



TOREADOR CARNIVALE: A REVIEW

By Rosalie Gypsy, Dark Times Correspondent

It seemed back in March that the Toreador Carnivale that takes place in Venice was destined to be cancelled this year due to the virus spreading amongst the mortals. Enter Glasgow, Prince Barker, and his Seneschal Daniel Smith. They were not going to let a little thing like a virus stop the Toreador from having their party and the domain swung open their doors to allow the artistic masses to have their way with Barker's city. I am reliably informed that Seneschal Daniel Smith has been working closely with Elder Victoria Featherstone in the run up to the event ensuring that all security and event details were in place. After all, it is no easy feat planning such an event, and no easy feat planning such an event at the last minute.

The Opening Ceremony took place at the Royal Concert Hall and the week of events was opened by none other than Rafael DuCorazon himself, his second public appearance since the Versailles ball.

Is this a sign we will be seeing more of the esteemed Toreador elder in future? The opening ceremony itself included a cacophony of different types of art, giving those gathered a 'taster' of what the rest of the weeks might entail, and of course the introduction of some of the Fledgling Toreador sired this year. It was a beautiful sight to behold for all except poor Paulina Masters from the domain of Edinburgh who rather unfortunately managed to fall over the hem of her own dress.

The rest of the week descended into the usual chaos and excitement of the Carnivale, part competition and part entertainment all the artistic venues of Glasgow were filled with all kinds of artistic endeavours. For those of the clan with a less artistic bent and more of a critical one there were the salons and after parties where they were able to practice their art. Truly the best of the clan were on display here as well as the down-

right awful. Reputations were made and broken, rivalries were finally settled and new ones began.

There were all the usual faces of the clan there; Villon, DuBois, Edelstein, Salisbury, however the most interesting face that was seen that evening was that of former Prince of Edinburgh; Duncan Carlisle. It would seem that he has finally awoken from his involuntary torpor and is making his foray back into society – much to the amusement of many gathered at the event. It would see that Duncan Carlisle was something of a pariah during the event with only a small few willing to speak with him. That being said he took the snubbing with grace...at least on the outside.

The festivities continue on for the remainder of the month which will conclude with a Ball to be held at the Glasgow Fruitmarket; the theme being the ever faithful Italian Carnivale Masquerade ball.

BARCELONA WINTER PARTY

By Prince Tius of Barcelona

Residents of Glasgow,

You are all cordially invited to a winter party at Cardona Castle in Barcelona. Transport and accommodation can be provided for those who need or want it, no boons required or expected. The theme will be 'Winter in Narnia' so please be creative with your outfits, there might be a prize for the most appropriate outfit.

As with my prior party the rules of hospitality are in force, I will be your guardian and assure you of your safety so long as you abide by the duties as guests. The venue isn't Elysium and the only mortals that are present are my staff, feel free to relax a little. Any questions please approach me while I'm in Glasgow.

I look forward to seeing you all there.

Kind regards,

Levi Tius, Prince of Barcelona

DOMAIN CHANGES: FROM THE KING OF IBERIA

By King Angus MacDonald of Iberia

Kindred of Glasgow,

I come as the bearer of sad or joyful tidings, depending on who you are and your smallness as a person.

I have several announcements to make:

Helga Wolf-Kissed of Clan Gangrel is now Prince of Cadiz,

Enda May of Clan Gangrel (known as June) is now Prince of Bilbao,

Hassan Manesha of Clan Assamite (known as the Woemaker) is now Prince of La Rioja,

Harald Redfist of Clan Gangrel is now Prince of Santander,

Buttery Clive of Clan Nosferatu is now Prince of Burgos,

Ezra Sorrowcrown of Clan Gangrel is now Prince of Lectria,

Rafa of Clan Assamite is now Prince of Merida,

Loretta Usperii of Clan Assamite (known as The Angel of Verdun) is now Prince of Pamplona,

Viga Brand of Clan Gangrel is now Prince of Albacete.

Flavia Orsini of Clan Toreador is now Harpy of Iberia. Some of you may have... enjoyed... her delightful music at our party recently.

Prince Marcellus of Madrid, Clan Gangrel, is now Prince Marcellus of Cordoba.

Prince Heiku of Cordoba, Clan Assamite, is now Prince Heiku of Madrid.

To Prince Heiku of Madrid I bestow the little I own in terms of physical property, and have charged her with looking after my Ghouls and... our girls.

Let it be known that I consider Grey Mane, Princess of the Red Talon Tribe, to be my Childe and all Kindred should treat her as

such.

