



THE BOOK OF SIGILS



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THE BOOK OF SIGILS



Castle
Falkenstein

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The **Book** *of* **Sigils**

Also Known As
The Savile Manuscript
A Discourse on Magical Practice and
Organization in the World of New
Europa with notes on its application to
the Adventure Entertainment
Castle Falkenstein

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Stock Number: CF6041
ISBN #: 0-937279-61-7

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COMPOSER'S PROLOGUE, & A DISCLAIMER

I will not describe here how I came into possession of this manuscript; it was a long, confused, difficult story. The original is a handwritten manuscript, prepared at various times, and toward the end in a great hurry; it was often, as another fantasist once said, “crabbedly written and damnably long.” My purpose, simply enough, was to adapt Anthony Savile’s often discursive and arcane memoir to the use of those interested in the world of New Europa, both for its own sake and as part of constructing Adventurous Entertainments. This, of course, while trying to preserve Savile’s particular style of observation.

To that end I have done some (I hope) judicious trimming, inserted gaming sidebars (and a few explanatory emendations into the text proper) and modernized or clarified some Victorian usages—as well as Americanized Savile’s spelling, for which I don’t expect to be forgiven.

Now the Disclaimer. The cultures and folklore described in this book are those of New Europa, a world similar in many ways to, but different from, the Earth of its current publication. Some details are close or identical; others differ, sometimes wildly. No effort, aside from a few comments by Mr. Anthony Savile on his discussions with Mr. Thomas Olam, has been made to identify these differences. The world—either world—is a large and vastly complex place, and even an observer as widely traveled as Mr. Savile has been forced to condense, simplify, and omit. If the account seems to misrepresent or caricature the peoples of Terrestrial history, it is unintentional.

Hosts and Players are, it should go without saying, welcome to incorporate their own knowledge of history and folklore into their Entertainments; those who would like to learn more are directed to the Bibliography, and that most worthy of institutions, the public library.

And as for another matter that seems to concern people, let me quote Charles Williams, from his historical work *Witchcraft*: “No one will derive any knowledge of initiation from this book; if he wishes to meet ‘the tall, black man’ or to find the proper method of using the Reversed Pentagram, he must rely on his own heart, which will, no doubt, be one way or other sufficient.”

—The Editor

TERMINOLOGY

This book uses standard terms for concepts common to all Sorcerous Orders. The Orders themselves do no such thing; indeed, they delight in using elaborate and mysterious names for quite commonplace things, particular terms for what everyone does.

ORDER

An organization of sorcerers with Lore, Symbolism, and Artefacts in common. There is no other strict definition of an Order; some are very highly structured, others (particularly those outside the developed regions) have little or no formal organization.

Orders may use that term; they may also be Lodges, Houses, Foursquares, Ancient Companies, Brotherhoods, Grand Seals, and so forth. An Order in fact usually has two names: its formal title (The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn) and the shorter name everyone knows it by (The Golden Dawn).

MEMBER

Someone who has taken the oaths and been inducted into an Order. That obvious definition out of the way, there are several degrees of Membership:

Novices are new inductees, who have displayed Talent, but still know little about the actual practice of Magick. They are in the process of being taught the Secrets, including not just the Lore and Rituals but the language and symbolism necessary to understand them. Novices can sometimes cast spells, but this is unreliable and risky.

Journeyman are "full Members", who have a working mastery of spellcraft. They have voting rights within the Order. Most sorcerers are at Journeyman level, and for one reason or another most do not rise past it.

Masters are the "professional class", proven experts in sorcery. They have the governance of the Order, and in return give the Order some service, known as a Donation. Masters are also commonly called Adepts.

Grand Masters are the elders of sorcery, extremely knowledgeable wizards, often though not always of advanced age. (Because of this, while a Grand Master inevitably has a great store of knowledge, they may not in fact be "more powerful" than younger Masters. This does not affect the deference and respect they receive.) A Grand Master is also known as an Adeptus Magnus, or an Ipsissimus.

Affiliates are non-sorcerers who have been granted a limited membership status by an Order. These are usually technical specialists in some area of importance to the Order who exchange information. Affiliates may also be known as Honorary Members or Technical Associates.

TALENT

The ability to practice Sorcery. While everyone (and everything) has some contact with the Thaumic Energy that drives magick, only the Talented have any hope of using it; the others can only contribute their power to rituals performed by true sorcerers.

There seems to be some inheritance of Talent, but this is not reliable; the children of wizards are somewhat more likely to show it than others, but it may pop up anywhere. (Some believe that Talent is entirely random, and any favor for wizards' children comes solely from the fact that they are always closely watched for signs of Talent.)

LORE

Those Secrets of the Order that deal directly with spellcasting; the ancient texts of the spells themselves. Lorebooks are the most closely guarded Secrets; if a sorcerer is a member of more than one Order, it is understood that he will not share any Lore between them.

SECRETS

Everything an Order possesses that is not for public knowledge. This includes Lore, Sigils, details of rituals, and anything else the Order defines as a Secret (for instance, the location of a hidden passage in a Chapterhouse).

In some Orders, the existence of the organization itself is a Secret; these are usually small groups whose activities are antisocial or illegal.

SYMBOLS & OTHER GRAPHIC REPRESENTATIONS OF THE ORDER

Blazons are the Order's public heraldry; the eye in the pyramid of the Bayerischen Illuminati is an example. Members proudly display Blazons on their clothing and jewelry, and a Chapterhouse will show them on everything from wall hangings to upholstery and bathroom tile. (The Victorian period was a highly decorated age, extremely fussy and overdecorated by the standards of late 20th-Century Earth; the development of machine mass production made it possible to stamp or cast identifying marks into just about anything.)

Sigils are the secret identifying marks recognized only by Members, sometimes only certain Chapters or Degrees. A Masonic handshake is a Sigil, since (at least in theory) only Masons know how to give it, or recognize it when given.

Some Sigils are “open secrets”, known in fact to people outside the Order—such as the Masons’ handshake mentioned—but still considered its private property, not to be used, and certainly not discussed or written about, by outsiders. Others are rather mundane, such as a monthly password.

CHAPTER

A subgroup of an Order—e.g., the London Chapter of the Order of Eleusis. In urban areas, Chapters tend to focus on cities, and city pride may color them—a Paris Chapter is likely to think itself somewhat better than one in Gascony or Alsace-Lorraine. In less developed areas, a Chapter may consist simply of those sorcerers who can conveniently gather for discussion and ritual work, and some Orders, notably the Prosperians, have no Chapter structure at all.

