



A Creative Writing Journal

Poetry and prose inspired by objects, artworks and documents related to alcohol and the Scottish temperance movement

Artefacts from the University of Glasgow's Archives and Special Collections and The Hunterian

Contents

About the Project	1
‘DRINKING SCENE’	3
Spillage, Lisa Jones.....	4
Barflies, MT Taylor.....	5
THISTLE GLASS	6
Prickle, John Bolland.....	7
The Good Advice, Sarah Rushbrooke	8
A Drunk Man Looks at a Thistle Glass, Anne Hay.....	9
stand art / d, Emma Urbanova	10
TEMPERANCE MEDAL.....	13
Ardent Spirits, Kerry Ryan	14
To a Temperance Medal, Anne Hay	18
The Man I Live With, Rosaleen Lynch.....	19
POSTERS AND RULES	20
Statement from the Accused, Anne Hay.....	23
Two Erasure Poems, Emma Urbanova	24
An Autobiography, Emma Urbanova.....	25
The Goodwife’s Devotion, Lily Watson	26
Author Biographies.....	27

About the Project

The 'Alcohol in the Archives' project invites creative writers to engage with a range of objects, artworks and documents related to alcohol and the Scottish temperance movement. These artefacts come from the University of Glasgow's Archives and Special Collections and The Hunterian. Archives and museum objects are great tools for writers. There's lots of stories and characters, memories and associations, behind and within objects. This journal features poetry and prose inspired by these fascinating and intriguing artefacts.

The work here comes from the 'Alcohol in the Archives' creative writing workshop which ran on Saturday 21st November 2020 as part of the [Being Human Festival](#), the UK's national festival of the humanities. Originally the workshop was set to take place in Maryhill Burg Hall, Glasgow. Maryhill, after all, was home to the UK's first temperance society, founded in 1829. Ongoing restrictions in the COVID-19 pandemic meant we couldn't meet in person. Yet running the event online meant that many more writers could participate, joining from all over the UK and beyond.

This journal is divided into four sections, bringing together poems and stories inspired by each artefact. The first is a 1975 artwork called 'Drinking Scene' by Donald MacKenzie, depicting a busy pub. The second is a drinking glass in the shape of a thistle, with a repaired chip in the rim. Third is a temperance medal issued by the British Women's Temperance Association Scottish Christian Union. Lastly, there is a temperance propaganda poster in form of a reward notice, plus the written rules of the Glasgow Total Abstinence Society from 1838.

There is a wonderful range of writing here, from Lisa Jones's slippery and disorienting story 'Spillage' and Anne Hay's defiant poem 'To a Temperance Medal', to Kerry Ryan's moving and nuanced family portrait in 'Ardent Spirits' and Emma Urbanova's erasure experiments. I am always impressed by how one object can inspire so many different stories and voices.

If you are a creative writer, or just want to give writing a try, I hope you feel inspired to look to your favourite or newly-discovered collections for ideas.

'Alcohol in the Archives' is part of the Hunterian Associates Programme, a platform for postgraduate researchers to share their expert knowledge and to develop meaningful public engagement, bringing the University of Glasgow's collections to new audiences. Special thanks to Ruth Fletcher, The Hunterian, and Casi Dylan, College of Arts, for their help over many months.

Sarah Spence
December 2020

'DRINKING SCENE'



'Drinking Scene' by Donald MacKenzie, 1975,

©The Hunterian 2020, GLAHA:50811

LISA JONES

Spillage

After ten minutes in the bar queue with Ralf, I knew more than I ever needed to about Valerie's hernia, Fred's debilitating fear of the red man on the pedestrian crossing, or Spencer's four years spent sharing a cell with Bertie. 'Watch this', said Ralf, pointing out the way that they stood at opposite ends of the pub, pretending not to see each other.

'Oi Bert! Bert! Over here!' yelled Ralf, gesturing madly at Spencer who was trying to crawl face-first inside his pint glass. I said nothing, wondering why Ralf had chosen to talk to me in particular, and whether a balloon with an agreeable facial expression drawn on it might do just as well for him.

My sherry left an aftertaste of mint spittle, and I realised I'd been served a used toothbrush-holder. I also realised that the more I drank, the less anything about this dank and airtight place bothered me; the jostling polyester bodies that itched against my bare arms, the cheerfully fractured sentences carried over to me on Campari-aerated breath; the sudden absence of politeness, freedom from the 'sorrys' and 'excuse mes' that crouched in my throat.