I have seen my own death and it is coming upon me very soon. Thirty of my brothers lie sleeping on the red snow, murdered by a creature none of them could prevail against. Their souls lie cold in the cold, iron, earth, unable to reach Valhalla until revenge is sought. And I am vengeful. Luckily, I don't need to survive to win. It gladdens me to know that Odin prepares a feast! Soon I will be drinking blood mead from curved horns. One who enters Valhalla does not lament their death and I will not enter Odin's Hall with fear. There, I will wait for my sons to join me. And when they do, I will bask in their tales of triumph! The gods will welcome me. My death comes without apology, and I welcome the Valkyries to summon me home!



UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

By Leo DeVenzia, Dark Times Correspondent

Following the dramatic events of the previous month it would appear that the 'Princeless' domains of Spain are now all under new management...as well as Spain itself. Last month King Angus MacDonald executed and exiled 9 of his Spanish princes on the grounds of disloyalty and this month replaced them with 9 of his fearsome Devourers all hailing from Clan Gangrel and Assamite. It would appear that the king was taking no chances when it came to securing

future loyalty from his Prince's.

However in an interesting turn of events there was something of 'reshuffle' as well with his current Princes. Prince Marcellus of Madrid and Prince Heiku of Cordoba have traded places in an interesting turn of events leading many to believe that this is a move by King Angus to set up Heiku as his successor. Not much is known about the stoic Assamite that has been by Angus' side for years and I suspect she would rather keep it that way

— so it will be interesting to see how this otherwise private individual takes to being pushed into the spotlight. Especially considering other rumours that have come to forefront regarding the King. Some say he has disappeared, some say he has finally met his end...whatever the truth, the cracks are appearing in Alexander's empire, I wonder if it will be just as bloody?

THE TRUTH

By Victor Crane, Gangrel Primogen of Glasgow, Ambassador to Helsinki

No doubt this won't be the only article here that addresses this topic. Our kind are, if nothing else, scavengers. Vultures who seek what they desire most, be it blood, riches, or rumours. And I know too well that many who use this say things that haven't got a lick of truth to it, but merely say any bullshit and claim it as fact. Well not here. I don't deal in half-truths or that shite. So, I'll just say it. Yes, it's true. King Angus is gone.

I was amongst a group of some of his closest and most trusted family when he took us to the North Pole. He knew he was going to die, as it was told to him, it being part of a grand plan to stop the end of the world. I watched him fight an ice giant as big as a mountain, and although finding it difficult, smashed it to shards while the rest of our group struggled to hold off a handful about double of a man. He fought hard and hon-

ourably, and defeated his foe in triumph. But in the end, he said his death was required. It was to prevent an apocalypse, and after saying his goodbyes, went to his death, without fear, and with honour.

Many of you will know him as a monster. a heartless killer who would slay an entire court if he felt like it. That was not all there was, and even then, it is not wholly in truth.

I've been to the domains of his closest friends and family so that they could be told from a friend instead of finding out here. And some have some things they want to be known.

His good friends, prince Leslie of Aberdeen and prince Williams of Memphis want it known he was a good friend, a natural leader as well as dependable in the face of hardship, and that they'll never forget is dealing of members of the red list. And those he led, the devoursers, saw him as their honoura-

ble leader. A man with great martial prowess, and the tactical guide to ensure that the Camarilla was the victor of the war.

His daughters, Arsinoe and grey mane, want his softer side to be mentioned. The one that did movie nights in the Palace of Madrid, who looked after them and helped lessen their pain, and grow stronger out of their hardships. And family in Bergen, his mother, has put out that she hopes that we all weep for his passing, because that is why he died. To save us from something that may have ended everything.

As for myself? He's been more a father and sire to me than that of those who could claim these titles through blood, and I would not be the kindred I am today without his influence. His guidance has helped me through more hardship than his claws helped me in a fight. I will miss him.

THE RACE TO VERSAILLES

By Sif, Dark Times Correspondent

With Prince Villon due to step down by the end of the year all eyes are on Viola DuBois and Matthew St John, Villon's two childer, in regards to who will be taking over the City of Lights. Both of the Toreador are holding a multitude of salons and parties in a bid to shore up support for their claim to their sire's throne. Prince Villon himself has said that he will not name a successor citing, "whoever can hold it, can claim it."

At present Ms DuBois is coming out just a little ahead of her brood brother in the 'popularity' stakes although Matthew St John has focused on gaining support from

more influential Elders within the city. There is some speculation that a few other candidates might raise their heads at the last moment but at the moment no one is taking their suits or claims seriously. It has been said that Ms DuBois has commissioned a 'retirement' present for her sire which will be revealed prior to his stepping down which is said to be, "a reminder of the dynasty he has created."

The final decision will be made at the Parisian court in December and kindred from all domains will be welcome to attend.

MY OATH

By Mab

There are times when one must let go
But clasped hands are not for show
A bond like no other
Not even child and mother

Together with shared heart
Each the other's counterpart
Blood for blood, bone for bone
Always united, never alone

Those who threaten my world
Will see my fury unfurled
With a heart cold as iron
It'll consume even the Lion

My will, do not test
I say none of this in jest
Ask for mercy, you will find none
I shall not rest until you lay undone

OH CANADA; WHAT'S UP WITH MONTREAL?

