



Kindred of Glasgow,

Primogen Council

Clan Toreador have proposed changing their representative among the Primogen Council. I have accepted their proposal, and therefore recognise Deacon of Clan Toreador as Primogen. My thanks to Mary Graham for her counsel during her tenure. In keeping with previous appointments, I award Deacon domain in Glasgow nearby to the Botanical Gardens.

Officers of the Domain

Following the elevation of my previous Seneschal, Icarus of Clan Venture, to the role of Archon serving the Justiciar Lucinde, I have the need to appoint a suitable replacement. One kindred has demonstrated their suitability by their actions in the time I have known them. While we have often taken opposing sides in many things, I trust this kindred's integrity precisely because of those disagreements. Let any confusion about the domain of Glasgow be settled with this announcement. Calvin Pope of Clan Ventrue is my Seneschal. I charge him to uphold the same standard I set for myself; stewardship of this domain for those Camarilla

kindred who call it home, including those in the Anarch movement. In recognition of the trust he has earned among the residents of Paisley, I award him domain over that town.

My officers each serve the domain in their own ways, and I expect all kindred in receipt of my Hospitality to afford them respect as befits their position.

Magnus Burton, Clan Tremere, Prince of Glasgow

Kindred,

I wish to make public notice, as well as prior private notice to the Harpies of Glasgow, London, and Paris, of the following debts repaid.

Dmitri Pavlovich, Elder of the Toreador, lately of Paris has repaid a Minor Boon owed to me.

Stephen Lenoire, Lasombra of London, has likewise repaid a Minor Boon owed to me.

I commend both gentlemen on sticking not only to the word, but the spirit of their obligations. They are trustworthy Kindred who I would not hesitate in recommending others transact business with.

Deacon, Elder of House Villon

Cooperation and Stability - for the Good of the Domain.

Events to the West of us grow ever hotter, a dread wind builds in the Emerald Isle. Relations at home have become frayed, and if we to have any hope of weathering the storm we have to stand together. It's for this reason that I am to stand forward, and lead by example.

I have always held the Domain in the highest of regard - despite any disagreements or rivalries I have had with many kindred of Glasgow, they have always been personal, and that should be put to one side in these *interesting* times.

In the aftermath of the assassination of Noah Solaris by the Arch Enemy, representatives of the Prince have tried to interview members of the Anarchs - who had separately been spun to high alert by their own leadership. I wasn't likely to allow a second murder, after all. But it is only by the grace of the gods that there was not an incident. It is a prime example of what I mean.

So it is in that spirit that we must hold our nose and do our duty. I will accept the Prince's proposal - I will no longer be known as Baron nor Warlord of Paisley, instead, while we are subject to these predations from across the water I will assume the role of Seneschal of Glasgow. Churchill and Atlee, de Klerk and Mandela. And now Burton and Pope. This close cooperation will ensure the stability of the domain and clearer communication from the various interests that make up the movers and shakers or the city.

The layers of defences that have been laid out in Paisley can be extended and everyone may enjoy what the Anarchs offer. After all, the Convention of Thorns demands that we be *defenders of all*. And I appreciate and accept with reverence the Prince's good graces, delivering to me the rights of Domain over Paisley. I know it is a large and populous town, and to be given such control is quite the gesture that proves that the Prince, like me, has the domains best interest front and centre.

Calvin Pope

Seneschal of Glasgow

An ungentle reminder regarding Elysia and Art

Kindred,

This month, the Court of Glasgow gathers at one of our cherished Elysia. Our Prince rarely holds his Court on Elysium – and I am all too aware that some amongst our company have had less-than conventional education, or may have had a slip of memory. I will therefore bluntly remind you now of the standards of behaviour demanded by such an occasion, since none of us wish to draw the ire of our beloved Keeper of Elysium.

Lest it require re-iterating: The Masquerade will be maintained. Kelvingrove Art Gallery and Museum is well-known amongst mortals, and whilst it may be ours for the evening, any overt supernatural behaviour in such a notable and beloved location may still draw attention.

This is neutral ground. Even if a member of the Sabbat were to attend - provided they keep the traditions of Elysium themselves, they will not be attacked there. Whether their safety can be presumed after they leave may be another matter - kindred are responsible for their own travel arrangements, after all - but the Pax Vampirica is older than the Camarilla. Meetings held at the Camarilla's Elysia are one of the few ways in which political solutions may be found to open conflict - and to violate Elysium by initiating an attack on an attendee would be to damn any possibility of such diplomacy in the future.

