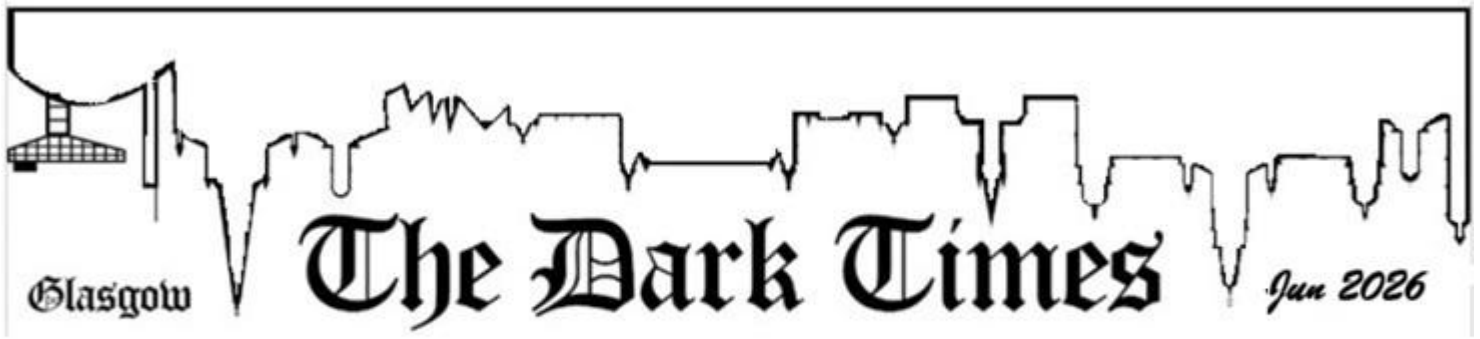




Welcome to Glasgow

It is with great pleasure and anticipation that I look forward to welcoming you to the first official engagement of my Praxis. I have chosen for this event one of my favourite Elysia. The People's Palace. I hope to see many old faces and regular names in attendance so we can get the necessary procedures out of the way, so Tradition can be observed and we can go on about the business of the night. Come as you are, proud Kindred of the Camarilla - let us enjoy the fruits of the city together.

My Inaugural court will be a memorable one and I hope an enjoyable one. The city will welcome honoured guests, announcements will be made and I will set out my stall - my vision for Glasgow, for it's Kindred - I have plans for the Domain, and you are included in those. But make no mistake - while we reset, calibrate and come to terms with the new order, our enemies will still be ploughing ahead, with whatever dire scheme they had, so while it may take some time to get used to, I can't give you long. We'll have to move fast and I expect you to be able to keep up.

And it starts now - let it be known that all arrangements with my predecessor are null and void. Unless it has already been discussed - all lands and titles have been reclaimed by my

hand, as Eldest of the Domain. I will be happy to discuss extending any arrangements as are appropriate - I look forward to your petitions.

Calvin Pope
Prince of Glasgow

Good evening,

Elders and Kindred of Britain, it is with great pleasure that I announce my seizure of Praxis of the Domain of Edinburgh.

After poor Laura Dunsirn was found burned to death in her Haven, I moved quickly to take the Throne of Edinburgh and have officially handed my previous Domain of Dundee to Prince Leslie to incorporate fully within his Domain of Aberdeen to run as he sees fit. Residents of Dundee may remain as members of the Court of Aberdeen or may move to Edinburgh if they wish to set up home under their familiar and beloved old Prince once again.

I would like to take this opportunity to like my close friends and allies in Clans Nosferatu and Brujah for all of their assistance in this difficult and turbulent time, as well as a very small number of close friends who have supported me immensely. While you choose to remain nameless, I can't help but thank you for all that you have done for me. You know who you are!

Prince Thomas Carmichael.

An open letter to the Prince of Glasgow

Your Majesty,

As is Traditional: I acknowledge your sovereignty over your Domain, and petition for your Hospitality.

However, I would be irresponsible as an Elder of this domain if I did not consider the Masquerade, and the collective safety of the kindred of this domain, before all else.

