

DARK TIMES

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ANCIENT CASTLE LIES IN RUINS

By Serifina Fox, *Dark Times* Correspondent

Chepstow Castle has stood on a narrow ridge in the South Wales countryside since 1067. One of the first castles built in his new Kingdom, William the Conqueror was quick to fortify the land. The basic motte and bailey was expanded on and improved many, many times over the centuries. It fell into disrepair and almost ruin on more than one occasion. The wood used in the main gate house has been dated with dendrochronology to be from the 12th century. It is reported that William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke improved the castle and expanded it with engineering and lessons learned at war in France and in the Crusades. And the grand tower, 'Marten's Tower', has stood since 1280 when King Edward the Longshanks visited the region and the tower was added in celebration of his visit.

However all that history is no more. One evening the villagers of the nearby village awoke during the night with the night sky ablaze. A great plume of smoke filled the air. In scenes that mirrored those seen in Paris with the fire at the Notre Dame, the village's great source of industry and tourist dollars was up in flames. At first there was hopes of saving the main part of the castle but in the morning disaster was recognised. The great tower, almost 800 years old had collapsed.

Whatever had occurred was disastrous. However, it was not the first time the castle had been met with such a loss. The castle was on the front line in the English Civil war. The castle was besieged and fell to Parliamentary forces. There after it was used as a store, as an artillery barracks and even as a political prison. The next centuries had it yo ying in upkeep, falling into the hands of destitute lords that used it as collateral for more fashionable stately homes to then being bought by industrialists and businessmen that seen a new life in it yet. It has been in the ownership of the Welsh Assembly for the last several years and has been a tourist attraction for the people that drew in hundreds of thousands of pounds a year. Although it is mired in controversy as the main castle was never allowed to be open to the public, only it's grounds. Many critics have argued for sometime that it if it was open proper it would have attracted more. However it is all moot now. The castle is open to all now. The once grand, millenia old structure is a blackened and ruined pile of limestone.

Authorities so far have put the blame to vandals for setting a fire that weakened ancient flaws in the foundations causing parts of the structure to collapse. However the investigation is at its initial stage and no arrests have been made.

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NEW LIFE IN GLASGOW'S BROOMIELAW

By Le DiVenzia, Dark Times Correspondent

The first part of the long-awaited revitalization of the Clyde riverfront area is coming to completion, making it one of the most attractive public embankments in Europe. In early 2020, nineteen vaults on the embankments will be put into use.

The masterplan of the Glasgow riverfront area includes a number of architectural interventions that will gradually encompass the vast riverfront area, almost 4 km in length. It is envisioned as a consistent whole, comprising a balanced architectural framework, established cultural and social content, and other program layers, as well as variable elements such as floating facilities, temporary installations and events. The stone part of the design is based on the vaults in the riverside wall; the floating part, on the large floating facilities (boat terminals, floating baths and floating toilets).

The aim of the project is to restore the tradition of river baths through a modern badeschiff-type floating pool with complementary facilities complying with contemporary requirements. The location of the baths echoes the historical placement of swimming pools along the Broomielaw embankment, with their specific connection to the opposite embankment. The swimming pool belongs to the river "realm", while the floating facility follows the character of the high waterfront wall and the historical appearance of traditional floating river baths.

The floating facility is designed around the transformation of a cargo ship, by reducing its existing superstructure and adding a new part connected to the ship's system of existing ribs. The pool appears boundless, thanks to its infinite water surface, but offers a variety of depth levels suitable

for different types of swimming, activities and user groups. At the water surface level, the pool is divided into three parts by troughs. The individual parts are designed for children and non-swimmers (paddling, shallow depths), with a relaxation area with gargoyles and underwater elements in the central part of the pool, and for swimmers.

The main idea of the project is to create a central terminal for cruise boats with the required facilities, while achieving the benefit of opening the view from the river bank in the area between the Clyde Arc and King George V bridges. By clearing the waterfront and concentrating boats in one place, the terminal brings an important quality to the area, redefining existing relationships. Project's design draws on a broad base of experience derived from the morphology of ship design, and the visual character of its individual parts follows the traditional shapes used in shipbuilding.



