



Glasgow

The Dark Times

Feb 2025

To Her Majesty, Queen Anne of London,

Glasgow extends its acknowledgment of your ascension and the firm grasp with which you now rule. It is only fitting that one of your vision and resolve has claimed the throne of London.

May your reign be prosperous, your enemies fleeting, and your rule unchallenged.

Know also that in my domain, all upstanding Ventruue shall find welcome regardless of any prior allegiances. The nights move ever forward, and those with the foresight to adapt will always find opportunity in Glasgow.

Prince Magnus Burton of Glasgow

A Statement from Prince Magnus Burton

To the Kindred of Glasgow,

Change is inevitable in our existence, and those who navigate it with foresight and consideration prove their worth time and again. It is with that understanding that I formally acknowledge and accept the resignation of Lady Giuliana Dunsirn from her position as Primogen.

Lady Giuliana conducted herself properly in this matter, notifying me in advance and speaking candidly before making her decision public. This is the mark of an Elder who understands duty and respects the structures that maintain this domain's strength. For her service to Glasgow and to the Camarilla, she has my thanks. Her insight and diligence on the Primogen Council have been of great benefit, and while she steps away from that role, she remains a valued Elder of our domain. I have no doubt that her voice will continue to shape Glasgow, as it has for many nights before, and I

expect that her influence, wisdom, and sharp wit will still be felt in the halls of Elysium.

To those who may take this moment as cause for speculation—there is nothing to be uncertain about. The governance of Glasgow remains stable, and its leadership unshaken. There is no ambiguity in authority. Let me be clear: the Primogen advise the Prince, but they do not rule. Those who mistook Lady Giuliana's influence for shared power now have clarity. Those who sought to hedge their bets will find that there was never another side to bet on. Praxis remains with me.

Regarding the vacant Primogen seat, let there be no misunderstanding. The choice of who sits at that table is mine alone. I will decide, and I will do so based on what serves Glasgow, not personal preferences or whispered ambitions. The role demands loyalty, wisdom, and a commitment to this city. Those who waver in their dedication will not be given the privilege of advising me.

Lady Giuliana, I trust you will continue to serve Glasgow in your role as Harpy and custodian of the Boon Book with the same dedication and sharpness for which you are known. Our city remains strong, and those who call it home would do well to remember that strength is found not in whispers, but in action.

We look to the nights ahead.

Magnus Burton

Prince of Glasgow

'For the Clan!'

Well, my darlings - it's time to roll the dice once again to determine whether I shall be offering you dryly informative kindred etiquette; or a spoonful of scandal to help the medicine go down...

...Why not both?

Glasgow's January court was held in the outstanding Mitchell Library. A most delightful torment to Roses and bookish scholars alike, to persuade themselves to continue to socialise whilst surrounded by such tantalising beauty and knowledge.

Keen to compete with the venue on one of these fronts, the Haunts arrived intent on trade, armed with tantalising snippets of news. I should hate to undercut them by freely disclosing the specifics - so if you didn't hear the gossip last time, I do suggest you make your enquiries at our forthcoming court instead.

However, my interest on this occasion was drawn not by the news itself, but the positive storm of prestatation that was most eagerly brought to my pen. Naturally, I won't be publishing the specifics, but I noticed a most peculiar pattern through the evening - the insistence on recording the boons as being owed to Clan Nosferatu, rather than the individual. Let us discuss this - for trust me, there is some subtle scandal to be found here.

Traditionally - boons are agreed between individuals.

