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Glasgow Yule Ball 2023

A rather large entry from me for a change. Maybe I'm in the writing mood, maybe I have a lot to say for once?

Either way, this year's Yule Ball saw guests from varying places arrive.

Some guests of honour in Prince Francoise Villon and Prince Lady Anne Bowesley attended, along with Princes from other nearby domains. Once hosted by the domain of Edinburgh, this prestigious event now seems to have fallen into the lap of Glasgow for the last few years. Not something I expected to happen, but not an un-welcomed addition to our fine city.

The suggestion that our dear trio of Harpies host such an event I think was suitable and worked quite well. I applaud the efforts put into the arrangements.

Many discussions were had with the attending dignitaries, guests of honour and kindred of standing. I'm pleased to say that myself and Prince Anne had a civil and amicable conversation, putting aside our

disagreements for the betterment of our domains, coming to terms around several things which have been causing us both thorns in our side and agreeing a peaceful way forwards to dealing with these issues.

I also enjoyed the many and varied discussions I had with Prince Villon, culminating in extending invites for future visits to our respective domains. I am sure we both hope to have the time for more friendly visits. And the exchange of gifts! The sly Old Dog! I'm sure I will be prepared to present an adequate gift in return for the one he is granting me.

And let us not forget, the newly minted Neonate Millie. She was released under ceremony at the Yule Ball following satisfactory demonstration of her understanding of the Traditions. I officially welcome you to the Camarilla.

But alas, all the pomp and cheer does not last. I find myself having to once again address insults and remind people of the dangers to provoking my wrath. I addressed some of these insults at the Yule ball, though I



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fear the subtleties may have been too much for some in attendance to understand. So I shall make it very, VERY clear below what my feelings on those matters are.

Supposedly, the "Elders" of Glasgow have demanded that I make changes to the domain of Glasgow and that I "Will" comply with those demands.

No Elders of my domain have demanded anything of me, nor have suggested changes need to be made which we have not been working on. So this sounds like it is purely rumour. Of course, just rumour and not a suggestion from anyone. No one trying to synthetically create drama, or liven things up. Of course not.

Let me make this clear. In my domain, your status means fuck all unless I recognise it and chose to pay it the respect I feel it is due. You are here because I allow you to live here. That is the only reason.

I don't think I need to explain what I will do to the instigator of such rumours, should they persist.

Giuliana makes a good, though inaccurate statement in her article from last month regarding Harpies. I have included it below:

"And Harpies, lest it be forgotten, hold our claim by virtue of the respect of our fellows, and by society. We are appointed by no Prince, our position is not vulnerable to Praxis change. We are the Greek Chorus to your choices"

Just as she correctly states a Harpy is not appointed by a Prince. She incorrectly suggests it is a bulletproof vest against Princes. So, I remind her and our other Harpies, that a Harpy is the most likely in a domain to breach the 5th Tradition. There are very few solutions to the problem of "Biting the hand which feeds" which aren't permanent, when it comes to Harpies.

And although Harpies are not a position normally threatened by a change in praxis. The individual is. Therefore they must tread extra careful not to cross lines. Just because things CAN be said out-loud, does not always mean they should be.

Esteban Korsgaard, Prince of Glasgow



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Au Revoir

Perhaps the last thing I will write as a Harpy of Glasgow, although not necessarily the last time I will act as a Harpy in Glasgow,

The Seasons Change, and we move past the longest night of the year, into a New Year. It would be remiss not to talk about some of my observations of the Yule Ball, and so here are a few little morsels for you all.

The belle of the ball, of course, was darling Amelia. I know I speak for the various Elders of your line who were in attendance when I say you will do us proud. Perhaps, when there is a "vacancy" soon you will enter the family business. Bravo, ma fille.

Claire, of the Malkavians, was charming company. I was so taken by her outfit, that I felt she outshone even some of the Toreador. Speaking of dressing, how nice it was to see myself, Archon Victor, and his Majesty Prince Villon all so perfectly colour coordinated - my last big social act in the courts in Glasgow for a while. Please do get in touch if you wish to be outfitted so well again in future. Some of

my other work was on show at the ball, but it was a little last season truth be told.

Prince Esteban was in demand through the night, and if the gossip be believed beyond that as well. He negotiated with poise with luminaries such as Prince Anne of York, and my own grand-pere, Prince Villon of France. Princes Villon and Esteban began the time-honoured tradition of the exchange of gifts, I do hope that darling Clement is not too much to handle.