At our last gathering, live explosives were smuggled into our court, addressed to myself and Elder Deacon. That threat to the unives of the two of us also threatened the unives of every kindred present - and even if some had survived the explosion, it would have drawn the attention of mortal national security agencies and hunters, whilst leaving the domain weakened against Sabbat attack.

I do not fear death - it is my constant companion, and I know better than almost any what waits for me beyond the Veil. But I do not trust that one who would do such a thing will be deterred by the Pax Vampirica - and I will not knowingly shorten the unives of others by encouraging any repetition of such reckless behaviour.

An Archon has already investigated and identified the kindred responsible - accordingly, the Office of the Justicar are already aware of that identity. Glasgow's reaction to this is yours to announce.

But until you have had an opportunity to do so - I say to that kindred: **Do not seek me at court. I recognize your vendetta against me, but cannot tolerate your utter disregard for the Masquerade; nor your implicit claim of praxis**

by claiming through your actions the right of Destruction.

Your Majesty - I shall give you but one piece of advice, unless you ask further of me: Do not force my attendance upon you. I have chosen this not out of insolence, but out of respect for you and for every other member of this domain.

By my hand,

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn

Kindred of Glasgow,

Elder Deacon was killed by a member of Clan Assamite, following an ambush in which the power of the blood known as Summon was used to draw the Primogen away from court.

I have no doubt that there will be continued speculation regarding the timing of this attack on the Primogen of the domain. My friends, I must beg for calm. I was assured by Calvin Pope that he did not personally contract this killer. The killer's name is known, and I hope and trust that we can expect to hear a bloodhunt announced regarding this crime, both of the assassin and those who contracted him.

In the meantime - I must warn you all to be highly cautious if you feel a sudden and compelling urge to go somewhere unexpected - if you have ever felt the power, you will recognise it again in future. If you cannot avoid it, then arrive expecting to fight for your life. Even being accompanied by allies may not be sufficient for your own survival.

If you yourself are capable of this power, I recommend that unless you are using it to help train a compatriot to recognise its tells, you

avoid it until this dangerous assassin has been dealt with. Whilst the power has its uses in drawing allies to you in times of danger, 'crying wolf' will have its consequences. Telephones exist, as do manners.

On that note - I remain available via the usual and civil means of communication for any matters that require a Harpy. Should you wish to meet in person, I will host guests by appointment, or meet on Elysium by arrangement. I shall be spending more time with my surviving family, and at my studies. Those who seek to share knowledge are welcome to walk with me; those who come seeking violence will discover it in abundance.

I will be in communication with Prince Villon of France to discuss how the family wish to honour the memory of his grandchilde Deacon.

There was a time, centuries ago, when Deacon and I very seriously considered that he would be my own sire. Ultimately, that was a path untrodden - even impetuous lovers can recognise the political fallout and feud that would have been caused by a Toreador of a prestigious line and a century-old Giovanni ghouling making some romantic pact to flee from Venice to France together. It has never become a matter of denouncing one clan for another - but such bonds matter, no matter how many years pass, and death itself does not break them.

In life, he treated my childer as though they were his grandchilder; and I continue to hold his childer in my heart as if they were my own broodmates, sisters even; and his ward as my own responsibility. Threats to any have always been threats to all.

Blood will be shed for him - but I will not allow my Beast to take control and sully his memory. Instead, I weep ruddy tears. But I warn you now - interrupt my grief, goad me further, and there may be more shed than only tears. I adhere to the Traditions, but you may wish that I did not.

My beloved would consider your screams of agony a fitting hymn for his requiem, and I am most professional in answering the final will of the dead.

And to those who have an interest in what the cards have to say, I give you the spread that Magnus Burton drew for me two years ago, to interpret as you will:

The High Priestess
The Empress
Justice

By blood and by bone: let those who have destroyed my own be cursed with foreknowledge of their own fate.
By rose and by thorn: let this be an inspiration and a lesson.
In love and in pain: Let it be so. Let it be so. Let it be so.