Splinter Orders are often so small that all the Members can gather in one room, making the idea of Chapters somewhat irrelevant; however, these groups may insist that a lone member living separately is the “Innsbrück Chapter” of the otherwise all-Viennese Order. While all Orders are given to exalted forms and exotic language, they become terribly important if you have little else to show off.

CHAPTERHOUSE

The place where the Order meets. It may be a specific, dedicated building, an outdoor ritual area, or a temporary space. The organization and structure of Chapterhouses is discussed more fully elsewhere.

POTION

A magickal spell produced as a chemical preparation. The energy of the spell is invested during its creation in the usual way, but the effect is delayed until the Potion is used.

SACRED PLACE

A generic term for a place that has acquired inherent magickal power through repeated ritual use over a long period of time. The term has nothing to do with good or evil; many “Sacred Places” are sacred to beings of a quite unholy nature.

LIFE FORCE & SOULS

Everything, according to New European magickal theory, is composed of Thaumic Energy. Solid matter is Energy condensed into material form. There are two types of immaterial, spiritual energy: the Life Force, which all living things, from houseplants to humans, possess; and the Soul. People, it is agreed, have Souls; the theologians argue about what other creatures may possess them.

The Life Force also known in various cultures as the *gros bon ange*, *prana*, and *ki* is universally present. When a living thing comes into being, some of the Life Force becomes interwoven with its material substance. When this “vital spark” is extinguished by death, the energy unravels and returns to the universal field. This force is the source of the Spiritual Aspect [♠].

The Soul, known as the *ti bon ange*, *kami*, *spirit*, *kundalini*, or *ka* is the spiritual essence of a being with self-awareness; the location of personality, will, and the conscious intellect. Unlike the Life Force, the Soul is a specific and unique Thaumic construction. When the being possessing it dies, the Soul leaves the ordinary world. Where it goes then is the subject of much debate. The Soul embodies the Emotional Aspect [♥] of magick.

LIFE & DEATH

A living being is one with either, or both of, its Life Force or Soul intact. A dead being is, of course, a being in which the life processes have stopped functioning, and a loss of both Life Force and Soul has occurred.

UNDEATH

Undead with Souls but no Life Force are exemplified by the True Vampirs (i.e., not the Seelie variety). These have the intellect and personality they possessed in life (though it has often become warped), but must absorb the Life Force of others to prevent the decomposition of their physical selves. Human blood or flesh are the commonest sources; an Oriental variety feeds upon spinal fluid. There are no known vegetarian Vampirs, though some of the Mummies of Egypt are reported to draw strength from tana leaves. If the energy is not replenished, the Vampir will lose animation, and eventually crumble to dust. All these forms of Undeath are, of course, magickally induced, through dark spells or curses; these spells vary much in their effects. Some forms can be transmitted from the Undead to the living; others can only injure and kill their victims, not make them new Undead.

REVENANTS & SPIRITS

Revenants and Spirits are disembodied Souls. Most of these are a Soul that has departed its body, but remains trapped on this plane of existence. Some simply are not aware they are dead, while others are kept here until they have fulfilled some kind of task. These ghostly missions often require the assistance of the living for their completion: the recovery of some object, or clearing the reputation of the ghost’s former self, dishonored in life. When the task is complete, the ghost generally departs.

Some of the most dangerous, and rarest, Spirits seem never to have been human, but have been summoned from another plane of existence to do the summoner’s will—destroy his enemies, or guard a particular place.

PROLOGUE



hear constantly of Death knocking,” Oscar Wilde once said to me, “yet he has a deplorable habit of entering unannounced.” I fear that Oscar is right: Survivors of ghastly battles and countless duels are run down by cabs on foggy corners, or shot like dogs by wronged husbands; the adventuress who has waltzed merrily through a hundred intrigues chokes in a café; the doctor who lives among lepers dies of a cold in the chest.

Just so it seems that I, who have been chased by the Wild Hunt on three continents, duelled with powerful sorcerers (and run away from more powerful ones), and stood on the brink of any number of abysses both figurative and actual, shall very shortly catch a plain lead bullet or a length of ordinary steel. If, that is, they do not simply set the house afire and bar the exits until structure and occupant are both reduced to charred skeletons.

They may do that anyway, in the hopes of destroying this manuscript. Unless matters miscarry most severely, however, the book will shortly be where all the fires of the Earth cannot touch it. All the fires, I mean, of this particular Earth.

I should like to go along with it, but that is impossible. It is one thing to move words from one pile of paper to another, quite a different thing to move souls between flesh. I learned that at Victor Frankenstein’s side. I wonder if Victor ever figured it out, in the long black night of the North, before the deep dark night of the soul.

But then, Victor was a Romantic. I don’t mean that I look forward to losing my life; we’ve been together as long as I can remember. But what Oscar said about Death is true: Life, however cautious or protected, is a gamble that one eventually loses. In the gambling halls of the world (and I have been in many of them), they applaud the man who wins, but they speak with awe of the man who loses it all and exits smiling.

By now I suppose you want to know who I am. All names, as any sorcerer will tell you, are both reality and illusion, power over a thing and merely its shadow. The map is not the territory, but you’ll get lost without it. I have, at various times and places, been called Anthony Savile, Colin St. George Blessent, Louis-Phillipe de Merteuil, Henry Clerval, Aristotle of Nicchos, Rodolfo Lasparri, The Blue Paladin, Hears-Oaks-Speaking, and Walks West Man. To name a few.

Once I stood on a peak in the Rocky Mountains of North America, in the company of a woman called Maes Glyn Dwr. We were nearly two miles above the faraway sea; it was July and there was snow all around us. To those of you who have seen only the Alps or Pyrenées, or even the Atlas range, the Rockies can hardly be expressed; on your map, they would reach from Antwerp to Athens.

I said as much to Maes, who agreed. And then Maes said, “But you can take them back. You have seen them, stood upon them, and now they are always with you.”

The secrets of the world cannot be lost, only kept. If every sealed book of every sorcerers’ lodge in and under the world were to be printed in a threepenny edition and hawked on streetcorners, the world would be little different. No one could possibly master a fraction of the material, even the sub-fraction of it that is true to begin with. A lifetime would scarcely suffice just to read it all.

