

CALL of
HORROR SOURCEBOOK
CTHULHU

1920s

THE
New Orleans
GUIDEBOOK

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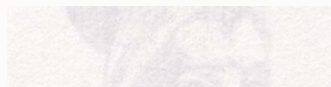
THE New Orleans GUIDEBOOK

A 1920's Sourcebook for the Crescent City





H. P. Lovecraft
1890-1937



THE New Orleans GUIDEBOOK

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Chaosium. Inc.

1997

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Chaosium Publication 2369. Published in July 1997. ISBN 1-56882-089-5

Printed in the United States.

Introduction

Mysteries of the Crescent City

*Won't-cha come a-long with me,
To the Mis-sis-sip-pi?
We'll take the hoat-to the lan' of dreams,
Steam down the river down to New Orleans;
The hand's there to meet us,
Old friends to greet us,
Where all the light and the dark folks meet—
—“Basin Street Blues”*

New Orleans learned long ago how to hide her secrets well. Everywhere you go, your senses are assaulted by exotic delights. Loud, raucous jazz escapes the closed shutters of Bourbon Street speakeasies. From the waterfront and the kitchens drift the sharp smells of Cajun spices. Mardi Gras revelers, laughing madly behind distorted masks, bump into you, grab you, tempt you to further debaucheries. The intricate iron lace of the verandahs and the green Edenic bliss of the French Quarter gardens seduce your eye, capture you, hold you prisoner to their beauty. You are so distracted by cosmetic spectacle that you never notice that the real New Orleans lies behind you, just over your shoulder—and that this New Orleans contains so many more ... novel sights.

Not all visitors are so easily deceived by the trinkets and baubles New Orleans puts on display for tourists. There are those who walk the tenuous path between the comforting facade we call reality and the sanity-curdling horrors of cosmic truth; these investigators of forbidden secrets, due either to foolish ambition or tragic heroism, dare to look over their shoulders and see the real New Orleans. They see the voodoo and mysticism that thrive in the private parlors of the city's most powerful residents. They see the dense swamp jungles and decaying plantation mansions that lie on her outskirts, concealing sinister intrigues in their sultry dimness. And they see Great Cthulhu, lurking in the degeneracy of the ages, orchestrating unspeakable acts in New Orleans from his sunken tomb-city. For these benighted investiga-

tors, simply discovering the mysteries of the Crescent City is not enough; to them goes the burden of solving the mysteries, as well.

This book aims to assist investigators in bringing the mysteries of the Crescent City to light, and to assist their Keepers in bringing those mysteries to life. Welcome to a guide to the New Orleans of the 1920's, which weaves together history and legend to provide a rich and exciting campaign environment for *Call of Cthulhu* gamers. The first chapter is an introduction to the city for both players and Keepers, outlining the basics of history, custom, and social interaction that most New Orleans natives would know. The remainder of the book is mostly for Keepers only, detailing various aspects and sections of the city, with some of the mystical enigmas to be encountered therein; Keepers may wish to restrict their players' access to those sections, so as to preserve surprises that lay in wait for PC's during adventures. The second chapter goes to some length to describe the French Quarter, the oldest and most exciting section of New Orleans. In the third chapter, the rest of the city—the waterfront, the Garden District, the universities, and so forth—is detailed. The fourth chapter focuses on the deadly and beautiful bayous which make up the terrain of southern Louisiana. The fifth chapter provides rules and background for voodoo in *Call of Cthulhu*, with new spells and monsters; the sixth chapter presents an adventure—“Twilight of the Fifth Sun”—with which to start off a New Orleans campaign.

So: The moon has begun to rise over the mammoth live oaks of Bayou St. John, and the songs of the banana workers on the waterfront have subsided to a hypnotic hum. There are Vieux Carré loa ceremonies to attend, Creole mansions to explore, and foreign sailors to interrogate in some seedy Gallatin Street dive.

Read on

—Fred Van Lente

French/Cajun Pronunciation Guide

Many terms and most of the names used in this book are **French**. Below **are** a few simple guidelines to help English-speaking gamers pronounce French words with a fair amount of accuracy. The letters on the left **are** from the French; to the right are their **corresponding** sounds in English.

<i>Letter(s)</i>	<i>English Equivalent Pronunciation</i>
a	A as in FATHER
e	A as in CAKE
è	E as in THERE
i	EE as in FREE
o	O as in NO
u	U as in NATURE
eu (eux)	OO as in BOOK
ou	OO as in BOOT
au (eau)	O as in NO
oi	WA as in WATER
c	Before I or E, pronounce like S in SEE Otherwise, pronounce like K in KIN
ç	Hissing S
ch	SH as in SHOUT
g	Before I or E, pronounce like S in MEASURE Otherwise, pronounce like G as in GUN
gn	NY as in CANYON
h	Always silent
j	S as in MEASURE
ll	Y as in YES
r	Gargling R
an	ON as in CON
qu	K as in KIN
in	AN as in PAN
on	OAN as in LOAN
un	UN as in BUN

The letters s, e, t, x, z, and n, when found at the end of a word, are almost always silent.

Hence, some of the common French words and phrases found in *The New Orleans Guidebook* are pronounced as follows:

banquette—ban-ket

garçonnère—gar-son-yair

gris-gris—gree-gree

Magie Noire—ma-zshee nwar

Vieux Carré—vyoo kar-ray

History of New Orleans

On February 9, 1718, the French governor of the Louisiana Territories, Jean Baptiste LeMoynes, the Sieur de Bienville, led a band of convicts to a crescent-shaped curve in the Mississippi River, a few miles south of Lake Pontchartrain. He commanded his conscripted laborers to begin construction on a settlement the French government was certain would prove to be the hub of a mighty empire, growing rich off the gold, silver, and pearl deposits Louisiana was supposedly covered with. Parisian jails, poorhouses, madhouses, and brothels were being emptied, their human contents loaded onto ships to be the colonists who would put this imperialist dream into action. Bienville and the prisoners completed their crude settlement, a pathetic collection of hovels, a few weeks before the first batch of drafted settlers arrived in June; he named the future seat of the grand New World empire after the French Regent, the Duke of Orléans.

The French government's dreams began to evaporate soon after Nouvelle-Orléans' founding, however. Bienville discovered that the territory around the tiny town was completely lacking in precious metals, but had plenty of hostile wildlife, treacherous swamps, suspicious Indians, and lethal diseases. Criminals, prostitutes, and lunatics proved to be poor colonists. They preferred to get drunk all day rather than work on the settlement, so Bienville demanded the importation of slaves from the West Indies. Although working under brutal, inhuman conditions, the Africans became the artisans and laborers that gave the town the stability it desperately needed. The French had very different attitudes about slavery than the English, so whites and blacks intermingled more freely in Louisiana than in other North American colonies, creating a new racial class of mulattos. Slowly but surely, wealth began to be generated—not from gold and silver, but from the sugar and cotton grown on the sprawling plantation farms surrounding Nouvelle-Orléans. Apparently that wasn't good enough for the French monarchy, though: It sold Louisiana to its former competitors, the Spanish, in 1762.

The French colonists, at first violently opposed to this transition, were surprised to find that Spain treated them much better than their native country had. The Spanish governors drove out the swamp bandits and Gulf pirates that had plagued the Crescent City, as Nouvelle-Orléans had come to be called, and refused to impose their culture on the French planters. Eventually, the planters embraced Spanish culture willingly, French colonists marrying into Spanish families and vice-versa, until the natives of Nouvelle-Orléans had formed their own unique culture, called "Creole" (from the Spanish *crear*, to create). The Creoles prospered, but their masters did not; they were treated like unwanted children, shuffled from one imperial parent to the next. The Spanish ceded Louisiana back to the French in 1800; Napoléon, raising funds for his European campaigns, sold it to the United States in 1803.

The American partnership turned out to be the best thing that could have happened to New Orleans. As the young nation expanded its borders west, the Mississippi River became one of the U.S.'s major trading

Historical Events of Fame and Notoriety

For brevity's sake, dates given elsewhere in the text are not repeated here.

September 11, 1723—A hurricane annihilates tiny Nouvelle-Orléans.

1735—A plague of mad dogs terrorizes the city, forcing residents to remain indoors.

1754—Swiss mercenaries on Cat Island (now Ship Island), in the Gulf of Mexico, mutiny against their sadistic French commanding officer and kill him. The rebels flee for Georgia, but are captured by the Choctaw and brought to New Orleans. The ring leaders are tried, convicted, and executed in a gruesome fashion on the Place des Armes.

October 28, 1768—A planter-led revolt drives Spanish Governor Don Antonio de Ulloa and his French commandant from New Orleans.

August 18, 1769—Irish mercenary Alexander O'Reilly and his troops recapture New Orleans for the Spanish. The French rebels are shot by a firing squad in the Plaza de Armas on October 25.

1782—Another devastating hurricane hits the city. Governor Bernardo de Gálvez bans the importation of slaves from the West Indies, "as they are too much given to voodooism and make the lives of the citizens unsafe." This ban lasts until 1792.

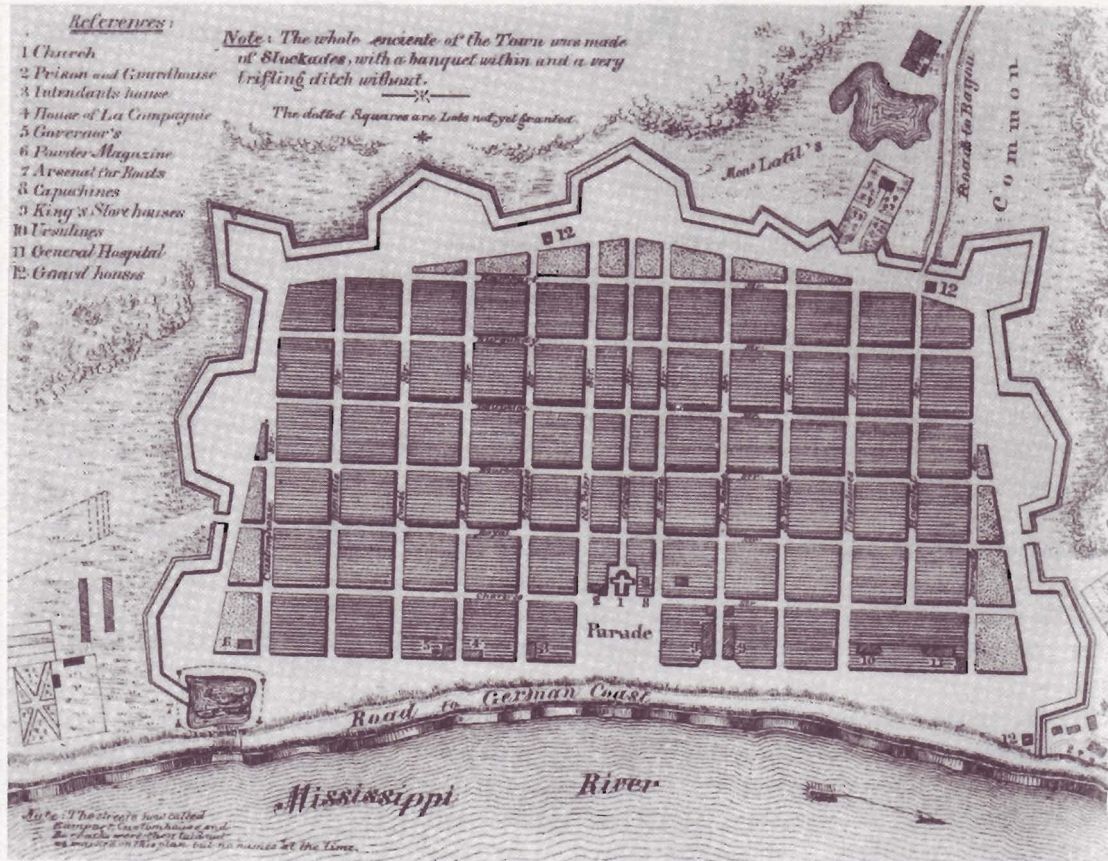
December 8, 1794—Children playing with flint and tinder begin the second great New Orleans fire, which destroys two hundred twelve buildings.

1795—An enormous slave revolt is botched when one of the white conspirators betrays the rebels to the authorities. The white leaders are banished from the province and the black organizers are put in a boat and sent down the Mississippi River. At each parish church one of the slaves is taken out of the boat and hanged. Twenty-three men die this way.

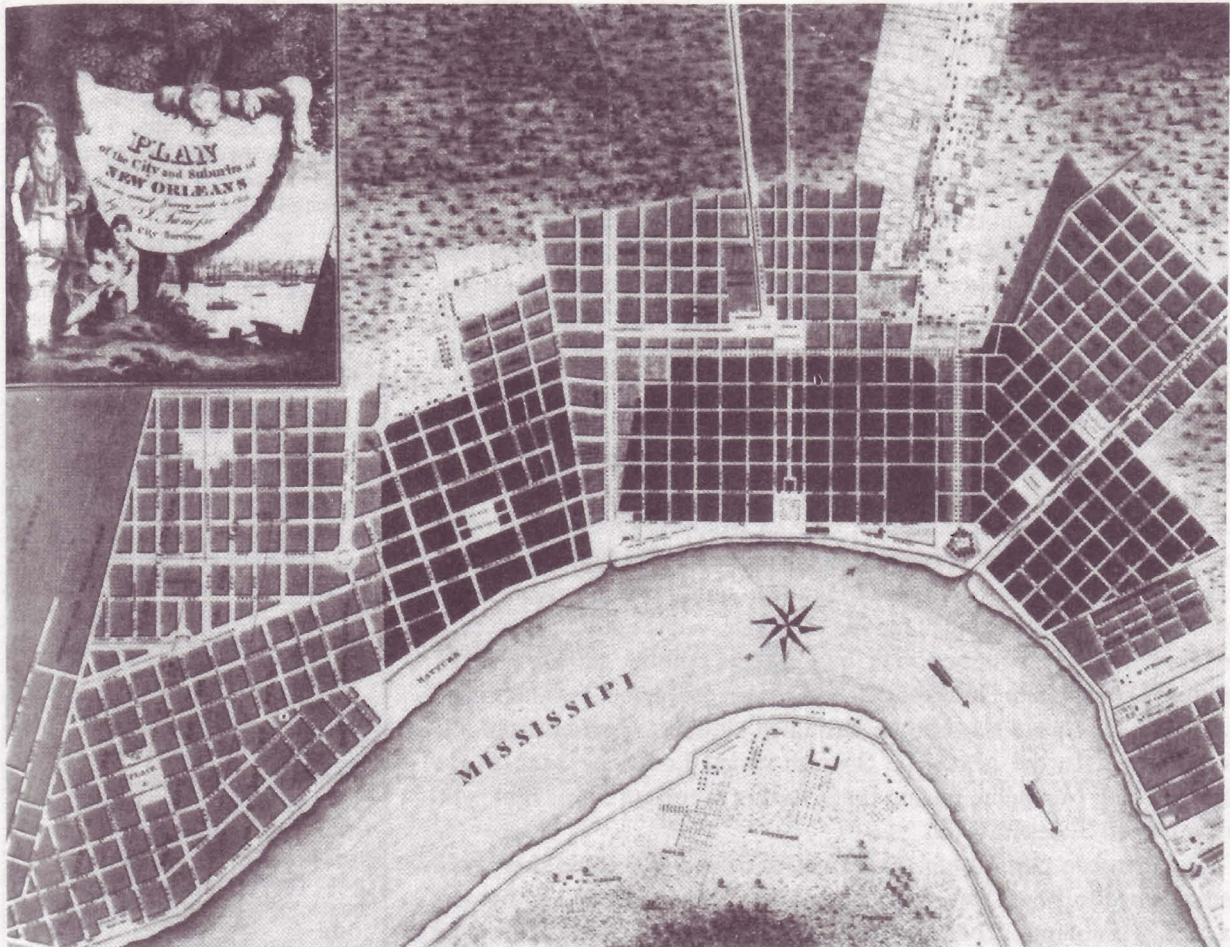
January 12, 1812—The Robert Fulton-designed steamboat New Orleans arrives in its namesake city, proving the commercial practicability of steam technology. New Orleans enters an era of unmatched prosperity as it becomes the terminus point for Mississippi River steamboat trade.

2 — The New Orleans Guidebook

1770's
New
Orleans



1817
New
Orleans



routes—and New Orleans was the largest city near the river's mouth. With the invention of the steamboat in the early nineteenth century, the Crescent City's economy boomed, thanks to the influx of cargo entering and leaving its port, pushed by the steamboats' mighty paddle-wheels. The river trade made the Creoles even more fabulously wealthy than they had been before. To show their gratitude, the Creoles returned much of that money to their beloved city: New Orleans was decorated by opulent mansions, stunning theaters, and finely gowned citizens.

The Golden Age of New Orleans soon came to an abrupt and violent end. On January 26, 1861, the Louisiana legislature voted to secede from the United States of America, to join the rebellious Confederacy. The ensuing Civil War disrupted Mississippi trade to the north, and the federal navy blockaded the gulf end of the river to the south, putting a stranglehold on the Crescent City. The Confederate defenders were quickly dispatched by the Unionists, and on April 25, 1862, United States troops occupied New Orleans. The town's citizens panicked, burning much of the waterfront so its precious stores would not fall into the hands of the hated Yankees. Hundreds of fortunes went up in smoke that day. Hundreds more vanished while trying to fund the hopeless Confederate war effort; plantations collapsed as their land, buildings, and crops were appropriated by the Northerners. With the war's end in 1865, the Confederate states were forced to obey the 1863 Emancipation Proclamation; the money lost when the slaves were freed turned many a millionaire into a pauper overnight.

New Orleans never truly recovered from the Civil War. Although the Creoles again dominated the Mississippi trade after Reconstruction, and a few fortunes were reclaimed, the gaiety which had once been such a part of the city's soul was lost in the war. Haunted—or simply **obsessed**—by the ghosts of former glories, New Orleans seemed to turn inward and vent its frustration upon itself. A city once known for its elegance and style became famous for its vice and corruption. From 1897 to 1917, the town fathers made an attempt to keep the epidemic lawlessness in check. Acting on the suggestion of Alderman Sidney Story, the City Council established one section of the city, bordered by St. Louis and Basin Streets, where prostitution was legal. The area became the most notorious red-light district in American history, and the good alderman was rather irritated when it ironically adopted the name "Storyville." The music played in its brothels and saloons was contemptuously referred to as "**jass**" by the Creole elite, but Storyville typified the new spirit of the city: Travelers came from around the world to sample its forbidden wares, and brought a love of this new "**jazz music**" back home with them.

The 1920's find New Orleans in a period of stagnation. The forced closing of Storyville (due to America's entry into the Great War), the subsequent exodus of jazz musicians (such as Louis Armstrong and "Jelly Roll" Morton) to Chicago and New York, and Prohibition have dealt a severe blow to the city's stature as the Mecca of Merry-Making. The tempestuous reign of Huey P. Long, the infamous "Kingfish" governor of Louisiana, has not yet begun. However, at **425,000** residents, New Orleans is still the largest city in the American South, a hotbed of shady politics, violent crime, and heated racial tensions. Investigators venturing here find a city whose past is constantly at war with her present; PC's will have to overcome the dangers of both in order to survive.

Historical Events (cont.)

1814—A Swedish sailor is brought to Charity Hospital with bubonic plague, sending the city into a panic. Although no epidemic breaks out, bands of armed citizens scour the riverfront, hunting for vermin. Eighty thousand rats are discovered and killed.

January 8, 1815--The Battle of New Orleans. Not realizing that the Treaty of Ghent had been signed on December 24, ending the War of 1812, a British invasion force lands at New Orleans. General Andrew Jackson, leading a motley band of Army regulars, Creole volunteers, and Jean Lafitte's pirates, crushes the English.

1835—The New Orleans and Carrollton Railroad is laid between New Orleans and the upriver township of Carrollton. (The railroad still exists today as the St. Charles Avenue streetcar, the oldest continually running line of public transportation in North America.)

March 28, 1846—**Pauline**, a mulatto slave, becomes the first black person to be executed in New Orleans since the Americans took over the city. She claimed she had made her master fall in love with her with a voodoo charm, and became pregnant by him. When the master went away on business, Pauline took his wife and children hostage. She tortured the wife daily until the police, acting on an anonymous tip, broke into the house and rescued the family.

June 2, 1852—The execution of Jean Adam and Anthony **Delisle**, who had been convicting of killing a female slave during a burglary, is interrupted by an enormous black thundercloud hovering over the prison grounds. A torrential down-pour begins the moment the two men are dropped from the gallows. When the rain clears moments afterward, the authorities discover that both nooses were tied improperly and that the condemned lie beneath the gallows, still alive. They are successfully hanged seconds later. Rumor has it that Marie Laveau—who had brought the men their last meal the evening before—had created the storm to prove that they were innocent.

June 4, 1858—An armed clash between the ruling Know-Nothing Party and the opposition Vigilance Committee leaves one person dead.

Historical Events (cont.)

May 15, 1862—Major-General Benjamin F. Butler, the despised military governor of New Orleans, issues his infamous "Woman Order", which allows any female citizen to be arrested as a prostitute for insulting Union troops. This seems to enrage prostitutes more than Creole ladies, and earns Butler the nickname of "Beast."

July 30, 1866—About 200 blacks turn out to cheer on Republican candidates for New Orleans public offices, a rally which quickly turns into a riot when Confederate sympathizers show up. Thirty-four blacks and four whites are killed.

June 30, 1870—The famous race between the steamboats *Natchez* and *Robert E. Lee* begins in New Orleans. As the world watches, the *Natchez* eventually runs aground between Memphis and Cairo, allowing the *Lee* to reach St. Louis first.

September 14, 1874—Carpetbagger Governor William Pitt Kellogg barricades himself in the Custom House as about five thousand members of the White League lay siege to the building in an attempt to lynch him. New Orleans police and black militiamen barely repulse the invaders with a Gatling gun. At the end of the assault, thirty-two men lay dead.

November 3, 1883—The city's most beloved madam, Kate Townsend, is stabbed to death by her abused lover, Treville Sykes.

1884-5—The Cotton Centennial Exposition, or "World's Fair" is held in Audubon Park.

May 28, 1889—Police raid a voodoo ceremony on Roman Street, arresting the ten black men and fifteen white women in attendance.

Mayors of New Orleans

1920-1924 Andrew J. McShane

1925-1926 Martin Behrman

1926-1930 Arthur J. O'Keefe

Governors of Louisiana

1920-1924 John M. Parker

1924-1926 Henry L. Fuqua

1926-1928 Oramel Hinkley

Simpson

Getting There

New Orleans is accessible by nearly all forms of travel. Unfortunately for fans of "Basin Street Blues", the Mississippi has pretty much been closed to passenger travel since the rise of the railroad, but investigators may take a train from Boston for about \$20. The trip covers approximately 1,500 miles in two days and requires a transfer of trains in Atlanta. There are several airstrips just outside the city—and seaplanes can land in Lake Pontchartrain—so investigators may opt for a seven-hour trip at the far heftier price of \$250. Since New Orleans is a major sea port, passenger ships arrive from London and Lisbon weekly; expect to pay \$250 (about £185) for a first class, round-trip ticket.

Climate

New Orleans, lying on the same latitude as Cairo and Shanghai, is in one of the Earth's great sunbelts: The city's average temperature is 57°F (13°C) during the winter and 83°F (28°C) during the summer. The constant 70%–80% humidity is oftentimes oppressive: Investigators will find that their clothes stick to their bodies, and that the languid heat contributes to the easy-going, what's-your-rush attitude of the natives. Hurricane season lasts from June through November; during September, the peak month, ferocious thunderstorms can erupt out of nowhere with temfying rapidity.

Geography

The orientation of locations within the city are practically never described in the cardinal directions of the compass, but rather as riverside, lakeside, uptown, and downtown, with "up" and "down" referring to the direction of the river's flow. The main thoroughfare by which things will be referenced is Canal Street, running from lakeside to riverside and separating uptown from downtown. This unique geographical perspective can be extended to giving directions: "He lives on the downtown riverside comer of St. Charles and Jackson" is precise and accurate.

Lodging and Dining

New Orleans is known worldwide for the excellent quality of its hotels. The most favored of these are the **Lafayette** Hotel (628 St. Charles St.), which boasts intimate European suites with private baths at \$7 a night, and the Roosevelt (123 **Baronne** St.), which is now known as the **Fairmont**. Most of the city's other lodging-places also have a European air to them, however, and can be found for much cheaper. Also, there are boarding houses throughout the French Quarter and the greater city which will rent rooms by the week, for upward of \$40. Of course, there are always the YMCA (white branch: 936 St. Charles Ave.; black branch: 2220 **Dryades** St.) and YWCA (whites: 929 Gravier St.; blacks: 2436 Canal St.), which offer clean, communal rooms and showers for fifty cents a night.

As one might imagine, New Orleans' French restaurants are the best in the United States. The most well known of these is Antoine's (713 St. Louis St.), where most of the celebrities visiting or residing in New Orleans may be found. A spacious back "mystery room" serves alcohol, thanks to generous donations to the police department. Few of the delicious French **entrées** go for under **three** dollars, so the establishment should be avoided by the investigator on a budget. Reservations and formal dress are required.

The Gumbo Shop (712 St. Peter St.) has slightly overpriced Cajun **cooking** in an intimate setting; seating is limited, so reservations are a good idea. The Italian restaurants are also excellent, but in the 1920's have become popular Mafia hang-outs.

Law and (Dis)Order

Louisiana is the only state in the Union that has a legal system based on the civil laws of France, not England. Its counties are called parishes; New Orleans is in the Orleans Parish. The city is governed by a mayor, a city council, and seven commissioners, all of whom are publicly elected by seven municipal districts and seventeen wards.

Of course, New Orleans isn't called "The Big Easy" for nothing. Crescent City politicians have always had their hands in somebody's pockets. In the nineteenth century it was the railroad barons and cotton magnates; in the twentieth century it's the big oil companies, the Mafia, the Ku **Klux Klan**, and legalized-gambling lobbyists. The phrase "honest policeman" is **something** of an oxymoron, and investigators will find that a little bribe goes a long way. All of this graft and corruption has earned New Orleans another title: "The City That Care Forgot."

Prostitution is rampant throughout the city, cutting across all class and racial boundaries. Every section of town has its houses of ill repute, populated by "women notoriously abandoned to lewdness", as the old statutes called them. Prices vary depending on the location of the brothel—the seedier the neighborhood, the cheaper the trick. The ritziest bordellos put the most well-to-do Garden District mansion to shame, resplendent as they are in tasteful nineteenth-century French opulence. Since harlots have always been prohibited from soliciting customers in public (even during the **Storyville** days), prostitutes often stand behind thin curtains on **second-story** windows and call down to prospective clients in the street. They leave a ten-percent cut of their night's earnings on the stoop for patrolling policemen; investigators up at early hours may wonder about the pile of change lying on the stoops of particular buildings. Normally, scarlet women who fail to share the wealth are the only ones bothered by the authorities.

During Prohibition, New Orleans was known as "America's wettest city." Speakeasies and night clubs have thrived here since 1923, thanks to a plethora of Mob booze and bribes. When G-man **Izzy Einstein** conducted his nationwide tour to see where one could get illegal alcohol the fastest, New Orleans won hands-down. It took the Treasury agent thirty-five seconds to get his hands on a glass of hooch—the taxi driver who was **taking** him from his hotel to the French Quarter sold him some in the cab!

Illegal booze goes hand in hand with illegal gambling, a long-standing New Orleans tradition. Most bars owned by the **Mafia** are illicit casinos first, speakeasies second; similar "back-room" establishments may be found in drug stores, coffee houses, restaurants, warehouses, and private residences. The most common games are roulette, faro, keno, and blackjack. Investigators should be cautious about **trying their** luck, however: There is a 40% chance that any gambling den they patronize is crooked. The croupiers are instructed to allow a customer to win big for a few hands, then win back their victim's **earnings** in the final round. Investigators can use successful Spot Hidden rolls to spot cheating, but most illegal casinos have enough armed thugs **lurking** about to discourage PC's from **seeking** restitution.



Antoine 5

Creole–Cajun Name Generator

Roll 2d10 twice and consult the tables below for instant NPC names, or for Orleanite player characters. Cajuns are fond of naming people and places after figures in Greek and Roman mythology; it is not uncommon for a Cajun to have a French surname, and a first name like "Heracles" or "Persephone." The classical names are not pronounced in the "proper" Greek style, however, but in the French manner, with the accent usually falling on the last syllable. For example, it is "Per-se-PHONE" or "Mel-po-MENE" rather than "Per-SE-pho-ne" or "Mel-PO-me-ne."

Male Name	Female Name
2 Adrien	Caroline
3 André	Catherine
4 Antoine	Cécile
5 Baptiste	Christine
6 Claude	Claire
7 Eugene	Colette
8 François	Delphine
9 Gaspard	Emanuelle
10 Georges	Evangeline
11 Henri	Gabrielle
12 Jacques	Josette
13 Jean	Madeline
14 Joseph	Marie
15 Lazare	Micheline
16 Louis	Monique
17 Pierre	Nathalie
18 Philippe	Nicole
19 Sébastien	Simone
20 Theodore	Yvette

Surname
2 Allain
3 Benoit
4 Cormier
5 Dugas
6 Étienne
7 Fournet
8 Goudeau
9 Herbert
10 Lacombe
11 Lambert
12 LeBlanc
13 Mouton
14 Narcisse
15 Picard
16 Primeaux
17 Savoy
18 Senegal
19 Thibodeaux
20 Vallier

Social Customs

Player characters will find the Credit Rating **skill** to be of great use in the Crescent City, since few American cities are as obsessed with race, **ethnicity**, and class as New Orleans. These factors will frequently determine whether non-player characters react favorably or unfavorably to investigators, and will affect a PC's Credit Rating skill level.

It would take an army of sociologists to puzzle out the intricacies of racial identity in New Orleans, but here **are** some broad guidelines. A social distinction is made between those who are of entirely **African** lineage ("colored" or "Negro" **are** terms more frequently used in the 1920's than "**black**") and blacks with Spanish or French blood in them. These latter are known as "Creoles of color." While in times past Creoles of color enjoyed near-equal legal status with whites, post-Civil War policies of racial segregation have lumped all those with African blood in their veins into the same second-class citizen category. Like their white counterparts, however, Creoles of color still have a sentimental attachment to lost glories; they tend to look down on those with more African blood than they. The pecking order goes something like this: An "octoroon" is someone who is **one-eighth** African, a "quadroon" is one-fourth African, and a "mulatto" is **one-half** African.

Regardless of race, however, the more established an investigator's family, the higher his Credit Rating will **be** in the eyes of the Creoles. Black Catholics are distinctly superior socially to Protestant blacks, as many of them can trace their **ancestry** to black freemen before Emancipation. If a black person or Creole of color can trace her family back to the slaves of the Creoles, she immediately gains respect in the eyes of native whites. Native Spaniards or Frenchmen will be treated like royal ambassadors by the Creoles. North Americans, Englishmen, and Germans are tolerated by the Creoles (who consider themselves Americans by accident, rather than by choice), but are generally thought to be genetic barbarians.

Poverty is always an embarrassment, so the Creoles have nothing but contempt for "white trash, the poor urban laborers and rural Cajun fanners, and their descendants. No matter how old a person's family is, white trash is still white trash, and will always be white trash. New Orleans natives believe the **worthiness** of an individual comes from her stock, not her wealth, and white trash that somehow strike it rich are still looked down upon.

At the absolute bottom of the heap, however, are Irishmen, Italians, Poles, Slavs, and other Eastern Europeans. While their white skin color may make them racially superior to blacks in the opinion of the Creoles, massive immigration by these groups into Louisiana has aroused the natives' intense hostility. The elite feels threatened by the political and financial success some ethnic groups—the Irish and Italians in **particular**—have had in the city, and avoid them like the plague.

The author hesitates to assign quantitative bonuses and penalties to investigator Credit Ratings, so the Keeper should use his own judgment. Generally speaking, investigators interacting with their own race, nationality, or **ethnicity** should receive no bonus or penalty. National and ethnic differences should be taken into account, based on the guidelines above, and adjustments to Credit Rating should be made accordingly. Racial differences, however, are **slightly** more complex; despite white Orleanites' proud proclamations that their city is **free** of racial prejudice, the 1920's South is

still **firmly** entrenched in the policies of racial segregation, also known as "Jim Crow", and they will have a great impact on investigations.

Life with Jim Crow

The specific policies of "Jim Crow" (named after a white minstrel's black-face character) vary from state to state. In Louisiana, all hotels, libraries, cinema houses, theaters, restaurants, public schools, hospitals, and prison cell blocks are for either whites or blacks only; blacks are not allowed in those white establishments under any circumstances, although whites may enter black hotels, theaters, and the like, with little consequence other than irritated glares from black patrons. Some white shopkeepers refuse to serve blacks, and vice-versa, but that is determined by individual choice, not the law. Separate restrooms, drinking fountains, and public transportation seats are set aside for whites and blacks (the rear of a streetcar or bus is invariably the "Colored Section"). Miscegenation—sexual intercourse or marriage by persons of different races—is prohibited by law and by social custom; it is one of the most grievous social sins a person can commit in the Deep South.

Thanks to Jim Crow, blacks and whites live in two different worlds that rarely intersect. Generally speaking, blacks tend to avoid conversing frankly with white strangers. Most blacks erect a facade of contentment for white people, to avoid an accusation of being "uppity" and to avoid becoming the victim of senseless racial brutality. Consequently, white investigators blithely walking up to a black NPC and asking questions are greeted with suspicion at the least, or, at worst, with a stonewall of feigned ignorance. Especially in the presence of native Southern whites, black NPC's will never say anything that could be interpreted as critical of white people to other whites (particularly if saying something could possibly incriminate whites in potentially illegal activity). Northern whites will be avoided altogether, since blacks know that the one thing Southern whites hate most are Southern blacks learning "contrary" ideas from Yankees. White investigators hoping to get significant information from black NPC's must **first** go out of their way to prove their trustworthiness.

Conversely, black investigators find that white NPC's treat them with attitudes varying from amused condescension to outright hostility. If accompanied by other whites, black PC's should **find** that interviews and interrogations go rather smoothly; black investigators talking to whites solo might not get very far. Even Northern black (and mulatto, quadroon, or octoroon)PC's have to suffer the indignities of racial segregation; they may find themselves **donning** the uniforms of bellboys and waiters in order to sneak into white-only hotels and restaurants to interview suspects.

Investigators flagrantly disobeying the social codes of Jim Crow—such as a white PC sitting in the "Coloreds Only" section of a streetcar, for example—win no respect from anybody, white or black. Liberal white player characters (or players with 1990's attitudes) may be flabbergasted, at first, that black NPC's react very badly to "rocking the boat" incidents such as this. Players need to understand that most black **Orleanites** were as conservative—and as protective of their racial identities—as their white counterparts. Black investigators engaging in similar activities will get into shouting matches with indignant whites, or worse. As much as the players may find it personally repellent, player characters will find that adopting a policy of "When in Rome ..." will keep them from drawing too much attention to themselves, or from alienating potential allies.

WILLIAM FAULKNER (1897-1962)

In 1925 and 1926, America's 1949 Nobel Prize-winning author is an impoverished poet living in a cramped room in the French Quarter. His volume of verse, *The Marble Faun*, has recently been published to so-so reviews. Investigators find him useful in that he is an integral part of the burgeoning art colony in the Vieux Carré, and is particularly good friends with Sherwood Anderson, the (currently) more-famous author of *Dark Laughter* and *Wineburg, Ohio*, who lives on Jackson Square. PC's will probably encounter Faulkner during his moonlight job, as a sometimes-city correspondent and fiction contributor to the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. Fond of role-playing, Faulkner likes to claim he is a bootlegger, or pretend to walk with a limp; investigators will be impressed by his beautiful manners, soft speech, and controlled intensity.



WILLIAM FAULKNER, Cub Reporter, age 28

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 12
INT 14 POW 12 DEX 11
APP 13 EDU 16 SAN 80
HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Acting 53%, Bookbinding 54%, Drink Heavily 95%, Football 72%, History 61%, Persuade 45%, Pilot Aircraft 42%, Ride 71%, Rifle 53%
Languages: English 82%, French 20%

However, it should be pointed out that if the Keeper believes that any of these racial or ethnic elements will **make** his players uncomfortable, he should tone them down or discard them. First and foremost, Call of Cthulhu is a game, and player enjoyment should always **take** priority over historical **verisimilitude**.

Newspapers

The two major New Orleans dailies are the conservative *Times-Picayune* and the somewhat more liberal Item. *L'Abeille* folds in 1925, leaving only *Le Courier de la Nouvelle-Orléans* to service French-language citizens. Like **all** large metropolitan areas, newspapers from around the world are available at most news dealers.

A custom unique to New Orleans involves taking out ads in the Personals section to thank saints and other Catholic figures for prayers answered. Investigators flipping through the Sunday **classifieds** will be intrigued to read—

- * THANKS to the Blessed Mother and the following saints, [10 saints] and Blessed Mother for Perpetual Help. M. E. K.
- THANKS to Jesus, Mary and Joseph for favor granted. S. A. E.
MANY, many thanks to St. Raymond, St. Michael the archangel, Our Lady of Prompt Succor, and My Guardian Angel for extraordinary favors granted to me. D. C. W.

Wily investigators may exploit this custom to send coded messages to informants or comrades.

Social Clubs

Jazz legend "Jelly Roll" Morton, in remembering his home town, once said that, "New Orleans was very organization-minded. I have never seen such beautiful clubs as they had there." The societies listed below are but a fraction of the clubs the city has to offer. Investigators who belong to them will find it the easiest way to meet important and influential citizens. Only full club members can nominate a PC for membership candidacy; investigators who are voted in by a quorum of full members have free use of the club's facilities.

- The Boston Club, 824 Canal St. White men only. Founded in 1841 by merchants looking for a recreational haven away from home, **all** rich and prosperous male **Orleanites** belong to the Boston Club. Their clubhouse—formerly the infamous **McGrath & Company** gambling den—boasts several reading rooms, a full-service French restaurant (members only, no guests), and a gaming room. Membership is limited to **400**.
- **Orléans Club**, 5005 St. Charles Ave. White women only. Founded in 1925 by well-to-do ladies interested in art, music, literature, and politics. Their headquarters has a card room, library, lecture hall, and **apartments** for out-of-town guests. Membership is limited to **750**.
- Pickwick Club**, 1028 Canal St. **White** men only. This club was founded in 1857 by a group of prominent young men from the Garden District. It was the parent **organization** of the Comus Krewes, the oldest of the Mardi Gras krewes. Membership is limited to **150**.
- **Round Table Club**, 6330 St. Charles Ave. **Whit. men** only. Founded in 1898 by **the** city's **wealthy intellectuals** and literati, who were seeking to establish a forum for science, art and literature. Its **headquarters** has an

impressive library, well stocked with scholarship by members and city residents, but the club is best known for the outstanding lecturers it attracts. Speeches by persons of unusual interest are open to non-members. Membership is limited to 300.

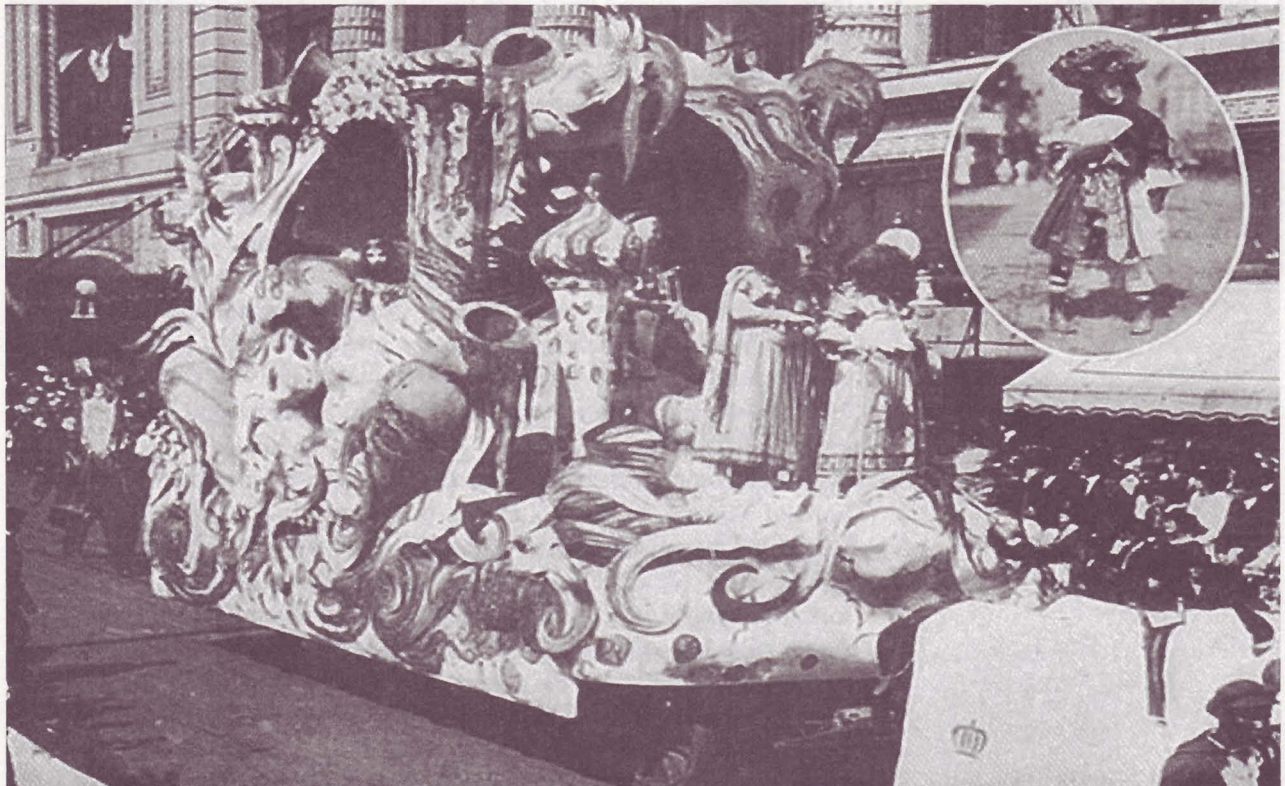
- **San Jacinto Club**, 1422 Dumaine St. Black men only. A philanthropic organization, dedicated to improving the social and civic life of the black community. The San Jacintos, like most black social clubs, are very proud of their band, and are fond of conducting impromptu street parades at the drop of a hat. The clubhouse has an excellent gym, with a sparring ring for aspiring boxers. There is no membership cap.

Mardi Gras

The last day of the pagan calendar fell in mid-winter and was the occasion for a great celebration. A lavish feast rewarded pre-Christians for being thrifty with their provisions during the season of frost, and allowed them to rejoice in the rapid approach of the new year's growing season. The rise of Catholicism did not erase these rites from the memories of the faithful; as with all faiths, Christianity eventually accommodated and adjusted itself to the religions that came before it. The mid-winter festival became Mardi Gras, or "Eat Tuesday", the day preceding the commencement of Lent, forty days (excepting Sundays) before Easter. The Mardi Gras carnival in Europe dates back to the fifth century, and Francophilic Louisiana celebrated Fat Tuesday as far back as 1699. In New Orleans, Mardi Gras is quite literally a citywide party, and has become the culmination of the Crescent City's social calendar.

Although the carnival doesn't begin until the Thursday before Fat Tuesday, preparation for Mardi Gras goes on year-round. The festival is sponsored by several social clubs, or krewes, formed specifically for that purpose. The krewes adopt pseudo-occult titles—Mystic Krewe of Comus,

Mardi Gras Float



A Sampling of Mardi Gras Tableau Ball Themes

1920

The Vision of **Belshazzar** (High Priests of Mithras)

1921

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (Krewe of Osiris)

1922

The Fairyland of Santa Claus (Fatstaffians)

1923

A Fantasy of the Sea (Rex Organization)

Myths and Legends of the North American Indians (Krewe of Proteus)

1924

King Tut of Egypt (Athenians)

1925

Tales and Romances of Old Japan (Krewe of Proteus)

1926

Deities of Greek Mythology (Knights of Monus)

Sherwood Forest (Nereus)

1927

Mother Goose (Nereus)

1928

Heroes of History and Legend (Krewe of Proteus)

The **Emerald** City of Oz (Elves of Oberon)

1929

The Wonder Palace of the Good **Genii** (**Atlanteans**)

1930

Peter Pan (Elves of Oberon)

High Priests of Mithras, Atlanteans—and wrap their activities in the thickest veil of secrecy. The designs for their balls, **parade floats, and costumes** have to be kept from the other **krewe**s, which are in a **tacit competition** with one another for the most expensive, **most imaginative, and** most spectacular display. In late December, the **krewe**s begin to throw their tableau balls, which are breathtaking in their **lavishness**. Attendance is by **invitation** only, and an investigator who receives tickets to a tableau ball **should** consider it an honor: The invitation card (**blue for men, pink for women**) has the guest's **name** and the theme (see table) for the ball printed on it in **gold leaf**. The **ball's** theme **determines** the type-of costume **guests** should wear, and investigators should expect to spend at least \$200 to get suited up for the evening (although, in the 1920's, only men are allowed to go masked)—Creole ladies have jewelry imported from Paris especially for the **occasion**. The ball is **preceded** by a street parade, **beginning** at 7:00 p.m.; the **krewe's** "court", in all its **finery**, rides **through** the streets of New Orleans on enormous floats. The **procession** halts at the hall or **mansion** where the dance is to be held, which has been decorated in accordance with the **theme**; for example, for 1923's "A Fantasy of the Sea", the Rex Organization's **ballroom** was covered by sparkling blue streamers, sand, starfish, and **seahorses**, with servants blowing bubbles around the dancers. The affair climaxes with the announcement of the Queen of the **Krewe's** Court, who is chosen from one of many candidates anonymously invited by the krewe. Investigators who attend a tableau ball won't leave until dawn, and may get entangled in any number of romantic **intrigues**.

During the carnival itself, New Orleans takes what amounts to a five-day weekend: Nothing of substance can get done, since the streets are **&** generally packed with wall-to-wall revelers wearing the most outlandish masks, drinking openly, smoking, laughing, **singing**, dancing. It is a human river with a thousand different currents, and PC's venturing out on the **banquettes** (as residents call sidewalks) will find drunken **maskers** hanging on them, trying to **share a drink** with them, or pulling them into a nearby house for **the party of the hour**. Jugglers, midgets in uniform, **sword swallows**, and animal **trainers** perform in the streets. Mardi Gras is a non-stop, round-the-clock, open-air freak show, and its masses of **grotesquely** costumed, grotesquely acting people are a perfect place to get lost—orto be **followed** inconspicuously **at** a distance.

Blacks **participate** in the festivities **as much** as the whites. **One of the** highlights of **Fat Tuesday** itself is the arrival of King Zulu, the fictitious ruler of Africa. A crowd of whites and blacks **crowds** the **New Basin Canal** at ten in the **morning** to await the leaky **tugboat** bearing the monarch, who wears a black **body-stocking**, face paint, and a grass skirt, and uses a **ham bone** as a scepter. He is greeted by the Zulu Aid and Pleasure Club, an all-black krewe, and **leads** a parade to a **Rampart** Street funeral home, where a great party is held.

At eleven o'clock on **Fat Tuesday**, **Rex, the King** of the Carnival and Lord of Misrule, **begins** his **parade** to the strains of "If I Ever Cease to Love", his theme song. Rex's **parade** is invariably the most **lavish** and the best **attended**. He and his **court** are led **through** the streets on **floats** that are so tall that the King can **fill** the glasses of onlookers in Vieux Carré balconies from his own **champagne bottle**. Rex pauses at City Hall to **receive** the keys of the city from the mayor, then finishes his **journey** at the Boston Club (see **above**), where a ball is held in his honor.

The parades and parties last all day, culminating with the processional of Comus, King of the Mystic **Krewe** and God of Mirth and Laughter. This is a night parade beginning at seven o'clock, and it has a slightly eerie feel to it, since black men pace Comus' floats on either side, carrying glowing torches aloft. At its conclusion, most revelers remove their masks and stagger wearily to bed, while the members and guests of the **krewe** attend Comus' ball.

The Rex and Comus balls are held in adjacent ballrooms. At the stroke of midnight, the partition between the two is removed and all present share a toast before going home. The highest placed members, however, stay awake through the night, and preparations to outdo the other **krewe**s at next year's **carnival** begin.

New Orleans in Different Eras

The Crescent City is unique among American metropolises in that it has not changed that radically over the years. Of course, like all towns, there are alterations here and **there**—**certain** civic buildings **are** reconstructed or moved, some buildings bum down—but, for the most part, the physical descriptions in this book hold true for New **Orleans** since 1803; it's the attitudes that have changed.

The New Orleans of the 1890's is even sleazier than the New **Orleans** of the **1920's**, if that's possible. A tidal wave of immigration has proved more than civic authorities can bear, and the town has a Wild West feel about it: Underground sewers are a novel concept, and many of the streets are still unpaved. Irish crooks (from the "Irish Channel", a neighborhood between Constance St. and the river) and Italian mobsters (particularly the feared Black Hand Gang, which operates out of **Gallatin** Street) struggle violently for control of the city, and street assassinations in broad daylight **are** not uncommon. Storyville has yet to be formed to contain the rampant vice in one section of the city. A contemporary scam involves white slavery outfits operating out of theatrical agencies—young girls aspiring to become actresses are drugged by silver-tongued dandies and sold to brothels from Basin Street to Hong Kong.

By the **1990's**, the tourism boom has turned New Orleans' unique features into a multimillion-dollar industry. The Superdome, Convention Center, and International Airport have been built to handle the influx of curiosity-seekers. While voodoo was once spoken of only in whispers, there are now a Voodoo Museum, voodoo swamp tours, voodoo doll souvenirs wearing French Quarter **t-shirts**, even Voodoo beer. Bourbon Street has become a Disneyland for alcoholics, and Mardi Gras is a rite of passage for college yahoos nationwide. However, the mysteries of the Crescent City flourish unchecked behind these brilliant distractions, awaiting intrepid investigators to discover them.

Sample 1920's New Orleans Occupations

Keepers basing their campaigns in New Orleans may offer these uniquely Crescent City jobs to their players as options. Players should note that most New Orleans natives **are** bilingual in French and English. Cajun is a dialect of French; those with a French skill level of 60 or higher have a base Cajun skill level of half their French skill level (and vice-versa).

CAJUN HUNTER--Cajun (native language), Hide, Navigate, Pilot Boat, Rifle, Sneak, Swim, Track.

CREOLE LANDOWNER—Accounting, Art (personal specialty), Credit Rating, Fencing Foil, Law, Other Language, Ride, one other skill as personal specialty.

***HUNZI** (black investigators only)—Art (Dancing, Drums, or Singing), Fast Talk, First Aid, Natural History, Occult, Pharmacy, Psychology, plus Contact Loa and one voodoo Enchant spell.

JAZZ MUSICIAN—Art (Musical Instrument or Singing), Conceal, Fast Talk, Listen, Psychology, Sneak, one other skill as personal specialty.

SHIPS CAPTAIN—**Anthropology**, Bargain, Climb, Navigate, Other Language, Pilot Boat, Swim, at least one weapon skill.

***TRAITEUR** (female investigators only)--Cajun (native language), First Aid, Medicine, Natural History, Occult, Persuade, Pharmacy, Psychology.

'Players who wish to run PC's with these occupations must first have clearance from their Keeper. A "hunzi" is defined on page 60; a "traiteur", or "sage femme", on page 51.

ETIENNE-LAURENT DE
MARIGNY

Generally considered America's greatest living mystic, antiquarian, and mathematician, de Marigny lives in the French Quarter with a four-handed clock that tells the time of spheres beyond our own reality. A New Orleans-born Creole, de Marigny enlisted in the French Foreign Legion during the Great War, and there met Arkham native Randolph Carter. The two men became friends due to their shared interest in the Dreamlands, and after the war traveled Europe in search of occult knowledge. Although at first de Marigny introduced the neophyte Carter to the secrets of the Mythos (particularly in Bayonne, in the south of France), the Yankee eventually surpassed the Creole in skill. The master dreamer named de Marigny as the executor of his estate in his will, and after Carter's never-explained disappearance in 1928, de Marigny inherited the bulk of Carter's vast collection of mystical curios, including the much-coveted Silver Key, which allows mortals entrance into the presence of Tawil at-'Umr, a benign manifestation of Yog-Sothoth.

De Marigny, while young-looking, prefers scholarly pursuit and contemplation to active Mythos-hunting at this stage in his life. He lectures, writes, and corresponds with all of the world's important occult researchers. If he stumbles across a crisis requiring fieldwork, he will most likely turn to the investigators. Artifacts in the Carter estate may hold hidden dangers, and de Marigny is still interested in learning his friend's whereabouts (Keepers planning on running an adventure of that nature are urged to read "Through the Gates of the Silver Key").

(continued on next page)

The French Quarter

The Old City murmurs: Rest with me. I am old, but thou hast never met with a younger more beautiful than I. I dwell in eternal summer, I dream in perennial sunshine, I sleep in magical moonlight. My streets are flecked with strange, sharp shadows, and sometimes the Shadow of Death falls upon them, but if thou wilt not fear, thou art safe.

—Lafcadio Hearn, *Leaves from the Diary of an Impressionist* (1911)

When one speaks of New Orleans, one is usually speaking of the French Quarter. In part, this is because the Vieux Carré ("Old Quarter") used to *be* New Orleans. In 1788, a Creole Catholic's misplaced altar candle set some hanging drapes aflame, which ignited a blaze that burned the entire city to the ground. Spanish Governor Miró commanded that a new town be built on the ashes of the old, and his architects designed a grid-like collection of avenues to form the heart of the new New Orleans (the fact that the Vieux Carré is of Spanish design originally led many to refer to it as the "Spanish Quarter"). It would not be until large numbers of Americans began moving to the city in the early nineteenth century that significant additions to what is now known as the French Quarter would be made. The grid design has survived into the 1920's, and many of the French Quarter's buildings date back to the eighteenth century.

The other reason New Orleans is so closely identified with the French Quarter is that the Vieux Carré is the city's most unique section: As its name might suggest, the American visitor finds the French Quarter's architecture strikingly European. With its plaster buildings, crammed together so tightly along the cobblestone-paved avenues that alleyways are practically unheard of, one feels like one has somehow stepped into another country. The Vieux Carré is also the Crescent City's historical, cultural, and nightlife center, containing all her major restaurants, speakeasies, museums, jazz clubs, landmarks, and dance halls. The Quarter's streets tend to be well populated and loud until well after midnight.

Since investigators are expected to spend much of their time in the Vieux Carré, this chapter describes it in some detail. Generally speaking, as one heads downtown, away from Canal Street, one enters into an almost exclusively residential district; shops and clubs tend to cluster in the southwestern blocks. Unusually for the Deep South, blacks and whites live side by side, in "salt and pepper" neighborhoods, although segregated in most other things. Many of the French Quarter's apartment buildings and boarding houses are populated by struggling writers, painters, and other Bohemians: In the twenties, the Vieux Carré has been rediscovered and colonized by the artistic community, and has become known as the "Greenwich Village of the South." Old Creole families still live in the mansions they've resided in for centuries; many of them have had their fortunes depleted over the years, however, and their homes have degenerated into rat-infested squalor. The Creole patriarchs and matriarchs stubbornly try to keep up appearances, though, guarding their dusty and tarnished family heirlooms in their crumbling manses, clinging to cherished remnants of the past.

Several streetcar lines run through the Vieux Carré (among them the one named *Desire*, which Tennessee Williams made famous), but walking

is the preferred mode of travel: Every area discussed in this chapter is within thirty minutes by foot from every other area. Automobile traffic is almost always light. The Canal Street Ferry provides transport from a dock at the southeastern terminus of the boulevard which bears its name to Algiers, a suburb across the river, for ten cents a **trip**.

French Quarter Buildings

As they explore the Vieux Carré, investigators are struck first by the gaiety of the buildings' colors. The stucco and plaster walls are painted in peach, motley blue, greenish-gray, and other semi-tropical pastels. Craning their heads upward, they see the famed cast iron balconies, swirling in black metal ivy, crowded with potted plants. On hot afternoons the glass verandah doors lean open, white curtains billowing out of them, but **observers** on the banquette see nothing but the dimness of the room inside. Narrow passageways flanking either side of the street-level shop fronts and businesses stretch into the courtyards at the center of the buildings, where the residences themselves may be entered. Squinting through the elegant, locked gates protecting the **alley**, investigators catch a flash of floral color, the hint of a gurgling fountain, perhaps a few children playing among the potted palms.

All this cosmetic beauty masks the shrewd pragmatism deployed in the construction of the French Quarter buildings. Investigators in the know will note that the principal rooms (master bedrooms, parlor, dining room) are always found on the second story, since old New Orleans was in constant danger of being flooded when the Mississippi was high (the high water table prevented the building of cellars, so the third and upper stories were often used for storage and sundries). The balconies provided a place for the Creole elite to conduct business with those on the street without actually having to go down to meet them--no small luxury, since garbage and **refuse** were simply dumped into the gutters from the upper stories until the early nineteenth century. The courtyards gave refuge from the stench of the roads, and were built to provide the maximum amount of shade in the afternoon.

Keepers requiring the layout of a cultist's headquarters or a client's home are encouraged to use the maps provided here. The functions given to rooms on the maps are those uses assigned to them when the buildings were originally built, up until about 1840. The Keeper should feel free to change the rooms' uses, add or subtract doors, and so on, so that the floor plan suits his individual needs.

The small house (upper right) follows the European tradition of housing a man's business and his home in the same building. The ground floor was set aside for the storefront or office, with the courtyard gate to the west serving as the entrance to the house itself. The servants (or, in many cases, the slaves) had their own, small building in the garden, which usually also held the kitchen. An iron spiral staircase was used by the family and visitors to enter the owner's home, passing on the way an entresol (**mezzanine**), where one could have access to the business place's storage room and the servants' building. In the **1920's**, it is more likely that the ground floor business and the second floor apartment are owned by two entirely different **people**—often, the shopkeeper and his family live in the **entresol** storage level.

While a shopkeeper probably owned the small house before the Civil War, the large house (below) would have been the home of a well-to-do



ÉTIENNE-LAURENT DE MARYNY, Investigator
Extraordinaire, age 48

STR 12	DEX 15	INT 18
CON10	APP 17	POW17
SIZ 17	SAN 36	EDU 22
HP 14		

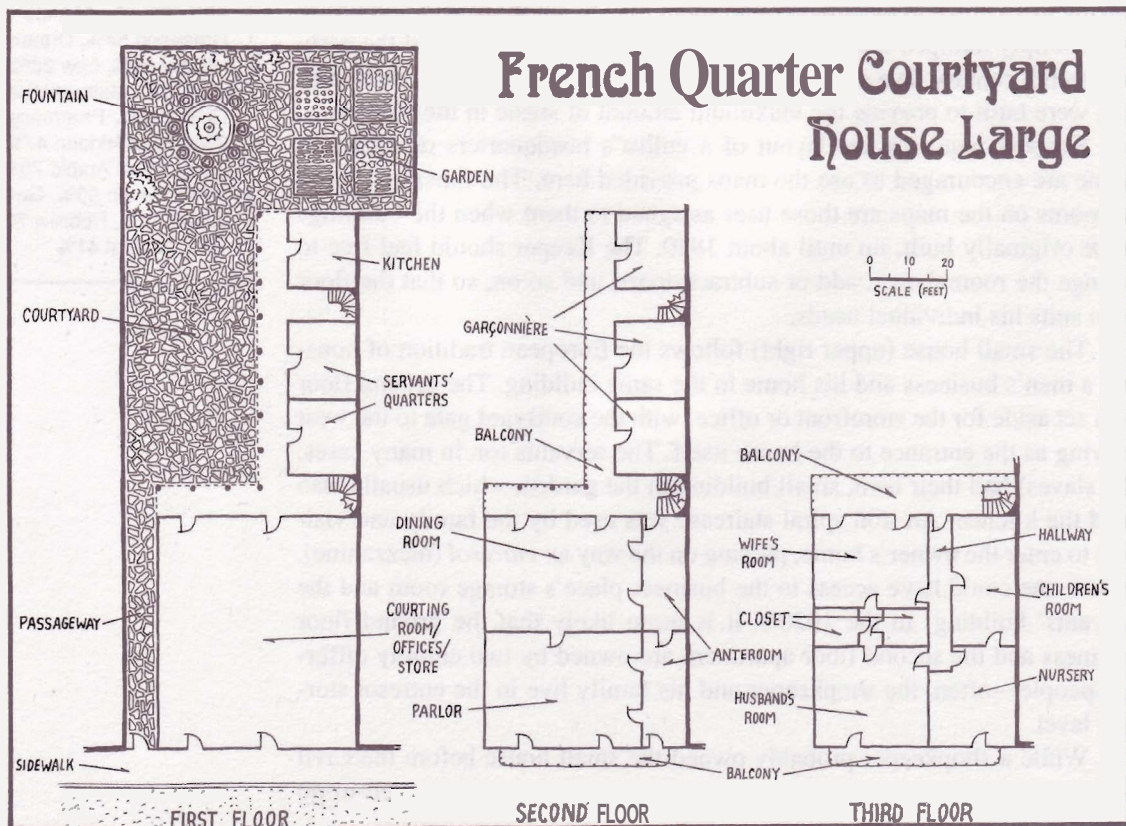
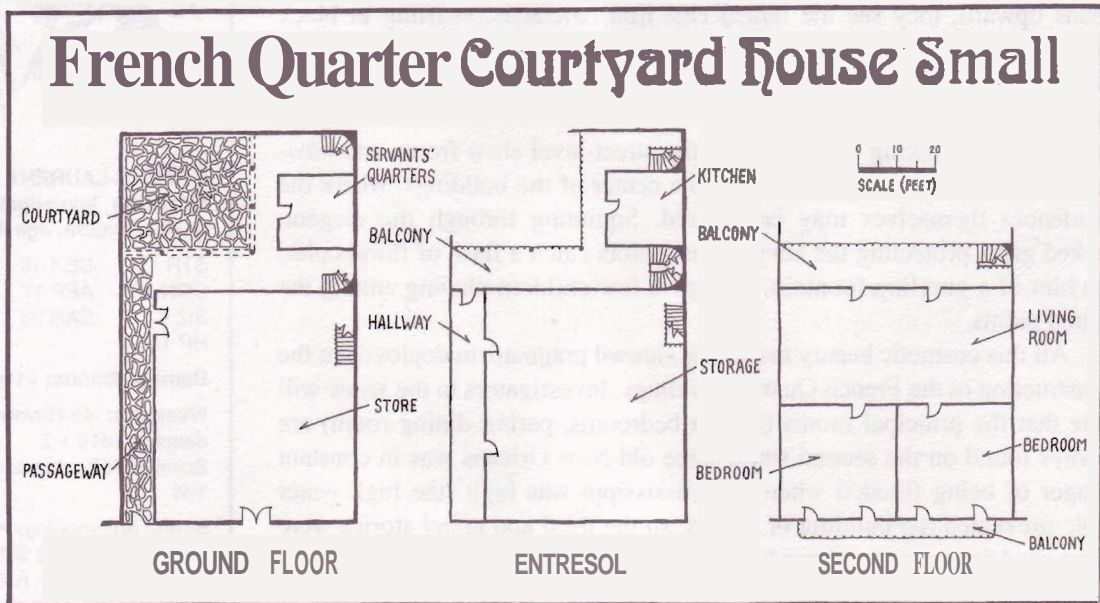
Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: .45 Revolver 60%,
damage 1d10 + 2

Scimitar 75%, damage 1d8 + 1 + 1d4

Skills: Anthropology 48%,
Appraise Antiques 93%,
Archaeology 68%, Astronomy
56%, Bargain 77%, Credit Rating
85%, Cthulhu Mythos 49%,
Dreaming 54%, Dream Lore 63%,
History 39%, Law 28%, Library
Use 67%, Mathematics 99%,
Occult 93%, Pharmacy 35%, Ride
73%, Spot Hidden 47%;
Languages: Arabic 70%, English
90%, French 95%, German 20%,
Greek 70%, Hebrew 70%, Latin
70%, Naacal 41%

antebellum **professional**—a doctor, lawyer, or surveyor, for example. The ground floor was dominated by a large **parlor** for **entertaining**, a “**courting room**” where **guests** could be received, and/or the **professional’s** office and workplace. As always, the entrance to the **home** itself was the courtyard gate, and the **servants’ quarters** and **stables** could be found by the patio. The *garçonnière*, or “bachelor’s quarters”, was a separate series of rooms at a different level than the **main house**, but **connected** to it by **stairs** and a balcony. Here lived the homeowner’s sons who had **left** school but not yet married; they could go about their **business**, **entertain** friends, court ladies, and so forth, without disturbing the **rest** of the household. When the **son**



left the house, the **garçonnière** was rented out by the family, or was used for guest rooms.

The French Quarter courtyards are evocative places. Getting to them uninvited requires some effort, since in the rich part of town, sharp spikes jut out of the top of the 10'-high passageway gates, and resourceful homeowners have attached nails and broken bottles to gates in **the poorer sections!** Hurdling these obstacles without receiving 1d3 points of damage requires a successful Climb roll. A brief brick-paved passageway opens into the courtyard itself, which gives investigators the impression of being led down the tunnel to paradise. Iron benches and chairs surround fountains and water jets. Palms and banana plants droop in the humid air. **Morning glory** and **moonvine** climb trellises or cling to the interior walls. Tropical flowers bloom beside fragrant herb gardens. Only the wealthiest families are still able to keep these treasures to themselves: In the modern era, most of these buildings have been subdivided into apartments which face the courtyard either at ground level or from upper stories.

Cities of the Dead

Colonial skeptics who dismissed New Orleans as the "wet grave" knew what they were talking about: Since the city is only one foot above sea level, the water-saturated soil is exceptionally difficult to dig in. Corpses buried in the usual manner undergo a noxious **resurrection** during heavy showers: The seeping rain forces coffins out of the soil, breaking open the sepulcher lids and sweeping body parts and other unmentionable materials into the streets (bodies buried by inept miscreants also reappear in this manner). In a tropical city prone to outbreaks of fever, **as** New Orleans was, this was as life-threatening as it was nauseating. Above-ground internment in tombs and crypts was the only hygienic means of burial, a solution which has made the French Quarter's cemeteries one of her most interesting features (while none of the cemeteries are technically in the French **Quarter**—in fact, St. Louis Cemetery #3 is across town—they **are** very much a part of the "Old City", and **are** therefore discussed here).

The St. Louis cemeteries, owned by the New Orleans Archdiocese and containing all the old Creole families, look like miniature versions of a European capital. Long, cramped aisles of peaked little "houses" give the visitor the impression of traveling through a midgets' metropolis. The tombs are built with soft brick, covered with plaster, and whitewashed, then frequently topped by black iron crosses or crucifixes. Depending on whether the deceased's family survived him, a tomb may be cleaned regularly, fresh flowers lain alongside it, and gleam like a pearl in the sun; a well kept tomb may stand beside a decrepit one, its whitewash weathered to a stained, mottled gray, cracks and fissures running down its wall, crab grass growing on its roof. Along the walls of the St. Louis cemeteries run the "oven" vaults, with their arched ceilings and doors arranged like drawers on a bureau. Several persons (unrelated) were stored in each vault; when a drawer was filled to capacity, the bones were simply pushed to the rear of the vault, so more could be interred **in the** front. As grotesque **as** this may sound, it was the most **efficient** way residents could make use of the limited space available to them for burial.

St. Louis Cemetery #1 (Basin St.) is the oldest cemetery still extant in New Orleans. Its most famous tomb is that of Voodoo **Queen** Marie Laveau (1832-1897—see page 70). The faithful still knock three times on its door

Girod Cemetery (S. Liberty St.) is the city's oldest Protestant burial ground, dating back to 1825, but has fallen into disuse. **Crumbling** headstones, overgrown vines, and haunted-looking willows dominate.

Greenwood Cemetery (City Park Ave.) is **the** final resting place for almost 600 Confederate soldiers, who lie in a **pyramid-shaped** mausoleum guarded by busts of Lee and Jackson.

St. Roch's Cemetery (St. Roch and **Derbigny Sts.**), **a.k.a. Campo Santo** ("Holy Field"), is most notable for the **small** chapel **on** its grounds. Heaped behind the communion rail is a pile of prosthetic limbs (arms, hands, feet, legs), crutches, wheelchairs, and the like. They **are** left here by **pilgrims** who have successfully sampled the church's legendary healing **powers**.

On November 1, All Saints' Day, all the tombs in New Orleans are cleaned and fresh wreaths are placed beside them. The night before, Halloween, many have candles placed in front of them, lighting the **ceme-teries** with a ghostly glow.

Below the French Quarter

Every year, on the evening of **Mardi Gras**, fifty of the city's most powerful businessmen and politicians politely excuse themselves from Comus' Ball and rendezvous at an anonymous former slave quarters in the heart of the **Vieux Carré**, accessible only by a twisting maze of courtyards, back **alleys**, and side entrances. The city fathers don sinister hooded robes and haul up a giant metal ring that has been set into the floor (vs. **STR 27 on** the Resistance Table). This reveals a millennia-old staircase spiraling deep into the bedrock that lies beneath the swamp on which the French Quarter lies. The stairs lead to miles upon miles of slimy, lightless catacombs that snake throughout the greater New Orleans area; entrances to the surface are few and far between. The tunnels have not been wrought by human hands: In most cases, an adult man has to stoop over to pass through them. Even the **Mardi Gras** visitors have not explored all of them; they know just enough to make their way from the slave quarters to the nerve center of **the** tunnels, where many passages meet at a mammoth cavern.

A huge black statue of the Crawling Chaos, monstrous avatar of Nyarlathotep, looms in the center of the cave, two hundred feet tall. The effigy bends down on one knee, its clawed hands cupped together and resting on the cavern's floor, as if prepared to scoop any visitors into its **grasp**. **This** fearsome sight costs **1/1d3 SAN** to behold.

Upon arrival at this blasphemous altar, the city fathers chant an **eons**-old ritual of gratitude to the Soul of the Outer Gods, thanking him for granting them earthly power, as he granted it to their fathers before them. A sacrifice is placed in the stone titan's hands, and an unnatural gust of wind sends the supplicants **scurrying** from the chamber, their Master satisfied for another year.

The wind blast magically snuffs out any light sources, electric or otherwise; while the city fathers **have** memorized the route back to the slave quarters and can find it without light, any **investigators** who have shadowed the cultists here are not so lucky. They will stagger aimlessly through the catacombs for **2d3** days before **finding** an escape route to the surface world. During that time they will need to be wary, because the **tunnels are** populated by a host of loathsome servitor races, especially lower **instar** chthonians.

One year, two city fathers decide they have lost their **taste** for **Mythos**-worship; one of them is friendly with the PC's. On the eve of the carnival,

he invites the investigators to his house so he can share a dire secret with them and beseech their aid; upon arrival, the PC's find he has been assassinated. As Mardi Gras begins the next day, this festive time brings worse and worse tragedies to the investigators. They are evicted from their homes; their bank accounts are abruptly emptied; they are mysteriously fired from their jobs. Believing them to know more than they actually do, the city fathers have panicked and are using their considerable economic and political influence to drive the investigators out of town. If the PC's stubbornly persist in staying, the attacks turn more and more lethal—the city fathers may even use crooked policemen as muscle. The investigators have until the end of the carnival to locate the other turncoat and track the cultists to their lair, or their lives in New Orleans could be over for good!

Areas of Interest

1. Bourbon Street

A testament to the partial effectiveness of Prohibition, the once-rowdy bar district of the French Quarter is quiet and somber in the 1920's. Most of the famed saloons on the street have closed their doors, their sad edifices staring at passersby, who can only imagine the debaucheries that once took place inside. Pool rooms, coffee houses, and soft-drink stands have opened in what used to house the bars, but are doing only a moderate business. The corner drugstore has become the new gathering place on Bourbon Street, legally selling mixtures of alcohol and water (although the proportions are often one to three). Many of the saloons have gone "underground, so to speak, and have become speakeasies, but the locations of those are left up to the Keeper. These establishments range from seedy dives serving White Lightning and Overnight to opulent nightclubs. One Bourbon Street



speakeasy, the **Magie Noire**, is expected to become a prime night spot for investigators, and is detailed on page 27.

2. Congo Square, between St. Ann and St. Peter Sts.

Located just outside the French Quarter, Congo Square was originally the site of Fort St. Ferdinand. The Americans tore down the ruined Spanish fortress soon after taking possession of the city, replacing it with a circus grounds. The Square became a popular place for slaves to gather during their half-holiday on Sunday, earning it its popular name (it is officially known as Beauregard Square, after the Creole Confederate general). Whites believed the drums and dancing performed by the slaves in the Square were part of a voodoo-like ritual. It is rumored the famed Voodoo Queen, Marie Laveau herself, led these celebrations while she was alive.

Blacks still infrequently perform these "voodoo dances" for tourists in Congo Square, now a rather innocuous fenced-in park. Although the drummers beat their instruments wildly, and the dancers flail their bodies about in a preternatural frenzy, anyone with an Occult skill over 60 can tell the ceremony is completely bogus, an excuse for vendors and salesmen to push their wares onto onlookers. Investigators may be able to locate some genuine voodooists among the charlatans, however.

3. Custom House, 423 Canal St.

Sailors arriving in New Orleans from exotic ports usually stop at the Custom House first. Despite its Egyptian exterior decor and Greek interiors, the mammoth, ancient building looks rather like a prison, a function it served during the Civil War. The center of activity is Marble Hall, where goods, crew members, and docking papers are reviewed by government bureaucrats. The Hall is held up by white marble pillars and inset with frosted glass plates that throw an eerie sort of gloom over the chamber. All records regarding the comings and goings of foreign vessels are kept on the grounds, and investigators attempting to locate seamen of any nationality should start here. Some city offices are located here; you can get your driver's license here, for example (25¢ and no exam in 1922!).

4. The French Market, Decatur and N. Peters Sts.

About three city blocks long, the French Market has been the commercial center of New Orleans agriculture since 1791. There are other farmers' markets around the city, but this is the largest, and the only one to survive the advent of supermarkets later in the century. While the primary wares available are fish, meat, fruit, vegetables, and other farm products, investigators will be able to find almost anything being sold at the indoor and outdoor vendors crowding the Market. The Bargain skill will be of use here, since prices are rarely set in stone. Farmers arrive nightly from rural parishes and sleep in their trucks nearby, setting up their stands at dawn. The best produce usually arrives at the end of the week, but except for Sunday (when the market is closed), the Market is always teeming with whole families of customers, servants shopping for their employers, buskers, pickpockets, curbside gamblers, traveling snake-oil salesmen, street preachers, and foreign tourists. Investigators looking for an inconspicuous daytime rendezvous point need look no further.

THE REVEREND MOTES

Every morning at dawn, this defrocked Baptist minister arrives at the French Market to deliver his daily rant. Wearing the same bedraggled suit (no tie), carrying the same dog-eared Bible, he shouts at no one in particular that everything that's wrong with America could be solved if all the country's Catholics were deported. Motes accuses the Pope of pretending to be God, nunneries and monasteries of being hotbeds of debauchery, and priests of bathing in the blood of Protestant babies. Investigators should be intrigued to hear him slip Mythos references into his ravings: He personally saw the Archbishop of New Orleans "having dealings with the demon Tsathoggua", for example. Player characters who want to learn where Reverend Motes picked up such colorful turns of phrase may have to first extricate him from an incensed mob of angry Catholics. Once the investigators convince him that they aren't agents of the Vatican (Motes thinks Cthulhu works for the Pope), the Reverend is of a fairly amiable sort—as psychotics go.

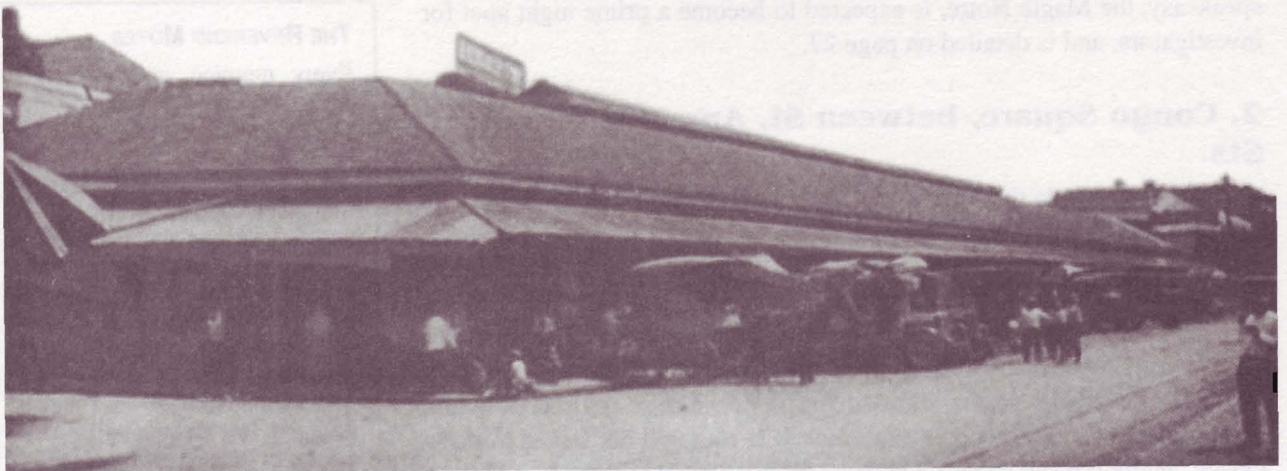


THE REVEREND MOTES, Paranoid Preacher, age 29

STR 11 CON 7 SIZ 10
INT 12 POW12 DEX 13
APP 9 EDU 18 SAN 3
HP 9

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Conspiracy Theory 91%,
Cthulhu Mythos 16%, English 70%,
Occult 34%, Public Speaking 45%,
Shotgun 60%



The French Market

5. French Opera House Ruins, Bourbon and Toulouse Sts.

The music-loving populace of New Orleans mourned as one when their beloved *Opera House*, the jewel in the crown of Southern culture since 1859, burned to its foundation on December 4, 1919. This event more than any other signified the end of the dominance of Francophilic ways in the city. The old Creole families could no longer congregate here, no longer debut their sons and daughters to high society here, no longer challenge each other to duels over favorite singers here. Tulane University owns what is left of the building, but doesn't have the money to reconstruct it—a the Creole hierarchy seems to take as a personal insult. (In the 1930's Tulane still owns the property and is renting it to a wrecking company as a lumber storage lot. In the 1990's a Best Western motel is on this corner.)

When one peeks through the slats in the high, ugly wooden fence surrounding the site, all that can be seen of the once-beauteous Opera House is its charred toppling walls encircling a pile of metal and brick. If enough of the debris is cleared away, a buried basement may be uncovered—or, perhaps, an entrance to the secret tunnels of La Santa Hermandad (see St. Louis Cathedral on page 24).

French Opera House
(prior to burning down)



6. Gallatin Street

This short, cramped thoroughfare once had the dubious honor of being the seediest neighborhood of a particularly seedy city. In the mid-nineteenth century, not even the police entered it at night, crammed as it was with brothels, gambling dens, and opium parlors. Footpads, street gangs, and white slavers—many of whom were in the lucrative trade of shanghaiing sailors—operated out of these two blocks between Ursuline and Barracks without fear of capture.

Although Gallatin Street is nowhere near as dangerous as it was decades before, in the twenties

it is still a suffocatingly narrow avenue, littered with garbage and debris. It has a putrid odor, thanks to the refuse from a nearby fish market. The cheaper streetwalkers linger against its **walls**, and flophouses offer rooms at hourly rates. The rear of many a produce warehouse opens out here, so it is an excellent place to unload illegal **booze**. Investigators venturing down here at night to locate sailors or underworld contacts should not go **unarmed**.

In the **1930's** Gallatin Street was razed to make room for the expansion of the French Market. It is now called French Market Place.

7. Jackson Square

The heart of French Quarter life, Jackson Square is dominated by an enormous bronze statue of a mounted General Andrew Jackson waving his hat toward the Upper Pontalba Building. During the days of Spanish rule, the Square was known as the Plaza de **Armas**, where the colonial army would hold marches, drills, and executions, but in 1856 the parade ground was converted into a public garden. Surrounded by a high iron fence, paths beginning at each of the four compass points lead through the garden to the statue at its center. The park is a favorite lunching spot for French Quarter business people.

The pedestrian walkway ringing the perimeter of the garden is where most of the Square's activity transpires. Sidewalk **cafés** spill out onto the square. Dominoes players chat under the shade of the park's low-hanging palm trees. Street musicians do most of their business here, and the air is **always** filled with the sounds of a **ragtag jazz** or **bluegrass** band. **Black** children nail crushed tin cans to the bottoms of their shoes and do sidewalk tap dances for the tourists. Jackson Square is also an open-air art gallery swarming with portrait-painters and charcoal-illustrators selling their work at starving-artist prices. The Louisiana State Museum, the French **Market**, and the St. Louis Cathedral all exit onto Jackson Square. At the southeast corner of the Square is the Cafe du Monde, open twenty-four hours; investigators will **find** it an excellent place to discuss their latest case over a few cups of cafe au **lait**.

8. Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop, 941 Bourbon St.

A small, one-story brick building which **supposedly** once housed the front operation for legendary slave smugglers Jean and Pierre Lafitte. It is now one of New Orleans' greatest tourist attractions, a shrine to a man who became a folk hero among the Creoles for giving Andrew Jackson vital intelligence about British ship movements before the **Battle** of New Orleans. Digging in the Court Building will reveal that its **current** owner, interestingly enough, is also someone named Jean **Lafitte** (see sidebar on next page).

Jackson Square



JEAN LAFITTE (1780?–1826?)

A tall, strikingly handsome man, Jean Lafitte is known throughout the Crescent City as the fabulously wealthy owner and president of the Baratarian Petroleum Company, the most successful privately owned oil firm in Louisiana. A member of the prestigious Boston Club, owner of a Garden District mansion and a whole wharf on the waterfront, Lafitte's grace and intelligence make him the most eligible bachelor in New Orleans, and the society columns are always abuzz with reports of his parties and philanthropic activities.



JEAN LARTTE, Immortal Pirate, looks 40

STR 14 CON14 SIZ 12
INT 16 POW 20 DEX 18
APP 16 EDU 17 SANO
HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: .25 Derringer 42%,
damage 1d6

Heavy Epee 72%, damage 1d6 + 1
+ 1d4

Spells: Contact Cthulhu, Contact Deep Ones, Create Gate, Create Elder Sign, Dread Curse of Azathoth, Flesh Ward, Grasp of Cthulhu, Mental Suggestion, Power Drain, Steal Life

Skills: Administration 99%, Anthropology 53%, Archaeology 20%, Bargain 83%, Blacksmith 42%, Climb 48%, Credit Rating 96%, Cthulhu Mythos 76%, Dodge 45%, Fine Arts 63%, First Aid 40%, Geology 55%, Hide 61%, History 62%, Jump 41%, Law 42%, Listen 45%, Navigate 61%, Occult 90%, Persuade 95%, Pilot Boat 85%, Ride 76%, Sneak 59%, Track 34%; Languages: Cajun 67%, English 87%, French 90%, Italian 75%, Mandarin 59%, Spanish 83%

9. Louisiana State Museum, 701 Chartres St.

The museum is housed in the Cabildo, the old headquarters of the Spanish colonial government. During the few months the French regained rule of New Orleans in 1803, the Cabildo became known as the **Maison de Ville** (Town Hall). It was from the balcony of the **Maison** that the American flag was first flown, announcing to the city that the Louisiana Territories had been purchased by the United States. Behind the Cabildo is the old colonial-era jail, the "calaboose." American boatmen locked up there for drunken brawls during the Spanish period adopted its name (*calaboso*) for other jails, and the term made its way into American English.

The building's rich history is reflected in the museum's impressive collection. Among the usual hodgepodge of **art & paintings**, grainy photographs, antique farm machinery, war relics, mannequin-populated tableaux, and the like are a few weird items which may pique investigator interest. The rare elephant folio volumes of Audubon's *Birds of America* are here. Napoléon's death mask was acquired by the museum in 1834 and is on prominent display. The booty of the infamous pirate Jean Lafitte could hold sinister secrets not immediately noticeable by museum guests and staff. The pride of the curators is their Archaeological Collection, where nearly all the fossils and American Indian artifacts discovered in the state lie. The museum has several knowledgeable archaeologists on its permanent staff, willing and able to answer investigator queries. Closed on Mondays, the museum is free to the public.

10. Louisiana State Museum Library, 545 St. Ann St.

Established in 1910 by the museum's curators, the library is a gold mine of historical information: It contains French and Spanish state documents from 1783 to 1807; newspaper clippings from 1807 onward; and the museum's complete collection of rare and antique books, bequeathed to it over the centuries by the wills of wealthy socialites. Since it is the most likely place in New Orleans to stumble across Mythos tomes, investigators should be disappointed to learn that no books are allowed to leave the library's premises. Closed Sunday and Monday.

11. New Orleans Court Building, 400 Royal St.

A four-story, neo-Renaissance monstrosity, the courthouse is glaringly out of place among the more understated buildings of the French Quarter. T-shaped, halls punctuated with marble Doric pillars, a statue of Supreme Court Chief Justice Edward Douglas White stands before the entrance from 1926 onward. The Court Building houses the State Supreme Court, Court of Appeals, Civil District Court of the Parish of Orleans, State Library, Attorney-Genemi's office, and most of the records for the Parish of Orleans (such as marriage and birth records).

12. Le Petit Théâtre du Vieux Carré, 616 St. Peter St.

Seating 500, the "Little Theater" has mounted major productions of Wide, O'Neill, Shakespeare, Ibsen, and Shaw since opening its doors in 1922. Performances are given six nights a week, but tickets are difficult to come by, since they are usually snatched up by the theater's wealthy members.

Jean Lafitte (17801-1826?)

Those in the know often comment on the similarity of his name to famed pirate Jean Lafitte, but the latter-day Lafitte shrugs this off: It's a common name in Paris, where he claims he's from. Genealogical inquiries in France uncover no record of his birth, however.

Investigators who research the historical Jean Lafitte will learn little about his past before he arrived in New Orleans in 1806, save that he was a man of great ambition. Within the year his fencing operation, fronted by the smithy run by his brother Pierre, was the most profitable in the Vieux Carré. In 1808, he achieved the impossible by uniting the sundry, squabbling crews of Gulf pirate ships under his leadership. From his headquarters at Grand Terre, a small island in Baratavia Bay, south of the city, Lafitte supervised the plundering of slave ships throughout the Gulf of Mexico. Since the Congressional ban on the importation of slaves to the United States had caused the price of Africans to skyrocket, Lafitte became a very wealthy man as plantation owners and werseers flocked to Grand Terre to purchase his human contraband and were entertained in the brothels and gambling dens he had established on the isle (his headquarters was called "The Temple", since it was built on an Indian burial mound). His men were the terror of the Gulf for six years, and Lafitte's stolen merchandise crowded the shops and marketplaces of the Crescent City.

The federal government finally got fed up with Lafitte's audacity in 1814, and ordered the United States Navy to shell Grand Terre into oblivion. Lafitte and a handful of his men escaped into the bayous during the attack, making their way back to New Orleans. He knew he would hang if caught, but the wily pirate had an ace up his sleeve: The British, who were currently at war with the U.S., had attempted to hire him and his men to assault American warships. Lafitte had declined the offer, but the knowledge of English invasion plans he gained from the meeting saved him from the hangman. His intelligence information, as well as his fighting side by side with General Jackson during the Battle of New Orleans, persuaded President Madison to pardon the pirates in 1815.

Lafitte had already won over the Creole elite with his personal magnetism and astounding leadership skills, but after the Battle of New Orleans he achieved a reputation of epic proportions. The French Quarter families proudly proclaimed him a patriot, a revolutionary, and an adventurer after their own hearts. Many theorized he came from a family that had had to flee France during the Revolution. They were eager to accept him into New Orleans high society with open arms. He refused to settle down, however, and instead went to the Texas coast and founded the town of Campeche on Galveston Island, where he continued his career of Gulf piracy. But the days of Grand Terre were long gone, and his privateers got out of hand, destroying and pillaging ships at random. Again the ire of the United States was raised, but when the Navy arrived in Campeche in 1821 it found that Lafitte had

beaten them to the punch: He had burned the colony to the ground and fled.

Reports on Lafitte's whereabouts after the Campeche debacle are sketchy. Some say he went deeper into Texas, to help with the settlers' revolution; others claim he moved to the Yucatan to assist the Mexican pursuit for independence, but that he contracted yellow fever and died in poverty in 1826. Yet another story has him retiring to Missouri and living a long and full life, becoming a frequent correspondent of a young German scholar named Karl Marx.

None of these accounts approach the truth, however. From discoveries underneath The Temple, from the legends of the African chattel he had captured, and from the weird tales of the degenerate sailors he had commanded, Lafitte had learned of the sunken sea-being, Great Cthulhu. The pirate kingpin's motivation had always been an obsession with power, and with the Great Old Ones he saw a chance to gain greater power than ever before. His initial research—gleaned from tomes stolen from ships and half-coherent captives—had been interrupted by the U.S. Navy; he tried to continue it in Campeche, but his ongoing pursuit of sanity-blasting truths prevented him from organizing this colony of criminals as efficiently as he had in his Grand Terre days. In 1821 he set Campeche to flame, destroying all traces of his Mythos experiments, rather than let them fall into the hands of the Americans.

His followers abandoned him after the Campeche disaster, but Lafitte, no longer needing lackeys, made his way to Mexico to further his quest for forbidden knowledge. Among the half-crazed shamans and crumbling Mayan ruins of the Yucatan, the former pirate finally stumbled across active members of the Cthulhu cult. Pledging his life to the Great Old Ones, he received mystical methods to retard aging and to enable him to serve Cthulhu to his fullest. Returning to New Orleans, Lafitte put his formidable administrative and strategic skills toward developing the Esoteric Order of Dagon in New Orleans. Knowing of the oil lying beneath the bayou from his Grand Terre days, when he had used the swamps to hide his plunder, Lafitte made the land purchases that allowed the formation of his Baratavian Petroleum Company several decades later. His ensuing fortune has allowed him to make the Order of Dagon a force to be reckoned with around the world.

Jean Lafitte is undoubtedly the most dangerous man in New Orleans. He is no cackling, half-coherent cultist, but a brilliant, methodical, and calculating adversary whose social standing and wealth puts him more or less above the law. The Esoteric Order of Dagon, several Cajun villages, and a small army of assassins and thugs report directly to him. Thanks to the hustle-bustle empiricism of the modern age, no one notices that he never really seems to age. It will take only the most experienced, diligent, and resourceful party of investigators to defeat him.

ZORA NEALE HURSTON (1891-1960)

The author of *Jonah's Gourd Vine* and *Their Eyes Were Watching God* died in poverty and obscurity, but is regarded today as one of the titans of black American literature. In 1928 and 1929, Hurston is in New Orleans researching voodoo, material which will later appear in *Mules and Men* and *Tell My Horse*. She has rented an apartment in the Vieux Carré and is probably one of the most valuable contacts investigators can make, since she is not as leery of strangers as most voodooists. She has gained the confidence of many of the Rampart Street conjure doctors, and has been made the hunzi of a French Quarter hungan. Notoriously acid-tongued and thrill-seeking, Hurston is game for whatever the investigators throw at her, provided it's not too bizarre or illegal.

**ZORA NEALE HURSTON, Novelist and Ethnographer, age 36**

STR 13 CON 7 SIZ 10
INT 14 POW16 DEX 11
APP 10 EDU 14 SAN 78
HP 10

Damage Bonus: None

Weapon: Pearl-handled 9mm Automatic 37%, damage 1d10

Spells: Contact Loa, Enchant Candle, Enchant Ju-Ju (these spells are described in Chapter Five)

Skills: Acting 59%, Credit Rating 36%, Directing (Theatrical) 57%, Fast Talk 70%, Folklore 81%, History 42%, Occult 62%, Psychology 54%; Languages: English 93%, French 21%

13. St. John Berchman's Orphanage for Girls, 733 Orleans St.

The Sisters of the Holy Family order maintain a black female orphanage and high school on these premises. The members of the all-black order live in what used to be the Orleans Ballroom, at 717 Orleans. Many of the nuns' charges are mulatto, the illicit offspring of mixed-race lovers seeking to hide the shame miscegenation accrues on either side of the color line.

14. St. Louis Cathedral, Jackson Square

This stunning church is one of New Orleans' oldest and most recognized buildings. Services are still held here regularly. Displaying all the dignity and majesty of a European cathedral, St. Louis also contains a beautiful Creole garden, in which stands a monument to thirty French marines of the battleship *Tonnère*. No one really knows how they died, but the agreed-upon story is that they all succumbed to yellow fever while serving as volunteer nurses during the outbreak of 1857. The church archives, accessible from adjacent Père Antoine Alley, house baptismal, marriage, and burial records dating back to 1720.

Concealed beneath the cathedral are the subterranean chambers that house the headquarters and thoroughfares of the anti-Mythos society La Santa Hermandad (see boxed text to right). Directly under the church are three rooms: a meeting hall for the Brotherhood, a small chapel to their late, great leader, Father Antonio de Sedella, and a medieval torture chamber, complete with various implements of interrogation—a rack, branding irons, spiked fetters, an iron maiden, and so forth. The meeting hall has a locked, barred door which leads into a network of passageways running beneath the city, which the Brotherhood uses as a means of undetectable travel. The four-foot high (and frequently water-filled) tunnels give secret entrance to numerous points throughout the city. The exact locations are left up to the Keeper, but they most certainly let out at the French Opera House Ruins, select French Quarter courtyards, and the "priests' tomb" at St. Louis Cemetery #3. The St. Louis Cathedral entrance to the Brotherhood's hideaway is a secret panel or door somewhere in the church; again, the precise location—and the layout of the underground chambers—is left up to the Keeper.

15. Ursuline Convent, 1114 Chartres St.

The oldest standing building in New Orleans. Although no longer a nunnery, the archbishopric is still referred to as such by the locals. Right now, the Convent houses the headquarters of the New Orleans Archdiocese and the church's records, dating back to 1720. Attached to it are a parochial school and St. Mary's Italian Church, which holds services regularly.

16. Warrington House, 1140 Royal St.

A halfway house for ex-convicts and the unemployed, this unassuming French mansion is better known to locals as the most haunted house in New Orleans. All the legends regarding the ghost (or ghosts) in this place begin with **Delphine de MacCarthy**, who with her husband Dr. Louis Lalaurie lived in the house from 1831 to 1834.

While Dr. Lalaurie was rarely seen by visitors (no one really knew what type of medicine he practiced), **Mme.** Lalaurie was the most popular

hostess in the city, known for her brilliantly planned and executed soirées. She came from one of the oldest Creole families in the state, and her wealthy, respected guests had nothing but praise for her kindness, her wit, and her hospitality.

La Santa Hermandad

"The Holy Brotherhood" was created in 1769 by Irish mercenary Alexander O'Reilly on behalf of the Spanish Louisiana government for the purpose of curbing the epidemic crime in and around New Orleans. Answerable only to the governor, the Brothers rode the countryside for years, serving as judge, jury, and executioner to the numerous river pirates and highwaymen hiding in the swamp jungles. According to official documents, the order was disbanded by Governor Don Andreas Almonaster y Roxas in 1792 to make way for a more conventional police force.

The official documents do not tell the whole story, however. Around 1788, a Capuchin monk named Antonio de Sedella, a.k.a. "Père Antoine", was assigned by the Spanish Inquisition to set up an American branch of the Holy Office, headquartered in New Orleans. By the spring of 1789, Governor Don Estevan de Miró discovered Antoine's mission and, fearing that the wrath of the Inquisition would discourage further colonization, had the monk deported. Mysteriously, however, after Miró left office, Antoine returned to New Orleans to become curé of St. Louis Cathedral. Higher-ups in the Church quickly soured against the monk, finding his activities—never spelled out in writing—an "interruption of public tranquility." In 1805 he was summoned before a wrathful Governor Claiborne and Mayor Pitot behind closed doors, accused of being a bigamist and a hypocrite. Again mysteriously, Antoine emerged from the meeting cleared of all charges, and his enemies were censured. He died in 1821 and was buried in the "priests' tomb" at St. Louis Cemetery #3, one of the most beloved clerics in New Orleans history. It wasn't until around 1840 that his reputation was slightly stained, when workers tearing down the old jail behind St. Louis Cathedral discovered secret rooms filled with torture devices beneath the church, and a network of tunnels running throughout the city. The newspapers wondered about the purpose of the passages, promising follow-up articles. No such articles ever appeared, however.

Père Antoine, during his brief stint as official liaison to the Spanish Inquisition, had discovered the widespread presence of the Cthulhu Mythos in the New Orleans area. Informing his superiors in Rome of his discovery after he was deported, Antoine returned to the city and was ordered to appropriate the Santa Hermandad for the purpose of seeking out and destroying the Mythos in the Louisiana territories. From his position as curé, he secretly authorized the construction of the torture chamber and tunnels beneath St. Louis Cathedral, and when the Brotherhood was officially dissolved, he took them underground, continuing their struggle in secrecy.

La Santa Hermandad survives to this day, composed of twenty to thirty Brothers of all races and national origins, united by their fanatical devotion to the Catholic Church (although the Brotherhood operates with total autonomy) and a pledge to annihilate the human servitors of the Great Old Ones. Their meetings are held in the subterranean chambers beneath St. Louis Cathedral. They make use of the tunnels beneath the city to foray against their enemies, their mysterious appearances and disappearances attributed to mystical powers.

Unfortunately for investigators, the Holy Brotherhood considers anyone other than themselves with knowledge of the Mythos—cultist or not—to be the enemy of humanity, the logic being that the fewer people who know about the Old Ones, the better. One of their principal activities is locating and burning Mythos tomes, and any investigator with one in his possession that comes to the attention of the Santa Hermandad is in big trouble. A Brother visits the investigator under the cloak of darkness and demands she turn over the book, commanding her to cease and desist all activities involving the Mythos. Uncooperative player characters will make formidable enemies. Each Brother is extremely intelligent, resourceful, and skilled in the arts of combat and stealthy movement (many are respected clergy, but laymen belong to the order as well). The Brotherhood uses the network of tunnels to set traps for player characters, spiriting them away to the torture chamber under the cathedral to learn what knowledge they possess before killing them. Thoroughly ruthless and relentless, the order terrorizes the investigators until either they flee the city, or one group is wiped out. However, investigators may be able to negotiate a settlement if they can persuade a Church official to intervene on their behalf. The existence of La Santa Hermandad is known only to select clergy in Rome, Madrid, and New Orleans, and many members of the Catholic hierarchy would be horrified to discover the violent methods the Brotherhood employs to achieve its goals.

Typical SANTA HERMANDAD BROTHER

STR 14 CON 15 SIZ 12 INT 13 POW 12
DEX 14 APP 15 EDU 18 SAN 50 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Catechism 90%, Climb 60%, Conceal 75%, Cthulhu Mythos 20%, Dodge 35%, Fist/Punch 75%, Grapple 35%, Handgun 50%, Hide 75%, Kick 50%, Knife 30%, Listen 70%, Martial Arts 70%, Occult 20%, Sneak 75%, Spot Hidden 50%, Torture Suspect 20%, Track 50%; Languages: English 60%, French 60%, Latin 30%



*The Warrington House
(the Haunted House)*

When a fire broke out in her home, on April 10, 1834, a small army of dashing young admirers and important citizens turned out to help extinguish the blaze. When the volunteers entered the house to control the flames, they heard weak cries for help coming from a room on the **third** story. Breaking down the door, the men were confronted by a **horrifying sight**: Seven slaves were chained in the darkness of a bare room by spiked **collars** and fetters; the poor souls were half-starved, maggot-ridden, and covered with the scars and lacerations of **sadistic** beatings, well beyond the **bounds** of socially acceptable **punishment**. It was quickly ascertained that one of these slaves had ripped her chain from the wall, crawled to **the** kitchen, and started the fire in the hope of summoning help. Mme. Lalaurie had not mentioned these slaves to the **firefighters**, hoping they would perish in the blaze undiscovered.

The news that **Mme.** Lalaurie and her husband abused their slaves **soon** spread throughout the city. The authorities removed a complete arsenal of medieval torture & vices from the house. One of the rescued slaves testified that **Mme.** Lalaurie would beat them gleefully while her society friends were **being** entertained downstairs. Before the couple could be arrested, however, **Mme.** Lalaurie fled New Orleans with her loyal mulatto butler, who was apparently an accomplice to her crimes. A mob attacked the house, looking for Dr. Lalaurie, but he was nowhere to be found. Denied a lynching, the frustrated mob turned its **fury** on the house itself: They shattered all the windows, destroyed paintings and objects **d'art**, and pitched the **furniture** into the street.

The house has changed hands many times over the years since then, never remaining with any one tenant for very long, until it was recently purchased by philanthropist William J. **Warrington**. The small **staff** can tell why it has its haunted reputation: Hoarse moans for aid come from what used to be the slave quarters late at night, with no explicable source. More than one transient who has spent the night here has seen the house's most common phantasm: a half-naked black girl, no older than **ten**, who runs screaming through the third floor during the twilight hours. Legend has it that the ghost was a slave child who once was **pursued** by a **whip-wielding** Mme. Lalaurie. The girl was so afraid of receiving another one of her mistress' vicious beatings that she threw herself from the roof to the courtyard below.

William J. **Warrington** may find the **ghost** to be such a nuisance that he hires the investigators to get rid of her. The girl's spirit is neither especially powerful (INT 12, POW 13) nor especially malicious, but in order to get her to leave, the PC's will have to **figure out** some way of convincing her **that Mme.** Lalaurie has stopped chasing her. Researching the case may uncover **connections** to the **Mythos**—who was the mysterious "Doctor" Lalaurie, and where did he go to? Were the slaves beaten simply for pleasure, or were they a part of some **blasphemous** experiment? It is possible that members of the 1834 mob recovered some **books** or papers of Dr. Lalaurie's from the house, which now lie in the neglected corner of a Royal Street **antique shop**, or **on** a dusty shelf at the Louisiana State **Museum** Library.

Del Rio's Arcane Bookshop

If the investigators find themselves in need of an occult bookstore or a dealer in bizarre and unique items, they may be directed to this store just off a poor, narrow street in the Vieux Carré. The store is also listed in the phone book.

Nearby, a branch of a small ash tree juts over the street from an alleyway between two buildings. Strange symbols cover the trunk of the tree; on closer inspection, a successful Occult roll identifies them as symbols of good luck and protection culled from numerous cultures and times. A successful Spot Hidden roll notes the Elder Sign among the other symbols carved here. A card in one of the dusty store-front windows along the narrow alleyway reads "Del Rio's Arcane Bookshop."

The proprietor of the store, Albert Del Rio, is a rail-thin man with graying black hair. Just under six feet tall, with a receding hairline and long hair swept back over his head, he speaks with an improbable accent which seems part Italian, part French, and part Southern American. He usually sits behind his cluttered desk at the back of the store, and often hums to himself. He seems soft-spoken, but nevertheless there is a loaded .38 revolver in one of the desk drawers.

Del Rio has information about many subjects. He can tell investigators about the protective symbols carved on the tree outside, and why they make the tree thrive. The tree itself is an ash, useful for protection from evil, especially snakes. He knows of the Elder Sign only as another symbol of protection. A successful Psychology roll will reveal that Del Rio is nervous about this subject, though. If gently asked, he can tell investigators a little about the old local cult whose demon-gods the sign protects against. He also knows about the 1907 raid on the cult's activities in the nearby swamp.

The books in Del Rio's bookstore, though not necessarily Mythos tomes, tend to be helpful to investigators. Each volume is priced at 1d3 x d100 dollars, subject to Bargain rolls. At one time there was a copy of the play *The King in Yellow* in the store, but it may no longer be there.

The Magie Noire Nightclub

While passing by an unassuming Bourbon Street residence, investigators may notice a few well dressed Bohemian types walk up to the gate on the western side of the edifice and whisper, "Is Marie here?" to an unseen guard on the other side of the gate. The gate opens for the Bohemians, and if the investigators repeat this password, an innocuous reference to the late Voodoo Queen Marie Laveau, they too will find themselves admitted into the Magie Noire, one of the French Quarter's more unique speakeasies.

The uniqueness of the "Black Magic" lies in its easy-going atmosphere, the feeling that here one is safe from stifling Southern cultural conservatism. The nightclub is one of the few in New Orleans where Creoles, laborers, blacks, women, and foreigners all feel at home. The man responsible for this mood is Laurence Destrahan, the club's manager, who is truly without prejudice, malice, or cynicism of any kind. Early on in life, Destrahan—the youngest scion of a once-prosperous Creole family ruined by the Civil War—realized that he was good for little more than his disarming smile, an unshakably cheery attitude about the future, and an ability to put anybody at ease. His natural disposition makes him the perfect manager—he can always be seen cruising the tables and bar, chatting it up



Albert Del Rio

LAURENCE DESTRAHAN,
Happy-go-lucky Manager, age 51



STR 10 CON 16 SIZ 11
INT 10 POW 17 DEX 12
APP 14 EDU 14 SAN 85
HP 14

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Bargain 44%, Credit Rating
60%, Persuade 93%, Psychology
80%, Tell Dirty Jokes 99%;
Languages: Cajun 52%, English
65%, French 35%

YUN CH'ENG-KUNG, Strong, Silent Bouncer, Age 30



STR 14 CON15 SIZ 18
 INT 16 POW6 DEX 15
 APP 9 EDU 9 SAN 28
 HP 17

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fighting Knife 69%, damage 1d4 + 2 + 1d4

Fist/Punch 85%, damage 1d3 + 1d4 + Martial Arts

Grapple 78%, damage special + Martial Arts

Kick 77%, damage 1d6 + 1d4 + Martial Arts

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 4%, Intimidate Drunks 82%, Martial Arts 92%, Navigate 67%, Pilot Boat 37%, Sneak 50%, Spot Hidden 79%; Languages (understand only): English 40%, French 11%, Mandarin 60% (read/write also)

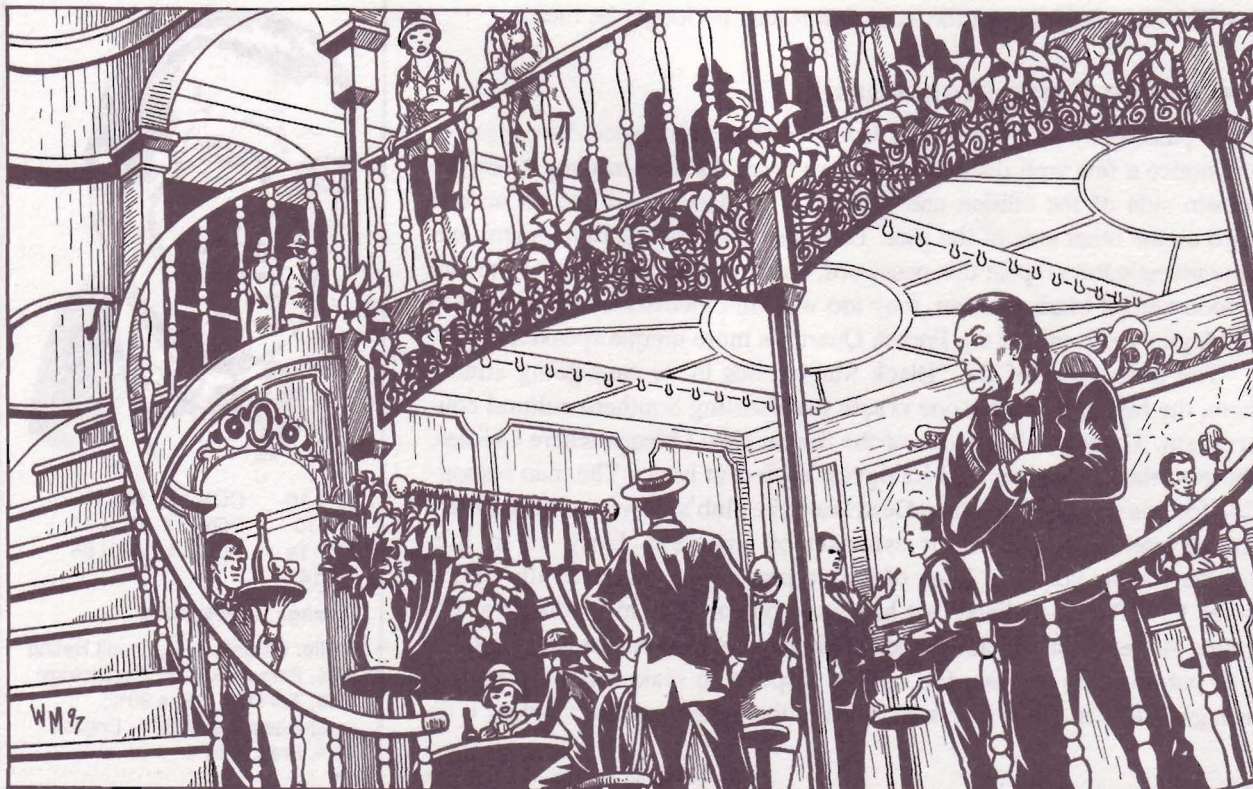
with customers who are having a good time (he *calls* everyone "friend"), and putting grins on the faces of those who aren't smiling.

The center courtyard of what was *once* the Destrahan family mansion has been converted into an open-air dining hall, a collection of tables and chairs surrounded by potted plants and hanging vines. Two sets of staircases lead to the second-floor balconies, where there is additional seating. The main building houses the residence of Laurence and his daughter, Katherine. The loggia which faces the courtyard is used for emergency seating, in case of rain.

Beer, rum, vodka, and whiskey are the popular choices here, each selling for a quarter a @. Wine and classic Vieux Carré beverages—Ramos gin-fizz, Sazerac cocktail, absinthe frappé and absinthe-anisette—cost seventy-five cents. Luke Turner, the Noire's black bartender, is the skilled mixer of a variety of drinks, as well as an aspiring jazz drummer. The talkative young man has a small bag hanging around his neck; if asked, he tells investigators it's a gris-gris, a voodoo good luck charm, to help him get music jobs. Luke is the drummer for a voodoo congregation, and he may be willing to introduce investigator friends to his hungan, Dr. John (see page 60).

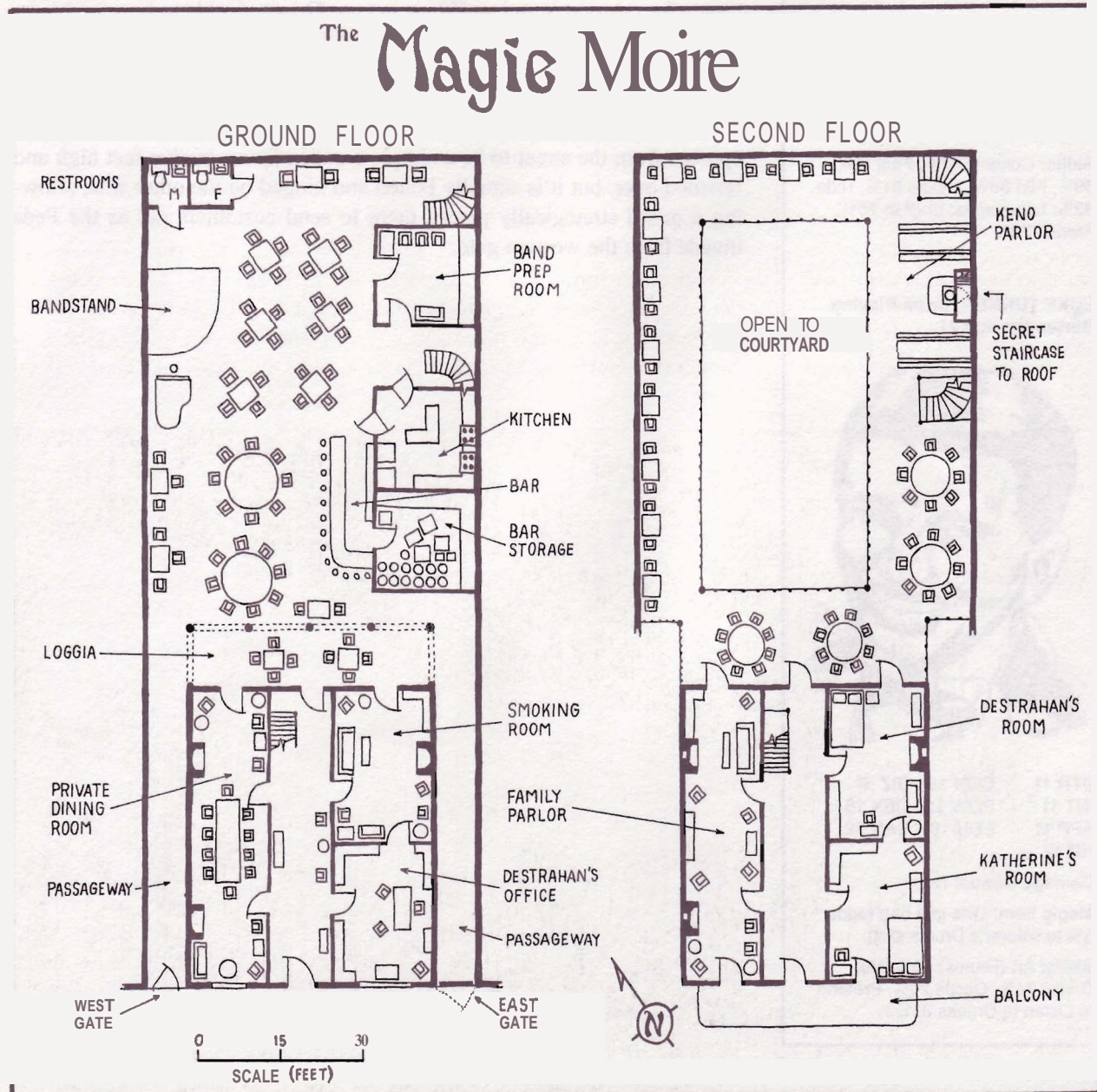
Luke aspires to play with the Noire's house band, the Funky Butts, named after legendary trumpeter Charles "Funky Butt" Bolden. The Funky Butts do requests, but refuse to perform compositions by famed "Jelly Roll" Morton, a New Orleans native; the band members are irked that Morton, like most of the Crescent City's finest musicians, have fled the city for Chicago, the center of jazz since Storyville closed down.

Another form of entertainment is the keno parlor on the second floor. Keno has not changed much over the years (it is still popular in Las Vegas); modern-day lottos are played in a similar manner. A gambler places his wager (the Noire's minimum bet is fifty cents) and receives a card with the



numbers 1 through 80 printed on it. The player can select up to **fifteen** of the numbers on the card, **ticking** them off with a pencil. Once the numbers have been chosen, a copy of the card is returned to the "roller", the leader of the game, who stands on a nearby stage beside a globe filled with numbered balls. The roller then spins the globe, pulling out twenty balls and calling out each number—these are the winning numbers. The player wins an amount of money based on how many of the winning numbers are on his card. Investigators **looking** for easy cash have a 10% chance of winning (their wager x 2d100 dollars) this way.

Customers here simply to dine will **find** that the meals **served** range from seventy-five cents to two dollars, and all are excellent. The house specialty is Creole cuisine, and investigators will be recommended the ***bouillabaisse*** (a French fish soup), ***calas tout chaud*** (**puffy** and delicious hot rice cakes), crayfish bisque, ***gombo zhèbes*** (gumbo of herbs—a boiled **concoc-**



KATHERINE DESTRAHAN,
Spoiled Debutante, age 24



STR 10 CON 12 SIZ 13
INT 15 POW13 DEX 14
APP 14 EDU 15 SAN 65
HP 13

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Conceal 47%, Fast Talk 59%, Flirt 98%, Mingle 81%, Ride 32%; **Languages:** English 75%, French 72%

LUKE TURNER, Drum-Playing
Bartender, age 21



STR 11 CON 15 SIZ 9
INT 11 POW 13 DEX 16
APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 62
HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Magic Item: Gris-gris bag (adds 5% to wearer's Drums skill)

Skills: Art (Drums) 69%, Mix Drinks 74%, Occult 20%, Pretend to Listen to Drunks 95%

tion of greens, seasonings, flour, and lard which tastes much better than it sounds), or red beans.

The Noire employs two full-time cooks, a wait staff of six, and ten bus-boys (all black, all male). There are a few guards of mixed race (who run the keno parlor), but the most noticeable is Yun, an enormous Chinaman with a terrible knife scar running under his neck. He received the scar in a fight back in his seafaring days, and it severed his vocal chords. Investigators who find a way to communicate with him (although he understands spoken English well, he is illiterate in that language) find him a passionate, intelligent man nursing an unrequited love for Laurence's pretty, bratty daughter, Katherine. A notorious "party girl", Katherine has a tendency to attach herself to attractive male investigators and follow them around until they pay her an appropriate amount of attention. This fact will not go unnoticed—or be appreciated—by Yun.

Although Destrahan buys his hooch directly from the Mafia—which also buys him peace of mind from the police—he's established two escape routes for customers and staff, just in case G-men decide to bust the place. The simplest one is a secret panel behind the keno globe, which disguises a set of stairs leading to the roof. Once there, fleeing drinkers will have to risk leaping from building to building and sliding down drain pipes to make their escape. The east passageway gate masks a ground-level route: It appears from the street to be a simple wooden fence, twelve feet high and boarded over, but it is actually bolted and hinged on the other side, allowing a guard strategically placed there to send customers out as the Feds invade from the western gate.

The Greater City

A courtesan, not old and yet no longer young, who shuns the sunlight that the illusion of her former glory be preserved. The mirrors of her house are dim and the frames are tarnished; all her house is dim and beautiful with age. ...

And those whom she receives are few in number, and they come to her through an eternal twilight. She does not talk much herself, yet she seems to dominate the conversation, which is low-toned but never dull, artificial but nor brilliant. And those who are not of the elect must stand forever without her portals.

New Orleans

—William *Faulkner*, *New Orleans Sketches*

In 1803, the powerful Creole families of New Orleans were horrified to hear that France had sold Louisiana to the United States. Believing themselves to be Europeans in everything but geography, the French and Spanish elite felt abandoned by their "native lands", left defenseless against what they were certain would prove to be a tidal wave of vulgarity from their new colonial masters. Consequently, the Americans who flooded the Crescent City after the Louisiana Purchase were greeted with coldness by the Creoles, who thought them shamefully unsophisticated. Shut out of the town's social and business life, the new residents of New Orleans practically had to build their own city.

The fruit of their labors was called the "American Quarter", to distinguish it from the greater French section of New Orleans. It began to grow out of the fringes of the Vieux Carré after the Louisiana Purchase and never stopped. The Americans became the bankers, brokers, and merchants to complement the Creole planters, and soon their wealth began to match—and eventually overtake—that of the city's older families. Before the Civil War, much of the city's property between the river and Lake Pontchartrain was taken up by huge plantations—but when the farmers went bankrupt, their acres were devoured by the homes and businesses of land-hungry Americans. This demographic shift occurred so rapidly that by 1812 (the year Louisiana became the eighteenth state to be admitted into the Union), the original, Creole part of New Orleans had already begun to be called the "French Quarter", in order to distinguish it from the greater American section of the city.

This dichotomy is obvious even to visitors in the 1920's. Beyond the now tiny (in comparison) French Quarter, New Orleans looks like any other American metropolis—tall, gleaming office buildings; loud, angry automobile traffic; sidewalks surging with a tide of hurried, hamed pedestrians. Canal Street, generally uptown of the Vieux Carré, typifies urban America best. An enormous boulevard with a streetcar running down its center, Canal is the city's business and banking district. New Orleans follows the old tradition of having the same types of businesses clustered in a single area, none too far from Canal: fur dealers may be found along North Peters and Decatur; antique shops take up several consecutive blocks on Royal; Poydras Street, from Camp Street to the river, is dominated by fruit, poultry, and other produce wholesalers; and Carondelet Street is where the cotton brokers reside.

Despite all of these vulgar, commonplace Americanisms, greater New Orleans has its share of fascinating and intriguing locales, detailed in this chapter. At first, sections of town are discussed in order of their distance from the French Quarter, beginning with the riverfront, a stone's throw away from the Vieux Carré. After that, a few individual sites of interest scattered throughout New Orleans are listed. As in the French Quarter, street-

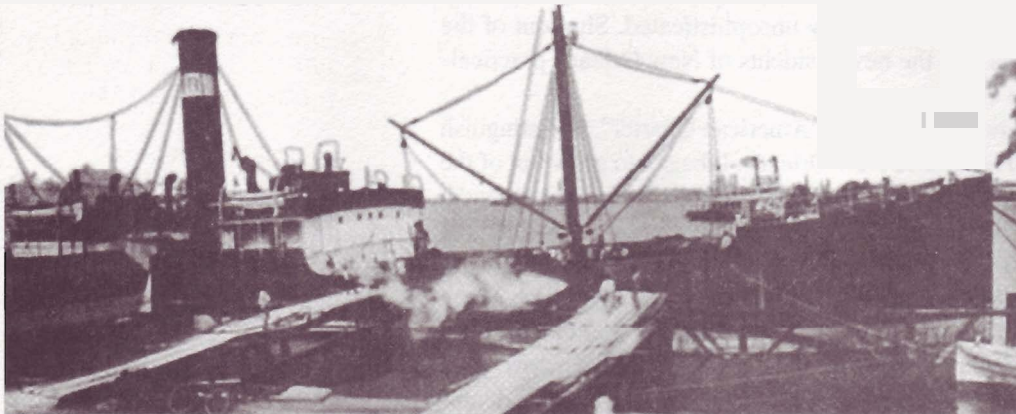
cars and **buses** service all **parts** of the city, **Maximum** travel time **between** any two parts of town is rarely **more** than forty-five minutes.

On the Waterfront

The wharf system of the Port of New Orleans is ten miles long, extending from Audubon Park to the **northwest**, passing in front of the **Vieux Carré**, and ending at Jackson Barracks (a training ground and arsenal for the Louisiana National Guard) to the **southeast**. The city is one of the United States' primary seaports, and ships from around the world dock here regularly. A large network of railroads—at least ten separate lines—emerge from the waterfront to **transport** foreign cargo to different parts of the country.

The waterfront's facilities **are** extensive. Along its shore lie twenty-four public warehouses, two public cold-storage plants, nine private cotton warehouses, and five railroad warehouses. **There** are forty-three docks, six of which are **drydocks**, the largest of which is capable of holding a **15,000-ton** ship. Six miles of wharf space is taken up by enormous metal storage sheds, ranging in volume anywhere from no larger than a small house to airplane hangar-size. On either side of the sheds **are** loading platforms; railroad tracks

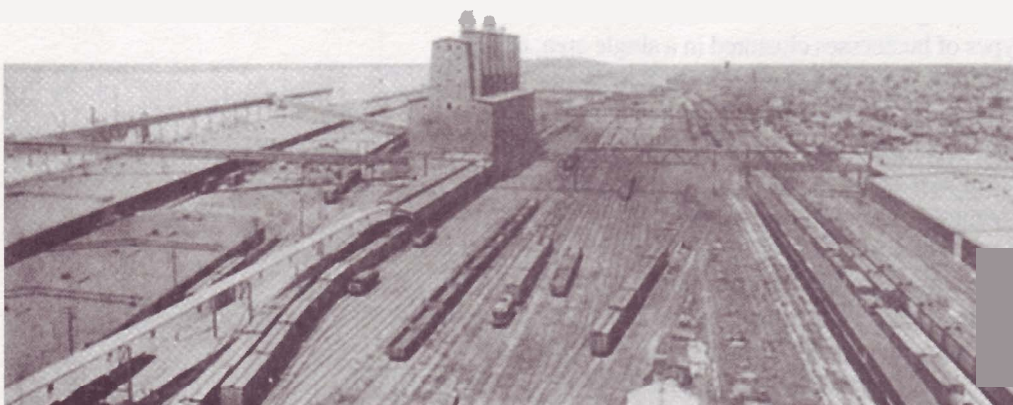
Harbor and Shipping



are found on the city side of the platforms, so cargo **can** be loaded directly from the shed to storage cars. The wharves tend to be divided into different sections, each reserved for a **particular** cargo—coffee docks, cotton docks, and **so** forth.

Investigators visiting the waterfront during the day will find it a bustling **maelstrom** of activity. **Barechested** dock workers unload coffee, molasses, and sugar recently arrived from exotic ports. Sailors screaming in foreign tongues load American cotton, grain, and oil onto ships destined for harbors half a world away. When the banana ships arrive, multiply this chaos tenfold: New Orleans is the **lar-gest** banana port in the world, and an estimated **23,000,000** stems pass through the city annually. The dock **workers** arrive before dawn to grab green boulder-sized bunches off the cranes that pluck them **from** the hold of the ship. Singing all the while, the men tote the

Stuyvesant Docks



bananas from the wharf to the boxcars waiting nearby. Everyone turns out to watch the men work, and the affair has the atmosphere of a carnival about it, as vendors **sell** sandwiches and sweet cakes to observers.

At night, activity at the waterfront subsides slightly, but the unloading or loading of ships can go on at all hours, and the banana workers frequently work until dawn. Pleasure ships, modeled after the old-time steamboats, take off from the docks at nine o'clock for an evening of dancing and fine food, returning a little after midnight. The levee at the river end of Canal Street is a favorite moonlight stroll-spot for lovers, young and old. The wharf area is well lit, and investigators planning illegal enterprises must exercise caution: Warehouses post armed sentries at night. Most dock workers are Italian or black, and the unions of both races have been heavily infiltrated by their respective criminal organizations, so the waterfront is a frequent nighttime rendezvous spot for members of the Mafia and the Zobop.

Underneath the wharves is a rickety network of water-level catwalks, so squatters and repairmen may travel between the docks' towering supports. Occasionally rowboats, skiffs, and other small water craft may be found moored here. One has to hop from board to plank to get anywhere; under unusual circumstances—like being shot at by irate cultists, for example—investigators need to make successful Jump rolls to move hastily across the catwalks without falling into the river.

A large number of derelicts, known as "wharf rats", live permanently underneath the wharves. They bore holes up through the wharves to pilfer goods and hide during occasional police sweeps. They can make good deep one allies or crazed cultists.

Investigators who are dumped in the Mississippi immediately regret it. The muddy, debris-clogged water is half a mile wide throughout most of the city, and in the spring the current is extremely heavy. Player characters desperate enough to try to swim across the river will need to make five successful Swim rolls in sequence, with a penalty of -20% in the spring. They will have to dodge boats, too.

Rampart Street

When Rampart Street crosses Canal, it becomes what is known as the "Harlem of New Orleans." Extending for about six blocks to the southwest, and one or two blocks to the east and west, is a nearly unbroken stretch of black-owned apartment buildings, businesses, coffee houses, restaurants, and speakeasies. This is generally a working-class neighborhood, however, and upwardly mobile blacks and Creoles of color frown on its denizens, thinking they epitomize the worst possible racial stereotypes. These blacks have a less kind name for Rampart Street: "Niggertown."

Regardless, white people are tolerated here—especially at the black nightclubs and speakeasies, homes to the best music in New Orleans. The blues and jazz groups here put the rest of the city's bands to shame, and the dancing can last until dawn.

Before the Civil War, Rampart Street was the center for the *placage*, or concubinage, system. Back then, it was perfectly acceptable—even expected—for single Creole men to take mulatto, quadroon, or octoroon mistresses. These women were cared for financially by their white lovers, and set up in one of the many white houses that once dotted Rampart Street. Although the relationship was meant to end when the gentleman found a suitable white wife, more often than not it didn't, and the tryst sometimes continued for life. This tradition continues during the twenties in the form of Rampart Street's all-black brothels, which cater exclusively to white men; nowadays public divulgence of such a relationship would surely cause a scandal.

MAMA ZU ZU

Mama Zu Zu, as her name implies, is fond of mothering player characters: She always complains that they aren't eating enough, that they shouldn't put themselves in danger so often, and so on. However, her matronly demeanor masks a shrewd businesswoman; she's more than happy to look over artifacts the PC's bring her, or give them mystical advice—for a price. More importantly, she's on good terms with Dr. John and Julia Jackson (see pages 60 and 61, respectively), and can direct investigators to them for some hands-on magical assistance. Unfortunately, she's constantly decrying against vice in the black community, a stance that will undoubtedly attract the wrath of the nefarious Zobop (see page 34).



MAMA ZU ZU, Occult Entrepreneur, age 74

STR 9 CON18 SIZ 10
 INT 13 POW15 DEX 11
 APP 10 EDU 10 SAN 75
 HP 14

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Anthropology 24%, Bargain 69%, Cthulhu Mythos 6%, English 65%, Fast Talk 86%, First Aid 40%, History 36%, Medicine 24%, Natural History 74%, Occult 84%, Persuade 52%, Pharmacy 47%, Psychology 55%

The Zobop

The Haitian counterpart to the Mafia, the Zobop, (or "Red Sect", from the red robes worn during cult rites) began as a secret society of sorcerers in Dahomey, moved to Haiti with the African slaves, and arrived in New Orleans just before the Civil War. Although, like most criminal organizations, the Zobop run the usual illegal activities on Rampart Street and in other black neighborhoods—bookmaking, prostitution, drug- and booze-running, extortion, and so on—voodooists know that the highest-placed members have taken "hot points"—that is to say, they have sold their souls to the Petro loa for wealth and magical power (see page 61). While "lieutenants" of the organization may possess modest mystical ability, the "godfathers" and "capos" of the Zobop are bokor of formidable strength, and know that the society's true purpose is to serve the will of Yig, Father of Serpents (whom they often call "Damballah-flangbo"). It is very possible, in fact, that some of the rulers of the Zobop are serpent people in human guise.

The Red Sect uses a combination of mundane strongarm tactics and supernatural terror to maintain order in communities under its control. Athief who fails to give his superiors their cut of a lucrative heist may become a "goat without horns"—Zobop parlance for a human sacrifice. Fearful cityfolk whisper of the dreaded "tiger car", a long, black limousine seen only at night, which holds mysterious thugs that whisk away crusading citizens, who are never seen again. A shopkeeper that has fallen behind on his "protection" payments may vanish, only to reappear as a chicken, pig, or other animal; the beast is slain by his family, and only a gold tooth or tattoo recognized after the fact reveals the hapless animal's true identity. Zobop baders hold modern-day voodoo in contempt, considering it a corruption of the original Dahomeyan Yig rituals, and sometimes deliver these transformed humans to hungans and mambos as sacrificial animals, watching with glee as the honest voodooists do their dirty work for them.

Investigators snooping around the shadier sides of the New Orleans black community (such as in black speakeasies) will almost undoubtedly run across the Zobop. Lower-echelon enforcers are encountered at first-street punks and career criminals who may have a wanga or two, but know little of the mystical nature of the gang. If the PC's manage to contact the higher lev-

els of the organization, they start to encounter individuals of greater and greater magical power. The identities of the ruling Zobop members are closely guarded—they are wealthy, upstanding members of the black community—and will not be divulged by underlings under anything less than severe torture. These persons—known as the "hairless ones", lending credence to the theory that they are serpent people in disguise—are full-blown Mythos sorcerers with a POW of 2d6 + 7, usually knowing most voodoo spells, 2d4 spells from the Greater and Lesser Grimoires, and the Contact Yig spell (see below). The "hairless ones" are the high priests and priestesses of the Yig cult in New Orleans, employing Zobop lieutenants as adepts and initiates.

Zobop leaders tend to ignore investigators, considering them rather insignificant, unless the PC's somehow interfere with the operation of their organization. Investigators may inspire Zobop wrath by defending a hungan ally who is speaking out against the mob, or by coming too close to discovering the identities of their leaders. If a simple beating isn't enough to persuade the investigators to leave well enough alone, the Red Sect arranges for them to take a sanity-blasting ride in the "tiger car." Drastic action will be taken if the player characters refuse to be scared off the trail—the Zobop do not flinch from killing white people, since they have no compunctions about serving up a few hapless black scapegoats to the inevitable lynch mob.

Typical ZOBOP LIEUTENANT

STR 12 CON 11 SIZ 13 INT 14 POW 13
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 0 HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Spells: Enchant Doll, Enchant Wanga, Implant Fear, Summon/Bind Baka

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 35%, Fast Talk 35%, Occult 35%, Persuade 25%, Psychology 25%

Typical HUMAN "HAIRLESS ONE"

STR 13 CON 12 SIZ 13 INT 15 POW 14
DEX 12 APP 10 EDU 12 SAN 0 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

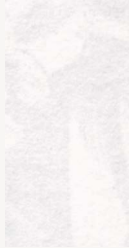
Spells: Contact Yig, most voodoo spells, 2d4 from Greater and Lesser Grimoires

Skills: Aklo 45%, Cthulhu Mythos 45%, Fast Talk 45%, Occult 40%, Persuade 30%, Psychology 50%

Contact Yig: The caster must first prepare a noxious red potion from the poison glands of a sacred snake of Yig (see Call of Cthulhu 5.1, p. 126), which in Louisiana is an enormous copperhead with a crimson crescent on the top of its head. A thoroughly bathed sacrifice—the "goat without horns"—is made to drink the potion, which induces horribly painful muscle spasms. During the convulsions, the sacrifice is strapped upon the altar, while all those in attendance chant something which sounds like, "Aye zobop, aye ya Bye, zobop" If the spell is successful, a child of Yig spontaneously grows out of the sacrifice's stomach, slithers up his throat, and sticks its head in his mouth. Yig converses with followers for up to five minutes through this snake. When the Father of Serpents departs, the sacrifice's torso bursts forth with 2d10 sacred copperheads, killing the sacrifice immediately. As with all Contact Deity spells, Contact Yig requires the expenditure of 1 POW and 1d6 SAN to Cast.



Rampart Street is also the center of the New Orleans voodoo community, and numerous **hungans**, mambos, and conjure doctors live and work here; many have *humfor* (see page 59) in their apartments. Drugstores sell voodoo dolls, gris-gris, and other **charms** next to more conventional forms of medicine. **Investigators** browsing in Mama Zu Zu's **Jumbo Gumbo** Emporium **find** all sorts of magical paraphernalia for sale, for example: ju-ju~money potions, love oils, goofer dust (dirt from graves and tombs), mojo powder, John the Conqueror root, mad water, fast luck drops, salt-peter, lodestones, shrunken heads, and more. Mama **Zu Zu** swears **all** her merchandise is one-hundred-percent effective, but, ultimately, any mystical traits these trinkets may have is left up to the Keeper.



It is also important to note that Rampart Street is the only part of the city the Mafia **refuses** to enter; investigators who have **run afoul** of La **Cosa Nostra** will **find** a momentary haven here. Of course, the Mob has declared Rampart Street off-limits only because it is controlled by the nefarious **Zobop**, which organization could prove even more dangerous to investigators' health. In fact, it is rumored that the top floor of a Zobop-controlled speakeasy contains the society's central Temple of Yig.

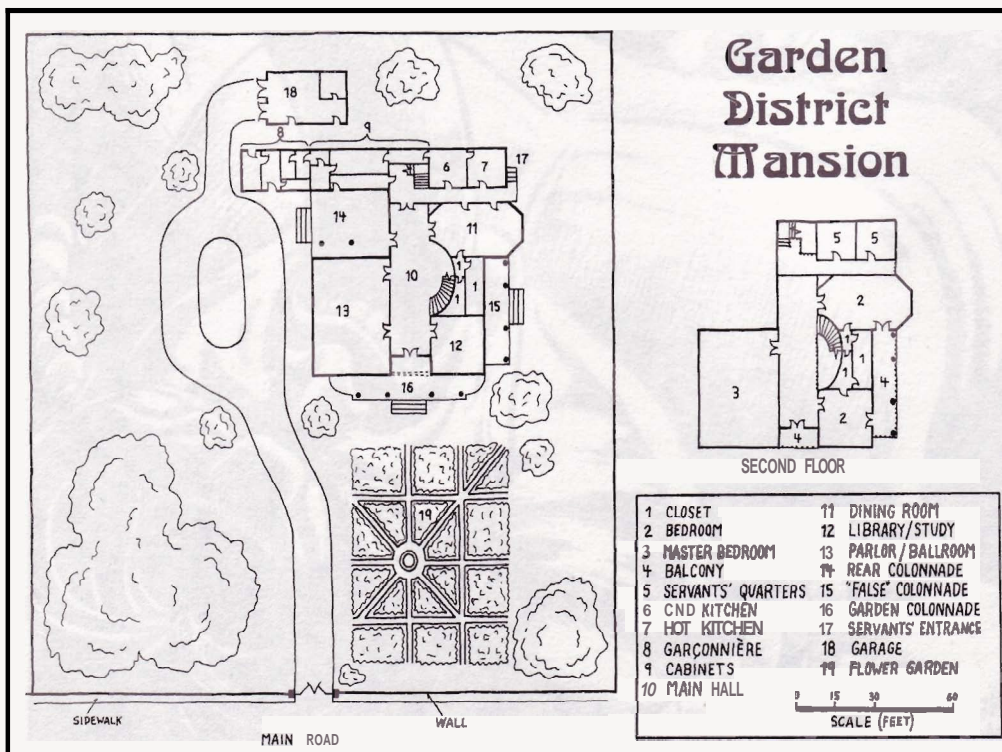
Garden District

When a Mississippi flood destroyed many of the plantations near the French Quarter in 1816, much of the land was bought up by land speculators hoping to capitalize on the newly arrived—and newly **rich**—Americans in New Orleans. The land was parceled out into neatly defined city blocks, and the mansions and villas constructed there soon became one of the most famous—and most exclusive—suburbs in American history. Legend has it that a family had to be a resident of the Garden District, the social center of the "American Quarter", for twenty years before being considered "part of the neighborhood." Even in the 1920's, its huge, beautiful



houses attract the Crescent City's most affluent residents. Nowhere else in New Orleans is there so much wealth concentrated in one area.

Investigators taking a banquette tour of the Garden District observe that most of the mammoth homes are surrounded by wide lawns and high iron fences. **Oaks** and tall magnolia bushes tend to stand just inside the fences, obscuring the view of the mansion from the street. A driveway passes through a



gate to form a cul-de-sac in front of the rear colonnade, near the **garçonniere**. During parties, *guests* stride down carpets on the rear **colonnade** to enter the house, their **names** called out in the main **hall** by tuxedoed attendants. A smaller drive continues from the **cul-de-sac** to the family's **garage**. The garden colonnade is usually the one most **visible** from the banquette, and during parties numerous guests can be seen here, chatting and drinking punch. **As** the name implies, the garden **colonnade's** steps lead to the lavish floral gardens which take up the majority of the lawn, complete with bird baths, **sundials**, and so on. The "false" colonnade cannot be entered from the house; usually this gallery is for the **family's** use **only**, a place to sit in the shade while they watch croquet or badminton games played on the **lawn** facing them.

The mansions' interiors were not laid out with flooding in **mind**, as were French Quarter homes, so important rooms for entertaining, such as the dining room and parlor, may be found on the bottom floor. The design is usually a combination of Creole plantation idioms—note the winding gallery staircase—and Greek Revival motifs, such as the colonnades. The servants are meant to be invisible when not fulfilling their duties, so the servants' area is in the rear of the house and cannot be seen from the road. Servants enter the house by the small staircase beside the kitchen, which is divided into two rooms—the "hot" kitchen, where the ovens lie (in the far corner of the house, for fire safety), and the "cold" kitchen, where salads and such are prepared and where the servants themselves eat. The "cabinets" (#9 on the map) are multipurpose rooms, used for sundries, pantries, and water closets.

Until 1925, there was a mansion at 1319 St. Charles which was called the Devil's Mansion. It was said that the house was built by the Devil himself in the 1820's as a home for his mistress. When she proved unfaithful, he devoured both her and her lover. The house passed through numerous owners and was finally demolished in 1925. Could the "Devil" have been Nyarlathotep in human form?

Directly in the center of the Garden District is Lafayette Cemetery #1 (Sixth St.), the oldest cemetery in "uptown", which contains the tombs of many wealthy non-Creole families.

Universities

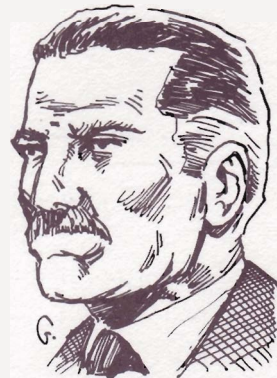
Although New Orleans is home to numerous prep schools, technical schools, liberal arts colleges, and seminaries—and will be home to many more, after the New Deal—only three universities are worth noting here. Generally speaking, colleges segregate both the sexes and the races; **co-education** has not yet come to the South in the twenties.

Loyola University (6363 St. Charles Ave.) was established in 1911 by the Jesuits and has about three thousand students. The campus is **decorated** in a serene religious motif, with statues of saints and holy men **dotting** its grounds. The school is best known for its dentistry school and the seismological observatory, used in conjunction with similar buildings in Jesuit colleges around the world to keep **an** eye out for **earthquakes**. Marquette Hall houses **Loyola's** library, well known for its Irish **manuscripts** and a full collection of Jesuit records.

Tulane University of Louisiana (6400 St. Charles Ave., **across** the street from **Audubon** Park) is the largest university in New Orleans **and** one of the most respected schools in the South. The students tend to be wealthy, but

PROFESSOR FRANCIS WHITWELL

Whitwell was one of the first academics hired by Tulane's Department of Middle-America Research, and he's rapidly become one of the brightest jewels in its crown. Born in Massachusetts, Whitwell received his doctorate in Archaeology from Miskatonic University, specializing in Mayan and Aztec cultures. His current work involves proving his theory that the Indians of southern Louisiana were heavily influenced by the Mesoamericans; consequently, he has become an expert on the burial mounds dotting the surrounding bayou country (see page 54). Intense and uncompromising in his pursuit of historical truth, he has been known to reduce graduate students to tears during thesis examinations, in which he savages poorly thought-out hypotheses with surgical precision. Investigators could do worse than getting into his good graces, though: Whitwell can get them into restricted-access sections of Tulane's archaeological holdings, or authorize them to accompany official university expeditions on digs.



Professor FRANCIS P. WHITWELL, **Single-minded** Scholar, age 51

STR 12 CON 15 SIZ 16
INT 17 POW 10 DEX 11
APP 8 EDU 22 SAN 50
HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Anthropology 61%,
Archaeology 86%, Art
(Mesoamerican) 90%, Astronomy
33%, Chemistry 41%, **Credit**
Rating 59%, Geology 42%, History
70%, Library Use 88%, Occult
21%, Persuade 73%, Ride 70%;
Languages: Chickasaw 25%,
English 95%, Queche 40%,
Spanish 63%



Tulane University

serious in their studies; the student body is all-male, although Tulane's sister school, H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College (1229 Broadway), has full use of the facilities. Newcomb and Tulane students think of themselves as going to the same school. The campus is made up of about ten buildings and a football stadium.

- The F. W. Tilton Memorial Library has over 100,000 volumes, making it the largest library in the city. The collection's proudest feature is a cache of Elizabethan and eighteenth-century manuscripts.

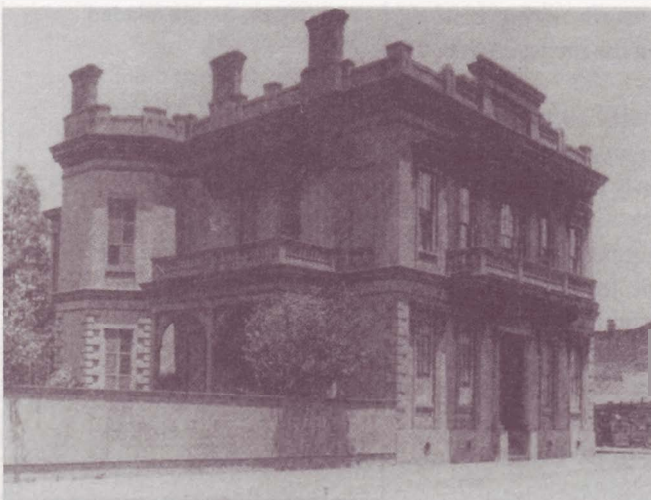
- Gibson Hall, the oldest campus building, holds the administrative offices, the College of Arts and Sciences, the main

lecture hall, and the Tulane Natural History Museum (open Tuesday 2:00-5:00; researchers allowed at other times). The museum has a variety of stuffed and mounted fauna, an impressive fossil collection, and the comparative vertebrae of several species. Investigators will be intrigued by artifacts from Indian burial mounds (see page 54), such as bone and pottery fragments. In later years, the museum will be home to a pair of Egyptian mummies.

- New Science Hall was completed in 1923 and houses the Biology Department, the Journalism School, the Law College (with its library), and the brand-new Department of Middle-America Research, dedicated to the study of the Caribbean, Mexico, and Central America. The department was founded in 1924, when an anonymous donor bought a valuable collection of manuscripts and books about Middle America; the donor gave the texts to the university, along with money to hire faculty. Already, the department has become incredibly respected in its field. Its library is a gold mine for investigators, containing several sixteenth-century Mayan manuscripts, and papers by and about the conquistadors. Its knowledgeable and ambitious staff uses the anonymous endowment to embark on valuable archaeological expeditions. Assuming the investigators have the proper credentials, they may be allowed to join a university dig in Mesoamerican ruins.

- Richardson Memorial Hall houses the School of Medicine and its Museum of Microscopic Anatomy (viewing by appointment only) and Museum of Anatomy (open weekdays 8:30-5:00). The former is known for its exhibits on embryonic birth defects, the latter for its anatomical dissection displays. Questions about strange wounds or deformities should be directed to the curators.

Newcomb College



Xavier University (Magazine St. and Jefferson Ave.) was established by the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament in 1915 as a black prep school and was expanded to university-size in 1925. Xavier is fairly small—its campus has only two buildings—but is well known for its Schools of Pharmacy and Social Work, and those departments' libraries are the best in the city.

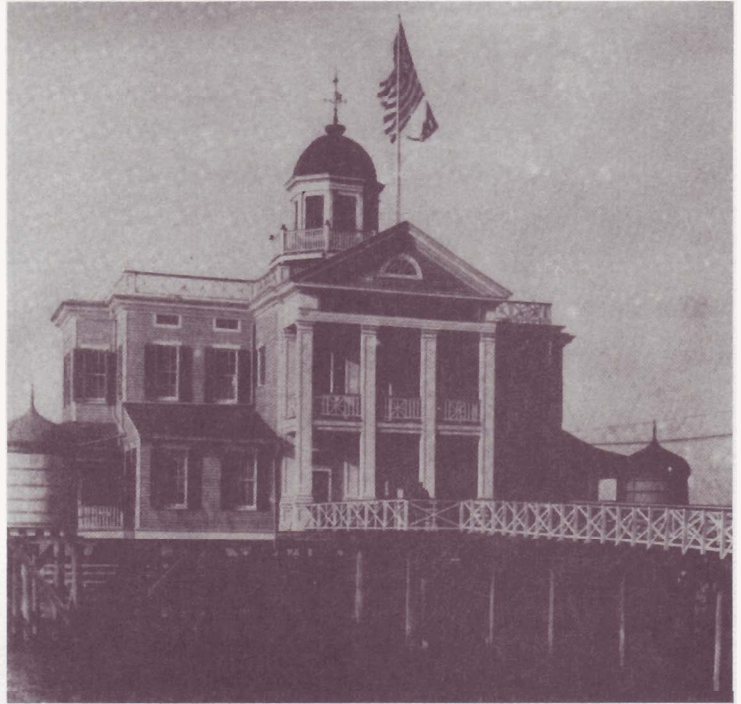
Lake Pontchartrain

One of the largest lakes in the United States, **Pontchartrain** is about 41 miles long and 25 miles wide. The French explorer the **Sieur d'Iberville** found Indians (probably the Bayougoula and **Houma**) living on its shores in 1699, and they showed him how they portaged their canoes from the lake to the Mississippi River to the south. Despite the Indians' ominous name for the area—"Portage of **the Lost**"—**d'Iberville** thought the portage would make an excellent site for a French **settlement**, an idea his brother, the **Sieur de Bienville**, would put into action almost twenty years later. The real advantages of **Pontchartrain's** proximity to the Mississippi would not be fully realized **until** 1921, when the Inner Harbor Navigation Canal (called the "Industrial Canal" by natives) was completed, which **connects** the lake to the river. Today, **ships** and boats of all sizes **can** be seen taking this nautical "short cut" from the **northern** to the southern end of the city. The New Canal Lighthouse, which towers a few miles to the west, **dutifully** scans the lake for potential **disasters**.

Lake **Pontchartrain's** shore has always been a favorite **recreation** spot for **Orleanites**. On the northwest border of **the** city is the **Southern Yacht Club**, with all the **upper-crust** frills one might expect. Swimmers, boaters, fishermen, and sun-bathers **can** be found on the beach at **all times of** day. Spanish Fort Amusement Park faces the beach near the mouth of Bayou St. John. For ten cents admission, investigators may take their chances with the **usual** assemblage of poorly oiled rides, stomach-corroding concession stand wares, slightly shady games of "skill" (such **as** the shooting gallery), and belligerent, unhygienic **cafes**. The **park's** more unique attractions are a boardwalk and vaudeville theater. At night, the **gleeful** screams of riders and **spinning, multichromatic** lights **can** be heard and **seen** for miles.

Spanish Fort itself, **three** miles down Bayou St. John **from** the lakefront, is now a decrepit, uninteresting ruin. After passing **through** French, Spanish, and American hands, it **was** **virtually** abandoned after the Battle of New Orleans and allowed to decay into a few **unstable** stone ramparts. An unmarked grave lies under a nearby pair of oaks, said to contain a **Spanish** officer slain by an Indian chief for **romancing** his daughter. Legend has it the **Louisiana** Pocahontas' spirit **can** be seen roaming the Fort at night, trying to find her lover. Investigators are more likely to **find** unruly teenagers getting **drunk** here than **ghosts**, however.

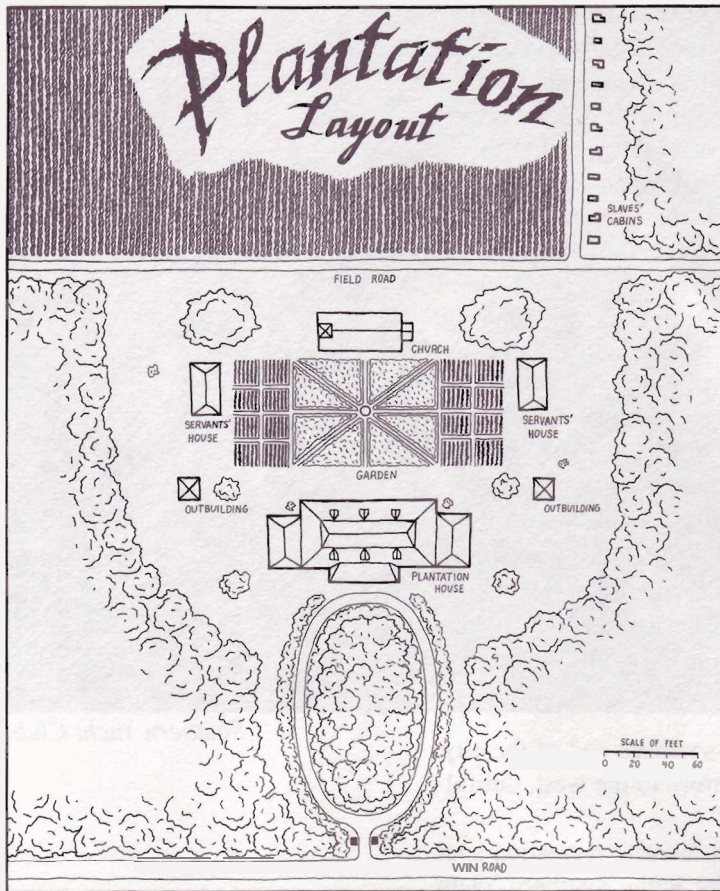
It should also be noted **that** famed Voodoo Queen Marie **Laveau** conducted **all** her important ceremonies on the Bayou St. John shore of the lake. During her reign, voodooists called **Pontchartrain** "St. John's Lake", and the animal sacrifices made here were said to **turn** the



Southern Yacht Club



Spanish Fort

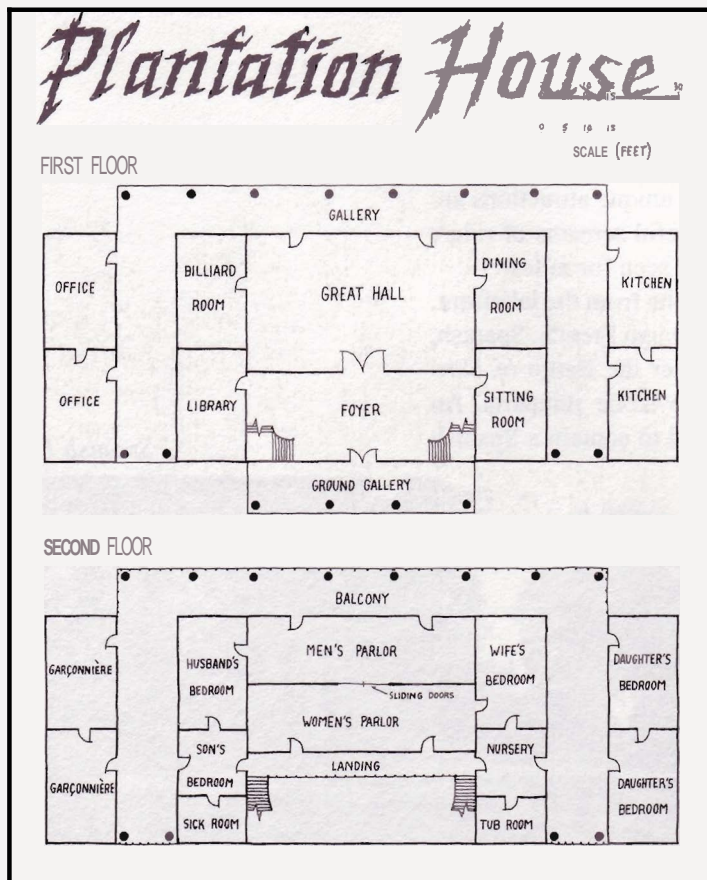


beach red. **Orleanites** are still trying to find the "Wishing Spot", where Laveau held her rites, in order to put coins in a cypress stump there for good luck.

Plantations

If investigators venture outside city **limits** and follow the serpentine path of the Mississippi River in either direction, they will encounter the few remnants of the former backbone of New Orleans's economy: the sprawling sugar and cotton plantations that were the pride of the antebellum South. Before the Civil War, these enormous farms were city-states unto themselves, sometimes housing upward of 300 slaves and a small army of attendants and servants; the largest had their own hospitals, churches, and shops, ruled by the king-like landowner. The southern patriarchs' Greek Revival **mansions** were testament to the fact that, before 1860, Louisiana was home to more **millionaires** than any other state in the Union; the estates were given evocative **names** like Seven **Oaks**, Evergreen, Felicity, Shadows-on-the-Teche, Lady of the Lake, Magnolia Ridge, and **Wytchwood**. During Reconstruction, though, the plantations perished with the dreams of the Confederacy: While investigators **find** antebellum-style plantations **that** are still up and running, they stumble across many more jutting out of the swamp or squatting in disused fields, abandoned, the **mansion's** pillars left to rot, the gardens choked with weeds, the **once-**prosperous acres parceled out to sharecroppers. These ruined plantations, with the bayou water creeping up to their homes' galleries, are excellent, atmospheric places to set adventures.

In antebellum days, visitors to a plantation would be admitted through its mammoth gate to a wide drive, usually attended on either side by gigantic, drooping oaks or willows. Behind the plantation house spread a magnificent floral garden, which contained valuable herbs and vegetables along with the magnolias and roses. On the southern corners of the garden were the tower-shaped, two-story outbuildings. Most of the time, one of these structures was used as a **garçonnière** (see page 14), the bottom story serving as a parlor and dining room, the second floor as living quarters. The other outbuilding was the plantation doctor's quarters, where sick slaves and servants could be attended to or



quarantined. At the **northern** comers of the gardens were the white or free black servants' houses; the slaves' **overseer**, or foreman, usually had a house for himself and his family. Beyond the garden, dirt roads encircled the perimeter of the fields themselves, which could extend for several square miles. Along the edge of the eastern road sat the slaves' **cabins**, with their dirt floors and leaky **roofs**. A chapel sat between the landowners' complex and the slaves' "village", where both master and chattel could **pray** together.

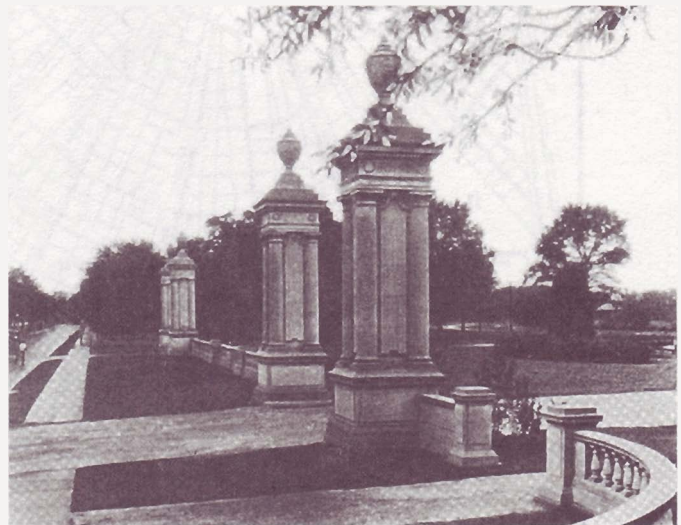
The interior of the plantation house was designed to provide the landowner's family with the **maximum** amount of pleasure at all times. Daybeds were placed strategically around the house for midday naps. On particularly sultry evenings, servants would drag their **masters'** beds **onto** the second-floor gallery, so the family could sleep out of doors. The rooms on the exterior of the house's gallery were used as a **garçonnière** for the younger **sans**, or as spaces for the library, billiard **room**, or office. The women and men of the household would await the evening meal in their respective parlors: The men smoked and drank brandy, while the women played music. Once dinner arrived, the doors **segregating** the two parlors were thrown open, and the table was placed between the rooms. After dinner, the doors would be closed again, the sexes going back to their respective rooms. When entertaining, guests were led past the enormous, winding staircase in the foyer to the great hall, its floor inlaid with white and black tile.

In New Orleans proper, along Bayou St. John (adjacent to City Park), there are numerous houses in the plantation style, conserved from the days when farms, not residences, dominated this area. These lavish homes are almost as choice as the Garden District's mansions, but do not have the acreage for any additional plantation buildings, of course.

Areas of Interest

17. Audubon Park off St. Charles Ave.

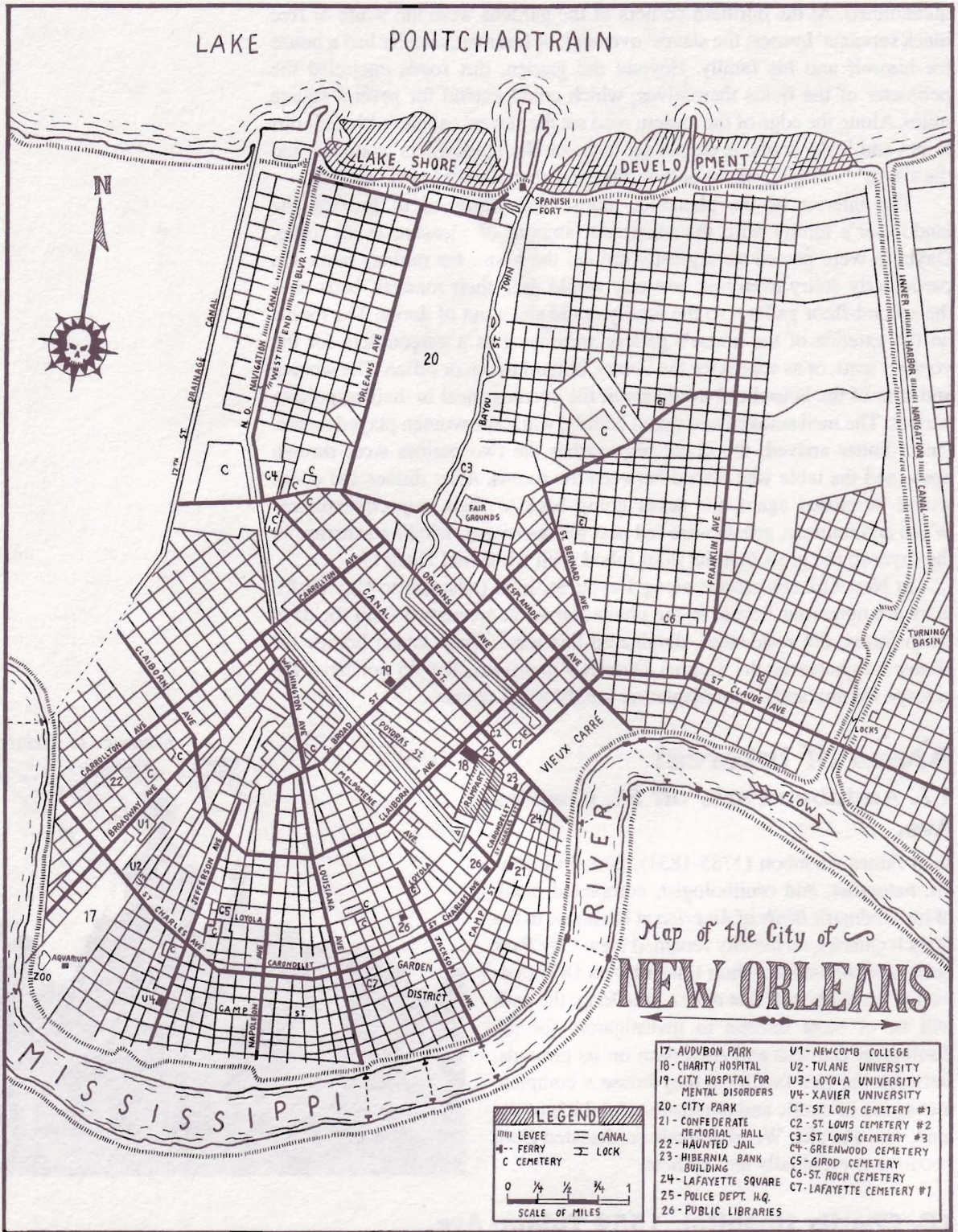
John James Audubon (1785-1851), famed **illustrator**, naturalist, and ornithologist, completed much of his landmark *Birds of America* at his home in the French Quarter, so the city renamed New City Park (as it was known for a short time after its 1871 dedication) in his honor. Just over a mile long, the park will be of most interest to investigators for the Zoological Gardens and Aquarium on its **grounds**. Between the two facilities, they house a complete menagerie of exotic and mundane animal life of the land, sea, and sky. Weird animals confiscated from voodooists eventually end up here.



Entrance to Audubon Park

18. Charity Hospital, 1532 Tulane Ave.

Founded in 1736 by the **Ursuline** sisters, Charity **has** been in this building since 1832, with facilities for up to 2,000 patients. Unfortunately, the population of New Orleans is thirty times what it was in 1832, and Charity is grotesquely **overburdened**—**patients** end up sleeping on the floor when there is no other place for them. Despite the crowding, the hospital is **clean**, efficient, and modernized, containing all the latest in medical technology. The opening of Mercy Hospital (public, whites only) and **Southern** Baptist Hospital (private, whites **only**) in the early twenties eases the strain on



Charity's facilities somewhat. Tulane University's medical school operates out of this building as well. Male and female patients of both races are admitted. Visiting hours are from 9:00-5:00.

19. City Hospital for Mental Diseases, 2700 Tulane Ave.

A public asylum for men and women, white and black, City Hospital is capable of caring for up to one hundred patients, but usually houses twice as many. The harried staff does not have the time to be little more than caretakers of the insane—the hospital's cure rate hovers between 15%-25% at any given moment—so investigators would be better off committing their comrades to the state asylum, up in Baton Rouge, or to one of the numerous discrete, private (and expensive) institutions dotting the city. Visiting hours are from 1:00-3:00.

20. City Park, between Bayou St. John and Orleans Ave.

Dedicated in 1850, the park is three miles long and almost a mile wide, making it the sixth largest in America. Numerous footpaths wind through mammoth oaks, lush gardens, and waterbird-frequented lagoons. On the



City Park

weekends, the baseball diamond, football stadium, swimming pool, and golf course are crowded with city-dwellers of all classes. At the corner of the park grounds near Esplanade Avenue is an enormous statue of Creole general P. G. T. Beauregard, Confederate veteran of Fort Sumter and many other Civil War battles, mounted on a horse.

In the heart of the park, along Lelong Avenue, is the Isaac Delgado Museum of Art, a subtropical Greek hall showcasing its philanthropist founder's collection of nineteenth century European paintings, Greek pottery, and Asian bronzes. The museum is open from 10:00-5:00, and is closed on Mondays.

Near the museum stand some famous trees. The "Dueling Oaks" earned their name by being the favorite spot for New Orleans gentlemen to settle disputes on the field of honor. The branches of "Suicide Oak" once bore the noose of many a despondent city dweller.

Before the public-works projects of the 1930's, the part of City Park toward the lake was a virtual wilderness area—perfect for things like summoning byakhee or other blasphemous rituals.



JOSEPH D. GALVEZ

One of City Hospital's permanent residents is Joseph D. Galvez, a former New Orleans police officer. A participant in the 1907 raid on the Lafourche Parish cultists (see page 52), Galvez caught a glimpse of Great Cthulhu during the bust, and the sight destroyed his sanity. He resides in a small room covered with posters of Arizona and desert scenes. Due to his experiences, he has contracted a horrible fear of moisture and water, and incessantly babbles that once he saves enough money, he's moving to Tuscon. Investigators who end up rooming with Galvez during a stay in the asylum might learn information which could bring them into contact with the Esoteric Order of Dagon (see page 54).



JOSEPH D. GALVEZ, Aquaphobic Cop, age 43

STR 17 CON 12 SIZ 13
INT 9 POW10 DEX 16
APP 13 EDU 14 SAN 2
HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Cthulhu Mythos 5%, Desert Trivia 97%, Handgun 50%, Inspect Water for "Things" 98%, Law 45%; Languages: English 42%, Spanish 70%

Isaac Delgado Museum

21. Confederate Memorial Hall, 929 Camp St.

A meeting hall for the Louisiana Historical Association and a repository for Confederate artifacts and memorabilia, on display to the public. Of particular interest to investigators is its collection of rare, unpublished manuscripts by Confederate generals, officials, and sympathizers. Open weekdays 9:00-3:00.

22. Haunted Jail, corner Hampson and Short Sts.

This jail, in the old Carrollton neighborhood, was built in 1852 as part of an administrative complex which included a Greek Revival court house. It is haunted by ghosts of several of the people who were executed on the gibbet behind the jail. One prisoner in particular, a murderer lynched in the prison courtyard by an angry mob, threatened to get away "through the wall" and come back for revenge (could he have used a Gate spell?). (Even though the jail is demolished in 1937, people continue to report hearing the sound of the gibbet's heavy wood doors being sprung, while others have heard the nauseating sound of a human being slowly choking to death.)

23. Hibernia Bank Building, 812 Gravier St.

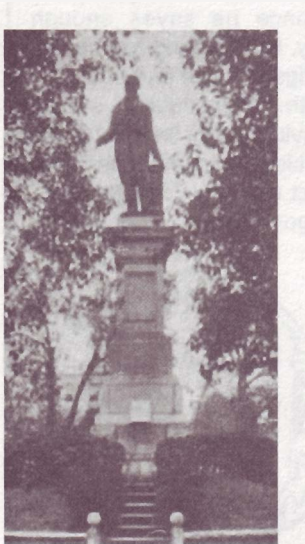
Ten cents to the lift operator will buy investigators a trip to the top of this, the tallest building in New Orleans at twenty-three stories high. On a clear day one can see ten miles in any direction from the observation deck. For investigators craving a little more excitement, there is a lantern on a spire above the deck. Assuming the lantern can be put out of commission, this is an excellent spot from which to cast the Summon Hunting Horror spell.

24. Lafayette Square

The civic center of New Orleans is dominated by two statues: one of the "Great Compromiser", Henry Clay, and the other a monument to local businessman John McDonogh. McDonogh was a despised skinflint by the time he died in 1850, but he donated the majority of his vast fortune to the New Orleans school system, with the strange stipulation that public schoolchildren put flowers on his grave annually in gratitude. Every first Friday in May, kids are trotted out in front of the memorial—whites in the morning, blacks in the afternoon—to decorate McDonogh's effigy with wreaths and bouquets. A statue of Benjamin Franklin is added to Lafayette Square in 1926.

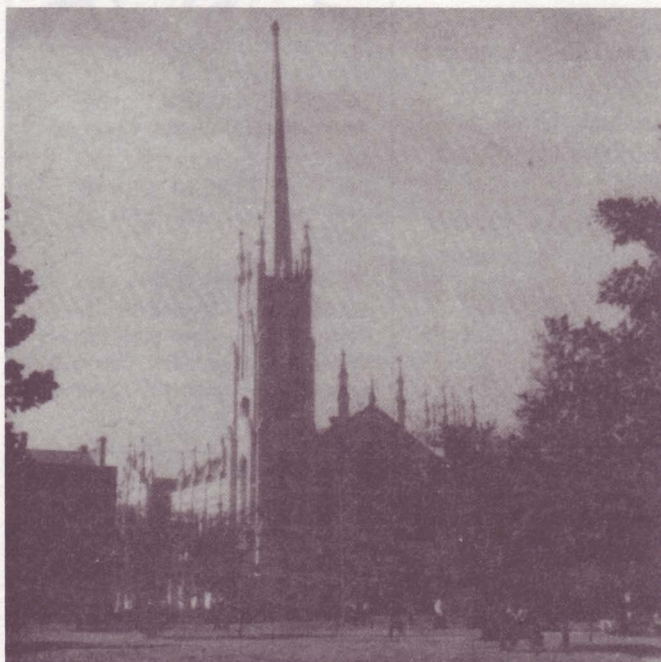
City Hall faces the square from the west. The three-story tall Greek Revival building houses the mayor's office, the City Council Chamber, and all major Commissioner's departments (Public Health, Public Safety, etc.).

The Post Office building faces the square from the east. Besides being the largest post office in New Orleans, this neo-Renaissance structure (decorated by four muses representing history, the arts, industry, and commerce) houses the federal courts, the Department of Justice, the Secret Service, the Bureau of Narcotics, and the U.S. Marshal's office.



Henry Clay Statue

Presbyterian Church



More federal buildings face the square from the south. They house armed forces recruitment offices and **all** the national agencies not contained in the **main** Post Office.

Facing the square from the north, until it is torn down in the 1930's, is a Presbyterian church. It was designed by Henry Howard and replaced an earlier Greek Revival church, which had burned.

25. Hew Orleans Police Department Headquarters, Tulane Ave. and Saratoga St.

The men in blue's dilapidated old quarters, adjacent to Congo Square, was razed in 1919, and the NOPD temporarily resides here—in the equally crumbling Old Criminal Courthouse—to wait for a new building to be built on North Broad Street (the new building is completed in 1931). Since the area surrounding Police Headquarters is a fairly seedy slum, the slipshod facility does not **make** one feel very safe. Incredibly, a disused cellar beneath the NOPD HQ has become home to a colony of homeless people, who siphon off the building's **electricity** and heat for their own use. The police occasionally descend into the basement to chase out the transients, but they invariably **return**; newspaper reporters have sardonically dubbed the cellar the "Hotel de Bastille." The wily bums know **many** secret entrances to various parts of the Police Department, and could prove to be a valuable investigator **resource**.

The building also houses the **Criminal** District Court of the Parish of Orleans, the Coroner's office, and the parish prison. The prison may accommodate up to 800 prisoners—four to a cell—and, for a jail, its food is surprisingly good. When the morgue becomes overburdened, the facilities of nearby Charity Hospital (**see** above) are also used. The **NOPD** also has precinct houses scattered throughout the city.

26. New Orleans Public Library, 1031 St. Charles St.

Modeled after a Roman temple to Mars, god of war, the library's primary attractions are its extensive collection of Civil War records and an impressive periodical department. A stately marble statue of Benjamin Franklin **stands** guard over its reading room. Open 9:00–9:00 Monday through Saturday and 9:00–1:00 on Sunday; whites only. This branch of the library closes in the 1960's and moves to a new location on Loyola Avenue.

The black branch of the library is on Dryades and Philip Streets. Significantly smaller than the main branch, this library is distinguished by its **impressive** collection of oral histories of the New Orleans black community. Hours are the same as the white branch.

Across from the Public Library, at 601 Howard Avenue, is the Howard Library, a public reference library that does not circulate books. It has the

best collection of early Louisiana and Civil War material. In the 1930's **Tulane** acquires the Howard Library and **consolidates** its holdings into the F. W. Tilton Library (**now** called the Howard-Tilton Library). In the 1990's the building is owned by the University of New Orleans Foundation.



Public Library (white branch)

POLICE INSPECTOR RIORDAN O'DONNELL

This grizzled old warhorse is one of the few honest cops in the Department; consequently, he gets stuck with the bizarre, dirty cases no sane detective would want to touch with a ten-foot pole—in other words, most cases involving the investigators. While the constantly complaining, constantly irritable O'Donnell is never happy to see the player characters—and doesn't refrain from saying so—he recognizes that they fight the Good Fight. He'll never buy wild stories about Weird Beings from Beyond the Stars, but he knows when he's *cut* of his league: He may call in the investigators on an "unofficial consultant" basis for a case smacking of the supernatural. O'Donnell learned a long time ago not to depend on the turgid, corrupt police bureaucracy, and needs all the help he can get.



Inspector **RIORDAN O'DONNELL**, World-weary Detective, age 58

STR 14	CON 12	SIZ 12
INT 12	POW 11	DEX 16
APP 7	EDU 17	SAN 55
HP 13		

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: .357 revolver 94%, damage 1d8 + 1d4

Head Butt 37%, damage 1d4 + 1d4

Skills: Bargain 89%, English 85%, Fast Talk 40%, Law 60%, Persuade 70%, Psychology 76%, Spot Hidden 67%

The Ku Klux Klan

Anti-black, anti-Jew, anti-immigrant, and anti-Catholic, the Ku Klux Klan reaches the height of its power in 1925, boasting five million members nationwide. In many states, the Klan acts more or less as a legitimate political party, promoting and endorsing conservative politicians sympathetic to their views of "one hundred per-cent Americanism" and "pure womanhood." Elsewhere, the KKK mimics its Reconstruction predecessor, burning crosses and riding around the countryside in hoods and sheets, enforcing its will through violence.

In Louisiana, the Klan resembles the latter, controlling practically every level of the state and local governments. Governor John M. Parker complains in 1922 that his phones have been tapped and his mail is read by public servants loyal to the Klan. State representatives, sheriffs, and policemen are active Klansmen and turn a blind eye to the group's nocturnal version of street "justice": sexually transgressive women (such as those sitting in a car with a man unchaperoned) are beaten; liberal newspaper offices are burned; men speaking out against the Klan are broken on wagon wheels, then beheaded. In perhaps the most flagrant example of Klan abuse, Klan members "buy" black prisoners out of jails or chain gangs, then force the men into slavery on their farms and plantations, killing them when they outlive their usefulness (Mythos cultists with Klan connections could exploit this method of peonage as a source for "untraceable" human sacrifices).

In fact, the only part of Louisiana safe from encroachments by the KKK is the predominantly Catholic city of New Orleans. Here, the membership of 3,000 keeps a low profile (by contrast, Akron, Ohio has 10,000 active Klansmen), breaking out the hoods and sheets only for Mardi Gras and formal meetings, held at the rented Shalimar Grotto Hall on Dauphine Street. Average citizens are openly hostile to the Klan, but investigators may run afoul of them if word leaks back to the KKK that there's a bunch of Yankee academics openly fraternizing with black voodooists. A Klansman law enforcement official could easily make the PC's' lives miserable without violence by "misplacing" important documents, keeping them away from crime scenes, and so on. Also, if the investigators venture past the city limits, they're open game for Klansmen hoping to waylay them on some lonely bayou road.

The Klan does have its weaknesses, however. The FBI begins infiltrating the Louisiana KKK in 1923; undercover agents may be torn between warning investigators of possible danger and preserving their cover. Also, the 1923-1924 Louisiana gubernatorial race splinters the Klan into two squabbling factions: those who supported Huey P. Long's failed bid, and those who backed winner Henry L. Fuqua. Investigators aware of this schism may exploit it to their advantage by playing the battling sects off one another.

Typical KLANSMAN

STR 12 CON 13 SIZ 13 INT 10 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 9 SAN 55 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Burn Cross 50%, Drive Auto 45%, Shotgun 55%

HUEY P. LONG (1893-1935)

During the mid-twenties, investigators encounter the colorful Huey Long while he campaigns for the governorship of Louisiana. Long gathers big crowds with his fiery rhetoric, accusing the corrupt state government of neglecting the common working man. As a state public service commissioner, he proudly proclaims himself a "redneck" (he comes from the northern hill country) and swears that, if elected, he will 'spread the wealth" to the poor in the form of better roads, bridges and schools. Although Long has fervent support among Cajuns and rural farmers, the cosmopolitan citizens of New Orleans distrust him as a two-faced demagogue, or, worse, a communist.

In 1928, however, he wins the office he desires and quickly becomes the most powerful governor in American history. Admirers call him The Kingfish"; critics decry him as the "Dictator of Louisiana." Long delivers on almost all of his campaign promises--new government construction projects spring up all over New Orleans—but rules the state with an iron hand, crushing those who oppose his policies with political pressure, public scandal, or worse. He accepts bribes, is in bed with the Mafia, and is not above any dirty trick to get what he wants. Investigators find that he sincerely believes that all the evil he commits is for the good of his constituents; in practice, however, he spends most of his time grabbing and holding onto all the power he can get. Long is elected to the U.S. Senate in 1932 and aspires to the presidency. His ambitions are



finally cut short by an assassin's bullet in 1935, his killer the son-in-law of a judge whose career he had ruined in his self-deluded pursuit to help "The People."

(Note: Even as a candidate, Long rarely goes anywhere without several well-armed, surly-looking bodyguards.)

HUEY P. LONG, "The Kingfish", age 34

STR 10 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 13
DEX 14 APP 11 EDU 17 SAN 65 HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Accounting 55%, Bargain 78%, Credit Rating 84%, English 85%, Fast Talk 84%, Law 61%, Library Use 31%, Persuade 67%, Politics 96%, Public Speaking 87%, Psychology 65%, Rifle 45%

Bayou Country

At the end of the passable road they alighted, and for miles splashed on in silence through the terrible cypress woods where day never came. Ugly roots and malignant hanging nooses of Spanish moss beset them, and now and then a pile of dank stones or fragments of a rotting wall intensified by its hint of morbid habitation a depression which every malformed tree and every fungous islet combined to create.

— H. P. Lovecraft, *The Call of Cthulhu*

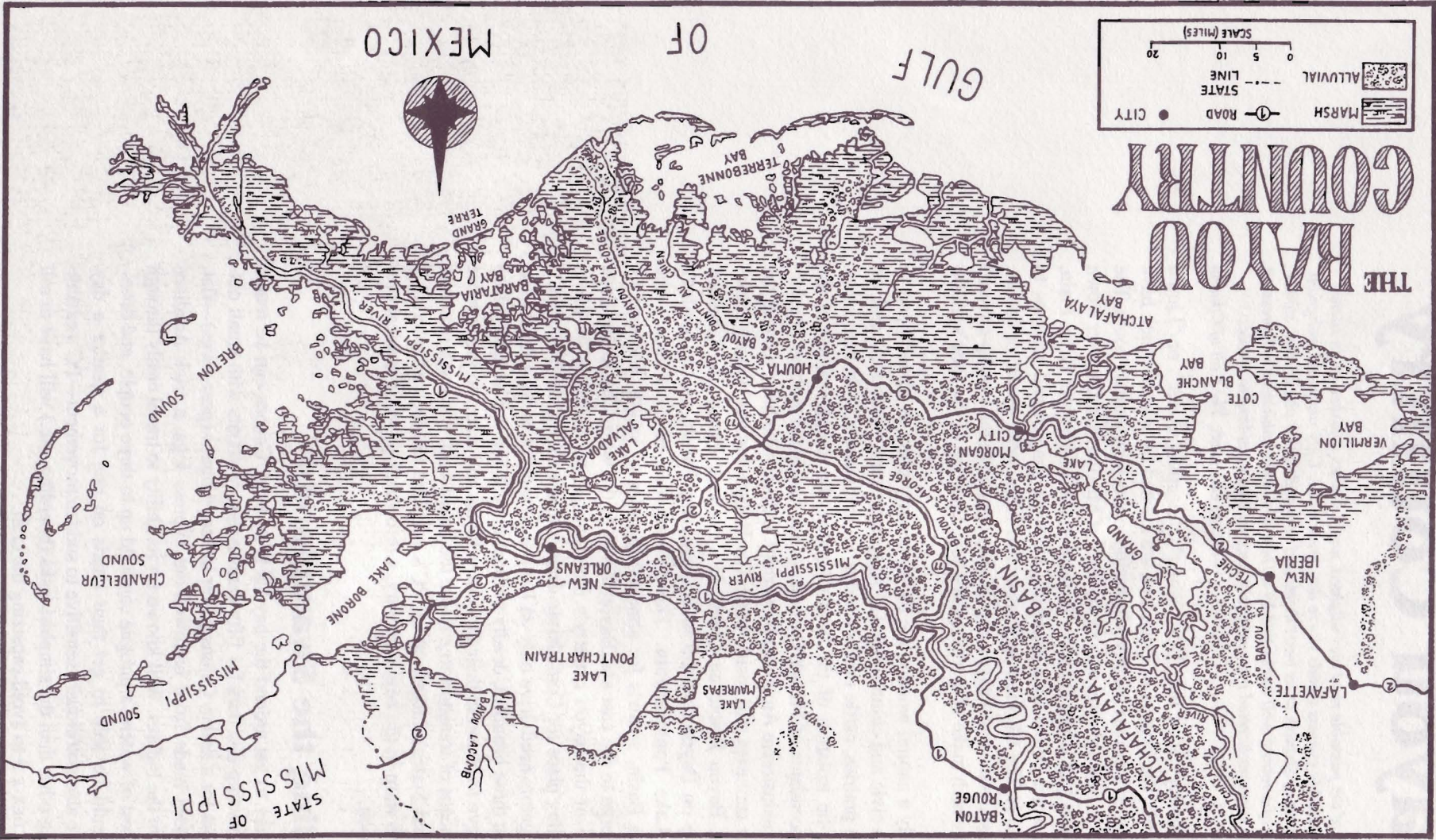
Alternately called the "Dead Water", "Sleeping Water", or "Liquid Land", the bayous of Louisiana are created by waters which have escaped from the mighty Mississippi on its long journey south. The water seeks to find a shorter way to the Gulf of Mexico than the river's own route, but gets lost along the way. Trapped in the Mississippi Delta Plain, the river's water comes to a standstill, allowing jungles and swamps to grow around it. The Choctaw Indians named these areas *bayuk*, or creeks, and in Louisiana the word bayou is primarily applied to the swamp-covered waterways which make up a triangular-shaped portion of the state's southern terrain.

Not only a natural wonder, the bayou country plays an integral **part** in Louisiana's civic and cultural life. Oil rigs, sugar cane plantations, and, on the western prairies, cattle ranches thrive in its cleared and drained areas. Thanks to the isolation of the bayou jungles, the unique culture of the Cajuns, descendants of French Canadians, has flourished without interference from mainstream American modernity. Indians who have lived in the swamps for centuries still reside here: The **Houma** Indians' largest settlement is on Bayou Pointe au **Chien**, in Terrebone Parish; the Choctaw Indians live on Bayou **Lacomb** in St. **Tammany** Parish, on the northern shore of Lake **Pontchartrain**. The "Everglades of Louisiana", the Atchafalaya Basin, sprawls for almost 150 miles in length, bordered by Bayou **Laforge** to the east and Bayou **Teche** to the west. The Atchafalaya holds some of the bayou country's most unexplored swamps—it was a favorite hiding place for Confederate draft dodgers during the Civil War.

Investigators need drive only an hour or so outside of New Orleans to come across these beautiful, deadly swamplands. It will not be long before they will have to abandon their modern vehicles and resort to much more primitive means of transport to explore the liquid land. Although near one of the United States's largest cities, PCs will find themselves entering a natural time warp in the bayou country, a throwback to some tropical pre-historic epoch.

Traveling the Swamplands

The only way to get around the bayous is by boat. Canoes can be rented from rural swamp-dwellers for fifty cents a day, rowboats with small out-board motors for a dollar. Cajuns prefer to use *pirogues* (**peer-owgs**)—**flat, narrow** canoes made from hollowed-out cypress logs, a trick Acadians learned from the Indians. Well known for its ability to travel easily through the shallowest of waters, a **pirogue** can hold up to three people, and investigators should be able to get their hands on one for a quarter a day. **Pirogues** are also notoriously sensitive to sudden movement—PCs executing **anything** other than the simplest tasks (boarding, etc.) will have to roll under their DEX x 5 to avoid capsizing the craft.



As **investigators** drift through the primordial stillness of the swamplands, time *seems* to come to a halt. A **misty haze** s& over the calm, **unmoving** water, which is **punctuated** only infrequently by an **eddy** or a brief current. The **eerie** silence **seems deafening**, pregnant, as if the jungle were waiting to erupt into activity at any moment. Investigators **must** be wary, for one stretch of swamp tends to look like another: Navigate rolls (sometimes at a **penalty**) will need to be made continuously to prevent the party from becoming **hopelessly** lost. Hiring a Cajun guide to accompany them is **wise** (a good one runs **one to two** dollars a day), for PCs can go for **hours** in the bayous **without seeing** any sign of **human** habitation.

There is no shortage of **natural** beauty to marvel at, however. **Oaks** and cypress trees crowd the banks, their branches frozen in twisted, **tormented contortions**, draped with jungle vines and bushy masses of **Spanish moss**. Gigantic, fan-like **palmetto** leaves need to be pushed out of the way so boats may **pass** under **them**. **Bamboo** and **black-eyed Susans** jut out of shallow pools. **Sundews** and pitcher plants await unwary insects. Pond lilies and water hyacinths bloom as they bob on the water's surface.

The southern bayous also **teem** with animal life. **Crawfii bullfrogs**, **water** snakes, shrimp, salamanders, turtles, oysters, and **largemouth bass** fill the waters. **The air** is populated by **woodpeckers**, **flying** squirrels, egrets, **sparrows**, **owls**, mourning doves, and pelicans. Cajun hunters keep an eye out for **nutria**, **mink**, muskrat, opossum, **otters**, wild turkeys, raccoons, and white-tail deer.

Finding somewhere to camp for the night is **difficult**, since land in the bayou comes in flat, moist "islands" no more than a couple hundred square feet in **surface** area. When an island is found, it must be cleared of decaying logs, fungus, and **nests** of fire ants (consider them a **land-based** version of **sasp** swarms; see Call of *Cthulhu* 5.1, page 135) before **tents** can be pitched. **Duckweed**, the world's **smallest** flowering plant, covers stretches



BELLEROPHON LA SALLE

While floating around the Atchafalaya Basin, investigators may stumble across LaSalle's trapping cabin. Rising high above the bayou's banks on tall wooden stilts, it should initially strike PC's as somewhat sinister: The brick of its walls is a **combination** of mud and Spanish moss, its roof a woven strip of **palmetto** leaves. A foul-smelling cistern squats at ground-level. Investigators with the bright idea of sneaking up to the shack have a problem: LaSalle has laid **nutria** traps around his cabin and in the surrounding jungle, noticeable only with a Spot Hidden roll. Unobservant player characters **will** receive 1d3 points of damage if their feet are caught in the steel jaws; the traps have an effective **STR** of 14, and only a **STR vs. STR contest on the Resistance Table** or a Mechanical Repair roll will free them.

Fortunately, LaSalle spends most of the daylight hours traveling around the jungle, inspecting his traps, so he can free PC's easily. He has a tendency to pop out of the underbrush with startling suddenness, though; since he looks like a wild-eyed, bushy-bearded wild man in a dirty muslin outfit, weapons and animal skins dangling from his belt, the first impression he makes is **usually** a **scary** one. But because he doesn't encounter other **people** often, he is exceedingly **friendly**, and tends to lavish **strangers** with hospitality. If PC's find a way to communicate with him, they discover him to be an excellent guide, more than willing to lead them anywhere he knows how to get to. LaSalle is fond of playing pranks on slickers from "La Ville", as he calls New Orleans, though. Investigators may find themselves being led on a bogus "snipe hunt" for his personal amusement. LaSalle's faithful hound,

(continued on page 52)

of **water** with laad-looking green; neophyte investigators—or careless ones pursued by **monsters** and cultists—will need to make an Idea (or Natural History) roll to avoid mistaking the **millimeter-thin** expanse of duckweed for solid earth. Failing, they run onto the "ground"^m—and plunge into water 1d10 + 2 feet deep.

When darkness **falls**, the jungle **stillness** should make investigators even **more** paranoid than usual. Underbrush rustles menacingly; the hum of bullfrogs and the burr of crickets stops and starts inexplicably. The silence is sometimes broken by a woman's high-pitched scream; investigators rushing to the rescue find nothing, for they have been tricked by the **human-sounding** cry of the mink.

The nastier wildlife comes out at night, too. Poisonous snakes—**cottonmouths**, copperheads, and coral snakes—lurk just below the water's **surface** and in the underbrush. These serpents have a Move of 6, a DEX of 3d6 + 3, and 1d6 + 1 HP; their venom **has** a POT of 10-12. Although not common in **the 1920's**, wolves, bobcats, cougars, and black bears are still sighted in the bayou now and again (these statistics **are** in the *Call of Cthulhu* rulebook; for cougars, use the mountain lion stats). Alligators rarely attack **humans**, but will enter camps to forage for food (use the crocodile stats in *CoC* 5.1, page 130, but gators are **smaller than crocs**, so reduce STR and **siz** by 1d6 each). Snapping turtles are not common, but **are** pugnacious when found (STR 3d6 + 1, Move of 4 in the water, 3d6 HP; Bite at **50%** for 1d10 and will hold on until **killed**; 6-point shell armor). They can easily take a hand off with one bite.

Investigators should keep in **mind** that, in the swamp, anything that can rot, will. And quickly. Corpses will be little more than **bones** within a month. Unprotected food goes bad by the end of the day. After forty-eight hours in the bayou, even PC's' clothes will start to grow mildew.

Cajuns

In 1755, the English governor of Nova **Scotia** expelled some 6,000 **French colonists** on the pretext that they would eventually prove disloyal to the British crown. After being shuffled from one colonial port to another, the French government took pity on them and **allowed** them to settle in **the** bayous of southern Louisiana. The Canadian newcomers adopted to **swamp** life quickly, interbreeding heavily with escaped slaves and Indians, over time creating their own unique culture and language. The settlers came to be **known** as "Cajuns", a corruption of Acadia, **the** region of Nova Scotia **from** whence they were banished.

Although many Cajuns work on the sugar plantations and oil fields that dot **southern** Louisiana, and live in Cajun towns—Lafayette, New Iberia, and Morgan City are among the **largest**—**most** make their living by fur trapping, fishing, and raising **oysters**, residing in almost total isolation from **civilization** in **the** swamps themselves. **Investigators** exploring the bayous can easily **encounter** a **small village** of less than fifty **inhabitants** rising almost spontaneously out of the **jungle**. PC's traveling **the bayou** find themselves emerging **from** dense jungle **into** a small clearing, the banks bolstered by **corvées** (**cor-vays**), or **protective levees**. Ramshackle docks jut out of **the** levee, pirogues moored **alongside**. Hewn from the forest nearby are a few acres of **fairly prosperous** corn, which all the villagers share in harvesting. **A** few chickens **add** a little variety to the

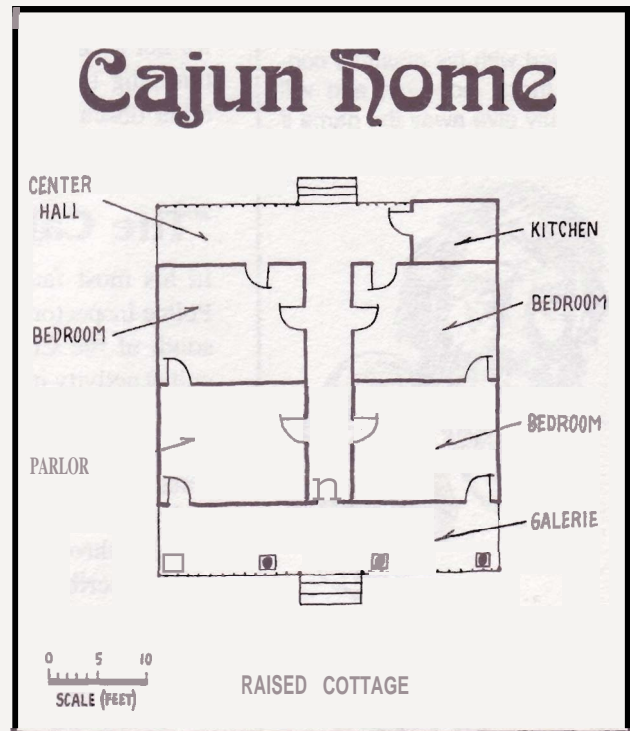
Cajuns' diet, as does the herb garden growing in a **commons** in the town's center.

Typical Cajun dwellings are constructed from cypress wood and an **insulating** layer of Spanish moss. The raised cottage is usually placed on stilts, with a steep interior staircase leading to a storage attic. None of these houses have indoor plumbing, instead making do with nearby pumps, outhouses, and cisterns. In close proximity to most of the homes is a small shack, used as a pantry and loom-chamber during the day and as a **garçonnière** (see page 14) at night. The house has a *gakrie*, or open-air living room, usually facing the bayou itself; unless the investigators **arrive** at a Cajun village past midnight, they are **likely** to see the inhabitants of the house lounging on the *galerie*, drinking, playing *bourré* (Cajun poker), or listening to music.

Cajuns **are**, for the most part, a friendly, **fun-loving people**, and will shower visiting player characters with **hospitality**. No one knows the bayous **better** than they, although investigators may find the language barrier a problem—while a dialect of French, Cajun sounds very different, and was heavily **influenced** by English, Spanish, and **numerous** Indian dialects. Most swamp-dwellers can't **speak** English and in the most remote regions even true French is unknown; however, assume that investigators with a French skill level of 60 or higher have a base Cajun skill level of one half their French skill level (and vice-versa).

Investigators can see many **novel** sights while spending time with the Cajuns. Cockfighting is a favorite sport, held in friendly **farmers'** barns, and investigators may pick up a few extra dollars betting on favored roosters. Moss-ginning is **an industry unique** to the Acadians; a moss-picker's boat, a large barge pushed by the ginner's hooked pole, is frequently encountered on the "Sleeping Water." The moss harvesters use the barbed pole to collect *barbe espagnole*—**Spanish** moss; literally, "Spanish beard"—from high **cypress** branches, bringing the moss back to Cajun villages for mechanized ginning. (The pole can also be used as a weapon—treat it as a large club.) When he has **accumulated** enough moss, the moss-ginner heads to larger towns to sell it as furniture stuffing and **insulation**.

Catholic to the man, Cajuns are also a fairly superstitious group. The most fearsome entity of their legends are the *couchemals* (koosh-mals), the ghosts of babies who died before baptism. Denied entrance into the afterlife, these **translucent** shades wander the swamps, preying on solitary nocturnal travelers. On the other hand, one of the more respected members of any Cajun community is its sagefemme (wise woman), or *traiteur* (**tre-tour**). The "treater" is a faith healer and folk magician with traditions based in the pagan practices of the **Acadians'** Brittany ancestors, with a little voodoo thrown in for good measure (about ten percent of the Cajun population are **full-blown** voodooists). All sage **femmes** are left-handed and the niece of another *traiteur*. The **traiteurs** primarily use their **skills** to heal: For bites from **poisonous** snakes and fire ants, for example, a **traiteur** would pray to Catholic counterparts of the loa (see page 64), then hide fingernail clippings of the **afflicted** in a cypress stump. Strangely



Alleman, has a tendency to get annoyed with his master's constant tricks, however, and will probably give away the game if he gets bored.



BELLEREPHON LaSALLE, Cajun Trapper, age 38

STR 12 CON 17 SIZ 15
INT 11 POW 9 DEX 16
APP 9 EDU 6 SAN 45
HP 16

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: **Fist/Punch** 65%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Hunting Knife 70%, damage 1d4 + 2 + 1d4

.30-.06 **Bolt-Action Rifle** 8556, damage 2d6 + 4

Skills: Bargain 48%, Climb 62%, Dodge 46%, First Aid 33%, Hide 85%, Jump 35%, Listen 72%, Mechanical Repair 25%, Natural History 59%, Navigate 87%, Pilot Boat 90%, Sneak 92%, Spot Hidden 88%, Swim 69%, Track 80%; Languages: Cajun 65%, French 32%

ALLEMAN, Pragmatic Hound, age 7

STR 11 CON 18 SIZ 6
POW 6 DEX 16 HP 9
Move 12

Damage Bonus: None

Weapon: Bite 48%, damage 1d6

Skills: Hide 93%, Listen 80%, Track 95%

enough, these methods tend to work—roll under a **traiteur's** Medicine skill for her successfully to cure PC's of ailments. **Traiteurs** can often be found tramping through the jungles, looking for John the Conqueror root and other obscure plants from which they devise medicinal potions and poultices.

"The Call of Cthulhu"

In his most famous story, H. P. Lovecraft describes how New Orleans Police Inspector John Raymond **Legrasse** was summoned to a Cajun village south of the Crescent City on November 1, 1907, to deal with **Mythos** cultist activity in the area. According to the story, Legrasse and his men "set out in the late afternoon" from New Orleans and arrived at the Cajun village around dusk, suggesting a travel time of no more than two hours. Upon consulting a map, one can infer that Legrasse probably found himself in Lafourche Parish, a stone's throw from **Barataria** Bay. Once there, the police traveled 'through the swamps on foot until they reached a clearing, where an "indescribable horde of **human** abnormality" chanted to Cthulhu around a bonfire and a "great granite monolith some eight feet in height", atop which sat a statuette of the Great Old One. The authorities killed seven cultists and arrested forty-seven, and Legrasse took the statuette as evidence.

Many adventure scenarios can spring from the aftermath of Lovecraft's tale. One option is presented in the box about the Esoteric Order of Dagon (see page 54), but there are many others. In 1927, when Lovecraft's narrator visits Legrasse, the now-retired detective still has the statuette in his possession (**Legrasse's** stats may be found in *CoC* 5.1 p. 140). Focusing on the artifact while casting the **Contact Cthulhu** spell (see *CoC* 5.1, p. 146) adds 20% to the caster's chance for success, and merely gazing upon it costs 0/1 SAN. What other potentially apocalyptic properties might the statuette possess? The captured cultists languish in New Orleans' jails and madhouses, but several of the blasphemous crew escaped into the swamps back in 1907. Might they be plotting revenge against Legrasse and the other surviving policemen who destroyed their cabal? Presumably, the monolith in Lafourche Parish still stands, and the area around it is rumored to be rife with iniquity. In the story, Cajuns whisper "of a hidden lake unglimped by mortal sight, in which dwelt a huge, formless white polypous thing with luminous eyes; and squatters whispered that bat-winged devils flew up out of caverns in inner earth to worship it at midnight." These black winged ones were rumored to perform the abductions that provided the cultists with their helpless human sacrifices. And what of that "hidden lake?" Could Lafourche Parish contain a portal to the dread corpse-city of R'lyeh?

Oil-drilling Complexes

Oil and **natural** gas were discovered in the swamp **marshes** of Louisiana in the 1830's, but serious drilling did not begin until very late in the nineteenth century. In the twenties, the bayou country is covered with rigs and pumps, and New Orleans has become, along with Houston, the premier oil port of the United States. While many Cajuns have grown rich thanks to black gold, many more have had their land stolen or bought out from under them by **unscrupulous** city Slickers from "La Ville" (New Orleans) and "Take-Us" (Texas).

The typical & drilling set-up can be fairly well guarded, to protect itself from hostile wildlife and troublemakers. A twelve-foot high wooden fence with steel posts and cross-beams, garlanded by barbed wire on top, encircles the compound. Although no sentries are posted on the fence itself, a tall lantern atop a pole in the northwestern quadrant keeps the whole area well lit. There is a single gate on the southern wall, large enough for two trucks to pass through at one time. A guardhouse on the western side of the gate holds a round-the-clock sentry; the

shift changes every six hours, beginning at midnight. There is a telephone in the guardhouse which the sentry uses to contact the main building for clearance to allow trucks or visitors entrance; the gate remains closed and locked with a heavy bat (STR 40) until the sentry opens it himself.

The compound contains a large central building, a smaller bunkhouse for the complex's workers, an enormous drilling rig, and six oil pumps. The bunkhouse is two stories high, and thirty laborers, sentries, and technicians sleep and relax here during their off-hours; in the rear of both floors are a small lounge and communal showers. During the day, expect 1d10 workers to be here catching naps, playing cards, or listening to the radio; that number increases to 2d10 + 5 at night, most of whom are sleeping. The single-story main building contains the administrative offices for the complex, a meeting room, and the main geology laboratory.

The rotary drilling rig is 150 feet tall, and requires at least two successful Climb rolls to scale its derrick. 1d10 workers and technicians mill about the rig during the day, when it is in operation. Five huge mud tanks (each ten feet deep) lie nearby, their contents pumped at the drilling bit as coolant. Between the mud tanks and the drawworks are four tall butane tanks, which fuel the rig's steam generator; destruction-minded PCs may use a combination of combustibles and Chemistry and Mechanical Repair rolls to blow the tanks sky-high. The ensuing explosion causes 20d6 points of damage to anybody within a two yard radius, 19d6 in yards 3-4, and so on (consult the explosion rules in CoC 5.1, p. 32). The derrick's structural supports have 70 hit points each, and are four yards from the butane tanks. Anyone who is standing underneath the demck if it topples over will not live long enough to regret it.



*Southeastern Louisiana Parishes
(including Lafourche Parish)*

The Esoteric Order of Dagon

"They worshipped, so they said, the Great Old Ones who lived ages before there were my men, and who came to the young world out of the sky. These Old Ones were gone now, inside the earth and under the sea; but their dead bodies had told their secrets in dreams to the first man, who formed a cult which had never died. This was that cult"

—H. P. Lovecraft, "The Call of Cthulhu"

With the possible exception of Innsmouth, Massachusetts, New Orleans is the center of Cthulhu worship in the United States, and quite possibly the entire civilized world. The area has attracted mystical sensitives for centuries, and the cult devoted to the Great Old One has thrived here since the first humans took residence. Although it has no agreed-upon name, the title the cult goes by most often in New Orleans is the Esoteric Order of Dagon, after its "sister" organization in Innsmouth.

Since Jean Lafitte (see page, 22) assumed control of the cabal, right after the American Civil War, the Order has acted less like a unified body of worshipers than—to put it crudely—a worldwide cultist support group. Lafitte is in constant communication with the Innsmouth fish folk, as well as the Tcho-Tchos of Tibet's Masted plateau of Tsang, and places the resources of his front company—the Baratarian Petroleum Company—at their disposal. BPC tankers transport Mythos artifacts stolen from the world's museums to New Orleans for storage. Cultists wanted by the police evade capture by hiding in BPC facilities—the BPC wharf on the Crescent City's waterfront is one of many warehouses around the world where servants of the Great Old Ones are concealed until safe passage may be bought or bribed for them. The Order's primary responsibility, however, is organizing the November 1 festivities, when faithful from around the world descend upon New Orleans by the dozens a few days before then, Lafitte plays host to what is quite literally a cultists' convention: He must put them up in various spots around the city and somehow transport them inconspicuously to the rites at Lafourche Parish's monolith.

To assist him in planning this logistical nightmare, Lafitte has about fifty lackeys and retainers planted throughout the city. Most, like Mm, are sailors or former seafarers—knowledge of the Cthulhu cult is primarily disseminated by word of mouth on the high seas. Lafitte uses these unsavory individuals for murderous muscle—for example, there is much reason to believe that Lafitte ordered the 1926 assassination of Professor George Gammell Angell of Providence, Rhode Island. Still others are Acadian Coast Cajuns with the "Innsmouth look." A few, however, are highly placed members of New Orleans' business community and civic government. Only a fraction of the BPC's employees are aware of their firm's true purpose—the BPC's main offices, in Gravier Street's Hibernia Bank building (see page 44), are carefully kept dean of Order-related evidence. Incriminating materials are more likely to be found in the BPC's waterfront warehouse (where, on infrequent occasions, Order meetings are held) or in Lafitte's Garden District mansion (on Sixth Street; it faces Lafayette Cemetery). Lafitte's home is no doubt overflowing with Mythos tomes and mementos of his many adventures.

ESOTERIC ORDER OF DAGON LACKEY

STR 13	CON 13	SIZ 13	INT 11	POW 11
DEX 12	APP 11	E W 10	SAN 0	HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

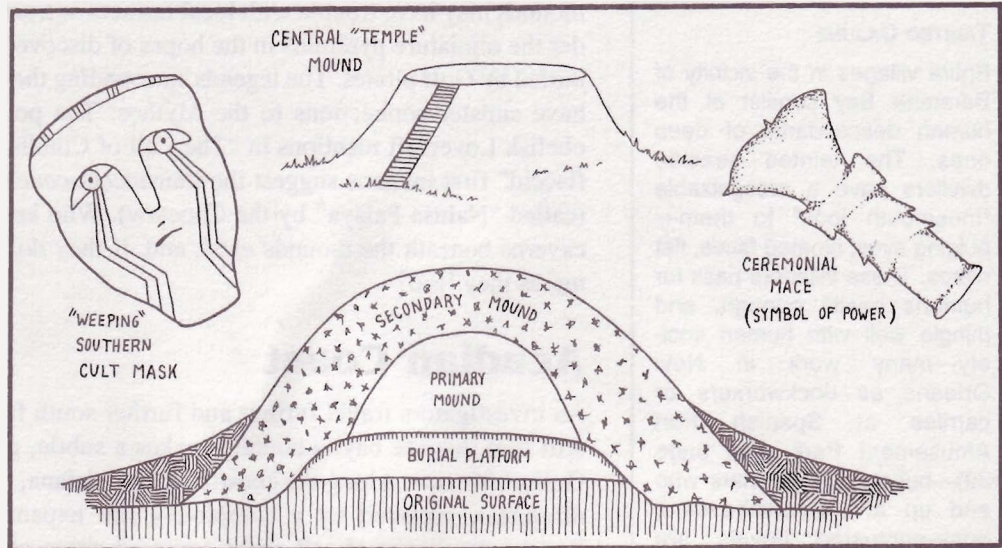
Skills: Conceal Cultists 50%, Cthulhu Mythos 25%, Dodge 30%, Handgun 50%, Hide 40%, Listen 40%, Occult 20%, Sneak 40%, Track 30%; **Languages:** Cajun 25%, English 50%, French 50%

These oil complexes make wonderful headquarters for campaign bad guys. For that matter, the pretext of petroleum exploration can provide a front for nefarious Mythos-related activities, such as drilling to locate a buried deep one or mi-go colony. Don't forget that the sounds of inhuman chanting can be easily drowned out by the cacophony of the drilling rig!

Indian Burial Mounds

Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas are dotted by pyramidal burial mounds, constructed anywhere from a century to a millennium ago by Indians. It would be difficult to make a definitive list of all the Indian nations that have inhabited the bayou country throughout their nomadic existence, but it is known that, at the time of European colonization, the Houma, Choctaw, Natchez, Chickasaw, Chouacha, and Bayougoula were all active within a fifty-mile radius of present-day New Orleans. Many of these tribes built burial mounds in the bayou country, but most of the mounds were raised centuries ago by tribes which have long since disappeared, tribes who are believed to have migrated to the Mississippi River Valley from Mexico some time before the rise of the Maya.

A typical mound is eighty-five feet in diameter and eighteen feet high. The bottom layer of **earth** is the burial mantle, upon which the charnel house, or "bone house", once stood. Choctaw funeral custom dictated that the deceased had to lie in the open air to putrefy for a certain amount of **time**, after which the body was stripped of its flesh.



The skeleton was then placed into a coffin and **carried** to the bone house, where mourning and funeral rites were held. Once the bone house was filled to capacity, it was covered with dirt, forming the "primary mound" in the diagram. Many bones were removed from the house before burial and then were arranged in a pyramidal or conical arrangement around the **primary** mound, and a second layer of **earth** was laid—this is the "secondary mound" in the diagram. In certain **circumstances**, a particularly revered individual was interred in the burial mound, and his slaves or followers buried in the secondary mantle (such as in the case of a sorcerer and his retainers). Typically, tools, pottery, quartz crystals, and other items of importance to the departed were buried with him (the reader should note that funeral customs vary from tribe to tribe).

Sometimes whole villages were buried. **Nanih Waiya**, the sacred mound of the Choctaw (in present-day **Winston** County, Mississippi), was once a fortress surrounded by high palisades, visited by De **Soto** and Vega. Great roads, still visible in the surrounding forests, led to the city, which was the center of sun-worship. The flattened top of the central mound was used as an open-air temple to **Aba Inki**, or the "Great Sun Father", where praises **were sung** and offerings burned.

To the Choctaw, **Nanih Waiya** is the "cradle" of their race. According to one legend, the mound conceals a network of caverns which lead to the center of the earth. **Aba Inki** rammed his foot into **Nanih Waiya**, which caused **Ishki Chito**, or "Great Earth Mother", to disgorge the first humans from her subterranean womb to the surface world. Apparently, these seminal persons were wet, slimy, and flaccid, so **Aba Inki** had to hang them from the city's ramparts to **dry**. Another legend has the Choctaw and Chickasaw traveling to the Mississippi River Valley from a "great western country" (Mexico?) during a several-week deluge. They were only able to spot **Nanih Waiya** by the enormous "pole" (monolith?) jutting out of its center. After the rains subsided, the two **tribes** made this site their capital city.

Nanih Waiya undoubtedly influenced the mound-builders of the bayou country, and Keepers are encouraged to make use of the charnel pyramids in their **campaigns**. The **hurricanes** which lash the swamps during the summer months can uncover heretofore underbrush-concealed mounds, their secrets ready to be unleashed. Investigators hoping to excavate the

TAINTED CAJUNS

Entire villages in the vicinity of Barataria Bay consist of the human descendants of deep ones. The tainted seaside dwellers have a recognizable "Innsmouth look" to them—bulging eyes, bloated faces, flat noses. These villagers pass for humans easily enough, and mingle well with human society—many work in New Orleans as dockworkers or carnies at Spanish Fort Amusement Park (see page 39)—but solitary travelers who end up at their disheveled, brine-encrusted hovels are rarely seen again.

**Typical TAINTED CAJUN, Innsmouth Cousin**

STR 14 CON 12 SIZ 15
INT 10 P OW 9 DEX 10
APP 5 EDU 4 SAN 0
HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Fist/Punch 60%, damage 1d3 + 1d4
.30 Lever-Action carbine 38%, damage 2d6

Skills: Climb 59%, Cthulhu Mythos 50%, Dodge 27%, Geology 30%, Listen 42%, Mechanical Repair 59%, Operate Heavy Machinery 75%, Pilot Boat 64%, Spot Hidden 48%, Swim 95%; **Languages:** Cajun 50%, French 25%

mounds may have trouble with local farmers or treasure-seekers, who plunder the miniature pyramids in the hopes of discovering some cache of gold buried by Gulf pirates. The legends surrounding the mounds certainly could have sinister connections to the Mythos: The pole could be the granite obelisk Lovecraft mentions in "The Call of Cthulhu"; the "wet, slimy, and flaccid" first humans suggest the translucent *couchemals* of Cajun legend (called "Nalusa Falaya" by the Choctaw). Who knows if the subterranean caverns beneath the mounds exist, and, if they do, to what Stygian nightmares they lead?

Acadian Coast

As investigators travel further and further south from New Orleans, they will find that the bayou country makes a subtle, gradual decline into the Gulf of Mexico. Along the coastline of Louisiana, the dense jungle forests disappear, replaced by a completely flat expanse of coastal marshes. Watery meadows of tall three-cornered grass stretch for miles, infrequently occupied by a single, lonely tree or elegant egret. The gulf waters are held-back from the coast by cheniers, enormous sandbars that have been built up by years of sedimentary deposits. These ridges range from a few feet to a few miles in length, and are usually covered by mighty oaks. The cheniers protect the plant life of the marshes from salt water, allowing freshwater plants to flourish.

Numerous Cajun villages squat by the waterside. These towns are dominated by sprawling, makeshift waterfront districts, piers, and boardwalks held together by twine and rusty nails—a stiff wind looks strong enough to reduce the place to splinters, and hurricanes tend to do just that. Their inhabitants make their living by deep-sea fishing and shrimping, their trawlers coming and going at all hours. Others bunt the tidal ponds for crawfish, oysters, frogs, and clams.

A few miles offshore, investigators encounter Rum Row, the hub of the Mafia's extensive bootlegging operation. A long line of ships is moored just outside United States territorial waters. They act as floating alcohol distribution sites: The smaller ships (usually modified fish or shrimp trawlers) are marine liquor stores, where customers show up, buy their booze, and leave; the largest are converted cargo ships or pleasure boats which have become extralegal nightclubs, offering dancing, gambling, and fine dining along with the hooch. Since threats from the United States Coast Guard—and piracy by rival gangs—are constant, the crews of these ships are always well armed.

For those unable to find a boat to make it to Rum Row, the salt marshes and bordering bayou swamps provide several secret storage facilities for the Mafia's liquor. Mob boats rendezvous with Rum Row—which receives shipments of booze from Cuba and Jamaica daily—to load up with cargo, then return to the Acadian Coast to dump it into waiting trucks near the fringe of the salt marshes. The booze is then transported to barns, houses, and shacks throughout the jungle, where customers may examine the illegal wares and eventually transfer them to speakeasies or homes in New Orleans. Many Cajuns pick up extra money by using their boats or manpower to help with La Cosa Nostra's Rum Row operations. Investigators who stumble across the smugglers at any point will have to explain themselves to several trigger-happy mobsters, most of whom are quick to assume the PC's are members of a rival gang.



The Mafia

In the late nineteenth century, New Orleans was second only to New York for the number of *mafiosi* entering the country from Italy. La Cosa Nostra operated without restraint in the 1880's, wresting control of the rackets from the Irish gangsters who had previously dominated the city. New Orleans, however, has always been a very anti-Italian town, and public sentiment against La Cosa Nostra exploded in 1891, when a vigilante mob attacked a jail housing eleven mafiosi suspected of involvement in the 1890 assassination of Police Chief David Hennessey. Nine of the suspects were gunned down in their cells; the other two were lynched in the streets.

The current godfather of the Crescent City, Charley Matranga, is old enough to remember the lynchings, and he has forbidden all mobsters from killing policemen. That edict, combined with Prohibition, has caused the public's opinion of the Mob to do an abrupt about-face in the twenties. The efficient manner in which the Mob maintains Rum Row has earned them the respect and money of a city filled with avid drinkers.

Consequently, the gang situation in New Orleans is relatively stable. The Mafia kingpins have begun to flaunt their newfound wealth, running expensive night clubs and buying up property all over town. The only people who complain about this are the older Creole families, more concerned with the *nouveaux riches'* Italian heritage than their underworld connections. A full third of the city's police force is on La Cosa Nostra's payroll, so they have little trouble from the authorities. Their only significant criminal competition comes from the Zobop (see page 34), but (although no mafioso would actually admit this out loud) the voodoo gangsters scare the beejesus out of the Mob. They're more than willing simply to deliver booze into the hands of the Zobop, and let the Red Sect control Rampart Street without interference.

It is doubtful that investigators will encounter the Mob in an adversarial role, but rather as speakeasy owners, bouncers, and the like. Unless, of course, they stumble across a Rum Row shoreline drop-point while exploring the Acadian Coast. Or if they inadvertently shoot up a Mafia-controlled casino while on a case. Or if they somehow get drawn into a full-fledged gang war between the Mafia and the Zobop. Or ...!

Typical MAFIA HENCHMAN

STR 15 CON 14 SIZ 14 INT 11 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 11 EDU 10 SAN 55 HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Deliver Booze Discreetly 60%, Dodge 45%, Extort Money 25%, Handgun 50%, Intimidate 35%, Sneak 40%, Submachine-gun 50%; Languages: English 25%, Italian 50%

Typical MAFIOSO

STR 13 CON 13 SIZ 12 INT 14 POW 11
DEX 12 APP 12 EDU 12 SAN 55 HP 13

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Skills: Dodge 35%, Extort Money 45%, Fast Talk 50%, Handgun 50%, Intimidate 45%, Pay Bribe 40%, Sneak 40%; Languages: English 35%, Italian 60%

Voodoo

The way we tell it, hoodoo started way back before everything. Six days of magic spells and mighty words and the world with its elements above and below was made. And now, God is leaning back taking a seventh day rest. When the eighth day comes around, He'll start to making new again

Man wasn't made until half-past five on the sixth day, so he can't know how anything was done

—Zora Neale Hurston, *Mules and Men*

Voodoo, or hoodoo, or vaudou, voodoo, or vodun, is an African-derived religion, influenced by Roman Catholicism, that has been practiced in the United States (mostly Louisiana), the Caribbean (mostly Haiti and the Dominican Republic), Mexico, and South America for centuries by the descendants of African slaves. Focusing on the intimate relationship between the realm of humankind and the realm of the *loa*, a group of divine spirits related to Catholic saints and African tribal gods, voodoo is in all its aspects a living faith, in which its believers are in constant contact and conflict with the supernatural. Voodoo has been subjected to much sensationalism and distortion; the following rules hope to remain as **respectful** to faith and legend as possible, while still providing *Call of Cthulhu* gamers with playable rules and background

Although no precise date for the conception of voodoo is available, scholars generally agree that the religion began in the mid-seventeenth century, when Africans from the Congo, Guinea, and Dahomey were brought to the French West Indies as slaves. Hoping to preserve their native beliefs in the face of aggressive conversion attempts by French Catholic missionaries, the slaves (at first clandestinely) incorporated Christian doctrine into tribal tradition. With the passing of generations, the dichotomy between Catholicism and African polytheism disappeared, replaced by the single faith of voodoo. Most voodooists today (and in the 1920's) consider themselves Catholics, seeing no distinction or contradiction between voodoo and the teachings of the Church.

While all voodooists profess belief in a supreme, neo-Christian God which influences all things, the *loa* (also known as the *Mystères* [Mysteries] or the **Invisibles**) remain at the center of the voodoo tradition. Like many deities, the *loa* possess specific spheres of influence (the sea, snakes, love, and so forth), and many myths detail their intrigues with one another; unlike many deities, however, the *loa* are palpably human, possessing the same petty jealousies, grand passions, and impulsive schemes as their worshippers. Furthermore, the *loa* are exceedingly accessible, and voodooists consult them about the most commonplace activities: The *loa* assist humans in love affairs, advise them on investments in the stock market, influence trials in their favor (or against their enemies), and appear in their dreams to provide vital advice. The *loa* are as much a part of the voodoo community as the humans, and are referred to as respected (albeit unseen) elders.

While the precise practice of voodoo may vary from nation to region to village, all voodooists agree that there are two distinct tribes or families of *loa*. The Rada tribe are the gods most unchanged from their African origins, originating in the ancient practices of Dahomey. Rada *loa* are the good spirits, the ones most friendly to humankind and the deities most often

invoked by the voodooist. Seven of the Rada loa are discussed in detail in "The Loa" section (page 64).

The other tribe of loa, the Petro, have hazy origins. Some claim these are the gods of the Congo, some claim they did not arise until the slaves came to Haiti, and others merely say they are "not of Africa." Although not all Petro loa are baka, or evil spirits, they **are** certainly more violent and hostile to humans than the Rada loa. All Rada loa have Petro counterparts, darker halves, so to speak, which few honest voodooists summon for fear of provoking their malignant wrath. The bloody 1804 slave revolt that threw the French out of Haiti was incited by a Petro loa ceremony.

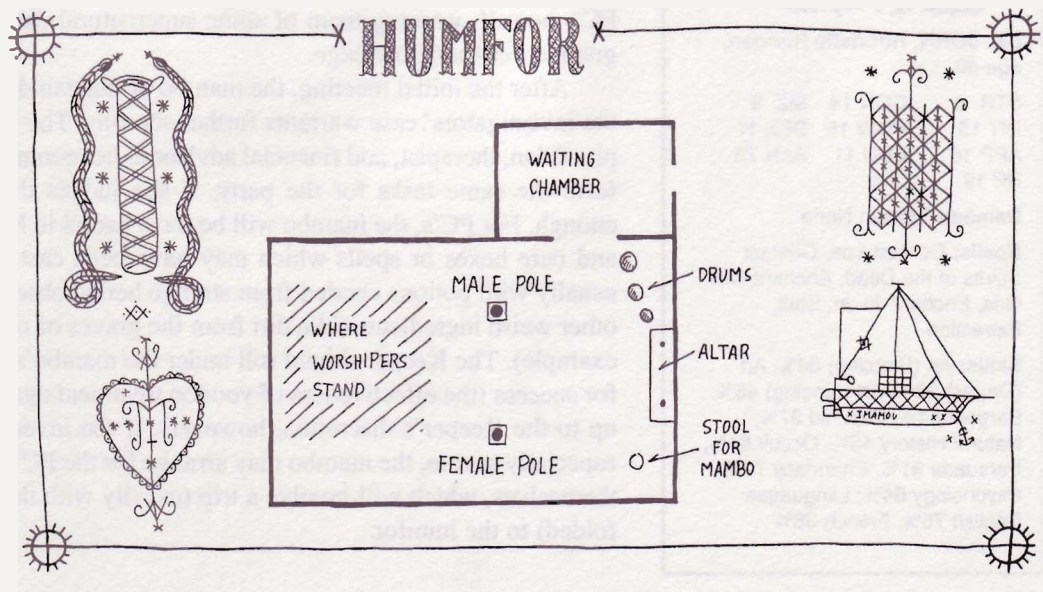
Voodoo came to New Orleans in 1719, when Louisiana began importing large numbers of slaves from the French West Indies. Despite efforts by the Spanish and French to suppress voodoo (its practice was illegal until the United States purchased Louisiana in 1803), the religion thrived in the large black community. By 1925, it would be fair to estimate that approximately 10% of the New Orleans population **are** practicing voodooists (of this number, 75% are black, 15% are Hispanic, and 10% are white). Although the sections below refer mainly to Haitian and American voodoo, with little modification they should hold true for voodoo practiced anywhere in the world.

Humfor

The voodoo **worship-place**, or *humfor*, may be a room in the mambo's house, an open-air lean-to, an abandoned building, or a shack built especially for this purpose. If the **humfor** is indoors, there is a small antechamber just outside it, where supplicants may wait for the ceremony to begin. Drawn on the ground in the doorway leading to the **humfor's** interior is a series of lines and whorls designed to block the entrance of baka: Theoretically, the evil spirits will **try** to follow the pattern of circles and become forever lost in the design.

The interior of the **humfor** is "held up" (metaphorically speaking) by two poles—one around which the women **are** to congregate, and another for the men. The walls are usually painted with designs of serpents or dancers, and necklaces of snake vertebrae are hung for decoration. The Catholic background of voodoo is not forgotten in **humfor** design: Icons, crucifixes, and

images of the **Virgin Mary** abound. The altar is at the front of the room, covered by a white lace tablecloth upon which lie jugs of wine or fruit, and plates of fancy cakes and cigars for the loa. The design on the floor in front of the altar is the invisible path by



Black Spiritualist Churches

In the 1920's there were several black spiritualist churches in the city, falling theologically somewhere between voodoo and Christian Science. They were part of the general spiritualist boom in the 1920's, but had a New Orleans twist. Almost all were founded and run by charismatic women leaders. Two examples:

- The Church of Helping Hand and Spiritual Faith, located at 2925 Audubon St. Founded by Mother L. Crosier. About 500 members. Mother Crosier performs faith healing and casts out spirits. Services nightly at 8:30 p.m.
- St. James Temple of Christian Faith Number 2, located at Felicity St. and Jackson Ave. Founded by Mother E. Keller. About 300 members. Mother Keller claims to have learned voodoo from an Arab prince in New York, but renounced it. She heals the sick, foretells the future, and reveals secrets about members of the congregation. Services nightly at 8:30 p.m.

DR. JOHN

Dr. John is one of the more flamboyant voodooists in New Orleans, striding around town in his stove-pipe hat, black cape, and elaborate facial tattoos (he claims they are ancient Dahomeyan warrior markings). He lives in an all-black apartment building on Ursuline Street, in the French Quarter. Almost all of the residents of the building are members of Dr. John's congregation, and the hungan holds his ceremonies in the house's courtyard, which has been converted into an open-air humfor. More than a little high on himself, Dr. John tells anyone within earshot that he works the best mojo in America. Investigators can exploit his pride to persuade him into helping them via a, "Well, if you don't think you can handle it ..." approach.



DR. JOHN, Hubristic Hungan, age 40

STR 8 CON 14 SIZ 9
INT 13 POW 15 DEX 11
APP 16 EDU 11 SAN 75
HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Spells: Contact Loa, Contact Spirits of the Dead, Enchant Gris-Gris, Enchant Ju-Ju, Soul Extraction

Skills: Art (Dancing) 34%, Art (Drums) 26%, Art (Singing) 45%, Bargain 84%, First Aid 97%, Natural History 48%, Occult 61%, Persuade 81%, Pharmacy 70%, Psychology 64%; Languages: English 76%, French 38%

which the gods enter the humfor. The northernmost circle represents earth, the western one sky, and the southern one sea, and the pattern is usually surrounded by a circle of cornmeal. **Drummers**—who accompany the ceremony's dances—sit on the right of the altar, and the mambo sits to the left of the altar on a stool.

Mambos and Hungans

In America, voodoo is primarily a matrilineal religion. A congregation is led by a priestess known as a mambo, or Voodoo Queen, whose mantle is handed down from daughter to daughter. Typically, a mambo will choose a male assistant as an apprentice, or hunzi, who eventually rises to the post of hungan, or Voodoo King. The hungan is the man hand-picked by the mambo to lead ceremonies and rituals, while the mambo watches intently from the sidelines, occasionally giving commands or lending advice (in Haiti, the hungan is more often the head of the congregation). Often the mambo will be given the title "Mother" or "Mama" (e.g., Mother Smith, Mama Jones).

In game terms, mambos and hungans should be powerful NPC's with high INT, CON, and POW. They have high skill levels in Art (Dancing, Drums, and Singing), Bargain, First Aid, Natural History, Occult, Persuade, Pharmacy, and Psychology. If a mambo (or hungan) has any Cthulhu Mythos knowledge at all, it is just enough to know what to warn her followers away from. It is possible that powerful mambos possess one or two of the more benign spells from the Lesser Grimoire.

Well aware of the fear and prejudice their faith inspires in the uninitiated (whites in particular), voodooists rarely divulge their secrets to outsiders. Investigators hoping to meet a hungan or mambo must first befriend a member of a voodoo congregation and gain that person's trust. The investigators' friend will be the intermediary between the mambo or hungan and the party; the voodoo leader will agree to meet with the PC's only if they are in some dire need of assistance, or if they are fighting a threat which could endanger the mambo's congregation. Alternatively, investigators could encounter a mambo in her day job, since being a voodoo leader is rarely a full-time occupation: PC's may be shocked to learn that the maid in their hotel or the corner newspaper vendor moonlights as a powerful voodoo priest or priestess. If this is the case, the mambo may approach the PC's herself, warning them of some supernatural danger of which the loa granted her foreknowledge.

After the initial meeting, the mambo or hungan decides whether or not the investigators' case warrants further scrutiny. The voodoo leader acts as physician, therapist, and financial advisor to her congregation, and will perform the same tasks for the party, if she judges their need to be great enough. For PC's, the mambo will be most useful in her ability to diagnose and cure hexes or spells which may have been cast on the investigators, usually with potions created from strange herbs, obscure swamp flora, and other weird ingredients (like dirt from the graves of murdered children, for example). The Keeper should roll under the mambo's Pharmacy skill level for success (the effectiveness of voodoo treatment against Mythos magic is up to the Keeper's discretion, however). If the investigators' troubles are especially severe, the mambo may arrange for the PC's to meet with the loa themselves, which will involve a trip (usually with the investigators blindfolded) to the humfor.

Conjure Doctors and Bokor

The most frequently encountered voodoo magician—aside from the mambo and hungans themselves—is the conjure doctor. Often a failed **hunzi** or **hungan** on the skids, the conjure doctor does for money what the mambo does for her parishioners for free. Most of the conjure doctors' activities involve magically influencing their clients' love and business lives. Although charlatans abound, **bonafide** conjure doctors should know several Voodoo Grimoire spells and have a high Pharmacy skill level. Investigators coming to conjure doctors to have curses, hexes, and malicious spells cast (such as enchanted dolls, wanga, or a Sending of the Dead spell) should expect to pay upward of fifty dollars for their services. Many French Quarter conjure doctors number members of the white Creole elite among their clients.

While the conjure doctor is treated with the same respect a physician or lawyer deserves, the bokor, or evil sorcerer, is universally feared and despised by the voodooist. The bokor are those magicians who "serve with both hands"^w—they worship the malevolent Petro loa in exchange for wealth and magical power. Bokor are the bogeymen of voodoo tradition, constantly **seeking** to swindle honest folk, seduce innocent women, and promote their own selfish agendas.

Bokor often band together into secret societies, performing human sacrifice and other blasphemies at their midnight rites. While the most well known and feared secret society is the **Zobop**, other organizations of bokor are whispered to have superhuman abilities. The *loups-garous* have been given the powers of shapeshifting by the **baka**; the most common form is that of a werewolf (see *CoC* 5.1, p. 136), but other *loups-garous* have been known to transform into giant cockroaches or goats. An exclusively female group of bokor are the dreaded *sucettes* ("suckers"), or vampires (see *CoC* 5.1, p. 135). The common victims of these sorceresses are young children, who are lured away by the women's beauty to be feasted upon en masse by the **bloodsucking** brood.

Like **conjure** doctors, many bokor offer their services for hire. Particularly vindictive individuals pay bokor to turn their most hated enemies into **zombi**, the **walking** dead; a description of that spell may be found in the Voodoo **Grimoire**. Voodoo zombi differ slightly from the type listed in the *Call of Cthulhu* rules: A true (voodoo) zombi possesses the same STR, SIZ, and DEX it did in life; its CON should be **rerolled** on a 4d6, its INT and POW on a 1d6. **Zombi** have no **armor**, and their only weapons are **fists** (damage 1d3+db) and any weapons their masters command them to use. True **zombi** are near-mindless automatons; the most fearsome thing about them is their utter listlessness, the horrendous reluctance of their movements, as if each step they took brought them further and further from their beloved graves (a SAN check is required only if the person attacked knew the zombi in life; if a character fails the check, the SAN loss is 1d6+1). Voodoo zombi look like sleepwalking humans, and may walk through living society with relative **ease**.

A zombi created by hire is delivered into the hands of its **former** enemy as a slave, where it remains until it has decayed into uselessness, or until the bokor who created it dies. When this happens—or, if the Keeper gives credence to some folktales, when salt is placed on its tongue—one of two things occurs: One, the zombi may return to its grave and attempt to dig its way back in; or two, the **zombi** rolls under its INT x 5 on a d100. If **suc-**

JULIA JACKSON

Julia Jackson is one of Rampart Street's more prosperous conjure doctors. She owns a large house on Perdido Street and a chauffeured limousine. Although she has an evil reputation, in reality she's a businesswoman, pure and simple; she hasn't gotten where she is by playing favorites, pursuing vendettas, or choosing sides. If someone has paid her to hex the investigators, she will gladly remove that curse if the PC's make her a more lucrative counteroffer: Those are her ethics. The sign on her door reads "PERSONAL CONSULTANT."



JULIA JACKSON, Shrewd Conjure Doctor, age 31

STR 11	CON 9	SIZ 16
INT 12	POW 14	DEX 9
APP 14	EDU 12	SAN 70
HP 13		

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Spells: Contact Loa, Contact Spirits of the Dead, Enchant Candle, Enchant Doll, Enchant Gris-Gris, Enchant Ju-Ju, Enchant Wanga, The Sending of the Dead

Skills: Accounting 52%, Bargain 72%, Credit Rating 43%, Drive Auto 69%, Fast Talk 81%, First Aid 50%, French 77%, Law 40%, Medicine 12%, Natural History 42%, Occult 89%, Pharmacy 82%, Psychology 36%; Languages: English 65%, French 54%

ELIJAH

Born into **slavery**, Elijah (surname unknown) learned from **Azzacetro** (avatar of **Shub-Niggurath**) the secrets of the **loups-garous**. This shape-shifting sorcerer has a wealthy Creole planter under his power and has ordered the man to restore his family's dilapidated Bayou St. John home, which **Elijah** eventually plans to use as his headquarters. Visitors to the plantation house **notice** that the workmen seem a little ... sluggish. They're **all** zombi under Elijah's command, and he caresses and coos at them as if they were his own children. When in werewolf form, Elijah hunts in City Park for his **favorite** diet of unwary muggers or **hobos**.



ELIJAH, **Bitter** Bokor, looks 65

HUMAN FORM

STR 16 **CON8** **SIZ 13**
INT 14 **POW16** **DEX 9**
APP 12 **EDU 11** **SAN 0**
HP 11

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Spells: Contact **Azzacetro** (actually Contact **Shub-Niggurath**), **Contact** Loa, **Create** Zombi, **Enchant** Wanga, **Shrivelling**, **Soul Extraction**, **Summon/Bind** Baka (actually **Summon/Bind** Dark Young)

Skills: Architecture 44%, Astronomy 39%, **Cthulhu Mythos** 25%, **First Aid** 45%, **French** 55%, **Medicine** 15%, **Natural History** 93%, **Occult** 72%

LOUP-GAROU FORM

STR 28 **CON14** **SIZ 13**
INT 14 **POW 16** **DEX 18**
HP14 **Move12**

Damage Bonus: +2d6

Weapons: Bite **30%**, damage **1d4 + 2d6**

Claws **45%**, damage **1d8 + 2d6**

Armor: 1-point hide, plus regeneration of 1 HP/round

Skills: Hide 60%, Sneak 76%, Spot Hidden 46%, Track 90%

Sanity Loss: 0/1d8

cessful on the latter, the zombi awakens from its necroleptic **trance** and becomes what Haitians call a zombi **savant**, or recovered zombi. The former zombi will still be mildly retarded—his **INT** may return to only 9 or so—and people will be haunted forever by his soulless eyes, but he is now capable of carrying on a more or less normal life.

A bokor is also willing to contact the horrible baka, for a hearty fee. Were it not for their incredible power—rivaling that of the loa—and their **knack** for knowing the whereabouts of buried **treasure**, it is doubtful that any sorcerer would be foolish enough to summon baka to the mortal plane (see the **Summon/Bind** Baka spell in the **Grimoire** for details). It is possible for an exceptionally wily bokor to bind a baka to a particular locale as a **guardian** spirit. In this case, the baka will guard the area for all eternity unless somehow dispelled by a loa or powerful **mambo**. Game attributes for individual baka **are** left up to the Keeper, although baka probably **possess** at least a 4d6 in all physical attributes and a 2d6 + 6 in **INT** and **POW**. Weapons include claws and barbed tongues. As a sick joke baka take the form of harmless animals—grasshoppers, lambs, occasionally **infants**—which then transform into hideous versions of themselves in order to terrify victims (at a **SAN loss** of at least **1d3/1d8**). The true forms of baka **are** unknown; presumably they **are** too hideous for any mortal to gaze upon and survive with her sanity intact.

Bokor should be constructed by Keepers with the same basic template as mambos and hungans, occasionally in possession of some of the nastier non-Mythos spells from the Lesser **Grimoire**. A bokor's **SAN** should be lower than that of the average voodooist, as his Cthulhu Mythos score is usually higher; a bokor's pursuit of magical power may take him into the presence of those weird beings from beyond space and time.

Voodoo and the Mythos

As the previous sections suggest, the intimate, very humanistic world of voodoo lies in stark contrast with the cosmic, alien horror of **the** Cthulhu Mythos. Keepers may be leery about introducing some of the **folksy** elements of voodoo into a campaign which has led players to believe that sanity-blasting revelations await their investigators around every corner. This section offers some suggestions for Keepers to incorporate the loa and their followers into the campaign, while still remaining **faithful** to **Lovecraft's** basic concepts.

If the loa are aware of the existence of the Mythos, they would undoubtedly despise them. After **all**, if human beings **are** wiped off the earth, the loa would have no one to worship them. As deities friendly to humankind, the loa could be persuaded to assist investigators in their struggles against the Mythos in the form of spells, advice, and clues. Investigators would find hungans and mambos valuable allies if the **loa** favor their quest, providing hiding places from the authorities and protection in communities under their influence.

Mythos beings are not likely to be known under their true names; it is more probable that a voodooist would refer to them as a subspecies of baka. Hence, Dagon, **Cthugha**, and **Atlach-Nacha** are known as "**fish-baka**", "**fire-baka**", and "**spider-baka**", respectively. Bokor are the voodooists with the most frequent contact with baka, and therefore the ones most likely to consort with the Mythos—either as sorcerers occasionally calling on the "baka" for magical knowledge, or as dyed-in-the-wool c u l t . , using the

vener of voodoo to mask more blasphemous activities. This latter form of bokor is the **type** most likely to employ servitor races **as** foils. Investigators will find many voodooists eager to help them purge a Mythos-influenced bokor from their midst.

Another, more sinister **possibility** exists, however. The loa of the bokor-favored Petro tribe, the non-African, more aggressive and violent family of spirits, may be composed entirely of Mythos entities. In other words, the Petro counterpart of a Rada loa is, in fact, one of the Mythos deities. If this is the case, then the **Mythos/Petro** counterpart for each of the seven Rada loa listed in "The Loa" section are **as** follows:

- Papa Agwé—Cthulhu
- Damballah-wèdo—Yig
- Ezili-Freda-Dahomey—Yibb-Tstll
- Father Legba—Yog-Sothoth
- Ogu—Hastur
- Baron Samedi—Nyarlathotep
- Zaca—Shub-Niggurath

Voodooists know these Mythos entities only by their Petro names—Cthulhu is known as **Agwé-petro**, **Yibb-Tstll** as **Ezili-je-rouge**—but bokor and mambos alike are aware of their existence and fear their power. The Contact **Loa** spell, when used to summon a Petro loa, invokes a lesser avatar of the Mythos being desired. These avatars, if encountered in dreams or depicted in **frescoes**, resemble their Rada counterparts, but with grotesque physical characteristics that **betray** their Mythos origins. For example, **Agwe-petro** has a majestic beard, like Papa Agwe, but it is a festering mass of tentacles; **Ezili-jé-rouge** is a woman in a dress, like **Ezili-Freda-Dahomey**, but has glowing red eyes and a set of Yibb-Tstll's writhing **teats**. These avatars **may** be beseeched and spoken to **as** any loa, but their **responses** are a slightly humanized version of the unfathomable desires of their incomprehensible **masters**, and rarely turn out well for humankind. Honest **hungans** and mambos infrequently deal with these malevolent deities; Mythos-connected bokor may circumvent the avatars altogether and deal with the Mythos entities directly. The Rada loa are aware of the destructive nature of their Petro cousins, and urge their followers to assist investigators **battling** the **Mythos** in any way possible.

Of **course**, the possibility that the Petro loa are avatars of the Mythos raises several vexing questions. What are the Rada loa? Benign, corrupted versions of Mythos deities, which have **warmed** to humans over centuries of worship? Are they yet another machination of Nyarlathotep, sent to lure **unsuspecting** voodooists into false complacency, which will be yanked out **from** under them when **the** stars are right, and the Great Old Ones again rule the **Earth**? Is there some **terrifyingly** powerful **Mythos** artifact hidden in Haiti, such **as** an abandoned mi-go colony, from which the slaves gained the knowledge of **Mythos** (Petro loa) worship?

PAPA SCREECH

Papa **Screech** (whose real name is unknown to any save himself) assumed leadership of one faction of the New **Orleans** Cthulhu cult after the raid of 1907. He has converted it to a cult worshipping Hastur. He condescends to **whites** that he meets, feigning ignorance **and** servitude while at the same time relishing the thought that someday the power of Hastur will squash them. His speech is **soft**, abrupt, and to the point. He always **carries** his Bowie knife in his **boot**, and will **carry** a gun if he suspects trouble.

Papa Screech's contemptuous eyes first rivet and then skewer the casual onlooker. He is a black man of medium build and has prematurely graying hair and a beard. He dresses in working-class clothes, but always with bizarre accessories, such as a snake-skin belt, or a leather thong around his neck hung with half a dozen rattlesnake rattles. Sometimes **he** sports a cardboard badge with the Yellow Sign **hand-painted** on it.



PAPA SCREECH, Bokor Cultist, looks mid-40's

STR 13 CON 11 SIZ 13
INT 14 POW31 D W 1 2
APP 8 EDU 9 SAN 0
HP 12

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Bowie knife 55%, damage 1d4 + 2

.38 revolver 37%, damage 1d10

Item Carried: Whistle made from femur of a human **child** (enchanted to add 40% to chances of **Summon/Bind** Byakhee)

Spells: Brew Space Mead, Call Hastur, Create Gate, Dominate. Enchant **Byakhee** Whistle, Power Drain, **Shrivelling**, Summon Ghost, **Summon/Bind** Byakhee

Skills: Camouflage 32%, Cthulhu Mythos 71%, Dodge 43%, Fast Talk 42%, Hide 34%, History 52%. Listen 47%. **Occult** 80%, Psychology 35%, Sneak 33%, Spot Hidden 54%, Throw 38%; Languages: English 40%, French 50%

Loa

Father Legba, open wide the gate!

Father Legba, where are thy children?

Father Legba, we are here.

Father Legba, open wide the gate that he may pass!

—voodoo invocation

Although the number of loa are legion, the seven most commonly contacted members of the **Rada** family are discussed below. For game purposes, the **loa** are considered to be akin to ghosts, **as** per *CoC* 5.1, p. 131. Their only attributes are **INT** and **POW**, since they manifest themselves on the earthly plane only through the possession of human hosts (**q.v.** the Contact **Loa** spell for details). Most loa have skills related to their spheres of influence at near-perfect skill levels (Papa Agwe, the sea spirit, would have Navigate at **98%**, for example). Provided in each loa's description is his or her physical description (if encountered in dreams), personality, favored offerings, possession habits, **symbol(s)**, and counterpart in the Catholic and Petro loa hierarchy.

PAPA AGWÉ (also known as Agwe-Woyo)

INT 13 POW 18

A handsome mulatto with glowing green eyes and a full beard, Agwe is the patron loa of **mariners** and the sea. He may only be summoned at the beach, when small skiffs filled with champagne (his favorite drink) are pushed into the surf for **him**. Unfortunately, those possessed by him have a tendency to dive immediately toward the ocean, so they need to be restrained by attendants. Despite this, he is an amiable deity. Symbol: Boat. Catholic counterparts: St. **Ulrich**, St. **Amboise**. Petro counterpart: Agwe-petro.

DAMBALLAH-WÈDO

INT 17 POW 25

At once a rain, lightning, and snake deity, **Damballah-wèdo** is usually pictured **as** a handsome, gentle young man, one of the **kindest** and most frequently consulted loa. **Damballah** prefers a white animal (usually a chicken) **as** a sacrifice, and Thursday is his favorite day to appear. Those possessed by him act like snakes, darting out their tongues, slithering on the ground, and climbing trees. The hosts whistle instead of speak, Damballah's words interpreted by the **attending** mambo. Symbols: **Snake**, rainbow. Catholic counterparts: St. Peter, St. Patrick. Petro counterpart: **Damballah-flangbo**.

EZILI-FREDA-DAHOMÉY

INT 11 POW 12

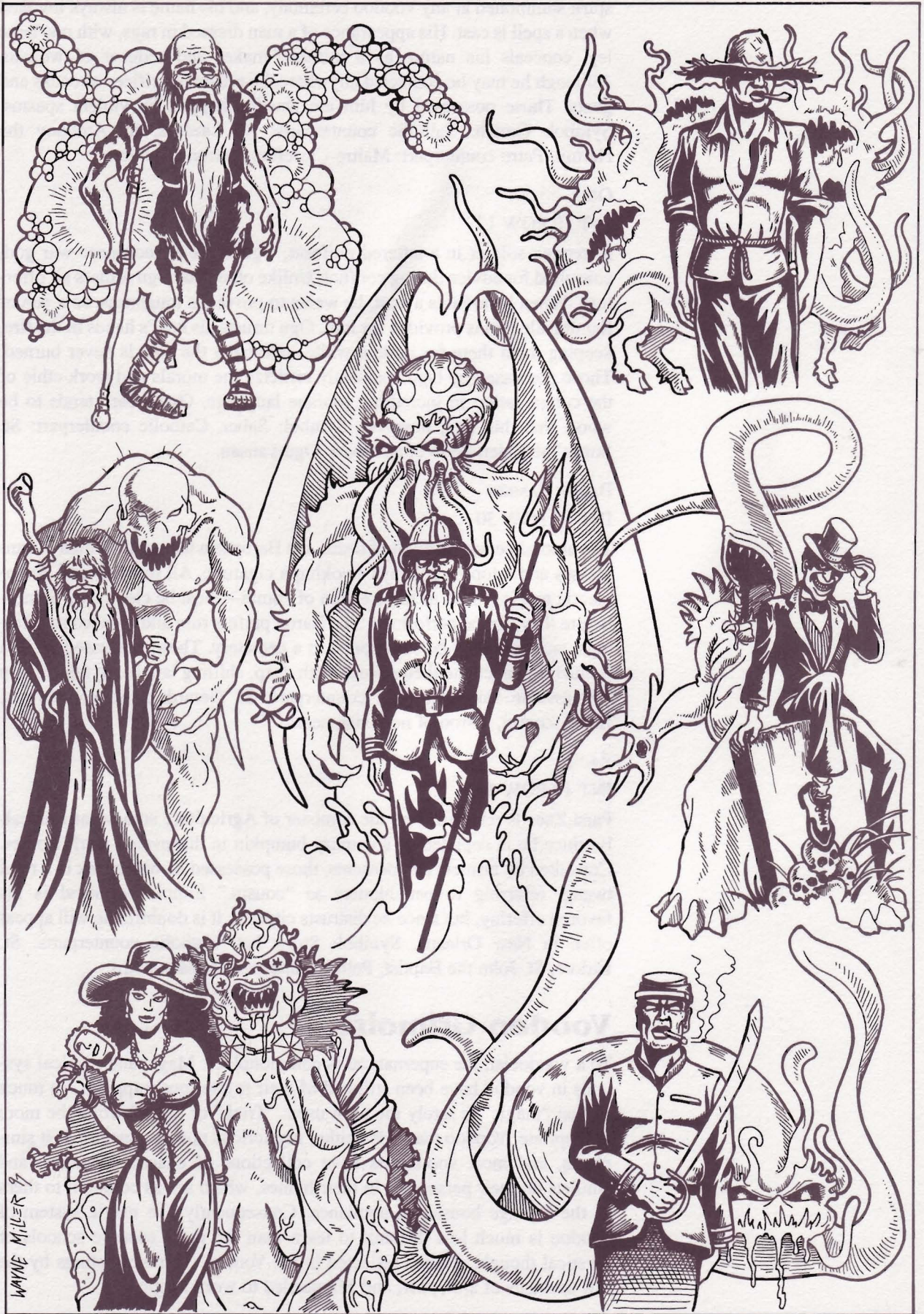
A beautiful, hedonistic mulatto, Ezili is the patron loa of the feminine graces. Most often summoned to help with problems of the heart, she prefers make-up and soft drinks as her offerings. **Whether** she possesses a man or a woman, that person immediately begins to apply the make-up and demand pretty dresses to wear. She speaks through her host in high-pitched French. Symbol: Heart. Catholic counterpart: Virgin Mary. Petro counterpart: **Ezili-jé-rouge** ("Ezili of the Red Eyes"), patron of **loups-garous**.

FATHER LEGBA

INT 21 POW 40

The Master of **Crossroads**, Father Legba guards the gate between the **realm** of gods and men. Considered the interpreter of the loa, Legba is the first





spirit summoned at any voodoo ceremony, and his name is always invoked when a spell is cast. His appearance of a man dressed in rags, with one lame leg, conceals his nature as a mischief-maker and seducer of women. Although he may be contacted anywhere, he prefers sacrifices of cocks and goats. Those possessed by him are usually gripped by violent spasms. Symbol: Crutch. Catholic counterparts: St. Lazarus, St. Anthony the Hermit. Petro counterpart: Maitre-Carrefour, patron of bokor.

OGU

INT 10 POW 12

A veteran soldier in a tattered uniform, Ogu is the no-nonsense war god, consulted for advice during conflict. Unlike other loa, Ogu refuses all offerings. When he mounts a host, he wants to prove his toughness, so a pan of flaming alcohol is provided for him. Ogu thrusts his host's hands in the fire, keeping them there for quite a while—although the host is never burned. Those possessed by Ogu constantly criticize the morals and work ethic of the congregation in incredibly profane language. **Ogu's** bark tends to be worse than his bite, however. Symbol: Saber. Catholic counterpart: St. James the Elder. Petro counterpart: Ogu-yansan.

BARON SAMEDI

INT 18 POW 30

The amoral personification of death, the Baron is a tall, sinister man in sunglasses and a top hat, always smoking a cigarette. All murders and necromantic magic—such as the creation of zombi—must be cleared by **Samedi** before they can be performed. The Baron prefers rum and tobacco as offerings, and may only be summoned in a cemetery. Those possessed by him frequently punctuate their speech with deep, chilling laughs. Symbols: Top hat, reverse cross. Catholic counterpart: St. Gerard. Petro counterpart: Baron **Zombi**, patron of necromancers.



ZACA

INT 10 POW 14

Papa **Zaca** is referred to as the Minister of Agriculture somewhat ironically, since he is depicted as a country **bumpkin** in disheveled work clothes. Consulted by farmers and peasants, those possessed by him speak in a **rural** twang, referring to parishioners as "cousin." Simple **cornmeal** is his favored offering, but since he distrusts cityfolk, it is doubtful he will appear often in New Orleans. Symbol: Straw hat. Catholic counterparts: St. **Isidore**, St. John the Baptist. Petro counterpart: **Azzaca-petro**.

Voodoo Grimoire

To a voodooist, the supernatural is commonplace. Magic and magical systems in voodoo have been stripped of their mysterious trappings, so much so that "magic" is rarely the term used: "**Trick**" or "help" would be more appropriate. Voodoo magic is neither mysterious nor awe-inspiring; it simply is, and most voodooists have collections of charms, powders, and amulets on their persons or in their homes, which are as common to them as the average household appliance. Consequently, the magic system of voodoo is much less difficult to learn than the more esoteric schools of mystical thought. This is reflected in the Voodoo Grimoire listings by the low amounts of **SAN**, **POW**, and **MP** needed to work magic.

This is hardly a comprehensive list; magic runs like water through the voodoo world, and any respectable mambo would invent spells to suit her immediate needs. So should the Keeper. Interested readers are directed to **Zora Neale Hurston's Mules and Men**, which details many more specific voodoo procedures. What follow are merely the most commonly cast spells.

In the spell descriptions, the word "supplicant" indicates the person for whom the spell is being cast, since the caster rarely works magic for himself. Conjure doctors and bokor have spells for sale; standard prices are listed in each spell description, although a successful use of the Bargain **skill** could drive the cost down. An honest **hungan** or mambo would never cast Create **Zombi**, The Sending of the Dead, or **Summon/Bind Baka**, however. Those spells are exclusively the province of evil bokor.

As with all spells, voodoo magic may be taught to investigators by a **skilled** practitioner. **After** each week of intensive practice with the voodoo sorcerer, a PC may roll under her INT or less on **d100** in order to learn successfully the spell. White people will be taught these spells only under the most extraordinary circumstances.

CONTACT LOA: This spell may be cast by one person or by a group, depending on the mambo's preference. Most typically the ceremony involves a small congregation of worshipers who dance to the beat of voodoo drums. Beforehand, the desired loa's symbol, or **ve-ve**, must be inscribed in the floor of the **humfor** or a specified place. Offerings are laid before the loa's ve-ve and a summons is sung by the congregation.

At this point, all those present expend up to 5 magic points and 1 point of SAN. Add up all the magic points sacrificed, and multiply that by five. If the caster (or the Keeper) rolls under that amount, the loa in question will "mount", or possess, one of the parishioners present, or an assistant if the **hungan** is more or less alone (the loa will not mount the spellcaster or an unwilling host). The host's INT and POW are replaced by those of the loa, and the loa's voice emerges from the host's mouth. The host is impervious to pain during the duration of the mounting—he will still lose hit points, but cannot be stunned or knocked unconscious.

The caster may now deal with the loa as she would any NPC, asking questions or making requests with social skills, Persuade being the most useful. The loa usually will assist the supplicant in the form of information or advice (which option to take, or how to remove a particular curse), or by increasing a supplicant's Luck roll for a particular task—parting seas and smiting enemies are not the loa's style!

At the end of the ceremony, the loa devours its offerings and departs. Afterward, the person possessed falls into a deep sleep, and remembers little or nothing of the mounting when he awakens the next morning. Standard Price: Payment is not normally accepted for casting a Contact Loa spell; one must be invited to have it cast for him.

CONTACT SPIRITS OF THE DEAD: This spell has many different variations; only one version is presented here. A tent of white sheets is erected near a river and jugs full of the stream's water are placed inside. Then, as per Contact Loa, songs are sung, dances are danced, and an entreaty is made for the dead to appear. Add up all the magic points expended (1 SAN is lost per person casting), multiply the sum by five, and roll under that result. If successful, the voice of the dead emerges from the water jugs, which may be heard and argued with by putting one's head in the tent: As usual, the supplicant may deal with the spirit as he would any NPC. Be careful,

though—not all spirits realize that they are dead, and some would be rather perturbed if told. Standard Price: \$50.

CREATE ZOMBI: The bokor's victim must be brought to a state of near-death by a paralysis powder made of **blowfish** innards, alkaline roots, and other blasphemous materials. The poison, which has a POT of 25, must be inhaled by the victim. The victim falls into a deep trance, so resembling death as to be indistinguishable from the real thing with twentieth-century technology. Horribly, the victim is still conscious, although incapable of muscular movement. After twelve hours like this, the victim must make SAN rolls every hour or lose permanently 1 point of POW and 1d6 SAN (POW may drop no lower than 1).

Once incapacitated, the victim is put into a coffin and buried alive in a nearby cemetery, a small tube connecting the coffin to the surface so that the “corpse” may have a little air to breathe. After three nights, the bokor arrives at the victim's gravesite to cast his spell, expending 10 magic points. The caster pits his POW against his victim's on the Resistance Table—since by this time the victim's POW has probably been severely diminished, it is likely that the bokor will win this contest. He digs up the victim, who is now a zombi completely bound to the will of the bokor. If the bokor loses the POW vs. POW contest, he simply covers up his victim's breathing hole and leaves the poor victim to suffocate. Caster and supplicant both lose 1d6 SAN. Standard Price: \$250. (Typically, the bokor will perform the Soul Extraction spell [see below] on the zombi as well, in order to insure his slave's obedience.)

ENCHANT OBJECT: **Hungan** and bokor frequently mount everyday objects with spirits for various supernatural effects, both good and bad. Rather than learning a single spell, each procedure for each different magic object is slightly different and must be learned separately. However, all enchantment spells require an hour-long ritual, are permanent in duration, and cost **3** magic points each. Only the spells which cause harm cost SAN. Some common items that may be produced are as follows, with their effects:

CANDLE: The supplicant's fingernail clippings or hair scraps must be mixed into the candle's wax when it is made, and the event which the supplicant wishes to be influenced must be written on the side. While the candle burns, the supplicant must perform her task, receiving some suitable **bonus**—+20% to a particular skill, for example, or electing to make a Luck roll to see if a person falls in love with her—for that task only. Standard Price: \$5.

DOLL: The infamous voodoo replica of an intended victim is constructed primarily by soaking the doll in a magical elixir and affixing a lock of the victim's pubic hair to it. When parts of the doll are stabbed with a needle, the corresponding part of the victim's body suffers excruciating pain (roll vs. CON on **d100** to avoid having physical skills halved). The doll may also induce vertigo, impotence, or nausea. Supplicant and caster both lose 1d3 SAN. Standard Price: \$40.

GRIS-GRIS: Created by throwing tiny bundles of cloth and herbs, half of which have been mounted by bad spirits and the other half mounted by good, in a small drawstring bag. The two natural enemies fighting in the bag will create a magic aura which will improve one aspect of the wearer's life, specified before the creation of the bag. He will gain a

+5% bonus in one skill, for example, for each magic point invested in the bag. Standard Price: \$8.

JU-JU: A ward against black magic, which can be made from literally anything. A mummified cat has been known to be used as a ju-ju—which in Haiti is known as a gad—just as often as the more traditional medallion. When created, a ju-ju will be shunned by evil denizens of the voodoo world (sorcerers included). A ju-ju may be **worn** by the supplicant or placed over a doorway or window. Standard Price: \$10.

WANGA: Poisoned or cursed objects mounted by evil spirits to cause illness or bad luck if touched by a specified victim. A personal object of the victim will be spirited away to be turned into a wanga. Frequently a religious item, such as a rosary or a crucifix, will be poisoned in this manner by a particularly ruthless bokor. The victim's illness or bad luck (-20% on all skills and Luck rolls) will last until the wanga is identified and destroyed. Supplicant and caster both lose 1d3 SAN. Standard Price: \$35.

THE SENDING OF THE DEAD: This is the deadliest spell in a bokor's arsenal. The caster Contacts (q.v.) Baron **Samedi**, who demands that the supplicant bring specific offerings to his ve-ve at midnight, as well as several handfuls of earth. There the caster performs this ritual, costing 10 magic points, which binds malicious dead spirits to the earth. The supplicant must now lay the earth (sometimes contained in a miniature coffin) where his victim will **trod** upon it. When the unfortunate soul does so, the dead will enter his body. The victim pits his POW against the caster's on the Resistance Table. If the victim fails, roll 1d8 to gauge the effects of the spell:

1-4 The victim immediately loses 1d10 SAN.

5-7 The victim contracts a terrible illness, losing 1d6 STR and 1d6 HP.

8 The victim falls into a coma and will die in 1d6 days unless the dead are somehow removed.

In all cases the victim will suffer from horrible nightmares for the rest of his life. Caster and supplicant both lose 1d4 SAN. Standard Price: \$180.

SOUL EXTRACTION: There are times in which one's soul becomes a liability, especially when one is pursued by sorcerous enemies. It is possible to hire a conjure doctor to remove one's soul from one's body for protection. The exact ceremony varies from caster to caster. In one version, the supplicant kneels during a complex ritual (usually taking place at a **humfor**) where the **spell** is actually cast, with an expenditure of 8 magic points by the caster. Tufts of hair are cut from various parts of the supplicant's body and placed in a small bottle, which is lashed to his head along with chunks of bread soaked in white wine. That evening, a white chicken is eaten without flavoring by the person's family, and the bones are wrapped in a pillow which the **supplicant** spends the night on. During the night, the supplicant's soul leaves his head and **arrives** in the caster's clay pot.

A person may live a relatively normal life with a missing soul; in addition, he may make a Luck roll against any voodoo spell cast against him. If the Luck roll succeeds, the spell has no effect on the soulless supplicant. However, should the clay pot (with his soul inside) fall into the hands of an enemy, the **bokor** may now cast spells directly at the pot itself, in which case the unfortunate supplicant suffers the maximum **effects** of the spell! Standard Price: \$75.



MARIE LAVEAU, **Voodoo** Queen of New Orleans, at age 50

STR 13 CON17 SIZ 14
INT 16 POW21 DEX 15
APP 18 EDU 14 SAN 70
HP 14

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapon: **Fist/Punch** 70%, damage 1d3 + 1d4

Spells: **Call/Dismiss**

Thunderstorm, Cast Out Devil, Cloud Memory, Command Snake, Contact **Loa***, Contact Spirits of the Dead*, Curse of Darkness, Dampen Light, Enchant Candle*, Enchant Doll*, Enchant Gris-gris*, Enchant **Ju-ju***, Enchant Wanga*, Heal, Implant Fear, Induce Sleep, Mesmerize, The Sending of the Dead*, Soul Extraction*, Summon **Baka***

(Spells marked with an asterisk [*] are described in this chapter in the *Voodoo Grimoire*. The others are either in the *Lesser Grimoire* (Call of **Cthulhu**, page 148) or are self-explanatory.)

Skills: Astronomy 69%, Art (Dancing) 94%, Art (Singing) 96%, Catechism 87%, Cooking 93%, Credit Rating 73%, **Cthulhu** Mythos 29%, Fast Talk 37%, First Aid 96%, Hairdressing 78%, Law 30%, Listen 63%, Natural History 91%, Occult 95%, Persuade 86%, Pharmacy 93%, Psychology 90%, Spot Hidden 82%; Languages: English 70%, French 92%, Spanish 58%

SUMMON/BIND BAKA: Also known as Point Chaud, or "hot point", this spell is identical to others of the **Summon/Bind** Servitor class (see *CoC* 5.1, p. 143). After the spell is cast, the baka appears to the supplicant in one of its many forms. The supplicant then asks the baka to grant a certain wish. The baka states what it wishes in return. If the price is too high and the supplicant refuses the offer, the baka returns to the spirit world in a snit. If the supplicant agrees, however, the baka fulfills its end of the bargain within 1d6 days and returns to the supplicant to exact its payment. The baka have a tendency, however, to use insidious wordplay in order to trick their victims into giving away more than they bargained for: A request for "a rooster and some chicks" during the Point Chaud may turn out to be the supplicant's husband and children when the time for debt-paying finally arrives, for example. The baka exist only to inflict pain, and delight in cheating their "partners" out of their very lives.

The Keeper should note that numerous spells called Point Chaud by bokor are actually **Summon/Bind**, Contact, or Call spells for Mythos entities—see "Voodoo and the Mythos." Standard Price: \$500.

Marie Laveau (1794?-1881?)

Although Laveau has been dead for over forty years, she still affects 1920's New Orleans daily. Creole parents invoke her as a bogeyman to force children to obey their elders. The faithful bring offerings to one of her alleged tombs. Every third conjure doctor on Rampart Street claims to be related to her. Her spirit has essentially been elevated to loa status, and is frequently summoned by mambos for advice. The greatest Voodoo Queen Louisiana has ever known retains her influence over her subjects because, like all great monarchs, she unified her subjects and led them to greater heights of public respect and prosperity than they had ever seen before or since.

Born to free mulatto parents, Laveau accepted the voodoo crown in 1832, and her beauty, awesome skill at sorcery, and knack for public relations gained her renown almost immediately. Maintaining the traditional Congo Square rituals as pleasure dances to satisfy Caucasian curiosity, she transferred the spot of authentic voodoo worship to the Bayou St. John side of Lake Pontchartrain. The miracles she was rumored to perform there included making snakes talk, summoning great thunderstorms, and putting the army of police sent to arrest her to sleep. Soon all the mambos and hungans in New Orleans were serving under her—and those that rebelled got a sound beating from her in the streets.

While the black community was awed by her powers, Laveau managed to earn the fear and respect of the whites, as well. Her job as a hairdresser allowed her to cultivate numerous Creole women as her clients, and foreign dignitaries and nobility often requested audiences with her when they visited New Orleans. Never one to shy away from publicity, she allowed white reporters to view carefully censored voodoo ceremonies, willingly inflating her already hyperbolic reputation. Her greatest coup with the whites came when she used her magic to influence a trial in favor of the son of one of the wealthiest Creole merchants in the city, who had come to her for help.

Laveau finally stepped down in 1869, passing her crown on to Malvina Latour. Always a devout Catholic (during her reign, she more than any other mambo incorporated Church rites into voodoo rituals), in her retirement she tended to condemned prisoners in the Parish Prison, cooking them their last meals, carrying letters for them, and spending their final nights with them in prayer. By the time she died in 1881, her name had been firmly entrenched in New Orleans legend for several decades—and one of those legends was that she was immortal and had faked her death. Whether the investigators encounter Laveau dead or alive, the statistics given attempt to represent the Voodoo Queen as she was portrayed in the rumors and whispers of those who hated and loved her.

Scenario: Twilight of the Fifth Sun

Designed for a single session of gaming, "Twilight of the Fifth Sun" is an adventure which introduces players and investigators to many of the people, places, and concepts discussed in *The New Orleans Guidebook*. Although the scenario barely scratches the surface of the Crescent City's gaming potential, its plot sends PC's through high Creole society, Rampart Street voodoo shops, a Gallatin Street dive, Tulane University, a French Quarter mansion, the Magie Noire nightclub, and a Garden District **Mardi** Gras ball. The Keeper should familiarize himself with those pertinent parts of the book before running the adventure, to flesh out details of mood and setting only touched upon in this chapter (many of the NPC's' statistics are given in other chapters).