THE GRANDEST HEIR IN ALL THE LAND

By Rosalie Gypsy, Dark Times Correspondent

Harold James Pantorroy Grosvenor is the first child of Hugh and Alice Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster. The richest person in all of England has an heir. The baby was born in the early hours on September 19th, at St Mary's in Paddington. The baby is healthy and happy, albeit several months premature. The couple are said to be overjoyed. However some critics of the lifestyle of the rich and famous have

picked at the timeline of the marriage and the birth and are calling cries of hypocrisy.

As well as that it has been claimed that paperwork has been filed already, to establish a trust that if anything were to happen to the Duke, his estate would pass largely tax free to the fledgling lord. High Society is certainly keeping a close eye on the events surrounding the richest family in England.



CIVIL WAR THREATENS THE MIDDLE EAST

By Phoenix Oswald, Dark Times Correspondent

Reports of armed uprisings and suicide bombings are coming thick and fast out of the Middle East in the last few days. Strikes against wealthy oil magnates and landowners, government buildings and police stations, churches and mosques, schools and mansions, have been increasing daily in an escalating wave of horrific violence over the past week throughout Lebanon, Iraq, Jordan, Turkey, and Syria. Terror cells are carrying out assassinations and mass shootings all over the region, but the most excessive violence is focused in Syria. Car bombs, suicide bombers, and active shooters armed with military grade weapons have caused untold damage to buildings and infrastructure, while the body count rose quickly into the thousands. No organisation has taken responsibility for the violence and

no aim or goal can be established. U.S., Russian, and European intelligence agencies are all thought to have been completely blindsided by the attacks, as have the intelligence agencies of the countries currently under attack.

Government troops have taken to the streets in Beirut, Amman, Damascus, Homs, Aleppo, Antioch, Mosul, Mardin, and Gaziantep, in an effort to guard against the worst of the violence, but have come under sustained attack by insurgents who reportedly have no fear of death, and are happy throwing their lives away by the score to achieve their aims. There is no knowing when this violence will cease, what started it, or what the goals are that would see it ended.

Updates to follow.

VIEW FROM THE TOWER

By Natharia, Harpy of Glasgow

I always thought it was rather ironic that this bulletin was called the Dark Times when it describes such literal dark times. It seems like Kindred are always at war. At least that means it is not just Glasgow that have such a stain on their domain.

War takes many forms like most things it boils down to the personal or the political. I think that the political one would be fairly obvious. You have only to look at the carving of Spain or whatever the hell is happening in Manchester and Liverpool these days. Other wars are less obvious, they happen through subtle glances full of hate and snide remarks. Sometimes it is even less than that. Some of us know how to bide our time, to wait even centuries for the right opportunity to bring a fellow kindred down. Does it ever make you wonder that you might be building your financial empire or caring for your friends and making plans for naught? Or is that what you like? That ever present threat of imminent destruction?

Well for one night at least you can all put your wars aside if you plan to come to my party. Although if you won't, then at least make it entertaining for the rest of us.

THE ROOM WHERE IT HAPPENED: GLASGOW

By Prince Thassalo of Glasgow, Valencia and Edinburgh

James Rathbone has been executed following an investigation into his involvement with the Leper Knights and their breach of the tradition of Domain.

Rathbone confirmed that his associate and brood mate Robyn Wyse was also involved in this breach and thus has until midnight on the 3rd October to present herself to either the Scourge or the Sheriff for further investigation.

ALL'S NOISY ON THE WESTERN FRONT

By Kyros Wilde

My fellow kindred,

This month has been a chaotic one for those of us still fighting in Ulster, with Sabbat and Anarch kindred alike meeting their final deaths. As I write this the Sabbat have finally managed to breach sections of our defences, and now have a tenuous control of sections of Dublin – the airport being the most critical of their gains. That

Dublin hasn't fallen in its entirety is a testament to the bravery and sacrifice of some of the movements most promising fighters. I'm told this horde of fanatics have been attacking Camarilla held territory as well, but as I've been unable to contact anyone in Connacht this month so can't say for certain if this is true.

That the visceral intensity of these attacks haven't swept through the entire island is largely because of the uncoordinated nature of the Sabbat since the Cardinals' death. There seem to be three hope-

fuls vying for the throne: Bishop Ericsson, a viking Gangrel warlord, Archbishop Telemachon of Clan Tzimisce, and Bishop Tsun, a Lasombra with a gruesome reputation. Whilst I hope they all kill themselves fighting for the crown, it's more likely they'll eventually unify and descend on us like a swarm of soul-hungry locusts.