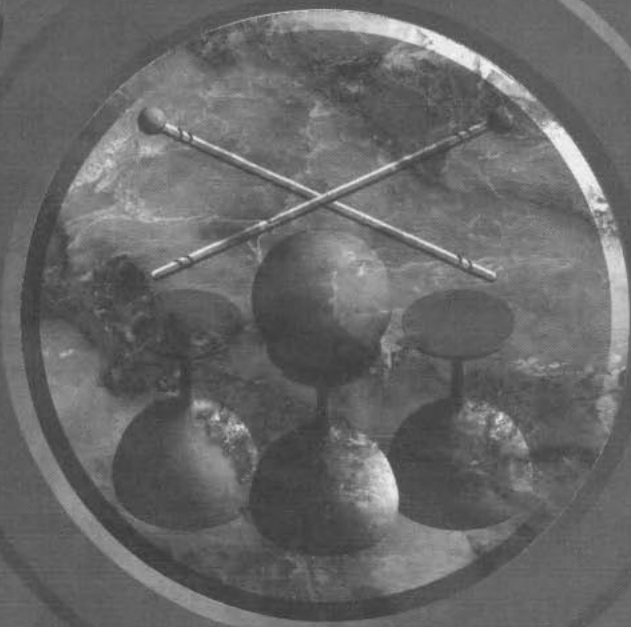
Well, just so. What I have stolen from the wizards are some words in books, a few historical facts, and a great deal of folklore, sound, and fury that signifies nothing much at all. And everything I stole is still where I found it, ready and able to be stolen again and again.

I imagine you are reading this in the hope of learning secrets. I shall try to oblige. But this is the first secret, the Secret of Secrets, that however many times I broke my oaths to the Orders of men, I always kept faithfully: The world (my world, your world, any world) is a treasurehouse, which when plundered with the open eye and attentive ear is only more enriched. I am told, across the Veil, that your world has a da Vinci, a Rembrandt, a Bach, and a Mozart. Impress their work into your mind, and you only multiply it.

And even the wizards cannot burn every house in the world.

—“Anthony Savile”
London, 1871

NARRATIVE
PART ONE:



THE LONG
EVENTFUL HISTORY

L

ike most sorcerers, I have long ago given up my birth name. Magic is about change, and before changing the world, one must change oneself.

My father was the actor-manager of a small touring company. My mother, who was Welsh, was the leading lady. I was born on the circuit somewhere between the Severn and Harlech. My first speaking role was, inevitably, as Peaseblossom, but soon enough I was playing Macduff's son and Falstaff's boy. Either way I ended up dead in the fourth act.

There was an old man named Huw in our company, who was always playing wizards in long beards and high hats—Merlin, Glendower, Apollonius of Tyana. (Prospero was my father's property, of course.) For years I thought he was a real sorcerer. He so looked the part.

When I was twelve, my mother came into an inheritance large enough to buy a small theater in London, and our company settled into permanent quarters. It says something for my parents' relationship, I think, that they chose this rather than a modest retirement west of the Wye. But then, this was London in the early days of Her Majesty's long reign, when Steam was a novelty and the London sky could still be blue.

I came into my power at fourteen, still a little eyas, playing Hamlet. Make no mistake, this was done for curiosity value, not any special gifts of mine for the role. Some years before, there had been a thirteen-year-old Hamlet in London, a genuine prodigy known as "Master Betty" (I do not jest), who drew fabulous audiences and even more fabulous sums of money. It seemed worth a try, and my father was anyway growing too old for the part. So he was Claudius, my mother was Ophelia, I was the prince, and the German alienists may analyze it as they please.

I stood on the battlements of Elsinore, in a wreath of stage fog, charging Huw to appear as old Hamlet's ghost. I saw the ghost; I can see it now, gaunt and gray and actually transparent. I heard the audience gasp, but I was too tense to really comprehend what I was seeing—until Huw, quite solid, his beard a black crepe powdered, came walking through the apparition, and said "Mark me."

I didn't mark him much. I got through the performance only because I was paying no real attention to anything but my next line. (The *Telegraph* critic praised my ironic detachment.) And the next day Ben Savile came to visit.

Master Sorcerer Benjamin Savile, Past President of the Cabinet of Cups and Wands (London Chapter), was an old friend of my father's; he would visit occasionally during our road company days. I found out much later that he had assisted in the purchase of our theater.

Ben is a short, stout, dark man, packed solid with humor and intensity. When he laughs, the room laughs; when he is angry, it trembles. He has a predilection—it is by no means a "weakness"—for causes. He marched with the London Suffragists; he resigned his Chapter Presidency—but no, that's a much later part of the story. At the time, I was a nascent sorcerer, and for Ben, that was a Cause.

The Cabinet of Cups and Wands is the theatrical Order. Most of its members provide effects for the theater (known as the Dramaturgical Craft); a few are actors who happen to have the Talent. A surprising number are actually stage conjurers, like Darien the Demiurge and The Great Nivlac, who make a point of using no real magic in their acts. This is not so paradoxical as it may sound. As Nivlac (born Calvin Jenkins of West Barnstable) put it, "As a sorcerer, I can do the spells in my book, after a headache-inducing concentration, and with the knowledge that if I rush matters just slightly too much, I will also create a public nuisance, possibly sunspots, and my nose will run for a week. But as a conjuror"—here he would produce a fan of cards, a rose, or a live white dove from midair—"I can do anything."

THE CABINET OF CUPS & WANDS

An order of sorcerers associated with the theater. Most are what would conventionally be called “technical stage managers”, operating the elaborate stage effects the Victorians delight in. Some are actors or actor-managers (actors who also run the business side of a company, usually also “directing” plays, though the “director’s” job does not yet exist). A fairly large number are conjurers—stage magicians.

This may seem odd in a society where stage magic is recognized as an entertainment using no actual supernatural means, and conjurers are among the foremost and most expert debunkers of “psychic phenomena.” But in New Europa, Magick is a demonstrably real phenomenon (though there are a fair number of phony sorcerers as well), and understood to be as rare and difficult a calling as, say, Paganini’s violin virtuosity. People are quite as willing to pay to be entertained by sorcerous illusions as those achieved by mechanical trickery and sleight of hand. (See also Nivlac’s comments, elsewhere in the text.)

Conjurer/Sorcerers delight in blurring the line between Craft and craftiness. They are looked down on somewhat by “pure” sorcerers, partly for that reason, partly for using their Talent for mere entertainment, and partly for using sorcery to earn a shilling.

The Cabinet members pass this off with a smile and a shrug. They are theater people, after all, and would for that reason be not quite respectable if they had no Talent. And even the most redoubtable sorcerers are known to back up their mystic powers with a sword-stick, a pocket pistol, or a lead-weighted reticule.

The Order’s symbol is crossed wands above three inverted cups (the Cups and Balls, one of the oldest known conjuring tricks). Usually one or more of the cups has a ball resting upon it, but the precise meaning of the balls is not known

outside the Order (and may in fact be meaningless, a joke on outsiders).

