

DARK TIMES

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L'ARTISTE DE GLASGOW

Je dois avouer quand la conversation arriva à Paris de la naissance d'un véritable artiste dans la ville de Glasgow, j'ai été intrigué. Ce n'est pas tous les jours qu'un lieu de cette mauvaise réputation produit un talent digne de mention. Et donc, l'invitation a été envoyée à cette Amadeus Edelstein, venez, venez effectuer pour la Cour de François Villon, Prince de Paris.

Il a commencé avec la promesse. Jeune monsieur Edelstein sait comment s'habiller pour une occasion formelle...si manque un peu d'imagination et de style. Il s'est assis avec toute la confiance d'un maestro,



avec peu de cérémonie, s'attendant clairement sa musique parler pour lui.

Une fois les notes ont commencé, il avait vraiment l'attention de tous les présents Kindred. Nous regardions avec éton-

nement, et un par un, nous éclatons de rire. Rire glorieux. Quelle blague à jouer les Glasgow sur nous, pour nous envoyer un comédien sous le couvert d'un musicien. Un construit si haut, pour tomber si loin. Chaque note manqué était parfait, le résultat combiné - une symphonie de catastrophe.

GLASGOW'S ARTIST (TRANSLATED)

I must confess, when the talk reached Paris of a true artist's birth in the city of Glasgow, I was intrigued. It's not every day that a place of such ill repute produces a talent worthy of note. And so, the invitation was sent to this Amadeus Edelstein, come, come and perform for the Court of Francois Villon, Prince of Paris.

It began with promise. Young monsieur Edelstein knows how to dress for a formal occasion...if lacking a little imagination and style. He sat with all the confidence of a maestro, with little ceremony, clearly expecting his music to speak for him.

Once the notes began, he truly had the

attention of every Kindred present. We gazed in astonishment, and one by one, we burst into laughter. Glorious laughter. What a joke to be played by Glasgow upon us, to send us a comedian in the guise of a musician. One built so high, to fall so far. Each missed note was perfect, the combined result - a symphony of disaster.

We owe you a debt Glasgow, we have not laughed so well in years. We look forward to the next product of a city which in spite of its many challenges, can still produce surprising levity.

Arianne Lefevre, Harpy of Paris

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NOVA CORPUS BUST?

Biotech research and development company Nova Corpus seemingly entered a period of restructuring this month after the apparent failure and withdrawal of a core product in their pharmaceutical line. CEO Brian Masters has not been seen in public since the embarrassing and undoubtedly expensive debacle, prompting business analysts to speculate on a change in leadership, possibly mandated by the board of directors.

Nova Corpus entered the burgeoning Glasgow biotech sector in 2011, and has quietly established itself as a major player in drug development in the city. Last month, local GP practices were informed to cease prescription of Nonpartum, a new contraceptive being trialled in the city. Remaining

stocks of the medication were removed from pharmacies shortly after. When news of the withdrawal leaked, the markets were quick to respond, causing Nova Corpus to lose stock value estimated to be worth £50 million, doubtless due to concerns about funds invested into an abandoned drug.

Between lost revenue, disillusioned investors and a bruised reputation amongst healthcare professionals in Glasgow, it is difficult to predict the course to be plotted by Mr Masters or his replacement. Certainly, there may be rocky waters ahead if rumours of Greater Glasgow and Clyde NHS Board launching an enquiry into the conduct of the trials are true.

“I TRULY DON'T
UNDERSTAND
WHY YOU HAVE
DECIDED TO
MAKE SO MANY
ENEMIES.”

ANONYMOUS MISSIVE

Dear Prince of Glasgow,

I truly don't understand why you have decided to make so many enemies. Your position weakens day after day. If it weren't for Angus then you would be nothing. Your Harpy has more power than yourself.

If one cannot perform the duties necessary to control one's people then they are not fit for power.

