions with Greek and Roman classics, implied an Aeneid rather than an Odyssey: humans would set forth into space going they knew not where. And it was the Edinburgh lecture to which Wells entrusted the transition from primitive man to space Argonauts, the sun offering itself as prey to human ambition and greed in what Wells's repudiated classicists would regard as the tradition of the Golden Fleece:[4]

A certain professor of physics named Rufus was giving a course of afternoon lectures upon Radium and Radio-Activity in Edinburgh. They were lectures that had attracted a very considerable amount of attention. He gave them in a small lecture-theatre that had become more and more congested as his course proceeded. At his concluding discussion it was crowded right up to the ceiling at the back, and there people were standing, standing without any sense of fatigue, so fascinating did they find his suggestions. One youngster in particular, a chuckle-headed, scrub-haired lad from the Highlands, sat hugging his knee, with great sand-red hands and drinking in every word, eyes aglow, cheeks flushed and ears burning.

'And so', said the professor, 'we see that this Radium, which seemed at first a fantastic exception, a mad inversion of all that was most established and fundamental in the constitution of matter, is really at one with the rest of the elements. It does noticeably and forcibly what probably all the other elements are doing with an imperceptible slowness. It is like the single voice crying aloud that betrays the silent breathing multitude in the darkness. Radium is an element that is breaking up and flying to pieces, but perhaps all elements are doing that at less perceptible rates. Uranium certainly is; thorium – the stuff of this incandescent gas mantle – certainly is; actinium. I feel that we are but beginning the list. And we know now that the atom, that once we thought hard and impenetrable, and indivisible and final and – lifeless – lifeless, is really a reservoir of immense energy. That is the most wonderful thing about all this work. A little while ago we

thought of the atoms as we thought of bricks, as solid stuff, and behold! these bricks are boxes, treasure boxes, boxes full of the intensest force. This little bottle contains about a pint of uranium oxide; that is to say about fourteen ounces of the element uranium. It is worth about a pound. And in this bottle, ladies and gentlemen, in the atoms in this bottle there slumbers at least as much energy as we could get by burning a hundred and sixty tons of coal. If at a word, in one instant I could suddenly release that energy here and now it would blow us and everything about us to fragments; if I could turn it into the machinery that lights this city, it could keep Edinburgh brightly lit for a week. But at present no man knows, no man has an inkling of how this little lump of stuff can be made to hasten the release of its store. It does release it, as a burn trickles. Slowly the uranium changes into radium, the radium changes into a gas called the radium emanation, and that again to what we call radium A, and so the process goes on, giving out energy at every stage, until at last we reach the last stage of all, which is, so far as we can tell at present, lead. But we cannot hasten it.'

'I take ye, man', whispered the chuckle-headed lad, with his red hands tightening like a vice upon his knee. 'I take ye, man. Go on! Oh, go on!'

The professor went on after a little pause. 'Why is the change gradual?' he asked. 'Why does only a minute fraction of the radium disintegrate in any particular second? Why does it dole itself out so slowly and so exactly? Why does not all the uranium change to radium and all the radium change to the next lowest thing at once? Why this decay by driblets; why not a decay *en masse*? ... Suppose presently we find it is possible to quicken that decay?'

The chuckle-headed lad nodded rapidly. The wonderful inevitable idea was coming. He drew his knee up towards his chin and swayed in his seat with excitement. 'Why not?' he echoed, 'why not?'

The professor lifted his forefinger. 'Given that knowledge', he said, 'mark what we should be able to do! We should not only be able to use this uranium and thorium; not only should we have a source of power so potent that a man might carry in his hand the energy to light a city for a year, fight a fleet of battleships or drive one of our giant liners across the Atlantic; but we should also have a clue that would enable us at last to quicken the process of disintegration in all the other elements, where decay is still so slow as to escape our finest measurements. Every scrap of solid matter in the world would become an available reservoir of concentrated force. Do you realise, ladies and gentlemen, what these things would mean for us?'

The scrub head nodded. 'Oh! go on. Go on.'

'It would mean a change in human conditions that I can only compare to the discovery of fire, the first discovery that lifted man above the brute. We stand to-day towards radio-activity exactly as our ancestor stood towards fire before he had learned to make it. He knew it then only as a strange thing utterly beyond his control, a flare on the crest of the volcano, a red destruction that poured through the forest. So it is that we know radio-activity to-day. This – this is the dawn of a new day in human living. At the climax of that civilization which had its beginning in the hammered flint and the fire-stick of the savage, just when it is becoming apparent that our ever-increasing needs cannot be borne indefinitely by our present sources of energy, we discover suddenly the possibility of an entirely new civilisation. The energy we need for our very existence, and with which Nature supplies us still so grudgingly, is in reality locked up in inconceivable quantities all about us. We cannot pick that lock at present, but' – he paused, his voice sank so that everybody strained a little to hear him – 'we will.'

He put up that lean finger again, his solitary gesture. 'And then', he said, 'Then that perpetual struggle for existence, that perpetual struggle to live on the bare surplus of Nature's energies will cease to be the lot of Man. Man will step from the pinnacle of this civilisation to the beginning of the next. I have no eloquence, ladies and gentlemen, to express the vision of man's material destiny that opens out before me. I see the desert continents transformed, the poles no longer wildernesses of ice, the whoIe world once more Eden. I see the power of man reach out among the stars ...' He stopped abruptly with a catching of the breath that many an actor or orator might have envied ...

The lecture was over, the audience hung silent for a few seconds, sighed, became audible, stirred, fluttered, prepared for dispersal. More light was turned on and what had been a dim mass of figures became a bright confusion of movement. Some of the people signalled to friends, some crowded down towards the platform to examine the lecturer's apparatus and make notes of his diagrams. But the chuckle-headed lad with the scrub hair wanted no such detailed frittering away of the thoughts that had inspired him. He wanted to be alone with them; he elbowed his way out almost fiercely, he made himself as angular and bony as a cow, fearing lest some one should speak to him, lest some one should invade his glowing sphere of enthusiasm.

He went through the streets with a rapt face, like a saint who sees visions. He had arms disproportionately long, and ridiculous big feet.

He must get alone, get somewhere high out of all this crowding commonness of every-day life.

He made his way to the top of Arthur's Seat, and there he sat for a long time in the golden evening sunshine, still, except that ever and again he whispered to himself some precious phrase that had stuck in his mind.

'If', he whispered, 'if only we could pick that lock ...'

The sun was sinking over the distant hills. Already it was shorn of its beams, a globe of ruddy gold, hanging over the great banks of cloud that would presently engulf it.

'Eh!' said the youngster. 'Eh!'

He seemed to wake up at last out of his entrancement, and the red sun was there before his eyes. He stared at it, at first without intelligence and then with a gathering recognition. Into his mind came a strange echo of that ancestral fancy, that fancy of a Stone Age savage, dead and scattered bones among the drift two hundred thousand years ago.

'Ye auld thing', he said, – and his eyes were shining, and he made a kind of grabbing gesture with his hand – 'ye auld thing ... We'll have ye *yet*.'

This concludes the long opening 'Prelude' to *The World Set Free*, this final incident apparently happening in or around 1910. The Prelude is entitled 'The Sun Snarers'. I use it here as a sufficiently striking perception of my theme, the Lecture in Edinburgh as agent for revelation of creative art in the first century of the Old Edinburgh Club, 1908–2008.

Its first obvious revelation of creative art is of course that of Wells himself, 47-year-old child of Bromley, Kent, already famous for science fiction, social comedy, socialistic prophecy, and now on the threshold of the war he would witness so well in *Mr Britling Sees It Through* (1916), and also reaching less immediately for conquest of the sun and stars as for the necessary preliminary, history. Six years later his *The Outline of History* (1920) would place the subject within the reach of a new generation, his putative audience primarily those from his own lower class origins. *The World Set Free* itself is adrift between science fiction and history. Its reach is, Heaven knows, great enough. It describes a world future after 1910, when atomic warfare ensues and when the history, however prescient, can only be pseudo-history. But it is a clear signal that Wells wants to think historically, beginning with the opening sentence: 'The history of mankind is the history of the attainment of external power'.[5] It is a suitable twentieth-century reply to the credo of the most successful nineteenth-century British producer of history for readers of all classes, Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–1859): 'The history of England is emphatically the history of progress'.[6] Both admirably symbolise the intellectual dynamic of their centuries, while Wells simultaneously proclaims the limits and weaknesses of his predecessor.

Commenced in such terms, *The World Set Free* actually begins with real history as Wells sees it, prehistory, enlivened with illustrative fiction (an excellent historical weapon if you can use it, as for instance Eileen Power did).[7] The Highlander makes his appearance at just such a crossroads (a most appropriate metaphor for Edinburgh). And he is curiously historical in that he is in one facet Wells himself making us see how he responded to lecturing by Thomas Henry Huxley (1825–1895). Wells took the elementary precaution of painting a portrait of the artist as a different young man. The precaution was natural, because Wells's success as a story-teller of science fiction owed much, maybe owed most, to his juvenility. Professor Ronnie Jack has shown us Barrie's *Peter Pan* as in part derived from Nietzsche, and Wells proclaimed his Nietzscheanism via every scientific toy which his imagination could let loose.[8] Edward Shanks (1892–1953) in the *London Mercury* (March–April 1922) denied his historical consciousness (beyond its outline, presumably):[9]

> The past has no native roots in his mind; and it might be said that the future has taken its place. It is natural for a man so constituted to be impatient. He can foresee in an hour more than can happen in a century; and he demands that the procession shall be accelerated. He is perpetually in the position of a child on Christmas Eve: he finds that the hours go very slowly to Christmas morning. He has, indeed, through the mouth of one of his characters, Karenin in *The World Set Free*, preached patience with human slowness; but after all there are few points of view which he has not preached at one time or another. Karenin's effect on his listeners was doubtful; on his creator it has been quite negligible.

Evgenii Zamyatin (1884–1937), writing in Leninist Russia the same year, saw the child's fairy-tales behind the science:[10]

> In *The World Set Free*: an urban variant of the folk-tale of the magic grass, only the magic grass is found not in a clearing on midsummer night, but in a chemical laboratory, and is called atomic energy ... Even where Wells seems for a moment to betray himself and takes you out of the city into the forest, into the fields or onto a farm, you are assailed by the hum of machines and the smell of chemical reactions.

The Highlander on Arthur's Seat, having come from the chemical laboratory, reverses that last process for once, and his unsequelled solitude between scientific theory and futurist realisation gives Wells the child his moment of 'Rest-and-be-thankful'.

But why should Wells, however exact his testimony of his pupillage to Huxley, summon up Edinburgh? Let us remember that the longest-lived branch of the Scottish Enlightenment was scientific, chiefly medical, and if Edinburgh Medicine's principal effect on Charles Darwin (1809–1882) was to terrorise him from its lair when confronted by a lecturer's audio-visual aid of an operation, his disciples could still hear its siren sounds down the nineteenth century. Thomas Henry Huxley gave serious thought to an appointment in Physiology at Edinburgh University in 1854 with succession to the professorship, then to its Chair of Natural History in succession to his friend Edward Forbes (1815–1854) which he turned down in 1855 since it required 'nine months' lectures some four or five times a week' though 'I believe I was within an ace of going there'. In 1862 he lectured at Edinburgh's Philosophical Institute on 'the Relation of Man to the Lower Animals', in other words letting Darwinism loose on the town. 'My dear Darwin', he wrote on 13 January after his performances on 4 and 7 January: 'Everybody prophesied I should be stoned and cast out of the city gate, but, on the

contrary, I met with unmitigated applause!! Three cheers for the progress of liberal opinion!!' Less graciously, he wrote to Joseph Dalton Hooker (1817–1911) on 16 January 1862:

> I went in for the entire animal more strongly, in fact, than they have reported me. I told them in so many words that I entertained no doubt of the origin of man from the same stock as the apes. And to my great delight, in saintly Edinburgh itself the announcement met with nothing but applause. For myself I can't say that the praise or blame of my audience was much matter, but it is a grand indication of the general disintegration of old prejudices which is going on.

The letters were duly published in 1900 by his son Leonard Huxley (1860–1933) in his great *Life and Letters* of his father, and however right Shanks might be about the past's small impress on Wells's mind, we can be quite sure of his interest in his own experience. He knew that Edinburgh was where his master scientist (or at least his master-lecturer in science) had performed the equivalent of sun-snaring. From the same source he would have known Huxley's honorary degree from Edinburgh in 1866 when Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881) was installed as Rector (after which Carlyle would learn that his wife Jane (1801–1866), the female genius who remained in London during his Edinburgh visit, had died). Also Huxley's lectures in Natural History at Edinburgh University (during the absence of Professor Wyville Thomson (1830–1882) on the *Challenger* Expedition in 1875–76) won a student's accolade preserved by Leonard Huxley: 'They are something glorious, sublime!'.[11]

But there were other reasons for Edinburgh's birth of sun-snaring. Wells had already made his readers travel through time, witness beasts turned into humans, find invisible men, sustain Martian invasion, land on the moon, breed forty-foot people and be transformed by a comet's tail (or tale) and so it was natural, one might feel, for him to prove Glasgow was Edinburgh. (And it is: the two are so indispensable to one another that their supposed rivalry masks their inhabitants' secret recognition of the fact.) Wells dedicated *The World Set Free* not to a person, but to a book:

TO
FREDERICK SODDY'S
'INTERPRETATION OF RADIUM'
this story, which owes long passages
to the eleventh chapter of that book,
acknowledges and inscribes itself.

Frederick Soddy (1877–1956) was in at the birth of atomic science, having collaborated with Ernest Rutherford (1871–1937) at McGill University in Montréal around 1900 in formulating the theory of atomic disintegration and become lecturer in chemistry in Glasgow in 1904 where he conceived the idea of isotopes. *The Interpretation of Radium* was published in 1909, described on its title-page as 'being the substance of six popular experimental lectures delivered at the University of Glasgow, 1908', and its relationship to the lecture of Professor Rufus in *The World Set Free* sometimes seemed Siamese twinship, for example:[12]

> This bottle contains about a pound of an oxide of uranium which contains about seven-eighths of its weight of the element uranium. (Soddy)

> This little bottle contains about a pint of uranium oxide that is to say about fourteen ounces of the element uranium. (Rufus)

Edinburgh had further credentials of its own, notably as the place of Cecily Fairfield's upbringing from 1902 (when she was ten) to 1910 (when she went to London). She was not conspicuously Scottish, being born of an Irish Protestant father (who deserted the family about 1906), and born in London: but her mother was a Campbell Mackenzie, names which even the most illiterate Sassenach should identify as Highland. In London she wrote under the name of Rebecca West, as which she reviewed H. G. Wells's novel *Marriage* in the suffragette newspaper the *Freewoman* on 19 September 1912. She also reviewed it in *Everyman* on 8 November 1912, a weekly magazine run by the Belgian Lecturer in French at Edinburgh University, Charles Sarolea (1870–1953). The *Freewoman* review began on a note of scientific experiment (it might seem) to arouse Wells's best efforts at self-vindication, in private rather than in public:

> Mr Wells's mannerisms are more infuriating than ever in *Marriage*. One knows at once that Marjorie is speaking in a crisis of wedded chastity when she says at regular intervals, 'Oh, my dear! Oh, my dear!' or at moments of ecstasy, 'Oh, my *dear*! my *dear*!' For Mr Wells's heroines who are loving under legal difficulties say 'My man!' or 'Master!' Of course, he is the old maid among novelists, even the sex obsession that lay clotted on *Ann Veronica* and *The New Machiavelli* like cold white sauce was merely old maids' mania, the reaction towards the flesh of a mind too long absorbed in airships and colloids. The Cranford-like charm of his slow, spinsterish gossip made *Kipps* the delightful book it was, but it palls when, page after page and chapter after chapter, one is told how to furnish a house ...