However, onto business it seems. Following the tragic, untimely passing of my dear cousin Lady Salisbury, and my nephew Farr going on a little trip, the Domain of Edinburgh finds itself a little lacking socially. I had the good fortune to spend a little while in discussion with her Majesty Prince Laura Dunsirn of Edinburgh (do we change the traditional Dun Eideann to DunSirn Eideann, perhaps?) Her Majesty reminds me in many ways, in her political dealings at least, of a prior steadfast Prince of Edinburgh, my own uncle Prince Carlisle. And with that in mind, and to show that there is no ill will between the Elders of Clan Toreador, and the new holder of Praxis in what is perhaps the most

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traditionally Toreador Domain outside of France, I have agreed to a role in her Majesty's court.

I will never be far away, especially for those of my Clan who need me.

I am also left with one other small piece of gossip, my dearest retainer Esmee helped a little with the slang here; but it is worth noting, that when the original is seen in court, the 'Poundland alternative' looks awfully pale, ashen and colourless in comparison. Take of that what you will, and the story behind it will not be free.

*Bon chance,
Deacon, Elder Toreador and now Harpy of
Edinburgh*



YOU MUST BE CRAZY TO BELIEVE IN VAMPIRES!

I came across this advert from the 19th century, and was prepared to write an article about how some of our predecessors slipped up occasionally with the Masquerade:

Then I paused to consider that some of my former colleagues at the NSA had been around since the 19th century, and they certainly were no fools. In fact didn't one of them seed the 1980s Satanic Panic? Hold that thought.

It's 1950s San Fran, CA. You are a fairly new commercial airline pilot, fairly new as commercial airlines are a new idea. You've got this week's paypacket, cash, and you're overnighing in a city that is becoming familiar, but is not home.

Our pilot finds himself* in the arms of an escort**. He's not entirely sure what happened, but he wakes up to a slight case of anemia, a 'needle mark' in his neck, and a vial and syringe indicating sodium pentothal.

*1950s, remember.

** could be male or female. Yes 1950s, but also yes, San Fran.



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He can not admit to anyone that he blew his paycheck on an escort and drugs, not that he remembers consenting to the drugs, so he hides the needle mark under his collar and tries to act as sober as possible so he is allowed to do his day's flying.

Our first response might be to Tut at a messy eater who leaves a puncture mark. But (s)he has outsmarted the lesson to always remove the evidence of the Kiss. With the drug paraphernalia left behind our pilot concludes that substances were put in him, not taken out! Furthermore, as a pilot he is motivated to cover up the shameful acts he has engaged in, and in doing so covers up the acts done to him!

So. Leaving behind evidence of vampires, but framing it as evidence of something else, can be a powerful tool in maintaining the Masquerade.

Imagine such a poster appearing in your domain. In fact, let's assume such a poster went up in Glasgow, population ~600k. The meeting point would likely be the basement of some pub, capacity a couple hundred at most.

For the price of some photocopying and rental of a function room one can filter 600k people into a few hundred, where inside the few hundred is every potential hunter in the next few months.

Of course, not everyone that turns up to listen to someone yelling that vampires exist is ready to start sharpening some stakes. Maybe 90% of the crowd would just be there for the spectacle. Say the final filter is a few hundred to a nice round dozen.

Say our keynote speaker is as coherent as a Malkavian neonate who manifests pyrophilia. An observer, be it digital, ghoul or kindred, can remove from interest anyone who is just there to watch the spectacle.

Especially as beer is available.

These uninteresting people do have an important part in our Masquerade - they have seen the "vampires are real" guy, and he was a nutjob. Ha, only a nutcase would believe vampires are real, right. As with the needle, the simplest explanation is that vampires do not exist.

For the remainder, our dozen or so potential hunters in a city of 600k souls. We find them with a call to action from



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our speaker. Best if they take the speaker as a leader. For unrivaled loyalty ghouling him well before the speech would be best, but I would not recommend that the incoherent rambling be genuine. Presence or Fortitude would be solid disciplines for what follows.

Which brings us, full spiral, to the 1980s and the Satanic Panic. There are some good elements of this in that Netflix drama, *Stranger Things*. There was a mass belief, in certain circles of society, that kids were being exposed to satanic, even bloody, rituals.

Initially, this sounds bad for the *Masquerade*, right? Especially for a Ventrue restricted to feeding on youngsters.

Put the newspaper down, and search “1980s satanic panic”. Even though search is very personalized these days, I know that what you found highlighted the weirdest shit, and waved it off as hysteria. After all, only a hysterical person would believe in wyrd ceremonial blood rituals, right?

