

THE DARK TIMES

VOX POPULI

Update On Glasgow’s Elysium Sites

BY MARY GRAHAM, KEEPER OF ELYSIUM

With all the recent arrivals in Glasgow, I feel it is a good time to provide an update on the city’s Elysium sites. Currently there are three venues in use: Kelvingrove Art Gallery, Gallery of Modern Art and Bardowie Castle. Work is underway to return a fourth Elysium site to use: The People's Palace and Winter Garden. If anyone of wealth wishes to contribute towards this the mortals have set up a fund to finance repairs and improvements. It is not necessary to wait for all improvements to be completed before using the venue, and I will announce when it is in use as an Elysium. This should be before the end of the year. Elysium sites can be accessed on the nights noted below during September and October. Other nights can be arranged through discussion with myself. If you plan to arrange a gathering of more than four kindred at one of the venues, you must make arrangements with me, so I can set up access (or extra precautions) as required. Private room(s) within the Elysium site can also be arranged, if required.

Bardowie Castle - accessible seven nights a week.
Gallery of Modern Art - accessible Mondays, Wednesdays and Sundays
Kelvingrove Art Gallery - accessible Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays



Please present yourself to a court official should you wish to see the Prince. If you have not yet been introduced at court, then failure to present yourself to the Prince will be considered a breach of hospitality.

DOMAIN ANNOUNCEMENTS

Our court this month is held in Elysium at Bardowie Castle. Those in attendance are bound to follow the Pax Vampirica. The following rules are in effect.

- 1. No violence is permitted on the premises. Furthermore, weapons are not permitted save for those carried by appointed officers of the court.
- 2. No art is to be destroyed.
- 3. Elysium is neutral ground.
- 4. Remember the Masquerade at all times.

The business of the Court of Esteban Korsgard will be overseen by his Seneschal, Magnus Burton. Those with business, make yourselves known.

This publication is sent to you via encrypted pathways, but we would ask that you delete upon reading to maintain the masquerade. If you are unsure how to do so, please contact the Keeper of the Masquerade.



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VAMPIRE LIFE AND POLITICS ESSAYS – 01

The Prince and authority. *By Millie Howard*

As we have many new fledgling vampires entering our ranks (myself included) I thought I would pen a few brief essays on our new existences as Vampires, as I am currently researching our lives and History. Hopefully, these will help the newer amongst our ranks understand aspects of court life and our world, without the embarrassment of having to ask these questions to the more inducted among us.

For my first piece, I shall focus on the most important aspect of court life, The Prince.

While the office of Prince is synonymous with the Camarilla, the title stretches back to the feudal structures of the Dark Ages and is occasionally used by vampires who predate the Camarilla. This guiding presence of a Prince has led our kind throughout the centuries.

Even the feral Sabbat, who reject traditions, see the benefit in having an authority figure guide the ship, but in their typical contrary nature chose to call them the bishop or archbishop forgoing the title, Prince.

Generally, a Prince is advised by a council of Primogen, Elders representing each of the major clans of the Camarilla. The prince holds authority over unlife, certain rights and Final Death by virtue of the Traditions. These authorities traditionally include:

- Allotting hunting grounds
- Declaration or revocation of Elysium
- Granting authority to sire new vampires
- Punishment for violating the Traditions, mainly the Masquerade
- Calling a Blood Hunt

Princes also delegate other offices such as Scourge, Sheriff, Keeper of Elysium and any other offices specific to the city. Princes are also the primary interface with the government of the Camarilla.

Vampire politics are just as deep as our counterparts in the human world. There are dangers at every corner, and without a steady hand at the helm, chaos would reign. Now our Prince, Prince Korsgaard, who began his reign in 2021 is continuing this noble tradition. leading us with a steady hand to a prosperous future. Long may he govern.

Speculation on the
Nature Of Vitae

By *Dr. Grimm*

I have little in the way of gossip to bring to the table, so I shall bring some musings on science, metaphysics, and natural philosophy. If this interests you, grab me for a chat at court, we might be able to learn something in the coming months.

It is our nature to consume vitae. Pause a moment to consider the term. Yes, we cloud our language to maintain the Masquerade, but out of all available lexicon we chose, roughly speaking "life essence".

Before scientists adopted logical positivism - developing a model of how a system works and devising experiments that might invalidate that model, philosophers hung out at wrestling gymnasiums, naked, musing about reality.