Michael Foot makes the supreme comment on this 2000-word review: 'He was always willing to follow his own star, especially when he made new companions among fellow astronomers'. He made this particular companion fast. There was an early invitation for West to Wells's home. The *Everyman* review practically announces a new relationship with terms of love declared contractually:[13]

'I'm a spiritual guttersnipe in love with unimaginable goddesses', said that child of his age, George Ponderevo in *Tono-Bungay*. That is the answer to those who, touching life with the coarseness of the sentimentalist, cry out that this is the age of materialism, and that men are turning from things of the spirit. The moral unrest of the day is the result of the conviction of modern men and women that, tested by some mystic, absolute standard outside themselves, life is not fine enough. *Marriage*, Mr Wells's last book, represents this spiritual dissatisfaction brooding over the dinginess that has come between us and the reality of love. With the exception of the more brutal ascetics, people have always realised the value of love. To avoid its profanation they adopted the rough-and-ready test of marriage: outside the circle of the wedding-ring all relationships were evil, within it all were sacred. It was a good working hypothesis. But now, when we have developed a more determined thirst for beauty, it seems too brutal and mechanical a law. It is not only because it falls so heavily on so many delicate flowers of the spirit that men such as Mr Wells rebel against it, though of that aspect he spoke in *The New Machiavelli.* It is also the licence, which is the necessary corollary of law, which disgusts him. With a sharp sense of the values of life, he cannot bear the artificial sanction given to gross, destructive, mutual raids on personality which often form marriages.

West (1892–1983) reviewed Wells's *The Passionate Friends* in the *New Freewoman* for 1 October 1913. Their son Anthony was conceived in November 1913. *The World Set Free* was published in May 1914. This chronology seems to explain the Highlander on Arthur's Seat, as well as why [s]he made no further appearance. If the narrative of the lecture and its effects on one member of the audience is a classical achievement, a very rare solecism might be identified in the listening Highlander's 'ears burning' – most lectures enter the orifices at a lower temperature. But the aural heat was appropriate as preliminary for the sexual conquest of a tantalising reviewer.

Whoever may have taken fire from the quest for the sun as declared by the Highland boy, the son of Wells and Rebecca West had little warmth for the book whose prenatal development coincided with his own. Wells, wrote Anthony West (1914–1987), had a:

nagging consciousness that his most recent offering had fallen very flat indeed. A large part of his early success as a writer had been due to what was, until about 1910, his possession of an almost uncanny sense of the timely. He had attached one book after another to some topic that the course of events was about to make important and interesting to large numbers of readers. This gift seemed, for the moment, to have deserted him utterly. *The World Set Free* was grotesquely untimely in context of the events of 1914. In the summer and winter of the previous year, when he was writing it, he must have been one of the very few people in the world thinking seriously, or at all, about the horrors that atomic warfare might bring into it ... Once he had been detached from the book by its publication, and could take an objective view of it, he could see all the mistakes that he had made. On page after page he was lecturing to his readers over the heads of his silent and inactive characters.

Wells had thus failed to produce a book for the year. He had instead produced one for the century. As for the child he had fathered, it would live to mock the towering respectability in which its mother surrounded it, flanked by nurse, maids, cook, perhaps chaperone:

My mother had been brought up in Edinburgh, the town that is to the middle classes of Scotland what Rome is to the devout Roman Catholic, and she had been educated at one of its most rigidly orthodox schools, George Watson's Academy for Young Ladies. After her delivery had taken place, the values of upbringing had reasserted their authority. It had occurred to her, as it had not in the absence of a baby, that her gesture of rebellion might be misunderstood, and that it might not be clear to the world at large that she was, although an unmarried mother, still every inch a George Watson's girl and respectability itself. It was to make this point that she kept herself in such state.

If the atomic bomb, in Wells's hands, was a work of Edinburgh art, so was Edinburgh respectability.

Anthony West goes on to demonstrate *The World Set Free*'s impact on Leo Szilard (1898–1964), the supreme literary artist among the makers of the atomic bomb:

In 1933 ... the most didactic and from the literary point of view the least successful of all my father's books was playing a fateful role in human affairs. In 1932 ... a Berlin publisher chose to bring out a translation of his long-forgotten novel of 1914, the unlucky *World Set Free*. No rivers were set on fire by its exhumation, but a year after it took place, a copy of the book fell into the hands of the then up-and-coming physicist Leo Szilard. He had realised not long before just how a theoretically possible chain reaction releasing the energy locked up in the nucleus of the atom might be achieved in practice, and in the course of 1932–1933 had come within sight of a patentable procedure. He was therefore astonished by the book's first chapter ...

Szilard was not only a father of the future bomb; he was also foremost among the critics of its potential

use. Anthony West quotes his subsequent statement of his (insufficiently strong) precautions: 'Knowing what this would mean', he wrote later, 'and I knew because I had read H. G. Wells ...'

There would be much subsequent basis for conflict between Rebecca West and her lover Wells, as there was with her son, but the Edinburgh she enshrined in the first page of her novel *The Judge* (1922) also declared itself in metaphorical conquest prefigured by sunset over Arthur's Seat:[14]

> Now the Cowgate and the Canongate would be given over to the drama of the disorderly night; the slum-dwellers would foregather about the rotting doors of dead men's mansions and brawl among the not less brawling ghosts of a past that here never speaks of peace, but only of blood and argument. And Holyrood, under a black bank surmounted by a low bitten cliff, would lie like the camp of an invading and terrified army ... She fell to watching the succession of little black figures that huddled in their topcoats as they came down the side-street, bent suddenly at the waist as they came to the corner and met the full force of the east wind, and then pulled themselves upright and butted at it afresh with dour faces. The spectacle evoked a certain local pride, for such inclemencies were just part of the asperity of local conditions which she reckoned as the price one had to pay for the dignity of living in Edinburgh; which indeed gave it its dignity, since to survive anything so horrible proved one good rough stuff fit to govern the rest of the world.

* * *

If Wells wisely saw sun-snaring as best begun by snaring himself and/or his lover, in fiction Edinburgh snared itself through the genius of Muriel Spark in *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* (1961). The means were children observing, and its only rival seems Joyce's Dublin in the fictional anatomisation and resurrection of a city (and Joyce required four books, not one). We need not decide whether Miss Brodie herself gave lectures, or delivered one continuous lecture, or simply lectured, so long as we recognise how constructively she haunts the teacher on any level of education. 'To teach like Miss Jean Brodie is to have failed; not to teach like Miss Jean Brodie is to have failed.' It is characteristic of Miss Brodie that she addresses the implicit rivalry between the Kirk and the Arts, and unconsciously or otherwise testifies to their kinship: 'Mr Logan, Elder though you are, I am a woman in my prime of life, so you can take it from me that you get a sight more religion out of Professor Tovey's Sunday concerts than you do out of your kirk services'.[15]

Donald Francis Tovey (1875–1940) became Reid Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh in 1914, delivering his Inaugural on 9 October before an audience in the Music Class-Room presumably already thinned by war volunteering. Michael Tilmouth (Tovey Professor of Music at Edinburgh until his death in 1987) concluded after much labour on Tovey's papers:

> Strange as it may seem in someone so profuse and seemingly articulate, Tovey distrusted words about music. Artistic devices were the 'ideas' of music; words could only represent 'particular cases of ideas'. Music, then, could only be explained in terms of itself ... and if there was a 'literature' of music it consisted of that music itself rather than in all the books written about it. (Seen in this light, his cadenzas to several classical concertos, three of which were published in 1937, have a special significance: they are a form of music criticism in terms of music only.)

Miss Brodie thus struck to the heart of the question: words could not reach music's farthest extent, at least music performed by the Reid Concerts or the other orchestras he conducted, or (he would insist) the music discussed in his own writings. For all that, he thought the lecture through as performance, all the more when what he regarded as his ill-fated epiphany before the Musical Association (now the Royal Musical Association) in his late twenties (1903) was attacked by a hostile proponent of a vote of thanks, Vice-President Thomas Lea Southgate, who sneered at:[16]

> the 'lecture', I think we must call it, rather than the paper, which he has given us. There is some little inconvenience in the style he has adopted in addressing us, as I cannot but think that, if Mr Tovey is gifted with ever so good a memory, he will find it difficult to set down the identical address which he has delivered.

Probably for the first time since he uttered them, value may be obtained from Southgate's remarks, to the extent that his pedantry which so disgusted Tovey gave a working definition of a 'lecture' as against a 'paper'. The greatest Edinburgh lectures a century before Tovey were frequently those illustrated by corpses under dissection and recently removed from a ravished grave. Publication was correctly assumed to take place (if at all) after the lecturer had incorporated (or otherwise allowed for) the criticisms and questions in or after the lecture's course. Southgate denounced the lecture as work of art, as intellectual stimulus, and as creative response when he denounced Tovey:

His remarks ranged over a vast field of criticism, of form, and the examination of the works of some of the great composers. But what I have been trying to get at is this, what is this particular touchstone of criticism this inestimably useful revelation which will enable us to put our hands on a work, and say, 'Now that is a real work of art', and can be so proved by the principles which our lecturer has formulated? So far as I have been able to discover, there has been no distinct touchstone given. The nearest one could get to it was that a work of art must strike us by its *vividness* and *completeness*.

Southgate then endeavoured wittily to dispose of these with examples after which, noted Tovey subsequently, 'the proceedings interested me no more', nor need they interest us. But Tovey's Inaugural at Edinburgh eleven years later was still conscious of Southgate, however obscure the memory to everyone else.

Stimulus and the Classics of Music was Tovey's title for that Inaugural, thereby laying a conductor's finger on the first necessity of a good lecture. The lecture itself assailed the twentieth century to date on a crisis endangering cultural life across the arts:[17]

It has been obvious for more than twenty years that all the fine arts, including literature, have displayed a growing tendency to revolt against everything that calls itself classical tradition ... What is new in the artistic spirit of revolt at the present day is its bitterness and its universal range. Without entering into controversial questions, I may venture to assert that today it has, as it seldom had before, the aspect of a grievance. The mildest, and therefore perhaps the most serious, form of the grievance is that the load of classical tradition has long been so heavy as to repress further creative impulse, and that it is always increasing. And I am unable to see any lack of logic in those who, feeling thus, argue that they must shake off this load even at the cost of a violence that shall destroy, at least for themselves, the very record of what the classics have been. What I do believe to be fundamentally wrong is every attitude towards classical masterpieces which does not make them a stimulus instead of an oppression. Let me take this as an axiom: grant me that when a theory of music proves that a classical masterpiece has no stimulus for an active-minded musician, that theory has reduced itself to an absurdity.

Tovey in 1914 was arriving in Edinburgh, but in taking possession of his kingdom, he identified with its crossroads metaphor: he saw the logic and revolt, and he saw where to stand against it. The city itself in music lay between the international world of the classics and the inheritance of harp and pipe, folk-song and Burns and Scott. Burns and Scott would surely have applauded certain passages:[18]

A reverence that disclaims criticism is as dangerous as no reverence at all. Classical masterpieces can tell us nothing if we remain at the mercy of any label that chance or fraud affixes to the clumsiest work of their period ...

The whole tone of [a recent work on composition] is spoiled [for me] by one sentence in the preface to the general effect ... that, while it used to be orthodox to consider the classics infallible, the experienced musician knows that they are not. The attitude of mind which such a remark indicates does not, like its opposite extreme, seem at first sight to crush originality and all creative impulse, but it starves it, and can inflict serious damage on just that most priceless originality that would survive and react against old-fashioned methods of crushing. It fails to distinguish between wisdom and information; and it encourages the student to assume that everything he does not readily understand in a classic must be a blunder on the same mental level as his uncritical imitation of it would be ...

These, then, are the two extreme errors possible in our attitude towards the classics: the indolent reverence that admits nothing in common between our mind, and the minds of the great masters; and the irreverence that would reduce the mind of a great master, or, for that matter, any other mind, to the exact level of our own. Both errors are forms of inattention and lack of sympathy ...

When critics adopt the eighteenth-century method of saying that such and such a classic ought to inspire us with noble feelings because its sentiments are edifying and its form perfect, we may legitimately argue that it is useless to tell us that we ought to feel this and that, when as a matter of fact we feel quite otherwise. On the other hand, we shall do well to beware of the exclusively subjective methods of criticism so much in vogue during the latter part of the nineteenth century; methods which may be but mildly caricatured as consisting in sitting in front of a work of art, feeling our pulses, and noting our symptoms before we have taken the slightest trouble to find out whether, as a matter of fact, the language of that art means what we think it means.

In seeking at least a measure of classical perfection in his own Inaugural, Tovey was looking for inspiration to Glasgow, where Andrew Cecil Bradley (1851–1945) had been Professor of English Language and Literature from 1890 to 1900, and whose subsequent Inaugural as Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1901), 'Poetry for Poetry's Sake', concluded that poetry 'is a spirit. It comes we know not whence. It will not speak at our bidding, nor answer in our language. It is not our servant; it is our master.'[19] Tovey thought that lecture of permanent relevance to students, no doubt all the more because Bradley went on to publish lectures at Oxford as *Shakespearean Tragedy* (1904), which would dominate its subject for the next half century. And like Tovey, Bradley was a creative artist in his own right: his readers have puzzled ever since as to how much of his Iago is his own, or Shakespeare's.