Time became impossible to quantify, so I threw my watch to the ground and let it shatter under a passing Hush Puppy. I didn't know or care how long I had been at the pub. The décor seemed to go from digestive-biscuit-beige to burgundy to metallic-hot-pink and back to beige as I lost all sense of what year it was. I felt my skin drying out as I danced, irreversible lines forming around my eyes and mouth each time I laughed.

'Am I too old to be at this party?' I asked the nearest twitching form. 'No, not at all!' replied a girl with cropped purple hair who looked about nine. 'Keep dancing!' she said, beginning to film me as I convulsed to music I didn't understand, music that was not playing when I first got here. The discordant synths seemed designed to make me look and feel ridiculous, demanding tormented, semi-rhythmic gestures from me.

'Drink this, and keep dancing,' repeated the tiny girl, as she handed me a litre of Homebase methylated spirit and watched me struggle with the childproof cap.

Laughter rose like an oncoming wave as my legs crumbled to nervous stumps on the lager-gunk disco tiles. The mirrorball spun infinite synchronised reflections of the inside-out sock puppet I had become over five decades spent in the same pub, and I wondered if I should make this my last one.

MT TAYLOR

Barflies

See there, these questionable creatures
who drink alone
in company.

They must not lose sight of
the barman-goblin
who holds a glass up to the light and finds the place
where flesh becomes water
and wipes it clean.

In careful measure, he exchanges gold for gold
from the other side of his long thin table
for one.

His alchemy is reduced to this:
a slight of hand
and a quick return

They scarcely feel his skinning knife, his stitching pin
the graft which heals so nicely only he
can see the scar.

He knows they're drowning, and he keeps them here
one hand stroking his own silky wings
behind the bar.

THISTLE GLASS



Drinking glass in the shape of a thistle, with a repaired chip in the rim

©The Hunterian 2020, GLAHM:C.1947.122

JOHN BOLLAND

Prickle

One for the china cabinet, dust
lined in its prickly uselessness.
Always the triumph of bad form over function,
she was. Frills and fiddliness frustrating
all hope of a decent dram.
Pure Jockerie, in cheap lead crystal,
coarse, of course, alone – no way
she'd think to buy a pair or four.
Short measure drinking on your tod.
Short shrift cajoled into a corner.

SARAH RUSHBROOKE

The Good Advice

‘The good glasses are for special occasions is terrible advice!’ My Grandma would always say to me. I think about this as I push one of my Vivienne Westwood earrings into my right ear. They’re my most expensive piece of jewellery, now tarnished with age, and missing a few sparkles.

‘But what if they got broken?’ I would say to her.

‘But what if I would drop dead tonight, never having used them?’ She would pretend to be stern, but her eyes would twinkle with mischief. I would glare at her. I know where this is going.

‘Sarah,’ She would begin, and I would resign myself to hearing the story again. ‘Objects are meant to be used, you can’t take them with you.’ She would always laugh at this point.

‘When I was younger - yes, I was young once, you cheeky madam,’ I’d always laugh at this point, ‘I had the most beautiful jewellery. Some really stunning rings, that I would hardly ever wear.’ She would stop at this point, take a moment, usually glance down at her bare fingers. ‘Anyway, we got broken into a few times and they got stolen. I had never got the use out of them, and then they were gone. If I had gotten joy out of wearing them, it wouldn’t have been as hard.’ I knew she was right. We’d usually then open a bottle of wine and use her nice glasses. She only has one nice glass left now, because I’m clumsy. She says it doesn’t matter, and I know she’s telling the truth.

I have thought about this, every morning, for the last eight years, as I put my VW earrings in.

ANNE HAY

A Drunk Man Looks at a Thistle Glass

filled with the finest claret.

He loves the jagged feel of this bowl

how light makes its burgundy liquid glow.

He's a connoisseur of wine, knows

all its bouquets, its notes. Its *finishes*.

Every bottle expands his expertise.

How he'll impress the non-cognoscenti!

Till the day a crack appears and he slips

over the edge, plunges into a wine-lake,

surfaces whiles but the undertow's

too strong. Who knew it was such

a small step from diving to drowning?

EMMA URBANOVA

stand art / d

That glass was cracked. I noticed, when I raised it to my lips after an interval of doubts, that the ornate, intricate top was indeed not intact. Nevertheless, I proceeded, firmly grasping the pompous, almost ridiculously large bulge in-between the base and the bowl of the glass. My host was glancing at me peacefully, sitting cross-legged in her cashmere pants. Once I let the glass touch my mouth, it bruised my lower lip. ‘Shit,’ I uttered. I could taste my own blood.

‘Are you all right?’

