

Glasgow Court

Prince	◆ Magnus Burton of Clan Tremere
Seneschal	◆ Icarus of Clan Ventrue
Primogen	◆ Mary Graham of Clan Toreador ◆ Heather “Jack” Jackman of Clan Brujah ◆ Travis Moon of Clan Malkavian
Whips	◆ Callum of Clan Toreador, Whip to Heather Jackman ◆ Sebastian Greene of Clan Malkavian, Whip to Travis Moon
Sherif	◆ Rafiq Zev Ben Zion of Clan Assamite
Scourge	◆ Daniel Rogers of Clan Nosferatu
Keeper of Elysium	◆ Amelia Howard of Clan Toreador
Harpy	◆ Giuliana Dunsirn of the Giovanni Anti-Tribu ◆ Tullia Wright of Clan Ventrue ◆ Juliet Samson of Clan Malkavian

From the Editor:

January — the start of the fresh solar year and fresh opportunity for the kine to promise themselves to achieve goals that they will give up on in February.

A highlight in the issue is the irresistibly scandalous feature from Lady Giuliana Dunsirn.

The feature is followed by a year in review, an interesting statement and the usual personal advertisements.

Arts and culture lovers can look forward to a poem and a music column.

Keep your ghouls wrapped warm during these long nights and treat yourself to some freshly oxygenated blood at the closest sport gymnasium near you.

Reminder from the Editor

A reminder to all Kindred who receive this publication that prolonged possession of this publication is done so at your own risk and that the Editor advises destruction of this publication upon reading.

Pour vous illuminer, pour vous livrer la vérité.

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn

Friends, Glaswegians, Kindred,

There is much to be said. Hopefully the 'spice-level' will aid your tolerance for an essay.

I am not going anywhere. I am not some fairy-wife to flee back to her own people when insulted; nor some Mary Poppins to fly away when the wind changes. Nor am I so petty or selfish that I would take the decisions that follow before we had first responded collectively to the threat offered by Mithras.

But I was insulted, Glasgow was insulted, and so the wind must change.

Let me begin by reminding those newer to the night that whilst anyone may proclaim themselves a harpy - as some of you may have heard whispered attempts made at last court - such proclamations hold little weight unless other Harpies recognise them. Or put another way - only a Harpy may recognise a Harpy.

But Giuliana, I hear you say - didn't you recognise Leo?

Why yes, dear reader, I did... think about that...

...The quill is sharpened once again, my friends. Did you miss me?

But Giuliana - didn't you step aside from actively being a Harpy because it was not compatible with being Primogen?

Why yes, dear reader, I did...

...Your Majesty, with regret, you may take this as my resignation letter as Primogen.

I remain loyal to Glasgow, and shall defend it, the Camarilla and the Traditions. If the domain is in danger - call me, and I shall come. You may still ask me for advice - but only if you choose to seek it out.

It's beyond time for us to shake things up. You aren't that far off your second anniversary as Prince, after all.

You see, I don't know if your people have been telling you this - but some of the whispers and the side-talks have been getting a little awkward lately. I have gone to great lengths to ensure your authority and power as Prince are respected - but it seems presumptions are being made about my own on that front.

When letters of introduction regarding would-be residents are written separately to both you and me - there is clearly some hedging of bets occurring. This worries me.

Equally, when Glasgow's Harpy informs me they are leaving, and seemingly neglects to tell you... No, let me not make assumptions. Perhaps Tullia's description of Leo's disappearance as a 'mystery' straight after talking with you merely reflected her own view rather than echoing yours. Certainly I would be loathe to presume that some of her other points of conversation - such as questioning why I was Primogen - had originated with another.

(Pro-tip, Tullia, never admit such ignorance when in the same breath trying to convince people you're a trustworthy source of rumour and gossip - I could give other helpful tips, but I need to focus on addressing our Prince here, regardless of your ambitions)

Another kindred of high repute, whom I will not name, has also had a moment of confusion lately - asking me why I had not inflicted Final Death upon my cousin rather than only torporing him. I do not hold the Right of Destruction, my friend. Was it possible that you were suggesting either that I would choose to break the Traditions we both hold dear; or that my control over my Beast is so weak that I would frenzy and destroy another? I do try to be charitable and avoid finding insult where there was none intended - but I am still struggling to find a third interpretation for such a question.

(continued on the next page)

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn

As these various matters come together, I cannot ignore that some kindred are acting (at best interpretation) as though I am Your Majesty's secretary, and that to write to me is equivalent to writing to you. The alternative interpretation is far more dangerous. I could keep trying to blinker myself to this, and hope that you would do the same - but I must endeavour to answer it properly, in the way that is best for the domain.