For example, they mused that rocks fell to the ground because the ground is a natural place for a rock. The original escapes me, but they mused that living substances (e.g. a person) were fundamentally different to non-living substances (e.g. a rock, or a corpse) by the presence of a life essence. You'll find the specifics in Russel's History of Western Philosophy or the Faber Book of Science (multiple authors). Forgetting the specific term, I'll call it "vitae".

And the ancients were quite comfortable with recognizing humans as an animal. Mr. Broad-shoulders (his wrestling nickname) attempted to define a human as "a featherless biped", so Diogenes the Cynic threw a plucked chicken at him shouting "behold a man!"

Yes, they mused that any animal eating plants, or animals kept itself alive through consuming the vitae of the consumed. The first recorded ethical vegetarians are tied to this theory - reasoning that they needed the vitae to live, but that animals were a higher life form than plants.

As biochemistry advanced this theory was gradually abandoned. The last reference I have found is a 1902 experiment where a physician weighed the soul at 21g.

This is a shame - all models are wrong, but all are useful.

As this news outlet is "destroy after reading", I shall be blunt in my language to be understood better. When we drink from a human it takes less volume to be nourished than for an animal, unless one is a true expert of Animalism. Plants completely fail to nourish us. Plainly speaking, humans are a higher animal, and the vitae is more concentrated. When we feed, we consume some measure of our victim's vitae. As we are all behaving ourselves none of us are consuming *all* of the victim's vitae.

The victim then experiences what would be called mild anemia in modern science, or loss of vitae in the naked wrestler philosophy. Typically, they will have an increased appetite for a few days, as they replenish their vitae from slaughtering plants and animals.

The first musing is this - there are interesting developments in the separation of blood into individual components, maybe artificial blood components within the next 50 years. We nourish ourselves on depriving another higher animal of their vitae, their life essence. Synthetic vitae would be a contradiction in terms, it must be *animate*.

The remainder is taboo, but as our Nosferatu colleagues will tell us, sometimes you have to look in a pile of shite. If the Sheriff's Office is reading, I'd also like to point out that I do not know of any diablerists, and am willing to testify that under Oath, Dominate or Blood Bond.

The food chain roughly outlines a hierarchy among animals, that roughly agrees with how nourishing their vitae is to us. By law humans are the top of that chain, but as scientist philosophers I will point out that we predate on humans, putting us above them in the food chain. As the model predicts, vampiric vitae is more nourishing to us than human vitae. As I said, all models are useful.

Hm, not just the law of the Sherriff, but in this model also natural law says that predating on our own kind is abomination. In this model the predator of the vampire should not themselves be a vampire, just as we cease to be human when we begin unlife as a predator of humans. One could view the clash between the consumer and consumed as Nature swatting the would-be diablerist with a newspaper.

But the clash also reinforces the model of us being higher creatures than animals or humans - should one exsanguinate a cow there is little-to-no risk of the cow seizing control of your physical frame. I do not know of an example of a clash of wills when someone exsanguinates a human, but I hardly have a good sample size.

Anyway, this is *a* model. As with all models, there are holes. Humans typically eat their meat after it has been dead for days, what of the vitae in that? What of the worms that eat the corpse in the ground, are the worms higher than people? Many species, especially lower animals, practice cannibalism - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bVMVxJJ7P8M>, with no confusion of higher/lesser animal. Some creatures with large broods will consume surplus young, while some male spiders will feed themselves to their mate, as their own contribution to the energy requirements of the young.

A Trifecta Of Harpies

Are you sitting uncomfortably, children? Then we'll begin...

On occasion, the subtleties of wordplay can sail over the heads of certain readers - so let us hope that this is sufficiently clear, and the lede most firmly left not only unburied, but lifted high and visible for its guts to be picked over:

There are three Harpies of Glasgow - by intent, and mutually recognised.

Harpies may happen to be identified and made more visible by other kindred of note - and for this, my hat is duly tipped to Esteban - but we are not appointed by the edict of Princes, and shall not be dismissed.

To be a Harpy is to answer a vocation - to bear witness and cast aspersions.

Some may suggest that we are poisonous rumour-mongers, bean-counters of prestation, a Greek chorus of Mean Girls, or knitting-needle clicking ninjas[1] watching from their rocking chairs.

