

DARK TIMES

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JANUARY 2013

A CHRISTMAS CEASEFIRE

The churches of Glasgow saw out the year of 2012, probably with relief to see the back of one of the worst years in their history. Recent months have seen a strong drive to rehabilitate the reputation and standing of the organisations, and it was this spirit which characterised the New Year celebrations.



A cross-denomination festival was begun on New Year's Day, with events happening each Sabbath leading up to Easter. The Festival of Faith appears to be the brain-child of the "Father's Army" as they have been named, a group of former ministers tasked with smoothing the recent disturbances and it has been widely taken up.

The Christmas period was also a successful time, with a number of community groups in tough areas of Glasgow putting on Nativity plays, and surprisingly well attended

Christmas services, showing that much of the damage has healed.

Now, Glasgow's residents have many spiritual and religious events to look forward to, all building up to Easter Sunday at Glasgow Cathedral, being described as the biggest religious gathering in Scotland for a generation. Details will be released in the months to come, along with the details of the new minister to oversee this gathering.

GLASGOW IN DECEMBER - SIMON HAILE

It would be remiss of not to start with the Winterball as it clearly dominated the social landscape. For once Prince Carter allowed the theme of the event, usually a closely guarded secret, to become known. One of the places it was advertised was the Dark Times itself. I will allow others to comment on the theme itself (Scotland pre union and its contribution to the United Kingdom), how well it executed (flawless) or who was wearing what. Instead I will focus on a few observations.

Firstly it was interesting to see how people chose to interact with the theme. On one extreme we had those who picked one particular contribution and through dress, gift and make-up embodied that contribution. On the other extreme there were those who focussed on the Darien Scheme,

the largest financial disaster in Scotland or the entire United Kingdom's history and claimed to be one important factors in the weakening of the resistance to the Act of Union consummated in 1707.

Of course whilst the exact circumstances around the Darien scheme are still hotly debated amongst kindred. Was the failure orchestrated by clan Ventrue? Where the Giovanni involved? We have taken into account that the agreement of Durham where Mithras and his supporters promise not to attack the Toreador stronghold in Edinburgh, in exchange for guarantees that the Toreador in turn will not seek power in London beyond Elysium or conspire with the Tremere had been enacted a few short years before.

BOON TRADING:

- *Minor Boon granted by the Archivist to Malcolm Campbell*
- *Minor Boon granted by Thomas Carmichael to Anne Jacques*
- *Minor Boon granted by Lynn Ferguson to David Stone*
- *Minor Boon repaid by Farr the Gangrel to Donald Bassingthwaite*

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GLASGOW IN JANUARY CONT...

"...I WOULD LIKE TO DRAW ATTENTION TO A SMALL GATHERING...IN GLASGOW ON THE NIGHT OF MARCH THE 15TH."

The next observations are about Glasgow's political situation. It was obvious that senior Kindred of London, Manchester and York were wary of or simply avoided Prince Aldworth and his Sheriff. Whilst the avoidance by London is fairly easily understood, after all Prince Houblon has instructed the members of his domain to stay away from Glasgow in general and Prince Aldworth in particular. The relationship between Manchester and Glasgow has been strained recently with messengers being expelled from Prince Aldworth's court. Hopefully this relationship can be restored over the coming months to the traditional good relationship the two domains have enjoyed.

What might come as a surprise though is the cold shoulder Glasgow's prince has received by the senior kindred from York. It shows the strength of York's view of the recent conclave and the Duke of York's certainty that Prince Wallace was responsible for the death of Fernand Chevalier. I just that wish that those giving us the cold shoulder would

read the transcripts of the conclave. As previously described none of the witnesses believed in Prince Wallace's guilt with enough conviction to state their beliefs. Not a single solid piece of evidence was provided to suggest Wallace's involvement and key witnesses like the one Prince Wallace was in a meeting with at the time of the crime were not brought to the conclave. A jury can only come to conclusion based on the evidence presented to it and the domain of Glasgow had no control over the evidence brought to it. If you have a problem with the conclave please direct it towards those who organised it.

Before finishing I would like to draw attention to a small gathering I am holding in Glasgow on the night of March the 15th. On the night, dedicated to elder Eleanor of Edinburgh, I intend to show some fragments of the talents and treasures of the domain of Glasgow, to invite guests from around the United Kingdom and potentially further afield.

A TALE OF TWO TRAVELLERS - THE ARCHIVIST



Wanderers of the world

I am the Archivist of Severn, a member of Clan Malkavian. I am known to many as a talent in the field of taking impressions from objects. I also examine their history, construction, value and collect objects of significance. This is well known and a reputation I have worked to build up for many years.