There is a disappointing tendency for some younger kindred to think of prestatation as nothing more than an archaic form of currency, simply using 'major', 'minor' and 'trivial' instead of various denominations of coinage. This is not the case, for it is a measure of how the debtor shall inconvenience themselves at the request of the creditor - and thus, the identity and standing of said debtor can make a great deal of difference to the true value of that boon. A minor boon owed by certain Princes can offer greater potential than a major boon from a mere newly-released neonate - for the Prince can make sweeping changes within a domain with 'minor' effort, whilst the youngster may already be struggling even to pay the rent on their squalid haven, so their 'major' intervention may have little effect on the night. Conversely, despite the nature of the requests they might make - one may far more willing to be indebted to a Prince than a pauper, for the former is far better equipped to protect their assets than the latter - although that said, the pauper may guard their few assets more fiercely - it is always such a matter of judgement! If the creditor is a whole clan, how can the personal nature of this be assessed?

Whilst it is a finesse often forgotten - conditions can be placed upon boons when they are agreed. The most common conditions are of transferability - whether or not the holder of the boon may sell the debt to a third party; and of restricted use - whether the boon may only be called in for certain purposes.

The reasons for limiting the sale may be considered an exercise for the reader - I will simply note that the general presumption is that the holder of a boon is free to sell it, unless non-transferability is specified - but personally, I would generally consider it good etiquette to discuss the proposed sale with your debtor, especially if you wish to do business with them in the future. It should be noted, of course, that when transferring boons, it is only the creditor (the one to whom the boon is owed) who has the power to transfer it - and even then, there are those who will say that the boon is never truly transferred, but rather the creditor creates a secondary arrangement whereby someone may pay *them* to demand that their debtor performs a certain task. Therefore, you should always be careful when purchasing a boon, to ascertain whether the original holder of the boon expects to have this continued chain of involvement in the boon (and thus be aware of how it is discharged), or whether it is sold to you outright.

Restricted use might, for example, insist that the debtor would not be required to act against their family; that the boon would only be utilised to benefit a specific cause; or that it would be called in over certain timeframes.

The value of prestatation could vary according to these - a transferable and unrestricted boon is a more liquid asset, and as such someone may insist on a greater quantity of prestatation to offset the inconvenience upon the creditor for the sake of the security offered - for example, that a trivial or minor boon might be owed *in addition* to a major boon, for the sake of those boons being non-transferable.

If a boon were to be owed to a collective - boldly anarchic and communist as this most generous arrangement may appear - who amongst them shall decide when the boon has been adequately discharged? How far through the root-and-branch complexities of lineage and obligation must the debtor traverse to negotiate this with the ultimate authority? How deep into the dank sewer must they - perhaps literally - wade? How shall they respond when multiple members of the clan make conflicting demands upon the same singular debt? Does the debt remain valid if the one who first agreed it 'for the clan' is killed? If they are bloodhunted? A quagmire indeed!

Thus, whilst it may be lazily convenient to say that a debt has been recorded by a debtor as being 'owed to

Clan Nosferatu', it is proper to understand this as owed to a specific member of the clan - with the mutual understanding between debtor and creditor that the creditor may choose to transfer the boon to another of their clan-mates.

But enough of the dry details - I did promise you a little scandal, did I not?

It emerges, you see, that a member of Clan Nosferatu has accrued *such* significant net debt - major debts to multiple individuals, and without comparable debts owed to them to offer in trade or to delegate requests onwards - that they are now at very personal risk of becoming boon-broken, should these conflicting debts be called in at once...

...It rather seems that their clan are rallying around, selflessly donating their own time and intelligence, to bolster the communal coffers against this feared 'run on the bank'.

Doubtless some will applaud this clan-before-all approach - but prestation ties individuals together as a civilised and Tradition-obeying society, a complex web of highly personal obligations. One would not engage in prestation with a fledgling, for they are the chattel of their sire.

For a clan to at least **appear** to be ready to step in, *in loco parentis*, to counteract such fecklessness rather puts the maturity of that individual in question...

...and furthermore may set a terrible precedent for their fellow Haunts to believe they can incur any amount of debt, knowing that 'the bank of mum and dad' will bail them out.

Tread carefully, my reclusive friends. The eyes of the Harpies are upon you.

