



Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.
Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
— William Butler Yeats, “The Second Coming”

Introduction

New York is a battleground—and as such, it is virtually lost to the Camarilla. The Sabbat, Anarchs and Caitiff have grown too powerful, and the Prince of the City, Immanuel St. James, a very ancient and wily Tremere, is so alienated and ineffectual that he still calls the city “New Amsterdam.” He is morally weak; but vastly powerful and quite diabolical, and has miraculously survived more than a few assassination attempts.

St. James, however, is not the only source of power. Over the last half of the century, he has foolishly allowed his Royal Inquisitor, Niccolò Montfaulcon—a rogue Giovanni!—to gain such an influence over him that many Kindred wonder whether the real power in the City is sitting on or lurking behind the throne.

Perhaps the most startling thing about the City is its Primogen Council. Once a prestigious body culled from the best minds each clan had to offer, the Council is now corrupt and decadent, weakened by internecine warfare and divorced from its distant base of strength. Its weakened Ventrue are pariahs among their clan, outcasts wracked by a spiteful jealousy and sullenly aware that Marius’ Ventrue consider them one step away from *antitribu* in status. The Toreador are shadows of their former selves; the strength of their clan long ago withdrawing to their submerged cathedral or scattering to the bohemian freedom of the Village. The remaining Tremere are still powerful, but they are rogues—excommunicated from their clan, and locked in a decaying orbit around the Prince’s fading star. Only Midori Satsujin seems to have any real independence—far too much independence, perhaps, as she has turned Staten Island into her own personal laboratory. The Brujah sided with the Anarchs nearly a century ago, and the Gangrel dissolved quietly into the surrounding countryside during the Great Depression. Their replacements are Giovanni, each bound to Niccolò Montfaulcon, and about as concerned with the goals of the Camarilla as one might expect a rogue coterie of Giovanni to be.

And so the City crumbles as the Council fights among itself, pursues personal agendas, and engages in meaningless fripperies. The rest of the City's Kindred have to fend for themselves, or perhaps form alliances with the Downtown Ventrue, the Anarchs, or the Sabbat. Some consider it miraculous that the Prince and his Council maintain any real power at all. Oblivious to all but their own pleasure, they frolic like ballroom dancers on a sinking ship, whirling and laughing as the chained musicians grimly play on.

History: The Rise of St. James

It was not always like this. Since its conception, New York had always been a thriving city, both for humans and the Kindred that made it their home. Dominated by the Tremere, St. James is only the city's second Prince. The first, a Dutch Ventrue named Peter Van der Waals, briefly ruled the city from 1665 until being staked by a Puritan vampire hunter in 1684. At the time, St. James was Regent of the Eastern Colonial Chantry. Trusted by Van der Waals and his small circle of progeny and supporters, St. James was crowned Prince shortly after Van der Waal's ashes were scattered in the Hudson. His greatest supporters were House Tremere and the progeny of the former Prince, Peter van der Zant. Both would eventually rue their decision to back St. James.

St. James was an ambitious ruler, full of new ideas and possessed by the burning desire to expand his territory. As his power grew, and the times changed, he was made High Regent of a series of Chantries scattered throughout Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey. In 1742 he consolidated all these into the New York Chantry. After the War of Independence, however, St. James peacefully divested himself of Pennsylvania and appointed Sylvia Lydia-Waters as High Regent, placing the state under the control of the Philadelphia Chantry. St. James was now free to turn his attention to New York City.

America's independence brought a political shift that St. James skillfully manipulated to his advantage. Sensing a unique opportunity for unparalleled freedom and expansion, he was one of the first Kindred—and certainly the first Tremere—to call for a dissociation between America and Europe, an idea that sounded very close to heresy in the ears of European elders. Soon other American Princes echoed New York's call for independence, and as history took its inevitably course, the New and Old Worlds drifted apart. By 1788 the City was large enough to support a viable Kindred population, and St. James consolidated his closest friends and advisors into the first Primogen Council of New York. There were six seats on the original Council. Two positions were held by Ventrue: Peter Van der Zant and his progeny Lucas Carver. St. James's own progeny Katja held the Tremere seat, and the Brujah were represented by a newly-Embraced soldier from Boston named Ezra Carter. The Toreador were represented by Ansel Clerkenwell, a Boston transplant who had made a name for himself during the War.