By Jean-Paul Éclair, Dark Times Correspondent

One does not need to live close to the city to know that something has the Sabbath heartland worked up into a tizzy. Even down here in New York we heard rumours and rumblings that all was not well in the Spiritual Centre of the Canadian Sabbath. That's if there is even any Canadian Sabbath left. Turns out, a little digging here and there revealed that a few of the domains up that way have only gone and

declared themselves 'independent' or at least are in the process of thinking about it.

But back to Montreal, from what my little friends were able to gather it would seem that the local packs of the city have started to turn against each other. Now, it's not like they lived in harmony before that but it's all gone a bit 'Warriors' if you ask me. As to

what has caused this some speculate that the head honcho might have turned to ask and thus this is a power struggle. Or perhaps it's in reaction to all these newly 'independent' domains, maybe schism is developing in the sect.

Whatever the reason, Montreal is a powder keg waiting to explode and who knows how fat reaching those shockwaves will go.

MESSAGES

- ♦ *How could you forget the pliers? It was like the one thing I told you to bring?! – Z.*
- ♦ *Does anyone know a Gangrel called Darla based in Geneva? I got a strange message from her the other day – Torbien, domain of Frankfurt*
- ♦ *I am looking to get in touch with Francis Jacobbi, his next order of books is ready but he is not answering his phone – A.R.O*
- ♦ *Hey, hey, hey Chamberlin, want to know a secret? Meet me in Edinburgh, at the gallery and I'll tell you it – Phillip P.*
- ♦ *The Curator - I was delighted to receive your message. My two friends and I would love to meet you for tea at 10pm on the evening of the 10th in Kelvingrove Park - Mab.*

GIOVANNI SERVICES

By Alexander Dunsirn

We wish to remind the kindred of the Camarilla that the following services can be provided at competitive rates.

Cleansing of haunted property
Contacting the dearly departed
Identifying the cause of death
Removal of inconvenient corpses
Masquerade maintenance
Private meeting spaces
Neutral mediation of disputes
Financial services including

Escrow
Loans
Low to high risk investments
Private security
Location of missing persons

Direct inquiries to Guiliana Giovanni or Alexander Dunsirn

MARCH ON SOLDIER BOY

By Esteban

Oh soldier boy you march on by
In your uniform the army supplied
A drum keeps beat as you march passed the crowd
The smile you wear looks so proud

Away over the seas you sail
To lands not yours where peace talks fail
Commanders drink and smoke and dance
And sit atop their steeds and prance

You are a soldier so you march some more
Your boots kept shiny and your feet rubbed raw
And in the distance the people sing
About all the glory that you'll bring

The enemy have lined up to fight
All hell is loosed all day and night
You cannot sleep not a single peep
For vigil over your friends you keep

The cannons roar and rifles too
Fix your bayonet the enemy are upon you
Your blood runs warm and wet and red
On this battlefield is your final bed

A letter is written
It is not heartfelt
A mothers tears replace her pride



COME HOME

By The Spectre

Brothers, sisters and cousins. It is time to come home. The doors of the underground city are open to you, as they have always been and we will welcome your return with open arms. We will rebuild, as we will rebuild our clan, we will stand strong and we will strike down her enemies. To the betrayers; redemption will be given to those with true remorse within their hearts. Ask for forgiveness for the crimes you have committed and sanctuary from your family will be granted. Those who refuse, those that stand against Clan Cappadoccian, you will be returned to dust. This is your final chance.

MESSAGE FROM THE SCOURGE

By Heather Jackman, Scourge of Glasgow

Thanks to everyone for being on their best behaviour for the Toreador Carnivale. Despite the influx of kindred everyone kept to the Prince's rules of not feeding on key workers. If there were any incidents, then congrats on keeping them discrete. Remember, if you see anything odd or suspicious around the domain then you should let me or Teresa know. Even if you aren't sure, just drop me a message. My phone number is 07140999101 and it can be passed on to outside kindred if they need to contact me to arrange a visit to the domain.

ON THE TYRANNY OF THE BLOOD OATH AND IT'S DETRIMENTAL EFFECT UPON CAINITE SOCIETY

By Francis Jacobi

Dear reader,
Below I shall argue that the blood oath is a practice not only immoral but detrimental to Cainite society at large. This argument will focus upon both the physiological and psychological impact of this dubious practice and I shall conclude with a call for all right thinking Cainites to abhor the practice and where in a position of authority to have it outlawed.

