



DARK TIMES

SOCIETY MATTERS

You know sweeties, sometimes I feel like King Canute trying to hold back the waves of ill-conceived clothing choices and failing miserably, but hey ho, at least I look fabulous! Anyway, a brave and yet jaunty salute once again to you, my darling readership, as I foray out into the fashion battlefield and ultimate graveyard that awaits at Court...

Lots to report about last month, even if it does involve me having to talk about Clan Ventrue, who managed to be unfashionably late and horribly rude all in one breath. For once Lady Lucy wasn't the culprit, instead I am talking about the late but probably not much lamented Jonathon Roberts, who arrived, spewed blood, and then died, which after such a faux pas was probably no less than he deserved. Unfortunately he managed, in passing, to transmit a rather naughty blood infection to a variety of individuals which could have been quite nasty. Thankfully however after some jiggery-pokery we seemed to have closed up that particular unpleasant passage, so hopefully all back to normal with me barely needing to re-apply darlings!

The above rather put a dampener on the expected evening's entertainment, which was supposed to be some sort of duel between Barton, the Gangrel deputy sheriff, and Gabriel, that most entertaining Brujah from the anarch faction. I really shall have to make comment to Clan Ventrue about the correct time to interrupt a social event, I mean if he had any decency he should have vomited blood and died in the street...but I digress. Anyway, I'm not sure whether said duel will now be taking place, and in a way I rather hope not, as I always believe in the gentle art of diplomacy over hitting people repeatedly...we shall see what transpires at Court.

On a rather sad note, Malek of Clan Tremere is no

more, rather worryingly being turned into the contents of an ashtray before everyone's eyes. Well, worrying insofar as nobody saw the assailant anyways. It seems being an Elder in this fair city seems to grant you a very limited un-lifespan, and probably sitting with your back to the nearest wall would be the sensible thing to do...on reflection, it's actually funny really, in that I hear something very similar getting said all the time round me...oh well! Anyway, rather a pity Malek didn't take this good advice, and I for one will sadly miss his waistcoat clad form keeping us all entertained at Court with one jolly jape or another. It shall be interesting to see who shall be Clan Regent in his place, although I think it unlikely anyone from the existing city members will be able to fill his slightly diminutive shoes...

Anyway sweeties, that's about it for this month. Numbers were slightly down last month, probably due to a change of venue, but I'm sure once people realise how fabulous our new Court is they will all come flocking back, Garou, Mages and Faeries in tow. I can hardly wait!

Love to you all!

Alexander Paul

HOROSCOPE FOR THE MONTH

Crabby Cancer

Things seem to be a little 'nippy' this month, despite the warm nights. On closer inspection you notice someone hasn't been keeping up their end of the bargain and maybe it was about time they had a little shake up. Orange is the danger colour, and it's coming near all too soon.

Mystic As-Hur



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CURRENT EXHIBITION AT THE FRUITMARKET GALLERY

Darlings, thought I would give mention to a fabulous current exhibition at the Fruitmarket Gallery, running until 19th July. Featuring the work of Rosalind Nashashibi, a Glasgow based artist who won the 2003 Beck's Future's Art Prize, a still from one of her 16mm films is shown opposite.

The films of are naturalistic works of documentation without commentary. The artist works in public and private spaces, capturing everyday activity and the sense of time being spent or contained. Her interest lies in the way human activity shapes landscapes and creates change in structures and spaces:

"There are no commentaries, just observation," Nashashibi says. "The works are a testament to the presence of the watcher, as well as a record of what took place. I never cover up the fact that I am filming. I try to disappear somehow behind the camera so that I have little or no effect on my surroundings".

If only vampiric artistes were so modest, although it is interesting that a substantial amount of her work seems to be done at night...anyway, you simply must rush along and see it before the exhibition ends sweeties, as I think it's all fabulous!

Alexander Paul
Clan Toreador

VAMPIRE JOKE OF THE MONTH

Q: How many Alexander Pauls does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

A: None, as he would hold the bulb and expect the world to revolve round him...

MERCHANT CITY RESURFACES?

Rumours have filtered out from the pubs and clubs of the Merchant City, with rather worrying undertones. There have apparently been various sightings of a tall, white-faced man, 'drifting' round the merchant city. Mirroring reports that came and went some months before, the man is seemingly able to make the shadows 'boil' around him, and his calling card always seems to be a rather hellish sounding laugh, before disappearing, allegedly in some cases by walking straight through walls...the police are quashing interest in this area as before, discounting any incidents as overactive imaginations stimulated by alcohol.

Clan Toreador

SEER OF GLASGOW BANGING ON ABOUT DEATH & KIDS

The Eyes of Glasgow has once again been posting his latest rantings to whichever internet newsgroup will allow it:

Death moves amongst us all, hidden and unnoticed by even those with the sight. Mastery and slavery go hand in hand, and the devil takes those who play with the night. Watch for those who stand as children in the light, for shadows grow darker still around them and evil waits with an innocent smile for those fools too trusting to see. Reality can change for those who can alter people's perception of it...beware them!