I'd say we couldn't possibly comment - but frankly... we can - and we will.

In matters of prestation - what one witnesses, all see. Our records will be maintained in parallel - the wheels of dealing do not pause because a single individual happens to be absent from court.

Will Deacon, Raphael and I always be in agreement in matters of taste and standards? My darlings, where would be the fun in that! Nobody should be safe from the cruel slings and arrows of Harpies, least of all ourselves.

So without further ado... I'll move onto who and what has been catching my own eye of late.

Most sorrowfully, my dears, this month the sermon must come from me. I'm of an age and a church that is not inclined to spare the lash, so do strap in. Someone has to be the bad guy.

Let us talk of the impolite and the illegal - and whether the overlap in answering them is 'fair'. Doubtless I will be stating the obvious for my contemporaries and elders - so do forgive me if I address this towards those still finding their place in the night.

Over-reliance on mortal standards of 'fairness', or comparisons to mortal legal systems, will serve you poorly - and potentially shorten your life expectancy. Remember that your elders once had far more peers - those that have survived into these current nights have done so through learning lessons such as this.

First, the impolite. When you cause offence to another kindred - whether through misjudgement or mischief - you create strife in our society. Kindred memories are long, and whilst personal vendettas can form eddies and flows within the greater Danse Macabre that are most delightfully entertaining to spectators, they can be terminally damaging to those engaged in them. You do not only offend the kindred who is your target - your name is remembered by their coterie, their broodmates, their clansmen. When aiming to resolve this, if you absolutely must insist on comparisons to mortal systems, look to weregild - blood-money paid to avoid a lingering feud.

If you have caused an unintended wound: offer your apologies with grace; offer appropriate boons swiftly (without compounding the insult by requiring the injured party to demand them first); and do not be heard vocally dwelling on your justifications.

If you choose not to do so - let 'Fuck around and find out' be your motto. For unless you offer apology, compensation and a change of behaviour - your future would-be allies and supporters will view you most poorly. Long after the actual damage caused is healed - you damage your own credibility and social standing with stubbornness.

I shall not, on this occasion, call out particular names - but know that your words and deeds have been and will continue to be observed. Do better.

But what of the second aspect - impolite behaviour that stretches into illegality, by also breaching the Traditions, or the domain rules set by our Prince?

It remains personally offensive, in addition to any response from the domain.

However, if it is sufficiently dreadful, the punishment meted out to you by the domain may render you incapable of answering your personal debts for that offence or any other.

Or simply incapable of answering back. Mentioning no names, of course - but it has been suggested that Deacon sees no evil, and I hear no evil...

Having offered boons does not render you immune from wider justice. Consider a thought experiment: Alice diablerises Bob's childe, and offers a major boon for Bob not to seek revenge. But Alice's behaviour does not exist in a vacuum - should a Prince not be concerned by Alice committing Amaranth? Not send their Sheriff to enforce the law?

Of course he should be concerned.

And he must be seen to be concerned, and be seen to act - not only for this ghastly hypothetical breach, but for any other, however slight. For if laws that are viewed as 'less important' by some are broken without consequence - other laws will come to be viewed by them as mere guidelines.

In this, I must praise Prince Esteban, and Sheriff Douglas. That which I have seen of the Sheriff's unyielding and measured handiwork has been memorable - and was performed obediently to the instruction of his Prince. A Prince who is clearly keen to learn from society's judgements on past decisions - and who now not only firmly defends the spirit as well as the word of Elysium, but is keen that the principles of civil behaviour should extend to courts held away from Elysium. Molto bene!

Lecture over, and on to other topics.

Congratulations to our newest Primogen, the ever eye-catching Deacon. Do tell him how pretty he is - it's an eternal gut-twist that he can't confirm it for himself, and I do like to see him pout.

Do make sure you're all exquisitely well-behaved for Seneschal Burton - whether or not the next court is on Elysium, the court officers are taking recent lapses in proper behaviour very seriously. If you also decide to tell him how pretty he is, make sure I've got a good sightline first.

Love and kisses,

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn
Harpy and Necromancer
Not the Herald of Glasgow

[1] Nonnas. Some autocorrections are too amusing to fix.