Tovey's compositions and concerts struck the soul of Edinburgh, as Miss Brodie recognised, but this was after the proof of his integrity he gave

his new city in the war already raging as he was inaugurated. In 1915 the Reverend Professor William Paterson Paterson, holder of the Chair of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, edited *German Culture* whose plan he had worked out with his Edinburgh publisher, T. C. and E. C. Jack, as early as 3 November 1914. Four of the nine contributors would be Edinburgh professors – Richard Lodge (History), Gerard Baldwin Brown (Fine Art), Paterson Paterson, and Tovey; two more held Aberdeen posts – J. Arthur Thomson (Natural History) and John Lees (German); the rest being a recent Edinburgh fellow in philosophy and future Master of Balliol, Oxford, A. D. Lindsay; the educationist Michael Sadler now Vice-Chancellor of Leeds; and the economist D. H. Macgregor also of Leeds. Of the Edinburgh essayists, the editor was fifteen years Tovey's senior, Lodge twenty, Baldwin Brown twenty-six, having held their Chairs respectively since 1903, 1901, and 1880, a striking tribute to the speed with which Tovey had won his colleagues' confidence. A reviewer, no doubt representative of English opinion, jeered at the book's Scottishness; in fact what Scottishness existed in Baldwin Brown and Lodge no less than in Tovey was atmospheric assimilation or protective mimicry. But fair play seems to have been the main spirit in wartime Edinburgh (and, apparently, the strongly German-populated Manchester). Edinburgh's Professor of Sanskrit, H. J. Eggeling, was in his native Germany at war's outbreak and resigned the Chair he had held for almost forty years, but the University Senate deeply regretted his departure in a lengthy minute, and his son remained in the University as a German teacher. This contrasted with rapid university dismissals for German academics in England.[20]

Tovey had been born in Eton where his father was teaching, but his education had come chiefly from Sophie Weisse (1851–1945), German in origin and in musical outlook. She introduced the boy to the great violinist Joseph Joachim (1831–1907), who had performed in London under Mendelssohn's sponsorship, and directed the Berlin Conservatory from 1869: he ultimately thought Tovey's learning on music unequalled. Tovey's essay on German Music for Paterson Paterson's *German Culture* may well have been the most generous tribute to the cultural achievement of an enemy country to be found in the First World War, itself the first British non-imperial war fought under near-democratic rule with consequent chauvinistic inflammation of public opinion. His future collaborator and posthumous editor, Hubert Foss, omitted it from what clearly was intended for a definitive Tovey anthology published in 1949 as *Essays and Lectures on Music*: it was 'not thought suitable for inclusion'. The cowardly passive voice when decoded reflected Foss's remark in 1945 that the chapter 'read rather exaggeratedly after 12 years of Nazism', an abominably unhistorical verdict but not wholly surprising after six years of life-and-death struggle for Britain (although many other British writers knew the difference between Germans before 1918 and Nazis in 1939–45). The one moment where forerunners of Nazism could have infected a 1915 essay on German Music was Wagner, and Tovey showed little interest in Wagner's non-musical output save to remark that 'he is and remains infinitely greater as a musician than as any other kind of artist or thinker'. The popular climate was such that Tovey's fidelity to the cult of German music could have cost him his Chair. Instead, he remained to give a quarter-century to Edinburgh music-making, hailed in our time as a Golden Age. His life's work would ensure (amongst so much else) that his city by adoption was a city of music when after World War II the Edinburgh International Festival arrived to nest among expectant local audiences without whose ticket purchases the Festival would not have survived the 1940s.[21]

* * *

Class-war followed world war, and Edinburgh's most notable artistic response could hardly have differed more from Red Clydeside. The lecture which began it, delivered on Saturday 16 January 1926, was subsequently printed thus:[22]

> ... weached itth perfection in Gway'th Elegy. The dithtinctive note, then, of eighteenth thentuwy litewature ith that of technical perfection within a vewy limited wange of performanth. It wath time, perhapth, that the Fwench Wevolution came to dithturb the thecure domination of thothe conventional ideath which were thweatening the human geniuth with thtagnathion. Amid much that wath wegwettable in that movement, thith at leatht wath to be put down to itth cwedit, that it opened the way to a weadjuthtment of litewawy valueth and a higher thenthe of the poththibilitieth of human achievement.

The lecture, curiously orthodox in its interpretation and all too authentic in its donnish delivery, was in fact transmitted from the BBC studio then at 87 George St. It was followed by the mendacious claim as from an announcer:

London calling! That was Mr William Donkinson, lecturing to you on Eighteenth Century Literature. Mr William Donkinson. We are now continuing the news bulletin since half-past six. The Test Match. The closing score when stumps were drawn in the Test Match was as follows: Australia 569 for seven wickets. The English team, it will be remembered, was all out for 173.

While Australian bowling gave the English trouble in the 1920s, there had been no Test Match in Australia since the previous March, and the next one (at the London Oval, in August) would be won by England. So the broadcast proclaimed itself a spoof, to its cricket-loving listeners at least.

So might the name of the supposed Oxford don, suspiciously close to 'donkey'. The entire programme was in fact scripted and delivered by one man, the future Roman Catholic chaplain at Oxford, Father Ronald Arbuthnott Knox (1888–1957), a friend of George Marshall the head of BBC Edinburgh. The pseudo-lecture satirised Oxbridge indifference to lecturing skills, with inability to pronounce 'r' and 's' accepted as a genteelism. Hesketh Pearson (1887–1964) in his *Conan Doyle* (1943) noted a forgotten story by its subject, *The Parasite* (1894), in which a professor's mind is invaded by a hostile female mesmerist: 'She uses her telepathic power to make him talk nonsense at his lectures. To anyone who has listened to professorial lectures the effect of this is extraordinary: he is suspended from his chair by the authorities of the university.'[23] Pearson's Oxbridge readers appreciated this; but to Conan Doyle, a graduate of Edinburgh, lectures were vital to student education, and inadequacy meant at least the destruction of the lecturer's income, since payments for the courses were made to its teacher. Knox may not have realised the contrast between Oxbridge and Scottish traditions (though Wells apparently did), but his meaning was clear enough: lectures on the air-waves meant that listeners would make what they could of the speech peculiarities of their betters, and be thankful. It was an interesting satirical vantage-point in the class war.

The broadcast continued with the supposed news bulletin which (with what then appears to have been a BBC insistence on slightly altered repetition) soon arrived at what would prove the broadcast's main *motif*:

The Unemployed Demonstration. The crowd in Trafalgar Square is now assuming threatening dimensions. Threatening dimensions are now being assumed by the crowd which has collected in Trafalgar Square to voice the grievances of the unemployed. Mr Popplebury, the Secretary of the National Movement for Abolishing Theatre Queues, has been urging the crowd to sack the National Gallery. The desirability of sacking the National Gallery is being urged by Mr Popplebury, Secretary of the National Movement for Abolishing Theatre Queues ... One moment, please. London calling: continuation of news bulletin from reports which have just come to hand. The crowd in Trafalgar Square is now proceeding, at the instigation of Mr Popplebury, Secretary of the National Movement for Abolishing Theatre Queues, to sack the National Gallery. The National Gallery was first erected in l838, to house the famous Angerstein collection of pictures, and has been considerably added to since. A new wing, designed by Mr E. M. Barry, R. A., was added in 1876. It contains many well-known pictures by Raphael, Titian, Murillo, and other artists. It is now being sacked by the crowd, on the advice of Mr Popplebury, Secretary of the National Movement for Abolishing Theatre Queues. That concludes the news bulletin for the moment; you will now be connected with the band at the Savoy Hotel. (*Dance music on the gramophone*.)

The lethal mixture of punctilious broadcasting rules and imminent social apocalypse took a deadlier turn upon itself shortly:[24]

Sir Theophilus Gooch, well-known for his many philanthropic schemes, will now address you on the Housing of the Poor. A lecture on the Housing of the Poor will now be delivered by Sir Theophilus Gooch, K.B.E. Sir Theophilus, it will be remembered, has for many years been chairman of the Committee for the Inspection of Insanitary Dwellings, and speaks with authority on his subject. Eh, what's that? One moment, please ... From reports which have just come to hand it appears that Sir Theophilus Gooch, who was on his way to this station, has been intercepted by the remnants of the crowd still collected in Trafalgar Square, and is being roasted alive. Born in 1879, Sir Theophilus Gooch entered the service of Messrs. Goodbody, the well-known firm of brokers. He very soon attracted the notice of his employers. However, nothing was proved, and Sir Theophilus retired with a considerable fortune. His retirement did not mean idleness; he has been prominent during the last ten years on many Committees concerned with social improvement. He is now being roasted alive by a crowd in Trafalgar Square. He will, therefore, be unable to deliver his lecture to you on the Housing of the Poor. You will be connected instead with the Savoy Band for a few minutes. (*Gramophone*.)

This last seems the most drastic linkage of a lecture with artistic enterprise – or a sun-snaring – that could be asked. The measured tones by now carried an eighteenth-century control, more especially with the

excision of all matter between apprenticeship and fortune, thereby indicting Sir Theophilus Gooch by the customary clichés of commendation. English Catholics valorised their tribe by pushing Catholic writers, and Sir Theophilus's incrimination by judicious selection of true biographical facts was worthy of Alexander Pope, while a contemporary Catholic poet, Hilaire Belloc (1870–1953), evidently inspired the creation of Mr Popplebury:[25]

> A raging mob inflamed by Charley Brown
> Is tearing up the rails of Waterloo;
> They've hanged the Chancellor in wig and gown,
> The Speaker, and the Chief Inspector too!

The broadcast continued:

> Unemployed Demonstrations in London. The crowd has now passed along Whitehall, and at the suggestion of Mr Popplebury, Secretary of the National Movement for Abolishing Theatre Queues, is preparing to demolish the Houses of Parliament with trench mortars. The use of trench mortars for demolishing the Houses of Parliament is being recommended by Mr Popplebury, Secretary of the National Movement for Abolishing Theatre Queues ... The Clock Tower, 320 feet in height has just fallen to the ground, together with the famous clock, Big Ben, which used to strike the hours on a bell weighing nine tons. Greenwich time will not be given this evening by Big Ben, but will be given from Edinburgh on Uncle Leslie's repeating watch. Uncle Leslie's repeating watch will be used for giving Greenwich time this evening, instead of Big Ben, which has just fallen to the ground, under the influence of trench mortars. One moment, please ... Fresh reports, which have just come to hand, announce that the crowd have secured the person of Mr Wotherspoon, the Minister for Traffic, who was attempting to make his escape in disguise. He has now been hanged from a lamp-post in the Vauxhall Bridge Road.

But this was quickly corrected:

> The British Broadcasting Company regrets that one item in the news has been inaccurately given; the correction now follows. It was stated in our news bulletin that the Minister for Traffic had been hanged from a lamp-post in the Vauxhall Bridge Road. Subsequent and more accurate reports show that it was not a lamp-post but a tramway post which was used for this purpose. A tramway post, not a lamp-post, was used by the crowd for the purpose of hanging the Minister for Traffic.

Despite his name, Knox's connection with Edinburgh was ancestral and remote, but here as elsewhere Edinburgh, originally drafted into use by reasons of personal friendship, or simply by not being London, surreptitiously claimed more. Big Ben, once made a permanent wireless feature, asserted its status as a symbol of Union, the heart of the United Kingdom, and, however ludicrous, Uncle Leslie's repeating watch symbolised the Scottish future, since its normal audience would have been children.

All in all, the broadcast itself must have run to about a quarter of an hour, ending thus:[26]

> The next three items in our programme are unavoidably cancelled; you will now be connected up with the Savoy Band again. (*More gramophone, which stops suddenly with a loud report.*) Hullo everybody! London calling. The Savoy Hotel has now been blown up by the crowd. That noise which you heard just now was the Savoy Hotel being blown up by the crowd, at the instigation of Mr Popplebury, Secretary of the National Movement for Abolishing Theatre Queues. One moment, please ... The more unruly members of the crowd are now approaching the British Broadcasting Company's London station with a threatening demeanour. A threatening demeanour is being exhibited by the crowd which is now approaching the B.B.C.'s London station. One moment, please ... Mr Popplebury, Secretary of the National Movement for Abolishing Theatre Queues, with several other members of the crowd, is now in the waiting room. They are reading copies of the *Radio Times*. Good-night, everybody, good-night.

Evelyn Waugh (1903–1966), whose biography of Ronald Knox is perhaps his most reliable work, noted that the piece had been billed as 'Broadcasting from the Barricades', a description only clear when the waiting-room and *Radio Times* prove to be the rallying-point in question. He also noted its prefatory statement 'that it was a work of humour and imagination, enlivened by realistic "sound effects" which were still a novelty' (the first such 'effect' was 'Bzz! Bang! Bzz' to which listeners of those days were all too accustomed when they turned on their wireless). Apparently neither Knox nor George Marshall entertained expectancy of the thing being taken seriously, as they took themselves to the Caledonian Hotel for well-merited food after toil. Knox had already had practice in religious broadcasting from Edinburgh, which his hard-bitten Catholic view would have taken Edinburgh to treat with comparable scepticism. John Reith (1889–1971), the Scots-born general manager of the British Broadcasting Company since 1922, was on the telephone within twenty minutes complaining that his staff in the London headquarters then on Savoy Hill were being irritated by concerned enquiries as to their having blown up or Mr Popplebury having blown in. Soothing disclaimers were broadcast, Reith demanded the text in transcript by telegram (but not, of course, until Monday), the newspapers (observed Waugh) 'gave large attention to the

incident with varying degrees of reprobation'. One wonders if it inspired Waugh to include in *Vile Bodies* (1930) a fake newspaper story of an American evangelist conversion of High Society whose dissemination was accompanied by the suicide of the authorial gossip columnist. Knox merely vanished to Dublin in fulfilment of a lecture engagement, pursued by the curses of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, Francis Alphonsus Bourne (1861–1935), who decided the broadcast failed to treat the Communist menace with requisite solemnity. Bourne currently owned the once respected Catholic weekly, the *Tablet*, edited for him by Ernest Oldmeadow, an unsuccessful novelist eaten with envy of his betters in literature. Waugh (himself witch-hunted by Oldmeadow for *Vile Bodies*) extracted some representative bile from its issue of 23 January:

> Frankly, we wish that Father Knox had not done this ... Few literary deeds are more facile and more tiresome than the shoving of serious things into a droll context. And a Red Revolution is a very serious thing indeed ... There are in England groups of hireling Communists who must have been enormously encouraged by the fact that many Britons were badly scared last Saturday.

Having paled at Popplebury, Oldmeadow then seemed to alarm himself in fear that his attack on Knox would lure his readers into anti-clericalism, bringing on the Red Revolution in their turn: 'We are sure that Father Knox will take our words in good part'.[27]

Knox was in some danger of being denied the Oxford chaplaincy, vacated by the retirement of the Rt Rev. Monsignor A. S. ('Mugger') Barnes, but fortunately Francis Fortescue ('Sligger') Urquhart, Fellow of Balliol, intimidated Archbishop Bourne sufficiently (possibly indicating that Knox was less likely to induce a Bolshevik revolution from the world of Muggers and Sliggers). The General Strike had come and gone in the meantime, in early May 1926, apart from the brave betrayed miners who still held out. The BBC showed both courage and fairmindedness in its serious attempts towards objectivity, apart from the insistence that 'nothing calculated to extend the area of the strike should be broadcast'. There would be no more Popplebury s. As the great historian of the BBC, Asa Briggs, would observe, the Knox broadcast meant that, quite involuntarily, the BBC had made itself aware of the potential impact of wireless on rumour-mongering.