No violence will be tolerated. That includes not only violence against your

fellow kindred - but against the staff, the building, and the artwork.

Kindred have been put to death for the destruction of artwork. This may seem an over-reaction - but I will explain this further below.

For those to whom knowing these rules is sufficient - I ask only that you show appropriate respect to your Prince Magnus Burton, and to your Keeper of Elysium Amelia Howard, without whom such gatherings would not be possible. Enjoy your evening, and in the words of a great queen - do not fuck it up.

On the prohibition of harm to artwork

Art speaks to its audience.

That is, arguably, the true definition of art - without eliciting a response, it is mere technical (in)competence.

Sometimes, it may be insufficient to say it 'speaks' - it may scream; or it may offer heart-breaking insight. It may be politically provocative, satirical or comedic. Art cares not for standing, or lineage. Art is not silenced by public disapprobation. It is at once public; and a deeply personal conversation between subject, artist, and audience. It brings together elders and neonates, high and low clans. It makes strange bedfellows of all of us.

Sometimes, art may leave someone unmoved. Perhaps they were not its audience. Indifference is its own reaction, after all. One can shrug and move on.

But if that art is destroyed - it is gone forever. The one who destroys it denies that possible conversation to others, not only in the present, but in all time to come. And our kind can live such a very, very long time - it is an insult to all other kindred to be such a thief of experience.

I would remind you of Alexis Sorokin of the Ravnos, also called Danya. Already a renowned thief - she went too far in seeking to steal an original musical manuscript, setting fire to an Elysium in Paris and destroying countless artworks. She was not only bloodhunted across France - but Clan Toreador called for her to be added to the Red List, to be targeted worldwide as a recognised threat. She is gone now - after decades of evading justice, and continuing to plague countless domains with her continued thievery, disrespect for Elysia and the impact her actions were having on the Masquerade, she was hunted down by Archon Victor, Elder Deacon and others - the assistance of those of the domain of Glasgow being particularly thanked by Justicars Lucinde of Clan Ventrue and Xavier de Calais of Clan Gangrel.

You may not care for some of the art. You may even have a visceral disdain for it. Be discreet with your disinterest, maintain control of your Beast.

Provocation is a respected facet of art.

Indeed, I shall be disappointed if no Anarch has the courage to give us a bold little piece of street poetry on the dreadful evils of the dictatorial and stuffy elders, et-cetera. Perhaps we shall even be lucky enough to witness Mr Napier's decisive dive from the fence - whether as performance art at court, or even mailed in advance to the Dark Times - as he

decides whether to explicitly call himself an Anarch, or instead challenge Prince Burton for praxis. Either would be a conversation with his audience, after all.

Art is a challenge, my darlings. Rise to it, and be your best selves. Weep, laugh, admire - but do not lose your composure.

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn

Primogen and Harpy of Glasgow

Capo of the Giovanni Anti-Tribu

Seeking

Those with skill in Architecture and / or Civil Engineering. Those with contacts in local government.

If available, contact Sir Douglas for details.

From the desk of Corporal Draven Southsea.

Kindred of Glasgow, I have accepted Jimmy Riddle's challenge to showcase the nightlife of the Domain, details to follow soon.

I shall be distributing key cards for access the members only lounge at this month's court, please do feel free to ask me for one when you see me.

Now Offering: Remains Disposal Service.

No Questions Asked Disposal for Competitive Fee.

Contact the Dunsirns.

A Final Accounting: The Auction of Jack's Effects

By Millie, Keeper of Elysium,

Glasgow

There are moments in a city's unlife when grief becomes unavoidable. When even those of us well-versed in loss are forced to stop, take account, and acknowledge that something vital has been removed from the fabric of our domain.

The forthcoming auction of Jack's personal effects is one such moment.

This auction will take place at the next court at the Kelvin Grove Museum.

This is not an auction born of greed, nor convenience, nor the careless redistribution of curiosities. It is an act of necessity, remembrance, and respect.

Attendance at the auction is not mandatory. However, Respect is.

This is an Elysium and should be honoured like all our traditions.

Those who come should do so with the understanding that this is not entertainment. I encourage you to Bid with intention. Bid with memory. Bid knowing that what you claim once mattered deeply to someone who mattered deeply to this city.

Let us do this properly.

