

# East End Transmissions

a curatorial project about the East End of Glasgow  
and global reach of regeneration plans

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# Summary





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## Statement

### Francesca Zappia, curator

Within the shadows of this year of ‘Culture’ and Commonwealth Games hosted for the most part in the East End of Glasgow, there has been a growing disquiet, a deep questioning of the regeneration project of this once flourishing industrial area, its culture and its inhabitants.

Traces of what the East End of Glasgow has been – its characters, communities, shops, markets, cinemas and theatres – remain in the undeniable energy and memories of the East Enders.

A history that also remains in libraries and local archives, where there are remnants of the East End as the heart of the city, with its cathedral, necropolis, university and the Green, once the park par excellence of the second city of the Empire, now similarly ‘eclipsed’ by its West End version.

Much of the history of the East End resides not in large monuments or statues but in the occasional engraved pavement slabs, stories of industry-related growth and tragedy (Templeton disaster), of working class struggle (The Calton Weavers) and May-Days at the Green, and the darker world of scientific revolution and discovery of Alexander Wilson or James Watt, sometimes uncannily played on executed bodies gleaned from the Gallowgate (Matthew Clydesdale).

Through its different constituent parts (exhibition, program of events, documentation, website, posters, and publication), East End Transmissions aims to produce critical content and reveal the secondary stories too often dismissed and omitted from the records.

Each part of the project intends to develop further the topics from different points of view.

The exhibition runs between November and December 2014 at The Pipe Factory, Glasgow, and features artists Aideen Doran, Virginia Hutchison, Thomas Leyland Collins, Kit Mead, Douglas Morland, Janie Nicoll, Lyndsey Smith, Susannah Stark, graphic designer Jen Devonshire, and stories from the community. Its aim is to transmit and react to (personal) stories and events, freeze present realities, and anticipate (sci-fi) scenarios.

It is documented by books and prints, available for consultation, drawing on literature, poetry, theatre, social and urban studies, etc.

A program of events extends the debate through a series of screenings and lectures, as well as artistic performances.

The online platform runs as a parallel project to the exhibition, revealing artists’ researches and giving voice to the community, always open to new content and contributions.

In addition a publication will be produced over the course of the exhibition, as a critical tool resuming, documenting and expanding on the different debates raised during the exhibition and events.

# **East End Transmissions**

# Artists' stories





jen devonshire

aideen doran

virginia hutchison

thomas leyland-collins

kit mead

douglas morland

janie nicoll

lyndsey smith

susannah stark

# Jen Devonshire

## Foundry Wilson

In 1742, Alexander Wilson set up a type foundry in St Andrews, with a friend John Bain, when—after visiting a type foundry in London—they had the idea to make better typefaces. Two years later Wilson and Bain moved their type foundry to premises in Camlachie close to Glasgow, but in 1747 Bain moved to Dublin. Soon after this Bain quit the partnership leaving Wilson the sole owner of the type foundry.

The quality of the type produced by the foundry was outstanding, and the finest of all was a Greek type. The Foulis Press in Glasgow, run by the two brothers Robert and Andrew Foulis, used Wilson's type and produced some of the finest and most beautiful books which no other press could match. This creative relationship produced typography that earned the praise of their peers. The firm run by Wilson in partnership with his three sons continued to operate throughout his life, during which he published *'A Specimen of some of the Printing Types Cast in the Foundry of Alexander Wilson and Sons'* in 1772 which provides a fine example of the capabilities of the firm. In fact Alexander Wilson and Sons continued to be a thriving business after the death of its founder and the headquarters moved from Glasgow to London in 1834, and has had a lasting impression on type designers and typefaces ever since.

**Scotch Roman** is a term which refers to class of typefaces popular in the 19th Century. Originating in the United States, it is derived from the term 'Scotch-face', the name given to some types of the typefounder S. N. Dickinson in Boston first cast by Alexander Wilson & Son in Glasgow in 1839, with matrices imported from Scotland. These typefaces were extremely influential on many modern typefaces, including Caledonia, Georgia, and Escrow (commissioned by the Wall Street Journal).



And in order to fully acknowledge the work and legacy of Alexander Wilson, and his place in the history of Glasgow's East End, a typeface dedicated to the typefounder himself was acquired for use throughout the 'East End Transmissions' exhibition.

**Foundry Wilson**—designed by David Quay and Freda Saek, of The Foundry—is a lovingly drawn revival of a 1760 font from Scottish type founder Alexander Wilson. A fresh alternative to the contemporary Baskerville, with a taste of the incised letterforms of its time, Foundry Wilson is a robust and lively type design that displays a beautiful colour and texture on the page.

Jen Devonshire. October 2014

72 Point

3 A \$6 95 4 a \$4 35 \$11 30

REMORSE  
Biographical

60 Point

3 A \$6 00 4 a \$3 70 \$9 70

GRANDEUR  
Bathing Decks

48 Point

4 A \$4 20 6 a \$3 30 \$7 50

FORMER PRICE  
Cleanest Mechanics  
Monument Spoiled

36 Point

4 A \$2 70 7 a \$2 30 \$5 00

PRINTER DRINKING  
Designs Bronzing Machine  
Entertain Congenial Guest

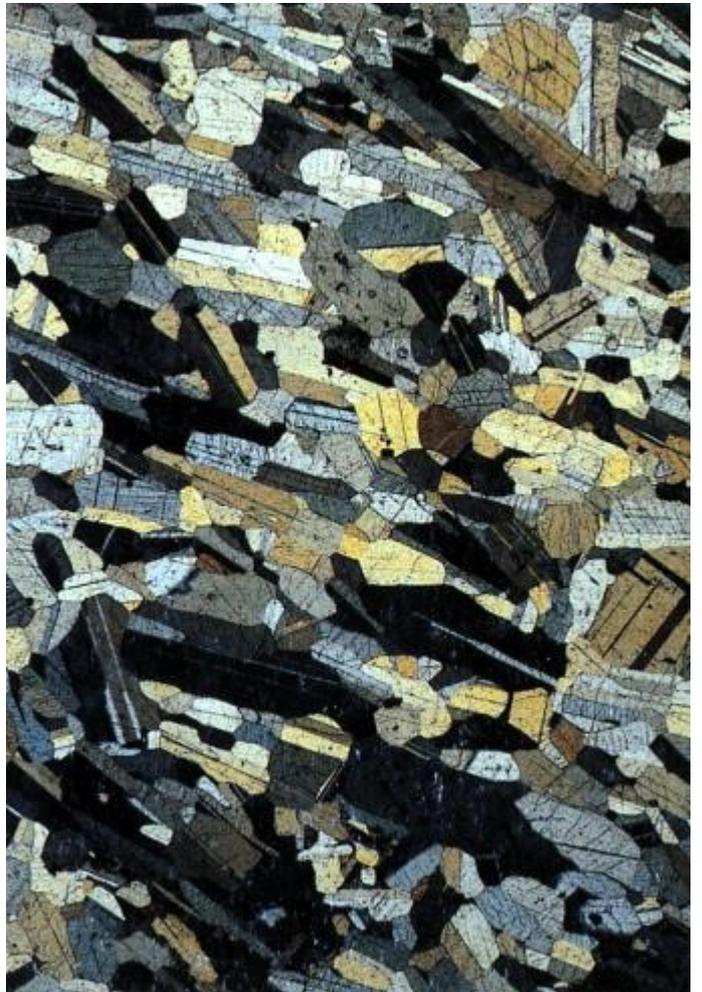
## Aideen Doran

### Particle Poems (after Edwin Morgan)

#### Particle Poems: 3

Three particles lived in mystical union.  
They made knife, fork, and spoon,  
and earth, sea, and sky.  
They made animal, vegetable, and mineral,  
and faith, hope, and charity.  
They made stop, caution, go,  
and hickory, dickory, dock.  
They made yolk, white, and shell,  
and hook, line, and sinker.  
They made pounds, shillings, and pence,  
and Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia.  
They made Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,  
and game, set, and match.  
  
A wandering particle captured one of them,  
and the two that were left made day and night,  
and left and right, and right and wrong,  
and black and white, and off and on,  
but things were never quite the same,  
and two will always yearn for three.  
They're after you, or me.

