



PUBLIK BOOTH

Stories of Seamless Communities

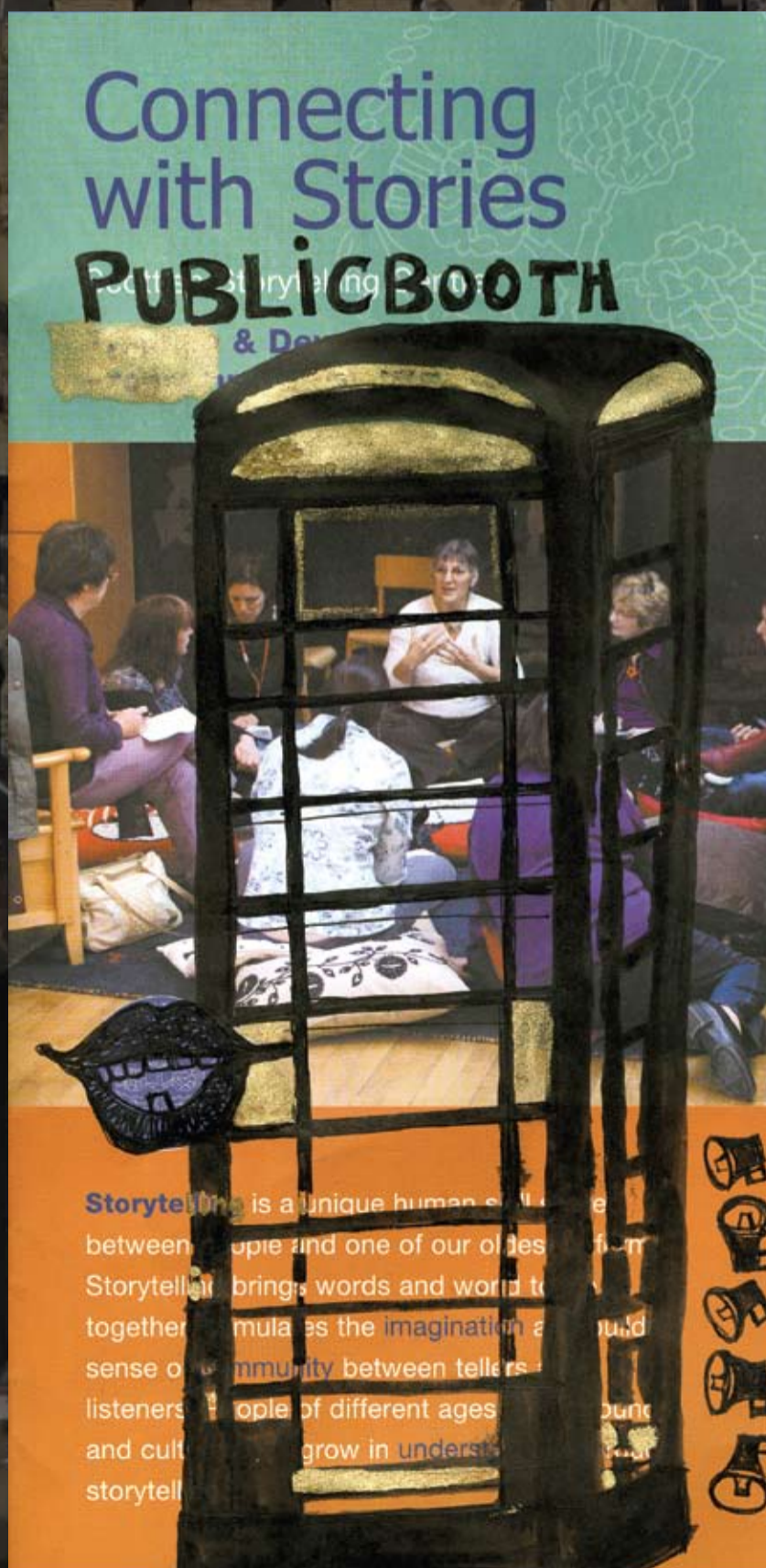


Friend
 Stranger
 Neighbour
 Companion
 Fellow citizen
 Friendless
 Forlorn
 Helper
 Coworker
 Laborer
 Employees
 Operator
 Foreigner
 Outsider
 Visitor
 Guest
 Traveler
 Wanderers
 Gypsy
 Street singer
 Street musician
 Street performer
 Unfamiliar person
 Trespasser
 Homeless
 Destitute
 Burglar
 Beggar
 Tramp
 Vagabond
 Peddler
 Dealer
 Missing persons
 Hawker
 Vendor
 Broker
 Shopkeeper
 Retailer
 Seller
 Supplier
 Van
 Cart
 Ragman