Notable Kine words from Nathaira's Library:

Dedicated to our new Primogen who clearly needs a reminder sometimes:

"The Seven Social Sins are:

Wealth without work.
Pleasure without conscience.
Knowledge without character.
Commerce without morality.
Science without humanity.
Worship without sacrifice.
Politics without principle."

From a sermon given by Frederick Lewis Donaldson in Westminster Abbey, London, on March 20, 1925.

Dedicated to those who need the guidance on managing kine politics:
"Reader, suppose you were an idiot. And suppose you were a member of Congress. But I repeat myself."
Mark Twain

Dedicated to our esteemed Prince:
"Politics is the art of looking for trouble, finding it whether it exists or not, diagnosing it incorrectly, and applying the wrong remedy."
Ernest Benn

Dedicated to Chris Napier:
"If you're going to kick authority in the teeth, you might as well use two feet."
Keith Richards, Keith Richards: In His Own Words

Also relevant to Chris:
"Do not meddle in the affairs of wizards, for they are subtle and quick to anger."
J.R.R. Tolkien, The Fellowship of the Ring: The Lord of the Rings, #1

A question for the court:

"Tell me, tutor, I said. 'Is revenge a science, or an art?'"
Mark Lawrence, Prince of Thorns.

In December, Christopher Napier, previously of Glasgow and now of Paisley as an annarch, accused Magnus of being a tyrant and a murderer.

I believe that they may need a re-education on certain Traditions.

The first:

The Sixth Tradition: Destruction

Thou art forbidden to destroy another of thy kind. The right of destruction belongeth only to thine Elder. Only the eldest among thee shall call the Blood Hunt.

The Prince has the right of destruction for he is our elder. If he receives information to say that Jumble was a member of the sabbat from a reputable source, then he can dispatch Jumble as he sees fit. The right of Destruction is his to do as he sees fit to protect his domain and the Camarilla.

The second:

The second tradition: The Domain.

Thy domain is thine own concern. All others owe thee respect while in it. None may challenge thy word while in thy domain.

Glasgow is the Princes domain. If he wishes to enact the right of destruction, then it's his right to do so without reprisal or censure. You challenged his word by writing your article, then declared yourself anarch. And so you broke the 2nd tradition and are now using the Anarchs to avoid punishment.

I get that you feel strongly about this subject, but breaking rules then trying to outrun the consequences of your actions is never going to work. Come back to the camarilla. Face any punishment that comes your way and maybe move on with your unlife.

Without the traditions we are nothing.

Robin

Kine News

GlasgowTimes

Body found in Govan

A body has been found in Govan after reports of gunfire was reported to the police. The victim has been identified as Joshua Hardgreave. The coroner's report indicates that the victim was shot in the chest after an altercation.

Police Scotland are asking for any witnesses to come forward with any information.

Incident at Pinkston Watersports

Scottish fire and rescue attended an incident at Pinkston Watersports on the 13th of January after a body was found in the water at the facility.

Police Scotland are asking for any witnesses to come forward with any information.

FINANCIAL TIMES

Vanguard Global Logistics sign deal with Dublin Port Authority

A new deal has been struck between Vanguard Global Logistics and the Dublin Port Authority after being passed by the Competitions and Markets Authority in January. The deal worth £8 million, will help reduce the friction between UK and Ireland trade and create 400 jobs.

A spokesperson from VGL states "This is a momentous deal, one which will benefit the UK and Ireland. Our first sailings start in February and we are looking forward to

our partnership with the Dublin Port authority."

RMT have raised concerns due to the short trading history of VGL, however this was dismissed by the CMA on Friday the 16th of January.

Hospitality industry suffering from decline in customers

The Hospitality industry is experiencing a severe contraction with a 13.6% drop in the number of licenced premises since 2020. This has been driven by high operating costs, rising wages, and reduced consumer spending. This has been dubbed as a "cost of doing business crisis" by Economist Andrew Bishop.

BBC news

Whisky Auction sets new record

Whisky sold at auction have reached record breaking prices with a bottle of Macallan 1926 60-year-old whisky sold for £2.3 million breaking the last record set in 2023. The auction took place at the Scotch Whisky Auctions on the 28th of January.

Premier Christianity

Faith+1 Rock festival.

Most Reverent William Nolan has contacted the Glasgow Council to start planning discussions on a Christian Rock Event to potentially be held in Glasgow Green on the 27-28th June.

If green lit by Glasgow council, the event will attract Bands and the faithful from around the world.

2 hearts beat as one.

