



LONDON PROCLAMATION

By Lady Anne Bowesley, Seneschal of London

To all Kindred of London and the British Isles,

Let it be known that our Lord Mithras has returned to his position of Prince of London and Lord of the British Isles.

Lord Mithras requests the attendance of all the Princes of the British Isles at the Tower of London on the 13th October under the hospitality of Lord Mithras. Princes may contact myself directly to discuss any arrangements in regards to this.

Further to this Lord Mithras would like to thank Prince Barker of Glasgow and the Duke of York for their continued work during his absence. There are no truer and more noble members of clan Ventrue and they stand as an example to all.

Long Live our Lord Mithras

JUSTICARS MAKE GOOD ON DU CORAZON'S PROMISE

By Sif, Dark Times Correspondent

Amsterdam has claimed the honour of being the first domain to fall victim to Rafael Du Corazon's proclamation at the Versailles Ball.

In August, after the surprising announcement of retirement by Prince Villon, we were surprised further by a rare visit from the ancient Toreador elder himself; Rafael Du Corazon.

Du Corazon is known as being the main proponent of The Masquerade and he did not disappoint when he announced that the Justicars, who work on behalf of the inner council, would be focussing their attentions on ensuring that the Masquerade is maintained and will be coming down hard on those

that break it.

Which is what Prince Arjan of Amsterdam discovered when he received a surprise visit from Justicar Edelstein. Following an investigation of Edelstein's Archons it was revealed that Arjan had been promoting what he called a 'progressive' and 'relaxed' attitude towards not just the Masquerade but the other traditions as well.

Following a brief private discussion with Arjan the Justicar wasted no time in publicly announcing to the room that Prince Arjan will be executed for his failure to enforce the Traditions, in particular, the numerous Masquerade breaches that had gone unaddressed.

Prince Arjan was given some

time to put his affairs in order before he was executed by the Justicar's hand that night.

The Justicar advised the court that they select a new Prince that will ensure that the Traditions are enforced to the correct standard.

This was just one in what turned out to be a few more swift removals and executions by both Justicar Ovid and Justicar Thraces. The Prince of Charlestown, The Prince of Corinth and the Prince of Stuttgart have all since been executed for their failure to uphold the Masquerade.

It is known that the Justicar's are continuing their investigations in this area and are likely to focus on this for the foreseeable future.

AN EDICT

By Levi Tius, Prince of Barcelona, Elder of Clan Tremere

Let it be known that henceforth in the domain of Barcelona that this edict is now law alongside the Traditions:-

Ghouls are recognised as part of our society and are to be considered part of their Masters household. They are to be treated with the respect and dignity appropriate to those that serve. They are to be kept in a comfortable fashion and aren't to be slain without appropriate provocation.

A note of clarification, they will not be covered by the Traditions of Progeny or Destruction so people are still permitted to create them as they please. The aim is to give a definite and recognised place in our world. I'm sure people will have other points to bring up but the above covers the salient points. Any grey areas will need to be weighed as they arise.

A DECLARATION

By Elder Sebastian Fawkes, Guardian of the Back Forest

I write this article whilst sitting in a place I never thought I would find: a place to call mine. As many of you know I am a migratory sort. I have travelled between your domains nightly as I ferry letters and small packages, bringing with me the talk of the previous nights. I don't see this changing soon but time will tell how often this place I've found will call me so.

Sebastian you might be asking; where have you settled down? What place could tempt a wandering spirit like you so? The Black Forest. Wild Heart of Europe.

I like my danger it seems. A Scion of Glasgow indeed.

Now when I say I have made a place mine I in no way mean the forest as a whole. One cannot claim ownership over the untameable. I have found a little place for myself, a place to think, a place to tell stories, and if you ever find yourself there a little tale is all I ask for what hospitality I can give.

Now normally I wouldn't announce such a thing openly, I like my privacy when I can get it. But I have concerns for the forest and that has moved me to act. The kine push ever onward with their attempts to tame the wild lands of this world and too often we allow them free reign to do so. I will not allow this to happen to the Black Forest and if you have a place you want left untouched you should act accordingly.

Too many nights now have I heard myself called Elder. It seems I can avoid the title no longer. Thank you to those who have enough respect for me to call me such, in return I shall give you some sport.

I, Sebastian Fawkes, Elder of Clan Gangrel declare myself a Guardian of the Black Forest.

Melodramatic enough? I've even invented a title for myself for you all to ridicule. Well remember this; I am no Prince, I am not responsible for what the forest dwellers do. I look out for the forests interests so then it can continue to be.