As the next century brought growth and prosperity to New York, St. James and his Camarilla flourished. During this period, St. James seemed like an ideal Prince. He was a firm but just ruler, and knew how to bring the clans together in something close to harmony. The Toreador were nourished, and in turn provided a rich artistic landscape to rival the Europeans. The Ventrue were allowed to advise him on all matters involving politics and finance; and although some resented the presence of so many Tremere on the Primogen Council, they were too few and too unorganized to offer any resistance beyond the occasional protest. The Brujah were given limited freedom in the outer regions such as Queens and South Brooklyn, while the Gangrel and Nosferatu were granted provisional autonomy—providing, of course, they did not interfere with

the Council's plans. Even Malkavians were tolerated; a clan which St. James openly disdained. And because both the Camarilla and Sabbat shared a common interest in detaching America from Europe, an informal detente was established between the sects, a move completely contrary to Old World ideology. St. James's superiors in Clan Tremere—the twin hubs of power in Boston and New Orleans—warned the Prince about the consequences of such loose policies, but St. James was so intent on creating his Camarilla paradise that their advice was ignored, if not actively spurned.

The City received its first influx of superior Ventrue blood and corresponding economic power in the mid-nineteenth century, when Marius Flavius Vespasianus shifted his financial empire from Boston to New York. There, at the bequest of St. James, he organized the scattered Ventrue into a coherent clan. Marius was brilliant, ancient, and powerful—but his Achilles' heel was his indifference to politics, a weakness that St. James quietly exploited. Marius and his Ventrue were left to carve out financial empires while the Primogen Council locked the City's Kindred into a political structure that reflected St. James's vision of a "modern" Camarilla. And so the stage was set for an undead paradise, a new model city for a New World.

But the seeds of paradise contain the shadow of corruption.

Paradise Lost

All the Prince's plans might have succeeded had St. James been a little more wise—or perhaps more sane. Like many Kindred, he was by nature ambitious, vain, and often foolish; but there was something else, some fatal defect hidden in his psyche waiting to snap when twisted the right way. Over time, the Prince's mind began to slowly deteriorate, and as irony demands, the moment of his greatest triumph corresponded to the beginning of his self-destruction. As Marius was welding the Ventrue into a unified clan, and the Toreador were constructing Santa de Luzarches, the first signs of the Prince's weakness began to surface.

All was not as stable as the Prince believed. A few Tremere on the Council were uneasy with his policies, particularly St. James' disregard for Boston and New Orleans. Some viewed him as too ambitious, while others regarded the throne with envious eyes. When he appointed a rogue Giovanni as his personal "Royal Astrologer," more than a few on the Council raised their voices in open protest. But still, he had done so much, and New York City was undeniably becoming something spectacular. Instead of open rebellion, the Council seemed content to just complain—and carp, and snipe, and jeer.... Unfortunately, the incessant bickering soon became a permanent feature, like the constant hum of background radiation. Marius was too powerful, the Sabbat were too untrustworthy, the Brujah were too ambitious; it was always something. And worse, rumors began to spread about the Prince's personal behavior: he had a Malkavian neonate tortured for his pleasure; he possessed a box of special stakes, each one inscribed with the name of a Primogen; he had been discovered talking to the skulls of his past victims, asking them for advice....

St. James' mannerisms were beginning to grow quirky as well. He started to refer to the City once again as New Amsterdam, and he developed the annoying habit of using the royal "we." For all his talk of moving into the future, the Prince seemed to be curiously slipping into the past. Finally, the constant infighting prompted St. James to action. Using the confusion generated by the Civil War as cover, and in direct violation of orders from New Orleans, he initiated a "re-organization" of his ranks. With Niccolò Montfalcon elevated to "Royal Inquisitor," and

backed by a cabal of dedicated cronies, the Prince successfully purged the Council of its most vocal dissidents; two of whom were never seen again. The moderates were coerced back in line, while loyalists were rewarded with expanded territories and political favor. In return, the Prince promised to pay more attention to the outside world, particularly the Tremere and the Sabbat.

In retrospect, he might have done better had he continued to ignore them both. The structure of Clan Tremere was undergoing a stressful period of realignment. When the South was defeated and reined back into the Union, the political plates of undead politics shifted along with mortal tectonics. St. James found himself supporting an unpopular sect within the Southern Tremere. Again Boston and New Orleans were against him, with only Philadelphia offering tentative support. In the end, the ambitious sect was broken up and exiled, and St. James was finally called into account by Clan Elders in New Orleans.