The blood oath has long been a tool of Elders to control their Childe as well as rivals. The practice swiftly leads to cruel abuse and thus sparked the Anarch revolt. This alone is a strong historical argument against its use. History is doomed to repeat itself if we do not learn from our mistakes after all. This situation was an inevitable consequence of the blood oath due to the profound effect it has upon

both liege lord and thrall.

Let us first consider the physiological effect. Vitae is notoriously addictive. Once tasted the desire for more is sure to follow. That a society of addicts is a dysfunctional one is hardly surprising. One need only look to the kine for examples of how substance misuse, for that is what the blood oath amounts to, harms communities. The addictive nature of the blood oath however goes deeper than the immediately obvious. The power one holds over another and the bliss of the kiss makes being a liege lord addictive too. This all drives our society towards one that abandons any semblance of humanity in exchange for a descent into barely restrained bestial excess, blood addicts falling upon each other. It's brutal, bloody and needless.

The psychological impact goes

further still. Agency is a core component of the self. Without agency desperation and despair soon set in. Not only does the human part of our being rebel against such oppression but so too does our beast. This is the greatest threat of the blood oath. It's dominating nature feeds the beast, eroding our capacity for compassion and casually handing over control to our worst self. Little wonder that Elders abused their Childe and their Childe proceeded to turn upon them. That dark, bloody and violent piece of Cainite history was the inevitable result of the blood oath and if we do not take pains to prevent it happening again we are doomed to repeat it.

We must avoid our society from tearing itself apart. Outlaw the blood oath and end its tyranny

GUESS THE MESSAGE

By Grey

Last time I asked to guess the number, now let's try something different.

Some very sad news has been announced this month. The message below relates to it. Let's see if any of the readers can make an educated guess as to what bit of news this message relates to. Don't cheat by using powers :P

Message:

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Hint: $1679 = 73 \times 23$

Harpy Quotes



MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCE OF CUIDAD REAL

By Prince Nathaira of Cuidad Real

I would like to invite all those close to King Angus to my home to partake in the ritual of pomani. In place of the fire and water rituals I will provide a memorial encompassing these elements in another form in the hope that King Angus may find his passing an easy one.

In accordance with tradition there will be no dancing but I will be erecting a new branch to the Public Library in Cuidad Real to commemorate his love of research and how it helped him to build ties across the world. Think what you will, say what you will. Beneath all of the rumours and horrific truths, there was a man worth loyalty and worth remembering. I will be looking for submissions for art to make the library wing a true picture of the man that carved Spain away from the Sabbat. Come and grieve with me brothers and sisters. Loss affects us all and you may find more than peace in the company.

Prince Nathaira of Cuidad Real.

Glasgow – Raphael Ortega, Chancellor - Two titans in a single month. It seems 2020 hasn't finished with us just yet...

Edinburgh – Farr – Thank you for coming to tea and confirming a rumour – needless to say I have let the proper authorities know.

Aberdeen – Dougal Douglas – Prince Leslie welcomes all friends and family of Angus MacDonald to the domain of Aberdeen for three nights of drinking, revelry and memory in honour of his former friend.

Inverness – David Griene – Black armbands all round, needless to say Inverness is devastated by the news.

London – Lady Salisbury – Don't you think it is time for this cold war to end?

Severn – Benedict & Algernon – We, the fabulous harpies of Severn, do invite anyone of interest and note to our 'Office Christmas Party' in Bristol. Expect a night of embarrassing and cringeworthy entertainment from some of the most shameful kindred in the UK.

Manchester – Lucrezia Reflection – Look, this isn't the hocky cokey, this is the Camarilla, you're either in or you're out, make up your damn mind because it's giving me a headache. Glad to see you back to your old self luv.

Birmingham – Bethany Trimble – Please, please, please don't move him, I couldn't live without him! Please!

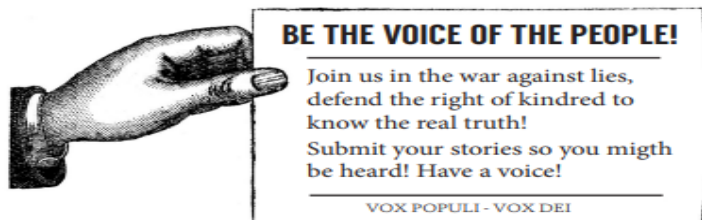
York – Anne Jacques – Kerrie, sweetie, I want you to think very carefully about your next move. I hear one false word uttered from your lips and you'll have more than just me to contend with.

Norfolk – Carl – I So am I, thanks to the Prince of the Oil Rig. Did you hear what dad said? Apparently he was at a party this month, they want to carve it all up, that'll be interesting.

Carlisle – Vanessa Norton – No submission.

Derry – Hilda Bern – An end of a very brief era, they will be missed, maybe not for their parties but certainly their entertainment value...I wonder who will take their place

Paris – Viola DuBois – Submission rejected (Note from the Editor: I think that's enough from you for now.)



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