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn
Harpy of Glasgow
Capo of the Giovanni Anti-Tribu

Relevant Excerpts from The Female of the Species by Rudyard Kipling dedicated to Calvin Pope

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the wicked low,
To concede some form of trial even to his fiercest foe.
Mirth obscene diverts his anger—Doubt and Pity oft perplex
Him in dealing with an issue—to the scandal of The Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of her frame
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and engined for the same;
And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail,
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

She who faces Death by torture for each life beneath her breast
May not deal in doubt or pity—must not swerve for fact or jest.
These be purely male diversions—not in these her honour dwells.
She the Other Law we live by, is that Law and nothing else.

I look forward to seeing if you are capable of defending your court when you have so many rising against you that even the courts old officers do not keep to basic manners and threaten all members of the Glasgow court by planting live bombs.

If your hands are still clean, and you come out of hiding long enough for someone to check, then we'll have our answer about whether you are fit to have any claim to Praxis.

with all respect due

Nathaira

Kindred,

I would like to publicly thank Prince Leslie of Aberdeen for his very warm welcome and impeccable hospitality during my recent visit to the Domain. It gladdens me to know that Glasgow has such a generous and redoubtable neighbour to the north.

I am grateful to have been invited to take part in one of the regular Garou hunts to the north of the Domain that Prince Leslie organised. It was a singular experience. And despite the hunt costing an arm and a leg, I am very much looking forward to the next one!

I would also like to take the opportunity to thank my good friend Maggie Stewart for her company on the drive to Aberdeen. The hours passed without notice as I avidly listened to your tales. I can see why so many Princes are happy to listen to your wise words and sage advice.

Rafiq Zev Ben-Zion,
Sheriff of Glasgow,
Emissary of Clan Assamite.

The Standing Stones of Machrie Moor

The Isle of Arran has long been renowned for an abundance of faerie lore, with many folk tales about the myriad caves and ancient graves thereabouts. You can barely throw a stone without it landing on a site of some historical importance - and that is exactly how the six great stone circles came to rear above the sodden moorland of Machrie Moor should you choose to believe faerie tales the elders of the villages tell in hushed, half-believing whispers down in the pub after a few pints of the good stuff, and one appletini (but we shan't dwell on Sly Tam, whose tale this was, more than we have to).

The tale tells of a group of very bored faeries sat atop the hill of Durra-na-each, gambling over a competition of throwing pebbles onto the moor which was, apparently, then a forest. Either they grew those pebbles into such lofty great stones or those were some very large and strong faeries indeed! Certainly, there is a site called the Giant's Grave not so far away, so perhaps that competition resulted in a very sore loser (alternatively, that more mundane site consists of two chambered cairns whose mounds have been worn down by time and exposed to the air, but perhaps that is just the archaeologist in me)

Under a full moon I ventured forth to talk to the Stones of Machrie Moor to see what they had to say for themselves. Impressive they are, and their rising from loam to the air by ancient hands even more so to the educated mind. Like something from an old dream so they are - and certainly, Arran seems the sort of place that has not drifted so far from the realms of myth and magic as our own urban landscape. A local farmer thereabouts, a short, brash sort of ruffian wearing a fine red woollen cap, eyed my nocturnal ramblings askance and seemed

none-too-pleased by my presence there. Not being a complete boor, I offered him a winning smile, a fresh bannock, and some sweet mead from my hipflask. He doffed his cap and claimed I was less dull than most of my kind. He surely must have encountered a lot of scholars in his time! In any case, he and the standing stones both agree that Sly Tam is a trickster and a bald-face liar. A game of faerie stones indeed -preposterous! The farmer hinted to the area's far more bloody past, of ritual sacrifices and slaughter way back when wooden henges gave way to enduring stone and an encroaching 'civilisation' from the mainland that brought all sorts of strange folks to his island.

The night ended with a more modern tale of a blood-drinking shapeshifter that plagued the land the 1800s, one that was reportedly hunted down by this farmer fellow's rambunctious kith and kin - I thought, perhaps, then was the correct time to bid him, and Arran, goodbye...

Cheers,
Cameron Johnston

From the desk of Corporal Draven Southsea

I am interested in training in Celerity or Fortitude, I can give training in Dominate or Potence in return. I can be contacted at Court, at the Obsidian or through the usual secure channels.