Please stand down from the throne before you get killed. That's something even your beast can understand. You can always try again later. You might even gain more power by doing so and you will get some respect instead of overextending yourself.

Anonymous

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WINTERBALL 2014

This New Year's Eve saw the traditional Winterball held in Edinburgh, in the Palace of Holyroodhouse and the ruins of Holyrood Abbey. The theme for the evening, which excited considerable interest among the Kindred with histories or stakes in the political sphere, centred around politicians through British history - what they had brought to their role, the character that made them successes or failures, and what the future might hold in store.

Some of the highlights of the evening included:

- The presence of a former secretary of Winston Churchill, who was able to confirm many of the negative rumours regarding the statesman, including his alcoholism, and yet spoke eloquently as to why Churchill remained a great man and an admirable war-time leader.
- Memoirs of Benjamin Disraeli, who helped found the modern Conservative party, amid a career shaped by his political opponent William Gladstone. The memoirs revealed the processes behind much of his work, and particularly the brinksmanship which won him considerable acclaim at the Congress of Berlin, securing a favourable outcome for British interests.
- Essays on the life and works of Charles Grey, 2nd Earl Grey, also known as Viscount Howick, who succeeded the Duke of Wellington as Prime Minister. His Reform Act made a considerable advance in the democratic representation of the people, greatly extending the franchise at the time and removing much of the unfairness of that time. His government also abolished slavery by British parties, and placed pressure on the Portuguese and Spanish to do likewise.

Actors portrayed important figures throughout British history, read monologues and speeches from their works, and there were also a number of modern politicians, up and coming figures, many of whom were made

available for purchase or given as gifts to attendees.

However, the theme of the evening was, for once, somewhat overshadowed. Political discussions about the situation between Edinburgh and Aberdeen dominated the evening, with significant wrangling over whose support lay where, and how matters would evolve. There was also some interest in Aberdeen's proclamation that it would show its evidence that the domain was not ceded willingly by John Cline to Edinburgh. Meanwhile, the letter from John Cline was displayed by Prince Carlisle in a glass case for all to see.

The intrigue extended to the guest list, which reflected the uncertainties and bartering taking place. No member of Clan Gangrel was present, not even Richard Farr, one of Edinburgh's Harpies. The Prince of Severn was, perhaps predictably also absent. And in a further twist, Queen Anne was absent, though her interests were represented strenuously by Dominik Wallace. Prince Houblon was present though, and in fine fettle with Prince Carlisle - a burgeoning alliance there it seems.

New Archon Cavendish, and Justicar Greene of Clan Malkavian were both present, though if they were not avoiding each other, it was considerable chance which kept them apart all night. One further interesting attendee - Pippa Beckett, the Anarch Baron of Ulster, who found herself rather isolated with few younger Kindred to turn her focus upon.

By the close of the evening, nothing seemed certain, but discussions had been had, meetings begun and every Edinburgh Toreador had spent considerable time with the visiting great and good. With rumours of Aberdeen's similar event to come, has Prince Leslie taken on more than he can handle?



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SIMON HAILE

December is always one of the busiest months in our social calendar. Those luxuriously long almost endless nights. The ability to make regular showings, have meetings during the business day and of course the grand social occasions like Edinburgh's Winterball. Madame Guile's gatherings maybe overshadowed the usual build up but the scene of the Palace of Holyrood House and ruins of Holyrood Abbey always enchants the visitors. Whilst this year's theme, modern British politicians might appeal to those who were involved in those circles I personally hark back to the days prior to the Treaty of Durham where our clan was involved with the Tudor dynasty and we were economically healthier, more expansive and more optimistic than at any time in a thousand years.

"FUN WAS HAD
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GREENE."

Of course though the grand appeal goes far beyond the theme, the actors and the like. It is good to see that for the first time since my arrival in Glasgow the gossip is all about Scotland's east coast this year. Prince Carmichael and the domain of Dundee. Where the borders might be. Whether it will come to a bloody conflict or whether it can be diplomatically resolved.