Milkman
 Green grocers
 Blacksmith
 Goldsmiths
 Fishmonger
 Butcher
 Tailor
 Bookie
 Street market
 Open market
 Flea market

Variety store
 Co-op
 Super market
 Warehouse
 Storehouse
 Lumber room
 Fair
 Carnival
 Bonfires
 Street party
 Circus

Parade
 Dancing in the streets
 Street carol
 Festival
 Theatre
 Cinema
 Tavern
 Inn
 Pub
 Saloon
 Community centre
 Mission
 Assembly
 Close
 Street
 Lane
 By lane
 Thoroughfare
 Toll road
 Highway
 Canal
 Waterway
 Station
 Networking
 Meet people
 Make contacts
 Exchange ideas
 Interact
 Interrelate
 Grass market
 Land market
 Lawn market
 Fish market
 Flesh market
 Horse market
 Fruit market
 Farmer's market
 Waverly
 High street
 Leith walk
 Nicholas street
 Victoria street



An Old Market

(Edinburgh Evening News, Wednesday, August 2, 1933)

Describing the old Flesh Market of Edinburgh, which ceased to function a good many years ago, a writer in "Business Enterprise" explains that the Market extended in a series of terraces from the top of Cockburn Street almost to the level of the Waverly Station. Nothing now remains of this once popular trading centre except the Flesh Market Steps.

The top terrace was set apart for sale of miscellaneous wares, including skinned rabbits and trussed fowls, while other terraces were monopolized by the butchers, except the lowermost, which was the exclusive domain of New haven fish wives, who abandoned their creels for tables on which they spread their fish. On Saturday nights the market was usually packed with working- class people from all quarters of Auld Reckie, but the busiest and nosiest section, the section containing all " the fun of the fair " was the adjoining Cockburn Street. There was bawling and jostling, haggling and laughing and sometimes a street musician managed to find elbow room for the manipulation of his fiddle or concertina, but not without producing many irrelevant and unseemly notes. Sometimes, too, a piper mounted a box and played a lively Scotch reel, but this usually had an exciting effect on Terpsichorean enthusiasts and promptly changed to lament, which however, sounded rather ridiculous in such hilarious surroundings.



Old Edinburgh Markets

(Evening Dispatch, Monday July 17,1944)

I hurried from the greengrocer's clutching my precious half-pound of tomatoes, and settled myself at the end of the queue to the fishmonger's where I fell a-thinking about my prototype of hundred and thirty years ago, the Edinburgh housewife during the Napoleonic wars.

Beyond the not unpleasant thrill of speculating what might befall if "Boney" ever really did land in these islands, the Edinburgh lady of 1814 went about her household pursuits in calmness and dignity, little disturbed by war. She wasn't worried by the ration books, registrations "points" or coupons, and she certainly never had to queue." She was never exercised in her mind as to what dishes she could possibly make out for supper out of tin of salmon (grade 3) and a handful of rice. Instead she sallied forth with her manservant at her heels to carry the basket and protect her from too curious gaze of over gallant gentlemen, and together they made their way to markets of the High Street.

Where Have they Gone?

On the way she paused to inspect the fruit-stalls grouped round the Tron Kirk. Here were sold all varieties of Scottish fruits in seasons. We are told that the supply of grossest (goose berries) and strawberries was especially copious. It was no uncommon thing in a good season for these stalls around Tron Kirk to sell 500,000 pints of strawberries in the short time the fruit was on the market!

"Rarer" fruits were sold in shops, so we are naively informed! Well, the strawberry has been a rare enough fruit in most Edinburgh households for quite few years. Weher have they all gone?