Disregarding even the advice of Montfaulcon, St. James refused to appear at the Tremere Court; instead, he had the audacity to send a ghoul in his place, “to gather whatever information the Tremere felt necessary to convey.” This insult could not be ignored. Within months, Boston and New Orleans issued an edict, declaring the New York Chantry to be “Dis-Banded, & Dissolv’d, & Outlaw’d.”

New York and Philadelphia protested vehemently, and somewhat ironically looked to Europe for appeal; but when Vienna and Wales ruled in support of the edict, St. James found himself completely alone with his defrocked Tremere. The long-smoldering conflict between St. James and Clan Tremere erupted into a brutal, arcane, and often violent struggle for the very survival of his Princedom. Clan Tremere activated the Inquisition, and at many times during the next decade the outcome looked bleak for the embattled Prince.

In the end, St. James prevailed—but at the cost of alienating the European Tremere and accepting assistance from the Ventrue clan, lead by the charismatic and usually apolitical Marius. The New York Chantry went “officially” Rogue in 1895; and to most of the vampire world this date marks the beginning of the City’s slide into moral decay. Indeed, Marius has often remarked that offering his support to the Prince was a “grave mistake,” and one of his greatest regrets.

As the century peaked and exploded into the chaos of the twentieth century, St. James and the Council would find that their best nights were long behind them. Although the Twenties brought an air of pixilated ebullience to the City, the future held only storm clouds for the rogue Primogen Council and their uneasy Ventrue supporters. The Anarch movement was gaining momentum, especially in Brooklyn, and the Sabbat were beginning to cast their shadow across the outer boroughs, creeping slowly into Manhattan itself.

St. James found that both his judgment and sanity were slipping away; grains of sand dragged into the ocean, the waxing moon of lunacy driving the black tides farther up the beach year upon year. He was becoming more unstable, and his “advisors” found it increasingly easier to pull his strings.

And the times, they were difficult indeed. The Wall Street crash and the Great Depression were a terrible blow to the Ventrue. However, instead of coming to their assistance and strengthening an already strained alliance, St. James foolishly exploited their weakened position for his own gain. It was the first personal rift between the Council and the Ventrue, and it opened a breach

that could only widen. During the Second World War, the Anarchs rose in power, preaching the testament of revolution and the gospel of violence. Aware of his own inability to wage war against the Anarchs, St. James traded large swaths of Brooklyn for fragile promises of “peace in our time.” As technology progressed exponentially, St. James and the Council felt increasingly more distanced and confused by modern life. This frustration too often translated into hopeless paralysis, which itself engendered countless bad decisions—or more frequently, a disastrous *lack* of decisions. In time, the complaints of the Ventrue approached open hostility, and St. James’ already-formidable levels of paranoia spiked to new heights. His little paradise had soured, and there was nowhere left to turn—his Council was a squabbling mess of sycophants, he had alienated allies and potential allies, and his most trusted advisors seemed to be giving him increasingly less accurate information. The City was falling apart; the Sabbat had clawed their way into the Bronx and Queens, and half of Brooklyn had become an Anarch playground.

The “non-Marius” Ventrue made a few desultory attempts to wrest power from St. James, but his Byzantine network of spies thwarted their half-hearted plans. When Marius and his Ventrue attempted a serious *putsch* in the Sixties, uncharacteristically swift action from the Council slammed the Roman down. As payment for their help in quelling the coup, the Brujah Anarchs were officially given South Brooklyn as an Anarch Free Zone. The Ventrue were chastised, and the rest of the vampire world looked to New York with a feeling of dismay.

Today: New York by Night

Unfortunately, St. James has not regained his sanity. He refuses to face current realities, and his distrust of the Ventrue clan often pushes his paranoia to a point where he fails to recognize genuine offers for help. His Primogen Council is composed of sycophants, decadent Tremere, and Blood-bound thralls. He has alarming control over the Mafia, the NYPD, and the Mayor’s office, but uses these connections to strengthen his own power base instead of attempting to weld the city into a functioning unit.

The Sabbat have stepped up their assault on Manhattan, and have more or less gained control of Harlem. They have launched a violent campaign of destruction, and in the last two years they have murdered three members of the Primogen Council. Amazingly, the Council has done virtually nothing to counteract the Sabbat. Indeed, it seems that as the danger grows, they only indulge themselves all the more in whimsical debates and absurd flights of fantasy. Recently St. James has begun to persecute the Malkavians—as if they have something to do with the degenerating state of his Princedom. He even went to the extent of executing several of them because of a practical joke, including their clan leader Red Henry. He has recently issued a proclamation called the *Lex Malkavianus*, a ridiculous document that essentially makes it unlawful to be a Malkavian; and like Nero scapegoating the Christians, he actually believes that the Kindred will accept his version of reality.

