
Searching lights and darkening shadows: Looking at the city of Glasgow¹

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drafted 1987, amended to 2002

Glasgow.

Grey Street. Blank faceless tenements
Streaming in my drizzle. Red only in
children's cheeks. Light fading from
Still laughing eyes.

R D Laing *The Bird of Paradise*

"A terrible shadow descends like dust over my thoughts,
Almost like reading a *Glasgow Herald* leader
Or any of our Anglo-Scottish daily papers...
Or like the dread darkness that descends on one
Who, as the result of an accident, sustained
In the course of his favourite recreation, tricycling,
Suffers every now and then from loss of memory."

Hugh MacDairmaid *Glasgow*

Here's tae us; wha's like us? Nane; an' they're a' deid.

The darkness defines the light.

(That's what I meant to type; but I find my fingers actually picked out: **The darkness defies the light**)

1 : IMAGES

This essay offers images, images of lights and shadows in fifteen short sections, hinting towards an identity of Glasgow. It is therefore appropriate to start with three images which for me hold so much of Glasgow. They sit, in reproduction, before my eyes as I write: Giorgione's mysterious masterpiece "The Woman Taken in Adultery"; Thomas Annan's pioneering photographs of Glasgow from the 1860s; and Peter Fleming's map of the city of Glasgow in 1807.

First we see one of the western world's magical paintings; a Giorgione, and God knows how few there are of these.² In the middle of the Nineteenth Century it hangs on a domestic wall in Glasgow. Outside that door, barely a mile down the road, seethes and boils the Devil's drawing-room (as Ruskin called mid-century Glasgow).

¹ This text was written in 1987/8 to commission for a volume in an Italian series of monographs on cities. A version
² This painting, now usually called *Christ and the Adulteress*, is in the 1980s generally attributed to "circle of Giorgione, probably Titian". I am aware of the debates and still prefer Giorgione; as Francis Richardson says "few Giorgionesque paintings have been more hotly disputed as regards their authorship." (in note on this painting, in *The Genius of Venice 1500-1600*, Royal Academy, 1983 pp169-170)

Second, we see Thomas Annan's haunting photographic images of the streets of Glasgow. Particularly in his best known, those of the worst closes and wynds off the High Street and Saltmarket, we see the forms of the people animating the architectural backdrops. The way they hold their bent bodies, the defiant but lost facial expressions, the unbowed but unsexy stares, and often, simply the ephemeral hint of this, as they move out of focus or out of frame during the long photographic exposure.³

And third, we see Peter Fleming's map offering Glasgow a clear ideogram of light and shadow. Here, the body of the old city centres on the cross; its arms outstretch straight to the west and only bend to the east as it crosses the Molendinar. The trunk runs straight up High Street until it curves round towards Drygate, coming to its head at the High Kirk (Cathedral). And it runs straight down Saltmarket until, beyond what in the 12th Century was the south port, the leg swings west to where, since the late 13th Century, there has been a bridge, then crossing the Clyde to the High Street of Gorbals beyond.

If we stay with Fleming's image of the city in plan, we see how, from this skeleton, secondary roads and myriad tight closes and wynds run like the teeth of a comb back from the main structure (as McUre said in 1736), making up the tissue of the city in ever more labyrinthine wynds and ever narrower closes.

This city physiognomy, more or less formed in the mid 16th Century, remains as bodily outline into the 19th: but it is now dark. Seventy years later it is still there, yet darker; "looking on the maps" (as Dr J B Russell, Glasgow's great Victorian Medical Officer of Health, put it) "like sections of geological stratification, with cracks or flaws in between... only wide enough to permit two persons to pass, or perhaps a barrow or a cart."⁴

These long, black shadow lines on the map are relieved only by the patches of light: openness round the High Kirk and round the College church; the College itself (the University of Glasgow) in its double quadrangle; and what was then the recent enlightened development of St Andrews' Church in its Square across the Molendinar, and the cleanly separate urban instruments of the Hunterian Museum, the Bridewell and the Infirmary.

On Fleming's early Nineteenth Century map, all this has become a dark body, a shadow moving into the background of a new Glasgow. For to the north and west of this form, a *new body* already appears: the "new town" (as they said) which today we call the Merchant City.⁵ The lane running along the back boundary of the properties and closes fronting on the north side of Trongate have been formalised into a new east/west axis (called Ingram Street) and paralleled further north by George Street/Duke Street, with gridded blocks cut out by cross streets between. (One block, left unbuilt, becomes George Square.)

What had been backlands between Miller Street and Candleriggs Street is shown by Fleming opened up. This new different intention, creating a permeable urban framework, is exemplified in the fate

³ Indeed the negatives were retouched for re-publication around 1900, and the prints which John Annan gave me 20 years ago often had bodies either painted out or firmed up.

⁴ J B Russell, "On the Immediate Results of the Operations of the Glasgow Improvement Trust at May 1874, as regards the Inhabitants Displaced..." *Proc. Phil. Soc. Glasgow*, 1X, (1873-4), p. 214.

⁵ This name was first used by Charles McKean in the outline we jointly prepared for a book on the subject in 1971.

of Virginia Mansion, demolished just before Fleming's map was drawn. He shows the proposal (in fact not carried out) to cut through its drive (already called Virginia Street) to open the grid.

But the dominant imagery of Fleming's map, the third element, clear at a glance, is the order and light which makes such a balance of the whole form: this is the **grid-iron to the west**. Potentially infinite and careless of contour, it covers Laurieston and Tradeston south of the Clyde, Blythswood to the north. The open, unnaturally even, eerie grid goes nowhere and so can be everywhere. It is a clear and logical mechanism, the structure of commercial, enlightened common-sense; and the base of Nineteenth Century Glasgow.

That image of the city's physiognomy, and echoes of my two other initial images of its ghost, remain. The first point they raise cannot be avoided: the contrast perennial in all cities, in Glasgow is seen in extremes. The Giorgione hangs in the satanic engine-room of the British Empire.

2 : SENSUALITY AND PROTESTANTISM

Glasgow coach maker and bailie, Archibald McLellan (1797 -1854), on whose wall the "Woman taken in adultery" was hung, collected many paintings, built a gallery for them and intended leaving them to his city. Problems with the bequest in 1855⁶ meant prolonged squabbles in the town council over whether they wanted them at all. Finally, in May 1856 Glasgow paid McLellan's estate £30,000 for the suite of salons and £15,000 for all his paintings. Thereafter they scandalously neglected and forgot them for half a century. It was the 20th Century before McLellan was regarded as "the real founder of the civic art collection" and his now brightly cleaned Giorgione "the greatest painting in the collection"⁷.

Shipping magnate William Burrell's legacy to the city nearly a century after McLellan's (which included cash for, but conditions about, *its* exhibition) is inevitably brought to mind. It took Glasgow nearly as long to honour the collection left by Burrell with Barry Gasson's magnificently appropriate sheds⁸.

Burrell, early in the Twentieth Century, lived in Alexander Thomson's Great Western Terrace. In 1870 Thomson had filled out the interior of the end house in his terrace for the publisher Blackie, right through to furnishings, floor and wall coverings. Thirty years later, exactly at the moment when the next Blackie generation was moving far from the city to C R Mackintosh's suburban Hill House in Helensburgh, Burrell was busy recreating a late medieval dream in Great Western Terrace.

He had bought No. 8 in 1901 and over the next years got the Edinburgh architect Robert Lorimer to (as he put it) "chip away the gingerbread." Burrell and Lorimer transformed Thomson's dining room, covering the scraped surfaces with vast Flemish late-Gothic tapestries. Over fourteen feet long by nine feet high, the seven tapestries (which depicted a seigneur in his park, *au promenade*), left no space for anything else. The hall next door had plain board floors, heavy neo-medieval furniture by Lorimer, and walls of linenfold panels. In that most austere room, deep in the forge of the puritan-industrial world, was hung Cranach's "Cupid and Venus".⁹

⁶ For they stood to inherit Maclellan's debts as well.

⁷ In the words of Tom Honeyman, *Art and Audacity*, Collins, London, 1971

⁸ Built to designs which won an open architectural competition in c.1970

⁹ Honeyman, *ibid*, notes (p. 137) that much later Burrell used this house as an increasingly rather derelict furniture store. And, continuing this usage, Glasgow Corporation then bought it as a temporary measure.

The subject matter of both McLellan's and Burrell's favourite painting are not chosen by chance. Such juxtapositions as these are startling. And from this opening theme I will trace a thread of public culture in the city, its nurturing of art and music, as an image which adds complexity and paradox. It is not an image of light opposing the dark (there will be plenty of those), but rather an image of depth. It is one which has been particularly resisted by forces both of light and dark.

3 : CULTURAL FIRE

Glasgow was neatly defined by H.V. Morton as "city of reality."¹⁰ But there is always another side to the municipal Gradgrind's world of fact, fact, fact. And Glasgow has, for a century anyway, not lost an enviable reputation for hosting uncomfortable talent in the arts (particularly in words, in paint and lately, with talent like John Byrne or Alisdair Gray, artists prodigious in both). Even if it is hosting them only the way a dog hosts fleas.

Right back to the 1750s, the pioneering Foulis Academy encouraged artists and a study of the arts in Glasgow (fifteen years before the Royal Academy school in London). But it collapsed in 1775¹¹. Their former student William, one of the famous medical Hunter brothers, left a fine collection to the University, for which Stark built his masterly little Hunterian Museum. In the 1840s Glasgow's design school (later the Glasgow School of Art) was started, and the Fine Arts Institute founded. The McLellan bequest became the city's collection in 1855. In 1870 these were housed in a Robert Adam country house, Kelvingrove, which, by now engulfed in the new West End, became the city museum. By the mid 1880s, Glasgow was planning an international exhibition to finance itself a major art museum, and eventually, on the proceeds of the exhibition of 1888, Kelvingrove Art Galleries was opened¹².