Then having paid twopence a pint for the most succulent strawberries, our pre-Victorian mama went up the hill to markets on the north side of the High Street, below where the Municipal buildings now stand. Down a short close she went, picking her way daintily among the garbage, to the terraces of market-stalls on the sloping hillside above the Nor Loch. First came the "Green Market" where vegetables were brought for sale

WELCOME to the Scottish Storytelling Centre

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by the many market gardeners around the city. Passing the vegetable market, My lady went down short flight of steps to the Veal Market and the Poultry Market, which occupied a range to themselves with the Beef Market below. At the Veal Market she paused to consider the claims of best "milk fed" veal against fat chickens trussed for roasting on the poulterer's stall. There were ducks , too, and wood pigeons in plenty, to say nothing of young rabbits trapped on Gullane Links. But in the centre of the stall were displayed fowls peculiar to the market- young gannets or solan geese, taken from Bass Rock in July. There was a big demand for these birds for they were esteemed a delicacy, and strangers to Edinburgh appreciated them as a novelty. Here too, the housewife bought a couple dozen eggs and two pounds of farm butter. The eggs were fourpence a dozen!

Almost Given Away

The butcher market occupied the next descending terrace. It was divided into portions, beef being sold at the uppermost stalls and mutton at a lower platform, with lamb and pork. Among this array of stalls, a space was enclosed called the "Tripe Market," where offal could be purchased so cheaply as almost to be given away. For less than a shilling the liver, kidneys, tripe, and sweetbreads of a sheep were offered for sale, but the house wife turned up her nose at these and picked her way down to the next terrace.

The very lowest range of market-stalls was occupied by the Fish Market, which was reached from the lower Butcher Market by a flight of wide stairs, and had an entry at each end for carts. Covered stalls formed a hollow square, and these were chiefly occupied by the retailers for salmon and trout. In the centre of the square the fisherwomen of New- haven and Fisherrow, with their wicker fish-creels, stood back to back and made two rows.

Our housewife spurned the offers of cod and haddock, sole and plaice, from these good ladies, and turned their attention instead to the covered stalls. Here she hesitated between fresh-caught salmon from the Esk, trout from Loch Leven, and sea-trout from Musselburgh. There were pike and perch, too brought from the lake at Linlithgow. Selecting a whole salmon and few trout, the good lady ordered them to be piled into her footman's basket. Then lobsters from the deep shores of Fife caught her eye, and she made a careful selection of two.

At last her shopping was done, and she climbed back up the flights of steps to High Street above, her footman toiling after her with laden basket. At the vegetable market she paused to pick up quart of green peas, ready shelled, in the can she had brought for the purpose.

Then, with an anxious look, she checked over her purchases – the salmon, the trout, the lobsters; the milkfed veal, eegs, butter; the strawberries and the new peas. She smiled a slow and satisfied smile. Her family would be fed for one day at least!



The city's friendly corner prepares for its big move.... WORKER IN MARKET STREET MAY LOOK BACK WITH NOSTALGIA, BUT THIS IS NOT THE FIRST MOVE FOR THE FRUIT MARKET

By next summer another corner of old Edinburgh will have gone forever

Evening News, Friday, August 21, 1970

“The most considerate branch of its trade is in that retail trade which it poses as the fashion and the commercial centre of intercourse for Scotland. Hence, those splendid shops which line its streets... What vast quantities of cottons, of linens, of silks, of woollen stuffs are retailed here. What abundance of liquors and of grocery goods of all kinds... From England came an innumerable varieties of articles... Irish linens are still annually imported in Edinburgh... From France many articles... Timber, iron and leather from Russia.”

R. Heron, Journey through Scotland



Museum of Childhood, Edinburgh

“From a needle to an anchor” is a common phrase.