In short I do not protect you from the forest, but the forest from you.

MESSAGE TO ALL NOSFERATU.

The future safety of our clan in Glasgow is under threat. Please reach out if you have information.



FROM THE KING OF SPAIN

By King Angus McDonald, Lord of Iberia, Regent of Orkney

Kindred,

I discovered several interesting and terrifying things on my recent trip to Australia. Each of the nation's six states is controlled by a frighteningly powerful Elder hailing from a range of Clans. Each are extremely territorial and detest outsiders.

I also discovered that both the Kindred and Were creatures there follow the expected pattern of matching the native predators... spiders of horrific size. Most likely snakes too although so far, I've happily avoided meeting any.

On arrival in Perth, I was met with... I was ambushed by the biggest spider that I've ever seen. Almost too big for the room I was cornered in. Luckily, my natural charm carried the day and I made a good friend rather than being forced to kill yet another stranger. That spider turned out to be the war form of Bruce, the Gangrel Elder that rules Perth and Western Australia. I agreed to carry a message back to the world on his behalf: Kindred are not welcome in the Domain of Western Australia. Any Kindred setting foot there will be killed immediately and without question. This is your fair warning to avoid an early grave by staying out of Perth.

King Angus McDonald,
Lord of Iberia,

GUESS THE NUMBER

By Elder Sebastian Fawkes, Guardian of the Back Forest

Games are fun right? Especially for entertainment. I offer to all who enjoy a good puzzle this old school game:

Guess a whole number between 1 and 10 000 that is the 2/3 of the average number of all guesses submitted. Try to just use logic. Deadline for submissions - by the end of this month. The one who's guess is the closest to the 2/3 of the average will get bragging rights as well as a special token gift - a photo of a sunny hillside.

ANOTHER ROYAL INVITATION

By Augustus Trenchard, Prince of Cartagena and Seneschal of Iberia

Kindred,

You are cordially invited to attend the Royal Palace of Madrid on the evening of Wednesday 14th October to celebrate the 310th birthday of Angus McDonald, King of Iberia, and the 18th birthday of Grey Mane, Princess of the Red Talons, and ward of the King.

All guests are under the hospitality of King McDonald. Accommodation in the Palace or in the city can be arranged for guests, and secure return travel can be organised for all.

All Justicars and Princes of Europe shall receive personal invites, as will select Elders and VIPs from North Africa, Australia, North and South America.

All Kindred in the Domains of France, Scotland, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Iberia, Memphis, Alexandria, and Kerma are personally invited to attend the celebration.

All correspondence should be addressed to my office, along with any questions or queries.

Yours,
Augustus Trenchard,
Seneschal of Iberia

THE FAMILY STRIKE BACK

By Leo DiVenezia Dark Times Correspondent

It was reported this month that members of Clan Giovanni, under the direction of the head of the clan, conducted a swathe of executions of kin that have been considered 'traitors' to the family.

It is no secret that Clan Giovanni are facing turmoil after 'The Spectre at the Feast' and one of their most respected (and powerful) members, Ambrogino Giovanni, joining the Spectre's side. As such the family are pruning the family tree and getting rid of those that they fear will betray the clan in the coming months.

As some leaves have to fall however, others rise up

and here at the Dark Times we have heard that for every family member that is culled, two more are sired to bolster the family's ranks.

Their attentions remain fixed on their holdings in Italy at present but rumour has it that family Elders will be travelling throughout the rest of Europe soon to test the loyalty of their family who are further afield. Anyone even loosely associating with The Spectre, Ambrogino or their known agents will be removed by these elders.

Isn't it all just so awful? Those poor scared little lambs. Be a dear and pass the popcorn.

MESSAGES

- ◆ *To the Duke of York, I accept, Esteban*
- ◆ *If anyone is experienced in locating missing persons I would be grateful for any assistance in searching for my sire, Fiona Sangster of the Inverness court*
- ◆ *I thoroughly enjoyed our truly magical evening together, until next time – J. Fitzgerald.*
- ◆ *I just wanted a companion, I thought you did too. I have taken the hint, you won't hear from me again - VDB*

A POEM

By R. Waters

Chaos is like a thunderous ocean.
There is no port in this storm.
Each ebb and swell an emotion.
A pattern begins to form.

It takes patience to predict the motion.
It takes practice not to drown.
You must never give in to that notion.
Or you'll be sucked all the way down.

But rides the waves and you realise,
You can go with the flow.
One day you will see clear skies,
If you let your mind grow.

Chaos is all around us,
It has always been thus.