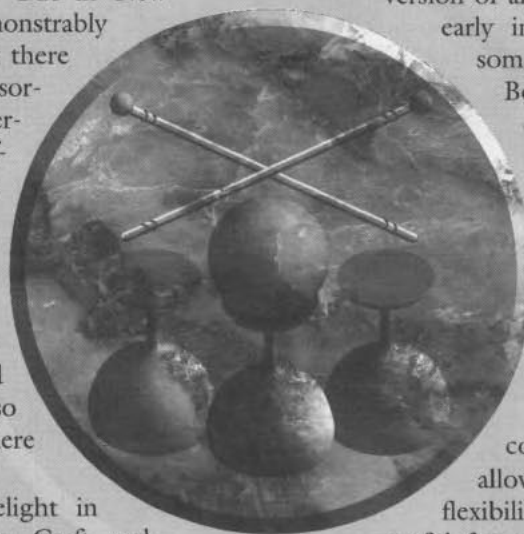
The presiding member at a Cabinet ritual wears a long white gown with a crimson overtunic, and carries a white birchwood ceremonial rod. (This will be recognized as the Magician of the Tarot deck, also known as the Juggler.) Other members usually wear plain gowns, with brooches or embroidery indicating rank. For the most important rituals, the mask and buskins (high shoes) of the ancient Greek theater are worn as well.

Zwinge’s Practicum

History & Secret Knowledge: A modern version of an ancient Yogic text, written early in the current century and sometimes known as “the Black Book.” It deals with physical enhancements of specific value to actors and other stage performers. *Mind-trap* (4♥) allows the temporary memorization of large amounts of text; it is used both by actors and “mentalist” conjurers (doing memory acts, or telepathy acts involving elaborate codes). *Contortion* (8♦) allows the user to enhance the flexibility of his limbs and joints, useful for escapes, concealment in odd spaces, and unusual “character” performances. *Control* (8♦) lets the user reduce breathing and heart rate (not, as is commonly believed, stop them utterly) and ignore pain and fear.

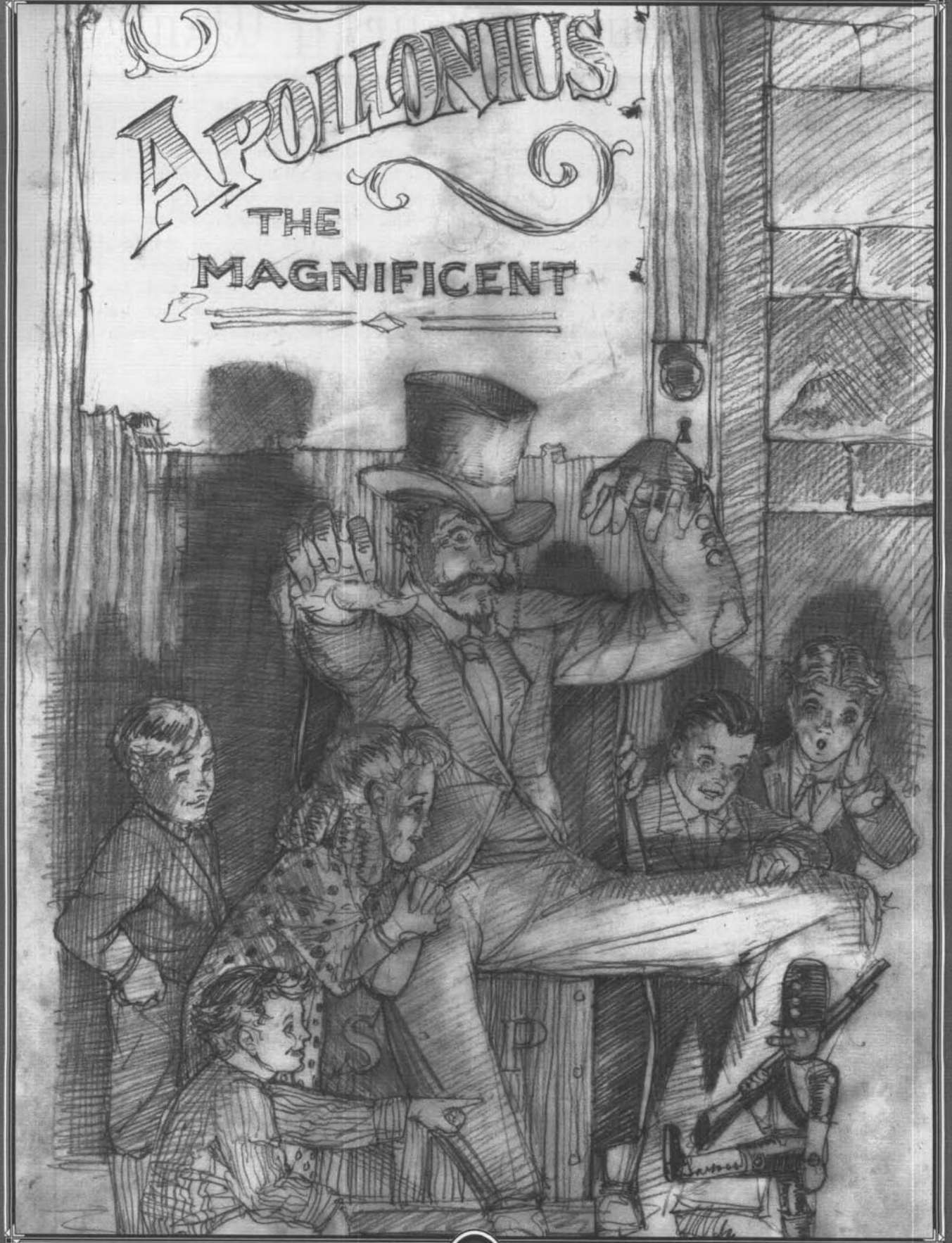
The Didi Papyrus

History & Secret Knowledge: A very ancient (Didi performed at the time the Pyramids were built) compilation of basic conjuring effects. *Transpose* (8♦) causes two objects of roughly the same size and weight to exchange places. *Vanish* (8♦) makes an object temporarily invisible. *Levitation* (6♦) allows an object to rise and fall (though it is not Telekinesis, and the object must be moved horizontally by some other means).



APOLLONIUS

THE
MAGNIFICENT



W

ith Ben standing for me, one might think that I was assured of admission to the Order. I will not be so disingenuous, or ungrateful, as to dismiss his support. But the Admissions Board are answerable to the entire Order for their decisions; no individual Member's favor can outweigh that. I met the three members of the Board at the London Chapterhouse, which is located in the theater district, not far from the Garrick Club. The room was small and comfortable. No one else was present, or allowed to enter during the session. Everyone was serious, but friendly; stress and fear tend to suppress the Talent (though they are often what first causes it to show itself). One of them did card tricks to distract me. (I learned later that this was the great John Nevil Maskelyne, who is famous on more than one side of the Faerie Veil.)

