

DARK TIMES

VOLUME 16, ISSUE 10

OCTOBER 2015

THE RESIDENT

Glasgow was very well represented this month by our own keeper of Elysium, Adam Edelstein. Adam kicked off his ongoing tour with a particularly splendid performance in Edinburgh. There wasn't a single person unmoved by the beautiful music Adam created, and many resident kindred of the city were heard to remark that it was the best performance they had recently had the pleasure of enjoying.

Noteworthy guests included Justicar Madame Guile and her Archon Felix Cavendish, who both looked resplendent as always, it is rumoured that Justicar Guile described the performance as the best she had heard this decade. Prince Carlisle was of course present and immaculately dressed, he was also seen to be particularly delighted with the performance.

The majority of the pieces performed were Adam's own composition, in-

cluding a specially created symphony with movements representing each of the clans of the camarilla. The piece was commissioned by Justicar Guile herself, and the audience were seen to enjoy it greatly.

Glasgow can certainly be proud of Mr Edelstein and his wonderful performance, and the tour is off to an excellent start. The tour will continue for several months and will culminate in a performance in a unique venue right here in Glasgow.

Niklas Takala



The column of our local correspondent

RIISING TENSIONS—FURTHER BLOODSHED

Mystery and accusation continues to unsettle the sea of the British Camarilla. Yet another prince has sworn vengeance for an unauthorized destruction in his domain.

Prince Wallace of Birmingham has made it publicly known that his domain holder of Coventry, Trey Bancroft, has been murdered against the will of the Prince.

Prince Wallace has named the suspect as Henry Phinkerlington. The details are not yet fully known but this latest outrage against the traditions has led to further heightened tensions between the clans of Ventrue and Toreador. Many are already interpreting it as a retaliatory attack on the Ventrue in response to the destruction of Eleanor Plunket in Edinburgh.

FROM THE PRINCE'S DESK

Kindred of Glasgow,

It is with some satisfaction that I can announce the successful devastation of another cultist cell by my Sheriff and Scourge teams. Working together, they managed to capture or kill an entire cell of 13 of these piss-blood fanatics. The prisoners have been interrogated and executed. Remain vigilant however. There are 2 or 3 cult cells remaining in the city, although their nights are numbered. Unless, of course, Mr. Haile has put down his pen this month and I'm just about to find out that he has shown us all how it's done...

The Prophet has escaped justice this month as he seems to have been outwith my Domain. The net closes however.

On a separate note, the death of the member of our security team has been avenged by myself. Lennox, the head of Elysium security can be proud that his team functioned admirably and his man died doing his duty. Investigations into the nature of the beast responsible are still ongoing. It was difficult to detect and reasonably tough. Be on your guard kindred.

Angus McDonald,
Prince of Glasgow

THE NEW FACE OF BRITAIN

As recent as 5 years ago the political Landscape of Britain was quite set. The Ventrue owned England and let Carter have Manchester for the pleasure of having to deal with the Anarchs. "Queen Anne" ruled supreme and whilst the other princes did not necessarily bow to her they nevertheless acknowledged her to be more than just another prince. Queen Anne's favourite, the Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth held Glasgow as an extension of London's will and to provide pressure on both the Scottish Princes, Leslie and Carlyle. Ireland was thankfully quiet and one might have assumed that this stability might hold.

Since then though Anne has fallen and disappeared out of the public eye. Unkind and no doubt entirely fabricated rumours have the Prince of Birmingham having consumed her in his own attempts to gain the power necessary to rule over all of Britain, a feat that has not been achieved since early in Mithras'

reign. Anne's beloved the Viscount Charles Augustus Aldworth has been executed by Prince Carter of Manchester after a misguided attempt to reclaim a domain for Anne by the Viscount. The Anarchs have claimed half of Ireland allegedly by stopping a Sabbat incursion which conveniently destroyed anyone and everyone else with a legitimate claim on running Ireland. Scotland has become independent kicking off many of the shackles the Ventrue of London had over them. At the same time we learned that Dundee has been stolen from Prince Leslie by devouring the very soul of his Proconsul but because it took him a century to figure that out it now is its own domain led by Prince Carlyle's childer meaning that both Scottish Princes have this childer on smaller satellite domains.

Glasgow is a mess. But what else is new. Some might believe that the city is cursed, or placed on a Hellmouth, or merely has an ancient kindred of note toying with it. At least with Prince Angus we



What new terror is this that stalks Glasgow's streets at night?

have some cold hard efficient Prince at the helm able to personally swat down anything that might get thrown at us.

The question though is, "Where do we want to be in 5 years?"