Knox reprinted his broadcast (as 'A Forgotten Interlude') in his *Essays in Satire* (1928) from whose introduction on humour and satire it was easy to see how little he identified with his remote Scots ancestry. Edinburgh had been the take-off point for an English joke intended for an English audience, to whom those opening remarks included:

> The English enjoy their joke very largely at the expense of their neighbours. We are for ever telling stories, and how many of these stories are about a Scot (we call it a Scotchman) ... A Scot or an Irishman is funny because he is like ourselves only different. He talks English as his native tongue, only with an incorrect accent; what could possibly be funnier? A Scot is more funny than a Frenchman, just as a monkey is more amusing than a dog; he is nearer the real thing.
>
> But, in fact, all such judgments have been distorted beyond recognition by national hypocrisy. It is the English tradition that [the Scot] has an unfortunate habit of governing the English, and the English, in revenge, have invented the theory that the Scot has no sense of humour ... All the stories told against the Scottish nation are, I am told, invented in Aberdeen, and I partly believe it. There is (if a denationalized Ulsterman like myself may make the criticism) a pawkiness about all the stories against Scotland which betrays their Caledonian origin. The fact is that the Scottish sense of humour differs slightly from the English sense of humour ...

Waugh summed up the broadcast episode portentously with a judicious hard look at the ensuing decade:[28] 'It was the first revelation to politicians of the gullibility of simple people by this new apparatus; a quality which was to be largely exploited in the years to come'.

The greatest exploiters, the radio demagogues, were well outside Britain, including Knox's fellow-priest the Canadian-born 'Messiah of the Microphone' Charles E. Coughlin, broadcasting from the Shrine of the Little Flower in Royal Oak, Michigan. Would Coughlin have been so successful had the USA been immunised by its own credulity when listening to earlier satire? The famous Orson Welles dramatised broadcast of H. G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds* convinced countless Americans that the Martians had landed, but that débacle was not until 31 October 1938 when Coughlin's reign was almost at an end, sputtering out in racialist and proto-Fascist tirades.[29]

Meanwhile the unexpected limelight into which Knox's trumpet-blast had thrust Edinburgh flickered around it for a few years and may have played a vital part in the BBC decision to open in 1930 the great studios of 5 Queen Street, once a lecture-hall resounding to the charms of Dickens and

Wilde. Marshall had indeed laid the groundwork well, having produced in Edinburgh the first radio talks by G. K. Chesterton (1874–1936) and A. J. Balfour (1848–1930: by then Earl Balfour). For some sixty years the once and future capital held UK status second only to London as wireless broadcasting station, and sometimes entering territory London had yet to find. The advent of devolution (not including broadcasting) induced a decline, Queen Street was abandoned, and the station was reduced to an alley shrouding itself with the discretion of ancient abortionists. Yet Edinburgh however unconsciously followed in Knox's footsteps as satirist no less than as broadcaster. If the BBC kept its clergy under greater restraint, the emergence of the Edinburgh Festival Fringe testified to the value of a small city reflecting its own ironies. By 1959 Fringe satire had won UK status as the Edinburgh International Festival recognised in commissioning 'Beyond the Fringe'. The wilderness of comedy which undulated in its wake has from time to time induced Blue Boredom rather than Red Alert, but high quality has won its moments. Much more importantly, the Fringe is Ronald Knox's heir in its original playwrights, for Mr Popplebury was the hero of a drama as well as the cream of a jest, and comedy performance has edged its way into actual theatre. Great criticism, and, what is less frequent, good criticism played major parts in inducing and encouraging great and good work (the adjectives are more synonymous for plays than for critics). In recent years the culture of greed has driven the press towards buying well-sold produce, and turning its back on its duty to recognise the best new material. But when Allen Wright, Arts Editor of the *Scotsman*, established and directed the system of Fringe First Awards for new work of distinction, there were giants to be discovered. They may still be there, but the newspapers now often seem too blind and ill to see them.

* * *

Aberdeenshire-born and Huxley-educated (at University College London), Patrick Geddes (1864–1932) held Professorships at Dundee from 1889 to 1914, and at Bombay (correctly Mumbai) from 1920 to 1923, and then in 1924 started his own Scots College in France at Montpellier. Yet his magnetic pole remained Edinburgh, where in 1892 he had founded what Charles Zueblin of the University of Chicago termed 'the world's first sociological laboratory' in the Outlook Tower and Camera Obscura on Castle Hill, before the very gates of the citadel once guarding and threatening the way south and (when it had changed hands) the roads west and north. Geddes had five more years to go before knighthood and death when at the Outlook Tower on 14 August 1927, he gave a lecture very close to his final testament:[30]

> Here then are varied outlooks, the widest being that from turret and Camera Obscura; and with geography in its beauty, over city and country, sea to hills. After all only one fourteen-thousandth of the world's land-surface, yet far more than most people commonly see, much less know; and thus needing maps and charts, and great globes, both geographic and astronomic, as guides towards their fuller understanding. Yet our city and our region is [*sic*] not simply a place in space; it is also a drama in time; and so too is our country and the world: hence historic accumulations, as of pictures, engravings, etc. These range from old Edinburgh and Scotland collections onwards towards through the wide world. We have gathered also towards the better understanding of economic development, as of origins of industries from the primitive occupations; and thus from stone and bronze ages up to the great modern exhibitions. Again, our surveys of Current Events have ranged from the Dreyfus Case to the recent Coal Crisis, and with volumes accordingly.

Our view of Edinburgh as ethnic, geographic, linguistic, religious, technological, legal, medical and historical crossroads seems painfully simplistic when set against Geddes's vision, and yet his gigantic reach gives our crossroads the multi-dimensional perspective it needs, to be understood or at least glimpsed and glossed. He learned in France from the disciples of Frédéric Le Play (1806–1882) to formulate sociology and make it humanise economics and, indeed, history. He believed in a totality of learning, above all founded in depth-observation. His name enthrals students of all cities, most notably Jerusalem and Mumbai, but as his *Cities in Evolution* (1915) testifies, Edinburgh was the prime example:

> How curiously and closely medieval town planning and housing ... anticipates that of our Garden Cities ... Old Edinburgh, so long the most overcrowded and deteriorated of all the world's cities – yet with its past never wholly submerged, and thus one of the world's most richly instructive, most suggestive to the fresh-eyed observer, to the historic student. Hence here the impulse of Scott's reopening of the world-romance of history, and next of Carlyle's tragi-comic rendering of its significance; here is the canvas of Robert Louis

Stevenson's subtly embroidered page; and now in turn, in more scientific days, the natural centre for the earliest of British endeavours towards the initiation of a school of sociology with its theories and a school of civics with its surveys and interpretations.

There may seem a touch of the classical, even the conventional, however much recharged, but Geddes's eye (like that of the Viet Minh guerrilla leader Vo Nguyen Giap) looked first and foremost at the response of the home-maker:

The utilitarian housewife, busy in her compact and convenient, but generally rather small and sunless scullery, may well be incredulous when we tell her that in what have now become the slums of Old Edinburgh, for instance, this scullery was situated in the porch, or on a covered but open first-floor balcony, until she can be shown the historic evidence, and even the survivals of this. Even then, so strong is habit, she will probably prefer her familiar arrangement; at any rate until she realises how, for lack of this medieval and returning open-air treatment, she or her little maid may be on the verge of consumption.

Geddes questioned the idea of Progress as fiercely as G. K. Chesterton or Christopher Dawson (1889–1970):

Rich man and poor, Conservative and Liberal, Radical and Socialist, have all alike to be upset – in most of what they have been all their lives accustomed to hear and to repeat of the poverty and the misery and the degradation of the towns of the Middle Ages, and from which they have been so often told we have in every way progressed so far – by having put before them a few of their old plans and pictures, say from the Cities and Town Planning Exhibition. For there – or indeed in any public library – it is easy to search out the old documents, as in well-nigh every town the actual survivals, which prove how grand and spacious were the market and public places, how ample the gardens, even how broad and magnificent might be the thoroughfares of many a medieval town.

Naturally Edinburgh came to hand for indictment:

The world has none to offer more dramatic and complete than that of the Historic Mile of Old Edinburgh, and especially the old High Street, in which this is being written ... this mass of medieval and renaissance survivals has been, and too nearly is still, the most squalid conglomeration, the most overcrowded area in the old world: even in the new, at most the emigrant quarter of New York or Chicago has rivalled its evil pre-eminence. Yet our 'Civic Survey of Edinburgh' shows these evils as mainly modern, and that the town planning of the thirteenth century was conceived – not only relatively, but positively – on lines in their way more spacious than those which have made our 'New Town' and its modern boulevard of Princes Street famous.

Geddes was ready enough to conscript the Scottish Enlightenment, for all its intoxication with progress, particularly in order to show how vital was observation no less than book-learning in formulating:[31]

the synoptic urban impressions of Adam Smith. For, as the field-excursions of our Edinburgh School of Sociology are wont to verify, his main life and apparently his abstract work were primarily but the amplification and sound digestion of his own observations – not only in maturity at Glasgow, but in boyhood and youth in his earlier homes.

Smith's boyhood was in Kirkcaldy, not too far from Perth, where Geddes had grown up.

Geddes never attained a higher rank at Edinburgh than Demonstrator in Biology (having fled from the University as a student even faster than Darwin, appropriately clutching his one benefit from it, a copy of Huxley's *Lay Sermons*). But it was he who was known across the city streets as 'the Professor'. Despite the fact that his early pan-Celticist 'Northern Seasonal' magazine, the *Evergreen*, is said to have been greeted by the young Wells in 1895 as 'bad from cover to cover and even the covers are bad', Geddes in mature action seems perfect realisation of the inspirational lecturer in *The World Set Free*, all the more because he, like Wells after him, had thrilled to Huxley's lectures. He had instructed London from its Royal Academy in 1910 with his extraordinary 'Edinburgh Room' displaying its survey before the Town Planning Conference, and he instructed anyone and everyone in his path as Nora Mears (1887–1967), his daughter, married to his satellite architect Frank Mears (1880–1953), warned in her poem 'The Tower of Patrick Geddes':[32]

I know an old house, a tall house, a stone house,
that stands upon a narrow street,
Yet looks from hills to sea,
If up its stairs you clamber, from chamber to chamber,
It may be you will find your feet
Can never more be free.

For if you meet the Enchanter there,
with searching eye, unruly hair,
He'll put a spell upon you,
A strange compulsion on you,
And if you do come down again
'Tis by another stair.

A stair that leads to no fair meads
of Indolence and Ease,
But through the maze
Of Thought for days,
Till new ideas hum like bees,
And the time is come for Deeds!

He had defected from his parents' devotion to the Free Kirk in 1875 when he returned to Perth from London and Huxley: it is possible that the Rev. John Buchan (1847–1911) was the pastor whom he rejected, whether or not Buchan knew it. (In any case, Buchan had other things to think of that summer, notably the birth of his firstborn and namesake (1875–1940), later famous for *The Thirty-Nine Steps*.) Geddes thought religion and education (as currently practised) impeded what they supposedly sought to evangelise. His own apostleship in Edinburgh affirmed him as true son of John Knox's city, as preacher and prophet:[33]

So bookish has been our past education, so strict our school drill of the 'three R's', and so well-nigh complete our lifelong continuance among them, that nine people out of ten, sometimes even more, understand print better than pictures, and pictures better than reality. Thus, even for the few surviving beautiful cities of the British Isles, their few marvellous streets – for choice the High Street of Oxford and the High Street of Edinburgh – a few well-chosen picture postcards will produce more effect upon most people's minds than does the actual vision of their monumental beauty – there colleges and churches, here palace, castle, and city's crown. Since for the beauty of such streets, and to their best elements of life and heritage, we have become half-blind, so also for their deteriorated ones; especially when, as in such old culture-cities, these may largely be the fossilization of learning or of religion, and not merely the phenomena of active decay. Yet even these we realise more readily from the newspaper's brief chronicle, than from the weltering misery too often before our eyes.

Thus Geddes in 1915. It is chilling to realise how applicable is his Jeremiad to the Edinburgh that survived him from his day to ours, in which it remained exemplary, too often in the worst sense. The university with which he had so uneasy yet productive a relationship, the stronger in being most informal, would go on to demolish most of the inspirational George Square and commit further acts of architectural barbarism sometimes in the name of the aesthetics Geddes favoured, and by the acts of some who proclaimed themselves his disciples. It would hardly surprise Geddes:[34]

As a specific example of failures to recognise and utilise all but the most obvious features and opportunities of even the most commanding sites, the most favourable situations, Edinburgh may be chosen. For, despite its exceptional advantages, its admired examples of ancient and modern town planning, its relatively awakened architects, its comparatively high municipal and public interest in town amenity, Edinburgh notoriously presents many mistakes, disasters and even vandalisms, of which some are present ones.

Lewis Mumford (1895–1990), author of *The Culture of Cities* (1938) and *The City in History* (1962) and perhaps Geddes's geatest disciple in studying the city as an art-form, warned us that his master's books 'are but notes written as it were on the margin of his thinking', and Geddes, like many another great Edinburgh artist, may well have done his best work in speech over his shoulder to a sidekick. Edinburgh is, after all, the genesis of Sherlock Holmes and Dr Watson. Israel Zangwill (1864–1926) in 1895 seems to have found in Geddes the replacement for the temporarily Reichenbached Holmes:

It was a stormy morning when the mercurial Professor ... 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 was still but a few yards ... 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 is renowned for its medical schools?' asked the Professor grimly ...

Mumford offers a variant in our crossroads metaphor for Edinburgh and some of the people we find there: 'Geddes, then, is a bridge between three worlds: the waxing world that gave him birth, the disintegrating world he confronted in his maturity, and a new world, still unborn, towards which all his own creative effort was bent'. Mumford, child of the competitive if United States, wondered at Geddes's indifference to the appropriation without attribution of his ideas by others, and quoted his explanation: 'I am like the cuckoo, who leaves her eggs in other birds' nests, and is only too glad to have someone else feed them and care for them till they are ready to fly by themselves'. But Mumford found Geddes's method a cause of his failure to win fame even more than was his modesty: 'He practised synthesis in an age of specialism and stood for the insurgence of life in a world that submitted ever more fully to the gods of mechanized routine'.

Mumford in his devotion to Geddes likened 'the fate of Plato's intimate teachings' to 'Geddes's most important insights ... never committed to paper ...

imparted directly to those for whom his life and example served as constant illustrations of the philosophy itself ... Geddes's essential doctrine was a doctrine of *life*: its inception, its growth, its crises, its insurgence, its self-transcendence.'[35] Perhaps Mumford was thinking of Socrates inspiring Plato more than Plato's really having a holy of unwritten holies, an oracle only quotable by disciple priests. Certainly what Socrates did not write made an artist of Plato, and inspired endless dynasties of philosophers from Aristotle onwards.

