

# REVISITED

We are a clan aware and proud of our own history and rightly so: by challenging injustices and restrictive conventions many of our forebears sought to create a safer, more equitable world. Yet there is a danger that this pride and self-awareness has created a restrictive convention of its own. There is a prevalent trend amongst our clan to identify ourselves as Warrior/Scholars, elements of our clan's structure are even constructed around this divide, and the historical basis for this is clear: many of the great names of Brujah history have been famed for their martial prowess and erudition. But times change.

In centuries gone by education was rare: scholars had such power to revolutionise because they were among the learned few able to understand the bases for unjust and oppressive societal systems and hence able to challenge them (Wycliffe's translation of the Bible into English, for example, met such repression because it threatened the power of priests over their largely uneducated flocks) and great warriors led by example in battle, inspiring revolution and heroic resistance. So many of our brothers were embraced from the ranks of warriors and scholars because in those times such ways of life provided the most suitable outlet for the Brujah spirit. But that is no longer the case: scholarship is more frequently concerned with the esoteric quibbles of academia than challenging the power imbalances underpinning society, a soldier's lot is synonymous with an unquestioning obedience to the political will of his or her masters.

There is a tendency for young members of our clan to be moulded in a certain fashion, to have expectations placed on their areas of interest and development by being told that to acquire certain skills, to interact in a certain way, to have a certain attitude is to be truly 'Brujah.' More than any clan, however, we are equipped to move beyond the concept that traditions and history create an objective reality: what anyone who claims to be telling you what it is to be Brujah is imparting is his belief of what it is to be Brujah, which may be entirely different to mine or your own. The only betrayal of the Brujah spirit would be allowing ourselves to become subjected to tradition, in ways of thinking about ourselves as much as rituals and hierarchies, rather than failing to live up to the tenets of someone else's idea of what it is to be a Brother, however zealously held.

What it is to be Brujah is informed by history but determined by us: directly, in our interactions with the world, and in perpetuity through those we choose to embrace. I was not embraced for my knowledge of Foxe's negotiations with Castille to secure the royal marriage (extensive and intricate though it may be) nor, I hope, were any of my brothers embraced purely for their marksmanship: we were embraced because our passion and conviction embodied the Brujah spirit which has set our clan apart down the ages and which requires different expression in this changed world: media-savvy visionaries able to cut through the lies and banalities the populace is sedated with, techno-geeks creating new forms of human connection and self-expression on the internet faster than government regulation and commercial branding can assimilate, anti-capitalists prepared to stand up and voice their disgust at the way they see society heading, just as the warriors and scholars of bygone ages did. The world works differently now and kindred society will have to adapt if it wishes to survive: our place is at the forefront of that change.

True scholarship (study accompanied by critical enquiry, not simply the accumulation of knowledge) will always be an integral pursuit of many within our ranks and, whilst kindred society continues down its present arc of mutual destruction, its inherent dangers necessitate persevering with our anachronistic adherence to all things martial, but to box ourselves in as Warriors and Scholars is to allow ourselves to be limited by an ossified concept of our historical identity. You are Brujah: that is a spirit not a profession. You are Brujah and that means what you make it mean, not what someone tells you it has always meant. Including me.

Dr. Jeffrey Williams Primogen for Runnymede  
Played by Neil Parkinson

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## News in Brief :

- The two Brujah Praxis' held in the South, Essex and Kent have now been desolved. A slow thinning of numbers have meant that not enough Kindred reside there to warrant full Domain status. Prince Adolf has faded into the background, while Prince Jax of Kent now involves itself fully with the Brujah of the Province. The Domain of London has now claimed the lands as protected Duchies, and Colin Redgrave of Clan Brujah is chosen as Knight Protector of East Kent.
- The Reading Brujah, David and Joseph, both captured and detained in The Clink for betraying the Clan to the Assamites during the Clan War .. are to be destroyed by flame.
- The new National Clan forum has been set up by the First Warden, Josh. With heightened security due to past infiltration. Brujah now have to meet with the Warden before being allowed access.
- The Provinces are slowly coming together in regards to Scholars for the Libraries. With Mattheus as the lead, Manko oversees the North, and Jerry Selwyn oversees the South with Dr Jeff Williams.
- The Peterborough Brujah, Scott Green was found to be in blatant breach of the Masquerade, slaking it's thirst openly, and thus BloodHunted.
- The refined Russian Senator for Scotland, Nikita, has announced other commitments, and moved out of the Country for the moment. Currently, Scotland sits without any representative or vote on Senate.