Article by Grimm

Death After Death

Two months ago, I wrote on the possibility of afterlife for Kindred, and how one could argue that we would, should there exist any, be excluded from said afterlife on the grounds that it would be a sacred place, and I must admit I'm rather embarrassed. For you see, I forgot an important part of many religious concepts of the afterlife: there is The Good Place and there is The Bad Place. (I must thank Archon Victor for reminding us of this.)

Now this may seem like inconsequential information, however I think it further adds credence to my previous conclusions. For if there is the possibility that we are granted access to an afterlife, I can hardly imagine us being granted paradise, which would leave us with two options: returning to the void of nothingness from whence we came, or being cast into A Bad Place, to atone for whatever cosmic sin our existence is; for we are monsters hidden in sheep's clothing, regardless of how we wish to view ourselves.

To go somewhat off topic, I had the pleasure of seeing my first (though almost assuredly not my last) proper execution the month my article published, an



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amusing coincidence I'm sure. For the more experienced Kindred among us, this was likely nothing special, however it was quite the eye opening experience for myself, to watch one of our kind simply... Reduce to ash. A harsh reminder that despite our alleged immortality, we are still vulnerable (and perhaps an even harsher reminder that the Court should invest in a roomba...), and I can't help but wonder if execution is a mercy or a progression to a much worse punishment.

Perhaps I am ruminating on questions which have been long since answered and I am just ignorant to them, or perhaps these are questions to which no answer can be gleaned, outside of philosophical musings and mad ravings. If there are answers, I am unsure if I would want to find them or if they would fundamentally alter our understanding of our condition. We know that some form of afterlife must exist for Kine due to the existence of ghosts and the ability of some of our kind to perform Necromantic feats with the Blood, and perhaps with a mastery of this power one may come to an answer to the question I pose, though I'd wager that like most things relating to our condition, trying to understand the answer would be a lesson in futility and bring one closer to

understanding the world as a Malkavian does.

Musings by Leo Clarke

Scourge Updates

New arrivals in December:

* None

In Probation:

* Atticus Clark - arrived November

* Mark Fraser - arrived November

Special congratulations to Mille for being released and becoming a full member of court.

Jack

Scourge

PHILANTHROPIC WORKS REPORTED SAVED 'HUNDREDS OF LIVES' OVER HOLIDAY PERIOD

Many a glass was raised in many hard-hit areas due to the Cost of Living and Energy crisis as several philanthropic agencies made the holiday season a happy one for unfortunate individuals and families.



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Agencies such as L.E.E.T, Douglas Foundation, Prince's Trust and several others banded together funding soup kitchens, food banks, energy assistance schemes and more making sure houses were warm and bellies full, with even a little something under the tree, over this cold and would otherwise have been a miserable time.

Local councillors and religious leaders 'applaud' the outreach and hope such acts of humanity and community continue. Ronnie 'Brick' Harding, manager of a local halfway house said 'Many of our members would have been dead if it were not for the kindness shown, we won't forget it.' It was however noted that some violence happened in places with one report stating a man was whipped with a wooden switch for stealing. When asked about this Mr Harding said 'As the saying goes, you don't bite the hand that feeds! And that goes doubly so for ar****es that would steal food out of kids' mouths and money for keeping families' houses warm. Seriously their lucky that's all they got but we in this business we all ascribe to the thought that everyone deserves a second chance, don't they?'

My dears,

Thank you so much for your attendance at the ball - we would write up our observations but it seems a little gauche to report on our own event. Yes, some would say that would not stop me (love you too, sweetie) - but on this occasion I shall leave any opinions and observations to my fellow Harpies from further afield for there were certainly no shortage in attendance!

Lady Giuliana Dunsirn
For the Harpies of Glasgow

Mesdames et Messieurs,

The rosbif British rarely draw my interest - but it would be churlish not to report on my Yuletide visit. How could we not attend, to see for ourselves whether Glasgow could steal the crown from the traditional Edinburgh hosts - and what that chaotic domain might consider entertaining?

I did half-expect a troop of skeletons to emerge from a closet at any moment, of course - the Dunsirn mansion had that atmosphere. However, it



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showcased that the hosts had spared no expense - as we would expect from an event bankrolled by THOSE family connections. Though a little bird tells me that of the three harpies, Elder Deacon prefers to 'maintain a wealth of intimate friendships rather than sully himself with the vulgarity of matters monetary' - a wordy way of describing a habitual ladies' man! And speaking of, Mr (oh, je suis desolé, I hear it is now 'Elder'!?) Raphael Ortega - it was a most peculiar thing for Lady Anne Bowesley's young grandchilde to have somewhere more important to be than his own ball - and with his grandsire on the guest list no less... some family intrigue there, surely!