Geddes concluded that lecture at his Outlook Tower in 1927:[36]

> Is it not time, then that more of our active-minded youth, and not only in Edinburgh and Scotland, but beyond, the studious and the practical, and of both sexes alike, should be taking some active interest, and even participation, in these many outlooks and endeavours of the Tower? Between these varied ways of looking at the world, and these corresponding initiatives towards activating in it, they would thus soon prepare themselves for taking it into their own hands, for a fresh generation of fuller activity. And, similarly, for its associated groups of study and action in London, in France, in Belgium, and beyond, and the more since each and all are ever advancing beyond conventional ways of thought, and their current parties and limitations.

The authors of *Edinburgh* in the *Buildings of Scotland* series mocked this, however involuntarily, in a mordant footnote to its notice of the Tower: 'He fitted it up as "the world's first sociological laboratory, nucleus of the University of the Future for all neo-technic thinking and teaching and for the future Encyclopaedia Civica". None of this survives.'[37]

And poor Geddes is left brooding spiritually and ghostly over its elegant shell, less musically than Yeats's poetics on his Tower among Irish ruins, or less decisively than Housman's measurements of the tower clock by which the man is hanged, both published around the same time. And yet at the end of our OEC century which loved and lost him, Geddes may seem more amongst us than ever, all the more with his cry that the tilling and care 'of Mother Earth is the prime task of man'. In that century's last days Cardinal Keith Patrick O'Brien declared 'the Earth a gift by God to Man analogous to His gift of the Eucharist, requiring the same protection and devotion'.[38] The theology may differ, but the message is the same. Cuckoos could tell you that some eggs take a long time to hatch.

* * *

We are moving from the Lecture as art-form to the Lecturer as Artistic Prophet, a role in which Geddes might have been anticipated by John Knox, or found a contemporary in James Connolly (1868-1916), but where he would be followed by a myriad of Edinburghers however much they might have resented classification as Edimbourgeoisie. Many are still alive, and epiphanies of some of them which I witnessed may thus assume undue preponderance, but history, after all, depends on the historian staying awake.

To see in Geddes the archetypal artist as prophet would be absurd, with Ruskin's gigantic shadow still lowering over Edinburgh architecture from the Victorian heights. But Geddes's Tower, however desecrated and then prettified, placed him along a line from the Castle to Arthur's Seat, and we may follow that line across time in the Tower's invisible illumination. We may even find an unexpected vindication for Geddes's prophetics in the Pevsner-founded Penguin *Edinburgh* where Geddes (and F. C. Mears) are hailed as the plansmen behind the Scottish National Zoological Park whose north part Mears laid out in 1927 itself, seeking the natural surroundings for its animals as far as seemed possible. The animals might still have preferred their freedom, but at least they can take up Geddes's work as our less predictable educators. The Parrot Garden was active by 1925.[39]

Geddes had spoken to his new world, still unborn, but as a good Edinburgh prophet he renewed his strength from the mother-earth of Scott's 'reopening of the world romance of history', Carlyle's 'tragi-comedy of its significance' and Stevenson's 'subtly embroidered page', and as if summoned at his bidding the three writers would owe their permanence in the Edinburgh literary landscape to enterprises set on foot in the Geddesian spirit of reverencing the past by strengthening its own architecture. While Geddes was speaking in 1927 Herbert John Clifford Grierson (1866–1960) in the University of Edinburgh Chair of Rhetoric and English Literature was opening his campaign that would gather and preserve the rich quilts of Walter Scott's correspondence in twelve volumes (1932–37), the students showing their admiration for his conquest by making him University Rector after he had finished his twenty-year professorship. Fired by this example subsequent votaries in Edinburgh's

English literary ranks played the major part in the gigantic publication of the hard-bitten, ferociously vivid epistles of Thomas Carlyle and the more charming and even livelier letters of Jane Welsh, who married him in an early volume. These enterprises put editorial stuffing in future reprints of the great texts whose frequent appearance made nonsense of critics' Jeremiads that 'nobody' read Scott or Carlyle. Any sensible historical novelist still learns their craft from reading Scott, as Gore Vidal would do (deliberately choosing the neglected *Peveril of the Peak*). Any sensible feminist critic (of either sex) can learn theirs from Jane Welsh, notably in her treatment of the author nearest at hand. Thomas Carlyle, admittedly, is a dangerous model, but can any historian make the past more immediate than *Past and Present*, or more kaleidoscopic than *The French Revolution*?[40] Stevenson's correspondence awaited an English editor, but Stevenson's critical status was assured by the work of a gentle student listening to Grierson's lectures in Geddes's last days, and later, the same David Daiches would preserve in captivating prose the memory of his *Two Worlds*, Jewish and Scottish, and their imaginative linguistic potentialities in *Was*.[41] No greater service could have been rendered to Geddesian Edinburgh, for Stevenson is Edinburgh's greatest literary topographer, although, as John Buchan (the younger) perceptively remarked, having kept the reader (if not the characters) on the firmest of footing in *Kidnapped*, the author of *Catriona* quickened the pace when necessary by covering the ground at speeds no mortal horse could essay. (Buchan may qualify for a Great Edinburgh Lecturer's place, perhaps for his 'The Great Captains' given to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on 19 January 1920, but its attempt to make War a Fine Art was less aesthetically gratifying than his undoubted prowess as Artist of Propaganda.)[42]

But books, however well revived by editor and critics, need print, paper and publishers to win their audience. In the First World War these had to contend with an officious and obtuse censorship, with little of the efficiency and expertise Buchan brought to propaganda; in the Second World War the censors were less foolish, perhaps because they learned war realities on their own doorsteps, but paper rationing and book-burning by bombing were in danger of strangling literature in its cradle. There is thus a true sense of the Lecture as Artistic Declaration of Integrity in contemplating Stanley Morison (1889–1967) proclaiming *The Typographic Arts Past Present and Future* at the Edinburgh College of Art on 17 February 1944. Morison was the master of his craft, the supreme aesthete of its implications, and no man was better entitled to set war and its destruction at defiance, for he had been imprisoned for refusing to fight in World War I. But (unlike Ruskin and Geddes) his intent as invader of Edinburgh was peaceful: 'It is not idle boasting to say that the city is renowned in all the world for the high quality of its book-production'. Where this would make itself an indictment was in the passing of Edinburgh printing and publishing to England and beyond, as the twentieth century spawned its dropsical giants in book production, and Titans devoured firms they scarcely saw, let alone understood. Morison began his appreciative if posthumously accusative tribute with the Scots achievement in illuminated manuscripts, inherited from Ireland, evangelised in England. Morison's devout Roman Catholicism dictated his reminder to his Scottish listeners of the medieval past they so frequently elided:

> The monastic writers and illuminators learnt their craft in their monasteries, the secular craftsmen outside who helped in the making of books, learnt it as apprentices to their Guild, which was dedicated to St John; the printers were dedicated to St Luke. As masters, they exercised their craft according to guild rules that were instinct with religion. They worked as anonymous craftsmen without knowing that they were engaged on 'works of art'.

Morison was an example (alas all too seldom followed) in getting up the Scottish dimension of his subject for a Scottish audience. Twentieth-century Scotland was infested with lecturers too lazy to study the Scottish past and too stupid to see what they could learn from it, quite apart from its teaching value of giving an audience familiar landscape whence to grasp the first formulation of a subject. Morison was as comprehensive as he was courteous:

> Printing was established in Scotland, that is to say in this city of Edinburgh, forty-one years after its first appearance in Mainz, and seventeen years after its introduction into Westminster. Scottish progress was retarded by the competition of printers south of the border; just as, later on, the English trade complained of the competition of the French. James IV, King of Scotland, in 1507, and Henry VIII of England in 1543, both put up tariffs against the foreigners – the Scots against the English; and the English against the French.

But he was ruthless in regarding Protestantism in England and Scotland as responsible for 'unremitting degradation' of the typographer's art. There were exceptions: 'Thus Bassandyne's Bible, published in Edinburgh in 1579, was a competent and creditable book composed in roman type from France and Holland. It was a great struggle to produce it and the Scots were fined for not buying it at the high price asked, nearly £5.' Scotland necessarily vanished from his narrative until the eighteenth century. Edinburgh's establishment of 'the Select Society for Encouraging the Arts and Manufactures of Scotland' in 1734 took its place among comparable English societies, although 'the justification for the London Society's use of the word "art" lay merely in the acknowledgment that no improvement could be made in any mechanism except on the basis of a drawing'. He left it to his Edinburgh hearers' consciences to study the applicability of this conclusion to their own city. But in fact Edinburgh had by 1734 won pride of place:

The first history of typography ever written in English for the instruction of the trade was James Watson's *The Art of Printing*. It was published in Edinburgh in 1713. Standards were low, but Watson entertained a settled, well-grounded hope that the perusal of 'his history' would 'inspire us all with a noble, generous emulation which would permit us to equal, nay to excel, the best performances of our ancestors'. Watson felt the more optimistic, 'since our native country has at present as many good spirits and an abundance of authors, more than in any former age'. His history of printing ignores England, since that country's 'own writers are very capable to do themselves justice'; and he nowhere suggests bringing any of the English up to Edinburgh. To arrest the continuance of the 'late decay' which is responsible for bad press-work, which will always ruin the best of types and best of composition, it would be necessary, Watson says, to bring in pressmen from Holland.

This was to woo an Edinburgh audience with the finest of diplomacy as well as with the fascination of the subject. Morison was making conversion to typographic enthusiasm a Scottish patriotic duty, while himself dutifully ignoring such tangents as Watson's imprisonment in 1700 for publishing a pamphlet denouncing the authorities for the Darien disaster. He also avoided the probability of Watson's Catholicism.

Morison strode on to 1728 when:

there came to his maturity in Edinburgh Alexander Donaldson, who was more responsible than any other single man for the creation in this city of a permanent and large printing and type-founding industry. The material basis, i.e. the revenue for it, came mainly from England, and, one supposes, still does. How jealously the London booksellers of the eighteenth century sought to control the copyright of books, which they had bought outright from their respective authors, is well known; not only that, but how they claimed in them a perpetual copyright based on 'custom'. The London claim to a perpetual copyright was not admitted in Edinburgh and in 1743 London took legal action. For twenty years the situation remained obscure and was allowed to drag. But when Donaldson set up shop in the Strand, and put Edinburgh printed classics on sale at 30 per cent to 50 per cent below the usual prices, the London trade tried once more to bring the law into operation against him ... In 1771, the House of Lords decided in favour of Donaldson.

To say this was to demonstrate the antiquity of the Scots insistence on the diffusion of learning to all classes, pursued to the twentieth century when John Buchan (the younger) produced Nelson's sixpenny, sevenpenny and shilling classics. It also anticipated so much later twentieth-century scholarship on the Scottish enlightenment, tying in aesthetics and craft skills:

Scotland led the interest in technicalities. A step forward was made with the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the first edition of which was brought out 'by a society of gentlemen in Scotland' and printed in Edinburgh in 1771. The improvement in the practice of printing in Scotland, particularly in Edinburgh, between the beginning and the middle of the eighteenth century had been vast ... John Bell [1745–1831] published in London from 1785 a collected edition of *Shakespeare*, a collected *British Theatre* and a collected *British Poets*, all of which were printed in a style far finer than had ever been seen before in volumes of their small size and great ambitions. They represented an *édition de luxe* of Donaldson's classics for the middle classes ... Bell's *British Poets*, size 4″x 5¼″, was printed in Edinburgh on a fine thin woven paper in clear, if small, types, well spaced, and illustrated with engraved frontispieces and title-pages ... The *British Poets*, like the *British Theatre*, was printed at the Apollo Press by Gilbert Martin, an Edinburgh printer of whom one would gladly know more.

Morison went on to show the Scots as pioneers in the teaching of arts to all classes. In 1835 a House of Commons Select Committee:

intended ... to encourage drawing from casts in a school to which a museum was attached, and a lecture hall. One such school had been founded in Edinburgh in 1768; and it was described to the Committee by Mr [James] Skene [1775–1864], Secretary of the Royal Institution for Encouragement of the Fine Arts in Scotland. It appeared that the Edinburgh Drawing Academy of 1768 had been directed by a Frenchman who succeeded in attracting *dessinateurs*, that is to say 'designers', for cotton printers and engravers. The Academy was still working in 1835.

Morison continued his narrative, showing Edinburgh pre-eminence in seemingly endless respects. Scott's novels, had stimulated 'romantic mediaevalism and anti-industrialism which has gained ground', resulting, amongst other things, in the abandonment of 'the distinction between Art and Fine Art', and Ruskin, Edinburgh's scourge for its architectural sins, was reclaimed as a native product:

The return to the standards of printing as they were, or as they were thought to have been in the preindustrial period, had the support of John Ruskin of good Edinburgh stock, who was careful to see that his own books were well composed in the Edinburgh roman, cut by Alexander Phemister. Ruskin's preaching did more than Pugin's building to justify the middle ages. His influence, with that of Rossetti, formed the mind of one from whose life and example came a new and powerful and indeed permanent inspiration: William Morris.

And the remaining third of the lecture celebrated Morris from the typographical vantage-point, ending on the moral of Morris for his hearers:

Nobody suggests the copying of Morris's types, his borders or his ornaments. It is his recognition of the fact that decoration is a human need that matters. In Edinburgh, and in its College of Art, therefore, it is to be hoped that the study of the history and use of ornament will not be overlooked in the years to come.

It was in Edinburgh in the autumn of 1889, at a meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Art, that a plan for the improvement in the standards of the typographical arts was discussed by William Morris, Emery Walker [1851–1933] and [Thomas James] Cobden-Sanderson [1840–1922]. There followed the Kelmscott Press ... Whether we regard the purpose of typographical studies as making provision for the design of the plain, unadorned book that is within the capacity of the least ambitious, or the provision of decorated, or illustrated books, we shall find the example, methods and teaching of Morris of value. The function of the Book Design department of this College, I apprehend, is to educate talent calculated to provide for the book of special importance, the permanent possession, the book ornamented with pictures and decorations that are appropriate to it, i.e. the book that may, if successful, rank as a work of art.

And having celebrated Scotland's contribution to the typographic arts whose foremost British authority he was, he ended by quoting Morris in what he clearly intended as Scotland's agenda:[43]

The book with pictures, as well as type in it, 'is not, perhaps, absolutely necessary to man's life', said Morris, 'but it gives us such endless pleasure, and is so intimately connected with the other absolutely necessary art of imaginative literature, that it must remain one of the very worthiest things towards the production of which reasonable men should strive'.