By this time, careful of its McLellan and other bequests, the city was purchasing with vigour. The first Whistler bought by any public collection was the Carlyle portrait, *Arrangement in Black and Grey*, for which Glasgow paid 1,000 guineas in 1891. Once the new Kelvingrove Art Galleries was opened in 1903, 1,113,608 people visited it in the first year, and the figure was as high for some years. "That is", a proud city official declared, "more than a visit a year by every person living within the municipal area." Glasgow not only revered art but was creating it.

We could ponder the contrast of the bright, fresh air colours of John Lavery, James Guthrie and the other 'Glasgow Boys' of the 1880s and '90s¹³ against their grey urban reality; and of course deep within his hard, structural, masculine 'vernacular' ('national' and traditional) exteriors, C. R. Mackintosh was creating his feminine, erotic, smooth, white, deep (international and 'modern') interiors. We could wonder at the contrast of the rich, vibrant tones of Glasgow's many fiery colourists - from those first 'Glasgow Boys', via J.D. Ferguson, then Joan Eardley, and Alan Davie,

¹⁰ Henry Volla Morton, *In Search of Scotland*, London, 1929.

¹¹ The Foulis brothers ruined themselves in collecting paintings, encouraging young painters and importing art teachers. Sadly, when attempting to raise much money by selling paintings in London, it turned out that, of the thirty-eight Raphaels, thirty-five Rubens, twenty-one Titians, eight Rembrandts and various works of Leonardo, Michelangelo, Corregio, Veronese, Tintoretto, Durer, van Dyck and Breugel, not one attribution in their catalogue proved correct.

¹² A new Art School building was also to be incorporated, financed from these proceeds; but the Corporation's "fear of disagreement" between the two tenants cut them out. The city instead gave Fra Newberry £5,000 to start a building fund for what was to become C R Mackintosh's celebrated building.

¹³ Painters of 1880s and 1890s include James Guthrie, George Henry, E A Hernel, John Lavery, Robert MacGregor, James Paterson, Alexander Roche, Edward Walton..

Alberto (check!) Morocco and now in the 1980s the new generation of 'Glasgow Boys' - burning within their seeming grey and inhospitable city.

At the same time as the art school, the Athenaeum (later Royal Scottish Academy of Music) was founded in the 1840s, and international celebrity concerts began again¹⁴. Chopin, for example, gave a memorable piano recital in the Merchants' Hall in September 1848. The Philharmonic Society (for most of its life known as the Glasgow Choral Union and today the RSNO Chorus) was formed in 1843, giving Scotland's first performance of Handel's *Messiah* in the City Hall on 2nd April 1844¹⁵. By the end of that year *Messiah* had been performed twice more, other works added to the repertoire and the choir had grown to 400 voices. Its concert profits paid for improvements to the cramped City Hall and to its organ. By January 1860, the Choral Union was organising a major music festival, and it was followed by a second in 1873.

Needing a permanent orchestra, in 1874 the Choral Union formed its own. Sixteen years later a rival was founded, the confusion ending in 1898 when Glasgow was left with one Choral Union and its united Scottish Orchestra. Through the first half of the 20th Century, the city's great tradition of a *cappella* choral singing was exemplified in Hugh Robertson's Glasgow Orpheus Choir which disbanded on his death in 1951. At the same moment, the orchestra became the reinvigorated SNO which later, alongside Scottish Opera, its sister from the 1960s, gained the international reputation it has today, galvanised by the immense and enthusiastic lead of Alexander Gibson.

That story grew from the Second Glasgow Music Festival. But this festival, in 1873, is also a richer image of the new enlightened Glasgow of the moment, surging proudly to the west beyond the boundaries of the gridded city. Symbolically, it was organised to raise funds for building a new Western Infirmary (for which John Burnet's design was already prepared), to be sited next to the new hilltop university (already designed by Gilbert Scott). It also spurred the building of a new West-end concert hall complex (already designed by Sellars), "which will, it is hoped, afford sufficient accommodation for the requirements of these great musical gatherings."¹⁶

Sellars' two major buildings stand as lighthouses, straddling Glasgow's new bright western city. The St Andrews Halls referred to above is at Charing Cross, the West End's south-east corner, where it meets gridded Glasgow. The Kelvinside Academy (1877) is on its north-west reaches. Thence for ninety years Glasgow had a concert hall of world class before flames reduced it to darkness¹⁷.

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For through the Twentieth Century, the city's shamed shadow has stalked the light ever more closely. By 1954, for example, far from Kelvingrove art gallery being visited by an average of every citizen once in the year, only 660,000 visits are recorded to *all* Glasgow's museums and galleries together. That is even 13% less than visitors to The People's Palace alone in its first year (it opened on Glasgow Green in 1898). Where had the city moved in that half century, what new shape of the image of itself is reflected here? It seems indeed to have spent these years deeply ashamed of itself.

¹⁴ A late eighteenth Century attempt to start subscription concerts, on the lines established in Edinburgh, had been quickly abandoned.

¹⁵ David Daiches, *Glasgow*, Panther Books, Granada, London, (1977), 1982 edition, gets the date wrong. The concert poster exists and is reproduced in Robert Craig, *A Short History of the Glasgow Choral Union*, printed for the GCU centenary, 1944. The name Choral Union was adopted when smaller choirs joined with the Philharmonic Society in 1855.

¹⁶ from the *Programme of the Glasgow Music Festival* in the City Hall, 4 - 8 November, 1873

¹⁷ Many artists considered it among the few finest acoustics, alongside such as the Leipzig Gewanhaus, Manchester Free Trade Hall and the Concertgebouw Amsterdam; Leo Beranek, mid-Twentieth Century leading accoustician put it as one of the five exemplary halls world-wide.

As bourgeois Glasgow boomed in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, its centre grew ever more extravert and extravagant in form, while its shadow, the dark satanic engines and furnaces and the great squalor of over-crowded single-ends¹⁸, spread steadily round the bustling mercantile wealth. By 1914 the great structure could take these extremes no longer, and it began to crack. After the First World War the social contrasts could not be contained with any good conscience. Internal conflict erupted and self-hatred took hold of the city. The shame at social conditions, as the brash municipal pride became socialist, also became quickly attached to cultural pleasures, now seen reduced to bourgeois extravagances.

So by the 1950s, the well-matured mood of self hate, dirty, denigrated but defiant, was almost intractable. After one municipal election, the new convenor of the Art Gallery Committee approached his pioneering chief executive, the man who had acquired so much, including the Burrell Collection for Glasgow, with the words: "I am now in charge of the Fucking Culture"¹⁹.

For most of the post-Second World War years, all the kings horses and all the kings men were unable - despite all their urban motorways, their employment incentives, their mass housing programmes, their inner city aid - to put Humpty together again. And, climactically, on the night of October 22nd 1962, the shadow again engulfed the city. The magnificent St Andrews Halls was let by the city for a boxing tournament, and the "no smoking" rule relaxed; the next morning there were only smouldering embers.

For six years - to keep looking at this image of the city - the paralysed city blocked this enriching force, as Glasgow's music was imprisoned in run-down former cinemas in decayed and seemingly war-shattered areas of the inner city. Eventually concerts moved back to the early Nineteenth Century City Hall, deep in the Merchant City. Yet this move signalled a new relationship between light and shadow as clearly as had that music festival of 1873 which had marked the decampment *from* the inadequate City Hall, a neat century earlier. This was the first move of culture - and that inevitably means of the city's generative self-image - towards an acceptance of and accommodation with the dark area of its by now decayed and vacated commercial heart. It was the first light for almost a century to enrich that shadowy centre.

Heartening yes, but to take six years to return to a hall from which it took less time to vacate for vastly superior premises a century earlier was little enough source for civic pride. Then, over a quarter of a century after the fire, it was announced at the end of 1987 that Glasgow has commissioned architects' working drawings for the replacement hall, and so it comes one stage nearer to being built. The change in Glasgow, as I write in the later 1980s, is that within a few months the building was already coming out of the ground, desperately struggling to be complete for the city's accolade as "European City of Culture 1990."

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Other cultural themes, of course, could also explore differing threads which work *between* the lights and shadows of this city which is so easy to see in these raw contrasts. Take the thread of theatre - for that has been a popular form of expression in Glasgow (for all apart from the genteel west end

¹⁸ Single -end is a uniquely horrendous dwelling type consisting of a single room to house a family.

¹⁹ quoted in Honeyman, op.cit., (as 6), p239

class) since the start of the 19th Century. The variety show and music hall tradition, the Citizens Theatre founded in the 1940s by the playwright James Bridie (along with the Art Gallery director whom I have already quoted, Tom Honeyman); and their meeting in the incomparable annual Glasgow pantomime which I remember so clearly as a child, with Duncan Macrae and Stanley Baxter having a 'hing'²⁰ from boxes on opposite sides of the Citizens' stage. Sentimental, self-affirming humour born of the Glaswegian slum squalor, and which entranced the bourgeoisie who embraced it. On this shared culture a humour of self-deprecation and hidden rancour could be based. Here "was a humour of false teeth and corsets and bunions, reflecting excessive sugar consumption with lack of dental care, a heavy carbohydrate diet, and ill-fitting shoes."²¹ But we should not let Checkland's sociological charm calm us. More acutely a novelist reminds us how "so much of Glasgow's humour is disbelief under anaesthetic. It is anger with the fuse snuffed but still smoking."²²

Let us leave the arts - seen as a deepening and sometimes paradoxical layer between lights and shadows - with one more image: The first theatrical production in Glasgow to be "Illuminated with Sparkling Gas in Place of the Wicks and the Candles and the Oil Lamps" was a performance in the Queen Street theatre, on 18th September 1818, in Italian, of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. As it ended, the devil in his drawing room must have chuckled. For Vulcan, who lights the inferno, is Glasgow's real patron saint. His Dixon's Blazes (as Govan Iron Works was universally known), lit up the smoky horizon each night of my childhood. As one of our neighbours wrote, "the flames of its blast furnaces, was a Turner fantasy made real"²³. Burns had put it even more directly, visiting Carron Iron Works at the outset of the industrial age:

"We cam'na here to view your warks
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only, lest we gang to hell,
It may be nae surprise."