As I have said, the 'woman who has it all', Prince of York and Seneschal of London (how she balances her commitments, we shall never know!) was in attendance - but even she was eclipsed by the presence of the Prince of France himself, his most esteemed majesty Prince Francois Villon. Quite the guest list catch for that ambitious 'Weegie' threesome of gossips!

Perhaps Ortega could learn a thing from his fellow harpy about the benefits of attending on one's own family - Villon and

his grandchilde drew all eyes when together on the dancefloor, though chose not to monopolise one another in the formal dances.

Now, mes cheries - there are some who will say that it no longer matters who demonstrates partiality on the dance floor. How very dull, when we could be entertained and scandalised by the local Prince's mistresses!

Lady Giuliana was seen (playfully?) near-brawling with Prince Esteban to confirm her name on his card. Whilst she secured his attention for the stripping of the willow - of which more later - is the necromancer perhaps fighting to retain his affections? It's whispered that the Prince's wandering interest has now fixed on Grey of the Nosferatu. Scandalously, he abandoned his domain for weeks, whilst she was simultaneously 'missing'... Surely there can be no other reason than an affair of the heart - for she has been relieved of her court position as Keeper of the Masquerade, yet entered the ball on his arm as a favourite...

Meanwhile the Dunsirn is pensioned off with fresh hunting grounds for her



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innumerable cousins. Switching her affections almost as often as her frocks, it seems she finds consolation in her fellow Harpy's arms, dancing not only twice informally with Elder Deacon, but then made her excuses to her Dashing White Sargant companions Ms Claire Voyant and Mr Travis Moon at the last moment to dance with him a third time! At least the neonates had the alternate company of Lady Dunsirn's elder, albeit unreleased, childe Beata Dethlefsen rather than losing their opportunity to dance - perhaps the hostess recompensed them for the snub - which is more than can be said for Mr Moon's attempts to secure Mary Graham's company

Kinder commentators than I might claim that Lady Dunsirn was not favouring Elder Deacon with her thrice-repeated company - but rather intervening to rapidly rearrange dance sets to rescue Prince Esteban from the inevitable consequences of his failing to follow dance card etiquette by noting his partners. Certainly until she joined Deacon and Miss Luna Gualdi to form a trio, it appeared they had expected that Prince to do so - even though Mistress Grey and Archon Victor were also expecting his company for the same. Surely no Prince would have

over-committed himself in such a predictably clashing and foolish way?

Also showing her bias towards her dance partners, we had the ever-sparkling Elder Nathaira, accompanied by Atticus Clark of the Tremere. Three formal dances together, no less, and without even the do-si-do excuses! Mr Clark, however, urgently departed the Ravnos' company in the direction of the hedge maze before the opening chords of the Strip the Willow sounded. It can of course be a boisterous dance - but Ms Claire Voyant was also seen escaping for the maze. A Clark and 'Clarke' rendezvous, whilst public attention was on the dance-floor!?

And attention certainly was on the dance-floor!

The evening may have begun in an appropriately demure manner, with formal presentations of esteemed guests on entry; the release of society darling Miss Amelia 'Millie' Howard; Prince Esteban having important and seemingly successful diplomatic discussions with London and France; and some rather charmingly egalitarian private dance classes off in the



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corridor - but it was inevitable that the 'murder capital' would eventually get rowdy, wasn't it?

I cannot say for sure whose grand idea it was to take an already likely dance and add powers of the blood - but my suspicions are firmly on the head of the line, and that rough-housing over a dance-card. Thankfully for those of us with a love for our toes, this was well-telegraphed, with a more decorous set dancing separately. In defence of the sporting dancers - a great deal of fine footwork was displayed - though in some cases at such pace that slower-witted observers would have struggled to follow the detail.

Leading the charge of the light-footed brigade, Prince Esteban appeared (just) to restrain himself from the very natural temptation to demonstrate the caber-toss when spinning the hostess around and down the line at high speed - although one suspects that the diminutive widow's iron grip was as much to thank for that as the Brujah's 'famous' self-control. Someone did say that with the spinning fringes on display, it was rather akin to watching a fast-forwarded hen night at the mechanical rodeo - yee-hah!

Scourge Jackman and Sheriff Douglas followed with alacrity - clearly having pre-planned their pacing to properly match one another's skills.