‘Yes,’ I smiled at the elegant woman in cashmere. ‘Could I just ask for a tissue?’

She raised herself and returned with a neat piece of silk cloth, so spotless I was afraid to stain it with my biological liquid. But then I thought – this woman had my biological liquid inside of her. Boldly, I accepted the kerchief and held it against my wounded mouth. The silk interacted with the open cut and stains of blood left a curious pattern.

She gazed at me; her beautiful mouth partially open. I noticed that the stains could not escape her attention. She was transfixed, eyeing me up as I kept pressing the cloth against my wound. ‘I might just hold it like this for a while,’ I shrugged, ‘until the bleeding stops.’

She nodded, looking at the table, where a vast bouquet of flowers and a large, unread magazine lay. I thought that maybe she wanted to pick it up. She was staring so intently. I stopped dabbing at my mouth and looked at the true culprit, the glass, lying placid on the table. The afternoon sun, its rays were beautifully reflected on its tranquil surface which now glittered. The martini Anaïs had fixed me lay in its cone-shaped bowl, intact, perhaps quavered a little. Or perhaps it was just my imagination. I looked at the woman and noticed she was quavering too.

‘So,’ I broke the silence sharply, ‘let’s discuss the matters that urge us, the matters which I, after all, came here for.’

Anaïs looked fearful, as she was investigating her surroundings with a rather panicked gaze. Finally, she settled her gray-blue stormy-like eyes on me. ‘You never called. I waited for days. Months. Your sudden appearance, as of yesterday, won’t make me forgive you, just like that.’

‘I told you. There was something I needed to do, something that...’

‘...had to be kept a secret,’ she interrupted me briskly, ‘I know, I know. But still, Joni, what did you think? Did you count on my being faithful to you, were you positive that I would wait for you? This whole time, and all I had was your note left on the nightstand. How would you know I would stay as I am, glued in this state of perpetual anxiety, lingering in its hollows, sticking around *for you?*’ Her language was becoming quite literary, that was how I knew the shitstorm was coming.

Her beautiful, bead-like eyes filled with tears of regret. She extended her hand faintly towards me, then, as if she changed her mind, drew it back.

‘So did you?’ I realized she was awaiting my response.

‘I don’t know.’

‘Did you think I would not be having any male lovers?’

I inhaled, sharply. I noticed the presence of all kinds of suspicious things, yesterday, when I arrived at the maison, among these a gift of exquisitely crafted artisan gold bracelets, a satin-lined jewellery box, plus a chocolatière displayed on one of the kitchen shelves. Of course, Anaïs could have purchased them herself. It was the way they were, rather smugly, positioned. As if she knew about my return and wanted to offend me.

‘You know you are free to do whatever you want,’ I said, crossing my legs in my suit pants, checking myself in the glass of the nearest showcase.

‘You’re such a jerk!’ she exclaimed.

The room was fill with dreadful silence as I continued examining my reflection. ‘Hmmm.’

I felt dazed. Somehow, I was losing my standpoint. I got up, hoping the process of walking around the room would elicit some kind of response in me, but nothing came. Instead, I could physically feel the warmth of alcohol penetrating me, the toxic immersion affecting me relentlessly. Do I have no heart?

‘I’m waiting, you dumbass!’ she shrieked. She stood up as well, perhaps to put up a fight with me. Her beautiful face suddenly furrowed, her hair wild and dishevelled. ‘Will you stop with that cocky smile? Do you think this is funny to me?’

‘Not at all, my lady. This is but standard.’

She hit me. I, surprised, staggered. My cheeks have never been enflamed by the power of a woman’s fist, but there is a first time for everything, I guess. She was coming at me. In her enraged, enlarged eyes, her disappointment, deviance and endless devotion. She will come back to me. Even though she says she won’t, she always does.

‘Get the fuck out of my maison!’

‘You will come back to me,’ I repeated, this time to her, looking at her face (it is impossible how wild it had become), calming the storm that was her gaze. My vision was lucid. The substances had all blurred together, I could no longer separate the reality and the delusion. In my delusion, Anaïs was floating, naked, above the carpet.

Strangely, it was as if the punch brought no rush of blood into my face. I looked at my limbs and discovered that it was me, in fact, lying not above, but on the carpet. I realized that I was dead.

From the table, the ornate glass fell without warning, shattering its majestic regal frame into a thousand splinters.