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn

Harpy and Elder of Glasgow

PS - My childe informs me that 'For the Horde!' would be funnier to kindred of a certain age. If you are of that cohort, doubtless you will be able to enlighten me...

Always remember that blood stains your hands even if you pay someone else for it.

Thoughts by Sabastian Greene

From the desk of Draven Southsea

I had intended to offer an article this month to amuse the readers of this publication, but instead, a message must be sent.

FAO the person or persons responsible for the destruction of my property in the Irish sea.

You have foolishly decided to declare war upon a veteran of the killing fields of France, please understand I do not love war, but, I say with neither pleasure nor pride, I am good at war.

Do not run. Do not hide.

I will find you in whatever dark place you cower in, and you do not want to face one such as I in the shadows. Indeed, I suggest you send a note to this fine publication detailing your misdeeds and await the sunrise, burning is a kinder fate than what I have in mind for you, for I have decided decided to take the sage advice of one of the Wanderers currently calling Glasgow their home; every offence you have committed against me, shall be repaid three times over.

When we meet, remember Hosea 8:7, as the shadows close in upon you.

Draven Southsea.

Artistic Life Models Wanted!

Ever wanted to have your likeness immortalised on canvas, but not believed the artist could capture a true likeness? Do you have concerns about potential masquerade risks, in the distant future?

For a limited time only, your portrait can be created for a fraction of the usual price. Suspend your disbelief and worry, and receive a beautiful artwork to treasure forever.

For further detail, please contact Mary Graham.

Wanted

Serious Collectors wanted. Knowledge of Library Science, Academics, among others highly coveted.

Contact Sir Douglas for details.

**Dancing About Architecture
Zetra, Moth Slut and Mrs Frightshow
Live at the Garage
31/01/2025**

As I consider eating someone in the McDonald's, I reflect on the show I just watched. Three bands, all fantastic in utterly unique ways. In my writeup of Zetra a few months back (yes, that was me, i very foolishly forgot to attach my byline to the piece) I postulated that the late 90s early 2000s industrial goth scene was making a comeback. After tonight, I would consider that theory to be confirmed.

Mrs Frightshow are first up. Locals, they are the most challenging act on tonight's lineup. Over crushing layers of industrial noise, the two vocalists that make up the band perform dark, bleak songs of trauma and rage. This is industrial music at its most savage and primal, building on the legacy of bands like Throbbing Gristle, Swans and Einstürzende Neubauten. Not for the faint of heart, and certainly bearing a massive trigger warning, Mrs Frightshow showcase the brooding dark heart that the other two bands tonight will branch out from.

Second to the stage are the delightful Moth Slut. After the bracing noise of the opener, Moth Slut seem to be here to provide evidence that goth can be fun. This is perfect cybergoth music: pumping dance rhythms, throbbing bass guitar, spiky guitar leads that seem perfectly designed to be played standing on the roof of a gothic cathedral with a wind machine and a vocalist doing his best Andrew Eldritch impression. As many mortal are wont to do, their gimmick appears to be that they are vampires. At least, I believe it to be a gimmick, perhaps the court at Manchester need to check that noone is pulling a estate and breaking the masquerade.

Finally, we come to Zetra. Now to be frank, I've already spent plenty of time gushing about this band, so I'll keep this short. Zetra deserve to be stars. They have hooks for days, genuine stage presence, theatricality that has been sorely missing from rock music for the last thirty years and the kind of guitar wizardry that will be inspiring young men to buy their first stratocaster as soon as possible.

I was disappointed not to see any of my fellow roses at the gig. I knew it was doubtful that any of our fellow clans from court might attend, but to see my clanmates forsake an opportunity to take in a genuinely exciting performance by mortals in a genre of music that has been in severe decline and has strong thematic associations with our kind is disappointing. Aren't we supposed to care about art?

-Christopher Napier



**CALVIN POPE AFTER
MAGNUS SIDES AGAINST MITHRAS**