Caledonian Market and Petticoat Lane in London

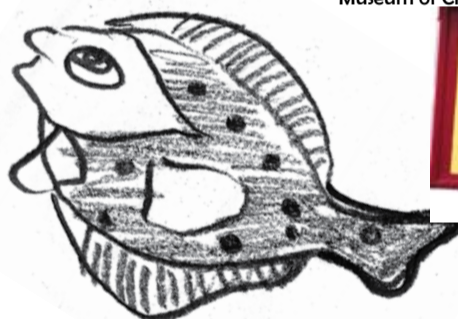
Time was when the Grassmarket, also, was the happy hunting-ground for bargains, and where a host of other “side lines” never failed to draw the crowd. The smell from the score of flaring paraffin oil lamps in no way tended to disturb the appetites of those eagerly devouring the toothsome ginger bread, sliced coconut, or black puddings.

The clamouring voices of the hucksters endeavoring to dispose of their tempting wares, mingled with those of the keepers of the traveling booths, from the front of which ear-splitting and discordant music filled the air, made the surroundings a veritable inferno.

For the youngsters, the familiar cries of: Try your luck! A penny a shot! “Red-cheekit aipples-buy them up!” “Rock-braw strippit rock, a bawbee the stick!” and “Sold again; the money’s paid!” had seductive attractions that only the young generation could fully appreciate. For the older people chief interest was centred in the multifarious shows, whose inartistic bills of fare were closely scanned by the gapping crowd.

The Royal Mile, particularly in the adjoining alleys of Niddrys Wynd, Blackfriars Wynd and St Mary’s Wynd never failed to attract the people and all sorts of articles from pair of boot laces to suit of clothes, could be purchased at a moderate price.

(Edinburgh Evening News, Saturday, July 14, 1934)



There is one tenement, or at least in close proximity, were grandparents, aunts, uncles – potential sympathisers and often paymasters – cousins, nieces and nephews. Jackie’s uncle got him his first job in the brewery; Mary’s aunt spoke to the landlord about the “hoose” soon to be empty, for the Mary soon to be married. Benefits extended beyond the young: “Take that bowl o’ soup doon the stair tae yer Granny an’ wait tae answer the door fur the doacter coming.” Grannies were important. How else could you believe that your parents – always niggling – were once young, and never perfect. Besides, Granny might cash her insurance policy to help with the deposit, making it possible for some aspiring member of the family to make a move for the better...

...Grass market mothers would “throw up the windae” and call the children up for dinner, tea, supper, or just bedtime, but the style could vary. If Tommy seemed to pay little heed to his call, especially when the long summer night was darkening and he could hardly be seen, then the next call was much louder and the language might border on the foul. Tommy’s playmate Charlie would rarely need a second call. He ever knew the sound of his window going up, and was rarely to be seen on the street when the twilight gave way to lights from the tall lamp-posts that lined all sides

of the big rectangle and from the pub windows on all sides but one. Not that Charlie was eager to leave the game, dragging his feet and grumbling inwardly, but moving in the right direction. Nor did he expect his obedience to be rewarded – the shouting might go on when he got inside:

“If ab see ye playin’ wi’ that laddie ye’ll no get out at a’ – jist wait till yer faither comes in.”

... Charlie’s father, however, played nights with a dance band and by the time he come home Charlie had washed, suppered and would be in another world. Tommy, if he was still enjoying himself, would play on despite continuing call ups, despite the inevitable thumping – for Tommy’s father was likely to be at home, unless someone was buying him pints down at “Hare’s”. He had been idle for months. Yet sometimes Tommy would not be called up at all, in which case both parents would be down at the same establishment. But he was always sharp enough to hear them returning – they were both loud singers – and would be in his bed before they reach the door. It was unlikely his older brother and sisters would “betray” him – if they were in. Of course, it all told in the classroom the next day when there was the belt for being “stupid”. In later years, as a successful retailer with a house, garden and garage, far away from the old street, Tommy remembered it well...

The Grass Market: A place to live : Traditions of an Edinburgh Old Town street as they
John Fee, 1992



My friend George

This is a story of a Bagpiper, my friend George. He is from Edinburgh . He had two daughters and he came back and he owns a house in the Royal Mile Mansion which on the corner of the bridges of Royal Mile. He was visited by his two daughters and granddaughter. One of his daughters was very ill and detected as cancer patient on the middle of last year and was slowly on medicine. She wanted to go back home to Australia and she was detained on her way back in Hong Kong she became more ill and taken to the hospital, eventually made it back to Australia. She died out of cancer.