TEMPERANCE MEDAL



British Women's Temperance Association Scottish Christian Union Medal (awarded to Mrs Barton, Langside Branch, Glasgow Council, in 1914)

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KERRY RYAN

Ardent Spirits

After mammy left, Loretta went to live with gran and grandda in the better side of town. Sometimes, she'd sit on the back stairs and look out to the Clyde and imagine mammy sailing up the river in Clark Gable's yacht. He'd be wearing those smart sailor whites and mammy would be wearing her good fur collar and the red coat with bone buttons she kept for best.

Auntie May laughed when she saw the drawing Loretta made of mammy with Clark Gable. Gran told May to hush. Granny said Auntie May was just bitter at the world. Grandda never said a thing about May because she always snuck away before he came home from work.

'Your granny and grandda have turned daft in the heid. I don't know which one is worse,' May said one day, wearing that pinched face she always wore on account of her being an old maid and never finding a man who would put up with her.

Were granny and grandda daft in the heid? They were different to other old folk anyway. Granny liked to make up funny stories. Tall Tales to Entertain, she called them. She taught herself piano and never played one hymn. She never went to chapel at all. Instead, she sang blessings to the sun after sipping her morning Maxwell House. *Thank you for these quiet, precious days and this nice solid house. Thank you for our May's health. Thank you for our John's good fortune all the way in Canada.* Loretta never heard her say thank you for mammy but then she did call Loretta a blessing.

Grandda went to chapel every day and didn't mind a bit that granny wouldn't. In the morning, he'd pray on his knees to St. Dymphna so loud that the carriage clock in the hall trembled. Then he'd shrug on his coat and walk to chapel before the yards opened. On Sundays he'd take Loretta to chapel and on the way back they'd pick flowers for granny. Even if they brought back daisies and red-hot pokers, granny would clap her hands and put them in the Douulton vase and make a fuss. She was good at making a fuss. If grandda came home in a gloom, in the blink of an eye she'd have him up painting or singing or waltzing around the front room.

Their last place had been tiny and had no front room at all but Loretta wasn't born then so that didn't matter. Once in the old days, a rat jumped into Mammy's cot and Gran had to beat the dirty creature down the stairs with a broom. Granny said mammy was never was right after that. Always taking fright, she said.

It was true mammy had always jumped at shadows. If Loretta had ever creaked in too quiet to their wee flat, mammy would shoot two feet in the air. Other times it didn't matter if Loretta stomped in wearing hobnail boots, mammy wouldn't see or hear a thing. Loretta would have to call her by her real name. Ida, Ida, before she'd finally turn and even then she'd have a strange look on her face.

At bedtime in granny and grandda's house, Loretta would kiss the blonde dolly she'd secretly named mammy. Sometimes she'd greet a wee bit when she was telling mammy-doll all about the digging and painting and music-making she'd done with granny and grandda because she'd not done a thing like that with mammy.

'Your grandda never used to be like this,' May said on Ash Wednesday, her face like she'd been sucking a soor sweetie. 'This singing. This dancing. What a carry on.'

But granny poked her head round the kitchen door. 'What's that, May? What did you say?'

May just shook her head, buttoned up her coat and took her bitterness home.

Just before Easter, granny wanted a duck because she'd seen a recipe in the Sunday People. She sent Loretta and grandda to the butchers. Loretta held grandda's big hand and told funny stories about her schoolfriends and Mrs Halen. Grandda told her she was a clever girl and not to let anyone in the world tell her any different.

At the High Street, folk were gawping out their windows, watching a man shout at a wifie who stood in her housecoat and curlers, greeting buckets. The man lunged at the woman and got her by the neck. In a flash, grandda had the man round the waist but he slivered out like a buttered mackerel. He scowled at grandda, pulled back his fist but then he stopped. 'McSweeney, Stephen McSweeney? It's Frank. Frankie McMahon.' Loretta wanted to hold her nose the man stank so bad. 'Me and you...we had fine times. You and me, we did—'

'Get out of here,' grandda said, his voice was a slap and the whole of him grew tall. 'Don't you speak a word. Get. Get away, I warn you.'

The man skittered off like a whipped dog but the woman in the housecoat didn't even thank grandda. She just kept saying her man was *no a bad man, no a bad man mister*.

Grandda was quiet the whole length of the queue in the butchers. He kept staring at his hands, as if they'd dirt on them but they were the cleanest hands Loretta had ever seen.

When they got home, granny said: 'What kept you?' then she eyed grandda and said: 'Sit, sit. I'll make tea.'

In the kitchen, she asked Loretta what happened then quick as anything, she opened cupboards and tins and had all kinds of pieces on a tray with cake and biscuits and the good Doulton teapot.

‘What’s wrong?’ Loretta asked but gran told her not make a nuisance of herself.

Gran gave grandda his tray in the front room and Loretta stood in the hall watching. He didn’t even lift his fork. Just stared at his hands in that queer way as if they weren’t his own.

‘Granny?’ Loretta said from the doorway.

Granny ignored her, went to the sideboard and took out a wooden box Loretta had never seen before.

‘It’s time, Stephen.’ Granny put the box on grandda’s lap and stepped back. ‘These are needing a polish.’

‘They do not.’

‘They do, Stephen.’ Granny put her hands on her hips. Her voice was all strange. ‘Open the box. You’ll see.’

The way he eyed granny made Loretta want to hide behind the door but he shifted in his seat, sighed and opened the box.

‘They medals, are they from the war? What does Band of Hope mean?’ Loretta asked but gran shushed her, shoos her into the kitchen. Gran stood quiet at the window then, looking into the back garden and the rows of grandda’s peas and runner beans. Loretta didn’t know what to do. The kitchen clock ticked so loud she wanted to shout at it to hush.

After an age, the livingroom door opened and grandda shouted: ‘I’m off. Down the hill.’

‘Down the hill, Stephen is it?’ In the kitchen, granny’s voice sounded all high and happy but her apron was a twist in her hands. ‘They’ll be glad to see you, Stephen. They’ll welcome you.’

The front door shut. She turned to Loretta and hissed: ‘Follow him. If he goes anywhere but the Parish Hall, come straight back. And don’t let him see you.’

It was turning dark, the shops were all lit up yellow and the street lamps burned. Loretta waited until grandda was past the grocers and Woolworths then she crossed the road and walked slow behind. He went up Burns Lane then cut over the green and went through the doors of the Parish Hall.

Loretta didn’t know whether to go home or wait. The sound of clapping came from an open window and Loretta stood on a drain pipe and peered in. Folk were sitting on chairs and

a wee grey-haired woman was talking on stage. Loretta couldn't see grandda but when the woman sat down, he walked on stage, hat in hand and awful sad-seeming.

He talked about God and forgiveness and that was all like chapel, but then he talked about terrible things, sinful things. He said he'd gone against God. He said he'd harmed and hurt. He said the good folk of the Society knew he'd broken his pledge and injured his daughter. He'd lived a blameless, temperate life ever since, God save him, but Satan kept whispering that his daughter was dead and her own father had sent her to it. She swore she'd throw herself in the Clyde and now she was gone and all he could see was blood on his hands and sin in his heart. And he wanted to drink. He wanted to drink and drink and never stop.

It must have been raining because Loretta's face was all wet when grandda came out. His shadow fell across her as he said: 'Well, what now?'

ANNE HAY

To a Temperance Medal

I get your drift but let me work quietly
on my own to keep this scourge at bay.
I don't want a badge. Isn't that warlike?
How many men got medals for killing well?
I'll have none of it. I'll carve my own way
through this tunnel, crawl if I have to,
carry my children on my back.
And you know, I like the odd drink
at the end of the day, the savour of it.
Sometimes sinners are better company
than saints. All this godliness cloys.