4: CLARITY AND ORDER

The pandaemonium of industrialisation needed an ordered city to tame it. Between 1780 and 1801 (the first UK national census), Glasgow's population exploded, it nearly doubled to 83,709 in these twenty years. The first response was the 'new town', itself doubling the size of Glasgow, which we call today the Merchant City.

Here was a new sort of place: and one of spectacle. Certainly in contrast to what existed before it was an open, permeable, 'light' town that covered the land west to Buchanan Street and north to George Street. But nevertheless it was carefully enclosed by perspective. The orthogonal streets consistently focus as axial approaches to important buildings, though these buildings may themselves blend into the street form when approached from other angles.

Though an epitome of light, when set alongside the shadowy old city, the streets of the Merchant City are still narrow, their perspectives sharp, the urban structure dense. Examples of this careful

²⁰ 'Having a hing' was the Glaswegian phrase for the essential, everyday, social interaction between tenement flats; usually by housewives leaning out of their windows and conversing by shout with others across the road or in the street below. The tenement form encouraged this (window size, mode of opening, height from ground, distance across street, etc); the housing typologies which replaced it have, of course, denied it entirely.

²¹ S.G. Checkland, *The Upas Tree: Glasgow 1875-1975.. and after 1975-80*, University of Glasgow Press, 1981, p44

²¹ S.G. Checkland, *The Upas Tree: Glasgow 1875-1975.. and after 1975-80*, University of Glasgow Press, 1981, p44

²² William McIlvanney, "Where Greta Garbo Wouldn't Have Been Alone", in *Shades of Grey*, (pictures by O Marzaroli, Mainstream, Edinburgh, 1987

²³ Ian Macharg, *Design with Nature*, Natural History Press, New York, 1969, p1

enclosure of urban space include St David's Ramshorn Church standing at the top of Candlerigg, the Royal Exchange on the axis of Ingram Street, Robert Adam's Trades House at the head of Garth Street, Hutchesons Hospital looking down Hutcheson Street, and St Enoch's church in its square, axially closing the foot of Buchanan Street. Perhaps the last, and very much as a hinge to the subsequent development, was Stark's St George's in Camperdown Place, signifying the north west corner of this first 'new Glasgow'.²⁴

But Fleming's map of 1807, to which I referred at the opening, is dominated by a much more powerful gridded image. It seems that already this enlightenment development gesture was not 'light' enough for Glasgow, and thus, around 1800, there developed the great gridded plan of the city²⁵.

This pattern was set by development south of the river²⁶ laid out in the 1790s. Late 18th Century maps show a wide route running southwards from the New Bridge (Glasgow Bridge) built in 1771. This (today called Eglinton Street), continuing north over the bridge to become Jamaica Street, exactly fits the orthography of the 'merchant city' streets, laid out parallel and at right angles to Trongate. So when, from 1791, streets began to be laid out off this spine south of Glasgow Bridge, forming Tradeston to the west and Laurieston to the east, it made a remarkable formal coincidence - at least when seen on map - with the development of the vast Blythswood estate to the north, laid out on similar extensions of the 'merchant city' co-ordinates, by the turn of the century. Indeed, the appearance on the map is almost like a small corner of Ildefonso Cerda's Barcelona *ensache*, where the superimposed grid appears as a 'meta' form, which can meet a pre-existing settlement and just continue on the other side, having engulfed but left it.

Of course it is nothing like that, either in planning intention or in actual configuration on the topography. For the development to the south forms massive blocks on flat fields, while Blythswood, usually with smaller scale building, rides its grid over steeply undulating terrain. The map's major emphasis - clear at a glance - is to the north-west, where the grid form, careless of contour or topography, becomes potentially infinite.²⁷

In fact, the grid development stopped there, more or less as seen in Fleming's plan of 1807. And as the city accelerated in its westward drive, although suburban developments sometimes were divided up with a rough rectilinearity, a more self-consciously picturesque forming of streets, vistas and landmarks would later prevail.

5: GRID OF LIGHT

²⁴ For most of its life, Camperdown Place, the space round this church, was called St George's Place and now, with political vigour but urban ignorance, is called Nelson Mandela Square.

²⁵ This has been definitively studied by Frank A Walker, in Thomas Markus (ed), *Order in Space and Society*, Mainstream Publishing, Edinburgh, 1985.

²⁶ Which Walker, *ibid*, argues to be based on earlier field shape and tenure patterns.

²⁷ Despite his caption "from actual survey by P. Fleming", the grid he shows clearly is a diagram: Blythswood Square, for example, is shown undifferentiated from the others as if built over, where in fact very little building had happened in that whole area by 1807. Fleming's map also shows touches of different gridded areas, more like intimations of the walls of tenements which were to form Glasgow's next half century: these are Hutcheston (to the east of the little village of Gorbals which was obliterated in the 1870s) and Bridgton (a working-class development even further up river, beyond The Green to the east).

Without repeating the history, let us treat that new Glasgow, which was seen in Fleming's map to double again the size of the city, as *image*. And that first image of Glasgow is the grid. An interestingly ambiguous clue to the change in urban form between the Merchant City 'perspective' and the Blythswood 'open grid' centred on St George's Church. At first it was seen as part of the 'open' continuation of that first 'enclosed' perspectival New Town grid. As early as 1780 it is shown laid out (though not built) in this way²⁸. However in 1807 the church was actually placed to form a terminus to the vista from the East, standing as the last gesture of the Merchant City planning.

Two decades later, in 1829, James Cleland (who had himself laid the church's foundation stone in 1807) proposed moving this East-facing church. Cleland, from his office as Master of Works for the City, now proposed to the Council that it be demolished and rebuilt (in Grecian style) embedded in a new urban block, "less singular" as Cleland says in his memorandum, on the east side of Nile Street, in other words facing West to the hilltop horizon of Regent Street. It would be symbolically turned to face exactly the other way, becoming the eastern terminus of the new Blythswood vista, which everywhere else remains open and unfocused²⁹. The ancient Glasgow was beyond redemption; a new heroic order would prevail, built over the hills of Blythswood. Far from leading to a focus at the top, it actually shoots straight past; between walls of streets, the eye sees distant views.

What is this image of the right-angled grid, whose simplicity is matched only by its power? "The right-angle enables us to determine space with absolute exactness. The right-angle is lawful, it is part of our determinism, it is obligatory." While, on the other hand, in the old city, "your passion for twisted streets and twisted roofs shows only your weakness and your limitation." This was said by Le Corbusier in 1924³⁰ but it is explicit in the Glasgow of a century earlier, striving for rational clarity. It was the tiny wynds which made this windy grid possible. That "architecture as a phenomenon of order is built over architecture's own antithesis, disorder and darkness" (as Tom Markus has said³¹) is literally true in Glasgow, whose centre was now left a dark, deep, prison.

It is all based on a common-sense which understands only the logic of the head. What is the *use*, anyway, of vistas, axes, avenues, squares? The early 19th Century utilitarian reductivism, linking smoothly with the reality of the new urban capitalism, replies: "squares are not necessary; people live in houses not in squares. (...) A city is made up of houses, and when streets cross at right-angles houses are less expensive to build and more convenient to live in."

That extract from a report on a plan for New York in 1811 fits exactly here. It is not only common-sense, but the cleaned-up world of *Presbyterian* merchants. Just as "Christianism's defeat of the underworld is also a loss of soul"³², so in a little way, is Glasgow's grid. Being such a place of 'equal' images, it makes knowledge based on image rather than thought (in reading or remembering) difficult. "There has never been a device which embodied greater antipathy to the idea of community than the city grid," said Arthur Erickson³³. "It absolutely prevents points of arrival, places of meeting, nodes of concentration and focus, differentiation in the design of streets; and it ignores features of terrain and climate."

Perhaps Erickson overstates his case; but the essential paradox is that *it feels impenetrable by being so completely permeable*. And so its body, metaphorically, is incomprehensible. Meanwhile, every

²⁸ This is seen in Barry's map of 1780s and still in Denholm's of 24 years later.

²⁹ Cleland's memorandum is quoted in full in Daniel Frazer, *The Making of Buchanan Street*, Frazer, Glasgow, 1885.

³⁰ Le Corbusier, *L'urbanisme*, (1929) quoted from translation *The City of Tomorrow*, The Architectural Press, London, 1971.

³¹ Thomas Markus "Introduction" to Markus (ed.) op.cit.: 21

³² James Hillman, *The Dream and the Underworld*, Harper & Row, New York, 1979 : 87

³³ Arthur Erickson, "Shaping", in seminar *The City as Dwelling*, Dallas, 16 May 1980

great Nineteenth Century city was becoming, as Haussmann said of Paris, "a great consumers' market, a vast workshop, an arena for ambitions."³⁴ That in itself formed an environment in which metaphoric understanding of the city structure could barely survive.

The right-angled Nineteenth-century grid city is a city of strength without fertility. It is a city of the masculine planning ego, moreover one wherein any feminine elements are repressed. "The search for order and light suppresses a darkness which contains a deeper order of nature and human personality, and this makes it the inevitable and tragically, except at rare moments, of those forces which oppose individual freedom by society's order."³⁵

In the planning of Glasgow's grid of light, it is almost as if each *needed* the other. Perhaps there are broader Scottish cultural forces resonating here. After all, the contemporary literary enlightenment produced Hogg's remarkable *Confessions of a Justified Sinner* (1824), or, even more obviously if half a century later, Stevenson's *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* (1886). There is a constant tension with which the puritan temperament cannot cope, between the black and white (which itself is the name of a leading brand of Scotch whisky).

Cerda's Barcelona *ensanche*, which I mentioned earlier, relied on the imperative of the awful, tight, dark *carceri* in the medieval city. They were planned to *replace* them, of course; but somehow it was inevitable that they had to stay, and remain to this day. In the same way, the Glasgow grid, responding to the awful wynds and closes, nevertheless needed their continued existence, to be its shadow, and complement. This 'ghost at the feast' also reminds us that the *anima mundi* of the city is too wise to abide just in the rational clarity of ego consciousness alone.

"The city is as irrational as any work of art, and its mystery is perhaps, above all, to be found in the secret and ceaseless will of its collective manifestations." (Aldo Rossi³⁶)

6: THE COLD GREY SHADOW TODAY

But when the pandaemonium ceased and the furnaces went cold, a grey chill began to replace the city's black and white. When Dixon's Blazes are now silent and dark, what is the face of this city's shadow today? Centrally, it is a deep sense of loss of value.

This is constantly reinforced - with the powerful convergence of entrenched socialist and traditional entrepreneurial values - by the endemic lack of employment. And it is nurtured in a context of squalid living conditions. In 1984, official unemployment in Strathclyde was 26%, in large parts of Glasgow between 30% and 40%, and in various vast council estates 50%. "Half the city population lives in neighbourhoods of multiple deprivation", and 37% of households are "on the poverty line".³⁷

Glaswegians have known for decades the stories that they were more prone to lung cancer than any

³⁴ Baron E Haussmann, a speech of 1864, quoted in Françoise Choay, *Espacements*, Paris, 1969 : 82

³⁵ Markus, op.cit. : 21; the paper is largely about Glasgow, but here specifically a propos Piranesi's "carceri"

³⁶ Aldo Rossi, *The Architecture of the City*, American Edition MIT Press, 1982, p162-3.

³⁷ The 37% includes those in receipt of unemployment, sickness or supplementary benefit. Quotation from John Butt, "The Quality of Life", in Butt & Gordon (eds), *Strathclyde, Changing Horizons*, Scottish Academic Press, Edinburgh, 1985, p127

other Briton, that anywhere else in the world they are less likely to have a coronary, and so on. It was formalised in 1984 when the Greater Glasgow Health Board stated that over a ten year period, Glasgow showed the highest urban death rate for adults aged under 65 in "the civilised world", a figure 50% higher than the risk of death before 65 in England.

Despite a century of increasingly frantic municipal endeavour, never has the efforts of the city been so dehumanised, alienated, psychotic as in the third quarter of the Twentieth Century. At a time of the greatest bombastic efforts - the finest central urban motorway system, the highest flats in Europe, and collapsing finally in GEAR, the largest urban renewal in Europe - they crashed from one superlative to the next. Those who could, voted with their feet in an exodus of frightening proportion. With the jet-black fire gone out, a sprawl of grey ash covered the city.

As the word 'growth' is used so loosely, we tend to equate physical expansion, economic growth, and life itself; conversely, physical contraction, economic stagnation, and death. But these links are not inbuilt. Small, after all, can be beautiful; as well as fit, lean, strong. Growth can also refer to maturing, to increasing refinement, to differentiation into more and more complexity and detail... The images of Glasgow have yet to take clues from this. Population decline is so difficult not to see as a city dying.

In mid-Twentieth Century, the population of Glasgow had curved over slowly, from rising to 1.1 million citizens in 1931 to falling to 1,055,017 by 1961. But then, as the shape of the new world took form, emigration fast outstripped planned reduction. The 1971 census showed 897,483; by 1981 it was 681,000. (So many left in the decade 1971 - 1981 that a mid-decade estimate that the 1981 population might be 750 thousand, though it was predicting only five years ahead, was out by nearly 10%).

That moment around 1970 saw the corporation's faith in multi-storey housing reach dizzy heights. It saw by far the most demolition of important buildings, and also of well-loved places, streets and vistas in the city's history. It saw the lowest attendance at museums and (perforce, as I have mentioned) at concerts. It was the peak of Glasgow's fixation with destroying the city centre in favour of a motorway system.

In 25 years a third of the population of Glasgow left; leaving a deskilled and even more demoralised labour force and a poorer city. Today, it is no longer the devil's drawing room, but the shadows it casts, despite all efforts, bear remarkable resemblance to those built up over the last two centuries. The pressure to renew the city rather than to heal it, for example, has an old resonance.

7: PURIFICATION

By the mid-Nineteenth Century, the Glasgow grid had lost its strength as a city for living in. The city expanded again by great leaps - and this was the era of the tenement walls. Now, usually more topographic and picturesque, but everywhere making urban places, they enclosed shared back courts and formed front streets; where possible hugging contours or running away down hills.

The quality of life within these tenement walls is widely recorded. A gridded city offers no obvious place for the ritual of the "warm glow" of conviviality, no hearths for the common vestal fire. In

European culture this may mean no spatial articulation for cafes and squares, no places to linger. But in gridded Gorbals there was no time for such - nor indeed was there the climate³⁸. Yet the tenement wall, even at its most poverty-stricken and overcrowded, retained some vestige of the warmth of Vesta which was not just a reflection of toil in the hearth of Vulcan. This grid-land, and the miles of tenement walls which filled out the city, became convivial by social necessity as well as being held in the clearly articulated spatial ground of walls, closes and back-courts.

This created a writing of working-class, urban topophilia which is rarely equalled in another city; there is a pawky sentimentality from (middle-class authors) JJ Bell and Neil Munro to the contemporary Cliff Hanley; and a sharper image in the writing, among others, of Archie Hind or Ralph Glasser. And when the post-war searchlight shone so brightly, and only revealed "slums", these places were swept away and obliterated. Very gently, Ralph Glasser in his memoirs subtly parallels this demolition with the millenariast politics of the socialist radicals who thrived there:

"The whole Gorbals was wiped off the map, all the tenements for nearly a mile around the spot where the old Cross had stood, the little workshops and family businesses that had given the Gorbals bread and work and life, the ancient street plan obliterated entirely, leaving a desert stretching from the Clyde to where Dixon's Blazes used to be. In it they erected a few 24-storey tower blocks, sombre monoliths presiding over windswept vistas of sparse, muddy, littered turf, all the old landmarks gone.

"Here and there in the devastation stood a bit of broken masonry, a jagged piece of railway arch, a gable with only the sky behind it. What had it belonged to? What street had it been in?(...)

"Near it, all points of reference gone, I threaded my way among great piles of fallen stones, builder's debris, isolated lumps of blackened masonry. Why had they erased the old Gorbals? Class guilt about its sordid slums, its poverty? A fear of folk memories, in the new days of discontent, if its identity was encouraged to survive? (...)

"Bernard claimed to take his stand on Reason alone, but his message reeked of faith, not logic. (..) Capitalism red in tooth and claw was so rotten as to be beyond redemption. To destroy it was the prerequisite for curing the ills of men and women. *Anything* you put in its place must be an improvement. Oh the childhood dream of destruction and renewal, the world reborn fresh and clean.(...)

"Purity of vision excuses any act. They must not have died in vain.."39

The notion of purity permeates Glasgow deeply. Glasgow University was one of the very first to decamp to a 'green-field' campus, cut off from the sordid world of experience. (Only with mid-Twentieth Century zoned planning ideals has this become commonplace.) It is revealing that the College on the High Street - the renaissance university buildings in the city centre - was one of the first Glasgow sites to attract the attention of that earliest major instrument of urban reform, the railway companies. Replacing it with a station (to quote a contemporary source), would be "the kind of improvement so much needed.(..) It will pull down the poor class of house and ventilate that part of the city."⁴⁰

A map shows the 1866 City Improvement Trust's proposed slum demolition and new housing in this area. It also shows another juxtaposition: all the old College buildings are seen on the High Street, and the fine Hunterian museum behind, standing on the broad College Green which runs back

³⁸ It is interesting how many of memories, such as Ralph Glasser's, *Growing up in the Gorbals*, London 1986, are framed by biting rain.

³⁹ Glasser, *ibid*, pp39-41 and 91

⁴⁰ quoted by John R Kellett, "Glasgow's Railways 1830-1880; a study in 'natural' growth", *Economic History Review*, Second Series, Vol XV1 No 2, 1964, p365

towards the Molendinar (like the backs of a Cambridge college); but right across the middle of this, snakes a double line named UNION RAIL.

An observer of a city whose magnificent Renaissance university had become embedded in an area of slum housing might be forgiven for expecting that the housing streets would be upgraded, rather than the university obliterated. Here, on the other hand, the land which students and prostitutes shared was to be reformed. But though the academics moved out, in a famous investigation in 1871, *The Glasgow Daily Mail* revealed that this area, less than a sixteenth of a square mile, still housed 200 brothels and 150 shebeens. Here, they said, was "The Dark Side of Glasgow"⁴¹. Nevertheless, Glasgow's soldiers of light were always keener to destroy than create. They were granted another Improvement Act in 1897 which, in the dry words of one historian, "resulted in the eviction of over 3,000 very poor people, but not a single house was built, on the grounds that there were plenty of empty houses."⁴²

8: HEROIC GESTURES

Making the city new, obliterating the past, is an heroic act. Whether in the early nineteenth century, with the powers of the City Improvement Act of 1866, or in the 1950s and '60s with the post-war powers and zeal. The alternative, conserving the old rather than denying it, would in a sense have been an act of making the city sacred, and an act of sacrifice. To nurture a city - to keep its hearth glowing, to continue the Vestal image - we need "to practice the craft of reminiscence"⁴³. It is *this* that Glasgow for nearly two centuries has never really dared to do. It is a shadowy craft, and ambiguous in its use of the past to project the future.

Inevitably, of course, the abstract, clear neophilia calls up its reaction: "A man who had lived here all his life till then [eight years ago] might today be set down in many parts of the city without having an idea of where he is."⁴⁴ This was said in the wake of the 1866 Improvement Act, but it is precisely echoed in writing of a century later⁴⁵.

The 1870s, like the 1970, therefore, was a moment of antiquarianism and reaction. It is difficult to recall that in 1965 there was scarcely a book about Glasgow in print; 20 years later, they are now legion. While the *double* nostalgia also brings Annan's slum photographs from 1868 and Tweed's guide to Glasgow from 1870 back into print in the 1970s. That quotation from 1870 was made essentially in response to growth. It continued: "The advancing town tramples down without pity whatever bars its way..." Yet from the conservative bourgeoisie to the slum child half a century later, the feeling remains. Two years after his first tram-ride to Newton Mearns, in the 1930s, Glasser saw "fields and boschage and hedgerows being eaten away. The mysterious race of country folk was in retreat. Villas had sprung up, others were building, red and raw, in discord with the gentle greys and browns and greens of the old settlement. Prosperous Glasgow people moved out to live in the Mearns, in the country but not of it, proud of this step up in life."⁴⁶

⁴¹ see Daiches, op cit, p210

⁴² Ian H Adams, *The Making of Urban Scotland*, Croom Helm, London, 1978, p161

⁴³ Robert J Sardello, "City as Metaphor: City as Mystery", *Spring 1982*, Spring Publications (Ananalytical Psychology Club of New York), 1982, p110

⁴⁴ From the preface to the introduction to *The Old Glasgow Houses of the Old Glasgow Gentry* (1870), James Maclehouse, second edition, Glasgow 1870

⁴⁵ e.g. my "Glasgow: A City Under Plague", *Strathclyde Telegraph*, Janary 1971. There is a precise parallel between the author's preface to the second edition of *The Old Country Houses*, quoted above, and the author's preface to the second edition of Jack House's *The Heart of Glasgow*, Richard Drew, Glasgow, 1972 (the first edition was by Hutchinson, London, 1965).

⁴⁶ Glasser, op.cit., p 54

We know that for the Romans, among others, the making of boundaries was one of the three essential rites of town-making, and the most difficult for the imagination. For us, of course, its importance is more metaphorical: but a city still needs boundaries to be imaginable, to be imagable.

Robert Sardello muses that "The endless wanderings of cities beyond their boundaries, producing a rootlessness and a restlessness, can only be understood as a profound inability to confront the reality of death that is necessary for the life of the city."⁴⁷ While exponential growth is a banal fact of all industrial and Twentieth Century cities, few cities more clearly exemplify that comment than does Glasgow.

* * * * *

In the 17th and 18th Centuries, typical Glasgow urban tenements housed a wide social range, divided vertically from the street up. But industrial production and capitalist exchange polarised the city into those with some stake in its control and those many others only useful as fuel for its engine. Inevitably, the increasing social strain was reflected in physical separation.

By the 19th Century, the pattern was changing from the businessman living above his shop, "Nowadays," said a writer of the 1860s, "our leading merchant has too often ceased to be a citizen. Glasgow is the place where he has his office, and which is always wanting subscriptions from him. But he lives as far from it as he can."⁴⁸ Moreover, from the new mid-century suburbs, he sent his children even further: "If he has himself the misfortune to 'speak Glasgow', his sons and daughters shall escape that unmelodious shibboleth, and they come back from their English schools, strangers. (...) How much estrangement and misunderstanding, how much contempt paid back in hatred, how many of the dangers that threaten the future of our country, would disappear before a better acquaintance of class with class!"

Here was the true old voice of the bourgeoisie - the town dwellers, nostalgic for when merchants lived in the streets of their trade.

9: CONDENSATION

The Nineteenth Century tenement densities were immense. Increased to breaking point by appalling overcrowding, some sense of concentration was nevertheless initially the designed intention. These dwellings had a coherence beyond the sum of their tiny parts: they formed streets and edges. Four storey walls for living in were thrown up to the fields. Yet despite all the expansion Glasgow remained compact, squeezed between hills, squeezed into tenement walls. "You do not suddenly leave the main streets to plunge into dark and trackless valleys of the dead as you do in Birmingham, Manchester or Liverpool. Here are lines of main streets, all wide, all marked by a certain grim and solid quality..."⁴⁹

But this crowded horror is not just the inevitable result of slum landlords 'making down', whereby buildings (often stately, spacious Georgian tenements like Abbotsford Place, Gorbals) were divided and subdivided again. The unanswered question is how Glasgow could build anew so many impossibly tiny cages. Of all the new dwellings in Glasgow between 1866 and '74, of these 27,000

⁴⁷ Sardello, op.cit. p108

⁴⁸ Maclehose, op. cit. , the introduction, p xii

⁴⁹ Morton, op.cit.

homes built in these eight years, including spacious terraces and villas for the haute bourgeoisie, a half had but two rooms, and a half of the rest had one.

Never, in the memory of urban culture, have so many lived with so little comfort in so few rooms. We are not discussing the exceptional slum, but a grotesquely overcrowded city. By 1911, two thirds of Glasgow's population still had dwellings of one or two rooms. The equivalent English figure was 7.5%. But even forty years later, in 1951, more than half Glasgow's dwellings had one or two rooms. The London figure was 5.5%. The Victorian Glaswegian dwelling is typified by a family house of one small room, the 'single end'. What a load in these two words. The last straw.

Unlike the typical English pattern, the working population still dwelled in central urban streets, often commuting *outwards* to work⁵⁰. "This close togetherness of Glasgow is one of its most important features. This, I believe, explains Glasgow's clean-cut individuality. There is nothing half-hearted about Glasgow. [...] She is the greatest, closely-knit community in Great Britain. She is the least suburban of all great cities."

But by the time H.V. Morton made these sharp observations in the 1920s, the pattern of tenement and street was already a dark shadow. The inter-war estates were beginning to ape, for the clearest of motives, the worst aspects of suburban dullness and light; and after the Second War it only got worse. It was to be 1985 before the values of dense compression were advocated again, this time in the *Glasgow Action* report calling for "implosion;" with the image: "By avoiding sprawl and concentrating the nerve centres of the city, the fire may start to burn."⁵¹

10: BOTH UNCENTRED AND BOUNDLESS

So Glasgow's clear and bright new cities through the Nineteenth century bounded away from the old city - *because* they needed that old city to remain. And as they created Blythswood, the West End terraces or the villas of Pollockshields, the city slowly lumbered after them and re-appropriated them. During that century, Glasgow grew from under two thousand acres to twelve and a half thousand.

Yet the expansion which continued unabated for the first half of the Twentieth Century was rather different; for it colonised rural land for the municipality. That was no less true even when the municipality cared little about what was *formed*. Between 1925 and 1938, Glasgow more than doubled its size again. But it took none of the initiative about its form (for which it had been empowered by the 1932 Town and Country Planning Act) beyond scheduling roads and open space. As was said then "the initiative in the development is left to the proprietor in the first instance."⁵²

But the estimated need of 57,000 dwellings in 1919 (when Local Authority housing formally began) had become a housing list of 80,000 by 1933 and over 90,000 by 1939. The nightmare was taking form.

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⁵⁰ see Kellett, op.cit.

⁵¹ *The Potential of Glasgow City Centre* (based on Gordon Cullen's report to SDA), Glasgow Action, 1985

⁵² *A Short Account of Municipal Undertakings*, The Corporation of the City of Glasgow, Glasgow 1938, p51

The act of extending the city is only heroic if treated with that earlier confidence. The contemporary responses to Blythwood, reminiscing fields and burns up to the doors, tend to thrill to this development, and those to the later 19th Century West End are equally positive. "During the last few years," said a writer in 1870⁵³, "the north side of Garnethill has undergone a great transformation. Green parks where cattle grazed, and greens where housewives bleached their clothes, have been almost covered with houses - particularly in the line of West Graham Street. (...) The church of St George's in the Fields (...) is now surrounded by blocks of dwelling houses, and is therefore 'in the fields' no longer. In this district, towards the head of St Georges Road (...) during the past season, there have been, or are about to be erected 1069 separate dwelling houses, about 800 of which are suitable for working men."⁵⁴

The mixed thrill at urban growth is an ancient feeling. In the Eighth book of the Aeneid, Virgil finds picturesque excitement in recalling when there were thickets on the Capitol, in remembering that cattle formerly grazed where the centre of Rome now stood⁵⁵. But when the heroic will is lost - on inter-war estates like Knightswood or, finally, with Drumchapel, Pollock, Castlemilk, Blackhill or Easterhouse in the 1950s - man's mark quickly becomes simply desecration.

"The City of Glasgow had annexed this land and made it its own. Each hill had been bulldozed to fill a valley, the burn was buried in culverts, trees had been felled, farmhouses and smithy were demolished, every tree, shrub, marsh, rock, fern and orchid, every single vestige of that which had been, was gone. In their stead were uniform four-storey walk-up apartments, seventy feet face to face, seventy feet back to back, fifteen feet from gable to gable. The fronts were divided by an asphalt street lined with gaunt sodium lamps, the backs were stamped soil defined by drunken chestnut paling; drying green poles supported the sodden laundry.

"The smear of Glasgow had moved out - taking much and destroying everything, it had given nothing."⁵⁶

It is ironic - but just - that the author of that tirade, one of the world's leading ecologist-landscapists, Ian Macharg, spent his childhood living on and loving the natural beauty of what was to become Drumchapel.