Wanted

Drugs and poisons of all types. Price negotiable based on quality not quantity. For all inquiries contact The Bostonian. Timewasters may find themselves cursed.

The Beast and I

Lex makes a big mistake and does these things without thinking

Blue Moon: 3 Things Not to Do:

- Start Something New. *With so much energy pulsating from the full moon, we might be tempted to start something new immediately. ...*
- Overreact to Situations. *'This period intensifies everything you're experiencing'. ...*
- Make Hasty Decisions.

Alex walks home from the rave at Doyles having resisted frenzy and has this type of dialogue with himself to his Beast:

A- Are you Happy Now?

B- No!

You lost control....

A- No!

I endured, I had help

B- Like Black shuck?

A- I will endure

My time will come,

B- Yes, I will see to that!

'The Beast stirs'

Alex slows his pace,

looks up to the sky

The Stars look good tonight.

He Settles down.

He Reflects on the Night...

A- It could have been worse!

B- A lot worse if I had my way!

A- Yes! But you didn't

I endured your anger

B- for now...

A- For now!

Alex Caimbeul

Gangrel

In a single night:

I have seen the more endorsements than most can afford,

I have heard a confession to orchestration of an assassination,

I have witnessed accusations and confessions of convictable acts,

and witnessed dissatisfaction met with inaction and silence.

There is a word for this, or even a phrase.

You were there, so I'll let you decide what it is.

I have never seen silence be paid for by the one's selling it.

I'm not making any accusations and

I don't feel it would carry consequences either

Based on the tone that was set.

Am I wrong?

Nah, the only real consequence has resigned.

Emile Hendriksen

LGBTQ+ Book Recommendations

Now that it is June, I realised that my list of LGBTQ+ books that I have read this year are not as numerous as I thought. If anyone has any queer book recommendations, I would love to start reading some. Perhaps we could start a book club, if there is not already one within Glasgow that I do not know about.

I am currently reading “The Seven Moons of Maali Almeida.” Would anyone like to join me this month? I can already tell that I will cry reading it. Perhaps we could comfort each other?

Also, if there are any Pride Celebrations for Kindred going on, please let me know.

- Amelia Campbell

On the Matter of Getting Out More

by Bartholomew Sinclair

I have been in Glasgow four months.

In that time I have found the court to be sharp, the city to be magnificent, and the moment — if I may be permitted a small observation — to be rather an interesting one. New chapters have a particular quality to them. An alertness. A sense that the city itself is paying attention.

It seems to me a fine time to be out in it.

Over the next twelve months I intend to organise a series of cultural evenings for any Court member who cares to join me. One per month, each with a theme, a date, and guidance on dress. The destination will not be disclosed in advance — collection from Elysium, and I will take it from there. We will be moving among kine. I ask only that we look as though we belong, which I suspect will not trouble most of you unduly.

THIS MONTH — CULTURE NIGHT: JAZZ

Wednesday 10th June

Glasgow's Jazz Festival turns forty this year, and the city is marking it accordingly — over a hundred musicians across five days, spread across some of the finest venues Glasgow has to offer. We attend on the Wednesday evening, when the programme historically finds its stride.

Jazz at its best is architecture you can feel. Forty years of this festival means forty years of this city understanding that implicitly, and the lineup — spanning classic jazz through soul, fusion, and funk — reflects an institution entirely comfortable with what it has become. There is something to be said for that kind of confidence.

Be at Elysium for collection.

Dress code: Smart casual. A good jacket, something considered underneath. This is not a night for trainers, but neither is it a night to outshine the band.

“Jimmy Riddle: Insert snappy title June”

Last month's Drama of Practice had all the hallmarks of a classic: tension building, voices rising, the sort of energy that makes you check your watch and realise you probably should've left earlier. Which, incidentally, I did. I left at 10:30.

And by all accounts... I missed the crescendo. That's on me.

But in this city, missing the main event doesn't mean missing the story. Since then, I've been approached by the new Prince and I offer my congratulations on their appointment and I've been offered stewardship of Elysium. A position

of weight, ceremony, and expectations sharp enough to cut silk.

I've formally accepted the role of Keeper of Elysium.

That works for me.