It can't be long before the odd pack makes it to the mainland, and should the Sabbat finally unite and cooperate, we'll all be in trouble. Batten down your hatches, Britain – a storm is coming!

CIRCUSES STRUGGLING TO FIND NEW CLOWNS AS TOP PROSPECTS CONTINUE TO GO INTO POLITICS.

By Hampton Jahns-Metcalf.

Circuses all over are struggling to fill clown positions as top prospects are often heading into politics instead, it's emerged. The number of circus clowns has shrunk to a dangerously low level – and politics is being blamed for snatching up all the best prospects.

'We used to have half a dozen clowns in our circus. Now we have just one because the rest have retired or gone into politics. And young prospects aren't even considering a career in the circus anymore,' said Truffles de BonBon, a worried ringmaster.

'You just have to look at the current politi-

cal figures to see where they've snatched talent from us. Boris Johnson, Jacob Rees-Mogg and Jeremy Corbyn all would have made excellent clowns. Even across the pond, they have Donald Trump,' Truffles sighed.

Circuses have found they just can't compete with the money and attention that surrounds politics. Instead, a group of circuses are considering joining forces to become their own political party. 'Although I doubt anyone will notice anything different about us,' said de BonBon.

Chuckles Worthington blogger for the Socialist Worker and keen activist of political clown studies at Cambridge piped in that

'Numbers are coming in from high targeted prime recruitment grounds for the next generation of entertainers and they are at an all time

low. Eton, Kings College, Glasgow and of course Oxford are leading the charge to the political arena. These areas have always produced prime clowns. They're all clowns', all of them. Who would have thought their high powered antics would be angled towards politics of late?

'Preliminarily polls are in for the 2019 "Clownshoe's" award. With the overall clowns-to-politics ratio up +3, Glasgow it seems just cannot let this award go as it screams towards once more being champion!'



FIRESTORM IN CALIFORNIA

By Charlotte Devereux, Dark Times Correspondent

A series of incidents in California is in danger of starting a brush fire war between the Sabbath and Anarchs in the Anarch Free State. Without knowing who cast the first stone, both factions have been attacking each other in vicious melees, drive-bys, arson attacks, and gang brawls up and down the State.

Both the Anarch and Sabbath populations of San Diego were purged almost entirely in a night of violence. Prince Tara was quick to exploit the opportunity and has claimed the Sabbath and Anarch portions of her Domain for the Camarilla again.

Several well established Sabbath packs launched assaults on rival Anarch territories in L.A. with the world famous Brujah 'Muscle Gym' in North Long Beach being burned to the ground with an anti tank rocket and several molotov cocktails

as the Sabbath drove off laughing in a dark SUV. The Sabbath were tracked down to Cerritos by the furious Anarchs and were smashed to pieces in a brutal gang beat down. Compton and Crenshaw were the centre of violence towards their Anarch and Sabbath packs, with the Midnight Sun pack of Caine's Chosen being burned and mauled by their ghoulified pitbulls after a drive-by machine gunning followed by a wave of molotovs setting jeans and dog fur alike on fire.

Scattered towns along I99 between Bakersfield and Stockton were scenes of multiple drive-bys and Haven attacks by rampaging bands of Anarchs and Sabbath as the violence flared along the Sects lines of communication.

San Francisco was hit hard with heavy machine gun fire, explosives, and flamethrower armed Kindred

lashing out at their rivals, while the Anarchs of Oakland are seriously considering unmasking their Antifa stooges after one of their protest riots was infiltrated by a Sabbath pack, who caused almost a dozen deaths and scores of severe injuries, as they stabbed everyone they could reach in the packed crowd. Almost 300 Kine suffered wounds in total as the crowd panicked and began to turn on each other with crowbars, tasers, and bike locks.

Calmer heads among the Anarchs are counselling peace, but who knows how the Sabbath will deal with these calls to put down arms. The stability of the Anarch Free State is extremely fragile right now. Gang turf wars could easily set the State alight with horrific levels of violence if these senseless attacks continue.



AN EVENING IN GLASGOW

By Madam Madeline, Dark Times Social Correspondent

So I got found out. The jig was up. The ruse was at an end.

The Editor knew my secret, and now you all do too. Despite writing about it for a few months now, I had never actually been to Glasgow. Not anymore though as with a frustrated sigh and a frown my editor sent me on up to the dark Scottish city to experience the '2nd city of the empire' (the editor did not say that, they in fact used several expletives that I shan't print here, I'm a lady after all) for myself. So after scribbling down a letter of introduction my darling editor ensured I was on the first plane up to Glasgow in time for the court, giving me only mere seconds to type up a quick article to let them know I was coming.