This is all as introduction to a particular object of importance, which I feel is valuable and the story of which needs to be heard. The object's history begins with a story, which I will give now.

A tale of travel

There was a Kindred, in the days when they were known as Cainite's throughout the world. This man had many names, according to the tales I have gathered. In England he was known as Gethwin the Tallshield. In

Spain, it was Marcelo Abascal Varela, while in France he was Le Chivalric. However across all of Europe, where other Kindred knew him for the influential Elder he was, he was the Cunctator – a man who chose to feed without killing in a much darker time.

With fewer Kindred and before the need for the Masquerade in its modern understanding, most Kindred had no compunction about killing during feeding. However, those who thought him weak soon found that his mercy did not extend to those who stood against him, or harmed his interests. This brought him into conflict with many others, as the Cunctator's interests were varied and uncertain. Rumours abounded that he searched Europe for something, an item of great power or a secret of great value, but the truth was not known to any but he.

A TALE OF TWO TRAVELLERS CONT...

Eventually, something called him to leave Europe and travel the wider world. Here his story turns more to legend – records are difficult to find or authenticate, Kindred in those places far less amenable. What is known is that during his time of self imposed exile, lasting at least two centuries, he visited the sites of the present day cities of Hong Kong, Beijing, Delhi and Bangkok. He did not travel alone during that period, but rather had a number of mortal companions. Chief among them was the mystic Loukianos, a Greek seer of considerable repute.

To bring this history lesson to a close, the Cunctator disappeared sometime around the formation of the Camarilla. Given his tendencies towards solitude and away from the trappings of political power, it is possible that he sided more easily with the Anarchs, but that is speculation. It is rumoured that the last place he was known was in Britain.

Following his disappearance, Loukianos searched across Europe for his fallen master/companion. Those who spoke with the man believed that the Cunctator might well have found what he searched for before his disappearance, but in any case, Loukianos drew close to finding him. He merely awaited “the correct time”. He went to his death bed, still awaiting that time. Already a man grown ill, his final breaths whispered of a lock, a key and a prison of time.

The truth resurfaces?

All of these facts were known to me years past. The story was just that – an entertainment, a tale which might once have been of interest, but with Loukianos’ passing went any true hope of locating the Cunctator or his secret. But now a search I had never thought to begin is in full flow.

As mentioned, Loukianos was a mystic, known to be of power. Through some means, his skull has been preserved – though not intact. A piece I possess, and a piece I have pored over for months to be certain of its authenticity. I now am. I have one piece of seven, and one part of the riddle of the

Cunctator’s disappearance. The other parts of the skull are likewise preserved, and I believe to be found in Glasgow, where the piece I hold was recovered.

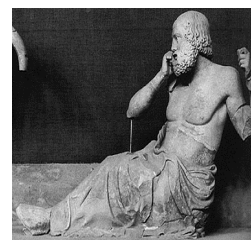
The pieces themselves have power. They are not easily destroyed, nor lost, though they can be taken. Any person possessing a piece will feel its effect; the drive of Loukianos lives on and pushes the bearer to greater things. They will find carriers. And likely, in time, those carriers will find each other, and that which was broken will be made whole again. I believe each fragment contains a piece of the knowledge of Loukianos – his legacy. And they are connected to one another, traces of the owners can be found in the aura of one piece.

An offer of interest

So, all of this is to make two offers, in relation to this object. First, I will give the information which can be derived from the fragment I hold. Of Loukianos’ secret: “As two moons bright ignite the skies, the lion’s tears across do fly”. This places the time that Loukianos awaited. I believe it to be sooner rather than later. The other information directs towards those who hold the other 6 pieces: “The shield of commerce, with fiery attentions”; “The forger of a cage”; “The fossil of a lepidopterist of the past”; “A brave man on 8 wheels”; “A feline’s collar, to stop it being collared”; “Schooling a class of wild pupils”. 6 locations, communicated but not simple. A challenge worthy of a significant intellect.

I am not free to operate in Glasgow, but others are. Therefore, I make my two offers. First – should another acquire a fragment, I shall offer to purchase it from them. Second, should another wish to acquire the fragment I hold, I shall consider an offer to sell. In either case, rewards await. And great power will come to the one who holds all the knowledge. I await the uptake of those who recognise opportunity and do not shrink from difficulty.