Two hearts beat as one,
One is dreaming the other is overcome,
One has fed the mighty vitae
One torpored, its veins have run dry,
Ones beast subdued, suppressed
One tackles frenzy, feigning rest.

A duo so distant, yet so near,
Inside the cavity is also a tear.
Inside the blood speaks cautious notions
Each feed deep,
On humanity's crimson portions.

Once so vibrant, became so numb,
If only once we would not succumb
To the beating of a distant drum.
Bashed and broken yet strong.

(This poem relates to events at court this
Month with some art work contributed)
Alex Caimbeul

Heed the Moons Call

Last Month we had the *Wolf Moon*
encouraging Rest & Recuperation, This Month
we have the *Storm Moon* which speaks of
hope for rejuvenation & rebirth, These nights
we don't see much of that & as the undead
slumber time moves differently, the light
provides growth for many; but what of us? the
noble kindred where light is the ultimate
enemy, we hide from the Sun's glow. All I can
say is rest well and hope for better nights,
Strength lurks in the shadows, so use your
compass wisely. March's Moon when it comes
incites a passion within us for new desires to
play out, this energy is at its most frenetic &

unstable, *the Moon of the Wind* blows and
billows out our archaic nature, it's messy, it's
awkward but it's good.

Lex's Notes

From Ringside: South of the River

Ladies and gentlemen of the long night,
welcome back to the show. No fireworks
yet. No entrance music. Just that low hum
in the room when everyone knows the
next bout's been announced but nobody's
seen the finish. The opening match is still
warming up.

This month, the lights go on for the art
show. No belts on the line. No
eliminations. Just Kindred stepping into
the ring with something they've made and
the nerve to let it be seen. Some bring
stone. Some bring paint. Some bring
words stitched together from long nights
and longer memories. That still counts. Art
always has.

Eyes will be on it. Not because it's
dangerous, but because it tells you who's
willing to be judged and who prefers to
stay behind the ropes. Then there's the
lingering heat from the last show.

Napier cut a promo that landed harder
than it was meant to and drew a response
heavier than he expected. Family
discipline went public. Status was put on
notice. A lot of folks expected a quick pin
after that. Didn't happen.

When the bell stopped echoing and I
stepped away, Napier was still upright.
Bruised, marked, but not finished. That's
not a victory lap. That's a lesson match.
The kind you either learn from or repeat
until you don't walk back out.

Behind the scenes, the usual undercard
keeps moving. Materials sourced. Favors
traded. Foundations laid. The sort of work
that never gets announced but decides

who's standing when the main event comes round. Now the card's clear.

March takes us to Draven's club. New ring. New host. Different rules enforced in familiar ways. Watch how the crowd shifts when the house changes.

April is the big one. P45. My floor. A business that's stayed open while fashions, Princes, and convictions rose and fell. The doors will be open. The lines will be clear. No surprises unless they're deliberate. And before anyone starts whispering about unsanctioned matches, yes, His Majesty's been spoken to. The schedule's known. No blindsides. No chair shots from behind.

So that's where we stand. No titles changing hands yet. No champions crowned. But the ring's been set, the crowd's leaning in, and the next bell is close.

Because every fan knows, the most important moment isn't the finish.

It's when everyone realises the match has already started.

Jimmy Riddle
Calling it from ringside, south of the river

Be Advised there appears to be a figure posing as a "Lost Lady of the Loch" and seems to oversee a gang of kine. They have taken up residence around Loch Lomond, Mostly in the Luss area. I have arranged for insider to monitor this gang, (Code Name Miss Yaha) Last report from my insider details burned a bush to appeal to their Lady.

Notice: Jimmy Riddle's 50th Deathday

That's right, folks. With the frenzy of art shows looming, clubs claiming court nights, and the usual "wrestling for vampire society" drama keeping our necks on edge, it's almost easy to forget a milestone of truly... unlife-altering proportions.

Fifty years ago, in the back of a club in Sheffield, a certain promoter, king of clubland, muse of punk bands and chaos was marked by the night and turned into one of us. Yes, that's me. Jimmy Riddle. The best things come from bad decisions and even better music, apparently.

I still don't know my sire, a mystery that has kept my curiosity as sharp as my fangs for half a century, but that won't stop me from celebrating in style. This September, P45 will be the stage, the club, the arena... the haven for the deathday bash you never knew you needed.

Expect music, mayhem, mischief, and the kind of company that only comes from decades spent in the long night. This is not just a party, it's a statement: half a century in unlife, and still standing.