A Murder Of Harpies

Good evening,

Dearest Giuliana used the word trifecta to describe this, and perhaps I shall be more classical as is my way. To be a Harpy is to be an arbiter of many things; of status, of prestation, and of the proper way of doing things. When I think of Harpies, I think to the Iliad's description of the Furies "the Erinyes, that under earth take vengeance on men, whosoever hath sworn a false oath." For a little bit of light entertainment, perhaps you may wish to consider which of us embodies the aspects of Alekto, which of Megaera, and which of Tisiphone. At least in any particular instant.

Mutually and individually, we recognize our Peers as the arbiters of the social contract that binds all of our kind. Giuliana of the Dunsirn, and Raphael of the Ventrue (for who am I to gainsay the word of the Elders, indeed perhaps the Eldest, of that Clan when they name him such. There are few who hold such privilege, and they are not the ones who choose to idly gossip on this matter.)

With that said, there are a couple of pieces of juicy gossip which have reached by ears of late regarding that Clan, and it would be remiss if I were not to mention it. One keeps hearing Lady Anne Boweseley, referred to by a more regal title than Lady in the Salons of Europe. A vision for the future? Closer to home, I've heard it said that Glasgow's Assamite Primogen is more active in court than its' Ventrue.

Like the Furiae of old, we will watch, we will record, and we will judge. In matters of prestation especially, what one of us sees, we all record. There will be no loophole to allow one of our kind to bear false witness; one of the Lady Giuliana's childer advises me to invoke the name of Lannister when noting that debts will always be paid. One such young Vampire who has impressed me in their dealings with prestation is Leo of the Malkavians; whilst young, they recognized after a previous incident that Vampires do not apologize with mere words, we apologize with Boons. Bravo, mon jeune ami, please consider the trivial favour which I will offer you for your assistance in demonstrating this point to be noted by my colleagues and I.

Deacon.
Harpy and Primogen of the Toreador

On Spanking, Daddies, and Harpies

So, my darlings. I spent a glorious weekend at the abode of Daddy Charles, sheriff of Glasgow. And let me tell you, I never knew he had so many dark and depraved kinks... the flogging, the chains, the pain... the man is a connoisseur of the very best of BDSM life.

How did I learn this? Well, Daddy Charles needed to come to the rescue of the Prince of Glasgow. Or perhaps, if rumours are to be believed, his seneschal. Whoever it was who made a somewhat embarrassing announcement attempting to extort boons - failing to understand that under the rules of prestation, such things cannot be unilaterally demanded or declared - set the hilarious precedent that dominating court officers in Glasgow in open court costs a mere two minor boons. A bargain, to be sure, had the sheriff not rescued the reputation of the court with his admirable ability to hold to traditions other officers often abandon.

And so I got an up close view of Daddy Charles's boudoir. Let me tell you, the iron maiden is simply to die for! But if my simple prank merits such punishment, I shudder to think how the Prince would punish a scourge over stepping her office and assaulting recognised kindred at court. And I'm sure any just Prince would not tolerate such a grotesque violation of his hospitality, nor a flagrant overreach from his officers? Or perhaps nepotism will trump tradition?

And, for those curious, the tacit point I tried to make that courts really ought to be held in elysia has also been missed by the great and the good of Glasgow. Perhaps the Keeper could push for better? Before another mischief maker decides to test the nebulous, and often poorly enforced, tradition of hospitality?

And were that not enough, I've discovered the Officers of Glasgow have shown their ignorance of prestation yet again. This time asking members of the court to travel far and wide to ask what boons the residents of Glasgow owe to the residents of other domains. Rather than say, ask the local harpy? Naturally, opinion of our beloved Esteban's court has plummeted to subterranean depths. The Prince also apparently believes harpy is a court appointed position, displaying a hilarious naivety unbecoming of an elder of his age.

So, my friends, to summarise, there seems to be exactly one officer in Glasgow's court capable of actually carrying out their duties correctly. And he's really, really good at what he does... not even Alex Dunsirn could hurt me that exquisitely, though Donna Giuliana might give him a run for his money.

Raphael Ortega

Sea Eagles Thriving Once More in Scotland

By Eloise Forrest

By 2022 there have been 150 breeding pairs of white-tailed sea eagles reintroduced in Scotland through the Scottish Agricultural Society and its affiliates with the most recent being found as far south as Loch Lomond and Douglas for the first time in over 100 years!