Beyond that fun was had watching archon Cavendish dance the dance of avoidance with Justicar Greene. Nobody suggested that they might be the same person but as far as I know they managed never to be in the same room together. Further amusement was provided by Baron Beckett of the

anarch movement who seemed to lack company for most of the night. While socially it might have been an unsuccessful night for her I am sure that her private meetings more than made up for it. After all these things afoot in Ireland and these days the anarchs are as close to reliable eyes on the ground as most have access to.

Before I look closer at home I would like to praise Adam Edelstein for his most delightful recital at the Winterball. As so many treasures of the clan the audience was kept away from the ignorant masses. In the small and intimate recital room I never the less spotted at least one prince, one archon and large number of respected elders in the audience. That performance in front of the assembled eyes of the Clan and Madame Guil's personal endorsement Adam Edelstein is already a name on the lips of those who matter.

Speaking of the Adam Edelstein. Closer to home we had our own Winter celebrations arrange by both Edelsteins. Most of the movers and shakers in Glasgow made an appearance during the wonderful evening. It did though come to pass that at least one elder did not receive an invitation and it will be interesting to see whether they allow themselves to be quite so openly disrespected by some up and coming ancillae or whether they are able to demand the respect their station is due or whether they lamely attempt to claim that even had they been invited they wouldn't have come.

Beyond that I myself am looking forward to John Hort giving us the identity of the kindred responsible for the poisoned contraception pills discovered by Doctor Brann and Mr Petite of Clan Tremere. It will be good identify the actual source of this attack on the domain.

Elder Simon Haile
Primogen to Prince Trenchard
Keeper of Elysium of Glasgow



THE DEATH OF LOYALTY

The death of loyalty

As we walk and talk and laugh to the night
Others are deep in thought
Jealous they are of what we have
And gain they must do

And thus they plot and thus they scheme
For naught their troubles be
To the deed it is, when foe unseen
Stalks night and home and dreams

Quake with fear as you sleep each night
Knowing your time is near
Your enemy without is now within
With hatred in his mind

Cruel murder done and cruel lies have been
spun
The untruths of your life are bare
Your objects theirs, your life blood gone
They own you soul and bone

In merriment now for we unaware
Are still joyous and giddy and gaye
we drink your health and toast your name
While enemies plot more to gain

Darius



MORE ANONYMOUS...

Rumours of Prince Trenchard's unsuitability for his role have been circulating for some time, it hardly needs for me to summarise them here. Suffice to say, Glasgow's young Prince is far from traditional in his approaches. Perhaps he has needed to be though, to take control of such a difficult city.

Now though, a new accusation has been levelled – one which speaks to the company Trenchard chooses to surround himself with. The question is quite simple in truth – is a barely recognised Neonate, who has already been surpassed by her own childe, a suitable consort for a Prince?

Had the liaison remained a private matter,

perhaps this would have passed without comment. Yet the Prince's strumpet has been flaunted for all to see, accompanying Trenchard at most times and taking a place by his side in Court which should be reserved for more valuable Kindred – for example the Seneschal, who has seemed somewhat marginalised by the Prince's new companion.

Is this a Prince debasing himself and his office with an unworthy escort? Or simply the throes of passion clouding better judgement? Neither bodes well for the durability of Prince Trenchard's rule - one is judged by the company one keeps.

Anonymous

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PARIS, JE T'AIME

I recently had the wonderful opportunity to visit the city of love itself, and it certainly does live up to the grand title bestowed upon it. Everything about the place seems like it has been designed to make you fall in love with it, from the elegance of the Champs Elysees, to the stunning architecture of Notre Dame, to the beauty and acoustics of Palais Garnier, to the risqué shops and theatres that surround Pigalle. In short, it is a Toreador Trap!