Immanuel St. James is a fading Prince in a splintered domain; and the largest city in the world is in danger of total anarchy....

The Manhattan Cabal

Enter the conspiracy. The current thrust of *coup d’état* originates from the “Manhattan Cabal,” a group of five powerful Kindred who wish to overthrow St. James, subjugate the Sabbat, and reclaim the city. While no Clan leader is a member of the Cabal, Marius and Duncan Cappelthwaite quietly offer it resources and support, allowing the Cabal to meet in privacy as

they themselves play the Prince's political games. It is a tacit understanding that when the coup finally occurs, the Camarilla will be presented with a *fait accompli*, and it will be accepted with a secret, grateful sigh and a token reprimand.

The Cabal is composed mostly of Manhattan Ventrue, but it has close ties with the Toreador and the Philadelphia Tremere.

Wolfgang von Gottlieb

The Cabal is headed by its creator, Wolfgang von Gottlieb, the second most powerful Ventrue in New York. A German elder who has lived in the city since 1773, Gottlieb rose through the Ventrue ranks quickly but respectably, and through Marius the Camarilla has given him clandestine approval to quietly overthrow the Prince and install himself in the Tremere's position. Possessing the air of an absent-minded professor, his rumpled tweed and twinkling eyes hide an inflexible steel will.

Aleister MacTaggart

The next most powerful Ventrue in the Cabal is Aleister MacTaggart, a serious-minded elder who has much respect within the dark world of the undead. A kingmaker rather than a ruler, MacTaggart seeks to smash St. James and bring the city under Ventrue domination. Of all the Cabal, it is MacTaggart who sees the greatest danger in the Sabbat, and his ultimate intention is to annihilate them completely.

MacTaggart has stepped on more than a few toes in his climb to power. Many find him too intense, too wrapped up in Nietzschean philosophy and Machiavellian politics; but his aid in any endeavor is crucial. MacTaggart knows the business world intimately, and his connections to the London Ventrue are indispensable. He is also very close to Marius, and the Roman methuselah has taken the advice of this Scottish elder on many profitable occasions.

Aspen Sleet

The third Ventrue in the Cabal is Aspen Sleet, an ambitious American ancilla and the CEO of Sleet Incorporated. She is a ruthless but quiet Ventrue, committed to the cause and filled with a burning hatred of the Tremere for a reason she refuses to explain. Her assets, political power, and cunning are a great help to the Cabal. Still, MacTaggart is convinced she will ultimately betray Gottlieb—the friction between the two frequently erupts into heated arguments, and she has made it quite known that a younger Kindred, particularly an American, should be Prince.

Amadeus St. Sebastian

The only Toreador in the Cabal is the elder Amadeus St. Sebastian, the owner of the Galleria Desmondus. Flamboyant, irreverent, and cheerfully foppish, his reason for overthrowing the Prince is “to see some amount of dignity restored to the City.” St. Sebastian reckons the Council to a group of “mediocre, bourgeois editors being placed in charge of the world's greatest literary magazine.” His inclusion in the Cabal is not without controversy. Many Ventrue feel that St. Sebastian is a decadent *artiste* with an unhealthy passion for chaos; MacTaggart even believes that St. Sebastian might betray the Cabal just for kicks.

Clarisse Gabriella

The final member of the Cabal is a Philadelphia Tremere named Clarisse Gabriella. She is a dour and spooky elder, a Seventh-level Apprentice from Philadelphia who has the unnerving

physical appearance of a child: she was Embraced in London, 1666, at the age of nine. The Tremere dispatched her in order to regain a foothold in New York, and although Gottlieb accepts her without question, the rest have reservations. As St. Sebastian remarked, “She’s a queer, sardonic little alien, isn’t she?” Although she can only attend a fraction of Cabal meetings, her presence is generally unsettling, and she has a distressing habit of delivering key bits of information only when she feels good and ready.