Simon Haile
Seneschal to Prince Angus

ELYSIUM

Welcome once again to the Kelvingrove for this evenings court, a museum and gallery filled to the brim with some of the most interesting and beautiful exhibitions. Despite being on tour at present (I write this enjoying the hospitality of my hosts in the Wonderful domain of Inverness) it seems there is much to impart regarding the Elysia.

On the Road...

On my little tour around the great courts of Scotland (including our own) I have had the excellent, if not all too brief, opportunity to visit and explore some of the great Elysium's that Scotland has to offer. I am no stranger to the Elysium's of Edinburgh which are well known for their magnificent beauty and exemplary works. Having the time to visit them once more was a joy and delight. However so too were the Elysium sites in Dundee, Aberdeen and Inverness. Dundee, a city fast regenerating itself through lots of encouraging investment, is looking better than ever. Aberdeen and Inverness, whilst not always known for the Elysia still have some of the most beautiful works and buildings, tucked away to be enjoyed in peace. Although, the pride of both Aberdeen and Inverness has always been the green extraordinary lands around it, the landscapes, the views, if it were possible I would suggest making it all an Elysium.

What is more than the many beautiful things in the surrounding area was the great

solidarity you felt on entering each domain, the welcome received, past tensions whilst perhaps not entirely melted are moving towards becoming irrelevant. Once more there is that step forward towards a unity and peace amongst the domains, shown by each of my hosts who welcomed this little upstart Toreador into their domains to play a few songs. The first leg of the journey I look forward to seeing the further delights that England and the rest of Europe has on offer, and what's more, what great works and pieces I might convince others to exhibition in our own great domain of Glasgow.

While I am on tour please do not think that I am 'absent'. I am still very easily contactable and the Elysium security and every day checks continue as normal. Provisions have been put in place should I need to return swiftly and be sure that any incidents or issues will be reported back to me.

Private Rooms

Following the all too exciting events of the previous court a few temporary measures are currently underway in all Elysium sites to ensure the continued safety and security of all Elysium attendees. This unfortunately means that during this short period all Private Rooms in each of the Elysia sites will

be ‘Out of Order’ until otherwise stated. These rooms will remain locked until all areas are confirmed secure. This is merely a precaution after the previous court and nothing to be concerned about.

However on that note please be aware that investigations are underway into the events of the previous court and if anyone has any information relating to it I would be grateful if they could pass such information on to me.

Pollock Park

It is with great sadness that I put the Elysium of Pollock House on ice for the time being until such other investigations are investigated. A few incidents in the area, including the events of the previous court has raised security concerns which will be looked into in great details before admittance is once again given. I understand this was a popular venue not only for courts but the personal delight of others and sadly we must close its doors for the time being, at least in the evening. Elysium security shall continue to safe guard the house and it’s great gardens and works within, and continue their investigations.

Permissions

The permissions regarding the carrying of weapons within Elysium has been updated as follows;

The Prince,
The Sheriff
The Deputy Sheriff
The Scourge

Debate

And the topics for discussion this evening should you wish to partake;

- “What a new independent Scotland needs is one king, not these fractured domains filled with Princes.” Agree or Disagree?
- Is it important to encourage the neonates to aspire to greater things? Or is better we ensure they know their place from the beginning?

Amadeus Edelstein
Keeper of Elysium and Primogen

ELGINS GOING HOME

In what is being hailed as a diplomatic landmark, The British Museum has agreed to return part of the famous Parthenon Marbles, or Elgin Marbles, back to Greece.

The Greek government continues to petition the UK for the return of the artefacts in their entirety as rightful parts of Greece’s historical and cultural heritage.

Although the British Museum continues to deny that any wholesale restitution of the marbles, they have now agreed as a gesture of good faith to return to Greece the Statue

of Apollo.

The kine press released advise that they hope that this will lead improved bilateral relations and cultural communications between the two nations. All the more important in a time when Greece’s future within the EU and its economic wellbeing have been so severely shaken in recent months.

IN RESPONSE

I am not one for long winded articles, nor am I known for my mastery of the written word. In this case however, I thought to make an exception. Last court, along with our Prince, Sheriff, Scourge, I was a victim of libellous claims by one Simon Haile. I some may refer to as Elder Haile. What follows is a brief explanation of what was said and a statement of irrefutable fact, one that you are urged to listen to carefully.

As well as blatantly and baselessly speaking poorly of the recent actions of court officers, those who guard our domains and un-lives in these turbulent times, Simon Haile has made an egregious error. Simon Haile has put his name to a statement in direct contradiction of a Justicar's decree against myself, Ricky Brown. Being a proud and vigilant defender of this domain it pains me to know that one among the domain I call home, would regard me so low; stating I am a breaker of The Traditions. In addition to all of this he has also made the bold statements to ridicule the clothes and dress of members of the court, when he himself, dresses akin to a peasant, which is truly laughable.