ROSALEEN LYNCH

The Man I Live With

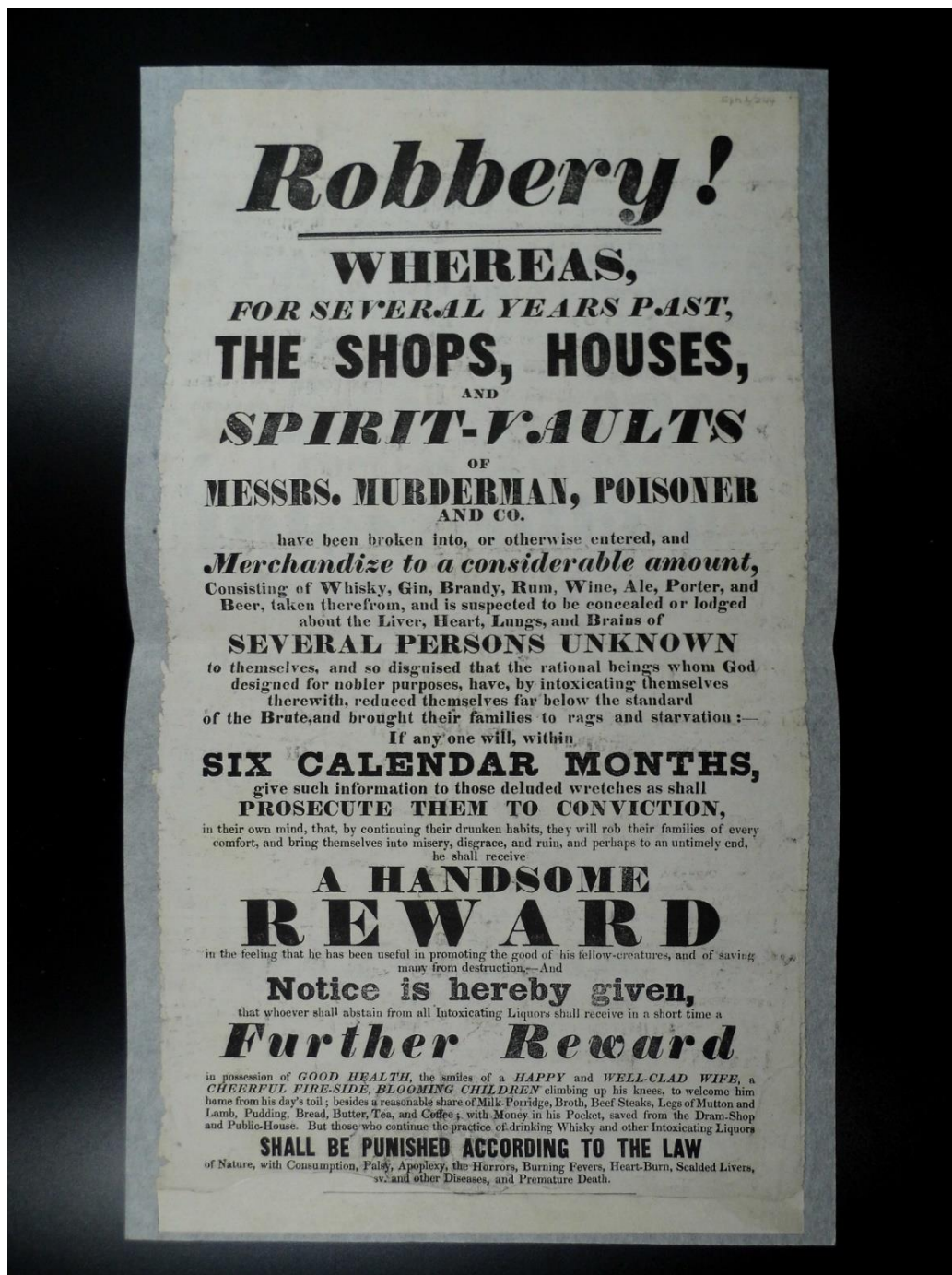
The man I live with keeps a shrine to his mother on the sideboard, though she's not dead. She is the guardian of the spirits. A grainy shadow in a frame. The medal's eye that watches every bottle's reach. And if that's not enough, a replica decorates each handle of three drawers and the replacement stopper in her old decanter, he'd found one day in shards.

The man I live with tells me of her temperance medal worn with pride, grey in the photo's black and white. Of how she tried to get his father to abstain. How he managed Sunday but Monday without work he kept the company of the bottle while she was out and the boy-self of the man I live with, was at school. And on these Mondays, sometimes Tuesdays too, he would return home to find his father's Sunday temperance worn by his mother, in her hair, her clothes, her skin and bones and they would later eat Sunday leftovers because there were always Sunday leftovers on Monday, oft-times Tuesday, and sometimes Wednesday too.

The man I live with remembers a Shrove Tuesday, when the newly adult-self of the man I live with cut loose at a céilí but does not remember how his father came to be restrained by him, face-down on the kitchen floor. Ash Wednesday came and lent was long that year.

And though the man I live with has a room for his mother in his house, she will not come, so the sideboard photo is all he sees of her and on days I come home and find him talking to her I know he will leave me again. I tell him that he's not his father, but he says that for my sake he will not marry me, he will not have my children, he will not live with me. He will abstain.

POSTERS AND RULES



Temperance poster in form of a reward notice [183-?]

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ADMONITIONS TO MEMBERS.

I.—*You must by no means violate your Pledge.*

NEVER let interest, appetite, or the persuasion of others, induce you to forfeit so important an engagement. Remember that the eye of God, and the eyes of men are upon you; and that to violate your pledge, would be to disgrace yourselves, and the Society of which you are a Member—to destroy your own peace—and to incur the displeasure of the Almighty. Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Abstinence has made you free, and be not deceived or entangled with any kind of intoxicating liquor.