The Journey up from Paris to Glasgow was fairly uneventful, despite passing through 'enemy' territory (I mean London of course, #notmyprince) and paled in comparison to the heightened security I encountered when I was trying to find the court, never mind get into it. I was given a location to meet with the scourge in the long black leather jacket, Elder Jackman of clan Brujah (just in case you didn't guess from the jacket), and yes, it was *that* Jack. I can confirm that whilst obviously 'on guard' she was perfectly pleasant and welcoming, and after an all too brief interrogation I was given the true location of the court and skipped off on my merry way. Given the many horror stories I have heard about Glasgow over the years I was expecting an inquisition style barrage of questions however it's amazing what one little letter of introduction can get you, and really, can you blame them for being a little overzealous with the security? If it's not the sabbat it's demons and garou.

In any case it was back into my rented pink car and off to the court. Unfortunately despite being given clear instructions by the Scourge and fiddling around with that map doohicky thing I got a little bit turned around. Normally this would not be an issue for me as I do have a preference for turning up fashionably late to these soirees, however it seems things like announcements happen quite promptly in the Glasgow court and I arrived just after the new Prince of Glasgow made a short direct speech about 'offing' Prince Carlisle and claiming Edinburgh as her own before leaving with some vague statement about heading to London. I do hate missing drama and I had been terribly looking forward to meeting Glasgow's mad queen, alas it was not to be.

However the Glasgow court still had plenty of distractions and plenty other people for me to meet who were equally if not more interesting

than the Prince who appears to be in a permanent state of 'that time of the month'.

The location itself was exquisite, a castle on the west coast (with a spa attached as well!), selected by the current Keeper of Elysium Elder Ana Zafira. For a Nosferatu she had very fine taste and I look forward to seeing what else she does with the Elysia now in her care. When I entered the room I was hit by a mass of noise and colour from the kindred gathered there, even from that first glance I could see there was an eclectic mix of kindred.

No sooner had I stepped in the door but I was back in the company of Jack who quickly had me ushered up to a table with the Seneschal. Like I said, it's amazing what a letter of introduction can get you. Or was it perhaps the fact that I had quite firmly stated that I was from the Dark Times. I suppose with everything that has happened and everything that is happening Glasgow could benefit from a little 'good press'. In any case it got me in the seat opposite the Seneschal, or rather, a little to the side of the Seneschal Patrick Favisham. He already has the 'tired put upon' Seneschal look that I see so often in many of the Seneschals of the more 'difficult' domains, but it blended quite nicely with his 'I'm being polite to you for now but really you're an inconvenience I don't need on an already busy evening that my Prince has dumped me with' demeanour. Despite that however I rather think 'Pat' warmed up to me, he did seem rather interested when I mentioned the Vienna Court, but then again, he works for a Tremere, and they're aaaaall about the Vienna court. Either way I was granted leave to enjoy the court and I swanned off into the heart of it to get to know some of them.

I've already mentioned *that* Jack so I will leave her for now (lest I give her too big an ego) and move on to a few other interesting members of the court. Starting with the kindred that directed Twilight. I kid you not, that is what he told me and I have absolutely no reason not to believe him. If he wants to claim credit for those train wreck movies then he is more than welcome to do so, more props to him for doing so! I was all ready to launch into a bitter tirade when the conversation turned to the benefits such movies have provided in keeping the Masquerade. I have to say he left me rather speechless, and not just because he was rather handsome (although that did help), it made perfect sense. These wildly factually incorrect movies probably are helping us cover up the masquerade. After all, these young fanatical girls are running around looking for sparkly vampires during the day, not the in the dark streets and clubs at night...unless they're watching Buffy or the Underworld movies. In any case I had a

simply delightful conversation with the gentleman whose name I have now entirely forgotten which is an utter travesty as I do look forward to seeing his handsome face again.