People and chairs, I'm good with both. And no, before anyone gets clever, I'm not talking about chair shots and folding steel in a wrestling ring.

This isn't that kind of night. Different arena. Same audience.

These nights have me thinking.

And I've been taken, properly taken, with one of Bartholomew Sinclair's ideas: a salon. A place to sit, speak, argue, refine the finer points of what it is to be us. Not shouting. Not posturing. Just... conversation sharpened into something useful.

So I'll be encouraging all -OOO how we describe in character- Status 2 and below to attend.

Yes. All of you. No velvet rope politics. No stage-managed ego contests. Just voices in the room, trying to make sense of the mess we've all stepped into. Call it Elysium adjacent. Call it controlled chaos. Call it what you like. I'll get round and get you all tickets, if I haven't give me a shout. I am thinking over some art in the Gallery.

As for me?

I'll be pottering about. Man about town.

Observer. Occasionally commentator.

Occasionally problem solver. Best way to reach me is simple: Phone P45

Drop a message, masquerade safe, name and number, and I'll get back to you when I can. I'm not hard to find. I'm just rarely in one place long, too many threads, too many people to see, palms to grease and floors to make sure get mopped. .

The ring is still there. The crowd is still watching. And somewhere between the introductions, the announcements, and the quiet manoeuvring of chairs...The real match is already underway.

J. Riddle

I hear the city has a new Prince, and for that I offer my congratulations. I also hear that, despite attempts to minimise it, there was some trouble. The normal amount of trouble, I suppose, that comes when our kind has a power struggle.

I am reminded of the Book of Samuel, when the Israelites asked for a King. The prophet Samuel delivered God's reply. "A king will surely take the best part of your harvests for his feasts, your wealth for his palace, and your children for his servants". But the Israelites insisted, so God gave them Saul. Imperfect mortal tools, fulfilling imperfect human desires, to achieve God's perfect plan.

So I encourage you, oh Kindred of Glasgow, not to strive against your Prince. Render unto Caesar that which is Caesar's, no? Maybe you think someone else would have been better, but the time for that is over, the decision has been made and it cannot be undone.

On an unrelated note, my childe and I believe no newspaper is complete without a crossword, so she has designed one for this month's issue. No contest is complete without the possibility of prizes, so I am offering a trivial boon to the first person to submit it fully solved. My childe has also hidden a message of my choosing in there. Decipher that and tell me my meaning, and you may have a minor boon.

Elias Paine Minister to the Damned

A Leadership Reading for Prince Calvin Pope

Six cards. Six questions. Six answers.

1. What area requires structure and authority?

Upright Ace of Wands: Within Glasgow, new arrivals and strange recent events exist aplenty. This card promises that the new Prince may yet secure his domain if he diligently structures his Court with new ideas and people. A fitting first card for a new Prince on a new beginning.

2. Where is Prince Calvin Pope in control?

Reversed Three of Cups: Whilst the Three of Cups normally suggests collaboration, in reverse this card suggests 'independence'. This card suggests that the Prince has his own affairs in order more than his enemies might suspect.

3. How can Prince Calvin Pope enact change?

Reversed Four of Pentacles: The opportunity to create change by avoiding greed. The Prince should ensure that he does not ignore his neighbours in Edinburgh or those who suffer from the Sabbat further afield. Preciously guarding his own domain's success will not create change.

4. What should remain in place?

Upright Ten of Wands: Moving from Seneschal to Prince. It may be tempting for some to think that the hard work is behind them, but the new Prince will find that his uphill battle has just begun. He will need to continue and redouble his effort as he transitions into his new role.

5. Where should Prince Calvin Pope look for leadership?

Upright Four of Cups: On a Rider-Waite-Smith card, the Four of Cups shows a hand offering a man a cup whilst he meditates. The Prince should focus on those who are of a steady spirit, reflective and knowledgeable. He would do well to avoid those who offer illusions of assistance at a high price. Those are not the leaders that Glasgow needs.

6. How should Prince Calvin Pope best lead others?

Upright Knights of Pentacles: The dedication of a knight, willing to step beyond the dreaming of others into the realm of action. The Prince would be wise to lead others by showcasing his own dedication to defend Glasgow and ensure that its inhabitants are protected and following the Traditions accordingly.