I was asked questions about my family and history. Those, I may say, unsettled me more than anything else that day; it was quite exceptional to have my family's trade received with respect and approval. Then I was asked about the manifestation on stage. Such projections, I would later learn, are a common first show of the Talent. Others receive clairsentient sendings, or flashes of power that propel them through some life-threatening crisis; with no disrespect meant to any Deity or its agents, we believe that many instances of "angelic" assistance through history have actually been the surfacings of latent Talent.

Of course, such power does not always come when needed, as I have reason to know.

I was surprised when the meeting seemed to end with nothing decided; we shook hands and I went home. We met again in a week, the questions this time being more personal and philosophical, and again a week after that.

At the fourth meeting, Maskelyne wrote some words and a symbol, like a diagram from a geometry text, on a paper. "I would like you to study these for a few minutes," he said. "Read the words aloud, and try to fix the diagram in your mind, so that you can call it up in your mind's eye."

The words were not English, or any of the other languages I could manage a few words in; they seemed meaningless syllables. (They were in fact a phonetic rendering of an ancient Middle Eastern dialect, words from the *Didi Papyrus*.) But while tricky, they were not so much trouble to memorize—I had managed Hamlet, after all.

Maskelyne held one of his cards on end with a fingertip. "Now, hold the sigillum—the diagram—firmly in your mind, and start to recite the incantation. When I release this card, I want you to try and keep it from falling over. Think through it: Imagine that it is a scenery flat, held up on fly ropes that you are holding taut. If you fail, don't worry; we'll just try it again. Ready?"

I began to chant, trying to see the lines and circles in traces of green fire in space. (This was my view, at fourteen. It is no longer how I evoke and invoke; but these things are so personal that to speak of them reveals nothing.) *Fly ropes*, I thought. Up through the pulleys above the stage, holding the flat upright and still.

Maskelyne lifted his finger. The card wobbled. I pulled hard on the rope. The card jumped upward an inch. I gasped, and my concentration broke, and the card fell down.

"Bravo!" said one of the examiners.

Maskelyne would explain to me that I had not only succeeded in casting a spell (to glorify it rather), but I had done the particular kind of action called for. Sometimes novices lost control and crumpled the card, or set it afire. These people would certainly not be disqualified, but much of their Novitiates would be spent on disciplining their control — not suppressing their imaginations, which is deadly to sorcery, but giving them the tools to imagine constructively.

APPLICATION & SPONSORSHIP

Sorcerers are expected to be observant of raw Talent in others, very much as a means of controlling who has access to the Mysteries. A young person with potential may be recruited or advised by a practicing wizard.

Some novices (or potential Novices) actively seek out Orders, after some incident that demonstrates Talent; this is quite acceptable, provided it is done with a reasonable amount of decorum and respect. A sorcerer needs a strong will, and often a touch of brashness.

Unhappily, many applicants have no actual Talent; they have mistaken a coincidence for an effect. Some are mentally disturbed; the Order will attempt to direct these to some kind of assistance, which is sadly rather limited in New Europa. And a few have genuine Talent, but are not able to display it to any reliable or useful degree.

These last, while they cannot become sorcerers proper, often continue to display small flashes of Thaumic power throughout their lives. They are responsible for many "hauntings" and poltergeist phenomena. Some of them become fake sorcerers, able to convince the indiscriminating with tricks and the rare touch of the really miraculous. Many of these are after wealth and attention, but some become charismatic "holy" men and women in whatever philosophy they follow.

It is not at all unusual for a sorcerer to propose a young person with potential to membership in a different Order. Magickal Talent is rare, and while an Order might wish to hoard potential new members for itself, it is understood that a novice should be directed where he may best develop. Sorcerers owe a loyalty to their Orders but their first loyalty is always to Sorcery itself. (Anthony Savile was to push the extreme limits of this principle.)

My dear Jonathan,

After considerable thought and counsel with my fellow members, I have decided that I cannot recom-

mend young Randolph to my Order. While he is an admirable young man, and clearly has the makings of a sorcerer, his temperament is simply not that of a Theosophist. It would be wrong for us—it would be wrong for him, to admit him here.

After observing his interests, and especially his aptitude for the material sciences, I propose to introduce Randolph to Dr. Augustus S. F. X. van Dusen of the Eleusinian Order. I believe Randolph will find their empirical ends, and energetic life, more to his liking than the ways of Theosophy.

I can hear Caroline's objections now. Do assure her that the Eleusinians are by no means "common policemen." They are a respected magickal society of great antiquity (I ask you to recall your Oedipus); Dr. van Dusen, you may recall, is a Fellow of the Royal Society.

If you have any questions, I am sure Sir Richard Datchery, the Order's London secretary, will be pleased to answer them, and of course I am always at your disposal.

*Yours as ever,
Elliot*



EXAMINATION

After being introduced, the candidate is required to pass a number of tests. Some of these are designed to establish genuine magickal aptitude; most are "tests of character." Naturally, none involves revealing any of the Order's Secrets, though a simplified, rote version of a spell may be given to the candidate (as described in Savile's narrative). Sometimes a candidate is given a fake Secret to test his ability to keep the real thing. Examination may take from one to two months, rarely less or more.

While it is a very guilty secret, Orders have been known to admit young people with very little Talent for the sake of their family connections. The principle is that, as long as the person has the character to keep Secrets, and act with reasonable responsibility, a weak sorcerer at least can't do that much damage. (This isn't true, but it's the excuse.)

Since much of the Order's lore is passed in written form, the candidate's ability to read is important. Anyone who is not literate, but has the Talent, is taught to read by the Order.

INITIATION

After the examination period, there is a ceremony of induction into the Order proper. All ceremonies are different (and the details are a Secret), but there are three common components:

SPONSORSHIP.

A member "speaks for" the novice and presents her to the Order. In some orders this is purely formal; in others, particularly the more secretive ones, the sponsor has responsibility for the inductee's actions until a probationary period ends.

CASTER'S PROOF.

The inductee must display magickal Talent. (She will have already done so for the examiners, but it must be formally done before the Order membership.) There are various ways to do this: making the candidate's aura visible, working together with a member on a group Gathering, doing "raw" magicks such as simple telekinesis. Among non-urban sorcerers, the inductee may be guided toward a revelatory dream, or other contact with the spirits that govern magick.

There are Orders, more rumored than precisely known, in which a group of candidates are locked inside a spell circle, and the one who leaves alive gets the membership.

THE CHALLENGE

The challenge is what the rites of initiation all lead up to. This stage of the initiation is where it is determined whether or not the candidate has what it takes to be a full-fledged member of a Sorcerous Order.

