GUIDE TO THE ANARCHS™

Guide to the Anarchs™

A Mandate of Revolution

By Justin Achilli, Carl Bowen, Noah Dudley, John Goff, Geoffrey Grabowski, Michael Mearls and Astrid Mosler
Vampire created by Mark Rein•Hagen

Credits

Written by: Justin Achilli, Carl Bowen, Noah Dudley, John Goff, Geoffrey Grabowski, Michael Mearls and Astrid Mosler

Additional Material: Ari Marmell

Vampire and the World of Darkness created by Mark Rein•Hagen

Storyteller Game System Design: Mark Rein•Hagen

Developed by: Justin Achilli

Editor: Carl Bowen

Art Director: Richard Thomas

Layout & Typesetting: Pauline Benney

Interior Art: Mike Danza, Guy Davis, Darren Frydendall, Mike Gaydos, Brian LeBlanc, Vince Locke

Front Cover Art: William O'Connor

Front & Back Cover Design: Production's Evil Ninja or Pauline.

WHITE WOLF
GAME STUDIO

735 Park North Blvd.
Suite 128
Clarkston, GA 30021
USA

© 2002 White Wolf Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction without the written permission of the publisher is expressly forbidden, except for the purposes of reviews and for blank character sheets, which may be reproduced for personal use only. White Wolf, Vampire, Vampire the Masquerade, Vampire the Dark Ages, Mage the Ascension, Hunter the Reckoning, World of Darkness and Aberrant are registered trademarks of White Wolf Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. Werewolf the Apocalypse, Wraith the Oblivion, Changeling the Dreaming, Werewolf the Wild West, Mage the Sorcerers Crusade, Wraith the Great War, Trinity, The Thaumaturgy Companion, Guide to the Camarilla, Guide to the Sabbat and Guide to the Anarchs are trademarks of White Wolf Publishing, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters, names, places and text herein are copyrighted by White Wolf Publishing, Inc.

The mention of or reference to any company or product in these pages is not a challenge to the trademark or copyright concerned.

This book uses the supernatural for settings, characters and themes. All mystical and supernatural elements are fiction and intended for entertainment purposes only. This book contains mature content. Reader discretion is advised.

For a free White Wolf catalog call 1-800-454-WOLF.

Check out White Wolf online at

http://www.white-wolf.com; alt.games.whitewolf and rec.games.frp.storyteller

PRINTED IN CANADA.

Guide to the Anarchs™

Table of Contents

Introduction: Winds of Change 4

Chapter One: The History of the Anarch Movement 10

Chapter Two: Ways of the Anarch Crusade 26

Chapter Three: Agents of Change 74

Chapter Four: A World Ripe for Revolution 94

Chapter Five: Storytelling 134

Chapter Six: Legacies of Undeath 150

Appendix I: Allies, Antagonists and Others 166

Appendix II: Anomalies of the Anarch Movement 176

Appendix III: Unlife on the Open Road 194

M.G.

Introduction: Winds of Change

The revolution... is a dictatorship of the exploited against the exploiters.
—Fidel Castro

We've broken the format. Neither the **Guide to the Camarilla** nor the **Guide to the Sabbat** featured an introduction to the sects that they respectively discuss. Nonetheless, the anarchs themselves are such a unique phenomenon and engender such misinformation that we're going to cheat a little bit and make a few things plain before the book really begins. Hey, it's how the anarchs would do it.

Veritably making up a sect-within-a-sect, most of the anarchs are still under the auspices of the Camarilla. Only the most radical anarchs espouse complete and total secession from the Ivory Tower, and most anarchs realize the usefulness of the structure that already exists. Of course, to the anarch mind, that existing structure has rotted from within, and the time is right to bring about the changes that the Camarilla needs in order to make it succeed as the grand protector of Kindred that it purports to be.

But what are those changes, specifically? Ask a dozen anarchs, and you'll likely receive a score of answers. As a social phenomenon, anarchs are committed more to change than to any particular way of making it happen. What anarchs want is a redistribution of power from the top of Kindred hierarchies down to the bottom. They want Kindred society to be based on merit rather than age, Embrace and inherited privilege. Whether that change comes about by guerrilla activity or it's ushered in from salons and Elysiums is up to the individual anarch. Whether the cause is couched in terms of anarchistic rhetoric, communist propaganda, fascist decree or for-its-own-sake revolution, the cause of the anarchs is egalitarian.

Of course, this is what makes the anarchs such a thorn in the side of the established society of the Damned. Few elders, be they of Camarilla, Sabbat, independent or less identifiable sympathies, really want to relinquish the comforts that they've fought so long and hard for. Ancillae strive for the elders' comforts themselves. They don't want some sneering

Lick just a few weeks under the night to have the same benefits that they can claim. Even neonates have little sympathy for the anarchs. Childer of esteemed sires often enjoy the same comforts that their sires do, and the less privileged fledglings see the anarchs as a liability that leads their elders to dismiss all young childer as radicals. The Sabbat dismisses the anarchs as ineffectual or recruits them into grudging allegiance. The Camarilla variously tolerates the anarchs or cracks down on their movement as a destabilizing peril.

It is not surprising, then, that the unlives of anarchs are typically frustrated and spent with a siege mentality. Their challenges are manifold, not only to bring others around to their ways of thinking, but then to implement those ideas. The Anarch Revolt, put in motion centuries ago, hasn't died — it's simply gone underground. In the Final Nights, many anarchs believe that it's time to make their voices heard again. Despite a few setbacks, it's the dawn of a new era for those who would challenge the stasis that characterizes Kindred society.

The Anarch Experience

The purpose of this book is to expand the concept of the anarchs, opening new options with which players can create their characters and Storytellers can implement the revolutionaries into their chronicles. This is easier said than done, though. For a long time, **Vampire** players' stereotype of the anarchs has been not unlike that of the elders within the setting itself. Our intent here is to change that. The anarchs are a viable sect, suffering only from the lack of inertia that maintains the two larger sects. The disorganization of the Anarch Movement is what prevented it from rising to the status of the Camarilla or Sabbat in the first place, and many factors contribute to its latent inability to rise from the ashes. Indeed, many modern anarchs have little reverence (and some even have outright hostility) for those of their ilk who admitted defeat at the Convention of Thorns centuries ago. The anarchs observe few formative heroes. They have no Hardestadt or Rafael de Corazon to enshrine as the embodiment of their ideals. Even those champions of the cause whom they do revere are remembered more for their actions than their philosophies. The anarch Smiling Jack, whose name is on the lips of every young member of the cause, is lauded for his activities far more often than the chaotic anarchism that he seems to espouse as the vehicle for power redistribution. The icon Jeremy MacNeil was about as reactionary as one could get and still be an anarch, but he still stands as a hero because of his treatment at the hands of a cruel prince and the efforts he made for the Anarch Free State.

This is simply another one of the conflicts that an anarch must face, and another reason why anarchs make such compelling characters. The fact that Camarilla (and, to a lesser extent, Sabbat) society still exists makes the anarchs' struggle an ideological one — they have yet to be proven empirically *right*. Even the most committed of anarchs doesn't *know* that his idea is going to work, he *believes* in it. This is why so many hate the sects. As institutions, they're stagnant, replacing the rights of individual Kindred with outdated customs that remain only because, unlike mortals, the people who put them in place don't eventually die when they grow older. From the most adolescent, shock-tactic-loving anarch lacking a true conviction to the soft-spoken, eloquent idealist for whom her principles are everything, the anarchs make up a subsect of fierce individuals. Sure, some young Kindred associate themselves with the Anarch Movement out of rebellion, but dismissing the whole group as fist-shaking, leather-clad hooligans is not only incorrect, it's dangerous.

The anarchs have a weapon that few elders of either sect do: passion. All but the most cynical opportunist anarch believes in the cause. In some cases, this belief can be chalked up to youth or a lack of worldliness, true, but for those who've spent more than a few years with the anarchs, the struggle hones their sense of social responsibility. Anarchs are almost never dealt a fair hand in Kindred society. Knowing that, why would anyone be an anarch? Because they believe in the ideal. Because they have to.

It is this very commitment to principles that keeps members of other sects at odds with the anarchs. Especially for the Kindred, conservatism often comes with age. Change is unappealing if not downright abhorrent or frightening to the static Damned. The Jyhad, the War of Ages, is an inherent facet of unlife for a devoted anarch.

Detractors of the Anarch Movement often fail to see it for the cosmopolitan faction that it is, unwisely dismissing it as a collection of spoiled childer and truculent iconoclasts. While this assessment is accurate in some cases — rebellion is as much a part of a Kindred's adolescence as it is a mortal's — the *true* anarchs who support the movement out of commitment to its ideals are far more than trenchant rebels-without-a-cause. The purity of Kindred politics aside, the Anarch Movement is probably the most similar of the Kindred structures

to mortal affairs. While the institutions of the Camarilla and Sabbat are fundamentally social orders, the anarchs tend to effect governmental models for their new orders. The Camarilla and Sabbat are based upon prestation, favors, status and the esteem of one's peers. Even when it espouses anarchy, the Anarch Movement seeks to set a more definable system in place.

If this seems odd when considering the seemingly deconstructionist tactics of the anarchs, consider it from their point of view. To the anarchs, the social order doesn't work — the Kindred simply can't be trusted to do what's right for the race of Caine as a whole. They're too selfish. This is the whole reason for the revolt and the movement. Those selfish Kindred have hoarded for themselves what should be shared equally — or at least the opportunity — among all of the Damned.

In some cases, this ethical code falls away rather quickly in each individual anarch's personal vision of an ideal society. Indeed, the greatest strength of the anarchs is often their most crippling weakness. An anarch is simply a Kindred who wants to redistribute power among all of his kind. Whether his ultimate goal involves creating an enlightened anarchy that observes no status other than "Cainite" or a totalitarian society that requires all Kindred to answer to a single peer, anarchs want change. And they want it in the form of removing privilege from those who have clutched it to themselves for so long. Diversity is what keeps the anarchs strong and impassioned, but it also makes them uncommunicative and disorganized.

Again, understanding of the anarchs often begins to unravel at this point. Many outside the anarchs' spheres of thought think that the anarchs merely want to take for themselves the resources that they've accumulated. Nothing could be further from the truth. Certainly, some liberal or even communistic anarchs want to redistribute those assets equitably among the Kindred, but others' visions include neo-feudal arrangements, by which a prince would be a literal aristocrat, or regional socialists states, not unlike Nazism but with different distinctions as to what threatens the "state." As noted before, much of the anarch cause is couched in terms of mortal governmental structures. The reason for this parallel is twofold: It's easy to wrap one's mind around a social model with a government at its center, and government is a very convenient vehicle for the ethic of rebellion. Few anarchs want to destroy the Camarilla — they are part of that organization in name, at the very least. No, what the anarchs want is change, and they want change from the inside out. The structure exists, the sensible anarch reasons, so why reinvent the wheel when a little fine-tuning is all that's needed? Of course, the degree of that fine-tuning is what sets an anarch apart from — and binds her to — every other adherent to the cause.

How to Use This Book

While we've made some effort to keep the format of this book similar to those of the previous guides, the fact that the anarchs are at least nominally considered to be a subsect of the Camarilla called for a few adjustments to the formula. Additionally, remember that much of what appears herein is biased to or for the anarch point of view, again like the other guides. Especially where matters of setting are concerned, beware of that inherent Kindred prejudice.

Chapter One relates the history of the Anarch Movement, from its inception prior to the formation of sects to the anarchs' faltering but hopeful legacy in the modern nights.

Chapter Two highlights what it means to be an anarch. It discusses philosophy, tactics, the affairs of nightly unlife and the relations of the anarchs with their fellow Kindred. It also examines the clans themselves from the anarch perspective.

Chapter Three explores a player's options while creating a character for an anarch chronicle. It offers a somewhat different take on the character-creation process that what was presented in the core **Vampire** rulebook, to better reflect the conditions from which anarchs are Embraced.

Chapter Four deals with the geography of the anarchs' domains. It explores anarch influence worldwide (for better or for worse...) and highlights where the struggle is strong and where it had best watch its footsteps.

Chapter Five is a Storyteller's resource, highlighting key conflicts and some advanced "flavors" of anarch chronicles. It offers advice on beginning stories "outside the box" of the usual leather-and-bikes stereotype and suggests a few twists and turns for Storytellers to use to keep players on their toes.

Chapter Six is a chapter of Disciplines, but one arrayed differently than the standard spread of powers. This chapter examines individual powers that have helped anarchs in the past rather than showcasing a linear progression of power levels. Consider it a chapter of dirty tricks that the anarchs have used to save their hides or make their cases.

Appendix I: Allies, Antagonists and Others provides Storytellers with template characters that can be dropped into any chronicle or adapted to fit certain required roles.

Appendix II: Anomalies of the Anarch Movement takes a look at uncommon anarchs. The elders and idealists of the cause are investigated here, looking at their motives, desires and reasons for staying with the subsect when one is ostensibly the enemy.

Appendix III: Unlife On the Open Road is a handy guide for the nomadic anarch, describing hints and tips for keeping one's unlife intact while never staying in one place. Lupines, Sabbat and savvy mortals all threaten the existence of the Kindred who calls the road her haven.

Lexicon

With their specialized tactics and convoluted webs of politics, the anarchs have come up with a slangy manner of speech all their own. Combining the revolutionary zeal of the Sabbat with the practical functionality of their Camarilla roots, the anarchs' lingo is a vibrant and ever-changing thing.

Baron: An anarch "prince"; a Kindred who claims a domain but is a member of the Anarch Movement.

Barony: The domain of an anarch "prince." Also, an autonomous community of anarchs.

Gang: A coterie of anarchs modeled after mortal inner-city crime groups.

Gear: Supplies or armaments hidden in a cache.

Idealist: An anarch whose struggle is rooted more in intellectualism or theory rather than real-world experience. Sometimes used with derision, to imply that one has his head in the clouds and that his personal utopia could never work.

Pack: A coterie of anarchs. Origin is uncertain, and the term may have come into use during the nights of the Anarch Revolt or shortly afterward to spite the Sabbat.

Piper: Also, pied piper. An anarch who uses mortals or ghouls excessively to fight battles for the anarch cause.

War of Ages: The clash of Kindred over issues such as age, sect policy (which favors elders in anarch opinion) and generation. Also, the Jyhad.

Vulgar Argot

Much of the anarchs' specialized language comes from modern slang, or at least an irreverent frame of mind that approximates slang.

Bling: Cash.

Cape: An obvious vampire. Also, an elder.

Donor: A vessel.

Five: A member of another sect who carries one of those sect's titles. Presumably originates from "5-0," mortal slang for a police officer.

Highway Haven: A portable haven, such as a trailer or even a secure sleeping bag.

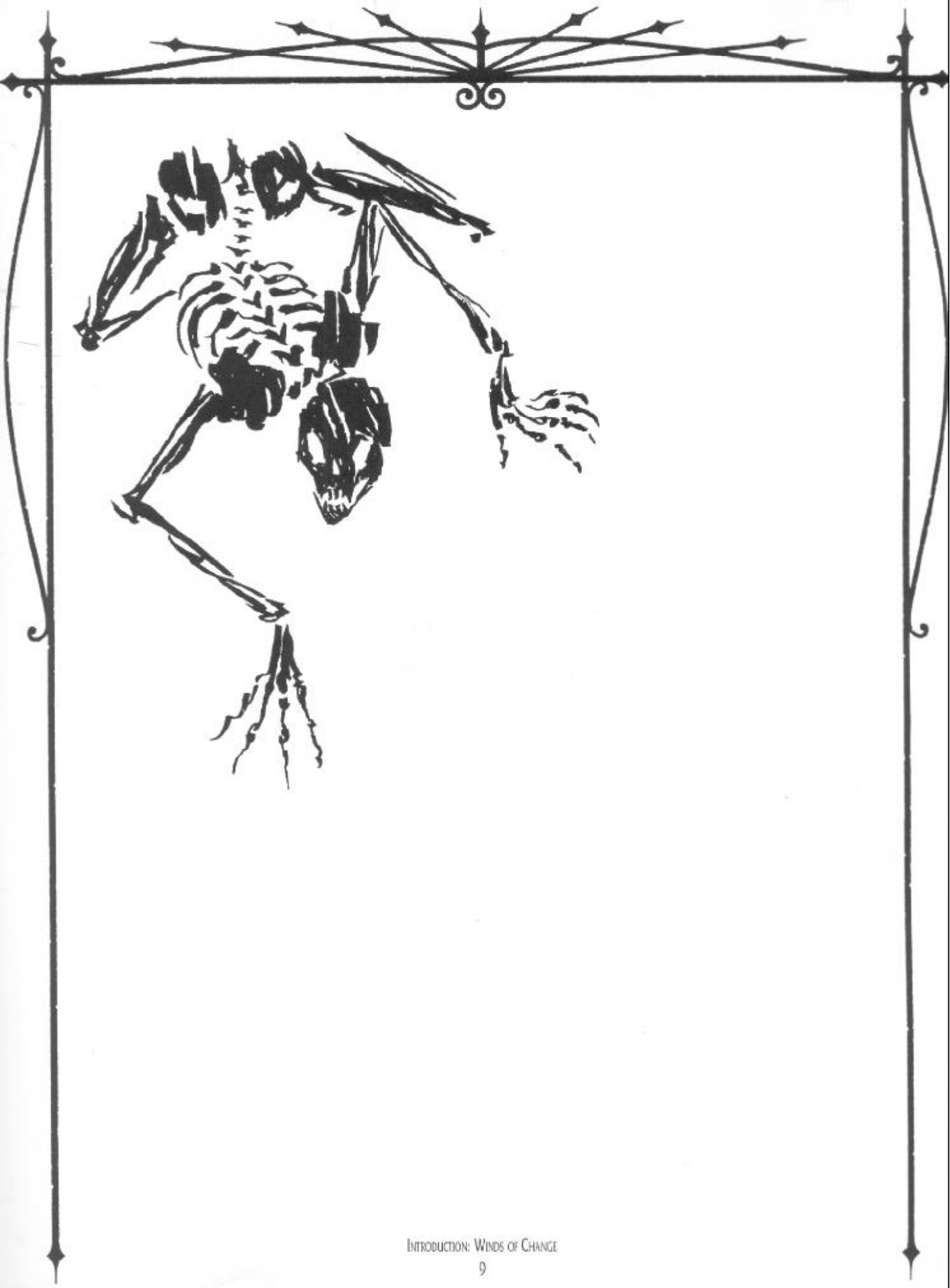
Old Form

Despite the anarchs' short unlife spans or defection of members to more stable sects, the group does have a distinguished history as old as either the Camarilla or Sabbat. Although the usage is fairly modern, a few terms have been around as long as the anarchs have formally understood themselves as such.

Antitribu: While the Sabbat's use of this word is more vernacular, a few aged anarchs still use this term to refer to any Kindred who turns his back on the main body of his clan. The anarchs were the original *antitribu*, these elder revolutionaries claim, and the Sabbat merely stole the name as they struck out on their own.

Return, the: The apology of the anarchs at the Convention of Thorns, where they disgracefully returned to their elders' sides and agreed to support the Camarilla.

Sabbat: In certain contexts, particularly among very old anarchs, a sabbat is a pack or coterie, rather than the sect that adapted the name for its own use.



MG

Chapter One: The History of the Anarch Movement

Freedom suppressed and again regained bites with keener fangs than freedom never endangered.
—Cicero, *De Officiis*

The 14th century was a bad time to be undead in Europe.

In AD 1231, Pope Gregory IX established a permanent tribunal of ecclesiastical judges and charged them with rooting out and eradicating heresy. None of the procedures they employed — the secret meetings, the sanctions, the imprisonment, the endless varieties of torture — were new. The Church had employed these methods for more than 200 years.

Two things, though, were different. Not only did the network of judges grow rapidly, but these priests traveled; wherever they were, so was the Inquisition. Gregory took the suppression of heresy away from the Episcopal courts completely and made it strictly a matter for the special judges who answered only to him, thereby shifting the balance of power within the Church. Although members of the newly formed Dominican and Franciscan Orders were charged with inquisitorial responsibilities, it was the fanatical Dominicans who took to the task with an astonishing vigor.

Deep within the ranks of the eager Dominicans was a secret organization called "The Society of Leopold," which had been given an additional task by the pope: to find and destroy any and all supernatural threats to the Church.

The Society of Leopold went about its business with terrifying efficiency, and, by 1300, the Cainites of Europe (the term "Kindred" was unknown at the time) knew that they had a serious enemy. Cainites who had assumed that no mortal would ever dare raise a hand against them were suddenly running for their unlives with the Inquisitors hot on their heels. In the ensuing years, hundreds of Cainites were destroyed, several of whom were powerful elders. Cainites throughout Western Europe felt the actions of the Society of Leopold, but, not surprisingly, it fell most heavily on Spain, where the Inquisition had been founded. The vast majority of these Final Deaths occurred among the Spanish Brujah, Lasombra and Ventrue, particularly among the neonates of those clans.

The reaction of the elders was predictable. Some of them went into hiding, leaving their childer to fend for themselves. Others actually sacrificed their childer to the torches of the society in hopes that the Dominicans would destroy a few unimportant neonates and retire from the hunt believing that they had solved the "vampire problem." The elders had, however, underestimated the strength and resourcefulness of their progeny, many of whom escaped from the clutches of the society. The result was that many of the young Brujah and Lasombra of Spain suddenly had no elders to whom they were beholden. In their hubris, they declared war against the Inquisition and set about killing priests and burning churches. They even sent emissaries to other lands, looking for help in their vendetta against the Church and its Inquisitors. To their surprise, their emissaries were greeted with furious rejection and curses for potentially bringing the attention of the Inquisition to their lands.

Relations between the neonates and the remaining elders of Spain grew more and more tense, and many Cainites braced themselves for some kind of explosion. It came, but from a totally unexpected direction.

In AD 1381, a mortal named Wat Tyler led a group of English peasants in a revolt against the local nobility. The revolutionaries killed the Archbishop of Canterbury and took over and held London for a short time, forcing the king to accede to some of their demands. Wat Tyler had a lover, Patricia of Bollingbroke, who was captured by the king's men and condemned to death. The famous Brujah Robin Leeland Embraced her in her cell, receiving her pledge to fight for justice for all eternity. Renaming herself Tyler after her now-dead lover and inspiration, she escaped and led a band of followers in attacks on the English nobility until it became clear that that they had no hope of overthrowing the feudal system in England. She then escaped to Spain, where she came into contact with a Ventrue elder named Hardestadt, who was earnestly proposing the creation of a new organization of the undead to be called the "Camarilla."

Tyler didn't see any real difference between this new organization and the bands of nobles who had destroyed her family and everyone she loved. This Camarilla was going to be another tool with which the powerful would enforce their will on the powerless, and she had had enough of that in England. She gathered a large coterie (easy enough to do with all of the disaffected Brujah and Lasombra neonates around) and attacked Hardestadt's castle. Although most of her band was destroyed, Tyler herself was able to reach the incredulous Hardestadt and commit the Amaranth on him.

Word of Tyler's successful attack on a Ventrue elder spread throughout Europe, setting off the powder keg in Spain. The young Spanish Brujah had had enough. They had been not only abandoned by their own sires, but also spurned by the elders of the other clans. They had been left to meet the Final Death at the hands of the Inquisition in order to save the unlives of a group of creaking old parasites who obviously didn't care at all about their progeny. All of the solemn pontification about "loyalty to the Blood" and "caring for thine own" was clearly intended only to protect the elders at the expense of the neonates. The young Brujah, many of whom continually hovered on the brink of frenzy in any case, went completely mad. They held no great conclaves, made no declarations of "eternal struggle against oppression" and, interestingly enough, produced very few leaders to stir up feelings of resentment against the elders. It was almost as if all the younger generations of the clan spontaneously frenzied as a group. With little or no warning, they turned on their elders with stake and fang and claw, not for the bliss of the Amaranth, but for the heady joy of freedom. They called themselves anarchs to trumpet their defiance of the tradition laid down by Caine that gave the elders absolute dominion over their progeny. The elders fought back, of course, and the blood of many generations ran in the streets and alleys of Spanish cities.

Much of the blood, of course, belonged to the ancillae, who were trapped between the two generations. A few of the braver (or more power-hungry) ancillae joined what was now being called the Anarch Revolt, but most of them chose to remain with their masters. Those who did so bore the brunt of the anarch fury, which suited the elders just fine.

It is difficult for modern students of Cainite history to understand what an enormous shift the Anarch Revolt represented in the accepted order of Cainite unlife. While childer had been committing the Amaranth on their elders almost as long as Cainites have existed, the revolt was probably the first instance since the Deluge of a group of Kindred assembling for the express purpose of liberating an entire faction from the domination of its leaders, rather than diablerizing a specific elder. One of the reasons that the anarchs were so successful at first was that most of the elders could not believe that such a thing was possible. Many elders suffered the Final Death before the rest were able to understand that this was not just a small group of thugs thirsting for elder vitae, but several generations of Cainites working together to change the way Kindred society functioned.

Because that was the goal. Don't let the Camarilla spin-meisters fool you. Although the initial impetus for the attacks on the elders was pure revenge, the anarchs were bound together by their strong belief that nothing would keep the elders who dominated Cainite society from using the younger Cainites again in any way they pleased. The only way for the young to ensure their safety was to gain some control over their own destiny and to force the elders to be responsive to their concerns. In other words, to claim some power. If this meant slaying every elder who stood in the way, so be it.

The conspiracy theorists among Cainite historians (who are legion) point to the simultaneous frenzy of several generations of Brujah as evidence that the "Anarch Revolt" was actually another move in the Jyhad. They do not consider it possible that the same powerful emotion could well up in the breasts of so many Cainites spontaneously without some kind of outside causative agent. Those who proffer that argument tend to think that history is made in back rooms rather than in the streets, but while that may be true sometimes, it is likely not the case here. The revolt of the young Brujah was an honest reaction to the abuse and neglect that they had suffered for hundreds (and probably thousands) of years. It required no long-range manipulation by some hidden Methuselah. The fact that this destructive force was later seized on by other, more pragmatic Cainites and used for their own ends does not invalidate the pure, righteous rage that was the original source of the revolt.

In spite of their numbers and their fury, though, the anarchs faced a daunting challenge. They were at war with a foe that was vastly more cunning, experienced and resourceful. Finding the lairs of the elders was almost impossible, and those lairs were always very well guarded by traps, ghouls, sentries, loyal childer and an elder vampire who was literally fighting for an existence that might have lasted centuries or more.

Poor communications and a lack of organization also hampered the anarchs, since rivalries and ancient hatreds still thrived among the impassioned Brujah. While a few desperate neonates from other clans joined the Brujah, most of the Cainites of Europe saw this initially as a "Brujah problem" rather than the social uprising that it actually was. The result was that the revolt was confined to the Brujah of Spain for most of the 13th century. Although the anarchs had some initial success against some of the less prepared elders, the revolt soon wore down to skirmishes between the anarchs and the elders' servitors, which was just the sort of war of attrition that the elders knew that they could eventually win.

In spite of the anarch reversals, word of the revolt spread like wildfire across Europe. In back streets and palaces, in castles and monasteries, Cainites of all clans began to discuss what would have been unthinkable a mere decade before: the idea that younger Cainites do have the right to conduct themselves and decide their own destiny. Different Cainites reacted to this concept in different ways, of course, especially the younger ones. Many of the more timid Cainites (particularly those who were under a blood bond) felt that all Cainites needed to stand together or be picked off one at a time by the Church's zealous witch-hunters, whose vast network stretched across Europe. Other young Cainites felt that the Inquisition's pressure on the elders, which demanded their attention and resources, created the perfect time for the younger Cainites to demand a greater participation in running their own affairs. What this "greater participation" should consist of differed from Cainite to Cainite, ranging from the right to choose one's own victims (denied by some particularly restrictive elders) to observing absolutely no filial obligation whatsoever.

The elders of the other European clans, on the other hand, rarely suffered such disagreements in their ranks. Although they differed on practically every other point of philosophy, they were almost totally united in their opposition to the demands of the anarchs. The Jus Noctis (the "law of the night" which grants elders undue authority over their childer) had stood since the time of the legendary First City, and it was not going to change simply because some poor little autarkis had become discontented with his station. The elders were amazed (and not a little frightened) at how successful the anarchs had been in Spain, and they were determined to see to it that the same thing could not happen in their domains. Their solution was to tighten their grip over the Cainites under their influence, continually examining them for any sign of disloyalty — not unlike the Inquisition....

All of this fed the fervor of those who called for the creation of the Camarilla. They pointed out that the anarchs had been successful in Spain because the elders had not coordinated their efforts. "We must stick together, lest we be staked separately." Most elders did not take these concerns very seriously. They found it difficult to accept the idea that any group of neonates, no matter how fierce, was worth giving up one iota of personal power. As the revolt grew, however, they began to give more credence to the call for unanimity in the face of the enemy.

Gratiano de Veronese

The Lasombra elders were particularly harsh in their reaction to the anarchs, often refusing to allow childer to meet with other Cainites, and, in some cases, even to leave their havens. One Lasombra elder, however, saw the situation very differently. Gratiano de Veronese was a potent Lasombra from Italy, reputedly the last childe of the Lasombra Antediluvian. He saw in the Anarch Revolt an opportunity to accomplish everything he had dreamed of since he was Embraced in a prison cell two centuries earlier. In about AD 1400, Gratiano secretly gave his support to the Anarch Movement, helping organize its disparate elements into more cohesive groups, identifying leaders and communicating the message of the revolt to disaffected neonates across Europe, particularly the young Lasombra in Italy. Perhaps the most important thing he did was travel to the Balkans and even to the Holy Land, where he made contact with the Assamites.

The Assamites had been moving across Europe for some time, committing diablerie in their quest for spiritual fulfillment. Of course, many were far more interested in diablerizing elder vampires when they could find them, but the battles between the elders and the anarchs in Spain had made it extremely difficult to reach the elders there, who had almost all gone into hiding. The Assamites needed muscle, something that the Brujah had in quantity, and the anarchs needed the Assamites' skills as assassins, diplomats and sorcerers. Shortly after Gratiano proposed that the Assamites combine forces with the anarchs, elders began seeing Assamite liaisons with the anarch packs. With their supernatural skills in stealth and evasion, they enabled the anarchs to enter havens whose owners had considered themselves completely secure from intrusion. The Assamites got their Amaranth, and the anarchs got their targets. The tide of the revolt slowly began to turn against the Spanish elders.

The Keepers

As elder after elder fell before the efforts of the marauding anarch and Assamite onslaught, increasing numbers of Cainites from other clans considered joining the revolt and ending their subservience to their elders once and for all. Not surprisingly, the next place in which the revolt sprang up was Italy, where Gratiano and his coterie had spent nearly 50 years quietly preparing the groundwork. At a secret meeting held in AD 1446 in Verona (at which Gratiano was not present), a large group of Lasombra neonates and ancillae vowed to join with the Brujah of Spain in order to "overthrow the reign of terror, cast off the yokes

laid on [them] by [their] elders and uphold the cause of the anarchs."

This revolt was even more successful than the original Brujah-led revolt in Spain. Thanks to Gratiano's efforts to sow confusion and distrust among the Lasombra elders, the initial response to the first attacks was hesitant and uncoordinated. Emboldened by their successes, the young anarchs increased their attacks, and the revolt raged across Italy for the next 35 years.

In or around AD 1483, Gratiano himself led a large group of Brujah, Lasombra and Assamite anarchs in an attack on the Lasombra Antediluvian's haven in Sicily. The battle was a fierce one, with many Final Deaths on both sides, but eventually the five surviving anarchs fell upon the dormant Lasombra and drained the Ancient dry.

With the loss of their Antediluvian, the morale of many surviving Lasombra elders collapsed. Many gathered their broods around them and disappeared; some joined the anarchs in attacking their former allies. Within two years after the Antediluvian's Final Death, the last Lasombra elder had been "converted" or chased out of Italy. To the absolute amazement of the Lasombra anarchs, Gratiano made no move to take over as a figurehead for the clan, but instead proclaimed that the Lasombra would no longer be oppressed by their elders and would henceforth choose their leaders based on worth, rather than Embrace. No one ever answered the question of how one proved one's worthiness to rule, however, and the Lasombra anarchs' cooperation dissolved into the darkness of intra-clan warfare out of which later oozed the Sabbat. Gratiano retired from active involvement in the clan's affairs and later became an archbishop for the nascent Sabbat.

The Bond Breakers

At the same time, things were faring very poorly for Clan Tzimisce in Eastern Europe. The Fiends' ancestral lands faced attack from the west by the Germans, from the east by the Mongols, from the south by the Turks and from the north by the Teutonic Knights. Far worse than this, however, were the efforts of the Tremere, whose new and powerful magic was overwhelming the magic of the elder Fiends. To their everlasting discredit, the elders followed the path of the elders of Spain and did almost nothing in their own defense, sacrificing their childer to die in their stead.

In the midst of all this destruction, a group of neonates led by two Cainites named Velya and Lugoj (later known as Blood-breaker) discovered an important *kolduric* ritual that could break the blood bond by which many Tzimisce neonates were held in thrall by their abusive elders. This ritual soon became the Vaulderie, the first *auctoritas ritus* ever developed. By mixing the vitae of a number of Cainites together and then drinking it as part of a ritual, an individual's blood bond was replaced by a surrogate loyalty to the group of Cainites whose vitae had been consumed.

The secret of the Vaulderie spread from neonate to neonate and had an electrifying effect on the childer of the Fiends. Until that point, the elders of the clan had relied greatly on the blood bond to maintain the loyalty of their progeny, reasoning that the blood bound neonates had no choice but to honor their sires despite whatever abuse they received. When the blood bonds began to dissolve, a number of the neonates discovered to their shock that they *hated* their cruel sires. These young Fiends reasoned that if the Brujah of Spain could overthrow their sires, why couldn't they? The Fiends have a long tradition of service to their masters, so many of the younger generation remained loyal to their sires even once they were no longer bound by the blood bond, but they did so by choice rather than by involuntary obligation.

Most of the younger generation, however, joined Lugoj Blood-breaker in his call for the destruction of the elders. In AD 1459, the young Fiends turned their fury against their sires and hurled themselves at the craggy castles of the elders. Being intimately acquainted with the defenses of the castles (having dwelled in many of them themselves at some point), they were often successful where flights of Tremere gargoyles had not been, and many fierce conflicts erupted throughout the dark passages beneath the great manors of the Fiends. Castle after castle fell to the depredations of the coteries of young Tzimisce.

Unlike the xenophobic elder Fiends, who would often refuse to come to each other's aid and even rejoice when the demesne of a rival elder was destroyed, the younger Fiends had little choice but to learn to work together. Otherwise, their elders would have hunted them down and destroyed them. Initially, coming together was extremely difficult, since they had been taught all of their unlives not to trust each other. However, the effect of the Vaulderie overcame these differences artificially, and the anarchs became more and more of a cohesive force as they hunted down more and more elders and either destroyed them or gave them an "opportunity" to join the rebel cause.

The Tzimisce revolt had gone on for 25 years with many Final Deaths on both sides by the time Lugoj Blood-breaker and the rest of his coterie stood victorious over the sleeping corpse of the Tzimisce

Antediluvian. Around them lay the remains of scores of ghouls, dozens of Cainites from both sides, and some of the far less savory creatures created by the elders to defend the haven. Lugoj claimed the right to be the sole Cainite to commit the diablerie, thereby taking on all of the power of the Antediluvian. In recognition for the freedom that he had brought to Cainites everywhere, the rest of the anarchs stepped back and allowed him to drain the monster completely. This he did, then sank immediately into a torpor from which he has not yet awakened.

The Final Death of the creature that they had all regarded as completely indestructible took the heart out of the remaining *voivodes*, who either surrendered to the anarchs or fled from their demesnes.

In spite of their victory over their oppressors, though, things weren't much better for the anarch Fiends. The clan's mortal and Cainite enemies continued to press them, and much of the clan's military might had vanished with the elders. The cowardly Tremere were particularly assiduous in following up on the anarch defeats of the elder Fiends, occupying many of the castles that had been won so recently at great cost by the anarchs. Quite a few of the victorious anarch Tzimisce found that the lands for which they had fought so hard were still full of implacable enemies, and they chose to head west into Central and Western Europe.

The Revolt

What the Tzimisce anarchs discovered when they arrived was an unholy mess. The revolt in Spain had been underway for over a century, and although the anarchs were making significant progress, losses on both sides were staggeringly high. In Italy, the revolt neared its climax, but again at the cost of huge numbers of casualties. All over the rest of Europe, elders and neonates were keeping one eye on the conflict and one eye on each other, maintaining an uneasy balance while they considered their options.

The arrival of the Fiends completely upset the balance, because they brought the secret of the Vaulderie, which promised liberation for all of the blood bound progeny of Europe. The price of freedom was a pledge of loyalty to the anarch cause, which hundreds of Cainites from all of the clans were more than happy to give, and that was the end of all peace in Europe.

Neonates and ancillae of all of the clans flocked to the anarch cause. They joined the Brujah, Assamite and Lasombra anarchs, many of whom had already been battling the elders for decades. In the frenzy,

there was very little organization or coordination of effort. Young Cainites of different clans would find themselves in the same geographical region, and they banded together to oppose the local elders by a myriad of means — some peaceful, some not. As the anger on both sides intensified, there came to be much less of the latter and much more of the former. No central anarch authority conducted negotiations or enforced agreements, so it was not unknown for a group of elders that had just completed a power-sharing arrangement with one anarch group to be attacked by another group that did not recognize the agreement with the original negotiators.

The fighting grew more intense each night. Old commitments to sire and clan broke down. Eventually all that mattered was whether you were with the anarchs or the elders; neutrality was impossible. In many cases, distrustful elders turned out into the streets even those neonates who wished to remain loyal, merely because of their generation.

The Church Strikes Back

Although the anarchs were aware of the danger posed by the Inquisition and (more specifically) by the Society of Leopold, most of them felt that their first priority had to be limiting the power of the elders, or at least forcing the elders to relinquish a portion of their domains. Once they had established their own power base, they would be able to deal with the mortal Inquisition. The elders also discounted the threat from the Inquisition, reasoning that a band of Cainites with sharpened stakes and claws, no matter how young, was a greater danger than a group of ill-informed mortals, regardless of their sanctity, righteousness and tenacity.

This unfortunate philosophy caused the Cainites on both sides of the revolt to become extremely sloppy about hiding their activities from mortal eyes. Cainites who would once have confined their disagreements to a whispered conversation on a moonlit terrace were now brawling in the streets. Clans such as the Toreador and Lasombra that had established part of their power base within the Church itself were particularly hard-pressed to hide their internecine battles. When aged skeletons in cardinal's robes are found staked to the ground outside of churches, even the most dim-witted Inquisitor can be expected to take note.

And take note they did, especially those in the Society of Leopold. As evidence of the presence of supernatural entities continued to mount, two members of the Inquisition, Heinrich Kramer and James Sprenger, petitioned Pope Innocent VIII to put the full force of the Inquisition behind the destruction of the demons and witches that were clearly growing in strength and numbers. In 1484, the pope released the *Summis Desiderantes Affectibu*, which officially made witches a concern of the Inquisition. He also added greatly to the resources available to the Inquisition and appointed Matteo Severus of the Society of Jesus as the society's first Inquisitor-General.

The newly invigorated Society of Leopold struck hard against the Cainites of Europe. With the power of the entire Inquisition behind it and a vast amount of evidence in front of it, the society had very little trouble unearthing and destroying scores of vampires all across Europe. While the society was unaware specifically of the Anarch Revolt, it applauded with fervor any action among the hell-spawned creatures that resulted in them destroying each other. The Inquisitors hunted all vampires regardless of age or station, but the anarchs suffered unfairly from the attentions of the Society because the elders were far better at hiding their whereabouts. This became increasingly true as the Toreador and the Ventrue extended their talons into the Inquisition itself and even enjoyed some minor success directing it.

The Formation of the Camarilla

All this time, a group of Cainites lead by a Ventrue who called himself Hardestadt (although he could not be, since Hardestadt had been slain by Tyler almost a century prior) had continued the crusade for a larger organization of "Kindred" who would work together to crush the anarchs. As the carnage spread, more and more elders began to see things the same way. When the Lasombra neonates revolted against their sires in AD 1446, the elders of most of the clans in Europe agreed to cooperate with each other at least to a limited extent. They agreed to share resources and information and to volunteer their loyal childer for cross-clan coteries that would attack anarch and even Assamite strongholds.

It wasn't until AD 1486, however, that "Hardestadt" was able to convince the leaders of each of the major European clans to send a representative to a formal meeting in Vienna. There they agreed to form a group that they would call the "Camarilla," which would unite all the Cainite clans in their opposition to the revolt, crushing the anarch movement forever. To accomplish this goal, each of the clans pledged to place a representative on an Inner Circle, which would set policy for the society-cum-sect.

The End of the Revolt

The founding of the Camarilla was the beginning of the end for the anarchs. Every day, their numbers were reduced by the Inquisition, which seemed to have better and better information about their strongholds. Every night, their numbers were reduced by the Camarilla, which suddenly seemed to have agents everywhere.

Finally, in AD 1493, only seven years after the founding of the Camarilla, Hardestadt offered to meet with the leaders of the anarchs to discuss a peace settlement. Although Europe rang with cries of "Final Death rather than surrender!" and "Eternal struggle!", the wisest of the anarch leaders knew that it was better to negotiate terms while they still had some power, rather than hold out for another century and have terms dictated to them — or worse.

The Camarilla and anarch leaders met in The Abbey of the Sacred Crown near the small English village of Thorns. There the founders of the Camarilla

The Convention of Thorns

Many years have passed since the start of our current conflict, now called the Anarch Rebellion. Be it known that on this night of 23 October 1493, the Jyhad has ended. The time of conflict is over.

This concordat, bound in the Covenant of Caine by sacred vow, represents an unyielding, vigilant truce between the Kindred known unto themselves as the Anarchs, the Clan Assamite, and the freestanding Kindred bound under the title of Camarilla. Henceforth, the parties shall be recognized by faction as the Anarchs, the Assamites, and the Camarilla.

Each of these parties agrees to the responsibility of maintaining peace. Each shall lay its censures on any who breach or oppose this sacred Agreement. Accounting will be made of all parties for violations by them to either the letter or spirit of this Agreement. This document is binding under the social code of all Children of Caine by the accepted Lextalionis of all Cainites as it has passed through the ages. All Kindred are entreated to accept and gain solace from this peaceful accord.

Be it known that the Anarchs will enjoin with the Camarilla as an accepted part, making it whole. All Cainites are expected to work peacefully to achieve their own ends. Each must become defenders of all, and each shall receive full entitlement to all rights and privileges belonging to all Camarilla Kindred. All Anarchs shall be accepted back unto their elders and their formerly denounced clans without any fear of reprisal. Only the most vicious of atrocities shall not be forgiven. These shall stand written for the justicars to hear within one year, after which all allegations are no longer valid. All Anarchs shall reclaim all remaining and rightful property confiscated from them. In return they must turn over any war gains taken during the conflict by giving them to their sires or any recognized clan elder.

Know also that if the Anarchs are further warred on, this open Jyhad invalidates their responsibility to maintain peace with their attacker. They may act freely without fear of reprisal from inactive members of the Camarilla. Anarchs are guaranteed the freedom to act as they please, short of breaching the *Masquerade* imposed for the protection of all Kindred from the kine.

It is also noted that any member of any other self-proclaimed sect must openly declare this before his elders and renounce this relation. Failure to do so will result in the destruction of any deemed guilty. No Kindred may be sent knowingly to his death by an elder or sire.

From this night forward, the Assamites shall henceforth no longer commit diablerie on members of other clans. The Assamites must commit themselves to this acceptance by a mark of assurance placed on them in the form of a Thaumaturgical limitation. All member of the Assamites shall become unable to drink freely of the vitae of other Kindred from now unto forever. In addition, the Assamites shall pay the Brujah elders of Spain two thousand pounds of gold, in ransom of the five Assamite elders captured committing diablerie. Also, the Assamites may no longer participate in blood hunts.

Be it also known that the Assamites are guaranteed complete independence from Camarilla demands. The Assamite fortress, Alamut, shall be free from further assaults. Assamites are also granted, out of respect for their beliefs, the freedom to commit diablerie within their own clan without restraint and the right to commit diablerie on all Kindred not recognized as holding membership within the Camarilla.

It is rendered that all parties involved and all showing allegiance to any of these parties shall be held responsible for all aspects of this Convention brought forth here, in the neutral Kingdom of England, outside the hamlet of Thorns, near the town of Silchester. May Caine hold truth and peace for us all.

proposed what is now known as the Convention of Thorns. The Convention proposed that the anarchs enter the Camarilla, putting themselves back under the "domain" of the elders of their specific clans and princes of the cities. It offered them protection from reprisals for all but the most heinous crimes committed against the elders during the revolt. It also forbade the Assamites from practicing ritual diablerie on members of the Camarilla, a provision that would be enforced magically.

The convention was less of a peace offering and more like terms of surrender. It gave the anarchs the opportunity to return safely to the same situation that they had been in before the revolt began over a century before. The anarchs reacted to this offer somewhat along clan lines, although a number of members from each clan followed their own hearts. On the whole, the Brujah were the strongest supporters of the convention among the anarchs. As a clan, they had suffered the most during the revolt, and they felt that they had the most to gain by ending the fracas as soon as possible. They accepted the convention in its first draft, requiring only that the agreement cap the amount of time the elders had to bring charges against their former foes.

The Assamites, who had also suffered fiercely during the revolt, declined the offer to join the Camarilla, citing previous spiritual commitments. To pressure them into being more cooperative, the Founders revealed that they held six captive Assamite elders who had been taken during the revolt. The Founders assured the anarchs that their elders would die the Final Death in the most horrible manner imaginable if the Assamites did not agree to the Convention. To prove their sincerity, they had one of the elders tortured to death on the spot. The Assamite representative shrugged and said that while the deaths of the elders would certainly be regrettable, it would not change the facts at hand. He offered to pay a reasonable ransom for his captured elders, but he would not sign away the sovereignty of his clan. The Founders, knowing when they'd been beaten, agreed that the Assamites would not become members of the Camarilla and accepted the ransom for the remaining elders. The prohibition against diablerie would remain, however, and, to make sure, the Tremere cursed the Assamites so that the blood of other Cainites was poisonous to them. The Assamites left Thorns defeated, but with their sovereignty intact.

While most of the anarchs ended up coming to the conclusion that they had no choice but to agree to the Convention, many, particularly the Lasombra and Tzimisce anarchs, did not. After reading the first draft of the Convention, the leader of the Lasombra delegation stood up and said, "I came to negotiate, not to surrender. Our Somnus died the Final Death so that we could be free, and we did not fight for the past 50 years to give up everything to the decrepit elders of your pompous convocation. We now declare eternal war on the Camarilla and the elders for whom it was created. The Final Death to you all." She and the rest of the Lasombra then left the Convention, and Cainites from all of the other clans ended up leaving with her.

In the end, representatives of the Brujah, Assamites and the rest of the clans of the Camarilla signed the Convention of Thorns. Actually the Brujah signed it twice, since representatives from the clan ended up on both sides of the table. However, those Cainites from various clans who spurned the convention showed their contempt for the whole procedure by burning the nearby village of Silchester to the ground and slaughtering all of the inhabitants. Over the following half-century, they gathered together in the darkness and spawned their own mockery of the Camarilla, the dread Sabbat.

Whatever else can be said about the Convention of Thorns, it did bring a badly needed respite to all of the Kindred of Europe. The slaughter of the Kindred had been the worst since time out of mind. It has been estimated that a significant majority of those European Kindred who were active at the beginning of the revolt in AD 1381 had died the Final Death by the time it ended in AD 1493. The Camarilla took advantage of that fact and made sure that, as much as possible, only elders who were fully trusted were allowed to sire neonates. Former anarchs, while accepted back into the fold, were rarely given permission. Over the next few centuries, the beaten remains of the Anarch Movement remained quiet in Europe, and the Camarilla became convinced that the anarch threat had finally subsided forever.

What It Meant

At first glance, the Anarch Revolt was an utter disaster. After over a century of some of the bitterest fighting in Kindred history and the deaths of untold numbers of Cainites, the anarchs returned to the status quo without having gained a single one of their demands. The Jus Noctis still prevailed, and the neonates (and even many ancillae) had no more say in clan and Camarilla affairs than they ever did. It appeared to many of the anarchs who wearily returned to their havens that the horrible waste of unlife might just as well never have happened.

Such was hardly the case, however. The Anarch Revolt had a huge impact on the relationships

between all Kindred, an impact that is still felt every night. The first, most obvious impact was the creation of the Camarilla, and its even bleaker shadow, the Sabbat. Until the revolt, the elders of the Damned had not had any motivation to give up their independence, but the revolt so terrified them that they were forced to band together for mutual protection. Similarly, the Sabbat was formed by what many of the anarchs (particularly the Lasombra and Tzimisce) felt was the betrayal of the anarch cause at the Convention of Thorns.

While the founding of the Camarilla and Sabbat were both critical (if not desirable) outcomes of the Anarch Revolt, they were far from the most important. The most important outcomes were the lessons that the elders and neonates learned. The elders learned the most obvious one: fear. After all, relatively young Cainites had destroyed the Tzimisce and Lasombra Antediluvians! No elder who managed to survive the revolt, or who ever learned about the revolt, would ever again be able to rest completely easily in her deathless sleep. Before the revolt, most elders acted on the assumption that their dominance over their progeny was absolute, and that their childer were little more than toys for their enjoyment. After the revolt, no elder, no matter how powerful, could ever again assume that their childer would obey their demands without question. Every demand would be tempered, however slightly, by the fear that this could be the one that sparks the next revolt. For all the Camarilla's bluster about the Lextalionis and the Jus Noctis, that fear haunts them to this very night and affects the unlives of all Kindred everywhere.

The unfortunate thing is that this fear is highly unnecessary. The Camarilla made what may end up being the worst blunder in its long history of blunders at the Convention of Thorns. Had the negotiators for the Camarilla been a little less puffed up with their own importance and made it clear to the anarchs that they were the defeated party, they could have saved themselves an eternity of grief. The British have a saying: "To disarm an enemy, put him on a committee." If the Camarilla had been willing to do that — to share even a bit of its power with the anarchs — the Anarch Movement might not only have been brought to a close, and the Sabbat might never have come into existence. Most of the anarchs would have felt that they had achieved some of their goals and could now work inside the Camarilla to achieve the rest. Instead, by dictating terms instead of negotiating them, the Camarilla hardened the resolve of the anarchs and made it only a matter of time before the revolt broke out again.

The anarchs learned several lessons from the revolt. The first was that no matter how powerful or well guarded an elder might be, he could eventually be destroyed if enough Kindred were willing to give their hearts and minds and unlives in the process. This was an astounding discovery for a group of Kindred who had been rigorously taught by their elders until that time that the penalty for disobedience to every whim of their sire was severe, and often carried out at the hands of an effectively invincible being. If an elder could be destroyed, then eternal servitude was not necessarily inevitable. No matter how much the anarchs who managed to survive the revolt were subsequently oppressed by their victorious elders, they nurtured a spark of hope deep in their bosoms, and they passed that spark down to their childer and their childer's childer.

The more important lesson that the anarchs learned from the revolt was not that elders weren't truly untouchable, however. The most important lesson they learned is that the myth of the relationship between elder and neonate was just that — a myth. Whether Caine himself laid down the Lextalionis or whether it was a creation of the elders, it is only binding on those who choose to accept it. Anarch philosophers subscribed to the belief that each Kindred, regardless of her generation, is an independent entity endowed with her own free will, which they referred to as *libertas*. Other entities might attempt to suppress her *libertas* — or even take it from her through abusive Disciplines or the blood bond — but it was her right and responsibility to struggle for it eternally in pursuit of a Kindred society in which every Cainite has the right to express his own *libertas* in his own way. This vision of a society of equal Kindred is the true legacy of the Anarch Revolt.

The French Revolution

For almost 300 years, the Camarilla laid its claim of domain to Europe in relative peace. Many anarchs escaped to the American colonies, but that was too far away to be of any importance to the Camarilla. The elders were content knowing that their hegemony over Europe was complete. Even if their confidence in their own infallibility had been badly shaken, at least they didn't have to worry about anarchs breaking down their doors and murdering them in their havens.

At least until 1789. Although many elders were unconcerned about the colonies, the anarchs (and Sabbat...) of Europe had been much affected by the American Revolution. In the political statements of the mortal political philosophers Paine, Adams,

Jefferson and Franklin, they had found a great deal that resonated with their own political philosophy. When the mortals of France, stirred by events across the Atlantic, began to grumble about their treatment at the hands of King Louis XVI and his nobles, they were secretly urged on by a number of prominent anarchs. When the lower classes of Paris stormed the Bastille in July 1789, they were joined (after nightfall) by a number of Kindred who had had enough of the Toreador's traditional claim of domain in France and who saw this political activism as an opportunity to strike back. They knew that they didn't have the ability to win a direct confrontation, but, working with their mortal brothers in arms, they were able to strike decisively against the Toreador power base in France. This event was more than the usual Kindred manipulation of mortals for their own ends, however. The French anarchs who supported the revolution did so out of a real feeling of kinship with the revolutionaries, as well as a sense of identification with their goals.

The anarchs were ecstatic with the success of the revolution, and they quickly made plans to export the revolution to other countries. However, their mortal allies betrayed them. The National Convention, which had been founded to rule France after Louis was executed, dissolved into wrangling committees, and this was just the kind of situation that the Toreador and their Ventrue allies loved. They plotted the overthrow of the convention through their own agents and allies, and installed a French general named Bonaparte as the head of the government in 1799. He brought a swift end to the egalitarian reforms of the revolution, and the Toreador were once again the dominant Kindred faction in France shortly thereafter through the efforts of the Corsican emperor.

The French Revolution put the Camarilla on notice that no matter how defeated the anarchs might appear to be, there would always be those who would rise again to bear the banner of revolt against the established order. After the brief flare-up of the French Revolution, however, it would be over 150 years before the anarchs were heard from again.

The Anarch Free State

With the restoration of Toreador domains in France, more anarchs fled to America, which was still relatively free of Camarilla taint at this point. Most of the Camarilla elders thought of America as a trackless wilderness (many still do, in fact), and some even considered it a useful "dumping ground" for disgruntled Cainites. The Sabbat had a presence in America, but internal dissension had

interfered with its efforts to gain a foothold in the new world.

In spite of this power vacuum, the anarchs failed to create any large-scale domains for themselves. Most of the anarchs who arrived in America were on the run from the archons of the Camarilla, they had no idea of who they could trust, and they certainly had no central organization to turn to. On the whole, they were only interested in finding a quiet hunting ground and lying low.

Eventually, of course, the Camarilla did come to America, and, in typical Camarilla fashion, it went about systematically claiming domains in the major cities on the East Coast. The confrontations that resulted between the resident anarchs and the better-organized and supported Kindred of the Camarilla or Sabbat were rarely violent. They didn't need to be. As a city became more important and better populated, the anarchs who dwelled in it would suddenly find their former hunting grounds occupied by a prince and his coterie. The usurpers would politely point out that this was now a Camarilla city and perhaps the anarch would find better hunting to the west. While this process was slow, it was also inexorable. By 1900, a number of anarchs had washed up on the West Coast, particularly in San Francisco and a small port town with the peculiar name of El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula, better known as Los Angeles.

By 1900, Los Angeles was already beginning to experience the almost miraculous growth that would turn it from a tiny town of about 10,000 into one of the largest cities in the world over a period of less than 100 years. The Camarilla recognized that it needed to establish a presence in this potentially important city, and, in 1924, its council made a former Spanish *alcalde* named Don Sebastian Juan Dominguez the prince, on the condition that he would "do something about the anarch problem."

Unfortunately for the Camarilla, they had badly misjudged the Spaniard. Don Sebastian was a vain, indolent creature whose idea of society was to surround himself with effete Toreador like himself and pretty much let everyone else do as they pleased. This suited the anarchs very well, since they finally had a place where the prince didn't seem to care what they did, as long as they stayed out of his way. Anarchs made the exodus to Los Angeles and the other small cities that surrounded it.

One of those who moved into the Los Angeles area was a Brujah anarch named Jeremy MacNeil. MacNeil had been Embraced in 1657, long after the Anarch Revolt, but his sire, James, had been part of Tyler's initial peasant revolt in 1381 and had fought on the anarch side in Spain and Italy. He had taught Jeremy to love freedom and fight oppression, and Jeremy had struggled against the British oppressors in Scotland, Ireland and America. The princes of every city in the United States considered him *persona non grata*, and so he ended up drifting into Los Angeles in 1943.

The Status Perfectus

Being a Declaration of Principles for the Self-Governance of the Kindred of the Free State.

We, the Kindred of the Free State, do hereby declare that we and our progeny, and all Kindred who choose freedom over oppression and liberty over tyranny, of all clans and generations, have as an inherent part of their being the spiritual substance called *libertas*, or Free Will. We further declare that, as we have freed ourselves from the bonds of mortality, so must we free ourselves from the forces that would rob us of our *libertas*. Not only must we continue to struggle on our own behalf, but on behalf of our brothers and sisters who continue to be robbed of their *libertas* by oppression, ignorance and fear.

The Anarch Free State is the political expression of that struggle. In choosing to free ourselves from political tyranny, we have also chosen to embrace our own *libertas* and that of our brother and sister Kindred everywhere.

For these reasons we, the Kindred of the Anarch Free State, meeting this night in solemn convocation, do hereby pledge ourselves to the following principles:

1. We declare ourselves to be free and independent, owing allegiance to no creature and no organization.

2. We declare our ability to rule ourselves, with no prince, no primogen and no other ruler other than that we choose for ourselves.

3. We declare our kinship with oppressed Kindred everywhere and offer a home to all Kindred of all generations and clans who will agree to dwell in harmony with us.

4. We further accept our responsibility to our oppressed brothers and sisters everywhere and pledge to assist them at all times and in all places in their own struggle for the freedom that we declare to be the birthright of all Kindred, from now until the end of time.

5. We recognize our responsibility to maintain the Masquerade, and we pledge to protect and defend it.

6. We establish this Status Perfectus and recognize its duty to all Kindred.

Here, MacNeil found a powder keg ready to go off. More and more anarchs were moving into the area, which now boasted such anarch luminaries as Salvador Garcia, Marguerite Foccart and the notorious Smiling Jack. The rest of the Los Angeles Kindred were increasingly disgusted by Don Sebastian's capricious princedom, which had a habit of swaying unpredictably from completely *laissez faire* to utter repression. This was all too familiar to the anarchs. Very few of them had witnessed the Anarch Revolt, but most knew that the anarchs of old had revolted against their elders and almost managed to establish a society where a Kindred was valued not for his generation or inherited assets but for his worth as an individual. They knew that the anarch leaders had betrayed the dream and that the Camarilla Kindred had kept the power for themselves since then. Here in California, the new anarchs reasoned, they finally had the opportunity to establish a utopia that would show all Kindred that Cainites could live together in harmony without a prince or a primogen. This society of equals would also act as a symbol to anarchs everywhere that the time had come for a glorious revolution against all of those who would rob them of their liberty and free will.

By 1944, the rumblings of discontent among the local Kindred had reached even Don Sebastian's ears, and he knew just what to do to deal with that problem. He ordered Jeremy MacNeil detained and savagely beaten, figuring that that act would kill any desire to revolt on the part of these foolish revolutionaries. Salvador and many of the other anarchs wanted to use the beating as the rallying point for a new revolt, but MacNeil counseled patience and preparation. So the anarchs studied the prince and the primogen for six weeks, locating their havens and learning about their defenses.

Finally, on December 21, 1944, the Second Anarch Revolt began. Just before dawn, parties of heavily armed anarchs attacked many of the city's elders in their havens. While not all the attacks were successful by any means, an appreciable majority were, and those Kindred who managed to escape mostly fled the city as quickly as they could. Don Sebastian himself was slain by Salvador Garcia in a vicious combat that ended with Don Sebastian's *rancho* being razed to the ground.

After their initial successes in Los Angeles, the anarchs moved south and "liberated" San Diego, and then moved north in the hopes of doing the same in San Francisco. There, however, they were unsuccessful, as then-prince Vannevar Thomas mounted a strong defense and turned them away. Nonetheless, the anarchs had achieved quite a bit in three months. The Anarch Free State, as the coalition called itself, stretched from the Mexican border to San Jose, and there were no princes, no primogen... no "governing" body (in the Camarilla's sense) at all within that region. The Revolutionary Council, which had been formed to coordinate the military efforts of the anarchs, decided to adopt a set of principles of self-governance for the free state before dissolving itself. It created what it called "The Status Perfectus," or "The Perfect State."

Although clearly based on earlier anarch philosophies, the Status Perfectus was a revolutionary document, the first to state the anarch dream clearly and unequivocally in modern times. It called on anarchs everywhere to care for one another regardless of clan affiliation and to help each other break free from the shackles of the Lextalionis. It promised a nation free of political oppression and elder prejudice and swore to extend that freedom to all Kindred everywhere.

The immediate aftermath of the Second Anarch Revolt surprised all the Kindred, especially the anarchs. Rather than join together in a glorious fellowship, the Kindred almost immediately formed themselves into small cross-clan coteries and gangs that staked out a geographical area (which they referred to as a barony) and forbade anyone else from hunting there. It was almost as if, in the absence of a Camarilla to create and uphold princes and fiefs, the anarchs had to re-create it themselves.

This was a philosophical blow to the anarch scholars who came to study the Anarch Free State in the hopes that it would be the modern re-creation of their beloved ideal. What they found instead were packs of Kindred who were frequently — and literally — at each other's throats. Scholars argued among themselves over whether this inability to create a grander society was a result of the Beast that lies snarling within the breast of every Kindred or whether it was merely a transitional stage through which the Status Perfectus had to go on its way toward a more unified egalitarian society.

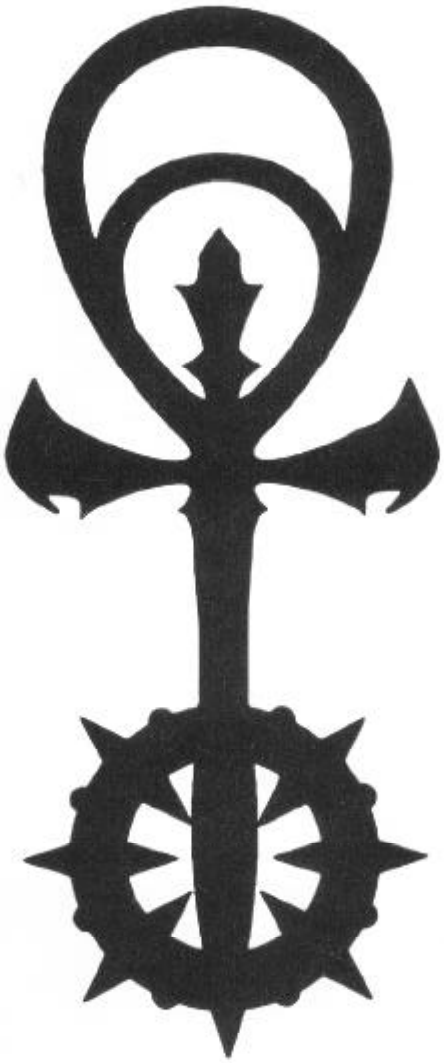
Unfortunately, the anarchs never had the chance to find out. The free state did prove remarkably resilient, surviving a direct attack by the Sabbat in 1965, an enormous civil war between a Kindred and mortal gang in 1992, but ultimately proved too precarious during a Cathayan invasion in 1998. The anarchs had even managed to occupy San Francisco briefly, although they were chased out later by Cathayan Kindred in mid-1998. They also lost San Diego when the "baron" of that city, Tara, realigned herself with the Camarilla in exchange for being named prince.

What eventually brought an end to the Second Anarch Revolt was plotting from without and internal dissension within. The Quincunx of the Cathayans, forced to conclude that it was not economically feasible to take the Anarch Free State by force, began a divide-and-conquer strategy. The invaders offered Salvador Garcia, who led the Hermandad gang, assistance in his ongoing battle with the Crypt's Sons, run by Mohammed al-Muthlim. Although no one understands why a canny old guerrilla fighter like Salvador would accept help from a group that only recently had attacked his beloved Anarch Free State, he did, and that was the beginning of the end for the free state. Within a few months, high-profile anarchs from across the domain were accepting positions with the Cathayan forces. The Quincunx cleverly sold themselves to the weary anarchs as peace-bringers and enforcers of the egalitarian dream. Under the "New Promise Mandarinate" those who were qualified would rise to positions of power, and the strongest would not prosper at the expense of the weak. To a faction of anarchs who were exhausted from decades of internecine strife, this prospect was ultimately too appealing to resist. By the beginning of 2000, Los Angeles was virtually the domain of the New Promise Mandarinate.

The End?

Kindred chroniclers who lack an understanding of the anarchs have referred to the dissolution of the free state as "the end of the anarchs as an organized political movement." This statement is fundamentally and demonstrably untrue. Although the Anarch Free State is no more, anarchs have fanned out across the United States and even back into Europe, spreading the message of freedom and equality to oppressed Kindred everywhere. In some ways the new Anarch Movement is even more dangerous than the free state, since there is nowhere for the discontented Kindred to go now when they've had enough of unlife under the Camarilla. They must either knuckle under or fight, and the anarchs know that a number of these unhappy Kindred will choose the latter.

In spite of these new rumblings of discontent, which are being heard throughout most Camarilla (and some Sabbat) cities, most elders have stopped worrying about the anarchs. This thinking exhibits the fundamental error that most elders make in dealing with the anarchs. They regard the anarchs as a group of Kindred united by their discontent and desire to destroy their elders. While this notion is accurate, the anarch cause is much more. It is a refusal to accept the status quo and a belief that the Kindred are capable of overcoming the hatred fostered by their elders to create a better, more just society. That belief can never be eradicated completely, and, as a result, the anarchs can never be completely destroyed. They may be defeated in battle or at the bargaining table. They may even defeat themselves. No matter what, though, the ideal of liberation from oppression that unites all freedom-loving Kindred will exist forever, and the Anarch Revolt will never die as long as a single Kindred stands in the dead of night, preserving the flame in the torch of *libertas*.



M.G.

Chapter Two: Ways of the Anarch Crusade

Revolution is a trivial shift in the emphasis of suffering.
—Tom Stoppard

To a large degree, understanding the anarchs requires an understanding of the individual groups of Kindred that comprise their ranks. Not surprisingly, most of the members of the anarchs come from the two great sects, as those organizations are the ones that not only contain the most Kindred in the first place, but they are also the structures that need the most repair.

That said, a few independent Kindred (and even odd members of bloodlines) occasionally become part of the anarch landscape. As absurd as it is to think of a Tzimisce or Giovanni anarch, it may well have happened at some point in history. Granted, the clans not listed among the anarchs are more likely to have anarch *contacts* or anarch *sympathies* rather than making a formal and public statement of allegiance to the anarchs proper, but over the course of Kindred history, who's to say?

Assamites

Precious few Assamites have joined the anarchs, though critics of the clan merely shrug their shoulders, knowing that the modern nights hold any number of bizarre occurrences. Long in the past, prior even to the original Anarch Revolt, the Assamites helped the furious *antitribu* strike down their elders. As a clan steeped in legacy and tradition, this history has struck a chord with certain Assamites, and they remain dedicated anarchs to this night. Dubious members of the movement question their motives, but rare is the Assamite anarch who has betrayed the cause. The Assassins' reasons for supporting the sect are borne significantly of revenge for the aftermath of the Anarch Revolt, in which the Tremere levied the blood curse upon the Assamite clan. Younger Assamites have also joined the anarchs for the reasons that many other Kindred have. They resent the heavy-handed and selfish whims of their elders, and they want to lead unlives as they see fit.

Assamites among the anarchs are almost always of the Warrior caste, though a few sorcerers and viziers have joined the subsect, finding it preferable to their own clan's hierarchy but also the scrutiny of the Camarilla proper. As most Assamite anarchs reason, these guys can use whatever help they can find, and if it comes from an Assamite, trust will follow. Indeed, reforming Kindred society as a meritocracy is keenly in the hearts and minds of many Assamite supporters of the cause.

Perhaps as an extension of their for-hire clan history, Assamites often fall in with nomadic packs of anarchs. Doing so sometimes arouses suspicion, but when the Assamite proves his mettle against a gang of slavering Sabbat or hides the pack from a diligent law officer, these fears usually abate.

Like the schismatic faction of their clan, many Assamite anarchs are Muslim. For some, this faith was part of what made their decision to leave the clan proper, but for others, the anarch cause is the perfect method by which to propose a Muslim society of Kindred. Those who don't follow the tenets of Islam are often religiously neutral or liberal — an unpopular stance among the hard-liners of the clan, and again probably a significant contributing factor to their presence among the anarchs.

Most Assamite anarchs are young, and they are often the result of the clan's archaic principles simply failing to function well in the Final Nights. For anarchs, these Assamites tend toward the apolitical, having seen enough of politics amid the clan's own schism and the return of the ancient members of their clan who have harshly criticized the direction of the clan since their torpor thousands of years ago. It is unwise, however, to accuse the Assamites of hiding among the anarchs in an act of cowardice. The Assassins are fierce and righteous Kindred, and they readily point to the movements of their venerable progenitors as hard evidence that the Jyhad is not merely the ramblings of paranoid Kindred minds. If their behavior is any evidence, the Assamites are among the strongest supporters of the anarchs, since they truly want a change to affect Kindred society. Unlike many of their modern brothers in arms, they have seen the alternative.

Nickname: Assassins

Appearance: As noted before, Assamite anarchs tend toward the younger end of their clan's spectrum and are the most affected by modern globalization. Strikingly few hail from the Arabic origins of the clan, but those who do enjoy the great respect of their non-Arabic clanmates and, by extension, their fellow anarchs. Assamite skin darkens with age, and a few have begun to show this dusky hue, but no one has ever seen an Assamite anarch with the ebon skin of a true elder. Clothing is simple and functional, so as not to get in the way when fighting, running or whatever else becomes the order of the night.

Haven: Perhaps the Assamites have yet to fully acclimate to the modern anarch experience, but most still prefer their solitude. Assamites are also loath to allow their enemies to determine their routines, so most keep a variety of havens in their home cities, moving randomly between them and never allowing a nightly pattern to develop. Favored havens include plain apartments, suburban bolt-holes far from other Kindred and even sunproofed cars and trucks, left unassumingly on the side of the road or in neglected parking lots.

Background: Even if they're not Arabic in origin, many Assamite anarchs are Muslim, adding a significant number of African-Americans to their ranks, at least in the United States. Particularly young Assamites may hail from almost any origin, though the clan's tendency toward nomadic unlife suggests that most of their Embraces would probably have similar inclinations and abilities. In Europe and in the Middle East, Assamite anarchs are almost unheard of.

Character Creation: Assamites among the anarchs continue to favor Physical Attributes first, with Mental Attributes running a close second. Talents and Skills are equally desirable, with many young Assamites favoring the more technical nature of Skills. Natures and Demeanors are often similar; anarch Assamites have little room for duplicity, especially among those whom they often see as fellow downtrodden. Common Backgrounds include Contacts, old Allies, Resources and often some amount of Generation that reflects their penchant for diablerie. Particularly old Assamites might even follow the Path of Blood or a variant of the Sabbat's Path of Caine.

Stereotypes

Camarilla: Its inflated sense of itself blinds it to the growing terror that will consume it if we don't help it change.

Sabbat: Failure incarnate. This is the result of desire overtaking morality.

Anarchs: It is the best tool we have been given. Let us hope it suits its purpose.

Clan Disciplines: Celerity, Obfuscate, Quietus

Weaknesses: Like other Assamites, anarch Assamites are easily addicted to the taste of vitae. Among the anarchs, though, this taste has sharpened, as many of the Assamites in this environment lack the discipline that the rigors of subservience to the hierarchy imposes. Any time an Assamite anarch partakes of Kindred vitae, the player must make a Self-Control roll (difficulty equal to the number of blood points ingested + 4). If the player fails this roll, the character becomes addicted, and the player must make another Self-Control roll any time the character comes in contact with a quantity of vitae. Failing this roll sends the character into the depths of frenzy, during which he will do anything within his power to gorge himself of the blood of vampires. Roleplay this all-encompassing need for vitae. The character is among the anarchs, and she needs make no excuses for her nature.

Organization: Assamite anarchs are too few and far between to have any real organization of their own, though they do respect each other and afford great status to education and erudition. Any mutual ritual that takes place between Assamites is more likely a result of common Muslim faith than any emerging code of behavior among the anarchs. Still, of the few Assamite anarchs who exist, it is a frequent habit to correspond, and discussing and interpreting the Qur'an remains a popular activity.

Quote: *Don't test me. I have seen what this struggle must ultimately come against, and I won't have you doubting my sincerity.*

Brujah

The Kindred often think of the Brujah and the anarchs going hand-in-hand, but in truth, such is rarely the case. While the Brujah may not like the Camarilla, they certainly acknowledge that it serves its purpose. The Brujah are a part of the Camarilla because it gives them an envelope to push and boundaries to test. While the ranks of the anarchs have no few Brujah, most Brujah consider the anarchs redundant. If rebellion itself becomes an institution, what point does that rebellion serve?

For this reason, Brujah among the anarchs often tend to fit in one of two distinct camps. For some Brujah, the anarchs are an extension of their own revolutionary sensibilities. Ironically, these Brujah become almost conformists among the anarchs, following strong, rebellious leaders and lending their strength to packs and gangs that hold dear similar ideals. This sort of anarch is probably the origin of the leather-clad biker archetype, the anarch who's a part of it just because it gives him a channel to vent his rage and kick a little ass while he's at it.

Other Brujah are at the forefront of the struggle, often as idealists or champions of the cause. Their legacy of being the loyal opposition fosters in them a genuine desire to make a change for what they see as the better. These are the gang leaders, the intellectuals, the firebrands — in short, those who shape the struggle with ideas and actions. In this sense, the Brujah are some of the greatest contributors to the anarch cause, if not in numbers, then in its personality and direction.

Brujah among the anarchs tend to either be quite old or very young. Most Brujah ancillae who were once a part of the anarch cause either grew frustrated with its continual underdog status and eventually settled among the Camarilla or died in some conflagration fighting the injustices of the system. Those wise enough to avoid Final Death and impassioned enough to stave off the "I can't beat them so I'll join them" mentality often rise to great heights in anarch esteem. It is a testament to the Brujah legacy of progress, a tribute to their origins as philosopher-kings, that the Brujah make up in fervor and achievement what they lack in numbers among the Anarch Movement.

Nickname: Rabble

Appearance: Little distinguishes the Brujah anarch from his Camarilla counterpart. Common exceptions, however, include especially affected mannerisms or modes of dress. "Signature flair" counts for much among Brujah anarchs, who may favor articles of clothing from historical influences (such as a black hat like Karl Marx's or insignia from the German army) or even adopt their own unique accouterments. Especially

among the "support" division, modern trends still hold a great deal of appeal to the Brujah, and up-to-the-minute street fashions are a symbol of success in the ongoing rebellion. Still others, as a statement of dedication to the revolution, wear nothing with brand-name labels, considering them bourgeois. Among these anarchs, secondhand and military surplus stores provide much of their look. As with Camarilla Brujah, piercings, tattoos, wild hair and other outward signs of rebellion come and go from the fashion landscape, seemingly on a whim.

Haven: Of all the anarchs, Brujah tend to be the ones who actually prefer communal havens and broods as opposed to resorting to them out of necessity or ignoring them altogether. It's bandied about as a joke that, just as misery loves company, the Brujah enjoy company in the rebellion. Favored havens tend to be out-of-the-way locales such as abandoned warehouses, disused docks and other formerly occupied structures that have been ignored and forgotten. A few high-profile Brujah anarchs still enjoy leading ostentatious unlives, but they rarely maintain the respect of their peers if they appear even remotely to have gone soft.

Background: Much like Camarilla Brujah, anarch Brujah often Embrace from environments prone to dissatisfaction and turbulence — the better to integrate the new Embrace into the movement's way of unlife. Universities, inner cities and political lobbies all provide Brujah anarchs with childer. Also like Camarilla Brujah, the clan leans toward fractiousness and has little solidarity. In many cases, clan is an afterthought for the Brujah, and many hate each other and each other's political platform more than they hate what most people would assume are mutual enemies.

Character Creation: Anarch Brujah tend more toward the productive side than Camarilla Brujah do, though criminals, thugs and least-common-denominator conformists still populate the ranks here and there. Natures and Demeanors are often aggressive, if not downright violent, but they differ more than they do among most Brujah, at least among the more self-aware, who are prone to more introspection than their Camarilla cousins. As one would expect, Physical Attributes are usually primary, with a strong minority favoring Social Attributes. Skills tend to predominate, though Knowledges often go a long way toward establishing a Brujah as a viable thinker. Backgrounds run the gamut, with all but Fame, Mentor, Resources and Status being common.

Clan Disciplines: Celerity, Potence, Presence

Weaknesses: The fire that burns in all Brujah is not absent from the anarchs. As prone as they are to taking up a cause, they are equally as apt to lose themselves to the Beast's raging passion. All difficulties to resist frenzy are considered to be two higher for Brujah.

Organization: Disorganization comes as second nature to the Brujah, and their presence among the anarchs only exacerbates this problem. While they do tend to congregate in broods, anything that has an air of structure tends to strike the Brujah as effort spent for the wrong ends. They often attend the rants and raves of their Camarilla fellows, but usually only to recruit or nettle the elders. It's unlikely that one would hear a Brujah anarch fawning over lost Carthage. Most are too young to have heard of it, and even the ones who are aware think that it's best to let old wounds heal and work toward changing the present rather than whitewashing the past.

Quote: *You've got to pull your weight in this outfit, boy. If you're not part of the solution, you're a card-carrying member of the problem.*

Stereotypes

Camarilla: Overgrown with bureaucracy and its own sense of importance. Sometimes I wonder if it's best not to burn down the whole house and start over from the foundation.

Sabbat: Wait, did I say something about burning things down? Never mind. That's the Sabbat's philosophy in a nutshell, and all it's done for them is make them psychotic.

Anarchs: A mess. A mess that's trying to move in the right direction, but a mess nonetheless.

Caitiff

As might be expected, the Caitiff often find company in the anarchs when they've had enough of being spit at, stabbed, set on fire, mocked, threatened, blamed for whatever the problem of the night is, barred from Elysium, left for Lupine or Sabbat fodder, looked down others' noses at and maligned. After all, you can only kick a dog so much before it bites back. Therefore, the Caitiff are among the most numerous and the most fervent supporters of the anarch cause in the modern nights. Such wasn't always the case, but Caitiff have a tendency of turning up much more frequently in the modern nights than they have in epochs past. In fact, much of the troubled situation of the Anarch Movement can be laid at the feet of the Caitiff. (It's not directly their fault, but their terrible lot seems to be dragging the rest of the subsect down.)

Most Caitiff accept that, however, and make it a point to prove themselves in the struggle against the twisted elders and their corrupt lackeys. Because their "clan" is actually a catchall hodge-podge of Kindred with indeterminate lineages, they have no unifying characteristics outside their lack of regard. Caitiff have provided the anarchs with some of their most brilliant tacticians, vicious soldiers, eloquent diplomats and clever scouts. Their lack of clan characteristics makes them difficult to pin down, as they can successfully fake almost any of them and actually suffer from none. Proficient in any Discipline they see before them, the Caitiff are anarchs *par excellence*. They're young, adaptable and ready to deal out a bit of comeuppance.

Where the Caitiff fail, however, is in their often incomplete understanding of Kindred society. It's all fine and good to want to deal a callous Toreador harpy a drubbing, but when you don't know the rules of Elysium, it's tough to have the opportunity. One cannot choose one's Embrace — the Caitiff's only real crime is that they haven't been acclimated.

Supporters of the Caitiff presence in the Anarch Movement point to it as a strength. Since their only true drawback is ignorance, all they have to do is learn. Most of the movement's Caitiff take heart in this. While they are still unpedigreed underdogs, even among the anarchs — old habits die hard among the Kindred — they represent the future direction of the Anarch Revolt, and of the Kindred as a whole. Or so they propagandize.

Nickname: Trash (or, less derisively, Orphans)

Appearance: What the Caitiff did in life often sets the tone for their appearance in undeath, arguably more so than with any other Kindred. Having no clan ideal to cling to, no mentor to give them insight and no peer input other than, "Go away, you pariah," Caitiff often cling to their mortal sensibilities to stave off the horror of becoming Kindred. Any clothing, national origin, subculture or demographic ideal is fine for the Caitiff, as long as they're consistent with what helps them maintain their sense of self. Especially in the modern nights, many Caitiff are urban and

poor, reflecting the unpleasant conditions of cities in the World of Darkness, so that makes a suitable starting point if nothing else springs to mind.

Haven: As with Appearance, Caitiff often find themselves leading an echo of their mortal lives with regard to havens. Once they fall in with an established cell of anarchs, they have few problems adapting to the communal unlife that most anarchs lead, but many also prefer to keep their individualism vital. Some Caitiff even keep their own mortal homes or renew their leases even beyond death. As many Caitiff are young, many of their homes often have creature comforts less frequently found in the havens of older, more static Kindred, such as cutting-edge home electronics, computers and other gadgets that perplex less contemporary Cainites.

Background: Take your pick — Caitiff can come from anywhere. Even those Caitiff who suspect that they might have an inkling as to their true clan lineage (select one of the other clans and occlude their characteristics a bit) probably have something that sets them apart from their suspected heritage. In keeping with the urban blight and poverty so prevalent in cities of the Final Nights, many street-level origins are appropriate, and any "fall from grace" idea can probably mirror the shame of these illegitimate Kindred.

Character Creation: Criminal and lower-class concepts are certainly in keeping with the fate of the Caitiff as a whole, but any concept can fit with a little creativity and back-story. Those Caitiff who have the best potential to survive, especially among the anarchs, often favor Mental or Physical Attributes, though specializing in Social Traits may make it easier to talk oneself out of trouble. A Caitiff's education and experience often ends up as a broad spectrum, making individual Abilities more important than any single grouping. Likewise, Backgrounds run the gamut, though rare are the Caitiff who have any appreciable amount of Fame, Mentor, Resources or Status.

Stereotypes

Camarilla: Fuck them.

Sabbat: Fuck them, too.

Anarchs: It's good to have hope, but doesn't everything wind up disappointing in the end?

Clan Disciplines: Any (Default to Fortitude, Potence and Presence)

Weaknesses: Caitiff suffer no inherent clan flaw. While they often find themselves at odds with the social order of established Kindred structures, their lack of ties to the corrupt Ivory Tower (or, God forbid, the Black Hand) isn't a particular liability among the anarchs.

Caitiff also pay (6 x the desired level of the Discipline) when learning the gifts of Caine. Although they don't get the "clan Discipline" cost of (5 x the desired level) for a certain spread of Disciplines, neither do they have to pay the (7 x the desired level) cost for out-of-clan Disciplines.

Organization: Despite their lack of common origin, most Caitiff do observe some degree of structure, if not among themselves. Caitiff leaders are rare but distinguished when they do arise. Most Caitiff anarchs gladly join a pack, welcoming the respite from the derision and hostility they face elsewhere in Kindred society. Few Caitiff feel any special bond to others of their kind, outside the mutual unhappiness, but many take pride when word of an especially talented clanless circulates through the rumor-mill.

Quote: *Time to repay your snobbery in kind. I have an idea — pretend you're joining my country club, and this is just a little hazing initiation.*

Gangrel

The Kindred are often surprised to learn of the volume of participation the Gangrel have with the anarchs. Particularly after the Gangrel's self-imposed exile from the Camarilla, the Damned find it hard to believe that the normally apolitical Gangrel would so actively support a group that makes politics both its main agenda and its tactics.

The Gangrel, however, don't side with the anarchs out of a desire to dip their claws in the political pool. No, many Gangrel have thrown in with the anarchs out of frustration, exasperation or desire to finally take their fair share. Impotent within the Camarilla, the clan was crushed beneath the moves, countermoves and petty treacheries of the powerful clans. Among the anarchs, they take what they want, using violence if threats fail, no longer having to worry about the repercussions of their actions among a sect that largely ignored it anyway.

It is because of this "nothing to lose" mentality and the sheer murderous violence that the Gangrel are capable of that the other anarchs are happy to welcome the Outlanders to their fold. No one but the hardiest Ventrue or most distant but potent Tremere is going to tell a Gangrel that she can't do something, because there won't be anything left but bloody gobbets when the Gangrel is done asserting that, yes, she *can* do it.

That said, the Gangrel are rarely the thinkers and planners behind the anarchs. Philosophies coincide enough that many Gangrel are willing to throw in with the anarchs for the time being, but politics remains something they're largely uninterested in. Gangrel politics typically only run to the extent of the justice they're allowed to claim if someone agitates their domains, but claiming those domains is sometimes difficult, and for that, the Gangrel find safety in numbers.

Nickname: Outlanders

Appearance: Functionality is the key to Gangrel presentation, and the Outlanders generally eschew blatant displays of wealth or comfort. Some Gangrel choose thus because they're so poor that they don't own anything other than the clothes on their back. Others simply realize that the one who attracts all the attention soon attracts *negative* attention. Jeans and loose khakis, fatigues and desert styles, denim, flannel and T-shirts are often the extent of a Gangrel's wardrobe. Hygiene varies, especially among the anarchs, but when it comes down to the difference between showering as one rises for the night and *not* having to deal with someone commenting on the Gangrel's overly hirsute body, practicality moves to the forefront.

Haven: Gangrel often take their havens where they can find them. When sustenance is plentiful, some Gangrel prefer to take refuge in the ground, while others tend to cling to the mortal desires of having a roof over one's head and structural protection from sunlight and the elements. Gangrel anarchs don't have the same degree of rural rusticity with which others stereotype their clan, however, and urban parks, gardens and even (in a pinch) planters at malls or plazas can provide convenient temporary havens. This is perhaps one of the greatest assets that the Gangrel wield, and why

they make such effective guerrilla soldiers for the movement: The Outlanders can literally hide, escape or take haven almost anywhere underfoot.

Background: Most Gangrel hail from unsophisticated origins, or are otherwise predisposed to disregarding public opinion when it's most pragmatic. Any ethnicity is appropriate, as is practically any financial background. Among the anarchs, Gangrel tend toward the physically capable and hardy, possibly implying a history in sports, survivalism, agriculture or even homelessness. The clan as a whole doesn't often ruminate at great length when selecting childer, and many childer are made accidentally, so exceptions abound. The Gangrel are probably the broadest anarch clan, speaking demographically.

Character Creation: Again, blue-collar and physical concepts are best suited to Gangrel, but anomalies exist. Physical Abilities are almost always primary; Social Abilities are almost always tertiary. Talents, because of their raw nature, are often primary Ability groups, with the more organic Skills following at a close second. Allies and animal or urban-poor Herds are really the only common Backgrounds, though Generation is popular in Europe and points eastward. (Nothing is outright unheard of among Gangrel anarchs.) Especially as they age, many Gangrel move away from Humanity and adopt more bestial ethical codes, such as the Sabbat's Path of the Feral Heart and the almost extinct Path of Harmony.

Clan Disciplines: Animalism, Fortitude, Protean

Weaknesses: Political affiliation has no effect on the Gangrel; they remain in touch with their inner Beasts. When a Gangrel frenzies, he acquires some animalistic trait, such as a pronounced muzzle, faceted insectile eyes or scaly flesh. Players should work with Storytellers to determine which animal feature is appropriate for their characters. Every five features so acquired reduces one of the Gangrel's Social Attributes (also decided upon by the player and Storyteller) by one permanently.

Organization: While they are not as fractious as the Brujah, the Gangrel are certainly disorganized. This disorganization results rarely so much from mutual enmity as it does from simple, feral territoriality, however. Indeed, some Gangrel anarchs and autarkis in the Old World exist as no more than monstrous forces of nature, bestial creatures that rise to feed on blood, and woe take any prince who claims that his domain encompasses theirs. In North America, Gangrel are usually younger than these horrors but no more receptive to the intrusions of others. Few clans other than the Gangrel have so readily taken to the pack mentality that the modern nights sometimes engender in the usually solitary Kindred.

Quote: *Did you really come all this way just to have me hand your skin to you? This is my domain, understand? Now get out of here before you become another notch in that tree's bark.*

Stereotypes

Camarilla: So much noise and effort; so little point.

Sabbat: At least they acknowledge what they are. What they are isn't pleasant, but they don't hide it behind layers of pretense.

Anarchs: So long as they realize that I'm the alpha, they're welcome to rest at my haven. But they'd better not bring any high-talking sheriffs to the den.

Lasombra

By no means many, the sheer presence of the Lasombra among the anarchs is one that surprises many Cainites, regardless of sect. According to those few Lasombra who support the anarchs, they are the true legacy of the clan's diablerie centuries ago. Since the formation of the Sabbat, the Lasombra of that sect have become exactly what they had reviled in their own elders. They are abusive, manipulative bastards who would gladly stab their own mothers in the back for an extra draught of vitae. The Lasombra who truly shook off their elders' shackles, who purportedly slew their progenitor and remained autonomous in the wake of the traitor Gratiano's descent into the depths of the Sabbat — these are the modern anarch Lasombra, to hear them tell the tale.

Of course, the Lasombra of the Sabbat will have none of it, treating the Lasombra anarchs with even less civility than their *antitribu*. That any Lasombra would step outside the glorious, black legacy of the clan is an insult. And it is an insult that the Lasombra anarchs are only too proud to provide. They see little difference between the Camarilla and the Sabbat. They insist that only the trappings differ and that both sects are ordered by debased, privileged cowards who operate from behind shadows and order their childer to be devoured by each other's war machines, much as they fed their childer into the fires of the Inquisition in years past.

Lasombra anarchs are much like Ventrue anarchs — anomalies in the subsect, largely mistrusted, yet undeniably valuable with the assets that are so rare among the revolutionaries. Of course, some suggest that the Lasombra anarchs simply picked the wrong side, having wanted to maintain independence after the Convention of Thorns, wanting to sup with neither the Tzimisce of the fledgling Camarilla. Without a doubt, the Lasombra anarchs display every bit of cunning and deception as they do among the Sabbat. However, they reason, they're using these qualities to the benefit of the Anarch Movement. It's not as if they're at the top of some luxuriously comfortable anarch hierarchy. In this, they're telling the truth, and the Lasombra anarchs muster every bit of fervor that they can to redistribute the wealth of the Kindred. But, detractors speak up again, to whom would they distribute the resources? The Lasombra maintain that they want the same equilibration of opportunity as all anarchs. Until that night comes, however, their fellow anarchs will never be sure.

Among a few other clans, Lasombra are often idealists in the cause, or plotters, planners and other thinkers of anarch philosophies. When the time comes to silence speaking tongues and jump into the fray, though, the Lasombra anarchs are not afraid of conflict, which even their critics cannot speak against.

Nickname: Keepers

Appearance: Hearkening to their origins as dark nobility, the Lasombra anarchs prefer tasteful clothes and subtle displays of their wealth and breeding. Despite being aristocrats in exile, they are aristocrats nonetheless, and they comport themselves with refinement and dignity. Still, they are modern as well. An anarch Lasombra is more likely to be dressed in a bespoke suit than anachronistic robes of state. Many have features and skin tones that recall their Spanish, North African and (more modern) Mexican ancestry.

Haven: Lasombra are rare outside Sabbat cities, and they are the first to admit in those Sabbat cities that part of the anarch modus operandi is the community haven. Cynics suggest that they merely wish to put as many bodies between themselves and their parent clan as possible, but the Lasombra feel that they're exhibiting the ultimate in esprit de corps. They usually have the money for well-appointed, private havens, but they don't wish to set themselves apart from their fellow anarchs. The truth of the matter is likely somewhere in the pragmatic center of that spectrum, but the Keepers do, indeed, share communal havens, often being instrumental in selecting locations. After all, just because one requires secrecy doesn't mean one requires squalor.

Background: Lasombra anarchs are often connected to noble or prominent Old World families, if only distantly. Despite the fact that they're anarchs, the Lasombra still select childer with discretion. Whether they are of aristocratic or professional stock, most of those Embraced into the clan have faced some degree of adversity — and overcome it — at one point in their lives. This proves to the Lasombra that their potential progeny can face challenges and rise to the occasion.

Character Creation: White-collar, luxurious and even minor governmental occupations usually characterize Lasombra anarch concepts. Social Attributes are often primary, with Mental Attributes following shortly behind. Talents and Knowledges are equally valuable, as someone with proper Skills can usually be found to handle any job that requires it. Likely Backgrounds include Allies, Retainers, Resources and Herd. Mentor is actually a point of especial pride among anarch Lasombra, who consider their interpretation of the clan legacy to be proudly correct, as well as Generation (as most Lasombra anarchs are descended from the original anarchs of the revolt) and Status (which reflects their esteem among normally skeptical fellows).

Stereotypes

Camarilla: Pomp, circumstance and little else.

Sabbat: Proof that no matter how lofty the ideal, Kindred nature reflects human nature and will ultimately sell its principles unless watched closely.

Anarchs: Although the flame may flicker, those with passion can keep the fire alive.

Clan Disciplines: Dominate, Obtenebration, Potence

Weaknesses: In addition to the undying hatred that the Sabbat Lasombra bear for them, the anarch Lasombra have the same supernatural absence from mirrors and reflective surfaces as all Keepers. That is, they don't appear on mirrors, reflections on windows or pools of water, photographs that use reflection as a method of capturing images, et cetera.

In addition, the Lasombra's inherent connection to darkness makes them susceptible to particularly bright light. They suffer an additional health level of damage when exposed to sunlight.

Organization: The Lasombra members of the anarchs take great pains so as not to exclude other anarchs from their activities, but the Kindred are creatures of habit. Despite there being relatively few Keepers among the anarchs, those who have joined the cause often know each other, keep in touch, visit occasionally and confer on matters of personal taste. They often discuss history, tactics, the state of the Anarch Movement and anything else that they may have personally in common. Lasombra anarchs are social creatures, and they go to great lengths to keep the honor and distinction (often mistaken for exclusivity) of their clan vital, even into the modern nights.

Quote: *I trust that your companions know you are here? No? Good.*

Malkavian

It is typically folly to make generalizations concerning the deranged Kindred of Clan Malkavian, but among the anarchs, certain things are true of them. More so than insane, anarch Malkavians are usually angry, resentful, bitter or cynical, and most are lucid enough to have rationally or emotionally joined the anarchs, as opposed to doing so on a whim or as a result of some inscrutable stimulus. This suits the anarchs fine. With their struggle on the line, they have little room to clean up after serial murderers, nurse regressive basket-cases or keep flesh-eating psychopaths on a short leash. The madness of Malkavian anarchs is more cerebral than neurotic. Their derangements affect them internally more than inspiring them to affect the external world.

Still, madness and zeal are not mutually exclusive. The unconventional wisdom of the Malkavians has helped the anarch outguess or confuse their enemies enough times to make the Anarch Movement consider them an asset. The Lunatics' uncanny knack of knowing where their Camarilla fellows are has turned the tide in favor of the anarchs more than once (though doubters in the revolution wonder if that knack works in reverse...). Even in ways that one doesn't usually consider when thinking of Malkavians, these Kindred have helped the anarchs plead their case, hide from foes and strike chilling madness into the minds of rivals.

The anarchs don't see the Malkavians as being above reproach, however. They have their liabilities. Because of the personal and melancholy (if not downright morose) nature of their derangements, the Malkavians are unreliable. In some cases, they cannot muster the will to fight or even to plan. They sometimes charge, unprepared, into pointless battles or abandon critical ones because something else demanded their attention. Regarded as a mixed blessing at best, the anarchs tolerate the Malkavians as a whole, hoping, in their rebellious fervor, that a few shining exemplars will make the sketchy whole worth suffering.

Malkavians often attach themselves to nomadic anarch packs, relying on the constant change of scenery to keep them focused enough on the outside world and safe from sinking into their own diseased minds. Most nomadic packs grudgingly accept Malkavians with the same dubious optimism that the anarchs as a whole maintain. After all, it's better to have a Malkavian's talents and not need them than to need them and not have him.

Nickname: Lunatics

Appearance: Withdrawn into their own morbid insanities, Malkavians often present themselves as they feel at the moment. A manic-depressive may wear vibrant colors one night and appear as a disheveled wreck on another, while a Malkavian plagued by fugues might not even remember to wear a shirt or put on a coat in the rain. Still others have internalized their madness to such a degree that it's not obvious that they suffer from any problems at all. Like most Malkavians, they are at their best when others don't know exactly what to expect from them, and they subtly encourage others to take them at face value, when they are, in fact, something far worse.

Haven: Malkavians often cannot be bothered with thinking about such things as havens. Some exceptionally pragmatic Lunatics have

some sort of plan when it comes to taking refuge for the day, but most are more than willing to settle in a communal haven, in a building's basement, in the trunk of a car or wherever else they will be safe from the rays of the sun. They aren't slobs, bums or vagrants, necessarily. Their minds are simply devoted to other things.

Background: Malkavians can come from almost any environment — their methods of Embrace aren't any more cogent than the madnesses that torment them. Most have suffered from or are close to suffering an insanity already at the point of Embrace, and the act of becoming a Kindred drives them over the edge. Quirky scholars, eccentric wealthy folk, even excessively stressed students — all have been Embraced to help the struggle of the Malkavian anarchs.

Character Creation: Any concept may be appropriate, as long as it isn't invalidated by a lingering and terminal insanity (although concepts may well be *challenged* by such insanity). Mental Attributes are almost always primary, with a notable few being exceptionally sociable or adroit. Aside from that, throw caution to the wind. What makes sense in a Malkavian's mind is an intensely personal thing, and he may have cultivated Abilities and Advantages to aid him in ways that more linear minds would never think to consider.

Clan Disciplines: Auspex, Dementation, Obfuscate

Note that a high proportion of anarchs failed to "catch" Dementation when it spread inexplicably through the clan in recent years, and most of these were anarchs at the time of the Discipline's propagation. For these Malkavians, Auspex, Dominate and Obfuscate are considered their clan Disciplines.

Weaknesses: Vampires of the Malkavian line all possess at least one incurable derangement (see **Vampire: The Masquerade**, p. 222). To some Malkavians, these derangements are gifts of the Blood, while, to others, they are ceaseless torments. When a player creates a Malkavian character, she should select a derangement for the character. That derangement is a permanent affliction. It can never be bought off, like other derangements acquired during a story. The player may spend Willpower to allow the character to control the derangement for a time, but that derangement is always going to be with the character.

Organization: Malkavians care little for organization and even less as anarchs. The tradition of pranking, inflicting cruel or humbling jokes on fellow Kindred, carries less status with anarch Malkavians unless the subject of the prank is a member of a rival sect. Like other Malkavians, the anarch Lunatics have a bizarre ability to come together, seemingly without direction or recognizable leaders, doing whatever incomprehensible thing it is they gathered to do and then going their separate ways. Indeed, this ability often transcends sect, and Malkavians of anarch, Camarilla and even Sabbat sympathies sometimes congregate for their own purposes. Malkavian organization is seemingly something of an oxymoron, for which many Kindred, anarch or otherwise, are quietly thankful.

Quote: *Oh, man. I can see inside your head, and let me tell you, I'm glad I'm blind, because you've got some seriously sick shit stored up in there. No, wait, that's me. Sorry to bother you. Now give me back my car keys.*

Stereotypes

Camarilla: Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly. *But the entomologist has a big fucking flyswatter!*

Sabbat: I've heard of a hive mind before, but they're trying to make a hive soul, and all they're succeeding at is a hive problem.

Anarchs: When the world gives you lemons, make lemonade. But don't drink it, because you don't know where those lemons have been.

Nosferatu

Assuming that the movement is successful, the Nosferatu have the most to gain from associating with the anarchs. Reviled almost universally outside the cause and even treated distastefully from within, the Nosferatu's social difficulties will matter far less than they do tonight if the Kindred social order is to be replaced by a quasi-government.

To that end, many Nosferatu have joined the anarchs, hoping with guarded optimism that they'll be able to make a change that betters their lot. Young Nosferatu among the anarchs are fervent, heady with this idealism, while more experienced Nosferatu have become bitter about the matter and secretly despair that their night will never come. Still the Nosferatu press onward with the rebellion, since it's better than the alternative, and so many have burned bridges in grand gestures of defiance that their only other recourse is to go autarkis.

Despite their ugliness, though, the Nosferatu enjoy a position of esteem among the anarchs, as they make excellent soldiers, talented logisticians and unparalleled spies. Their great strength allows them to face down the toughest of foes. Their knowledge of sewer tunnels and city secrets enables them to move anarchs secretly through the city. Their skills at hiding themselves can veritably put them in the prince's chambers when policy is made. This is why the Nosferatu stay with the anarchs even after the initial pessimism and sense of futility takes hold. They're damn good at helping anarchs.

Still, being an anarch isn't all pounding on Tremere apprentices and sneaking through the sheriff's blockades. Knowing this, the Nosferatu have become the sort of *de facto* historians, loremasters and sages of the subsect. Their talents for acquiring information aid them in this endeavor, and their earnest desire to bring about change encourages them help however they can. Most strategic operations at least consult with a Nosferatu advisor, and only the most hot-headed of gang bosses would plan an attack without checking up on the current affairs of the city. In this role, the Nosferatu are repositories of knowledge, which they share somewhat more freely with their sectmates than those outside the Anarch Movement.

Their best efforts aside, however, the Nosferatu aren't completely trusted, and this concern is more than a little warranted. Like the Nosferatu of the Camarilla and Sabbat, sect is only rarely the primary focus of Nosferatu unlife. Like the other Sewer Rats, anarch Nosferatu often keep in contact with members of their clan from the rival sects, and those who find this out often hold the information over the Nosferatu's heads.

Nickname: Sewer Rats

Appearance: As with all Nosferatu, the Embrace twists them into hideous, misshapen things conjured from nightmare. Their

faces contort into monstrous grins, their bodies warp, and their limbs turn in on themselves or distend painfully from their sides. As such, Nosferatu rarely keep up with fashion, instead choosing to hide their blighted bodies with whatever garb best keeps them covered. Filthy cassocks, tattered robes and rotten rags all serve to hide the finer details of the Nosferatu curse from offended eyes.

Haven: Many Nosferatu keep to the sewers, thus earning their sobriquet. A surprising number actually remain parts of existing Nosferatu warrens, nests and clutches. The other Nosferatu seem not to mind; what someone does with his own time is his own business. Others prefer solitude, and build their own lairs far from any potential visitors' paths. Such havens include lofts beneath bridges, poorly secured public facilities like zoos and aquariums, and even the access tunnels of sports venues or concert halls. A few join their packs in communal havens, but this rarely lasts long unless the pack is particularly tolerant of stench and filth.

Background: Nosferatu anarchs are usually Embraced from among the seedier side of society: criminals, the insane, derelicts and other undesirables. Every once in a while a particularly promising childe is taken out of spite so that the cruel sire can watch the Nosferatu curse destroy any potential the childe had. Many Nosferatu also Embrace pragmatically. For example, a spy may choose a computer prodigy, who could teach him the art of digital surveillance.

Character Creation: Any concept may work for a Nosferatu anarch, but most have solitary or outcast sorts of concepts. Physical or Mental Attributes are primary, depending on what the Nosferatu finds himself doing most often. Most Nosferatu anarchs value Skills first, though Knowledges serve the Sewer Rats in their capacity as historians and specialists. Contacts, (animal) Retainers and perhaps a Herd of vermin are all appropriate Backgrounds, while Fame, Status, Influence, Resources and Allies are almost unheard of. Few Nosferatu even bother allocating freebies to their Backgrounds.

Stereotypes

Camarilla: Yeah... these motherfuckers have the nerve to call *me* ugly. Just look at the black little hearts they hide beneath all that dead flesh.

Sabbat: Whoo. I guess this just goes to show you there's worse ideas than you could imagine yourself.

Anarchs: Hope against hope, baby. We're going to make this thing work if it kills you — er, us. I meant us.

Clan Disciplines: Animalism, Obfuscate, Potence

Weaknesses: Debilitating deformities leave all Nosferatu with an Appearance Trait of 0. They may never improve this score over the course of a chronicle without some exceptional means. Most social interactions — excepting intimidation and similar efforts — fail automatically.

Organization: Among the anarchs, Nosferatu confer with each other often, as much out of a sense of alienation as the need to share information. As mentioned before, many keep close ties to Sewer Rats outside the sect as well. Within the context of the anarchs, Nosferatu esteem for their fellows comes from reputation gained in service to the cause as well as clever or brilliant suggestions made for others to carry out. Most anarch Nosferatu truly want to rebuild Kindred society, and any evidence that they will be successful earns the Kindred in question great accolades.

Quote: *I try* [splat] *and I try* [thud] *and I try* [crack]... *oops. I think I tried too hard that time.*

Ravnos

Most Ravnos don't care to involve themselves with the anarchs. As an independent clan, and one that has recently suffered a near annihilation of its membership, the Ravnos have other concerns than reforming the Camarilla. Some Ravnos have found new purpose among the anarchs, however, and have recently joined the cause out of a desire to make something happen in the modern nights. They know all too well what lurks in the Kindred's past and future. Others who are not so altruistic gain a sense of nihilism in the Final Nights and ride the coattails of the Anarch Movement to seize whatever they can for themselves before the night of Gehenna finally comes.

As might be expected, most Ravnos among the anarchs prefer a nomadic existence. Moving from city to city, they relish the chance to take what they can from unlife and leave without consequence. Settling down would make them ultimately responsible for their actions, and with the limit they feel has been placed on their time, that's a luxury they don't have.

The Ravnos predominantly serve as scouts, spies and evangelists. Few actually care about the politics of the sect or the nature of the movement's desired changes, but they overcome this apathy with stirring speeches and exhortations of a society unfettered by stagnant chains of tradition. Their political philosophies, when they have them, usually fall toward the more liberal and less structured end of the pseudo-governmental model. The Ravnos anarchs count among their number few totalitarians, favoring anarchism more often than anything else.

The full age range of Ravnos can be found among the anarchs. Even though very few elders of the clan survived the recent waking of the terrible creature that plagued their ranks with a fatal blood-rage, many of those rare Kindred who did survive looked for safety in numbers wherever they could find it, and the anarchs were much less particular about the pasts of the refugees who would join them. It's by no means a comfortable unlife for these elders, but most see it as a way to hedge their bets. Of the ancillae and neonates who joined the Anarch Movement, they have done a fair job of keeping their reputation as rogues and scoundrels. The individual himself remains first and foremost in the anarch Ravnos' mind, and everything else is merely a trapping that he must adopt to protect himself in these times of danger.

Nickname: Deceivers

Appearance: At an informal glance, the members of Clan Ravnos among the anarchs have much less of an ethnic identity than they did in the past. While the archetypal Gypsy Ravnos may be found here and there along with their Indian and North African cultural forebears, those are usually the Deceivers who have made a place for themselves elsewhere and don't need the protection of the anarch body. Most Ravnos anarchs are of European or American heritage, where the subsect

is strongest and their generation are so far removed from the progenitors of the clan that the tribal roots that defined the Ravnos in their first nights have all but vanished. It is a sad state of affairs for the Ravnos who join the anarchs. They are little more than mongrels and lost childer looking for anything to cling to.

Haven: Among the anarchs, especially as nomads, few Ravnos bother with permanent havens. They gladly stay anywhere that offers them shelter from the sun, whether in hotels if they have the money, in abandoned gas stations or farmhouses along the highway, or even under the open sky itself, so long as they have something — a sleeping bag, a tarp — to protect themselves. Other Ravnos tend to regard the Ravnos as insane, as they often take risks that Kindred with any sense of self-preservation avoids when selecting a haven, no matter how transient. Still, the Ravnos are on the move. They reason that undue time spent worrying about where one will while away his slumbering hours is a waste of a precious commodity here at the end of the Final Nights.

Background: Ravnos anarchs usually hail from society's castoffs, though this is less true of those who are closer to the Indian and "Gypsy" ethnic origins of the Ravnos. They favor people who exhibit cleverness, resilience, a certain zest for life and even a bit of wanderlust (although the Embrace usually instills this even if it didn't exist in them before). While they may seem flighty or even arbitrary to other Kindred in choosing childer, the Ravnos have a curious knack for selecting remarkably capable prospects. As the Ravnos often say, the Devil knows his own.

Character Creation: Nomadic, outsider, pariah and even criminal concepts all suit the Ravnos, as do the occasional devout ones, such as proselytizers and even men and women of faith. Social Attributes are usually primary, with Physical Attributes secondary. Talents and Skills serve the Ravnos anarchs equally, with little attention paid to Knowledges outside the Ravnos' area of specialty. Concerning Backgrounds, Resources are usually quite high or quite low, reflecting profitable deals, accumulated hoards or hard times, respectively. Mentor is almost out of the question, as is Status. Significant investments in Generation are rare, though Allies, Contacts, Retainers and even a bit of Fame are appropriate, representing people the Ravnos has met or exploits he has undertaken on the road.

Stereotypes

Camarilla: A paper tiger; an empty shell. Go ahead, you fools, and pretend you don't know the end is coming. I'm at least going to fiddle while Rome burns.

Sabbat: I swear, if I didn't know how fucked up in the head these guys were, I'd almost blame them for intentionally waking the monsters that want to eat the world.

Anarchs: The polemics are tedious, but at least we're doing something about the situation.

Clan Disciplines: Animalism, Chimerstry, Fortitude

Weaknesses: No strangers to vice, the Ravnos anarchs have and continue to oblige their own personal indulgences, often more so as the fin-de-siècle social climate of their world makes them ever less concerned with the repercussions of doing what they want. Every Ravnos player must, at the time of character creation, select a particular vice for the character, such as lying, theft, deception, gambling, et cetera. The character will seek to indulge that vice at every opportunity, and the player must succeed in a Self-Control roll (difficulty 6) if the character wishes to deny the urge when it presents itself.

Organization: Ironically, joining the anarchs has given the Ravnos an increased degree of organization and esteem for each other. While they're still wary of each other and other Kindred, knowing what they're capable of, the Ravnos anarchs have a sense of camaraderie in the modern nights, counting themselves as survivors of a great reckoning. While little in the way of a formal hierarchy exists, Ravnos anarchs often relish the chance to discuss their escapades with others of their clan, and they generally take solace in the appearance of other survivors like themselves.

Quote: *It's times like this when you have to ask yourself, "Is it better to regret something you've done or regret not having done it?" I know what my answer is always going to be.*

Toreador

High society and an appreciation for beauty doesn't usually find a way into the conversation when one is discussing the anarchs, and, as such, the Toreador contribution to the Anarch Movement is minor. When the Toreador do join the anarchs, however, it represents a significant step for them. In effect, when they turn their backs on the traditional comforts their clan enjoys, they're cutting themselves off forever from the aspect of society that Toreador know best. That being the case, Toreador don't join the anarchs haphazardly. Those who do count themselves among the ranks that truly feel the calling.

As part of the anarchs, the Toreador most often find themselves acting as diplomats and liaisons. The Toreador are able to plead the anarchs' case in places into which most anarchs would have difficulty being invited, much less stating their ideals in a manner that the hosts didn't find inappropriate. Toreador anarchs can round up support from liberal socialites, both Kindred and kine, and they can convey the anarchs' platforms with a grace that the less mannered supporters of the cause can't imagine. The Toreador understand, as do wise anarchs, that for change to happen, it must occur at all levels of society. While it's fine and good to rally the disenfranchised Kindred in the streets, those who hold the power always have the option of ignoring them. Such is the nature of power, and the Toreador anarchs do their best to represent their concerns in these arenas.

Rowdier and less savvy anarchs often gibe the Toreador members of the movement, but only the densest fails to appreciate what they do. The Toreador take great pleasure in this, knowing that without access to the halls of power, the anarchs may as well just pick fights among themselves for all the good it would do them. For this reason, the Toreador anarchs sometimes have an air of hauteur about them. The truth, of course, is somewhere in between. If the anarchs ever become so angry that open revolt is the only option, no amount of smooth talking is going to let the prince keep his head. Toreador anarchs are the Kindred who make sure that bloodless diplomacy is possible, that the anarchs can take concessions without threatening the Masquerade and that the anarch cause can progress in steps rather than massive, sweeping, unmanageable coups.

Nickname: Degenerates

Appearance: Even at their most dedicated, Toreador seem a bit out of sorts among the anarchs. They're too pretty for such a motley crowd, too refined for such rough company. To counteract this notice, many Toreador consciously "slum," dressing down so as not to embarrass their anarch compatriots. Doing so often won't withstand close scrutiny, however, as the Toreador's tastes make themselves evident in brand names, quality and even hygiene. While it might be acceptable for the Brujah and Gangrel to have dirt beneath their fingernails, only a Toreador who has completely written off her clan's legacy would entertain the thought. Other anarchs sometimes mock the Toreador for this, calling them pretty boys and daddy's girls, but the Toreador themselves often weather this treatment as a sort of twisted compliment.

Haven: Toreador anarchs prefer to maintain their own havens. Only truly grave situations will find a Toreador staying at a communal haven for any length of time. They usually favor havens that allow them to lead a quality of unlife that they enjoyed before joining the anarchs. As they reason, what good does it do them to deprive themselves of what they can afford? Such havens include trendy lofts, well-appointed condominiums and even hereditary holdings such as estates (where revels can be held away from prying eyes) and summer homes. It's all a bit poncey for some anarchs, but no one said that the struggle had to be carried on in discomfort.

Background: Toreador anarchs don't ignore what they find pleasant when searching for new childer. Even those who are already anarchs and looking for a candidate for progeny often select those progeny from wealthy or socially prominent groups. Ethnicity and wealth are less important than social standing, however, and the Toreador anarchs suggest that Embracing esteemed childer is akin to having celebrities speak out in favor of the anarch cause. There's some truth to this, certainly, but many anarchs dismiss statements such as these with a roll of the eyes. Toreador anarchs are (usually) less guilty of the habit of Embracing people solely because of their beauty, but it happens on occasion — usually with the result of the childe finding her way into the Camarilla.

Character Creation: Concepts tend toward the socialite, white-collar and even aristocratic ends of the spectrum, unless some aspect of a less-fortunate individual strikes the sire as useful or even beautiful. Social Attributes most frequently come first, though Physical Attributes sometimes edge them out, especially among the anarchs. Individual Abilities are more important than broad groupings of potential, and Toreador anarchs are often apt with a variety of Abilities. Ever the social creatures, Toreador often possess appreciable levels of Allies, Contacts, Influence, Resources and even a little bit of Fame and Retainers.

Clan Disciplines: Auspex, Celerity, Presence

Weaknesses: Toreador are easily enraptured by objects and situations of beauty. Any time a Toreador is confronted with a smell, sight, sound or any sensory stimulus that she finds beautiful, she may become distracted and even lost in it. This stimulus can be a song, a performance, an individual, a blazing fire — anything that, for whatever reason, takes the Toreador's fancy. When faced with something of this nature, the Toreador's player must roll Self-Control (difficulty 6). A failure indicates that the character is utterly entranced by the beauty, which can prove dangerous. Tales abound of Toreador becoming so stricken with the beauty of a sunrise that they gaze at it even as it burns them to ashes or so ensorcelled by a piece of music that a rival can literally lead them to destruction like a wicked pied piper.

Organization: The Toreador pecking order is preserved among the anarchs, with those Camarilla Toreador who are not part of the movement carrying as much weight as they ever did. Indeed, for the Toreador, clan overlaps with the needs of the subsect. Toreador anarchs still find themselves invited to parties, salons and other affairs, and they are often curiosities there, not unlike a foreign national at a stately dinner would be. The Toreador don't ostracize themselves from society when matters such as anarch membership arise. After all, the intent is to change the Camarilla from the inside, which can't be done if the anarchs remove themselves from Kindred society. Non-anarch Toreador often snub those members of their clan who proclaim anarch loyalties openly, but some secretly (or not so secretly) admire them for making such a bold and contentious statement of their principles.

Quote: *Laugh if you want, but when you wake one night to find your lackeys gone, your money in someone else's hands and your childer standing closer to you than you're comfortable with, you won't think the joke's so funny anymore.*

Stereotypes

Camarilla: Like a diamond, it is more beautiful when the flaws have been cut out.

Sabbat: They are the punch line to an especially tasteless joke.

Anarchs: Desperate times call for desperate measures. If only the movement weren't so coarse.

Tremere

The pyramid of responsibility and secrecy that supports the Tremere clan leaves little room for self-avowed revolutionaries. In addition, Clan Tremere's insular nature engenders suspicion in and of itself, which hasn't earned it any allies or encouraged people to trust it. For those desperate, wretched few Tremere who want to change the system, the struggle is many times more difficult than it is for others. Other Kindred are allowed a little room to rebel and rock the boat. For the Tremere, the pyramid's foundations resist such turbulence. The hierarchy has no room for radicals. Trusted minimally by fellow anarchs, persecuted as liabilities by their clan, the unlife of a Tremere anarch is challenging, indeed.

It does happen, however. Despite its pyramidal structure, Clan Tremere is made up of individual Kindred, and sometimes that individuality gets in the way of the greater structure. These Kindred go rogue, extracting themselves from the pyramid and bringing their rare and considerable talents to the anarchs. Tremere are a mixed blessing to the anarchs. While they bring assets not found in any other clan to the cause, they also bring the resentment and attention of one of the most powerful clans in the modern nights down on the heads of their fellow anarchs. For this reason, some Tremere are even driven out of the ranks of the anarchs; the erstwhile rebel is simply too much for the besieged movement to handle. These Kindred are then left with no place to go, having abandoned their patron and been abandoned by the group to which they fled.

Those Tremere who do find a place among the anarchs can do great things for it. Their blood magic offers previously unavailable tactics and potential to the anarchs. They are usually gifted scholars who are able to research their rivals by means both mundane and magical. They can even the odds on the battlefield, turn up critical secrets and fortify the anarchs' own defenses.

In short, they are often abused as tools. Adding to the alienation of being a Tremere anarch is the lingering

feeling that many have that they're not regarded as anarchs, but rather as weapons that the anarchs can wield. Their ideas are often dismissed, and other anarchs condescend to them. This treatment can seriously disillusion a Tremere who fervently believes in the anarch cause. As such, most Tremere anarchs are young. They eventually escape the movement and go autarkis, die during some conflict or, more often, find themselves targets of assassination attempts by paranoid elders of their clan.

Nickname: Warlocks

Appearance: Most Tremere anarchs leave behind the trappings of their occult society, preferring instead more casual clothes and street gear. Many are young and have a surprising ability to keep up with mortal trends. Many also prefer ostentatious displays of their rebellion, dressing outlandishly to shock the conservative sensibilities of their parent clan. Tattoos, piercings, scarification and the like are common among Tremere anarchs, which their undead bodies return to normal each day so that they may make another expression of their rejection of traditional Tremere values the next night.

Haven: Anarch Tremere often have difficulty finding a haven situation that suits them. Many still keep up their studies of Thaumaturgy, which requires libraries, laboratories and other very specific accoutrements. At the same time, Tremere anarchs seek the safety in numbers that communal havens afford, to better protect them from clan vendetta and the ire of Kindred who think a rogue Warlock is an asset that the anarchs shouldn't have. Almost all anarch Tremere have to sacrifice one for the other, and it's a matter of personal taste or paranoia that wins out in the end.

Background: Tremere anarchs usually have some aspect of their personality that their sire overlooked but which virtually guaranteed that the childe would have trouble in the hierarchy. It can be as simple as a disregard for authority or as subtle as a fundamental disagreement on the ethics of the clan or blood magic. Tremere anarchs need not be young in a mortal sense, but they have rarely been Kindred for long before jumping ship and espousing the movement.

Character Creation: Concepts, Natures and Demeanors for Tremere anarchs often reflect either selfishness or an inability to work within someone else's parameters. As usual, Mental Abilities are almost always primary, as are Knowledges. Backgrounds are spotty at best, representing the fact that not only has the Tremere been cut off from mortal society by dint of his Embrace, but also cut off from the benefits of the Tremere hierarchy. Freebie points usually go toward Abilities or Disciplines, the better to help the anarch take care of himself in a very hostile environment.

Stereotypes

Camarilla: Too rigid. We're Kindred, not ciphers or entries in some elder's ledger.

Sabbat: One of the few good things I learned as part of the pyramid was never to deal with the Devil.

Anarchs: What's you guys' God-damned problem?

Clan Disciplines: Auspex, Dominate, Thaumaturgy

Weaknesses: If the Tremere was Embraced into the clan before joining the anarchs, he has the standard Tremere weakness of having tasted the vitae of the clan's potent Inner Council. This starts him with an automatic first step toward a blood bond to the elders, which is often the source of much misery for an anarch.

Additionally, Tremere vitae itself carries a predilection for subservience to the clan's elders. The difficulty of Dominate attempts by elder Tremere or those of higher hierarchical ranks — even though the anarch has scorned them — is one lower than what would normally be required.

If the anarch was Embraced by another anarch, he still has this second weakness but not the first.

While the Tremere aren't automatically predisposed to hate and hunt and kill anarchs of their clan, there is certainly no love lost on the scurrilous bastards. Tremere dealing with their anarchs are almost unbelievably harsh.

Organization: Tremere are too rare among the anarch ranks to have any real organization, and many of them rankled under the hierarchy to begin with, so their numbers are lax by default. They often take the comfort of the persecuted when they meet others of their kind, however, and they may share secrets and knowledge with each other more readily than other Tremere. The main philosophy behind this practice is that the Tremere have no need to compete with each other outside the pyramid, so they can use all the help they can get against their numerous enemies.

Quote: *Hey, don't blame me. I'm doing the best I can. I left the chantry before I mastered this ritual, so I'm just sort of making it up as I go along.*

Ventrue

As the cornerstone of the Camarilla, the Ventrue have great pride, and the mere consideration that their esteemed childer might take issue with their traditional monopoly of wealth and power incenses them. In fact, it is just this iron-handed grip on power that drives many of the Ventrue anarchs into the ranks of the movement. Overbearing sires can stultify even their own childer. If the Ventrue's progeny are never given a chance to claim influences of their own, if they are held back by greedy or resentful sires, what is that childe's unlife but a trophy for his sire and a prison for himself?

Ventrue anarchs are more common than one might think, largely as a result of limited resources in the modern nights having been all but claimed by the existing Kindred elders. Of all Kindred, the Ventrue anarchs probably have the most historically consistent motivations for supporting the Anarch Movement. Chafing under their elders' supervision or restraint, Ventrue anarchs want to redistribute the power among Kindred so that they might finally have a taste of what their sires hold just out of reach before them. Arguably, the existing power structure is most frustrating of all to the Ventrue who join the anarchs, as the fruits of Kindred machination loom forever before them, possessed by a sire but unattainable to them. They can smell the bounty before them but they can't grasp it. Unashamed, the Ventrue anarchs proclaim their ambition as their reason. They want what the others have, and if the anarchs play their cards right, they can have it, too.

Like the Toreador anarchs, Ventrue anarchs have access to levels of society that most anarchs don't. In addition to being diplomats, Ventrue anarchs often act as tacticians, statesmen and organizers of the cause. Like warlords of classical civilizations, they step forward to lead the ranks of the anarchs when open conflict is the order of the night. They are equally adept at negotiation, planning and treachery, never hesitating to turn a rival's flaw to their own advantage. While some are bitter and cynical at their treatment, others turn their passion toward brilliant tact, making deals and bettering the anarchs' position.

While they might not find themselves barred from polite society, most Ventrue anarchs have surely earned their sires' and elders' enmity. After all, how could such spoiled childer possibly take issue with the privilege that their august clan provides for them?

Nickname: Aristocrats

Appearance: Anarch Ventrue still favor finery and comfort, as they usually have the means to afford it. They don't often make any attempts to hide their affluence from other anarchs. Rare is the Ventrue who "tones down" his mien or affects the stereotypical accouterments of rebellion. A few do, but these largely *are* the overindulged childer their sires accuse them of being, consorting with anarchs for the sake of attention alone. For the most part, the anarchs take to their roles of loyal opposition with zeal, dressing for success

at the negotiating table and commanding the respect of their fellow anarchs.

Haven: When displays of solidarity are important, a Ventrue anarch may make his haven with fellows in some communal location. Usually, however, Ventrue prefer their own havens, where they can have time to think to themselves, study the details of their power struggle and enjoy what comforts they have claimed for themselves. Such havens include lavish apartments, penthouse suites and other staples of privilege.

Background: Ventrue typically Embrace those of comfortable but ambitious backgrounds. The clan as a whole is mostly made up of white males, but occasionally, someone else "makes the cut," and these are often the Ventrue who defect to the ranks of the anarchs, being disillusioned with the true natures of their sires.

Character Creation: Ventrue anarchs often have concepts related to professionalism or leadership. Natures and Demeanors are often direct, varying from the regal to the motivational to the positively overbearing. Mental and Social Attributes are equally important, and if one is not primary, it is usually secondary. Talents and Knowledges, likewise, are of equal value. Backgrounds are of great value to the Ventrue anarchs, as they allow them to carry on the struggle with more than their own wits.

Clan Disciplines: Dominate, Fortitude, Presence

Weaknesses: The Ventrue tastes are just as refined among Ventrue anarchs as they are with the main line of the clan. At character creation, the player chooses a particular quality. Thereafter, that quality must be present in any vessel from whom the Ventrue feeds. Examples include redheads, people of a particular nationality, the Ventrue's own mortal lineage or even animals. Even if he is starving, a Ventrue will not feed on vessels who don't match his tastes. Ventrue may consume the vitae of Kindred normally, however.

Organization: Among the anarchs, Ventrue are exceedingly well organized, even observing customs and traditions of their parent clan as long as they don't perpetuate the abuses of the Camarilla system against which they struggle. Ventrue correspond frequently and at length, discussing tactics, trading secrets and exchanging favors. The Ventrue often take it upon themselves to organize other members of the Anarch Movement, as well, which is sometimes met with less enthusiasm than the Ventrue expect for their sacrifices.

Quote: *I may have been Embraced with a silver spoon in my mouth, but that doesn't make the shit I'm being fed taste any better.*

Stereotypes

Camarilla: Outdated, unwieldy and given to validating its own excesses. It's time for a more modern way of doing things.

Sabbat: This is what the Camarilla has the potential to turn into if it doesn't put its priorities in line.

Anarchs: A willing soldier is far, far better than no soldier at all when a war needs to be won.

At the Head of the Mob

Not counting the anarchs themselves, only two sorts of Kindred really exist: those who have no clue what the anarchs are about, and those who *think* they understand the Anarch Movement but don't.

Suggest to either type that the anarchs might possess any sort of structured hierarchy, and you'll either be scoffed at or laughed out of Elysium (or possibly dismissed as a particularly bothersome Malkavian). Those who see the anarchs merely as wild and violent youth believe that the very notion of leadership beyond the "pack" level is a foreign concept to them, that they wouldn't even know how to set up such a governing body if they wanted to. Others, with pretensions of comprehension, are quite convinced that the movement *could* organize itself, but that it never *would*. They mistake the anarchs' hatred of the current system for a hatred of all systems.

Nothing could be further from the truth. While the Anarch Movement boasts more than its share of mindless, Molotov-hurling hellraisers, most of its members understand that they're struggling for something more, that they're trying to remove the status quo to make room for a better structure, not merely to level the field. And any organization with a purpose, any population that hopes to expand and ward off its enemies and rivals, requires real leadership.

Even when a sizable chunk of that population doesn't want it.

Because of the need for subtlety, to protect the anarchs both from accusations of hypocrisy from without and rebellious uprisings from within, few of the movement's offices are titled as such. Of all the titles bestowed, most are informal, and few relate to offices that actually hold any sway over the common Kindred.

Baron

This is actually the only universal title currently used by the Anarch Movement, with regard to the political arena. By its simplest definition, a baron is simply the Anarch Movement's equivalent of a prince. The anarchs — or at least, those anarchs smart enough to have gained some experience without winding up on the wrong end of a stake or a sunrise — know that any territory with even a modest Kindred population requires someone to moderate it.

Even here, perception is everything. The choice of the term "baron" is no accident. In a feudal society, a king is all-powerful, a prince only slightly less so. A baron, however, is much more of a local lord, a landowner — someone who may govern the people below him, but can hardly be said to hold supreme power. The title was selected precisely because it is, in connotation, far less absolute than the title of prince.

(Some few among the anarchs argue that any hint of a feudal society is inappropriate, and that the administrative title really ought to be more along the lines of governor, president or something else equally modern. The elders of the sect put their foot down on that matter, however. Their official reasoning is that such titles "lacked dignity," but the real reason is to avoid confusion with mortal offices and institutions. Many elder anarchs don't really have the highest degree of faith in the intelligence of some of the younger members.)

Who the Hell Are *You* Supposed to Be?

On a functional level, the Anarch Movement has Kindred fulfilling most official functions recognized by the Camarilla proper. That is, barons have their advisors and enforcers, they're often guided by a council of their peers, some of them even have a standing coterie of bruisers and investigators for police and military duty.

None of these offices and positions appear in the list of titles below, however. The anarch leaders may have such offices, and a large portion of the subsect may recognize the need for them, but that doesn't mean they're going to admit to the rest of the Kindred world — or even to their own population — that they exist.

It's all about perception. A baron (or any other anarch muckety-muck) who appears to resemble the Camarilla establishment too closely is going to loose the support of his sectmates at best, and may find himself besieged by a gang of his more violent associates at worst. You may be Baron Roper's sheriff in all but name, but you'd damn well better introduce yourself as the baron's "associate." The anarch leaders know full well that a large portion of their support comes from young, hotheaded Licks who haven't yet learned that there's more to unlife than burning shit down. Until they do, their elders can't afford to alienate them by forcing them to recognize that their leaders in the movement are watching over them as much as any other Camarilla elder.

An anarch baron normally isn't one for passing a great number of policies; again, he must avoid the appearance of dictating the behavior of those below him. Instead, most of his time is devoted to mediating conflicts and disputes between Kindred, orchestrating agreements with other local Kindred leaders (both within the movement and the other sects) and enforcing those traditions — the anarchs aren't so stupid as to bring the wrath of the mortal world down upon them — that even the anarchs must obey.

The problem barons face when it comes to mediating disputes is that the aggrieved parties rarely come to them willingly. If two Kindred are battling over a corporation, a street corner, a bit of territory or even a favored mortal, it's the baron's job to keep abreast of the situation and to step in before it gets out of hand. Sure, an anarch occasionally comes to the baron with a problem, but that's usually because she's come out on the losing end of a conflict she's already tried to handle on her own.

Barons can try to prevent such conflicts before they start, of course. By "suggesting" that a newcomer set up shop in one portion of the city rather than another, the baron may head off a conflict before the two parties even meet. This has to be couched in very careful terms, however, and the baron has to do a good job of selling the new arrival on the territory. An anarch who thinks she's being ordered to stay away from a specific area, or who feels she's been given the worst domain in the city, may cause a ruckus purely out of spite.

Most often, then, the baron becomes involved only after things get ugly, and that means his job is one of enforcement as often as mediation, if not more so. This is a dangerous position for a member of a faction devoted to revolution. More than one baron has been ousted because of the mere appearance of favoritism or impropriety. The anarchs don't stand for abuse of authority, no matter who that authority may be.

So what a baron really is, when all is said and done, is a Kindred with all the responsibilities of a prince, but without the tools. He can't count on the respect that the prince's title inspires, because he doesn't have the strength of a prince. In addition to having less political clout than most princes, a baron isn't necessarily one of the eldest or most powerful Kindred in a region. The anarchs believe in a system that awards merit, and that means the best administrator in a city — and thus, the best baron — could easily be 70 years old and a pushover as compared to the ruthless prince in the next city who's seen three centuries since her breathing days.

So if keeping a mob of vampires who don't really want to be governed in line is all work and no perks, what Kindred in her right mind would want the job?

The answer, startlingly enough, is one who actually thinks she can do some good with it. It's an attitude largely foreign to the rest of the Camarilla, and pretty unheard-of among the Sabbat as well. Nevertheless, it's true; many anarch barons hold that position because they feel a responsibility to the goals and well being of the sect. Not for personal glory (of which they'll gain precious little), nor for power over their fellow Kindred (of which they'll gain even less) but out of an actual sense of civic duty that most Kindred lost along with their sex drive.

That, along with their precious few other virtues, is why the Anarch Movement just might survive, despite the obstacles and the enemies arrayed against it. Despite what most others believe about it, it actually stands for an ideal, and it's an ideal that most members of the sect are actually willing to work for.

On the other hand, some anarch barons do indeed seek the position as a means of gaining power in the sect. It's not quite as efficient a means, or as steady a power-base, as the princedom in a Camarilla city, but it's the best the Anarch Movement offers. These barons don't look, on the outside, much different from their more devoted brethren. They still spend far more time mediating and managing than they do pushing through mandates or enjoying the perks of power. Many of them use their position as a means of acquiring boons and favors from the other local anarchs, since such a web of favors is often the only personal authority a baron can glean from the position. This is often as simple as mediating any given dispute in favor of whichever party has the most to offer in return. Anarchs don't play the game of prestation as religiously as the rest of the Camarilla, but it's not good for the reputation to renege on a debt.

The Barony

So if a baron is more or less a prince, then a barony is a princedom, right?

Well... more or less.

Although some exceptions exist, particularly among the oldest princes of Europe, the title of prince has come, in the modern era, to refer to a Kindred who claims an entire city as his domain. In the vast majority of cases, the prince's authority ends at the city limits (or at least the limits of the metropolitan area), and is spread roughly evenly throughout.

Baronies are somewhat more nebulous territories. When the anarchs speak of a baron, they may indeed call her Baron Geraldine Roper of San Bernardino, but that's a simplification. In practice, a barony extends exactly as far as the anarchs of the area choose (or are "persuaded") to acknowledge the baron's authority. Even more so than with Camarilla princes, the farther one strays from the heart of a baron's base of power, the less likely you are to find that she has any real sway. Only rarely does her influence encompass an entire city. In the vast majority of cases, the outskirts are largely no Lick's land, with the baron taking a hand only if things get utterly and completely out of control.

In fact, it's not uncommon for a given city to have two recognized barons, each claiming a different jurisdiction of the city. Sometimes the two are rivals, struggling with one another for the territory. More often, however, barons work cooperatively, each recognizing the other as vital to the smooth running of the barony. It's yet another arrangement

Oh, What a Tangled Web...

Several anarch emissaries take the practice of trading personal boons for consideration of the needs of their sect to extremes. Urban myth throughout the Anarch Movement tells of various Kindred — the Malkavian Sean Rycek is the most frequently named, but plenty of others have appeared in such tales — who have indebted themselves so tightly to multiple princes and Camarilla elders through their nets of prestation that no one dares call any of the favors due.

Apparently (so the story goes), Rycek has made so many deals with rival elders that each is afraid of what the Malkavian might tell his rivals about the elder's own activities. So long as nobody calls on him to repay the boons he owes, everybody is safe. Should even one elder call a favor due, however, the others will panic (assuming that intelligence on their activities is part of the boon), and will do the same. Thus, Rycek and the others like him, despite owing dozens if not hundreds of boons, are never called on to pay back any but the most minor of them.

Of course, any expert in prestation can poke all sorts of holes in stories like that. Nevertheless, many anarchs insist they're true. Whether that's just wishful thinking on the part of the neonates or there's some truth to them is still unclear. There's some basis in fact, at least. Camarilla archons were indeed tracking a well-connected anarch named Sean Rycek until he managed to lose them, and he was last seen in the nights immediately following the formation of the New Promise Mandarinate.

almost entirely alien to the two larger sects. Still, true utopia is probably impossible where the Kindred are concerned, and squabbles are common.

Emissary

This is actually an informal title; emissaries are also called ambassadors, heralds and, by more cynical members of the sect, expendables. The Anarch Movement is surrounded by enemies or at least rivals. In most cities, the anarchs intermingle with the Camarilla Kindred around them. On the West Coast, the remains of the Free State still struggles to retain its independence, or else has already been subsumed into the Cathayans' New Promise Mandarinate. Nomadic coteries sometimes find themselves deep in Sabbat territory, with precious little room for error or escape.

As bizarre and oxymoronic an image as it is, some anarchs must carry the olive branch to the other sects, must negotiate and haggle and play the games of prestation and diplomacy if the movement is to survive.

The baron usually appoints these emissaries, though some are selected by popular vote (particularly in towns where no baron has claimed the title, or among nomadic packs without a fixed leader) and others merely fall into the role and discover they've a talent for it. Their job is to travel to the leaders of the other sects and somehow convince them that it's in their best interests to help the anarchs or, at the very least, to leave the movement alone.

Is it any wonder they're also called expendables?

What makes the task of these emissaries harder still is that they have to rely almost entirely on their own powers of persuasion, because they've precious little else to barter with. The envoy of a Camarilla prince or Sabbat bishop speaks with her master's authority, and is usually in a position to deal, or at least to see that the offer reaches the ears of someone who can. Anarch emissaries, on the other hand, are fortunate if they have a baron backing them up. Many do not, and come to plead the case for an itinerant band of Kindred that most elders are inclined to hate simply by virtue of their sect affiliation and newfangled attitudes.

Even those who do speak for a baron have precious little negotiating power. Barons do not hold as much influence over their territories as princes do, nor can they enforce any agreement they've made if the Kindred in their domain disapprove of it. Often the best an emissary can hope for is that the elder with whom she's dealing is willing to make concessions in exchange for a personal boon from the envoy herself, and that those for whom the emissary has been arguing will assist her in paying it off (or even take the debt upon themselves) at a later date.

By far the most frequent duty required of an emissary is negotiation with a Camarilla prince (or other elder). Despite holding themselves somewhat separate, the anarchs are still a part of the Ivory Tower; someone needs to look out for their interests, and the elders themselves certainly have no incentive to do so. Within a Camarilla city, the most common duty of an emissary is to plead the case of another anarch who facies punishment for some violation of the princes interpretation of the Traditions. If the infraction was minor enough, most princes are only too happy to let the miscreant go with a minimum of castigation. If the emissary is persuasive enough, and if she offers sufficient incentive, such as a personal boon. (It's not uncommon for an emissary, if she's permitted, to speak to the condemned first and wrangle a boon out of him in exchange for her help. Then she can sometimes pass her own debt to the prince off on the neonate ultimately responsible for her incurring that debt.)

In the case of a more serious infraction, the emissary may have to do some serious fast-talking to have a chance of securing her comrade's release. Some emissaries have developed reputations not unlike those of the mortal court system's finest defense attorneys, and some have been known to travel across the country at the request of a particularly important anarch who finds himself in trouble with an especially irate prince.

Many anarch emissaries, particularly on the West Coast in the former territories of the Anarch Free State, are required to deal with the Cathayans of the New Promise Mandarinate. Those anarchs in the region who do not yet dwell in the Mandarinate's territory are terrified of the notion of Cathayan expansion, despite the fact that most of the conflict has (to date) been limited to select cities.

Unfortunately, anarch ambassadors to the Mandarinate can accomplish little. They don't really know what the Cathayans want, so there's not much hope of offering them a trade. The Asian Kindred don't seem to play the game of prestation, at least not in any form the anarchs recognize. The anarchs don't even have the option of presenting themselves as an enemy that must be bargained with, as the Camarilla did, because they lack the numbers to present a credible threat. In essence, emissaries to the Mandarinate serve little purpose other than a symbolic one — if the Cathayans feel they're being treated with the proper respect as

autonomous in their own right, perhaps they'll leave the surrounding territories alone — or that of an early warning system.

Most infrequent are the emissaries sent to negotiate with the Sabbat. This is, in many cases, a suicide mission. The anarchs are, for all their raised fists and shouted slogans, still part of the Camarilla, and savvy Sabbat are well aware of that fact. Occasionally, an anarch community may have something to offer the Sword of Caine, or a roving coterie may provide a service more valuable to their Sabbat "hosts" than their blood, and in these instances a skilled (and steel-nerved) negotiator is a must. Still, nobody sane is happy to be given this assignment, and more than one anarch who was formerly quite rabid about "the good of the cause" has suddenly found pressing business elsewhere when his baron began casting about for volunteers.

Sweeper

The barons themselves prefer to call a vampire who holds this position a counter or even census-taker, but most anarchs use the terms sweeper, proctor, Sherlock or even, on occasion, abacus. The plethora of names, some of which border on comical, certainly suggests that the anarchs don't take these Kindred seriously. It's true, they don't, but their mockery, while genuine, is tinged with more than a little fear for what these vampires could come to represent.

As will be discussed in more detail below, barons in anarch-dominated territory don't have much luck when it comes to the Tradition of Hospitality. At any given time, a baron is fortunate to know the identity of half the Kindred currently occupying his domain. Some barons have accepted that as the way things are, but others have developed the office of the counter — or the sweeper — to rectify the problem.

A sweeper's duty is simple. He frequents the Rack, the outskirts of the city, the nightclubs and any other place that might attract the Kindred, particularly young newcomers. He observes, recording names and faces and, where possible, attitudes, abilities, clan ancestry and anything else he can discover. This information is used for no nefarious purpose; he simply reports at a regular interval so the baron has at least some notion of who's in her city.

Naturally, many members of the Anarch Movement are not happy about this.

All the usual objections are raised. It's a violation of freedoms and privacy, an attempt to keep track of

who's doing what, it doesn't represent what the movement stands for, it's effort that could better be expended elsewhere, and so forth.

Very few anarchs are willing to give voice to the true nature of their dislike (and their fear) of the sweeper. To many of them, an independent Kindred sneaking about the edges of the city and the Rack, taking careful note of who's new and who isn't, who belongs and who doesn't, reminds them far too much of that most loathed of Camarilla bullies, the scourge.

True, the sweeper's duty is entirely nonviolent, but it makes the anarchs uncomfortable. What's to keep a rogue sweeper — or, worse yet, a sweeper working for a rogue baron — from enlarging the scope of his duties from recording those who enter the city to eliminating those who might prove troublesome? Some anarchs aren't willing to wait for the sweepers to turn violent before they take precautionary steps. Of all the offices in the "government" of the Anarch Movement, sweepers are the only ones to meet Final Death at the hands of their sectmates more often than through the efforts of outside enemies.

For the moment, the decision of whether or not to employ a counter still rests with individual barons, but pressure is mounting on the subsect as a whole to make a unilateral sanction against them.

Chameleon

An informal title, also known as a Bond (after James), mole, submarine or sub. A chameleon, quite simply, is an anarch who holds a position of some authority in one of the other sects. The vast majority of the time this means the Camarilla, though chameleons in the New Promise Mandarinate and even the Sabbat are not entirely unheard of.

Obviously these chameleons have to be experts at deception, since their association with the Anarch Movement must remain secret. Their job is primarily one of intelligence gathering, and the information funneled from the offices of various chameleons has saved the unlife of many an anarch who was mere nights or even hours away from facing the wrath of an irate prince. Their duties occasionally extend beyond that, however, and they will transfer funds and resources — even trading boons for the benefit of the anarchs, if they can do so without exposing themselves.

There's a subtle but important distinction that must be made here. Chameleons are not simply Kindred of the Camarilla (or other sect) who have anarch sympathies and are willing to help the movement under the table. To properly qualify as a chameleon, the vampire must have been a member of the Anarch Movement before attaining her current office in the other sect. This suggests a certain degree of commitment to the cause that other, more casual collaborators lack.

Safeguards

The danger with infiltrators of this sort, of course, is that sometimes — most of the time, really — they get caught. The anarch leaders aren't concerned so much with the safety of the chameleon herself; while they'd certainly prefer she get out with her ass intact, she knew the risks when she took the job. Of far greater importance, and far more potentially damaging, is the information she might reveal to the elders if she is properly questioned after being discovered.

How best to protect itself against this sort of threat is a matter of some debate with the Anarch Movement. The first and most obvious precaution is also the easiest. Chameleons simply aren't told anything they don't absolutely have to know. The most skilled interrogator in the world can't retrieve information his subject doesn't possess.

Beyond that, chameleons are sometimes subject to intensive use of Dominate and other mental conditioning (voluntarily, of course). Paranoid anarch leaders bury memories, implant a staunch resistance to interrogation and in general make any mental tweaks they can think of that might protect the chameleon — and the anarchs — from the Kindred of whatever sect she's infiltrating.

The problem with this, of course, is that the elders of those other sects tend to be both older and of lower generation than the anarchs, and that means that they're often better at playing the Dominate game. These sorts of safeguards rarely hold out under prolonged questioning; sufficient on the rare occasions when the anarchs can manage (or even attempt) a rescue, but futile under most circumstances.

Other, more radical options have been considered and, at least for the nonce, dismissed. Most anarchs are unwilling to rely on blood bonds. That violates everything they stand for, and frankly makes them no better than the Camarilla. One or two extremists even suggested some form of incendiary suicide device, but were rather quickly driven out of the discussion. Devoted to the anarch cause or not, these are still Kindred, and Kindred do not throw undeath away so lightly.

Anarch Attitudes

Some who would say that trying to define the attitude of the "typical" anarch is as futile an endeavor as you might hope to attempt. Anarchs are individuals, after all; that's the whole point of being an anarch. So there can't possibly be a "standard" attitude on anything, can there?

Sure there can. Anarchs are individuals — just like everyone else. No, not every member of the Anarch Movement thinks the same way, but most of them joined for similar reasons, and many of them hold to similar outlooks. Consider the following to be generalizations, then. They don't apply to all anarchs by any means, but they're universal enough that they represent the majority of the movement, in the spirit if not the letter.

The Camarilla

The Anarch Movement exists, as an entity, entirely because the Camarilla gives it both a purpose and a (relatively) safe haven in which to pursue that purpose. The smaller subsect is in many ways defined by the larger. It is true that the anarchs wish to birth a more equitable system of Kindred society, even to the extent of creating a governing body of undead, but they are still shaped largely by their desire to rebuild the old one. Wise anarchs recognize, however, that this must be done from within rather than from without, for the Camarilla not only provides the building blocks of the anarchs' future society, it insulates the movement from other, far more dangerous enemies. Anarchs not wise enough to recognize that fact are probably ignorant of those outside threats anyway.

Those anarchs who actually manage to obtain something in the way of status in the Camarilla itself — not chameleons specifically, but simply those who have succeeded at playing the political game in hopes of changing the sect — are subject to their own particular Faustian temptations. It's not uncommon for an anarch to experience her first real taste of power and suddenly understand, "Oh, *that's* what the elders are trying to hold onto. Can't say I blame them..." The most devoted among them manage to ward off the temptations of power and continue working for the betterment of younger Kindred, but many prove fallible. Some of the most power-hungry up-and-comers in the Camarilla are former anarchs who have abandoned the movement to line their own nest, as it were.

Anarchs hate these turncoats with a passion, but they also exhibit a tendency to blame the Camarilla itself for their fall, rather than their own lack of will. Just another reason the system has to be changed; it corrupts even those who go into it with the best of intentions.

This love/hate relationship with the Ivory Tower creates an interesting dichotomy in anarch attitudes. Mention any given facet of the Camarilla, and you'll receive a veritable barrage of scorn, vitriol and mockery. Yet when the shit hits the fan and the Camarilla is menaced by threats from without, such as the recent Sabbat offensive on the East Coast, the anarchs are always among the first on the front lines, fighting back the enemies of the sect.

Princes

You still don't get it, do you? I didn't hate Vitel 'cuz he's a prince. I hated him 'cuz he was a psychotic, power-hungry, dictatorial, slave-driving motherfucker.

Well yeah, they're all like that. But that ain't a problem with princes. It's a problem with elders...

— Samuel Bowens, Brujah, anarch pack leader

For all they rail against it, the current system of Kindred society isn't really the problem. The anarchs would be more than happy with it, princes, primogen, the whole nine yards, if only the Kindred themselves could be trusted to do it right. If the Kindred in power were willing to share their privilege and prestige; if that power went to those most suited to wield it, rather that those strong and well connected enough to simply take it; if not every damn elder was a greedy, grasping old sociopath — well, the system would work just fine.

The failure of the Camarilla isn't the failure of order, but of Kindred. Hell, some more progressive anarchs are even willing to concede that it's not really the elders' own fault. They're products of the ages in which they were raised. Still, regardless of who's ultimately responsible, this is who the elders are now, and since the anarchs can't change the older generations of Kindred, they'll have to settle for the next best thing.

What this means is that the anarchs are more than willing to grant their respect to a Camarilla prince, but he's got to earn it, not demand it. A prince who handles his domain well, who's concerned about the welfare of the Kindred who dwell within, who refuses to put his own advancement and the game of prestation over the good of his city, earns the accolades of the entire anarch community. Or at least he would, if he existed, but so far the anarchs haven't found him.

Most princes, of course, fall into the "selfish, power-hungry monster" category, and the anarchs have long since grown disillusioned. Most of them have fallen into the trap of judging all princes by that standard, assuming that any given prince (or,

for that matter, primogen or any other elder) will fit the standard mold. It's unfortunate, since it means it'll be that much harder for that one good prince, the single diamond in the rough, to prove himself to the anarchs.

Then again, so far no one's tried.

Archons

A symbol of everything about the Camarilla that we're trying to change. Agents of the elders and protectors of the status quo. When we finally run things the

High Treason

As much as the anarchs hate archons, there's someone they hate even more: archons who used to be anarchs.

In recent years, a growing number of anarchs have renounced their allegiance to the movement and slipped back into the Camarilla proper. Some have grown weary of constantly being on the losing end. Others have simply decided that the system has to be changed from within, and the anarchs, while still part of the sect, aren't really "within" enough to qualify.

Most anarchs have at least some experience with violence, though — usually far more than other Camarilla Kindred of comparable age. Some of the justicars have discovered the benefit of that experience, and have begun selecting former anarchs as archons (after determining to their satisfaction that the former agitators are trustworthy, of course).

This, to the anarchs, is the worst form of treason. It's one thing to go crawling back to the elders; that's understandable, even if not particularly admirable. But to join their police force, to turn your talents against those who were your brothers and sisters, that's *wrong*.

To date, the fear of possible repercussions has prevented the anarchs from making a concentrated effort to make an example of any of these "anarch archons," but alert Kindred have witnessed a growing call within the movement for the leaders to take some sort of action. It may only be a matter of time before some reckless neonates decide to stop waiting and attend to the matter themselves. Not even the most experienced anarchs can guess what might happen when those floodgates are opened, but it sure as hell can't be good for anyone.

See the forthcoming **Archons & Templars** for more details.

way they should be run, they'll certainly be the first ones to go.

—Clarissa Steinburgen, Nosferatu, anarch historian

Fuck 'em. Wait... You an archon? You sure? Then fuck 'em.

—Samuel Bowens

The anarchs tend to lump most Camarilla officials into the same category they lump the princes. All well and good if they can prove themselves, but generally worthless. For the archons, however, the anarchs hold a very specific loathing.

Imagine a radical from the '60s. Now combine his hatred of the cops, his hatred of the military and his hatred of corporate culture, and you have the first inklings of the degree to which anarchs despise the archons. Princes enforce the Traditions, sheriffs may crack a few heads in service to those Traditions and scourges can turn entire neighborhoods into slaughterhouses, but it's the agents of the justicars and the Camarilla itself who cause the anarchs the most severe problems. It's the archons who harry the anarchs deep into their own territories and domains, the archons who seem to feel no compunctions about beating, burning and killing anarchs for the most minor infractions, archons who represent the ultimate effort of the sect to keep the younger generations down while accruing yet more wealth and influence for the upper echelons.

Since the recent East Coast war, during which archons and anarchs often found themselves fighting side-by-side, a few members of the movement have begun singing a different tune. They speak of some archons — not many, but a few — who actually seem to be a decent, even honorable sort. Cops who are actually interested in protecting the Camarilla and its Kindred, rather than maintaining the power of the elders. If these archons could just be shown the virtue of the anarch cause, the Anarch Movement might well have allies and support the likes of which they've never enjoyed.

Anarch leaders have so far proved reluctant to approach any of these so-called "good cops," fearful that any apparent interest or sympathy might prove nothing more than a ploy to lure them in. Discussion continues, however, and the anarchs have extended a few tentative feelers, hoping to find even one truly interested party.

Tradition and Dogma

It's a common mistake, assuming that anarch equals anarchist. I'm no anarchist, and I've no objection to being part of a lawful society. Just not this one.

—Clarissa Steinburgen

The very notion of control by the aged is anathema to the anarchs. Government "of the people, by the people, for the people" may be a mortal invention, but it's what they strive for in a Kindred community. Boil it down, the anarchs don't want to destroy the Camarilla, just the "geriocracy" that runs it.

It could be argued, of course, that rule by the elders is what defines the Camarilla and that you can't have one without the other, but the anarchs aren't buying it.

The Traditions

Ostensibly still part of the Camarilla, the Anarch Movement pays lip service, at the very least, to the Six Traditions. That said, the anarchs tend to hold somewhat differing views of these laws than their hidebound elders, and they're enforced very differently in an anarch-dominated barony than in a comparable Camarilla domain.

The First Tradition: The Masquerade

On this point, at least, no argument exists. The vast majority of anarchs fully recognize the importance

Kindred vs. Cainite

A relatively minor but still rather heartfelt issue has recently split the ranks of the anarchs (as though they needed yet another quibble to deal with). A small but growing portion of the Anarch Movement has ceased using the term "Kindred" to refer to the descendents of Caine and have returned to common usage of the Sabbat-favored word "Cainite."

This has, they argue, nothing to do with the Masquerade. It's not as though they bandy the word about in public, after all. Rather, it has to do with separating the anarchs from the archaic attitudes of the Camarilla elders. "Kindred" came into popular use primarily because the elders felt "vampire" was too vulgar a term. But this attitude, or so these anarchs maintain, is the product of a time when bodily functions and fluids, such as blood, were considered largely a dirty and often taboo topic. If Cainites are to learn to thrive alongside humanity in a modern world, they must begin by acknowledging (to themselves, not to the kine) what they are.

The fact that Camarilla elders are discomfited by the use of Cainite instead of Kindred is, of course, merely a fringe benefit, and has no real bearing on these anarchs' efforts to bring the word back into common usage throughout the sect.

of maintaining their illusion of nonexistence. While few of them are old enough to recall the nights of the Inquisition, they are creatures of the modern world, fully cognizant of the capabilities of state-of-the-art weaponry.

That said, young anarchs occasionally stretch the definition of what constitutes a Masquerade breach. Many of them still maintain contact with those they cared about before the Embrace, and some have gone so far as to reveal their true nature to those they can trust... or think they can. This practice is strongly discouraged by older and wiser Kindred, and it's not particularly common to begin with. Nevertheless, it may only be a matter of time before a young anarch opens his mouth to the wrong person — someone who will not only tell the story to others, but might persuade the wrong people to believe her.

A serious Masquerade breach is one of the few things that can make even the most rabid anti-establishment anarch work hand-in-hand with the stodgiest of Camarilla elders. Only a true idiot (or lunatic) can fail to recognize the dangers involved in such an event.

The Second Tradition: The Domain

Anarchs don't much care for this one. They prefer to give a Kindred leader the respect she's earned through her actions and her policies, not simply because she's the eldest Kindred and toughest all-around bitch in the region. Most of them acknowledge that this holds true in reverse. They don't expect others to grant them respect they haven't earned. This attitude, more than anything else, causes the most problems between anarchs and the local prince in many Camarilla cities. It's also why the barons hesitate to wield their full authority.

Smart anarchs hide their dislike behind at least a thin veneer of civility when they're outside their home territory. Less intelligent anarchs mouth off in Elysium, spray-paint graffiti on the prince's haven, occasionally burn down buildings important to local elders and frequently find themselves spitted on the scourge's claws. That sort of behavior may gain them a certain amount of respect from their more careful brethren, but it's worth pointing out that the smart ones remain quiet, and thus remain undead to continue giving props to those who "stick it to the man."

The Third Tradition: The Progeny

If there's any real sticking point between the various ranks of the Anarch Movement, it's this. Popular opinion among the masses has it that the Camarilla elders enforce the Tradition of Progeny purely to keep the balance of power tilted firmly in their direction. If the old bats can make it punishable by death for anyone except them to create childer without permission, they've pretty much got a guaranteed way of keeping the younger generation from growing large enough to threaten them. To many neonates, procreation is a basic right. Some joined the Anarch Movement for no other reason than the freedom to choose their own progeny when and where they want.

The problem, of course, is that the barons and other leaders of the movement are in a position to see the larger picture. They recognize the need for population control, to say nothing of the need for someone with clearer judgment than a lust-addled neonate to determine a given candidate's suitability for the Embrace. Without some sort of safeguard, anarch territories would quickly grow overpopulated with reckless, uncontrollable neonates without the slightest understanding of Kindred society or the sense to keep witch-hunters from burning all of the race of Caine to cinders.

Unfortunately, they've not yet found any viable way to get this point across to the younger generation.

Slumbering Ancients

While most anarchs scoff at the Sabbat's notions of the Antediluvians (as the Camarilla as a whole considers their story a creation myth), a few among the movement aren't so sure that the Sword of Caine is crying wolf. Particularly among the occult-minded anarchs, concern has grown, bolstered by the appearance of the red star, the spreading rumors among the Gangrel anarchs, the appearance of truly thin-blooded Kindred and the blood-borne madness that nearly wiped out the Ravnos, that even if the Antediluvians aren't about to awaken, something's certainly about to happen.

Some of them have since gone over to the Sabbat, not out of any love for that sect, but because they fear being caught unprepared if the worst really does occur. Others have set out to investigate these and other phenomenon on their own. They haven't found much yet, but the sheer coincidence of timing — all these strange things happened within a startlingly brief span of less than a few years — has them worried. Unfortunately, the anarchs don't really have the resources (either in terms of funds or occult ability) to follow this up. Some of them have suggested going to the Camarilla or even, God help them, the Tremere directly, but they know that the Warlocks certainly know everything they do.

Frankly, most people, living and undead alike, take poorly to being told, "We don't trust your judgment." Any attempt by the barons to crack down and enforce the Third Tradition would meet violent opposition from a large portion of the sect, yet failure to do so might have devastating repercussions in the near future, possibly threatening the Masquerade itself. If the Camarilla really understood how precarious the anarch situation was, they might move to wipe the sect out completely, rather than viewing it as the ideological threat they do tonight.

The Fourth Tradition: The Accounting

A vocal minority of the sect wants this one done away with as well. In a society based on freedom of the individual and judging each on her own merits, how can one Kindred be held responsible for the actions of another? Would a mortal justice system imprison a woman because her son shot a cop? Then why should the sire suffer for the sins of the childe?

Most anarchs, however, recognize the need for some order, especially in the youngest of their number. They don't necessarily agree that a sire should be punished for his childe's crimes, but they acknowledge at the least that Kindred who choose their childer poorly are responsible for making things right. So long as a Lick is willing to take that responsibility, willing to make reparations for his childe's crimes and, if necessary, apprehend the childe himself and turn her over for punishment, most barons are willing to let the sire off with no additional consequence.

The Fifth Tradition: Hospitality

This is the flip side of the domain coin. Anarchs are more than happy to present themselves to a baron or prince they respect, but they feel no compunctions about ignoring one they don't. (Well, assuming they can get away with it. A frightening scourge is sometimes enough to hie the anarchs to Elysium regardless of their feelings for the prince in question.)

One might expect that anarchs might present themselves more frequently to barons — their sectmates — than they do to Camarilla princes, but this proves not to be the case. True, most anarchs hold more respect for a given baron than a given prince. By the same token, however, they know that this hypothetical baron is far more lax about the rules, and that they can get away with failing to present themselves without repercussions. For their own part, the barons would certainly prefer that their comrades present themselves when they enter a given barony, but they know that it's not really a point they can press without causing far more trouble than it's worth. Some rely on the intelligence gathered by a sweeper (see above), but most just throw up their hands and move on to other business.

The Sixth Tradition: Destruction

Anarchs are more than willing to abide by this Tradition... most of the time. The sect tends to frown on barons who order or sanction executions without very good reasons; none of this "You have offended me! Off with his head!" bullshit the Camarilla princes like to pull. So long as the anarchs trust their leaders not to execute someone or call for a blood hunt unless the subject really is guilty of some heinous crime, they're content to follow the barons' lead on the occasions when Final Death really is called for.

On the other hand, some anarchs aren't willing to wait for their leaders. If a Kindred is obviously guilty of crimes against the sect, his fellow anarchs or the Masquerade, mob justice is the rule of the night. "He needed killin'" is a valid justification for murder in the eyes of many, and they're more than willing to take on the task themselves. The barons aren't happy about it, but there's no real way to prosecute one's entire domain for violation of the Sixth Tradition, so they usually let it go (unless the victim was someone of importance, of course, in which case an example has to be made of someone).

It's important to note, though, that this is not (or at least not usually) an excuse for random violence. When this sort of thing happens, it's almost always with valid cause, or at least those participating believe it's with valid cause. Even the rowdier anarchs usually save their destructive tendencies for Camarilla cities, not their own territory.

The Modern Nights

No fucking way. There's no chance in hell I'm going to let those Sabbat losers destroy the Camarilla now. Nobody tears this place down except us!

Yeah, that sounds stupid to you, don't it? Well, what the fuck do you know?

—Samuel Bowens

It often seems in these nights that the Camarilla is teetering on the edge of a knife, and the anarchs are just as precariously perched as everyone else. For a time, it looked as though the war on the East Coast could only go in one direction; had the Sabbat victory proven as unilateral as it first appeared, the Camarilla would have fallen to its weakest state (at least in North America) since before the Revolutionary War. Some particularly pessimistic doomsayers were predicting the fall of the entire sect on the continent. And the anarchs, like everyone else, took note. For the first time, it seemed possible that the Ivory Tower might

actually topple, that the Anarch Movement's future utopia was never to be.

The Camarilla turned the tide, of course, even taking New York from the Sabbat's grasp (and the anarchs have a great interest in the development of that city's nascent undead society). But the close call got the leaders of the Anarch Movement thinking. Most of them, even those who support the "blow shit up" method of societal evolution, have changed their tactics.

Few Camarilla Kindred have noticed the change. The anarchs are still making a nuisance of themselves, still mouthing off at the worst times, still destroying valuable property and, on rare occasion, assassinating important elders.

What the anarchs are doing differently, however, is picking their targets. Cities near Sabbat territory have been struck less often, and when the anarchs do turn to violence in such a city, their targets are invariably Kindred who are relatively uninvolved with the city's defense. In cities some distance from the front, the anarchs are specifically targeting those elders who prove intractable in their hatred or disdain for the younger generation. Elders who show even the slightest hint of a willingness to negotiate are left alone.

Nor is this change only among the more violent members of the sect. Politically minded anarchs are making deals and alliances like never before, sometimes approaching elders whom they would have avoided like the sun itself not two years ago. The movement as a whole has begun taking an active interested in prestation, not merely between its own members, but with outsiders. Emissaries are far more common now than they were before the East Coast situation, and more than one elder has been stunned by the anarchs' newfound willingness to compromise... on *some* issues.

The anarchs have realized that they can no longer afford to weaken the Camarilla with their activities. Thus, their efforts are now aimed specifically at pushing the Ivory Tower in the direction they want it to go, rather than causing random mayhem in the hopes of attracting attention. It's a subtle shift, and one that may prove ineffective. But at least the anarchs are taking the dangers of the modern nights seriously, something of which the elders appear incapable.

The Sabbat

There was a time, not really all that long ago, in the scheme of things, when the anarchs and the Sabbat seemed tailor-made for each other. The anarchs espoused freedom from the oppression of the Camarilla elders, and the Sabbat offered just such an escape in the form of their bond-breaking Vaulderie. Both sects were far more openly violent than the Camarilla, and both seemed willing to acknowledge their inhuman natures.

Then the anarchs got a really good look at what the Sabbat is.

They don't offer freedom at all, just a new form of enslavement. The Vaulderie might allow a bit more room to roam than the blood bond, but ultimately, it's still just another leash. Forced devotion to a fanatic ideal isn't any better than bondage to an ancient monster, not when that fanatic ideal seems to be nothing less than the glorification of the worst parts of Kindred nature. They don't just "acknowledge" their inhumanity, they venerate it, treating mortals like less than chattel. Sure, even the Camarilla Kindred refer to the mortals as kine, but at least they don't make a practice of glorifying mass murder. How could the anarchs justify claiming equality with Kindred more powerful than they, if they treated their inferiors — even mortals — in ways they'd never accept from their own elders?

To say nothing of the Sabbat's holy war against the Antediluvians. Hello? Why not go to war against dinosaurs while you're at it? Oh, wait, that's right. They're *extinct*! Holy shit!

Tonight, the vast majority of the anarchs bitterly oppose the Sabbat and everything they stand for. As mentioned above, they've come to realize that the Camarilla, for all its flaws, is home, and it's a home that requires defending. The Sabbat is no longer to be envied or emulated as once it was. The Sabbat is the enemy.

Unfortunately, the minority of anarchs who haven't yet figured this out, or else refuse to acknowledge it, is still a sizable one. To some, the call of the Sword of Caine is too strong to be ignored. A sect where your elders can never blood bond you, where you don't have to follow any damn Traditions or kowtow to the mortals beneath some foolish Masquerade, where every Cainite has a purpose to unlife.... It's all quite attractive to many of the aimless neonates who find their way into the ranks of the anarchs. Some only dream about it, talk about it, but never actually take that final step. A small but steady flow of anarchs does indeed join the Sabbat, though. In fact, the anarchs are still a major source of new recruits for the Black Hand, though fewer now than in nights past.

This isn't to say that the Anarch Movement doesn't have some nonviolent contact with the Sabbat. A small anarch population exists in quite a few Sabbat cities. They tend to keep their heads down much of the

time, since they'd rather not draw attention. Some actively work against the Black Hand, trying to sabotage the Sabbat from within their own territory. Most, however, are far less brave (or foolhardy...), and dwell in Sabbat domains primarily because they have nowhere else to go.

Unlife is unpleasant at best for most of these anarchs. The Camarilla can be aggravating with its "You're a part of us whether you want to be or not" policy, but it's vastly preferable to the Sabbat's "If you aren't with us 100 percent, you're an enemy and we're going to rip you to pieces and eat your soul" outlook. Anarchs dwelling in and around Sabbat cities learn quickly how to remain inconspicuous and to mimic enough of the basic Sabbat attitudes and rituals so they can pass if questioned casually.

Some nomadic anarch coteries enjoy a more active relationship with the bloody-minded sect. The Sword of Caine is always happy to receive information or favors from vampires with access to Camarilla domains, and the anarchs themselves are thrilled to receive Sabbat support when waging a covert war against a particularly loathsome Camarilla elder. Anarch coteries and Sabbat packs work surprisingly well together in those circumstances when they share a mutual goal. Such instances are proving more and more infrequent, in light of both the recent war and the anarchs' new interest in choosing their targets more carefully, but it still happens frequently enough that anarch and Sabbat Kindred don't necessarily attack one another on sight. It's also frequent enough that the Camarilla elders remain convinced that the Sabbat and the anarchs maintain far closer relationships than is actually the case, a misconception that only perpetuates the cycle of hatred and fear between elders and anarchs.

The New Promise Mandarinate

The Camarilla and the Sabbat both prefer to ignore the Mandarinate as much as possible. So far, it hasn't proved much of a threat. The Cathayans and their Kindred allies seem content, at least for the time being, to remain where they are, little more than a pocket community along the West Coast. They're no real danger; the Camarilla could certainly have dealt with them easily, rather than having to pay them off, had the Ivory Tower not been otherwise occupied with more pressing matters just at that time. Should the Cathayans show any signs of allying with either of the major sects then both will certainly step in. Until that point, though, the Camarilla and the Sabbat are both content to view the Mandarinate as a local anomaly and little more.

Not so the anarchs. Strong, even violent opinions of the New Promise Mandarinate run deeply through the entire Anarch Movement, but the anarchs, fractious lot that they are, cannot come to a consensus on how those opinions should become cohesive.

To some, the Mandarinate is an example of what a few determined vampires can accomplish. It's a Kindred body separate from both sects! Isn't that exactly the sort of thing the anarchs want to see? Granted, it hasn't been around long enough to judge its true viability, but it seems to be going strong. More than a few former anarchs have attained positions of some importance in the Mandarinate. And the Cathayans even treat their Kindred subordinates with respect, something of which neither the Camarilla nor the Sabbat seem capable.

Other anarchs refuse to forget, however, that it was the coming of the Cathayans that put the final nail in the coffin of the Anarch Free State. Yes, it was on shaky ground already, beset by problems from within and without, calling more and more on the Camarilla for support, but when all was said and done, it was the Mandarinate that killed it.

The Cathayans respect their Kindred subordinates? So what? They're still subordinate. The Asian vampires aren't any more willing to share power than Kindred elders, they're just more polite about their refusal. To them, these anarchs argue, all western Kindred are an inferior species. As well expect the President of the United States to share executive power with his dogs as to expect the Cathayans to share power with the Kindred. No matter how much affection you have for the dog, at the end of the night he's still a dog.

Across most of the United States, this debate is entirely theoretical. It's something more refined anarchs enjoy discussing at a salon, something over which their more raucous brethren get into brawls. On the West Coast, however, the argument is very real, and it's growing violent.

It hasn't yet reached the stage of anarch (or anarch-Cathayan) gang wars in the street, but the conflict over the New Promise Mandarinate and the last lingering scraps of the Anarch Free State has reached a boiling point. The Cathayans hardly need worry about defending themselves from anarch ambush and guerrilla warfare. Their own Western allies, former anarchs themselves, are more than willing to do it for them. No friendly brawls, these; anarchs on both sides of the debate have met Final Death at the hands of former companions. Those few West Coast anarchs still serving as a dwindling voice of sanity, calling desperately for some form of peaceful resolution, go unheeded.

If overt war does erupt here, the great sects may have no choice but to involve themselves. The West Coast could well be consumed in a three-way sect war between the Sabbat, the Camarilla and the Mandarinate, and the only sure conclusion is that the anarchs, caught between all three, would certainly come out the losers.

The Others

The anarchs don't have much of an attitude toward the other denizens of the night, primarily because they know so little about them.

Werewolves

The anarchs know more about the Lupines than they do any of the others. Enough anarchs prefer a nomadic unlifestyle that they've run afoul of the werewolves on more than one occasion, and every anarch has heard his share of horror stories. They fear the Lupines as much as any other vampire. Unfortunately, many of them are particularly skilled at alienating the Camarilla Kindred of their home city, leaving them no choice but to move on. Even the bravest of the nomadic coteries tend not to spend any more time in the country than they absolutely have to.

Mages

Most anarchs acknowledge that mortal miracle-workers exist; after all, the Tremere had to come from somewhere, right? Of course, they know next to nothing about them. They've no real clue how to recognize a mage, and even those anarchs who have dealt with these people (and there are a few) don't really understand how their sorceries work. With the arrogance typical of the Kindred, most anarchs dismiss mages as normal mortals who happen to know a few tricks; useful in the right circumstances but nothing to be concerned about.

Ghosts

The typical anarch doesn't really believe in ghosts. Sure, she knows that there's something out there the Giovanni and other necromancers talk to and control, and ghost is as good a term as any. But the notion of a disembodied spirit living on after death strikes most of them as too weird to be real. Besides, if there were really ghosts, wouldn't they haunt vampires more than anyone else, considering how many people some vampires kill?

If only they knew...

Hunters

Mortals are dangerous. That's the whole reason behind the Masquerade, and most anarchs understand that. But at least where the younger anarchs are concerned, mortals are dangerous only in great numbers. Most of them can't really take seriously

the notion of a single mortal posing any real threat to them. Only a very few have heard stories of a new breed of hunter, one that seems to possess supernatural powers of its own — and most of those who have heard of these hunters have so far mistaken them for mages.

The Anarch Movement

It surprises no one that some of the most bitter and deep-rooted disputes among the anarchs, and some of the most wide-ranging attitudes, have to do with the Anarch Movement itself. Even when they can agree on their ultimate goals, the anarchs cannot seem to reach a consensus on how to attain them. That's the problem with an organization based primarily on passion: If its members were willing to think logically and compromise their ideas and ideals, they wouldn't be passionate about them. This, more than their lack of numbers or political clout, is the chief stumbling block between the Anarch Movement and some iota of success. Before they have a hope of dealing with their rivals outside the sect, they're going to have to do something about the conflicts within.

Elders vs. Neonates

The generation gap, as it were, isn't as dramatic among the anarchs as it is in the Camarilla proper, but that doesn't mean conflict between sire and childe doesn't exist.

The stereotype is that young anarchs tend toward violence, elders toward political maneuvering, and while there are a large number of exceptions, that stereotype is correct as often as not. Among Kindred as well as in kine, rebellion is very much a phase of youth. Combine that with the fact that many anarch neonates come from a generation used to quick results, raised with MTV attention spans and week-long wars, and the result is a Kindred population accustomed to getting its own way, now. When these impatient, instant-gratification types enter Kindred society and discover that all the rights they'd taken for granted as mortals have been stripped from them, well, it's no wonder they're inclined to start breaking things.

The elders have learned that you cannot rush the Kindred. Static, stubborn creatures, slow and steady is the only way to make them do much of anything. They've had time for their tempers and their righteous indignation to cool, and they've had a few years to learn that undeath is not something to be thrown away lightly. Violent elder anarchs exist, just as diplomatic younger anarchs do, but most elders prefer talking to screaming, boons to bombs.

It would be optimal if the younger anarchs took advantage of their elders' wisdom, and if the elders provided a focus for the neonates' passions. Things might actually get done that way. Instead, the generations spend an enormous portion of their of time yelling at and berating one another for either being too soft or too impulsive, and the Camarilla machine grinds on, ignoring them both.

Diplomats vs. Agitators

Roughly paralleling the generational divide is the split between anarchs who want to carefully construct a new *government* out of the raw materials of the old *society*, and those who want to see the old thrown down and trampled before they even worry about building something new.

When most other Kindred think of anarchs, they think of the agitators: Molotov cocktails, motorcycles and nine-millimeters. These (normally young) vampires are angry, pure and simple. They're angry that they've been condemned to the lowest rung of society's ladder just because they were born (and Embraced) in the wrong century. They're angry that those who oppress them enjoy untold amounts of prestige, wealth and status. They're angry that the entire system is designed to propagate the cycle of supremacy of the eldest and to maintain the status quo. And since they don't have the political clout to make the elders listen to them any other way, they'll get their attention the only way they can: Elders who refuse to hear the screaming of the masses sure as hell *will* hear the crackle of the flames.

So the anarch agitators have the elders' attentions, and they're starting to realize that they don't have a clue what to do with it. Somehow it never occurred to them that the Camarilla response might be to strike back, to make unlife miserable for the anarchs, rather than to try to find out what the problem is. These anarchs are caught now in a vicious cycle. They keep attacking, not just to attract attention, but in retaliation for the Camarilla's own retaliatory strikes. They can't afford to look weak, so instead they look psychotic.

While this may be the face of the anarchs other Kindred most frequently envision, it's not their only one. For every anarch in a leather jacket starting fires, there's another in a three-piece suit trying to talk the prince out of setting the anarch on fire in turn. These anarchs, many of whom are just as wealthy and well connected as their Camarilla counterparts, know that the Camarilla will never bow to pressure from the outside. Instead they work to negotiate changes from

within, to try to persuade the elders that the anarchs have a valid point.

Of course, convincing a creature who's been preeminent among his brethren for four centuries that power sharing is a viable option is nigh-impossible, but dammit, they're going to try.

Many members of each faction acknowledge the need for the other. Agitators realize that violence alone won't resolve the situation, and diplomats recognize the occasional need to make a point or to remove a particularly stubborn obstacle to compromise. On the other hand, an equal portion of each side despises the other, blaming them for the failure of the Anarch Movement to obtain its objectives. These political-minded anarchs blame the bomb-throwing lunatics for destroying their credibility and making the elders think of all anarchs as manic terrorists. That disdain is returned in spades from many violent anarchs who believe that any attempt at negotiation with the enemy is a sign of weakness and pandering at best, and high treason at worst.

Joining the Club

It wouldn't be entirely inaccurate to say that the anarchs will accept any Kindred who wants to join. They're desperate enough to take anyone who might prove of even the slightest value to the cause, but more than that, their very morality and emphasis on equal opportunity for all Kindred demands that they give everyone an equal chance.

This doesn't mean they're stupid about it. Any vampire can claim anarch allegiance, of course, but anyone who tries to involve herself seriously in anarch affairs and politics can expect to have her background and former affiliations examined with a microscope. Every enemy imaginable, from undercover archons to Sabbat soldiers trying to get close to Camarilla targets to Assamite advisors to Setites trying to inflame the Camarilla/anarch conflict, has tried to worm his way into what passes for the upper ranks of the Anarch Movement. It's a source of some chagrin to the anarchs that a great many of them have succeeded, and they're determined to allow no more of it in the future.

Still, assuming any given Kindred can make a fairly solid case that she's not allied with the anarchs' enemies, she's usually accepted, at least on a provisional basis. The anarchs have no formal probationary period. She's simply considered a new arrival and not to be fully trusted until... well, until she's trusted.

Childer

The anarch leaders are a lot more picky about new Embraces, or at least they try to be. As mentioned above, anarchs as a whole don't care much for the Tradition of Progeny. Many, particularly of the younger generations, Embrace when and whom they feel like, regardless of their elders' wishes. Those who try this in a staunchly Camarilla city either flee quickly or find themselves staked in a room with an eastern exposure, but those who choose anarch territory for their procreation usually get away with it.

When they have any say in the matter, anarch leaders (and others particularly devoted to the cause) aren't so much interested in who anarchs Embrace as in who they don't. They'd certainly prefer that candidates be of some use to the movement, but they're more concerned with making certain that they won't prove harmful. Particularly among the more violent anarchs, a tendency to Embrace someone simply because they know how to handle themselves in a fight has arisen. This has proven to be a dangerous trend at best, resulting in anarchs who are interested in violence for the sake of violence, not out of a desire to advance the ideology. Many of these neonates end up resembling the Sabbat packs of urban legend and cause rather horrendous amounts of damage and bloodshed before they're put down by the Camarilla (or, in a few extreme cases, other anarchs).

The problem, ultimately, is that young anarchs often wish to Embrace a loved one, a good friend or just a mortal they find particularly fascinating. They see the Embrace as a gift, and they want to share; perhaps a laudable impulse, but one dangerous in the extreme. This tendency to sire without permission (and often without forethought) has produced a number of problematic neonates beyond the near-psychotics. Most of these Embraces end in catastrophe when the childe proves emotionally and psychologically unable to bear the burden of undeath. Dramatic suicides (or, on occasion, murder-suicides) are far more common in anarch neonates than anywhere else. One recent case in Louisiana, not far from New Orleans, involved an anarch Embrace that resulted in the Final Deaths of no fewer than seven Kindred. Not only did the new childe murder her sire and two of his coterie in a mad frenzy before taking her own life, but the violence was public enough to draw the attention of the Society of Leopold, who slew three additional Kindred before departing the region.

Other candidates prove incapable of keeping their condition secret, and have to be put down, often by their own sires. All in all, it's convinced the anarch elders that there's a definite valid purpose behind the Third Tradition, but the younger anarchs still go blithely along Embracing as they will, unwilling or unable to open their eyes to the repercussions.

Education

Since barons and other anarch leaders have no practical way to enforce the Third Tradition without tearing the sect apart, they've settled for the next best thing. They attempt to ensure that all anarch neonates receive a complete education in both the physiological and sociological aspects of Kindred unlife. The barons can't force the young anarchs to abide by a particular curriculum, of course. Rather, taking a cue from mortal charitable institutions, they've begun offering what amount to teaching tips and even, in some cities, educational programs. They proselytize primarily through word of mouth, but also through coded messages on Internet bulletin boards and newsgroups. Many neonates, when they finally realize the monumental task they've taken upon themselves in Embracing a childe, are only too happy to let someone else shoulder the burden of teaching the basics. Even some of the newly Embraced, left to find their own way in the world, hear of these programs and decide, on their own, to seek them out.

Of course, the education offered, particularly as regards Kindred society, isn't precisely unbiased. A neonate emerging from one of these programs has a pretty solid grasp of the Camarilla, but it's presented in such a way to all but guarantee anarch sympathies in the student. It's not quite brainwashing — the anarchs would simply call it telling it like it is — but it certainly goes beyond rote memorization of facts. Still, at least these programs hammer home the importance of the Masquerade if nothing else, ensuring that none of these ill-conceived neonates is going to threaten the Kindred as a whole with their own ignorance. To date, perhaps a half-dozen of these programs operate, scattered across the United States and Canada. The oldest and largest is located in San Bernardino, and is run by former members of the Anarch Free State.

Ghouls

Considering that the very concept of a ghoul is diametrically opposed to everything the anarchs stand for, it's shocking how many anarchs seem to surround themselves with them.

If anarchs are somewhat lax in their selection of childer, they can be downright promiscuous when it comes to ghouls. Got a girlfriend you want to keep with

you through the years? A good drinking buddy you miss hanging with? A flunky you need to run your errands during the day? A street-corner dealer or whore who can dish you all kinds of good info, not to mention (in the dealer's case, anyway) hook you up with a few hundred pills for your sideline business or slip you a few bills of emergency cash? How about your favorite mechanic, the only guy who's ever managed to make that American car of yours run just right? What if something happens to him?

Better give them a few sips of your vitae now and again, just to be on the safe side.

It's been said that there are more anarch ghouls than there are anarchs. While this is probably something of an exaggeration (no one's taken a census to be sure, but the logistics would be a nightmare), there's at least a kernel of truth to it. Even the Camarilla, which practically runs on ghouls in several respects, has customs and traditions keeping their population down to reasonable numbers. The anarchs have no such constraints, and it shows. More than one anarch has been forced to let some of his ghouls lapse, simply because he couldn't keep himself fed well enough to maintain them all.

Along those lines, it's worth noting that anarch ghouls have a relatively high turnover rate. It's a lot easier to abandon a ghoul than a childe, and as soon as that girlfriend, drinking buddy or whoever gets to be more trouble than they're worth (or just no longer interesting), all the anarch needs to do is stop feeding them.

Actually, it's not even remotely that simple, but most anarch neonates don't discover that until it's too late.

The blood bond, of course, can last for moths or even years after the final swallow of vitae, to say nothing of the potentially addictive aspects of a ghoul's heightened strength and vitality. Most anarch ghouls haven't been ghouls long enough to suffer any rapid aging when they cease drinking from their domitor. The result of an anarch's fickle fancy is often a mentally and emotionally obsessed individual who knows everything there is to know about the former object of her affection. The notion of any mortal (other than a professional witch-hunter, perhaps) stalking a vampire, rather than the other way around, may sound laughable, but it happens with the ex-ghouls of anarchs surprisingly often, and the results aren't always as foreordained as one might think.

And this doesn't even begin to account for the Masquerade threat a lapsed ghoul represents.

Many idealist anarchs frown on the notion of keeping ghouls and try to dissuade their brethren from doing so (with a notable lack of success, obviously). This isn't simply to avoid the problems discussed above, though that does enter into it. Rather, these idealists consider the process of blood bonding anyone, even one of the kine, to be no better than the way the elders of the Camarilla have treated the anarchs themselves. If we are to fight for equality for all, they argue, that cannot just include the Kindred. Mortals must have some basic rights in the system as well.

The funny thing, in a gallows humor sort of way, is that most anarchs agree with this notion, at least in theory. Even the neonates mentioned above, the sort to surround themselves with more ghouls than they can comfortably maintain, would argue that enslaving a mortal to the blood bond is an evil thing.

"What? Well, yes, I have ghouls, but that's very different! They're not slaves! We honestly care for each other! We're happy together, aren't we?" This, of course, is followed up by a throaty chorus of yeses, confirming in the anarch's mind that while blood bonds and ghouls might be a bad thing most of the time, it's perfectly justified in this case. The Kindred, especially those as passionate about their cause as the anarchs, have always had a sad faculty for self-delusion.

The Anarch Unlifestyle

In many contexts, the distinguishing factor between anarchs and loyal Camarilla or Sabbat vampires is their tactics as much as their ideology. While sect-loyal Kindred may plot and scheme against their elders, it is usually for their own personal gain. Not so for the anarchs — a certain element of, "If the elders won't share it, then no one can have it" exists. Such egalitarianism (even if it is self-denying egalitarianism) gives many non-anarchs pause, and they see the movement as cutting off its nose to spite its face. They're just being jealous, these Kindred say, and they're denying to those who have already claimed such prizes what the anarchs cannot take for themselves. The anarchs, on the other hand, often seen themselves as stoics or martyrs, already suffering and wanting others to see how good such others have it at the expense of everyone else.

What many non-anarchs fail to consider about the subsect is that the anarchs face more than politics as part of their nightly existences. The anarchs are not one-dimensional agitators, existing only for the purpose of challenging the status quo. It is true that the political struggle shapes

much of an anarch's unlife, only the foolish fail to consider that anarchs, like all Kindred, are vampires first and foremost. How could an anarch rise each night to continue her struggle if she didn't feed on living blood? Why would unlife be worth living (so to speak) if it were all fist-shaking and threatening diatribes? No, the anarchs suffer the same moral qualms, the same weights of undeath and the same obliviating memories of their mortal lives as all other Kindred. It's simply the circumstances that change.

What, then, do the anarchs *do*? In the modern nights, being an anarch entails far more than shaking one's fists at the prince night after night, or shaking one's fist at the idea of the prince when he's not around to antagonize directly.

Feeding

The anarchs have placed themselves in a precarious position. By distancing themselves from the Camarilla, they ostensibly decline the value the Ivory Tower does have. In social and political circles, this can be troublesome, but that's the anarchs' intent. Where they harm themselves is with regard to the precious vitae that allows them to rise each night.

The act of feeding itself is no different for the anarchs. Some choose to hunt as predators, others as blood-thieves in the night while still others restrict themselves to animals or ply their trade as Casanovas. An anarch's prime concern, whether she knows it or not, is upon whose domain she is poaching when she feeds.

In some cases, the hapless anarch hunts within a domain claimed by another Kindred. Elders, especially, can become very jealous if they find out that a pack of self-styled rogues and revolutionaries is, as one venerable Toreador put it, "claiming the lord's due." In this case, obviously, the elder exhibits some downright feudal notions of domain, but the concern is there nonetheless. At best, the anarch is a thief. At worst, she's fodder for an elder's cruelest whims by way of recompense. Even younger Kindred are typically loath to share the benefits of what domains they have been able to establish, and for good reason: If it makes it back to those Licks in power that he's been soft on the anarchs feeding from the kine — or aiding them — that little bit of domain he's managed to procure may not be his for long. For the Kindred claiming the domain, it's a double-edged sword. That is, if he allows the anarchs to feed without permission, he may be seen as sympathetic with them. If he cracks down on them, not only does he likely earn their enmity, he also has to attend to the matter personally. This doesn't mean that he physically patrols the streets in all cases. He may turn a zealous sheriff or scourge on to the threat or bribe a particularly thuggish Brujah to crack anarch skulls in the domain, but it's still a petty detail that needs handling, as if maintaining a domain alone wasn't enough trouble.

Even if the anarchs' hunting grounds don't fall under the established domain of a local Kindred, if they're in a city that has any sort of sect presence at all, they're feeding in territory that is theoretically in the domain of the local prince (or bishop or archbishop...). Even accepted Kindred are understood to have that authority figure's permission to feed; it's part of acknowledgement. The anarchs, however, in refuting the supremacy of the local sect, have also denied the prince's permission to slake their thirsts. In most cases, princes turn a blind eye — unless the anarchs are already being dealt with in some capacity, it's just not worth the bother or expense to stalk them and wait for them to commit what amounts to a minor infraction. After all, the Camarilla claims all Kindred, no matter how truculent, or at least it pretends to, and it can't selectively choose which benefits to extend and which not to. Still, some hardline princes have maintained that since the anarchs openly state that they believe the Ivory Tower's Traditions don't apply to them, so be it. They don't. And those anarchs receive none of the protection or consideration those Traditions offer as a result, which means that they're considered *non grata* in those prince's cities.

In those cities with such extreme policies against anarchs, as one might expect, matters grow very ugly very quickly. As the prince spouts his diatribe, the anarchs counter that the prince is merely making the anarchs point — they're against his position and what it stands for, who gives a fuck whether or not he thinks they're allowed to hunt in "his" city anyway? As often as not, anarch conflicts with existing sect structures begin with this issue or it's the proverbial straw that breaks the camel's back. Because it's a fundamental need for all Kindred, the matter of vitae is a linchpin in ideology and the conflict that goes hand in hand with it.

Some few anarchs have acquired enough status or inspire enough fear that they can effectively claim their own domains, even in cities in which the anarchs aren't the most dominant sect. This isn't a perfect solution for the anarchs as a whole, however, because rare is the anarch with enough foresight, tact and potential to claim a domain who also wants it overrun with hungry anarchs claiming what blood they will because "one of our own" is in charge. This

sometimes becomes a stumbling block for those esteemed anarchs, as their fellows resent her keeping the domain's precious resources to herself.

Social Affairs

Like all Kindred, anarchs crave the companionship of others, even if only to pretend they're not blood-sucking fiends of the night for a few hours or to lord their own accomplishments over others. These are largely the same as Camarilla institutions, with a few differences. Some communities of anarchs have begun a tradition of "anarch Elysium," in which all anarchs may come to congregate without fear of violent reprisal (usually as a result of some political ideal or a vendetta). Non-anarchs visiting anarch Elysium aren't protected by the idea of Elysium, however, and a few have arrived as guests of one pack or anarch, only to leave mauled (if they leave at all) at the claws of another. While this does place some amount of strain on anarch factions in many cities — designating a capable enough Kindred to act as Keeper of Elysium takes that able-bodied Kindred away form the front lines — it allows the anarchs to make a show of how far they've come. Opponents of anarch Elysium, as it stands, can be quite numerous and vocal. In their opinion, the purpose of being anarchs isn't to mimic Camarilla customs but to rebuild them as working models. This is a popular conceit among the Anarch Movement, it should be noted, and Elysiums are few and far between, existing only in cities where a baron (or self-styled baron) can not only have the Elysium recognized, but can maintain it.

Another anarch convention adapted from Camarilla unlife is the salon, which is the preferred socio-political forum of more ideological anarchs. Held at whatever venue the organizing anarch can put together —a hotel, a wealthy anarch's estate, an abandoned warehouse — the salon is a place where Kindred meet to discuss philosophy of all stripes. Much less emphasis lies on appearing fashionable than at Camarilla salon occurs at anarch gatherings, and much of the atmosphere of levity is also absent. Anarchs who favor these sorts of affairs see themselves more as *philosphes* and less as wealthy patrons, in whose Age of Enlightenment parties the salons have their conceptual basis. While not necessarily dour, anarch salons are often "down to business" from beginning to end, which is why they are often attended by elders and idealists rather than those anarchs with a more agitprop or rambunctious bent. It's not even unheard of for guests to be loyal Camarilla Kindred, attending for the purpose of intellectual debate or diplomacy. While not as dry as young anarchs would have one believe, anarch salons are typically far more somber and cerebral than their Camarilla counterparts. Note that the key word is typically — Camarilla Kindred are perfectly capable of having salons that are more than venues for Kindred to peacock their finery, and more than one anarch salon has started as a discussion of neo-Marxist interpretation of the Camarilla's Traditions and ended as a mass homicide of urban-legend proportions.

Borrowing a page from the Brujah, the anarchs also occasionally host what are known as rants. Rants are similar in theory to salons, but their implementation is different. That is, a salon is usually a small gathering of anarchs for the purposes of discussing a new idea, a political philosophy or a pet theory. A rant, on the other hand, is something like "open-mike night" in anarch territory. Anyone — not just anarchs — can come and speak his mind on any issue at all. The only formality is that it's a popularity contest. Speakers of unpopular ideas may well find themselves shouted or beaten from the pulpit (as it were) while voices espousing more favored ideas may be called for numerous encores and even demanded to extemporize on pain of, well, more beatings. Obviously, these gatherings are a bit more brutal than salons, and they're often the method of choice for anarch firebrands to stir up the crowd. They also serve barons by giving local anarchs an opportunity to let off steam with a bit of sincere debate. Like salons, things can go awry if whoever decides to hold the rant allows them to. It's not uncommon to have mortal gangs or physically impressive ghouls on call nearby in case the assembled anarchs let their passion get out of hand, but even this is slim insurance. Given that only the largest cities have anarch communities that could qualify as full-scale riots if incited, the environment is generally safe — but let the ranter beware.

Another tradition co-opted from the Brujah, hand in hand with the rant, is the rave. Second only to their open actions against the sects, raves are the reason the anarchs are seen as violent. Anarch raves are parties, much like those of the Brujah, and are equally as likely to end up in significant personal and property damage, but the anarchs take it one step further. Whether they're being ironic or genuine isn't the point (and surely some anarchs are on each side), but almost every anarch rave is based on some sort of cause. That is, anarchs may hold a fundraiser — just as likely to line their own pockets as it is to aid whatever cause they're putting on the invitations — or a release party or a benefit concert

or anything else as an excuse to kick back, relax, maybe get in a good-natured brawl or two and otherwise party like the world ends tomorrow night. These affairs are usually open to all Kindred, but most importantly, they're opportunities for anarchs from all over to congregate and socialize. Anarch raves usually feature loud music, booze- or drug-spiked vessels, a handful of "virgin" blood dolls, and any other debauchery any anarch anywhere has ever had a kink for. These affairs aren't subtle, and they're not for putting on airs; that's for salons. No, a rave is a no-holds-barred party that most of its attendees are likely to take scars home from. They occur in places no one really has any business wandering through: docks, warehouses, abandoned subway tunnels, even on commandeered city buses. Those suitably insulated from sunlight have been known to rage for several nights, with the assembled Kindred dropping to slumber during the daylight hours and rising again when the sun sets to keep the party going. As might be suspected, the "cause" is really little more than an excuse to throw a party, and they're made up at least half the time, with the donation jar at the door (or whatever passes for it) absconded with before much time passes, whether to line the anarchs' coffers or thieved by some miscreant. In the end, though, no one really cares, as it's all about a good time to lift the weight of the burdensome political struggle that colors so much of the anarchs' unlives.

The Struggle

When the anarchs do attend to their core conflict with the Camarilla (and, less often, the Sabbat), they do it in a variety of ways. While discussion of tactics is moot, as it varies with as many anarchs as have undertaken the cause, certain trends in anarch styles have arisen over the course of the movement's existence.

Smash and Grab

Often misunderstood as the *de rigueur* anarch style of rebellion, the smash-and-grab technique is most popular among young anarchs. Unsophisticated and, at least in the long term, bound to make more enemies than allies, this method is effective in the here-and-now.

In short, the smash-and-grab is the practice of open, violent attacks on the spheres of influence of the dominant sect. Anarch proponents of this method burn havens, hurt or kill contacts, smash windows in Kindred-owned stores, and generally try to wreck whatever it is a rival Kindred claims as his domain or counts among his assets. It's painfully and frightfully effective, initially if not permanently.

In theory, smash-and-grab tactics are designed to wrest assets from another Kindred's hands in hopes of acquiring them for oneself. In practice, however, it is rarely so completely successful, as many anarchs tend to focus on the smash and pay less attention to the grab. Either that, or the anarchs are eminently unsuited to the degree of finesse that handling the asset or domain requires. It's not so easy to kick in the door of a county clerk's office and scream, "You work for *me* now," expecting positive results to come of it. Likewise, a Kindred who's covered her tracks well as a shareholder in a company won't be so easily uprooted. Assuming physical action by the anarchs causes a level of calamity that the company can't deal with outright, it's not likely to flush a Kindred out of hiding. In these cases, the best the anarchs can do is inconvenience the subject of their ire. This isn't without its own value, and many more savvy anarchs understand that — frightening a Kindred's contact into staying home for a day can cripple that Kindred if she was expecting the toady to do something for her. If a Kindred's invested company's shares take a dive and there's a moratorium placed on trading, she won't be able to liquidate any of those assets.

And, if nothing else, it makes a big noise for everyone to see. After all, if everyone can't see what you're up to, they'll never know that you're a threat.

So goes the reasoning, among young anarchs especially. Such blatant displays are the reason most other Kindred see the anarchs as a chaotic and terroristic subsect. The more subtle plots never become visible — smash-and-grab is all anyone sees in action.

In some cases, this is the intent. A clever anarch will encourage a rowdy pack to ride their bikes into some elder's salon and boot in the fangs of anyone who stands in their way. Then, while everyone's attention is diverted by such heinous behavior, they'll execute their own skullduggery in the shadows. Oftentimes, young anarchs tricked into performing diversions don't even care that they've been used. Among the more violent anarch gangs, they're just glad to have the chance to kick some ass and make names for themselves doing it.

Head to Head

Certain anarchs maintain that there's no difference between the way an anarch handles his affairs and the way any other Kindred does. More moderate anarchs often take this stance, and compete for domains and influences in the same arenas as other Kindred, playing at the Jyhad as though sect had no bearing on a Lick's disposition.

Storyteller's Option: Status as Reputation

In many anarch circles, being established isn't as important as having people who have heard of you. It may seem less substantial, but it's true — in the modern nights, many anarchs recognize their fellows who have committed daring exploits over those anarchs who have earned less spectacular respect. The heroes of the anarch cause are often exaggerated to become the stuff of legend, and the radical who blew his own arm off when rigging a hated primogen's haven to explode at midnight on New Year's Day will find himself the bearer of a twisted celebrity once he rouses himself from torpor.

To this end, some Storytellers may wish to interpret the Status Background a bit differently with regard to certain anarchs (or, actually, any character whose fame applies only to Kindred instead of the mortal world). This is a variation of the Status Background because it affects the Kindred world, and works largely in the same way as Status, as opposed to Fame, which specifically represents how well the character is known among the living and the undead.

Characters whose Status is based upon their reputation enjoy that Status outside their normal area of recognition. That is, Smiling Jack is known all across the United States for his antiauthoritarian pranks, but he holds no formal title among anarchs or the Camarilla at large. Still, his reputation precedes him; Smiling Jack is a common name among anarchs and even loyal Camarilla Kindred. Storytellers may wish to reflect this by allowing his notoriety to substitute for Status, representing the Kindred's having heard of him.

Reputation is no substitute for Status, however, as it doesn't confer any respect or acknowledgement. Sure the prince may have heard of you, but if he's heard of you because you pulled the wool over the eyes of some rival elder, that's no guarantee that he respects you for it. Note the reputation isn't always infamy or negative, it's just not validated by the institutions of any sect.

Note that reputation is also possible to falsify. In the modern nights, Kindred work harder than ever to keep their faces from the media and other avenues of communication. It won't do to be seen at a gala dinner for the mayor tonight and to bee seen there 50 years from now, looking like you haven't aged a day. Such being the case, unless everyone knows what a Kindred looks like, it's a relatively trivial affair to present yourself as someone else (either more or less famous...). Obviously, Kindred who have met a Lick with a reputation would be inclined to remember who she was, but someone bandying about the name on its own before people who have never met the reputed Kindred won't necessarily have any reason to suspect she's not who she says she is. The world of the Damned is a paranoid one, however, and those who would claim a legacy not their own or occlude their own nefariousness had best tread carefully.

•	Figure of minor repute; local Kindred celebrity
••	Figure of moderate repute; hero of the cause
•••	Figure of major repute; champion or renowned leader
••••	An icon; the crowd chants your name
•••••	A legend, such as Smiling Jack or Jeremy MacNeil

As so many moderates favor this position, it is one of the most dangerous ways of unlife one could undertake. On the one side, Kindred loyal to their local sect often see the anarch as just that: an anarch outside the system who has no right to claim the protection of the Camarilla's Traditions as described above. To these Kindred, who cares if the anarch has claimed an area as her domain? She's an anarch, so she doesn't gain the benefit of the Camarilla's Traditions. On the other, anarchs who see their fellows playing by the same rules as the enemy often mistrust them. If the moderates are so willing to follow the Camarilla's lead, they reason, well, then they're not anarchs at all.

Pinned between these two hostile factions, moderates often just ignore them both and worry about their own concerns. Usually, this is the safest route, as the two other sides care more for having someone to revile than they care about doing something about them, but occasionally things turn ugly. As soon as one side makes a move against the Kindred, the other side just as quickly makes an example her. In these cases, if the Camarilla moves the Lick, the anarchs declare her a martyr. If the anarchs turn their back on her, the Camarilla uses it as an example of the inherent instability of the anarch model.

The whole point of the Anarch Movement, to the Kindred who practice this method, is to rebuild it so that it works better, not reinvent the wheel. The Traditions are fine; they're just interpreted incorrectly or with too much authority in any single Kindred's hands. Since power corrupts, any Lick with the ability to judge the fates of his fellows is inevitably going to misuse it. That's why they've joined the movement — to remove the potential for abuse from the system.

Poisoned Words on Honeyed Lips

The preferred method of more experienced (that is, less reckless) anarchs, as well as elders of the faction, intellectuals and idealists is simply the smash-and-grab method with a far less visible modus operandi. Emphasis is less on the smash and more on the grab — with every asset they seize, the elders of the Camarilla have one less weapon to turn against their childer and the revolution moves ever forward.

This method also bears similarity to the head-to-head method described above, except the game is played well enough that the smoke and mirrors hide just what it is that the anarchs are up to. Practitioners of this method trumpet their own successes internally to keep the other anarchs apprised of the movement's progress, but they don't draw any undue attention from the Camarilla itself, in hopes of avoiding its ire. While not as blatant as smash-and-grab, this school of thought nonetheless has its casualties, as recalcitrant Kindred who stand in the way sometimes need to be removed.

The problem here is the quiet with which this is handled. Since deception is the intent, how can one be sure that an anarch who wrests an asset from an elder's grasp plans to use it for the anarchs' benefit? Indeed, many defectors who return to the Camarilla fold were adherents to this philosophy, and indeed have honed their skills among the anarchs.

Games Anarchs Play

One thing the anarchs believe that seems lost on the Kindred of the Sabbat and Camarilla both is that unlife shouldn't be all treachery and morbidity. Hell, you've got superhuman abilities and you've got *all eternity* in front of you (assuming Gehenna is a myth and that some idiot mortal with a nuke doesn't spoil it for everyone). Make the most of it. Enjoy it. Turn God's curse into a blessing.

As they do almost everything else, the young anarchs take that concept to extremes. They've invented a number of games over the years, not just fun pastimes but tests of machismo. If you haven't survived a game of Nines, you can't really call yourself an anarch.

Most of the elders and the idealists of the sect frown on this sort of behavior. In addition to being a massive waste of time, these games are dangerous — sometimes to the people around them, not just the players. The youngsters really like them, though. And besides, they're not that dangerous, not like those damn fire rituals the Sabbat holds. Mostly they're just designed to make an anarch look really damned cool in front of his friends.

Nines

The game of Nines is usually played well away from... everything, often as far beyond the city limits as the anarchs can go and still feel isolated from the Lupines. In most respects, it's a combination of paintball and tag, often with a bit of capture the flag thrown in. The rules are fluid and change from game to game. Sometimes if you're shot you're out of the game, other times it just counts as your rival's point. In essence, it's simply a bunch of young vampires running around a confined area blasting away at each other and raising a little hell.

The difference between Nines and paintball, of course, is that the anarchs use real guns and live ammo. "Nines" is a shortening of the game's more proper name, Nine Millimeter Tag.

Despite the name, most players prefer to use lower caliber weapons, although a few really macho anarchs occasionally get together for an "all big guns" game. Nines has many other variations: no automatic weapons, all automatic weapons, limited shells, even one in which the players are permitted to make use of motor vehicles.

The only universal rule, common to almost every game of Nines, is no deliberate head shots.

It hardly need be said that this entire affair is one massive Masquerade breach waiting to happen, and wise players invariably have lookouts stationed away from the game to warn them if someone, be it an innocent bystander or a seriously pissed-off sheriff, is approaching.

Sixty-nines

No, it's not what it sounds like. Sixty-nines is a variation on Nines that even most anarchs are smart enough not to play. The difference between Sixty-nines and the regular variation is that at least one of the players doesn't know it's a game. The anarchs get together, kidnap and bag some unsuspecting Kindred, and in essence make him shoot his way out

of their midst once they reach the playing field. Those few anarchs who enjoy this sort of thing think it's a riot, especially when the game's over and they get to see the look on the victim's face when they explain it was all in fun (strangely, the victim rarely sees the humor in it). Sixty-nines, for obvious reasons, produces many more serious injuries and even the occasional Final Death than Nines does, and most anarchs try to stamp out the practice whenever they learn of it.

The name Sixty-nines comes from a joke one of the creators of the game supposedly made when he was explaining it to his coterie. "If we do it right," he's rumored to have said, "someone's going to get fucked."

Bear-baiting

Unlike Nines, Bear-baiting is actually a social game, not a physical one, and it's played in Elysium itself. The rules are quite simple.

Without violating the letter of the law in Elysium, taunt or otherwise talk an elder or respected Kindred of the city into an inappropriate outburst — or, if you feel ballsy enough, into frenzy.

This, for obvious reasons, is a dangerous game to play. Most of the time, nothing comes of it except a seriously irritated elder. If it works, you might be able to get an elder pounded into paste and tossed out of Elysium for causing a ruckus, and his reputation's certainly going to suffer, but you've also made yourself an enemy. Furthermore, if you do manage to evoke a frenzy, you're gambling that the prince's security, assuming there is any, can take the elder down before he rips you into bloody curtains. Most anarchs prefer to play this game in cities through which they are merely passing, and don't intend to stay long.

Nobody would risk this sort of thing at all, except that anarchs the length and breadth of North America will talk about and learn the name of a player who evokes a particularly strong reaction and manages to tarnish the reputation of an especially well known elder. In essence, it's a quick way to status and a reputation, at least in the short term, among the younger anarchs.

It's also a quick way to a blood hunt if you aren't very, *very* careful. It might be wise to leave the engine running and the car at the curb if you're going to try this one.

Los Angeles Roulette

A very simple game, and not very popular, LA Roulette is a two-person game, played only when each is bound and determined to prove that he's tougher than the other. Less brutal anarchs sometimes refer to it as Softening Dummies or Meat Tenderizing, watching on and shaking their heads as the game occurs. It's usually suggested as a challenge, almost like a form of duel. Again, it's not suggested often, but once the gauntlet is thrown, the anarch challenged can lose a lot of face by refusing. The only prop required is a wooden baseball bat, police baton, riot control club, broom handle or any other similar implement.

The two anarchs stand facing one another. The one who was challenged chooses whether he wants to go first or second. From that point, the two Kindred simply take turns smashing each other with the bat (or whatever it is) as hard as they can. The contest ends when one gives up, is beaten into torpor or the bat breaks. (If the bat breaks, an impartial third party is asked to determine which of the two appears beaten up the worst, and he's declared the loser).

The contest rarely ends in torpor. Even the proudest anarch isn't willing to be knocked out for weeks or months to prove a point, and most are willing to concede by the time their vision starts blurring.

Gotcha

A practical joke contest unlike any other, this game is played with (or perhaps inflicted on) an unwitting mortal by some exceptionally cruel-minded younger anarchs. The players choose the mortal, observing him for a short while and concocting their plan. They then put the mortal in a situation — perhaps a staged brawl, a car crash, an accident at the shooting range—in which he appears to have accidentally killed one of the anarchs. The deception is assisted rather nicely by the fact that vampires neither breathe nor have a pulse.

The anarchs then give the poor mortal some time — perhaps a few hours, at least a few long minutes — to react, quite amused at the victim's panic, guilt, sorrow or whatever else he may go through. Finally, when they can't stand it anymore, the anarchs reveal that the "corpse" is still quite alive after all, and that the entire thing was one big joke.

Again, the subject rarely finds the game funny.

This would constitute a Masquerade breach, of course, except that part of the game involves coming up with a believable explanation as for how the "prank" worked, and not even the wildest anarchs will play if they can't come up with something at least vaguely plausible

M.G.

Chapter Three: Agents of Change

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.
—James A. Froude

This chapter breaks away from the preceding setting material and gets into the finer points of actually creating anarch characters for your **Vampire: The Masquerade** chronicle. In theory, of course, you can use the character-creation guidelines given in **Vampire**'s core rulebook and get along just fine. However, you wouldn't be reading this book now if you were the type to take that approach. You picked up and opened this book because you want to see how the anarchs fit into the World of Darkness setting, how they react to what's going on in that setting and how the other major players of that setting react to them. What you want (and what you'll get) out of this book is the true and definitive anarch perspective.

So while the other chapters in this book fill in the gaps in your understanding of the anarch perspective, this chapter helps you personalize that understanding. It's here to help you take what you've learned about the world of the anarchs, internalize it, then inject it back into your version of the setting in the form of a realistic, functional character of your own making.

Why Are Characters Important?

Characters are the most important part of any and every story. Stories are not about actions or events, they're not even about their plots. They're certainly not about their settings. Stories are about characters. They *depend* on characters. It's the characters who take actions, and those actions become events in the characters' memories. Characters may be reflections or products of their setting, but it's the characters' reactions to the setting that bring about the plots of stories. Stories simply can't exist without characters.

Therefore, this chapter's ultimate purpose is to walk you through the process of designing such an important piece of the story in a way that makes that piece believable, unique, deep and lasting. Going to all this effort pays off by making the Storyteller's job easier

and by making the stories run more smoothly. After all, well-developed characters have clear goals and ready methods of achieving those goals, and the active pursuit of those goals is the lifeblood of a good story. Furthermore, the competition between characters pursuing the same goal and the conflict between characters pursuing opposing goals provides the friction that makes good stories interesting. Yet, without well-built characters, no such thing is possible.

Questions to Ask Before Character Creation

Well-made, memorable chronicles do not spring full-formed into the mind of the Storyteller as the results of illuminating bolts from the blue. They are vital, evolving entities that undergo a constant process of development from beginning to end. Collectively and individually, the players are as responsible for determining the course of events in a chronicle as the Storyteller is. In some games, the players are solely responsible for directing the story, and the Storyteller's role is simply to surround the characters' goals with obstacles and describe the scenery. With so many creative minds working to make the chronicle what it is, it is nearly impossible to prepare for every eventuality and set rigid, story-oriented goals at the chronicle's outset.

However, every little bit of preparation helps, so it's a good idea to get the answers to some basic questions before you engage in the character-creation process. Ideally, the Storyteller will be the one to answer these questions based on his vision of how the chronicle will play itself out, but the players should have a certain amount of insight and input as well. Discuss these issues with your fellow troupe members at the outset of the chronicle, and use the answers to help guide you through the rest of the character-creation process.

These questions should arise in the early stages of creating a story or a chronicle, while acting as a precursor to character creation as well, but this chapter isn't about creating stories. The reason that these questions arise here is that answering them gives the players an idea as to what types of characters are appropriate to the type of story you want to tell. They're the "hooks" that allow the Storyteller to tailor the story to fit the characters.

What is the premise of the story?

In most cases, the Storyteller already has a ready answer for this question, and that answer won't usually be up for much discussion. Nonetheless, it's really the most important design aspect of any story or chronicle. Like the concept behind a character, the premise of a story is the kernel of an idea that makes that story interesting. Therefore, finding out the premise of the story should inspire you with a basic character concept or two. The most common type of anarch-related story revolves around disenfranchised Camarilla vampires demanding an equal seat at the big table, but the premise goes one step further. It gives everyone an idea of how these particular anarchs are going about it.

What is the story's setting?

Vampires don't tend to travel much, and they must blend in with masses of humanity all around them. In doing so, vampires tend to become reflections of their surroundings, so the styles and social customs of the setting will have an impact on how they conduct themselves. You may even want to derive the character's physical description from your understanding of the setting. Is the story set in a cosmopolitan area, in which all different types of characters could conceivably fit (making it an ideal place in which anarchs can lay low), or is it a more secluded area, in which certain types of people stand out like blood on white marble? You can either design your character to blend into the setting and effectively disappear, or you can decide to make your character a fish out of water who is motivated thus to shake up the current order in favor of something better.

Another important setting consideration is that of where the story is going to take place. Anarchs who dwell in different geographical regions tend to act differently based on varying local customs and disparate standards of what behavior is considered acceptable. American anarchs are more action-oriented and restless than their more idealistic European counterparts. Free state radicals tend to shock and appall more sedate anarchs in Camarilla cities who think of themselves as the loyal opposition rather than rebels against the regime. Don't feel constrained by established geographical guidelines, however. Having your story revolve around the effects on the staid local anarch community of your characters' infusion of fresh, new ideas can be extremely effective and an awful lot of fun.

Another aspect of the setting that has a significant impact on the character-creation process is the time in which the story takes place. Most **Vampire** material reflects vampiric existence in the modern nights. However, vampire legends suggest that the undead have been around since the dawn of man, so the only limit on choosing a period in which to set a vampire story is the amount of historical research you're willing to put in. Of course, the anarch sub-faction itself has been around since only the 1400s, but a window of 600 years still provides plenty of time in which to play.

Should your game take place in some such era before this one (or should your modern-chronicle character have been Embraced in some such period), do a little historical research as part of your creation process. What

you find out should inspire you with character concepts and give you clues as to your character's fundamental social expectations. That research should also give you an idea of what interesting historical events might have been a part of the character's tapestry of experiences.

What is the tone of the story?

No two Storytellers approach **Vampire** stories with the same amount of respect and gravity. Where one might appreciate graphic, lurid stories of social reform set in Victorian London, another might prefer stories that play out like the movie *Pulp Fiction* or graphic morality tales such as the comic *Johnny the Homicidal Maniac*. The attitude that a Storyteller has toward the story will be reflected in its tone, and the tone of the story is an excellent guideline on how you should portray your character. After all, you're just asking to be frustrated if you create the perfect morbidly gothic Romantic for a game that the Storyteller intends to feel like *American Psycho* by Night.

Preparing yourself in this way helps you make your character an important, contributing piece of the story rather than a shallow caricature or a recalcitrant impediment to the plot. Knowing what sort of story you're getting yourself into also helps you narrow down the truly important steps in the character-creation process if you're in a hurry. A tense, cerebral story of mystery and intrigue requires less of a focus on statistics and character history than on personality and the characters' relationships. A high-adrenaline game of terror and physical conflict requires a focus on statistics and character concept and a thinner reliance on such things as history or development. A high-concept social satire about disillusionment and hypocrisy requires just the opposite.

What is the theme of the story?

Themes are the ideas and issues that a Storyteller wants his players to come away with once the game is over. Most stories and chronicles don't have themes laid out for the characters in neon lights at the beginning, though, and some themes go forever unrecognized, so don't be frustrated if you can't answer this question at the outset of character creation. However, the best Storytellers come to the table with a premise for a story and a handful of themes already in mind. If such is the case, take those themes and do what you can to make your characters reflections of them.

The means by which you do so arise in your character's history and in his goals. The events in a character's history make him who he is and shape his personality, and you can use them to motivate that character to take actions that are in keeping with the game's predominant theme(s). Is your game about hypocrisy? Create a character who has preached equality all the nights of his unlife, only to become selfish and withdrawn whenever he acquires an iota of power. Is your game about betrayal? Create a character who became an anarch because he feels that his sire did him wrong repeatedly.

What type of action will take place regularly in the story?

No matter how interesting and detailed the characters in a story are, the story won't ever go anywhere if those characters aren't *doing* something. While you're still conceptualizing your character, find out what it is that he or she will be expected to do on a regular basis. If anarchs generally want to level the playing field in a given setting and redistribute the available resources among every undead inhabitant, how exactly does your character intend to do so? Does he plan to take what he wants by force? Does he plan to trick unwitting Camarilla loyalists out of their hard-earned resources? Does he believe that he can make a difference if he just gathers compelling data and makes an eloquent case in his favor?

Finding out what the main action of the game should be comes in particularly handy when you're coming up with a character concept, as well as when you're assigning the dots on your character sheet. Knowing what the characters will be doing gives you a good idea of what types of characters will be most successful thereat. You can then engineer the character's Attribute and Ability scores to aid the character in the performance of those activities. Or, you can play against type and build a character who doesn't seem immediately suited to achieve the goals he's set for himself in the way that one would normally achieve them. What would make such a story interesting, then, is figuring out how this ill-equipped character (or group) beats the odds and comes out on top.

For what reason are the characters together?

Human beings are social creatures, and vampires cling desperately to that to maintain their senses of self. Even if they don't make friends, as such, Cainites work together to achieve their goals all the time. Sabbat vampires conduct their affairs in fanatical, blood-bound packs. Camarilla Kindred operate in coteries in order to maximize their efficiency. It only makes sense that anarchs stick together not only to pool their resources and establish a working division of labor, but also to watch each other's backs and take up for one another when circumstances dictate that they do so. These nights, only the pitiful autarkis take on the world alone, and it isn't hard to see what good their solitude does them.

However, bringing anarch characters together for the purposes of a story is no mean feat, especially if the players create their characters independently with no regard for this issue. It helps to decide beforehand just what factors bring anarchs together, rather than taking a handful of disparate player creations and trying

to rope them all together so that your story can get underway. For instance, you can simply decide as a Storyteller that the characters are already associated with one another before the story begins. Perhaps they were all Embraced by the same sire, and they're rebelling against his unjust way of unlife. Perhaps an older gang of anarchs who were out of touch with the modern world Embraced these youngbloods in hopes of shedding some new light on their nightly struggle. Perhaps they all met at a conclave, became disgusted with the way their elders are handling things, kept in touch through letters and e-mail, then finally decided to come together again when they could no longer contain their outrage.

You could also leave the decision about how the characters came to be together up to the players. Encourage them to plant the seeds of connection in their characters' histories, in their goals or even in their Backgrounds. Were certain characters in contact before their respective Embraces? Is one of the players' characters responsible for the Embrace of any of the others? Were any of the characters mortal enemies who were Embraced by the same sire or allied sires? Do the characters often work together in manipulating their city's nightly affairs? Do they want the same things but lack allies in the struggle to achieve them? Are they forced by bitter circumstance to work together despite the fact that they're childer of rival sires? Do any of the characters have lingering mortal prejudices that any of the other characters exemplify?

Laying out even the most basic, tentative connections between characters now will save you a huge amount of time that you would otherwise have to spend getting them together during the course of the actual game.

The Process

Once you've obtained answers to the preceding questions and you know what kind of story your character is going to be a part of, you can begin the process of actually building that character. You'll want to lay a foundation of compelling ideas, add a frame of Traits, fill in the spaces with the character's history and personality, then decorate the finished product with that unique spark that makes the character special and compelling.

Bear in mind, though, that the following rules assume that you're creating younger, less experienced anarchs. What you'll find here is primarily an anarch perspective on the basic character-creation rules in **Vampire: The Masquerade**. If you want to play an elder or ancilla anarch, the appendix starting on p. 176 offers guidelines on how to develop and use such a character.

Concept

The concept is the easiest aspect to assign to your character, which is fortunate, because it's also the most important aspect of your character. If you can imagine that a character is an element, bound by the laws of your setting, then the concept is the nucleus at the core of that element. When you think about your character or describe your character in capsule form to someone else, the concept is what comes to mind first. The character

Just Wing That Mother

Storytellers, the information up to this point has looked at creating characters as part of a story that you've already mapped out (even partially) in your head. It treats characters as building blocks designed to support your unifying vision, rather than as truly individual entities who go their own way doing only what they please.

The case may be, however, that you don't have any idea what kind of chronicle you want to run except that you intend for it to involve anarchs as its major characters. If such is the case, you might consider actually letting your players create their characters entirely independently in order to see how their creativity inspires you. See what sorts of characters they want to play and what goals those characters have, then cook up a reason for such characters to come together and work together. Once you've done so, set the means to achieve those goals before the characters and run the gaming sessions from a passive/ reactive standpoint. Make yourself responsible for laying obstacles in front of the characters, and watch what they do in order to overcome those obstacles.

Running a game from the reactive standpoint is *very* difficult, but it's more rewarding to the players if they're highly self-motivated. It does also save you the trouble of shepherding wandering characters back within the bounds of your chronicle's plot if the players decide that they don't want to work with the scenarios you've devised for them. You must be careful, however, not to unbalance these two methods of character creation and storytelling. If you have in mind a certain series of story arcs that you intend to spin out into a particular type of chronicle, counsel your players ahead of time to work with you in creating the types of characters who would be best suited to participate. Be firm turning down character concepts that don't fit, and encourage compromise for the sake of the chronicle. Otherwise, let the players create what they please, and just wing that mother.

Character-Creation Quick Reference

Even though you might reference this chapter more often than any other in the book, you don't want to have to hunt through it page-by-page every time you've got a basic question about creating an anarch character. What you can do, then, is dog-ear this page or stick in a bookmark for quick-reference purposes.

Step One: Character Concept

Choose concept, Nature, Demeanor and clan.

Step Two: Select Attributes

Prioritize primary, secondary and tertiary Attribute categories (6/5/3).

Step Three: Select Abilities

Prioritize primary, secondary and tertiary Ability categories (12/8/5).

Step Four: Select Advantages

Select Disciplines (4), Backgrounds (6) and Virtues (7).

Step Five: Last Touches

Note your character's Humanity (Conscience + Self-Control), Willpower (equal to Courage) and current blood pool, then spend (18) freebie points.

concept is the idea that grabs your interest and makes you want to tell a story. It's the skin you want to crawl into for a while in order to escape the mundane.

The conceptual part of the character-creation process isn't so much a step as a realization or recognition. Just close your eyes and think the word "anarch." The vision that pops into your head — be it "failure seeking redemption" or "Old-West criminal atavism" — is a character concept. It's the first spark of inspiration that lights the fuse of creativity. No matter how many layers and garnishes you add to your character, the concept remains the familiar touchstone to which you can always refer. The concept is the means by which the character defined himself in life and that lingers even in undeath. Whether the character defined himself through art, his contributions to society, his family or even his job, that same sense carries over after the Embrace. Even afterward, throughout the chronicle, the concept remains the same, regardless of what the character experiences.

If you're of a mind to do so, you can also use your character's concept as a tool to help you direct your character's progress in the game. A plain, concise concept can make a statement about your character's goals, his personality, his standard behavior, the way in which he is mostly likely to cope with vampiric unlife or possibly his ultimate fate. A concept such as

"once-victim who now punishes criminals" can capture the essence of a character's overriding goal in unlife. Labeling a character with a "smooth operator" concept gives you the impression that he's always very calm and in command of himself, regardless of what's going on around him. A character built around the "spy" concept is one who is unafraid of surrounding himself with enemies and taking extraordinary risks, often with only his wits and on-hand resources to aid him. A "family man" might go to obsessive lengths to protect and provide for his coterie members since he's no longer able to do so for the mortal family that he had to leave behind. A "lore scholar" character easily puts one in mind of a Lovecraftian protagonist who is sure to delve just a bit too deeply into arcane mysteries that are best left unsolved.

Concepts that suit anarch characters enjoy just as much diversity as the countless means by which anarchs seek to improve their lot. For every drug-dealing biker in a $1,200 Donna Karan leather jacket or pierce-faced wannabe punk who rallies to the cause, you'll find a New England college professor or a social reformer who bankrolls the construction of homeless shelters. The trick here lies not so much in choosing a "proper" anarch concept as it does in remaining true to your concept as the character pursues goals that are consistent with the Anarch Movement. That core thought must be so strong that it resounds throughout not only character creation and the prelude to the story, but the entire story (or chronicle) itself. No matter how much the character develops and changes, the original idea that makes the anarch an interesting, unique character should continue to inspire you all along.

The Basics

Once you've nailed down the all-important concept, you're set. While the rest of the character-creation process isn't necessarily a cakewalk, it's now a mere matter of expanding upon your idea in a logical, rational manner. Doing so still requires creativity and blossoms of unique inspiration, but you're no longer groping around in the dark. You can scratch out and start again any time the results of a step displease you — and you may find yourself doing so repeatedly if you're really putting in serious time and effort on your creation — but you'll always have your concept to fall back on. In fact, the best reason to back up a step and disregard some newly established aspect of your nascent character is that said aspect is not in keeping with your character concept.

The following is an examination of the first steps of the character creation process. Those first steps are the ones that players often overlook when creating characters, but they're usually the most important. In the life of a real person, these traits would form the core of her being and make her who she is on a fundamental level. The only reason that one must choose a character concept before defining these traits for a fictional character is that fictional characters exist primarily as tools for telling an entertaining story, whereas real people simply exist. In fiction, the concept gives the character purpose and focus. These following Traits, then, serve to reinforce that concept in your anarch characters. As far as the character is concerned, however — which is an important consideration, since you'll be roleplaying said character — these traits define her self-concept for her.

Outside

A character's physical description is, perhaps, the single most important aspect of who the character is in terms of both self-concept and public perception. You needn't get into such specifics at this point as what color the character's eyes are or how many tattoos he has on his face, but being thorough in developing a physical description can really help you out. Not only will that iconic picture in your mind represent your character concept for ease of reference, but it will also lay the foundation for your allocation of Attribute and (some) Ability dots later on.

The first major area to address is your character's gender. Men and women's minds are wired differently, and they approach identical situations in completely different ways — ways that some members of each gender find baffling and frustrating when they compare them. Some sources chalk these differences up to social conditioning that rewards certain behaviors in one sex and punishes it in the other, while other sources blame genetics and instinct. Regardless of their origins, though, the differences between men and women's ways of doing things have been very much in evidence throughout recorded history.

Gender is not an important distinction among vampires on a physiological level. Any vampire can feed, learn and create new vampires independently, so questions of gender are moot. The eldest and most powerful vampires are terrifying, inhuman beasts who may have transcended all notions of gender entirely. However, many of the elders and ancilla who hold positions of authority in Camarilla cities were Embraced during times in which one's gender had a severe impact on one's social status. Being creatures of habit, many vampires carry those ethics over throughout their unlives, which can leave anarchs out in the cold, simply because of the way they were born.

When creating your character, think about what effect his or her gender will have on how he or she relates to the other characters in the chronicle. Will your character be a progressive man who considers

women his equals, a submissive woman who validates her actions through the acceptance and praise of men, or a contrapositive proposition of the two philosophies? How would he react to an elder female Kindred who considers all males to be selfish brutes? How would she react to an elder male who considers men potential future childer yet sees women as unclean breeding stock for his herd? Does your character's gender affect the way she hunts or the type of victims she's most successful in attracting?

The case may also be that experiences deriving from your character's gender may be a factor in what motivates her to become an anarch. If, for instance, your character is an assistant district attorney who considers herself an enlightened defender of women's rights, she might find after her Embrace that she's disgusted by the old-boys'-network feel of the Camarilla. She might then decide to stand up to the sect's elite and champion the cause of every Kindred who's been trodden down. That idealistic pursuit could then serve as the link with her human days that keeps the Beast at bay.

Another major physical factor that defines a person and his place in the world is his race. It's no secret that some men are considered more equal than others in the modern nights because of nothing more than their race. Race is one of the touchiest subjects that can arise in polite society, yet it is one of the most obvious and pervasive differences between people of the world. Furthermore, differences in race often breed differences in culture, and those differences affect how a person is raised, his views on right and wrong and how he's treated by the locals in the place he calls home.

Just as with gender, vampires carry their living racial preconceptions over into their unlives. In fact, older, insular vampires hang on to racial preconceptions more ardently than they do their gender biases. The more different a character's race and culture is, the more alien that character seems, and older vampires fear and despise what is alien to them. If your character is a fish out of water, socially speaking (say, for instance, that he's a black South African neonate who's gathered the courage to leave his familiar hunting grounds in hopes of making a place for himself in the American South), he's going to have to face recalcitrant hostility on many levels from the elders in power once he makes his presence known. This struggle to overcome prejudice and shatter misconceptions can be a compelling character concept, but be aware that elder vampires, rugged ancillae and even old neonates are under no compunction to accept progressive ideas of racial egalitarianism.

It is possible to derive a character's motivation to hitch his wagon to the anarch cause from his race-related experiences, but avoid stereotyping if you're playing with folks who are sensitive to that sort of thing. Simply saying that some Hispanic neonate decides to take by radical means what unlife owes him because his Caucasian sire has been holding him back is crude, unimaginative and pretty lame. Consider instead a leader of the black community in a Southern American city who's Embraced as a pawn of an older Ventrue who is, in turn, trying to influence a local politician before an election. The sire hopes to use the fledgling to encourage the black community to come together and vote as a unified entity (which will tip the scales of the election one way or the other), so that this scheming sire will have leverage against the incumbent politician. However, the sire and the other local Kindred consider "Negroes" to be less than human, and they make no secret of their disdain for this fleetingly useful fledgling. This situation might provide ample justification for the newly Embraced Kindred to come together with other put-upon Kindred, pool their individual resources and take a stand against the elders.

Once you've cleared these two hurdles, laying out the character's remaining outward elements isn't particularly difficult. That being said, the preceding two elements weren't particularly difficult to choose per se — the tough part was keeping them in perspective of the anarch context. These last outward bits remain very general at this stage, and they don't come into sharp focus until after you've allocated your dots later on.

Consider, here, how the character looks. What age does he appear to be? Is he trapped forever in the body of a child, an adolescent, an adult or an elderly person? The small personality details that are indicative of certain periods of development (the vulgar innocence of youth, the strident hope of adolescence, the fatigue of adulthood and the grim resignation of old age) all disappear as time goes by and the vampire's Humanity fades, but the general impression of age makes an impression on a vampire's cohorts as well as his victims. Also, vampires use their apparent age to blend in among members of that actual age group or to manipulate prey from other groups.

Consider as well how attractive that character is. Is she a gorgeous spider who weaves a web of erotic desire, or is she a repugnant hag who must conduct her business in leaning shadows far from prying eyes? Sure, beauty is subjective and ideas about what beauty is are subject to change, but it is unlikely that the standards of attractiveness in a single setting are likely to mutate all that much over the course of a chronicle. Look into what the standards of beauty are in your setting and decide on the degree to which your character is able to uphold those standards. Then decide what, if anything, that ability says about your character.

Finally, consider what trappings of style you want your character to adopt. This decision flows partially from the preceding assessment of your character's looks, but it also goes one step farther. In part, it deals with the character's ability to disappear into the masses of humankind by not standing out as an anachronism. Even if, for instance, your character was Embraced in the early 1600s, it might not be prudent for him to be running around in the modern nights dressed like Guy Fawkes.

Furthermore, the character's sense of style can serve as an effective hunting tool as long as his look remains in keeping with the specific setting in which he's hunting. After all, a dapper gentleman in expensive finery who rides around exclusively in horse-drawn carriages isn't going to be able to keep a low profile at a sprawling urban Rack. Likewise, a dirty, denim-clad cowgirl in a surly Chevy Tahoe that belches black exhaust and continues to run for minutes after the key leaves the ignition is asking for disappointment if she's hoping to seduce a victim at a nighttime yacht party on the Boston harbor. Each may *understand* the social climate of their intended settings, but if they don't look the part, they're going to be hard-pressed to make progress. Then again, that may be the challenge you're up to, as a player.

Inside

In creating a fictional character, what's inside is more important than what's outside. In fact, unless you have an enterprising artist in your troupe who likes to draw character portraits in order to add life to your stories, your character's physical description will likely never take shape beyond a series of dots on a character sheet. Yet in roleplaying this character, you have to really get inside his head and figure out not only what he would do, but why he would do it.

That being the case, a focus on what's inside your character takes precedence over what's outside. Such is especially true in creating an anarch character, since the anarch cause is one based on ideology and member characters' personal experiences.

We're not yet ready to get into motivation or other specifics of the character's inner workings, though. Although those concerns (motivation in particular) would seem to be the first topics to cover when creating an anarch vampire, this creation process approaches them differently. The character's inner mind and personality evolve here in reverse, as will be explained in greater detail later on in the chapter. Now is still the time to be laying the groundwork for who your character will become.

One of the first factors to look into in developing the character's mind is how smart that character is. Is he a knuckle-dragging former mouth-breather who avoids being labeled the Missing Link only because of a telling lack of body hair, or does he look down on everyone around him as if *they* are? This generalized assessment takes in every factor of the character's mental capacity from perceptual acuity to raw processing power to situational awareness. As an astute reader, you recognize these qualities as being synonymous with the Mental Attributes Perception, Intelligence and Wits, but you don't have to jump ahead to that part of the creation process yet. Make instead the simple decision of whether or not your character is "smart." Some suggestions on how to spin this generality out into specific Trait ratings follow, but don't feel compelled to start assigning dots immediately.

That word, smart, is subjective in nature, so, once you've decided if your character can be categorized as such, think about what that word means to you. Is he smart because his mind is filled to bursting with memorized academic facts, or is he smart because he always has a snappy comeback that shuts his intellectual foes up? (The first idea reflects a higher Intelligence rating, while the second indicates a higher Wits score.) Does he come off as smart because he picks up on even the smallest details and is able to correlate them into coherent pictures of past events that he didn't witness? (Such acuity hints at high marks in Perception and Investigation.) Do people get along with him because he's smart enough to always tell them what they want to hear? (That might indicate a high Manipulation rating.) Is he smart because he knows everything there is to know about the local setting (which suggests that his Streetwise or Area Knowledge score is better than average)? Expressing any of these qualities can make a person appear smart to a person who is not similarly proficient. Even if he is particularly deficient in certain areas, he could still be called smart by the degree to which he compensates in other areas.

Once you've decided whether or not your character is smart in this general sense, it's time to decide *how* smart he is. Does he truly excel in his areas of mental competency, or is he merely more proficient in those areas than a random layman? Is he truly an authority on some subject, or is he merely conversant in a select range of that subject's nuances?

After you've made this determination, think about how openly your character displays how smart he is. Does he brag about his knowledge and derive great pride from it? Does he use it to garner resources and influence? A vampire must possess and display a base cunning in order to survive, but he can exist comfortably and improve his situation continuously if he is smart enough to do so. A clever Cainite can accrue wealth and power after which mortals can only lust, and he can protect his claim ably against all threats. Is

your character capable of this sort of behavior, or does he prefer not to indulge himself?

If your character does not make a show of how smart he is, why doesn't he? Has he even realized his potential? Does he consider modest conduct to be the morally correct (not to mention the safest) means of carrying on? Does he hesitate to test his utter mental prowess for fear of failing? Does the stress of true mental exercise leave him prone to panic attacks? A frequent anarch mindset (or tactic of psychological warfare) holds that it's simply not a good idea to let your greedy Camarilla opponents know the full extent of what you're capable of. Your character might simply believe that it's better to allow his opponents to underestimate him, thus keeping them out of his hair so that he can search in relative peace for a way to get even with them.

Corollary to this aspect of the character's personality are his initiative, his willpower and his leadership capacity. It matters not one whit how smart the character is if he lacks the drive to pursue his goals or the ability to inspire others to help him achieve them. Before you come up with a list of goals for your character, think about how motivated he is in general. Does he believe that everything will work out just fine on its own, or is he convinced that the world will turn and leave him behind if he doesn't remain on the move constantly to keep up? How dedicated is he to his goals once he sets in motion his plans to achieve them? Does he pursue them by rote only to stave off boredom, or does he act with manic zeal so as to offer the lazy, thoughtless Beast no way to aggress against his Humanity?

And despite most anarchs' egalitarian ideals, almost every anarch organization, from gangs to factions, must ultimately follow the direction of a strong leader if it is going to succeed in its overarching goals against its better-organized and more pervasive Camarilla oppressors. You must decide, then, how likely your character is to assume that role. You should also have an idea of how successful you intend for your character to be in a leadership role. The contrast between a character's willingness and ability to lead when the two are not equal makes for an interesting dynamic and source of internal conflict in a story or chronicle. Thinking along these lines helps you determine later on how your character interacts with his fellow gang members and how he responds to antagonism.

The final basic aspect of creating your character's personality lies in determining the relative strength of his moral rudder. Does he abide by a strict code of ethics? Does he have a conscience? Does he abide by it or simply pay lip service to it? You need not get into the specifics at this point, but think about whether your character considers himself relatively free from any moral sensibility or if depths exist to which he will still not allow himself to sink. This consideration gives you some starting ideas about how he deals with the Beast and how he responds to dilemmas that arise in pursuit of his goals. It can also help flesh out the reason for why your character became an anarch. Many anarchs get involved in the movement out of nothing more than enlightened self-interest, but, even tonight, some still believe that standing up for the cause is the only just recompense for the treatment that they received during the dawn of the Inquisition.

Goals

You'll revisit this subject in greater detail later, but start thinking now about what you want your character's goals to be. A character can have one overarching goal, to which all of his intermediary goals relate, or he can have nothing more than a series of short-term goals. Be sure to balance the scope of your character's goal in terms of the length of the story or chronicle, as well as the scope of the other players' characters' goals. Rather than hogging the spotlight, work with your fellow players so that everyone has a chance to pursue personal goals during the story.

You need look for only general goals at this point, but make a note of any details surrounding those ideas that particularly inspire you. General goals include such directives as "gain temporal power over fellow vampires," "make the local area safe," "atone for a former crime," "take revenge for a past slight," "succeed at a task despite past failures" or countless others. Once you've developed your character more both through this creation process and in play, you can explain your goals in greater detail.

The Specifics

Once you've had a chance to think about and hash out basic points of character creation, you're ready to start delving into the specifics. This part of the process doesn't require as much imagination and actual creation as the preceding part, but neither is it devoid of either activity. As you develop the specific details that define your character, you should really be fleshing out the general ideas that you've already thought up. In a sense, you're translating your ideas into a common form that's easy for everyone to understand.

However, this statement should not be taken to mean that the creative and fun aspect of the process has come to an end. As any creator knows — be he a writer, a painter, a musician, an architect, etc. — each product of his creativity changes and evolves continuously before it's finished (some artists would say that a product of their creativity is never truly finished at all because of that property). Don't be alarmed if you find yourself deleting details that you once found interesting

about, or even essential to, your character. Any maturing idea is bound to wriggle once you start to shine the light of in-depth scrutiny on it. The specific details you set down about your character should flow logically from the basic ideas you've already come up with, but even those ideas are subject to change as you refine the idea of what it is you want to play and how you want to play it.

Probably, the only thing that won't change throughout the course of the character-creation process is your character concept. No matter how many layers you add or how many rough corners you have to knock off, the concept is the central idea around which your character is coming together. The concept is the idea that makes the character interesting to you, and it is the standard against which you should measure any detail or Trait that you intend to add to your character.

If, in fact, you do find your interest in your chosen character concept waning at this point, don't give up hope and start over just yet. It could be that you've chosen a concept that's too specific; one from which you've moved away at some point in the process. If such is the case, reduce your concept to as general and rudimentary of terms as you can and see if that helps. You should still be able to find some emotional resonance therein that piques your interest again and makes your creative work thus far salvageable. However, if even that measure doesn't do the trick and you truly do want to play a different type of character altogether, there isn't much you can do except start over.

Personality Archetypes

After the concept and your name, the personality Archetypes are the first pieces of information that you'll actually write down on your character sheet. Neither they nor any of the following characteristics should be particularly difficult to derive, as long as you've been thinking through the preceding steps carefully and you have some solid ideas.

Nature

The character's Nature is the fundamental aspect of his personality, and it can be considered a refined expression of his character concept. However, whereas concept is outside the character, where it remains forever unknown to him, the character is more intimately aware of his Nature. It's the simplest expression of who he really is in terms that he can readily understand. Nature is the foundation for his goals and motivations, and it is the logical product of his experiences. It will probably never change throughout the course of the chronicle, no matter what happens to him.

The character's Nature is also his source of resolve (that is, the means by which he regains Willpower).

When a character is acting in accordance with his Nature, the character is less likely to hesitate or be dissuaded and more likely to carry on in the same idiom. Yet an important distinction must be made here. Nature is not necessarily a source of confidence, and it is not always directly or literally linked to the way a character acts. A character who acts like an extroverted Gallant might actually be an insecure, dependent Child inside. Furthermore, acting in accordance with one's Nature is not supposed to necessarily be a direct route to success, and you should choose a Nature for your character with that fact in mind. A Visionary, for example, regains Willpower only by convincing others to support his vision, not by leading them to success through that vision. What makes such a character interesting is his ongoing struggle to validate his vision in others' eyes, regardless of how often he succeeds.

There is no such thing as a "good" or "bad" Nature for an anarch character, since the movement attracts all types of vampires. Certain Archetypes, however, occur more commonly than others. Strong Architects, Autocrats, Competitors, Judges, Pedagogues and Visionaries are often motivated to go to great lengths to get what they want, and many of them find that they must redefine the Camarilla system in order to do so. A long unlife of uphill struggle against the entrenched Camarilla system gives rise to its share of Curmudgeons, Deviants, Fanatics, Rebels and Rogues, so you might choose one of those Archetypes for a character who became an anarch well before the start of the chronicle. Bravos, Connivers, Perfectionists and Tricksters make successful anarchs because of the ways in which they are driven to act, but they are not necessarily predisposed to take up the anarch philosophy. Conformists and Traditionalists wouldn't *seem* to make strong or reliable anarchs, but the society to which they conform might be anarch society, and the traditions that they uphold might be anarch customs.

Demeanor

Demeanor doesn't have an immediate game-system effect on a character, but it is useful in its own way. It reflects the way in which the character relates to other characters and the ways in which he goes about achieving his goals. An anarch with a Rogue Demeanor gets what he wants differently than an anarch with a Fanatic Demeanor, even if both characters are Caregivers in Nature. A dashing domain-raider Ventrue might seem quite the Bon Vivant among his allies and associates, even if he's nothing more than a bitter Curmudgeon who wants what he knows he can't have.

Look at your character's goals and the clues in his concept about how he pursues those goals when picking your character's Demeanor. Otherwise, if your character is particularly straightforward about who he is, you can simply list your character's Nature Archetype for his Demeanor.

Clan

In most cases, a character's clan has no intrinsic effect on his personality, and it doesn't predestine him to any particular style of unlife (unless he's Caitiff, in which case, his unlife is pretty likely to be the pipes). Nonetheless, clan is a significant label in Cainite society, which does affect how other vampires think about characters of that clan. Certain stereotypes and expectations have arisen in conjunction with the various clans, and it is those preconceived notions that are applied to professed clan members first. Elder Camarilla Kindred are especially predisposed to this sort of summary judgment on account of having watched the original stereotypes develop for centuries. Playing against these expectations and rising above an elder's clan prejudices can provide an anarch some much-needed respect and social momentum if he's able to do so publicly in a time of need.

The only mechanical effects that choosing your character's clan have lie in the character's facility with learning Disciplines and his vampiric weakness. Discipline restrictions are self-explanatory, but the clan weakness deserves some consideration at the character-creation stage. If your character is newly Embraced, think of ways in which his clan weakness might logically derive from his extant personality. If he's a Toreador, for instance, what was it about him that gave rise to his newfound fascination with beauty? Was he an ignorant oaf who's only now realized how truly fleeting beauty can be? Did he appreciate beauty before, but only in frantic glimpses that the pressures of a brutish mortal life foreshortened? If your character is a more experienced anarch who was Embraced well before the start of the story, think instead about how he has come to understand his clan's weakness. Does he resent it or fight it at every turn, hoping that it will vanish in the fullness of time? What allowances does he make for it? How much of an effect does it have on him these nights?

The most important effect that your choice of clan has on your character is social in nature, so give some thought to how your character's decision to join the Anarch Movement has affected his social unlife in terms of his clan. Do people think of him as "just another clueless Brujah anarch"? Do people consider him flighty and harmless just because he's a Toreador who likely joined up with the anarchs out of boredom? What if he's a member of a clan that makes up only a slim minority of the anarch population, such as the Tremere or the Followers of Set? Do people even consider his clan at all, or has he subjugated or occluded

it so much that others don't even think about it? Has his chosen activism in the movement made him an outright enemy of his clan or caused him to be branded anathema to the members in good standing?

Your Character's Trait Ratings

Once you've made these important decisions about who the character is, it's time to go back to your notes on your character's basic inner and outer qualities and quantify them in terms of the mechanics of the Storyteller system. Refer back to the Quick Reference sidebar on p. 79, to see the ways in which this part of the process differs from the standard method of creating a **Vampire** character.

After doing so, the casual reader (i.e., one who has read the "Character Creation Process" on pp. 103-104 in the **Vampire** core rulebook, and only in passing) might be tempted to make the assertion that anarch characters get the shaft, then ignore this book's starting-Trait guidelines entirely. After all, anarch characters are allotted two fewer Ability dots and one less Attribute dot for no immediate reason. Buying those basic Traits up to the level of a standard **Vampire: The Masquerade** character would cost eight freebie points, but, even though you do get more freebie points for creating an anarch character, you get only three above the standard amount. Anarchs do, indeed, seem to get the aforementioned shaft.

The counter-argument to this statement is that anarchs are *supposed* to get the shaft. They aren't on even footing in Kindred society, and this inequity is what's inspired them to join up with like-minded revolutionaries and stand up for what they assume are the rights due all Kindred kind. They can see firsthand that Kindred unlife is unfair, so they have all the more reason to try to "convince" their elders to share the wealth.

However, this argument isn't going to have much effect if you're using it against a player who's holding his breath under the imminent threat of turning blue because he wants his full **Vampire** point value, and he wants it *now*. What you do then is point out that anarch characters have a free extra dot in Disciplines and an extra Background dot, which Camarilla Kindred don't. Technically, these extra dots are worth eight freebie points at character creation, which adds to the extra three freebie points that characters get just for being anarchs. Altogether, these 11 points equal one Attribute dot, two Ability dots and two Background dots (in terms of freebie points) that the character could have had if he'd remained a more staunch member of the Camarilla. If you want, go ahead and let your troupe's pet number-cruncher reverse engineer a standard **Vampire** character thus by taking away that extra Discipline dot and re-spending his points accordingly.

The astute point-minded player should then realize that he's actually *gained* a freebie point by choosing to play an anarch. This rearrangement of starting points should serve to point out to this player a salient fact of anarch unlife. By and large, the Anarch Movement is populated by young, inexperienced neonates who have not trained their innate Attributes or Abilities to levels equal to those of their Camarilla counterparts. Anarchs are forced to develop their Backgrounds in compensation, and they are better able to do so than older Kindred because they are less removed from the human masses that those Backgrounds represent.

Attributes

The act of assigning a character's Attributes should flow directly and logically from your basic ideas about the character, but it isn't exactly easy. Actually filling in the dots on the sheet isn't that tough in and of itself, but balancing the ratings against one another and putting them all in the proper context takes some time and careful thought.

Prioritizing the three categories should be a factor of your character concept. If you want to play an anarch who specializes in reconnaissance, focus on Mental Attributes. If you want to play an anarch who intends to usurp his sire's resources by force, Physical Attributes might be more important. If your character earns his resources by blackmailing Camarilla Kindred whose indiscretions he's discovered, Social Attributes should be his strength. Think also about what type of action will be prevalent in the chronicle and what it is that you want your character to accomplish in the story. You shouldn't feel compelled to stack your character's Attribute ratings in hopes of ensuring success, but you're not doing any harm in hedging your bets either.

Since anarchs are as unique and varied as any other vampires or human beings, no particular arrangement of Attributes suits them better than any other. Simply think about what claims you've made about what the character is like, read the descriptions of the Attribute ratings on pp. 116-119 of **Vampire: The Masquerade**, and make your ratings match your claims.

Abilities

Assigning your character's Abilities is no more difficult than assigning his Attributes. Take what you know about the particulars of your story, think about what role you want your character to play in the events of the story, and lay out your ratings accordingly. Again, though, don't give yourself a migraine running the numbers in hopes of finding the best winning arrangement of dots. Setting your character up to fall short of his goals still incorporates into your chronicle the noble ethic of failure — a theme that has been prevalent in literature from all

over the world for centuries. Remember, as long as you tell a solid, moving story, your character doesn't have to "win" in the end. Besides, you could fiddle with the numbers for hours and protect all your bases to the extent of your formidable mental powers, only to watch your character fall flat anyway.

Another factor to consider when assigning your anarch's Ability dots is that of teamwork. It's impossible to create from only the base character-creation points a single character who excels at everything. Renaissance men (and women) are few and far between in modern society, because people just don't have enough time in a day (or night) to become experts in multiple fields of endeavor. Plus, the points just aren't there. Therefore, people come together in search of skills and resources that complement their own so that they can all work together for everyone's benefit.

Such is especially true of the anarchs when they form their cooperative gangs and packs. They do so partially to show that their idealized system of equal gain through distributed labor functions in actual practice, but mostly because they cannot stand up to the Camarilla individually. Before your chronicle begins, talk to your fellow players about what disparate Abilities your characters can each bring to the table and how those Abilities can boost and support one another. That way, whether your characters were already a functional pack before the story began or they came together by lucky circumstance, their Abilities can combine for truly awesome effects.

Backgrounds

The struggle for the assets and connections that Backgrounds represent is the axis around which the entire anarch experience rotates. As such, your character's Backgrounds deserve special consideration before the game starts. Some Backgrounds are less appropriate than others for anarch characters, and anarchs have a different perspective on most of the Backgrounds than other vampires do.

Some Backgrounds are available to anarchs based solely on their social prowess, and they need not compete with Camarilla opponents for them. Backgrounds such as Allies, Contacts and Retainers are the products of the character's hard work, street savvy and investigation, and they are no more or less available to anarchs than they are to vampires of other factions. As long as an anarch at least appears to be trustworthy, loyal and discreet, he can make Allies of important people at any level of mortal society. As long as he has money enough to provide a stable income, he can employ Retainers. As long as he knows where to look, what questions to ask and whose palms need greasing, he can find and exploit Contacts. Since most of the mortals who fill these roles aren't aware that vampires exist in the first place, it shouldn't matter to them what faction of vampiric society the character whom they work with comes from.

What's more, anarchs might even share allies and contacts with their Camarilla rivals. For instance, a slumlord who knows all of the neighborhood drug dealers and their suppliers by name can be persuaded to talk about the state of the local drug trade by anyone who's willing to make it worth his while. If the price is high enough, he might also spill the beans about who else comes to him for information. Anarchs must be careful in dealing with their contacts and allies — lest an acquaintance of their ally turn out to be their enemy — but, if they're bold and smart, they can use these Backgrounds to gain valuable information about (and to challenge) their opponents' activities.

In anarch circles, other common Backgrounds have a different application or a special significance that doesn't exist in Camarilla or Sabbat society. A character's status, for instance, is determined more often by his anarch affiliations, and it is among them that his Status rating is likely to carry any weight. Whatever favorable status he enjoyed in the Camarilla may well dwindle as word about his new allegiance spreads, and he must rebuild his reputation among his new comrades. An anarch character might be able to retain a vestige of status among Camarilla Kindred if he presents himself as a level-headed, clever mediator between opposing parties, but doing so isn't easy.

Furthermore, a vampire's status in anarch circles adheres to a different set of standards than it would in other societies. Anarchs don't have as much respect for wealth and temporal power, for instance, especially if the character appears to be hoarding what he's gained. Almost all vampires respect age and raw power, but an anarch's status relies more on how he uses that power and what he's learned from his experiences. Most of an anarch's status derives from what his fellow anarchs know about what he's accomplished in the name of the cause, so think about that as you're assigning Background dots. Is your character known for his ability to convert conservative Kindred into supporters of the Anarch Movement with words alone? Is your character a fearsome street pirate who knows how to manipulate his enemies through violence? Has he carved a barony out of previously occupied territory and managed to hold onto it against all antagonists? Is he the well-known childe of a famous anarch (or archon...) from an earlier era? What is it that your character does to win his fellow anarchs' respect, and how consistent is he at doing so?

Generation is another Background that is different when viewed through the anarch lens, so it

deserves special consideration during character creation. An anarch's generation is statistically likely to be higher than that of the average sample of Camarilla Kindred. This trend is both a factor of anarch unlife and a motivation for a vampire to support the anarch cause. The strong dominate the weak in vampire society, and Kindred of lower generation are, by and large, stronger. In most cases, they're at least a bit older, and they've had more time to accrue and protect their resources. Yet it is those resources that younger vampires of higher generation want, because it's just easier to want what someone else has than to make something for one's self. These relatively weak Kindred can't challenge their elders' power alone, though, so their desire to cut themselves a piece of the pie encourages them to stand together and take up the anarch cause. And since so many higher-generation vampires have come together to form the anarchs, Kindred who are Embraced directly into the movement by other anarchs are, on the average, of even higher generation. Anarchs of 10th or lower generation are exceedingly rare, especially in the modern nights.

The Backgrounds that are in the greatest contention among vampires (and which have the greatest potential to inspire stories in your chronicle) are the ones that represent vampiric assets. The Herd, Influence and Resources Backgrounds are the ones at the center of the anarchs' struggle. Herd represents the size of a vampire's safe and accessible vitae supply, and it is primarily through his influence and resources that he manipulates and protects that herd. Most young anarchs don't have access to these Backgrounds, and if they do, they probably have only one or two dots. For reasons that are up to you to lay out in such a character's history, most anarchs have been curtailed from expanding their assets, which is what has motivated them to join the other anarchs in the first place.

If your character has any dots in these three Backgrounds, take care to explain where they came from, but pay special attention to how he maintains them. Does he hold down a night job to supply his resources, or does he act as a silent partner "who lives in a different time zone" for a young business? Has he built his Herd by hosting regular PTSA committee meetings out of his home and practicing selective Mesmerism? Does he derive his Influence from a little black ledger that he stole from a Mafia accountant? However your anarch character came by these Backgrounds, his hold over them should feel particularly tenuous and in need of jealous vigilance. Your character might also use the expansion and support of these Backgrounds as inspiration for his short-term goals.

Disciplines

An anarch's supernatural powers make up another important aspect of his personality, both in the ways he uses them and in the way he thinks about them. He might consider them resources of last resort or indispensable tools of nightly existence. They are also the most recognizable means by which anarchs compensate for lack of status and power in greater vampire society. Anarchs are less likely to hoard their knowledge of the vampiric Disciplines, and they are more likely to seek that knowledge out from their anarch allies. As such, anarchs receive one extra Discipline dot at character creation, and Storytellers should be somewhat more lenient when approving out-of-clan Disciplines for starting characters. Disciplines that are particular to the Sabbat (Obtenebration and Vicissitude), ones particular to more secretive clans (Quietus, Serpentis, Necromancy and Thaumaturgy) and ones particular to clans that are only sparsely represented (such as Chimerstry) should still be restricted unless the player has a devastatingly brilliant justification for requesting them. However, it is otherwise reasonable to assume that an anarch has access to teachers of the other standard spectrum of Disciplines.

Virtues

The assignment of Virtues proceeds no differently for an anarch character than it would for a Camarilla character. Anarchs and Camarilla Kindred are cut from the same cloth, after all, and only their greater goals are in conflict. Therefore, you should determine your character's Virtue ratings in the manner described on pp. 133-134 of the **Vampire** core rulebook. The only proviso you might want to keep in mind is that anarchs do tend to be more courageous than the average Camarilla Kindred. Since so many young Kindred seem satisfied to eke out their oppressed existences under the aegis of the Camarilla society, it takes a certain strength of character to make yourself one of the ones who refuses to do so. Your character might not have the balls to face down a Sabbat pack single-handedly or set fire to his own haven in order to trap a cell of witch-hunters inside, and that's perfectly reasonable. He should at least be bold enough, however, to defy his Camarilla sire and turn his back on the society that sheltered him as he grew to vampiric maturity.

At the Storyteller's discretion, anarch Kindred sired by Sabbat Cainites might have their Virtue allotment adjusted downward to the Sabbat standard of five points. Don't do this lightly, Storytellers. As anarchs, the characters are already facing significant challenges, and adding the Beast to the mix more often is going to have some gory results. Still, if the stock from which the characters hail is as monstrous as the Sabbat, so be it, and you may have a powerful morality tale in the making.

Humanity

As nominal members of the Camarilla, or the childer of nominal members of the Camarilla, most anarchs practice the Path of Humanity. Few anarchs even know of, much less adhere to, the Sabbat Paths of Enlightenment, and the other Paths that aren't exclusive to Sabbat vampires are still fairly exclusive to certain vampire clans that do not enjoy a great deal of anarch representation.

More to the point, it takes a character quite a long time to divest himself of so much of his Humanity that adopting a Path of Enlightenment seems necessary, and most anarchs just haven't been around all that long. Sure, the Anarch Movement has existed for some 600 years, but most of the vampires who uphold it are still too young to have shed so much Humanity. Furthermore, anarch ideology is based almost entirely on materialistic concerns, and as such, the vampires who espouse it the most ardently are the ones whose eyes are farthest from concerns of more esoteric enlightenment in the first place. As they devote more of their time and effort to the cause, they devote less effort to spiritual vigilance. Then, as their rage and frustration at the implacability of their opposition grows, their Humanity withers, leaving nothing in its place. Only the cause is important to these die-hards, and eventually, even that dedication will give way to the impulses of the Beast.

It is not against the rules outright for an anarch to be a follower of some alternative Path of Enlightenment, but the circumstances should be special. In fact, an anarch's progress on a Path could be the basis of a story itself. Say, for instance, that a vampire has been an anarch for a long time and his Humanity is dwindling under the pressure of fighting for the cause. Just when he's about to give up in despair, a group of mysterious vampires makes contact with him, offering him spiritual tutelage that just might save his soul, but they do so only in return for certain favors. How will the emotional product of this strange "guidance" affect the character's relationships with his anarch allies, and what is it that these mysterious tutors ultimately want? Are they scholarly Inconnu testing a potential new recruit, or are they manipulative Sabbat agents provocateurs, hoping to turn a mere opponent of the Camarilla into its bitter enemy?

Where Are the New Traits?

At this point, you may be wondering why this chapter has yet to introduce any new Traits. This book's cousins, **Guide to the Camarilla** and **Guide to the Sabbat**, introduced new Archetypes, Abilities, Backgrounds, Merits and Flaws that were special to members of those sects. Why, then, don't the anarchs have new Traits, too?

The truth of the matter is that plenty of perfectly good Traits have been scattered throughout the **Vampire** core book and the supplements that followed it. This chapter isn't about rolling out new Traits as much as it's about demonstrating the anarch perspective on the Traits that already exist so that you can use those Traits to build a more convincing anarch character. The entire anarch struggle, after all, is about scraping up both what you've been given and what you can find on your own, and using it all in resourceful ways in the pursuit of something better.

Willpower

A character's Willpower comprises his Courage rating, but it also goes beyond that rudimentary starting point. The Willpower rating represents, in essence, a character's resistance to change — especially change of a personal nature. After all, a character does not simply grow braver as his Willpower increases. An increase in a coward's Willpower, for instance, only makes him increasingly more likely to abandon a dangerous task, despite any threat or rationalization that urges him to remain exposed to the danger. By that reasoning, what a character's Willpower represents is the strength of his Nature.

When you're deciding on how high your character's Willpower should be, you begin with Courage, because it takes a minimum of bravery to seek safety in the ideals of one's Nature rather than simply letting the vagaries of fate have their way with you. In order to move beyond that base rating, look at your character's goals and be honest in assessing them the way that you think your character would. How dedicated is he to those goals? Is it in his Nature to compromise? On what points will he accept no compromise? How far will he go in order to achieve his goals? How often do his immediate goals change? The answer to each of these questions should have a bearing on the amount of Willpower that you finally end up giving your character.

Finer Points of Personality

At this point, you can pick up your character sheet and your dice and get ready to play. You should now have everything you need in order to participate in a **Vampire** story, from a concept to a set of goals to a set of dice pools. The following details add greater depth to your character's personality, but they are not essential factors in the

character-creation process. You may wish to keep these factors in mind, though, and make generalized notes about the direction in which you want to take your character in the future. Then, as the story progresses and you grow more comfortable playing the role you've created, you can develop these ideas further and describe them in greater detail.

Technically, of course, such factors as the character's goals and the history of his experiences up to the present should be in place already. One's motivations and memories don't simply spring into existence on their own, after all. Every person on Earth is the product of his past, and none can isolate his thoughts in time in disregard for his experiences. Creating fictional characters, however, gives you the chance to put your character's personality together in reverse. You almost have to, in fact, because it's just so much easier that way. If you know what story you want to tell about a character and you have an idea of what themes you want his actions to represent, then you can use those notions as guidelines for deciding what went on in the character's past. You can take your impressions about the characters prejudices and foibles, and come up retroactively with patterns of behavior and observation in the character's past that support them. Although such isn't the way things happen in real life, it's all right if the chicken comes before the egg in character creation.

Motivations

You should already have a decent idea of what your character's goals are, but her motivations are a deeper matter altogether. It's one thing to know what a character wants and decide how she's going to go about getting it, but it's more important to say *why* she wants it. Even weird, unpredictable real people have reasons for doing what they do (regardless of the quality of those reasons), so fictional characters should abide by the same standard. It's safe to say that fictional characters are held even more accountable to that standard. Characters don't pursue goals "just because," they do so as a direct result of some internal motivation. Without that motivation, the character takes no action, and you have no story.

Look back at your character's goals and work out the logic for why she pursues those goals. If her goal is to oust the local prince, why does she want to do that? Is it because she's an anarch fanatic and the prince is the hapless effigy she intends to burn as a lesson to all Camarilla oppressors? Is it because that prince exiled her sire from the domain then laid claim to her assets by authority of some perversion of the Fourth and Fifth Traditions? Really put some thought into your character's motivations before the story begins, and measure her devotion to them in terms of her Nature, Demeanor, Willpower and Self-Control. You needn't make them predictable or trite, but be sure to make them logical to your character. This exercise will help you flesh out your character's history as well.

Relationships

As has been mentioned, humans and Kindred both are social creatures. They define themselves in terms of how others see them just as often as they judge themselves internally. Therefore, it's a good idea to think about how your character interacts with the other types of characters that he might encounter during the chronicle.

Mortals

One of the most important aspects of your character's personality is the way he looks at the living now that he's become a Kindred. It affects the speed with which he is able to put his mortal life behind him (if he can), as well as the degree to which he's able to resist the Beast. Is your character a pure predator who cares nothing for his prey except in the context of that relationship, or does he still walk, talk, act and think like the man he was? Does he consider himself better than mortal or worse, or is he still too newly changed to comprehend the distinction? Does he kill when he feeds? Does he feel any guilt or remorse for the act of feeding? If he doesn't, does that fact bother him?

This consideration not only reflects the character's Humanity, but it has a subtle effect on the effectiveness of his Backgrounds as well. Mortals are the ones in whom the power of most Backgrounds rests, and if a character alienates or frightens away any human being he meets, he's going to have a hard time flexing that power. And if a character can't relate to mortals at all any more because of age, outlook or both, it's unlikely that he'll be able to relate to relatively young vampires either. If the character can't wield significant power through his Backgrounds or relate to young Kindred, how likely then is he to make an effective anarch?

Kindred

For that matter, how does your character relate to other Kindred? What has his overall Cainite experience been like? Was his Embrace a traumatic fight for his life (which he ultimately lost), or does he think of it as a bittersweet curse at the end of a long seduction? Does he resent his sire, love his sire or really try not to think too much about the night he died? A character's impression of his vampiric nature is multi-layered, but it starts at that general point.

Next, determine how your character will likely interact with the members of his gang, pack or coterie. Does he keep secrets from them? Is he open and relaxed around them, or does he feel that he must constantly rise to their lofty standards? Does he look at them as temporary allies of convenience, or does he consider them his closest relationships? Does he even like them? Get together with your fellow players and discuss your characters before the story begins, and try to feel out the basics of what they want to play. Then examine your character's concept, Nature and Conscience rating for an idea of how well your character might get along with his fellow anarchs. Remember, a group storytelling session doesn't work too well if each character involved is bent on doing his own thing at the expense of his compatriots, but a little dramatic tension between co-conspirators can add spice and excitement to any story.

The next step is to think about your character's notions about the Camarilla and the vampires who make it up. What specific experiences has he had with Camarilla Kindred, and which of those experiences finally convinced him to hook up with the anarchs? Does he have a bias toward the entire society, or does he reserve his zeal for only select opponents? Does he harbor fantasies of reviving his Camarilla status once he's built up his resources sufficiently, or does he feel that the entire Camarilla structure is too fundamentally flawed for him to remain any part of it?

Finally, give some thought to your character's views on the other vampiric factions and like-minded gatherings. How much does he know (or think he knows) about these other groups? Has he been indoctrinated with a deep revulsion for the Sabbat and all that it stands for, or does he wish that he could join up with a righteous pack and *really* stick it to the Camarilla? Is he aware of even the names of the independent clans? What keeps him from becoming autarkis? If he has false information about other types of Kindred, what is it, and how did he come up with it?

Other Supernatural Beings

As a rule, young vampires don't know much about the other supernatural terrors and wonders that exist in the World of Darkness. The Embrace has a way of focusing one's concentration inward when it comes to that sort of thing. Besides, werewolves, ghosts and wizards aren't particularly sociable with the Childer of Caine in the first place. If, however, your character has had some experience with supernatural creatures other than vampires, what is it, and what effect did it have on him? Just remember to justify this information and validate these experiences with your Storyteller before you randomly drop any of it into conversation.

Spark of Life

The finishing touches that you put on your character at the end of this process (or which you add at random points during the course of the story) are called the spark of life for a reason. All the actual life is drained from a person at the moment of the Embrace, only to be replaced by the hollow echo of existence as a vampire. Yet, although the flame of living Humanity dwindles and gutters thereafter, it is not immediately snuffed out. Certain passions (or sparks) linger for as long as the vampire is able to remember them. They are the last vestiges of his personality that remain mortal beyond the start of undeath.

These passions express themselves in several ways, not the least of which is the vampire's sense of humor. Not much about carrying on an eternal parasitic existence is funny, but some vampires still have enough personality left in them to laugh from time to time. What, if anything, does your character still find funny? Has he adopted a bleak, gallows humor as his only defense mechanism against the Beast inside him? Is he able to laugh only at the truly absurd and unexpected? Does he find humor in the cruel misfortune of others?

Another major passion that lingers for a while after the Embrace is a character's sexuality. That passion usually fades rapidly from attraction to appreciation and finally to simple objectivity once the vampire realizes that her procreative urge no longer exists, but sexuality is a powerful component of her personality up until that point. A character's living sexual orientation might affect her choice of victims on the hunt. She might choose to feed only from people who would have made appropriate sexual partners in life, or she might exclude them as her victims out of a desire to protect them. Likewise, she might take out her unrequited sexual frustrations on her early victims, or experiment with rapidly cooling sexual desires that she didn't have the courage to indulge in before the Embrace.

Beyond the hunt for prey, characters might use either a lingering (or wholly manufactured) sexuality in dealing with younger vampires, human pawns or the executors of her Backgrounds. Even if the feelings don't stay around to back her actions up, sexuality (and sensuality) is a powerfully manipulative tool of a character who chooses to use it as such.

Lastly, decide if any of your character's habits or hobbies have carried over from his life into his undeath.

Only Got Time for a Quickie?

It may well be that you don't have either the time or the inclination to work step-by-step through this entire character-creation process each and every time you want to build an anarch vampire. It could be that you just want to dash off a few notes on an interesting Storyteller character who'll appear briefly in your long-running Camarilla chronicle. Or maybe your buddies decided while you were out picking up Coke and pretzels that you were all going to play a one-shot anarch story that night.

Whatever the case is, you simply may not need a character as fully fleshed out as one that you create using this entire chapter would be. That being the case, keep these high points of the chapter in mind when making quickie anarch characters. You should read them and jot down quick notes as you're filling in the character sheet, but you can safely skip the intervening material if you *must*. You can do even less and get away with it, but if you do, you'll be straying from the bare minimum of what makes an anarch an anarch.

The Process: Check the Quick Reference sidebar on p. 79 for the capsule version of the actual character-creation process for a run-down of the steps involved.

Concept: Without a concept, there is no character, so don't skip this step in the text. Frankly, you really can't even if you try.

Nature: Nature governs the ways in which this character interacts with the main characters, so at least make a note of it.

Goals: Decide whether the character wants something personally or if you're only using him as a plot device. Also decide what makes this character an anarch, rather than a member of some other faction.

Ratings: Finally, refer back to the Quick Reference sidebar and fill in the dots.

Once you've completed the quickie version of the anarch-creation process, keep the character sheet and your hastily scribbled notes around. If the character survives for more than a session or two, you may wind up making more of him as the chronicle progresses. If such is the case, build from the foundation you've already laid and use this chapter to help you add on.

Does he still shower and brush his teeth immediately after waking up, going through the same motions that he went through in life? Does he walk a certain path through his home city every night, murmuring to himself about how much things have changed? At heart, vampires become creatures of habit and rote as they age, but, in his early unlife, his lasting mortal habits can serve as reminders of who he used to be.

A vampire's hobbies also serve as symbolic links to his former life, provided he can still muster the interest to practice them. He does have an eternity in which to master his diversionary skills, of course, and it's highly unlikely that he'll spend his every waking moment hurling Molotov cocktails at Camarilla ghouls or making grandiloquent speeches to his gang about the nobility of the anarch cause. Therefore, what does he do in the meantime? Does he travel to highly populated areas of his city and people-watch? Does he play a musical instrument? Does he write stories or poems? Does he take his beaten Nash deck and vainly attempt McTwists at the local skate park after hours? How does he fill his time when he's not actively pursuing his anarch goals?

Once you've addressed these concerns and answered all of these questions to your satisfaction, you're more than prepared to put your fully developed anarch character into play. All that's left is to find out what your Storyteller has in store and lose yourself for a while in the mystery and excitement of this new life you've created from your own imagination.

M.G.

Chapter Four: A World Ripe for Revolution

Those who make peaceful evolution impossible will make violent revolution inevitable.
—John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Dear J,

I am honored by your attempt to lure me back onto the battlefield. It is futile, of course. Those nights are over, once and for all. It was fun while it lasted, but I cannot chase those dreams anymore. We had our chance back in those long-ago nights, and I knew it was a one-time opportunity. We failed, and I knew this was it for me. I told you before, and I am telling you again — I respect your devotion to your cause as well as the strength and resources you put into your pursuit of it, but it is your cause now, no longer ours. I found my little niche up here in the Highlands. I watch the night sky, counting the clouds, I think a lot, and sometimes I even cry for our companions long dead. Every once in a while, I put myself to the test of traveling to the sea and back on my own — you are aware of the savage horrors that haunt the night up here — just to keep my instincts sharp.

Well, that was a lie. I am sure you already guessed it anyway. The real reason is the sound of the waves when they crash. It always was and probably always will be. Even if always means an eternity of nights sewn together by days I spend in cold dreaming... on the other hand, who should know better about this than you?

Over all, I have found peace, so please stop trying to raise old passions. Even the memories feel stale and dusty and dead.

However, I cannot deny the needs of someone with whom I have fought back-to-back, who saved my unlife as often as I have saved his. I think it is a stupid idea to send your American childer over here. I don't care what horrors you claim are hunting them. I predict they will drop like flies. But since this would have been the first time my voice of reason stopped you from fulfilling one of your crazed plans, I tried to put down as much advice in the missive as possible.

When I put this packet on the way, I consider the last of my debts paid.

Don't get me wrong — even though I sometimes still miss you and the nights we had, the words I said

when we parted are not an iota less true then they were that night. What you are trying to do is wrong. It is the wrong way, and all it will bring is bloodshed and bitterness and war. If you try bringing all this to my private little domain up here, I will stand against it. If need be, I will kill you while trying to stop you, even though this would probably cost me as much as it would cost you. I am not the woman I was when we first met.

Also, do not try finding me for any other reason. I am telling you now: I will not come back. Ever.

Maybe I will take up traveling in a hundred years from now or so. Maybe not. I will not go back to the cities and their princes and Traditions and little games, that much is for sure. But I will not join any cause you might come up with, either. Try finding me, and I will find ways to protect my privacy.

Enough of this, now. I had an associate of mine encrypt the files on the plastic diskette included in this package. I do not understand much of these modern technologies, but I am sure you are very aware of them. The key to the code will be arriving by itself shortly.

Goodbye, old love.

I hope we never meet again, since we would be standing on different sides.

M.

Preamble

It is obvious that I spent so much time to elaborate on Europe, the reason being that Europe is the original home ground of the Anarch Revolt. This is where it started (presumably). It is also the bastion of the Camarilla, where the real power lies, so Europe seemingly provides no space for subversive elements. Which is ironic since Europe is also the original home of the anarchistic philosophers.

Anyway, if you are leaving America, Europe is the most logical place to go since unlife there bears the most resemblance to unlife in America. The old continent is definitely crowded, kine- and Kindred-wise, which is a double-edged blade. On one hand, this suits us since we are beings of the cities. On the other, it also makes it more difficult to do one's own thing. Roughly the same applies to the Australian cities, however, the Last Frontier still sports areas uncivilized and haunted by certain horrors.

Africa, South America and Asia are a different matter. For various reasons, most of us — at least those of us who aren't of Methuselah's power — cannot adapt or survive on these continents, at least not easily. Sometimes other, more powerful creatures of old claim their landmasses. In other cases, they are too chaotic to offer suitable havens for us. You will find the details in what follows.

Some of what I am going to tell you will be knowledge that might as well save your unlife tomorrow night. You had better remember who gave it to you.

Anarch Chronicles Abroad

The facts on the states presented here are naturally incomplete. It is not possible to give a satisfying in-depth view in so few pages. Be aware also that everything you read here is presented from a subjective point of view. It may be enough to fuel a single character's background or a couple of scenes in a story that takes place mainly in the United States, but if you want to run a chronicle exclusively in another country, take the information presented here as a base and extrapolate. The Internet offers nearly infinite sources; libraries and bookstores should also provide useful information, as well as travel agencies, where you might obtain the most up-to-date pictures. In any case, go ahead and invest that time. There are considerable differences in the way different nations "tick" and these details will add significant elements of mood and flavor to your story. Imagine your players late at night in Great Britain, looking for a bite, and discovering that all the pubs close down at 11 PM. As for Europe in general: The weapons laws are significantly stricter than they are in the US. Without the proper legal documents and a brilliant reason, it is virtually impossible in most countries to carry a gun as a normal citizen.

Africa

Africa has the most rapidly expanding population of the world with a growth of three percent p.a., although birth and death rates are also the world's highest. Despite its size, however, Africa contains only about 10 percent of the world's population.

The African population uses at least 1,000 individual languages, and the four main language families are as follows: Niger-Kordofanian (the most wide-spread family), Nilo-Saharan (languages spoken along the savanna zone south of the Sahara from the middle Niger to the Nile, with outlying groups in Eastern Africa), Afro-Asiatic (including Arabic, Ancient Egyptian, Berber, etc., spoken in Northern Africa and eastward to the Horn of

Africa. Arabic is both the official and unofficial language in states north of the Sahara and in the Sudan) and Khoisan (languages of the San and Khoikhoi, now limited to the arid parts of Southwestern Africa). French, English, Dutch, Portuguese and certain languages of the Indian subcontinent are spoken in the areas influenced by these countries.

Although many European and American Cainites delude themselves into believing otherwise, Africa is no place for our kind. It is too rural, too wild. We need the kine to sustain ourselves — the more, the better. Thus, we need the cities. Sure, people of the Blood dwell on the Dark Continent. Not too few, if you were to gather them and put them together in one room. However, considering the size of the continent, Africa houses only a fraction of what might theoretically be possible.

The majority of Africa's inhabitants — mortal or not — is indigenous. Significant immigrants from Europe are found in South Africa (about one-seventh of the population), Zimbabwe, Zambia, Namibia, Mozambique, Kenya and Senegal. Other substantial minority groups are Asian peoples (chiefly in Southern and East Africa), Arabs (in West and East Africa), and people of mixed origin.

Now, the present situation in these places derives, to a significant degree, from the colonization of the land by European explorers. It is an old story, a sad story, and you know it from your own continent. "Uncivilized" tribes find themselves overrun by technically superior intruders and are robbed of their freedom, property, lives and often their entire culture. I will not elaborate on this, but I do advise you to research these events since they bear several lessons that also apply to our situation within a society overshadowed by amoral predators.

The Kindred of European descent dwelling in Africa most likely came down with or shortly after the mortal explorers. Depending on clan and individual tastes, they either secured themselves large portions of land — and thus herds — or embarked upon nomadic unlives though the nature resorts. Of course, since most of the rural parts of Africa are deserts, there aren't legions of Gangrel hunting the nights down there. Only a few and the most brave (or foolish) dare to journey the barren sand seas.

Most cities in Africa are products of the 20th century. However, a few relics from the past exist along the Nile valley, the Mediterranean fringe of North Africa and also in Western Africa, such as Alexandria (Egypt), Fès (Morocco), Timbuktu

(Mali), Djenné (Mali), Kano (Nigeria), Ibadan (Nigeria) and Oyo (Nigeria). Several medieval Arab coastal towns are located in eastern Africa, such as Mombassa (Kenya). Examples of cities founded under colonial rule as administrative, trading or industrial centers and ports are Johannesburg (South Africa), Lusaka (Zambia), Kinshasa (Zaire), Lubumbashi (Zaire), Nairobi (Kenya), Dakar (Senegal), Freetown (Sierra Leone) and Abidjan (Ivory Coast). Often, they are built onto traditional towns, as in the case of Lagos (Nigeria) or Accra (Ghana). The last group usually features some sort of derivation of the classic domain organization. I have included a general guide for visitors as well.

Besides the emigrants from Europe, some Cainites whisper that Africa has spawned a native bloodline of Kindred — if they can be called that. I have found very little hard information on them other than a few veiled references and names like "Kagn" and "Laibon." Supposedly, their number is fixed and they do not Embrace childer except for replacing deceased members of the bloodline. According to rumor and legend, these undead have strange powers, weaving some sort of blood magic through their strong ties with the earth and the land down there.

I have never met one of them, though I spent quite some time in Africa. After all, it is also the continent that was once home to Carthage. I still tend to believe in their existence, for the local folklore sports many myths around similar beings. Plus, something — or somebody — is keeping the European structures and traditions from getting a firm grip on the cities of Africa. Several of these cities can be called domains, but if you stay there for long, you will feel that it is not the same as home. It is difficult to put it in words, but it is definitely true.

First, many Kindred emigrants return to their homeland relatively soon or venture on to new shores. If you talk to them, they can give you individual, plausible reasons. However, their sheer number makes it a strange phenomenon, as if something was driving them away without them consciously noticing it. I can say only that I went there, spent some time in various parts, then realized that it just wasn't my cup of tea and went back.

Second, even in the so-called domains, strange things happen inside Kindred society. People talk and strike deals and collect boons in preparation of a decision, and they find, in the end, that they are doing something entirely different from what they intended to do. Projects to turn the desert into livable space, for example, turn into something else all the time.

Third, you never feel quite comfortable there. We are territorial creatures — well, most of us are — and we need some sort of structure to sustain us. In most cases, this involves finding a suitable city, settling down and fighting for a permanent place in the domain's pecking order. In other cases, it means developing a traveling routine. However, I found Africa always unsettling.

Apart from these elusive impressions, Africa holds a wide range of very concrete dangers to our kind. As in every place touched so little by modern "civilization," it is home to many hostile and savage beasts that hunt the deserts, rainforests, savannas and sometimes cities. Whatever you might or might not believe about my statements, these monsters do not want our kind in their territory for sure. They will attack on sight, and they don't care about the Masquerade or any other of our little human-tinged rules. In Europe, the cities are big enough to hold them back. We can move quite freely there. In Africa, it's veritably the other way round. Except that they do not care for negotiation. They just kill.

By the way, it's not only Lupines I'm talking about here. You probably haven't heard about them yet — or only about the ones on your continent — but plenty more races of shapeshifters exist other than just the werewolves. Look at the African tales and legends to get an idea what hunts its wilderness. I have always possessed the wisdom to stick with my kind and never actually seen one of them, but I have heard whispers about humanoid alligators, tigers and even spiders.

Besides the shapeshifters, other, even stranger beings travel the lonely glens and mountains, journeying from village to village and tribe to tribe, telling stories and supposedly giving advice. Again, I take this from rumors, so make of it what you will. Also, there is supposed to be more than just human hocus-pocus to the shamans and medicine men of the nomad tribes.

One last thing: It is often rumored by the "officials" that we anarchs were actively taking part in the numerous separatist and civil wars going on in different parts of the continent. This is an unwise idea. Of what interest are mortal affairs to us other than internal quarrying of cattle? One or two exceptions to that rule may exist, but their involvement is part of their individual biography. It is far more likely to find African-based Kindred taking part in AIDS prevention to improve the health of his herd. The areas plagued by guerrilla warfare are dangerous ground even for our kind. Plus, they drown in violent chaos. It's ugly and mean and sad, so nobody

without a serious, important purpose ventures there in these desolate modern nights.

Africa won't kill you outright, if you pay reasonable attention and choose your destination well. In case you need to do the Grand Escape, it may not be the worst idea to spend a couple of years or even a decade or two there. Just be aware that it's neither America nor Europe but a strange, strange land. Therefore, try to plan ahead and gather information before you leave, if at all possible. The different areas vary largely.

It is not likely that you will be able to establish your own little domain or whatever you'd want to call your personal resort, and there will be no real foundational society to shock and shake, at least not like home. You will more likely find yourself as a part of a group of foreigners in a foreign country who tries to survive each night individually. Which, of course, bears a completely different danger to yourself and your beliefs.

A Taste of Home

Hereafter are a few words for anarch visitors of the more Westernized parts of Africa like Morocco, Algeria, Libya, Egypt and South Africa.

Again, be aware that this is not exactly Camarilla territory — or even quantifiably the domain of any sect at all. Still, it is customary in all cities fitting into this description to pay respect to some sort of prince if you go there. In most cases, however, the local Kindred are not as populous or stratified as in the average European town, so it is possible to slip under the radar. This is quite useful if you happen to be in trouble. On the other hand, these domains exist on virtual islands; they hardly maintain contact to other settlements since enough distance lies between them to avoid it. Therefore, it is pretty easy to concoct a false background story and not get nailed for it (if you keep it modest and simple, that is).

If you choose to step out into the open, it is possible that you will be asked to take part in some sort of ritual upon arrival. Note that you will probably not be able to turn that "offer" down without facing severe consequences and distrust. Mombassa is one of these cities, Kano another. I have no hard facts about the nature of these rituals, so be extra careful when lying about your past and other information that the Blood might give away.

Usually, these domains feature some sort of orderly system, mostly local versions of the Traditions. If you go the official way, you might be formally introduced. If you don't, I shouldn't have to tell you not to draw attention to yourself in violating the Masquerade, however stupid you may think it to be. In any case, the large gap between the rich and the poor makes it relatively easy to hunt. If you stick to the ghettos, it is very unlikely that anybody will follow up one or two or 10 missing mortals.

When meeting European Kindred dwelling long-term or even permanently in Africa's cities, always bear one question in mind: Why has this Cainite moved here? Why has she left her homeland behind? This applies especially to the Camarilla clans. You will probably also run into a fair number of other Cainites, mostly Lasombra and Giovanni. The fact that almost all of them are strangers there lowers the traditional barriers a little. However, those who look for a different approach to claiming domain and the sharing of power will most likely be isolated or even persecuted for their beliefs nonetheless.

The revolutionary is always lonely in the eye of the system he opposes.

Asia

The world's largest continent contains almost three-fifths of the world's people. Since the various mountains made extensive migration movements impossible, these different ethnic groups remained largely separated.

The majority of the population of continental Asia uses at least one of the four large language families — Altaic (consisting of Turkic, Mongolian and Manchu-Tungus subfamilies), Slavic, Sino-Tibetan (consisting of Chinese and Tibeto-Burman languages) and Indo-Iranian (consisting of Indo-Aryan and Iranian languages). The Asian islands and peninsulas feature numerous other languages of Austro-Asiatic, Tai, Japanese, Korean, Hmong-Mien, Austronesian and other language families.

Asia features some of the most beautiful and peaceful nature resorts in the world, as well as some of the most rigid governments. Unlike the Africans or the native South Americans, the Asians weren't overrun by colonial forces. Even if they lost parts of their land to such forces (like they did Hong Kong), they managed to maintain their own culture and adapt parts of the Western one.

To us as Westerners, even nightly unlife in the metropolises of China or Japan feels strange. The local codes of behavior and communication differ largely from everything we are used to. The Asian approach to the world is markedly different from ours. It can take years to adapt to this even if you're not being hunted down and destroyed by strange horrors that command bizarre powers.

However, I think you already know why it is especially ill-advised to journey Asia at this point. The so-called "Kindred" from there are like nothing we have encountered ever before. I would go so far as to say that it is even more difficult for anarchs to travel Asia, since many of those bearing that description are still fairly young or travel in small groups. The almighty Camarilla itself gave up Tokyo and pulled all its people back from Hong Kong save for a handful of agents rumored to be in thrall to the Tremere, so what has a gang of idealists and trouble-makers to win there?

It is possible that one extreme Kindred idealist or the other decides to go and look for peace and quiet nonetheless. However, that Kindred is likely to be either foolish or exceptionally powerful. And mad through and through.

Accordingly, I will not give more in-depth information on the different cultures and nations, though they would deserve it for their richness. I traveled Asia before we understood how deep the differences between our kind and the Eastern "Kindred" run and before they forced this ominous war upon us, and it offers estimable peace to the troubled mind. Climbing the Himalayas, running the savannas of Mongolia, meditating in the temples of Indonesia... it used to be a good place to venture when you needed quiet to think. Tonight, all that awaits you there is enmity, violence and a brutal Final Death.

Well, this is the home of what you're running from. I guess that about sums it up.

Australia

The undisturbed parts of Australia are pretty much the same as in Africa, America or European hinterlands: shapechanger territory. Walk there, and you're bound for trouble. Walk there alone, and you're likely to meet your end.

I guess it's common knowledge that Australia's population derives from several ships of unwanted people from Europe (mostly Great Britain) destined for the Last Frontier in the late 1800s. Most Kindred who are not originally from Australia arrived with those ships or in later decades. However, the Aboriginals tell old tales about some night-creature biting people's necks and drinking their blood, which might be a hint to a local race of Kindred. As far as I know, there are no incontrovertible facts on this matter.

As in Africa, the European immigrants to Australia had a significant effect on the indigenous population. During the first half of the last century, the mortal government went so far as to establish a White Australia Campaign that forbade non-Europeans from immigrating to Australia. The Aboriginals are fighting for their acceptance as of today.

Australia's big cities — Sidney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Perth, Adelaide and Newcastle — are all located at the coast. They are separated by hundreds of miles of empty land, thus emerging as fully independent units. Inner Australia is free nature since the peculiarities of the land make settling nearly impossible. Most of these cities are pretty conventional domains, with two relevant exceptions. Be careful should you journey there. If you make the usual preparations, you should be fine.

Naturally, the Camarilla wasn't the only faction interested in the new continent. The Sabbat also ventured there, and it managed during the last century to become the dominant sect in one of Australia's larger cities, Brisbane. Its head is Archbishop Camille, a Lasombra and native Spanish. According to rumor, the Black Hand characteristically seeks to overthrow other cities' Kindred structures, though they seem to currently limit themselves to eastern Australia. Still, if you plan your journey to the Last Frontier, check ahead and get some information on the present situation to avoid getting caught in some Sabbat rabble-roust.

Those of you more inclined to open space and nature, be warned. The outback is Lupine territory. Many them dwell there, and they kill our kind with the aplomb they show elsewhere. I have heard tell of one or two Gangrel running the wilderness, but less hardy Kindred should opt for the plane or the train. Of course, you can also rent a car and use the highway, but you're doing that at your own risk.

Australia is largely recommendable to idealistic Kindred. If you are young, stick to Perth or Sydney. If you are looking for a place to change according to your beliefs, travel to one of the other major cities in Australia and try to spread the mission there.

Sydney

Originally, Sydney was a Ventrue-dominated domain. In the modern nights, its prince is a Toreador by the name of Sarrasine. If you meet him, he is likely to give you the creeps in an inexplicable way, though he has some great ideas on how to run his city. In the 1950s, he declared Sidney a free city, opening it to everybody, not just the Camarilla. Since that night, you can meet every kind of person hunted by the system in Sydney. They're all there — Sabbat, rogue Camarilla, independents, weirdoes.

In addition, Sarrasine has a rather high tolerance concerning the obeisance to the Traditions. If you want to Embrace a child, he doesn't require you to ask permission. From my own experience, it is very easy to put up a front successfully.

The consequences of this sort of freedom are plenty and not all of them are positive, of course. At this point, Sydney is packed with Kindred, some of them being freaks even by the liberal standards of the Kindred. During the 2000 Olympic Games, feeding was hardly a problem, but after the departure of the guests and athletes, the risk has increased dramatically. Also, Sarrasine's assumedly good intentions aside, not all of the Kindred inhabitants of his city believe in the freedom of thought, mind and speech. It is possible to be snatched by a wretched Sabbat as well as by some elder who came looking for you. Still, if you are looking for a place to escape to, Sydney is a good city to start with.

Perth

How can I put this? Perth is a home for us. Like the former Anarch Free State, this city on the Australian west coast is ours. It used to be the domain of some old Tremere bastard, but he was ousted in an anarch coup, proving that when we organize, we can actually have some degree of success. The city is now a haven for basically all anarchs coming to Australia. Kindred policy is overseen by a circle of elder anarchs who took part in the overthrow of the former domain. Of course, "overseen" is a bit of a loaded word — the elders mostly make sure that the Kindred population doesn't endanger itself by feeding too much or making itself too obvious or by killing each other without sound reason.

Apart from that, unlife in Perth is whatever you make of it. It is all about giving you choices. If you want to mingle with mortal affairs, try to build whatever subculture you'd like or just quit out of it all and be a lonely wolf in the dark — you name it, you do it. Just stick to the city and avoid the wild beasts.

Europe

American cities may be crowded places in which the Kindred pull the strings, but at least in between them lies open land, free space to retreat to when the ground gets too hot under your feet. Whereas here....

Most of Europe is crowded. With the European Union growing more and more entrenched and structured, the European nations also become more and more connected. To give you an example: In 2002, the Euro will become the main currency for 11 of the 15 countries already taking part in the EU — namely Austria, Belgium, Finland, France, Germany, Ireland, Italy, Luxembourg, Netherlands, Portugal, Spain. (Those not taking part in the new currency program include Denmark, Greece, Sweden, Great Britain and Northern Ireland.) By July 2002, the Euro will have completely replaced the old currencies. Literally. All these nations will have new money.

So, people learn of their neighbors' doings. People observe patterns, possible connections, networks. Meaning: If you screw up in America, namely the United States, and manage to walk away undead and well, all you need to do is change the coast, keep your feet still for some time and then begin the charade all over again. In Europe — no way.

Over here, you need tons of connections, money and time to cover up a major catastrophe. And even then it is more likely that they catch you than not. You have to tread a lot more carefully.

Of course it is still possible to follow the cause over here. This is where the professionals play. Little bashing and thrashing, it is almost always the way of the cat — silently, clever, unseen. Often, you have to fight the system from within since you have no other way of succeeding. Of course, working from within bears the danger of succumbing to its temptations, so you need to be strong of heart and will.

Another key component of the anarch struggle in Europe is information, pure and simple. You need to know who you are aligning against. As in *exactly*. Names, backgrounds, allies, foes, powers, influences. Think about possible consequences before you act. Plan ahead and plan twice. Cover your retreat. Know where you're going. Know where to hide if it blows up in your face.

Oh, one last thing before we get to the point. Forget about celebrations close to dawn after a successful hit. Far too much attention. If you manage to go in, do your thing and get out with your unlife intact, the party will dissolve quickly and quietly, each member leaving by itself. It is lonely at the top.

And this is the top.

Austria

Austria is a rather small country in the Alps. Numerous small villages dot the high mountains and a couple of larger cities. It is a very rural country. The mortal population in most parts feels very close to their traditional ways. I'm telling you this because it means that strangers stand out. If you take care, though, you should be

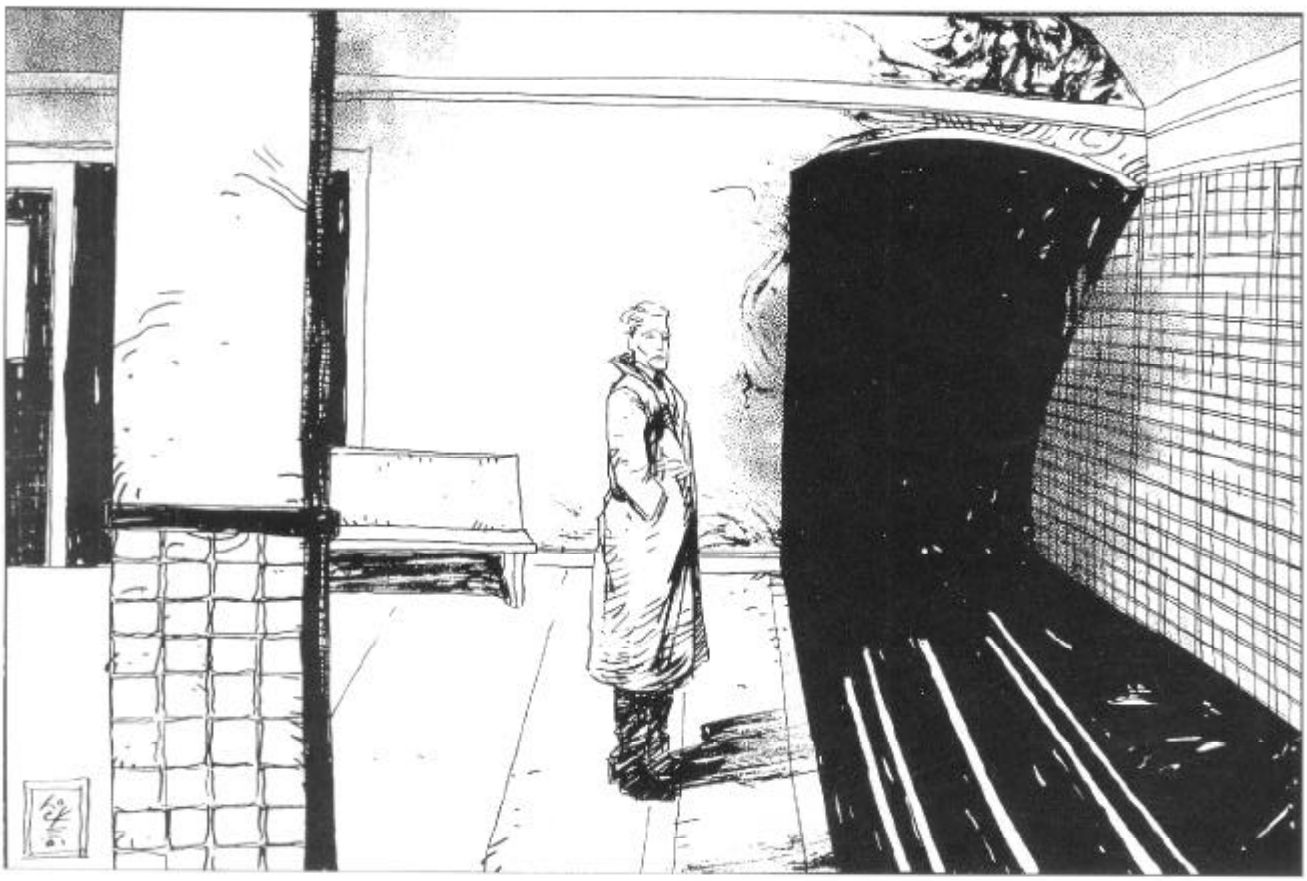
able to blend in with the tourists. Austria caters to large numbers of ski tourists who travel here from other European countries. Its capital, lovely, morbid Vienna, is something of a cultural metropolis. But I surely don't have to tell you who is pulling the strings there and why it is the last place I would travel to without a really good reason. I guess I also do not have to explain the potential dangers in the mountains. Apart from the few vessels, we have no secure information on what makes its haven up there.

Overall, there aren't many niches for the strong-willed anarch here. Staying here means you have to keep your head down — preferably between your knees. Don't try to walk around convincing people of strange ideas. This country has its very own way of functioning. It runs like clockwork — everybody and everything has its place and time for action. If you are careful disguising your true purposes and beliefs, you may be able to stay for some time without getting into trouble. I don't know of any anarch claiming that allegiance dwelling permanently in Austria, with one exception. However, it seems that one or two Kindred managed to find their very own niche where they can go about their business undisturbed. But if that qualifies for anarch effort in the modern nights, I shouldn't be writing this anyway.

Just stay away from Austria unless you are sick of your existence or in desperate need of something you cannot obtain anywhere else.

Vienna

One of the most notorious European anarchs, the clanless Marc Krieger, has traveled to Vienna to pursue his vengeance against Clan Tremere for killing his beloved. It is moot telling you that he will sooner or later be killed trying something really heroic and really reckless. This little story tells you the most important fact about Austria: If you go there to accomplish something, it had better be to fulfill a death wish. Most Kindred are Tremere themselves or poisoned by their constant influence. Supposedly, some managed to build there own little niches in the system — such as a strange "antiques vendor" of some sort who holds annual auctions below the National Library in Vienna, selling weird artifacts and information to the highest bidder. Rumor has it that he was there even before the Tremere arrived and that they have no way to kick him out or even influence the auctions to their advantage. All in all, the non-Tremere who stay there mostly have very good reasons to do so and



will not be diverted from them. The others are forced to stay there. If you are not as old and cunning as Marc, don't take the risk.

Bulgaria

Bulgaria was first a part of the Byzantine, then of the Ottoman Empire. In 1908, it finally gained complete independence, only to be dragged into the Balkan War and WWII, siding with the Germans. Like all the nations in these meridians, it was afterward made part of the USSR. After regaining its independence and becoming a democracy in 1990, Bulgaria had to rebuild its devastated economy. The country plans to become a member of the EU in 2006 and has managed to establish good relationships to both Germany and the USA to procure help.

It presents the rare case of a country's mortal situation being almost completely detached from the Kindred — or better Cainite — one. It is one of the main ancestral lands that spawned the terrible Tzimisce, who don't show that much interest in the affairs of the mortals as long as their own supply is covered. Sofia, the only city large enough to maintain a Kindred society to speak of, is considered the domain of one of them. He — or she — calls himself prince, but make no mistake. This is not Camarilla unlife, but rather an acknowledgement of even older traditions. You might argue that you will not be persecuted for voicing your ideas in this case, which may be right. But consider what might happen to you if you are wrong.

Far too creepy. Far too dangerous.

Czech Republic and Slovakia

These two countries split up in 1993 after having been Czechoslovakia for several decades. During the time of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, this area was divided into Bohemia and Moravia and grew to be one of the wealthiest parts of the empire, due to a clever combination of exploiting the land's natural resources and developing a healthy agriculture. By the end of the Habsburg rule, Czechoslovakia was sovereign.

During the Habsburg monarchy, Clan Toreador secured its grip on the area, and it is still the most potent clan there. However after Hitler's occupation of the Sudetenland, the Czech part of the country was proclaimed a German protectorate, whereas Slovakia became a self-governing republic. After the end of the war, everything looked as if it was going straight back to its historical norm — the mortals and then-prince Vasily were both beginning to restore the damage done to the country.

Then, without warning, Communist forces pulled of a coup for the power — and succeeded. In the years from then to 1989, when Czechoslovakia managed to break free from the rule of the USSR and build a democracy, the land was put under a regime of terror comparable to Stalin's. The decades under this influence completely ruined the country economy-wise. After gaining freedom, the separation was agreed upon.

Tonight, the rebuild is far from complete. Kindred society is still restructuring and struggling to deal with the multiple changes of the system that completely surprised them. As far as I know, there was no interference from Tzimisce, Tremere or the ominous Baba Yaga during the occupation by the Stalinists. However — who is to tell? Maybe the old hag's plan was larger than we dare consider.

The current prince, former justicar Carlak and the other inhabitants of the now divided state are up to their ears in reorganization. Elder, clever anarchs might be able to push one or two ideas through during this process. Upstarts will more likely be disciplined for their interference. The nerves of the Kindred have been painfully skittish because of the unexpected chaos and the justicar's seizure of praxis during the last decades.

France

Usually, France is remembered as the land of The Grand Revolution, excellent wine, good food and fine arts. Tonight, it is one of the biggest and most active members of the EU. Which is exactly what its most important prince, François Villon, wanted to achieve since he took over the power in Paris. What many Kindred (and, in fact, mortals as well) do not know is that France was also the home of one of the founders of modern anarchist theory, Pierre Joseph Proudhon.

Proudhon was one of the first to envision a society without the boundaries and limits of a state. Highly intelligent, he led a life dedicated to finding the ultimate structure for living together. Proudhon understood anarchism like the Greek root of the word *anarchia*: the absence of authority and government. He is also the inventor of the phrase: "Possession is theft." Ah, had we been able to enlist his mind! Many things would have turned out differently, and the American anarchs would be more than the highway childer they are today. Far more.

I can only recommend you read his works, since they are not part of this document.

If you are careful, France may be a good place to take refuge in Europe. You can learn a lot about revolutionary history there and maybe find a place in the movement there.

Corsica

This island located on the southern coast of France has a history of mortal rebellion and the fight for independence against various conquerors. A Phoenician colony in the beginning, the island was conquered by the Roman Empire, the Germanic tribe of the Vandals, the Byzantines, the Goths, the Langobards, the Franks, the Saracens and the city-states of Pisa and Genoa. This succession of conquerors was interrupted by a short period of independence from 1736 to 1738, before the island was given as a present to France in 1768, then conquered by the British in 1794. "Liberated" again by the French in 1796, it has remained with them ever since, albeit reluctantly.

A little like the Scots with the English, the Corsican people became a part of a greater nation, believing that they would be able to maintain their national identity. Instead, they feel suppressed, being, for example, forbidden to speak their own language (a mixture between French and Italian called *corsù*) in official situations.

Tonight, the Corsican people still fight to finally reach their independence. The island's dramatic past has always drawn many undead rebels to its air of romantic conflict. The first two anarchs to settle down there were the Gangrel Antonino and the Brujah Maria of Cologne during the 16th century. The Brujah stayed in the present capital of Corsica, Ajaccio, while the Gangrel took the city the Corsicans themselves think of as their capital, Corte. The female anarch left Corsica at some point in the early 1900s, while Antonino still haunts Corsica, technically being something like a prince although he would break your back if he heard you call him that. I believe the proper term of deference is baron, but consistency was never one of the Anarch Movement's strong points.

The two of them established a codex for the Kindred wanting to join them there. With 350,000 mortal inhabitants, the island cannot serve as haven to more than about five Kindred, the absolute maximum being 10. The codex is largely similar to the unwritten anarch laws I heard about from the highways of the US. However, these Kindred also established a strict limitation of the number of Kindred present and a rotation scheme after which four places on the island are given away and taken back. Tonight, this scheme corresponds with the mortal holiday seasons, since Corsica has developed a healthy tourist industry.

Villon and the like have tried very hard to forget about the rebels south of their domain, as much as France as a whole tries to neglect the presence of the stubborn Corsican people. Villon probably considers this pocket revolution no danger to his power. Still, unlife is beautifully free on Corsica.

Paris

Wise Kindred can learn much in the city of lights about the mechanisms of power structures. Its prince, François Villon, is a well-known Toreador, and he shaped the city to his wishes for well over a century.

Rumor has it that Villon, unofficially considered prince of pretty much all France, has let his domain slip a little bit over the last couple of decades. He cannot be that weak, though. After all, he is still prince, even though Paris is a valuable city (especially since the French tendency to centralize all government grants it extra power over the rest of the country). Other, whispered rumors tell me that he used the time since his claiming of the princedom to set all the other elders in the capital up so that he is free to do what he pleases while they quarrel over little battlegrounds instead of uniting against him.

Whatever the case, his word is still as ironbound as any of Caine's Traditions in Paris (though he speaks rarely to the Kindred public these nights) and heard in many places beyond France. The nightly unlife in Paris is a different matter, though. Other people handle these affairs and are significantly less powerful and clever. Apart from Corsica, small anarch cells exist in the bigger cities of France (Paris, Marseilles, Lyon and Toulouse), the most active one being stationed in the Parisian quarter Pantin. According to my latest news, it has six permanent members: Razor, the Mohawk and Gabriel (all Brujah), the Gangrel Baron, the Nosferatu Joe and a Ventrue called Benoît. Sadly enough, most of them are rather apolitical, with the exception of the Mohawk. Still, this might be one of the best possibilities for your entry into the European scene. Check the darker corners of Pantin and look out for the usual signs to find them.

By the way, Villon is known to believe the young anarchs just need a taste of rebellion to calm down once their sires have let their leashes a little loose. From experience, I know that this is true for a large part of the movement. However, if enough of the young ones stick with it, this lax attitude

might just as well break the mighty prince's neck in the long run.

Germany

You've probably heard it all about the clockwise, precise, serious Germans and the old, anachronistic princes who claim domain in the major cities of this country. You also know about the Third Reich, the Nazis and Adolf Hitler. Before him, Germany was known as the land of poets and thinkers, and home to many famous people. (Martin Luther and J. W. Goethe were only two of them.) Its earlier history depicts a herd of little kingdoms and sovereign cities that slowly grew together until 1871, when they officially became the German nation. It suffered notable turbulence in the past 150 years, as every schoolbook will tell you.

If you are able to behave according to the Traditions of the Camarilla (as in "precisely") and consider yourself a very self-controlled person, you can check out unlife in a Western domain to see what its like. I found it a useful lesson to see princes at work who do not even need primogen to secure their power. Additionally, you gain firsthand experiences on the weaknesses of princes that old and removed from present-night unlife. Be careful, though, and don't stay too long — they will turn their eyes on you if they think you want to stay for longer. The anarchs who dwell there permanently build suitable backgrounds — jobs almost, that let them travel enough that people overlook them as temporary visitors or waterproof information that lets them pass through as supportive Camarilla Kindred.

In 1989, the wall in Berlin fell. Suddenly, the two German nations were supposed to be one again. However, after the first wave of joy and hysteria about the reunification had passed, people realized that the different halves of the country had gone in very different directions during the Cold War. It takes a lot more than just good will to put them back together into one piece.

What does this mean for us? First, several political lessons can be learned from its example, but since they are not part of this document, I will not elaborate on them. Second, after the retreat of the socialist government of former East Germany, the people there have fallen into a sort of cultural depression, having lost their national identity. The resulting mixture of chaos and relatively unstructured change offers plenty of chances to influence the mortal society.

So, what we have here is a one-time chance to gain a domain of considerable size in what's usually 100 percent Camarilla territory, to create something like the Anarch Free State. The old-guard Kindred of the western half of the country are only just realizing their chances in the former GDR, 12 years being practically the blink of an eye for them. The Kindred who held domains there before the reunion vanished when revolution dawned. Who they were exactly, we do not know. They may consider themselves part of the Camarilla, the Sabbat or neither of them. Anyway, the eastern parts of Germany are open for grabs as far as I can tell.

The larger cities in eastern Germany, such as Magdeburg, Leipzig and Dresden, are currently popular candidates for domain among the ranks of those fed up with the old system. You may have heard about the frequent outbursts of violence in these cities. Many of them originate with the problems of mortal society, but you bet that some of these reports hide bands of anarchs fighting the agents of Camarilla — or even Sabbat — elders who would like to secure unclaimed new territories and vice-versa. Check the late-night clubs and the seedier bars. The situation is less controlled over there, but watch your steps anyway.

Germany is a difficult country to journey to but holds numerous interesting experiences. I would especially like to warn you to travel too far south or into the woods and mountains between the cities. People there tend to be a lot more conservative; also, Lupines and the Sabbat supposedly have holdings down there. Eastern Germany, on the other hand, while rural in large parts, may provide a real chance for the modern anarchs to prove their point.

Berlin

Having finally become the sole prince of the undivided capital, Wilhelm Waldburg is systematically expanding his domain as long as it's possible. The leader of the old right-wing anarch gang, the Final Reich, Frederick Werther disappeared mysteriously a couple of years ago. After that, the rest of the group left the city, presumably traveling east. I have overheard certain hints that link them to the rising neo-Nazi movement in former East Germany — and also suggest that they are not just following their cause (however doubtful it may be) but acting as pawns for somebody else.

The other established pack of anarchs in Berlin, the Black Rose, has thus become the only anarch association in the city, trying to make Berlin a real melting pot of different ideas and nationalities. They follow very basic anarch ideals — equality, tolerance, liberty. After the departure of the Final Reich, the Black Rose's Gangrel leader, Danielle Diron, reached

an agreement with Prince Waldburg. Since he is quite a liberal Ventrue, he acknowledged her work in the past decades and granted her the right to stay in the city, as long as she and her companions achieve tangible benefits for Berlin and do not offend the titled Kindred of the city. Danielle does not, and indeed is not allowed to, claim any status, but she also doesn't want to follow her clanmates into self-imposed exile from the Ivory Tower. With Werther's disappearance and Waldburg's finally becoming prince of the city, she pretty much got what she always wanted: an opportunity to change things from within the system. When I met her the last time, she seemed less Gangrel but more a wild Toreador. Which is also a lesson to learn, I guess.

Greece

Greece entered the European Union at the beginning of 2001. It is one of the smaller partners, size-wise and economically, but surely one of those with the most colorful pasts. Greece was the home of philosophers such as Socrates, Aristotle and Pythagoras, and it offers a library full of other ethical codices, the *Iliad* and a rich collection of legends. Moreover, many of the ancient historic structures are still intact and can be visited. Together with the Mediterranean climate, this atmosphere makes Greece a perfect place for the more intellectual or culturally refined Kindred, though it features beaches, wine and great food (the better to draw vessels) enough to make it a target for the more Epicurean guest, too.

As such, feeding is rarely a problem during the vacationing season, even if you choose not to pay the usual respects. I would advise you to do this, if you aren't fluent in Camarilla vocabulary. The main part of the Kindred population belongs to the Clan of the Rose, while the decision-makers are largely Ventrue. Traditional, proud Ventrue. As old-school as you can possibly get. The different city-states like Athens, Sparta and Thessalonica constantly quarrel with each other instead of trying to stand back-to-back against the rest of Europe. As it is, the Kindred unrest uses up many of the domain's resources that could be well put to more valuable purposes for Kindred and kine alike.

Apart from these feuding princes, you find most clans of the Camarilla, the Tremere being an uncharacteristically rare sight.

All in all, this is a place whose social order could really use a little shaking and restructuring. The problem, of course, is that its Kindred inhabitants are very old and powerful. They are so deeply engaged in their night-to-night Jyhad of intrigue and counter-intrigue that they rarely spend the time and effort to look for unacknowledged intruders. If they catch you, though, you're in big trouble.

Accordingly, I know of several elder anarchs who traveled there with different (but each very elaborate) ideas on how Greece *should* be, but I have no idea where they are these nights or if they are making any real progress. If you choose to journey to the islands, you might run into one or more of them.

One more thing: Some of the princes of the city-states still rigidly practice the custom of vendetta, so if you happen to visit the Final Death upon someone, you and your childer are likely to suffer from severe persecution. Be extra careful. Don't let yourself be seen.

Hungary

Hungary used be a vital part of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy in the second half of the 19th century, but it lost large portions of its territory and people at the end of WWI. During WWII, it first sided with the Germans, then decided to change loyalties and was conquered by its former ally. Shortly after its liberation by the Allies it was overrun by Soviet communists, who made it part of the Warsaw Pact. Over the next 50 years, Hungary's economy was badly damaged by massive nationalization. Freedom of the press, religion and assembly were strictly curtailed, and all attempts at resistance and revolution were resolved bloodily.

With the arrival of *perestroika*, the Hungarians were the first of the members of the Warsaw Pact to seize the opportunity and escape. Since 1989, the country has been a parliamentary republic.

Hungary's history does not have the eldritch, chaotic feel of the other Tzimisce-dominated domains. A couple of Fiends dwell in the more rural parts of the country, but the main part of Hungary's undead population is loyal to the Camarilla and based in Budapest and the few other cities large enough to sustain them. The prince of Budapest, a Ventrue hard-liner by the name of László Martonyi, is considered the prince of all Hungary, and he is determined to lead his country back to its old glory. Every Kindred is expected to work hard toward that goal in his or her own fashion. Criticism is accepted in these matters if is constructive and voiced in a respectful manner. This does not extent to criticism concerning the flaws of the Camarilla, of course, or the capabilities of its prince. When it comes down to this, Hungary is as old-fashioned and strict as, say, Germany or France, or even more so, since internal quarrels would distract from the main goal.

You need to be a real idealist and strong of heart and will to go there with plans for change. If you're looking solely for a place to "rebel," Hungary is not suitable for you.

Italy

During the Roman Empire, Italy (though non-existent in its present state) used to be the center of the civilized world. In the centuries after Rome's downfall, however, many things changed. During the Middle Ages, Italy divided into several states, including several so-called city-states like Genoa or Pisa.

Tonight the economical differences between the north and the south are considerable. If you travel the boot from north to south, you will invariably see the differences. It's a real pity, because the south also holds beautiful and important cultural treasures that decay because of the lack of money for proper maintenance.

You will agree that such an event seems rather surprising in a country whose Kindred inhabitants are known for their age and strong ties to the past. It sadly bears witness of the petty turbulences going on between the domains of Italy and the amount of resources eaten up by these constant feuds.

Besides the underlying chaos, you face a rigidly structured social unlife in the Italian domains. Princes subject visitors who violate the protocol to vicious punishments, Final Death being a common threat, being dealt in for extensive boons. The Kindred there are masters at building complex intrigue schemes that sometimes develop over centuries.

Of course, most of the Kindred here are staunchly Camarilla, which means that almost anyone can have secret ties to whichever organization you can think of. Communication is like walking barefooted on a street cobbled with razorblades. The Kindred population recruits mainly from Clans Brujah, Toreador and Ventrue, corresponding closely with the country's rich history. Its "anarchs" are basically unrecognizable from its Camarilla Kindred and whatever else hunts the nights down there. You will be able to judge them from neither their word nor their deeds. Even if one of them offers and even grants you help — their knowledge and personal reach are amazing — many of these Kindred are exceedingly old and potent. Be aware that they are getting something bigger out of it than they give away. Be aware, also, that the ways of their minds are far, far beyond human. And yours, too. In fact, stay away from there. Do not trust anyone if you have to go there. Avoid being exposed as an anarch at all costs, but know your lines in case it happens anyway and come up

with a solid back-up story. Avoid Venice. Just don't go there. Ever.

Rome

Naturally, the Eternal City was a place of Kindred as well as mortal power during its grandest days and nights. But these are long over. Tonight, the antique buildings stand in silent testimony to that epoch, though they are often nearly hidden by the vivid chaos of the city.

Because of the Vatican and the mystic power radiating from it, modern Rome houses unsurprisingly few Kindred, a few scuttling Nosferatu are notable, including Rome's ancient prince, Darius. The fact that the headquarters of the Society of Leopold are located here makes it even less a home for our kind.

Rome features extensive sewers and antique catacombs that provide enough space for the Sewer Rats' warrens. Ironically, the art treasury of the city attracts members of Clan Toreador as well. All in all, Rome is an island of superficial peace in Italy's little circus of intrigues. However, I think it is obvious that Darius has his crooked fingers up to the wrists in the quarreling between the Italian Kindred — even if you cannot see them.

If you happened to be Nosferatu, you would likely find hospitality here with only marginally more trouble than you would otherwise. Since you're not, though, be aware that you will be the subject of close surveillance just like everyone else. As long as you don't meddle with the local affairs, you should be fine. If you stay away from the Vatican, that is. However, you will not easily find open ears for radical ideas. The local Kindred have their established ways of running things, and they don't need you to improve them.

Milan

Until 1997, Milan stood out exceptionally under the cities of Europe. Although located in the middle of old, secure Camarilla territory, the city belonged to the Sabbat. Don't ask me how its former archbishop Giangaleazzo managed to achieve that status, but he did nonetheless.

A couple of years ago, though, he managed an even greater miracle of political scheming: He discarded the Sabbat's beliefs and changed sides, joining the Camarilla. How he gained the trust of its leaders — especially since he is one of the Keepers — is beyond me.

He did it, though, so now Milan has come home to the Reich, Giangaleazzo becoming its new prince. Until tonight, though, squads of archons and their ghouls patrolled the city, hunting for hidden Sabbat survivors. These people tend to kill first and ask questions later, so you'd be well advised to tread carefully and with a credible cover story there.

Venice

I will not repeat the bogeyman-stories about the Giovanni. Just be aware that the beautiful City of Canals belongs to them. There used to be rumors about a Nosferatu nest somewhere in the city, but I tend to disregard it. They probably spread it themselves to claim that they are capable of getting into every place on Earth. However, Venice does not have a considerable sewer system, since the sea is everywhere, so I wonder where the Sewer Rats would hide if they were there.

I guess you have heard the stories about the Mausoleum, so I will not repeat that either. This is probably the only place in Europe with no room for any anarch whatsoever. It offers no — as in zero — niches. It belongs to an incestuous family of necromancers that hold it securely in their foul grip.

If you are considering to pay it a visit anyway, stop in one of the Camarilla domains of Italy first and stay for a couple of weeks. Verify my statements. Then think about how a clan as young as the Giovanni could possibly have managed to claim a whole city from the beings dwelling in the boot.

Got it?

Liechtenstein

The kingdom of Liechtenstein has been a parliamentary monarchy since 1921. It features a beautiful landscape and fascinating castles. Primarily, it's famous for its national bank and its extremely lax tax system. Many rich Europeans trying to keep their governments' fingers away from their money hide it in Liechtenstein. Many Kindred do the same. Naturally, there have been many accusations of support to money launderers in the last years.

Until recently, Liechtenstein used to be part of the domain of the Swiss Prince Guillaume. He gave the administration of this part of his domain to his childe Vera a few centuries back, and he quietly allowed her to run it as her own domain during 1999, granting her the opportunity to finally step out of his idealistic shadow and do her own thing.

The complicated obligations of herself, her sire and her country force her to be very careful, though. Still, I would definitely describe her as an anarch in her own way. She uses the financial assets of her domain to provide important support to people who are betrayed by the system. "If you put yourself outside society, you have no right to its protection," is a common phrase. Nothing like this will happen

to you in Liechtenstein, if you don't try to anger its prince. Vera provides short-term shelter to serious followers of a cause if they ask her for help. The country is too small to sustain more than a few Kindred permanently.

It is an open secret among the elders of our kind that most members of her little retinue of about three to four Kindred have argued against various flaws of the Camarilla system at different times. However, these people have to waved the open fights goodbye. This small domain of relative freedom only manages to survive because its leaders know how to secure their own desires through indirect ways like politics, financial moves and complex boons — all the tools of the system we hate.

If you go there, tell Vera as much as possible and behave. If all fails, she might at least grant you a free exit. And if she decides to help you, do not try to fuck her over. Apart from being clever and cultivated, she is still Brujah.

The Low Countries: Belgium, Luxembourg and the Netherlands

Because of the many occupations in their history and their common special geographic conditions, the princes of the three countries formed a strong alliance called the Consortium. Although every nation maintains its independence and freedom, the princes help each other out readily, if need be. Information passes easily between the domains.

Despite that fact, the Benelux states (as Europeans call them) allow Kindred a relatively easy haven. They are all very liberal about strangers. If you comport yourself properly, it is possible to travel there and not meet any local Kindred for weeks. People of the Blood who violate the Masquerade or other vital Traditions have been known to vanish quickly and permanently. Therefore, do not mistake the lax presentation rules for a sign of weakness.

Belgium

Belgium is by far the largest of the Benelux states. In Rwanda and Congo, it used to own two colonies in Africa, who are both independent countries since around the middle of the 20th century. Mortal Belgium's government is a monarchy, though it is actually ruled by a democratic parliament. Brussels houses the headquarters of NATO, the European Union and the Consortium.

Belgium itself is a wealthy country. Local Kindred engage actively in the economy and fuel it with old money. They prefer to pull the strings quietly, though, and they are masters of this art. Anarch or not, if you travel to Belgium to meet with other Kindred from around the world, it is a fine place to be. However, should you choose to stay and set up shop, you will soon find that the whole place has been already divided between the locals. You will find difficulty in preaching change to some of the most conservative Kindred in Europe. For young anarchs traveling Europe, Belgium is a good starting and meeting point. You will have time to adjust to the cultural climate and gather information and first-hand experiences. Be aware, though, that your presence will be noted — loosely if you keep quiet, but with extra attention if you don't.

Luxembourg

Luxembourg has enjoyed an excellent, balanced economy since the 19th century based on both industry and agriculture. It features a parliamentary monarchy, only briefly interrupted when the country fell to Germany during the first World War. After its liberation in 1944, Luxembourg maintained complete political stability until these nights. It was a founding member of the EEC. Its enormous and highly developed banking industry is the foundation of the country's economy.

The country is permanent haven to two old Ventrue, Sir Henry IV of Luxembourg and his childe, Henry V of Luxembourg. They are, of course, deeply involved with the financial affairs of the nation and very much interested in keeping their independence, thus being fervent supporters of the local power structure. Part of their policy is to provide short-term shelter to those who need it, assuring their support in exchange for the service provided. Very few questions will be asked, feeding grounds are provided in a strictly limited fashion, and it is expected that your return favor correspond with the time spent in Luxembourg. However, the pair of Ventrue has, on rare occasions, turned guests of theirs in, handing them over to archons as Sabbat or other troublemakers because the refugees tried to use Luxembourg as a base for plotting or to pass their beliefs on to their hosts.

Much like Liechtenstein, this is a place to run to when all else fails. However, you need to be extremely mindful of the protocol and secretive about your goals. Also expect to be treated according to your age and status, however frustrating this may be.

Netherlands

In mortal society, the Netherlands are famous for a liberal approach to certain issues being put under taboos elsewhere, such as drugs and prostitution. Its

Kindred inhabitants are likewise fairly open-minded, especially when it comes to neonates and their longings for personal freedom of thought and speech. The Kindred sired here are trusted with real responsibilities very early, thus being tied into the network of influence, boons and prestation quickly and without noticing it. They feel they are free, doing what they always wanted to do, and they thank their sires and their elders for it. Therefore, of course, they are bound securely to their domain and family. I am not sure if this is better or worse than going through the more common school of suppression and abuse the first years usually are, but in any case, it works.

The first couple of weeks are fun. You can discuss your thoughts openly with the locals, if you obey to the simplest rules of hospitality and courtesy. Should you choose to just go there, enjoy the liberties and not engage with anybody, you're fine, too. It seems to be a place that doesn't need anarchs, from its own perspective.

Poland

There is one important lesson stated by Poland's history of being conquered, divided, erased and restored: As long as you don't give up, you will always find a way to crawl back unto your feet. It is also true for the Anarch Movement as a phenomenon of the Cainite race. It is hardly possible to speak of a movement in the sense of an organized, targeted affair, however, there have always been those who abandoned the system for its flaws or tried to change it, rebelling against their elders and conformist peers.

Back to the subject, though.

Many powers tried to expand at the expense of Poland — the Holy Roman Empire, Sweden, Prussia, Russia and Austria. In the late 18th century, the nation was effectively erased from the map of Europe, only to be restored by Napoleon. It had to deal with a great amount of Russian influence over the course of the next decades, but it fought actively against that after WWI, only to become heavily involved in WWII at great losses because of its physical position between Germany and the USSR. After the war, Poland became a communist state, its population being subjected to tight control through the authorities. In 1999, the public achieved the dissolve of the communist leading party. Ever since, Poland has been rebuilding its economy and position within Europe. It joined NATO in 1999, and it is planning to become a member of the EU in 2004.

As you probably guessed, this is also a country that houses mostly Tzimisce and Brujah. These beings own large estates in the rural parts of Poland, sulking in their mansions and trying to stop time from moving onward. The re-growth of mortal Poland draws the gaze of other Kindred to this place, too, of course. Warsaw, Lodz and Krakow offer a considerable amount of space and feeding ground, and several other cities are able to sustain at least a couple of Kindred each. Warsaw does have a Camarilla prince by now — a Toreador with local roots called Hannah Buszek — and the domain is currently coalescing around her. Expect a rather traditional European domain — by the rules, old-fashioned, age-dominated. The only things unusual are the frequent wary looks toward the old Tzimisce estates for signs of objection. So far, nothing happened, which might be a good sign as well as a bad one.

As such, Poland is a prime region for enterprising anarchs to exploit. Until Prince Buszek's domain becomes undisputed — which savvy anarchs will prevent — the tensions between the old-guard Tzimisce and nascent Camarilla can sustain an anarch's coup, and might even become a model for progressive anarchs everywhere.

Portugal

Being located near two much bigger and very powerful nations — Spain and France — it is rather astonishing that Portugal managed to retain its independence. In fact, it has maintained it since the 12th century (except for a 60-year period during which it belonged to Spain), and it is still set in the same borders as it was in 1267. Portugal's most important drive in the old nights was its explorers and sailors. The small country used to hold several colonies in Africa and America.

In 1910, it changed from monarchy to parliamentary republic relatively early, but then experienced political chaos during the 20th century, being ruled by a military government for a large part of it. After WWII, Portugal advanced to one of the founding members of NATO. During the last years, the country worked hard with considerable success to rebuild its devastated economy.

This new period of growth and peace is most certainly linked to the awakening of the old Ventrue Jorge Manuel da Gama, who used to be the main force in the country from the 16th to the early 19th century before entering torpor. After his disappearance, quarreling forces entered the country from Spain (presumably not of Camarilla origin) and France (Camarilla, but too young and weak to gain a real advantage).

Da Gama is a true leader personality, unyielding but as fair as you can expect from one of our kind. It is likely that he will regain complete power over the

country during the next couple of years and help it into a second blooming. This is a place to watch. Da Gama used to have a pretty high tolerance for different ideas as long as his final authority wasn't questioned. Those who knew him often claimed that he embodied the positive potential of his clan. If his sleep — or whatever induced it — hasn't changed him too much, this should become a rather convenient place for anarchs — or better: idealists who know their manners.

Romania

Romania's history is marked by chaos and a succession of conquerors, starting with the Bulgars, Mongols and Ottomans in the farther, the Soviets in the nearer past. Between 1965 and 1989, the country was subjected to the rule of dictator Nicolae Ceausescu, who established terror and fear in the people. Although the present government is negotiating with the EU to secure Romania's membership, the nation's economy is still badly damaged. It also has to suffer from indirect consequences of the international attempts to end the war in former Yugoslavia.

As I am sure you have heard, this is another homeland of the Tzimisce. Several of them still own their huge estates from a thousand years ago, and the whole country is poisoned by their touch, as far as our kind is concerned. In case you didn't know, the (in)famous Carpathians and Transylvania lie within its borders. However, the Fiends don't seem to be meddling with the affairs of mortal Romania, otherwise they should have found ways to improve the situation. My personal opinion is that they just haunt their old castles and estates and do whatever self-validating things they normally do. However, I would not try to grab a piece of their land, no matter how uninterested they seem. And this is no matter of being an anarch or not. It is a matter of being stupid or not.

Romania and its Tzimisce is a little like Austria with the Tremere. Or with dogs and their territories. You go there, you smell their mark, you leave. Or face the consequences.

Russia, Belorus, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Moldova, the Ukraine

As you can see, I still put these nations together under one heading, while focusing on Mother Russia herself. Or maybe using the name in the old sense, geographically speaking. The other, smaller states gained their independence just recently and

have yet to develop their own national personality in the mortal world. To us, however, it makes all the more sense to not split them up at this point since all these nations are pretty much the same from our point of view. Which is, of course, going to change rapidly during the next few decades.

I am sure you heard all the stories about Russia: the quarrels, the Brujah empire after 1917, quarrels again, the waking of the Baba Yaga, a being from the beginning of our time. A mad monster hunting the never-ending woods and snow-covered plains of this huge country for Kindred blood. Boo!

Well, one thing is for sure: Russia is indeed huge. Large parts are uncivilized, empty land. Tonight, its economy is a virtual ruin, broken by several governments, a rampant *mafiya* and a corrupt upper class. The inflation rate climbed high into the 80th percentile during the last couple of years, and the national debts are mounting. Many the more developed areas (such as the ones listed in the headline) separated from Mother Russia, or at least tried to do that, becoming so-called autonomous republics like Adygeja or Chechnya. Still, though, the Russian bear is struggling to get back on its feet, the new president Vladimir Putin will have to invest much time and effort to rebuild the state.

Again, the situation of mortal Russia mirrors Kindred Russia. Rumor has it that the old witch is no more. I can tell this only as a rumor, since I haven't been to Russia during the last few decades, but it might as well be true as not. Personally, I think it's quite plausible. Supposedly, the whole Brujah empire, as well as the Civil War afterward, was a set-up of the old hag to hide her rising from torpor and her first killings. When she had fully rebuilt her strength, she hunted down the isolated small Kindred populations while the land festered in separation, inner quarrelling, corruption and plain chaos.

Now she is gone, for whatever reason.

As far as I know, Russia is on its own, Kindred-wise. However, the situation for us as a part of the general Kindred population is a lot less interesting as in, say, the ex-GDR. The western parts of what I am calling Russia here feature several larger cities — Kiev, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Novgorod, to mention some of them — but the biggest part of it is wild land. I will not speculate here on what beasts may hunt these woods. I will leave that up to people more interested.

In the cities, unlife is pretty easy at this point. The mortals are poor and desperate. People do desperate things all the time, so a few more missing will not stand out. The police have other duties to fulfill than going to look for them.

On the other hand, to get a firm grip on the important parts of the country, you need an awful lot of money and preferably firsthand experiences in economics and state politics. And the will to do it. If you do have these things, go ahead and secure a big bite of the whole domain. Build a safe haven for critical minds.

However, enough bigwigs from within the Camarilla will surely try to do the same — or are already at it. Plus, the dangers of some ancient Kindred sleeping somewhere under the earth or waiting hidden for his chance undoubtedly exist. Once the dust has set and everybody is sure that there are no more near-Antediluvians hunting Russia, everybody who is fed up with something in his present domain will undertake the journey eastward and try to take part in the big rebuilding, hoping to build his little utopia out there. Remember the great tracks into the American Frontier? Then, it was westward. During the next couple of decades — maybe centuries — it will be eastward.

Well, most of you are probably too young to have experienced the colonialization of your homeland. If you are of pioneer-spirit — who knows? Maybe Russia is the next best thing for you. A great wide open. This is nothing for weekend-anarchs and people wanting to shake their fists at an establishment, however. If you have the will and the means to build something of your own from the ashes, and if you feel up to the task of doing this against other interests, take the next plane.

Scandinavia

Because of their similarities, I put these Northern nations under one headline. They share some geographic specialties. Because of their unique position on the globe, you get the strange phenomenon of the midnight sun, which causes our kind to spend about half of the year in torpor. You also find beautiful nature resorts, practically undisturbed by Kindred and kine.

Naturally, these countries are traditional Gangrel territory. As for the cities, the Kindred government shares the kine's peculiarities: The princes are rather tolerant to the inhabitants' desires and needs. Before you pack your bags, though, let me correct the impression you might have now. You are not inhabitants of these nations. You are strangers that arrive there in the night, and, from their point of view, you are just another band of troublemakers spoiling to disturb the peace they worked for.

All these countries are haven to Kindred whom I would definitely call anarchs, judging their mindset. In fact, there was a virtual surge of known anarchs up to

the north a couple of years ago. The problem soon became obvious: The supply of vessels is rather scarce up there. In addition to the quiet, there were hostile, savage beasts hunting the land beyond the borders of the cities.

Soon, many the wannabe getaways realized that they preferred the constant battle in the crowded cities further south over the relative liberty up here, which brought the task of actually structuring unlife after ones' own ideas instead of just shaking their fists against an abusive system.

Those who remained, though, went to work sincerely and thoroughly. Inside these states, the Kindred residents of these domains enjoy liberties unthinkable almost everywhere else. They criticize the princes' decisions openly, they freely promote flat hierarchies, they discuss hotly with their elders. But if the outside world tries to influence them or force something on them, they stand united under the leadership of their princes.

As a guest, you face some of the most xenophobic scrutiny in all Europe. Not because of some mysterious power, but because all inhabitants of a city work together. Of course, this strange unity doesn't root in the fact that all these Kindred grew enlightened beyond the average bloodsucker mindset. No way. This is a lesson about the Kindred nature. And about the powers of threats from the outside. The huge areas of uncivilized land together with the midnight sun effect and its mystical power make Scandinavia a perfect resort for the Lupines. Even a Gangrel will find it difficult to run freely there.

Like Russia, this is no place for a holiday. Prepare your visit thoroughly and keep it short. On the other hand, if you have ties to a local Kindred, seize the opportunity to look at these places for their unique balance of anarch theory with traditional princedom.

Denmark

The Danes are not very font of migrants; the quota of foreigners living in Denmark is at about five percent. Geographically, the biggest part of Denmark, Jylland, is attached to northern Germany. The rest is a number of bigger and smaller islands, some of which are important nature resorts.

Traditionally, the Kindred population recruits itself from the ranks of the Gangrel, though Copenhagen sports a full-fledged domain with Kindred from cosmopolitan clans. An ancient group of Gangrel, the Valkyries, travels all over Scandinavia, and has for centuries. They were last seen on the Faroer Islands, a group of isles in the Northern Atlantic, loosely attached to Denmark on a political level, when the nature resort was severely threatened by the oil from a sunken transport ship.

Finland

If you compare the number of citizens to the size of the land, you can see why this is supposedly the main haven of the Valkyries. Thus, there are not many other Kindred up there, and those who are long for quiet and loneliness, which they will protect fiercely. Just a couple of decades before, a relatively large migration of Kindred occurred there, but most of them left after the peace became as tense as it was "back home" (wherever that was) very quickly. Also, the people returning spoke of a strange Malkavian hunting the nights up there, trying to block out the sun, but I guess this is nonsense, since I never heard of her again. On the other hand, if this being is indeed of Malkav's blood, this may not be a valid indication.

Iceland

Iceland is probably the most unsuitable place for our kind to dwell. It has no forests of note, the vegetation consists mainly of small, undemanding plants, the landscape is pure rock. Apart from the capitol, which houses about half of the population, Iceland has no other sizeable settlement. Nearly all the goods for everyday mortal life have to be imported since Iceland itself produces only fish, related products and aluminum. Therefore, it is very expensive to travel there.

But if you look for amazing, almost bizarre landscapes — geysers, volcanoes, etc. — Iceland is a perfect goal. However, should you be up to changing the world, this is the wrong address. Reykjavik is the domain of Smilla Grimsson, a fairly old Eskimo-Swedish Toreador deeply in love with the land. Beside her, Iceland has only two other known Kindred inhabitants — her childe Ragnar Asgrimsson and a Brujah of unknown identity. This triumvirate allows nothing but the briefest visits by strangers, and it has the means to secure obedience. However, the Valkyries have free access to Iceland, for reasons best not speculated upon.

Sweden

Since Sweden has the largest mortal population of Scandinavia, naturally, the Kindred population is greater as well. With Stockholm, Skane and Västra Götalands, it also features three urban centers with more than a million inhabitants each, which provide suitable dwelling conditions for our kind. You may have heard about several attacks

during the last couple of years blamed on neo-Nazi organizations. According to my sources, the local Kindred defeated an infiltration attempt by a Sabbat pack supposedly recruited solely from Clan Lasombra. The Swedish Kindred are probably the ones closest to the freedom as most young anarchs envision it. They have a definite figurehead — Gustav Sörensson, a Brujah whose Embrace dates back to the time of Charlemagne — but he rarely decides a large-scale matter without conferring at length with the other inhabitants. Again, note that these liberties apply only to locals.

Spain and Andorra

Although Spain is one of the oldest European states, it has experienced significant internal disquiet during the last 150 to 200 years through recurrent political instability, military intervention in politics, frequent breakdowns of civil order, and periods of repressive government. This is sad, since Spain used to be the center of a virtual global empire during the 16th century.

However, considering the hidden battle of Kindred and Cainites behind the also complicated mortal affairs within the nation, it is a miracle that it survived the last two centuries without entirely falling apart. Much the praise goes to its present king, Juan Carlos I of Borbón, who managed to form a functional parliamentary democracy after Franco's death in 1975.

Apart from being a strategically important area, a center of history, art and politics, which naturally attract Camarilla Kindred of age, Spain has always been the ancestral home of Clan Lasombra. Its capital is firmly in Lasombra hands, considered until recently the domain of the ancient Archbishop Monçada. Barcelona is *the* place for the Sabbat's annual celebration of the *Palla Grande*. On the other hand, cagey Camarilla elders refuse to yield their own small domains in Spain. Behind the new peace and order of the mortal society, the war continues fervently.

Two fronts (at least) are fighting over this domain. If you are below a certain age, cunning and power, you will probably get caught between the wheels and crushed if you are unwise. Both sides will nonetheless try to recruit you as cannon fodder one way or another. Avoid Spain if you can. If you can't, the potential to play the warring sects off each other is perfect — but be wary of playing the Devil's game.

The Basques

The land the Basques claim as their own lies partly within the Spanish and, to a lesser degree, within the French territory. A little like the Corsican people, the Basques seek to create an independent state, fighting for their goal by the means of terrorism. However, the Basque terrorists are largely organized in the ETA and a lot more violent than in Corsica. I do not know of any appreciable anarch involvement here. The area they want to own is not very interesting for Kindred to make their haven in since it features mostly mountains and few mortal settlements. It is possible that some Sabbat, Camarilla or even a few lone anarch troublemakers use the ETA as disguise or tool, but there is no way of telling. As much as the mortals may fuss about it, this conflict is of interest to us only if it does indeed prove to be someone's move in the Jyhad. Otherwise, the mortals are welcome to their own wars.

Andorra

This tiny country is formally governed by France and Spain through one *coprincep* each. However, an internal president runs its daily affairs. Andorra's practical independence has been thus agreed upon since 1278 in a treaty between the two co-rulers.

The tiny nation has, effectively, one Kindred inhabitant who does not mingle with its affairs too much, especially not in recent nights. Rufus is an ancient Gangrel, who is said to spring from Basque roots. However, he is mainly interested in maintaining peace, quiet and independence for himself and the land he dwells on. I know of no official statement of his opinion on the late doings of Clan Gangrel but I guess nobody will want to risk his anger by going there to ask for it in this case. His domain is small and of little importance to the rest of the world, so why bother? Of course, Rufus has been known to aid the anarchs of old in times of dear need. I am sure he will do so again, if he likes your smell and attitude. However, he doesn't like to be bothered too much.

Switzerland

Switzerland is — a lot like Liechtenstein — a rather small country in the Alps. Despite its size, it consists of no less than 28 states, the so-called Kantone. Switzerland's most important political strategy toward other nations is its renowned neutrality. The Swiss have a long tradition of minding their own damned business, dating back to times well before WWI. Accordingly, they are part of neither the European Union nor the UN, though the government is preparing to enter the latter.

Switzerland's banks have gained the reputation of being a secure place to store your valuables over a long time as well. "Secure" doesn't only mean the physical security here — the Swiss banks

take their obligation to nondisclosure of data on their customers very seriously. Many Swiss banks are rumored to have Ventrue on their boards if not at the head of them, though there has been a growing influence from the Italian family Giovanni over the last couple of years. If you have much money (however unlikely this may be), I would definitely advise you to entrust it to the Royal Bank of Liechtenstein instead.

The old Brujah prince of Switzerland, Guillaume, used to be an active mover and shaker of the European Kindred society. However, he longed for a more elusive, philosophical good and is actually rumored to have reached Golconda. These nights, it is virtually impossible for anybody but maybe his childe Vera to meet him personally. If he wants something, he will find you. By the way, rumors are often heard that Vera managed to obtain Liechtenstein through running his affairs secretly while he completed his quest for Golconda.

Since Golconda averted Guillaume's eyes from the night-to-night business of his domain, Switzerland has become a rather hostile place for those of critical mind. The people actively pulling the strings are mainly Ventrue — simply because they are the most interested in it. I also heard whisperings about the Ventrue cutting deals with Vienna to ensure that nobody gets in and out the country unrecognized.

I know of no anarch of note staying in Switzerland permanently these nights, though I can attest to the presence of discrete (and discreet...) cells. It has become a place for Camarilla hard-liners and those who would make an example of them. Room is sparse there anyway, so the Kindred already staying there are not likely to give it away freely — even fellow anarchs. If you absolutely need to go there, make sure to spend extra time on researching the current Kindred events. Find out who you have to meet to present yourself, or better yet, make a fixed appointment. Learn your personal introduction by heart. Don't rock the boat unless you're sure about what you're doing.

Turkey

While the name of the country still carries a faint scent of desert winds, exotic spices and the whispering of stories about sultans and their luxurious courts, many problems exist in modern Turkey. The gap between the rich and the poor is huge. Since most of the country's inhabitants are of Muslim faith, habits unthinkable to our Western ears are still pretty common, especially when it comes to the role of women in society. As an example, only seven percent of the male population is illiterate, whereas the rate mounts to 25 percent if you look at the female population. Also, the question of the Kurdish raises periodic questions on the ethical status of the Turkish nation.

However, since they want to become part of the European Union, the present government is trying to work on these problems. I believe that we are watching the first consequences of the changes within the Assamite clan echo these recent developments.

Istanbul, formerly Constantinople, is the biggest city in Turkey, followed by Ankara, Izmir and Adana. As the domain of the Ventrue Prince Mustafa, Istanbul used to be a center of the fine arts, trade and communication. If you didn't violate the Traditions openly, you could lead a good unlife there, even if you didn't care for the Camarilla and its little circuses. Even then, the influence of the Clan of the Hunt was considerable. According to a popular rumor, the Assamites have some sort of nest close to the city. At that time, though, the Assassins pretty much minded their own business since they weren't interested in mingling with the mortals.

Recently, though, something changed. I don't know if you heard about it, but a considerable part of the clan has petitioned the six remaining clans to take over the place in the Camarilla left by the Gangrel.

So far, reliable sources attest to only a slight increase in the number of Assassins haunting Istanbul (and, of course, the other large cities in Turkey). However, think about the implications of the great political change. If they become part of the Camarilla, they will adopt certain Camarilla ideals to prove themselves as valuable members. More clearly: They will eventually take part in the whole socio-feudal system of securing territory and acknowledging princes. Now, which place would be the most logical to start?

A place they already know.

Since they are known for their force in battles and feared for their powers, the overthrow is likely to happen fast and thoroughly once it starts. Recently, several severe earthquakes shook Turkey, killing many people. They may be of natural origin... but maybe they aren't.

We have no way of telling what they will do about the anarchs, though. On one hand, the Muslims have been well known for their tolerance for other beliefs since before the 13th century. If the Assamites still possess that sort of tolerance, Turkey could become a comfortable place for us. On the other hand, which some think is more likely, the Clan of the Hunt will have to prove itself to the rest

of the Ivory Tower. The best way to do this is to show that they are able to run things according to the ideas of the Camarilla. Which leads directly to an ultra-conservative, oppressive regime that either kicks its critics out or hunts them down.

One last thing. All this applies also to the other countries in this part of Europe, Northern Africa and the Near East, especially to the ones with a politically powerful population of Muslims. If, as an anarch, I made my haven there, I'd pack my things and run. If it turned out for the best, I could still come back in a couple of decades. Generally, I'd stay away from there. Alternatively, I know of a coalition of anarchs ready to negotiate with the growing political power the Assamites represent. Remember, the Assamites sided with the anarchs centuries ago....

The United Kingdom— England, Northern Ireland, Scotland and Wales— and Ireland

Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Ireland

I would like to apologize if you feel Ireland cannot possibly be mentioned in the same paragraph as England. However, this guide is not about national peculiarities but basic information for getting around safely.

The United Kingdom used to be the center of a huge global empire, owning colonies in Northern America, India and Africa. Although all those countries have gained independence during the last hundred years, quite a few of them are still attached to Britain through the commonwealth either as Crown Dependencies (the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man) or as Dependent Territories (the Bermudas, the Falkland Islands and Gibraltar). Although Britain is not the place of power it used to be until well into the last century, you can feel its connection to the past on every corner. It still features monarchy, though parliamentary, and the old internal quarrels between the different kingdoms are still present in mundane ways.

The British and Irish Isles divide into two basic types of area, letting the formal structure of the nation aside (it is divided in several states, the so-called fiefs). First the cities. London is the biggest, followed by Birmingham, Dublin, Leeds, Glasgow and Sheffield. Here, you find classic European domains, if there is such a thing — firmly in the grip of their princes, a certain level of permanent political intrigues, back-stabbing and bickering. But at this point, a relative peace has been achieved in the major British and Irish cities after several centuries of war between several Kindred factions.

For us as rebuilders of the system, this peace will soon limit our possibilities in these settlements. London is famous in Europe for its diverse youth subcultures as are other cities, like Edinburgh. Therefore, it was relatively easy for us to set up shop within the troubled domains, the goth club Carfax Abbey being the most important meeting point directly under the eyes of the Camarilla officials. Similar locations could be found in most cities suited to it, their existence being an open secret since the elders had more important issues to deal with (like fighting each other). But after the battles died down during the last years, it is only a question of time until they will turn their gaze to these havens. Even though most of the self-proclaimed anarchs in these places are more temporary rebels with or without causes, these locations provided the nurturing ground for the more serious idealists, too. If you go there, you will already find the first stages of self-restriction in progress. People start watching their tongues and thoughts. The parties aren't as wild as they used to be. The clever ones start to prepare either their return to the system or their flight to more receptive places. Britain's time as a host to the anarch subculture will soon change.

The Irish cities are a little different from that, but not that much. Although the fighting between the government and the IRA continues, small signs have shown that some sort of peace may be reached in the near future. The heat is dying down here as well.

The second type of living space you find on the Isles is nearly untouched nature as in the Scottish Highlands or the Irish hills and mountains. These areas belong to beings wilder and more in touch with nature than us. Few people live up here, and even fewer Kindred make their havens in these retreats. Those who do chose their havens with great care. They are looking for the quiet and peace and want to avoid contact with others. Naturally, some of them are Gangrel or other recluses, who have some reason or another to avoid the bustle of the urban experience.

It is feasible to call these Kindred anarchs in their own way, since they deliberately turned their backs to Kindred society. However, they do not actively challenge the system anymore, they just draw out without looking back. They are more like autarkis.

Especially for Americans, the British and Irish Isles offer a rather convenient starting point within

Europe because of the considerably lowered language barrier. However, in viewing the recent events, I would not recommend a long-term stay for "cashies," or casual participants in the Anarch Movement. In the cities, you should also take reasonable precautions against being spotted by the system (backup story, formalities). The open land is no place for young Kindred. You need to be able to deal with harsh physical dangers to dwell up there.

Yugoslavia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Albania, Croatia, Slovenia and FYROM

I chose not to comment at length on these countries in order to make a point. As you know, most of them are splinters of Yugoslavia as it was before the war, and all of them are caught in the conflicts still shaking that area. If they are not actively fighting each other, their peoples are currently beginning to clean up the mess. You can well imagine what the constant warfare of the last years did to these nations. Now, we have no clue if the mortals managed to do this entirely on their own or if some old bastards were pulling the strings. In any case, this area is still a place of war and chaos with nothing to gain for us *in the immediate future*. I don't even know if Kindred are walking them at all at this point. When the warfare dies down a bit, then will be the time to reform Kindred society there. When every night bears the threat of fire and explosion, discretion is the better part of valor. If the kine can't get it through their heads not to destroy each other, speaking pragmatically, what would the Kindred feed upon?

Middle and South America

Historically, this is a continent that functioned very well by itself. South America used to be home to ancient agricultural peoples and tribes. Their understanding of the environment they exploited was far more advanced than that of most European countries at the time. In the late 1400s, the Spanish managed to "discover" South America (as well as the rest) and started to build their rule. I will not elaborate on the details — all in all, it is the usual story of better weapons, foreign illnesses and greed. However, South America's status quo, namely the ethnicity of the population and the unique settlement pattern (from a settlement point of view, the continent is hollow since most people settle near the shores) base on that past.

Tonight, most of these countries are deeply in debt to the richer nations of the world. This is due to widespread attempts at ecological liberalization during the most part of the 20th century, when the nations south of the US tried to change from importing to exporting economies through borrowing giant amounts of money. During the 1990s, they switched to an ultra-liberal understanding of markets to lower their debts by selling state-owned enterprises to private investors and cutting the support for social programs. Naturally, this is, on one hand, resulting in partial short-term cures for the debt problem, however, the poorest people are suffering all the more. I am not telling you this to arouse sympathy. There is a lesson within this history, too. Achieving change and freedom through such non-physical means as money and politics is even more difficult than running around trying to kick some ass or convincing others of one's own beliefs. Especially in recent times, the financial networks have grown so intertwined and complex, that you really need to know what you are doing if you tamper with them.

Now, let's return to the subject. Like Africa, South America features several urbanized areas and many natural lands. When the old civilizations were subjugated, vast areas within its landmass were emptied of their population. With the rainforest and other geographic and environmental peculiarities, South America provides some of the richest and most precious areas of wildlife on the planet. However, these are in great danger due to the mounting environment pollution. The Amazon rainforest is being destroyed by narrow-minded companies that are thereby responsible for the extinction of animal and insect races as well as plants unique to that area. Again, I am not telling you this to raise some sort of sympathetic rancor, but to make you aware that whatever humanity does to hurt itself in the long run will hurt our kind in the even longer run, too. By destroying the forests that produce the major part of the planet's oxygen, they will eventually cut off their supply of it. This also shows you that every action spawns a consequence — and sometimes one that's a lot bigger than what you originally intended.

Of course, the remaining nature preserves offer little place for us as Kindred. They are home to shapeshifting beast-men and even stranger creatures. Supposedly, nomadic tribes travel through the moist woods who have never been in contact with more "advanced" civilization. Rumors and old

legends talk of rich Inca cities vacated and lost to the jungle. Precious treasures and wonders are supposedly hidden within these areas — well, I'm sure you have seen adventure films or read the pulps. However, all of this is hardly of any interest to little anarchs leaving America looking for a new haven.

South America's cities have all grown drastically over the last few decades. The gap between rich and poor is usually tremendous, and the resulting ghettoes offer extensive feeding grounds. Politically, though, South America is at best problematic.

The Sabbat managed to gain domains in large parts of the continent, namely Chile, Guatemala, Mexico and Peru. The Camarilla has claimed other territories successfully (Belize, Bolivia, Brazil, Costa Rica, Panama and Venezuela). The remaining nations are either constant battlegrounds between two factions (Colombia, Nicaragua) or being dominated by still other powers. Honduras is the acclaimed territory of some ancient entities, while the war between the two sects has yet to claim Argentina. Such agendas matter little to the Kindred population mainly of Toreador, Ventrue and Lasombra origin. The Giovanni somehow managed to gain significant influence in Uruguay.

The Kindred and Cainites of all these nations are constantly aware of possible threats from the areas surrounding them. Even if the local leaders managed to secure a certain level of peace, the danger is always present. This makes strangers all the more suspicious, especially if they have their own ideas about the way things should run. You also face the constant danger of being "recruited" — voluntarily or not.

In addition, several of the more dubious clans also managed to secure themselves a piece of the power. The hot nights down there drew the Giovanni and the Setites out of whatever holes they normally sleep in. These Kindred adjust very well to the climate — political and natural — and their comparably numerous presence would be enough reason for me to avoid the area.

Ecuador

This is the one real exception to the rule. Ecuador faces the same problems as the rest of the area — massive national debts, significant weaknesses in the ecological structure and the constant threat of political instability. However, its Kindred population is neither Sabbat nor Camarilla, since those two seemingly see no importance in that small country. Therefore, a group of five elder Gangrel managed to claim it against all the other factions present. They consider themselves autarkis and bow to nobody. I know one of them, Konstantin, of old. He used to be an able fighter three centuries ago, and I guess running with his own has only increased his capabilities. From all I hear, he is the youngest of them, so it is not wise to cross them. During recent years, this coterie managed to get rid of the few other Kindred making their havens in the country. Especially if you're diplomatic, it should be possible to obtain at least short-term shelter in Ecuador, should you manage to convince the five that you consider yourself loyal to none of the established groups. Observe their rules and basically mind your own business.

Rio de Janeiro

Like Sydney, Rio was declared a free city. As a center of tourism and host of the famous Brazilian carnival, the city offers food aplenty. It is not known who exactly pulls the strings of the dark side of Rio, but these Kindred surely know how to throw a party. Of course, this doesn't make either them or the city any less dangerous. Rio, too, has huge areas where the poor rot. Beneath the wealth and the beautiful smiles of the locals lie crime, hunger and despair.

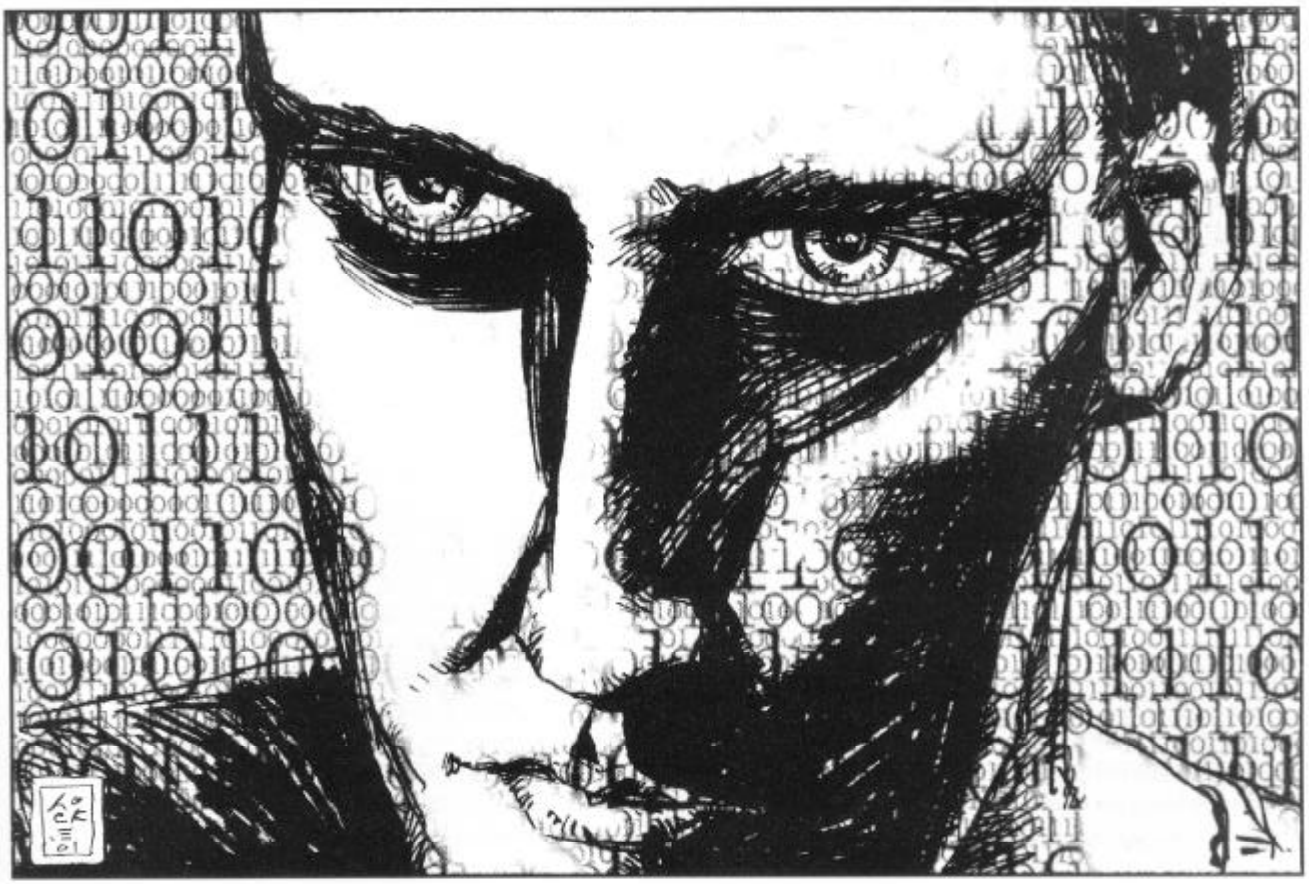
Still, its special political status makes Rio a perfect place to go for one outside the Camarilla. You can meet all sorts of Kindred and Cainites if you've got the eyes to see them. Even if you only stay for a while, this certainly offers the possibility to learn something about your enemies or get some first-hand experiences on those normally only whispered about. However, if you don't pay enough attention, the first Tzimisce you see might as well be your last. Of course, Rio's status makes it a perfect meeting point for subversives, and you will surely be able to run into one or two old-guard anarchs as well. Then again, there's no telling who might be there in advance as long as you don't manage to get in contact ahead.

The Anarch Movement in North America

The United States has long been known as the land of opportunity, and what is true for living immigrants is also true for Cainites. Many of the first vampires to set foot in North America came for many of the same reasons as mortal settlers. They came seeking freedom of thought, freedom of expression and faith, and the freedom to pursue their ambitions unfettered by the traditions and machinations of the elders. Thus, it should come as no surprise that the most powerful bastion of anarch

though, the Anarch Free State, came to rise in North America. Yet, for all the posturing and revolutionary fervor of the free state and of those who helped build it, North American anarchs show a pronounced tendency to slide into the roles they so often claim to stand against: judge, autocrat and tyrant. To study the Anarch Movement in North America is to study the variety and contradictions that anarch thought often embodies. For every radical West Coast anarch ready to go to war for what he believes in, there's an East Coast anarch who views the principles of equality and egalitarianism as a fascinating theory fit for debate in Elysium but far too impractical to work in the real world.

Generally speaking, anarchs follow a pattern of increased fervor and revolutionary spirit as one travels from east to west across North America. As the American frontier moved farther west with each successive generation of settlers and frontiersmen, so too did the suffocating influence of the Camarilla creep after it. While settlements were still young and in their formative stages, anarchs had an easy time establishing their own rules and leading unlives according to their own dictates. While frontier unlife was tremendously difficult for Cainites accustomed to working within the relative safety of the city, most vampires who dwelled there did so out of free will. While a few were forced out from the secure cradles of civilization, many willingly followed the wagon trains and frontier farmers west, seeking the freedom and opportunities they felt were so often denied by the established social order. Quite often, anarch Kindred would claim an emerging settlement of their own and institute their particular anarch agenda, be it freedom to hunt, equal access to resources or fair use of the entire settlement to all Kindred without restriction. As time passed, a dominant vampire or small core of vampires would emerge, often dictating policy either through force of personality or threat of physical harm. Soon, many of these dominant juntas would grow to resemble the very cabals and elder alliances they rallied against so fervently. Sooner or later, a second wave of vampires would wash over the emerging city and threaten to displace the existing vampires, overpopulate the city and thus stretch available resources to the breaking point or support a set of principles and beliefs incompatible with the first wave's policies. At this point, the "older" anarchs faced a difficult choice: drive the upstarts further to the west, thus taking on the roles and policies of those they once stood



against, or capitulate and either adapt to the new social order or move on themselves. Often, when faced with the prospects of surrendering contacts and resources they spent years putting into place and cultivating, the original anarchs would band together to drive off or put the newcomers in their place. The American frontier marked not only the edge of civilization but also the battle lines of fiercely contested struggles between anarchs eager to lay claim to the emerging United States.

Over time, many anarchs faced the difficult choice of whether to practice many of the policies that drove them to the frontier in the first place. After working so hard to survive on the frontier and to even enjoy some emerging prosperity, many anarchs slowly came to see their younger brethren's calls for equality as merely demands to hand over what they had worked so hard to create. If the childer wanted equality, they could have it a few hundred miles to the west. After all, they hadn't done all the work to tame the frontier, and those who had shouldered the burden weren't about to give up a piece of the pie for a bunch of snot-nosed Johnny-come-latelys. As far as many of the now-established anarchs were concerned, the pie had already been divvied up and the chance for equality had passed the youngsters on by. They were more than welcome to continue to the west and learn first hand what it takes to make it in the world.

Thus, it comes as no surprise that once the Pacific Ocean halted the United States' westward expansion, the time and geography were right for the emergence of the Anarch Free State. Once there was no more west to flee to, it was only a matter of time before the spirit of rebellion and anger took hold and brought things to a head. Ironically enough, the emergence of baronies and sharply defined gang turf mirrored the development of the American Midwest in miniature. The same forces that drove anarchs to transform into mirror images of their enemies sprung up in California much as they did in dozens of cities along the way. He who builds a social order finds it awfully difficult to merely hand over the keys of opportunity and responsibility to someone who has done nothing to help erect the current social system and has no reason to treat it with the proper respect and reverence it deserves. Where were the newcomers when there were Lupines to deal with and roving packs of Sabbat to drive back down to Mexico? How can they dare claim the same rights and respect as those who gave their time and effort to build the foundation on which they now stand? Every social system, from the level of nations to the local charitable club, expects newcomers to prove themselves worthy before giving them rights and privileges within the system. The first wave of anarchs could practice what they preached because they had nothing to lose. Once they established a social order and had a vested interest in keeping the system in place, their initial revolutionary fervor wilted away in favor of a strong desire to hold on to and expand the holdings they'd managed to wrest out of the wilderness. It's easy to talk about revolution when your pockets are empty and you don't have much of a future to lose in the face of failure. But once a Kindred has sunk a few roots in the local community and learned what its like to flex his social and political muscles over the kine, it's hard for him to go back to dwelling in the gutter.

The Anarchs Tonight in North America

The bulk of this section breaks down North American anarchs by geographical region. An anarch in the free state is a much different Kindred than an anarch in New England. While the anarchs in any given region exhibit a tremendous variety in thought, action and tradition, general trends have emerged in each region. Many of these trends have their roots in history. Most of them can be traced back to the successive waves of anarchs that rolled westward over the years, either forced to find new havens after being driven out of their old ones or willingly journeying west in search of a place to mold to their own liking. A vampire's progress toward the West Coast functions almost as a barometer for his anarch fervor. The more dedicated, outspoken anarchs tended to either drift to the west or were forced in that direction by the Kindred they encountered in the cities of the Midwest.

The East

The anarchs of the East Coast reflect the long years that have passed since Kindred first set foot in the New World. While many of them came to the Americas in search of opportunity and equality, most of them long ago cultivated the kinds of enduring social and economic contacts that make many elders view anarch thought as anathema to their very existence. These "aristocratic" anarchs are often indistinguishable from the rank and file, die-hard Camarilla supporters to the casual observer. They frequent the same social circles and share many of the same attitudes in practice, if not in theory.

Theodore Bunning

11th generation, childe of Winston Palmer
Clan: Ventrue
Nature: Architect
Demeanor: Visionary
Embrace: 1996
Apparent Age: mid 30s

Theodore Bunning is the last person one would expect to make a killing in the computer business. Tall, well built and with chiseled good looks, he comes across as the type of person who would be more comfortable on a football field than behind a computer terminal. In fact, it is precisely because of Theodore's non-traditional approach to software design that he managed to secure a fortune that weathered the storm that left so many Internet start-ups as economic black holes. Where many start-ups pitched products that had little real-world use but plenty of investor appeal, Theodore designed tools that presented businesses with solutions to real problems. While many engineers designed systems that on paper were ironclad but proved difficult to implement, Theodore was able to walk the fine line between software that functioned well and didn't require endless hours of technical support to put into place. Theodore knew that the best choice in an engineering sense rarely translated into success in the business world. Theodore carefully designed his company to offer short-term solutions that, with some effort, could be shepherded into long term, sustainable systems.

Theodore has taken the same mixture of innovation and practical application into the modern nights. He sees the existing Camarilla structure as important to preserving the safety of the Kindred, yet he feels that the Kindred could aspire to so much more. An idealist who honestly believes in the power of the Internet to transform society, he sees the anarch ideals as an excellent starting point for promoting an equal society where talent, drive and adaptability dictate a vampire's standing in the night. Theodore sees the Freep as an important tool for younger vampires to exchange information and coordinate their political efforts. Theodore knows that many elders are wary, if not disdainful, of technology. He hopes to use this advantage to slowly but inexorably introduce social change not just in his own city, but across the globe.

History

The majority of true radicals long ago left the East. However, a further force helped keep anarchs in line: the Sabbat. The Sabbat's prevalence in cities such as New York and its continued pressure on existing Camarilla strongholds forced many anarchs to tone down their rhetoric and toe the sect's line for fear of meeting their Final Deaths at the hands of a Sabbat War Party. Anarchs in some contested cities could play the two factions against one another in an attempt to scavenge freedoms for themselves, but more often than not either the Sabbat liquidated their temporary anarch allies or the Camarilla kept their unreliable anarch allies under careful scrutiny after the siege ended. Caught between a rock and a hard place, many anarchs opted to retreat to the comparative safety of the Camarilla, using that sect as a bulwark against the satanic fervor of the Sword of Caine. Particularly in the early years of the colonial America, the Sabbat was a continuous threat to the existence of Camarilla vampires. Thus, soon after the ambitious young Kindred made landfall in the America, they found themselves championing the Masquerade and other trappings of the Camarilla simply to survive. Normally, such a pool of young vampires with ambition and energy to spare would be a prime breeding ground for anarchs. However, in the face of aggressive Sabbat attacks, they were forced to adopt the very policies that they had fled to the Americas to escape. Ironically enough, the Sabbat's disorganization and anarchic attitude helped spur many would-be anarchs to adopt the Camarilla's ways. Only by working together and accepting a rigid hierarchy could they hope to stand against the Sabbat, who often were more numerous and better adapting to frontier unlife. Many anarchs who insisted on bucking the Camarilla's dictates found themselves isolated and, in short order, witness to their own Final Deaths at the hands of the Sabbat.

Current Situation

In the modern nights, the East Coast is a haven for anarchs who often philosophize revolution but rarely, if ever, practice it. Even among neonates, talk of equality and justice rarely evolves beyond heated arguments with more traditional vampires. Particularly in the Northeast, anarchs have a strong

Malloc
11th generation, childe of Estaban Vasquez
Clan: Nosferatu *antitribu*
Nature: Rogue
Demeanor: Conformist
Embrace: 1998
Apparent Age: debatably late twenties

Malloc, as he is now known in unlife, was once a promising young computer science grad student working toward his Ph.D. at CalTech. Always something of a pariah, Malloc greatly preferred the freedom and independence of academia to the corporate world. However, he found that pursuing research projects lacked the visceral thrill to keep him truly engaged. In addition, he was deeply unhappy with living off nothing more than the stipend provided by his grant. He turned his skills to cracking computer security and profited from his illicit excursions whenever he could. Eventually, he grew incautious and was charged with an honor code violation after stealing an electronic copy of an introductory economics exam and selling it to a group of undergraduates for a few hundred dollars. Facing a loss of funding, expulsion and little prospect of catching on at any other school, Malloc threw a laptop and a few programming manuals into his car and headed down to Tijuana to burn off a few days with drugs, booze and whores before deciding what to do next. It was in Tijuana that he stumbled across the Sabbat — or perhaps vice versa. Eager to conscript a highly skilled programmer into the sect, a pack ductus named Estaban Vasquez Embraced Malloc, bringing the technophile into the fold.

Malloc now answers directly to Cicatriz, the bishop of Tijuana. Eager to spread instability in the Camarilla, Cicatriz has charged Malloc with heading north to Seattle to worm his way into the anarch resistance movement that has accreted there. Currently, Malloc keeps a watchful eye on the anarchs and reports back to Cicatriz on a regular basis. With his computer skills, Malloc was quickly welcomed into the local movement as an intelligence and communications specialist, a promotion that left Cicatriz supremely pleased.

Additionally, Malloc has managed to work his way on to the Freep subscription list. Without the bishop's knowledge, Malloc has used the Freep to make contact with a few radical anarchs remaining in the East. Malloc typically contacts them off list, claiming to be a prominent anarch who has managed to uncover evidence that a faction of the Camarilla wants to ally with the Cathayans and destroy the Anarch Free State forever. Most of the Kindred he has contacted wrote him off as a raving lunatic, but at least in two cases Malloc has managed to incite direct assaults on "traitorous" elders. Malloc is unsure of how best to handle this operation, yet he knows that he'd rather keep it to himself for now. Cicatriz, as far as he can see, cares little for events in the East, and the ever-greedy Malloc is convinced that he can leverage this side operation into considerable power and prestige within the Sword of Caine.

emphasis on intellectualism, political theory and social analysis. Few anarchs see violence and forcible change as a worthy goal, preferring instead to treat anarch concepts as an ideal that rarely works well in practice. That doesn't mean that anarchs in this region don't push for real change. On the contrary, many of them are in a position to pressure a prince into accepting or promoting anarch policies. A surprising number of anarchs are themselves established elders. While few, if any, are willing to risk their comfortable positions in favor of advancing a political or social agenda, they do tend to look upon younger anarchs with a distinct sense of paternal understanding. After all, the eldest of the East Coast vampires can remember what it was like to stand at the absolute bottom of the Camarilla totem pole. Often, anarchs find themselves tolerated, if not encouraged by some of the more eccentric elders. Of course, as soon as an anarch crosses the line between fiery orator and firebomb-tossing liability, the prince puts the hammer down and either orders the recalcitrant anarchs destroyed, if their actions warrant it, or banishes them (usually westward, again, to preserve a trend) if their offenses are relatively minor. This bemused tolerance actually does a great deal to diffuse anarch fervor. Many times, an outraged young anarch has released a scathing manifesto or delivered an impassioned screed against the powers that be, only to find elders who cast aside the very same beliefs as impractical long ago, taking his arguments to pieces with a practiced calm. Many East Coast anarchs make the western migration more out of a sense of social shame than anything else.

Andrea Parker

11th generation, childe of Lindsey Rimer
Clan: Toreador
Nature: Thrill-Seeker
Demeanor: Director
Embrace: 1994
Apparent Age: late twenties

Andrea is a child of privilege, having attended the prestigious Phillips Academy Andover and later earning a BA in English from Harvard. Her education resulted more from her family's legacy than any talent on her part, and her subsequent career as a freelance writer was largely underwritten by the sizable trust fund from which she drew the vast majority of her income. Despite her dependence on her family's wealth, Andrea developed quite an independent streak. Part of her wanted to make it in the world on her own, but an even larger part of her was too well adjusted to skating by on her family's wealth and connections. Therefore, she developed into a parlor radical, willing to slum with the lower classes and leaf through Marx, but unwilling to do anything truly dreadful that would cut her off from the family fortune.

One skill Andrea possesses in spades is the ability to survey the social landscape quickly and carve herself a tenable position out of it. While she may lack the talent to put together anything that can't be published without burning some of her family's influence, she is a master of verbal barbs, social jockeying and using her good looks to her advantage. The elders in the city see her as a sort of mascot, and despite her occasional temper tantrums, they consider her a welcome diversion from the often-dull Kindred social scene.

Abe Stewart

10th generation, childe of Pug Jackson
Clan: Brujah
Nature: Visionary
Demeanor: Child
Embrace: 1999
Apparent Age: early twenties

A subscriber to the Freep, Abe is one of the few dyed-in-the-wool revolutionaries who keeps company with Andrea and the Liberty Club, more out of a lack of other options than anything else. Abe continues to deal with the endless bickering and posturing of the club primarily because he has no one else to turn to in the nights. His sire made the journey to the West Coast in late 1999 in hopes of helping out with the resistance effort in the free state. Abe, a timid and quiet boy in life, preferred to stay in Boston, lending his technical and computer skills to the anarch cause from a distance.

While deeply distasteful of the Liberty Club, Abe harbors an idealistic vision of toppling Andrea and the other social favor-mongers who dominate the Boston anarch scene, then bringing a truly active political voice to the nights. He finds it deeply troubling that a city with such a leftist history and an active intellectual community as Boston is so deeply entrenched in tradition. He also scorns the political theorizing and debate of the more established anarchs viewing them as little more than lapdogs to the established elite.

Recently, Abe has come into contact with the Sabbat infiltrator Malloc via the Internet. Abe's quiet revolutionary fervor has led him to buy into Malloc's talk of a hidden conspiracy against the eastern anarchs. He is slowly forming plans to undermine Andrea, whom Malloc has convinced him is actually a Camarilla agent charged with cowing the Boston anarchs, and bringing about true revolution in the East. Tragically, Abe's idealism and extremism are a bad mix. He wants to start a fire, but he cannot understand the repercussions of any outright rebellious moves. Should Abe openly move against Andrea, most likely he'll find himself on the receiving end of an elder's wrath, and more than likely he may cause the established Kindred society to crack down on the anarchs.

In addition, the Camarilla is currently riding quite a wave of good publicity after the retaking of New York City. Many young, energetic vampires had the chance to prove themselves in the taking of the Big Apple, giving them an avenue to advancement and prestige normally denied to Camarilla neonates. After all, New York is quite a big place, and the power vacuum created behind by the Sabbat's defeat provided a lot of space for the more ambitious and talented neonates to build a comfortable haven. It's precisely the type of neonate who's brave and ambitious enough to take on the Sabbat who would be liable to foment an anarch uprising. These neonates were able to find comfortable and prosperous places in the Camarilla well before the time it would normally take to acquire such a position.

The malcontents and saber-rattlers remaining among the Camarilla are a fractured and opinionated lot. Many, even among the younger Kindred, prefer to dwell on the theory of anarch thought rather than force such ideas into practice. With the Anarch Free State beckoning to the west, few diehard revolutionaries see any reason to stay in the east.

However, very recently a subtle change has begun to take hold among the anarchs of the East. With the Cathayan beachhead established in San Francisco, the Anarch Free State no longer looks like a land of limitless opportunity and promise for an ambitious young anarch. The anarchs who do speak out against the establishment are growing more and more restless. Recently an investigation into the destruction of a respected elder in Charleston, South Carolina turned up not the Sabbat infiltrators that the Camarilla expected, but a small cabal of young anarchs eager to strike out at the city's most powerful vampires. Whispers now circulate in the halls of power that perhaps isolated acts that were believed to be the work of Sabbat War Parties may have originated from within the Camarilla's anarch ranks. Increasingly, hotheaded anarchs who may have been tolerated in the past have come under suspicion. Whether the more defensive rather than patronizing attitude adopted by some princes will only exacerbate the situation remains to be seen.

Organizations

With such a tradition of polite defiance, the few recognizable anarch coalitions tend to come across more like debate societies and social clubs rather than bastions of radical thought and revolutionary ideals. However, if the nascent suspicion that the previously benign eastern anarchs are growing violent bears any fruit, the anarch organizations may be promptly targeted for investigation and destruction. The ringleaders of these groups in particular have already drawn the eyes of the more suspicious elders.

The Anarch Free Press

Established by Theodore Bunning, a computer-literate Ventrue with extensive experience in the computer technology business world, the Anarch Free Press is a heavily encrypted digital publication distributed via the Internet with a primary focus on the New England, Virginia and New York computer industries. The Freep, as it is known amongst its subscribers, is an important source of gossip, ideology and social jockeying among anarchs who are either directly connected to the computer industry or who are enamored of the concepts of free software and their implications for mortal society at large. Currently, some 20-plus Kindred subscribe to the Freep. While geographically scattered, they represent some of the most active and brightest minds amongst the anarchs of the East. A screed delivered in a Boston coffeehouse might circulate to half a dozen Kindred. A well-worded editorial in the Freep touches not only the journal's subscribers, but the anarchs and Kindred that they in turn maintain ties with in their local community. Thus, the Freep serves as a catalyst and important communication channel for the digitally aware anarchs.

Additionally, the Freep is an important link between what's left of the free state and the anarchs in the East. An important figure in the growing anarch resistance movement, Malloc, regularly contributes news and opinion pieces to the Freep, and his computer skills and audacity have earned him quite a measure of respect amongst the plugged-in anarchs who follow the Freep.

The Liberty Club

This small cadre of anarchs based in Boston is unfortunately representative of a common anarch modus operandi in the eastern United States. Drawing from a small pool of vampires connected to Boston's rich academic scene, the Liberty Club serves primarily as a social club and secondarily as the de facto voice of northeastern anarchs. The club meets monthly at the haven of its current head, the Toreador neonate Andrea Parker. Parker serves as equal parts social facilitator and political coordinator. While her politics and social preferences lean toward anarchism, she is well established as an important hub in Boston's Kindred social scene. Her tendency toward rebellion is seen as simply another facet of her charm, lending any social engagement the delectable possibility of an emotional rant or shouting match. Inviting the Liberty

Club to a gathering or, even better, leaving enough hints of the festivities to lure them into crashing it, is a surefire way to keep a party going.

The Liberty Club carries little political or social weight outside of the neonates of the Northeast. The elders see it as a convenient vehicle that turns the youngsters' energy toward social jockeying among themselves, rather than directing their anger and energy toward the established social order. The club combines the worst aspects of a college sorority with the self-satisfied intellectualism of a high-school newspaper editorial page. Its membership is more concerned with playing little games of social brinkmanship rather than working for any real change in the Kindred's economic and political order. The Liberty Club's philosophy is equally flighty as its social order, as political theorists fall in and out of favor with the latest shoes and the hottest band.

Many of the bravest and most valued anarchs who now operate in the free state were once reviled and mocked by members of the Liberty Club before heading west. Outside of the Northeast, the club is seen as little more than a useless collection of whiners, poseurs and wannabes. However, the club has quite a bit of influence in Boston street culture, particularly in the music and club scene.

The American Midwest

Just as American pop culture often glosses over the very existence of the Midwestern states, the region is often seen by anarchs as little more than a daunting barrier to the migration from the placid, stultified East to the dynamic, exciting West. Many of the princes who claim domain in Midwestern cities actively encourage traveling anarchs to pass through the region as quickly as possible. Anarchs who stay in a city for any length of time tend to attract other anarchs, either because the original anarch helps expedite travel or because he offers a relatively safe pit stop on the journey west. More than a few times, what started out as a casual stopover point has evolved into a hotbed of anarch intrigue and plotting. The Midwestern princes learned the hard way that anarchs are best sent packing as soon as possible. Like tenacious weeds, anarchs are often extraordinarily difficult to displace once they've set root in a city.

A further factor that works against anarchs in the Midwest is that many members of the Camarilla establishment there were once traveling anarchs themselves. Like their modern counterparts, they, too, fled from the established centers of vampire culture in search of a chance to make a better unlife. Unlike most anarchs of the modern nights, these Kindred pioneers struggled against Lupines, battled the elements and fought among themselves to build what they have tonight. These princes who pulled themselves up by the bootstraps are extraordinarily protective of their holdings, especially when faced with neonates who have ambition and daring that they are quite familiar with. Rather than view the migrating anarchs as comrades or Kindred spirits, they view them as parasitic whelps who are just waiting to swoop in and claim the fruits of their elders' labor. This irony isn't lost on the elders of the Midwest, but that doesn't lead them to treat wandering anarchs any differently.

History

The anarch movement that does exist in the Midwest tends to represent a very broad spectrum of anarch political and social thought. Many of these anarch cells started out on the East Coast but lost their fervor for travel westward as the full risks and hardships of the journey became more evident with each passing mile. These anarchs tend to find a city along the way where the elders aren't quite so oppressive and the opportunities just a little more within reach, enough that the continued risk of the journey doesn't outweigh the relative comforts and opportunities evident at the anarch's current stopover point. Anarchs who lose their way on the westward journey tend to quietly integrate themselves into the local Camarilla structure, at least for a time. Some find a place where they can settle on a permanent basis, since the problems and barriers they encountered in the East simply not present in their new homes. Others eventually grow bored or frustrated with the city and once again hit the road, often not before arousing the ire of the prince and any other established Camarilla Kindred.

Whether merely temporary residents or permanent settlers, these anarchs rarely present a tangible threat to the establishment. However, these anarchs have managed in some cases to either force out a prince in favor of a more palatable elder or build a powerful coalition of anarchs capable of exerting pressure on the prince equal to the city's most prestigious Camarilla members. In turn, these veritable anarch havens tend to attract still more anarchs, leading to the vicious cycle that prompts Midwestern elders to uproot nascent anarch communities before they have a chance to grow large enough to be a serious political and social headache.

Despite the elders' generally resentment and fear of uprooted anarchs, the Midwestern states can

claim more elder anarchs than any other region in North America other than the Anarch Free State. Many of the Kindred who rank in the tiers of power and influence just below the dominant cabal are often anarchs who long ago made the westward journey in search of a better future. Finding the frontier a dangerous and unpredictable place, many of them chose to settle in areas where vampires had already established havens. These Kindred reasoned that strength in numbers would help all parties survive against the dangers of the frontier and the threat of Sabbat attacks that hovered over every Kindred in colonial America. Sometimes, these impromptu alliances worked out for all parties. The established vampire found himself with eager allies who were willing to pitch in and make the frontier a viable environment for all parties. The elder vampire often assumed the station of prince or a rough equivalent thereof, while vampires who arrived later filled out the other levels of the power structure and often were ranked socially according to how early they had arrived on the frontier. Of course, given how fractious and competitive Kindred are among themselves, such neatly evolved arrangements often failed to materialize. Instead, the Kindred typically fell to fighting amongst themselves, striving against one another for domain over a section of the American frontier. Eventually, one side would win out, leaving the other to either toe the new regime's line or content themselves with struggling against the newly established prince. These losers of the early power struggles are tonight's Midwestern anarch elders, grizzled veterans of the fight for power redistribution who, over time and with cunning and patience, have managed to build a comfortable existence. An anarch elder may seem like a contradiction in terms. After all, what kind of elder would want to destroy the social system that provides his security and prosperity? Often, it is the sort of vampire who lost out on his bid to become the most powerful vampire in a region and still harbors the ambition to topple the prince and build the equitable and fair Kindred society that he first dreamed of one or two centuries ago.

Many of these conflicts followed the same general evolutionary path from open conflict to the simmering tension between prince and anarch. However, if the initial conflict between established vampire and newcomer didn't end in a decisive victory, both sides dug in for a long, protracted struggle. The first step both sides usually took was to either Embrace sympathetic locals or recruit traveling anarchs and other Kindred, with some combination of these two strategies typically employed to build the fighting entourages. Often, the struggle at this point would become just another squabble or rivalry woven into the fabric of the Camarilla. However, in more isolated areas or in rare situations were both sides turned exclusively to Embraced locals for support, a long-running and often deeply rooted feud developed. Lacking the proper context in which to place their Kindred heritage, newly Embraced Kindred were fed all sorts of propaganda that turned them into rabid supporters of their sires. These neonates knew nothing more about the world than that their sire and his allies were the good guys, while the rival gang was irredeemably vile. As the conflict dragged on, these fantasies become accepted history and fact as they were passed down to each successive generation of Kindred. Sometimes, the original sire would meet his Final Death, leaving behind a large brood of vampires ready to carry on a crusade in his name. To this night, in isolated towns and wild regions of the United States, these feuds still drag on. While the majority of these combatants have long since been contacted by and exposed to the Camarilla, some still fight on in stasis or inertia. Run-ins with Sabbat vampires and rampaging Lupines have left them extremely suspicious of strangers, making them dangerous to all Kindred, Camarilla, Sabbat or independent.

Even after exposure to the truth of their condition, many feuds still continue to rage. After decades of fighting and surviving on their own, these vampires have little use for outside influence and don't particularly care to take orders from some upstart prince. Although not often self-identified as anarchs, these independent vampire families look after their own, have a healthy distaste for outsiders and are often accomplished, experienced fighters. While they are not liable to form an alliance to topple a local prince, they present an often-insurmountable barrier to complete dominance by either Camarilla or Sabbat in a region. They are anarchs by dint of rejection of intruding social structures.

Finally, some anarch groups naturally evolve from a prince's antagonistic or heavy-handed policies toward a city's neonates. Just as they do the world over, the young vampires of a city may decide that enough is enough and revolution is the only answer. These anarchs often are a bit more radical and active than their East Coast brethren. While Midwest neonates have an easier road to the Anarch Free State, the Midwestern elders have a much more antagonistic attitude toward anarchs than their eastern counterparts. Anarch struggles that originate in the Midwest are often quite personal affairs, with anarchs struggling not only against the

rules and dictates of the Camarilla but waging a war fueled by personal hatred and distrust of the prince. A vampire who wants freedom might be content to migrate west and make his haven where conditions are to his liking. A vampire who wants a particular prince uprooted and cast from power is more likely to stick around and cause trouble. In the Midwest, the struggle is often carried by grudges, thus leading to a decidedly lower rate of migration among the anarchs there.

Current Situation

The steady trickle of anarchs from the East has always been a thorn in the side of the Midwestern princes, but the recent Cathayan invasion in San Francisco caught them by surprise. While many anarchs fled to Seattle to help organize the anarch counterattack, many of those not quite so dedicated to the anarch cause chose to retreat eastward, back toward the supposed safety of the American interior. Many princes in cities from Las Vegas to Pittsburgh have seen a sudden influx of wayward anarchs, some of whom are simply passing through while others are looking for a new place to build a haven. The often xenophobic and reactionary princes, especially those in smaller cities that cannot cope with the sudden appearance of two or three new Kindred, have responded to these newcomers with their customary threats and intimidation. Unlike the typical anarch neonate, though, these newcomers are often battle-hardened veterans of the Anarch Free State, ready, willing and able to respond to threats with carefully orchestrated violence. Thus far, an outright rebellion has yet to flare up, but already in a few places the anarch newcomers have responded to their hosts' belligerent attitudes by quietly putting out the call for reinforcements and laying the groundwork for another uprising. These embryonic anarch gangs often simply transplant the styles, weapons and tactics they favored in LA or San Francisco to the less-liberal Midwest. Often, these Kindred find plentiful mortal vassals among the locals who are eager to learn all about life in the "real" big city. Drugs, arms dealing and other activities once associated with big cities on either coast are now commonplace in areas where gangs were once thought to be only a big city problem.

This new breed of anarch gang, assumed free from the once steadying influence of the anarch leader Jeremy MacNeil, now often run rampant in the night, taking what they please and paying little heed to the Traditions that would encumber them.

In some areas, these anarchs are mistaken for invading Sabbat, further ratcheting up the tension between the establishment and the West Coast migrants. Many anarch neonates never new unlife beyond the boundaries of the Anarch Free State. To these vampires, the Camarilla is an aging dinosaur that can be brought low through warfare rather than diplomacy or negotiation. Furthermore, many of these vampires spent their mortal lives in a city such as San Francisco, San Jose or Los Angeles, leaving them with a snobbish disregard for Midwestern mortals, Kindred and culture in general. They see the Midwest as an easily conquered tract of malls and prefab housing developments that should quickly fold in the face of their inherent superiority. If a great city such as LA could fall to the anarchs, a two-bit burg in Kansas or Wyoming should prove little trouble, to this school of thought.

Organizations

Most anarchs rise and fall with the group they decide to associate with in the Midwest. While gang membership in the West and one's social circle in the East can play a big part in determining an anarch's status in the modern nights, a vampire's social connections in the Midwest can spell the difference between survival and Final Death. Midwestern cities tend to cover a lot of area while lacking the population to support a sizable number of Kindred. Thus, few vampires are capable of claiming their own domains or hunting ground without some assistance from other Kindred.

The Nickerson Clan

Founded 150 years ago, this tightly knit band of Kindred believes that they are all descended from their original sire, a transient anarch from Atlanta named Harris Nickerson. Nickerson moved to Kansas in the decade before the American Civil War, when conflicts between Northern and Southern settlers were at a fever pitch within the state. Nickerson used the violent backdrop of the times as a cover to move against the few Kindred who made their havens in the state at the time. While a relatively young vampire, he Embraced the meanest, toughest fighters he could find into his "clan," telling them that it was their God-given mission to cleanse Kansas of all Kindred. Nickerson's plan worked well until he and his followers collided with Ambrose Clifton, another anarch neonate who decided that the only good Camarilla vampire in Kansas was a destroyed one. Soon enough, though, the two anarchs fell into a bitter disagreement over who had first pick of feeding grounds in the region. Since then, the two camps have waged a steady, if rather quiet, war against each other. Nickerson claims Topeka as his haven, while Clifton has marked Lawrence as his domain. Both ignore the Camarilla yet observe the Masquerade, more out of a sense of self-preservation than anything else. Neither is willing to accept outsiders who are unwilling to either move along with due speed or strike an alliance with one side or the other. Not that their fury has stopped the Camarilla from thriving in Kansas...

The Anarch Railroad

Dubbed the Freedom Train by some anarchs, this network of Camarilla vampires sympathetic to the anarch cause helps ferry Kindred between the east and west coasts. The railroad provides transportation and safe houses to anarchs on the move, and often employs mortal and Kindred agents who arrange safe transport and scout out travel routes for anarchs.

At least, that's what the Anarch Railroad's supposed to do. The entire organization is actually infested with Camarilla spies who work to document and track anarch movements across the continent. Thus far, the Camarilla has been careful to avoid arousing suspicion. While the majority of anarchs find safe passage through the railroad, their movements are carefully logged and any suspicious congregations of anarchs, especially large groups heading to cities experiencing anarch troubles, is either delayed or intercepted. The railroad is far from being a complete Camarilla tool, but enough spies have gained key positions to make the network serve the anarchs only nominally more than it does the Camarilla. The entire railroad situation highlights one of the anarchs' biggest weaknesses: Lacking a central authority, any large-scale operation is driven largely by motivated volunteers. A would-be agent need only pitch in and display a sympathetic front in order to gain a key position in the operation.

West Coast

Long both a stronghold and shining beacon for the Anarch Movement, much of the West Coast is now a hotly contested battleground for the anarchs who survived the Cathayan invasion. Not only did the mysterious invaders from Asia destroy and demoralize the anarchs with their attacks, but their later move to offer anarch leaders and barons leadership positions in their New Promise Mandarinate undercut the anarch political structure and took devastating advantage of existing anarch rivalries and grudges. Furthermore, Tara's "defection" to the Camarilla fold and her ascension as the prince of San Diego is a harbinger of another troubling trend

in the Anarch Free State. Many anarchs under attack from invading Cathayans, seeing their rivals secure leadership positions within the invader's ranks, have openly turned to the Camarilla for support. The anarchs' disorganization and the breakdown of the free state into a multitude of petty baronies left them without an infrastructure or binding social compact. The open fighting and struggles within the anarch camp left them ready to fall in the face of a determined enemy who was smart enough to play to this weakness.

History

California has long been the heart of the Anarch Movement in North America. Los Angeles was the sight of the first known successful anarch uprising in America, and the city served as an example that other anarchs looked to for hope and inspiration. For over 50 years, LA was a beacon of hope that drew young anarchs across the continent. Now, LA is a contested domain that threatens to spell the doom of the Anarch Movement in North America or herald its rise as a new force to be reckoned with, on par with the Camarilla or Sabbat.

Current Situation

San Francisco, as a domain, is now held tight within the grip of the Cathayans, while Los Angeles teeters on the brink of becoming the mysterious Asian vampires' second beachhead in North America. LA's nights are alive with continual, low-level skirmish warfare between Cainites and Kuei-jin. Violence and gunfire on the streets have escalated noticeably since the invaders arrived, but, thus far, the surge in crime has been blamed queasily (and with increasing fragility) on conflicts between various underworld groups.

While the Cathayan invasion was bad enough for the LA anarchs, worse yet were the reported loss of their leader in all but name, Jeremy MacNeil, and the defection of several influential anarch figures to the Cathayan cause. MacNeil refused any formal office, in keeping with his anarch ideals, yet his assumed death left a tremendous void in LA's power structure. While MacNeil refused to accept any formal title and his rather Darwinian views on survival prevented him from taking an active hand in leading LA's Kindred affairs, he did provide an important and well-respected voice in the anarch community. Often, MacNeil's wishes became a reality not because of any official authority he wielded, but because of the deep respect many anarchs held for him. LA anarchs only now realize how important a figure he was. Even worse, the vacuum his disappearance left behind is rather tempting plum for the more politically minded anarchs. Disorganization has always been a critical anarch weakness. MacNeil helped mask this, as his considerable intelligence and charisma often helped bring the more truculent and divisive anarchs into line. Without MacNeil around, many old rivalries and hatreds have flared up into outright fighting, even in the face of the Cathayan invasion.

Compounding the loss of MacNeil, several key anarchs, including the highly respected Salvador Garcia and the well-connected Ventrue Louis Fortier, have thrown in with the Cathayans. Most anarchs see this as betrayal of the worst kind, and many of them spend their nights targeting the "sell-outs" for revenge, rather than focusing on the Cathayan presence in the city. More importantly, both Garcia and Fortier were logical successors to MacNeil's legacy as the foremost anarch in LA. With both of them accepting positions in the Cathayans' New Promise Mandarinate, the power vacuum in LA has been further aggravated by this defection of two of LA's most well-connected and financed anarchs. In particular, Fortier's economic acumen has left the remaining anarchs in LA facing a critical shortage of financial strength.

While LA was once divided into a series of baronies, each claimed by a powerful individual anarch or gang, the old structure has collapsed in the face of the Cathayan invasion. Many of the old gangs have disappeared, meeting destruction in the fighting or fleeing to greener pastures. This power vacuum has attracted many of the less than dedicated anarchs, neonates who see in LA the same opportunity that many Camarilla vampires took advantage of in that sect's taking of New York City. While LA is rife with danger and instability, it does offer an ambitious and tough neonate a chance to accumulate power and influence far beyond what is normally possible in the elder-dominated structures of the Camarilla and Sabbat. More than a few newcomers have arrived to stake claims to baronies of their own. While many of these would-be warlords face challenges to these claims from vampires who have established holdings in LA, some of them are left unmolested as the conflict with the Cathayans demands the vast majority of the anarchs' attention and resources.

Organizations

As home to the Anarch Movement, the West Coast has more than its share of anarch militias, gangs and social circles. Few of these groups actively extend their influence beyond the immediate borders of their territory, but their words and actions often reverberate with anarchs from coast to coast.

The Anarch Free State Militia

Founded shortly after Salvador Garcia and other important anarch figures accepted an alliance with the invading Cathayans, the free state militia is dedicated to driving both the invading Cathayans and putting a stop to the growing Camarilla influence in California. With Jeremy MacNeil and Crispus Attucks, two influential and respected anarchs, vanishing or meeting Final Death in an attempt to prevent a Camarilla-Cathayan peace negotiation, the ragtag militia faces a severe lack of veteran leaders. Most of the anarchs with a stake in California have accepted Cathayan offers of cohabitation, retreated to the Camarilla for protection or met their final deaths within the past few years. Thus, while what remains of the informal militia is often poorly led and disorganized, it does offer an ambitious and skilled neonate the chance to quickly rise to a position of respect and authority.

Currently, the militia is holed up in Los Angeles. Its members are loosely organized into packs of up to six vampires. Usually squads arise from anarchs that are predisposed toward one another or from gangs whose territory has been claimed by encroaching Cathayans. Unfortunately, this does not always yield the most tactically effective unit, and packs are often led either by its most well liked member or via popular vote. The anarchs' chaotic nature and distrust of authority makes it rather difficult for them to form into a true military structure.

What the militia lacks in tactical sense, it often more than makes up for with enthusiasm, daring and dedication. Cathayan morale in Los Angeles seems to ebb and flow, and some anarch scouts report that the Cathayan foot soldiers are, like the anarchs themselves, youngsters forced to abide by the rules and orders laid down by capricious and often uncaring elders. There's been some talk within the militia of covertly turning Cathayans to the anarch cause. Much like the Cathayans turned the anarchs against themselves by offering a few key anarch leaders positions within their power structure, some anarchs feel that the lower echelons of Cathayans may be amenable to an offer of freedom and egalitarianism within the anarch camp. Thus far, the militia has not put this plan in motion, yet should it draw some Cathayans into the anarch fold, it may be the perfect strategy for breaking the invaders' hold on Los Angeles and dislodging the traitorous anarchs who've thrown in with them.

Unfortunately for the militia, few members support this initiative. The group is rife with infighting and jealousy. Many of its members see the militia as little more than a tool to strike down the traitorous anarchs who have joined forces with either the Cathayans or the Camarilla. Others seek to even old scores and expand their baronies, using the losses incurred by gangs targeted by the Cathayans and their own prestige within the militia to seize territories once claimed by rivals.

The Seattle Committee

While the free state militia strives to use violent means to dislodge the various interlopers who have made inroads into the Anarch Free State, the Seattle Committee is composed primarily of politically minded anarchs. The committee's main purpose is to rally support for the anarch cause among whoever is willing to listen. Thus far, the Sabbat Bishop of Tijuana, Cicatriz, has agreed to supply the anarchs with what weapons and financial support he can offer. The committee has yet to unearth any other supporters, with the prince of Vancouver claiming that Lupine troubles prevent him from sending aid, and Prince Tara of San Diego offering aid only if the anarchs help dislodge the Cathayans from her domain before she can aid them.

Faced with unsympathetic ears in all directions, the committee decided to focus more on the galvanizing the often splintered and fractious anarchs into a force capable of expunging the Cathayans from the West Coast. Committee agents have spread out across the US, speaking with anarchs wherever they can find them and urging them to take up arms and head to the desperate Anarch Free State. These recruiters have met with mixed success so far. Many within the Camarilla see them as rabble-rousers looking to touch off anarch uprisings across the US. Others see them as a convenient method to pawn off troublesome autarkis and neonates on to the free state. As for the anarchs with whom they speak, many of those who want to make a difference in the struggle have already taken the trip westward. Those left behind are more interested in playing political games with the prince or holding on to whatever freedoms and comforts they've earned at home. Still, the recruiters have not been a total failure, as they have generated some financial and material support.

The Unbound

As the war with the Cathayans drags on, Kindred in the Anarch Free State have come to question what exactly the Anarch Movement stands for. For untold nights, the anarchs have railed against a vampiric sect, usually the Camarilla, but sometimes also the Sabbat. Why, these vampires ask, should anarchs define themselves as being against something? Instead, the anarchs should define what they

are and what they want. Rather than casting themselves as a reaction to something, these anarchs want to redefine the movement as a new mode of thought, one that can exist without either the Camarilla or Sabbat. While the Unbound are currently few in number, their influence on the anarch cause is slowly but perceptibly making itself known. The war with the Cathayans has forced many anarchs to ask themselves just what exactly they are fighting for. The existing Camarilla-influenced order of baronies and gangs that dominated the LA nights for decades was, in many cases, little different than the Camarilla itself. After all, it matters little if The Man is an elder prince or some neonate with a gun and a fawning posse of childer and ghouls. The Cathayan incursion has shaken the West Coast to the core, causing many of the survivors to re-assess just what it is they want out of unlife. Toppling the old order in LA and ushering in the free state was not a calculated move, but rather the result of years of selfish Camarilla dominance combined with a critical mass of independent and unruly Kindred who had decided enough was enough. The struggle against those who threaten to destroy the free state requires both planning and time, both of which allow anarchs of all stripes to carefully consider their actions as they take them. Some anarchs, after reflecting on their current dilemma, have decided that the anarch cause has to be something more than a counterpoint to the Camarilla.

While the Unbound are currently few in number, they have proven to be some of the most effective anarch agents in the struggle to reclaim the Anarch Free State. They tend to enter the struggle with their eyes on freeing the West Coast rather than building a petty barony, grabbing domains or evening old scores. Their idealistic vision has given many young anarchs something to struggle for, and, in some areas, has helped re-energize vampires who faced abysmal morale and little drive to take the fight to the Cathayans. Whether this newfound passion will translate into the development of something truly new or if becomes just another footnote in Kindred history remains to be seen.

Mexico

Long the domain of the brutal Sabbat, Mexico has little to offer most anarchs. While few non-Sabbat Kindred willingly travel there, the region does have a surprising number of anarchs. Typically, the Sabbat moves to crush any Cainite not loyal to that sect, destroying anarchs in freshly overwhelmed or long-held cities. In Mexico, though, the Sabbat's success has left it somewhat soft. Many anarchs continue on simply because the local Sabbat packs can't be bothered to deal with them. Usually, unless the pack grows bored enough to seek out and hunt down an anarch, a low-key and discreet vampire can eke out an acceptable existence in Mexico. However, in areas with a strong Sabbat presence, such as Tijuana or Mexico City, the sect ruthlessly "drafts" down anarchs and other unaffiliated vampires. If the Sabbat has a vested interest in a region, it does its best to protect it by aligning against non-Sabbat vampires in the area.

A large grouping of anarchs attracts unwanted Sabbat attention, leaving isolation as the best strategy for survival. Anarchs south of the border are often rugged individualists who care little for the company of any other Kindred, even other anarchs. The anarchs who travel here usually do so to be alone, as most of those with a real interest in furthering the anarch cause make a beeline for the Anarch Free State, rather than waste their time and risk their continued existence in Mexico. Some anarchs come to Mexico to escape a vengeful prince or to otherwise put their pasts behind them. Buying protection in Mexico is relatively easy, as the drug trade has left many public officials quite receptive to bribery. Furthermore, the relative strength of the dollar in comparison to the peso makes it rather easy for even a neonate to migrate to Mexico and establish a safe haven. Of course, the Sabbat's presence makes "safe" a relative term, but for a neonate who faces destruction in his home city, Mexico is a tempting and sometimes workable solution, as long as he's willing to quiet down or become autarkis entirely.

The anarchs who make their homes here keep to themselves, content to lead a relatively free existence, assuming they don't attract any unwanted attention.

Canada

While Canada is not under the Sabbat's thumb, it has many characteristics that make it an even less attractive place to call home than Mexico. Given the undeveloped nature of much of Canada's land, Lupines are a constant threat to any vampire in the Great White North, leaving the unity and security of the Camarilla as nearly a prerequisite for any individual vampire's survival. Furthermore, Canada's population is concentrated in a few cities near the US border, leaving it susceptible to "spill over" influence from whichever sect operates in the region of the US closest to a given Canadian city. Cities such as Vancouver and Montreal were long ago claimed by the Camarilla and Sabbat, leaving most anarchs little reason to migrate northward.

However, some anarchs see in Canada the same opportunities and possibilities that many vampires saw in the old American frontier of the 18th and 19th centuries. Much of Canada lies ignored by Kindred, allowing a vampire who stakes a claim to a region the chance to get in on the ground floor of human progress as tonight's frontier turns into tomorrow's city. However, much of the Canadian wilderness is bitterly cold and inhospitable, making it unlikely that a mass migration will herald the rise of new cities in the north. Still, that doesn't discourage idealistic anarchs who seek to build their utopia from the ground up from making the journey north.

Canadian anarchs tend to take great pride in their continued survival, embracing a frontier philosophy that puts a premium on creating a new existence out of the unclaimed domain. They often have little respect for their relatively more urban cousins to the south, seeing little need to talk about revolution or plot against the city's elders when, if one simply travels north far enough, one can find vast domain unclaimed by both Sabbat and Camarilla.

In Canada's urban centers, anarch life tends to mirror trends in the United States. Toronto anarchs are often more wrapped up in politics and theory to put their ideas into practice, while Vancouver's anarchs are a bit more on the radical and proactive side. Still, Canada tends to remain a sometimes amused spectator in the power struggles between Camarilla and Sabbat that rage in the United States. Many of the ambitious neonates make their way south across the border to pursue their dreams, with the Anarch Free State ranking as the most popular destination. Much to the Canadian Camarilla's approval, the more loud-mouthed and dedicated anarchs tend to take the initiative and head south, and with the Cathayan invasion putting the Anarch Free State in peril, the rate of migration has only increased noticeably.

In Closing

M,

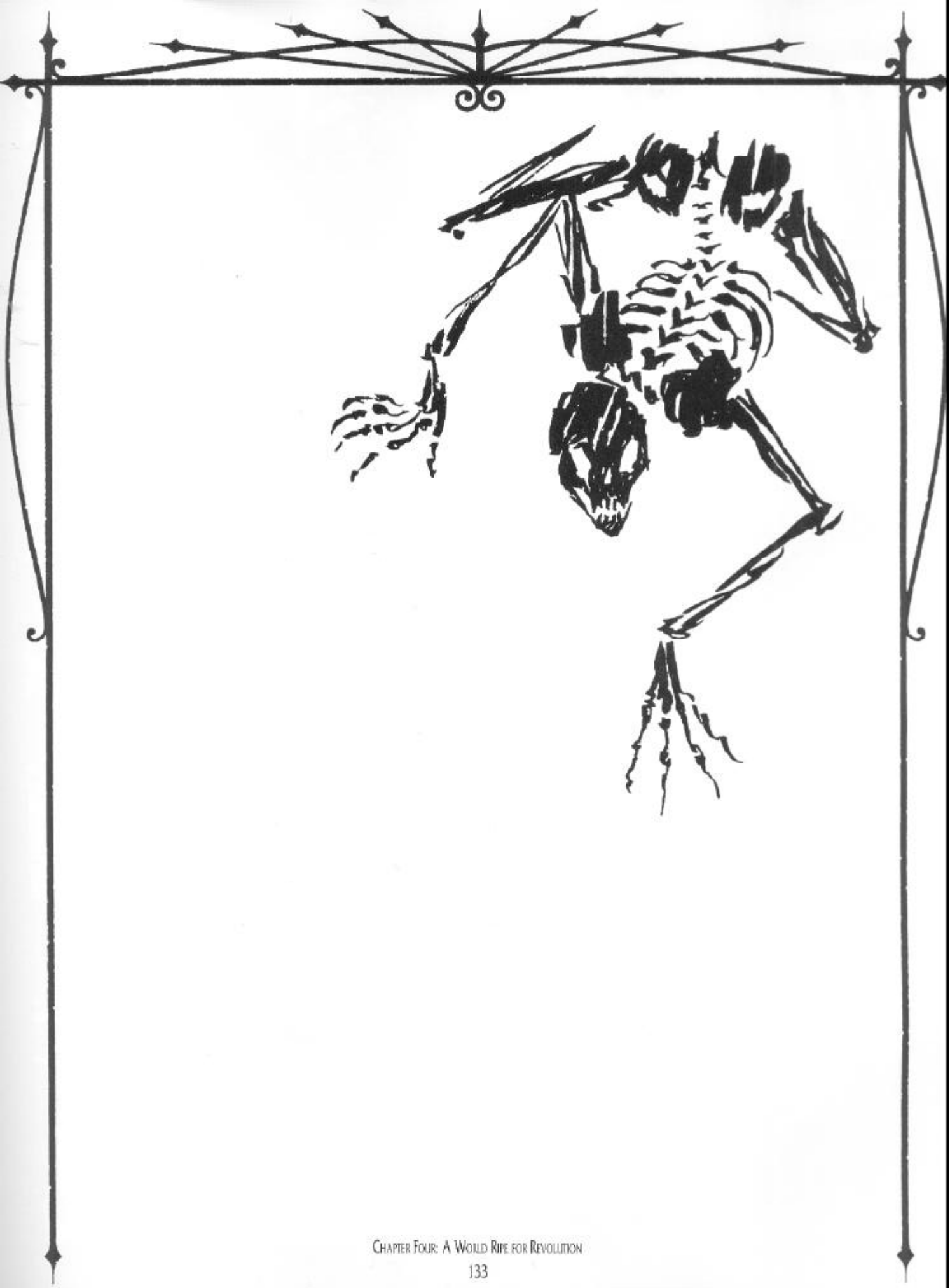
Thank you so much for your efforts, though you obviously weren't able to just give me unbiased information. I threw some of your old-school doctrines and opinions out of the document since my people need hard facts and help, not theoretical lecturing.

Anyway, I hope you will change your mind about the fight and yourself one night. You used to be a real asset to the movement. I feel your fire has merely burned down for lack of wood, but it is not extinguished. How do I know this? Well, you managed to keep the description (better: mentioning) of yourself very sober, but I could feel the old heat in you when you described the history of the island and the way it is being suppressed — it has always been a symbol for our own suppression to you. Don't forget that you didn't choose to become who you were — it is in your mind and soul and you will sooner or later hear the call again. It is not over, and it will never be.

If you are ready to follow it once more, I will be there.

Always.

J.



Chapter Five: Storytelling

To know how to free oneself is nothing; the arduous thing is to know what to do with one's freedom.
—André Gide, *The Immoralist*

By their very nature, anarchs make up a tremendously varied lot. Just as individual anarchs represent a vast array of beliefs, goals and methods, so, too, do the stories possible with anarch characters cover a wide area. Anarchs aren't all merely bomb-throwing revolutionaries out to topple the existing power structure. An anarch's goals, methods and opponents go a long way toward defining what an anarch actually does and the stories possible with such a character. Anarchs cannot possibly exist in a vacuum. Anarchs must struggle against something, be it the prince's overbearing policies, the Sabbat's wanton abuse of mortal society or the choking stasis of the Camarilla. An anarch without enemies is no longer an anarch but just another element of the status quo. What use are slogans and audacious plans for conquest once the struggle is won? An anarch's struggle does much to define him, especially within Kindred society. As such, this chapter examines how you can create an anarch chronicle by defining what anarchs struggle for, why they struggle for it and who stands in their way.

Targets

On their most basic level, anarchs want the same things that every other Kindred desires: safety, comfort and power. The difference is that anarchs are willing to move outside socially acceptable channels to get what they want. The results are often the same, even if the journey there is littered with political sloganeering and outright physical confrontation.

Economic Expansion

Many vampires who wish to carve out a fortune from the Kindred or kine rely more on patience and politicking to meet their goals rather than a brilliant business plan or the cold cunning of a Rockefeller or Kennedy. A neonate often faces an old-boys' network of established power brokers who have no fear of retirement or any chance of growing too old to handle the business — at least not for a few centuries. Particularly among the archetypal Ventrue and other tradition-minded Kindred, childer and neonates are expected to fulfill the elders' desires and make themselves useful for a

century or two before taking their place among the real captains of industry in Kindred society. A newly christened vampire from a business background may go from managing millions of dollars in assets and swimming with the sharks of capitalism only to find himself babysitting his sire's chain of third-rate mutual funds. It should come as no surprise, then, that many vampires who originate from the most tradition-bound vampiric quarters may choose to become anarchs. After all, the very attributes that make a mortal a promising subject for the Embrace — ambition, drive, competence and cunning — may very well lead him to scorn the traditions and values he's expected to uphold.

Anarchs who seek to make gains in the business world very rarely pursue overtly violent agendas. A destructive, scorched-earth policy is usually bad for business on both sides of the fence. Furthermore, an anarch who seeks to take on the elders in the business world can't afford to antagonize his opponents too openly. After all, success in business relies on cultivating contacts within mortal society and developing ties to the community. A transient Brujah radical can afford to provoke the elders, since all he has to do to save his hide is pick out a well-hidden sanctuary until the heat cools down. On the other hand, the elders are likely to simply purchase, outspend or legislate out of existence an upstart vampire's source of influence in the business world. Previously untouched economic venues represent the best shot at success for an upstart neonate. Not only does the anarch avoid the elders' wrath by leaving their business concerns intact, but the elders may have little interest to begin with in an emerging economic sector. The powers that be can't howl in outrage if their own contacts and businesses continue along unaffected by the anarch's activities. Furthermore, the rapidly shifting, ultra-fast-paced world of a newly emerging technology market requires precisely the adaptability, daring and cutting-edge knowledge that elders lack and young Kindred — anarchs included — often have in spades.

The boom and bust of the dotcoms represents one of the greatest business opportunities since the discovery of the New World for rebellion-minded childer. The power players in the virtual world often appear out of nowhere or were previously only marginal players in the business scene before striking it big with a killer app or a bold business plan. Compounding the opportunity for many anarchs is the anti-establishment attitude of many Internet-based businesses. The dotcom revolution promised to rework the rules of doing business, the sort of attitude that repels established vampires and attracts risk-taking neonates like moths to a flame. A hotshot, nightclub-hopping anarch could not only talk the talk, but with connections to the right start-ups, he could walk the walk while pulling in a seven-figure income. Meanwhile, the prince continued to reap the benefits of his long-established ties to more traditional businesses. The anarch's investments and meteoric rise might make him unpopular in the circles of power, but without an obvious infraction of the accepted social order, the anarch is largely free from any direct rebuke from the elders.

Had the new economy actually evolved into something more than what will be the subject of trivia questions and sentimental "remember when's," then perhaps an uncomfortable but manageable stasis between Internet-driven anarchs and old business elders could have been reached. But when the Internet bubble burst, the chance for anarchs to truly build something new faded away with it. The elders could chuckle over the information revolution while continuing to reap the fortunes provided by empires of influence and business holdings built up over decades, if not centuries.

The rise and fall of the new economy is a wonderful backdrop for stories that revolve around a band of business-oriented anarchs. The characters strike out on their own and meet with sizable success while still remaining largely within the Camarilla's bounds, which makes this an excellent option for running an anarch chronicle that doesn't devolve into the stereotypical leather-and-Harley pack with a penchant for property damage. In addition, you may want to play around with the timeline of your game. Set the chronicle to begin in the mid-1990s, allowing the characters a chance to hitch on to the Internet's rocket to the top, all while the promise of its ultimate failure looms just over the horizon. Emphasize the ephemeral nature of the new economy. Fortunes are made and lost in the course of a single day of frenetic trading. Yesterday's promising IPO is tomorrow's hottest topic on fuckedcompany.com. The CEO drives a Porsche to work but doesn't even own a couch. Employees sleep in the office, the mortal programmers leading eerily vampiric existences as they only rarely head outside to see the sun. A sense of camaraderie and the prospect of earning millions unites everyone in the face of grinding work hours and impossible deadlines. Be sure to remember that this is the World of Darkness and adjust the feel accordingly. The rank and file programmers work themselves to death while management heads out on investor-relations junkets to Vegas. Industrial espionage runs rampant, as no tactic is too dirty when the difference between billions and bankruptcy can be a few critical

lines of code. The manpower of a company finds itself on the street while management pillages the company's coffers and moves on to yet another high-paying, prestigious position, swearing up and down that they've learned their lessons. Replace Dilbert's boss with a cunning predator who hides a malevolent purpose behind his seeming incompetence.

In contrast to the fast-paced, high intensity world of the new economy, the established powers in vampire society enjoy less precarious unlives of carefully tended affluence. The prince doesn't merely dictate where the neonates may hunt but guides their economic ambitions with a few well placed investments here, the callous termination of funds there. The elders may not understand the Internet, but without their financial backing, the dotcom revolution has no gas for its engine. The anarchs struggle to throw off the last vestiges of the prince's power, counting on the sheer energy and spirit of innovation that they rely on to overwhelm the old economy and bring a new order to the nights. While the anarchs work themselves unceasingly, the elders sit back and enjoy the privileges of their station. The struggle lurks beneath the Kindred's social interactions. The "anarchs" might be otherwise perfectly behaved childer. The tension ratchets up, though, as the struggles for economic dominance spill over into other arenas. No anarch with a vested interest in business dares openly strike against the existing order. However, a reckless anarch, his pride swollen by the rush of success in the digital world, may attempt to oppose the existing order directly, only to find his hazardous business position shattered by a spate of negative press or an indifferent stock market. Other anarchs may find themselves forced to kowtow to princes whose fortunes their own holdings dwarf. In this case, the anarchs may find themselves struggling against an enemy that relies on social and political connections to keep the neonates in line. Open conflict could very well result from this situation, as the anarchs decide to buy their freedom with guns, rented muscle and bribes.

Of course, the Internet's promise of a new economy proved in reality to be little more than a hollow swarm of buzz and useless hype. Such a fate lends a sense of doom and foreboding to a chronicle set amongst the rise and fall of the dotcoms, as the characters struggle to succeed while the players know that their Quixotic journey is almost certainly destined for failure. On the other hand, it may prove convenient to massage history a bit and allow the conflict between new economy and old, established elders and neonates, to continue on despite historical fact. Such a story could chart the

rapid evolution of society and its effect on the modern nights as kine hurtle toward the radical new social landscape that most of the new economy failed to deliver. The anarchs finally have the social and historical forces that may allow them to topple the existing social order and usher in a golden age of equality once and for all, if only they choose their investments wisely.

Social Advancement

Frequently, the social subjugation of neonates by elders brings about the genesis of anarch cells. You can deny someone a few avenues of economic growth if he enjoys an otherwise comfortable existence. No one enters the political arena expecting to leap to the top of the heap from the get-go. But a casual insult here and a snub there could leave rancorous wounds that fester into the anger and open defiance of an anarch. Anarchs who turn against the existing social structures may seek not only to build their own communities but to tear down the existing order. Popular nightclubs are marred by bloody brawls, illicitly tripped fire alarms and all sorts of other disruptions that shatter the prince's carefully arranged social world. Dance clubs and music venues firmly planted on the wrong side of the tracks supplant the established trendsetters and other traditional cultural barometers. While Elysium still stands as the bulwark of Kindred unlife, its atmosphere is strained at best as the anarch faction stands in blatant contrast to the traditional dictates of Kindred taste and bearing within the city. The anarchs flaunt their mastery of the latest trends, peppering their speech with the latest buzzwords and littering it with pop culture references that leave the elders confused yet disdainful of the upstarts. Every interaction between the anarchs and the established powers leaves the anarchs dancing along the razor's edge between disrespect and outright revolt. The neonates actively court the hottest new acts and seek to curry favor with rising stars before their music hits the airwaves. The socially active elders are forced to enter the anarchs' territory, lest they find themselves rapidly falling out of society's favor.

An anarch chronicle set against this backdrop offers a nice mix between street-level violence and high-level politicking and plotting. The anarchs may bust heads at a club one night while dickering with one of the prince's cronies over hunting in what once was a social dead zone. In a sense, the anarchs could face the reverse of the archetypal anarch situation. Rather than struggle to tear down the elders' foundations of power, the characters may have to work to hold on to previously undesirable territory and sectors of society that are now fashionable with the kine and thus in demand amongst the powers that be. The characters may wage a virtual guerrilla war to hold on to their hard-won success, lest the elders reap the fruit that the anarchs worked so hard to tend.

Guerrilla war doesn't have to translate into a violent conflict. A player's anarch character may cultivate a mortal band after noticing the raw talent and charisma its members possess at a small, hole-in-the-wall bar. After struggling to arrange backing for the band and bringing about their big break, the city's prince steps in and sets the band up with a big record company contract, leaving the character with nothing to show for his sharp eye for talent and shrewd planning. The character may have to struggle to establish his own avenues to success despite the prince's interference, either by delving into the business side of entertainment or establishing an ironbound connection to the local entertainment and social scenes, strengthening his position by currying favor with influential and popular mortals.

Of course, guerrilla war can translate easily into open defiance. In this case, the prince may push his contacts in city hall to shut down the upstart clubs and social venues, using trumped-up charges and overzealous police investigations to cripple the emerging social scene before it has a chance to displace the old. What may look like just another hip-hop superstar picked up by the cops for carrying a gun could be an important turning point in the struggle to define how and what the city defines as trendy.

The advantage to a chronicle centered on social and cultural conflicts is that there is a lot of room for conflicts outside the often cliché anarchs railing against the prince. Slimy mortal record executives, racist law enforcement officials, and rival neonates eager to carve their name on the emerging social scene all provide plenty of conflict for the players' characters. The characters have a chance to directly confront opponents against whom they have a realistic chance of success, leaving the prince and his allies as a threat that looms above the entire proceedings, ready to crush what the anarchs have worked so hard to build. Coteries may jockey for favor amongst the leading figures of the city's social and music scenes, while the leeches and sleaze-bag agents that rely on gullible artists to make their big scores work to undermine the anarch social movement, however unwittingly.

Remember, though, that this story is supposed to be about anarchs, not just a bunch of neonates who listen to heavy metal, pierce their nipples and engage in otherwise harmless behavior that just doesn't happen to play well with the 19th-century set. The anarchs may have other concerns tied into the emerging social

scene, such as the drug trade, legitimate businesses and perhaps even political influence, that directly challenges the city's status quo. The hot new club doesn't simply attract the city's elite, but it sucks them away from the very nightclub owned by the prince. The city's endowment for the arts ignores an influential Toreador's personal favorites, instead awarding grants and publicity to young upstarts that travel in the anarch social circle and have little use for the Toreador's sponsorship.

Anarchs aren't always just a bunch of pissed-off neonates gunning for the top. They could simply be victims of their own success, neophytes of the night forced to take on the prince or lose the niche that they managed to carve out of the city. The anarchs may find themselves as mere pawns in the machinations of the elders, a diversion allowed to prosper just enough to draw the prince's attention away from the true threat. The anarchs might even have to somehow ignore their own righteous fury against the presumptuous elders who threaten to stomp on their turf in order to discern the true threat to the city's peace and stability. The characters may even decide to throw their lot in with the plotters, become anarchs in name only and possibly set themselves up merely for oppression under a different tyrant.

Social advancement cannot take place without an existing social structure. Therefore, an anarch chronicle that focuses on the conflict between established and emerging cultural forces lacks the visceral impact of a let's-stake-and-roast-the-prince orgy of violence. The themes and plot ideas explored here are rather easily subsumed into a more traditional, street-level anarch game, and they can provide a nice backdrop for the emergence of a city's anarch faction. The elder's seizure of a cultural hotspot from the neonates who helped nurture it might be the last straw in a city where the neonates have long chafed under the abuses of the elders. Cultural battles feature a rather strong influence that can level the disparity of power between the established elders and a group of neonates. Obviously, the elders outclass the anarchs in terms of raw physical and mystical power, but all the money and political influence in the world can't buy your way into the cool kids' club. A cultural war may be the best setting for an anarch chronicle if you want the players' characters to have a shot at approaching the prince and the other elders as something approaching equals. That doesn't mean that the characters can simply kick the prince's ass or "shtick" their way into power, but it does mean that the definitions of power and success are based more on personal style and panache, rather than the size of your bank account or the number of votes you can line up at city hall.

Political Influence

Mortal politics are an important battleground for anarchs. Much like the city's social scene, it has avenues of advancement that a prince or other elder cannot completely deny to a group of anarchs. Every politician has to start somewhere, and if the anarchs latch on to the right candidate at an early enough point in his career, they could find themselves with the mayor in their pocket if they play their cards right. This sort of chronicle focuses on the political maverick, the kind of candidate who flouts the existing power structure and strikes out on his own. After all, the local political parties are probably already thoroughly sown with bureaucrats and political flunkies over whom the elders have some sort of influence. Political parties are far from monolithic structures, but their very nature drives politicians to seek a common ground within the party rather than risk internal clashes that could let the other party gain the upper hand in an election. Therefore, anarchs probably either seek out radical fringe parties or put their support behind iconoclasts who can afford to buck the party's wishes because they have the popularity and charisma to get away with it.

An anarch chronicle that focuses on politics features a strong element of the new versus old order, perhaps even more so than one that dwells on cultural and economic clashes. The story of the firebrand reformer who, upon taking office, becomes part of the very political machine he once openly challenged is an almost cliché story, but one that holds an important grain of truth. A politician's effectiveness is determined by what he can do, and without allies and favors to call in, a politician can get nothing done. The give-and-take nature of politics means that someone who doesn't rock the boat, who goes along with the political flow and does as he's told, stands the best chance of eventually making his way to the top. Much like neonates often endure years of abuse and choked-off opportunities under the elders, so too must a starting politician work his way into the good graces of a political party or existing power structure in order to claim power for himself one day.

Therefore, a political anarch chronicle has a rather nicely packaged parallel between the anarchs' position in Kindred society and the landscape of modern politics. Not only can the anarchs strive against the prince's dominance, but they also have the chance to strike against the same forces for inertia and stasis in mortal society. The themes tie together neatly, as many anarchs were themselves political radicals during their mortal lives. Their induction to the Kindred world serves only to reveal the true

power behind the forces of oppression and allows the politically minded anarch to simply continue to pursue the political agenda he upheld in life.

An anarch chronicle that incorporates mortal politics should focus on the seductive allure of selling out one's ideals in exchange for a comfortable existence. Sure, the families down in the barrio may need someone to take on city hall, but if city hall is offering a six-figure salary position as a "special counsel on minority affairs" then even the most diehard reformer might think twice about selling out. Emphasize the seductive nature of power, and how ideals and beliefs must often be sacrificed or compromised in order to bring about the barest modicum of reform. Politics requires a give-and-take exchange between two parties, unless one is so dominant that debate and elections are mere formalities. Of course, if one side is so overwhelmingly strong, then a chronicle focusing on politics rather than revolution is a bit pointless. More likely, the anarchs and the mortals with whom they work must walk a fine line between cashing out enough of their core beliefs and goals to keep their primary prize within sight and completely selling out and becoming no better than the powers against which they once stood. Emphasize this balance as the characters work their way through the political world. Yesterday's beacons of reform and hope now work to hold on to their crumbling power network and fight rabidly to keep some young upstart from doing to them what they did to the last generation's old order. Supposed allies drop out of sight as soon as they need to pony up a real commitment to change, while others work strictly on a tit-for-tat basis, refusing to give any ground unless the anarchs are willing to pay for it in blood.

The danger of any anarch chronicle based on mortal politics is that, in the end, a worthy prince often has enough economic and social leverage to contain any political advances that the anarchs may make. Mortal politics do not function outside of the other arenas of mortal life. Therefore, this chronicle more than likely must focus on very short term goals, a limited geographical area, or a single, specific political issue. More intriguing, though, is the prospect of the anarchs themselves selling out and becoming little better than the lapdogs and power brokers against which they railed and struggled. As the saying goes, only the heartless can be a young conservative, but only the foolish can be an old liberal. The anarchs may find themselves slipping into patterns and activities that they find so distasteful and oppressive in others. In some cases, last night's revolutionary leader can find his underlings and allies labeling him as the enemy and turning against him as tonight's oppressor. As was discussed previously, anarchs need something to struggle against. Sometimes, they can end up struggling against themselves. Success and power are often the bane of a fervent revolutionary.

Opponents

Anarchs struggle against the dominant power brokers regardless of the context in which they operate. In a Sabbat-dominated city, they fight against the bishop and his followers. In a Camarilla city, they work to foil the prince and achieve equality of opportunity for all Kindred. In general, the anarchs' enemies go a long way toward forging their identity in a particular time and place. The anarchs under a Camarilla prince may rely on politicking and persuasion to get their way, only to turn to violence and assassination if the Sabbat lays siege to the city and seizes it. If the anarchs do manage to achieve their goals and displace the prevailing powers, it may well be only a matter of time before anarch turns against anarch. The barons of the Anarch Free State may not have been a fluke, but merely the logical progression from revolutionary to victor to prince, as some cynics contend.

The Camarilla

The princes and archons of the Camarilla represent the traditional antagonists in an anarchs-versus-prince power struggle. However, despite all the anarchs' gun-waving and bold demands for justice, most of them operate within the Camarilla and seek equality and power within that organization. If the anarchs simply desired to smash the prince and do as they please, they'd simply be sectless terrorists — which is not to say that some anarchs don't work toward such ends. However, most anarchs seek equality of opportunity within the Camarilla, not merely equality of opportunity as defined by the world at large. They accept the Masquerade and acknowledge the sanctity of Elysium, but they see no need for the rigid, largely inflexible division of power and opportunity amongst the Kindred. For an anarch chronicle that pits the Camarilla in the role of the oppressor, the theme should be more of rebellion and defiance of words and thoughts, not necessarily one of violent revolt and destruction. The anarchs don't usually want to destroy the existing system. They just want a more equitable place in it.

A chronicle that focuses on the struggle for equality could take a few pointers from the American civil-rights struggles of the 1960s or the current fight for gay rights. Much of the struggle revolves around demonstrating the inherent flaws of the current

system and appealing to the better nature of those in power to correct it. Of course, the prince and his supporters are not likely to suddenly develop an anarch outlook and meet the anarchs' demands. More likely, the anarchs must sway the ancillae and other mid-level power brokers to their way of thinking. The anarchs must walk a fine line between obviating the need for reform and avoiding causing too much trouble for the Kindred. They risk alienating potential allies and allowing the prince to write them off and deal with them as mere spoiled childer who must be put down with an iron fist.

Much of this chronicle could be spent on rallying indifferent or hostile neonates to the anarch cause. Without a unified front, the Anarch Movement risks appearing as nothing more than an isolated band of malcontents. Politics and negotiation are the order of the night in such a game, as the characters must gather support for their cause, carefully keep their supporters in line lest they risk arousing the prince's wrath, and then work to bring younger ancillae and opportunistic elders into their camp. The basic goal of such a story is to bring together a large enough alliance in favor of the anarch demands that the prince can no longer ignore their pleas for equality if he wants to hold on to the city. If the anarchs can force their best interests to coincide with the prince's best interests, then the prince has little choice but to either capitulate or fall from power.

Of course, should the prince remain inflexible, then the chronicle can switch gears from politics to violence. In fact, such a shift might provide for some very thrilling stories. Perhaps the truculent Caitiff who's been behind the cause from its inception has had enough of the prince's crap and wants his revolution *now*. The characters may find themselves working to hold back the tide of violence while desperately working to enact change through politics and negotiation. Should the anarchs explode into violence, the hard work and progress toward realizing their position goes up in smoke and may leave the characters accused as rabble-rousers and revolutionaries. Play the pressure on the players' characters from both directions, as the tradition-minded prince refuses to yield, despite the obvious signs that the city is ready to go over the edge. Meanwhile, anarch extremists pour gas on the fire and do what they can to push the revolution along, whether anyone is ready for it or not. The characters may well find themselves caught in the middle as their plans for change warp and twist out their control.

The characters may open a floodgate that sweeps them and their plans away in a tide of long-restrained

anger and resentment. Old feuds break into open violence and conflict as both elders and ancillae use the "anarch problem" as an excuse to even old scores via direct methods. The characters could find that the movement they began on the streets turns into just another vehicle for vendetta in the hands of the city's established power brokers as it progresses through the strata of power. The anarch ideals have been around for a while, and any prince worth his title has at least a few object lessons in how to deal with demanding childer tucked away in his mind, ready for reference.

The critical thing to remember when building an anarchs-against-the-Camarilla story line is the idealism and ideological aims of the anarchs. They aren't nihilists, nor are they merely the Sabbat with a different name. The revolution isn't one of dominance or control, but one of potential. The anarchs don't have to go out of their way simply to topple the prince. If that was all they wanted, things would be much simpler for them. Instead, emphasize the lack of options that many childer have in the nights and how many anarchs seek to correct that imbalance between young and old, cutting-edge and tradition.

The Sabbat

Unlife as an anarch can be hard under the Camarilla, but beneath the iron-shod boot of the Sabbat, it is often unbearable. While the Camarilla frowns on dissent and often responds to anarch complaints with social pressure and increased vigilance, the Sabbat is likely to just smash the whiny little punk into pieces and burn what's left. The Sabbat has no use for mealy-mouthed cries for equality and opportunity. It takes what it wants and does as it pleases. Isn't that equality? Never mind that the bishops and their superiors truly hold power and that packs often serve merely as tools for some greater scheme. It's been said that capitalism's strength is that those it oppresses don't realize that they're being used. Such is often the case for the lower ranks of the Sabbat. Therefore, the anarchs have little chance of drawing recruits from the Sabbat's ranks. The rank-and-file packs are often happy enough terrorizing the kine, feeding as they wish and pulling the fangs from hapless Camarilla Kindred who find themselves in the wrong domain. They don't need to talk about egalitarianism. They'll just bust some heads and claim it for themselves. Besides, the Sabbat has bigger fish to fry in the form of the slumbering Antediluvians. Who gives a rat's ass about handing every vampire an equal shot at power if Gehenna is right around the corner?

Anarchs tend to have little choice but to resist the Sabbat whenever their paths cross. While the Camarilla threatens to suffocate the young with its burdensome rules of conduct, carefully apportioned spheres of influence and rigid protocol, the Sabbat simply subverts whatever it needs to its cause and ignores any possible side effects, particularly those that may leave the anarchs high and dry. At least business and politics are possible under the Camarilla. When the Sabbat claims domain in a city, things tend to go down the toilet, fast. Business opportunities dry up, bribery and extortion leave the political landscape in a continual state of upheaval, and strong-arm tactics and brute force replace negotiation and tradition. Where the Camarilla trades in tradition, the Sabbat works with raw muscle and brute force. Even if an anarch is capable of mixing it up with the Sabbat, that sect's us-versus-the-world attitude translates into packs beating the crap out of any rogue anarchs who don't come around to the Sabbat's side of things.

The Sabbat provides a good antagonist for anarch chronicles, particularly as a counterpoint to the more refined struggles within the Camarilla. A city that has recently experienced an upswing in anarch activity presents a tempting target for Sabbat, who tend to dismiss anarchs as rabble (despite their experiences in the Anarch Free State) and any prince who can't keep the whelps in line as ripe for a siege. Let the characters grow comfortable jockeying for power against the prince, only to find that as they near their goals, the Sabbat suddenly lays siege to the city. Old enemies can become instant allies as the battle rages across boardrooms, street corners and smoke-filled backrooms where political bonds are made and broken. The characters could even find themselves stuck between the Camarilla, who refuses to trust them, and the Sabbat, who offers them an entirely different sort of servitude. Worse yet, the characters may work tirelessly to repel the siege, only to find in victory that the Camarilla establishment is stronger than ever. After all, it was the anarchs' aggressive moves that brought the Sabbat down upon the city. Only a fool would continue to brook such dangerous radicals after the horrors and losses of the siege. The challenge remains for the anarchs to survive the siege while keeping their hard-won political and social gains intact.

The Sabbat offers its own seductive message to anarchs. In most Sabbat cities, packs move about the city, seeking to either recruit or destroy the independent vampires or those who have no love for the Camarilla. Always eager for clued-in but disposable fighters, the Sabbat welcomes such recruits with open arms and then lines them up along with fresh cannon fodder for the first wave of attacks on

Camarilla strongholds. Anarchs usually face two options when the Sabbat rolls into town: fight or flee.

Anarchs in a city already under the dominion of the Sabbat have desperately short unlife spans. An anarch's best bet in such a situation is to lie low and plan an escape or organize a revolt. The anarchs' biggest advantage in such a situation is that the Sabbat completely discounts the threat of an attack from non-Camarilla vampires on its own turf. A careless bishop may leave himself open to a lighting raid on his stronghold, and the rest of the Sabbat typically degenerates into vicious infighting or a violent stasis with him gone until a new leader emerges. During that window of opportunity, a well-organized anarch strike can cripple the Sabbat before it has a chance to redefine itself. With a little work, the anarchs can paint the assassination as the product of an intra-Sabbat struggle, covering their own tracks and setting the Sabbat against itself. Such a chronicle has the feel of a desperate, secretive rebellion against long odds. The story would have plenty of open fighting and a little politicking, though much of the challenge would lie in bringing the fight to the Sabbat in a way that leaves the anarchs unexposed. The characters may operate an underground railroad of sorts, ferrying anarchs in and out the city while trying desperately to escape the Sabbat's notice. The characters might even pose as a Sabbat pack, worming their way into the sect's heart while carefully holding back their true plans until the moment is right. Should the characters succeed, they still face further problems with other anarchs and the Camarilla. Do the archons and war coteries move in to claim the city for the Camarilla? Do the anarchs usher out the abusive monsters of the Sabbat only to keep things largely the same in practice, just with a new set of Cainites dominating the night?

Anarchs

One of the tremendous disadvantages that anarchs suffer is that they tend to have little large-scale coordination or cooperation. Anarch goals and methods rarely coincide neatly across all anarch factions in one city. Often, an anarch "faction" is merely a single Cainite with an agenda. Some "anarchs" want to topple the prince while others want to effect their changes upon the economic and political arenas. Still others chafe under acknowledgment and hunting restrictions. Forging a cohesive faction from among such disparate individuals is a war unto itself. Each individual anarch or faction has its own agenda and often cares little for the concerns of others.

A chronicle could follow the first unsteady steps of organizing a city's anarchs into a true political and social force instead of merely a collection of loudmouth malcontents. Again, politics and negotiations are of primary importance here. The characters must balance their goals carefully with the goals of the anarchs they seek to unite, all while trying to keep their anarch alliance together in the face of their rivals. Obviously, forcing order on a group of Cainites that generally chafes under anyone's leadership is difficult. Furthermore, the characters' rivals seek to splinter the anarchs, perhaps offering incentives to the characters' supporters to break away from the rest of the anarchs. A few token compromises from the prince might leave many of the anarchs happy, thus eroding the characters' power base, while leaving the important issues (or at least the ones that are important to the characters themselves) unresolved. The Kindred must struggle against their own supposed allies, working to keep them in line and maintain a focus on the real goal at hand. In this sort of story, the characters spend more time handling the anarchs and keeping a unified front rather than dealing with the powers that be.

A chronicle designed to give the players' characters a chance to lead a coalition of anarchs lets you design a series of stories that gives the characters an opportunity to work on a scale normally reserved for much older and more powerful vampires than the typical beginning player's character. Rather than acting in response to the elders' demands or in accordance with duties delegated by more powerful Kindred, the characters have much freer reign to choose what to strive for and how to go about claiming it. Unlike most chronicles, those involving anarch characters who concentrate on dealing with other anarchs allow a tremendous amount of free reign to build power bases and political unions outside of the highly stratified and rather inaccessible world of the prince and the elders.

Stuck in the Middle

As if unlife wasn't interesting enough for an anarch, it's possible to construct stories where the characters are caught in two- or even three-way struggles for power. Anarchs are often seen as wild cards in the struggles between the Camarilla and the Sabbat. The anarchs are also an important potential weapon in any intra-sect struggle. The faction that can sway the anarchs to its side may have a decisive advantage in the conflict, at the cost of having to deal with the anarchs or make concessions to them once the conflict is over. Ironically enough, the fractious and disorganized anarchs make good allies during a struggle because it is so easy to shortchange them once the conflict is over. Lacking a unified front, the

winning side in a struggle can often get away with merely paying lip service to the anarch cause. After all, the anarchs have no one else to turn to, having helped remove or neutralize the current domain's greatest threat.

Stories that pit the anarchs in the middle of a greater struggle should emphasize the anarchs' potential for importance in the greater scheme of things. Sure, the bishop and the prince are willing to lie down with the anarch dogs for now, but chances are that the anarchs will be consigned to the trash bin of history once the conflict is resolved, their sacrifices and heroics forgotten. Neither side is liable to view the anarchs as particularly trustworthy. The Sabbat typically takes an active dislike to everything outside of that sect, and the Camarilla already has a dim view of young, upstart radicals who don't know their place. Play up the anarchs' precarious position. Perhaps both sects make moves that leave anarch stomping grounds damaged, either through economic, political or open warfare. A favored anarch meeting place is ambushed by the Sabbat because they mistake it for a Camarilla safe house. The Camarilla detains and harasses anarchs on suspicion that they're working with the enemy. The anarchs have little to gain from the struggle, yet they often are stuck in the crossfire, taking flack from two sides while having no real chance of striking at both of them without falling under the influence of either.

Anarchs in such a situation could become kingmakers. The players' characters have a chance to approach situations and deal with the established powers in a manner that is typically far beyond the scope of most younger, untested Kindred. The elders on either side can't simply destroy the anarchs, unless it looks as if the anarch faction is about to ally with the enemy, as that would stress already limited resources and even test the Traditions. Kindred devoted to destroying or containing the anarchs could be much better served in going to fight the primary battle, rather than some sideshow. Dealing with either faction could leave the characters dangerously exposed if the side that they back falters. After all, the winners are very liable to seek payback against everyone who stood against them.

The characters could very well decide to turn against both factions, using the struggle as the perfect diversion to carve out their own territory and drive both factions from the city. The Sabbat and Camarilla are sure as hell not going to unite to deal with an anarch uprising, which could leave both sides fighting the anarchs while simultaneously dealing with each other. The characters enjoy a tremendous advantage here. For all intents and purposes, the anarchs can consider both sides to be one, unified enemy then plan accordingly to deal with both. And once again, the characters must handle intra-anarch conflicts while juggling the responsibilities of containing both Sabbat and Camarilla forces.

Themes

One of the advantages of running a chronicle based on a group of anarchs is that you have the opportunity to focus on the anarch ideology and drive a story with it. Of course, not every anarch is a die-hard believer in the anarch cause. However, a vampire needs a strong reason to spurn the existing social structure of Kindred society. Camarilla society, for all its drawbacks, offers the Kindred stability and safety. A vampire needs a good impetus to turn his back on that, even with the often-suffocating structure of the Camarilla. An anarch chronicle can provide the opportunity to focus on more intellectual goals, such as a particular political philosophy or the "progressive" concept of "Kindred rights." Anarchs get away with doing things that most sensible Kindred consider near suicidal, such as openly defying the established vampires, risking Final Death for mere political platforms and untested philosophies and drawing the attention of those who are much more powerful and well-connected than themselves. You need believable, compelling reasons for why anarch characters do these things.

Revolutionaries

Not every vampire's view of the world is tinged with the cynicism and sarcasm of the modern nights. While many vampires abandon the political agendas that they pursued in life in favor of jockeying for power among the Kindred, some Cainites' political leanings are magnified in the wake of the Embrace. Vampires who held radical political views in particular are prone to becoming anarchs. After battling the entrenched powers in mortal society, it only follows that they pursue the same ideological agenda against the Camarilla and other Kindred establishments by habit. Such a vampire's political beliefs and aims are highly colored by the ones he held in life. Communism, anarchism and libertarianism all have their die-hard supporters in the modern nights. Many of these movements have strong ties to a particular bloodline or lineage, with a single vampire actively Embracing mortals who follow his political philosophy.

Many followers of failed political philosophies, particularly communism and even fascism, do indeed view the modern nights as an opportunity to enact policies that previous, mortal regimes could not enact

successfully. These faithful revolutionaries pursue their agendas with a fanatic's abandon. On one hand, they have little choice but to cling to their beliefs. Trapped without any obvious allies and likely Embraced by a mentor who aims to instill his belief in an already receptive childe, those Kindred who bother with such political leanings are often guaranteed to be fervent believers. Furthermore, the modern nights often represent the last chance that a failed philosophy has to claim any influence in the world. After learning the ways of the Damned, a revolution-minded Kindred could come to see that perhaps he stands some chance to instill his beliefs on the world around him with the right mortals behind him. An avowed anarchist might support highly organized campaigns against the Camarilla, not in hopes of smashing Kindred society, but in hope of displacing the Camarilla's influence over the local government with his own. By cultivating contacts in local government, a revolutionary could hope to further his agenda in mortal and Kindred societies. Of course, a vampire has little chance for extending his influence on a national scale, but that doesn't mean that a revolutionary can't try it or set his plans in motion with a "grass-roots" campaign.

Revolutionaries can build foundations in a wide variety of settings. By their nature, they tend to be somewhat nomadic, as their fervent belief in the cause often prevents them from engaging with the established vampire leadership on anything less than antagonistic terms. Such vampires historically tended to end up pushed from one hostile city to the next, but a small political cell could take root in a city that lacks a strong, centralized authority or has a permissive (or overconfident...) prince. Sometimes, the political climate of a particular city or social setting allows a politically motivated vampire to find a safe and secure niche. A large, urban college campus is the ideal setting for a politically radical Kindred, as fringe politics of all stripes often garner little attention in a college environment where such beliefs are almost status quo in some circles. An active college professor might have trouble dealing with unlife (classes and meetings often take place during daylight hours) but she'll find plenty of other roles that a vampire could fill. Most campuses are quite active after dark, giving a vampire an active social scene to move and hunt within. Furthermore, radical beliefs are far more common among students than the population in general, giving a vampire a good source for sympathetic mortals who could make a good herd and may even become ghouls.

An anarch chronicle centered on campus radicals might highlight the often-unbridgeable gap between academic rhetoric and realpolitik. Sure, it's easy to talk about anarchy in a coffeehouse while surrounded by easily impressed, naive coeds, but putting such policies into practice on the streets and under the prince's watchful eyes requires far more dedication and grit. There's also quite a bold line between theory and practicality. How does one organize anarchists, of all people? Can a campus theoretician put together a plan that isn't crushed under the weight of its own ideological purity? Consider the sometimes outlandish and often ridiculously impractical demands of the typical student radical and bring that to the fore in this chronicle. It's all too easy to lose sight of a revolution's goals or to become mired in theory and dogma while debating the fine points of communist or anarchist thought. A campus-based story should also have an extremely important social component. Politicking and social grandstanding are two important pastimes for faculty members eager for tenure, and such activity may include the characters if they make names for themselves as leaders of or advisors to radical political organizations on campus.

Idealists

Oddly enough, despite the fervent cynicism of the modern nights, some vampires still cling to what many see as little more than a charming memento of the past: idealism. The idealistic vampire is probably relatively young, having been Embraced recently enough that the Machiavellian sharks who often dominate the modern nights have not wholly distorted his view of the world. Surprisingly enough, idealism isn't all that far-fetched for a vampire. The Kindred face no shortage of sustenance (if they act wisely), have little to fear from disease and most common mortal fears, have countless years with which to address their problems and are in a position to enact real change on mortal and undead society. Few enough Cainites typically exist in a given city that one determined vampire could very well make a true difference on the local area. Kindred have the ability to sway local bureaucrats and, by extension, the politicians they serve. With their lengthy unlife spans, vampires have the time to shepherd a long-term social movement from genesis to the final implementation of change. Therefore, while it may seem rather unlikely, idealism is possible in the modern nights. It might not be common, but it isn't unattainable.

An idealistic vampire, much like a political radical, more than likely started that way rather than picked up his idealism after his Embrace. A '60s political activist makes the archetypal vampiric idealist.

Raised on the principles of peace, love and brotherhood, such a childe could see the machinations of the elders as pointless wastes of time. Who needs political power and economic leverage when one has unlife? Such a vampire could gravitate toward philosophical introspection and political theory. Unlike a radical, though, the idealist worries more about the ends to improving Kindred society, rather than the means to arriving there.

Idealists are often mistaken for fools in the modern nights. Cynicism and opportunism reign supreme in most vampires' minds, leading most to view anyone who holds such outmoded beliefs as charity and the betterment of all as either a naif or a snake-oil salesman. The second belief, that idealists merely seek to cloak some self-interested agenda behind their veneer of equality, represents the biggest barrier to getting the word out to the rank and file Cainites. Most Kindred are used to expecting the worst from anyone who claims to have their best interests at heart. Dwell on the inherent cynicism and mistrust that plague the modern nights. Highlight that others have come before the idealist character, bearing similar plans and ultimately either sold out or met a gruesome Final Death for his troubles, possibly taking some unrelated vampires down with him. Other anarchs are also liable to see an idealistic Kindred as the perfect vehicle for their own agendas. While the idealist might honestly want to make the world a better place for all Kindred, other vampires might be more than willing to pile on their own self-interested goals on the idealist's coattails. Idealists can often paint themselves into a corner. On the one hand, they can't get much done on their own. On the other, few Kindred outside of the idealist are liable to have such confidence in the cause that they're willing to pursue it for its own end, rather than for their own gain. An idealist needs allies, but he has to balance the good of the cause carefully against the often self-interested motives that bring vampires to his banner.

Opportunists

The anarch cause has more than its share of hangers-on and opportunistic members. Sure, equality and opportunity are worth fighting for, but who needs them if they can't provide a tangible, measurable benefit? Many neonates take up the anarch cause not because they feel that all vampires should have equal access to the halls of power. Instead, many anarchs want equal access for themselves, and to Hell with the rest of the Kindred. The elders have what the neonates want, and the anarch cause is a convenient vehicle toward that end. In many ways, an opportunist might even struggle harder than the typical anarch for the

cause, since he has a very clear view of what he stands to gain from any anarch progress in the city. He also has entered the anarch arena with a clear agenda, so he has a vested interest in seeing it through. An ambitious young vampire risks a great deal by associating with those whom the Camarilla establishment finds distasteful. The elders have long memories, and a few transgressions committed now may yield penalties that echo through the decades.

However, while opportunists might have the vision and political savvy to help propel the anarch cause forward, they tend to jump ship quickly once their personal needs have been met. This theme is important when running a chronicle that features opportunistic anarchs. Emphasize the gulf between the anarchs who are in it for their own gains and those who honestly believe that the anarch cause is worth fighting for. The anarchs are liable to turn against the opportunist, labeling him a sell-out and working to undermine whatever gains he may have enjoyed through his temporary alliance with the anarchs. Compounding matters, the Camarilla establishment is unlikely to view the opportunist as a trustworthy vampire and may do little to support him. A vampire who runs with the anarchs while planning to eventually either turn against them or drop out of the fight once he's made his own gains risks becoming a social pariah at best and a persecuted traitor at worst. Such a figure makes a very good choice for chronicles that highlight the gulf between the wealth and power of the elders and the dead-end "opportunities" that the neonates are left to work with. Opportunistic support of revolution might be the only real path to any economic, social or political prominence for a childe not prepared for a few centuries of service.

Within the Fold

While anarchs are primarily defined by their struggle against the existing social order, plenty of fodder exists with which to make stories that focus on the politics and jockeying for position within the Anarch Movement. Anarchs don't spend all their time plotting against the prince or whoever else claims supremacy in a city. Given that the anarchs represent such a broad spectrum of beliefs, goals and methods, violence and power struggles flare up within the movement with an almost routine regularity.

Violence

Most anarch struggles take place in social circles and economic niches that are below the notice of the elders. After all, most of the truly valuable assets in a city have long been under the influence of the elders. The streets are the typical anarch battlefield, with direct violence and physical assaults taking the place of the elders more refined power struggles and catspaw maneuvers. Many anarchs lack the resources to flex a few political muscles or make a few well-placed phone calls to deal with an upstart rival. Luckily for the sake of the Masquerade, most anarch conflicts take place on a very small scale that leaves the police and other authorities writing the aftermath off as another example of urban violence or an argument turned violent.

Violence doesn't have to be confined solely to direct, hand-to-hand confrontations between Cainites. Firebombing an anarch's favorite haunts or picking off a few of his mortal allies is a standard tactic in anarch-versus-anarch conflicts. While anarchs don't often work at the same levels of mortal society as the elders, that doesn't mean they don't cultivate contacts and allies. Gang members, political activists and right-wing paramilitary organizations can all supply needed muscle for an anarch conflict, as can faithful congregations, savvy homeless and... well, just about anyone a person might meet on the street. Since many anarchs follow a particular political philosophy, it's a natural progression for them to become involved in local cells that share similar beliefs. Just as Kindred can drag these mortal assets into an anarch-anarch conflict, so too can the reverse take place. One mortal camp may cross another, leading to open conflict. Pulling out all the stops to help put down their rivals, a mortal gang could inadvertently touch off an anarch brawl when two sides unknowingly turn to a Cainite for aid. On top of this, the anarchs as a whole may depend on stability among their mortal allies, requiring the anarchs to carefully defuse the situation without tipping their hand to their allies.

Politics

Anarch politics usually involve alliances and relationships forged among Kindred and the interests that they keep their fingers in. Much like high-level vampiric intrigue, the anarchs plot among themselves and work to gain notoriety and respect from their kind. Politics within anarch factions, much like violence, has a very direct, visceral feel. Anarchs are much more likely to sit down and carry out negotiations and cultivate rivalries in a face-to-face setting. While the elders may rely on Machiavellian politics and mortal agencies to forge their power base, an anarch can get by with nothing more than panache, wit and a social fearlessness. Once again, the streets and personal confrontations are the order of the night for the anarchs. They

simply don't have the resources and backing to play out larger-scale political games.

The most common conflict among anarchs concerns ideological purity and self-interest. An anarch stuck with the sell-out label can find it extremely difficult to get anything done with his fellow anarchs, leaving him in an isolated, ineffectual position. Ironically enough, the more successful an anarch is — and thus the more valuable he is to the movement — the more likely it becomes that a jealous rival may seek to tag him as having cashed in his beliefs for an easy existence. Given the desperate nature of many anarchs' unlives, anyone who has a hint of prosperity and success often bears the taint of working within the current system to move on up the social and economic ladder.

In any anarch chronicle, the characters might eventually have to deal with some ambitious young punk who sets out to displace the players' characters as a leading voice in the anarch community. The anarchs aren't immune to conflicts based on nothing more than ego and pride. With so many anarchs subsisting on little else, such conflicts are probably even more common among them than among the elders. A vampire who has spent decades, if not centuries, establishing himself can't afford to risk it all in the interest of avenging some social insult or slight. An anarch with nothing to lose, on the other hand, is liable to go all out to even the score against his rivals.

Economics

Since anarchs have so little access to money and power, many conflicts within the movement are centered on money, often in sums measured in the hundreds or thousands rather than the hundred thousands. A stolen car might simply be a temporary convenience to an established Kindred, while it could mean a huge economic score or even a mobile haven to an anarch. Guns, drugs and other easily liquefied assets are critical to anarchs, who often lack the resources and connections to handle anything that requires more contact with mortal society, especially in areas where the elders thoroughly dominate Kindred presence in mortal business affairs.

An anarch who manages to put together a sizable set of assets is a target to any other anarch who needs resources and doesn't happen to agree with the prosperous anarch's brand of politics. Sure, the prince can squash you if you knock over the wrong bank or rough up mortals in the wrong neighborhood, but most anarchs lack the muscle and influence to decisively smash anyone who messes with them. In addition, nailing an anarch's assets makes it that much more difficult for him to follow through and track down a thief. Remind the players that cash isn't a given in an anarch chronicle. A few hundred dollars can mean the difference between survival and Final Death when a Cainite has to operate outside of the Camarilla or any other highly organized sect.

M.G.

Chapter Six: Legacies of Undeath

At New Orleans, I fought beyond the hostile hour…
discovered the fury of my long rifle… and came of age.
—from *The Officer's Guide* (1966)

Vampiric Disciplines — their uses, their very existence — make up an integral part of Cainite unlife. Some consider them gifts passed down from the First Vampire, Caine. Others consider them damnably useful extensions of their progenitor's curse. Regardless of how one views them, though, Cainite Disciplines do as much as the Hunger or the undead state to define what it is to be a Kindred. And more than any other of the dubious "benefits" of the Cainite condition, Disciplines establish vampires as the ultimate predators of mankind.

It is no surprise, then, that Disciplines play such an important role in Cainite behavior and in the Cainite psyche. Disciplines affect the way vampires hunt, the way they relate to mortals and the way they protect themselves from mortals. At the same time, Disciplines can color the way vampires interact with each other, as well as how they view themselves in relation to their peers. A significant potion of a vampire's self image is tied up in his notions about his undead capabilities. The way a vampire learns and uses his Disciplines shapes the kind of being he is to become.

By the same token, a vampire's Cainite upbringing shapes the way he learns and is likely to use his Disciplines. Camarilla sires teach their Kindred childer the Disciplines that are natural to their clan, and the Camarilla clans hoard their knowledge as jealously as they hoard their resources. Kindred childer are taught to use their newfound supernatural abilities sparingly and with utmost subtlety, so as not to draw the witch-hunters' suspicious eye or to spook the mortal herd. Sabbat Cainites believe that their undead powers are righteous gifts passed down from Caine, the first rebellious murderer. They believe that the existence of their Disciplines is evidence of their innate superiority over mankind, and they aren't afraid to prove that superiority with vicious demonstrations. Disciplines are also martial tools in the Sabbat's holy war against the Camarilla, so these crusading undead warriors are more likely to teach their supernatural advantages to one another for the greater good of the cause.

Disciplines play just as important a role in the nightly existence of the anarchs, but the nature of that role is different for them than it is for the Camarilla or Sabbat. In the 600-some-odd years since the emergence of the first true anarchs, certain patterns of coping with, thinking about and using Disciplines have come about among them. It is to the anarchs' perspective on Disciplines that this chapter is dedicated.

The Availability of Disciplines

The first aspect of Disciplines that you must consider, both in character and during character creation, is how available those Disciplines are. The very fact that your character has the Disciplines that he does should make some sort of sense, after all, and is always subject to Storyteller approval.

Anarchs are not forbidden by the rules from learning any of the Disciplines that have been written up in any extant **Vampire** sourcebooks. However, common sense dictates that knowledge of some Disciplines is harder to come by than that of others. After all, if you've never spent any time in a Lasombra's company, where would you learn Obtenebration?

Common Disciplines

The common Disciplines include any of the ones that are described in the **Vampire: The Masquerade** core rulebook, but which are not specific to any particular vampire clan. They include Animalism, Auspex, Celerity, Dominate, Fortitude, Obfuscate, Potence and Presence. These Disciplines represent the most basic extensions and developments of the Cainite existence, from enhanced senses to indomitable toughness to eerie charismatic magnetism. Fundamentally, the Kindred are beings who hunt and feed upon humans, and the common Disciplines give them the basic edges they need in order to do so.

Anarch vampires practice these Disciplines more often than any of the others, and it is these Disciplines that are the most in demand among vampires of all stripes. As tools of social barter, the common Disciplines provide their teachers a surprising degree of clout, because of the fact that they're just so useful. Each such power makes hunting easier and increases the vampire's chances of surviving against a variety of threats. Regardless of his sect, a vampire can do a brisk trade in accruing favors and garnering influence by teaching his allies how to use these Disciplines.

Specialized Disciplines

It is not out of the question for anarch vampires to have and use certain of the specialized Disciplines, but these powers are usually harder to come by. Obtenebration and Vicissitude, for instance, are primarily Sabbat Disciplines, which usually limits their availability among the anarchs. Thaumaturgy is the sole purview of the Tremere, and since the Tremere are not only hidebound and insular but staunch allies of the Camarilla clans as well, finding one among the anarchs who is willing to teach any of this Discipline's paths is no mean feat. It is possible — and easier — to find Malkavians and Gangrel to teach Dementation and Protean, respectively, but doing so is a risky proposition at best for characters who are not of those clans. Chimerstry and Quietus are hard to come by because of how rare the vampires are to whom these Disciplines come most naturally. Giovanni are exceedingly unlikely to teach their family's Discipline to *any* outsiders, and learning Serpentis from a Follower of Set might wind up costing a careless anarch more than the benefit is worth. Again, players of anarchs are not barred from purchasing these powers, but the reason for why their characters have them should be appropriate to the story and the character's concept.

Rare Disciplines

The rare Disciplines include such bizarre permutations of the Curse of Caine as Daimoinion, Dark Thaumaturgy, Mytherceria, Sanguinus, Temporis, Valeren and Visceratika, as well as any Disciplines created by thin-blooded Cainite wretches of the Fourteenth or Fifteenth Generation. Especially among the anarchs, it is almost impossible to find vampires who possess these Disciplines. It is even more difficult to get to know such Kindred well enough to *realize* that they have these Disciplines. It should, therefore, take damn near an act of God Himself (or His least favorite angel) for your standard anarch character to learn any one of these Disciplines.

For the sake of argument and the story's integrity, Storytellers may well consider all of these Disciplines to be off limits at character creation. If you would like for your character to learn one of these Disciplines, you must give your Storyteller a reason to include it in the game in the first place (preferably in the form of a plot hook or through an interesting potential Storyteller character). If, as a Storyteller, you are still disinclined to allow any of these obscure powers into your game, you are justified in giving the interested player a firm denial.

It is *technically* possible to play an anarch vampire from one of the clans to whom these rare Disciplines belong, but the burden of proving to your Storyteller why he should allow you to do any such thing lies entirely on your shoulders. To put it mildly, Gargoyles, Baali, Salubri and other such

freaks are simply too rare and otherwise challenged to travel in anarch circles.

Learning Disciplines

Learning and improving one's mastery of Disciplines is as important to a Kindred as learning life lessons such as how to read, type, drive or make love are to a regular mortal. While not strictly essential for survival, these skills greatly improve one's odds of success in the modern nights and make existence that much easier. And, as is the case with the listed mortal skills, finding willing teachers and going through the trial and error of learning Disciplines yields plenty of material for entertaining stories. If your characters find themselves facing an obstacle that they cannot overcome, and some new or improved Discipline is just the boost that they claim to need, their quest to discover and learn said Discipline can make for an enjoyable and rewarding side-story in your chronicle.

Anarch characters most frequently learn Disciplines from the following sources and in the following ways.

From Elders

Anarchs learn the Disciplines with which they are the most comfortable from their elders — specifically their sires. It's their elders who teach them their hunting skills as well as the most immediate and effective ways in which to manipulate mortals from whom they don't intend to feed. Many elders consider this tutelage nothing more than an exercise in protecting their investment. In most cases (more so than is true for mortal reproduction), Kindred create childer consciously and for a reason, so it only makes sense to see that their progeny do not go to waste out of a lack of familiarity with their predatory advantages. It is also the sire who instills a young Kindred with his perspective on his Disciplines, their use, their relative importance and how closely knowledge of them must be guarded.

Most of the time, however, a sire teaches his childe only what that childe absolutely needs to know in order to survive and fulfill her designated purpose. Camarilla sires often do just that in order to reinforce their childer's dependence on them and to groom them into efficient tools and pawns. They deny their childer the hope or possibility of further advancement so as not to enable their childer to challenge their power or usurp their resources. Contention over this stinginess can be yet one more example of what it was that drove a young Camarilla vampire to take up the anarch cause.

Vampires who are Embraced into the Anarch Movement by anarchs usually find that their sires are less reluctant to teach them about their Disciplines

and help them improve their skills. After all, most anarch sires Embrace childer for some purpose relating to the movement, and it behooves them to make sure that their childer are well suited to achieve that purpose. Besides, allowing a childe free access to the strange new powers that Disciplines give them is a good way to convince him of the sincerity of the sire's devotion to the cause.

If an anarch wants to learn new Disciplines from an elder who is not his sire, nothing in this game's rules stands in his way. His ability to do so is limited by only his natural charm and his rapport with a Kindred who has the Discipline in question. The trick lies in convincing that older vampire that she (the student) has a true and reasonable need to learn that Discipline, and that fulfilling that need benefits her prospective teacher in some way. That benefit could be the acknowledgement that the student owes her teacher a boon, the promise to take on a dangerous but important errand or the simple knowledge that the student will use her new knowledge to spite one of the teacher's enemies.

From Peers

More often than not, anarchs learn entirely new Disciplines (and develop their existing Disciplines) with their peers' help. The term "peers" often refers to Kindred of the same clan, of the same relative age, of the same station (or experience) and of equal generation. Usually, though, an anarch actually considers members of his pack to be his closest peers.

While undead predators don't tend to make real friends, as such, the members of an anarch gang rely on one another for support, protection and amusing diversions from the constant struggle that their unlives are heir to. A part of this reliance lies in knowing that every pack member is devoted to accomplishing the pack's goals and that they're all committed to helping one another play their parts in doing so. As such, most anarchs realize that it is in their best interest (individually and collectively) to share what they know with their coterie members, where Disciplines are concerned. They also know just how precarious their position is as part of a sub-faction in the Jyhad, and they recognize the folly of putting all of their eggs into one basket. Specialization in a concentrated area of study is rewarding to a motivated group of individuals, but overspecialization turns into a liability for the group if something happens to the individual specialist. For instance, a reconnaissance-oriented anarch pack is more effective if it comprises several vampires who are proficient with two or three levels of Auspex, rather than if one Kindred in the group has mastered the Discipline and his fellow packmates exist only to protect him while he's working. That division of labor is inefficient, and the types of stories that arise around it leave various members of the group out of the action from time to time.

From Rivals

An anarch's rivals include those vampires who compete with him to achieve the same goals, but who do not wish him active harm. Opposing anarch packs sometimes consider one another rivals, and many anarchs who were once Camarilla loyalists consider their erstwhile Camarilla associates to be their rivals. Under unusually rare circumstances, particularly militant anarch gangs can even develop rivalries with uncharacteristically laid-back Sabbat packs. Since rivals are not inherently inimical to one another, it is not out of the question for them to share Discipline knowledge among themselves.

Convincing a rival to teach you something helpful is not altogether easy, however. Convincing him to agree depends on how heated the rivalry is between you and what gain he can find for himself in doing so. If the rivalry is a sporting matter between equals, then trading Disciplines might just be a means of keeping the odds even. Otherwise, teaching prized Disciplines might be the terms of a contested wager. If the competition between rivals is more intense (if both competitors are struggling over the same set of resources for the sake of survival, yet neither is impeding the other directly), trade is decidedly less likely unless a common enemy arises and endangers the pair of them. The only times in which anarchs are likely to trade Discipline information with and offer training to their rivals is when it is obvious to both parties that doing so will forward the movement in some tangible way.

From Enemies

A Kindred's enemies are those who not only compete with him for resources, but who also seek to do him harm in the process. Cainites of the Sabbat are the anarchs' most recognizable enemies, but frustrated Camarilla Kindred who have been the victims of certain anarchs time and again can develop into potent and dangerous enemies in their own right. It is not enough in an enemy's eyes that a character fails to achieve his goal, he must also suffer. As such, it is extremely unlikely and difficult to have one's enemy teach one even the most rudimentary levels of any of his Disciplines.

Yet, while such an undertaking is difficult, it is not impossible. If a group of anarchs manages to get the upper hand on a potent enemy, that enemy can be tortured, cajoled or convinced to spill what he knows upon pain of Final Death. One can even use extreme

and repeated spirit-breaking sessions to force a prisoner to dish out the goods before being staked out for the sunrise. Of course, the risk of using either one of these methods to wring information from an enemy is that an enemy becomes more desperate and more dangerous the more often his captors degrade him and compromise him. It is rumored that the Amaranth is also a way to learn Disciplines from a "teacher," but its side effects are rather final.

Creating Entirely New Disciplines

As has been rumored by many superstitious Kindred in the Final Nights, some rare vampires of the Fourteenth or Fifteenth Generation can invent entirely new Disciplines. Such a vampire can improve upon these odd Disciplines by up to four levels of proficiency, and he can even teach them to other Kindred of any clan or bloodline. Unusual Disciplines of this nature are rare among the anarchs, however. While it would seem that the downtrodden and outcast vampires of these pitiful generations would make wonderful anarch idealists, they are often dismissed out of hand as too rare and weak to be of any real benefit to the movement. They don't truly fit with the anarchs philosophically either, because of what they represent. The anarch sub-faction is a forward-looking organization with designs on the future. The existence of too many thin-blooded in the ranks serves to remind the more knowledgeable anarch leaders that vampires in general might not even have a future to look forward to.

Using Disciplines

No two anarchs are exactly alike (and circumstances breed exceptions to the norm), but a certain general outlook on using Disciplines is fairly common among proponents of the Anarch Movement. The things for which anarchs use their Disciplines are fairly standard among Kindred of any sect, to be sure, but the ways in which they actually do so is what sets them apart from their opponents and their enemies. The average anarch uses his Disciplines for hunting, for protection, for social gain among his peers and, in some cases, to help manage his resources.

As always, though, the prudent anarch knows that as useful as Disciplines are, relying overly on them can prove to be one's undoing. The Kindred — even the anarchs — are subtle creatures who must hide among humanity, lest they be found out. Addressing every challenge with the supernatural edge of Disciplines is like swatting flies with a baseball bat: It's not necessarily the most efficient way to accomplish something, and someone's bound to notice sooner or later.

Hunting

When anarchs hunt, they proceed in roughly the same style as do staunch Camarilla loyalists. Since the anarchs are Camarilla sect members in the first place, this similarity is only natural. Therefore, they tend to keep their use of the more visible and frightening Disciplines (such as Protean or Potence) to a minimum. Both Dominate and Presence are useful hunting Disciplines for anarchs who hunt publicly in their own baronies, and Obfuscate and Auspex work wonders for sneaky anarchs who poach from their greedy elders.

What distinguishes anarchs in the way that they use their Disciplines on the hunt is the group work ethic that they apply. Like Sabbat packs, anarch gangs hunt together in order to increase their odds of success. However, they retain a sense of decorum and subtlety that most Sabbat packs lack. Therefore, they apply both clever Discipline use and coordinated teamwork for maximum efficiency.

Protection

The modern world is dangerous for most Kindred, and anarchs recognize this reality keenly. Many Camarilla elders take what opportunities present themselves to be rid of upstart, immature rebels. Fanatic Sabbat warriors prey on anarchs who will not convert (if they even get the chance to convert in the first place). Strange witch-hunters with unpredictable abilities roust them out in their sleep. Feral Lupines pant and snarl at cities' edges, just waiting for careless Cainites to stray too close to the tree line. Anarchs must use every means at their disposal just to make it through the night.

Without the resources or influence that their Camarilla rivals wield, anarchs often have to fall back on their Disciplines to ensure their survival. Obfuscate is particularly effective for Kindred new to the anarch cause who know that they have to maintain a low profile after having turned their backs on their former sect. Obfuscate also protects domain-raiders who insist on making nuisances of themselves in Camarilla territory. Fortitude aids the more militantly rebellious anarchs who put their faith in guerrilla assaults against agents of "the establishment," yet who aren't careful enough on the job. Celerity and Presence are old standbys of many anarchs who recognize the value of fleeing from a losing fight (so to last another night) or defusing a dangerous situation socially before any blows fly.

Many anarchs are concerned with planning for the future, though, so they choose to protect themselves proactively rather than reactively. Therefore, they employ careful foresight and coordinated teamwork in an

attempt to keep themselves out of trouble from the start. The Discipline of Auspex and even the first level of Protean make this preventative protection much easier.

Social Gain

Even though older Kindred in Camarilla society are expected to display among their peers only the social acumen that they have developed naturally, the young vampires who populate the Anarch Movement feel no compunction about augmenting their social prowess supernaturally. The Presence Discipline grants a careful user instant (if temporary) status among many different kinds of the undead, and it is also useful in winning (again, temporary) allies and contacts. While it's less subtle, Dominate can have a direct impact on others' behavior that clever anarchs can use to their advantage. Flaunting one's Dominate powers is risky at best in the presence of Camarilla opponents, however, since many of the established and entrenched Ivory Tower Kindred are of more powerful generation than the average anarch. Even the physical Disciplines such as Potence, Celerity, Fortitude and Protean can garner a degree of social clout if the practitioner has a good sense of timing and a flair for the dramatic.

Where most anarchs are truly able to reap social rewards from their Disciplines is in acting as brokers of knowledge about those Disciplines. An enterprising anarch who learns a wide range of Disciplines or masters a select set of particularly useful Disciplines can gain a great deal of acclaim and status by making himself available as a teacher. A willing Kindred with a rare or specialized Discipline can do the same by offering instruction to others with need of it. A particularly adventurous anarch can even gain moderate fame among his fellows by making a successful study of his enemies' Disciplines.

What's more, a patient, civilized anarch can parlay his Discipline knowledge into significant leverage in negotiations between his supporters and their rivals in the Camarilla. Young Kindred can be bribed or won over outright by an anarch who offers knowledge that their Camarilla superiors keep secret. Some anarchs are so well known for performing this service that they have gained a modicum of status among the Camarilla Kindred whom they teach. At the same time, those same anarchs gain even more acclaim among their own faction for being able to wring favors and information from these Camarilla contacts. Some brave (or foolhardy) anarchs play an even more dangerous game by trying to act as a similar kind of liaison to the Sabbat.

Resource Management

Resource management comprises the acts of gaining resources, maintaining those resources and protecting them from greedy rivals. As important as managing their resources (which are represented in game terms by a character's Backgrounds) is to dedicated anarchs, they use every weapon at their disposal in order to do so.

When it comes to gaining resources, Presence and Auspex are among vampires' favorite Discipline tools. Repeated uses of the Presence power of Entrancement makes gaining allies easier, and appropriate uses of Heightened Senses or The Spirit's Touch can clue an investigative vampire in on where to find useful contacts. Fame, Status and Influence can derive from one's use of Presence, but worthy shows of force in tense confrontations (for which one relies on Potence, Celerity or Protean) can win one an equal amount of acclaim. One's herd, arguably one of the most important resources to any anarch, grows most easily as a result of Presence and careful uses of Dominate.

Maintaining and expanding one's resources usually requires further uses of the Disciplines that helped give rise to the resources in the first place. If an anarch is keeping his sources of Influence in line through the judicious use of blackmail, for instance, it behooves him to keep a preternatural eye on said sources just to make sure that his blackmail information is current. In the case of one's contacts or allies, the Aura Perception and Telepathy powers help one to remain vigilant for potential to betray him (or guilt over already having done so) among the people upon whom he relies for information and assistance.

Protecting one's assets occurs either as a series of preventative measures or as a series of emergency procedures after the fact. A well-prepared anarch protects his property and investments simply by maintaining them properly and watching constantly for potential threats. An anarch who is caught unaware by some threat to his resources, must often rely on Discipline uses that are more immediate and forceful. The Forgetful Mind application of Dominate works wonders in a pinch, as does the Dread Gaze Presence power. If people represent the vampire's endangered assets (such as his allies, contacts or herd), it might take demonstrations of his Potence, Fortitude or even certain strains of Animalism to protect them from outside threats.

Discipline Rules

Before beginning play, be sure to keep in mind the following rules that take Disciplines into account.

Character Creation

The standard character-creation process allows a **Vampire** character three dots of Disciplines, as long as those Disciplines fall within the trio that comes most naturally to the given vampire's clan. As noted on p. 88 in Chapter Three, however, anarch character creation allows a starting anarch vampire four dots of Disciplines. This extra dot represents evidence of the anarchs' broader access to Discipline training, as well as the greater importance they place on using Disciplines. A player may purchase even more dots for his starting character with freebie points at creation (for the standard cost), but his reason for doing so should make sense and be consistent with his character's concept and background.

Improving With Experience

Improving one's knowledge of and proficiency with his Disciplines during play costs the same amount of experience points for an anarch as it does for any other vampire. It takes 10 experience points to gain the first dot of a new Discipline, one's desired rating x 5 to improve one's understanding of an in-clan Discipline and one's desired rating x 7 to do so for an out-of-clan Discipline. For example, a Brujah anarch seeking to learn Potence 3 would have to pay 15 experience points, while she would have to pay 21 to learn Protean 3. The only differences in the process for an anarch lie in the setting-related details outlined in the previous text.

Disciplines Above Five Dots

As is true for all vampires, anarchs may achieve levels of mastery over their Disciplines that exceed five dots. However, certain rules still apply. First, the anarch in question must be of at least the Seventh Generation, as shown on the chart on p. 139 of **Vampire: The Masquerade.** Second, the anarch may not start play with such a high Discipline rating, regardless of whether or not he can tinker with his freebie points in such a way as to make it mechanically possible. Once a character has achieved the proper ratings (through game experience and the appropriate expenditures of experience points), he may then spend the requisite amount of experience points to purchase a level-six Discipline power as is explained on pp. 81-82 of the **Guide to the Camarilla**. Remember, though, that each such experience-point expenditure gives the anarch access to only *one* level-six Discipline power, whether the player makes up that power or uses one that is already written up elsewhere. Keep in mind as well that vampires who are old and canny enough to have acquired such a degree of mastery also have the power to garner what resources they need and may have grown away from their anarch sensibilities.

Learning Combination Disciplines

Strange and powerful combination Discipline effects are rare and almost prohibitively expensive for anarch characters, but they are not out of the question. Remember, though, that attaining the high Discipline-rating prerequisites and experience point totals is somewhat out of character for most modern anarchs. Should a character be inclined to pursue such a power, however, remember that he must have paid the experience points and spent the game time to learn the listed levels of the prerequisite Disciplines. He must then find someone to teach him the specific power in question, and only then can he spend even *more* experience points in order to be able to use that power.

New Anarch Discipline Powers

The following is a collection of new Discipline effects that the anarchs have developed in their long struggle against the Camarilla and the Sabbat for equality and survival. These powers cover the gaps between the anarchs' specialized needs and the utility that the more familiar Discipline powers provide.

Combination Disciplines

The anarchs often find themselves on the ropes, and as a result have to become very adaptable, lest adversity bring the Anarch Movement to a halt. These young, impassioned Kindred are quite creative in combining the edges that their undead nature bestows upon them. What follows are a few examples of combination Disciplines that represent the non-conventional methods to which the anarchs turn when faced with the fangs and talons of the opposition.

Aspect of Beast (Animalism •••, Dominate •••)

By calling upon another Kindred's Beast, an anarch using this power causes his subject to display the mien of an animal. In some cases, the subject actually resembles a literal beast-man hybrid, but in most situations, people affected by this power are left with a vague and unsettling impression that the focal personality of this power reminds them uncomfortably of an animal.

System: The player invoking this power spends a Willpower point, or a blood point if he knows the Nature of the character he wishes to afflict with an animal aspect. The player also rolls Manipulation + Expression (difficulty 6). The subject of this power is

the person who looks upon the character with the animal aspect. The subject sees the character as if he had some animal characteristic. A cold Ventrue might appear as a shark, while a cunning Nosferatu might appear as a loathsome fox. If the subject's Willpower is less than 3, the character literally appears as a "beast-man" and probably causes some sort of panicked reaction. Subjects with Willpower scores above three are left with the distinct impression that the character reminds them of an animal. Roleplay this reaction accordingly, or simply add two to all Social difficulties faced by the animal-aspected character.

The animal impression conjured should be a logical result of the given character's personality. A timid character, for example, is unlikely to appear as a bear, while a noble character probably does not have the aspect of a snake. The Storyteller is the final arbiter of whether or not a certain aspect is suitable to a given character and how the affected character (if someone other than a player's character is affected) reacts.

Note that this power is an application of the Dominate Discipline. The Kindred invoking the Discipline must be of equal or lower generation than her subject, or the power simply fails to work. Additionally, this power affects only one character at a time. That is, each use of this power convinces one character of another person's animal nature. The user may convince multiple people that the character in question is somehow bestial, and he may even choose a different animal for various subjects to see, but doing so requires separate uses of the power.

The number of successes on the Manipulation + Expression roll determines this power's duration.

1 success	One scene
2 successes	One night
3 successes	One week
4 successes	One month
5 successes	One year

This power costs 15 experience points to learn.

The Badger's Hide (Fortitude •, Protean ••••)

As might be suspected, the Protean-based combination power was developed by a Gangrel. When the Kindred uses this power, his skin becomes tough and leathery to the touch. As a badger's hide repels the stings of bees while it takes their honey, so does the vampire's skin repel attacks that would pierce his flesh.

System: This power costs one blood point. For the remainder of the scene, any attacks that pierce (but not cut — Storytellers, make a suitable judgment call),

such as stabbing knives or impaling spikes and spears, have their damage halved *after* the character soaks. Round down, though any successful attack that isn't soaked does a minimum of one health level of damage.

It costs 12 experience points to learn this power.

Call upon the Blood
(Animalism •••, Auspex •••)

Used by anarchs to scout out the strongholds of hated enemies, this power allows the Kindred to "feel" for the Beast in the immediate vicinity. The Animalism aspect of this power attunes the Kindred to any creature that harbors a Beast, and the Auspex element allows him to interpret it and extend his senses beyond their normal limits. Doing so allows the scout to know approximately how many Kindred or ghouls are in the area.

System: The player spends a blood point and rolls Perception + Animal Ken. If the roll is successful, the character gains a fairly accurate impression (give or take an entity) of how many Kindred and ghouls are in close proximity. The distance to which this sense extends depends upon the successes accumulated on the roll.

1 success	Small area: a hotel room
2 successes	Large area: a ballroom or salon
3 successes	Great area: a house
4 successes	Huge area: a city block
5 successes	Vast area: an entire estate

Storytellers, note that this power calls to the Beast in all Kindred, and impressions will include the presence of Kindred and ghouls in the anarch's own retinue. Also, because it prods the Beast in beings to see if it's there, particularly aware Kindred and ghouls might feel their Beast awaken or recoil as the power takes effect, perhaps alerting them to the presence of some disquieting presence. The sensory information gleaned by this power is also a bit unsettling: Inviting the Beast in so many creatures to take note of oneself is bold, to say the least. Be wary of players using this power as a default "Detect Kindred spell." Cainites who rely too much on provoking the Beast in others may find themselves on the verge of frenzy, as it tempts their own Beast each time they use it.

This power requires 18 experience points to learn.

Chaos Fold
(Dementation ••••, Dominate ••••)

Malkavians among the anarchs are more common than one might think, and this power proves just how much they can offer the movement if they truly take it to heart. This power allows a Malkavian to "fold" a latent derangement into the mind of a subject and key it to manifest at a certain event. Until the event takes place, the subject is unaffected by the derangement, and it may subsequently vanish thereafter, but to the anarchs, that's the beauty of this power. It makes the victim completely capricious and unreliable, which can be a boon if they're trying to make a case against someone's credibility.

System: The player selects a derangement and rolls Manipulation + Empathy (difficulty 6 if he's trying to implant a derangement that the character using the power already suffers; difficulty 8 if he does not suffer the derangement himself). The subject may resist with a Willpower roll (difficulty 7). If the character invoking the power gains more successes, he implants the derangement, otherwise the power fails.

The trigger event can be as specific or as vague as the Kindred wishes, from "when you next meet with the prince" to "the next time you feel hunger on a Friday after midnight." When the circumstances are right, the subject suffers a full-blown attack of the derangement in question. If the Kindred obtained five successes on the resisted roll, the derangement manifests permanently at that point.

Note that this is a Dominate power as well. As such, it requires eye contact and that the user be of equal or lower generation than the subject. The subject will not necessarily know what's happening as the character puts the derangement in place. In fact, unless she's particularly suspicious or the situation is suitably uncommon, she probably won't give it a second thought.

It costs 24 experience points to learn this power.

Give 'em Hell
(Fortitude • or Potence •, Presence •••)

Champions of the anarch cause have the power to motivate their fellows when push comes to shove and the only choice left is violent action. This power allows a Kindred to stir his allies with valor and courage in the most desperate of situations, rallying them to the fight. The anarch stands and cuts an imposing figure on the battlefield and bolsters the bravery of those following him.

System: The player must be visible to those he wishes to affect, and he chooses who receives the benefit of his display of heroism. Based on which physical Discipline he used as the basis of this power (Fortitude or Potence), the character makes a display of his greatness in combat. For example, if he used Potence as the basis of this power, he might toss aside a barricade intended to block attackers. If he used Fortitude, he might shrug off what looks like a

crippling blow. Thereafter, the characters he selected to use the power upon gain three extra dice to any roll involving Courage or otherwise defending against a fear or demoralization effect (the Storyteller is the final arbiter here). In some cases, this power has even incited anarchs to acts of kamikaze sacrifice, throwing themselves boldly into the hero's cause. The player rolls Charisma + Leadership (difficulty 7), with each success enabling up to three characters (as well as the user himself, if he wishes) to enjoy the bonus.

Note, however, that the character invoking the power chooses who it affects. Cynics whisper that traitors to the cause have used this power to embolden the anarchs' foes just before abandoning the cause and hanging the anarchs out to dry.

It costs 12 experience points to learn this power.

Guardian Vigil
(Auspex •, Celerity •, Fortitude •)

Developed by anarchs posted as guards, this power allows a Kindred to maintain an aware but trancelike state of readiness, in which he's poised like a cat to react to the first sign of imminent danger.

System: The player spends a blood point. For the duration of the night, the character cannot be surprised by conventional means as long as he stays in one place (not traversing an area longer than a few footsteps). In game terms, the character is considered to automatically have initiative for a single turn if someone acts against him or does something that he can perceive and attempt to stop. For example, a character might dodge a bullet almost before his attacker fires, or he could move to intercept an intruder just as the intruder starts to dash past. The upshot is that the character becomes aware that something is about to happen to him and reacts just in time to do something about it.

Supernatural effects that would cloak or otherwise protect the potential transgressor must be of a higher level than that of any of the prerequisite Disciplines levels that make up of this power. That is, a character attempting to sneak past the anarch must have an Obfuscate of level two or higher. The vigil also forestalls mundane means as well. An attempt to move using Stealth is susceptible regardless of how many dots the other character has.

The action taken against the character must also affect him directly and immediately for this power to prove of any value. A sniper would find himself foiled if he tried to shoot the character, but a camera planted in the building during the day and activated remotely at night would have no chance of being detected under the use of this power.

Note that this power lasts for a single turn and then expires. Therefore, if a combat occurs, the character using this power has the benefit of initiative for only the first turn, then he must act as normal thereafter. A character may activate this power as many times as he wishes in the same night, but each activation works only for one immediate threat. A character cannot "stack" turns of guaranteed initiative.

This power costs 15 experience points to learn.

King of the Hill
(Fortitude ••, Presence ••)

A character who possesses this power cannot be knocked off his feet. Even if a stampeding animal charges him or a car runs him over, the Kindred remains rooted to the spot, adamant refusing to yield his posture. This power was developed by a gang leader in the Anarch Free State, who is rumored to have met his Final Death after being hit by a train in an attempt to see just how far the power would protect him. Unfortunately for this anarch, King of the Hill doesn't confer any extra resistance to damage, it merely prevents the Kindred from being knocked aside or to the ground.

System: This power is considered "always on," though a character may choose to turn it off. Quite simply, the character cannot be knocked aside or down — he stands his ground. Whatever caused the impact must yield instead. In most cases, this presents no problem, as the person hitting the character absorbs the stress instead. In some cases, however, this power is a downright threat to the Masquerade, as a car will rebound off the character as if it had hit a telephone pole.

If the impact of whatever causes the damage is so great that it kills the Kindred, this power immediately ceases to work, and his corpse (or whatever remains of it) is battered aside. This is presumably why the train that hit the gang boss wasn't derailed. Small objects, such as bullets, may also "blow through" at the Storyteller's discretion, though they are just as likely to be lodged in the Kindred's body.

It costs 12 experience points to learn this power.

Memory Rift
(Obfuscate ••, Presence ••)

Invoking this power causes a single subject to forget the user's presence during a single scene or specific event. The Kindred merely invokes her mystic ability to vanish from the mind's eye and then convinces the subject through force of charisma that she was never even there in the first place. The subject's memory of the Kindred's attendance at the event in question fades like fog at morning's light.

System: This power works on only one subject at a time, but it may be used multiple times to alter the memories of multiple individuals. The Kindred spends a blood point and the player rolls Charisma + Subterfuge (difficulty equal to the subject's Willpower). If the Kindred is successful, the memory of her participation in the event of her choice vanishes from the subject's memory. The subject often remembers the event itself, but not the participation or presence of the Kindred using this power. He may even go so far as to construct and believe "logical" courses of events, such as an individual "slipping" off a bridge when in actuality she was pushed. Note that the memory is still present (and may be found with certain applications of Dominate and similar powers), but it is repressed, ignored or otherwise covered up subconsciously.

The Kindred invoking this power must leave the subject's vicinity within five minutes of the power's use, and thereafter remain out of his sensory range for at least an hour. Failure to do so means the power fails, possibly in the form of the memory "flooding back" to the subject's consciousness.

It costs 10 experience points to learn this power.

Retain the Quick Blood (Celerity •••, Quietus •••)

In the nights of the Anarch Revolt, the Assamites had an informal alliance with the *antitribu* who raged against their sires. Although few anarchs possessed knowledge of the Assamite Discipline of Quietus, a few did, and they learned this blood-conserving technique to aid them. In the modern nights, this combination Discipline is known only to a few anarchs, mostly elders or Sabbat deserters. Still, it is a powerful tool at the call of Kindred who know how to use it. Retain the Quick Blood allows a Kindred to call upon the preternatural gifts of vitae without expending them as is often required for other Disciplines.

System: Any blood that the player spends on Celerity returns to her blood pool at the rate of one blood point per hour. Blood returned in this way will never exceed the character's maximum blood pool — if he's full at the time that another point of blood would return to his system, that blood point is lost, (as are any others that would be returned from use on Celerity).

It costs 15 experience points to learn this power.

The Seventh Chinese Brother (Celerity ••, Fortitude •••••)

According to a folk tale, there were once seven Chinese brothers, each of whom was possessed of a unique mystical ability. One of these brothers' blessings was bones of iron, which he used to prevent his head from being chopped off. This power emulates that folk tale, allowing the Kindred to harden a part of his body and speed the recuperative powers of his blood to it so as to make it impossible to sever a limb. Those anarchs practicing this power have intimated that they have most often had to protect their own heads from being severed, but that it works equally well in situations that would result in the loss of a hand, arm, leg, et cetera.

System: The player spends a Willpower point and selects an appendage (including the head and neck). The next blow that would result in that limb being lopped off is ignored utterly — it does no damage at all. The character may then activate the power again, if he wishes. As long as he has Willpower, he can protect himself. A lesser-known but still viable application of this power is to harden the flesh and bone that protects the heart. In this case, a Kindred can protect himself from being staked, at least initially.

If the end of the scene comes before the disastrous blow comes, the power has no effect, but it can be invoked again during a future scene. Additionally, a character may protect only one appendage at a time in this manner.

It costs 21 experience points to learn this power.

Smiling Jack's Trick (Dominate •••, Obfuscate •••)

Attributed to the rogue anarch Smiling Jack, this power causes a Kindred to confuse one Kindred with another. For a brief period, the subject consistently mistakes the user of this gift with another Kindred in the immediate vicinity. According to the story, Jack found himself caught by a scourge and his lieutenant. Invoking this power, Jack made the scourge believe that his lieutenant was actually the anarch and vice versa. As the scourge turned his attentions to the lieutenant, Jack escaped into the night, cackling all the while.

System: The player makes a contested Manipulation + Performance roll (difficulty of the subject's Intelligence + 5, to a maximum of 10) against the subject's Wits + Subterfuge (difficulty 7). If the subject gains more successes, the power fails. If the character succeeds, the subject briefly but unfalteringly transposes the character using the power with another Kindred in her line of sight. From there on out, it's up the character to make the best of the situation, but the strangeness of the change usually buys enough time to escape, if not to completely change the anarch's position.

Note that this is a Dominate power, so it works only on those subjects of equal or lower generation as

the user. The duration of the power's effect is one hour – (10 times the subject's Intelligence) minutes.

It costs 18 experience points to learn this power.

Suck It Up (Animalism •, Protean ••)

The sites of anarch conflicts are no strangers to spilled blood, and even the side that arguably wins the conflict is probably a bit thirsty after calling upon the gifts of Caine. Still, conflict attracts attention, and the last thing anarchs want is to be caught hunching over a fallen Kindred, sucking the last draughts of vitae from the beaten bodies or lapping up blood from the ground. This power allows the Kindred to simply touch a pool of blood and draw it into herself.

System: The Kindred touches a quantity of spilled blood and adds it to her blood pool. The Storyteller must make a judgment call as to how much blood can be taken. (Remember that one blood point is literally a tenth of the blood in the human body, about half a liter.) This power doesn't "strip the ground clean," either, and some small amount is likely to stain the ground afterward.

Be aware that bodies left bloodless will still attract attention as well, whether it went into the vampire through her mouth or fingertips. Kindred are advised to use this power discreetly.

It costs nine experience points to learn this power.

Tenebrous Veil (Obfuscate •, Obtenebration •)

Many anarchs have found themselves in the wrong place at the wrong time, and often what makes the difference between being found out and being discovered is the judicious use of supernatural powers. This power, created several centuries ago by Lasombra and Malkavian anarchs, allows the Kindred to stand stock-still and avoid being seen in almost any location. As long as some shadow is present, the Kindred can bend it around his body and thereafter use that shadow to conceal himself from the minds of any onlookers.

System: No dice roll is necessary. As long as there is some shadow in the area, the Kindred can remain effectively unseen for as long as he chooses to remain motionless. This power combines the basic principles of Obtenebration and Obfuscate. It is very simple, but very effective.

It costs six experience points to learn this power.

Anarch Thaumaturgy

While few anarchs have the time, inclination or even understanding to make great leaps in the blood sorcery of the Tremere, a few have been ingenious enough to create simple rituals of great utility. As anarch thaumaturges are exceedingly rare, so, too, are

many of these rituals, although rumors tend to circulate in waves about rogue tomes of blood sorcery and great secrets plundered from Tremere libraries.

Casting rituals requires a successful Intelligence + Occult roll with the difficulty equal to the ritual's level + 3 (maximum of 9). Rituals also require five minutes per level to conduct, unless otherwise mentioned. For more on casting rituals, see **Vampire: The Masquerade**, p. 182-183.

Flatline (Level One Ritual)

A mortal under the effects of this ritual exhibits no discernible secondary characteristics of being alive. Attempts to take her pulse or feel her breath indicate that she is dead. This extends to mechanical devices as well, no matter how simple or complex they are. (Breathing on a mirror will not fog it up; a heart monitor will give a namesake "flatline" reading.) Even if she is wounded, blood only trickles out or wells up into a livid pool. The caster must place a small, dead insect or animal somewhere in the subject's home.

System: This power lasts until the next morning, and it can be used on a subject only once per month. Additionally, if the caster doesn't know the subject's real home (as opposed to, say a hotel room or temporary residence at a friend's apartment) or the subject doesn't have one, this power simply fails to take effect. Likewise, this power has no effect on supernatural beings.

Iron Body (Level Two Ritual)

This ritual imbues the subject with supernatural endurance, allowing the Kindred to withstand the Biblical anathema of his kind. The subject must carry a spent shell casing with him while this ritual is in effect.

Subject: The subject may soak aggravated damage for as long as this ritual lasts, which is one hour per point of the caster's (not the subject's) Stamina. It does not grant the subject any additional soak dice, though. It merely allows him to withstand the traditional banes of the Kindred.

Hell's Calling (Level Three Ritual)

This insidious power requires some personal possession of the subject's to be burned when the ritual is enacted. As the object burns, the subject is immediately overcome with a feeling of Rötschreck, regardless of where he is, what he's doing or even whether or not any flame is present. Clever anarchs have used this power to spite rivals, break the spirits of enemies and even humiliate princes by forcing them to act irrationally before the Kindred of their domains.

System: Upon this ritual's completion, the subject is immediately gripped by Rötschreck, and he must check to see if he enters the fear frenzy as per page 229 of **Vampire: The Masquerade** (difficulty 6). This fear may be overcome by spending a Willpower point, as well. If the character fails the Courage roll, he immediately flees the vicinity in terror, although terror *of what* eludes the character. For this reason, the Rötschreck doesn't last as long as the red fear normally does. When the character thinks to ask himself what he's afraid of, the effect ends. Usually, however, this is too late to prevent the shock and incredulity of any company the Kindred was keeping at the time.

It takes 30 minutes to perform this ritual.

Ward Versus Vitae (Level Four Ritual)

While this power protects anarchs from elder intrusion to some degree, it is not so efficacious as other wards. This is not a universal "Ward Versus Kindred," but rather a limited application of a similar principle. When the Kindred enacting this ritual makes her sigil, any Kindred of lower generation than her who breaks the ward immediately suffers its ill effects. That is, if a 10th-generation thaumaturge casts this ritual, Kindred of the Ninth Generation and lower would be affected.

The thaumaturge anoints an object of her choice with her blood, marking the ward as a sigil.

System: Kindred below the caster's generation suffer two dice of lethal damage. This damage occurs again if the Kindred touches the object further. At that point, a Kindred who consciously wishes to touch the warded object must succeed in a Willpower roll (difficulty 7) or spend a Willpower point to do so.

Like other wards, this ritual functions on only one object: a single window, a doorknob, a book or one door of an automobile. An entire object of great size, such as a car or room may be warded, but only with enough uses of this ritual that would effect all points of entry, exit or contact.

High-Level Disciplines

Although the anarchs are, by and large, a group of relatively young Kindred, certain elders are no strangers to the ranks of the cause. These elders have brought a few unconventional tactics of their own to the anarchs, much to the surprise (and no doubt chagrin) of their fellow venerable Cainites.

Scourging the Instinct (Presence Level Seven)

Used by elder firebrands of nights long past, this power is a bit too dangerous to see much modern usage,

since the destruction it can engender is appreciable. Like a firebrand, the Kindred stands before his assembled followers and whips them into a righteous frenzy using the power of his personality and the force of his charisma. Those who heed his call succumb to the rages of the Beast that dwells deep in all of them, hopefully placing it on a short leash that allows them some control over their fury.

System: The player rolls Charisma + Leadership (difficulty 7). If he is successful, those who hear him speak his words of revolution allow their Beasts to rise to the fore. Those affected are considered to be "riding the wave" of frenzy (see **Vampire: The Masquerade**, p. 287) regardless of whether they have Instinct or Self-Control as their Virtue.

The number of successes scored on the roll indicate how many Kindred are swayed by the revolutionary fervor.

1 success	One person
2 successes	Two people
3 successes	Six people
4 successes	20 people
5 successes	Everyone in the Kindred's immediate vicinity (an auditorium filled with people; a gathered mob)

Tireless Tread (Celerity Level Six)

As much as physical conflict, part of the initial Anarch Revolt was spent fleeing from unfavorable odds and vengeful elders. This power made some of those exoduses possible, enabling the Kindred of those early nights to put far much more ground between themselves and their antagonists than the rest of the world could imagine at the time. As long as the anarch devoted himself to escape, he could cover enormous distances in a single night.

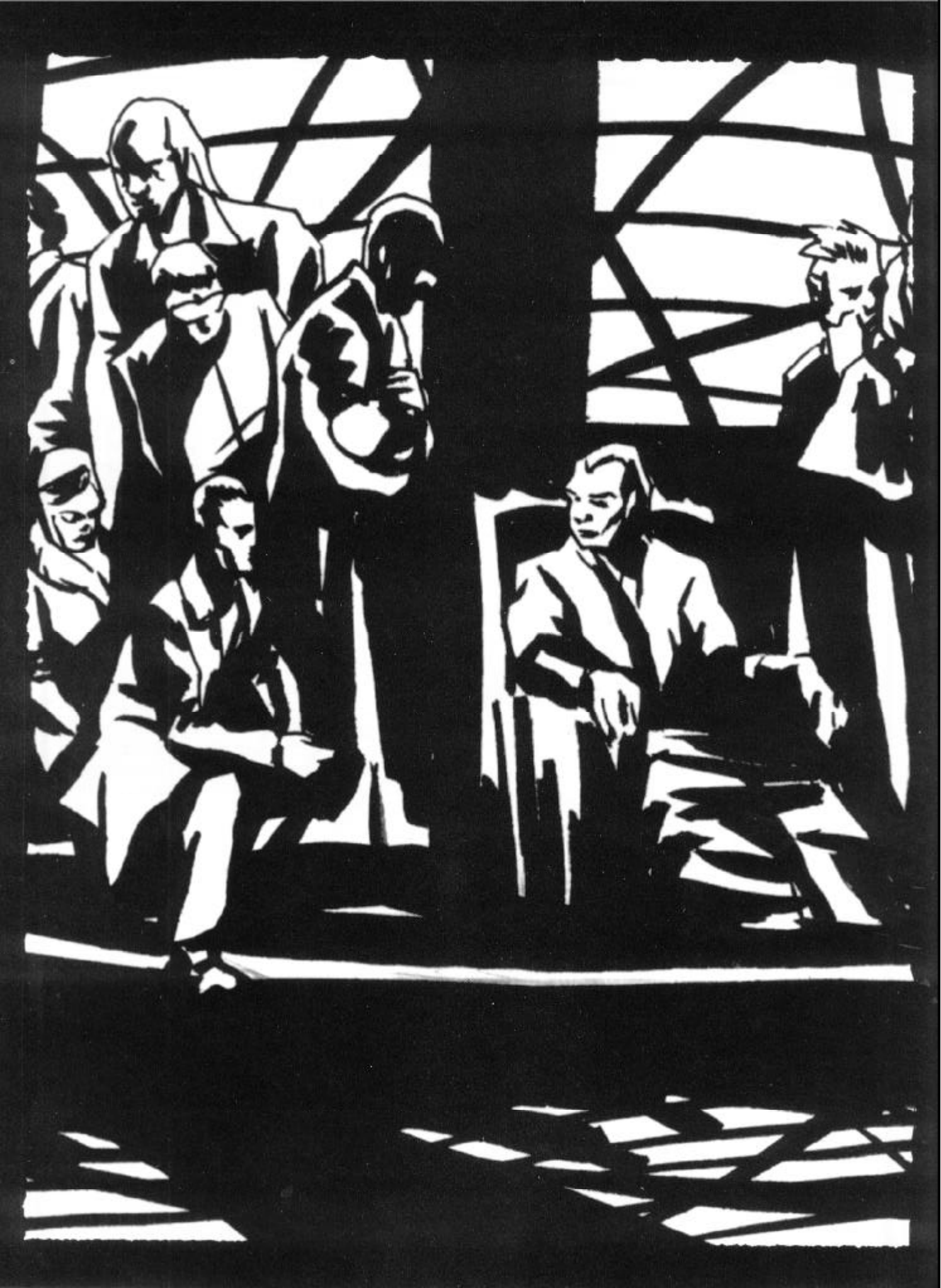
This power has fallen into some disuse in the modern nights, given the prevalence of transportation methods that make it a bit obsolete. The most significant benefit it still has, however, is a virtual inability to trace. Those flying on planes or riding buses require tickets, and even a properly registered car leaves a paper trail or bears a license plate. When a Kindred invokes the Tireless Tread, however, the only evidence of her passing is herself.

System: This power costs one blood point per night. The Kindred simply walks and does nothing else over the course of the night. Perhaps "walks" is a bit misleading, as the Kindred covers a distance of 50 miles per hour. This power must be used for at least eight hours, meaning the Kindred *must* travel a distance of at least 400 miles. Any less and the power fails to work initially. The Kindred finds a rhythm and stays in it, as opposed to merely sprinting for eight hours. If the Kindred tarries too much along her way, she will find herself unable to find that traveler's pace, and the power will fail entirely.

Turnabout (Protean Level Seven)

Calling upon the shapeshifting powers of the Protean Discipline, the anarch melds with the earth, only to emerge from it on the other side of a foe. This tactic was originally one of the ones used by the Eastern European Gangrel and Tzimisce, though the anarchs adapted it for use as a guerrilla tactic during the Anarch Revolt and the marauding nights of the early *antitribu*. Tonight, it is rarely seen, but a few ostentatious anarch elders keep it in practice. Mostly to impress their fellows and inspire fledglings with.

System: The player spends two blood points. On the turn after the character sinks into the ground, she emerges either behind or to either side of whichever enemies she left behind. (Theoretically, there's nothing stopping her from emerging in the same spot where she disappeared, but it sort of defeats the purpose.) If the character wishes, she may choose not to emerge immediately, in which case this power is little more than an expensive version of Earth Meld. The primary difference, however, is that the character may move *through* the earth that surrounds her, traveling as much as 50 feet in any direction in the single turn spent under the surface of the soil. Moving any further, however, regardless of time spent underground, is a different permutation of the Protean Discipline. Turnabout's focus is diving into and emerging quickly from the ground.



Appendix I: Allies, Antagonists and Others

Freedom is that instant between when someone tells you to do something and when you decide how to respond.
— Dr. Jeffrey Borenstein

This section provides several "stock" character archetypes for use in an anarch chronicle. Storytellers, use these to drop in whenever you need a character immediately but haven't had time to create one beforehand, or as a basis for your own characters in similar positions. Note also that you may need to adjust the numbers here and there — if your troupe has exceptionally powerful characters, you'll probably want to dope these guys up.

As always, the more you can do without resorting to those numbers, the better. Particularly among the anarchs, you're going to see Kindred in positions of power who don't have giant lists of Disciplines or Attributes that can reduce mortals to fear just by the character looking at them. As much as physical force is useful among the anarchs, so are personal dynamism and the ability to convince others to see the benefits of the revolution.

Baron

Background: Shrewd and savvy, the baron knows he's only got as much power as the other anarchs let him have. That's a fortunate situation, however, because some barons overreach themselves and find their domains collapsing under their own weight if they act too much like Camarilla princes. No, the anarch baron won't let that be his fate; if he fails in his duty, the whole Anarch Movement suffers for it. Known for his fairness and calm, he's popular among the more rational anarchs, but more radical Kindred of the movement sometimes think he's too moderate to let the cause make any real progress.

Image: Keeping truculent anarchs from going off half-cocked every time they suspect the Camarilla of some treachery is exhausting work, let alone keeping those selfsame anarchs from going off half-cocked every time they suspect some other anarch of a

personal grudge. The baron, as a result, looks weary beyond his young years, with bags under his eyes and a drawn expression that betrays the labors from which he finds no respite.

Roleplaying Hints: Although it requires a Herculean effort, you know you have to be lucid, even in these turbulent times. Young anarchs can sometimes tax your patience and elder anarchs test your mettle, but in the end, your diplomacy brings all concerned parties to compromise. That is, it brings anarch parties to compromise. You still have precious little respect among adherents to the Ivory Tower way of doing things, but you know better than to rush in and try to change that with threats and violence.

Clan: Brujah
Nature: Autocrat
Demeanor: Martyr
Generation: 9th
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3
Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 4, Expression3, Intimidation 3, Leadership 4, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 4
Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Melee 1, Performance 2
Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer 2, Investigation1, Linguistics 1, Politics 4
Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 3, Fortitude 2, Potence 3, Presence 3
Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 2, Herd 1, Influence 3, Resources 3, Retainers1, Status 2
Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 6
Willpower: 7

Emissary

Background: Even the anarchs have a need for smooth-talking diplomats, though it's usually for the purpose of explaining away their less subtle activities to a prince who would gladly stake them to greet the next sunrise. The emissary is liaison to the local Camarilla Kindred, redirecting its ire and hopefully learning a bit about its secrets while she shares the salon with it. Part spy and part apologist, the emissary is often the anarchs' only contact with the world of the larger Camarilla in anything other than an adversary context. She is the hand that rocks the cradle — and in that cradle slumber curious bedfellows.

Image: The emissary plays the Camarilla's game and has to look the part, naturally. Well-groomed and striking, she turns her natural beauty into an asset. The emissary carries herself with poise and grace, doing her best to confound the image many Kindred have of the anarchs as bomb-tossing, leather-jacketed guerrillas.

Roleplaying Hints: An icy calm is your modus operandi. You take advantage of every opportunity that comes your way, most often in the shock Camarilla Kindred have at meeting your rational mien, but also in the gray-market social trade of boons, favors and prestation. Sure, you believe in the anarch cause — God knows you're not doing this for the money — but it's possible that you can serve as a skilled counselor and earn yourself a bit of prestige and comfort along the way, too.

Clan: Toreador
Nature: Competitor

Demeanor: Pedagogue
Generation: 11th
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4
Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Intimidation 1, Leadership 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Etiquette 3, Firearms 2, Melee 1, Performance 2, Security 1, Stealth 2
Knowledges: Academics 2, Finance 2, Investigation 3, Politics 3
Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 1, Dominate 2, Fortitude 1, Presence 3
Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 4, Resources 3, Status 2
Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 6
Willpower: 5

Chameleon

Background: Deep cover is the order of the night for the chameleon, as he's been a part of the anarch subculture for as long as the anarchs have been a cogent faction in his city and arguably before. He's no mere player with anarch sympathies — he's a mole, a veritable Manchurian candidate who ensures that the anarchs have a fair shake without exposing himself. Without the chameleon, the anarchs would have no people in high places. To him, that's part of the thrill, this added level of hidden Jyhad. Whether it's because he feels strongly for the Anarch Movement or out of his own jaded tastes, the chameleon quietly backs the loyal opposition.

Image: As befits his role as a seemingly staunch member of the Ivory Tower, the chameleon dresses for success in the Kindred's Elysiums and back rooms. He wears subtle accouterments reminiscent of the period he was Embraced, further in the past than most anarchs had been born as mortals let alone Embraced.

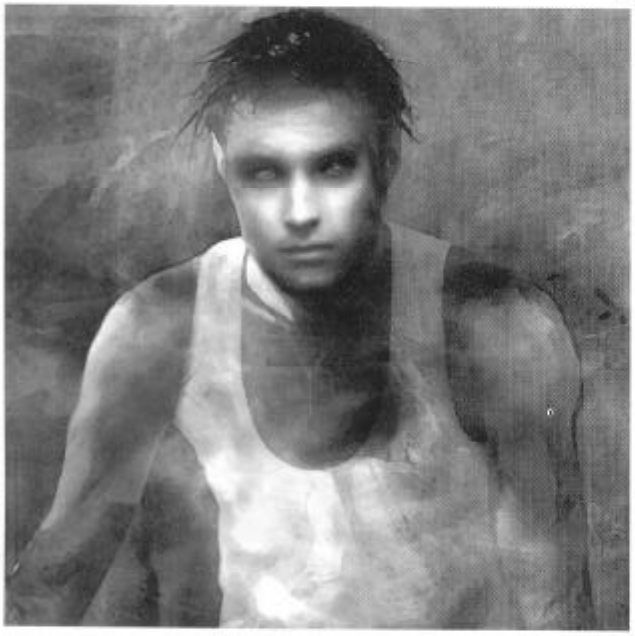
Roleplaying Hints: You possess a quiet dignity that can give way to a cruel streak suggestive of your age and experience with the Jyhad, but you always mask your sympathies beneath a veil of acceptability. You know, and the sensible anarchs agree, that overt gestures of your anarch tendencies will get you nowhere but on the prince's short list. To that end, you are a quiet agitator, a bulwark of anarch power inside the very institution it wishes to rebuild. When given a chance to push for change, you do it, but only so far; someone else must always appear the greatest advocate for change.

Clan: Ventrue
Nature: Gallant
Demeanor: Conniver
Generation: 9th
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 5
Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Expression 2, Intimidation 3, Leadership 1, Subterfuge 4
Skills: Crafts 2, Etiquette 4, Melee 3, Performance 3, Stealth 2
Knowledges: Academics 4, Computer 1, Finance 3, Investigation 1, Linguistics 3, Occult 1, Politics 3
Disciplines: Auspex 2, Dominate 5, Fortitude 4, Obfuscate 1, Presence 4
Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 4, Herd 2, Influence 3, Resources 4, Status 4
Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 4, Courage 4
Morality: Humanity 5
Willpower: 6

Nomadic Pack Leader

Background: To hell with staying local. The word needs to spread or it'll die just like it did in the Anarch Free State. That's what half of these road-fearing Lick's don't seem to understand: You've got to learn from your mistakes. Keeping everything tied down to one place only leads to stasis. Yeah, someone has to stay to make sure the movement's goals are being tended to, but most of a given city's "anarchs" aren't much different than the soft childer of the Ivory Tower toadies. Every anarch has to make a difference or the whole thing will collapse, and the difference you and your pack make is getting the message out there.

Image: The nomadic pack leader is gaunt and thin, the result of spending too many nights away from readily



available vitae. His hair is unkempt, his clothing disheveled and his gaze a bit wild-eyed. It's one of the hazards of traveling the open road — always watching for Lupines, Sabbat and mortals out there to save the world from bloodsucking monstrosities like him.

Roleplaying Hints: Your movements are quick and furtive, and your presence tends to make people uneasy as you overreact to the slightest noise that catches your hearing. You speak in quick, clipped syllables and without much eloquence; hey, it's your job to get the mouthpieces to their pulpits in one piece, not preach the gospel yourself. Still, you have definite opinions on the direction the Anarch Movement should go, and if your audience seems interested, you won't hesitate to give them an earful.

Clan: Gangrel
Nature: Architect
Demeanor: Perfectionist
Generation: 10th
Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 4
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 2, Leadership 3, Streetwise 1
Skills: Animal Ken 3, Crafts (automobile repair) 4, Drive 4, Firearms 3, Stealth 1, Survival 3
Knowledges: Academics 1, Law 1, Linguistics 1, Science 1
Disciplines: Animalism 3, Fortitude 3, Obfuscate 1, Protean 3
Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 3, Resources 1
Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 3, Courage 5
Morality: Humanity 7
Willpower: 6

Rabble Rouser

Background: As many outside the anarchs have noted, the movement suffers no shortage of those who would act as firebrands, stoking the fires of passion for their own ends. These Kindred are often held in low esteem not only by the targets of their wrath, but by the sincere members of the Anarch Movement as well, because they give the anarchs a bad name, painting them as rebels without a clue. Some rally impressionable anarchs for the excitement of doing it; others genuinely think that violence and destruction are the path to reworking Kindred society. In almost every case, however, these agitators lose control of the very crowds they incite to revolt, which can become catastrophic when Kindred make up the mob.

Image: The rabble rouser has a striking appearance and commanding presence, her very stance exuding the charisma that she uses to work her audience into apoplexy. She favors bold, provocative clothes as outward expressions of the anger she harbors for the enemy.

Roleplaying Hints: The time for discussion is over — the are the Final Nights and it's time for action. You raise the hue and cry against your rival sect at every opportunity, and while this earns you some reputation among young anarchs, it has also yielded more than a bit of infamy among the more moderate anarch circles. It's your way or no way at all, and you feel justified in this attitude because, well, if everyone else's tactics are so great, wouldn't they have worked by now? And if it just so happens that the subject of the crowd's fury happens to be an elder against whom you have a vendetta, hey, that's the way revolution works. It's not like you're picking targets arbitrarily — that would be stupid. You have no hidden agenda, after all, because

you put it all before you, and that's what your fellow anarchs are rallying against.
Clan: Ravnos
Nature: Conniver
Demeanor: Celebrant
Generation: 12th
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 4, Wits 3
Talents: Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Expression 4, Leadership 1, Subterfuge 2
Skills: Etiquette 1, Firearms 2, Performance 3
Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer 2, Law 1, Linguistics 1,Politics 3
Disciplines: Chimerstry 2, Fortitude 2
Backgrounds: Allies 4, Retainers 3, Status 1
Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 3, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 7
Willpower: 4

Wetworker

Background: The Anarch Movement is the ideology of war, and in war people become commodities on the battlefield. The wetworker specializes in ugly operations, carrying out kidnappings, assassinations, raids on Kindred havens and even Elysium invasions. It's no surprise that wetworkers are often known far and wide in the Kindred community, both as figures of respect among the more active anarchs and as infamous miscreants to members of the dominant sects. A wetworker's motivation varies by the Kindred who takes on those duties — some are radicals ready for action after so many words while others are calculating politicians and still others are even downright insane.
Image: Wet work doesn't usually expose a Kindred to the comforts the complacent elders avail themselves of. Quite the opposite, the wetworker has to clothe himself in whatever he can find, given that his entire unlife is practically spent on the lam from some irascible prince or humiliated stuffed-shirt. Even showers are sometimes a luxury to the wetworker, because if he's around someplace long enough to worry about hygiene, well, he's there long enough to find a stake through his heart or a sheriff at his haven door.
Roleplaying Hints: It's all about the *meaning*, man, and if you're just running around causing trouble at random, you may as well be part of the problem yourself. See, each move in this giant chess game has to have some value — you don't just dump pawns out to the middle of the board at random or shoot your knight to the center of the board because he can jump over other pieces. No, see, there's a complex arrangement of who the princes owe favors to and why they

don't just cancel all their debts to each other, and it's those little circumstances you have to act on. Those debts are the glue that holds the Camarilla together.
Clan: Malkavian
Nature: Judge
Demeanor: Fanatic
Generation: 11th
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3
Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 1
Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 2
Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 1, Empathy 1, Intimidation 2, Subterfuge 1
Skills: Crafts 2, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Stealth 3
Knowledges: Computer 1, Investigation 2, Occult 3
Disciplines: Auspex 1, Dementation 2, Obfuscate 1
Backgrounds: Status 1
Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 3, Courage 5
Morality: Humanity 4
Willpower: 5

Charlatan

Background: The mystical arts pose a quandary to the anarchs: They would greatly appreciate the powers blood magic would grant them, but rare is the anarch who wants to trust a Tremere — even a self-avowed rogue — with plans concerning the movement. Such being the case, those sorcerers who do find themselves with a modicum of trust often find themselves held in greater esteem than their rudimentary understanding of the occult should yield. In situations like this, it's Kindred nature to take advantage of the situation. After all, it's not being able to boil your enemies' blood that's important, it's their *fear* that you can make their blood boil.

Image: The charlatan doesn't dress in any outlandish occult garb, as that would attract too much attention. Additionally, it would lead people to expect certain showy sorcerous effects from him, and such things are well beyond his capability. Rather, the charlatan dresses in a quite conformist matter, affecting the fashions that his fellow anarchs wear. This ensures that those who don't know him to be a great and eldritch master of the arcane won't expect anything of him. There's safety in numbers, after all, and when the Tremere come calling, they won't know who they're after. Will they?

Roleplaying Hints: You're walking a high wire, balancing your need to maintain a low profile with the status you have among your fellow anarchs for being a capable occultist. The thing is, you're not as skilled as they think you are, which adds another dimension to your charade. Somewhere in there, amid all the lying to everyone and preserving your cultivated reputation, you're supposed to have some commitment to this anarch philosophy as well. Needless to say, with so much occupying your attention, you're beginning to fray at the ends, snapping at allies and taking great pains to avoid enemies.

Clan: Tremere
Nature: Child
Demeanor: Visionary
Generation: 13th
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2
Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3
Talents: Empathy 2, Intimidation 1, Subterfuge 2
Skills: Etiquette 2, Firearms 2, Performance 2, Stealth 1, Survival 2
Knowledges: Academics 3, Computer 1, Investigation 2, Law 2, Linguistics 2, Occult 2, Science 1
Disciplines: Auspex 2, Dominate 1, Thaumaturgy 2
Thaumaturgical Paths: Path of Blood 2
Backgrounds: Allies 2, Contacts 2, Resources 1
Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 4, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 7
Willpower: 5

Rock Star

Background: Especially among anarchs, common sense doesn't always dictate that the wisest candidates for the Embrace will be the ones who become Kindred. Such is the case with the rock star, a local music darling brought into the world of the undead. Marked for death by the prince and scourge, the rock star has taken her place among the anarchs, maintaining that she hadn't chosen her Embrace and it was therefore simply not right that she forfeit her life for her sire's caprice. Now a fixture at anarch revels and raves, the rock star has also acquired an interest in a local nightclub, which she has turned into a hangout for anarchs and only trouble awaits non-anarch Kindred who would visit. Exactly how she's kept the secret from the rest of the band — assuming she has at all — remains a mystery.

Image: Mortal trends aren't wasted on the rock star. Indeed, in many cases she adopts fashions and hairstyles before mortals do. Whether on the stage or lounging in the VIP room of her club, the rock star is the epitome of style.

Roleplaying Hints: Like many young Kindred, you joined the Anarch Movement because you felt wronged by the existing Camarilla system. You are fortunate in this, as the

passion you have for the movement still burns brightly in your dead heart. Because of this, you often resent elders and ancillae, both from the Camarilla and those of the movement who have become complacent. On the other hand, you know that it's a rough time to be an anarch in Camarilla domain and you don't proselytize unless you know it's safe. It's not like being in a 12-step program — you're intent isn't to bring more Kindred into the fold. It's to open their eyes to the injustices that they blithely accept as part of unlife each night.

Clan: Malkavian
Nature: Traditionalist
Demeanor: Gallant
Generation: 12th
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 2, Wits 3
Talents: Dodge 1, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Streetwise 2
Skills: Crafts 1, Drive 2, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Performance 3, Security 1, Stealth 2, Survival 1
Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer 1, Occult 1, Politics 1
Disciplines: Auspex 2, Obfuscate 1, Presence 1
Backgrounds: Allies 3, Contacts 3, Fame 1, Herd 2, Resources 2
Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 3, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 7
Willpower: 4

Quartermaster

Background: Amid the underground railroads, secret resistances, cells of Unbound and various Kindred requesting membership or asylum, somebody has to keep track of the logistics. The quartermaster takes care of petty details, making sure that emergency havens are stocked and secured, escape routes are open, supplies have been cached and avenues of communication remain open. This task is usually a thankless one, and the Kindred handling it often end up bitter and cynical unless they have other duties related to the front lines or the philosophical symposiums of the Anarch Movement, but they are vital nonetheless. After all, few anarchs want to escape into their sewer hidey-hole only to find it occupied by a sheriff and his retinue.

Image: Twisted by the Nosferatu Embrace, the quartermaster's gender isn't even evident. Bedecked in cast-off street fashions popular a few years ago, it is practically a walking zoo for all of the vermin that populates urban centers of the modern nights. The quartermaster occasionally wears hastily assembled bits of "street armor" when it expects trouble, such as on the night of a big raid or when the anarchs plan to smuggle a high-profile Kindred in or out of the city.

Roleplaying Hints: You take no shit — if these snot-nosed little punks want to fuck with you about your appearance, well, then, they can find their own boltholes or stashes of shotgun shells when they've got the prince's bootlickers crawling up their asses. You've done this too long to be taken for granted, and while you don't mind doing it (hell, there are some nights when you actually *like* being the guy who puts the afterparty together), they're going to respect you for it or they can damn well get someone else to do it. Oh, who are you kidding? You know you'll never abandon these little monsters. You'll just complain more and ever more loudly.

Clan: Nosferatu
Nature: Director
Demeanor: Curmudgeon
Generation: 11th
Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 1, Appearance 0
Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 3, Wits 3
Talents: Alertness 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Streetwise 3
Skills: Animal Ken 4, Crafts (temporary electrics) 4, Drive 1, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Stealth 4, Survival 3
Knowledges: Linguistics 3, Medicine 1, Occult 2, Politics 2, Science 3
Disciplines: Animalism 3, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 3, Potence 4
Backgrounds: Contacts 4, Herd 2, Resources 1, Retainers 4, Status 1
Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 2, Courage 4
Morality: Humanity 7
Willpower: 6

Bruiser

Background: As a young, violent subsect, the anarchs often find themselves in a subculture that believes might makes for right. Strength is the quickest (if not most permanent) route to acceptance among the anarchs and those who are cut out for it have plenty of opportunity to make names for themselves. Another chance for the more physically inclined is for the "common thug" to fall in with an existing outfit. While no such thing as an "average anarch" exists, the movement has no shortage of conformist types and followers who either get involved because everyone they know did or because they honestly take the anarch creed to heart.

Image: The bruiser wants to hurt people. You can tell by the way he's bristling and the look on his face. His presence in a room is enough to unsettle people, and when someone brings him along, it's to say something without speaking any words. He's never been much of one for fashion, and even the biker-jacket-and-denims look missed him completely. In fact, those might be the clothes he died in.

Roleplaying Hints: You're no goon, but you know when to follow orders. Your support of the anarchs is half rhetoric (which you believe, or you believe as much of it as you understand) and half to satisfy the need to belong. Before you joined with the anarchs, you were part of a Camarilla coterie and had largely the same role. It wasn't until the anarchs explained to you that you were being used as a tool that you saw that they were right and joined with a faction that at least allowed you to make the choice.

Clan: Caitiff
Nature: Conformist
Demeanor: Bravo
Generation: 12th
Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3
Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 1, Wits 4
Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 3, Brawl 4, Dodge 2, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 1
Skills: Animal Ken 2, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Melee 2, Survival 2
Knowledges: Investigation 1, Law 1, Linguistics 1
Disciplines: Animalism 2, Fortitude 1, Potence 2
Backgrounds: Contacts 2
Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 3, Courage 4
Morality: Humanity 6
Willpower: 6

Ex-Sabbat

Background: Embraced into the Sword of Caine, this anarch found that sect's dogma to be too fanatical and paranoid. She fled at her first opportunity leaving behind a legacy of blood and terror, only to find the same thing in a different guise. Instead of Antediluvians and bloodbarbs, the anarchs have their own problems, facing the combined might of elders hundreds of years their senior and having to subjugate the Beast within while doing it. Still, to the ex-Sabbat, jumping ship means she can never go back. That means she'll have to do her damnedest to make her contribution to the movement something other than futile.

Image: During her brief period of running with the Black Hand, the ex-Sabbat saw her share of violence and brutal ritual. A such, she still bears scars from rites and games of instinct that have left incongruous marks on her otherwise unassuming looks. None of her wounds can hide the lack of fire in her eyes, though — she's just going through the motions, with none of the anarchs' dear passion.

Roleplaying Hints: You've turned your back on the Sabbat but did so without learning enough about these turbulent Kindred who gave you asylum. Now that you're a part of their movement, you realize that you don't want any of their rigmarole, but you no longer have anywhere to turn. Fear keeps you from going autarkis, the Camarilla isn't your bag and you still think the Sabbat is insane. It's a lonely world for you, but the alternative isn't any more comforting.

Clan: Lasombra
Nature: Rogue
Demeanor: Rebel
Generation: 13th
Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3
Talents: Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 2, Intimidation 2, Leadership 1, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2
Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Survival 1
Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer 1, Law 1, Linguistics 1, Medicine 2, Science 1
Disciplines: Dominate 2, Potence 2
Backgrounds: Contacts 2, Resources 2
Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 2, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 5
Willpower: 3

Hookup

Background: At the center of every underground deal, whether a black-market weapons buy or a simple information exchange, someone is brokering the affair. In the world of the Kindred, having a good hookup is all but vital. Fixers and networkers, hookups don't want to get their hands dirty themselves. They just know all the right people and can put a Lick in contact with them for the right price. Among the anarchs this is an especially prized ability, as it's the Camarilla's stock in trade and hookups level the playing field somewhat. The best hookups are even on at least civil terms with Cainites of whichever sect is dominant locally, allowing interaction between those vampires on something other than a physical level.

Image: Nobody trusts someone who looks sketchy, so the hookup keeps herself in current clothes and in an unparalleled state of cleanliness. Her eyes and ears seem constantly in motion, so as to hear who just came in the room or see if that's who she thinks it is over there.

Roleplaying Hints: The anarchs have your sympathy because you've played this game on the Camarilla side before realizing that the elders and their pet childer already had all the prime territories and contacts tied up. Here among the anarchs, things are more egalitarian. You only have to deal with politics if you care about politics, and it's the same for every interest. It's not all part of some great Jyhad the alders pull all the strings to. That said, when you're good at something and somebody wants you to help them, it's only fair that they should pay your price. It's the modern nights and capitalism is king.

Clan: Assamite
Nature: Survivor
Demeanor: Competitor
Generation: 13th
Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2
Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 4, Appearance 2
Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 2
Talents: Brawl 1, Dodge 1, Empathy 3, Expression 2, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 3
Skills: Crafts 1, Etiquette 2, Firearms 1, Performance 2, Security 1, Stealth 1, Survival 1
Knowledges: Academics 1, Finance 1, Law 1, Linguistics 1, Occult 1
Disciplines: Celerity 2, Obfuscate 1, Presence 1, Quietus 1
Backgrounds: Allies 1, Contacts 5, Herd 1, Resources 3, Status 1
Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 3, Courage 3
Morality: Humanity 6
Willpower: 5

Appendix II: Anomalies of the Anarch Movement

Until we start to make a move,
to make a few things right,
You'll never see me wear a suit of white.
—Johnny Cash, "The Man In Black"

The ruck and run of anarchs belong to the Anarch Movement for a concrete reason. Anarchs want a chance to make their mark on the world, to escape the abuse of their elders, to enjoy the rush of their vampiric power without the stifling restrictions of the Masquerade. If they manage to survive a few years or decades and can find a way to legitimize themselves, they'll probably settle down as both their mortal and vampiric natures urge them to seek stability.

But not every anarch is such a casual participant, made a part of the movement by circumstance and coincidence of their desire with the movement's ideology. Some few anarchs have genuine commitments to the movement, and they provide its ideological spine and the power and stability that make it a fixture in Kindred society. These two groups are elders and intellectual ideologues.

Elders

Not every anarch in the movement is a fresh-blooded neonate new to the night. Some anarchs are old. Indeed, many of these elder anarchs were known as *furores* in nights long past, a Latin term used to mean "troublemaker" or "punk," who led the Anarch Revolt and, in many ways, catalyzed the formation of the modern sects. Those who wished to follow the old traditions formed the Camarilla and reaffirmed the customary laws of vampire society through the formal recognition of the Traditions. Others, whose rebellion had taken on a quasi-religious character, formed the Sabbat. Although many prominent vampires of the time — especially those trying to found their own sects — attempted to hold themselves neutral from the newly formed Camarilla and Sabbat. However, it became clear

over time that these two sects were to be the future of vampire society in Europe.

Yet some did not. Some of the holdouts were simply so old and powerful that they saw no need to get involved in the new sects. Most of these holdouts wrote themselves out of Kindred society, dropped into obscurity, legend and torpor, and became the Inconnu. Others, including the infamous Robin Leeland and many others, felt that neither sect actually answered the problems, so they remained aloof from both. They were alienated from political society by their years of rebellion or genuinely intent on pursuing their own agendas. These vampires, many of them quite old at the time, formed the core of the Anarch Movement (such as it was, having just had most of its members co-opted by the newly formed Camarilla and Sabbat).

Since then, some of those elders have died or passed into vast torpors that removed them from the scene, but others have remained. Others have joined them, late converts to the anarch cause or anarchs grown old in the service of revolution. Although they are far from numerous, these elders are critical to the movement, both in its organized aspects and more generously, by lending it an air of power and legitimacy in a society of creatures who grow in power and rank themselves according to age.

Elder Cachet

The presence of elders in the Anarch Movement gives it at least a facsimile of respectability and allows the Camarilla to imagine the Anarch Movement to be something of a genuine, rather than de facto, Camarilla auxiliary. Local elders who see anarchs acting in an organized fashion are much more likely to bring them to the table than try to just wipe them out, because there's going to be an automatic assumption that that organized activity comes at the behest of some elder in the movement. How many princes want to provoke a war with elders of comparable or greater age? How many want to risk meddling in the affairs of someone who might be a silent ally of their own patrons, or who may have connections that are? It's easier to just turn a blind eye or chase the problems off.

And the elders don't just distract the princes and the primogen of the cities that anarchs frequent. They also keep the scourges treading lightly. Some scourges are picked because they're sadistic bullies whom the prince would honestly rather be without. The fact that the primogen wouldn't support her actions won't save anyone's unlife, because the scourge is possibly too busy with her duties to have developed a broad view of vampire politics. Even if she does cross the line in a way that the elders can't accept, the prince and primogen always have the option of just disowning her. After all, part of the reason the scourge was picked for the job is that nobody would mind if a Lupine killed her or she needed to be disposed of expediently. Not to mention the fact that if the scourge hides the bodies well, nobody is likely to even suspect her of a killing.

Since the scourge has so little top-down accountability, something out in the streets must prevent her from abusing her power. Often, that something is the chance that the vampire the scourge rolls up on may not be a thin-blooded neonate on the run, but a 7th-generation Brujah who's been undead for 227 years. A scourge in that situation wouldn't worry that said Brujah will complain to the prince about what she's done, but that he'll twist her head around backward and pull it off. Sure, it's unlikely, but once a scourge becomes aware of it as a real possibility, it certainly changes the situation.

This might not change things very much, if it weren't for the fact that a lot of the vampires who end up becoming both elders and anarchs have some very important traits in common. First, unlife as an anarch is hard. Elder Kindred who became anarchs early in undeath and survived into the modern nights have seen a lot of conflict. Scourges who step too quickly are unlikely to challenge them twice, one way or another. Even in a profession stereotypically reserved for sociopathic Gangrel thugs, word gets around. Second, elder anarchs are acutely aware of how important their protective aura is, both to protect their fellow travelers and to hold the movement together. Without the feeling that your brothers in arms are out there pulling their weight and watching your back, there's not a whole lot of reason to keep fighting. Luckily, it's the mortal (and Kindred) condition that a little bit of action grows a lot bigger in the telling. Anarch elders have and continue to listen for reports of serious abuse and genuine dangers, and they take action against such threats. Few anarchs of advanced age fail to remember a time when abusing an anarch neonate anywhere west of the Rockies could just mean you had a heart-to-heart conversation with Jeremy MacNeil or Smiling Jack that earned you four broken limbs and cost you your fangs. It didn't happen to everyone, but it happened to enough Kindred that the anarchs of the American West had some room to move.

MacNeil is rumored to be dead now, but Smiling Jack is still out there, and he's hardly the only elder anarch to ever throw an unpleasant little surprise party for a scourge or sheriff who stepped too far over the line.

Elder Power

Its senior members don't just help the Anarch Movement by looking imposing now and again in a sort of Potemkin show of might. They genuinely *do* things as well. Robin Leeland verifiably found a way to bail Marguerite Foccart out of the clutches of the Inner Circle of the Camarilla. Elder anarchs have their own political and economic influences, their own relationships with their contemporaries and agendas quite favorable to the younger members of the movement. Their wealth helps keep many young rebels afloat. Their power genuinely shelters the movement, not from the local scourge, but from the Inner Circle, whose justicars and archons could easily make unlife significantly less pleasant for the anarchs of Europe and America. Their commitment to their ideology and their persuasive powers give the Anarch Movement a sense of history and continuity, as well as a magnetism that no number of neonate firebrands could lend it.

It's easy to ask why elder anarchs could have any influence at all — after all they are the self-professed enemies of the sects. How can they possibly survive? Why would anyone do anything but hunt them down? The answer is that soulless Machiavellian political machines aren't fighting the War of Ages; sentient beings are. There is a term for the moment when a vampire is completely without human considerations, and that term is "wassail." The argument behind the Anarch Movement is simple and egalitarian. While it is only since the Age of Revolution that these philosophies have made strides toward establishing themselves as universal in the world, there has never been a time that humanity didn't find them compelling (if impractical) arguments.

These vestigial but nevertheless indispensable humane elements are what elder anarchs lean upon and exploit in their ancient peers, painting the younger generations of anarchs as "like us as we were young," "merely following their natural urges," and "a problem for one's grandchilder." It is plain that the anarchs are far more closely attached to the Camarilla than to the Sabbat, and this is why. Cynical and self-interested as they may be, the elders of the Camarilla are still ultimately creatures of human origin.

This is the great victory of the *furores* and the Anarch Revolt — that one of the sects recognizes humanity and human moral codes as indispensable. This goal was never one pursued for its own sake, but for the sake of preventing the abuses that previous vampiric moral codes facilitated.

Although it has withered greatly in the modern nights, as its advocates succumb one by one to the animal roar of the Beast, it was a grand experiment in its time, and one that still continues to benefit anarchs tonight.

Yet the elders of the Sabbat are something else entirely. Their answer to vampiric excesses and moral weakness was not a renewed commitment to human virtue, but the development of a ritual structure that made the concerns of the self secondary to those of the sect. In theory, this structure protected individual vampires by making the sort of self-serving abuses that typified the period before the revolt impossible. Whatever the reality may be, there is no room in the sect as it is practiced for heterodoxy or individual rebellion.

Most of the Sabbat's elders cling to sentience through the strength of carefully cultivated, artificial passions. These Paths are ultimately cynical structures, developed specifically to allow the practitioners to bear their slavery of an eternity of hunger. They have no room for weaknesses like a yearning for freedom, for to dream of freedom is to loosen one's grip on the Path. Those elders who support and protect the anarchs find that their arguments for tolerance carry little weight with those who lead the Sabbat, and thus it is that young anarchs find the sect openly hostile to them.

Elder Motives

Wise Kindred can cite a variety of reasons that elders support the Anarch Movement. Some are self-interested, some devoted, some simply don't know any other way of unlife. What follow are rough descriptions of the most common reasons Elders involve themselves in the movement. The truth is, most elders will have more than one reason, since it's difficult not to have complex motives as a normal mortal going through nightly unlife. The motives of someone with centuries of history and influences are going to be so complex as to be opaque. When looking at these motives, don't say, "Which one of these is the elder pursuing?" or even, "Which several of these is the elder pursuing?" Instead, ask yourself as you go through the list, "How much of the elder's reasons for supporting the movement consist of these motivations?"

Can't Stop Myself

You have brought me here to answer for my crimes. I will tell you this — I cannot tell you if what I have done is wrong. I have struggled against the elders of my kind for so long that they have become my

Motives and Elders

Elders don't just come in "anarch" and "anti-anarch" flavors. Any story featuring anarchs is going to have "straight" elders opposing them or playing as foils. Dealing with ideology and revolutions and rebellion in a serious way means really examining the psychology of the people who oppose it. If you want to give the opposition any depth, they need to have a reason to exist other than "the game would be boring without bad guys." The Anarch Movement has some very valid points — it sucks to be a neonate, and it sucks a *lot*. Why does the elder not care? Certainly some will fall directly under the "cynicism" heading, but not every elder should. If you want to see any real dialogue between the players' characters and Storyteller characters in your game, you have to make some elders more than self-interested bastards growing fat off their oppression of the young. Otherwise, there's no reason for the players' characters to talk at all. They should just let their guns, twin katanas and trenchcoat-hidden dynamite do all the talking and be done with it.

A good way for Storytellers to think through elder opponents is to evaluate them with the same system provided to help understand anarch elders and their motivations. After all, if it describes the reasons someone might be involved with the anarch cause, it must necessarily describe the reasons why they would reject it. Go down the list, and for each possible motive, ask yourself how it fits the elder. Does a certain elder reject the movement solely because he is too mentally inflexible to accept change? Does he reject the ideology, or does he perhaps find some of the people involved so revolting that he tars the cause with that brush? Is he so satisfied with his place in unlife that he sees no reason to rebel? Don't feel that all or even most of these questions need to have negative answers just because the elder is opposed to the anarchs. An elder might be strongly sympathetic to the cause yet reject the movement because she has had bad experiences with individual anarchs. She may find individual anarchs tolerable but see the movement as a whole as hopelessly utopian. She might even be open to conversion if confronted. How will characters deal with it when someone they think is their sworn enemy really *does* listen to reason?

peers. I would wager that some of you who sit in camera to judge me tonight, who call yourself elders, are younger than my own childer. I cannot answer from my heart that what I do is right, either in the eyes of God or in my own eyes. My fight has come to define me, and I know of no way I can step back and ask myself if what I do is just or right.

I do not expect mercy from you, and I never have. This is not a plea for clemency or a confession, but an absolution. In my hours of captivity, knowing the fate that awaits me, I have come to understand both myself and my enemies. I know now why you could never accede to our demands or compromise with us. You have forgotten how. It's just as well, I believe I would have rejected your overtures, having forgotten how to accept them. I just want you all to know, whatever I may shout as the sun burns my ancient flesh and bones to dust, that I forgive you all.

Kindred grow more and more set in their ways as they age, and anarchs are no exception. Many elder anarchs remain with the movement because it's the only existence they know. Storytellers should keep in mind that many roads lead to stasis. Just because a vampire varies her nightly routine constantly and never feeds in the same place twice doesn't mean she has escaped the grasp of age (although she may think that she has). Paranoid unlife as an underground soldier — constantly on the run, forever in fear and always ready to strike out at a hated opponent — is as static an existence as that of the elder who rises at precisely the same time every night, dines in exactly the same fashion and follows exactly the same routine. While the guerrilla's specifics vary from night to night, her modes of thought and her ways of approaching the world are as narrow as those of the more malaise-ridden elder.

While the degree to which this is true varies from one elder to the next, it is at least somewhat the case in almost every anarch — or elder — who is more than a century or two in age. Obviously, no elder seriously involved anything other than the contents of his own head is going to be a totally static entity. The conflicts between ancient vampires are played for keeps. Regardless of whether the elder is a player, pawn or both, if he's survived for more than a few years, he's going to be at least flexible enough to adapt to shifting politics and power conflicts. Where inflexibility will show most is in a vampire's inability to adapt to gross changes in her circumstances. It's far more likely that an elder will understand computers or firearms than women's liberation or the triumph of democracy. Using a phone is a simple process — you pick up the handset, push the buttons and talk to the person on the other end. On the other hand, worldviews are much harder to shake off. A revolutionary elder Embraced in the 1880s may never really understand why a revival of the Communist Internationale wouldn't be a viable option in the modern nights.

Sudden Conversion

When I tell you that I have allied myself with your cause, you will not believe me, and I cannot blame you. I have worked against you in the past and caused you great anxiety and no few losses. You, likewise, have caused me no small degree of suffering. You have destroyed two of my childer. I have killed several of your brothers-in-arms. It would be understandable for us to develop an unremitting enmity. It would also serve the system that you, and now I, fight against.

I have been thinking. I have been meditating on the deaths of my childer, and have come to a conclusion — you are correct. Looking at the deaths of my childer, I realize that their murders are my fault. Neither of them would have been involved with the fighting had I not ordered them — persuaded them, ordered them, ultimately forced them — to be involved. I used them as tools, as you have charged that the old among the Kindred do to the young. They were my foot soldiers, pushed forward to lead my ghouls while I stayed safely back at my haven. They were shock troops, and though I felt loss at their death, they had ultimately been expendable pawns.

As each died, I thought, "Better her than me." This is also as you say. And the struggle in which they died fighting was not a heroic one. They died leading attempts to smash your movement, largely because it endangered my interests and the interests of my peers. I felt some surface justification over protecting the Masquerade, but really, it was just to sell the matter to the young. We never even really attempted to negotiate.

It occurred to me two nights ago that the sacrifice of my childer had been very efficient. They had inconvenienced you and then, by dying, removed an asset you could otherwise have recruited and turned against me, thus making them the best of all possible sacrifices. I realized that I had considered this, in passing, as I sent them to their deaths. It was several hours later, after concluding that suicide was not my only option, that I decided to join your ranks. You could kill me, and I would not be uncomfortable with that. After the murders of your companions and my own childer, I would deserve it. However, I would like a chance to make amends, if you would have me.

Not every elder is a machine, laying out endless manipulative schemes without moral qualms or second thoughts, planning years or decades in advance and treating other beings as pawns and pieces on the chessboard of his feuds and rivalries. That is certainly the endpoint of many Kindred's

existence, but it is a degenerated state. It is a condition of the very old, many of whom are soon to wassail.

Elders who are not at the end of their existence, and who still possess functional psyches, are vulnerable to the arguments of the anarchs. Again, this is the triumph of the Anarch Revolt: The Camarilla accepts at its heart a philosophy, the Path of Humanity, that admits the worth of the individual and leaves a place for the validity of the anarch philosophy. If a vampire is a member of the Camarilla, he almost certainly follows the Path of Humanity, and all but the most degenerate followers of that path are at least potential converts to the anarch cause.

Obviously, not all elders will care. Some have degenerated so far that they possess only the most rudimentary conscience. Others might disagree with the anarch cause because they are selfish, because they find the anarch philosophy impossible to implement or because they simply reject the thinking behind the Anarch Movement. It isn't important that they agree with it, but that they *could* come to accept it, and, given enough exposure to it, a few will.

These converts are both the best and worst sorts of elders. They're elders, so they're probably quite competent at something. As former middle- or senior-rankers in the Camarilla, members understand how the system operates, both specifically and in general. Many also have influence, power, childer, ghouls and every other possible asset they could. They're converts, and so they probably have a convert's fervor to use those resources in the service of the movement. Those are the good parts.

The bad parts are numerous. Obviously, they might be faking it, and that barely notes discussion because it's really just that obvious. In addition, they're elders, and they're used to being in charge. They're probably going to try to try to steer the operation themselves out of habit. Even if they're qualified, their attempts will probably cause a great deal of friction in an organization as personality-focused as a cell of political activists and terrorists. In addition, it frankly isn't the kind of job they're used to. The rules and tools of the game are different, and they're going to be prone to amateurish mistakes especially if they're as set in their ways as most elders are.

Additionally, the elder very well may have broken off contact with the Camarilla in a dramatic fashion, as people seeking to start new chapters of their existences are wont to do. The way in which

he does so might be as inconsequential as an "I'm running away to be an anarch" letter to the prince, or it might be something so horrifying that it lands him on the Red List (such as diablerizing several primogen, or something of that sort). The danger there lies in the fact that his new allies may not learn of these misdeeds until Theo Bell or Madame Guil shows up with the goon squad. Finally, the elder may not be in the most psychologically stable condition. As someone who has just decided to throw away hundreds of years of experience for a new start, she has the potential to be a dangerously unstable person. The revelation that drives her may be a newly emergent death wish that she's sublimating through political "suicide" and joining a hopeless cause. It could be vast guilt that drives her into torpor or wassail. She could be sincere but experience second thoughts and betray her new allies. Whatever the case, she's a powerful and dangerous being up against her psychological and moral limits. People around her, including her allies, are going to get hurt frequently.

Purely Mercenary

Why do I support you? Because I want profit and power. Oh, don't act shocked — you do, too. The difference between us is you feel entitled to it, while I actually earned mine. You couldn't be bothered to butter up your sires or play by the rules that our society has evolved over centuries. You decided to cut out and try to make a better deal loose on the outside. It's certainly a legitimate tactic. I've reaped my fair share of profits by proving it was better to have me in the tent pissing out and all that. I find it amusing and irritating sometimes that you lie to yourselves so thoroughly about the mechanism you're using to achieve your ends.

So here's my deal — and, like all deals, everything is open to negotiation. You are an army. Not a very good one, but an army. I have enemies. More specifically, I have an enemy. We'll discuss exactly who a little later, if you prove agreeable. I assure you, you will not hesitate to make him your target. I would like for your army to harass and inconvenience my enemy. Kill his mortal lackeys. Shatter his assets. Inconvenience his childer. In short, distract him. Draw his attention away.

I assure you, your thrusts will be well aimed, because I will be feeding you data about your targets, and both of us want you to profit from your strikes. While you have him focusing on his physical security, I will be active elsewhere.

As for how you know that I'm not betraying you, that's an interesting question. Rather than suggest something and looking like I had a plan already in mind, I'd like to see what sort of bona fides and guarantees you would accept as valid. Obviously, I can't promise you everything, but I think if your requests are reasonable, we can probably reach an arrangement.

Some elders support the anarchs without the slightest concern for their ideology because it's profitable, in the long or short term, to support them. There are as many specific reasons as there are self-interested elder vampires willing to open their wallets, their arsenals and their networks of contacts to younger rebels.

Some elder members of the Sabbat funnel resources through the anarchs in an attempt to harden Camarilla opinions on the group. By making them more dangerous and vulnerable to being used as puppets by the Sabbat, the Sabbat leads Camarilla elders who might have been willing to turn their heads to a certain amount of youth activism into crackdowns against the anarchs. This repression absorbs Camarilla resources that could be spent against the Sabbat as well as lessening the pressure that the ever-hungry anarchs themselves bring to bear on the Sword of Caine. Elders with irrational hatreds of the Anarch Movement sometimes undertake similar campaigns, arming anarchs and making them serious threats in order to have an excuse for reprisals.

Other plans are less tortuous in their logic. Anarchs are hostile toward elders, in need of allies and resources, and often willing to lash out at any available target. For elders willing to sell their fellows out to potential allies, these qualities make the anarchs a ready-made fighting force — especially if the elder is short of physically talented allies. They can be used to harry and distract the security forces of other elders, to attack high-value targets and even for black-bag jobs, assassinations and other sensitive tasks if the anarch band in question is particularly skilled. If the gang is mobile, so much the better: The deed is done and the perpetrators are gone, off into the sunrise with their payment (or else their disappearances are much less likely to draw notice).

The good parts of the situation are that it makes resources available to the anarchs, and it hurts some elder somewhere. The problems that arise are the problems inherent in any totally mercenary arrangement. The elder has every reason to want her minions to die. With one betrayal, she can avoid payment, eliminate evidence, deprive her enemies of a purchasable resource that she has just jammed into their faces as an available asset and remove a threat to the status quo. Also, this sort of arrangement can easily be a sting operation or other provocation. The elder needs provide no especial guarantees, needs not operate in close association with the anarchs, and is,

in fact, openly sending them into danger. If the elder in question is interested in destroying the anarchs rather than accomplishing the task she advertises herself as seeking to accomplish, there will be very little evidence of the fact until the last unfortunate moments of the betrayal.

Helping Old Compatriots

I can't keep helping you this way. You know that, Yvengy. We have been close for many years, and you have done many things for me. When I was poor, you gave me shelter, money and territory. When I was a young Lick who nobody respected, you gave me political support and free roam of your domain. You saved my unlife, and not just once. There is no way I can repay you for these things. Our kind, we measure out favors like we were bartenders of the cheapest sort, trying to earn our money's worth for every dram. It has not been like that between us, but the things you ask, they are sometimes too much for me to accomplish.

The opinions of the others I can alter. I can urge restraint, I can even aid you with funds, with guns — these things mean so little to me, especially when they are given to one such as yourself, my elder, who lifted me out of the gutter. What do I care if you disagree with the old men in Venice? They are not my friends. They have never fought a ghost for me.

But when you ask the locations of havens, the names and faces of ghouls, physical descriptions. I cannot give these things to you. Some of these people are my allies, my lovers. I do not love them as I love you, friend, but they are nevertheless people I cannot betray. For some of the others, I cannot dare. Perhaps if it was some ultimate plan after which I could give no more, but I cannot betray these people and continue. The political consequences, if they were even to suspect that I had given you this data, are too damning.

I have given you what I can. Please — do not ask so many of these favors for me. Take care that none find out where it comes from. If I am discovered, not even my position will protect me.

Some of the elders who aid the anarchs do so, not out of greed or politics, but out of loyalty and love — for erstwhile fellows and paramours whose relationship transcends the differences of sect and philosophy and makes treason and betrayal conscionable acts.

Most of the elders who support the anarchs in this fashion are acting in support of yet-older vampires, ancient anarchs who have tied more youthful peers to them through service, love, loyalty or the chains of the blood bond. Most of them are allies of only the most limited sort. They are the station-keepers on the underground railroads. They're the sheriffs and scourges who are willing to turn their heads at a critical moment. They're the influential voices in Kindred policy toward the anarchs who argue for moderation out of respect or love for a vampire on the other side of the social contract. Other elders are repaying prestation debts, and they can offer much greater assistance in the short term, by providing muscle to negate a life boon or other, less formal debt.

The downside of these allies is that, other than those tied by the blood bond, they do what they do for willful reasons of the heart. Their concerns are not global, and their support is not for the anarch cause, but for some individual involved with it (or perhaps even for a coterie of old companions). If those Kindred die or leave the movement, then the elder's support evaporates, and other members of the movement trying to get something are likely to find their reception a cold one. Also, the aid typically is a matter of an existing relationship, and few Kindred are happy when they feel that they're being used as

Embracing Your Ideals

Some Cainites speak of a popular myth that the anarchs frequently Embrace mortals whom they find to be ideologically compatible, so that the target of the Embrace can "continue the fight" beyond death. Listening to ancillae and primogen whisper among themselves, one can hear allegations that mortals from Karl Marx to Ulrike Meinhof were brought into the fold in this fashion. Few such rumors are true.

Most anarchs, especially most modern anarchs, would do nothing of the sort. To do so would be just the sort of unethical abuse that most members of the movement despise. That doesn't mean that some of them aren't hypocritical enough to do it themselves, just that it happens less often than is sometimes alleged.

The widespread and persistent rumors to the contrary have been repeatedly traced to individuals who are known to have acted as the paid agents of the now-destroyed Nosferatu Justicar Petrodon. The justicar was famous for his use of his position to carry out a crusade against the Anarch Movement — a cause for which he possessed an enthusiasm bordering on obsession. His agents apparently spread these rumors for a variety of purposes, mostly to imply that the anarchs were irresponsible with the Embrace, thus casting doubt on their judgment. Although Petrodon is dead, his rumors outlive him.

decoys or asked to sacrifice their existence, status and income for someone who only seems to care about his own goals. There's only so much a fellow can give before the relationship erodes.

In addition, using fellows has a distinct disadvantage. Acquaintanceship is generally a public matter, and one of the Kindred who is known to have contacts in the anarch cause is unlikely to be given access to information and materials that can aid those anarchs. This is precisely because she *will* be tempted by her relationship to do so. Any sort of intelligent decision-maker will cut her out of the picture if he knows of the relationship. Even if she doesn't betray her allies to the anarchs, asking her to roll up on her pals will hardly bolster her morale.

Intellectuals

But the Anarch Movement isn't sustained entirely by its elder members — far from it. Although they often seem to exert great influence, they are, in fact, somewhat secondary to the actual cause as practiced. Most of the movement's most prominent elder supporters are far too well known and closely watched to be all that useful. They're esteemed mouthpieces for the movement, and their influences hold the Camarilla back from open hostility. Yet to the anarch on the streets trying to make ends meet, they're either distant idols or just another bunch of stuffy elders wrapping themselves up in an ideal to fool ones younger than they are into doing their bidding — possibly both at once.

The real, popular heart of the Anarch Movement on a night-to-night basis is made up of its intellectual proponents. These are the thinkers, the idealists and often the organizers of the movement, and their words and deeds add impetus to the cause. They are the cornerstones of the movement on the local level, because they are able to articulate the plight of the average anarch in writing or the spoken word. Without its idealists and motivators, the movement would be less than nothing. It would be as the *furores* were before their rise, a wave of discontent without center or motive. These disenfranchised but unorganized young Kindred would definitely be a problem for sheriffs and scourges (and possibly a threat to Kindred society as a whole), but to the vampires in power, insulated behind their childer and advantages, the angry young non-anarchs would be no threat at all.

Identity

The most critical role of the Anarch Movement's intellectual cadre is the creation of an identity for the group. Without a creed or a group or a hope to latch onto, a disaffected young dropout from Kindred society is just another autarkis. She doesn't even have a name for her condition or a way to differentiate herself from a vampire who has voluntarily left the fold out of a desire to be alone. Unless she herself can articulate her dissatisfaction successfully, she is robbed of her ability to dissent, because she cannot say precisely what it wrong. By expressing their own discontent, the movement's intellectuals help inform other members of Kindred society that they are not alone. This is the most important role of the Anarch Movement's intellectuals — to take discontent and give it a name, and make it something that can become a part of an individual's identity.

This, more than anything else, is why the mouthpieces and pamphleteers of the Anarch Movement are despised and hunted by their elders. Without their influence, the anarchs would be a minor problem — a matter for a little hard-handed justice from the local sheriff and perhaps the errant vampire's sire. With the addition of a violent revolutionary philosophy, every unhappy neonate becomes a potential assassin.

What is generally considered worse is the "seductive" effect of the anarch ideology. This is the idea that the dutiful childer will be exposed to the anarch ideology and have their loyalties to their sire and sect eroded by poisoned words. The truth is obviously a slippery matter. The anarch philosophy can have the effect of encouraging vampires who were not content in the first place to throw over exploitative or abusive sires. It can even make a vampire who would never have thought to be unhappy with his situation realize that he has reason to dislike his plight.

However, barring the use of Disciplines, anarch rhetoric doesn't really "create" new anarchs so much as gives them a word for how they already feel. Efforts by various elders to suppress anarch mouthpieces have sometimes proven successful, but they have more often created martyrs and legitimized anarch rhetoric. Most elders are somewhat ham-handed in their suppressions, and the quelling of anarch philosophers is easily cited proof of the fact that the anarchs are right. The most successful methods of dealing with activists are arranged coincidences (such as visits by local vampire hunters) or murders by parties unknown. Unfortunately for the elders behind the death squads, anything that kills a political activist is automatically suspicious, particularly if several such "coincidental" or "accidental" deaths occur without much time between them.

Goals

Beyond articulating the concept of the "anarch," the intellectual has a second role — a much more demanding one. Having given the discontented an identity, that identity must then be given a goal. If there is injustice, the next question is, "How is that injustice to cease?"

This point is, quite frankly, the one on which the anarch philosophy is traditionally the weakest. It has never really articulated a coherent plan for the reformation of Kindred society that has been generally accepted. The problem is easy to identify — the elders hoard the available resources disproportionately among themselves and use their monopoly on power and feeding grounds to manipulate the young into doing their bidding. The movement has identified it, recruited soldiers to fight it and even won local successes against it. Yet the actual path toward a more equitable situation had never really been drawn out clearly.

This century, it seemed as if that was about the change. For almost a century, the philosophy of the Anarch Movement drew inspiration from the mortal world. From the late 18th century onward, communism swept away grass-roots democracy in the vampiric imagination, and Kindred revolutionaries seized onto the collectivist philosophies that seemed ready to reshape the world of the living. While few of the movement's thinkers went so far as to call for general uprisings or attempt to build party cadres in emulation of mortal anarchism and communism, most believed something generally along the same lines.

The new golden age, most anarch intellectuals presumed, would see the emergence of "governing councils" or "group democracy" of some sort that would have a more egalitarian character than the current social oligarchy.

Various anarch groups worked to implement these solutions, and in some cases, succeeded in establishing local power-sharing frameworks. Yet these phenomena were purely local, and they didn't fit into any larger intellectual framework. They were power-sharing agreements maintained by force of arms and guile, which made them more akin to armed truces than civil society. In no case, however, was either side happy enough with the situation to accept it as the status quo. When matters deteriorated, fighting resumed.

Attempts at more general revolution only succeeded in producing the Anarch Free State of Los Angeles, which produced a squalid anarchy maintained by a number of "barons" who were really nothing more than local strongmen. Yet it could easily be argued that the less-than-perfect outcome of the free state's revolution was the result of local conditions. Certainly, the most powerful vampire present, Jeremy MacNeil, did everything in his power to keep the free state exactly the sort of anarchy it was.

For most of the time between 1900 and 1990, the philosophers of the Anarch Movement mostly discussed the inevitability of their victory and quibbled over the schemes by which the utopias to follow would be organized. It was a heady time to be an anarch, and to many members of the movement — and not a few of the elders and ancillae who

Philosophy and the Sabbat

Even at the movement's last peak, during the Anarch Revolt, the actual anarch cause never really articulated a solution. The results were traditionalism repackaged and formalized, in the shape of the Camarilla, and the fascist structure of the Sabbat, which sprung up opportunistically from the directionless followers of the *furore* cause. The Sabbat offered what the anarchs themselves could not — a negation of the individual, a mystical sense of belonging and the satisfaction of marching in the invincible army of Caine to slay the Antediluvians and establish a new golden age of unspecified character.

This "solution" was comfortingly utopian and sufficiently far off that few of the early Sabbat were bothered by the fact that it didn't actually propose a solution. It just enlarged the battlefield, extending wartime conditions into the indefinite future and postponing the need for an actual plan for what would come afterward. Until the battle was won, the Sabbat would march as an army, and a righteous army does not think of the individual, but of victory.

Presumably, this argument sounded a lot more convincing when you heard it from Sascha Vykos' lips, but it didn't necessarily have to. Consider that the founders of the Sabbat spoke into a vacuum. Had something been there to oppose it, it's possible that the Sabbat might not have done so well in its competition for hearts and minds. Without any viable alternatives on the table, the only alternative was to endorse a continuation of the same old system under the Camarilla. And while reforms were promised, they were hardly the sort of genuine change many young anarchs wanted.

opposed it — it seemed as if victory was just around the corner. Yet as the end of the century pressed forward, the utopian haze surrounding collectivism in the movement began to dissipate. Mortal collectivism was clearly a failing effort — most communist states were dictatorships or authoritarian oligarchies, and even moderately socialized states were bogged down with the moribund bureaucracies that had choked off economic growth. The failure of the Anarch Free State began to loom larger and larger as an example, and more and more thinkers began to sour on the millenarian idea that some sort of social revolution would turn Kindred society around and reshape its hieratic structure into something more fair.

As a result, the last 10 years have seen the Anarch Movement sorting through a large number of different possible approaches. Devoted champions of collectivism hold on against slackening support, hoping for another chance to implement their ideals and prove that smaller Kindred communities can uphold the egalitarian goals of their philosophies. A faction sometimes known as the realists has emerged, urging the members of the movement to eschew all large-scale plans and focus on local change. Between the realists and the collectivists lies a great gray area, where dozens of philosophers, ranging from liberation theologians to Jeffersonian democracy revivalists, do battle for the mindspace of Kindred who are unwilling to commit themselves to one of the two large sects. It is a difficult time for many of the movement's intellectuals, particularly the old guard, because many of their most treasured assumptions are being called into question, often under distinctly unfair circumstances. Yet at the same time, the Anarch Movement is renewing itself as it has not done for many, many years. Although these internal politics breed strife, they also breed new ideas and call into questions assumptions that have stood unquestioned for almost a century. It is an important, if somewhat hectic, time to be an anarch intellectual.

Recruitment

Beyond defining the Anarch Movement's identity and goals, the intellectuals serve a third critical purpose — they are also the movement's primary recruiters. They are articulate and passionately involved with the cause almost by definition, which makes them the anarchs best suited to bring others into the fold.

As suggested previously, it is in this role that anarchs face the stiffest persecution by the forces of authority. Most obviously, this is the role in which

they are most exposed. An anarch cannot just stand on a street corner and shout out her slogans until she attracts an audience. Assuming she was willing to compromise the Masquerade is such a shortsighted fashion for some reason, even in these overpopulated nights, she would have to stand on the street corner and shout for a very long time for her calls to reach the ears of one of the Kindred.

Active Recruitment

Therefore, the anarch must seek out her fellow vampires, observe them for a time to see if they're suitable, then approach them and attempt to deliver a recruiting speech. The least threatening way that she is likely to find vampires is to move through the local Racks, and in doing so, she subjects herself to the possible scrutiny of the sheriff and/ or whatever vampire claims domain over the Rack and milks access for prestation. Even if the anarch is not caught making her recruiting speech, she may still be an unacknowledged guest into the prince's domain.

While it is unlikely that the scourge patrols the Rack fastidiously, an unacknowledged vampire is still subject to a presentation to the prince in all but the most lax domains. Given her lack of bona fides and the possibility that the local authorities may know her by reputation, she may not survive this experience. An ability to lie quickly and well is an excellent asset to a recruiter.

To actually be caught in a recruitment is a terrible thing. Most elders blame anarchs for diminishing the loyalty of otherwise faithful progeny, so the punishments for anarch recruiters are generally quite stiff. Some may be burnt or otherwise maimed, while the sentence is death in other locations. In any case, if it does not yield a blood hunt on the first offense, it almost certainly will on the second.

This is another reason that the anarch is most in danger when he's recruiting. In the eyes of many elders, this is her *actual* crime. The anarch's offense is not to drop out of respectable Kindred society or even to oppose the machinations of her elders. That independence simply makes her a particularly reckless Kindred. The crime is that she approaches neonates and impressionable childer and attempts to convert them to her cause. Even discounting the anarchs' reputation for encouraging young vampires to slay their sires, this act of aggression would still be impermissible if it were committed by another, more respectable member of the Kindred. It is an open attempt to deny the elder his progeny by poisoning them against their sire. It is a form of robbery.

Add to this idea the anarchs' deserved reputation as agents provocateurs of parricide, and they are clearly a genuine threat to elders. Therefore, when it becomes known that anarchs are recruiting, few efforts are spared to hunt them down and either run them out of town or destroy them. To do otherwise is just asking to have one's offspring stolen and encouraged to murder.

Passive Recruitment

Because of the risks inherent in recruiting, anarchs sometimes wait for potential recruits to come to them. Sending an individual recruiter into the Rack or a prestigious salon is a good way to lose a recruiter, and going as a group is a good way to start a pitched fight. Therefore, many anarchs rely instead on a sort of passive recruitment strategy.

Typically, a group of anarchs looking for recruits makes its presence known. Doing so might involve a little strategic flag-showing outside popular locales — turning out in the street outside in large enough numbers that the sheriff can't respond effectively until after they've left. It might involve tagging Elysium. All of these acts are fairly innocuous; the anarchs aren't looking for more just yet. They want only to start the buzz of their presence percolating through the hothouse of Kindred culture without

Thinking Versus Leading

Just because the Anarch Movement sees its intellectuals and ideologues as central to the movement doesn't mean that they necessarily control it. The traits that make a good philosopher don't necessarily make a good leader under fire. As a result, many anarch groups look up to one individual as their speaker (sometimes called the "soul") while following the direct command of a more forceful leader (logically called the "heart"). Typically, one intellectual maintains contact with several packs bands, and these thinkers frequently exist separate from the bands themselves, usually in some sort of safe haven area.

Even when the traits that make a good logistical leader and a good intellectual leader occur in a single individual, the same sort of sequestration often occurs, and anarch intellectuals who insist on engaging themselves directly in the struggle must do so against the pressure of their peers. The fact is, serviceable "warlords" are much easier to find than intellectuals, and every philosopher lost costs the anarchs far more than other casualties.

starting a war. The anarchs then put a watch on the places that young Kindred would look for them — the Barrens, certain disreputable bars, wherever. They approach solitary young Cainites and give them instructions to a later meeting, while the watchers clear out at the signs of a hunt. It's haphazard, but it's better than sticking your best heads into the lion's mouth.

In many cases, the anarchs' intentions are clear. If they're advertising their presence, they want a response. If they were just interested in victories, they'd strike first and announce it later. Elders often watch their progeny closely and restrict their childer's movements until they think that the anarchs are gone. This is fine with the anarchs. Having the elders telegraph to their progeny, "No, we do not trust you, and these are our enemies, whom we fear you will join," is just additional advertising. What could an anarch recruiter say that would compare with the blunt truth of this lesson?

Information Transfer

Contrary to the popular image, anarchs don't have their meetings in abandoned warehouses, with the floor crowded full and dozens more anarchs hanging from the rafters. Arranging to fill a venue like a warehouse with anarchs would take every discontented vampire in that half of North America.

Most anarch ideological indoctrination is so informal that it hardly deserves the title. By nature, anarchs are informal and not terribly inclined to hierarchy. Would-be anarchs typically run with an anarch pack, either on their own time (if they aren't tied down to sires) or suddenly, after they flee their sires. These newcomers try to get a feel for what the anarchs stand for. If there's someone in the band articulate enough to explain the movement's general philosophy, they usually talk it over with the neophyte anarch. If not, the gang usually tries to put the young rebel in touch with someone who they feel can relate the situation as the anarchs see it and educate the new member in the group's ideology.

Because the movement as a whole has such a loose ideology, this process is often give-and-take. New anarchs aren't indoctrinated so much as presented with an explanation of the organization. The movement didn't always work, though. At various times, entry had been more formal. However, the coming of anarchism to the philosophical landscape of the Anarch Movement saw the abolition of formal indoctrination. At this point, the anarchs' institutional memory doesn't really include the idea of a more regimented training. The vampire's ideological instruction also frequently includes other kinds of instruction as well. The newly recruited anarch is often set up with one or more false identities, given training in the rudiments of survival and made familiar with the basics of hand-to-hand and firearm combat.

A certain amount of shielding and screening takes place during this process. Anarchs are not rebellious 17-year-olds. They are adults, most of them with a decade or more of experience between their life and their undeath. Almost every one of them has personal experience with abusive or manipulative elders, and they all have openly allied themselves with a movement of violent political reform. Every sensible anarch knows that as the thinkers and spokesmen give the movement a sense of identity and purpose, so their destruction would deprive the anarchs of their ability to formulate an ideology, spread their message or indoctrinate new members.

Unlike elder anarchs, it is unlikely that an anarch philosopher will be better equipped to defend herself than any other ancilla is. The anarchs are well aware of what attractive targets this fact makes these individuals in the eyes of the Camarilla's security forces and in the eye of local princes acting independently of their sect. Although young members of the anarchs are granted access to the group's philosophers, it isn't an all-trusting, unescorted, free access. Young anarchs can expect to meet the intellectual foundations of their movement under close escort, and usually only after being subjected to heavy scrutiny.

An Intellectual Typology

Not every intellectual is the same, and this section talks about the differences between the various sorts of individuals who are normally identified by their peers as "thinkers," "philosophers" or "souls." It doesn't really talk about ideology because, with the level at which the anarchs operate, the ideological differences between individuals are small. While beliefs may mean a great deal and cause significant friction between individuals, they are not directly related to the *types* of leaders that the anarch movement usually sees. Style of leadership has far more to do with personality than it does with whether an individual is a Maoist, an anarchist or an advocate of direct Greek-style participatory democracy.

Practical Revolutionary

This system is all fucked up. Neonates are created based on economic ambition or unwholesome desire. Most Licks sire childer because they want a full-time babysitter

for an asset or process. The economic and status cost of the siring process makes it certain that anyone who does sire offspring without wanting to get some sort of economic value out of them probably has some sort of unhealthy interest in them.

We all know that you aren't just learning to be Kindred when you're childer. You're also learning and doing the job your sire wants you to do, and then you're probably doing it without recompense. The fact that childer are ever released has more to do with the fact that princes take advantage of customary expectations to remove the childer from the sole control of the sire and grant her legally recognized free will than it does with any sort of worries over what's right, decent or just. Even then, the creation boon keeps you tied to your sire. It's just that now the prince has a stick to beat your progenitor with and say, "Get out of line and I'll say your get's prestation debt for the Embrace is paid in my eyes." At the end is the unstated, "Then let's see you rig all those construction bids, smarty-pants."

And if you aren't worked like an indentured servant, it's probably because you had a sire who wanted "children" of his own to love and play with, or who had poor judgment and poor impulse-control, and who killed you feeding, pity-fucked you and then had to own up. Either way, you probably got treated like shit. Yeah, maybe you got through your fledgling period without problems, but if you did, you were the lucky exception.

That's just wrong. I don't think we can all just live around a campfire singing "Kumbayah." For starters, we'd all snap out at the fire and run off into the woods, but that's not the point. Whether you think the Embrace is right or wrong, yeah, someone has to look after young Licks. Whether you like them or not, someone has to run the show. I don't think anybody here has missed the fact that the absolute best thing the Kindred could expect from discovery by mortals is to be hustled off to a lab someplace to be next week's stem cell controversy.

But the way things run has to change. Just because the machinery goes through the motions doesn't mean that the system is right or good or just, only that it appears to be working just this second. This system is built on people being fucked up the ass, and I don't think it works in the long run. I mean, here we are. And I think that even if it does work, we could still replace it with a system that involved a whole lot less ass-fucking.

The practical revolutionary is motivated by the desire to change things for the better. She has seen things that she can't agree with, and she feels that she must change the system that produces the problems. Practical revolutionaries usually see their ideology as a path toward a goal, rather than a plan that must be imposed on the world or a substitute for religious practice. They are typically long on practical, immediate concerns and

short on abstract theorizing. Most work as recruiters, organizers and leaders, rather than revolutionary philosophers.

At their best, practical revolutionaries are concerned, involved leaders who pursue the course that they feel yields justice. Their ends are stability, fairness and justice without regard to ideology. They are willing to compromise, and they recognize the limits and desires of their followers. At the same time, these fighters recognize the fact that the system that they seek to change has a limited capability to accept change, and seek incremental solutions.

At their worst, practical revolutionaries are too practical. They seek to work within the system even when it compromises the core goals. They're easily co-opted by the system or led into accepting meaningless gestures as genuine change rather than pressing forward with a costly and inexpensive campaign of resistance. Also, practical-minded intellectuals are often unable to understand how driven and passionate their peers are. Many anarchs have a great deal wrapped up in their philosophies, and they are unwilling to simply put issues aside. Practical leaders may make deals or decisions that seem perfectly rational, and are, but that their more ideological or passionate peers reject out of hand for irrational reasons. Practical revolutionaries are also typically moved by a desire to improve the quality of existence for themselves and their followers. They may find it very hard to sacrifice those friends and assets, or to advocate policies that lead to that. Without the ability to perceive casualties as acceptable, they are prone to breaking down, burning out or finding themselves with only the narrowest range of options.

The General

We're in town now, and if they haven't spotted us, they will soon. Let's make sure they know we're here. That'll make their actions more predictable, and maybe we'll get a panic response. Rob and Genevieve, we know the local hip-hop space is a Rack. Get into your discontented urban youth outfits, chrome your wheels, and go sit outside for a bit. Make sure someone sees you, but don't go in. I can't really afford to have you two jumped. Keep an eye on style and labels — we can't afford to let ourselves get dated. I expect a report on what the cool kids are wearing this week as well as on the locals. Obviously, I'd rather get you back than know that Ecko has a popular new cut of jeans, so look for the bad guys first. Make it look like a recruiting run.

Bruce, Rebecca and I will start setting up the ambush. Now, we know the last time we were here, they made a half-hearted attempt to catch us. I think they're going to make a more serious go of it this time. It's going to be a fairly standard ambush, just an L-shaped kill zone and a couple bat-swinging hard boys — nothing they won't be able to cover up. We're going to have it set up by 11. Rob, Gennie, if they trail you back, just run 'em through the ambush. Otherwise we'll tag the place and run the ambush for three nights, then clear out of if we don't catch anything.

Remember, if it gets hot, be considerate. Don't leave brass laying around, don't shoot at the police, don't fucking set anything on fire or kill innocents. It's not about morality, it's about the fact that we can't go making a big scene or we'll breach the Masquerade. We want to look polite so they'll respond in kind. If they go over the top, follow without hesitation, but as long as they play by the rules, I want us to as well.

Let's get out there.

The general is a detached leader, the abstract philosopher who sees his struggle and his cause as a goal to be achieved through a series of carefully planned moves. Although he is likely to be just as deeply devoted to the Anarch Movement as any other, his passion is often concealed behind iron restraint and cool control. As he will often relate, too much emotion interferes with rational thinking. With such limited resources, the anarchs can hardly afford to throw assets away in anger or fear.

At his best, the general is an able leader. Such philosophers are often deeply versed in strategic thinking, which typically serves them well. While not every general is terribly inspiring, most are still inspirational due to their obvious competence and unshakeable composure. With surgical precision, they manage their limited assets, grow their forces and conduct meticulous campaigns against the elders.

At his worst, the general is an antisocial, mechanical thinker. Rather than practicing detachment in order to maintain his carefully regimented strategic thinking, he practices it to hide from failure or the needs of his followers and associates. He may be a doctrinaire, locked into preconceived "logical" patterns of activity. Others, while still flexible, can't escape the game mentality. Rather than throw in the towel on a losing situation, they'll instead slowly dwindle away fighting holding actions that gain them little but cost the unlives of their allies. Also, like the practical revolutionary, the general is often short on long-term thinking. He thinks in terms of conflicts, contests and goals, meaning that his concept of the problem generally ends with the struggle, which is generally when the actual hard part begins.

The Firebrand

Why do you think we're doing this? Because we like it? This isn't a game. People get hurt or killed — people we love get hurt and killed. We're not here to play a game. You want to know why we killed those guys? I'll tell you why — because otherwise they'd have been back next week to try for us. They're blood bound, stupid. They're not going to be all like, "Wow, those anarchs were so nice to let us live, we shouldn't chase after them so hard." They're ghouls. They're thinking, "Lives for the master!" on automatic repeat.

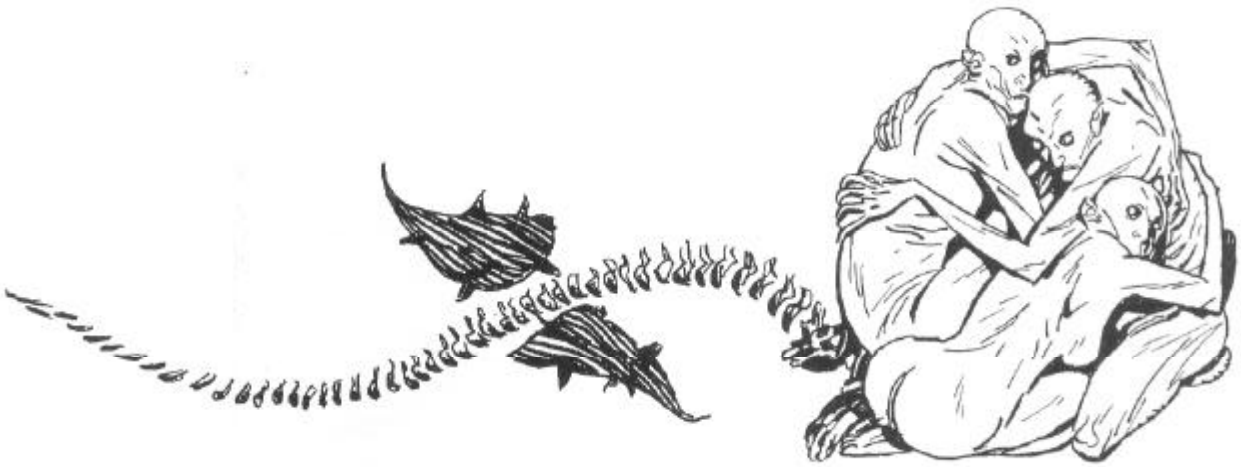
You know what they'd have done if they caught your ass? Yeah, you're God-damn right they'd have capped you. And we both know why — because they did the last three of our people they grabbed. Now, why the fuck are you telling me we're supposed to just have let these guys go? Because they asked? Well God damn, I wish I'd known, so I could've told Joey and Freda and Blackie to just ask to go free, and they'd be here tonight.

Get it through your head. This is a civil war. Civil wars are always ugly because people are fighting over ideals and because whichever side loses is going to lose all their influence, all their power, and probably a bunch of their population. Get it through your head — there's no court of world opinion here. CNN isn't going to side with us because we're okay guys. The Security Council won't send peacekeeping forces because we look so good and the folks at home are all crying into their Cheerios. There's nobody here but us and them. If you think it's right to let some blood-slaves come back to haunt us because you don't have the balls to shoot them after they throw down their guns, go fight your own war. I'm not going to see you sacrifice the unlives of people in this outfit just because you're a coward.

Firebrands are anarchs motivated by their passions. Some are fanatical followers of one ideology or another, while others are simply driven by their hatred for the system that enslaved or maltreated they and their fellow anarchs. As intellectuals, leaders and planners, they are driven, uncompromising and willing to do whatever it takes to achieve their ends.

At their best, firebrands are inspirational figures. They are willing to dare any odds, face any challenge and fight any foe, no matter how powerful, to accomplish their goals. They are immune to hardship, adversity and discouragement, because they have the beacon of their cause to draw them along. Leading by example, as they typically do, they can lend this strength to others and bolster the morale of their followers with their own confidence and untiring determination.

At their worst, firebrands are brutal ideologues and wooden-headed fanatics. They use their beliefs to isolate themselves from rational discourse, their fanaticism can cost the movement potential converts, and they use their authority and credibility to cut off opposing points of view and blind themselves to viable but distasteful alternatives. They use pressure tactics and fear of violence to force their followers into foolish acts, and many confuse what they perceive as the righteousness of their cause with its actual strength. Overconfident, they calculate their chances based on the idea that the good guys can't lose — as if their own existence as parasitic monsters wasn't proof enough to the contrary.



MG.

Appendix III: Unlife On the Open Road

"Where we going, man?"
"I don't know but we gotta go."
—Jack Kerouac, *On the Road*

The truth of the Anarch Movement tonight is that it's become a sham. It's little more than refuge for poseurs looking to ride motorcycles and wear trendy clothes all while thumbing their noses at "the Man." The vast majority of Licks claiming to be anarchs are really just a bunch of kids who think it's cool to rebel. Against what, they don't know, and they don't care.

The average anarch — and I lose the term loosely here — doesn't have a clue what the Anarch Movement is all about. Hell, she probably couldn't even understand it if you outlined it phonetically. Deep down, she just sees it as another way to be tragically hip. When push comes to shove — and it will — she's going to roll over and slink back into the ranks with a hearty, "Yes sir, three bags full!"

On top of that, the majority of those who do have that inkling of a clue and possess at least a basic understanding and commitment to the cause are going about it all wrong. They stagnate in the same places they were Embraced, often within mere blocks of their sires. They fight the same fights with the same elders that have heard and seen it all a dozen times before — and resisted it just as often.

Sitting in one place accomplishes nothing but making an anarch an easy target. Assuming you somehow buck the odds and shake things up, you only have to look at the Anarch Free State to see how that worked out. A bunch of disorganized dickheads running around with a couple of warlords grabbing domains here and there. In the end, that little experiment went all to hell without passing Go.

I'm not going to argue philosophy or semantics. I'm just going to give you a quick lesson on getting by outside the comfortable confines of your old neighborhood — how to take to the road and not end up roadkill.

What you do once you're out there is up to you. Some of you will no doubt go off half-cocked and try to go native. An equal number will try to spread the movement through a grass-roots uprising. Finally, the majority will either quit after a week or get offed in one of a startling

variety of ways. But that's on you. I'm just going to lay it out for you according to my own experience.

The Basics

Before I start throwing the heavy stuff at you, like how to sniff out werewolves or dodge a Sabbat kickass brigade, let's cover the bare essentials to nightly existence on the road. You're going to find out real quick that even those dungeons the Tremere call "havens" for their neonates is pretty cushy compared to what you face on your own. If that scares you off, so be it. You probably don't have what it takes to make out here anyway.

Sleep and Where to Find It

I was out in Central California the first time I went amphibian.

I'd rolled out of the Anarch Free State all fired up to do some good up in San Francisco when I ran into a Sabbat pack somewhere along Highway 1 between Monterey and Santa Cruz. I never figured out if they were trying to recruit me or just stick a straw in me for a quick hit, but neither was high on my list of vacation opportunities at the time.

I was riding an old Harley Sportster that I'd dragged out of a junkyard and spent about three years tooling up at the time. That hog had enough juice to it to keep the hopped-up '68 Camaro those Black Hand assholes were driving from running me down, but not enough to dust it off completely. They chased me west through the coastal mountains until just before dawn we wound up on the edge of a reservoir. At the time, I'd guess I was about five miles from the middle of nowhere without a map.

At that time, I was still a bit of a prude about where I'd sleep. I carried a body bag in my saddlebags, but I always made it a priority to find shelter well before sunup. But this time, I was well and truly fucked. Not even a Porta-John in sight. The only consolation was those Sabbat dickwads weren't much better off. Sure, one or two could cram into the trunk, but the other three or four Licks would be toast. Darwinian sociology at its finest.

Lacking any other ideas, I ditched the bike at a public boat landing, grabbed my bag off the bike, and snagged a couple of cinderblocks at the edge of the parking area. By that time, the Sabbat pack had figured how deep they were in it too and lost interest in what some crazy anarch Lick from down south was doing. I ran down into the water as deep as I could and zipped myself up in the bag with the cinderblocks. Then I worm-crawled across the bottom of the lake until sleep overtook me.

Sounds stupid, doesn't it? And yet, here I am, telling you this story.

That night when I came back up, I found my bike was gone, along with the Camaro. There were some pretty serious burn marks and ash around where the Camaro had been. I spent most of the night hoofing it out of there to where I could steal a car.

Since then, I've found there's a lot to be said for sleeping in deep water. Nobody's going to stumble on you, no chance of sunlight creeping in through a crack in the wall, and it's nice and quiet to boot. Hell, it's probably safer than most Licks' regular havens.

Just make sure you keep a spare change of dry clothes somewhere.

—Eddie Gaines, Caitiff anarch

Get used to the idea that you aren't going to have a haven, or at least not one the average member of the Camarilla would recognize as such. You're going to have to make do with what you can claw out of the environment to seek shelter and rest during the day. This is probably the single toughest part of getting by on the road. Screw it up, and odds are you won't even wake up in time to realize you're off to the Final Death.

Of course, if you're lucky and have some Gangrel blood in your veins, you might be able to just sink into the earth and sleep there. Me, I'm not that lucky, but the road appeals to the Gangrel at least as much as it does Brujah, so maybe I'll find one of them to teach me that trick one night. You might hear some free-range Licks complain that particular trick puts a drain on precious blood resources. Well, no shit. But believe me, it beats laying in a sewer pipe for a day because you can't find anything better out in driving distance. No muss, no fuss and no chance of some school kid stumbling onto your sleeping bag and then running home to tell Mommy about the strange man in the culvert down the road. Until then, though, I — and most of the rest of us traveling anarchs — are going to have to make do with what's at hand.

Safe Houses

Plain and simple, these are your best bet. If you're just getting started at this game, though, odds are you're not going to have access to any. A safe house is a location maintained by a contact, usually an actual building, maybe even the contact's own haven. When you're in the area, you can crash there. A safe house is usually not quite as nice as having your own haven, but it's generally secure. You might be holed up in a basement next to the furnace or water heater, but it beats lying in the ditch.

However, you've got to have reliable contacts and allies in the area before you can count on a safe house. That takes time, often years. One of the worst mistakes you can make is to jump at an offer of a safe haven. Princes and elders have centuries of practice at backstabbing and deceit and the "come into my parlor" gambit is all too familiar. They'll be slick about it too,

perhaps trying to lead you to believe they support your cause or plan to use you in as a thinly disguised pawn in some local power struggle. They might even be sly enough to have one of their childer approach you as a potential recruit. You never know — until you feel the burning rays of the sun on your flesh.

Don't trust anyone to watch your back until they've proven themselves several times over. A nice bed for the day is a powerful temptation after months on the road, but it's not worth Final Death.

Body Bags

The most important thing you can have in your traveling gear is a body bag. No, that's not a slang term — I'm talking about a real body bag, like the meat wagons use to haul off stiffs in. It's opaque, the right size, fairly resistant to tears and use, and it folds up into a nice little bundle so you can always keep it handy. Probably the only drawback to a body bag is that the original zippers aren't designed to be opened from the inside. Go figure. Still, that's an easy enough fix for emergency shelter.

You can come by body bags pretty easy once you know where to look. Like I said, meat wagons keep a supply on hand, as do a few ambulances. Hospitals and medical examiners also have them in stock, or, if you're not of the larcenous bent — although I guarantee the road will beat that out of you and fast — you can always pick one up from a medical supply house.

Because it's intended to keep any particularly nasty spillages *inside*, a body bag tends to be fairly weather resistant. Still, if you plan to hole up in a culvert, I suggest you get a waterproof bag to keep your clothes in if you're concerned with appearance. The zippers leak in some of them and might spoil your designer labels, pretty-boy.

Finally, for all their advantages, body bags are fairly noticeable. A six-foot trash bag might draw the wrong type of attention, so watch where you take your nap up in one of these. A couple of my buds hit up an army surplus store for some of that military camo netting to wrap the bag with. It works better than I'd have thought, and it makes it pretty tough to spot in a clump of bushes or buried by leaves. The netting adds considerable bulk though, making the package about the size of a sleeping bag when rolled up.

By the way, don't even think about a real sleeping bag, unless you're willing to spend a bit of time modifying it for our special needs. That face hole at the top is just right for a terminal case of sunburn. I've seen one or two anarchs get fancy with some stitching and cloth to cover those holes up, but it just seems too risky to me.

One last thing: always — and I mean every night — check your bag. Any rips or loose seams can spell

disaster in daylight. When you're counting on your bag to keep you safe, odds are you aren't going to have any shelter from the sun if it gets compromised. So check it thoroughly each night and carry a spare or at least a roll of duct tape.

Quick Fixes

Assuming you've got your body bag handy, you can make do with almost any location that's got some privacy. Culverts under highways (back roads are even better — less traffic), thick hedgerows, abandoned mines, storm drains or tunnels and the like can all do for a day or two of rest in a pinch.

Isolation is the primary condition you're going to want in a temporary haven. The key thing you're going to be looking for is signs of recent visitation. In the country, that's usually beer cans and tire tracks. In the city, it's fresh litter and tagging. If you find either, keep looking for another site.

I know a Nosferatu who swears by county dumps. Find a secluded corner, he claims, and nobody comes near. The body bag looks like a trash bag at any distance and the stench alone is enough to keep most nosy types away. Best of all, werewolves seem to steer clear of those sites. Now, normally I'm all for anything that keeps me as far away from Lupines as possible, but I draw the line at sleeping in trash heaps. I've seldom let pride get in the way of survival, but even I've got standards.

Since I'm on the topic, even if you're the sort who can get a good day's rest in a garbage heap, stay away from dumpsters. Homeless and poor mortals have a bad habit of digging around in them for castoffs, and unless you make a habit of staking them out to determine trash pickup schedules, you might find yourself in the back of a garbage truck at midday or on the 11-o'clock news with a stupid look on your face.

Buildings

Personally, I avoid most buildings unless I've got connections in the area to vouch for it. Most are going to be occupied by mortals during a Kindred's most vulnerable time, the daylight, and you never know where a day's activity might take a workman. Even if you manage to drag yourself out of sleep in time to react, you're still going to have to explain to the computer geek standing in the door what you're doing wedged into the server closet.

As tempting as an abandoned building might look, they can be the last stop you ever make if you're not careful. Buildings of any sort have a habit of drawing mortals to them. Kids sneaking in on a dare, junkies looking for a safe place to shoot up, even realtors marketing a "fixer-upper opportunity" can all spoil a perfectly good day's rest. No matter how secluded that empty cabin looks or how derelict that tenement is, if you lay up in it, you hide. And it goes without saying you sleep in the bag — one dislodged board and you run the risk of being Lick flambé.

There are a few places that offer decent security. Microwave towers and water treatment facilities usually have small outbuildings nearby. Avoid these during weekdays, but they are seldom visited on weekends. Deactivated military and other government facilities are also choice sites — particularly decommissioned missile silos if you're in the Midwest. Those bad boys are deep, dark and fairly isolated. I've got a couple marked on my maps that a frequent when I'm in the northern Midwest. The only downside is so many of them are getting auctioned off and used for everything from elementary schools to private homes.

Hotels

Well, since you've got the money, Mister Aristocrat...

Seriously, the one exception to the caution on buildings is hotels. Get a room the night before, pull the shades, hang the Do Not Disturb sign, and lock, chain and deadbolt the door, and you're as safe as you're likely to be this side of your sire's haven and Kindred serfdom. Hell, you can even get cable in all but the very worst roadside hovel. Still, I recommend sleeping in the bathtub. Since very few hotels on the road have windows in the bathroom, it gives you another wall between sleep and the sun. Remember, I'm not talking about the Ritz-Carlton here.

Rolling Havens

Your ride is probably your best choice for daytime sanctuary. You know why? Because any anarch who's serious about the movement outgrows the motorcycle phase early and moves to a more practical vehicle. Sure, the bike looks cool and represents the whole freedom thing much better than a Dodge Caravan, but most anarchs riding hogs are just compensating for something in my opinion. Get yourself a box of cigars and a big pistol if you've got that sort of need, but if you want to stick around, you'd best shelve that whole Easy Rider thing. You can't ride faster than daybreak.

I'll get into the best vehicle options for the road later on, but its suitability as a haven is certainly a factor. Sure, you can probably wedge yourself into a Volkswagen's luggage compartment in a tight spot, but why force yourself into that position? A car with good-sized trunk or even a van or SUV in a parking garage is one of the best options for a road haven you're going to find.

Eating to Go

Back in the sixties, I ran into a couple of redneck throwback Licks in northern Arkansas. Whoever Embraced

these assholes had to be doing it as a joke. I mean, who's heard of Kindred with bad teeth, for God's sake?

Anyway, they were brothers or cousins — or maybe brother-cousins — and I don't even think they could read. I'm talking major stereotype here. Their haven was in an old, tin-roofed, one-room shack up in the Ozarks with all the amenities: trash bag window treatments, running water fresh from holes in the roof, and the lovely ambience of mold and rot permeating most everything. The yard — if you can honestly call a patch of ground with a few less briar bushes and thistle than the surrounding area a yard — was tastefully decorated with rusted-out washing machines and broken toilets.

Between the two of them, I think they could have put together maybe 19 of the 26 letters of the alphabet on a good night, but they were canny when it came to keeping their hides, like some sort of wild animal.

They'd buried a couple of old cars on their property and crawled into the trunks to sleep. During the day, a couple of pit bulls — likely crossbred with wild boars from the look of them — roamed the property. They put loose chains on the dogs and hung another set of chains on a nearby tree, hoping some trespasser would think the animals were restrained. The two used to laugh with a stupid, jackass-like bray, when they talked about the occasional hiker that stumbled onto their property and got torn apart by their dogs.

During hunting season, they'd nab a couple of out-of-state deer hunters and ditch their cars in one of the lakes on the Missouri border. If they got too many to use at once, they'd tie the poor bastards up and lock them a couple of old freezers they had out back. The freezers didn't work, but they had big blocks of ice they'd stick in there with them. The airtight freezers suffocated anyone inside within a couple of hours, but the ice block kept them "fresh" — or so those two claimed. They showed me one they'd had for a few days. The body sure smelled of rot to me, and the water from the melted ice was causing the flesh to turn a disgusting shade of greenish-purple where it touched it.

Other times of the year, they'd make do with hitchhikers and campers. During really slow times, they'd take this old pickup that was held together by rust and spit north into Missouri or west into Texas and do a snatch-and-grab on some donors who lived out in the middle of nowhere. For all their faults, those two were smart enough to know better than to shit where they eat.

I don't know if those wahoos are still around. Just a single night with them left me feeling like I was in need of an acid bath just to get the stink of incest and filth off.

—Liza-Beth Rollins, Gangrel anarch.

You can kiss goodbye any steady food source when you're on the road. There are mortals everywhere, but we transients have a harder time keeping our hunger at bay than sedentary Kindred do for a couple of reasons. One, we tend to eat less frequently because we spend so much time on the road or looking for the next day's haven. Two, we tend to expend what supplies of blood we manage to acquire keeping our skins intact. So be prepared to spend a little more time than usual on the pursuit of prey.

Forget planning most of your hunts from here on out. You're going to find yourself reacting instead of acting when it comes to feeding. You aren't going to have the time to properly study a mortal's habits or wine and dine them before giving them the Kiss. From now on, it's catch as catch can. And it gets worse.

You don't have a set hunting ground to work from. The home court advantage lies with your prey virtually every time you go on a hunt. Now, if you're worth your vitae, your prey shouldn't have a clue to your intentions, but there's still a big drawback to hunting in unfamiliar territory: You never know what's around the next corner. That blind alley may turn out to be a club entrance. Or a regular patrol spot for the local police. Or just a blind alley. But you never know until you turn it. Believe me, it really hamstrings your efforts to secure a bit of sustenance.

All of that assumes, of course, you can find suitable prey. And I'm not just talking about the Blue Bloods finicky menus — though I'd bet that's one reason Ventrue seldom get further into the Anarch Movement than fashion. It's just too damn hard to be picky about where you get your next meal. You find yourself in West Texas on some back road, and you'll see what I mean. After more than one night of riding empty highway, I've found myself praying I'd run into some nutcase with a human-skin mask and chainsaw just so I could give the armadillos a rest.

By the way, if you stay at this sort of existence long, you'd better be ready to get used to a mouthful of fur. Animals are probably one of the easiest sources of blood on the road. Besides, nobody ever autopsies a dead dog and notes that excessive and unexplained blood loss was responsible for its demise. As unpleasant as it may be, animals are a viable means of subsistence on the road. Like sleeping in dumps, though, I draw the line at roadkill.

Still, if you can't shake the urge for a juicebag, there are a few tried-and-true tactics for getting the good stuff on at least a semi-regular basis. But face the fact that you're going to have to compromise your standards to survive on the road right now. It'll just make it easier in the long run, trust me.

Prey in Urban Areas

Cities are both blessings and curses to anarchs on the road. Obviously, they offer a relatively fertile hunting

ground from which to cull one or two kine from the herd. When you're talking about populations of several hundred thousand or more, it doesn't take David Copperfield to make one or two mortals disappear without raising undue attention.

On the other hand, nearly any urban area of any size is also likely to have a native population of at least a few Licks, probably Camarilla or Sabbat. Both those groups keep a fairly keen watch for rogue hunters in their backyards and neither is likely to prove a good host to visiting anarchs. It's my experience that in a city the Kindred are more a threat to roving hunters than human agencies are. After all, we hit fast, leave little evidence or motive and move on shortly thereafter. A local police department is going to be hard pressed to finger an anarch who's covering her tracks properly. But a determined prince backed by a Warlock can peg her faster than she can say, "I'm screwed."

In a Camarilla city, you might be able to get away with feeding in the "open" ground between elders' territories for a little while, but even that's not truly safe, especially if you hang around more than a night or so. No elder is happy to see a wild-eyed anarch roll into her city to stir up the youngbloods.

Slumming is about the easiest way to feed unnoticed by those who are likely to care in an unfamiliar city. The homeless and dirt poor are always fairly simple prey. They're poorly protected, and few "respectable" people believe them when they come forward with tales of vampires feeding on them in the night. You've got to watch out for drug-users or drunks when hunting; an anarch on the move has to keep her head clear. Also, you do run the risk of picking up some communicable disease. In some places, being an infected anarch is an automatic two — or three — strikes against you. Personally, I think it's unsanitary and sloppy as well.

The criminal element is often a tempting group as well. Unfortunately, this portion of society is occasionally co-opted (or at least patronized) by one or another Kindred within the area. By all means, be wary when preying on gang-bangers. You never know when they have ties to a Lick, and the criminal Kindred can get downright territorial at times. Still, there are some other advantages to targeting criminals, and I'll get into those in a little bit.

Hospitals are probably one of the best dining spots in a city. Obviously, these locations usually have ample blood supplies in stock, in handy, to-go containers. It never hurts to put a pint or two on ice for a rainy night. Most facilities have an on-site morgue, as well, if you don't mind drinking from a corpse or two. Just keep in mind hospitals are usually claimed as a personal preserve by one or more of the powerful Kindred already in the city — the very guys most likely to be pissed off that

you're prowling the area in the first place. As tempting a smorgasbord as one might seem, I'd advise you hit it only on the way *out* of town, preferably at the beginning of a very long, long trip.

If you prefer fresh blood, patients in an ICU or post-op recovery are often unconscious just waiting to serve without too much in the way of medication in their veins. After visiting hours, while there may be a night staff, the risk of being detected is actually pretty low — especially if you take even minimal precautions, like wearing one of those white lab coats. If you take the time to learn how to read a medical chart, you can avoid the seriously diseased kine. And, if you're the soft-hearted sort, you can even rest assured that as long as you're careful with the Kiss, odds are the mortal will survive.

In the Country

When I say "country," I mean in the *country* — not some posh suburb on the outskirts of a metro sprawl. You can get by with urban hunting methods in those areas. Besides, the 'burbs aren't exactly hotbeds for anarch activity in most areas, or at least not *real* anarchs. If you find yourself spending a lot of time cruising the malls and chain restaurants, maybe you ought to just quit pretending to be a bad boy and head back to Daddy.

Most of the US is still rural, but the population isn't evenly spread over the map. I don't know the exact figures, but I'd bet probably two-thirds of mortals live in or near cities in this country. That means it's a seller's market in the country for human prey. You've got to be very careful who, where, when and how you take out there — arguably more so than in the city. Strangers are more readily noticed in a small town or rural area where everyone knows everyone else. Even a single odd death is the focus for a *lot* of attention.

On top of that, some stereotypes exist for a reason. There is a higher rate of gun ownership in rural areas. A gang-banger may be packing a high-capacity pistol or bootleg submachine gun, but let's be honest, most of us can eat those piddly little 9mm bullets and spit them back at the shooter. In the country, you're likely to catch a shotgun slug or round from a .30-06 rifle designed to stop a bear. It won't put one of us down for good but it'll leave a mark.

Random acts of violence anywhere are a quick way to get into a lot of trouble. In the wrong areas, it might just be the last trouble you ever stir up.

To get by out there, you've got to be smart and willing to swallow your pride every now and then. In small towns, you can occasionally get away with some of the same tactics you use in larger cities. Hospitals and mortuaries exist, usually in county seats. Be careful about hitting a mortuary, though. Unlike city morgues, these are often funeral homes that double as temporary holding facilities for bodies. A bud of mine running more than a pint low broke into one of these a few steps ahead of a frenzy and bit without checking first. From all appearances, a mouthful of embalming fluid is not a pleasant experience. Don't assume. Take a minute and get a good whiff.

You've got a problem with frozen food? That's a personal issue and one that'll get you in a bad way fast. Like I said, you're going to feed where you can and that means dead bodies and animals. And since I'm on the topic of animals, the country has these in spades. Everything from the family dog to a good hunk of Angus beef cattle, you can find it out there. I steer clear of wild animals — too much risk of becoming a blister. Concern for donors might not be high on your list of worries, but the trail of disease makes a nice arrow pointing right at you.

In a pinch, there are a couple of ways to feed on a juicebag and not run too great a risk.

Hitchhikers are the obvious choice, though the number of predators in mortal society itself has really cut down on the number on the roads now. Most see it as just too dangerous, but occasionally you can get lucky at an on-ramp or rest area on a stretch of interstate.

I've always found the outdoorsy types, like campers and hunters, to be the easiest targets. These donors-waiting-to-happen isolate themselves in fairly remote areas, but not remote enough to be tough to locate. Most major hiking trails are marked on any decent map, as well as access points to the trails. And, thanks to the marketing machine in the US, bright colors are all the rage for outdoor gear right now, which makes it very easy to spot that bright yellow tent in an otherwise dark and leafy forest.

You've got to make sure to sterilize the site if you drain the bags completely. Take tents, gear, bodies and vehicles, if any, several miles from the original site and more out of the way. It makes them tougher to find that way. If you can make them look lost, so much the better. Hint one: Lose their food — makes it look like they starved. Hopefully, by the time search parties find the remains, any hope of raising suspicion is long erased by the elements.

Hunters can be tougher to locate, but the payoff is probably better. These guys are even more isolated than campers, usually a good distance from the nearest possible witness — or complication depending on your outlook. The woods echo with gunshots during hunting seasons as well, so even if things go mildly out of control, it's unlikely to draw attention. Best of all, those yahoos are constantly shooting each other and themselves, so

it's not too hard to stage an "accident" to explain away the body. Which shouldn't be found for at least a few months if you hide it properly. Be sure to move any vehicles a dozen or so miles to confuse any searchers for long enough for Mother Nature to work her magic on the remains.

One last word on wilderness hunting before you go putting on your flannel and Timberland boots: werewolves. They're not exactly everywhere out there, but it only takes one to ruin your night — and those damn things usually run in packs. I'll tell you a few tricks I found for dodging the Lupines in a little bit as well. Still, those things are a nightmare you're better off avoiding than trying to deal with.

Tools of the Trade

You're going to find out real quick that you're going to have to carry anything you're going to need on your back, figuratively speaking, of course. A trunk or saddlebag works just as well.

Rides

Speaking of saddlebags, my first bit of advice is ditch the bike. I've said it once already, but motorcycles are such a part of the anarch stereotype, I think a repeat is justified. Even a good, late model sedan is a better choice. It might make you look like the unliving 21st century incarnation of Ward Cleaver, but it's a damn sight better to get caught in the desert 50 miles from Barstow at daybreak in something with a trunk.

Steer clear of flashy muscle cars. Subtlety is a better way to protect yourself than a fast quarter mile. Folks remember a flame orange Mustang or, worse, Ferrari a hell of a lot quicker than a dark green or blue Honda or Nissan sedan. Better yet, snag a minivan or SUV. Thanks to yuppie soccer moms, you can't swing a baseball bat in a mall lot without hitting three or four of them — which is a fairly amusing pastime in itself. Nobody looks twice at one of these parked in a shopping center or grocery store. Tint the rear windows heavily and string black curtains on the inside and you can stretch your body bag out in comfort.

Yeah, the urban anarchs will point and laugh, but they have an unlife expectancy in the tens of minutes, so to hell with 'em.

Mundane Stuff

Throw a toolbox or bag in with most of the basic tools: screwdrivers (both types), hammer and a few nails, pliers, maybe a small hacksaw, flashlight and so on. You're not going to need them all that often, but when you do, nothing else will work. Don't try to make do with one of those little pocket tools like a Leatherman. They're handy, but that's about all. For serious work, you need the real thing. Duct tape is a must — if nothing else you patch any last-minute holes in your body bag with it.

A spare gas can is essential, but if I have to tell you to keep it full, then you'd be best off laminating your Camarilla card and staying home. Besides keeping you from the embarrassment of running out of gas, a good splash of petrol is always a powerful persuader. Especially if you back it up with a lighter.

If you're considering securing much rest in standing buildings, you should assemble a security kit. A cordless drill, hasps and padlock will secure a room nicely for the day, and some duct tape, tacks and canvas can cover any windows or other openings good enough for a day or two of security. The portable drill can also be used to core any existing locks, but it's a good idea to carry a crowbar or similar tool just in case. Another handy addition is one of those cheap doorknob motion detectors. Hang it on the door or even just prop it against whatever you cover the entry with and it sounds an alarm when it's moved. It might just give you the warning you need.

Finally, throw in a couple pairs of latex gloves and some trash bags. The gloves will keep your prints out of the national crime databases, or at least prevent you from leaving any if you are already in one. You'll find more uses for the trash bags than you'd believe: water and light proofing, temporary storage, suffocating unruly donors, even disposing of bodies or body parts.

Coolers

A cooler is also a good idea if you plan to do your food shopping at a blood bank or hospital. A well-made one can keep a couple of pints drinkable for several nights and even those cheap Styrofoam jobs are better than tossing blood bags into the trunk. I know I've mentioned you've got to get used to less than first-class accommodations, but nobody should have to make do with rotted blood. Use dry ice, by the way. Regular ice just melts too fast.

An alternative is a one- or two-quart metal thermos bottle, but I don't use them myself. Make sure if you go with one of these you replace the blood no later than every day or so. Hospitals use anti-coagulants in the blood bags to keep it from clotting. If you're filling the bottle self-serve, you're probably not going to have access to those drugs. Left in the bottle more than 24 hours or so and that blood's going to clump up and start to rot. Even after only a few hours, you're still looking at a semi-solid pudding-like scum on top. Newly Embraced Licks often have a problem with that, so be prepared if you decide to try this.

Green

Without cash, you aren't going to make it on the road. Cold, hard, green cash. Nothing else will do. At

the very least, you can't keep your vehicle fueled and running, buy other supplies or even pay the occasional bribe without it. Maybe an unlife of theft seems like a viable alternative, but even the most diehard Ravnos will tell you there's always a place for good old money.

When I say cash, I mean cash. Even ATM withdrawals are a risk if you've really tweaked an elder's nose and he's got the right connections. Electronic fund transfers can track you almost as well as a Warlock with a fingernail clipping can. If you're using one right now, convert that account to cash as quickly as you can and dump it.

Credit cards might seem handy if you're a brain-dead moron, I suppose. They pinpoint you even faster than a pure ATM card, since you use them when you make a purchase instead of just for withdrawals. I'd use a frickin' checking account before I'd buy with Visa. I won't even ask how you plan to keep the account current.

Cash is the only way to go. How do you keep that rolling in? We'll hit a few investment opportunities shortly. Until then, just remember you need it.

Heat

It's a bad world out there, and there are going to be times when the only things you can count on are yourself and whatever gun is in your hand at the time. You've got to consider more than just which gun and/or caliber is currently in vogue when you pick your weapons for the road. Unless you're willing to risk Final Death to carry that classy little chrome-plated automatic, you'd best reconsider your taste in firearms.

For pistols, I wouldn't touch anything smaller than 9mm. Go for the larger calibers and high-capacity models. Yeah, even a .22 is lethal if you hit the right spot, but, honestly, why risk it? Get a decent-sized round with a large magazine. You never know when you're going to be going it alone, so you'd best be sure your shots are going to get noticed and that you've got enough rounds to shoot every one of the assholes facing you.

Whatever pistol you go with, carry at least two spare magazines. And my advice is to go with a shoulder holster. Belt and ankle models can be tough to draw from when you're sitting down.

All that said, a pistol is a secondary weapon. You need to keep a good long arm handy, like a rifle or shotgun. Either one will do, but I lean toward shotguns. They're intimidating as hell and pack enough firepower to get the job done in most cases. Replace the butt with a folding stock and it's the right size to hide behind the passenger seat.

If you decide to go with a rifle, grab an assault rifle. Bolt- and lever-actions are too clumsy for the type of work you're going to be doing. It's up to you whether you want a military-grade full auto or just a semi-auto clone. I've always thought automatic fire was overrated. You run through too much ammunition too quickly to make it worthwhile in most cases. Most of the time, a semi-auto model is going to do the job and they're a hell of a lot easier to come by. Plus, if the cops even see you with a full-auto weapon, you're going to have to deal with them too — just having one in your possession is a felony. And believe me, they don't step lightly around machine-gun-toting perps. Remember, we're not fighting "the Man." Drawing the attention of mortal organizations is likely to hurt our cause as much as it weakens the elders. Take my advice — stick with a good extended magazine shotgun.

The same thing holds for submachine guns. The added firepower might be attractive, but unless you're going to be fighting a full-scale turf war, it's outweighed by the attention of the authorities. Still, if you *are* involved in heavy action, you might want to look at getting your hands on a fully automatic weapon or two.

All that said, when push comes to shove, most firearms don't do much more than piss off a Lick. It might slow him down for a few steps, but if he's really out for you, he's not likely to be dissuaded by a few inconvenient bullet holes in his suit. If you plan on mixing up permanent-like with other Kindred — which I advise against, by the way, as it tends to make serious enemies — get yourself a big carving tool. Get yourself an axe, machete or even a big-ass knife and go for the throat. All the way to the back of the shirt collar, if you know what I mean.

Tactics

You've got the bare minimum to keeping yourself undead and on the road. If you're just planning to do an occasional vacation trip, that's all you're going to need. However, I'm betting if that was the plan, you wouldn't be talking to me in the first place, so odds are you're looking at doing the long haul out here. In that case, you're going to need more than basic survival skills.

Under the Radar

The first rule of the road is to keep your head low. Even if you've pissed off a prince and he's hot to see you hanging from a rooftop come 6:00 AM, he can't snag you if he can't find you. It's a big world out there, and there are plenty of places to hide as long as you aren't wearing a big sign that says "Asshole Here."

Cut Loose

When you take to the road, you've got to ditch any ties to your previous existence. I'm not talking about before the Embrace. If you're still clinging to those,

you're in a bad way, my friend. I mean cut loose from anything that might bind you to the Camarilla. Sire, coterie, even casual acquaintances — lose them. If you really give a damn about changing that stagnant corpse of a society, they're probably going to fight you tooth and nail. Even if they don't, they're just an easy string by which the elders can jerk you around.

You might — and I mean *might* — be able to keep contact with anarchs from your old stomping grounds. Like I said early on, though, most "anarchs" are only as dedicated to the cause as their cleaning bills. When push comes to stake through the heart, they'll turn you in to save their own hides. Hell, even some of the truly dedicated ones break under pressure. The elders have had centuries to figure out ways to get Licks to talk.

Get a New Face

It's best to have a false identity or two to hide behind. It used to be a walk in the park to come up with a fairly solid identity on your own. A trip to the local cemetery or a few hours in a newspaper morgue scanning obituaries could locate a child or infant who died too young to get a Social Security number. Then, a ghoul or Dominated juicebag got a copy of the birth certificate and used it to get a Social Security card issued. Voila — you just created a new person.

Unfortunately, that method is getting tougher and tougher to pull off. Most state governments don't release birth certificates to the general public that freely anymore, even of the deceased. On top of that, most children are assigned a Social Security number almost at birth, so the clerks and jerks at the Social Security Administration tend to question anyone who comes in at 25 years of age needing a card.

Now, you're better off buying credentials from a forger. How do you make contact with one? Well, that's a problem you're going to have to work out on your own. Most serious criminals — including hardcore biker gangs — can point you to one once they're sure you're not pork. Expect to part with a bit of green, both to find the forger and to buy the credentials. Usually the more you pay, the better the work, but don't bet your soul on it. Even with pro work, I recommend you keep exposure of the papers to a minimum.

You can always take it off a donor who gave until it killed, but don't use borrowed ID like this too openly. It's a surefire way to set off alarms, particularly if you're already drawing attention to yourself. On the other hand, if you picked your victim wisely and set up a clever con, it can be a good way to stir the pot and sow some serious confusion. Still, you're walking on broken glass when you pull stunts like this, so step careful or your going to lose some blood.

But don't sweat it too much for the every-night stuff. If you're listening, you're already dealing exclusively in cash, so you're not going to be asked for ID that often. Also, most people tend to be far more trusting than is healthy. You can usually claim to be anyone you want and not raise suspicions. You can even fake a Social Security number. It won't hold up to a check, but about three-quarters of the time you're asked for one outside of a government form, it's not checked anyway.

Business cards lend a great deal of weight to any claim for some reason. For less than a ten-spot, any idiot can walk down to Kinko's and get a box saying anything, but still people take it as a holy writ. Most people are really too stupid to live.

I'd keep a couple of sound fake IDs for when you're called to task. Other than that, a quick wit, good story and smooth talk usually works for anyone other than a cop or other authority figure.

Don't Dress the Part

This is one of the hardest things for most would-be anarchs to swallow: Don't dress like some feature model from GQ. Most anarch poseurs are so hung up on appearance they spend more time in clothing stores than they do actually trying to shake up the Camarilla. Worse, that haute couture serves only to draw attention to them. And outside the usual poseur haunts, that leather and silk is like toting a flashing siren around that screams "Look at me!" every five seconds or so. Don't even think about wearing it into a rural area.

The less conspicuous you are, the longer you're going to survive. Dress to match your surroundings. You don't want to stick out in some local's mind two nights after you left when the cops — or a Camarilla thug — is poking around your back trail.

It's the same idea as how you pick your ride, just applied to yourself. And this goes beyond clothes. Hair, tattoos, piercings, all of it. Depending on your appearance when you were Embraced, that may mean a haircut every evening, or at least a hat. Tattoos you can hide relatively easily and as for piercings, well, just don't stick that tongue stud in, Sherlock.

If you were lucky and had a ton of hair, you've got a built-in disguise. Trimming it to various lengths every night alters your look drastically. A beard or moustache is also handy. On the other hand, if you were a skinhead, you'd best be looking into investing in a few wigs.

Watch your habits as well. Odd walks, accents or even regional slang have to be purged from your system. A unique phrase might be cool for a WWF wrestler, but it's the next best thing to a fingerprint for anyone on your tail. Basically, you want to become a face in the crowd from here on out.

Stick and Move

No matter how carefully you cover your trail, a determined pursuer is going to find traces eventually. To keep your hide you've got to keep moving, staying one — or preferably five or six — steps ahead of anyone behind you. By the way, if you've not stirred up enough trouble for some elder somewhere to get someone on your tail within a couple of years, you're wasting the movement's time.

Do your business in the area and get gone. When traveling, vary your routes, double back, change identities two or three times and never stay more than a couple of nights in any one place.

You know that ride you picked out so carefully? Well, don't get too attached to it. You probably should ditch it every month or so at the minimum. Don't waste time or money buying a new one. There's a whole showroom parked at the local Wal-Mart just waiting for you to take a test drive. Snag a couple of spare sets of tags to switch off from time to time. Once you switch the tags, drop the old set in a Dumpster somewhere. No sense in leaving any easy-to-find evidence.

While I'm on the subject of tags, try to keep a couple of different states, but nothing too remarkable. A New Mexico plate might draw attention in Vermont, for example. Vanity plates are just plain out of the question, VAMPYR. It's also a good idea to note how each state requires its plates to be displayed. For instance, Virginia dictates a plate on front and back, but right next door, North Carolina only requires a back plate. You can be sure that the cops know the laws, and you really don't want one pulling you over in your stolen car with stolen plates to explain them to you.

Caches

I mentioned safe houses earlier and how unlikely it was that you'd have access to one just starting off. A cache is another matter altogether. These are easy to set up, and they can be the difference between Final Death and another night of existence.

A cache is a relatively safe place to store money, goods, documents, et cetera. It can be anything from an airtight container sunk in a Tennessee Valley Authority lake to a safe deposit box. More than once an area has gotten so hot that I had to bolt with only the clothes on my back, and only a well-stocked cache saved my skin.

I usually pick a route of retreat and set up a cache a few hours out of any area I'll be rabble-rousing in prior to starting work. I stock it with a spare body bag, some cash, a gun or two and some ammunition just in case. Depending on the situation and my own resources at the time, I might even drop a small lunch cooler packed with dry ice and a couple of pints of blood for a real emergency. This sort of emergency cache doesn't take much effort at all, just an out-of-the-way, but easily memorable, location where you can bury the stash and a container or bag to protect the goods.

For valuable documents, like records you're planning to use for blackmail or forged IDs, you're going to want something a little more long-term and secure. Those private mailbox stores are perfect. They're better than safe deposit boxes, because the requirements for proof of identity are far less stringent, allowing you to set it up under an assumed name. You can even mail the goods to yourself from anywhere in the country. Also, many of these places are open far later than banks — a concern unless you've got an ally or two to do your day work. Be sure to pay for several months in advance unless you're sure you'll be back frequently — in which case you're playing the game all wrong.

That should be enough to get you thinking on your options as far as caches go, and thinking is something you need to get the hang of right now if you plan to keep at this.

Dispose of Trash Properly

Don't get me wrong; I usually don't approve of offing donors. I could give a damn about fur and veal, but I see humans — at least most of them — as a step or two up the ladder from animals. I don't know about you, but only a few decades ago, I used to be one, so I still have a soft spot for them. I can't say the same for a raccoon.

Still, they can be so fragile, and, in spite of best wishes, occasionally one gets broken. You can't just go throwing them off on the side of the road. The Sabbat pulls that crap and, in my opinion, it's only a matter of time before we all get burned by those kinds of stunts. Not that the Indian from those old anti-litter commercials is going to be standing beside the highway with a tear in his eye as you chuck the body out. There are some sound reasons for making sure you put things in their proper place.

Even if you're not concerned about breaking the Masquerade — which is one of the few things the Camarilla has gotten right — you don't want to leave any more evidence than you have to. Just like food draws bears in the woods, dead bodies draw unwanted attention from everywhere.

I've covered a few methods already, but the best advice is to keep your head. People are lazy, and most look for the easy answer. If you give them one, they stop digging. A body found in a car wrapped around a telephone pole isn't going to be checked for excessive blood loss. An obvious suicide will be autopsied, but the medical examiner isn't likely to try to account for all the juice that got splattered over the trailer wall. A good fire boils away most of a body's fluid.

If that sort of fix isn't available, hide the remains. A few trash bags full of severed body parts stuffed into the bottom of a Dumpster on pickup day will be conveniently lost in the local dump by late afternoon. A good set of handcuffs or chains along with a sack of rocks will keep a body underwater long enough for the fish to finish off what decay won't. Searchers might find a shallow grave in a backyard in suburban Pittsburgh, but they've got to look a lot harder to find one in the backwoods of the Allegheny National Forest.

You may find you don't have time or the means to transport your leftovers or doctor the body to resemble a less suspicious death. In that case, you'd better have planned ahead. Personally, I keep up with the styles of active serial killers, particularly those in the areas I expect to find myself visiting in the near future. There are even a couple of websites out there that are considerate enough to track this sort of information for you. Since there are probably dozens operating in the US alone at any given time, it's not too hard to find one in the right neighborhood.

With a little effort, you can usually make the scene and body at least superficially resemble that of the serial killer's other crimes. The cops — and anyone watching the cops — are going to assume at first it's just another victim for your fall guy or a copycat. They'll probably wise up in a few days, but even then, they'll tend to believe it's a local copycat killer. If you're prone to offing juicebags, you may want to even alter your own prey to match that of the nutcase's preferred victims. I'll let you in on a secret — at least three of the Green River Killer's claimed 51 victims were donors who gave their all.

Now, none of these ideas is going to keep the leftovers hidden forever. Odds are, some of your kills are going to get found. That's just the way it goes. Yeah, I made a big speech earlier about keeping the Masquerade and I stand by it, but the bottom line is this: When, not if, one turns up later, it's going to be someone else's problem. Your nomadic ass is going to be long gone, and hopefully forgotten.

If you're smart, you'll figure out a few of your own. If you're not, it's been nice knowing you. Say hi to the blood hunt for me.

Money and How to Get It

I've got this sweet deal going down on the Arizona border. A lot of our kind steer clear of the wide-open desert. It makes them uncomfortable just thinking about how open and hot that ground's going to get come sunup. Me, I've always said where there's risk, there's money to be made.

South of this piss-ant town named Cowlic of all things there's a dirt track that runs through the desert and across the border. It's far enough from Sierra Vista that the Army's ground sensors and radar don't track movement, and the Border Patrol only runs the route once a day or so.

Anyway, about once a month I make a run across the border into Sonora, Mexico and pick up a van load of Mexicans all hot and horny for Truth, Justice and the American Way. There's a group of black marketers down in El Gato that cut me $500 a head. I usually net about nine grand a trip — more than enough to keep me in nice clothes and decent hotel rooms.

My Sonoran contacts also slip me a note anytime I've got a solo — someone without close family ties back in Mexico — going over. I steer clear of the paying customers who might be missed; it's bad for repeat business. But solos are fair game. The black marketers think I'm doing a little slave trade on the side.

It's real easy to make a body disappear in the Arizona desert.

—Ingrid Galt, anarch smuggler

Welcome to the world of the career criminal, if you're not already in it. Yeah, I know Amway sales might sound like a lucrative and glamorous career path, but trust me, it ain't all it's cracked up to be, plus those performance reviews are absolute hell. There's simply no practical, reliable and legitimate way for a Lick to generate serious flash on the road.

What you've got to learn is how to get at the money and get away with it.

Gambling

This might seem to be the exception to my earlier statement, but no matter what the movies show about hundred-thousand-dollar pots, it don't work that way. Professional gambling is as much a job as pushing a broom in the local high school — it's just got a better PR man. You'll spend hours and hours parlaying a grubstake into enough cash to live on, much less absorb losses for the next two or three nights.

And to really secure the green, you've got to hit the big casinos. And where are the big casinos? In Vegas and Atlantic City. If you think you can dodge the notice of the Kindred who's-who in those towns long enough to build a stash, you're not a gambler, you're insane. Reservation casinos are usually out in the middle of nowhere. The government gave them that land for a reason — nobody else wanted it. But those usually don't have the high payouts like Vegas or Atlantic City. The same's true for the riverboat casinos. The payout just isn't going to keep you afloat.

Plus, if you are good enough to run a hot streak, you're just going to draw attention — and maybe from the wrong people. If you still think you can make it this way, at least keep it small. Shark at local pool halls or bars. Take the yokels for gas money and move on. A few hundred here and there can keep you going for weeks if you're careful, and it won't even make a ripple in the big boys' pond.

Supply and Demand

Adam Smith's invisible hand turns the world from beyond the grave, baby. Free market forces are where it's at, and all you've got to do is figure out what the customer wants.

An anarch on the road can turn a healthy profit in a single night just by carrying a trunk or backseat full of Commodity X from City A to City B. The real knack is knowing what City A has that City B wants. Here's a clue: You're usually set to trade with some sort of guns or drugs and often both in equal quantities. Connections for one of those usually lend themselves readily to connections for the other, so once you're hooked up, you're good to go.

As lucrative as guns and drugs are, there's money to made in other markets as well. High tech smuggling is all the rage on the West Coast right now, and if you make runs to Hong Kong or China, you can sell just about any computer part on the black market for a healthy profit. Mexico is just about as ripe, although NAFTA did cut into that business as half the industry rushed south to grab cheap, non-unionized labor.

Theft

If smuggling and gambling are too much like honest work, you can always cut right to the chase and just steal what you need. To be completely honest, one way or the other, you probably will at some point on the road anyway, so you might as well say to hell with it and jump in right from the start.

I'm not talking about TVs, DVD players or even cars — though you'll probably steal more of those than an El Paso car-jacker — that's petty shit. You steal the same things that are worth smuggling — guns and drugs — and you steal them from the same people you'd talk to about either buying or selling. Don't plan on making any lasting friendships in this business.

The beautiful thing about the drug trade tonight is that unlike the coke market of the '80s, crack doesn't have a centralized distribution chain in most places. The independent entrepreneur is the most common dealer, and that makes him an easy mark for a determined robber.

A crack house is like a one-stop shopping center for a hardcore robbery. Any crack dealer worth his salt is going to have a decent supply of drugs — and not just garden-variety crack — guns and cold, hard green. On a good night, you might find upward of 20 grand in various denominations in a busy crack house, and if you don't find that much money, you'll find enough drugs to generate it on the street. Granted, the dealer is going to packing some artillery and have a couple of toughs backing him, but you can't score that kind of flash on a bank. If you've got a couple of Licks or even ghouls batting clean-up, it shouldn't be too much of a problem.

And most cops could give a flying rat's ass about what happens to a crack dealer. You might run afoul of the occasional Brujah or other Lick who's dipping into the local drug scene this way, but if you hit hard, run fast and leave no witnesses, you'll probably get away with it.

Which brings me to my next point...

Drugs

I think you've got the point about the virtues of a crack house as a financial shot in the arm. However, crack's not the only cash drug out there, either. Nor is the city the only place to find drugs. Pick the right truck stop, and you'll find a 24-hour pharmacy serving a buffet of crank, speed, ice and crystal meth. If you're one of those socialites or you're earning your scratch with a medical fraud, you're going to be where the OCs and Vikes are. If you're looking to work in entrepreneurial pharmaceuticals, prescription painkillers are a good starting point. Not only can you avoid dealing with organized drug cartels to get hold of them, but the start-up cost is far less, both in finances and time. Hell, Ecstasy is still moving big.

Leave Home Without It

The only way I'll touch a credit card is if it has somebody else's name on it. Snag a couple off a generous donor — or a dead one — and you've got a one-night shopping spree. Don't hold onto them for more than a single night, or you run the risk of getting tagged by the wonders of the electronic age. Even if the former owner is laid out in some gully 200 miles away serving as a buffet for worms and crows, you're leaving a trail that's going to make even the slowest sperm in the police department wonder how Fred Smith could be shopping for a new leather jacket in Denver when he was rotting in a field in eastern Kansas.

Only about one out of every six employees even looks at the signature on the back and of those only about half might even ask for the ID, but when they do you're facing a serious social faux pas. It's just not worth the risk. On the other hand, there's always Wal-Mart, Target and similar fine establishments that allow you to swipe the card yourself without ever having to slow down the productivity of the $6-an-hour cashier.

Rule of thumb: Use them fast, use them hard, then toss them. Better yet, leave them in a bathroom at a truck stop after midnight. Someone of impeccable integrity is sure to turn them in — five states away and four days later.

Gangs

Back when I was in with the Damned, we didn't bow and scrape for nobody. There was almost 20 of us full-on Kindred in the gang with about double that number in ghouls

and hanger-on wannabes. We had members from all up and down the West Coast and Pacific Northwest. Probably half the bunch was ex-survivalist freaks and half of those that were left were ex-white supremacists. Not what you'd call the Yacht Club set, if you know what I mean.

Every one of us rode a Harley of some sort — none of those rice-burner rip-offs. We had a couple of ghouls hauling a tractor-trailer full of enough hardware to take on an armored division, so there weren't nobody who could slow us down. The Damned pretty much told any prince to go hump himself when it rode into a city. Any Sabbat pack that got in our way was just a speed bump that got a little blood on the tires as we rolled over it.

We got away with it for a good five, 10 years before it went to our head. By that time, we had a couple of drug- and gun-running operations fronted to keep the cash rolling in, and even dabbled a bit in the old skin trade. A bunch of our gang had connections in northern Idaho, and they got the wild idea to set us up with a compound up in the sticks. Hell, nobody'd had the balls to even say no to us for over three years, so we figured we'd claim Idaho, Montana and western Washington as our own turf, sort of the Anarch Free State, North.

That's when we found out those Camarilla elders weren't as soft as we'd thought.

The elders were too smart to go trying to take us on from the front — they might have won anyway, but the mess would take forever to clean up. Instead, they pulled some strings and somebody in the FBI or BATF fingered us as a "violent, separatist movement" and half the federal government dropped on us like a ton of bricks. They hit fast and hard during daylight, and only me and two others got out.

Nobody ever heard about it 'cause there was a big dust-up down in Waco about that time with the Branch Davidians. While everybody was looking south, the real deal hit up on the opposite side of the country and was over almost before it began. What word did leak out got hushed up real quick.

Now, I stay away from crowds if you know what I mean.

—Butch Hatfield, anarch ex-Damned member

Here's an unfortunate stereotype — the roving anarch biker gang. It's about 20 years out of date and unwieldy as hell. I mean really, think about it. As if it isn't hard enough for us to travel any distance on a motorcycle, what with terminal sunburn and all, just imagine how many donors would go down in a single feeding to even a medium-sized gang. Talk about a swath of destruction.

A few flared up back in the late '70s, mostly because a cross-section of hacks caught a late showing of *Easy Rider*, if you ask me. Within just a few years, all but a two-fingered handful had disappeared in a swirl of ash and dust. Of the remaining, most are

confined to the rapidly collapsing so-called Anarch Free State in Southern California. I can only think of one gang still rolling, the Resurrected. They keep to the Southwest and hug the Mexican border most of the time, or at least they did, last I heard. Bad bunch, though, and really not too involved with anything but their own interests.

It's possible to make do with small gang, I suppose, but definitely no more than five or six members. After that, it's just too damn unwieldy, and it will get run down before long. You're best off running it alone, but if you can't lose the idea of riding free on a hog, at least pick up a U-Haul or a semi for a rolling haven. It can even hide your bikes when the heat's on. And be ready, because every one of the pitfalls I've mentioned — funds, stealth, movement, feeding and the rest — are an order of magnitude more dangerous once you start running around in a group.

The only advantage I can see is firepower. If you and your buddies get it in your heads to go liberate some turf from a Sabbat pack or the local Camarilla power-mongers at gunpoint, this is probably the route to go. Just be ready to weather a serious beat-down when the former landlords come back with *their* buddies.

Ghouls

A ghoul can be a great asset and a potentially deadly liability — often at the same time. Obviously, a ghoul can serve as a day driver, shifting locations while you sleep in the back or trunk. That frees you up to agitate and aggravate at night and still be a safe distance from the local prince come the next nightfall. A ghoul can also take care of any daytime business you need to conduct. (Most mortal businesses are remarkably inconsiderate about their hours of operation.) And even when you're not traveling, you can sleep much more securely with a reliable watchdog than without.

A ghoul puts a much greater drain on your finances than you do. Mortals, even those with a taste for blood, have to eat, and food costs money. Yeah, that's so obvious it hurts me to say it, but you've got to take that into account. Ghouls are much more fragile, and even a day without food tends to distract them from their duties. They also start to stink if you don't get them somewhere to clean up every couple of days or so.

Don't forget, your ghoul needs rest almost as much as you do. You can try to make them go for days without sleep, driving during the day and backing your plays at night, but first thing you know, they're going to be seeing angels and trying to stuff spare change into urinals trying to get a can of Coke from the "vending machine." That pretty much means your day driver is going to be sacked out while you're working the area. If it's unfamiliar territory, you've got to make sure she's secure before you leave her. I lost a couple myself back before I figured out leaving them to sleep in a parked car wasn't a good idea.

And this doesn't even begin to handle the "you don't love me anymore" trip that some ghouls will lay on you.

Other than those factors, the ghoul has to follow the same rules you do to survive. She has to keep her head down and not make a target of herself — and you. A smart hunter or enforcer is going to key on your ghoul quickly, and there aren't too many that aren't smart. Make sure whatever juicebag you pick to hook is smart herself. A dumb one is a one-way ticket to daylight.

There's little to be gained by having more than one ghoul at a time. Each one adds to the cost of keeping them presentable and in working condition. Also, a group is way too easy to track down. For short-term jobs where you need some added firepower, you might find multiple ghouls handy, but ditch the excess once you're done. Better yet, line up some temporary backup that doesn't know or doesn't care about the Kindred aspect of your personality.

One last rule: Don't get attached to your ghoul. She's probably going to end up worm food before too long. If someone else doesn't get to her first, you're going to have to put her down in a few years anyway. One person can hide for a long time; two people can't.

There's an off chance you might run into a mortal that doesn't care where you're getting your Happy Meals as long as it's not off him. I've heard of this happening, though not all that often. Usually, the guy gets it in his head he somehow stands to gain from the association — which granted, he might — either financially or otherwise. A mortal ally of this sort doesn't tap into the blood reserves like a ghoul, but isn't as unquestioningly loyal nor as powerful. And, I've always looked at these types with more than a little suspicion. After all, if they're willing to sell out their fellow juicebags, how much can you really trust them? At best, they're sociopaths, in my opinion.

The Enemy

By now, I wouldn't be surprised if you were sick of hearing me say, "Don't draw attention to yourself," or "Keep your head down." Fair enough. How about I close with a run-down on exactly why I've been pounding that home, just so you've got the barest taste of what you're going to find yourself up against out there? If you're still up for it, more power to you. If not, I had most of you figured for pussies anyway.

The Camarilla

If there's one thing that every single anarch can agree on, no matter what his creed or philosophy, it's that the Camarilla needs a major enema. The elders in charge have squelched any evolution in that organization for more than 400 years. It wouldn't surprise me to find out that some of them were the same Licks that started the whole thing back in the Dark Ages. So it's really no shock that those guys don't want us rocking the boat.

Given our particular mindset on the whole issue of social order, the anarchs' primary foe is the existing leadership of the Camarilla. If you're truly dedicated to the cause of change, you're going to be spending most of your time undermining the foundations of the elders' strength. And, since our goals directly conflict with those in positions of power, they in turn use their hoarded — and rather formidable — resources to oppose us.

In some cases, Camarilla elders have had centuries to consolidate their bases of power in their respective cities. Not only do they hold sway over the nightly existence of the "lesser" generations in their domains, but often also many mortal networks as well. You can expect to be opposed on all fronts in a city that's thoroughly under the elders' thumb.

Like I mentioned before, one of the biggest concerns I have with the Camarilla is the Warlocks. Do your best to avoid pissing those guys off. I had an ex-Warlock connection a while ago who told me a little about what those Licks can accomplish with just a lock of hair or drop of blood, and it still makes my toes curl. She said she was going to write a huge exposé on the clan's rituals that would rattle their teeth, but I don't know what ever happened with it. She dropped out of sight a couple of years ago. Don't believe in magic? That's fine. Most of the juicebags out there don't believe in vampires either. That doesn't get them their blood back.

Yeah — so what, you're probably thinking, I'm too damn clever to get caught by some doddering old twit in a Dracula cape. Well, guess what? Those elders are probably just as clever *and* they've got hundreds of years of experience stamping on smarmy little free-thinkers just like you. And I've not met one yet I'd call doddering or with a fashion sense so screwed up they'd get within a city block of a cape. Those guys are in power because they're smart, tough and ruthless.

The good news is for all their faults, the elders usually play by their own rules. They almost always give a dog one bite. Screw up once and you'll get a slap on the wrist — or maybe lose a finger — but you'll see the next nightfall. Some may even try to "reform" repeat offenders. I was never sure if it was because of some traces of their ancient *humanitas* or just plain fear of retribution from above, but most elders avoid administering Final Death to anarchs, at least for minor offenses.

Of course, there are exceptions. Just ask any of the anarchs up in Minneapolis-St. Paul or Chicago what I'm talking about. Oh wait — there aren't any left. Get the point?

In spite of that, the important thing to remember is that we anarchs oppose how the Camarilla distributes power, not the organization itself. The average member has as much to gain from true anarch success as those of us out in the trenches. Don't waste the poor Malkavian on the corner just because he's a card-carrying member of the local Camarilla. Make sure your actions serve to weaken only the hold of the elders, not the existence of the pawns. In the long run, the Anarch Movement stands to gain far more by swaying rather than expunging the general membership.

Like any true revolution, we need the support of the populace. Without it, the movement will choke itself out. Hearts and minds, brother, hearts and minds.

The Sabbat Wants You!

By now, you've probably guessed my opinion of these guys. They're a rolling freak show full of loose cannons that uses some twisted "holy war" idea of theirs to justify an encyclopedia of psychopathic fantasies. The fact that they work so hard to get in touch with their "Inner Monster" makes me wonder if the Black Hand isn't comprised almost completely of poor little high school losers who got beat up for their lunch money every day.

The best way to handle the Sabbat is to avoid them. Detroit is one big Black Hand playground, and Miami isn't much better. Mexico is pretty much in their pocket. Stay away from those areas. You're not going to have much luck there anyway. All the Licks are either already Sabbat or sucking up to them anyway. DC, New York and Atlanta are still up in the air — both the Camarilla and the Sabbat have footholds in those cities. Let the Camarilla elders deal with the Sabbat on the grand scale.

Of course, that's not all of the Sabbat turf out there. You very well may ride into a bit of Black Hand territory not marked on any map. There's also the chance you'll run into a raiding party or recruiters, though, so you'd better keep your eyes open wide.

The easiest packs to deal with are those whipped up into a frenzy. They're likely to peg you as some sort of infidel, or whatever it is they call all of us that don't jump onboard the traveling circus with them, and go for the throat. Don't get me wrong — those dickheads can fight, and they're liable to show you some tricks

you'd never imagined possible, but a stand-up fight is a hell of a lot better than the other option in my experience. Sabbat Licks drop just like Camarilla ones if you shoot holes in their heads and then stake 'em and bake 'em.

You can usually see the crusaders coming a block away; the ones you've really got to watch out for are the sweet-talking seducers. They see an anarch as a prime target for a membership drive. If one of these gets your ear, she's going to start spouting some rehearsed bit of dogma about how the Sabbat are really the original anarchs and they are the realization of the Anarch Movement; how they empower their members equally and seek to distribute the hoarded influence of the miserly elders amongst the masses.

If recruiter approaches you, take my advice: Fake interest then run as soon as her back is turned. The truth is if you buy into this line of crap, you're probably going to get whacked over the head with a baseball bat and then drink-our-blooded to the local pack of crazies. Once they've done that, you can expect to play bullet-stopper for the core group the next time they go on a raid into Camarilla territory, and you'll get to find out firsthand how it feels to be fodder for a war machine.

Even if you realize all of that, those Sabbat assholes can still be very persuasive. They'll pitch promises of how you have talents that are too valuable to the pack to waste in pitched battle or how one of the member is attracted to you or some other load of bullshit. Of course they'll still respect you in the morning and the check's in the mail. Don't buy it.

Play along until you can dodge them. Don't try to reason with them. You're more likely to win a religious argument with a Jehovah's Witness. Talking smack is a going to get you killed. Just run fast and far when you get the chance.

The Sabbat is far more structured than the Camarilla, just in a way that a sane person has trouble recognizing at first. They've got boss Licks just the same as everybody else, and the ones at the top of the ladder in the Black Hand aren't firing on all cylinders. Meet the new boss, same as the old boss — except he's bugfuck crazy.

The Wolfman

I'd been laid up in the woods opposite the gas station for a good three hours. The ghillie suit made me just about invisible in the scrub alongside the ditch, but it caught on everything from my rifle's scope to my belt loops. On top of that, the fox urine scent I'd picked up off the Internet the week before reeked of, well, fox piss. But it's hard to complain. None of the furballs across the road picked up my scent or spotted me. Otherwise, I'd be just another piece of Georgia road-kill.

The payoff came shortly after midnight when the fuel truck pulled in and started pumping. One round of old Soviet-era hardball ammo nicked the fuel line and the second ignited it, turning the station into a fireball that singed my eyebrows nearly 50 yards away. There's nothing like cooking with gas.

After the worst of the flames died down, I picked up the Mossberg pump I'd brought along for cleanup and crossed the off ramp. It's amazing how fast a shotgun shell filled with dimes will drop Lupines, especially if you toast them a little first. I finished off the few that were still squirming in the ruin.

I opened the throat of the last one with this funky-looking silver knife I pulled off another dead dog years ago. What it was doing with it I don't know — sort of like finding a vampire carrying a stake. Maybe they hunt their own kind, too.

Since it was a good 20 miles up the interstate to the nearest rescue squad, I had plenty of time for a drink. Furballs seem to avoid most urban areas, which, in my book, just means there's less collateral damage when hell breaks loose.

Yeah, it's a gamble, but I've just got a taste for that gamy flavor werewolf blood has. Even slightly burned, there's nothing like it for a rush.

—Gabriel Roth, Lupine-hunter

Hopefully, you'll never run into a werewolf on the road. I've only seen them once, and then mostly in my rearview mirror as I was booking it. Those monsters are bad news of the type that interrupts your favorite TV show with one of the "Special Broadcast" headers. They've got a serious hard-on for mulching Licks and all the right tools to do it with. You can expect a werewolf is going to be faster, stronger and tougher than you are — and usually have about five of his buddies there to lend a hand if he ain't. If you think one's even in the same county as you, make like a tree and get the hell out of there.

A few psycho anarchs actually get off on hunting these bad boys. They swear there's nothing like the rush you get from their blood. Yeah, well, there's nothing like the rush you get from feeding off a drunken pillhead hopped up on horse either — and he's not likely to rip you open and roll around in your guts. Anyway, from talking to these headcases, I've gathered a few pointers on werewolves and how to walk away from one with parts of your head still attached.

The smartest plan is to just avoid them. They're really not that common outside the pages of the Weekly World News, so that's not that hard to do. Still, since you're probably going to be roaming all over the place, you might run across one or — God help you — a pack. If you can spot them before they spot you, you might make it out of there.

According to my sources, the odds of running into werewolves is higher in the country than the city. Even along interstates is supposed to be safer than the serious backwoods. Nobody's sure why that is, but at least one of them suspects it's because the odor of smoke and pollution is too strong for their noses. I've heard some say they use deer or fox scent sprays to hide their smell if they're expecting Lupine trouble, just in case.

Word has it they occasionally set up ambushes or stake out a likely area as a hunting ground. A couple of ex-West Coast anarchs were telling me about some spots in Northern California where Lupines had set up at gas stations. They would let mortals pass through without a hint that the station was anything unusual, but seemed to have a way to sniff out Licks — who they'd drop on like a flaming ton of bricks. That goes along with the theory about their heightened senses, at least. Anyway, according to them, the only clue that something was up was the stations were always a little too neat. If you stuck to the nasty, health-hazard, junkyards-in-training gas stations, you could usually dodge the Lupines. Maybe that goes along with the whole sensitive snout thing. I don't know.

I mentioned packs, and there is a good bit of evidence that suggests these things are like wolves in more ways than just excess body hair and extravagant denture. They seem to prefer the company of other werewolves and behave like some weird incestuous family when they're in such a group. Yeah, I know — that only describes about half of the Appalachian Plateau, but I'm just telling you what I've heard.

If you can't avoid them, there are a few ways to fight Lupines. Be warned — they appear to be able to absorb incredible amounts of damage. A full blast from an AK only slows them down for a moment or two. All the hunters I've spoken to agree on one thing: Silver does hurt them. It's the one sure thing that can drop them, though one or two of them claim fire also puts a hurting on them. Other than that, I can't vouch for any other method of downing those things. I don't even know if they breathe air.

Hiding Your Scent

Animals and creatures like werewolves that use scent to detect vampires can sometimes be fooled, at least temporarily, by application of other animal scents, not unlike the tactic used by deer hunters to fool their prey. The stench of undeath is fairly strong to these creatures, though, so any vampire attempting to do so has to put on a particularly heavy dose.

Use of a scent raises the difficulty of any Perception-based attempt to detect the vampire by two. At the Storyteller's discretion, any creature that fails the task by the amount the scent modified the difficulty may mistakenly believe that an animal of the appropriate type is nearby — which may be a problem in itself if the creature is predatory.

Obviously, this tactic is most useful in a rural or wilderness environment. The animal scents are usually quite pungent and noticeable even by human senses. Perfumes and similar scents are not as powerful, and they never increase the difficulty of identifying the vampire's true nature by more that one, if they work at all.

Animal scents of this sort are readily available at most hunting and fishing stores.

Mortals

In closing, I want to warn you about mortals. If that sounds funny to you, then you're exactly the kind of Lick who's going to wake up one night with a chunk of wood in his heart. All things being equal, the average mortal poses no threat to even the most inexperienced of our blood, but the real danger is that things are never equal and a lot of mortals go far beyond "average."

Mortals can move freely during the day and the night. That's why you have to hide your havens. If it was just other Licks you had to worry about, you could roll up in your body bag and sleep in the middle of the Capitol Mall. They can no more threaten you there than you can work on your tan. On the other hand, a mortal can. That's why an elder uses agents and ghouls. They can hunt during the day when we're at our most vulnerable. They don't even have to lay a finger on us to inflict Final Death — an open window or drawn curtain is just as deadly.

On top of Lick flunkies, there's a whole soccer-riot of other threats out there in the "normal" world. You already know about the cops, but they're really not that big a deal. Most authority figures are pretty based in "reality" and would no more believe that vampires exist than they would believe in a compassionate Republican. However, some mortals do believe in our presence.

Some of these are flaming fruitcakes that also preach the dangers of alien anal-probing raids, but some stalkers are completely rational. You'll notice I didn't say sane. Most of them are fanatics who'll sacrifice any and everything in pursuit of their goal — which is usually the complete eradication of our kind. They usually know at least some of our weaknesses, particularly the popular ones about stakes through the heart and sunlight, and they'll take full

advantage of them. If you run across any of these, just freakin' kill them. Don't try that pulp super-villain bit of taunting them. It never worked for the guys in the comic books, and it won't work for you. Besides, one of these crazies is liable to set your haven on fire and torch your arrogant ass.

Rumor has it that some mortals have mastered some of the Tremere rituals. Now, I don't know that much about how the Warlocks work, but from what little I do, I don't see how that's possible, as I always understood they were somehow linked to the power in vitae. Still, I'm a Kindred and I just got through warning you about werewolves, so who am I to quibble about witches?

If you still don't think you have to be worried about mortals, think about this: The plain truth is that the origins of the Anarch Movement were responsible for the whole Inquisition — which in turn was largely responsible for the Camarilla and the Masquerade. Next time you get the wild idea that you don't have anything to be concerned about, just ask yourself why you don't see any of the really ancient Kindred flaunting their fangs in public.

If you can't figure it out, here's a hint: All those who did were staked, burned, decapitated or sun-tanned into Final Death long ago. We are tougher, faster, stronger and a few steps up the ladder from mortals, but they outnumber us more than 10,000-to-1. Those aren't bad odds — those aren't even odds at all.

That's about it, or at least about as much as I can teach you as short a time as your skin is worth to me. The rest you'll figure out on your own or you'll just be another dead Lick out in the middle of nowhere. Either way, I'm out of here.

Index

A

Abe Stewart 123
Abilities 86
Africa 96
Albania 117
Anarch Free Press 124
Anarch Free State 21, 23
Anarch Free State Militia 131
Anarch Railroad 130
Anarch Revolt 12, 19
Anarch Thaumaturgy 163
  Flatline 163
  Hell's Calling 163
  Iron Body 163
  Ward Versus Vitae 163
Andorra 114
Andrea Parker 123
Archon 57
Asia 99
Assamites 28
Attributes 86
Australia 100
Austria 101

B

Backgrounds 87
Baron 50, 167
Barony 52
Basques 114
Belgium 109
Belorus 112
Berlin 105
Body Bags 197
Bosnia-Herzegovina 117
Bruiser 174
Brujah 30
Bulgaria 103

C

Caches 205
Caitiff 32
Camarilla 56, 140, 210
Canada 132
Cathayans 24
Chameleon 55, 169
Character Creation 76, 157
Character-Creation Quick Reference 79
Charlatan 171
Clans 85
  Assamites 28
  Brujah 30
  Caitiff 32
  Gangrel 34
  Lasombra 36
  Malkavian 38
  Nosferatu 40
  Ravnos 42
  Toreador 44
  Tremere 46
  Ventrue 48
Combination Disciplines 157
  Aspect of Beast 157
  Call upon the Blood 159
  Chaos Fold 159
  Give 'em Hell 159
  Guardian Vigil 160
  King of the Hill 160
  Memory Rift 160
  Retain the Quick Blood 161
  Smiling Jack's Trick 161
  Suck it Up 162
  Tenebrous Veil 162
  The Badger's Hide 158
  The Seventh Chinese Brother 161
Concept 78
Convention of Thorns 18, 19
Corsica 104
Croatia 117
Czech Republic 103

D

Demeanor 85
Denmark 113
Disciplines 88, 151
  Learning Disciplines 153
Don Sebastian 22
Drugs 207

Index

E

Ecuador 118
Elder Motives 180
Elders 177
Emissary 53, 168
England 116
Estonia 112
Europe 101
Ex-Sabbat 174

F

Feeding 68
  Eating to Go 198
Finland 113
France 103
Fyrom 117

G

Gambling 206
Gangrel 34
Gangs 207
Germany 105
Ghosts 63
Ghouls 66, 209
Gratiano 14
Great Britain 116
Greece 106

H

Hardestadt 17
High-Level Disciplines 163
  Scourging the Instinct 164
  Tireless Tread 164
  Turnabout 164
Hookup 175
Humanity 89
Hungary 106
Hunters 63

I

Iceland 113
Idealists 145
Intellectuals 185
  Firebrand 192
  General 191
  Practical Revolutionary 189
Ireland 116
Italy 107

J

Jeremy MacNeil 22, 71
Jus Noctis 14, 19

L

Lasombra 36
Latvia 112
Lexicon 8
  Old Form 8
  Vulgar Argot 8
Liberty Club 125
Liechtenstein 108
Lithuania 112
Lugoj Blood-breaker 15
Luxembourg 109

M

Mages 63
Malkavian 38
Malloc 122
Marguerite Foccart 23
Mexico 132
Milan 108
Mohammed al-Muthlim 24
Moldova 112
Mortals 90, 213

N

Nature 84
Netherlands 109
New Promise Mandarinate 24, 62
Nickerson Clan 128
Nomadic Pack Leader 169
North America 119
Nosferatu 40

Index

O

Opportunists 146

P

Paris 104
Patricia of Bollingbroke 12
Perth 101
Poland 110
Portugal 110
Prince 56

Q

Quartermaster 173

R

Rabble Rouser 170
Ravnos 42
Reputation 71
Rio de Janeiro 118
Robin Leeland 12
Rock Star 172
Romania 111
Rome 108
Russia 112

S

Sabbat 61, 142, 211
Safe Houses 196
Salvador Garcia 23
Scandinavia 113
Scotland 116
Seattle Committee 132
Slovakia 103
Slovenia 117
Smiling Jack 23, 71
Social Affairs 69
Society of Leopold 11, 17
South America 117
Spain 114
Status 71
Status Perfectus 22, 23
Sweden 114
Sweeper 54
Switzerland 115
Sydney 100

T

Theft 207
Themes 144
Theodore Bunning 121
Toreador 44
Traditions 58
  Fifth Tradition 60
  First Tradition 58
  Fourth Tradition 60
  Second Tradition 59
  Sixth Tradition 60
  Third Tradition 59
Tremere 46
Turkey 115

U

Ukraine 112
Unbound 132
United Kingdom 116

V

Venice 108
Ventrue 48
Vienna 102
Virtues 88

W

Wales 116
Wat Tyler 12
Werewolves 63, 212
Wetworker 171
Willpower 89

Y

Yugoslavia 117

Break the Walls Down

Kindred society is stagnant, and it favors the privileged. Elders claim domain over rights that, by their nature, belong to all of Caine's childer. Princes and archbishops alike abuse the very social contract that gives them the power they wield. What's the answer? Open revolution. Bring down the system!

Guide to the Anarchs Includes:

- A look at the phenomenon of the Anarch Movement worldwide
- Advice for introducing the anarchs to an existing chronicle or creating an all-anarch chronicle
- A handy appendix on nomadic unlife

VAMPIRE®
THE MASQUERADE

www.white-wolf.com
ISBN 1-58846-223-4
WW2424 $25.95 U.S.