Edwin Morgan



12

**Virginia Hutchison**

**Statue of a Woman**

**[Click to listen to the audio piece](#)**

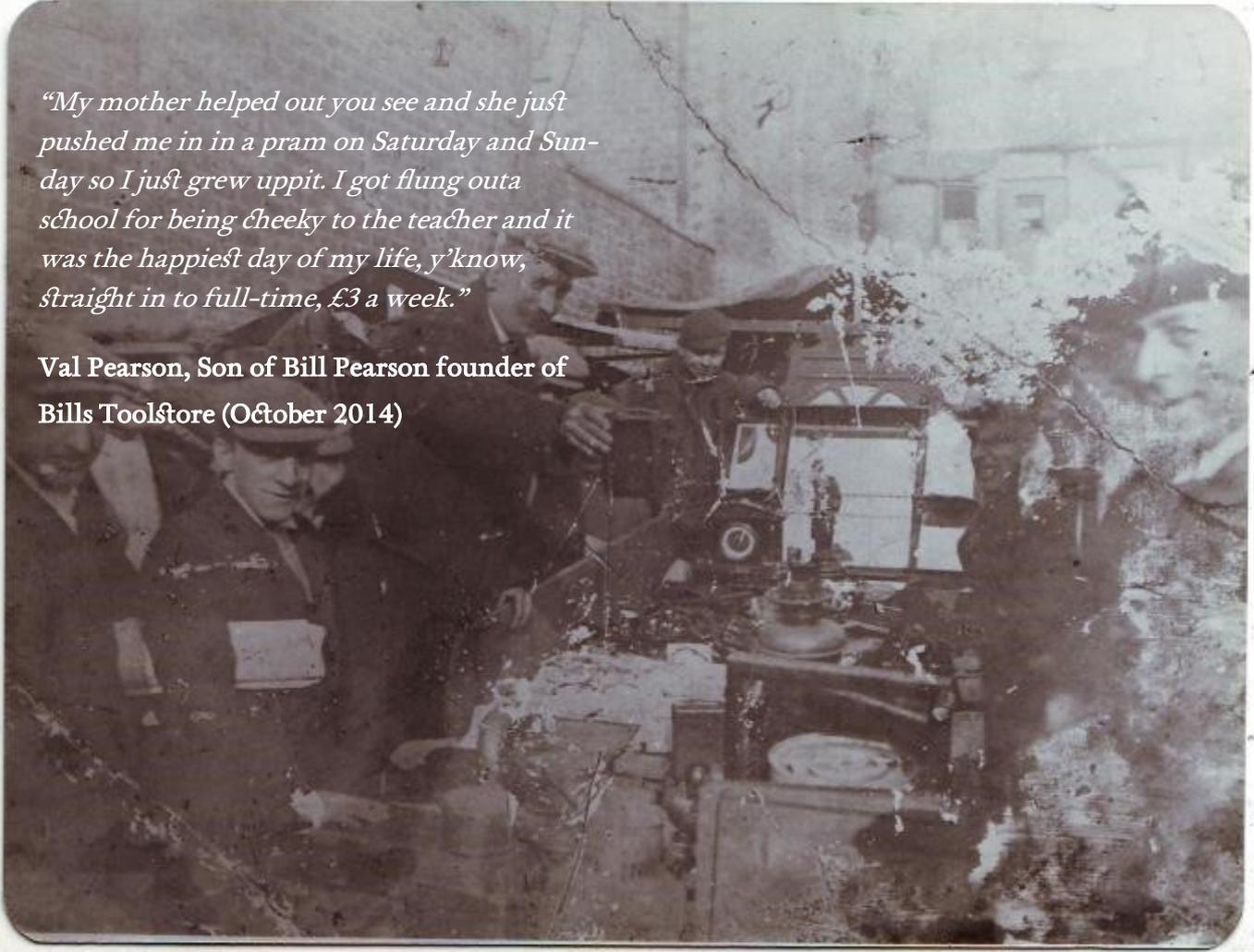
# Thomas Leyland Collins

## Bill's Tool Stores at The Barras



*"My mother helped out you see and she just pushed me in in a pram on Saturday and Sunday so I just grew uppit. I got flung outa school for being cheeky to the teacher and it was the happiest day of my life, y'know, straight in to full-time, £3 a week."*

**Val Pearson, Son of Bill Pearson founder of Bills Toolstore (October 2014)**



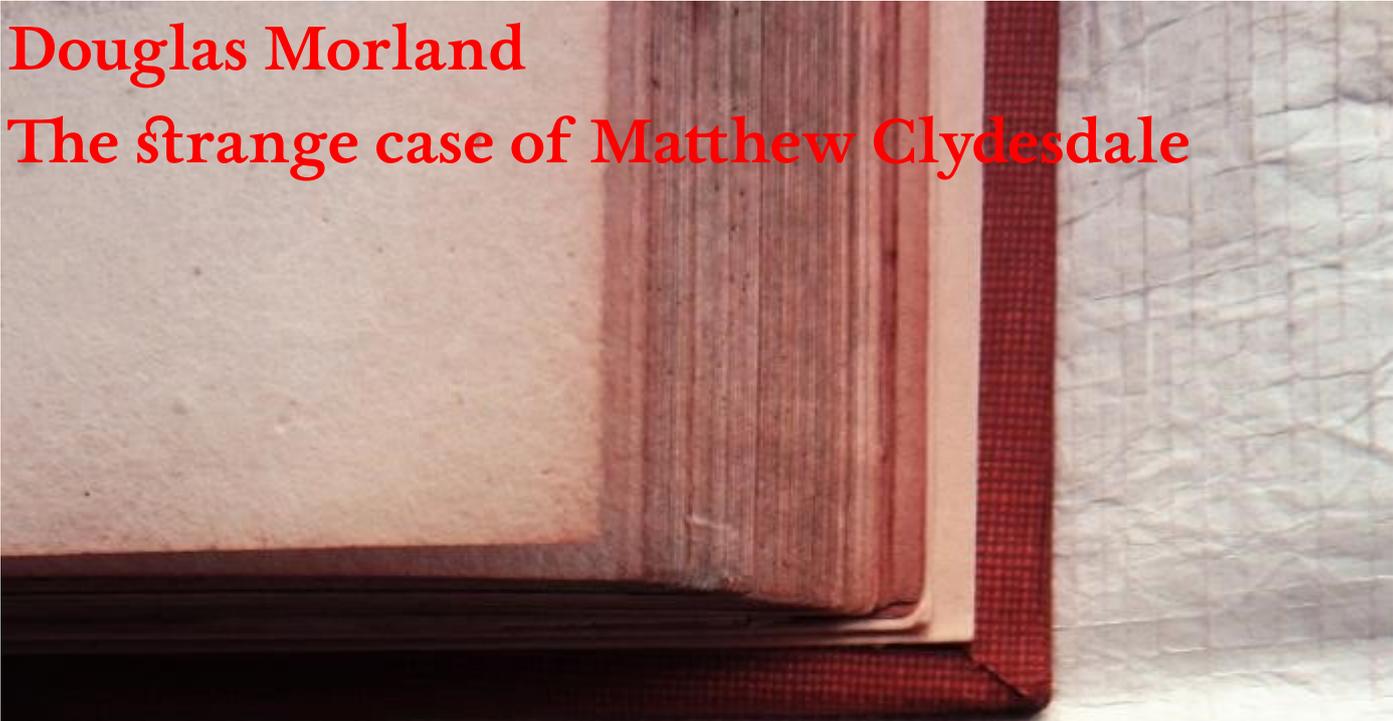
## Kit Mead

### The Wilson Effect

Glasgow's East End has a history of star gazing; reaching out beyond the sky searching for answers that enlighten the reality we exist in. In 1775 on the former grounds of Glasgow University—in between Duke and Bell Street—the MacFarlane Observatory was built to house telescopic instruments bequeathed to the University by former graduate Alexander MacFarlane, following his death in Jamaica. Once built, and the astronomical instruments repaired by a young James Watt, this site would occupy a role in celestial discoveries, particularly Alexander Wilson's research on sunspots which would lead to his observations on the 'Wilson Effect'—the flattening of the penumbra as it moved to the sun's limb confirming that rather than being shadowy profiles of planetary objects moving in between the sun and Earth they were in fact features (depressions in the generally spherical photosphere) on the sun's surface. The story of this site, now fractured into a railway station, car parks, apartment blocks and wasteland along with the observatory equipment (now located in the Hunterian Museum) would intersect with historical moments in the progression of the Scottish Enlightenment and Industrial Revolution, both of which have had influential roles in shaping the fabric of the East End.







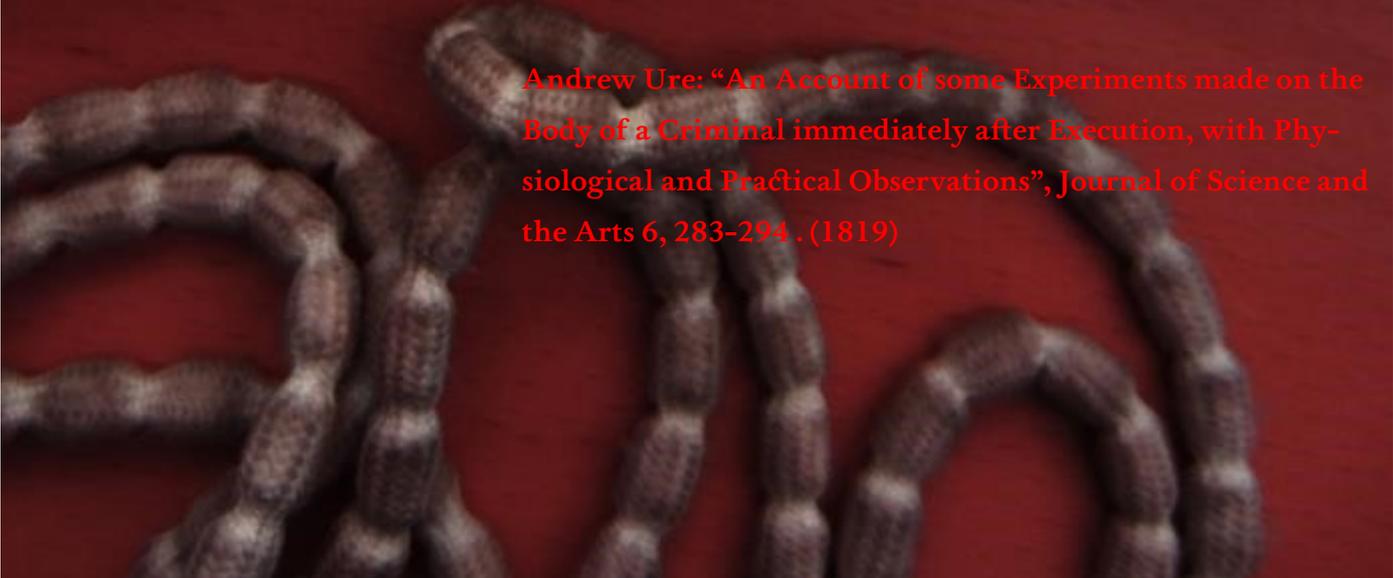
## Douglas Morland

### The strange case of Matthew Clydesdale

*“The success of it was truly wonderful. Full, nay, laborious breathing instantly commenced. The chest heaved and fell; the belly was protruded and again collapsed, with the relaxing and retiring diaphragm.*

*“Every muscle of the body was immediately agitated with convulsive movements, resembling a violent shuddering from cold... On moving the second rod from the hip to the heel, the knee being previously bent, the leg was thrown out with such violence, as nearly to overturn one of the assistants, who in vain attempted to prevent its extension.*

*“Rage, horror, despair, anguish and ghastly smiles, united their hideous expression in the murderer’s face, surpassing far the wildest representations of a Fuseli or a Kean. At this point several spectators were forced to leave the apartment from terror or sickness, and one gentleman fainted.”*