Elder Deacon, having finally poached Elder Nathaira from the Tremere's dance card, offered an exuberant display proving that one can be both fleet-footed and continue to dance to perfection - a performance of a Rose that could only be bested by a pair of them, as Prince Villon partnered Mary Graham with centuries of poise that has made the balls of

Versailles the talk of Europe. One would scarcely have known that he had been taught the dance earlier in the evening by the hostess, accompanied by Miss Jemina of the Nosferatu and the anarchist Mr James Murray of the Gangrel. With a tough act to follow, the bold led the blind as Faith Harper - also of the Anarchs - led Christopher Redding down the line. Monsieur Redding's courage in this, to not only engage in this insanity but to do so without the benefit of sight, must be applauded.

Belle of the Ball - Miss Amelia Howard, who having only been released that evening was accompanied in every dance by an elder - foremost of all, her adoptive great-grandsire Prince Villon in the St



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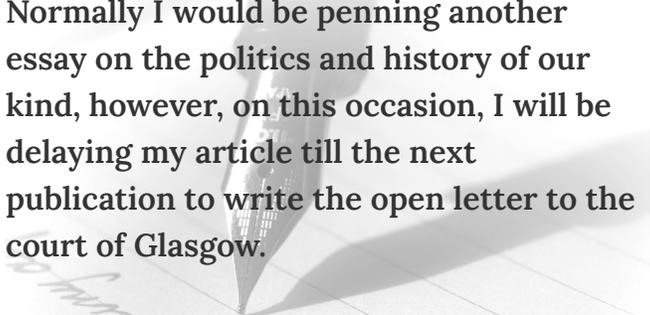
Bernard's Waltz. Raising everyone's eyebrows - Faith Harper, Accompanying Prince Villon AND Prince Bowesley in the Dashing White Sargeants. Whatever was an Anarch doing dancing with two such esteemed guests, and how did she persuade them both?

Making everyone's evening, and demonstrating the often-forgotten art of truly gentlemanly condescension - Prince Francois Villon. If that is a 'holiday', you should see him when he applies himself!

Valiantly maintaining her decorum as the second most interesting VIP (ouch) - Lady Anne Bowesley, who led the other Strip the Willow with Mr Magnus Burton to demonstrate 'stability'... Competing for the honour of conspicuous wallflower - Zev 'Nobody wanted to risk touching an Assamite' ben Zion, and Dr '1. Dancing 2. With 3. My. 4. Self' Grimm

Dominique Demarcheau
Harpy of Bordeaux

An open letter from Amelia Howard



Normally I would be penning another essay on the politics and history of our kind, however, on this occasion, I will be delaying my article till the next publication to write the open letter to the court of Glasgow.

If you were in attendance at the Yule ball, you may have noticed, that I have been released. This is a great honour to me, but also to my sire, Deacon, and François Villon, prince of France and my great grandsire. I hope you do you proud.

I would Like to take this opportunity to thank everyone for their help and kindness while I found my feet at the Glasgow Court.

I would also like to personally thank my Sire, Deacon, your nurturing has provided me with a platform to grow in the community.

To my Prince Estaban, thank you for allowing me safe passage to your city and allowing me to prove myself.

To Jack and Magnus, thank you for taking to time to speak with me and teach me. I am eternally grateful.

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To Giuliana, thank you for your kindness, and for allowing me into your home. I am indebted to you for keeping an eye on me. And Finally, Claire, Leo and Jemima. You have kept me sane, I am forever grateful.

I hope to do the great city of Glasgow, it's Prince, my clan and my fellow kindred proud.

Amelia Howard



News & Rumour from Harpys around the land Harpy Quotes

Dundee - Still watching, yet to be proven wrong...

Inverness - Trouble in paradise?

Carlisle - The invite must have gone missing in these postal strikes.

York - We are glad to see that some still have appropriate manners.

Manchester - A lovers tiff?

Norfolk - Fear Him.

Severn - Fear Him.

London - From the darkest night, The Sun continues to rise into ascendancy.

Anarchs - You do not criticize a scorpion when it stings. Do not criticize when a creature follows its' purpose and nature.

Ireland -

Europe - Many eyes were turned to the North, what was it a distraction from?

America -



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Out Of character Storyteller Announcements

The books being used currently are V20 VtM books, content from these books should be used as cannon unless a pre established house rule says different - any querie please ask the ST Team.

When learning something new & possibly rare please include the Book & Page reference as this will help the STs with finding out information on it.

Please remember to include success trackers with your orders as without them we can not keep you up to date on your progress.

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