George is 82 years old, he plays bagpipes and you lately to see him, if you go to the corner of Royal Mile Mansion, you can see a gentleman with big fur hat. All the people standing around him, whether he knows them or not take photographs and listen to notes. That is friend my George, despite his cancer, he is always cheerful and apart from playing notes, he also writes wonderful stories on email on every person he meets each day, how do they look and every detail.

Jeannie Livingstone the Musselburgh fishwife; She used to hang the creel from a rope fastened on her head. She used to carry saucers and vinegar to sell her mussels.

Two stories I remember about the cart

Do you remember about the barrow and that was there for years and years, the daughter took over after her father died? I don't know what happened after that, they are all gone completely. It was so nice that you can buy fruits reasonable. I used to go with my granny to buy potatoes and vegetables, they were so good. The lady retired and it disappeared since years. That was a wee story of a cart.

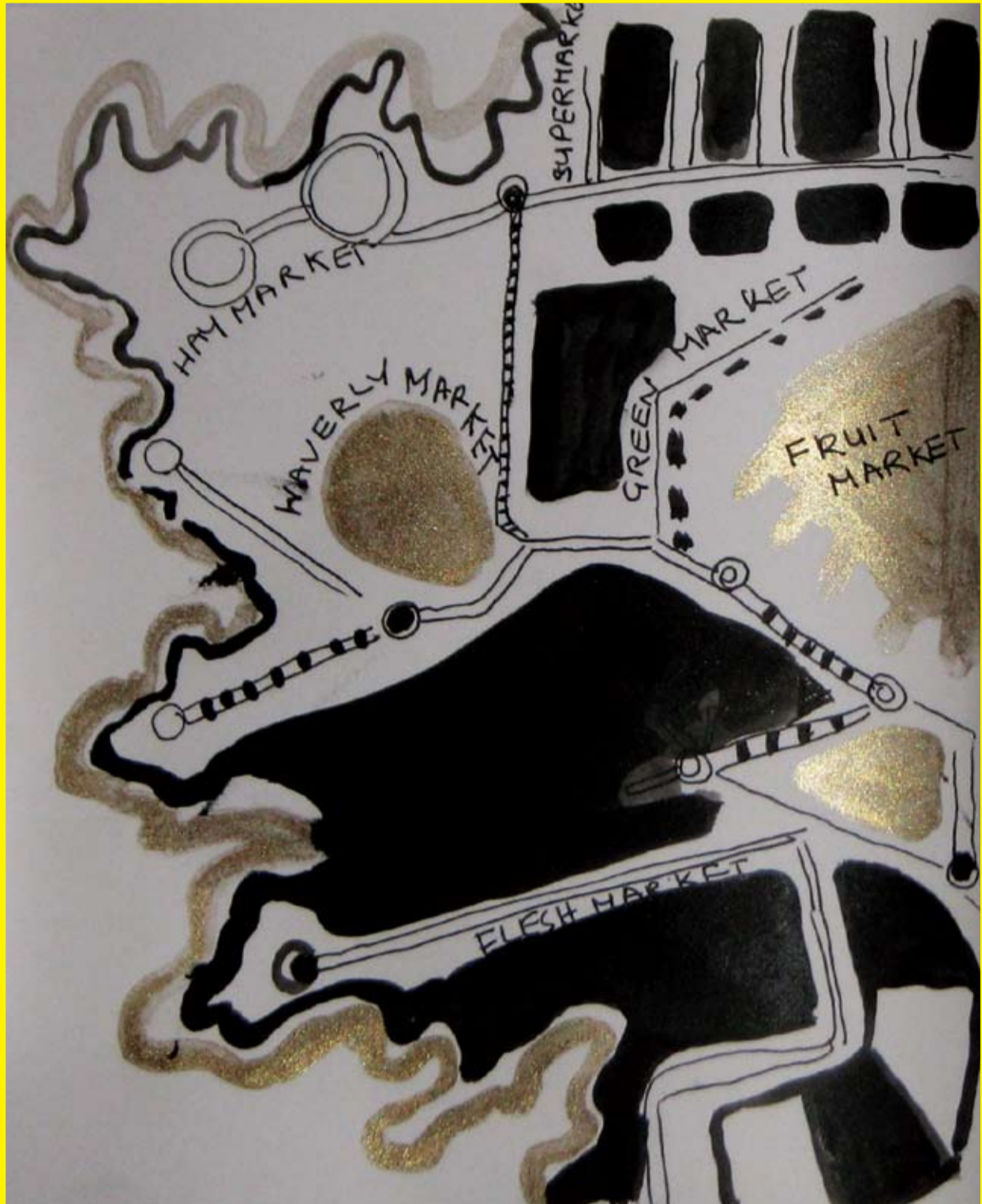
My grandfather was a cabinet maker and he had a shop in Castle Street opposite to Royal Museum. He used to go to sales and buy furniture and a man named John Finny used to work for him. John used to bring the furniture on a cart. He used to bring the furniture from the second hand furniture on sale in Edinburgh, which they call antiques nowadays. I don't know how he managed to do that on a cart. He used to bring them to Castle street through the cow gate. The cow gate was flat but if you coming to Castle street from Cowgate it is very tough and high on the upper hill and it used to be so hard to push it up and then to downward in the Castle Street. I don't know how John used to manage.