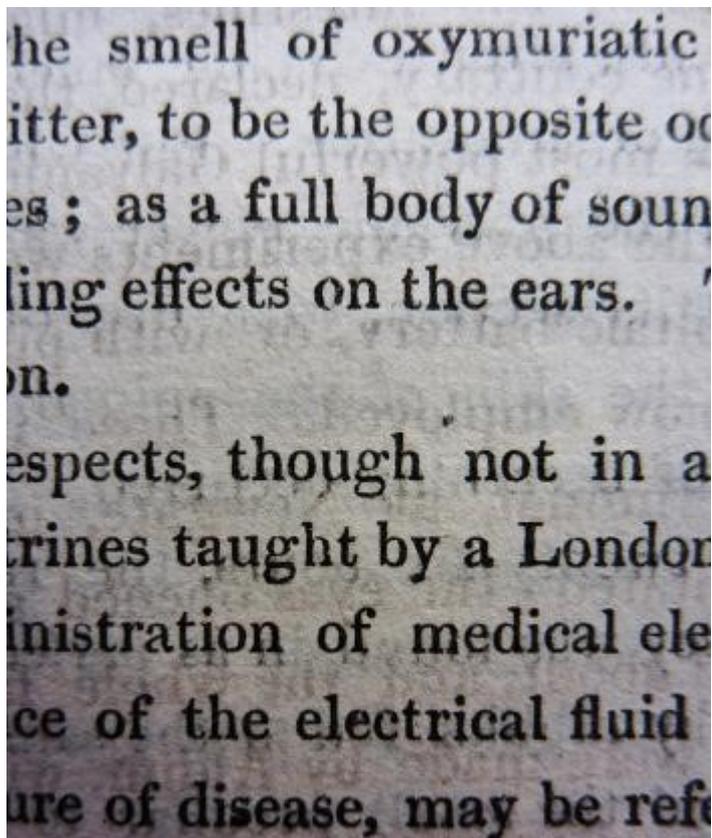
Andrew Ure: “An Account of some Experiments made on the Body of a Criminal immediately after Execution, with Physiological and Practical Observations”, *Journal of Science and the Arts* 6, 283-294 . (1819)

Matthew Clydesdale was a 35-year-old ex-colliery worker who, in October 1818, was convicted of murdering an elderly man after a day's heavy drinking. His public hanging on 4<sup>th</sup> November 1818, the first in Glasgow for nearly a decade, drew enormous crowds to the gallows on Glasgow Green, just at the foot of the Saltmarket. At around 4pm, after hanging for nearly an hour, during which he made no convulsive struggle, his lifeless body was lowered into a black fir box and placed upon a cart, surrounded by eight or ten town officers. Leaving the Green under this protective escort, the vehicle bore left and proceeded up Saltmarket, on to High Street, where it eventually reached its destination at the old Glasgow University anatomy theatre.

The subsequent experiments performed upon Clydesdale's body that afternoon by Professors James Jeffray and Andrew Ure have been recorded and recounted variously with some quite startling differences of opinion as to what actually occurred in that packed lecture theatre. What is certainly

beyond dispute is that an investigation was conducted that day into the possibility of the resuscitation of the dead man via the use of electrical stimulation, applied through connecting rods which were attached to a charged chemical battery.

Andrew Ure's paper *An Account of some Experiments made on the Body of a Criminal immediately after Execution, with Physiological and Practical Observations* was read at the Glasgow Literary Society on 10<sup>th</sup> December 1818 and recounts the events of that afternoon in quite some detail. We can probably assume that it is as close to a *prima facie* account as can be hoped for on the matter of what *actually* occurred. However, aside from the in-depth description of scientific procedure, the text is infused with both a curious moral tone and at times a giddy sense of excitement and wonder at the possibilities arising from this foray into the barely understood world of Galvanism. One imagines the palpable exhilaration experienced by Ure and Jeffray being amplified by the theatrical manner and physical framework within which the experiments were conducted. Was this ghoulish interrogation of physical matter entirely requiring of a large audience, like some kind of proto-*Grand Guignol*? Clydesdale is frequently referred to as 'the murderer Clydesdale' and a moral certitude permeates throughout that seems thoroughly at odds with the kind of scientific impartiality we are used to today.



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# Janie Nicoll

## Golden Time

Happy days,  
Bright new start,  
Confident, fit,  
The morning after  
The night out dancing,  
Happy, sad, awake, asleep.

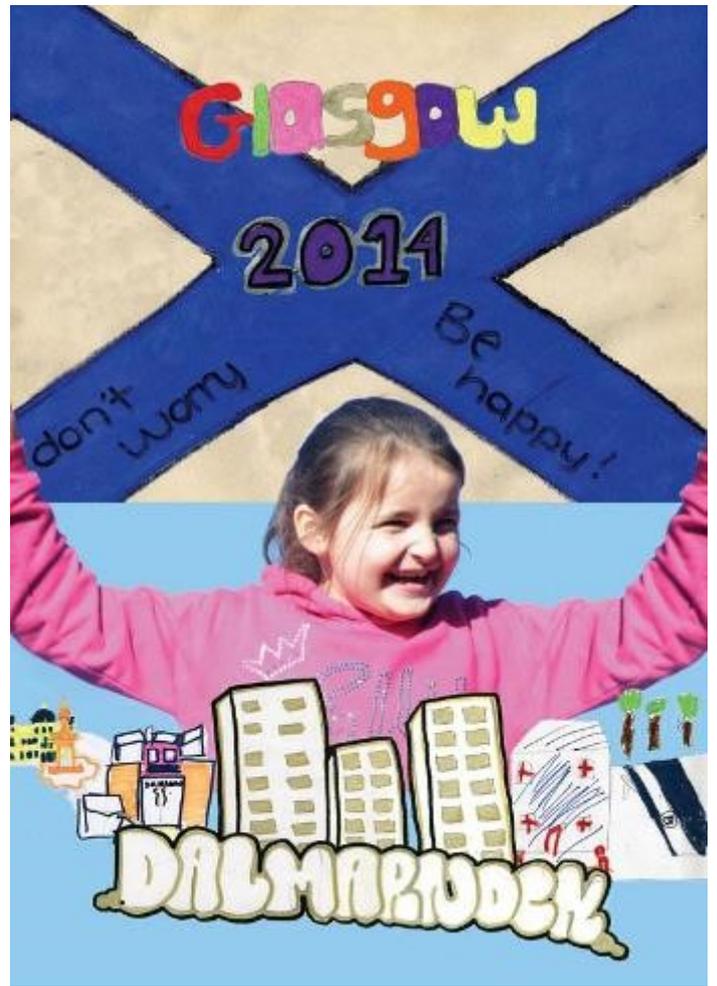
Hate and despair,  
Deceiving the whole family,  
Bumped the rent and the catalogue,  
No trust in her,  
Even takes sweets off kids.

Naïve, Selfish, me, me, me,  
Isolated, lonely, lost,  
No sense of responsibility,  
Mad happy, aware, very dangerous,  
Insane, institutionalised, demented.

Trapped, frustrated, confused,  
Love, Hate, Respect,  
Look out, beware, Stop!  
Leave at the next exit.

Anger solves nothing,  
Live and let live,  
Grow, believe, learn,  
Love, love me do,  
It's a kind of magic,  
The world is your oyster,  
It can happen if you believe it can,  
Don't worry be happy.





# Lyndsey Smith

## Saturdays

When thinking of Dennistoun I think of three things; my gran, tenements and Coia's Cafe.

Saturdays is a series of images which reflect my memories of Dennistoun, memories as a child interpreted through my eyes as an adult. This project reflects what I personally associate with the East End.

There was a train in operation for our use alone, known as Gran's Train. Me and my sisters never understood why others used the train, although we didn't question. All the staff at Coia's Cafe were known as Mr Coia, or Coia was their first name. There was always a rubbish bag on the street or in a doorway. There was always old furniture in Bathgate Street. There were grannies everywhere, and they were all called Mary, Agnes or Ann. They all knew each other. We were Mary's granddaughters. Me, Mhairi and my dad got a chippy. Jenny and my mum got paninis. Pinky and Bobo. The inside of any tenement close had a distinct smell. People hung out the windows of their tenements. That's how my gran waved goodbye.

Although Dennistoun is regarded as one of the up and coming areas of Glasgow, with the assistance of projects such as Clyde Gateway, I find the small details and my memories of the East End more personally significant; a reflection of my childhood Saturday visits. For me, it represents family and it represents community, full of small details that make it personal to me.

Lyndsey Smith. October 2014.



# Susannah Stark

## The Barras Icon

Behind the factory, the breeze is often lifting scales from the paint, garbage from the bins, mixtures of packaging and plastic bag static; siphoning the city's detritus to mingle with the last hulls of grass on the green. Patches of yellowing grass where tents have been standing. Voices too are caught and whipped down wind, rhotic rr and oor 's rolling in italics and bolds. Gazing upwards as if through a pinhole, one can see gray links criss cross the sky.