While intended to serve as a springboard for an ongoing *Call of Cthulhu* campaign set in New Orleans, Keepers who wish to insert "Twilight of the Fifth Sun" into an already-established campaign have little cause for concern. PC's based elsewhere in the world could be in town to visit friends during **Mardi** Gras season, when the adventure is set. Through their host, they meet well-to-do cotton broker Marcel Franju, who has a thorny "private problem" he calls upon them to solve

Getting Started

"A colored voodoo-doctor is trying to cheat my sister out of all her money," cotton broker Marcel Franju tells the investigators in his chaotic Carondelet Street office, **across the street** from the **Hibernia** Bank Building. Harried clerks constantly buzz in and out of the room, shoving forms under Franju's nose for him to sign. "Her mind is in a weakened state, as her husband is only two months dead—he was the victim of a horrible automobile accident, over in the Garden District. It was in all the papers at the time."

The phone rings; on the other line is the foreman at Franju's dock, complaining that a cotton shipment is several hours late. Franju argues with his lackey and **talks** to the investigators at the same time. "This—'Jamie Stardust', I think he calls himself, is taking advantage of **Béatrice's** grief, filling her head with all sorts of rot. Channels my brother-in-law's spirit through his body, and so on. He's obviously a charlatan, but **Béatrice** has fallen for his cheap parlor tricks. She takes after Father—he was a fine man, but his head was permanently in the clouds."

Franju hangs up the phone and fixes the investigators with a stern gaze. "Fortunately, Mother taught me pragmatism. I'm going to give each of you twenty-five dollars a day, plus expenses, to find **anything** on this Negro I can give to the police. I want Stardust in jail before my sister can give him a red cent. I **won't** put up with that kind of embarrassment. You'll find your first week's payment with Monsieur Garance, my assistant. Report your progress directly to him. Good day."



Marcel Franju



Pierre Garance

BÉATRICE DEBURAU (nee Franju), Spellbound Widow, age 42



STR 9 CON 15 SIZ 12
INT 12 POW 7 DEX 15
APP 13 EDU 15 SAN 30
HP 12

Damage Bonus: None

Skills: Archaeology 26%, Art (Piano) 76%, Credit Rating 89%, History 35%, Law 47%, Persuade 64%, Pseudomystical Babble 62%, Ride 54%; Languages: English 75%, French 85%



Deburau's truangular tile

Garance, an **earnest**, slightly rotund young man, escorts the investigators to the building's lobby. He gives them the address of **Béatrice** Deburau's home in the French Quarter, but stresses that under no circumstances should she know that the player characters have been hired by her brother to investigate Stardust; should that occur, the investigators' employment will be immediately terminated. He also provides the PC's with a **cered** check, a photograph of Stardust (taken in Beatrice's parlor), and his own home number and address. The investigators are to call Garance at any time, day or night, should they require monetary or legal assistance, but he will not become personally involved in the adventure in any way.

The Widow

Investigators wishing to interview Mrs. Deburau must concoct some cover story in order to disguise their motives, thereby obeying Franju's order. The Keeper should allow any plausible explanation to succeed, provided it is bolstered by social skills.

tip Black curtains have been drawn on all the windows of the Deburau house, at the **northern** end of Dauphine Street, plunging its interior into a murky gloom (use the "French Quarter Courtyard House, Large" map on page 14 for reference). When the investigators call, a severe-looking mulatto maid, Anne, answers the door, and has them remain in the "courting room" while she brings their cards of introduction to **Béatrice**. While they wait for Anne to return, the investigators may note that the courting room is decorated with Choctaw and **Houma** artifacts, such as pottery and arrowheads, and framed photographs of a youthfully middle-aged man (Louis Deburau, Beatrice's late husband) directing archaeological digs in bayou country burial mounds.

If not otherwise occupied, Beatrice receives the player characters in her parlor. Dressed in black from head to toe, a white lace handkerchief never far from her eyes, Mrs. Deburau sits in a far corner, some distance from the investigators, so she **seems** hazy and opaque in the dimness of the room. She can tearfully tell the story of her husband's death, as described in Player Aid #1 (see page 83); she adds that the driver of the car was never found. A detail not mentioned in the news story is that Deburau was killed while leaving a meeting of The Feathered Serpents, a new **Mardi Gras krew**e organized by Louis and some of his archaeology friends (see page 9 for a discussion of krewes and their functions). Beatrice's voice cracks as she says that the new club's very first tableau ball is mere days from now, the ball Louis slaved over so feverishly. A successful Psychology roll at this point confirms **Franju's** opinion of his sister: **Béatrice's** mind still labors unhealthily under the weight of her husband's death, even her voice has a faraway quality to it, as if they were listening to her through a wall.

"At first, I had no desire to attend the **ball**," Mrs. Deburau continues. "My husband was killed in front of the very house in which it is to be held. However, Louis insisted that I go—through Monsieur Stardust, of course." While discussing her dealings with Stardust, the widow invokes what we would now call "tired New Age **clichés**": "He has cured me of blindness", "He has shown me that Hope is the true religion", etc. She says that Stardust channels Louis' spirit through his body; the ghost gives her advice, helps her through her grief, and instructs her how to tidy up his affairs. **Béatrice** declines to elaborate any more than that, not wishing to **discuss** such matters with strangers. Despite what Franju believes, she indignantly



denies that Stardust is trying to cheat her: "I have yet to pay one penny for his services! He called on me, saying my dear Louis had chosen him to be the vessel through which he spoke, and that I was to give him no money! He is a wonderful, spiritual man!" Player characters who press Mrs. Deburau on this issue find themselves summarily ejected from her house.

If the player **characters** have broached the subject of Stardust with Mrs. Deburau at all, however, Anne takes them aside before she escorts them out, hissing in their ear. Highly protective of her employer, Anne doesn't trust Stardust in the least—she's been eavesdropping on their channeling sessions from the dining room. Anne says that Louis—through **Stardust**—asked Mrs. Deburau to remove some articles from the dead man's safety deposit box. One item in particular was a triangular-shaped piece of tile covered in odd characters—one of Deburau's **treasures** from a dig in Mesoamerica. **Béatrice** now wears the pyramid as a pendant, beneath her clothing. "Louis" also instructed Mrs. Deburau to take Stardust with her to the tableau ball, as her "assistant." Anne **finds** this particularly galling, since this is the only way a black man would be able to gain admission to such an important Creole affair; the maid is convinced that Stardust plans on locating more wealthy victims at The Feathered Serpents' party. "But I told Mrs. Deburau's brother all about that, and the safety deposit box, too," Anne concludes smugly. "Mr. **Franju's** a powerful man. He'll take care of that uppity faker."

Should the investigators call on **Béatrice** between 11:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m., she and Stardust will be having one of their "channeling" sessions in the parlor. If the investigators persuade Anne to let them join her at her eavesdropping post—a crack in the wall behind one painting—they can hear Stardust go into his melodramatic "trance." An Occult roll assures investigators that the trite mystical phrases he chants have nothing to do with voodoo or any other kind of magic; they're completely phony. At the



Anne

STARDUST'S BOUND NIGHT-GAUNT, Faceless Servant

STR 13 CON 10 SIZ 13
 INT 5 POW 12 DEX 14
 HP 12 Move 6/12

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: Grapple 38%
 Tickle 40%

Armor: 2-point leathery skin

Skills: Hide 90%, Sneak 90%

Sanity Loss: 0/1d6

end of this **bogus "ritual"**, Louis Deburau suddenly "awakens" and supposedly takes over **Stardust's** body. Although Stardust doesn't speak in a different voice, his **performance** is utterly convincing; a Psychology roll confirms that Stardust **seems** to know intimate details about the Deburau family that would be nearly impossible for a charlatan to fake. There is nothing sinister about their conversation, **however**—Mrs. Deburau tells "Louis" about her day, "Louis" asks after **friends**, and so on. It would be a completely **banal** discussion, were it not for the fact that one of its participants is supposed to be dead.

Investigators who conduct some unchaperoned **snooping** observe that the Indian motif continues throughout the house; Louis Deburau's chamber (the "**husband's** room" on the map) is decorated with numerous Aztec and Mayan artifacts. A large stone codex glares **down** at the four-poster bed from one wall. Removing the tablet reveals a wall safe behind it. The combination to it apparently died with Deburau, but if the player characters somehow manage to open it, inside they find a series of journals, dating from 1621 to last November 3. Although every few decades or so the journals switch handwriting, they are all written in French, and **all** record the same writer's vivid, imaginative dreams. Flipping through the journals, one notices numerous references to the Dreamlands—Yibb-Tstll and the Jungle of **Kled** seem to be the most common. Reading **all** thirty or so volumes of the **journal** takes 1d6 months, costs 1d6/1d10 points of **SAN**, and adds 15% to one's Dream Lore skill and 10% to one's Cthulhu **Mythos** (spell multiplier x2). It contains at least the spell The Waking Slumber (see page 78). The journals either detail the dreams of a serpent person sorcerer from **Hlanith** who dreamed that he was trapped on Earth as a human male, spending centuries collecting the correct components for the spell that would send him home; or they detail the dreams of a human sorcerer who dreamed that he was trapped in the Dream-lands as a serpent person, spending centuries collecting the correct components for the spell that would send him home. It is nearly impossible to tell.

A large flagstone in the center of the courtyard is emblazoned with an Elder Sign. Anne says that Mr. Deburau got it on one of his trips to Mexico; a Cthulhu **Mythos** roll suggests that this is the same kind of Sign required by the **Summon Nightgaunt** spell.

The Charlatan

Investigators' initial inquiries into Jamie Stardust's background prove frustrating. He has no criminal record, no birth record, no marital record, nor any records of any kind at any public source. His name isn't even listed in the phone book. After running around in circles for several hours, a successful Idea roll may suggest to stymied investigators that "Jamie Stardust" is probably a fake name.

Other voodooists can suggest this, as well. Practitioners of voodoo the investigators contact (consult Chapter Five for some guidelines to voodooist and PC interaction) do not recognize Stardust's photo, nor have they ever heard of the man. Since he obviously hasn't been practicing in New Orleans for very long, the voodooists will advise **PC's** to visit Mama Zu Zu's Jumbo Gumbo Emporium (see page 36), where Stardust might have bought supplies. Indeed, Mama Zu Zu says Stardust came into her shop about a month ago, and bought nearly two hundred dollars' worth of occult supplies—mostly "flashy junk," she explains, "for **impressin'** the tourists,

like he was **goin'** to open a **card-readin'** parlor or **somethin'**. But he was new to the Faith, that's for sure—that boy couldn't tell a **mojo** from a **gris-gris** from a **ju-ju!**" He purchased such a quantity of Mama's wares that she had to have them delivered to his home; she still has the address on hand.

The address Mama gives the player characters is no card-reading parlor, but a **Gallatin** Street flophouse, which takes up two floors above a filthy pool hall. Unless they've "dressed down" for their visit, the investigators stick out like sore thumbs. The drunken sailors, prostitutes, and petty crooks that crowd the pool hall fall silent and leer at the PC's' fancy clothes as they cross the room to reach the **stairs** to the second floor, where Stardust's apartment lies. It's likely some of the street **scum** will attempt to mug the investigators as they **try** to leave the building, or simply pick a fight for the antisocial thrill of it; this event depends on whether or not the Keeper judges her players in need of some cathartic violence at this point in the adventure.

Player characters who ask around (most of Stardust's neighbors can be found in the pool hall—the pool hall's proprietor also manages the hotel) or stake out Stardust's apartment learn that he's there almost all the time. The only exceptions to this are from 11:00 a.m. to about 2:00 p.m. (when he's at Mrs. Deburau's), and from 6:00 p.m. to 7:00 p.m. (when he has dinner at a greasy spoon down the block). No one claims to **know** much about him—apparently the man keeps to himself.

The **flimsy** door of Stardust's efficiency is always locked (STR 11). Inside, investigators **find** a bed, a wardrobe, a small writing desk, and a tiny water closet. The wardrobe contains several drab suits on hangers and a few of Mama Zu Zu's voodoo-style robes. A wallet is nestled in the pocket of one of the suit jackets; it holds about \$150 in cash and an identification card belonging to a George Modot, with **an** address near Rampart Street. The remainder of Stardust's purchases from the Gumbo Emporium lies in the writing desk's drawers, although the vials of grave dust and packages of gris-gris do not appear to have been opened.

Of most interest to investigators is the dream journal lying beside the bed. A continuation of the diaries in Deburau's house, its entries begin on this past November 7, and end on the day the investigators discover the book. Apparently, the dreamer is very close to returning "home", despite "a rather vexing complication." Reading just this journal takes 1d6 days, costs 1/1d3 SAN, and adds 1% to one's **Cthulhu Mythos** and 1% to one's Dream Lore skill (it holds no spells).

Of course, the only way to read the journal all the way through is to take it out of Stardust's apartment. Unfortunately for investigators, a **night-gaunt** has been bound to retrieve the stolen book within 1d3 days, slay the thief, and return the book to Stardust. The Faceless **One** attacks the investigator in question when he least expects it, and preferably when he is alone (the Keeper should time the assault for maximum shock value).

Should the PC's allow Stardust to discover that his room has been searched—by stealing articles from it, for example—he will relocate to another anonymous dive as soon as possible, **making** him virtually untraceable for the remainder of the adventure (unless the investigators think to follow him from Deburau's house). If they confront Stardust in person, he gives them an earful of the same peace-loving **psuedomystical** babble he tells Mrs. Deburau, **explaining** he is merely the light which guides a stricken soul out of the dark valley of grief. He flees if the confrontation turns physical—if the player characters insist on fighting him, refer to "The Gate-crashers" section for guidelines.



The Musician

George Modot's apartment is now inhabited by a family of twelve. The building super can tell investigators that Modot moved out of his place the **first** week in November without leaving a forwarding address. This calousness upset the super, who considered Modot to be his friend; Modot was a clarinetist, and the super would often go to the **Magie Noire** nightclub, on Bourbon Street, to listen to him play with the house band.

When the investigators visit the **Magie Noire**, it is painfully obvious that whomever the Funky Butts got to replace Modot isn't quite up to par: Their rendition of "Shake It and Break It" leaves much to be desired. All the band members express a feeling of betrayal over Modot's abrupt disappearance. The trouble started the day he tried to help Deburau, "that fancy Creole who got hit by a car" (consult Player Aid #1 on page 83). When the Funky Butts visited him in the hospital, Modot acted cold and distant, as if he barely knew them. As far as they can tell, as soon as Modot was released from the hospital, he moved out of his flat and vanished. They're all still angry with **him**, but, if shown the photograph of Jamie Stardust, they cry in relief: "My God! It's George! **Where'd** you get that—and why is he wearing that stupid robe?" (According to the Funky Butts, Modot is no voodooist, but a devout Baptist.) Photos of the original Funky Butts together on the **Noire's** walls also prove that George Modot and Jamie Stardust are the same man.

The Scholar

Digging in one of New Orleans' many libraries uncovers nothing on Stardust or Modot, but Louis Deburau's name constantly appears in the newspaper file, usually in conjunction with some new archaeological discovery in the **Yucatán** or Louisiana's rural parishes. The name of Professor Francis Whitwell, Deburau's primary liaison to official academia, tends to pop up in these articles as well. (The Deburau name also appears in an obscure book of local history, which can be found in the Louisiana State Museum Library or in Tulane's **F. W. Tilton** Library—read Player Aid #2 on page 83.)

The professor can tell the PC's that Deburau's primary archaeological interest was in rare, triangular-shaped mosaics found infrequently in the **Yucatán** or in certain American Indian charnel mounds. He takes the investigators to the Tulane Natural History Museum to show them replicas of the tiles. A **Cthulhu Mythos** roll identifies them as being similar to the **information** plates used by serpent people (that the tiles were found both in Mayan and Choctaw sites supports Whitwell's theory that the two cultures were closely related). Bashfully, **Whitwell** admits that he has used his influence to remove temporarily most of the authentic tiles from the university for a special project.

Whitwell is a cofounder of The Feathered Serpents **Krewe** with Deburau and a few other well-to-do Mexicophiles. Deburau designed the decorative pattern for this year's tableau ball himself, and **Whitwell** regrets that his friend didn't live to attend the ball he planned. "He had concocted some party game that he claimed would make this the **soirée** to end all **soirées**," **Whitwell** chuckles wistfully. "It's too bad we'll never learn what it was." Due to the **krewe's** code of silence, **Whitwell** refuses to elaborate on the decorative scheme of the tableau ball, nor can he provide investigators with invitations. The only thing **Whitwell** is willing to **divulge** is the

title of the tableau ball, which is a reference to an Aztec myth regarding the commencement of a new age of man: “Twilight of the Fifth Sun.”

The PC's can locate the Garden District mansion where the party is to be held, the residence of an Yves Rouard (a member of The Feathered Serpents), but will not be admitted under any circumstances. Inside, Tulane's tiles have been combined with artifacts from Deburau's immense personal collection to transform Rouard's ballroom into a nearly exact replica of the Temple of the Magician in the ancient Mayan city of Uxmal.

The Holy Terror

As if the investigators didn't have enough problems already, they realize late in the adventure that someone is shadowing them. When the Keeper deems it appropriate, he should have his players make a Luck roll: Those characters who succeed note a young blond-haired man staring at them over a newspaper—or, say, peering up at **their window** from the banquette. Other occurrences make them paranoid: **They come home to find their apartments ransacked**, for example.

Investigators who decide to pursue the person following them are led on a merry chase through whatever section of the city they happen to be in (consult Chapter Three: The waterfront is an excellent setting for a chase scene). Unfortunately, just when the player characters are convinced they have trapped their prey, they round a corner into a **secluded alleyway** or vacant lot and find that he has vanished. An **intensive search of the area** with a Spot Hidden uncovers a **narrow channel behind some crates, Barrels, or other refuse**. **The shaft** descends into the city's unspeakably foul sewer system (PC's must make periodic CON x 5 checks to avoid getting sick). Investigators could wander around the maze of cisterns for hours without discovering a **sign of the blond man**, but have an excellent chance of drowning or being **swept into the Mississippi**. An Idea roll inspires player characters to **examine the sewer walls** with another Spot Hidden roll, however: With luck, they find a secret door that opens into a set of stairs that spirals even further into the earth, beneath the **sewers**, where another set of tunnels lies.

The investigators need several successful Navigate rolls to keep from becoming completely lost in the dank, low-ceilinged, lightless caverns (Keepers in a sadistic mood might populate the tunnels with a few city-bred alligators to terrorize their players). Periodically, stairs lead upward to the sewers, or to other sections of the city. Eventually, however, one tunnel terminates in a huge, locked iron door (STR 40) decorated by a green Elder Sign. Behind the door lies the Holy Brotherhood's high-arched headquarters, built from stone dating back to Napoléon's time, and lit by tapering, flickering torches. The torture chamber looks particularly fearsome in this light, something out of Poe or de Sade.

The investigators only get to wander around La Santa Hermandad's headquarters for a few minutes, however, before the blond man—Alain Kristel, a high-ranking Brother—steps out of the shadows, pointing his gun at them. He demands that they immediately tell him why they are investigating Louis Deburau and The Feathered Serpents, or he will kill them on the spot.

As Kristel's statistics indicate, he is a formidable opponent. A Capuchin monk and lifelong member of the Brotherhood, Kristel assassinated Louis Deburau as the culmination of La Santa Hermandad's seventy-

Brother ALAIN KRISTEL, Anti-Mythos Fanatic, age 25



STR 14 CON 16 SIZ 13
INT 13 POW 13 DEX 15
APP 16 EDU 20 SAN 53
HP 15

Damage Bonus: +1d4

Weapons: P08 Luger 62%, damage 1d10

Fist/Punch 75%, damage 1d3 + 1d4 + Martial Arts

Knife 33%, damage 1d4 + 1d4

Grapple 40%, damage special + Martial Arts

Kick 55%, damage 1d6 + 1d4 + Martial Arts

Skills: Art (Singing) 44%, Catechism 93%, Cihuitu Mythos 12%, Climb 64%, Conceal 77%, Credit Rating 38%, Dodge 36%, Drive Auto 73%, First Aid 70%, Hide 80%, Jump 54%, Listen 79%, Martial Arts 83%, Navigate 44%, Occult 24%, Sneak 83%, Spot Hidden 54%, Torture Suspect 25%, Track 66%; **Languages:** English 72%, French 90%, Latin 33%

GEORGE MODOT, a.k.a. "Jamie Stardust" [soul/mind of "Louis Deburau"], age 23



STR 11 CON 14 SIZ 12
INT 17 POW 20 DEX 14
APP 10 EDU n/a SAN 0
HP 13

Damage Bonus: None

Spells: Contact **Yibb-Tstil**, Create Elder Sign, Implant Fear, Mind Transfer, **Summon/Bind** Nightgaunt, **Summon/Bind** The Black, The Waking Slumber (see below), Wrack

Skills: Anthropology 85%, Archeology 71%, Astronomy 41%, Credit Rating 41%, **Cthulhu** Mythos 44%, Dreaming 93%, Dream Lore 74%, History 63%, Occult 27%; Languages: Choctaw 63%, English 96%, French 95%, **Queche** 30%, Spanish 50%

THE **WAKING SLUMBER**: temporarily breaks down the barriers between this plane and the Dreamlands, causing the two **dimensions** to exist in the same time and place. Requires a complicated set of serpent people information tiles, each inscribed to **Yibb-Tstil** and christened with 20 **siz** worth of **sentients'** blood. A large **group** of people must perform the chant which activates the dimensional transfer; the caster must expend 5 MP and 1 point of **POW** for every minute he wishes the juxtaposition to last. Useful for physically interacting with **creatures** from the Dreamlands. **SAN losses** are halved while the spell is in effect due to its narcotic effects. This **spell costs** 2d3 **SAN** to cast.

year investigation into his activities. Deducing that "Deburau" was merely the current identity of a sorcerous symbiote that had been hopping from body to body over the centuries, the Brotherhood gave the order to kill Deburau after learning of Twilight of the Fifth Sun, which the Brothers were convinced was the cover for some heinous Mythos ritual. Through the Brotherhood's many spies, Kristel learned that the investigators were digging into Deburau's death, he decided to shadow them, to make sure they weren't confederates of the dead man, planning on continuing his blasphemous work. Kristel still inclines to that theory, and is very hostile toward the investigators. He will divulge little of what he knows, unless the PC's somehow manage to overpower him physically. If the PC's capture him underneath St. Louis Cathedral, a shrill whistle from Kristel summons 1d10 more Brothers to the rescue, all of whom have the same statistics as he.

A dangerous loose cannon, **Kristel's** role in the adventure hinges on what the investigators decide to tell him about what they've learned. Primarily, he wants to scare the PC's off the case, and demands an oath that they will give up any activities involving the Mythos before he allows them to leave his presence alive. If they confess suspicions about Jamie Stardust, he lets them go, but appears at Twilight of the Fifth Sun to kill Stardust (see below). In any case, Kristel has no desire to get chummy with the player characters; the members of the Holy Brotherhood trust no one but each other.

Alternatively, investigators may hit upon the idea of searching the French Opera House ruins after reading Player Aid #1 (page 83), thereby discovering the entrance to La **Santa Hermandad's** tunnels without chasing Kristel (see pages 20 and 24). In that case, their confrontation begins when Kristel steps out of the shadows to stop them from trespassing on his headquarters. The tone of the conversation then starts with, "Who are you and what are you doing here?" rather than "Why are you investigating Deburau?"

The Gate-crashers

The Keeper should have The Feathered Serpents' tableau ball, Twilight of the Fifth Sun, occur soon after the investigators encounter Kristel, to give the adventure's climax a note of dramatic urgency. The party begins with a parade down St. Charles Avenue from **Tulane** to the Garden District—the **krewe** members and their attendants are decked out in Aztec, Mayan, and Mexican costumes, aboard floats that depict scenes from Mexican Indian wars with the Conquistadors, and the like. At nine o'clock the party is in full swing at Yves **Rouard's** estate (use the "Garden District Mansion" map on page 36 for reference).

The first obstacle the player characters have to overcome is actually sneaking into the party. Generally speaking, the most guest-populated areas are the ballroom, main hall, dining room, library, colonnades, and garden (where the band and dancers are). The kitchens are manned by 2d8 black servants at all times. Large, ill-tempered bodyguards in tuxedos periodically patrol the house and grounds to keep the peace. **Unless** they plan on being discovered immediately, the investigators will somehow have to acquire costumes—drunken **guests** heading into the rear bushes to relieve themselves, or lustful couples rendezvousing in the bedrooms upstairs, are useful in this regard. Black investigators must get their hands on servants' uniforms in order to proceed undercover.

Once that problem **has** been solved, the investigators have a chance to mingle while plotting their next move. The **crème** de la creme of New Orleans high society is at the Rouard house, among them gubernatorial candidate Huey Long and oil magnate Jean **Lafitte**. Marcel Franju, in sombrero and bandoliers, is constantly dashing from the ballroom to the phone in the library, in the middle of yet another cotton-related crisis. Francis Whitwell, dressed as Montezuma, comes over and strikes up a conversation with costumed investigators, not recognizing them at first. Should he discover their identities, he will raise an alarm and have Rouard's goons eject them from the premises. **Alain Kristel**, quite a sight in his Spanish marquis's **finery**, sees through the player characters' deception immediately—since they have disobeyed his order to stay away from the Deburau family, he decides to pick them off one by one, with his martial **arts** skills, if he can get them alone.

Béatrice Deburau and Jamie Stardust, inseparable, remain in the **ball-**room throughout the party. The huge chamber has, indeed, been transformed into a Mayan temple, covered from floor to ceiling in the weird, metallic serpent people mosaic tiles (a **Cthulhu** Mythos roll suggests they form some sort of gate). Mrs. Deburau, acting on "Louis'" instructions, is implementing the party game he designed—servants **affix** a small piece of paper, each of which has a different three-letter syllable on it, to each guest's back. The guests have been told that when the syllables are read off each other's backs at midnight, they will spell out some ribald quatrain. The attendants replace any paper the investigators remove from a guest's back immediately, and player characters interfering with the game's progress further will be nabbed and tossed out by the bodyguards.

Confronting Stardust now proves fairly unproductive. A serpent man whose consciousness was somehow banished from his home city of **Hlanith**, in the Dreamlands, he has spent his three centuries on Earth wandering from host to host, eventually **finding** the tiles required to cast The Waking Slumber, the spell that might get him home, in the New World (as Deburau, he originally married **Béatrice** Franju because her family owned bayou land in which important burial mounds lay). He has waited centuries to escape his exile, and he's not about to let the investigators stop him now. In the city, he wards off physical attacks with spells, summoned **night-**gaunts, or The Black (consult *CoC* 5.1, p. 125); at the party, Mrs. Deburau prevents investigators from pestering Stardust by summoning **Rouard's** thugs. "Louis" assumed the identity of Stardust after he was forced into George **Modot's** body because he knew that his mystical **snowjob** was the only way to gain his wife's undying loyalty ... and thereby gain admittance to the tableau ball.

At midnight the party guests assemble, conga-line style, and read the syllables off each other's backs; this is the chant that casts The Waking Slumber. When this happens, Stardust yanks the triangular-shaped pendant off Mrs. Deburau's neck ("Louis" asked her to wear it to the ball) and inserts it in a recess near the ballroom's mantelpiece. It glows a lime green, signifying that the final piece of the spell **has** fallen into place. For a moment, nothing happens; the **party-goers** exchange disappointed looks over the nonsensical (to them) phrases they just chanted.

Then, everyone in the house is filled with inexplicable dread; a **SAN** check is required. Those who fail lose 1d3 points as they hear the buzz of many huge, alien insects erupt around them. The shadows of dense jungle foliage are **thrown** against the walls, and the mansion's **rooms** fill with a sultry, cloudy mist. Everyone and **everything** in the house seems much fur-

ther away than usual **as** the Jungle of Kled suddenly materializes in our world, and vice-versa—and rising out of the center of the ballroom, slowly, silently revolving in place, is the hideous form of Yibb-Tstll, a host of nightgaunts nibbling at its toxic teats. SAN losses for seeing Yibb-Tstll are 1d3/1d10 (half of normal; see below).

Jamie Stardust throws up his arms to the Outer God, a joyful expression on his face. “O Great Patient One, I bid you welcome! I beseech you to transport me bodily back to your plane! In return for this service, I offer as a most unworthy sacrifice—these humans!”

Yibb-Tstll’s incomprehensible expression does not change, but a cloud of nightgaunts detaches from its bosom and descends on the by-now screaming and panicking revelers, trying to snatch **as** many as they can and bring them to Yibb-Tstll to be **devoured** (assume all the nightgaunts’ statistics are the same as the one on page 74). Stardust’s body starts to glow, and another form is superimposed on it: that of a crimson robed-serpent man, mimicking his movements like a scaly reflection. The two figures begin to merge together, crackling with ozone and light. Within, say, **fifteen** combat rounds, the transformation is complete, and the **Dreamscape** vanishes, **2d10** party-goers lost to our world **forever**—

—unless the investigators stop Stardust. Thanks to the narcotic effects of *The Waking Slumber*, halve all SAN losses for the duration of the battle. This should even the odds somewhat (characters who do go insane suffer nightmare effects, as per the table on *CoC* 5.1 pp. 194-5, though). The investigators can play out their *Night of the Living Dead* fantasies, fighting off the flapping, tittering horde of nightgaunts with pieces of furniture as the Faceless Ones roar through the house, snatching anybody they find. No one can leave the house—the grounds stretch off into the Jungle of Kled—but investigators have a few options to reverse the spell’s effects:

- **Kill Stardust.** This is the most obvious and expedient method, but it has its drawbacks. An Idea roll tells investigators that by killing Stardust, George **Modot’s** soul will be forever cut off from its rightful **body**—wherever his soul may be. Additionally, thanks to the spell’s weird spatial distortion, it takes investigators 1-4 combat rounds to reach Stardust, no matter where they are, a tangle of hysterical guests, murderous **nightgaunts**, quicksand, and overturned furniture between them and him.

Even if they reach Stardust, Mrs. Deburau throws herself in front of him, refusing to allow him to come to harm. This doesn’t slow down **Alain Kristel**, though, who may beat the investigators to the alleged voodooist—cursing himself for delaying in **attacking** his victim—and who will shoot **Beatrice** in order to get her out of his way. Stardust goes berserk if Beatrice is harmed, **locking** himself in a struggle with **Kristel**. This prevents both men from **attacking** the investigators, buying them more time.

- ~~Wear~~ **Wear** Stardust down. Within four minutes—at peak form—Stardust will run out of magic points and the spell will end. The investigators can concentrate on stopping the nightgaunts from kidnaping party-goers, thus depriving Yibb-Tstll of his sacrificial lambs. If, when the four minutes are up, no party-goers have been successfully brought to the Patient One, he and the Jungle of Kled vanish. Exhausted, Deburau’s consciousness dissipates into limbo.

Destroy the glowing **tile**. The tile on the mantelpiece—the one Mrs. Deburau wore as a pendant—glows and flashes throughout the duration



of the spell. It is the cornerstone of the dimensional gate, and if removed or destroyed (it **has** 10 HP), the spell ends abruptly. Stardust's screams echo through the space between the planes, and investigators see the "mirror image" of the serpent man implode in a flash of light. **His** body slumps to the ground, unconscious. (Stardust is aware of the importance of the tile, of course, and will defend it with his life, unless he is otherwise occupied by **Kristel** or other investigators.)

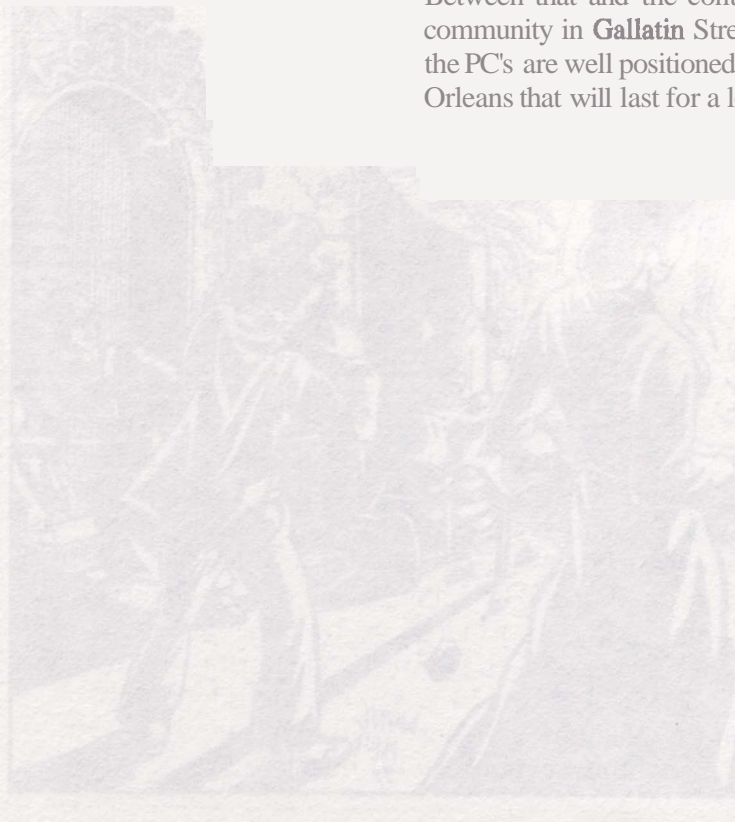
When the Jungle of Kled fades back to unreality, the party-goers slump to their **knees**, sobbing, **spent**, exhausted. **Kristel** disappears into the darkness, reluctantly admitting that the investigators have earned a brief reprieve from the wrath of The Holy Brotherhood. Mrs. **Deburau** cradles Stardust in her **arms**, begging her not to leave him. Eventually, he opens his eyes and looks around, as if **waking** from a deep sleep.

"Did anyone get the license **plate** number of **that** car?" he **asks**, confused. George **Modot's** soul has been returned to his body.

Conclusion

George **Modot** will most likely be blamed for the events at Twilight of the Fifth Sun—the police will assume the "faker" drugged the party punch, or something of that sort—and faces a lengthy prison term. However, that fate is preferable to the one the investigators rescued him from: eternity trapped in Louis Deburau's moldering corpse. For this, and for thwarting **Deburau's** plot, they **earn** 2d6 points of SAN each (if they have to **kill** George **Modot's** body to succeed, **reduce** the reward to 1d6 points).

Franju (if still alive) handsomely rewards the investigators for "rescuing" his sister from **Stardust's** clutches during the party. For that matter, the player characters have rescued some powerful people at Twilight of the Fifth Sun—grateful Creoles who could become potential clients or allies. Between that and the contacts they've made at **Tulane**, the underworld community in **Gallatin** Street, and the voodoo culture of Rampart Street, the PC's are well positioned to set up an occult investigationservice in New Orleans that will last for a long, long time.



Player Aid #1

from the New Orleans
Times-Picayune
November 4, 192-

**BELOVED PHILANTHROPIST SLAIN IN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT****Police Scour Quarter for Death
Car Driver****Heroic Negro Fails to Revive
Victim**

Louis Deburau, noted charity organizer and amateur historian, died after being struck by a car as he left a friend's house on Fourth Street. Eyewitnesses report that the driver of the car, a blond Caucasian, swerved directly into Mr. Deburau as he attempted to cross the street. After committing this atrocious act of violence, the driver callously drove away as if nothing had happened.

George Modot, a Negro musician who bore witness to this heinous deed, pulled the mortally wounded Deburau to the side of the road and attempted to revive him, but to no avail. Mr. Modot himself fell unconscious from the strain of his exertions, and was rushed to Charity Hospital. The doctors there report he is on his way to a swift recovery. Tragically, Mr. Deburau was not so lucky: He expired from his injuries on the way to Charity, in the ambulance.

The murder weapon, a 1918 Ford Model A, was found abandoned minutes later on the corner of Bourbon and Toulouse, in front of the remains of the Opera House. Police later determined that the car had been reported stolen by someone in that same neighborhood earlier in the day. The assassin has yet to be caught, and police ask all citizens to report any intelligence on this vicious crime to Inspector O'Donnell at Police Headquarters.

Mr. Deburau, who was fifty-four years of age at the time of his death, dedicated his life to sewing the civic and historical interests of New Orleans. Founder of the Southern Louisiana Archaeological Society, a frequent contributor to charities benefiting the Choctaw and Houma Indians, Deburau also personally funded and supervised excavations of Indian burial mounds in our neighboring parishes. He donated most of his findings, and a generous endowment, to Tulane University's Department of Middle-America Research. Professor Francis P. Whitwell of that esteemed institution told this reporter, "To lose such a great man and brilliant scholar in such a senseless manner is a double tragedy. I mourn the loss of my friend, and this city should mourn the loss of one of its finest citizens."

Mr. Deburau is survived by his wife of seven years, Béatrice. A memorial service in his honor will be held on Friday at the Schettino Family Funeral Home. All are invited.

**Player Aid #2**

from *Fifty Years on
Jackson Square*
(New Orleans, 1906)

Readers of a sensitive nature may be shocked to learn that the French marquises used Jackson Square as their Place des Armes, back when public executions were the pleasant diversions of the day. If the Square could speak, what stories might it tell! For example, the old records tell us of a scoundrel named Deburau, who met his Creator where the effigy of "Old Hickory" now stands. Deburau had been banished from his native France for unnamed crimes, and angered Governor Bienville by selling arms to hostile Indians in exchange for a handful of their worthless trinkets. Strangely, on the morning of his execution, Deburau swore up and down that he was not the man the authorities thought he was, but in reality was the priest who had visited him in his cell the night before, to read him his last rites! This fanciful last-minute plea for clemency failed to impress our French fathers, however, and the mad traitor met the firing squad with nary a delay.

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- **The Serpent and the Rainbow* (1988), 98 min. Dir. Wes Craven.
- A Streetcar Named Desire* (1955), 122 min. Dir. Elia Kazan

Music:

Playing New Orleans, "Dixieland"-style jazz during your gaming sessions is a simple way to evoke the mood of the Crescent City in players. Recordings of Jelly Roll Morton, Louis **Armstrong**, and other 1920's-era artists can be found in most decent-sized libraries; numerous contemporary musicians, such as the Preservation Hall Jazz Band, continue to record old-time favorites such as "Basin Street Blues" for new generations of listeners.

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