Stanley Morison's visit was quickly over – he remained all his life a devoted Londoner – and it was rapidly followed by publication of his lecture with charming engravings under the imprint of the bookseller James Thin, whose family had served Edinburgh's private and public libraries for nearly a century and which has sold its premises within the last few years. The younger firm of Bauermeister, on George IV Bridge, has likewise folded its tents. Any major shop selling new books in Edinburgh will today be ruled by the faceless managers of English chains. Scottish publishers survive, but in almost all famous cases of today the firms were founded long after the Second World War, and in Edinburgh as in London the belch of the cannibal is heard in the land: publishers' mastheads mean older publishers' graveyards. The history of Edinburgh publishing began a half millennium before us, with James IV still years away from Flodden; and it began the twentieth century with quality and quantity worthy of distinguished forebears. Its twentieth-century history – and indeed, that of its counterpart (or condominium) Glasgow – reads like a malignant reply down the centuries to Dunbar's 'Lament for the Makaris', with the difference that Dunbar bewailed the deaths suffered by his fellow poets in spite of their success, whereas Edinburgh publishers died because of theirs. The contours of the tale vary little: Edinburgh – success – growth – London outlet – London predominance – Scotland sold off – London taken over – obliteration amid rival buys-out – disintegration of memory in meaningless and misunderstood names, titles, authors. Was there greater possible self-pride than Nelson's, founded in 1798, first fortune made on popular religious works (Hume or no Hume, Scotland's enlightenment was religious), son of founder professionalises publishers' envoys to booksellers, London outlet needed to hold London bookshops' goodwill, Scottish employees marketing Scotland while settling in London (John Buchan merely the star example), takeover of fellow-Scots T. C. & E. C. Jack (publishers of H. E. Marshall's *Our Empire Story, Our Island Story*, *Scotland's Story*)? Adam and Charles Black dated from 1807, purchasers of *Encyclopaedia Britannica* copyright for the great seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth editions, purchasers of Scott's novel copyrights, but by 1895 the sons of the founder had taken the firm to London where it

lost the *Encyclopaedia* and founded *Who's Who*. (Adam Black, 1784–1874, had put few Edinburghers to the necessity of consulting a prehistoric *Who's Who*: MP for his city and twice its Lord Provost.) William Chambers (1800–1883) was also Lord Provost of Edinburgh, having founded W. & R. Chambers in 1819, founders of *Chambers's Journal* in 1832, and so to triumphant success in works of reference into the farther recesses of the twentieth century but tumbling into Paris rule at its end.

The *Liebestod* with variations saw Edinburgh moths, often emperor moths, dream their conquest of flame: occasionally the flame, impatient of their slowness in risking their success in its heat, swept into Edinburgh to devour. As Malcolm III, David I, William the Lion, James IV, Charles I should have warned them, woe betide the Scots who seek to conquer England. It can be written off as the inevitable fate of business enterprise: but the ghost of Stanley Morison reminds us that publishers, too, once saw their work as Art.[44]

* * *

The ghost of Tom John Honeyman (1891–1971) may make no such demands on us, yet his lecture hosted by the University of Edinburgh in 1955 was a great occasion, presided over by the University Principal Sir Edward Appleton (1892–1965), famous to the world as Nobel Prizewinner for work on radar, the ionosphere and atomic energy (and to Edinburgh for demolishing most of George Square), twenty-five heads of Universities across the world in attendance to visit the Edinburgh International Festival. The lecture was to have been given by the great classicist Gilbert Murray (1866–1957) but at nearly the last moment was vetoed by his doctors. Honeyman was Rector of the University of Glasgow, recently retired from Directorship of Glasgow Art Gallery, and had chaired many a creative Art-maker from Glasgow Citizens' Theatre to Glasgow Tree Lovers' Society. Appleton, floundering in ignorance, fell back on Honeyman's Recreations in *Who's Who* to make anything at all of the substitute speaker whose first recreation was talking, and thus invited him 'to *talk* to us on the subject of The Universities and the Arts' (and, however desperate Appleton's expedient, it was an excellent instruction).[45]

Honeyman was Glaswegian of Fife/Moray parents. Appleton having made too much of Honeyman's status as very definite second choice, Honeyman owed no favours and had his international audience at his Scottish mercy. His listening Heads of Universities were almost entirely from non-Communist Europe (other than Belgrade), only one English (Oxford), four Scots; the Commonwealth or Empire was limited to Hong Kong, South Africa and Canada; the USA had one (Harvard). He gave them no hope of intimidating him; he pointed out that he had been shanghaied from a holiday at sea where 'A ship's library is not very helpful' so that 'This is not even research' which in any case he defined in words spoken to his father 'by a well-beloved schoolmaster ... When a man says or writes anything, he makes it public property. Within the limits of courtesy, help yourself. Besides, to copy from one book is plagiarism; to copy from more than one book is research.'

The high Heads were finding their noses firmly rubbed in the Kailyard in its finest flower. He took it farther in quoting from the then most eminent American historian of Britain, Wallace Notestein (1878–1969), whose *The Scot in America* (1946) found:[46]

> that we Scots have a very special brand of humour ... a tendency towards the macabre ... even on solemn occasions, such as funerals, we are able to separate the comedy from the tragedy. Professor Notestein, I think, spent most of his time in Edinburgh and he may have been informed about the Edinburgh man whose funeral attracted a great number of his friends. One of them asked if he might have a last look at the departed before the coffin was sealed. This was easily arranged. After the final inspection he returned to the assembly and whispered to the widow, 'Aye he looks very peaceful. And he's got such a sweet smile on his face.' 'Just so', said the good lady, 'that's our John. He was always slow in the uptak'. It'll take him two or three days before he realises exactly what's happened to him.'

Honeyman then gracefully compared his own situation as last-minute substitute for Gilbert Murray to that of the late John, and no doubt received a rumble of Vice-Cancellarial risibility covering whispers to Vice-Chancellor A. H. Smith of Oxford or President Nathan Pusey of Harvard (or *vice versa*) as to why Scots thought smiling meant slowness. The Kailyard was less to blame for reinforcing national myths (e.g. dour Scots) than for being assumed to do so when it was essaying something else. The story in fact might have been told to the boy Edgar Allan Poe (1809–1849) when visiting Scotland (whence he took *Blackwood's*

Edinburgh Magazine for emulation in every sense of the word), or found in a lost *conte* of Maupassant under study by the young Conan Doyle training himself in literary economy. It could also have inspired Tom Nairn's famous pathology of the Festival, 'Festival of the Dead', eloquently playing Jeremiah in 1967 (when the Shaws and Yeatses and Joyces proclaimed Ireland's cultural death in their time, how far did they allow themselves to know their Artistic achievement in so doing mocked their indictments?). Naturally Nairn played Jeremiah in Hegelian antithesis to John Knox (1505–1572), Scotland's most famous performer in the role, now identified once more with the theatre which he vindicated in the drama of his rhetoric and his recording while alive, however much it was deplored by his heirs:[47]

> The crowds troop in nightly to see Pop Theatre Shakespeare and Molière, through the dark courtyard of the Church of Scotland's Assembly Hall, past the forbidding image of black Knox himself. As long as his tradition holds the tongue of Scotland in its grip, the sounds within the Hall will never have their proper resonance. This is the worst thing their twisted history has done to the Scots. Society is language: Scotland is silence.
>
> The poet's wish is above all to burst through this heart of inarticulacy, to cry the Word which could restore all things whole. But the loss is far too deep for this. Presbyterianism appropriated the country's tongue and, merely by being what it is, killed it.

Nairn would live to cheer the Kirk for its staging in the same hall, before the same statue, the Constitutional Convention which gave rise to the Scottish Parliament, the Kirk justifying its defiance of the Thatcher Government as a state church by its superiority to the state, unlike the Church of England. It was to be perhaps the century's finest demonstration of politics as an Art-form. But if the Church of Scotland had lived to win over its Jeremiah, it was a Jeremiah who had proved the heaviest weapon in getting it there.

Honeyman twelve years before Nairn had been far too polite to do more than hint that his little Edinburgh joke warned of a Festival unaware of its own death. He at least knew that any kind of analysis of Art demanded that itself be Art (even as Nairn's would be):

> The Romance of Art and Science – their power and authority – their tragic and comic relationships to human hopes and aspirations – are significant and legitimate aspects of whatever branch of each of them we elect to follow. And the Romance of it is not revealed in textbooks. You sometimes get it in a lecture where the lecturer has a mind with range and direction; it can be felt in a demonstration – in a conference – in talking shop – and on occasions where, like this, people are united in a city which has organised acts of devotion to the Arts.

At least Honeyman was telling what was still possible, which a dozen years later Nairn would declare impossible. But Honeyman (and perhaps his European audience) thought of the cultural desert that appeared to stretch across the continent at the end of Hitler's death-world and the counterparts with which his enemies responded. If culture was to grow on the scorched earth anew it had to breathe the air of its own celebration. Hence Bruno Walter (1876–1962) lifted the conductor's baton for the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra at the first (1947) Edinburgh International Festival, for the first time since he as a Jew had been driven from Austria nine years earlier. Hence Queen Elizabeth (1900–2002) brought her husband and daughters to the first Festivals with the duty (not necessarily the pleasure) which she had brought to her war work, recognising in both vital parts of victory. So Honeyman could quote 1955's Lord Provost: 'We become more convinced ... that an appreciation of the Arts can lead us away from disharmony and the strident forces of ill-will and misunderstanding towards the more noble aspects of human relationships'. But Honeyman's question of what the Universities were doing, should be doing, and should not be doing, for the Arts, went beyond its subject, and ultimately beyond Nairn. The Scottish Enlightenment had begun in Glasgow with Professor Francis Hutcheson's producing in 1725 'the first book on Aesthetics to appear in Britain'. A dreadful irony would overtake Honeyman's attack on 'the cynical disregard of merchants and ... the "Ach-tae-Hell" School of Architecture' in the Edinburgh of his day: the Chair presiding at his lecture was about to make existing Vandals diminish in horror as the first Vandals had withered by comparison with the Huns. That Honeyman was highly aware of the potential of Edinburgh cultural depravity was clear enough: he denounced the former Edinburgh University Professor of Fine Art, Baldwin Brown as:

> in a measure responsible for allowing the experiment known as the Glasgow School of Painters to peter out into an inglorious end. He implored a vital group of artists to abandon their 'eccentricities' and return to the traditional folds. This, alas, they did: and any

possibilities of a worthwhile Scottish contribution to the stream of European art was indefinitely postponed.

The justice or otherwise of this may be debated elsewhere: but Honeyman had laid his finger on a supreme danger of a culture such as Edinburgh's, born as creator or importer of national intellectual values: having established Parnassus, it might – and did – fence off the slopes from trespassers, however redolent of culture and intellect. The atrophy Honeyman diagnosed in 1955 became the mummification proclaimed by Nairn. Honeyman directly attacked Appleton's declaration 'that in a University the cultivation of the Arts cannot be the work of a rich patron' and mocked in answer: 'With a population of about five millions, there are, in Scotland, patrons of the Arts. They lie buried under a mound of indifference. We have to dig them out and the Universities must lend a hand in the digging.'

Honeyman demonstrated from the Gauguin Exhibition at that year's Festival how want of higher education must diminish its value, for all of Douglas Cooper's work in the catalogue. He told the assembled Vice-Chancellors to 'see the exhibition three times before you read Mr Cooper's admirable essay', and as for the other viewers: 'What percentage of the visitors is likely to be informed enough to understand the writer's critical analysis? But when they are informed and begin to comprehend, this excellent exhibition will be more completely rewarding. We all suffer from under-exposure to the Arts.' Honeyman went on to demand Art appreciation for all, but beyond that he denounced educators with no philosophy of education, scientists indifferent to philosophy of science, 'historians who have never thought about the philosophy of history', etc. It turned on his earlier remarks about the Romance of Art and Science: he might have said 'the Art of Science'. 'I do not propose' (Honeyman had earlier assured his hearers) 'to inflict upon you the impertinence of a rehash of all that has been said on the Functions of a University from Cardinal Newman onwards' but he was getting very close to a preachment of Knowledge for its own End by the back door.[48] The American detective-story writer Harry Kemelman put it into the mouth of a Rabbi nearly twenty years later:[49]

The desire for knowledge, knowledge for its own sake is what distinguishes man from the lower animals. All animals have an interest in practical knowledge – where the best food supplies may be found, the best places to hide or bed down – but only man goes to the trouble of trying to learn something merely because he does not yet know it. The mind of man yearns for knowledge as the body yearns for food.

Professor Aubrey Manning will no doubt dissent from the anthropocentrism of this and (once he has done so) I will agree with him, but it is merely an encumbrance (a cobweb, if you like) clinging from its *Zeitgeist*. Much work has been done on all of this in more recent times; Herbert Butterfield (1900–1979) was already vigorously stimulating the history of historical writing, while others were sometimes stultifying the philosophy of history. Theory of literature has spread tentacles and accompanying darkness in the best octopus fashion, and frequently takes the place of serious research. But Honeyman's general protest was just, and in fact variously reflected the zeal of our earlier prophets. Edinburgh needed to see Knowledge as interconnected Arts, much as the Scottish Enlightenment had seen it (having the advantage in its day of knowing Religion as one of the branches of Knowledge rather than its enemy).

Honeyman went on to cite Tovey as the realisation of the very desideratum he had demanded. 'Edinburgh now possesses the finest Faculty of Music in the country.' Tovey's work was being continued by Sidney Newman:

Give us the means (or the patrons) and Professor Newman will know where to find the musicians: he can make them. In this University, with staff, students and others combining to produce music and to listen to it, we have one splendid relationship between the Universities and the Arts ... With the resident orchestra based on the University we might again achieve that unity of the arts that there was in Greece and that we find in Wagner.

Professor Mazar, of the University of Jerusalem, may not have been the only one to blanch at that point. Honeyman surged on:

Poetry, music, drama and the visual arts are all co-related. Music made in the service of the theatre and of the Church ... can subsist, in its own right as music. It need not be a surrender, as happens so often when pictorial art becomes the hand-maiden to literature.

And he went on to salute Sidney Newman's links to the School of Scottish Studies:

They tell me that on the level of folk music, with its great legacy of songs and dance music, fiddle and bagpipe tunes, Scotland is unsurpassed by any other European country. I have no difficulty

in understanding the value of this kind of research. Here is method replacing spasmodic pathetic patriotism.

That this implied an academically reputable patriotism he left to his audience to deduce. He turned to the theatre:

Is the past greater than the present and is the future less the business of the University? For example, must the Universities wait until the live theatre in this country becomes the dead theatre? ...

The Colleges and Universities of America are coming to the rescue of the Theatre. It needs rescuing, and the way things are going in Scotland the outlook is clouded over by a considerable degree of apprehension ...

Perhaps the undergraduate body will produce the answers to our problems; but to ensure continuity in organisation and a sustained interest members of the University staff must be prepared, or be seconded to make it their business to take a part in direction.