The Prince and the Primogen Council

Immanuel St. James insists on maintaining a strict hierarchy—ironic, considering the lack of power he actually holds over New York. He has several Primogen occupying various bizarre roles, and they are all Blood-bound to him. Each of them has, in turn, a network of progeny and mortal thralls that extends throughout the City. With the increasing intensity of Sabbat attacks, three of the Primogen have recently been slain, and the Prince and Montfaulcon are debating whom to elevate to those coveted seats.

The Primogen Council is as follows, including the three most recently assassinated:

Niccolò Montfaulcon

The “Royal Inquisitor,” Niccolò Montfaulcon is a Machiavellian schemer, an outcast Giovanni who was originally brought on board as the “Court Astrologer.” A dark and sinister elder, his whispers in St. James’ ear carry more weight than any official advice made by the Council. Montfaulcon is a necromancer, an assassin, and a twisted genius, and is responsible for many of St. James’ more Byzantine schemes and deceptions. What his ultimate goals are, however, is anyone’s guess.

Verifaust Anzler

The “Duke of Manhattan,” Verifaust Anzler is a freezing cold, ruthless Ventrue who worships St. James—he is completely and utterly in love with the man. He is a Bavarian psychopath, a smiling Nazi who delights in sadism, torture, and cruelty. No one in New York is without fear of him; without Anzler, the Prince may have lost power decades ago. Marius and his Ventrue refuse to recognize Anzler as one of their clan, a fact which fills this creature with venom enough for a thousand vipers.

Simon Moore

The “Royal Chamberlain,” Simon Moore is a Toreador who feels (accurately) that his power base is crumbling away. He climbed to the top in the “good old days,” and his archaic mannerisms are beginning to get in the way of his judgment. He insists that he’s as powerful as always, and throws occasional outrageous parties in order to demonstrate his relevance; but the rest of Clan Toreador treat him with a contempt reserved for the worst poseurs. Even the Prince has begun to question Simon’s abilities, and it’s a well-known “secret” that his favor has fallen on a new Toreador, a Welsh painter who has recently broken ranks with Sally de Angelou.

Midori Satsujin

The “Countess of Pavonia,” A waifish Tremere from sixteenth-century Japan, Midori dresses in expensive kimonos, favors extravagant jewelry, and often paints her face in strange Japanese motifs. She speaks twenty-seven languages, and has an erotic fondness for cold-blooded murder. Midori was an assassin in life, and being undead has only emphasized her cold and alien nature. Her thaumaturgy ranges to the necromantic side, and it’s said that she calls spirits to do her

bidding at the slightest whim; indeed, wherever she goes she is accompanied by a faint chorus of whispers, a susurrus from beyond the Shroud. She is one of the most feared members of the Prince's entourage, and even Niccolò Montfaulcon thinks twice before speaking his mind to Midori. Although no one knows her actual motives for supporting the Prince, she rules Staten Island as her own small kingdom, and practices a zero tolerance policy regarding Sabbat and Anarch activities. As long as Midori pays him fealty and does his bidding, St. James is happy to grant her autonomy over "Pavonia."

The Recently Assassinated...

Ansel Clerkenwell

The senior Toreador who once resided on the Council, Ansel Clerkenwell was murdered by the Sabbat. This was not exactly an unwelcome event for the Prince, as Clerkenwell was a vocal and independent thinker, the lover of Duncan Cappelthwaite, and one of the few surviving members of the Old Primogen Council. Ansel was the most outspoken on issues such as the Prince's degeneracy, the Council's decadence, and the rise of Montfaulcon. Indeed, a few have wondered if this assassination was not prompted by the Royal Inquisitor himself.

Lucifage

A wild Brujah who was allowed on the council to garner the support of the Brujah-infested Brooklyn, Lucifage was an obnoxious and violent iconoclast. While at times a breath of fresh air, his actions usually degenerated into the mindlessly destructive. He was murdered by the Sabbat during a Council Meeting on the *Myrddin*, St. James' pleasure yacht. (Note: Lucifage's "murder" was a ruse devised by Lucifage himself, who was nowhere as feckless and anarchistic as he appeared. Indeed, he faked his own death so he could rule his sky-bound clan without Princely interference. See "New York by Night Overview" for more details.)

Sir Thomas Hutchinson

One of the oldest Ventrue in the City; Sir Thomas was murdered by the Sabbat, who then delivered his head to one of Simon Moore's parties. The Sabbat might have unwittingly done Marius's clan a favor—Sir Hutchinson was a turncoat, and left the VBA to join the Prince's side during the failed coup attempt of 1965.