Let me be clear - and address both my admired Prince and his domain of Glasgow.

Regardless of how some are acting, and talking:- I do not hold praxis. I do not wish to challenge Prince Magnus. To do so would be to rob the domain of a talented leader, politician, and occult scholar. I serve and protect this domain, and will not see it weakened in such a wasteful and pointless way by the two of us being set at odds by gossip. I would hope, Your Majesty, that you continue to share this view.

So I shall be as helpful as it is within my power to be.

Kindred - I am not Magnus's 'Miss Money Penny', or 'Joan Harris', or any other charmingly helpful, pin-up assistant. Going forward, to avoid this confusion, I shall endeavour to be less helpful. My charm and physical assets remain unabated, we cannot help what nature gifted us with.

I will not be setting agendas, taking minutes, or offering a voice of moderation and mercy behind closed doors. Unless asked to assist, I will not be responding to the bloodhunts of our neighbours, at risk to my own safety. I will not be advising of coups before they happen so that skulls can be publicly battered *pour encourager les autres*. I will not be intervening to discourage the young and the foolish from saying and doing things that lead to their own injury or destruction.

I trust that this will ensure that there is no further confusion - and I pray that you will all embrace the changes this necessitates.

Regrettably, Your Majesty - regarding the membership of the Primogen Council, I must also formally withdraw my previous recommendation that Elder Tullia be considered for a seat.

Whilst her standing in our society has not previously been called into question - indeed, the Harpy of Naples has nothing but praise for her (this month) - a Primogen must also be loyal to the domain. As she explained to half your Primogen Council last court, and in front of a young kindred who was taking notes - she far prefers London to this boring, party-free backwater of ours. At best, I fear that she will be frequently absent from the domain as she continues to try to build her personal reputation in Europe - and at worst, she could be sitting in on your confidential discussions with conflicted loyalties. The choice, of course, is yours - but I would be remiss not to make my concerns on the matter known.

Kindred,

I continue to hold the Boon Book of Glasgow, and will be pleased to record matters of prestation as advised to me, either in writing or in person. I shall be resuming my salons, and of course am pleased to receive private callers - although I would ask that you make an appointment with my assistant Juliet Samson, since my diary can be busy.

I may be written to either via Elysium or at home, for all your usual love letters, death threats, gossip, gardening advice, futile pleadings to be taught necromancy (please, stick to asking me about the plants), and the usual assorted miscellany of shenanigans.

I shall, of course, be watching, commenting, and encouraging you all to be your very best (worst?) selves.

~ Lady Giuliana Dunsirn

Capo of the Giovanni Anti-Tribu

Elder of Glasgow

Harpy

A Year in Review

As the calendar pages turn I have always found it helpful to take a pause and take account. It is my first year in the court of Glasgow and it has completely lived up to its rambunctious reputation, in the best way possible. The domain provides an ever so delightful contrast between the court scrambles and the soirées.

The beginning of the year had a fierce battle waged by rhyme and couplet between Travis Moon and Keeper Amelia. The fight ended surprisingly amicably, with both challengers exchanging odes.

Feargus Dunsirn declared Raphael Ortega a coward due to the latter's insult of Lady Giuliana and summoned him to a duel. After a heated exchange that followed, the duellists discovered to their horror they did not have appropriate pocket squares and instead agreed on a shopping trip.

Summer brought us the magnificent Summer Ball in theme of Met Gala, courtesy of the Keeper. To mark the occasion, the domain was graced by very prominent guests from near and afar, bringing with them glitz and the glamour that, I daresay, outshone any other gala in existence.

Autumn, in contrast, invited more contention: Feargus decided to try his case with the (then) scourge Kenzie Lex. Our short-tempered (then) scourge decided she did not wish to accept the case, and the conversation per se was cut short. Neither participant really won from the 'debate' however Feargus did manage to escape within the inch of his life from Kenzie.

After causing all the commotion Feargus seems to have earned himself a one-way ticket to Venice, courtesy of Lady Giuliana. If you've never heard of *Venezia* and its charms, you must've never stood within hearing distance of Lady Giuliana.

October was marked by some of my cousins' departure. As much as it pains me to bring up the separation, I respect their decision to stick to more traditional attitudes and place their future to be with that of Mithras. Although I disagree with their choice, I hope to hear about their future endeavours.

In court, Clan Malkavian declared Travis Moon as their new primogen. Let's hope for the clan his decisions are as sound as his poetry.

In wider Camarilla news this year the Justicar circle has announced new Justiciars for the next cycle.

Winter was marked by the fantastic and fantastical Winter Ball. Our Keeper, as ever, created the most enchanting atmosphere – going so far as dressing several rooms in themes of many different pantheons. I hope everyone had the chance to partake in the delightful array of offerings at the bar and chat to many esteemed guests visiting us that evening.

Conflict is natural to both kindred and kine, however we can see that not all strife needs to end in final death. Let us reflect on the past year with sound judgement and look ahead towards new ambitions.

Felicitations and Happy New Year to all.

~ *Tullia Wright*

Elder of Glasgow

Harpy



Harpy of Edinburgh

In the absence of a recognised Harpy of Glasgow, and since the Lady Giuliana Dunsirn holds the records of Glasgow's boons after the loss of Leo Clarke, it would be inappropriate for her to record her own debts and assets. Therefore, let it be known as a matter of public record that Mr Draven Southsea of the Lasombra is indebted to Giuliana Dunsirn to the tune of a Major Boon. The Lady Giuliana has advised that this Boon will only be called in for the benefit of the Domain of Glasgow.

~ Deacon

*Elder Toreador of the House of Villon
Harpy of Edinburgh*

A Declaration

Good evening,

As some of you may be aware, I have raised my interest in being one of the Harpies for the Court of Glasgow. I believe that my unique position and skills support my success in this role.

I am a union man. As part of my current role in the human world, I act as a liaison between those who have power and those who do not, and I help grant those without a voice to be able to raise issues and concerns where they may not normally be able to do so. I have good communication and negotiation skills which would make me an excellent diplomat to other cities. I am compliant with current legislation and will record boon's under the strictest of GDPR rules to ensure that your personal data is safe.

Now some may ask "but are you not an Anarch?" Yes, I am. That gives me the unique placement within society to represent both members of the Camarilla as well as the Anarch.

I hope you will all take me into consideration as one of the city's harpies and look forward to speaking to everyone soon.

Kind regards,

Bill the Glasgow Union Man

Personals

LOST: Little green bag containing various culinary herbs and spices, some homeopathic medicine in tablet form, and a small glass sculpture. If found, please return to B. Shaftoe - no need to involve Police, will provide reward on return. ~Shaftoe

Wanted

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

~ Contact Sir Douglas for details. ~

Wretchribution.

I try, I try, a little bit of me is gone.
I try, I try, so I can belong. I try and i try,
so i can be well.
I try, dear God, why am I in hell?

I try & try to no avail,
stuck in a dungeon,
where no good can prevail.
forced to survive when I'm struck
like a leper, blemished in spirit
feeling like leather.

Trying to eek out my best form of life,
looking for hope, pleading to thrive.
jumping from one thing with the hope to improve,
then to another, while feeling my dues.

are my sins in a past life, cursing me in this?
is it too much to ask, for a pardon,
a kiss? Is it the point that surely i miss?
or is it sharp like glass, a forked tongue
a dark tryst.

Slowly onward I crawl through the mud
pulling my body along in its blood.
dragging my corpse which is all but decayed,
seeking that water of life that i prayed,
seeking an end to this unholy tirade,
an end with no beginning, a darkness
with no shade.

I find the water of life,
I drink...Watch me rise in the tide
I drink, watch me sore, watch me glide.
i drink, pure nectar inside,

i am one with the angels now,
on Michaels horse i ride
through hell watch me trample and stride
casting darkness & demons aside.

who are you to forsake
one blow with my sword and satans a snake
one blow and i cut off his head
& throw it deep into the fiery lake.
no more thirst must you perpetuate
no more sin to degenerate this neonate.

Time to sleep...

~Alex Caimbeul

Dancing About Architecture

It begins with a drone. A deep bass hum. A tape loop provides a clicking, unravelling rhythm.

Godspeed You! Black Emperor are a canadian post-rock collective. They make strange, symphonic rock music. Long haunting pieces that build and build into aching climaxes, before receding into eerie noise.

Strings enter, holding on a haunting note. Then, a high pitched wailing, that might be a voice begins to sketch out a melody. Slowly, with each iteration of the melody, the strings shift from their drone to a harmony with that wailing tone, gradually recognisable as a guitar played with a slide. Slowly the elements coalesce into a chordal movement. Then, they pull back, allowing a single guitar to trace a pattern of chords.

They released the Slow Riot for New Zero Kanada EP between their first and second albums, it's widely regarded as their easiest entry point. It's half hour run time is comparatively short by their standards (for the record, in this time they perform two songs) and it features some of their strongest melodies, a stellar example of spoken word in music and a minimum of the ambient abstraction that may put some off their larger pieces.

The pattern repeats, accompanied by the delicate notes of glockenspiel. The bass re-enters, supporting the harmonic movement of the guitar and glockenspiel. The drums enter, establishing us in a gentle waltz, accompanied by a guitar, distorted yet distant, tracing a melody. A second enters, then a violin all building in haunting counterpoint. Gradually the full band coalesces around this strange, beautiful but tragic waltz.

Post-Rock was always a fraught term, something coined by critics to describe a movement in the nineties that couldn't really be thought of as a unified movement until that grouping was made. This is a feature of criticism, not a bug. Creatives will pursue their own interests, follow their own light. One value of criticism is being able to observe these movements in context, and see when an idea is collectively entering the zeitgeist.

At last the final guitar enters, building a figure that rises and falls, and builds in intensity, until we move into the penultimate movement. The ascending figure of the final guitar melody builds over an increasing snare roll and the band builds and builds, getting louder and louder, until with a final snap of the snare, they reach the climax.

The band takes up in unison, hammering that ascending figure into the triumphant melody that will be its final form. They alternate between a unison pounding of the theme and a variation that builds on the counterpoint until finally, the song fades on a wail of feedback, leaving only the gentle, guiding frame of a violin and cello, painting the chords one final time, until the cello is all that remains.

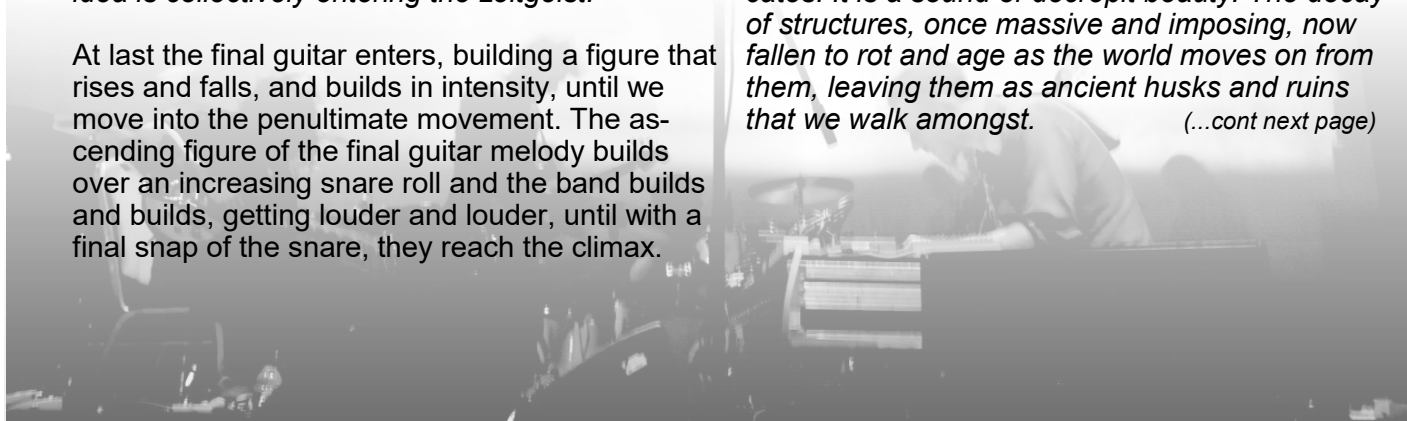
If post-rock ever had a definition, it could be loosely summed up as the using of rock techniques to produce music that distinctly was most rock music. Whether this meant the mathrock clean precision of slint, the glacial beauty of Sigur Ros, the jazzy improvisations of tortoise or indeed the symphonic rock GY!BE.

It's joined by the chiming harmonics of the guitar as the piece moves into its second half. For the first time, a human voice enters the pieces. A ranting street poet outlines his distrust of the American government. Over droning, shifting strings, he outlines his views before beginning a story of an interaction with a judge over a speeding ticket, indicating his lack of respect for the office.

GY!BE have always been explicitly a political band, which is impressive for a band that largely performs instrumental music. These political stances were usually expressed in song titles, general tone and of course the various spoken word pieces that form part of their music. These were usually sourced by the band themselves, going out and meeting various strangers, interviewing them and arranging these interviews to shape a narrative for their music.