After that my grand father died and the shop was closed, but still I remember John with his cart.

The daily delivery of milk by St Cuthbert's horse-drawn milk wagons; and of course, as milk is a staple diet here.

The knife-sharpener with his big grinding wheel; his name was Thomas, used to come to sharpen knives, with two copper. He used to be in every street . The hairdresser also used to sharpen knives.

Mrs Dunlop with her barrel-organ, pulled by Smokey the pony.



Trespassing was a fun those days

We used to go scrambling for apples and insanely there was a big garden, lovely big tree, full of apples. One day we planned to trespass into the garden. We were very happy and started gathering apples. All mates were busy in their own job and so as me. Suddenly there was a hand on my shoulder. I saw man behind me and it was only me and I could not see any of my mates. The man asked me, "what you are doing here". I lost all words in fear and trying to reply in signs. He asked me, "Do you know you are trespassing? If you want apple, you should come and bang on my door and now go". So I bolted and never trespassed again.

We used to live in Council Flats. These flats are surrounded by farms and there were big apple trees. The apples were tempting and they very high in the trees and I was not so tall. So we decided to trespass. As we were about to pluck the apples, a lady who is the host came out of the door. She said to us "don't pick the apple today dear, come back next week as they are not that ripe".



CO-OP

One thing I remember about my childhood, we had an open store close to where I used to live, quite big as a super market, that is a Co op. There was a Bethany's charity shop, and basic store for bread and milk. Other things like local butcher's shop, right on the corner of the street and was there on the corner of West Preston Street. But every week or so my mother used to go to the big store in Nicholson Street and then every in three months we had wonder trip to head quarter in Bread Street. The amazing part of this store was, you get wide range of goods, from furniture to clothes and it was three storied store. The main reason for going there was to pick up the dividend, because every time you to the co op store and get your goods, take them to the till, you have quote your share number. One of the first numbers which was ever drawn into my head till now was my mother's share number 25552. If you quote a wrong number then the money would be going to somebody else's dividend money. Leith has also got its own Co op Society.

That was Co op I remember in my childhood.

Onion Johnny used to come from Italy to sell onions. He is was very popular. There was another lady who was known as Onion Jenny used to sell onion also.



One man band

John was a member of the Codona family, who still to this day run fairground rides. They've been showmen for generations, probably going back at least to 1800 or beyond. A few members of the family moved sideways from the fairgrounds, and earned their livings doing what we'd now call busking, but in those days I guess you'd call them street performers. John spent his entire life playing in the street, a career lasting over 50 years.

When I first saw him I believe he carried the full one-man-band equipment, complete with big bass drum attached to his back, full Highland bagpipes at the front, and on top of the drum various cymbals and things, operated by foot pedals. I think the bass drum was controlled by clapping his knees together. It was all very technical, and fascinated me as a child. I guess some of my earliest experiences of music came from him, and I'm sure my first hearing of many of the old Scots tunes came from his playing.