The challenge varies from order to order. Real physical danger is only a part of the challenge in more sinister orders, such as the Temple of Ra or the Carrefour de la Tour Rouge, although many of the more "primitive" orders include physical mutilation, such as scarification, in their challenges. Rather, the challenge is a mental ordeal, involving fear or humiliation. The challenge is meant to affect an initiate on an unconscious level, to force him to face his fear of death or physical harm, and realize that his eternal spirit is more important than his physical body.

Members of one Order who are joining another may have the challenge waived, as they have already passed one to join the Order they are presently a member of.

SAMPLE CHALLENGES

The Temple of Ra has members lie down in the middle of a cold, locked room. As the initiate lies there, cobras are released into the room. The annoyed cobras are drawn to the initiate's body heat. As long as the initiate conquers his fear and remains calm, he will survive. If he panics, he dies.

An initiate for the Temple of Jerusalem spends a month in prayer kneeling before an altar. He takes no food, does not sleep, and drinks only enough water to keep himself alive. As long as his physical needs do not overwhelm his spiritual needs, he will pass the challenge.

The Path of the Spirit World has a more physically brutal challenge, but equally effective. Candidates are usually given the challenge immediately after they pass through the ritual of manhood, which usually involves circumcision and scarification. That night, the initiate is taken to an isolated spot, high in spiritual power, and flogged with horsehair lashes to drive away evil spirits. He drinks a mystical brew to make himself more receptive to the spirits, and then spends the night communing with them.

The Freemasonic Lodge takes a more direct approach. The initiate, known as a "rough ashlar," or uncut stone, is given the test of the Three Murderers. These three tests represent thought, desire, and action. If, in the view of his judges, he is able to transmute these Murderers into spiritual thought, constructive emotion, and labor, he is admitted to the Order. Candidates who fail this test are released back to the mundane world.

OATH.

This may be oral or written, or both. Society oaths have been held to be legally binding, though someone who breaks one has probably got much worse things to worry about than the law. An oath might go:

I, N—, do swear, by my life, my Gift, and that which I profess sacred, that I shall maintain the laws and covenants of this my Order; keep its Secrets and its Sigils, never abandon its interests and welfare for my own.

I shall aid another member to the best of my means, live so as to bring no blame upon myself or the Order, show always that I recognize the essential unity of all things.

I know that Good shall return from Good, Evil shall return from Evil. So be it with me.

Obviously, not every order is dedicated to good deeds and Cosmic Niceness. But most of them are, not least because it has been the empirical experience of sorcerers for millennia that the Universe really is a single, compounded and close-coupled entity, that Good does return for Good and Evil for Evil.

THE STRUCTURE OF AN ORDER

In New European-style Orders, offices and hierarchy are essential—for some members, they can seem more important than sorcery proper.

AUXILIARIES

The Auxiliaries are non-sorcerers employed by the Chapter. Most are involved in the physical operation and maintenance of the Chapterhouse—cooks, maids, carpenters, etc.—but some may be skilled professionals, such as lawyers or financial managers. Others serve as pages or assistants to the practicing Wizards in the order. Ultimately the Auxiliaries are answerable to the Chapter President, but there is usually a Master of Auxiliaries who is in direct charge of their hiring, discipline, and salaries.

THE NOVITIATE

The Novices are, unsurprisingly, at the bottom of the heap. They may not give orders even to Auxiliaries, and have no real say in the operations of the Chapter (though some Chapters are more strict about this than others, and the more “liberal” ones may allow Novices to make modest suggestions.) They are expected to attend, though not participate in, ordinary Chapter meetings, in order to learn how the Chapter operates.

Novices of “good family” will usually only come to the Chapterhouse for instruction and meetings. (Persons of good family are assumed either to have a residence in the city with the Chapterhouse, or be able to afford lodgings for their offspring.) Others may be boarded in the Chapterhouse, or with members who have the space available. Most such “hosts” treat their charges reasonably well—this is, after all, a service to the Chapter, not a charity, the ranking Members might notice any obvious mistreatment, and (perhaps most important) the Novice will eventually become a voting Member of the Order, and it is better that one’s fellow members have fond memories than vengeful ones. Still there is variation, and people like Ben Savile, who treated his charge as an adopted child, are very rare.

Prosperous Novices, at least if they are boys, will usually have received basic schooling before their Power manifests itself. The poor, even in “advanced” nations, are unlikely to be able to write their names. The Order will arrange education equivalent to at least college-entrance level in our America (I am doing my best not to be sarcastic here), and often college-level as well. A scholastic sorcerer of the Falkenstein sort will never get anywhere without a decent education, and will go farther and faster the better that education is. Also, sorcerers who are adept

in the ways of the practical world, such as politics and the Law, can be of more practical value to an Order than those who are merely Adepts of esoteric lore.

It will be apparent that, for a poor child, developing magickal Talent (and having it noticed) is winning the lottery and then some. It should be made clear, however, that there are two kinds of class stratification in New Europa: birth rank (“nobility”) and economic status. Becoming a sorcerer can do a great deal for the second, but very little for the first. Being a wizard grants status, but not the same kind of status as being a Baron or a Duke. On the other hand, the merchant classes are actively challenging the old bloodlines for the real power in the world, and most of them pay a great deal of respect to achieved status (even as they’re trying to marry into those old noble houses).

THE JOURNEYMEN

Journeyman Sorcerers are expected to be self-sufficient. It is still widely thought that a wizard should not “work” for a living, and indeed many competent sorcerers’ abilities do not lend themselves to earning a daily wage. As a matter of external status, this can have highly variable effects (see the discussion of status above), but among the Journeymen themselves—since their power in the Order is relatively equal—there is a general understanding that one’s actual Talent and skill are more important than whether one is a landowner or a construction engineer. It is also difficult for the Journeymen of a Chapter to challenge the authority of the Masters, unless they act in a unified manner. This, for one reason or another, rarely happens. Some Journeymen have been heard to say that they miss being Novices—“What we did still didn’t matter, and we didn’t have to pretend that it did.” Journeymen do not usually live in the Chapterhouse unless they are engaged in some kind of research or ritual work for the Order.

MASTERS

Attaining Mastery is not a matter of passing a test. The existing Masters of the Order are expected to be watching for signs that a Journeyman has transcended that status, and constantly discuss potential new Masters.

After a protracted discussion (less than two years is extraordinary, more than ten years is not rare) the Masters and Grandmasters vote. The actual vote is open (though it is not recorded, and no one outside the circle knows how it went). Generally, a two-thirds majority is necessary to approve.

Grandmasters have the same vote as ordinary Masters, but if half or more of the Grandmasters vote

against, the vote is No. (A No vote does not bar the candidate from Master status; he may, and probably will be, voted on again in six months to a year. Some people have been kept out of Mastery for years, until a particular block of opposed Grandmasters has died out.)

If the vote is Yes, a delegation of Masters so informs the candidate They ask, "What is your Donation?"

The Master's Donation is, in essence, "What, should you become a Master, do you intend to give back to your Order?" Teaching and counseling Novices full-time is a common Donation, as is a particular project of textual research. Some go out into the world, more or less wandering, looking for Talented potential novices.

There are no formal penalties for a Master failing to perform his Donation, beyond a loss of respect, and therefore power, within the Order. That is generally threat enough.

The Masters are the focus of internal power conflicts in an Order. (Those below them lack the authority, and the Grand Masters mostly don't care.) The Masters encourage cliques of Journeymen and Novices (future Journeymen) to form around themselves; this not only broadens their power, it keeps the Journeymen from uniting against them.

GRAND MASTERS

A Master, after long and fruitful practice of his Donation, may become a Grand Master through unanimous election by the existing Grand Masters. (There are normally at least three Grand Masters. If, as has been known to happen, all die without new elections, a two-thirds majority of the Masters may elect new ones.)

The Grand Masters of an Order no longer need to worry about earning a daily wage: The Order guarantees them support and housing (though a great many are independently wealthy). They will be cared for to the best of the Order's ability, even if they cease to be able to function as sorcerers.

No Donation is required of a Grand Master—they are presumed to have paid their dues to the Order—but most continue to serve in whatever capacity they are able, as long as they are able.

AFFILIATES

Some Orders will occasionally grant an "honorary member" status to non-wizards. Usually these are people who are outstanding technical experts in some field of immediate interest to the Order: The Golden Mean might invite a brilliant engineer to become an Affiliate. The chemists Henry Cavendish and Antoine Lavoisier were Affiliates of the Masonic Lodge

(though, unfortunately, even the Lodge could not prevent Lavoisier's execution during the French Revolution), and the great landscape designer "Capability" Brown was one of the very few Affiliates of the Druidic Temple.

Affiliates are invited to consult with the Order, keeping them informed of the latest developments in their fields; the Order provides similar information in return, as well as sorcerous assistance. Affiliates do not take part in the politics or operation of the Order, and pay no dues. They are not usually privy to any Secrets, and of course can make no use of the spell Lore.

While the Orders frequently hope that their Affiliates will offer them privileged access to information—the first report from an archeological discovery of sorcerous significance, for instance—and indeed many Affiliates do give "their" Order special confidences, no actual obligation is ever involved. The Order is offering the Affiliated expert fellowship for mutual benefit, not "hiring" or co-opting his services.

An Affiliate is normally given the respect and privileges of a full Master of the Order, which should indicate how exceptional an honor it is.

OFFICES WITHIN THE CHAPTER

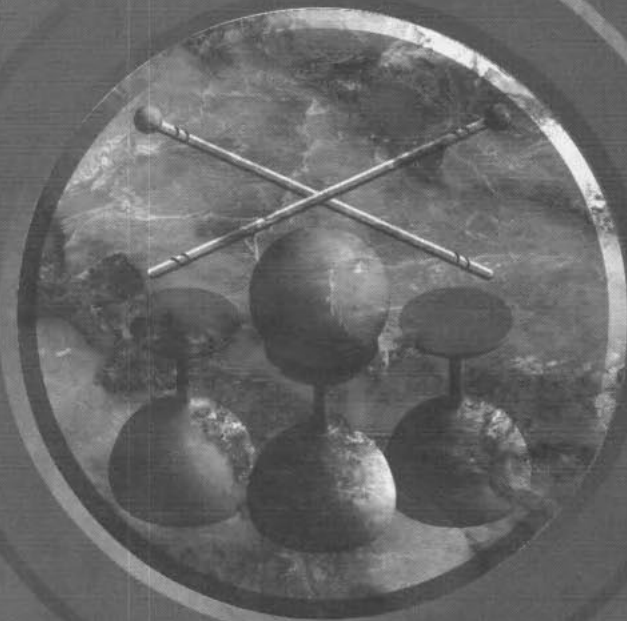
A Chapter has a President, whose function is to act as executive officer and preside over Chapter meetings. He is elected by the voting membership of the Chapter. The President must be at least a Master of the Order; should the Chapter somehow be without a Master-rank member, a Journeyman must be elected President *pro tempore* until a Master arrives (usually one will be created by the Order).

There is usually at least one Vice-President, sometimes several with specialized functions (Vice-President in charge of the Novitiate, VP for Political Affairs, etc.).

The Chapter Secretary supervises the membership records, collection of dues, voting, and most official communications. The Board of Examiners (three to five members) looks at potential new Novices (as described above). As examination is a specialized skill, the Board's membership is not often changed. This has led to some scandals.

One of the oldest Novices will be appointed Proctor of the Novitiate. (In all but the very smallest Chapters, there is a Proctor of Boys and another of Girls.) The Proctor's duties are to handle low-level conflicts among the Novices, administer minor punishments, and report on the situation and activities to the Chapter officers. There's a saying that "everybody wants the Proctor's job—until they get it."

NARRATIVE
PART TWO:



THE
NOVITIATE

I

spent five years as a Novice of the Cabinet of Cups and Wands. During the first two years, I attended classes at the London Chapterhouse four days a week, and came in for one full day of the Novices' usual House work. Four nights a week, and a matinee day, I was on stage with my parents. (They, of course, were performing six nights and a matinee.)

This was typical of the Cabinet, and of most Orders with a "practical" aspect. We were, after all, theater people who happened to have sorcerous Talent, and a theatrical education was not to be acquired elsewhere than on the stage. (Thomas Olam tells me that many of the best Universities in his world offer courses in Theater and Drama. I find this extraordinary, though I cannot help but applaud it.)

Orders of a more "philosophical"—they might say "theurgic"—bent, such as the Golden Dawn, tend to require more internal study from their Novices, though the learning process rarely moves any faster. And the requirement of physical work is universal. This is sometimes a sticking point with the children of privilege, but the only exceptions I have ever encountered were wealthy dilettantes, understood by all in the Chapter to have been accepted for their wealth and not their Talent. Indeed, the children of Archdukes will launch vigorously into their chores specifically to avoid such a stigma.

And it must be understood that "House work" does not mean menial tasks such as cooking and cleaning; as explained elsewhere, the Chapters hire ordinary servants for that sort of thing. Novices are employed in the special maintenance of the Order's ritual paraphernalia, and especially its libraries. Not the Books of Lore themselves—those are not for the Novice's touch—but the huge collections of history, folklore, and other arcana that Orders accumulate. A special effort is made to teach the handling of fragile and fragmentary manuscripts. Along with the usual fancies of power, Novices imagine the day when they will uncover a hitherto unknown spell, or an entire book of spells, and become inscribed forever as heroes of the Order.