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# Memories of a Good Friend

For Watanabe Takashi

(THE HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG by Will Henry Thompson)  
*"The brave went down! Without disgrace  
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace,  
They heard Fame's thunders wake,  
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break  
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!"*

I can remember the first time I met Takashi; it was only a couple of years ago and some memories burn strongly. It wasn't a grand meeting, there was nothing really to indicate that this was anything other than strangers with a mutual friend. Yet this Kindred, this fiery soul, would soon come to risk his own neck for me.

My history with Taki was but brief, we didn't speak at length on politics or philosophy, we didn't talk over beliefs or where we came from. We did talk on Top once, agreed that the maniac needed killing. And when that happened I for one was glad. I recall him and Stevie turning up on my doorstep and trying to get me to leave the country, head to the US with them. Leave these fellows I'd known but a few short months and avoid the storm which was to come, and thought that I was going to have to fight or get removed in a bag. But we talked; they both listened, argued. With passion, with a fire backed by the weight of their beliefs. And then left, respecting my decision, my choice, my freedom.

Freedom, Taki always loved that, always prided himself on his freedom. That's something I can understand. I've made my choices, made some bad ones too, but everything I've done has been my choice. No one else. None other made my mind up for me, the things I regret I did, the things I love are mine. Taki always seemed like that.

Yet how can one talk on Taki without mention of Stevie. She was the moon to his sun. They two were together, halves of the whole. They lived life together, to the full, and they died together. I'll miss both of them, more than I know, when there were issues I needed to talk about Stevie was there, the little sister I didn't realise I'd missed. When I needed help or advice Taki was there with words of wisdom or a helping hand.

The world is a smaller place without them, and I for one find it a darker place too.

Fletcher Thomas Stuart  
Played by Rik Sowden

## Ahh, Ireland...

Home of lush green fields and friendly people. Where the pace of life has slowed to a crawl and everyone has a smile on their face, and the time to stop for a chat.

Think again, matey. When the sun goes down in Ireland, it becomes a very different place to what you see in the pretty tourist brochure, particularly if you're a Brujah. With the exception of Cork city in the South and Dublin in the East, the country has few safe areas for Kindred. Those who attempt to spend to much time travelling through the countryside may well find themselves on the wrong side of the thriving Werewolf population and there is whispers that the sudden cessation of courts and disappearance of kindred in Waterford and Limerick may have more than a little to do with this.

For the Brujah in Ireland, the last year has been nothing short of catastrophic. The former Clanhead, Gabriel Dent, met final death in January when the Tremere Prince of Dublin attacked him in Elysium and then declared afterwards that Dent was Sabbat. The Cork Primogen, Morgan Desmond, was also bloodhunted for insolence and sending a bunch of flowers, although this has since been revoked. Those amongst the Anarchs found themselves hunted vigorously after botched meddling with the Toreador ex-Prince of Cork, Julian Drake, and most are either slain or fled, including the former Keeper of Cork, James Saville. With numerous breaches of Elysia, and allegations of Sabbat membership being thrown around like it was going out of fashion, most Brujah have chosen to keep a low profile or find more pleasant climes.

However, since a Conclave called in June, and the retraction of a claim of praxis of all Ireland called by the Prince of Dublin, (which had caused much ire to Kindred in Cork) the situation in Ireland has stabilised a great deal, and it is once more safe to travel at least within the bigger cities and to attend Elysia in Ireland. No more than the "usual" amount of paranoia is recommended. The new Clanhead of the Brujah, Morgan Desmond, is attempting to rally the Brujah of the Isle together and rumour has it that work on a Training Hall has been commenced in the South. Those thinking of taking a trip over, however, would be well advised to stay away from rural areas and contact Morgan or one of the other Brujah first. Anarchs in particular are warned that this may not be the most pleasant place for a short holiday...

Morgan Desmond Brujah Clan Head for Ireland  
Played by Sadhbh

ooc: The Camarilla Vampire Game in Ireland presently runs in two venues. The Cork game in the South takes place on the first Monday of each month in the Hairy Lemon bar from 8pm. The Dublin game is a little more erratic due to venue problems but tends towards the last Tuesday of each month. Contact Fiki@eircom.net or Sadhbhw@eircom.net if you want further details on this or any other Camarilla game run in Ireland, or try checking <http://gameeire.com/camirl>

For those of you interested in contacting the present Brujah Clanhead, Morgan Desmond, she can be reached at [sadhbhw@eircom.net](mailto:sadhbhw@eircom.net) and is always interested in making new contacts.

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# Brujah Senate

## Senators

Scottish Province : None  
Irish Province : Morgan Desmond  
Northern Province : Dai Williams  
Central Province : Tony Lawrence  
Southern Province : Iolo Edwards

## Functionaries

First Speaker : Vladimir Magistrov  
First Warden : Josh of London  
First Scholar : Matheus  
First Warrior : Josh of London

This list is current as of Aug 10th.

## Website Login

Well, those of you who have visited the ukBrujah website recently will have noticed that all the real content is now tucked away in a passworded members section.

All you need to do to get yourself the login details is contact me via email on : [louisknee2@hotmail.com](mailto:louisknee2@hotmail.com)

This is available to STs and Registered Brujah players. It's easy enough, and the site is really growing quickly now!

[www.brujah.camarilla.org.uk](http://www.brujah.camarilla.org.uk)

## More Who's Who

The who's who section of the members website now includes a growing number of character profiles as well as a section of small character photographs. All this as well as extensive lists of contact details for Brujah throughout England, Scotland and Ireland.

## Clan Lores

Okay, as much of an update as is possible. We were told a while ago by the GSA that we had to move to a 5 point Lore system, so we changed. Then we were told by the UK STs that we're not yet with the US system of Lores (for whatever reason I dunno), and that in the UK we're still on the 7 point system. So we changed back again ... so .. I dunno. None of the changes we've tried to have brought through to apply to ukBrujah History and uk specific information have been approved as yet. We'll make another effort of it soon .. meanwhile, if you have any ideas as to what you would like to see in regards to the darios levels of Lores, let us know!

# Combo Powers

Note : Full details available in the Society Section of the ukBrujah website.  
In the face of oppression and almost constant warfare, the Brujah have developed a number of unique vampiric powers. Not all Brujah have these advantages; indeed, most Kindred do not know they exist. Those who are aware of these powers either possess them or have been unfortunates on the receiving end.

If your character is approved, or gets approved, for one of these powers please let the ukBrujah AGSA know. From time to time, they, STs, or other GSA staff may contact players of characters who do have these powers for related plot, or to see if they are willing to teach someone else.

## Approval Requirements

To be taught a combination discipline requires a teacher who knows the power in question and has both the prerequisite disciplines at a level higher than that required to learn the combination discipline. For example, the Brujah combination discipline Burning Wrath requires Intermediate Celerity and Intermediate Potence to learn, and therefore requires Burning Wrath, Advanced Celerity and Advanced Potence to teach.

Characters can learn a combination discipline from their Clanbook without a teacher if they have 3 Traits of Clan Lore for their own clan and the requisite normal discipline powers (along with the appropriate approval).

## NOTE : Other Clans

Kindred of other Clans are occasionally able to learn these powers, however, this requires a higher level of approval. The standard RST approval would be ANST approval for other Clans, while Iron Heart, as ANST approval for Brujah, is then NST approval for nonBrujah.

# Invasion of Anarch Free State

Good evening Comrades. I hereby call on all loyal Anarchs to help defend the Anarch Free State of Riversouth, found in Brisbane, from Invader Nicholai.

I request the cammie Brujah to support this endeavour wherever possible, either with intelligence or weaponry.

Invader Nicholai has breached the Camarilla's own Edict of Barbs, and as such all cammies should feel obligated to oppose this Invader that has breached the rules of your own sect. Since the Anarch Free State is an Anarch Domain, your support of it won't breach your Second Tradition of Domain, as it is not legally under the Domain of Invader Nicholai.

I hereby dedicate a Fire Team to the Queensland theatre of operations, with the mission to oppose the invasion of the Anarch free State of Riversouth.

Yours

Heinrich (4dice@uqconnect.net)  
Played by Peter Fordyce

# The Heart of the Matter

These days, the clan as a whole makes a lot of noise about our strengths as scholars and warriors, our abilities in combat and debate, we have started to judge each other on what capability we have in various abilities and knowledge's. Everyone is pushing training in the martial arts, teaching of academics and histories, so that each of us can grow in these areas and thus become great Brujah.....But what about our hearts?

Who's teaching and neutering the softer side of the clan. I know a lot of you will huff and make out you don't have a softer side, but its there. I don't mean weather or not everyone's in touch with there feminine side or some such twaddle. I mean the person inside! You can teach a Brujah to fight there way out of any battle, to debate the most knowledgeable of opponent under the table. But as the cold nights tick by into countless colder years, who's teaching the Brujah of today how to survive the emotional onslaught of this life we lead, so that they can become the Brujah of tomorrow?...Surely strength of Heart and character are as important as books and swords?

Some will say that we are Brujah, we are clan, we look after our own, but look around you, look at the Brujah next to you, and ask your self this, Do I really know him, and do I really care. Or have words like Clan, Family and we stand together just become slogans. We are clan, we SHOULD be able to trust each other, but trust is earned. If you had something burning away inside, something you just had to get out, could you tell your local clan mate, or would you bottle it up night after night, afraid that in the current climate of self improvement you would look week.

In recent times I have heard several prominent members of this clan throwing hissy fits over some of the younger and more recently embraced clan mates choices of friends and confidants. But what do you expect, think of it like a prize hunting dog, if all you do is train that dog to be the best it can and only show it reward when it does well, what's it to do when its hurt in some way, where does it go then...I'll tell you where, to the first person who shows it some real affection. Not meaning to belittle any of the clan with the comparison, but can you see my point? If the current structure is so much the thing then maybe we need a senator for it or something I don't know, but I do know this is something us kindred of Passion really need to look out, or else our so called passion will dry up.

So what do we do, brush it off as Ravens girly waffeling, mull it over for a while, debate it and then go off and have a good sparring session to forget about it,? Or for once are the Brujah going to actually become the term that everyone bandies about so easily these days...Brothers!

Raven of Essex and London  
Played by Maz

# Honoured Brothers, a discussion

Honoured Brothers and not forgetting those flowers of the Camarilla, our lovely Sisters; I've been thinking about some ideas and moral questions - no don't snigger - that have been put forward in the mortal realm of fiction and motion pictures. The recent film made by Mr George Lucas "Star Wars, Episode II, Attack of the Clones" struck many a chord within me. I gather this is part of a series of stories that take place over a long period of time, and highlights the change in social structure from a near-ideal democracy to a dictatorial, extremely right-wing Empire and out the other side back towards democracy.

As some of you might have heard or seen the stories, there exist a number of groups that attempt to guide or rule society:

- The Senate (later transformed into the Empire) - a democratic forum for provincial leaders to convene and discuss policy, trade and diplomacy.
- The Empire - a focused entity determined to run society by fear and to keep the general populace ignorant.
- The Jedi - self-appointed guardians of law & order; distributors of natural justice, that strive to maintain balance within society.
- The Sith - renegade Jedi, a secretive organisation possessing the same otherworldly/unusual powers as the Jedi - that simply seek to undermine the Jedi and to more powerful in a dictatorial manner.
- The Rebel Alliance - those who seek to overthrow the Empire in favour of returning the Senate and democracy to power.
- The general populace - simply everyone else, trying to survive.

It is obvious in the later stories in this series that there is a very black and white moral view portrayed: the Empire is bad and the Rebel Alliance & the Jedi are good. However, when one reviews the opening stories, one sees that the delineations between the sects are very blurred. Are the Jedi doing things for their own purposes? Do they care about the general populace?

It all got me to thinking about whether Mr Lucas is portraying our world allegorically? And if so, which groups take which roles? This is the crux of the matter. Maybe one of our Toreador colleagues could enlighten us as to whether Mr Lucas is Kindred? Does the Jedi Order represent the Camarilla? Does the Sith Sect represent the Sabbat? Does the Empire represent mortal Government? Are the General Populace representative of the mortals in our world?

If one starts thinking about these trivial things, then one soon begins to see that the struggles and politics of our world do not neatly fall into the discreet categories as above.

Friends and learned colleagues, I bring this forward for discussion.

Colin Redgrave Primogen of Greenwich, and Knight of London  
Played by Stephen Moore

# Shit happens all the time.

## Mailing Lists

To get yourself on the various ukBrujah mailing lists, contact me, Dave Keyes, or get further details from the ukBrujah website - url shown below.

National [IC] Forum

uk\_brujah\_forum@yahoogroups.com  
IC contact Josh, email :  
louisknee2@hotmail.com

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Out of Character Mailing List

uk-brujah@yahoogroups.com  
OOC contact Ric Gamble, email : bru-  
jah@razorware.demon.co.uk

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• uk Brujah Scholars

In Character forum overseen by the First Scholar in order to coordinate Education and general support.

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• The Great Halls  
Scottish, Northern Central and Southern Training Halls all have mailing lists set up and running. No Irish Hall as yet.

The setting / situation for the Great Hall lists, is that all In-Character emails passed through them are considered to be conversations held or actions made in the specified Training Hall itself. They constitute soft-roleplay environments to support the downtime activities of the Brujah.

If your character goes to a Training Hall and you want to get in to it's Mailing List? No worries, just contact me :  
email : louisknee2@hotmail.com

## That's it for now

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Next Issue :

Next submission deadline is : **Nov 3rd**.  
Contact details shown on front cover.

Prize Draw :

Everyone who sends something in for the next newsletter is entered to win a classic style Lasombra Pin Badge.

The Brujah pin badge offered for last issue's Prize Draw has been won by Sadhbh Warren, who plays the Irish Brujah Morgan Desmond

Note: Printed articles also get MC points!

Cheers  
Dave Keyes ukBrujah Chronicler

## In Simplicity : The First Tactic

I remembered again, this weekend, amid the frenzy of the modern world. Walking under black, star-gazing skies, the chill of the wind whipping my clothing around my ankles.

This modern age allows me once more to wear a cloak, if I like. To dress accordingly as I have so many times in the past. Of all the things that reminded me though, it was my hair. Completely loose. No decorations, no additives, untied and unkempt, tossed in the gusts of icy winter wind. How simple they are, those loose tresses. It made me smile, and that made me recall that not so long ago, I was asked: How do you go on? When continually we see those we know, die around us in such high turnover? What is there left after a time? And the sands of ages gone, blew like the great khamsin over mind and I was walking on a dirt street in ancient Constantinople. Dull air wafted around us, Mazen and I, and the world seemed so plain. That mecca of culture, lusterless.

Lost in some dusty library catacomb, I rarely spent time with another. Only Mazen was my companion and colleague. The world had grown monotonous, nights plain and indistinguishable. Missives written, received. Knowledge scribed from one language to another. Someone seeking information, finding it, trading it.

*When my soul wearies of Humanity, when my - Eyes tire of staring into the face of the day, - I wander where the phantoms - Of ages past sleep.*

We walked down an outskirt road, just to be outside the Library, an evening stroll. For years now, Mazen had been watching the light fade from my eyes, like a dimming oil lamp burning lower in the small hours of the morning.

He glanced at me, hands clasped behind his back, and said, "It is time for you to go on a walk." His genial Arabic tongue made me half-smile as we walked beyond the city and into the desert night, aimlessly. I glanced over at him. "We are walking, Mazen." I replied. "We cannot go on when we have forgotten what it means to live." He stopped suddenly and looked out over the moonlit dunes before us "Go into the desert, and do not return to me until you have remembered." Perplexed, I did as he directed.

*There I look into the eyes of shadow, and - Listen to the rustle of invisible wings, and feel - The soft touch of the unseen garment of silence, - And withstand the terrors of black darkness*

Every night I walked under a waning and waxing moon, barefoot to feel the residual, sun scorched sand. My hands were empty, I sat in the sand, sifting the grains through the sieve of my fingers.

*There I see you, Night, awful and beautiful, - Poised between heaven and earth, veiled in - Mist, cloaked in cloud, laughing at - The sun, ridiculing the day, taunting the slaves - Who sleeplessly worship before the idols*

*In every distinct last unspeakable grain - compared to nothing; infinitely astounding. Images of their stories flying through my head - more striking than the Hagia Sophia in all her golden illuminations.*

*You touch my thoughts with your - Gentle fingers, and my contemplation flows like- A strong stream*

In the simplicity of one grain, is the complexity of the world. A single sand, amid the desert sea, shimmers the moonlight in a hallucinogenic, silver-breeze.

*With your burning lips you print a kiss - Upon the lips of my soul - And set it aflame like a torch - Lacking everything, I want for nothing. Far from city noise, I heard the - Muse of Silence, her voice was like the breath of a shooting star. How many - times did she call to me? Until I was surrounded by the vastness of - nothing, I could not hear anything.*

*I have accompanied you, O Night, and followed you- Until we became akin and - In my dark self are glittering stars strewn - By my emotions - And in my heart shines a moon, lighting the processions - Of my dreams - In my sleepless soul a silence reveals - The I lover's secrets and echoes the - Worshiper's prayers - And my face wears the sentiment torn by - The agony of death and mended by the songs of youth*

I returned toward that horizon of flickering lamp-light and when I found him, Mazen said, "Tell me one thing you saw that was beautiful this evening."

"The memory of a moment in one grain of sand." I answered.

Ajax Primus for North America  
Played by Ammie Hague