There were those that told me that in the past few months there has been a surge of both Giovanni and Anarchs arriving in the city of Glasgow. Perhaps they are drawn to the chaos that seems to breed here. Two of these Anarchs were the voodoo twins recently arrived from New Orleans. They're not actually twins and I don't know if they actually can do Voodoo but one of them was an utterly perfect Southern Gentleman (and I should know all about that fiddle-di-dee), but they were entertaining enough. His 'sister' had something more of an 'ethereal' look to her appearance which I very much approved of in someone calling themselves the 'voodoo twins'. It was wonderful to speak to them and feel a little closer to home, although I could have done without certain reminders of home, they were awfully close for potential 'siblings' after all.

I did have the good fortune to speak with both King Angus of Spain and Prince Tius of Barcelona, albeit only briefly. Both have quite the reputations amongst our little community and I can confirm that both of them live up to the hype and mystery that surrounds them, even if one of them inexplicably burst out laughing right in the middle of a very pleasant conversation. However I will say they made it up to me by taking me out for a truly enchanting evening on the town, showing me all the highlights that Glasgow has to offer.

There were a few interesting folks I spied from afar a rather 'dated' looking gentleman who sat in quiet conversation in the corner for most of the evening. He seemed like an intriguing fellow but I rather thought it would not be wise to approach without an invitation and unlike Elders MacDonald and Tius I didn't see him as worth the risk. Perhaps next time. There were also a few other anarchs as well that I had passing conversations with however none that really stick in the memory.

Soon my all too brief trip to Glasgow was at an end, having to quickly depart the court to take a call and once more missing all the drama! Not only did the Prince return but it turns out her and the magically mysterious Prince Tius decided to take down an 'enemy of the state' or at least I assume that's who it was, I mean a Prince just wouldn't randomly go after a member of her own court, right? She's been spending a lot of time in Spain though hasn't she? Is she perhaps a descendent of Juana of Castile, I heard she went a little crazy too. Either way, despite missing all the major drama it was a very pleasant evening and I do not think it shall be my last trip to Glasgow, that is if they'll have me back. Perhaps I should wait until the next time the Prince is out of town...

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The Dark Times is a publication for the benefits of members of the Camarilla only and is made available at the monthly court held by the Prince of Glasgow.

The newsletter should only be made available to other Kindred, and all care should be taken to ensure that it cannot breach the Masquerade.

The Dark Times accepts submissions, and any Kindred should forward their contribution to the address to the left. We look forward to your efforts.

Yours,

Editor in Chief of the Dark Times

DARK TIMES –BRINGING LIGHT TO THE SHADOWS

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

A REMINDER

By Alexander Dunsirn

You are gently reminded that a Halloween Salon is being held at the Dunsirn family mansion in Glasgow on the night of the 24th of October. The evening will centre around a polite discussion, the topic of which shall be the purpose of fear. If you have any special dietary requests we shall endeavour to accommodate your needs. Dress to impress and bring your sharpest harpy talons. Be aware that all guests, regardless of sect or clan are under the hospitality of your host who will treat any violence or unacceptable behaviour as though it were a breach of the sacred law of Elysium.



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HARPY HOUR

Our Consortium friends warn us that the Eastern European kindred are not our friends.

Ann Jacques (York)

Aren't you just amazed at the Prince of Birmingham's wealth and wonder. He's so amazing. And actually so rich. And he's about to be richer. It's amazing.

Bethany Trimble (Birmingham)

Ha. Who'd have thought Edinburgh would have fallen before us.

Lucretia Reflection (Manchester)

A little birdy tells me I am the most prominent Rose in all the Isles. Oh joyous night.

Lady Salisbury (London)

Can you smell that? Smells like embers burning, smoldering perhaps. Whatever it is, I think something is about to ignite.

Carl (Norfolk)

No submission.

Ryan Harding (Severn)

Shocking. He should have listened. Perhaps now he'd still be upright. As soon as London has a foothold they take a hand hold. We all need to concern ourselves with this encroachment.

Dougal Douglas (Aberdeen)



A Harpy, wings disclosed.

We warned you about those duplicitous knights. All that bluff and blunder about piety. Nonsense.

David Griene (Inverness)

We are growing each passing month. The new influx of Ventrue and Brujah from Eastern Europe is welcomed. And by the looks of them. Those Anarchs better stay over there...

Vanessa Norton (Carlisle)

It's all very interesting. It's the first time the Viscount has been here since his extremely ill-judged costume to the Winter Ball.

Farr (Edinburgh)

Joy doesn't have to come through pain. It's really easy to just get naked and dance in the rain, I don't know why more people don't at least attempt it.

Nathaira (Glasgow)