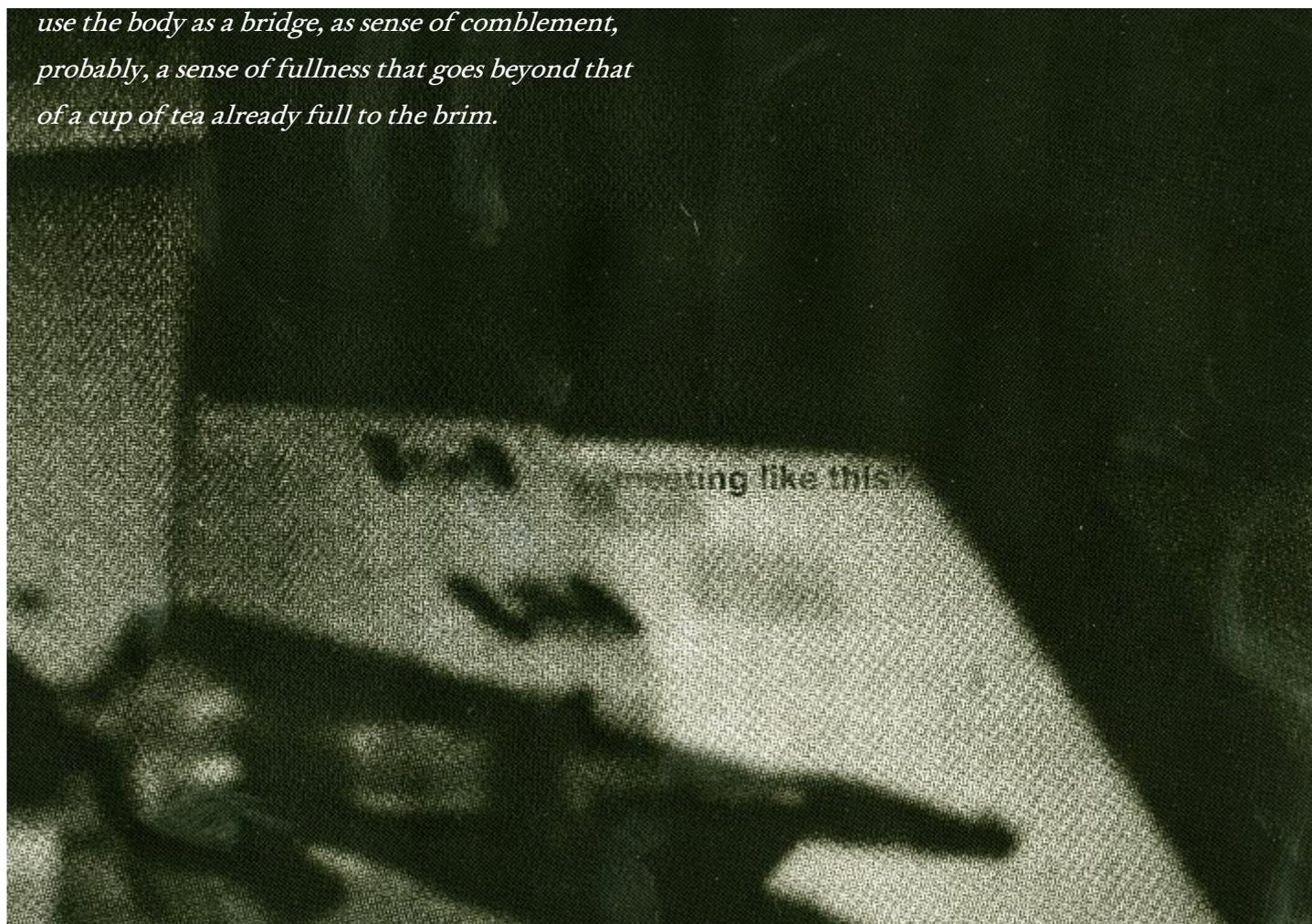
*That night, I saw the moon emerge from its case in the corner of the window, gliding out alone onto the black vacuumous sky, white microphone-top; desktop icon that begins to swell everywhere in glasses, in mirrors and picture frames. A. notices my discomfort and walks over to contemplate it more closely, remarking on its bold character, hoping perhaps to calm my nerves. She invites me to the sitting room that joins with the kitchen; fiddling with some records before playing one of her own, a watery carousel-like melody that was recorded in early days as a street entertainer. The song tinkles around the room. We don't speak for a time, allowing images to unfold. 'Oh oh oh, is it me you're looking for? Oh oh oh, where do we go from here?' We travel back, way back to the origin of things, where seed and wire filaments reach up from depths to copper consciousness as electrical cables and glass bubbles rising to break surface in the city's day. Meeting like this to look for ways to use the body as a bridge, as sense of complement, probably, a sense of fullness that goes beyond that of a cup of tea already full to the brim.*

After the weekend market closes, it is possible to see screens in sitting rooms, simultaneously aglow and active with their own inner narrative, rather like buildings in an urban dusk, as their lights come on and private lives are windowed to the world.

*Time is rekindled then dropped again quickly, like bush fire. At this point, my memory becomes presence. The right side and the reverse of our history are mixed, without doubt, its the reverse, the dynamic forces that set the pace, the return of possibility, the possibility of return.*

a single word sprouts over a stone, bristling like pony fur.

Susannah Stark, October 2014



# Community stories

jane. the barras

jane. grandma

margaret. silvergrove street

peter. the barras

william. calton

william. the barras

Jane—Granny

My grandmother  
with community  
alongside the Char  
Bridgeton Comm  
that was first buil  
in the City Cham  
get houses in the

Before retirement  
the Barras for 40-  
hard worker, I've  
Granny to work.  
help people, that

More stories, memories and content  
about the upper East End of Glasgow  
[eastendtransmiss](#)

THE EAST END FACTORY  
42 East St  
Glasgow  
[www.eastendtransmission.co.uk](#)

Margaret—Silvergrove Street

My grandparent  
grove Dairy in Si  
Bridgeton. The st  
village where eve

At the end of the  
Kilbride Dairy F  
was pasteurised a  
the street residen  
at break time the  
with customers o  
with bacon, eggs

More stories, memories and content  
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14 Nov–7 Dec

**East End Transmissions**

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THE PIPE FACTORY  
47 BARR ST  
GLASGOW G4 3LA  
www.thepipefactory.co.uk

Design by Jon Drummond

William—The old Calton Club

14 Nov–7 Dec

**East End Transmissions**

There was the Calton Club, the community centre, it used to have boxing and football on. The building isn't there anymore, it's new houses now.

It was just the one guy that volunteered and done it all himself. He was an amazing guy, did everything off his own back. Kept all the young ones off the streets—kept me off the streets. I coached boxing there myself after a while for 12 years.

More stories, memories and contents about the upper East End of Glasgow on:  
[eastendtransmissions.net](http://eastendtransmissions.net)

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Design by Jon Drummond

et, Bridgeton

14 Nov–7 Dec

**East End Transmissions**

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GLASGOW G4 3LA  
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Design by Jon Drummond

Margaret—Silvergrove Street, Bridgeton

14 Nov–7 Dec

**East End Transmissions**

There was a dental lab across from the dairy owned by Mr Johnson. That was where the dentures known as “falsers” were made as ordered by local dentists for their clients.

There was no health and safety then, and I can still recall the smell of melting wax as the employees shaped the dentures—once they came out of the moulds—with an open flame.

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THE PIPE FACTORY  
47 BARR ST  
GLASGOW G4 3LA  
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Design by Jon Drummond

# Jane The Barras

Betty ran a shop down Bain Street, near the big church there, she used to sell Mussels and Malts. She ran that for years. Someone took over it when she died as well, kept it going.

I remember on the Barras there was a man who'd have this top hat on, with all these £5 notes all over it. It was the characters that made it, they used to entice people in.





Google

# Jane Grandma

My grandmother was always involved with community work. Working alongside the chap who opened the Bridgeton Community Centre, when that was firstly built, she'd go to meetings in the City Chambers and help people get houses in the area.

Before retirement, she was a hawker at the Barras for 40-50 years. She was a hard worker, I've always known my Granny to work. She always loved to help people, that was her thing.



# Margaret

## Silvergrove St.

My grandparents owned the Silvergrove Dairy in Silvergrove Street, Bridgeton. The street was like a little village where everyone knew each other. At the end of the street was the "East Kilbride Dairy Farmers" where milk was pasteurised and bottled. Many of the street residents worked there. At break time the dairy was queued out with customers ordering rolls filled with bacon, eggs or cold meat.

There was also Bars factory, where they produced the famous Irn Bru at the bottom of the street. There was a dental lab across from the dairy owned by a Mr Johnson. That was where the dentures known as "falsers" were made as ordered by local dentist for their clients. There was no health and safety then and I can still recall the smell of melting wax as the employees shaped the dentures, once they came out of the moulds, with an open flame.

The High Walk shop was on the corner on the London Road and directly opposite was Sellyns, the clothes shop. There was a little shop along from the High Walk owned by a Jew called Harry Brown. That was where we got our leather school bags which lasted us for most of our time in primary school. Harry's wife was called Lena and she used to come in to the dairy for a bacon roll and always said "don't tell Harry". Silvergrove street was a hub of activity ... children playing "kick the can" "peeve" and girls playing "balls" against the close wall only to be chased by the irate resident who would be annoyed by the continual "thump, thump, thump". Happy days, little money, but a community that was close. Gone are the factories, shops and characters of that little street now replaced by the modern homes of the 21st century.

Margaret Esplan. July 2014.







For many Glaswegians who don't live in the Calton their relationship with the district is founded on one thing.....The Barras.

Twenty or thirty years ago, very few shops opened on a Sunday, so if people needed something they would be drawn to The Barras. It was Glasgow's answer to a Parisienne flea-market, and sold all manner of things, from towels and linen to second-hand watches and jewellery, as well as old clothing, which today would usually be found in a charity shop.

But The Barras was more than this. It was street theatre, with stall holders persuading passers-by that they couldn't afford to pass up on their particular offer of the day. The barbers would start their 'Dutch auction', and progressively reduce their price until the intended moment, whereupon their assistants would make a racket, causing a stampede among the crowd to buy the bargain of the day.

A visit was often accompanied by a visit to one of the sea-food restaurants, where mussels, whelks and clappy-does were the order of the day.

Christmas Eve was a special time for The Barras, as irrespective of what day in the week it was, the market would be opened until late evening. Stall holders left with a stock of toys as the end of the day approached, would often sell off their wares at knock down prices, which would be snapped up by parents of meagre means, to give their children a gift to open on Christmas morning.

Peter Mortimer. 11th November 2014

# William Calton

There was the Calton Club, the community centre, it used to have boxing and football on. The building isn't there anymore, it's new houses now.

It was just the one guy that volunteered and done it all himself. He was an amazing guy, did everything of his own back. Kept all the young ones off the streets —kept me off the streets. I coached boxing there myself after a while for 12 years.



# William

## The Barras

The Barras used to be really busy about 10 years ago. You could hardly move 'cause of all the people. There used to be this guy with a big cowboy hat, and he'd sing. It had real characters then.