'MADNESS' STRIKES THE TOREADOR OF MANCHESTER

By Jean-Paul Éclair, Dark Times Correspondent

The Toreador of Manchester continue to be struck by a strange madness that either encourages them into extraordinary feats of creativeness or urges them to descend into either a melancholic or Frenzied state when they cannot focus on their art.

The trend started last month with the unusual behaviour of Sandra Lawson who in a maddened state had set about destroying the art in one of the Local Elysia. It was suspected that Sandra had likely fallen to her beast, but

evidence now suggests that this is no longer an isolated case as more and more Toreador seem to have fallen prey to it.

The effects in other Toreador are temporary at present whereas Lawson's case is reported to be permanent. It is unclear at this point what has induced this madness amongst the domain's Toreador and why they are currently the only ones that have been affected.

THE DIGITAL AGE AND THE ROLE OF THE HARPY

By Anthony, Dark Times Correspondent

Good evening avid readers, I would like to welcome you all first and foremost to my introduction to this article. In fact, having been a reader and a traveller myself for a number of years I have often wondered what it would be like to submit an article for your perusal and maybe dare I say, pleasure?

Either way I have a feast in store for you! One of the great beasts of our time you may say, one conversational topic, that those of the modern nights might describe as “So controversial, yet so brave”. It, you might say is like Marmite, you either like or dislike, but unlike the modern age there is no swipe left I’m afraid, its just read or move on.

So, without further ado, I shall get on with it and let those little grey cells begin their saturation, as they say.

To understand this article and the point raised in view, we must travel indeed back into antiquity, to a time before the Camarilla existed, to a time before the great clans were split asunder. Back to a time, where communication was difficult and could take weeks if not months for correspondence to make its way across the vast empires of man and kindred alike.

In this time, news from the individual feifs and domains ruled by the varied kindred lords and princes was transported by carrier bird or trusted retainer. But you cannot always trust a letter to arrive safely and untampered. And thus arose the Harpies. Those kindred enterprising enough amongst us, those earliest of socialites who kept score on the goings on within their domain.

Contrary to popular belief, Harpies were not just the news mongers and rumour mills that they are made out to be today, but instead some of the most adept political animals our kind has ever seen. Capable of playing the great game far better than any prince or Elder, for they could get away with the subtle insults and the blatant support with little fear of reprisal. In fact, most Harpies of the time are thought to have ruled as the puppet masters, their princes dancing to their tunes.

Wars started over spilled wine and loss of wives, usually lead back to a Harpy looking at the resources of neighbouring domains and with the deadliest of poisons, inflicting their hidden conquests upon the world.

We can skip forward several centuries, past those dark ages and into the middle-ages where abouts the Harpy began to be

known as they are now. No one is sure exactly when the role of ruler in the shadows slipped from their grasp, becoming the humble yet sophisticated courtiers that are represented in most stereotypes of the name. But dear readers, it did. For many a decade the once proud and noble Harpy, those political masterminds who ruled Europe and the Mediterranean, fell from their pinnacles, scratching hopefully at the scraps of their silken clothes for any sort of purchase.

But this was in fact, the decline of their political power. For many centuries afterwards, the combined might of the Harpy was feared. Not for their control over nations and domains, but what damage they could do to a single person’s reputation amongst our kind.

Again, communication was primitive. Carrier pigeons and letter wagons were the norm, but who best to relay new and the rumours amongst the courts of the known world. The Harpies! Enterprising as ever, these kindred took up a new mantle. No longer would they be the puppet masters behind the curtain, but they would be the face of doom.

For their word carried upon it the destiny of all those they spoke of. But just like mortals, everyone has their price. Soon, princes and elders would use the Harpies of Europe in their machinations against one another. Eroding the standing and support of their rivals before moving in for the kill.

From master to weapon, the Harpies had changed. Their political heads now turned to focus more on individuals, prestige counted far more than capability, and this is how they wanted it.

Again, we shift forward in time, to what many consider the dawn of the modern nights. The 20th century in all its vain glory. The introduction of morse code using wired communications, the early telephone and radio were all new forms of transmitting news across the vast distances of the word.

Yet still the Harpies maintained their status quo. Delivering messages, spreading their rumours, and foreshadowing the rise and fall of individuals. Though by now, powerful elders and princes had their defences against such claws. They could claim breaches of several of our traditions, bribe other Harpies to nay-say their rivals and colleagues or outright make them disappear. And this balance lasted up until the current times.