I have discussed at great lengths with members of the Justicar's and all who care to know over the events that have been disputed, leading to this statement being made by Simon Haile. The fact is, that I have undergone a full and utterly complete investigation by the Camarilla itself and have been granted my innocence.

It is my dearest hope that Simon realizes his error and apologizes.

This recent shift in Simon's personality has not gone unnoticed by the court as a whole and I am concerned over his health and wellbeing, given his recent Spanish dalliances.

Now, with my words written and the story set straight I will sign off and wish you all a pleasant court.

Regards,

Richard Brown - Ricky,
Proud and Vigilant Defender of Glasgow

A NOTE ON GRIEF

The human definition of grief is defined as such;

"Intense sorrow."

Is it the same for our kind? Are we even capable of feeling such a thing anymore?

I recently had the experience of seeing grief through another's eyes and how it affected them. I found that I could not help but compare this to how the kine would deal with such a thing and was surprised to note both the similarities and the differences.

Feelings in our kind can become hollow. Indeed, there are some that would tell you that 'feelings' are something that our kind transcends, that we have no use for them and nor can we feel them. There are others that would disagree but not many, not enough. However, even from those of us that I would have expected to have 'transcended' such a thing a long time ago I saw the similar actions a human would take on feeling such a thing as the loss of a close friend.



Are you keen to
preform?

I will not go into detail, nor will I name the personages involved, but it was a truly eye opening experience. Someone who has stood tall in the face of emotion, who has denied the existence of friendship, seemed quiet and subdued on hearing about the loss of someone he respected. It was if a little something in them had gone out, a light dulled, a spark quelled, a small thin fracture in that iron hard exterior. I could not possibly say for sure, but in that moment it seemed that the person who did not believe in feelings, felt *something* for the loss of their friend.

It was a humbling experience to witness and in time become a part of. Whilst the person in question that passed on was not someone I knew well, I find that I know them better than ever now, and what's more, I have had the opportunity to see them through another's eyes.

I only hope that the actions I take, the things I do, honour their memory to the satisfaction of the people that respected and admired them during their time in this world.

Anonymous

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

Dear Kindred of Glasgow, I strongly advise that you all avoid Pollok Park and the surrounding area for the next 4-5 months. To clarify this isn't a "don't go here" attempt to entice the curious, it is a warning in no uncertain terms. I myself shall be taking residence outside of the city for a while; any who wish to contact me can do so either via my coterie or any new contact details I give.

Best Regards,
Levi Tius

ARE YOU SAFE?

The unexpected and tragic death of Lady Eleanor has made me consider whether something like this could happen to myself and the others in the court. Sure we are staying in the city where elders regularly "go missing" and no one even notices when a bunch of neonates get destroyed (for more information on these matters you might wish to read the old issues of the Dark Times kept in the Elysium Library) and

so ever since coming to the city I have taken care to make these matters as difficult as possible for the would be assailant.

There is of course no such thing as unbeatable security and so someone with sufficient resources and skills can always overcome your efforts but ask yourself what it would take to end your existence. Would a skilled detective follow-

ing you home after court, picking the lock on your door and ending you while you sleep during the day enough. Maybe whilst you are in the court someone could mark your car, track it down during the day and presto. Maybe you need a car of thugs to break down your door, shoot your ghouls and set the place on fire with petrol. Maybe they need a private corp of mercenaries to assault your stronghold, wear breathing equip and cut their way with thermal lances into the vault that you reside in, all whilst keeping law enforcement from stopping them.

In the end there are three layers to your security. The first and most important is obscurity. By that I mean no one can kill you unless they know where to find you. The second layer is access. In order to kill you they will have to be able to get to you (but always remember that it isn't all that hard to abscond with a tanker full of petrol and ram raid your house). The last your immediate security. (Your opponent cannot set you on fire if you live in concrete basement flooded with argon).

Simon Haile
Seneschal to Prince Angus

THE FINE ART OF VERBAL SPARRING

The gauntlet is thrown!

But how is it thrown? What truly counts as a 'challenge'? And what is just all bark and no bite?

At present there seems to be a lot of snide comments, supposedly playful quips and whispered insults. But how much of this is the release of tensions and how much of it has real meaning behind it? When does the spirited back and forth lead to the issue of a challenge?

Perhaps we never see the fallout of such verbal altercations, they are done in secret, and quite rightly so, who wants to see others airing their dirty laundry in public anyway?

Me.

There is nothing more thrilling than seeing a well phrased and dripping in venom discussion between two eloquent kindred.