The mating pairs of the sea eagles, as they are more commonly known, were first spotted in early March but presumed they would move on further observation found them searching for suitable nest sites. Now they are settled in the area and intend to stay. It is the official account of the local authority for the Scottish Agricultural Society that this is the first account of sea eagles settling anywhere in Scotland since the early 20th Century.

Persecution and habitat changes led to their extinction across the UK with their, largely mocked as a would be failure, reintroduction to Scotland has been a conservation success. Now with the appearance of a nesting pairs sea eagles close to Scotland's busiest loch has led nature organisations to work together to protect them.

NatureScot, Loch Lomond and Trossachs National Park Authority, RSPB Scotland and the Douglas Foundation are monitoring the birds' behaviour and have put in place protection to ensure the birds are not disturbed by other loch users. This includes an exclusion zone, signs asking visitors to keep their distance and monitoring of the area during regular Ranger patrols. Police Scotland are also aware of the presence of the sea eagles and have a set lawful mandate of how to prosecute breaches of the SAS charter of protection.

NatureScot's John Siebert told the Douglas Foundation it was "fantastic news" that the sea eagles were back on the loch. "Sea eagles were extinct throughout the whole of the UK 100 years ago and now here they are within 30 miles of the centre of Glasgow. They are enormous having a 2.5-metre wingspan so they are like a flying barn door. The birds are protected by law but it was also important to put measures in place so they were not disturbed. However, because of their size they can be seen from a fair distance."

For those interested sites can be found to safely spot the birds such as Balmaha, on the east side of Loch Lomond, without disturbing them.

The natural prey of the sea eagles includes seabirds, fish, hare and geese and they are also known scavengers. In some areas the majestic eagles can impact farming and crofting by predating lambs. NFU Scotland president Ship McCann said the arrival of the sea would be a big concern for sheep farmers in the area.

"Knowing about the serious impacts that territorial pairs of eagles have already had on some of the West Coast's farms and crofts, Loch Lomond farmers had hoped it would have been a few more years before they would start to nest in the lowland areas. It will now be a case of watching and monitoring any impacts the birds may have on sheep flocks in the area and whether their numbers continue to grow."

An unnamed spokesperson stated "Suck it up ya daftie! Lambs have forever been the food of the predator. Know retribution shall be as swift and bloody as the white-tailed eagle hunting if any action is taken against these most sacred of animals!"

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"You choose your leaders and place your trust,
As their lies wash you down and their promises rust.
You'll see kidney machines replaced by rockets and guns
And the public wants what the public gets..."

[drumming and random noises for several minutes]
White on white translucent black capes
Back on the rack
- *By, The Asylum*

News & Rumours

The Masquerade Un-masked

Glasgow premier gossip column by The Veil

Greetings travellers, Well.... It seems a few people are a little scared of little old me? People are certainly trying their damnest to find out more information about The Veil. Did I upset them by spilling a few secrets? Aww, how cute. Now, what does this tell us travellers? That's there are more secrets to reveal, and people are nervous. How delicious.

So what yummy little treats do I have for you this month?

Well, London's burning! well, that's the impression I have with all the rats abandoning the ship. Soon there will be no one left. How sad.

In other news, some well-meaning, bleeding heart is starting some community centres and they are popping up all over Glasgow in the vain hope to solve the rise in crime. Ha. The only thing worse than a bleeding heart is a stupid one.

Talks with the Ravnos have gone as well as expected with the Jusicars. Shock, surprise and (pause for effect) gasp! talks have descended into bickering. But it has been agreed that they will conduct one final hunt in the UK to allow them one more chance to compete. Well done, Jusicars, you managed to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory once again.

My little cowls also tell me, the 'brave' David Grimm stood by while his fellow clan was punished. In fact, when it came to light, he insisted on it being made public rather than dealing with it, withing the clan. How interesting? Maybe he isn't able to solely mentor a member of his own clan.

And finally, I have a little poem dedicated to our beloved Seneschal, it's called "This Little Tremere,"

 This Little Tremere went to market
 This Little Tremere stayed home
 This Little Tremere had roast beef
 This Little Tremere had none (aww)
And this Little Tremere went 'Wee-Wee-Wee' all the way to Sir
 Charles

Till the next time, your ever-loving Veil. XOXO

Harpy Quotes:

Glasgow-

"When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
When the hurlyburly's done! When the battle's lost and won..."

OUT OF CHARACTER

Storyteller Announcements

STS – SEPTEMBER 2022

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Refer to Discord: