

We're supposed to be the Clan of Change, right?

New Brother to Lead ...

Time is now for change as we have asked for, and I as Clan Head wish to set out the plan across which I shall be acting. There are many problems that must be solved now, and solved quickly, Internally, as well as externally.

Many have spoken their views on advisors; councils and senates. Some have spoken of the worth of regional councillors. I have reflected over these matters, and in my mind we need to have such bodies, that can look at issues independently of each other. Ensuring that all viewpoints are considered, both the clan viewpoint, and also the view from the region and vis versa. Therefore, I ask first that the regional councillors continue to serve us as councillors for the regions of Albion. I call for the Clan of the North to find a replacement and as soon as possible. Raven, Thomas Jones and Fred Murray have served the clan as councillors and I see no reason that they should not continue to do so.

These four Kindred, one from each region will form the Clan Council. They will need, from amongst themselves, select one that will be their Spokesman. This spokesman will be my primary point of contact with the Council, and also be able to bring matters that need my attention to me, irrespective of regional and secular bias.

Secondly, it is my view that we need also the three camps of our people to put forward representatives, providing counsel, irrespective of region, and independent of region. I ask that the clan provide three Senators, one Idealist, one Iconoclast and one Individualist. I thank those that have already embraced this idea and stood forward. These three Kindred, along with the Council Spokesman, Warlord and Clan Head will form our Clan Senate.

The matter of the oathsworn and the hazed: In my mind, they have chosen their path, and we should respect that choice as much as we may disagree with it. We must accept the decisions of the regions and schools when selecting those that would represent them; thus it is your choice.

Now, I come to the most important part of this message. For all of this change to have meaning, the clan must organise. We must go out and find our brothers and spread the word to them. They MUST know who their Councillor is. They MUST know who the Senators are. Ideally, they would all contribute on this forum. The real world says that perhaps they cannot. This charge is one that we must all face together. We must carry our word to those of us that are not here reading these words in whatever form.

Externally, consider the effects of your actions and particularly your words. Some of us have responsibilities within the Camarilla. Our words as Primogen speak for all of our brothers in that domain. Their actions reflect on us, and us on them. We must be mindful of this. Our enemies can and will use this to their advantage, just as we should be. Remember that many of our battles are now fought in the secular arena. We must be wise to its ways and not create problems for eachother.

We have a number of challenges ahead of us brothers. The road is not going to be easy. We must all do our duty.

Robert Chambers Brujah Clan Head UK
- Played by Phil Nicholls

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News in Brief :

• Robert Chambers is the new Clan Head for the UKBrujah, put through with a sudden call for a change of structure by several 'loud' factions. Vlad remains Warlord, and a Senate is being formed formally.

• The Brujah Elder, Geoffrey has been very active in the South, and has now been judged by a significant sized Gauntlet for killing the Brujah, Malcolm of Cambridge. The Gauntlet was passed, and the issue is at an end. Many Brujah do consider him Cowardly for his use of disciplines.. but that was his right as defence.

• ooc: There is a new AGSA for the ukBrujah, Kevin Jackson, who plays Tristen of Essex. He's already on the ball (check out a post from him on the back page).

• Three Brujah Princes have appeared in quick succession. Thomas Drake as Prince of Bristol, Thomas Jones as Prince of Redditch and Prince Luka Ciak of Wakefield. And the total of Oathsworn Brujah has depressingly grown to five. Aah, Stop it!

• Rumours tell of a potential alliance with the Brujah of Ireland, to bring even more of the Clan together. Where will this lead?

• The Brujah Primogen for Reading, David, was tried and found guilty of being a traitor in a time of War against Assamites. Treason. Accused by Josh of London, and made to walk the Gauntlet, he is now staked and is to be re-tried every decade by the Council.

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"The Brujah Camps"

The Brujah are split into three recognizable parts. Iconoclasts, Individualists, and Idealists. They fight among each other constantly. However, the camps may be split in methodology, but 'We are still Brujah, and if it comes down to it, I will stick with and up for my Brother, even if he keeps his nose in a book all night and plays chess with that damn Prince.'

The three camps may argue but they certainly do work together and the results of such cooperation can be terrifying to the outsider. It is quite possible for an Iconoclast and Idealist to agree upon end result but disagree on the method to get there. This is the actual foundation of the reports of Brujah working together. "Who knows, that SOB might get it to work." The one thing that all the camps do is assist each other. Idealists use their verbal and political influence to cover for the Iconoclasts, the Iconoclast takes actions where the political stance of the Idealist prevents him from doing so, and the few individualists reconciles the two camps utilizing the best of both worlds and bringing them together. The divisions in methods, while strong, cannot overcome the Brujah's devotion to causes. Over the oppression of time the Brujah have developed certain strange powers. These are determined by their mindset (camp). Few know of the existence of these powers and even fewer possess them (Secrets of the Brujah clanbook page 31). It is believed that they spring up within the blood every so often, when one especially pure in the ideals of their camp is made.

Iconoclast

These Brujah tend to be made up all types of violent personalities to extremists of all kinds. From the street punk to the hired thug, from hitmen to soldiers trained to kill, and from crusaders to the vikings. This camp hardly ever seems to do anything but fight, even amongst themselves. This camp however is generally the driving force behind the physical battles and places much into the physical discipline of potency. They are swift to raise arms against the enemy be it real or imagined and defend their sect with a vigor not beheld by many outside of this clan. Their passion lies in battle and on the battlefield is generally where you can find them.

A large part of this camp is Anarch finding that the freedom there is less restrictive on them than presented within either the sabbat or camarilla. Their passions for violence and continual struggle against the beast is strongly seen within this camp. They tend to see things as a war yet to be won and will fight for a cause until there is nothing left to fight with. They tend to see themselves as the "Warriors" of Clan Brujah and will defend their brothers with their lives. They also tend to rant constantly about selective law enforcement and oppression imposed upon them by Clan Ventrue.

While they perceive of themselves as warriors, their inherent natural tendencies to fight and argue make continued membership in anything other than their chosen cause difficult. They tend to think in terms of societal breakdown first with seeing what comes out of it later. It is natural that few members of the camarilla fall within this camp since they tend to prefer the lack of structure inherent in the anarch cause.

Individualist

There are not many Brujah within this camp. Less than 5 percent of the total Brujah. The main reason is that, as soon as a Brujah finds a cause to believe in, the Brujah tend to start behaving as either an iconoclast or an idealist. Either they start doing everything they can to bring about their desired end result (Iconoclast) or they start doing everything they can to make other people bring about their desired end result (Idealist).

A common fallacy made by people playing this branch is to assume that they are only out for number 1. Nothing could be further from the truth. It is more to the point that the Individualist prizes, above all else, to right to self determination. Not only on their part, but on the part of others. They are absolutely willing to fight and die for this. (note that this philosophy is rather inconsistent with membership in ANY form of organization with a hierarchical structure... such as the Camarilla.)

Idealist

This camp is made up of generals and backroom assassins. The Scholars of this camp seem to think that they have everything under control. They are more known for their debating skills and level headedness, as they seem to be more calm than the Iconoclasts. Despite appearances, they are just as quick to jump into battle for their ideas and causes. And it is a foolish iconoclast indeed that forgets that the elder idealist was once a hot headed young fool also. And has the benefit of being trained in the gymnasias of the Brujah in the middle ages. However, their passion often comes with words, not necessarily fists or weapons. Elders make up the majority of this group, having had many years to work on perfecting their techniques in the areas of debate, influence and lore. The Ancillae and Neonates of this camp are usually leaders, more often than not either on the Primogen Council or serving the Prince in another aspect. There is little question as to who runs the Clan in their eyes, as they see knowledge as the most powerful tool the Clan has. They will often lock themselves in their library and study even at the expense of social gatherings, but such is the life of one who lives for ideas.

Kant, violence & the role of the 'person'

Kant, when discussing morality, formulates his "categorical imperative" of moral behaviour as follows. It is morally prohibited to treat a person as a means instead of an "end in itself". This brings forward two main questions... what is treating someone as a means and what counts as a person?

Kant defines treating someone as a means as doing something to him or her that they could not possibly consent to, rape being a common example. If we then examine the concept of violence it seems that this fits treating someone as a means. Violence appears to be the causation of harm without the consent of the individual concerned. It may seem odd to include "without consent" as a clause instead of, say, the cause of it being deliberate, but this fits with our use of the word to describe weather as well as physical attacks. Consent is also a tricky term, it is worth remembering that a captured individual who is given the choice 'talk or be tortured' who refuses to talk, is refusing to talk not consenting to torture. The concept of "quiet violence" is also useful to consider, the idea that inaction can be a cause and therefore an inaction that causes harm to another is an act of violence against them.

If we accept the argument so far then we see that violence against persons is morally prohibited and that refusing to act in away that minimises harm to another is also morally prohibited (weather that is enough reason to not do it is another matter). This brings us on to the next idea, what is a person?

Kant defines a person as a rational being. This includes theoretically possible aliens and possibly dolphins. If we avoid the very tricky question of what is rational, and whether any being is rational, and concentrate on the idea that rationality is a goal. A state to be aimed at, but rarely met due to emotion, a logically objective view point in which we follow the best course of action. A rational being also makes moral choices (as to be amoral within a society is irrational as it will lead to the collapse of that society). If we take this to be true then we can see that there is a spectrum of rationality within beings... and a being becomes a non-rational being before it has no rationality. This transitional blur between the rational and non-rational can be seen even more clearly within our own battle between beast and humanity. The beat represents the truly irrational, manifesting itself physically in the frenzy. This suggests that a kindred close to his beast, who is therefore no longer rational, should not be considered a person, and it should not be morally prohibited to treat them as a means... in essence violence is not prohibited against a kindred who has lost touch with his humanity.

This is not an argument for the destruction of those kindred close to their beast, but simply an investigation on how our existence effects past great works. I do think it does suggest that we have a moral responsibility to protect others and ourselves from the beast within.

Jeremiah Selwyn
Played by Tim Fassam

Deal with it ...

If you're faced with any situation, even one which you can easily deal with yourself (under normal circumstances) .. let another brother know what you're faced with and about to do in case the situation blows up and escalates .. at which point if you've let at least one other know what's happening then you can bring them up to speed with a minimum of delay.

After which you hopefully should be able to deal with the situation in short order. Also if you deal with the situation successfully then you can let other brethren know in case they at some point face a situation themselves which is at least very similar if not the same. They would then be able to deal with it, with the knowledge of how you dealt with your's.

I say this to hopefully highlight a benefit of letting the Clan know what's happening in your Domain and or yourself.

Fred Murray Scottish Councillor
Played by Stuart Faulds

About Clan Positions

If you don't like your Primogen / Councillor / Clan Head or Warlord fine .. what the fuck are you gonna do about it? There are no hard and fast rules about election or replacements, none of them are annual terms of office or all that crap, we're Brujah. If you feel you can do better, do it. Stop being so frigg'n bitter. Get things done by doing them!

Profiles

Jeff of London

Played by Neil

The recently embraced childe of Josh, the Brujah Primogen, Dr. Jeffery Williams still seems to be savouring the new experiences that vampiric nature offers. Currently taking a sabbatical from his position as a lecturer in political history at University College London until he works out a way to combine his studies with the whole daylight problem, he seems enthusiastic to discover a whole new avenue of History yet to be explored and in particular the past glories of his own clan. He has brought friendly enthusiasm to kindred society but how long will that last?

Iolo of London

Played by Dave Walker

Iolo decended on the London scene two months ago, blasting into the domain during June's Elysium and demanding the attention of 'Josh'. Loud, brash and obnoxious he managed to insult and intrude on just about every Primogen member in the space of a few hours. This nicely culminated in his attempted abduction later that evening. A few harsh words with Josh even later, and a few seconds longer to realise his error, he has kept his head well down and attempted to keep his mouth shut, though quite regularly fails.

He has become increasingly pensive and lurky as the weeks have gone on.. if pressed reveals he is not used to being a little fish..

Iolo dresses scruffely, he claims its Camden chiq (his usualy haunt) a constant is a stiff black leather jacket he obtained a few days after arriving in London, he readily informs everyone of its authentic '70's heritage and is imensely proud of it. Iolo has spent a lot of effort avoiding the training side of the training halls (unless someone has forced him into it) Usually responding. "Noooo I'm a lover, not a fighter!" Wether or not he's being ironic or serious so far remains to be seen.

Iolo's main goal is to find out about the London music scene, attempting to find contacts and influence, he is deperate to promote his own night and make his mark.

Thomas Jones Central Councillor

Played by Ben Griffiths

Few people, if indeed anyone can claim to know Thomas' history in any detail. And he seems keen on keeping that way, seeming unwilling to speak about his mortal past at all although he seems to have definate ties to the seedier side of life.

As a kindred, he first showed up in Stratford around the middle of '99 and almost immediately went into service as an enforcer for the Prince at the time, John Smith.

When things got messy, he moved to Redditch where, after demonstrating the ineptitude of the Gangrel Sheriff was given the position by Prince Grimaldi of the Tremere.

After Grimaldis death, the new Prince, De Angelo of Ventru, childe of their Clan Head elevated him to the position of Seneschal. De Angelo recently stepped down and now Thomas Jones rules.

Known to have a short temper, a very short temper and also his harsh, rough justice. On the outside, he seems aggressive, loud and arrogant...on the inside...who can say?

Family Holiday

When Josh began handing out Mossberg shotguns and shells at the London Elysium recently (because of an incident that was due to threaten the Kindred assembled there) a young Brujah asked me "Have you ever held a gun before?" I paused and replied "Not in a long while, it must be about 30yrs or so..." I admit that I was lost in a reverie for some moments as I thought about the events that last led me to handle a firearm.

I was Embraced at the beginning of the 17th Century, a time of elegance and Literature, the Arts. It came as quite a shock to me, a moneyed Court Groupie, to find that I had been withdrawn from one Court to be invited into an altogether more diverse Kindred Court Society. My Sire (whom I do not wish to name) had plans for me with regard to some business with the Ladies in the Kine Court that I had known. To say that I was an ingenue to life outside of luxury was an understatement. I had to learn all the things that Servants had done for me - yeuch. My Sire was, at the time plotting to enlarge and strengthen his powerbase; and sought not only my aid but also my undying devotion.

Along with the rest of his Childe, I was bloodbound to him. He was a powerful Kindred at the time but was not without enemies - and over the following 30-40 years his Resources were gradually ground down. He escaped to the New World to avoid the plans of some of his more vicious adversaries. I, along with the rest of my Sire's belongings, were left behind. I do not wish to regale the history of the years that followed his departure needless to say they were difficult. As communication between my Sire and myself became more difficult we managed our own lives, I felt a sort of freedom that I'd never known before. From time to time a missive would arrive from the Americas telling me of my Sire's latest exploits. None of which excited me nor seemed to demand my attention.

Many years passed and I, too, went through innumerable escapades - most seeming to follow a similar theme: a word spoken in haste, a Lady outraged, or a jealous Kindred rival cajoled to frenzy. The Modern World slipped from century to century, and it was in the spring of 1968 that I surprisingly received word from my Sire. He wrote to me directly at my Haven address and enclosed some paperwork from the United States Government. His letter spoke of how he had regretted leaving England and his Childe, me especially. "I have missed your vacuousness and wit" - what kind words he had for me. "I feel it is time that we get to know each other again - compare notes on our Brethren and generally have a good time, I know you are certainly not averse to that. Please find enclosed the necessary paperwork to join me on a holiday of sorts. It will help bring out the warrior side of your limp, Court, personality." I read the paperwork, and couldn't believe what I was seeing: I had been Drafted into the US Army Intelligence Corps and was to serve a Term of 365 days in Vietnam. My Sire had obviously pulled a number of strings to get me into this small "Police Action". Within the week, a US Army Transport plane had unceremoniously collected me and my kit bag, all provided by my Sire. Once I arrived in-country, my Sire greeted me in the uniform of an US I-Corps Captain. It was an assumed name but that didn't matter. Our duties were very vague - we were to roam various sections of the country and report, for the magazine "Stars & Stripes", on the good jobs "our Boys" were doing and to correlate report on enemy movements. The nights were wild - the jungle was so alien from my hometown of London. Frantic firefights would go on nearby and it would seem like a million miles away. Shelling was a constant worry for the two of us - it really didn't seem to matter who the Americans bombed. Our reporting was always well received, both by the Magazine and by the I-Corps. It wasn't a major problem that we would be out of touch with our Superiors for weeks on occasion. I would say that I really enjoyed talking and interviewing the young American soldiers, while my Sire tended to enjoy the brutal interrogation of NVA prisoners. We would usually write our own Orders for night transport or for inclusion on various missions, but where we tended to succeed in gaining information, was in infiltration missions - just the two of us.

I came to the conclusion that I was experiencing a number of the "joys" that other Clans might revel in: rooting through tunnel systems like some Nosferatu, or ranging through the jungle at top foot-speed like a Gangrel. The feeling of flying in a helicopter on the inbound leg of a mission did give a feeling of elation and uncertainty - the dependence on the aircraft to remain in the air when under fire was unnerving. Not that we were that worried about small-arms fire, it was just the occasional RPG7 or stray hit that might cause the fuel supply to explode (small worrying things like that). The "Intelligence" network that we fed must be what some coteries of Ventru must be like - always hungry for information at whatever price.

My Sire thought that this experience could help to free some of the frustrations that we had both felt, over the years, and overcome difficulties together. In the parlance of today - Father/Son bonding. On occasions I am uncertain whether my Sire has finally lost his grip on reality - but in those jungles and at that time - you could hardly tell him apart from most of the madness that went on, he seemed in his element. It was hardly a picnic - uncertain daily rests, a small war etc. but for all that I am glad I went and shared in that experience. I must admit that I didn't have a great deal of choice in the matter of going, but it was a time of freedom of expression, of madness, and blood. So, yes, I have handled and used firearms - not in the almost serene streets of London with the Met. Police's SO19 but in the heat and confusion of a very alien land. And if another Kindred asks you "How can you shoot women and children" (as we were reported to have done over there), simply reply "You just don't lead them as much".

Colin Redgrave Greenwich Whip

Played by Stephen Moore

re: Loyalty to your clan...

A few months ago Marc McCormick encouraged the us to have sole loyalty to Clan Brujah. By this, am I to suppose he does not owe a shred of loyalty to the Camarilla, a sect in which he holds office in London? Clanmates, loyalty to the clan is a good most excellent thing, but next time the sabbat come rumbling into our cities our might alone will not be enough to save us. We'll need the influence of the Blue Bloods and the Tories. We'll need the "insight" of the Kooks. Indeed we need a united sect. (Camarilla or Anarch) to face these final nights and the Sabbat. Loyalty to the clan is honourable, but no loyalty to the sect will see us all lose our heads. I urge you, loyalties must lie with the Clan, but without us, the Camarilla will almost certainly fall, just as the Anarch movement would be doomed to failure without the Brujah revolutionaries at it's core. Therefore, we must have some loyalty to our sect(s), or face our doom.

Jim Maclean, Glasgow

Played by Gordon Matheson

Shit happens all the time.

War Tactics

Right, we've got the guts, numbers and ability .. so here are plans to use in reaction and attack against the Arsemites.

Resources :

We have a stock of materials for Clan use here, and all you gotta do is ask .. We've got modern overt and covert armour, various firearms from heavy pistols to SMGs and Sniper rifles, bows, various blades including some warded, micro tracer equipment, micro audio/video peices, covert earpeice headsets, nightvision goggles, vehicles as well as stocks of cash. These are 'specifically' for use in the War against the Assamites .. not personal hobbies.

Planned attacks :

Ideally units of 7 brothers:

- 2 on watch and with either sniper rifles (rooftops) or preferably longbows (street level). You WILL need someone with damn good Auspex here.

- 5 fast and potent brothers ready for getting up close.. armed with stakes, shotguns, SMG's and able to fricken use them. Ideally have someone who can hide the group with that Obfuscation thing. Your best bet with these non-Clan powers, is to bring in Oathsworn Cam people.. as they have sworn to oppose the Assamites. There are potential allies out there for 'this' conflict.

Get in touch with us first if you're planning, or thinking to make an attack .. so you can at least get the tracer equipment. Each brother should carry a tracer so that in the event of the usual assamite kidnap and kill technique .. you can swiftly locate them and retaiiate. Preferably get covert headsets for every member of your Unit, keeping everyone in constant communication.

Always have influences ready to cover up masquerade breaches involved in the conflict, getaway vehicles and safe group havens. Stay mobile.

If caught alone :

Erm, right. Never willingly meet an Assamite alone.. but it happens, eh. Assuming you can't run and get away (they're fast as shit too) ..always try presence. Entrancement initially, and if all fails dreadgaze then run like fuck the other way.

You are not alone. Let us know and we will arm you, finance you and fight with you. As a Clan, Stand Together.

Josh of London

Played by Dave Keyes

That's it for now

Next Issue :

The submission deadline for the next issue is **Nov 3rd**. Send articles to me via contact details shown on the cover.

Prize Draw :

Everyone who sends something in for the next newsletter will be entered to win a Brujah Antitribu Pin-Badge.

Note: Printed articles also get PrestigeXP!
Cheers

Dave Keyes - editor fella

Love to Hunt ...

It was cold tonight, colder than it had been in months, the midnight air bit at the last few straggling mortals leaving the station. But of course Sharn didn't feel it, it had been along time since she had pulled a cloak close about her to keep her warm at night.

Her steal blue eyes flicked back and forth, watching the stragglers, picking out those who were drunk, those who seemed either to mellow or hyper through drugs. Finally they rested on a young man, he was taller than average, and had the build to go with it and even a cold dead heart like Sharn's had to admit he was pleasing to the eye...no smile , no sign of happiness at the on coming feast just a mental note, "once this is done I got to make that call", she rushed out of the gloom and raced towards the station, bumping in to the man as she went, sending them both over ,her landing on top of him. The timing was perfect, he looked up at her shocked, she flushed her cheeks to faint embarrassment, and the train began to squeal away...

A few comments and entrancing looks later and she was getting into his car in the station parking lot... "Are you sure it's not to much bother" she asked as sweetly and helplessly as she could, she knew the sort, the gentlemen, what there was of them in the world today, the humble ,kind caring man who wouldn't see a poor defenseless lass like her self walk the four miles to her home on a freezing winters night. He smiled back at her "of course not, it was partly my fault" the journey wasn't that bad, almost bordering on pleasant, and what surprised her most was he wasn't trying overly hard to hit on her. She eyed him carefully from the passenger seat as the drove up the street to the apartment she was using as a cover story. No wedding ring, no mark where he had slipped it off quick, no obvious signs of him being another woman's property. Things were all going well. She got out after a ingratiating smile at the apartment block, and as expected he sat there to see her safely inside. But she didn't go in side, she started the routine, fumbling through her pockets and looking worried, then it came the noise she had come to know meant diner, the car door opened.

And so it went on, the routine she had used countless times before, the "oh my god I have lost my keys" ...But this time it was different, he took her back to the station, to see if they were where they had fallen together, and proceeded to drive her around the area, checking out side the pub she told him she had been at. Of course that was another lie, but hey, hunting doesn't just mean stalk and hide!

Eventually, Sharn managed to convince him to take her to a local motel, the only one in the area, she had been there before, and knowing what a complete hole it was, she was fairly sure he wouldn't leave her there. Her best kindred friend Joseph always chuckled about her style of hunting, but to Sharn it was more than just a simple hunt, yeah sure she could have just entranced the guy, got in his car and munched him, but this was better, this fulfilled something else in her, a desperate need to manipulate and play with these men the way her sire and his entourage had played with her before her embrace.

continued next issue...

ooc: from your local AGSA...

Hello, some of you may know me, others may know me as Tristen, others may not, hopefully I will be able to meet as many of you as possible over the coming months. There are a couple of projects that I would like to get underway.

1.) detailed "lineage trees" for UK Brujah, with a possibility of 1 or 2 unique "old world" lines. So please mail me any details about your line, that you've got from the lineages AGSA. Any ideas or suggestions on these "old world" lines could be useful. I know there are people out there anxious to find out about their lineages. Please be a patient, I want to know what's already cast in stone.

2.) a "who's where & when" for the clan. Seem like an odd idea? Well the premise is simple, basically a list of what characters were around and where they were throughout UK history. This will be very useful for improving IC relations between not only old & new characters, but also old characters that were previously ignorant to intertwined pasts.

Anyone interested I'd appreciate a general idea of where you were at the turn of each century since embrace, also every half century for the last 200 yrs. Which side taken on civil wars, uprisings, etc...

Kev Jackson AGSA ukBrujah

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• Contact : Richard Gamble - brujah@razorware.demon.co.uk

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In-Character emails on this are conversations held at the London Training Hall.