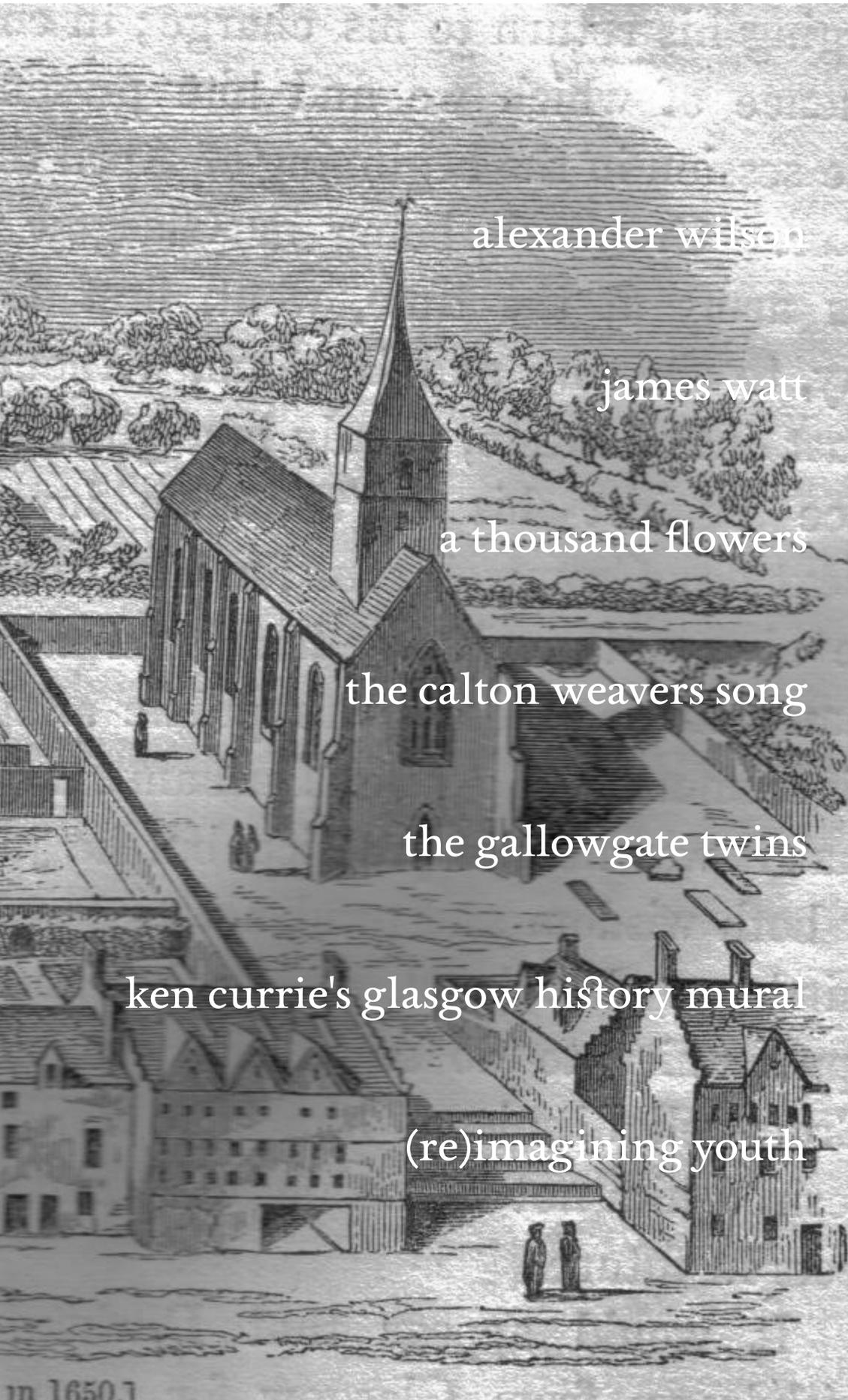
It used to be open until 12 o'clock on Christmas Eve, only place in Glasgow, full of last minute shoppers. I still go down there with my Ma. It still has a really good atmosphere.



# East end stories



University of Glasgow.



alexander wilson

james watt

a thousand flowers

the calton weavers song

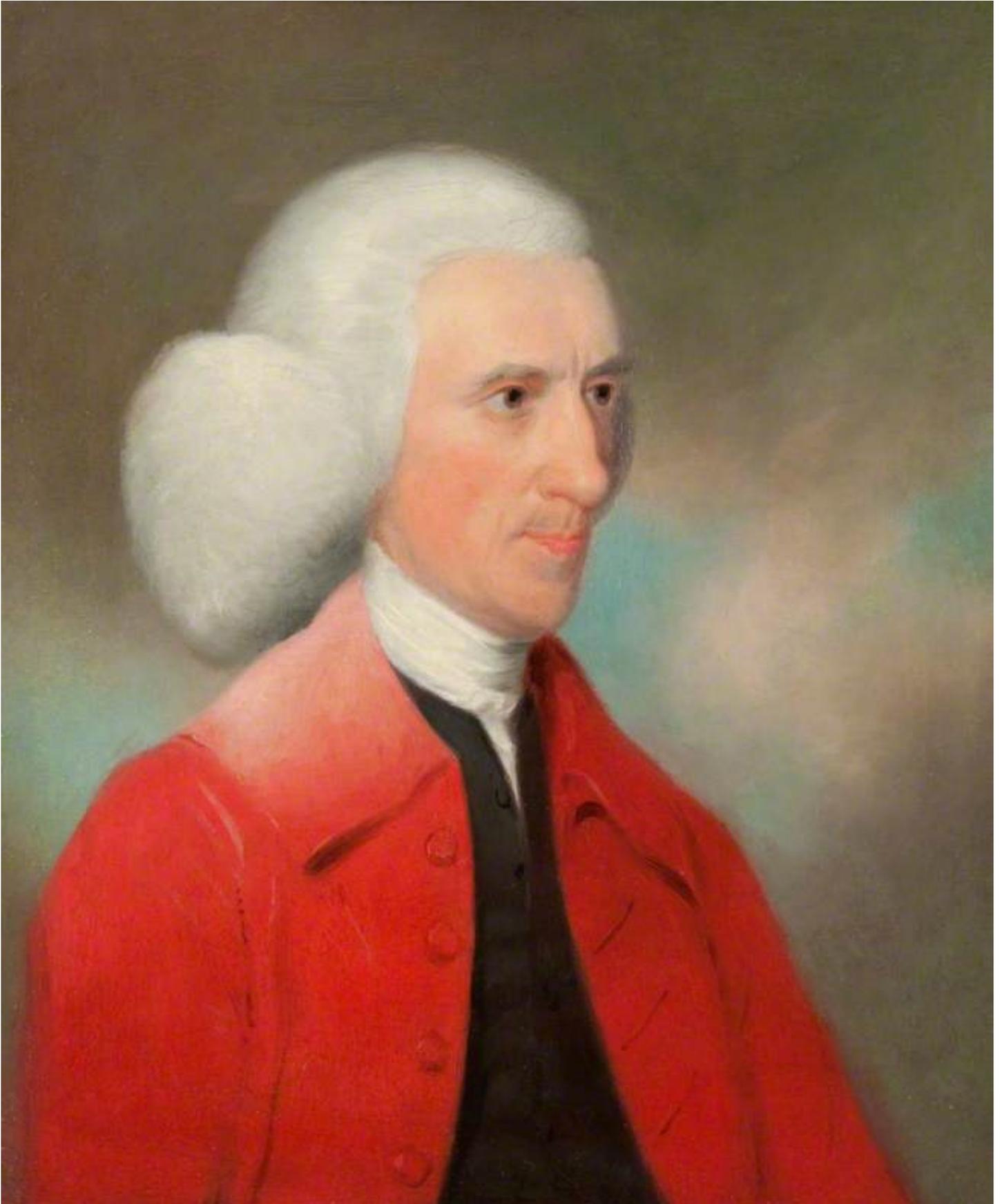
the gallowgate twins

ken currie's glasgow history mural

(re)imagining youth

42

**Professor Alexander Wilson  
(1713-1786)**



THE  
EDINBURGH  
JOURNAL OF SCIENCE.

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ART. I.—*Biographical Account of ALEXANDER WILSON, M.D. late Professor of Practical Astronomy in Glasgow.* By the late PATRICK WILSON, A. M. Professor of Practical Astronomy in the University of Glasgow. \*

ALEXANDER WILSON, M. D. late Professor of Practical Astronomy in Glasgow College, was a younger son of Patrick Wilson, town-clerk of St Andrews, and was born there in 1714. He was very young when his father died, and was afterwards brought up by the care of his mother, Clara Fairfoul, a person much respected for her prudence, virtue, and piety.

Having received the usual education at the different schools, he entered to the College of St Andrews, where he made great proficiency in literature and the sciences, and, after completing a regular course of studies, was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts in his nineteenth year.

Before the expiration of his academical course, his inclination led him to prefer the study of natural philosophy, and particularly those branches of it which relate to optics and astronomy. From his earliest years he discovered a strong propensity to several ingenious arts, among which may be men-

\* This Memoir of Dr Wilson, after being read at the Royal Society of Edinburgh on the 2d February 1789, was withdrawn by its author, for the purpose of making some alterations upon it; and was never returned for publication. It was found, however, among the papers of Mr Patrick Wilson, and is now printed with the consent of his family. Its connection with the history of science, and of the progress of the useful arts in Scotland, gives it a very high degree of interest, and induces us to reprint it from the *Edin. Trans.* vol. x.—E<sup>v</sup>.

James

**Watt**

**a thousand**

**flowers**

# Calton Weaver song (Nancy Whisky)

I'm a weaver, a Calton weaver,  
I'm rash and a roving blade,  
I've got silver in my poockets,  
I'll go and follow the roving trade.

Chorus:

Oh. whisky, whisky, Nancy whisky,  
Whisky, whisky, Nancy, oh!

As I cam' in by Glesca city,  
Nancy Whisky I chanced to smell,  
So I gaed in, sat doon beside her,  
Seven lang years since I lo'ed her well.

Chorus

The mair I kissed her, the mair I lo'ed her,  
The mair I kissed her, the mair she smiled,  
Soon I forgot my mither's teaching,  
Nancy soon had me beguiled.

Chorus

I woke up early in the morning,  
To slake my drouth it was my need;  
I tried to rise but I wasna able,  
For Nancy had me by the heid.

Chorus

Tell me landlady, whit's the lawin'?  
Tell me whit there is to pay.  
Fifteen shillings is the reckoning,  
Pay me quickly and go away.

Chorus

As I went oot by Glesca city  
Nancy Whisky I chanced to smell:  
I gaed in, drank four and sixpence  
A twas left was a crooked scale.

Chorus

I'll gang baek to the Calton weaving  
I'll surely mak' the shuttles fly  
For I'll mak' mair at the Calton weaving  
Than ever I did in a roving way.

Chorus

Come all ye weavers, Calton weavers,  
A' ye weavers, where e'er ye be;  
Beware of whisky, Nancy whisky,  
She'll ruin you as she ruined me.