II.—*Keep away from the Public House.*

In these places the gins or snares of the enemy are laid. For your own sake, and for the credit of the Abstinence cause, never spend either time or money in supporting these wicked establishments. If a Member or Manager of Friendly Societies, do all you can to abolish the practice of these Societies meeting in Public Houses. If you succeed, business will be executed more expeditiously and correctly—money and time will be saved—health will be preserved—the inestimable blessing of sleep will be sooner enjoyed—labour will be resumed at the usual hour, and pursued with accustomed alacrity, unalloyed by inward upbraidings and regret; and thus you will shew the sincerity of your aspiration, “lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.”

III.—*You must discountenance all the causes and practices of intemperance.*

Let this be distinctly remembered, at all times, and in all places where drinking is practised. At Births, Christenings, Weddings, Funerals, Friendly Society and Club Meetings, and at Fairs and other Holidays, you must not only abstain from intoxicating liquors yourself, but you must show no countenance or favour to any custom which leads others to take it.

IV.—*You must endeavour to make all the Members of your family abstain from Intoxicating Liquors.*

Explain the subject to your wife, children, servants, and whole household; and endeavour to excite their feelings in its favour. Let your wife and children feel the benefits of sobriety, by providing for them, as far as you are able, plenty of food, decent clothing, and every thing comfortable. Educate your children, and bring them up in the fear of God. Make your own fireside your home; and when you go abroad for pleasure, delight to have your family with you. Sobriety is the handmaid to domestic happiness.

V.—*You must be regular in your attendance at the Meetings of the Society;*

And, as far as you are able, assist in communicating any information which may be useful. An hour or two spent in this way, will be amply repaid by the good which you will receive. No material change can be expected in the habits of society, without agitating our

Rules of the Glasgow Total Abstinence Society, established 19th September, 1836. Glasgow, 1838

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views as much as possible; and you must not be unwilling to take your share of the burden.

VI.—Do all you can to convert Drunkards to the paths of Sobriety.

Enjoying happiness yourself, endeavour to extend the same blessing to all around you. Inquire after all the drunkards in your neighbourhood; visit them; give them tracts; bring them to the meetings; and reason with them on the importance of giving up their drinking habits. Do not be discouraged, if your labours are not immediately successful; persevere, and you are sure to succeed.

VII.—Exercise Charity towards your Fellow Members.

If any be put to inconvenience, or suffer loss, through becoming Members of our Society, be ready to lend your assistance in every way you can. Watch over your weaker brethren; encourage, and strengthen, and warn them to avoid temptation. Never be forward to believe the slanders which are circulated concerning them. If any should fall, instead of being ready to reveal their faults, go to them, and endeavour to restore them, in the spirit of meekness.

VIII.—Seek New Company.

If your old companions will not unite with you in the practice of Abstinence from Intoxicating Liquors, do not unite with them in any course that would have a contrary tendency. More persons fall through the influence of company and friends, (so called) than from any other cause; and, therefore, it is very important to make a fresh choice of companions. You must court the friendship of your fellow-members; and being united with such, you will find a constant increase of confidence and pleasure.

IX.—Never be ashamed of your principles.

Whatever company you are cast into, stand to the cause like a man. It is a great honour to belong to a Society of sober persons; and although men may taunt you for your singularity, in reality they will respect you for your decision and firmness. Why should any man be ashamed, be his rank whatever it may, of a reformation which is calculated to remove Britain's greatest bane, and to diffuse peace and happiness abroad.

X.—Cultivate every Personal and Social Virtue.

Pay all your debts as soon as possible. Adhere strictly to truth, both in conversation and in your public addresses. Let not your zeal for *tee-totalism* degenerate into railing or revenge. Learn the Christian lesson of overcoming evil with good. Although careful and economical, beware of penuriousness. If you have any occasion to employ labourers, give them full value for their customary treat of intoxicating drink; and be ready and willing to relieve the poor, and assist in every good work. Attend strictly to the principles and duties of industry, honesty, charity, and religion. Be faithful to every religious observance, according to the dictates of your own conscience. Your abstinence principles will shine the most brilliantly, and be in the safest keeping, when associated with piety to God, and love to man.

Rules of the Glasgow Total Abstinence Society, established 19th September, 1836. Glasgow, 1838

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ANNE HAY

Statement from the Accused

Please don't diss me the way you do.

I am the distillation of wheat and peat bogs.

Look at my amber colour. Amber for proceed
with care, not green for go or red for stop.

You are not going to follow the others
into a drowning. You've seen enough
of withdrawal to make you aware
of my power to destroy joy.

EMMA URBANOVA

Two Erasure Poems

III- You must discountenance all the causes and practices of intemperance.

Let this be

distinctly remembered

practised

Births, Christenings, Weddings, Funerals, Friendly Society and Club Meetings

intoxicating liquors.