The Archivist



“The Seer”

“I AWAIT THE
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ANATOS ON SABBATICAL



M65 at Blackburn

Fellow readers, I feel the need to issue a warning. Something I never thought I would bring myself to do, or have to do in this time of life.

After spending time in Manchester on business and learning as much about the Sabbat as the courts of York and Manchester could provide me, I was attacked near Blackburn. My assailants I can only assume were Sabbat fledglings sent to remove me as a potential threat. I wouldn't say this lightly, as it seems a bit too coincidental that after seeking information to combat the Sabbat, I was

attacked on an empty road, miles away from the relative safety of the domain. Why do I suspect Sabbat? From what I have been told, their tactics during the attack fit a lot of previous scenarios.

Receiving some wounds which healed over a few days and the loss of an armoured van is the least of my worries. Far greater it seems, is that the Sabbat have enough of a foothold in what I once thought of as a safe haven, that they can plan an ambush and might even have ears in their court.

Anatos

WINTERY-BALL

Prince Carlisle's annual Winterball was well attended as 2012 finished and 2013 began, with Kindred from across the United Kingdom attending at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. The setting was as opulent and well appointed as ever, all in keeping with the theme, which was Scotland and its history, pre and post Union with England.

The exhibits displayed throughout the venue would put any museum in the country to shame, drawn as they were from over six centuries of Scottish history and covering artefacts and individuals from the fields of Politics, Art and Culture, Science and Technology, and Military. The evening's peak excitements were live enactments of two battles involving Scotland – Bannockburn and the fight for Le Haye Saint at Waterloo.

As always, despite the fascinating surroundings, most Kindred were there in truth for the social interactions and opportunities afforded by the occasion. Members of the Courts of Dundee and Inverness were particularly active – and most observers have connected that with a growing feud between Aberdeen and Edinburgh. This was very much in evidence at New Year, with not a single Aberdeen Kindred invited to attend.

It seems there is a growing discontent on Aberdeen's part over the sub-domain of Dundee, which was granted by Prince Carlisle to his childe many years ago. However its history beyond that time is rather less

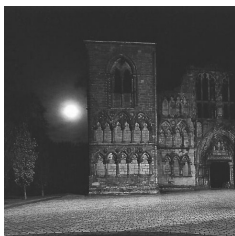
settled and over the years, some grumblings have been heard in Aberdeen over the manner in which Edinburgh annexed the town. Now those grumblings have sparked into something more significant, and the ramifications have only begun to be seen.

There were other, less dramatic encounters during the evening though. First, Cruithni snubbed the occasion – to absolutely no-one's surprise. The Border Prince has never been much of a socialite. Magnificent gifts of Scottish artwork were gifted to Prince Carlisle by Prince Houblon, Prince Wallace and Simon Haile of Glasgow. Mary Jezabelle of Glasgow gave to Carlisle a rose garden, an unexpected but appreciated gift. Prince Carter Branch donated a bridge, of South American tribal origin, constructed of woven vines with exotic flowers entwined in the vines.

Prince Aldworth's gift fit well with his entire approach to the evening – a representation of the Darien Scheme, one of the most disastrous periods in Scottish history. Given that the evening was a celebration of Scotland's contributions (and the vast array to choose from), it seems Carlisle took Aldworth's engagement with the theme of his evening as a deliberate slight. Certainly the reception was frosty and that transmitted itself to other members of the Edinburgh Court.

Other members of the Glasgow Court were on more amicable terms – Dominic Leighton found some interest in his research into vam-

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Holyroodhouse - the
venue for the party of
the year

WINTERY-BALL CONT...

pirism, Angus Macdonald was able to demonstrate his experiences of Scottish history first-hand, while Mary Jezabelle was seen chatting with Prince Wallace for some time. Simon Haile was on good form after a positive reception by Prince Carlisle, and spent much of the evening promoting his upcoming performance in Glasgow in March, for which there was some interest from Kindred from other Courts and a couple of promises of attendance.

In Ventrue matters, things seemed surpris-

ingly settled for once, with no open conflict between any of the various factions in the UK. Perhaps it's not a surprise – Wallace and Anne's factions appear to be all but reconciled; the Prince of Severn was unsurprisingly not in attendance, and Houblon did nothing to antagonise those Ventrue from Birmingham...on this occasion. It seems unlikely that a truce has been reached though; the longstanding divisions between the lines of Mithras and Hardestadt have not disappeared – this feels more like a break for re-armament.



One of the attendants
at the Winterball

A LETTER FROM BOOK

It has been well documented of late that the Domain of Manchester has been plagued by terrible events. The blame, as is often the case in these nights, was all too easily attributed to the Sabbat; all too easy to blame strife and woe on the unseen enemy. Now I do not denounce the notion that there is indeed Sabbat at work, but the true details are far fouler.