There would be a few giants among University staff in those respects, and there would also be unfulfilled promises by successive University administrations. We do not need merely to think of Appleton's minions smashing grand pianos out of upper floors of the George Square buildings under demolition, as the University's sole Edinburgh answer to Honeyman's agenda. Countless Edinburgh undergraduates would play decisive or supportive roles in Fringe theatre, folk festivals, art crusades, singers in several centuries, music of every shape and kind. But Honeyman, very firmly a prophet by now, seemed to hold what Longfellow's Hiawatha calls 'a darker, drearier vision' of the future:[50]

We need the Arts because they are essential to the art of living. Governments are not now opposed to the idea ... But my view is that the job cannot be successfully performed until the Universities play a greater part. In the eighteenth century they assumed the responsibility. They carried it through in that glorious age of enlightenment which was centred on Edinburgh. Then, somehow or other, the deeds became deeds of separation. True, there are now signs of reconciliation. This Festival is one of them. But there are fifty-two weeks in a year. Enjoyment of the great in all the Arts is more than a transient refreshment. It is something which adds to the permanent qualities in a nation's life and, among all the institutions which will ensure that permanency, the Universities should and must be pre-eminent.

In fact, Honeyman's hallelujah would be the high point of the University of Edinburgh's formal involvement with the Festival. University expansion meant an accumulation of staff whose attainments in many respects seldom extended to interest in Scotland, still less to Edinburgh and its culture. Oxbridge products, usually longing to return to their academic cradles, seldom invited nostalgia for the actual towns of Oxford and Cambridge, and saw no reason to impair their agoraphobia for Edinburgh, and many of them would lead in future policy-making for the University of Edinburgh. Meanwhile the Festival waned from its experimentalism of the late 1950s and early 1960s to obsession with opulent opera, and as such merited Tom Nairn's Jeremiad in some degree.

Honeyman and Nairn had in fact both marked a very different cultural source. Honeyman gleefully saluted two passionate warring poets: 'On the two extremes of the forward line in what has been described as "The Scottish Renaissance" are Edwin Muir and Hugh MacDiarmid. Neither of them attended a University.'[51] Nairn summoned Muir's 'The Difficult Land' for his penultimate girn; quoting:

... the dead
Who lodge in us so strangely, unremembered,
Yet in their place. For how can we reject
The long last look on the ever-dying face
Turned backward from the other side of time?
And how offend the dead and shame the living
By these despairs?

'That distinctive, hopelessly nostalgic feeling is in itself a trap' concluded Nairn, severely truncating the line before Muir's 'And how refrain from love?' Nairn's sermon rose to finality: 'For Scotland, reality and speech obviously lie somewhere on the other side of rejection. The offence of the dead and the shame of the living are conditions of sanity. Hope ... can only be beyond absolute despair.' Nairn was in theory writing a Festival report for the *New Statesman* and at least acknowledged the survival of Arts beyond Festival, beyond Fringe, particularly necessary in a Festival regime (that of Peter Diamand) which scarcely seemed to know that Edinburgh existed (ignoring the *déraciné* Oxbridged with the same conscientiousness they gave to ignoring the Festival).

In Mylne's Bar, the crowds of poets come and go among the portraits of MacDiarmid, Goodsir Smith, MacCaig and the other heroes. The prominent part of alcohol in the National spiritual life is well-known. The function of the mental whisky that also flows at Milne's is less appreciated: poetry. Next to tartan and soldiers, poetry is the greatest curse of contemporary Scotland. It is the intellectuals' special form of dope, which they can indulge in with a good conscience while the crowds go mad on the Castle esplanade.

For, as Nairn savagely pointed out, the Tattoo then (and now) outsold every other Festival siren:

> ... the only really popular part of the Festival ... Within the context of an expanding English imperialism, the Scots discovered another sub-identity, as the pioneers and military servants of the Empire. They were not merely exploited into this role – they avidly appropriated it, as another solution to the perennial problem of how to exist.

'The meaning of the extraordinary prevalence of poetry in modern Scottish literature is evident. Prose is too risky.'[52] But the risks were not entirely on one side. Nairn was risking too much in forgetting that readers in the 1960s (however otherwise destitute of revolution) had discovered their own obligations to a Miss Jean Brodie, in her prime.

There were still living poets in Milne's in 1967. Norman MacCaig's tall, lean, exquisitely ironic countenance would have curved in delight at Nairn's cadences, stabbing the page of the *New Statesman* with a schoolmaster's appreciative if intolerant finger, and would perhaps have gone on to argue that Nairn, while promising, lacked the sense of poetic potentialities evident in the *New Statesman* competition entry parodying 'The Scottish Soldier' and beginning:[53]

> There was a Sailor
> A Yankee Sailor:
> He cam' frae *Proteus*
> To say hello tae us ...

And declaimed his joyous admiration as classicist and Scot for that last rhyme. He was the more ready to pronounce on Scots rhyme since from start to finish he had resolutely refused ever to follow his dearest friend in the world Chris Grieve, alias Hugh MacDiarmid (1892–1978), into any verse in Scots whatsoever. Nairn was, of course, flyting, a perfectly just occupation for a Scots poet, especially one who had taken the elementary precaution of not writing poetry. Nairn had complained that 'After Scott's fantasies, Scotland parted company with the great mainstream of the European novel' but Norman MacCaig (1910–1996) could have conversed with any of Scott's many Lords of Misrule without the slightest hesitation. Nor was it altogether wise to assume MacCaig's poetry departed from realism:[54]

> Trams from my innocence thunder by like suns
> Through my familiar city to where I know
> Slatternly tenements wait till night
> To make a Middle Ages in the sky.
> A buzzing gas-lamp there must be my rose
> Eating itself away in the ruined air
> Where a damp bannister snakes up and
> Time coughs his lungs out behind a battered door.

Whoever's poetry was escapism, MacCaig's was not: reading his verse you saw more, not less, of the world around you. Sydney Goodsir Smith's *The Wallace,* verse-play commissioned for the Festival in 1960 (under directors who still knew where it was), might seem painful self-delusive nationalism to the still anti-nationalist Nairn of 1967, but it turned on the psychological chemistry of infectious failure, that men may rebel in protest against the destruction of another man whose cause had never been enough for them. The 1960s knew that story as well as (or perhaps better than) the 1300s. As for MacDiarmid himself, he might have taken Nairn with far less tolerance than the faintly mocking MacCaig or the kindly Goodsir Smith (1912–1975) – he had never yet forgiven Edwin Muir (1887–1959) for despairing of Scots as a poetic language – but he would have emphatically agreed with the whole thrust of the Jeremiad. His 'Talking with Five Thousand People in Edinburgh' took its epigraph from Job rather than Jeremiah but with Nairn's poetic prose and MacDiarmid's prose-galvanising poetry what are the odds while the pulpit still bears the prophet? It ends:[55]

> Let a look at Edinburgh be called
> Just an educational film then
> Such as we see any day on the screen.
> 'The Abortion', say, or 'Why Does It Rain?'
> Or 'How Silk Stockings Are Made', or, finally,
> 'What Is the Difference Between a Man and a Beaver?'
>
> It's far too late in the day
> For a fellow like this
> Trying to organise a conspiracy of feelings
> In Edinburgh of all places.
>
> Let us fall in with the wishes of Authority,
> Hush to treasonable rubbish like 'The Red Flag':
> Let us study – and in the end be content to be
> Each of us no better than a carted stag.

As for the Festival, MacDiarmid proclaimed its death as ruthlessly as Nairn.

What happened was all too appropriate to Edinburgh, a city whose highest academic reputation had been won in medical schools nurtured on corpses whose deaths had only begun

their work. The Festival brought forth its offspring, from masterpieces to maggots, born of the starvation diet on which it had placed theatre, the exile to which it had condemned Scotland in its own capital, and the iconoclasm rushing to the heads of the beholders of stuffed shirts, most shirts inhabited by Tories tittle-tattling between opera arias whose tunes they knew. The Fringe burst its banks and engulfed the city: it also burst its own bank accounts, in many cases, but there was more glory in a production risking its makers' survival to make an audience live than in one sanctioned by society to ensure its beholders stayed dead. Nairn's essay became the banner of the Fringe, not that the Fringe would confess allegiance to anything or anyone, and in any case it grew throughout the 1970s to become the largest show on Earth, apparently with no other creed than to compete in its component parts against itself to the last bartered ticket and the last shanghaied critic. Inevitably it produced its own establishments headed or (more frequently) tailed by Oxbridge revue. They could easily be discovered by shadowing the London press. Then there was the Traverse, founded in an icy January in 1963, but very much the product of Fringes passionately demanding outlets for original theatre. And there were prophets bursting out from within Festival or Fringe and sometimes larger than either, notably Richard Demarco, whose Gallery became a venue for anything from Yeats's Mythological Ireland to Kantor's all too modern Poland.

Demarco himself (in beautiful flowing Scots with Italian ability to make a hundred words hold the breath of ten), should round out our lectures as Fine Art, for all of the indelicacy of the present writer being its witness as well as its historian: but it was in a conference at St Michael's College, University of Toronto in 1978, where Demarco, having seen the two previous speakers (both arranged by himself), implode into insignificance, forced himself to pull out a sheaf of text, commence reading it, choke with noble rage, tear it up before his fascinated beholders, hurl it on the ground, jump on it, contemplate it with dumb fury, and then turn on the audience and address it textless for two dazzling hours.[56] The above sentence looks as though he watched all he did. He seemed to. As an impresario he has made Schizophrenia the friend of Man. As an Artist, of the drawing kind, his most remarkable work shows figures within the city and nearby landscapes, apparently caught in subsequently developing architecture, or dominating a scene building on itself in the ghost of an apprehensive future. The mad eighteenth-century poet Robert Fergusson (1750–1774) dies in bed from which a pompous gravestone emerges to be covered with brambles and lines not from himself but from the English Thomas Gray while houses near at hand resent the gruesome, officious interloper: the name is spelt wrong. It reflects Demarco's unbelievable juxtapositions, discovery of faraway places jostling one another by associations of ideas nobody could foretell. The Fringe found theatres and made them live sometimes in space seeming utterly incapable of germinating an idea, much less a play, but Demarco's Gallery located itself in anything from a coal-cellar to a desert island. He had been crucial to the making of the Traverse. Fringe in Edinburgh, above all in its permanence as the Traverse, exulted in the impossibly avant-garde apparently conceived by souls born yesterday, but Demarco, more avant-garde than any, might be a timeless figure enchanting an unwritten Barrie play. If Festival and University only lived by imagining themselves somewhere else, the next generation (of whatever actual age) were here. Youth conquered the city and shivered its painfully derivative respectability – the suicidal element in its crossroads – and put in its place thousands of passionate illusions. University students took over the space in which the town Bedlam had housed the dying Fergusson and made it their theatre.[57]

* * *

In 1979 the new Festival Director John Drummond (1934–2006) took up office, diagnosed a revolution in progress against his own charge, and put himself at the head of it. MacDiarmid had died the previous year. MacDiarmid had incessantly cursed the Festival as meaningless posturings of a Laputa-borne establishment: Drummond made the Festival celebrate MacDiarmid, in a programme resounding in ferocious poetic indictments of the city. In the Diamand regime a sop had been thrown to the Cerberus of local cultural pieties by commissioning Tom Fleming to recite *A Drunk Man Looks at the Thistle* in the University's St Cecilia's Hall (with few

of its (land)lords in sight). The old man sat in the front row, God provided the lighting, and Fleming mingled ideology, laughter and magic in what showed itself the greatest Scottish poetic haunting since Burns's 'Tam o' Shanter'. And the great actor had brought a bottle of whisky for the old man which was shared with old friends while the custodians fretted, and the Festival Director was anywhere else. Drummond ended his show with a party, was ecstatically kissed by the widow, and if the Festival was of the Dead, he brought it to life with the Dead triumphantly leading it. It was one of endless ways in which Drummond conscripted the future, and the Festival itself was transformed from a respectful temple into a perpetual challenge to the imagination. Drummond's revolution climaxed in 1983 when he imposed the city of Vienna in 1900 on the Edinburgh of his day and by being themselves found new meaning. Never had the Arts been so richly interconnected.

Exhibitions, lectures, discussions, plays, poems, books, speech melded into one another to make Vienna 1900 live once more – and die whether from a pretentious ineptitude inching its pivotal way to unleash World War I or from the seeds of anti-Jewish nightmare, toxic above all when anti-Judaism infected Jews themselves. These last two were plays, for once contributing to history rather than sabotaging it.[58] But in his 1980 Festival Drummond had commissioned two plays from the Traverse, cutting the Gordian knot (as only a hero could) whereby the Traverse staged only new works and the Festival only staged tried and (possibly) true ones. That one play was by Billy Connolly was box-office insurance and, as it proved, nothing more; but the other, Tom McGrath's *Animal*, broke through the divide separating human and animal speech, movement, and aspect, depicting with minimum of actual words the impact of human incursion on a tribe of apes. Drummond had opened up linguistic frontiers almost as dismaying, such as bringing Rumanian and Georgian to the Edinburgh stage. And he was in his way the supreme exponent of the Lecture as Art: he gave one or two lectures during his five-year term, masterpieces of wit and erudition, integrating the disciplines enchantingly across the crude barriers of specialisation, harvesting the more negotiable fruits of specialisation as he went, turning press conferences into feasts of entertainment on their own. Drummond was son of an apparently severe Scottish father, and an Australian mother made aware of class and region barriers raised against her when she settled in England. 'In a situation like that', he taught, 'you can either sulk, or give the party. My mother *always* gave the party.'[59]

And that is as far as we need go: Edinburgh learning how to give the party. And snare the sun.

Or, thinking of Walter Scott, we should say, learning again.

* * *

The end of the Old Edinburgh Club first century is clearly the Conference which it held of which this essay derives from one lecture. Of the other lectures some have written results now before you, but absentees include the dazzling performance on English and Scottish Literature by Professor Randall Stevenson of Edinburgh University. It was the art at its most sublime, but it forbade its own reproduction. I therefore have been permitted further trespass on Literature, all the more since Randall Stevenson, discussing art and actuality, proved to my satisfaction at least that I – a character in his lecture along with Edinburgh's triumphantly topographical thriller writer and literature student Ian Rankin, Muriel Spark, William Burke, William Hare and Arthur Conan Doyle – may not have existed but simply have been a literary conceit, delusion or superstition. All learning transmitted by lecture will include some error, some conceit, some delusion, some superstition, some imagination, some interpretation, and some knowledge. Any objection to the text I finish here may be answered by the thought that I am entirely imaginary and have no reference to any person living or dead.