Johnny used to come from Mexico to sell clothes, even his father used to come. He used to sell clothes to hospitals, pubs, restaurants. He now lives in Glasgow. The ragman used to come to every street to pick up the rags and in exchange he used give balloons to the children.





Lot of money is spent to revamp the Grassmarket. They cleaned it up, was supposed to be improved as public realm to allow more involvement from the community. As the result of complete face lift what they are doing now they have made it as a event space, most of the events happen in Grassmarket are very much on commercial basis. Some of spaces are given over to Café culture that means some of the bars and restaurants have got extra tables and chairs in the middle during the summer time. But its not really a public space it is just an extension of private business.

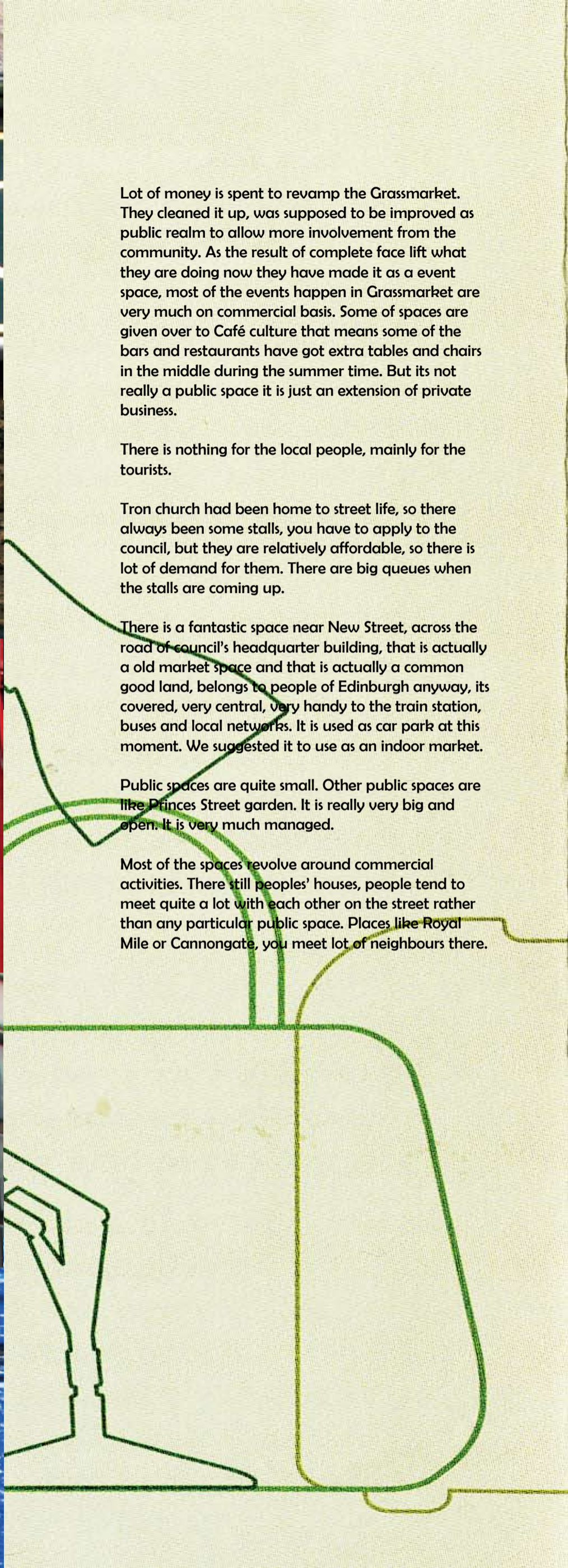
There is nothing for the local people, mainly for the tourists.

Tron church had been home to street life, so there always been some stalls, you have to apply to the council, but they are relatively affordable, so there is lot of demand for them. There are big queues when the stalls are coming up.

There is a fantastic space near New Street, across the road of council's headquarter building, that is actually a old market space and that is actually a common good land, belongs to people of Edinburgh anyway, its covered, very central, very handy to the train station, buses and local networks. It is used as car park at this moment. We suggested it to use as an indoor market.