The residents may not have known what made their place so awfully clear, but it was in the bones, the ghost of the place. 46,000 houses were built at that time in these new estates. Like an archetypal nightmare, the more they unreflectively built, so the more the housing waiting list grew and grew. By the mid-1950s it peaked 100,000. Today in 1988, a third of Glasgow's citizens live in 'peripheral estates', all built within a very few post-war years on this colonised land.

Here is Easterhouse, described in 1970 by Graham Noble, secretary of The Easterhouse Project: "Even now after 14 years, there are no public toilets, no public washhouse, no banks, no cinema, no theatre, no public dance hall, no government offices, no internal transport system, no community centre, no cafes or restaurants and no shopping centre. In an area with the population of a major

⁵³ *The Glasgow Herald*, 10 December 1870

⁵⁴ In April 1988, as I write, St George's Church was saved from demolition, to become 16 flats for young upwardly mobile Glaswegians.

⁵⁵ Only rarely is the opposite experienced - see Alberti's descriptions of grazing where the mighty Roman monuments once stood.

⁵⁶ MacHarg, op.cit., p 5-6.

town there is one pub. (By an accident, Glasgow Corporation forgot to buy a small corner of land on the edge of the estate and an enterprising Greek bought it and built one on it.)

"There are a few shops in the estate which supply only grocery and sundry goods. Anything else takes a morning or afternoon trip into the centre of Glasgow at 3s (15p) the return trip. It is necessary to travel nearly four miles to Parkhead to claim sickness or unemployment benefit, and in the opposite direction north into Springburn to claim supplementary benefit - both return journeys costing between 2s6d (12.5p) and 3s (15p), and taking up to two hours."⁵⁷ At that time Glasgow had 9% male unemployment (an outrageously high figure then); and it had very low rents (10s to 15s (50p to 75p) a week was not uncommon)⁵⁸. To bring the cash values up to date, the magazine in which this article appeared cost 2s (or 10p); in 1988 it costs £1.20.

The problem was not that Glasgow grew. Not even that it grew in extraordinary leaps - Knightswood, built in 1938-9, was the largest housing estate in the world. Size is a function of form; the city's size is a quality given with its image. The problem is that Glasgow expanded formlessly; submerging, loosing its sense of its boundaries - and thus of itself - with vast peripheral development which was not governed by imaginative forms. These developments, from which the *anima mundi* was blown away like top-soil from the bulldozed rain-forest, were left, in plain English, soulless.

Metaphorically putting the problems of the city to the side, of course, is concretised here. Sardello has said that "pathology and breakdown grind away at the edges of a heroic consciousness that is rootless and ruthless." Kay Carmichael's 1977 account of the chillingly named Lilybank, a post-war development on the Eastern edge of the city, only too aptly echoes this for Glasgow.⁵⁹ Carmichael, at that time deputy chair of the UK Supplementary Benefits Commission, went to live in this 40-year old estate which was among the most squalid and disadvantaged spots in Western Europe. Her tale, published as *Glasgow Lilybank: The Fourth World*, can be easily imagined and need not be repeated here. It can stand for many.

11: THE CENTRE REJECTED

If Glasgow imagined by its *boundaries* honours confusion, what if it is imaged by its *centre*? As the city grew, the shadow of its ancient form actually seemed to move to the east, until it was almost off the maps. A map of 1846 is the first I've seen explicitly centred further west; it draws concentric circles round the GPO which had moved west to the south of George Square. Today, any city centre map - whether for tourist or Glaswegian, will barely show the ancient High Street and Cathedral at all; the Greater Glasgow Tourist Board's own 1987 central area street map omits them entirely, as does British Rail's 1987 map of Glasgow, extending North West to Botanic Gardens and North to Maryhill; but no further South than the southern bank of the Clyde and East only as far as George Square and Stockwell Street.

The city's intention in the 1960s to site a motorway "ring" road *on* the High Street surprised nobody. It was now far from the centre. This plan would finalise what the railway companies had begun,

⁵⁷ Graham Noble, "In Defence of Easterhouse", *New Society*, 20 August 1970, p328 - 9

⁵⁸ see Corinna Adam, "Cleaning up in Glasgow" *New Statesman*, 7 May 1971 p617

⁵⁹ Kay Carmichael, "Living in the Fourth World", *The Listener*, 17 November 1977 (article linked with three-part TV documentary film). Sardello, *op.cit.*, p109; see also James Hillman, "City Limits", in *Imagining Dallas*, The Dallas Institute for Humanities and Culture, 1982

the obliteration of this shadow. For even by the 1840s this area stank of death.

Study of urban form might at times seem to neglect occupancy and habitation. Indeed such a view of Glasgow is easily reinforced in Swan's map of around 1847-8⁶⁰, for it doesn't show the slum venels round the ancient heart *at all* other than wynds between Stockwell and King Street. But they *were* still there, just as they had been engraved by Fleming forty years earlier. Except that now they were full to bursting. The population of Old Glasgow in 1861 had multiplied five times from 1775, within the unchanged urban structure. The actuality of these places cannot be denied. The density of inhabitation (by mid-century largely made up of very poor immigrants from the Highlands or Ireland) was between 500 and 1,000 people to the acre.

Only a few years before Swan's map, Chadwick had described Glasgow as "possibly the filthiest and unhealthiest of all British towns of this period. (...) The picture is so shocking that without ocular proof one would be disposed to doubt the possibility of the facts."⁶¹ Something had to be done. The rail companies were one pressure, but the Glasgow City Improvement Act of 1866 furthered, with more positive intention, this removal of the worst housing.

12: SHINING MUNICIPALITY

That 1866 Act was pioneering and important legislation, and it illuminates an essential self-image of Glasgow. There is no doubt that the city's sense of itself, and what Best calls its "collectivist enterprise.. as the show-case city of Scotland in the second half of the nineteenth century"⁶², made it a shining light of civic enterprise. The achievements were impressive: the Loch Katrine water scheme (1859) and the municipalisation of gas supply (in 1869 and again 1893) gave Glasgow among the best and cheapest water and gas services anywhere⁶³. The pioneering public lighting of private courts and stair-heads, the public control of tramways (in obvious contrast, say, to the confusion of London) demonstrate their initiatives, in addition to those slightly less rare municipal services, like baths and wash-houses, markets and slaughter-houses. From 1900 to 1907 the telephone service was municipalised.

The most impressive intervention, however, was the 1866 Improvement Act which gave Glasgow city powers to buy, clear and redevelop slum areas. It has been called "the first massive municipal intervention to sweep away the most insanitary and dilapidated and archaic central urban areas and to replan them on a modern basis."⁶⁴ It was, however, "a complete commercial and social disaster"⁶⁵. This constantly repeated contrast - the cleanest civic water supply in the worst slum in Europe, and so on - is a never-ending Glaswegian refrain.

Glasgow, like the other major Scottish cities (and few English ones), preferred to operate under local 'Police Acts' than national ones. Glasgow men believed that R A Cross, of the famous English 'Torrens and Cross Acts' to assist good quality working-class housing, got the idea for his first, 1875, act from

⁶⁰ *Plan of Glasgow and suburbs engraved expressly for the Post Office Directory; Swan 1847-8*

⁶¹ Edwin Chadwick, *Report on the Sanitary Conditions of the Labouring Population of Great Britain*, 1842

⁶² Geoffrey Best, "Another Part of the Island", in Dyos & Wolff (eds) *The Victorian City: Images and Realities*, Routledge & Kegan Paul, London, 1973, p396

⁶³ The quality of the Loch Katrine enterprise made it possible for the 1862 Glasgow police Act to require that water supply be provided to every house in the city.

⁶⁴ C M Allan, "The Genesis of British Urban Redevelopment with special reference to Glasgow", *Economic History Review*, Second Series, Vol XV11, No 3, 1965, p606.

⁶⁵ Adams, op.cit..

their 1866 City Improvement Act.⁶⁶

But this reliance on the municipality quickly produced the undercurrent of dependence which had increasingly sapped its morale over the subsequent century. Even by 1888, the Glasgow Medical Officer of Health, J B Russell, was complaining that "the public of Glasgow trust too much to authorities and officials for the solutions of their social difficulties - more, I think, than any other community."⁶⁷ Within a century, 80% of Glasgow housing would be owned by the municipality, with very little choice made available to tenants. Kay Carmichael in the late 1970s notes "they are expected to be grateful for what they are given and to do what they are told. Glasgow is a great stronghold of paternalism."⁶⁸ As early as the 1870s, there was disquiet about these local powers. As one sheriff noted at a conference on crime in 1877, police powers in Glasgow have raised "vast numbers of frivolous acts (..) into punishable criminal offences."⁶⁹

* * * * *

And all the while, just under the surface of municipal order, stalked the ghost.

Many of my facts, facts and facts come from *Municipal Glasgow*, a typically self-confident agglomeration of boastful statistics of magnitude and celerity published in 1914⁷⁰. I came across it in a dark, shabby old bookshop years ago. Opening the fly-leaf, I found this copy had been a gift to a sergeant of the 6th Royal Scots, and is inscribed: "Presented by Sir J. Samuel on occasion of strike in Glasgow, 13.2.19" I felt the ghost flutter by.