The 21st century, only envisioned in such classics as Buck Rogers and the Time Machine. However, our current time both surpasses and falls short of their expectations. The people of the world have moved on and accepted that the digital age in which we now live. Ruled by mobile phones, wireless headphones, streamed performances live to any device, in any room, the kine have shown us the future. And yet, we cling to a past shrouded in myth, obscured by tradition and habit. The Harpy.

Those of us who are not anachronistic have already begun to catch up with our mortal co-habitants, but we still insist on communication via a form of outdated media. Like a tabloid, delivering images of UFO sightings, the Harpies continue to peddle their misinformation and the newly coined “fake news”. Why, when it takes less time to access all of the worlds news and send a confirmation to a client, than it does to button my shirt do we need to play host to these relics of an age long past?

Why has this generation of Harpies not taken advantage of the astronomical leaps in technology, not read the mood of the new-age socialite or embraced the digital concept for our time? Who knows, but the question readers, is should they?

My personal view is that information can be shared amongst our world within a matter of seconds. The arguments about that sort of disruption going against decorum are saturated and stifled and lead only into the same fallacy of control as has been seen in decline of the centuries. Why can’t our digital age Harpies begin to take advantage of the communication methods and tools at their fingertips, utilising them to great effect? Again, I believe hanging onto the concept that prestige trumps capability and that showing face is showing grace.

Would you agree? Would you disagree? Take the time and think. Think back to the last time a Harpy took advantage of the power they wield and think. How was it delivered. Was it delivered in the safety of an Elysium or was it communicated through an outdated form of media? Or did they prove me wrong and in fact use modern methods in our modern nights to provide a display so evocative that their message was reached by all intended recipients?

Harpy Quotes



Glasgow – Raphael Ortega, Chancellor - Minor boon if you can keep his attention longer than a year! We both know he's there for a good time, not a long one

Edinburgh – Farr – Here comes the new boss, and boy does she have style. There is in over your head and then there is in, over, your, head.

Aberdeen – Dougal Douglas – I have heard when you get involved with someone you take on certain aspects of their personality...but their clan? Really?! Can't blame you though mate, that's a hottie right there, kudos.

Inverness – David Griene – Is it too early to say I told you so? What did you expect? That they would all just roll over and pick someone? If there is one thing we prize more than anything it's our independence.

London – Lady Salisbury – Oh my love, didn't you know? The chase is my favourite part. Nothing worth having was ever easy.

Severn – Benedict & Algernon – We, the amused harpies of Severn, do declare Lily to be a sound old mum and we thank the Harpy of Valencia for introducing us properly. PS we hear from two reliable and delectable sources that there is a Prince of Spain that enjoys night time strolls around the village square in a very enticing outfit...fear not, your secret is safe with us.

Manchester – Lucrezia Reflection – She got what she wanted and lost what she had. I heard it trapped her, locked her away and keeps her chained. Fair is fair I suppose, what goes around comes around, a taste of her own medicine for a time. Oh did you hear what father said? Absolutely not, I will not encourage this ridiculous delusion. You're under a SPELL, find a wizard.

Birmingham – Bethany Trimble – I HEARD SHE GOT STOOD UP! The beautiful rose of Paris, STOOD UP! By a GAN-GREL NOBODY! It is too good, it just, too, good.

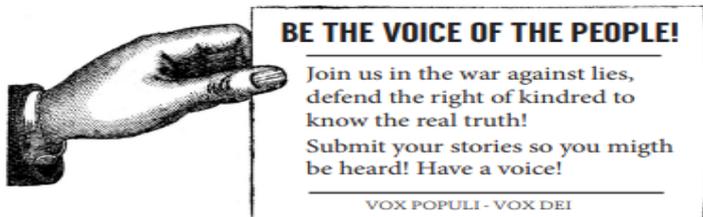
York – Anne Jacques – And good riddance, I do not like your chances if you ever step foot in York again sir. And our regards and esteem to Prince Tius, we heard of your actions and the Duke thoroughly approves.

Norfolk – Carl – I did, he said the King came to speak to the Jester seeking counsel. That the vagabond has sent out heralds to save us. Why does she not love me? And now she seeks another! What can I do? Will you help me? But Wizards scare me.

Carlisle – Vanessa Norton – For those who have any interest in ensuring that our blood does not become tainted myself and other members of the Pure Blood Association will be hosting a meeting this month. All those with open minds are welcome.

Derry – Hilda Bern – I'm not saying they're worried following the news of his arrival, but you know that way you get when your sire turns up and you know you've been a bit naughty...

Paris – Viola DuBois – Oh go on, you know you want too. We know you like castles and we have one here all ready and waiting for you...come back to the Mother 'Rose' Land.



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