Reading by a seer (who wishes to remain anonymous and alive)

An anonymous poem, "Your Eyes".

Of all the mysteries in this world that I might study,
your eyes are one I cannot solve, though I try.

In the candlelight of Elysium,
they shine blue with freedom and dreaming;
a wild sea or endless sky,
incredibly fierce and brave.

Out in the night air,
they deepen into the most gleaming green;
rain covered hemlock leaves
or a meadow of sprouting wildflowers.

When you smile at me,
they soften with speckles of sturdy brown:
the hue of willow bark that heals pain
or darkened incense as it burns sweetly.

Sometimes, when you think I do not notice,
they turn the colour of reflection;
heavy storm-cloud grey,
as you are consumed with unspoken things.

Of all of the colours that your eyes become, I wonder
most what shade you might wear when I someday
whisper how much I care.

Dae ye Ken?

Have yous herd of an Antipope?
Read all about it!

What happens when a papal election is hung? Each
claimant get called Pope by their own side! But
history writes one as Antipope and Heretic...
Duh-duh-Duuuuuuh!

Will Pope — who Nods his shiny tinfoil imaginary hat
to Sabbat scripture — be Prince or 'Antiprince'?

Antiprince = Archbishop?

The more ye ken...

— A Nony Mouse

A Rambling on Social Power

Social power is the capacity to control and manage the labour and activities of a group to gain access to the benefits of social action. Michael Mann, a respected sociologist, identifies four sources of power: economic, political, military, and ideological. Throughout history, rulers of many titles have combined these sources of power in distinct ways to achieve specific goals.

We can see these sources of power being wielded in Courts across the country, and none so obviously as our own. We might have no formalised military, but it would be a mistake to think that a Court does not have teeth. Likewise, money talks, politics is our daily bread, and we all live by values if not by morals.

Economic power is perhaps the most powerful of the four, underpinning the power needed to move the others as desired, particularly to prop up the ideology of the powerful. By materialising ideology into a physical reality (a ceremonial event, symbolic object, monument, or even a writing system), the powerful promote their objectives and legitimacy at the expense of competing groups who lack those resources. From here, ideology often becomes a significant element of political strategy.

We may not consider Court evening to be ceremonial events, but they fit many definitions of ceremonial as a formal social event with set rules and behaviours, though we can likely be thankful that the feasting elements of historic ceremonial events are not mirrored in our society. Those in power, and those seeking it, should remain mindful of links between ceremony, ideology, and power. The powerful are only powerful if those beneath them believe it.

Court is an opportunity to cement power through our shared experience, and recent events show this well. We witnessed and we recognised power. Through our acceptance, we have legitimised it. Now those in power need to make sure we believe it.

-Anon

Dangerous Dog on the Loose

There have been reports of a series of vicious dog attacks over the past couple of weeks resulting in several deaths.

Dog attacks have occurred outside of churches near Darlington, Hexham, and Hawick, with families leaving the churches targeted.

James Clifford, 59, and his son Alex, 38, were killed outside St. Osmund's in Gainford near Darlington on the night of 9th May.

Maureen Plumb, 62, and her son Reginald, 27, were killed outside of the St John of Beverley Church in Haydon Bridge, Hexham, on the night of 14th May.

Further dog attacks on the Andrews family outside of St Cuthberts Scottish Episcopal Church in Hawick saw mum Sharon and daughter Angela slain, with dad David and son Danny severely injured. Both father and son remain in a critical condition in hospital.

All of the dogs responsible for the attacks have been reported to be large, powerful, black dogs that were extremely aggressive and didn't seem to have an owner nearby.

One witness in Hawick reported seeing "a huge black dog... massive... like a small horse size... red eyes. It looked like it was enjoying biting those people. I don't know how else to describe it."

Police are currently trying to trace the owners of these dogs with prosecutions for the owners and the destruction of the dogs very likely.

Patricia McDonald,
The Scottish Sun

Gangster deaths

Almost a dozen bodies were discovered in the back gardens of a row of flats on Arnprior Road, Castlemilk, on the morning of 11th May.