Take it.

IX- Never be ashamed

Whatever you are into, It is great. To

belong to men, | should any man be ashamed

of Britain's greatest

bane abroad?

EMMA URBANOVA

An Autobiography

l'alcool

a GINie in a bottle

inviting foreign lips to grasp my throat

(the more the merrier)

invading brains like houses forever at once.

the lucid effect, courtesy of my irresistible intoxicants

brewed in harmony

to chant you into worshipping this opaque scent

and filling your body-reservoirs of empty space-

it is not enough

to look,

you must

receive me

in your insides

as you would a loving, lulling man.

Tempt me with your temperature.

I present

Comfort to the homeless

Artifice of satiation and warmth,

content when they gulp on my contents.

But be cautious

I offer

but the Temporary

LILY WATSON

The Goodwife's Devotion

From the text of the document 'Rules of the Glasgow Total Abstinence Society established 19th September 1836' using the 'Erasure Poem' technique.

Never let
The eyes of men upon you,
To violate.
Disguise yourselves,
Destroy your own peace,
For the pleasure of the Almighty.
Stand fast for your liberty,
Not deceived nor entangled with any kind
Of intoxicating liquor.
The snares of the enemy are laid:
'Spend time and money in wicked establishments'.
Inestimable blessings
Unalloyed by inward upbraiding
And regret
Lead us not into temptation
But deliver us from charity.
Slanders circulate
If any should fall
Endeavour to restore them
Into the spirit of meekness.

Author Biographies

John Bolland's writing in Scots and English is widely published in magazines and anthologies including *The Interpreters House*, *Northwords Now*, *The London Magazine* and *Pushing Out the Boat*. His first collection – *Fallen Stock* – was published by Red Squirrel Press in 2019. www.aviewfromthelonggrass.com

Anne Hay has published poems in a literary magazines including *Gutter*, *Envoi*, *Magma* and *Interpreter's House*. She received a Scottish Book Trust New Writers Award in 2020.

Lisa Jones is a writer and spoken word performer from Glasgow whose work has been featured in *Flying Moon*, *GAADA*, *The Queer Dot*, *Femmes Uncut*, and the *Neon Horror Anthology*. She also sings with the band *Dragged Up*. lisajones.mystrikingly.com Instagram: @concernedsmile

Rosaleen Lynch, an Irish community worker and writer in the East End of London, pursues stories conversational, literary and performed. Words in *Jellyfish Review*, *EllipsisZine*, *Fish*, *Mslexia*, *The London Reader* and other lovely places and can be found on Twitter @quotes_52 and 52Quotes.blogspot.com

Sarah Rushbrooke: I'm Digital and Social Media Assistant in the College of Arts and write in my free time.

Kerry Ryan is the founder of [Write like a Grrrl](#) and has facilitated workshops all over the UK, Ireland and Russia. She has a Masters in Literary Studies and a PhD in Creative Writing. Her work has been featured in various publications including *Steer*, *The Manchester Review*, the *Kenyon Review* and *Spilling Ink*. Her play *Trust* was recently performed at the *Gulbenkian Theatre*.

MT Taylor was a librarian before retiring to Glasgow. Her work has appeared in *The Glasgow Review of Books*, *Ink Sweat and Tears*, *The Interpreter's House*, *Northwords Now*, *The Lake*, and *Poems for Grenfell*. She has four children who still talk to her, and she still interrupts.

Emma Urbanova is currently in the second year of her Masters degree in English Literature and Comparative Literature at University of Glasgow. She is inspired by T. S. Eliot, emptied coffee cups and the melancholy of urban lifestyle. Her favourite alcohol is red wine.

Lily Watson is from Liverpool and is a descendent of Scottish Quakers who were staunch members of Temperance Societies in Fife, Liverpool and Canada. She has a fondness for Porn Star Martinis.

Sarah Spence is a PhD researcher in English literature and the medical humanities, a creative writing facilitator and the project lead on [‘Alcohol in the Archives’](#). Sarah’s research examines stigmatised health issues in contemporary Scottish literature (1997-present), in the context of neoliberalism and the so-called ‘Glasgow Effect’ (the phenomenon of poor health and high mortality in Scotland, even after accounting for socioeconomic factors). It focuses on mental ill-health/madness, alcohol use/alcoholism, and obesity/fatness, as these are commonly (and negatively) associated with Scottish public health, and indeed Scottishness itself, in the press and popular culture. The research also considers newspaper articles published in Scotland, allowing for a richer understanding of the fiction’s relationship with its context.

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