Current Politics

The Toreador Seat

The first of the Primogen to be assassinated was Ansel Clerkenwell, the Toreador sculptor. Filling of this void set the stage for a series of intrigues between the Council and the Cabal. As it is traditional to fill an empty seat with a vampire of the same clan, the Toreador naturally began vying for the seat. Sally de Angelou was chosen, a very eminent and capable Toreador who had the chutzpah needed to make her presence felt in a hostile Council. In preparation for her selection, she launched a series of projects, parties, and benefits to enhance her prestige and appeal.

Unfortunately, they failed miserably. After one incident of bad luck after another, de Angelou emerged looking like a fool, her reputation permanently stained. Of course, sabotage was suspected, but nothing could be conclusively proven—Montfaulcon had covered his tracks with his usual expertise.

When the Primogen Council finally met to decide on Clerkenwell's replacement, the situation looked grim for the Toreador, and consequently the Ventrue. De Angelou was in disgrace, and the next best Toreador for the seat was on unfriendly terms with the Prince. Most of the Toreador expected the Prince to appoint one of their weaker-willed members.

They were right—to a point. In a move which stunned the Kindred attending, the Prince selected Rachel Montaigne, a recently-Embraced protégé of the foppish—but politically dangerous—Amadeus St. Sebastian. There was a strategic reason for this: Montaigne was a veritable basket case, a neurotic Vampire who had broken one of the most important rules of the Council: she had Embraced her lover, a bookseller named Shelby Tate, creating a progeny within only a few months of her own Embrace. Needless to say, she was not given permission by her Sire, let alone the Prince! According to Law, St. Sebastian should have destroyed them both, but instead he protected her by audaciously claiming Shelby as his own. Now, the Prince knows this is a lie, and St. Sebastian knows that the Prince knows, and everyone else can pretty much guess what the situation is. But, by accusing St. Sebastian of treachery, even though it be his lawful right, the Prince could very well touch off a war with the Toreador—a war he would most likely win, but he would hardly emerge unscathed. So, he pulled off an unsuspected feat of cunning. By appointing the malleable Rachel, he forced the Toreador to choose the lesser of two evils. They had to accept his decision, or he would force the larger issue. But there was an added twist—she was given one year to prove herself worthy of the seat. If she failed to meet the Prince's standards, she would be executed and her seat would devolve to a Tremere chosen by the Prince.

No one is optimistic that Rachel will rise to meet the challenge.

The Brujah Seat

The seat of the Brujah Lucifage is slated to be filled by one of the Prince's "captive" Brujah from Brooklyn—however, if they decline, it is the Prince's option to choose any vampire at all. At this point it seems certain that Brooklyn will decline. It seems that their "Anarch Free Zone" might—just might—be extended to cover parts of Queens. If this situation develops, the next council member will be one of St. James' Progeny, a Tremere ancilla named Astor Heat Llewellyn. Astor is a morally bankrupt creature of pleasure, a feckless Welsh thaumaturge who specializes in sensual magic and rituals of domination.

The Ventrue Seat

The last open seat—that of the murdered Sir Thomas—is slated to be given to the Ventrue. Marius has not unexpectedly selected the extremely competent Wolfgang von Gottlieb, a member of the secret Manhattan Cabal, the vampire being groomed as St. James' replacement when the coup occurs. With no more Ventrue in his pocket, the Prince is facing pressure to accept the Roman's suggestion—however, St. James is mad, and may have any number of tricks waiting to spring. Indeed, as the date of the next Council meeting approaches, no one can be really sure what plots the Prince and his advisors are hatching.

Only time will tell...



Sources & Notes

This document was first uploaded to New York by Night on 4 February 1995, and had its last “contemporary” revision on 21 March 1999. For this 2018 archive edition, I merely corrected a few typos and inconsistencies.

And now for the original disclaimer: The [World of Darkness](#) and the Storyteller System, which includes [Vampire: The Masquerade](#); [Werewolf: the Apocalypse](#); [Mage, the Ascension](#); [Wraith: the Oblivion](#); and [Changeling: the Dreaming](#); are all trademarks of [White Wolf Games](#). All images taken from the game books will be marked as the property of White Wolf, which holds their copyrights. Some of my images incorporate the artwork of others; in every case I will credit the relevant artist, and I promise to remove the offending graphic if the artist makes this wish known to me. The mention of or reference to any companies or products on this website is not a challenge to the trademarks or copyrights concerned.

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