The dead were discovered to be gangsters from two crews, hailing from Albania on one side and the Daniels crime family on the other, and were all very well known to police.

Gory details of the scene include several tongues removed from the Albanian faction pointing to a potential fall out over some gangsters informing to the police.

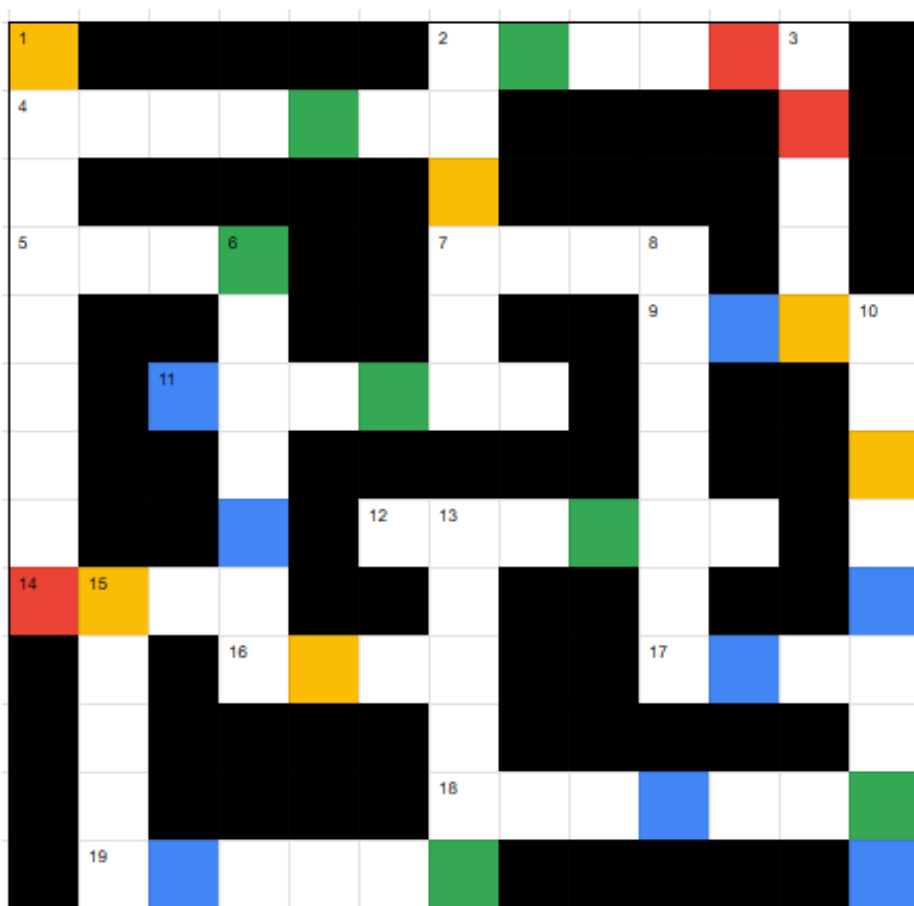
The fall out is reported to have come during a meeting in which the Daniels family were attempting to buy weapons from the Albanians to escalate a war with the Lyons crime family to consolidate control over the drug scene in Glasgow and other parts of Scotland.

Animal activity before the bodies were discovered mean that all funerals will feature closed caskets.

Further violence is likely as the Albanians are very likely to retaliate.

Police are currently hunting any survivors of the violent incident with the guns and money from the buy still unaccounted for.

Daily Record reporter,
Andrea Klein.



Across

- 2 Member of the clergy
- 4 Person who gives wisdom
- 5 Hot oven for pottery
- 7 Precious green stone
- 9 Rich and luxuriant, or healthy
- 11 Very dirty
- 12 A Prince's right to rule
- 14 Tooth and ____
- 16 Speak loudly
- 17 The sound of a cat
- 18 The clan of kings
- 19 Leader of a Camarilla city

Down

- 1 The clan of the moon
- 3 ____ and troughs
- 5 To act innocently to a fault
- 8 A place no kindred need fear
- 10 Modern holiday based off of Samhain
- 13 Experience again
- 15 Mouth hanging open