Two weeks before that inscription, on 'Black Friday', 31 January 1919, there had been a massive demonstration in George Square to support a strike for a 40-hour working week. Police and the military had intervened. David Kirkwood, engineers' leader, as he left the City Chambers to attempt to quieten the crowd outside, was photographed being brutally batoned by police truncheons. The police charged the crowd, of whom 53 were injured and leaders including Kirkwood, William Gallacher and Emmanuel Shinwell were arrested. The Scottish Secretary of State was persuaded that it was a Bolshevik rising, and next morning Glaswegians woke to find six tanks in the Cattle Market, a howitzer at the City Chambers and machine-gun nests at the hotels and Post Office.⁷¹

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The municipality, which by the 1930s was acting for the working people (through Labour councillors), has its most heroic moment in the dream of renewal by Robert Bruce of 1948. There were many heroic images of "When we build again" planned for British cities after the Second World War. But uniquely, Glasgow proposed removing in its entirety the old city centre which had been spared from enemy bombing. This astonishing and, of course, absurd proposal takes the breath away⁷². But its abstractness, its search for purity through destruction, was accepted with surprising alacrity by Glasgow at the time (if not by the Scottish Office).

⁶⁶ related by Best, op.cit.

⁶⁷ J B Russell, paper to the Philosophical Society of Glasgow, *Proc. Phil, Soc, Glasgow*, XX (1888-1889) : 1-24.

⁶⁸ Carmichael, op.cit. : 631

⁶⁹ Sheriff James Watson, in *Crime in Scotland*, proceedings of TNAPSS Conference, Aberdeen, 1877 : 312

⁷⁰ *Municipal Glasgow, its evolution and enterprises*, The corporation of the City of Glasgow (1914)

⁷¹ The photograph of Kirkwood being struck down, along with pictures of the mass rally in George Square and the tanks in the Cattle Market, is published in T C Smout's marvelous *A Century of the Scottish people 1830 - 1950*, London, 1986.

⁷² It is discussed as a 'utopian' project by Thomas Markus in Renato Bocchi (ed.), *Glasgow : Forma e Progetto della Citta*, CLUVA/ CLUP (The University Presses of Venice and Milan Venezia, 1991

A children's book, *Glasgow Our City*, of 1948 cheerily talked of a bright centre "cleared of buildings which are long past their best (...) introducing spaciousness and airiness into the layout of our new city", [to be located inside the 'Inner Ring Road'] (...) fine new public buildings.. on the banks of the Clyde, cleared of shipping and industrial uses and laid out as public gardens.. There would be a collection of small peripheral towns of 50,000 people each "like the Pollock Scheme, already started, which is one of the biggest single housing developments in the whole of Britain" where the inhabitants will live. "The Lord Provost quoted an American expert: *Make no small plans. They have no magic to stir men's blood and probably themselves will not be realised. Make big plans...*"⁷³

Demolition of the complete city was too Quixotic a gesture of defiant heroism even for Glasgow. But urban destruction on a massive scale became policy in 1957 when efforts were transferred from the periphery to the proposed 29 Comprehensive Development Areas deep in the city (inevitably known as Complete Demolition Areas), of which 9 were approved at that time. Vast regions of the city disappeared under the bulldozer over the next two decades. The 'grid' south of the river vanished entirely; the tenemented grid round St George's Cross vanished; Anderston, Cowcaddens, Townhead vanished. The bulldozer ruled with a unique brutality.

It was not just that "communities were disrupted, industries displaced", to quote a typically dry academic economic historian⁷⁴. For whole topographies vanished as hills were cut through and patterns of contoured tight streets were replaced with flowing vehicular roads, far back from which were sat great boxes, upright for housing, or on their sides for labouring.

By 1981, there were over 300 blocks higher than eight storeys; currently (1987 figures) a fifth of the population of Glasgow lives in multi-storey dwellings, which have been made into a concrete manifestation of social segregation by municipal policy. (90% of the residents in 16 of Glasgow's electoral districts (wards) are tenants of the local authority; in a further 5 inner-city wards over 70% still are the authority's tenants.) A 1984 survey showed that three in four Glaswegians questioned wished to leave their modern high-rise home.⁷⁵ Only the blinding light of rationality needed the survey before it could believe the obvious.

13: ESCAPE FROM BLACK AND WHITE?

At last, by 1987, the city's word has become "partnership". From Raymond Young's pioneering ASSIST thesis in 1970, via the city's community housing associations⁷⁶, to Paul Mugnaioni's housing policies of the late 1980s, another view of the city is struggling to assert itself. In place of the Herculean images of the sunlit city from the 1950s ("..make no small plans. They have no magic," as they quoted), today the city is trying to shake hands with itself. "We've got to solve the problems with the people who are living there and with the communities there at the moment, and that's why the council's number one policy in housing is participation," Mugnaioni said on television shortly before resigning the job at the end of 1987⁷⁷.

⁷³ *Glasgow Our City*, Glasgow Education Department, 1948 : 210-214 [He was quoting Robert Moses, planner of New York]

⁷⁴ George Gordon, "The City of Glasgow", in Butt & Gordon (eds), op.cit. : p69

⁷⁵ M Pacione, "Evaluating the Quality of the Residential Environment in a High-rise Housing Development", *Applied Geography*, 4, 1984, p59

⁷⁶ see my "Volte-face in Housing: The Glasgow Experience with Community Housing Associations", *Architectural Design*, March 1976, p138

⁷⁷ quoted in Ken Baynes (ed), *Design Matters: Cities with a future: Glasgow*, Malachite Production, screened on UK TV Channel 4, 4.11.1987. Shortly after this television programme, Mugnaioni resigned from Glasgow Corporation District Council at the end of 1987.

At least 'partnership' and 'participation' seem to be the words, until habituated defences are triggered - such as when Tom Woolley tried to introduce tenants to a Glasgow conference on housing early in 1987. "One tenant, Eileen McCloy, a resident in a 25-storey 'Reema' block in Royston Hill, tried to present a tenant's view to a system-build workshop in the conference. She was shouted at by housing officials. When she turned up the next day with pictures of children holding lumps of concrete that had fallen from their ceiling, housing officials escorted her from the venue."⁷⁸

Despite these throwbacks, there is no mistaking Glasgow's attempt today to come to terms with itself. At least the Director of Housing no longer intends to see the citizens as deserving (and unquestioning) recipients of municipal beneficence. Even if, financially, he has no choice, the overturning of attitudes remains important.

In a city where there has been virtually no new homes built other than by the municipality for half a century, private development is suddenly flowing today. Some 2,000 houses for sale, new build and conversions, were created in 1987 and the tide is accelerating. Meanwhile, the municipality is just beginning to give away some of its paternalistic power. The Calvay Tenants Initiative, a co-operative of tenants in Easterhouse who, now *owning* their housing, control the design of improvements and the mix of inhabitants on the estate, sets a fine precedent. The current SDA scheme at Barrowfield is similar but the changes are even more structurally rooted, for here not only do tenants control the design and how the money is spent, but the contractors doing the work are obliged to use local labour. Thus there is work, new skills and a sense of enterprise, built round the archetypal experience of forming one's own place.⁷⁹

Mugnaioni is honest about the changes in attitude. "It is very difficult; different attitudes right along the line. The local authority is giving away power. Departments and bureaucrats like me are working in a totally different way: *trusting!* the people who live in the communities we're trying to deal with. (...) The tradition has always been to deal with buildings rather than customers. Our policy in 1987 is firmly that we have customers; they have a right to determine what's going on."⁸⁰

14: THE BIG FLING - AND SILENCE

But Glasgow has relied for too long on the brash show of confidence; the tradition of massive gestures is too ingrained to be abandoned with ease. So the city which has long relied on boastful images, still does so even when they are largely decoration. In this context we have a collection of great exhibitions in 1888, 1901, 1938; of competitions for renewal⁸¹; and of slogans (from "No Mean City" to "Glasgow's Miles Better"), from today's *Garden Festival 1988* to tomorrow's *European City of Culture 1990...*

They certainly are a diversion. At the Kelvingrove exhibition of 1888, an extraordinary five and three-quarter million visitors were recorded. By the 1930s, Glasgow's lowest point, its morale needed something more thoughtful. The city was built on ship and locomotive building, being (as

⁷⁸ Nick Wates, news report in *Building Design*, 1987

⁷⁹ The UK national government, in new 'inner city policies' incomprehensibly is against this local employment element.
⁸⁰ quoted in Baines (ed), *op.cit.*

⁸¹ about which Charles McKean writes in Renato Bocchi (ed.), *Glasgow: Forma e Progetto della Città*, CLUVA/ CLUP (The University Presses of Venice and Milan Venezia, 1991)

they had said in 1910) "without doubt the greatest concern of its kind in the world". After the Great War, shipbuilding had been drastically cut back; already by 1922 there were 80,000 unemployed in Glasgow. Then, locomotive building and repair were almost instantly killed when the rail companies merged in 1923 and Scotland's railways became for the first time controlled from London. The image of a deadly silence haunts Glasgow at that moment. H V Morton in 1929 noted "one lesson of the Clyde is that it can keep no secret. There is either a devilish clamour of hammers or there is silence, a silence in which men draw the dole and talk politics at street corners."⁸² George Blake's novel *The Shipbuilders* and Edwin Muir's *Scottish Journey*, both from 1935, each uses silence as a key image of Glasgow.

It was finally invaded by the shrill jazz of the Empire Exhibition, optimism at its most frenetic, "a refreshing piece of nonsense" as one of the architects described it⁸³. Charles McKean has suggested that this exhibition "had been awaited with growing anticipation"⁸⁴ - perhaps he meant as Glaswegians were wont to await their *dei ex machina*. Planned (in Edinburgh and London) to cushion the effects of the Depression, it certainly provided an escapist moment. Despite the awful weather, thirteen and a half million people visited the exhibition, in Bellahouston Park to the south of the city. Ending with massed military bands and searchlights picking out aeroplanes overhead, it imaged the end of empire as the world moved again towards war. John Summerson, putting it in context, called it a white city in the centre of blackness.⁸⁵

Hugh MacDairmaid in his strong, angry poem "Glasgow"⁸⁶ has the lines

To see or hear a clock in Glasgow's horrible,
Like seeing a dead man's watch, still going though he's dead.
Everything is dead except stupidity here.