I could not go from one street to the next without some form of beauty catching my eye be they object or person. The Louvre was a spider's web, just when you thought you were free; it had you stuck to the same spot once more. Whilst my knowledge and appreciation of art is not as refined as others even I could not deny the skill and passion that had gone in to some of the works there. I could have spent an age there and probably would have done had Paris not had many other delights and enjoyments to be explored.

The Paris Opera house herself for example was a beauty to behold. There are not enough words in any language that could describe the overwhelming magnificence of the place, only rivalled by the music played there. I, of course, ensured that I visited all the places of interest that Paris had to offer, all the major tourist attractions.

However all were diminished in the face of the Paris Court itself, a shining jewel in the crown of the Camarilla. The talent, the beauty and most importantly, the gossip. It was certainly a court I believe any Toreador would feel very much at home in. Not only did I get the chance to meet these people but I also had the honour of playing for them as well, the purpose of my trip. After my recent performance for the Justicar Madam Guile, I believed I could take on anything; such is the danger of newfound success. However, I found that the talent I could so easily call upon before had deserted me in the face of broken piano strings.

I was very much humbled by that instrument placed before me and I learned two valuable

lessons; to never let high praise go too much to my head and always travel with my own piano. I only hope that one day I should be allowed to return to play once more and show Paris what Amadeus Edelstein is truly capable of. Although I am informed the entire debacle was somewhat amusing, perhaps I have missed my true calling in life and should become a musical Comedian.

Regardless of this minor setback it was impossible to be anything but happy in that beautiful city. The city of love, and how true that name is, for it can bring you up as high as possible, like you are on top of the world, and bring you crashing down to the ground seconds later.

Amadeus Edelstein

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Dark Times

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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

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HARPY HOUR

Winterball this year was an interesting affair. Usually the politics of the country are an undercurrent to the splendour and grandeur of the evening. This year however, the artistry of hosting, Carlisle's talent for centuries, played very much second fiddle to the business of the night. Alliances forming, battle plans being mooted and the strength of the bonds of friendship carefully measured.

But the reason that is all reactive, is that everyone is now waiting for Prince Leslie to show his hand. And it seems he intends to. A meeting is due later this month, where the pieces of the puzzle will begin to fall into place, and perhaps a resolution will be forthcoming. If the guest list for the Winterball was interesting, then those who are invited to Aberdeen, and those who choose to attend, may well be fascinating. No doubt there will be those in Glasgow who fall within that group.

~

A New Year, and a time to look back on new arrivals in Glasgow in the last year. Some promising members of Clan Toreador for a start - the Amadeus contingent, some true talent there. Vint Greywood, an Elder of Clan Brujah, stirred some waters with Madame Guil, we'll all look to see how he makes his impact on the domain.

Dominique Shaw, known as Domino, a Malkavian who surprised everyone with a shrewd nature at Caledonia Nocturnis - one

to watch for certain. Hector Rozalees - not a true new arrival, but now we may have to see him in a whole new light. Samedi, unknown quantity, but Camarilla nonetheless, how will he grow in times to come.

And finally. A snake in the grass, a viper in a rats nest. Hort, who has shown himself capable of tearing apart a city in order to serve his own purposes. No one should place trust in the man, never let your guard down around him, or he will use that opening and you will suffer for it. And trust not the Ventrue to set matters right, he is thick as thieves with them.

Eleanor Plunkett, Harpy of Edinburgh

~

There is a reason the pawns in chess are usually first to die. They are expendable. Weakest piece, with little impact on the course of events. Sandwiched in the middle between both sides' real pieces of power, they can be used for position by both sides. No doubt this description sounds familiar to Amadeus Edelstein. Caught in a larger game, where he likely didn't even see the opposing sides. Such is the way with Toreador politics. An embarrassing occasion for young master Edelstein, no doubt, but a lesson many should learn - no advantage, no advance comes without reason or cost. Beware friends bearing gifts in our world.

Margery Houndsworth-Stone, Harpy of London



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