Early last month, an assembled coterie of House Tremere under the leadership of Lord Dee, took to the defence of these Isles; not only the domain of Manchester. A malevolent and dreadful spirit had taken root and if

left unchecked would have spread its foul tendrils further afield. Needless to say the spirit has been taking care off. None too easy the task as not all those involved in its capture survived the night. Their sacrifice not unnoticed, nor forgotten.

Not for glory, not for reward, nor for vanity, but for duty was this task undertaken.

Unfortunately the ripples of this have far from settled and there will undoubtedly be considerable more fallout. A rare case where the phrase, 'a problem shared' definitely does not ring true.

"...FOR DUTY
WAS THIS TASK
UNDERTAKEN."

DARK PARK LEAVES ITS MARK

After months of peace, and with the Parklight initiative being prepared to be put into place, it had seemed that there was a great deal of promise for Glasgow's parks becoming a safe place again. But that promise was shattered this month, when on the 26th of December, a young couple were savagely murdered while walking through Kings Park in Glasgow at around 10pm.

The couple were returning from a family celebration, and the park was unusually quiet for that time of the evening due to the season. They had been to a meal, in part to celebrate getting engaged on Christmas Day. Police were alerted to the grisly scene by a terrified jogger who stumbled across it, mere minutes after it occurred.

The man; strongly built, athletic and in his mid twenties, was almost torn apart, and his body bore substantial wounds across his back where he had tried to shield his fiancé. She had tried to flee, but had swiftly been overborne, and was also savagely slashed.

The wounds were initially reported to be made by sharp claws by officers on the scene, but the results of the autopsies are awaited to shed some light on the source of those wounds, and if they are the results of the same assailant as the previous murders. In any case, the pressure upon the Council to push forward with Parklight has only increased.



Kings Park, site of the
murder

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The Dark Times accepts submissions, and any Kindred should forward their contribution to the address to the left. We look forward to your efforts.

Yours,

Editor in Chief of the Dark Times

DARK TIMES - BRINGING LIGHT TO
THE SHADOWS

HARPY HOUR

So the New Year came, and it seems that the most common resolution was to make war! The Winterball displayed more poor relations than a Dickens novel. Edinburgh and Aberdeen, Edinburgh and Inverness, Glasgow and Edinburgh, Manchester and Glasgow, Dundee and Aberdeen, York and Glasgow, London and Birmingham, Severn and Everyone. It might actually be easier to keep track of who isn't angry at whom. One can almost see the Harpies salivating at the prospect!

With all this acrimony, it seems unlikely that friendships would flourish in such a hostile environment, but the Winterball saw a few take root. Ian Dunnoch and Karlson were certainly cultivating contacts wherever they went. Simon Haile saw a deal of interest in his upcoming performance, Lucretia Reflection danced and swirled almost as much as her aura, and Angus Macdonald went down a storm with his clansman act. Even Donald Bassingthwaite made a couple of friends, difficult though that must have been, skulking around the edges.

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It is a terrible shame that the domains of Glasgow and Edinburgh must be at conflict. I can only imagine that the feud has been brewing for years, for such an open insult to be offered to the Eldest of Edinburgh on his own evening. Little strife exists without cause though, and no doubt Prince Aldworth had his reasons. —

Edward Williams, Harpy of Severn

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Let it be known that all invitations to any member of the Court of Edinburgh to enter or reside in the Domain of Aberdeen is hereby rescinded. Any such Kindred in the Domain shall be dealt with as befits one who lacks the Word of Acceptance. - Karen Walls, assistant to Reginald Albertson, Seneschal of Aberdeen

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Well, I must say that the Winterball was an absolutely fabulous event! I was both educated and entertained! The outfits of the various guests were quite outstanding; I'm sure that the Toreador of Edinburgh will still be talking about Prince Aldworth's for many decades to come. Mind you, the favourite topics of conversation were more about who *wasn't* at the event. A number of influential Scottish kindred were missing. Even your own Malcolm Campbell seemed to have declined his invitation... and I was so looking forward to see how the young man handled himself. With all the talk of Sabbat I was expecting one of them to pop their heads up but no one has been able to find any of them, either, yet. - Lucretia Reflection, Harpy of Manchester

~

Best Regards,

Editor in Chief



A monthly summary of
British Camarilla news,
politics, gossip and rumour,
straight from the Harpy's
mouth.