Chorus

listen

# The Gallowgate Twins



[Watch on Youtube](#)

**Ken Currie**

**Glasgow history mural**





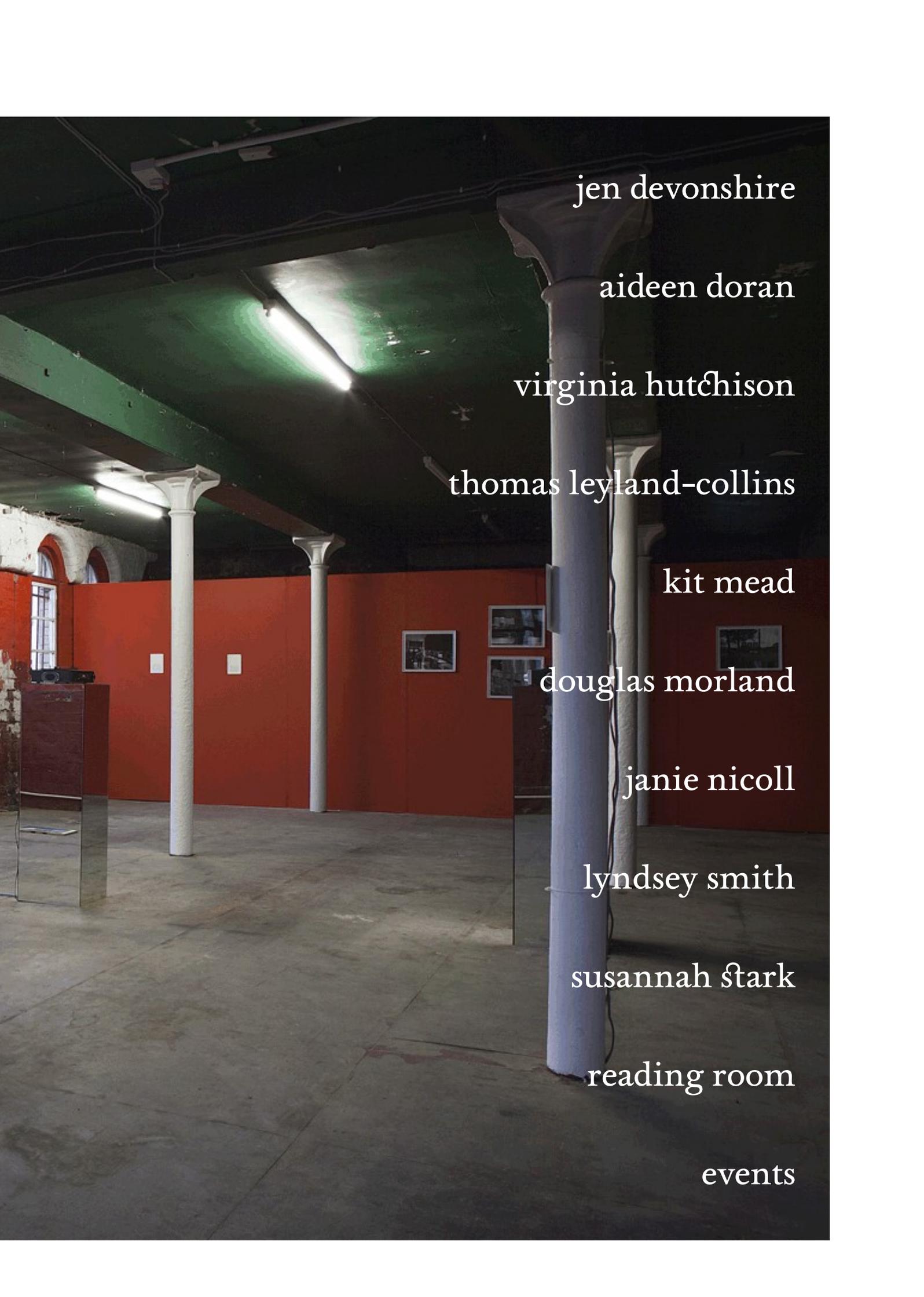
[More about...](#)

(re)imagining

youth

# Exhibition





jen devonshire

aideen doran

virginia hutchison

thomas leyland-collins

kit mead

douglas morland

janie nicoll

lyndsey smith

susannah stark

reading room

events

# Jen Devonshire

## East End Stories

Jane—Granny

14 Nov–7 Dec

**East End Transmissions**

My grandmother was always involved with community work. Working alongside the chap who opened the Bridgeton Community Centre, when that was first built, she'd go to meetings in the City Chambers and help people get houses in the area.

Before retirement, she was a hawker at the Barras for 40–50 years. She was a hard worker, I've always known my Granny to work. She always loved to help people, that was her thing.

More stories, memories and context about the upper East End of Glasgow on:  
[eastendtransmissions.net](http://eastendtransmissions.net)

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Glasgow  
G2 2LA  
www.thepipfactory.co.uk

AAAI COMMUNICATIONS  
Design by Jen Devonshire

William—The Barras

14 Nov–7 Dec

**East End Transmissions**

The Barras used to be really busy about 10 years ago. You could hardly move 'cause of all the people. There used to be this guy with a big cowboy hat, and he'd sing. It had real characters then.

It used to be open until 12 o'clock on Christmas Eve, only place in Glasgow, full of last minute shoppers. I still go down there with my Ma. It still has a really good atmosphere.

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Peter—Calton and The Barras

14 Nov–7 Dec

**East End Transmissions**

For many Glaswegians who don't live in Calton, their relationship with the district is founded on one thing...The Barras.

Twenty or thirty years ago, very few shops opened on a Sunday, so if people needed something they would be drawn to The Barras. It was Glasgow's answer to a Parisienne flea-market, and sold all manner of things, from towels and linen to second-hand watches and jewellery, as well as old clothing.

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Margaret—Silvergrove Street, Bridgeton

14 Nov–7 Dec

**East End Transmissions**

There was a dental lab across from the dairy owned by Mr Johnson. That was where the dentures known as "falsers" were made as ordered by local dentists for their clients.

There was no health and safety then, and I can still recall the smell of melting wax as the employees shaped the dentures—once they came out of the moulds—with an open flame.

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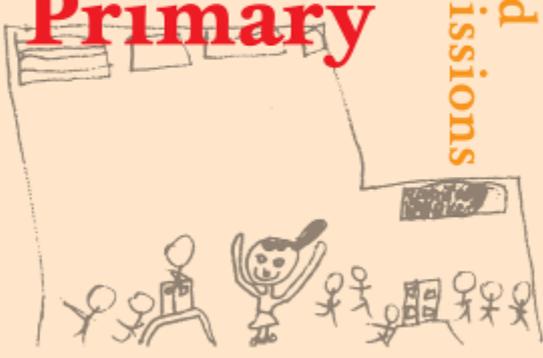
# Illustrated posters

Rebecca, Age 8

14 Nov-7 Dec

## Saint Anne's Primary

East End Transmissions



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Shona, Age 9

14 Nov-7 Dec

## Swings, Bridgeton Park

East End Transmissions



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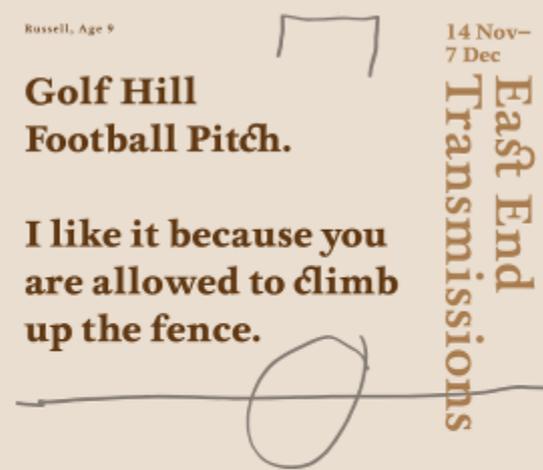
Russell, Age 9

14 Nov-7 Dec

## Golf Hill Football Pitch.

I like it because you are allowed to climb up the fence.

East End Transmissions



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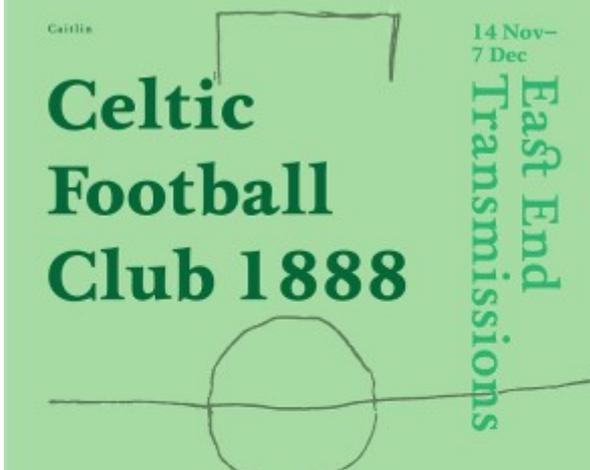
EA  
East End Transmissions  
Designed by Paul Brownlee

Caillie

14 Nov-7 Dec

## Celtic Football Club 1888

East End Transmissions



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Designed by Paul Brownlee

# Jen Devonshire & Kit Mead

On this site stood the University of Glasgow from 1460 till 1870, the MacFarlane Observatory was located at the far end of the college grounds.

Astronomers will remember, that a sunspot of an extraordinary size appeared upon the sun, in the month of November 1769. I had a view of the sun through an excellent Gregorian telescope. I then beheld the spot, which at the time was not far from the suns western limb, and below his equatorial diameter.

I now found however a remarkable change; for the umbra, which before was equally broad all round the nucleus, appeared much contracted on that part which lay towards the centre of the disc. This change of umbra seemed somewhat extraordinary, as it was the very reverse of what I expected from the motion of the spot towards the limb.

—Alexander Wilson

Kit Mead's film installation 'The Wilson Effect' will be played throughout the exhibition.