NOTES AND REFERENCES

1. Arthur Conan Doyle, *The Lost World* (1912), chapter V.
2. Macmillan published the first edition, but convenient reference is probably best from the collected Essex edition issued by Ernest Benn of which this is volume XXIII (1927) or from the mass-produced Odhams Press collected edition (n.d.) in which *The World Set Free* appears in one volume after *The First Men in the Moon*, before short stories 'The Inexperienced Ghost', 'The New Accelerator', 'Mr Ledbetter's Vacation' and 'A Dream of Armageddon', pagination for the above quotation being respectively 7–8 and 176–177 (editions hereinafter cited in that order). Odhams prefaced *The World Set Free* by a few (1921) paragraphs from Wells which claimed: '*The World Set Free* was written under the immediate shadow of the Great War. Every intelligent person in the world felt that disaster was impending and knew no way of averting it, but few of us realised in the earlier half of 1914 how near the crash was to us.' The reader will be amused to find that here it is put off until the year 1956 (p. 169), the year of Suez and Hungary.
3. Clarke's preliminary story 'The Sentinel' originally appeared in *The Avon Science Fiction and Fantasy Reader* (1951), and subsequently in many selections of Clarke's short stories including *The Sentinel* (1983). 'The Sentinel' concludes *Expedition to Earth* (1954) which also includes several other variations on the Odyssey space voyager theme.
4. Wells, *World Set Free*, pp. 20–24; 185–188. The latter is the better text.
5. *Ibid.*, pp. 5; 175.
6. Essay on Sir James Mackintosh's History of the Revolution in England in 1688 (1834) edited by William Bayley Wallace, originally Macaulay's anonymous review in *Edinburgh Review* (July 1835), republished in Macaulay, *Critical and Historical Essays* (1843, 1844, etc) whose editions are so numerous as to render page-citation almost useless.
7. Power (1889–1940). Power, *Medieval People* (1924); Eileen and Rhoda Power, *Boys and Girls of History* (1925).
8. R. D. S. Jack, *The Road to the Never Land* (1991). The Wells *Ubermensch* obviously flourishes and is frequently martyred in the early scientific romances, although Michael Foot has pointed out in his profoundly perceptive *H. G.: The History of Mr Wells* (1995) that Wells's real achievement in *The First Men in the Moon* (1901) was 'an ingredient of his own which no-one else could match. According to the true Wellsian doctrine, the first man on the moon – or, rather, his bosom spheroid companion – was not some contrived scientific superman but an authentic ne'er-do-well London East Ender who, despite all his natural fears and alarms, still knows what's what and can pluck up his courage to stride across the universe' (p. 39). We can find similar bases of credibility in the unwilling Dr Watsons of *The Island of Dr Moreau* (1896), *The Invisible Man* (1897), etc.
9. Shanks, 'The Work of Mr H. G. Wells', *London Mercury* (March–April 1922), V. p. 506, reprinted in his *Five Essays in Literature* (1923), p. 148, and in Patrick Parrinder (ed.), *H. G. Wells – The Critical Heritage* ([1972] 1997), p. 255. Karenin first appears in the last sixth of the novel, which he then dominates, closing the book with his death.
10. Zamyatin, *Herbert Wells* (1922), trans. Lesley Milne, quoted Parrinder, *Wells – Critical Heritage*, p. 259. Although we do not again see the Highlander on or off Arthur's Seat, we are given a glimpse of the place of the Highlands in the history of progress: 'The Highlanders of the seventeenth century ... were cruel and bloodthirsty robbers, in the nineteenth their descendants were conspicuously trusty and honourable men': *World Set Free*, pp. 170; 287. The judgement covered Wells's source, Macaulay; no doubt Wells hoped it also covered Rebecca West (see below).
11. T. H. Huxley to unstated correspondent or diary 14 October 1854; to Dr Frederick Dyster, 5 January 1855; to Dyster, 13 February 1855; to Dyster, 1 April 1855; to his wife, 10 April 1861; to Charles Darwin, 13 January 1862; to Joseph Hooker, 16 January 1862; to Darwin, 20 January 1862; to *Scotsman*, 24 January 1862; quoted in Leonard Huxley, *Life and Letters of Thomas Henry Huxley* ([1900] 1903), I, pp. l65–166; 177–178; 179–180; 181; 278; 281–282; 282–283; 283–284; 284–285. The resultant book (Huxley's first) was *Zoological Evidences as to Man's Place in Nature* (1863). For the student tribute (from Joseph Thomson, 1856–1894, later a famous African explorer) see Huxley, *Huxley*, II. pp. 175–176. The reclusive Darwin and the publicising Huxley seem origins of many comparable partnerships in the early Wells, notably Cavor and Bedford in *The First Men in the Moon;* Redwood and Cossar in *The Food of the Gods* (1904).
12. Soddy, *Interpretation of Radium*, p. 229. Wells, *World Set Free*, pp. 21; 186. The dedication is not included in the Essex edition of 1927. Soddy had won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1921, and he had anticipated Rufus in showing that radium produces helium when it decays, and that uranium decays into radium. He had won professorships of chemistry at Aberdeen (1914) and Oxford (1919), where he transformed laboratories and syllabus, retiring in 1936. Soddy's conversion to Social Credit may have alienated Wells.
13. Jane Marcus (ed.), *The Young Rebecca – Writings of Rebecca West 1911–1917* (1982), pp. 64, 371. Foot, *Wells*, p. 124. *Tono-Bungay* (1909) not only captured the *Zeitgeist* but deeply influenced F. Scott Fitzgerald, *The Great Gatsby* (1925), its counterpart in the next generation. *The New Machiavelli* was 1911.
14. Anthony West, *H. G. Wells – Aspects of a Life* (1984), pp. 26–27, 29, 127. Rebecca West, *The Judge* (1922), pp. 9–10.
15. Muriel Spark, *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* ([1961] 1986), p. 43. It is not absolutely certain whether the sentence is to be ascribed to Miss Brodie or to one of 'those of Miss Brodie's kind' but it is clear the sentiment is reported by Spark from the 1930s and may be the direct speech of a living person. The epigram on Miss Brodie is my own, from 'God and the Little Poets: David Daiches and Muriel Spark', in William Baker and Michael Lister (eds), *David Daiches* (2008), p. 51.
16. Donald Francis Tovey, *The Classics of Music*, edited by Michael Tilmouth, David Kimbell and Roger Savage (2001), pp. xxxv–xxxvi, 681, xlv. The editorial work by my friend Roger Savage made me know Tovey, however superficially, and my gratitude for the marvellous book and the accompanying enthusiasm and wisdom must be endless.

17 Donald F. Tovey, *Stimulus and the Classics of Music – Being the Inaugural Address, delivered on 9th October 1914, in the Music Class-Room* (1914), pp. 8–9. I have used the National Library of Scotland copy which bears Tovey's corrections, all of which I have adopted.
18 *Ibid.*, pp. 11–12, 13, 25–26.
19 Tovey, *Classics of Music*, pp. vii, 475 and n., 543–545. Bradley, 'Poetry for Poetry's Sake', *Oxford Lectures on Poetry* ([1909] 1914), p. 27. Tovey was forever citing that lecture but the allusions in *Classics of Music* are particularly graceful, occurring as they did in his Cramb Lectures of 1925, delivered at the University of Glasgow.
20 Stuart Wallace, *War and the Image of Germany – British Academics* 1914–1918 ([1988]), pp. 160–161. C. L. Rawlins (ed.), *The Diaries of William Paterson Paterson* (1987). Two of Paterson Paterson's three sons would be killed in World War I.
21 Tovey, *Classics of Music*, pp. xlvi and n, 692–735, Wagner at p. 733.
22 Ronald A. Knox, *Essays in Satire* (1928), pp. 279–280. Evelyn Waugh, *Ronald Knox* ([1959] 1962), pp. 162–164, 210. BBC Scotland, *Broadcasting House, Edinburgh: 1930–1990* ([1990]). Asa Briggs, *The History of Broadcasting in the United Kingdom. I. The Birth of Broadcasting* (1961), pp. 335–351, is valuable on the General Strike. Penelope Fitzgerald, *The Knox Brothers* (2002), pp. 176–177.
23 Hesketh Pearson, *Conan Doyle – His Life and Art* ([1943] 1946), p. 92. I am greatly obliged to my son-in-law, Dr Paul M. Parvis, for data on cricket and other theological questions.
24 Knox, *Essays in Satire*, pp. 280–281, 283–284.
25 Hilaire Belloc, 'Ballade of Genuine Concern', originally one of a Ballade series in the *Eye-Witness*, 1911–12, later in his *Sonnets and Verse* ([1923] 1954), Knox contributing an introduction to the Penguin Poets edition (1958), pp. 13–19, 148. Knox, *Essays in Satire*, pp. 284–285.
26 Knox, *Essays in Satire*, pp. 286–287.
27 Waugh, Knox, pp. 162–164. *Tablet*, 22 January 1926. Waugh, once again under attack by Oldmeadow for *A Handful of Dust* (1934) via a full-page review in the *Tablet*, noted in laconic reply to a *Daily Express* allusion to this: 'Two aspects of *Tablet* article: (a) an unfavourable criticism; (b) a moral lecture. The first is completely justifiable. A copy of my novel was sent to the *Tablet* for review, and the editor is therefore entitled to give his opinion of the literary quality in any terms he thinks suitable. In the second aspect he is in the position of a valet masquerading in his master's clothes. Long employment by a Prince of the Church has tempted him to ape his superiors, and, naturally enough, he gives an uncouth and impudent performance.': Donal Gallagher (ed.), *The Essays, Articles and Reviews of Evelyn Waugh* (1983), p. 139.
28 Knox, *Essays in Satire*, pp. 17–28. Waugh, *Knox*, pp. 172–174, 164.
29 The career of Father Coughlin and the Welles adaptation of Wells are conveniently treated in different essays in Isabel Leighton (ed.), *The Aspirin Age* (1949).
30 Patrick Geddes, *The Outlook Tower: its Meanings and Uses. Notes by Professor Geddes for the Lecture delivered by him at the Outlook Tower on August 14, 1927*, p. 1.
31 Patrick Geddes, *Cities in Evolution* (1915), pp. 116–119.
32 Philip Boardman, *Patrick Geddes, Maker of the Future* (1944), p. 194. Norah G. Mears, 'The Tower of Patrick Geddes', *Intimations and Avowals* (1944), p. 19.
33 Geddes, *Cities in Evolution*, p. 119. For John Buchan senior, see Janet Adam Smith, *John Buchan* ([1965] 1985), pp. 13–14.
34 Geddes, *Cities in Evolution*, p. 261.
35 Zangwill quoted in Boardman, *Geddes*, pp. 155–156. Mumford, *ibid.*, Introduction, pp. vii–viii.
36 Geddes, *Outlook Tower*, p. 3.
37 John Gifford, Colin McWilliam and David Walker, *Edinburgh* (1984), p. 192n.
38 Philip Boardman, 'Patrick Geddes challenge to human ecology' [typescript, National Library of Scotland], p. 10. Keith Patrick O'Brien, statement at symposium, Lauriston Hall, Edinburgh, following addresses on the environment by Mary Colwell and Aubrey Manning, November 2007.
39 Gifford et al., *Edinburgh*, pp. 526–527.
40 Geddes, *Cities in Evolution*, p. 117. The Carlyle letters are edited by a team of scholars of whom the foremost was the late Kenneth J. Fielding, Sainsbury Professor of English Literature at Edinburgh University, through whose friendship I learned much. Gore Vidal told me of his apprenticeship via *Peveril*.
41 The Stevenson letters were edited by Ernest Mehew although the name of another scholar who had formally inaugurated the project was given pride of place on the title-page, with publication in 1994–95. Daiches, *Two Worlds* (1956, with new matter 1997), *Was* (1975), *Robert Louis Stevenson* (1947).
42 Stevenson's *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes* appeared in 1879. John Buchan, 'Literature and Topography: an address to the Working Men's College, London', in *Homilies and Recreations* ([1926] 1927), p. 204: the collection includes 'The Great Captains'.
43 Stanley Morison, *The Typographic Arts Past Present and Future: A Lecture Delivered at the College of Art, Edinburgh 17 February* (1944), pp. 1, 3, 4, 11–12, 21, 22–23, 23–24, 26–27, 29–30, 32, 42–43, 44. My friend Nicolas Barker first showed me the greatness of Morison, on whom his *Stanley Morison* (1972) is masterly.
44 Allan Ramsay, *Nelson the Publishers* (n.d.), and see also Adam Smith, *Buchan* (note 33). R. D. Macleod, *Scottish Publishing Houses* (1953). *Imprints in Time – Scottish Publishers Past and Present* (1991).
45 *Who Was Who, 1971–1980*. T. J. Honeyman, *The Universities and the Arts* (1955), pp. 3–4.
46 Honeyman, *Universities and the Arts*, pp. 5–6.
47 Nairn, 'Festival of the Dead', *New Statesman*, 1 September 1967, reprinted Graham Richardson and myself (eds), *Edinburgh* (1984), p. 279.
48 Honeyman, *Universities and the Arts*, pp. 7, 8, 9, 19, 11, 12, 16, 19.
49 Kemelman, *Tuesday the Rabbi Saw Red* ([1973] 1977), pp. 247–248. Most of Kemelman's titles for a Rabbi day are impressively set in the congregation of a Conservative Jewish Temple in New England, but this one is localised in a College.
50 Honeyman, *Universities and the Arts*, pp. 16, 18, 18–19, 19–20, 22. I have written a couple of books on the Edinburgh Festival, but Honeyman's lecture was then unknown to me, deplorably.

51 *Ibid.*, p. 20.
52 Edwin Muir, *Complete Poems*, ed. Peter Butte (1991), p. 220. Nairn, 'Festival of the Dead', pp. 279, 278, 277–278.
53 MacCaig quoted the item to me in 1969: it appeared in the *New Statesman* in the later 1960s.
54 Nairn, 'Festival of the Dead', p. 278. MacCaig, 'Edinburgh Spring', *Riding Lights* (1955), reprinted Dudley Edwards and Richardson, *Edinburgh* (note 47), p. 274.
55 MacDiarmid, 'Talking with Five Thousand People in Edinburgh', reprinted Dudley Edwards and Richardson, *Edinburgh*, pp. 252–253.
56 A version of Demarco's lecture is in Robert Driscoll, *The Celtic Consciousness* (1982), based on the conference proceedings.
57 For Demarco his *Richard Demarco: A Life in Pictures* [1995] is a good place to start. Demarco *Archives* [2000] also well repays consultation. The inevitable parallels with Geddes are not urged by Demarco, but he would no doubt accept them. On the Traverse, see Joyce McMillan's outstanding *The Traverse Theatre Story* (1988) which unbelievably combines the delight of an innocent with the experience of a critic.
58 Drummond left memoirs which are wholly inadequate justice to his achievement: he returned to the BBC after his Festival term and bureaucracy narrowed his mind. The two plays were *The Last Days of Mankind* by Karl Kraus (1874–1936), adapted and translated for the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, production by Robert David MacDonald (1929–2004); and the Israeli Haifa Municipal Theatre's *The Soul of a Jew* (otherwise *Weininger's Night*) by Jehoshua Sobol.
59 Drummond to me, in interview for the *Irish Times*, whose Edinburgh Festival critic I was in those years.