Mark your calendars. Sharpen your fangs. Dust off your best cloak. Because Jimmy Riddle's 50th deathday isn't just another night, it's the night the city remembers how a club promoter survives and thrives.

— Jimmy Riddle

A fake rose and a bag of hot air

Well folks, it's been two months and I'm still here, by here I of course mean Paisley, as while I will not be driven out of our little society, the prospect of assassination in my sleep did not appeal.

Now, I have always maintained that I do not consider myself an Anarch. I believe that the rigid social structure of the Camarilla was necessary to prevent the more predatory instincts of our kind from overrunning the mortals, who of course are the source of the most fascinating artworks we are likely to encounter. The creativity of Kindred has always felt somewhat lacking to me.

But tragically, the vulnerability of our system of governance is that it requires a strong court, willing to unseat a prince who fancies himself a tyrant. In the two months since my publication, our court has made ample demonstrations of just how lacking in strength our court is. The hordes of sycophants have poured out of the woodwork to come to the defence of our dear prince.

I have been told that if the prince states something to be true, then it must be true. The prince can shape reality with his words.

I have been called dead man, for having the temerity to speak truth to power, threatened with the execution that surely must be coming.

But perhaps the most pathetic examples of bootlicking came in the pages of last months dark times.

Firstly, let us address our dear Harpy. Most of your article was aimless waffle, assuming that I would be disappearing into internecine anarch politics. I should hope it is clear, I have no intention of doing so. I believe that our court is in danger and intend to continue sounding the alarm about it.

However, in all of your waffle, you did present a single counter argument to the points I raised. It is, however, so laughably pathetic that I feel the only response I can have is outright mockery.

You are genuinely attempting to argue that because there is no evidence supporting Magnus' claims that Jumble was a Sabbat sleeper agent, that proves that the claim must be true, because if Magnus wanted to frame someone, he would do a better job. I actually struggle to articulate just how asinine this argument is. You are saying that because it looks like Magnus is lying, it must be true, because if he was lying you would never be able to tell. If that sounds like a profoundly stupid thing to say, perhaps that might explain why Magnus felt like he didn't have to put much effort into lying to you.

But I must confess, the slings and arrows of our local harpy are a burden that I expected to endure. She may like to claim she is not a mouthpiece for our prince, but her conduct at least during my time in the court has proved to be the casual pursuit of her own personal vendettas and a rigid persecution for anyone who dares to deviate from the conformity she prefers. In short, she is basically just another elder.

What did come as a genuine disappointment was one of my own clansmen demonstrating such a dull, boring conservatism as shown by Deacon. I suppose it shouldn't be a surprise. My interactions with Deacon have shown someone unwilling to engage in any art that dates past his own embrace. I'm sure to someone like Deacon being considered gauche is an unbearable fate. Well, let me address your criticism.

Deacon, I am an artist. I observe my world, I note problems, I criticise, I put them into words, and I present them to my audience. I follow my instincts wherever they may lead, and I present my art with the belief that it is an authentic representation of myself. I have been

called gauche, blunt, simplistic, verbose, petty and idealistic. To all of those, I have responded, I am me, this is my work, and I stand by it.

For fifty years, I have watched people like you decry dance music, hip hop, heavy metal, hard rock, punk, jazz, minimalism and basically any other form of music that was created in the last 100 years as not real music. I have seen the same attempts happen in cinema, books, painting, sculpture and any other artistic medium. Not once has it ever convinced me. It is a profoundly boring stance to take.

You say that I should use Praxis to unseat the prince, but we both know that that wouldn't work. I do not claim to have the power to achieve that goal. I am young, I lack the political capital, and I do not have remotely the same level of fancy magical powers.

What I do have is my art. My words. I will use that, and I do not care a fig if you think me impolite. You have chosen conformity over challenge, and in doing so have shown yourself to be not an artist, but a poser.

In all of this, of course, there is one voice distinct in its absence. Our dear prince Magnus has said nothing publicly regarding my accusations. In this I must complement his approach to PR. He surely believes that by ignoring me, and allowing his bootlickers to attack me instead, I will back off and allow him to continue to build his power. I have no intention of doing so. Let me reiterate, Magnus murdered someone for writing mean things about him in the newspaper, and tried to frame him as a member of the Sabbat. He lied about the origins of the Anarch movement in a way that suggests he intends to sabotage the relationship between Glasgow and Paisley. He is a dangerous tyrant who has his entire court so afraid of him that it is assumed that any criticism will lead to execution. He must be unseated.