Is Glasgow a dying soul, or, almost indistinguishable, a corpse already cooling into *rigor mortis*? Today, as the century ends, the morticians (the key professionals in the post-modern age of consumerist spectacle) seem to be working fast; vigorously tinting and cleaning and unwrinkling the skin, painting a rubicund joviality on the prone stillness. Now Glasgow has had its Garden Festival. Tomorrow it will be "European City of Culture". And what slogan will follow that? It shouts (methinks a bit too loud?) to convince itself that the kiss of life has just beaten the kiss of death; that "this extraordinary city, whose cheerful reality belies its reputation for poverty, violence and grime, has suddenly begun to believe in itself." (As the *Glasgow Herald* editor said in 1985⁸⁷.) Perhaps now the whole city centre is becoming light in the heart of blackness, is become "fun", "gay", "bright" in the centre of bleakness.

"I like living in Glasgow," wrote Tom Honeyman in 1971, at the end of his exceptional but deeply frustrated career at the centre of Glasgow's culture. "I know it has squandered much of its great inheritance. It is, at present, badly governed, and it is the worst publicised city in the kingdom. But in no other place have I found more love, more tolerance, more wit, more brilliance, more mediocrity, more encouragement, more frustration, more sympathy, more envy, more big men in small jobs and more small men in big jobs."⁸⁸

⁸² Morton, op cit

⁸³ Mervyn Noad, quoted in Charles McKean, *The Scottish Thirties: An Architectural Introduction*, Scottish Academic Press, Edinburgh, 1987 : 184

⁸⁴ C McKean, *ibid*, p7

⁸⁵ John Summerson quoted in C McKean, *ibid*

⁸⁶ Hugh MacDermid, *The Collected Poems of Hugh MacDermid*, Vol 2, ed. M Grieve & W R Aitken, Brian O'Keefe, 1978; Penguin, 1985 : 1048-9

⁸⁷ Arnold Kemp, "The Way Ahead", in Butt & Gordon (eds) op.cit.

⁸⁸ Honeyman, op cit, p237

By the 1980s, they were at least attacking the publicity. "When I began trying to market Glasgow," says Michael Kelly who originated the 'Miles better' slogan, "the main difficulty was the image of the city; people's perception of the city remained what it had been set at in the 1930s and 1950s..."⁸⁹

We need not sound too cynical. Peter Brook's performances of *Mahabharata* in Glasgow in April 1988 was a real milestone. As *The Guardian* said after the opening, "For Glasgow it represents a magnificent turning point in the city's re-emergence from decades of decay and industrial decline to take its place again as one of the great second cities of the world, vigorous, cosmopolitan, handsome, fizzing with creative energy and civic pride. Within the last half dozen years a unique, powerful consensus about the value of the arts in the city's life has emerged which made it possible (..) to stage to *Mahabharata*"⁹⁰. It is within these same years that "Mayfest", invented in Glasgow in 1983 from scratch, has become an outstanding artistic institution. But worries remain.

15: BUILDING CITIES OR FLASHING IMAGES

As the shadow-lands desperately try to turn themselves into ordinary everyday places to live, the official post-modern, miles-better imagery slaps one bright picture over the last. Perhaps the most revealing portrait of the last 30 years in Glasgow, Oscar Marzaroli's recently published collection of black and white photographs, was appropriately called *Shades of Grey*⁹¹. Ironically, this was unable to attract hard-sought business sponsorship: it was seen as too depressing, showing a past which Glasgow was turning its back on. A Marzaroli colour book promoting the 'new' city was suggested instead.

The city of consumerist collage is nowhere better manifest than in the 1988 Garden Festival. After all, a garden festival is miles better as a transitory picture. The plan, virtually up to the last minute, was for it to be completely uprooted and demolished as soon as it closed. Laings, the private housing developer, could hardly wait. Even the elegant new pedestrian swing bridge over the Clyde was to go. Then, as the festival was opening, the bridge was reprieved, and discussions began about retaining some of the landscape as public park and some, perhaps, as 'business park.' But what was the festival itself? This uneasy place, this collage of pavilions advertising Wakefield, Torino, or the Scottish Highlands; its roller-coaster of Coca-Cola, its tower proclaiming a local bank. The nostalgia of brightly painted cut-outs of Glasgow landmarks, entrance gates of gay Greek Thomson trim and transportation by old Glasgow tram; where even the Royal Incorporation of Architects exhibits a collage of image fragments financed by motley donors, and the most substantial exhibit is a block of pokey Laings show houses.

After all, only months before, in December 1987 800 flats built fifteen years earlier to replace the old Gorbals, were themselves finally demolished⁹². What will be the next bold gesture, the next miles better picture for *that* site?

After all, Glasgow recently glazed in a fine but dilapidated back-court city block, and rebuilt it as a

⁸⁹ Michael Kelly, in Butt & Gordon (eds), op cit

⁹⁰ *The Guardian*, 19 April 1988

⁹¹ Oscar Marzaroli (photographs), William McIlvanney (words), *Shades of Grey: Glasgow 1956-1987*, Mainstream, Edinburgh, 1987

⁹² Picture story in *The Glasgow Herald*, 17 December 1987

US-style atrium, filled with Covent-Garden-style luxury names (not just *Crabtree & Evelyn* but *Katherine Hamnett*), loads of pseudo-Tiffany in brass, mosaic and stained glass, sanitised buskers and discrete ubiquitous security men, speciality eating and retail outlets for the seriously rich - in fact an environment as deliciously kitsch as this description. "The best new environmental design to appear in Glasgow," said *The Designers' Journal*⁹³.

After all, Alexander Thomson's own church, where he worshiped, and which he designed to mark the prow of two converging tenemented streets in Gorbals, is miles better as collaged aggrandised image at the top of consumerist Buchanan Street, as sketched by Gordon Cullen⁹⁴ and then force-fed on the market by Lane Bremner & Garnett. We can re-name it (as they do) Caledonia Square; or why not Scotch Mist, or Glasgow Circus, spinning about face once again.

It is perfectly logical, as Robin Boyd notes⁹⁵, that Prime Minister Thatcher, in her closing speech to the 1987 Conservative Party Conference, should cite Glasgow as an example of urban adaptation in the late 20th Century. Her interest was not in the urban reality, but in the seduction of symbolism and the importance of marketing. While she spoke, male unemployment in Glasgow was over 25% - in Anderston Ward, yards from the "Miles Better" city centre, 45% of those under 24 had no work while in Woodlands the figure was 60%. Apart from the political reality, the physical reality also remains. In the 1960s, Glasgow attempted to strangle the city with an inner ring motorway, for this town with the UK's lowest car ownership figures. It half succeeded. In the 1980s, it takes flashy double-page colour advertisements in quality national papers. Under the banner of Miles Better it proclaims: "Fact. Glasgow's motorway starts right in the city centre."⁹⁶

* * * * *

Glasgow, dynamic as ever, cannot be pinned down like a butterfly in a glass box. Images exist as precisely in time as in space; and so just as I started out admitting three images, I must end by stating the date. As I write in May 1988, the core of Glasgow is full of bustle and optimism. Everyone talks of partnership and creative packaging. Architects are busy; tenements are clean and wonderfully honey-coloured or rose-red again for the first time for a century. And Sir Robert Grieve's inquiry into Glasgow's appalling housing record, in its just published final statement, shows how horrendous the situation remains. It accuses the city of not taking its original recommendations of November 1986 seriously.

"Who, ultimately, chooses the image of a city if not the city itself?"
(Aldo Rossi)⁹⁷

"A terrible shadow descends like dust over my thoughts,
Almost like reading a *Glasgow Herald* leader
Or any of our Anglo-Scottish daily papers,
Smug class organs, standardised, superficial,
Unfair in the presentation of news, worse than useless
As interpreters of the present scene or guides to the future,
Or like the dread darkness that descends on one
Who, as the result of an accident, sustained

⁹³ *The Designers' Journal*, April 1988

⁹⁴ illustrated in *The Architects' Journal* 21 November 1984 : 43 and fig 13 : 47

⁹⁵ Robin Boyle, "Glasgow's Growth Pains", *New Society*, 8 January 1988 : 15

⁹⁶ eg in *The Observer*, 18 November 1984.

⁹⁷ Rossi, op.cit. as [30], p162

In the course of his favourite recreation, tricycling,
Suffers every now and then from loss of memory."

Hugh MacDairmaid *Glasgow*

ENVOI

I belong to Glasgow, dear old Glasgow town,
There's be nothing the matter wi' Glasgow if its politics were sound.
I'm only a working-class Tory voter, as anyone here can see,
But when enterprise culture has cleaned up around Glasgow, then it'll belong to me.

.....

I'm not very sober, I'm not very bright.
I'm not one of y'r Islington poofs that got us in the shite.
I've only a lumpen consciousness, as everyone here must know,
But I'll smile as I'm nuttin' a solid brick wa', as long as Maggie is running the show!

Basil Ransome-Davies

New Statesman (competition winner), 16 October 1987, p38

John McKean
begun 1987, final draft 16 August 1989, corrected up to 2002

Note

This text was originally drafted in 1987 to commission for a volume in an Italian series of monographs on cities. A version was eventually published as Chapter 7 of *Glasgow: Forma e Progetto Della Citta*, a cura di Renato Bocchi, CLUVA Editrice, Venezia, 1991.

When the book was subsequently published in English, Peter Reed, professor at Strathclyde University, Glasgiow, took over control. A couple of chapters were added by him, and two cut out. He omitted both this text and the other chapter ('Thomson's City') written by John McKean. He also completely expunged any reference to the original book, its editors or publishers. An image of lights and shadows in Glasgow was thus well illustrated.