Now, I am in no way encouraging violence in the Elysium, this is just friendly banter to

all concerned, but it does make it oh so entertaining.

However, when does this become something more? When mere words no longer do the trick and those more feral instincts take over? Where do we draw the line?

And then what?

There are other ways of settling disputes, fairly and publicly, so that we all might enjoy it. Take this dispute out of the Elysium, the outskirts of the city limits if you are a traditionalist, and settle this like the times of old. A good old fashioned duel. A gentleman's solution. Not to mention equally as entertaining!

Then, unfortunately there is the added complication of such a duel resulting in an untimely end. Or indeed you kill the one that insulted you, they have a friend, they take up arms and come after you, kill you, but you have a

friend and etc etc etc. Leading to a lot of unnecessary bloodshed that we could do without. Let's stick the the verbal sparring shall we?

Now, the only reason I mention this is because as much as I enjoy a good old venomous discussion the patter has been extremely dull. When you are being outclassed by those of a lesser status than yourself you really need to up your game. You're comments should be making all others laugh, not making them either turn to glare or look embarrassed on your behalf. There is a fine line between a successful quip that cuts perfectly and a blunt remark with no class and no edge.

There really needs to be an improvement. Your comments should bring others more into your line of thinking not push them away. You want people cheering for your witty remarks not laughing about them later. Above all, remember, one must not throw stones in glass-houses.

So come on everyone, let's the words fly!

Anonymous

THE RETURN OF THE SAD LITTLE PENGUIN

Once there was a little penguin.

And he was the proudest penguin of them all.

He preened his feathers. He puffed his chest. And he collected all the shiniest pebbles from the beach and made his nest the most impressive in all Antarctica.

And the little penguin did thus become a very important penguin. In fact he became a King Penguin! And he was King Penguin of all the nests on his beach.

But the little King Penguin did horde his shiny pebbles jealously and scorned the company and happiness of all his subject penguins. And all the other penguins frowned and folded their little wings. Why was the King Penguin such a mean little penguin?

And one day the cold and snow did become too much for the little King Penguin. He lost his proud gold stripe at his breast and flopped on his belly. And he slid away into the penguin huddle to become again just another little penguin.

But the little penguin was still a proud and imperious penguin. Even without his shiny gold stripe at his breast. And he did mock the other penguins with their inferior nests and bumpier pebbles. Had they never been a King Penguin, like he had? So he should know.

So all the other penguins huddled round him. And also too arrived the other birds from far away lands. They listened carefully to the little penguin and his boasts and kingly advice. And they did all sing out in unison and chirrup in his ear their sound rebuke.

"Yes. But you look like a bag of cold shite."

And the little penguin was ruffled and his pride hurt.

And so the little penguin cried a little. And waddled off sadly out into the snow.

They called this penguin Geoff.

Fucking Geoff.

Dark Times

Dark Times
Chambre Dix, Hotel Britannique a Paris
75001 PARIS
FRANCE

Phone: +33 (1) 47 77 12 34
Fax: +33 (1) 47 77 98 76
E-mail: darktimes@gylarp.com

NAMES PROVIDED WILL BE
PUBLISHED WITH THE ARTICLES.
WE CANNOT GUARANTEE
ACCURACY OF ANY ARTICLE.

The Dark Times is a publication for the benefits of members of the Camarilla only and is made available at the monthly court held by the Prince of Glasgow. The newsletter should only be made available to other Kindred, and all care should be taken to ensure that it cannot breach the Masquerade.

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

Articles over 750 words may not be printed in full in the main publication

HARPY HOUR

I have lived in this city now for centuries. And I thought I had seen and heard it all. Edinburgh is such a fountain of creativity and artistry. But Amadeus Edelstein's performance this month was truly miraculous in its beauty. The feast of music he achieved here in our Usher Hall was a splendour to listen to and the crowd were rightly on their feet more times than I can count. The applause raised the roof when he entertained us with his new symphony. Justicar Guille herself I heard shower him with praise to Felix Cavendish. Bravo!! Truly, Bravo!

Farr, Harpy of Edinburgh

~

By all means continue with your spiteful intrigues, Toreador. By all means hunt down illegally a cousin of ours here or there. It will make no difference. You accuse without basis and you act without thinking. Mark my words, this does not end here with out cousin's death.

Henry Newbolt, Harpy of Birmingham

Word on the street is that Simon Haile has been dicking about in Spain. Also can't help but notice his thumbing his nose at the decision of the Nosferatu Justicar. Is it that he really thinks he can insult the Justicars and get away with it? Or is it just that he found himself some new friends in Spain and is paving his way for siding with the Sabbat that he is so renowned for chasing from Scotland?

Donna Huggleschmitt, Harpy of Liverpool



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