As he concludes his story, we shift into a lower chord, and the tension briefly resolves into beauty, then we shift back to tension as he continues to rant. We alternate between these two chords, the beauty periodically overpowering his ranting voice until finally, a run of tremolo strings and a roll on the drums leads to a pause.

Despite this usage of interviews, it is truly the music that carries the messages the band communicates. It is a sound of decrepit beauty. The decay of structures, once massive and imposing, now fallen to rot and age as the world moves on from them, leaving them as ancient husks and ruins that we walk amongst. (...cont next page)



Dancing About Architecture

A single guitar carries the sound, with prolonged, bending chords. Slowly, it begins to trace out a new pattern. A set of chords that ascend and descend, until finally landing back at the home chord. Again, we begin to build slowly, other instruments joining in with this ascending pattern. Unlike the counterpoint of the first piece, here the emphasis is on unison. As each instrument joins in with this set of chords, a set of distant, pounding drums, like that of an approaching army begins to build. Slowly, like the climax of a movie, we build, until at last we move to a different progression, the drums slipping into a doom like pulse, until we again fade back to quiet. This final dynamic shift takes us to a new sound.

I have used the term symphonic a number of times, but I think it's important to emphasise how this structure is applied to their music. Melodies and pieces move into each other, expanding and contracting in a continuous stream of sound, always evolving yet providing the sensation of a single, shifting performance.

A piano, soft and gently played, repeats a single chord as our street poet continues his monologue. He outlines his collection of weapons and his attitude to the future. "Do you think things are going to get better before they get worse?" "No way, things are just going to get worse and keep on getting worse." As he finally recites his poem, an ode to societal decay, strings and a guitar begin to slowly join the piano, beautiful and tragic, and the piano at last begins to move between different chords.

The interview subject that appears in the second half of the EP is a gentleman who has only ever identified himself as Blaze Bailey Finnegan the Third. According to band lore, they encountered him at an open mic night, performing the poem he does at the climax of the album after ranting about parking tickets and the general decline of society. Fans of more traditional rock music may recognise the name as the third singer of NWOBHM band Iron Maiden. They may also note that the poem he recites is in fact the lyrics to the Iron Maiden song Virus. Godspeed have consistently claimed that they did not recognise the name or the song (indeed, their music and general presentation do make it quite believable that they are not familiar with the work of Iron Maiden) and have always presented it as simply being a piece that resonated with their own beliefs. It does put an interesting light on the stories told by this man, as it is easy to suspect that he is lying even before this point. He lists an armoury of guns that even for an American seems dubious, and his claims of lecturing a judge before simply walking off into the sunset seem dubious at best.

As the poem finishes, a beautiful violin melody fills the space. Gradually the guitar begins a pattern of chords that counter the piano and then we build to the final swell. Over a militant drum pattern, a combination of wailing guitar and violin play a heroic melody, the climax of this dark movie. Just three notes, yet they seem to contain all of the hope and despair that's come before. The B section here hammers a chord progression under a howl of traumatized feedback, and then we have ascent again. Chords rise and fall, as cymbals crash and the snare bounds. This is the ending, the finale. The buildings are collapsing, the roads erupting in fire, the citizens rising up. The final tones are pounded into your skull before finally, the song ends in a howl of feedback and noise.

While much is often made of the intensity of the climaxes of these pieces, it is important to note that they impact so much because of the prolonged buildup. These songs are not ten or fifteen minutes long as exercises in self indulgence. In isolation, these climaxes are not as musically intense as some other pieces of music. Indeed, if played in isolation next to some death metal, GY!BE at their loudest might seem quaint. But that is the advantage of this long, dynamic music. By bringing you in with quiet, when they do finally get loud, they feel like the earth is shaking.

A coda of strings and distant human voices, played in reverse, paints a final sketch, the end credits of this imaginary movie. But there is no resolution here. The strings and voices dance around our ears briefly, providing a sense of the storm having passed, but fade out without resolution. Because the storm never truly passes. It ebbs and flows, erupting periodically into violence, or fading into quiet beauty, or even near silence.

There is no other band on earth like Godspeed You! Black Emperor. While they exist within a context of a larger movement, while the elements that make up their approach have certainly manifested in other forms before, they occupy a unique place, one that unlike their fellows has never really been iterated upon. Slint have their successors in Black Country, New Roads. Mogwai and Tortoise unquestionably inspired Black Midi. But if you want to listen to something like Godspeed, there's no one else to listen to but Godspeed. So after the half hour of music finishes, what is there to do, but play it once more.

Again, it begins with a drone.

~Chris Napier

The Shroud Presents...