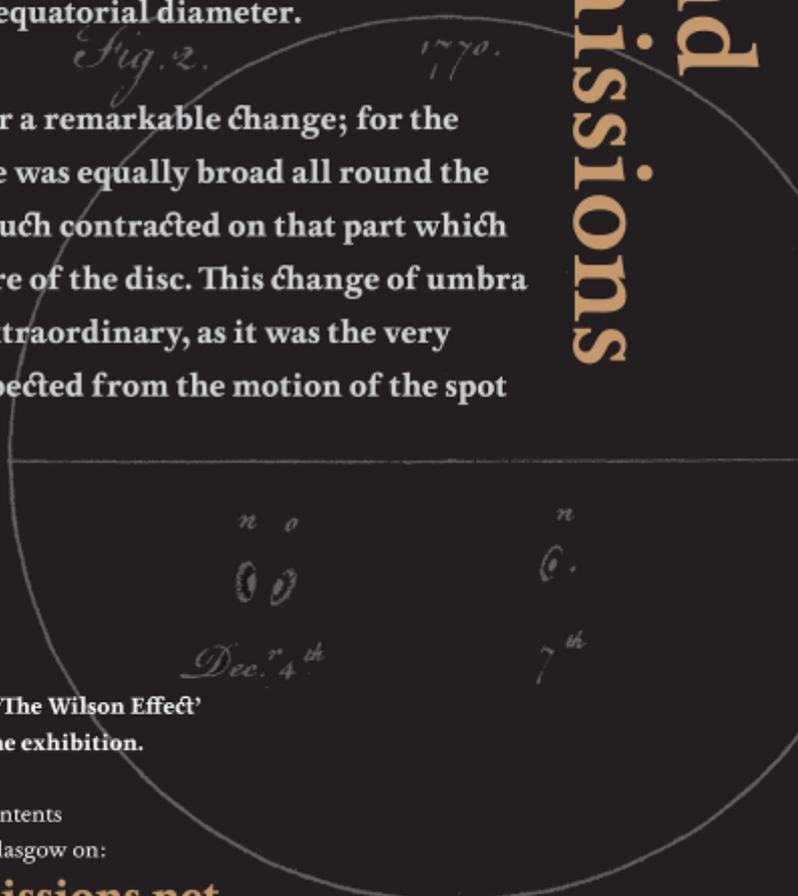
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14 Nov–  
7 Dec

East End  
Transmissions



ALBA | CHRUTHACHAIL

Design by Jen Devonshire

# Jen Devonshire & Douglas Morland

**For Matthew Clydesdale (d.1818)**

14 Nov–  
7 Dec

**Ligature furrow thickens and then  
Diverges. Branches heading  
Bilateral, periorbital.**

**An area of pallor (closer to the apex),  
Punctate red, pattern throughout.  
Dried and reddish brown.**

**Mutual contact of bodies dissimilar;  
Metals, charcoal and animal matter  
Conjoined. Certain fluids, pathways bind.**

**Salt. Gallows. Salt. A mute and hollow son.  
The wretched, distal smile, a spark,  
But no measure of the man.**

**East End  
Transmissions**

By Douglas Morland.

Part of East End Transmissions, an exhibition at The Pipe Factory, Glasgow.

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about the upper East End of Glasgow on:

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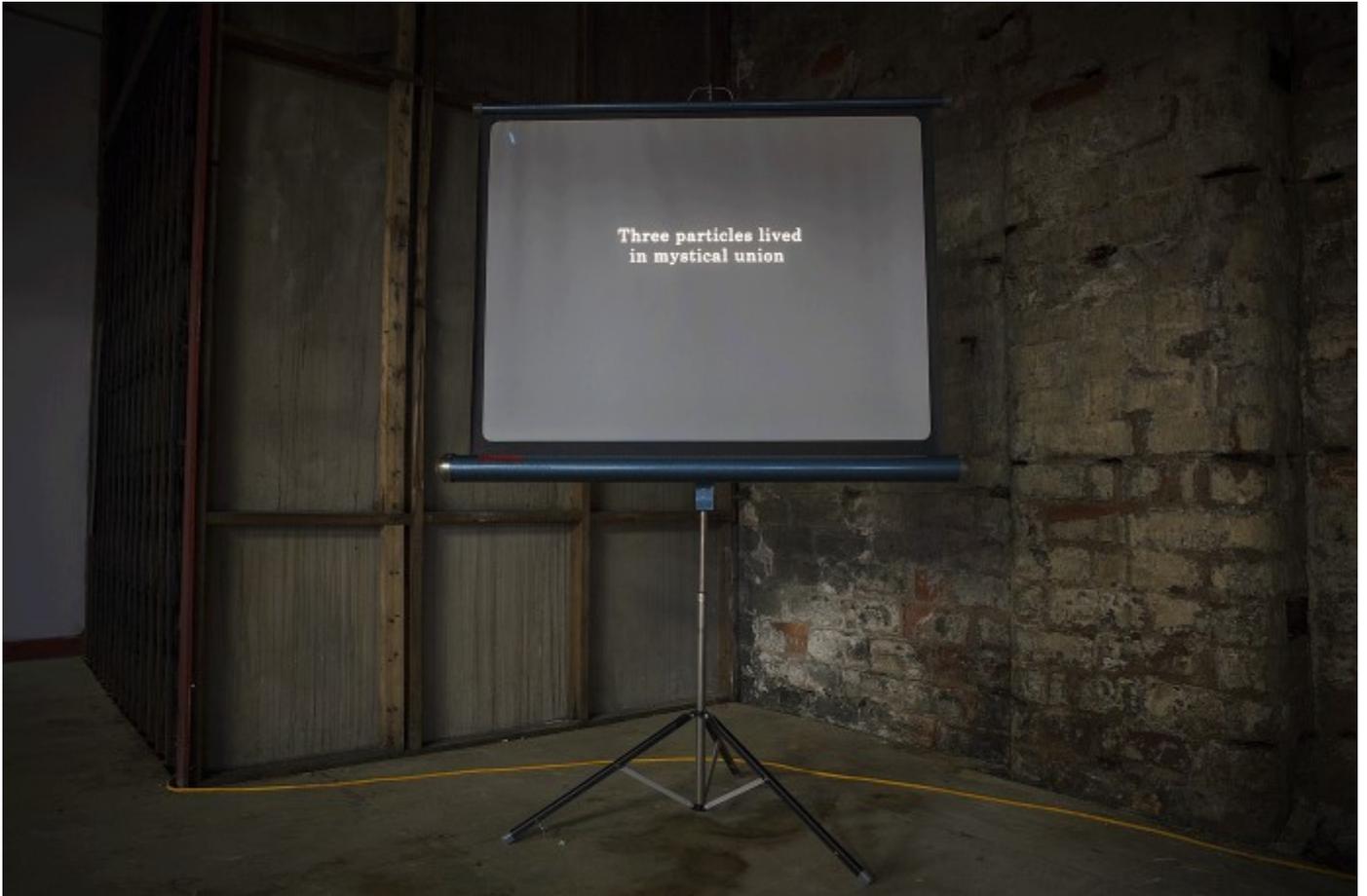
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**Aideen Doran**

**Particle Poems (after Edwin Morgan)**



# Slide projection installation



# Virginia Hutchison

## Statue of a Woman





**Thomas Leyland Collins**  
**Translocal Frequencies**



# Micro FM Transmitters, radio receivers & headsets



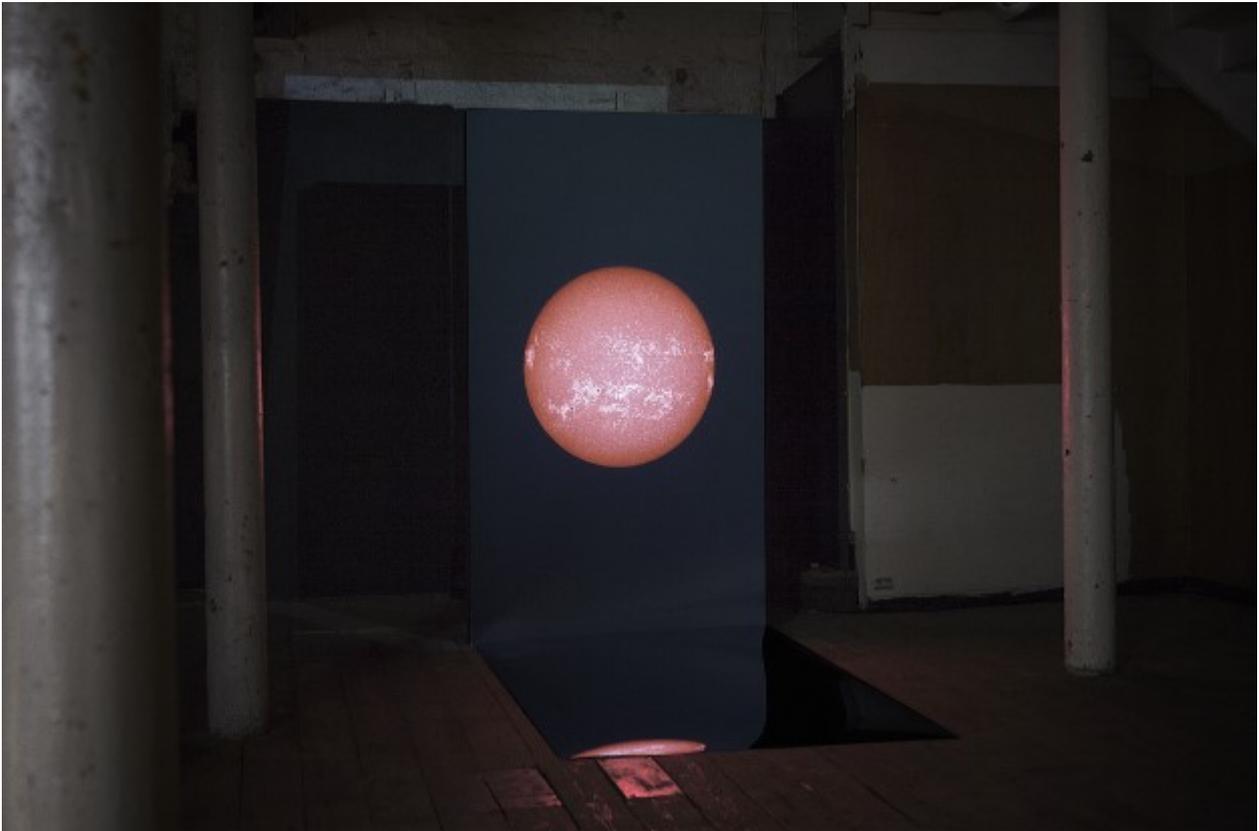
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**Kit Mead**

**The Wilson Effect**



# Video installation, looped



## Douglas Morland

For Matthew. A work for sound, video  
and physical performance





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**Janie Nicoll**

**Golden Time**

**Spoken work performance**



[Watch the video of the performance](#)