Public spaces are quite small. Other public spaces are like Princes Street garden. It is really very big and open. It is very much managed.

Most of the spaces revolve around commercial activities. There still peoples' houses, people tend to meet quite a lot with each other on the street rather than any particular public space. Places like Royal Mile or Cannongate, you meet lot of neighbours there.



Never Knowingly on quality | on price

In summer people go to gardens, they are publicly accessible, space near parliament building. Probably these gardens are not surrounded by commercial activities. You don't have to buy a coffee to sit in a garden. The graveyards tend to be used as public space.

You cant go anymore to those markets where you can buy enormous things. There is no such place now. I don't know people go to any other places like this other than work.

There was one fish shop on Cannon Gate, where I first lived, has closed down now.

Certainly going to a super market doesn't mean to be going to a market. Few years back supermarket used to be the best place to meet your partner, going up and down the isles, looking at things, normally it is passing each other.

Markets specially the Christmas markets are more like funfair, eating food rather than a normal market place.



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Plus see inside for 'SPECIALS'!!
WHY NOT ADD A DIP FOR THAT LITTLE EXTRA TASTE!

A Gift Bag

A (MARKET) PLACE FOR PHILOSOPHY

Sam Harrison

www.openground.eu

Western philosophy as we know it started in the market place – the agora of the Greek city state – it was there that citizens would meet and exchange both goods and ideas. Amongst them were ideas about the ‘good,’ (the concept of democracy emerged here), but were there any good ideas? Sometimes its hard to make sense of philosophy, and the bizarre and esoteric thoughts that have emerged since Socrates debated with the people of Athens, can seem far removed from the everyday world. However, philosophical ideas about ‘place’ and ‘space’ can make sense, can be brought to our senses, with a little reflection on our experiences of the market.

The market place is vibrant area where people come from close by and far to buy and sell, to mix and walk through the stalls – the stories in this collection are sure evidence of this. But what is the nature of the market place? Is it a physical arrangement – of stalls piled with apples, candles, pigs feet and flowers – a solid thing that we encounter? If this was a market then we should have a set of stories that are very similar, as people encounter this ‘thing’ and recount their experience of it. The square or the close or the street will shape how people move around, what they can see and do, and it might even be possible to study this scientifically. And it would seem that if a market was no longer there then you could put the stalls back and you would recreate that place.

But is this really a complete story of a place like a market? What about the opposing views, the perspective of the seller, the buyer, the tourist, the resident who smells the rooting cabbage wafting into their tenement window? While it paints some of the picture, the above story is clinical and dead, it lacks the life of people and perspectives – it is the story of a neutral space not a place. There are many perspectives on a market, what and who we are shapes how we experience the market and make our relationships there. There is much more to reinvigorating a market than putting back the physical things – there are the cultural and community practices that bring people together, or not...

And yet we can't slide the other way into thinking the market is solely ‘constructed’ by our perspectives and social conventions (a view which would be ‘post-modernism’ if you like ‘isms!’). We will end up with lots of markets and no way of talking about the same thing, or agreeing where we should put the hot-dog van! Yet we are really all talking about the same place, we are walking on the same stones, and the food and other wares are travelling down real roads and into real kitchens. So we are invited, by thinking about ‘place’ and reflecting on our experiences of the market, to conceptualise ‘place’ as something both unitary (that market there) and diverse (the market might look different to me than to you).

This complexity is exciting and confounding, it doesn't think easily, but is confirmed by our experience. This is philosophy in relationship to the world, not looking down on it and making clever clean logic which doesn't sit well in a rich and messy world. This philosophy helps us create a politics which is inclusive (you can come and bring your perspective of the place) and yet real (we all need to work together to help this place grow). The market place is a constant flux of relationships and interconnections anchored in a venue where we trade much more than goods – we form our ideas and express our rights as citizens...

Selected reading:

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1mile² is a three year global arts programme initiated by Visiting Arts that asks communities to map the biodiversity, cultural diversity, and aesthetic diversity of their local neighbourhood. 1mile² provides opportunities for contemporary artists to undertake a collaborative investigation of arts, biodiversity and community. www.square-mile.net

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