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# Lyndsey Smith

## Saturdays



# Inkjet prints



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# Susannah Stark

## Filter ono Filter

Audio installation with mirrored plinths and dubplate vinyl records

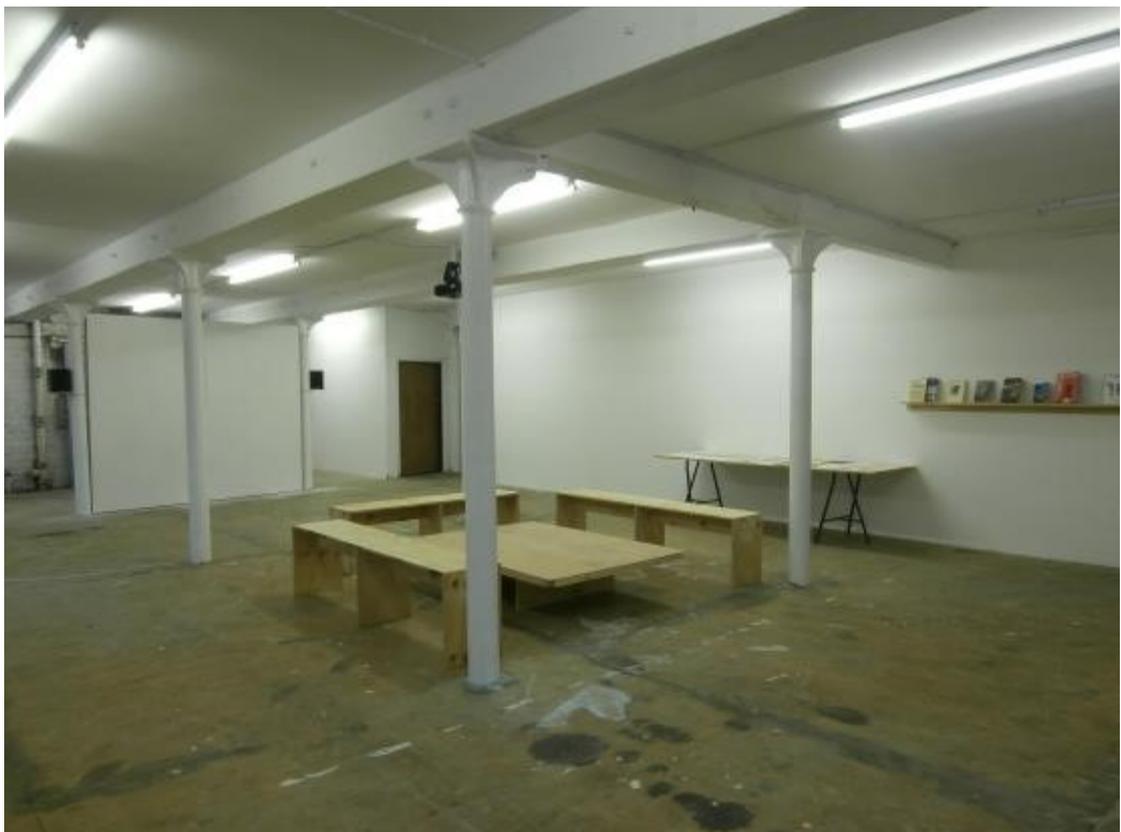


Cairn, the cairns, U-Turn, We could hear the boys singing  
Silkscreens with graphite powder



# Reading & events room





## Programme of events

### Small Faces.

Directed by Gillies MacKinnon, Scotland, 1996, 108'



Small faces – co-written by Gillies MacKinnon and his brother, Billy – draws a portrait of the Glasgow gang life during the late Sixties. The tone of the film alternates between comedy and sadistic violence, youth naivety and teenagers' rage, telling the story of three teenage brothers who become perilously entangled in a violent rivalry between two Glasgow gangs.

Gillies MacKinnon (b. 1948, Glasgow) is a Scottish film director, writer and painter. He attended the Glasgow School of Art where he studied mural painting. Following this he became an art teacher and cartoonist, and about this time he travelled

with a nomadic tribe in the Sahara for six months. In the 1970s he studied at the Middlesex Polytechnic and in the 1980s in the National Film and Television School. He made a short film called *Passing Glory* as his graduation piece, a dour recreation of Glasgow in the 1950s and 1960s. It was premiered at the 1986 Edinburgh International Film Festival, where it won the first Scottish Film Prize. Filmography includes: *Trojan Eddie* 1966; *The Grass Arena* (1991); *The Playboys* (1992); *Regeneration* (1997); *Hideous Kinky* (1998); *The Escapist* (2002); *Pure* (2002); *Gunpowder, Treason & Plot* (2004); *Tara Road* (2005); *Zig Zag Love* (2009) (TV Film).

# Virginia Hutchison

## Screening and reading



PLEASE ADJUST YOUR DRESS - A film produced for Accidental Mix, 2013

Post scriptum

Today I Learned to Jump Like a Man

It really struck me when we were talking earlier and you said that it had been prohibitively difficult to find local footage in the BBC archive. (My mum

says that's deliberate and not really that surprising).

I have to agree. I then go on to tell her that I have to write an essay on the East End foundry industry to sit alongside a text I wrote about identity. (She buries people. Mostly folk from the East End. She tells me about the cremations, about pushing the button. When she first started she went to the furnace and watched through the window. I understand this necessity.)

## Talks afternoon:

# The East End and its regeneration

### Programme

Exploring the lives of people living in the East End of Glasgow

By Vikki Mc Call

There has been an on-going and consistent focus on the East End of Glasgow at a UK level by the media, politicians and wider powerful elites. These have applied powerful discourses and assumptions on the people living in the East End, especially in areas such as Easterhouse, Parkhead and Shettleston (Mooney, 2009; Gray and Mooney, 2011). Gray and Mooney (2011: 5) especially point out that the narratives around Commonwealth Games 2014 have been constructed around the idea that they will 'transform the East End of Glasgow', and will work to help address long-standing social and economic problems. But how are such assumptions being received in the East End itself? The only way to know this was to explore the voices of those living within these targeted communities, which have so far been neglected. This project explored the gaps between narrative and reality of stigmatised urban areas by looking at the perceived impact of Commonwealth Games 2014 on the lives of the people living within the East End of Glasgow.

All history was once in the East End of Glasgow. But now it is gone. Or is it? The appearance and disappearance of Douglas Gordon's artwork 'Proof' at Glasgow Green.

By Johnny Rodger

Spectres of Dead Labour: The Materiality of Ruins  
By Neil Gray

The study of 'Ruins' has become extremely widespread in the arts and humanities of late. One tendency has been to evoke ghostly spectres, absent presences and uncanny experience in industrial ruins. These emanations, it is argued, resist rational interpretation. While not wishing to destroy ruins as sites of imagination or pregnant liminality, Neil Gray wants to demystify this reductive hauntology by evoking the 'vampire-like' spectres of 'dead labour' in the built environment of the East End of Glasgow. In doing so, he will show how ruins are an inherent and necessary part of capital accumulation cycles and how listening to these fragmentary 'transmissions' might help us detonate the slumbering time of the present with the fractious constellations of the past.



Douglas Gordon, Mute, 1990

## Voices from the Barras.

Directed by Alan Knight, Glasgow, 2010, 24'



Voices from the Barras is a documentary film directed and edited by Alan Knight and produced by Abigail Howkins through Diversity Films as part of 'The Barras Story' - a community heritage and learning project using archive photography, film and oral history to explore the social, cultural, historical and economic importance of the world famous Barras Market to the East End of Glasgow.

Set-up in 1921 by Maggie McIver, the traders and past customers today remember the market's heyday, when 'spielers' would turn selling into a stage show, shifting their wares as quickly as their razor-sharp patter would allow. People once came from all over Scotland to search for bargains at the Barras.

The project focused on collecting Barras community memories and stories, past and present from traders, stallholders, family members and customers. It

brought together a group of community members interested in research, oral history and film production.

Alan Knight was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and he is now based in Edinburgh. He was employed as a film editor for many years, working on Feature Films, Docs, TV Dramas, Commercials and Promos etc, before moving into writing and making documentaries. Recent projects include 'The Ghost Show', 'Back to Sarajevo' and 'Voices from the Barras'. Worked in 2013/2014 for NewsnetScotland.com, producing and directing animation films while continuing to develop his film and TV projects for domestic and world markets, including a feature documentary/animation project about Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show visits to Scotland in 1891 and 1904.

# The Bowler and the Bunnet.

Directed by Sir Sean Connery, 1967, 60'



A documentary film about Glasgow's Fairfield shipyard, *The Bowler and The Bunnet* is the only film Sir Sean Connery has ever directed. Produced as a Scottish television documentary programme on STV, the film features the famous actor analysing the experiment of a new modern management introduced at the Fairfield shipyard by the Tory industrialist Sir Iain Stewart in the mid-sixties. Ambitioning to test a new way of working that would have been an example for the British industry, Stewart's experiment went to fail in 1968, when Fairfield was made part of Upper Clyde Shipbuilders, collapsing in its turn in 1971, after the union leader Jimmy Reid led a work-in and strike.

Sir Thomas Sean Connery (b. 1930) is a Scottish actor and producer who won an Academy Award,

two BAFTA Awards (one of them being a BAFTA Academy Fellowship Award) and three Golden Globes (including the Cecil B. DeMille Award and a Henrietta Award).

Connery is best known for portraying the character James Bond, starring in seven Bond films between 1962 and 1983. In 1988, Connery won the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor for his role in *The Untouchables*. His film career also includes such films as *Marnie*, *The Name of the Rose*, *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*, *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade*, *The Hunt for Red October*, *Highlander*, *Murder on the Orient Express*, *Dragonheart*, and *The Rock*.

**Thanks!**

Francesca Zappia, curator of the exhibition East End Transmissions would like to express her gratitude to Alexander Storey Gordon for his precious help on the realisation of the exhibition, as well as all of the artists: Jen Devonshire, Aideen Doran, Virginia Hutchison, Thomas Leyland-Collins, Kit Mead, Douglas Morland, Janie Nicoll, Lyndsey Smith, Susannah Stark; and the team of The Pipe Factory: Steven Grainger, Genevieve Kay-Gourlay, Jamie Kane, Rachel Levine, Verity Hocking.

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To the events contributors: Sir Sean Conne-

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