In my third and fourth years of Novitiate, I attended University on the Continent. I will not name that fine old school, and I took classes under an assumed name (which, as with so much, came back to haunt me later). You must remember that I was "theatrical", and therefore incapable of mixing properly with the noble young people who make up most of a University class.

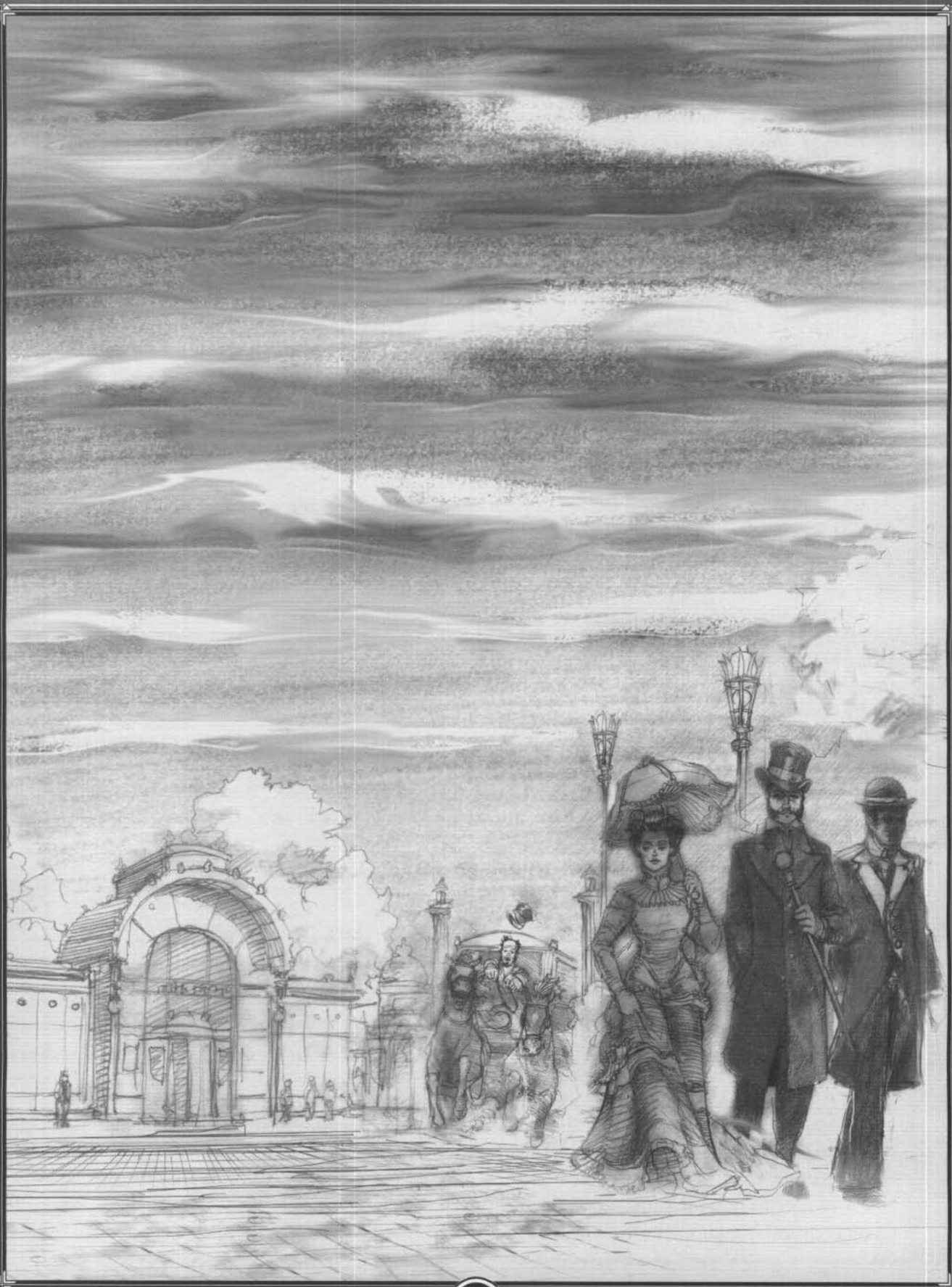
For the fifth year, I returned home. And everything changed.



I was walking, in my parents' company, through Covent Garden Market. It had always been my favorite part of London; the crowds, the vendors' cries, the marvelous variety of goods for sale—flowers, clockworks, toy theaters (sold, as everyone knows, for a penny plain and twopence colored), secondhand oddments and reasonably fresh baked goods—seemed to represent all that was good and alive about the metropolis.

On that day, something startled a horsecab, which ran away onto the sidewalk. Someone—it may have been my father, but I do not know—pushed me aside. My mother was killed at once; my father lived another few hours, without coming to consciousness. It was just as well. He would not have wanted to live without his wife and companion. I doubt very much that he could ever have gone on stage again without her.

As the old king said, I know when one is dead, and when one lives.



Ben Savile stepped in; my father's papers named him as my guardian. The theater was mine; because the show must, *et cetera*, somehow or other I managed to finish out the season with some shuffling among the cast. Then Ben took over the management, and arranged to lease the house to the company. I moved into Ben's townhouse, living between it and the London Chapterhouse.

I was studying furiously, but I had terrible doubts about my examination for full membership. Grief for my parents occupied my every waking hour; everything else fell to the wayside. My studies, my friendships, my social activities; all withered beneath a cloud of gloom and despair. With a few weeks remaining, Ben asked me to come into the townhouse's back garden. He told me to stand in front of the small greenhouse.

"We're going to practice," he said, and picked up a brick. "I want you to levitate this; nothing fancy, just hold it up."

I tensed to weave power; before I could even begin to gather, Ben threw the brick hard, past me at the greenhouse. Glass imploded. I think I screamed from tension.

"I couldn't possibly have caught that," I said, "even if I were an Adeptus—"

"I know that," Ben said. "And it was the same in the Market. You're a sorcerer, and you still couldn't have done anything."

LEARNING FROM YOUR MISTAKES

Because spellcasting is a complex task of interweaving stands of Thaumic Energy into the proper knots, it is very easy to produce harmonics in a spell you are learning or developing.

The less experience you have in the Art, the more likely you are to misweave a spell when you are first learning it. This will obviously produce unexpected, unwanted effects, and may even cause the spell to go wild.

The first time a Wizard casts a spell, whether it is a spell he has just learned or a spell he is developing through research, he must turn over extra cards from the sorcery deck when the spell is cast. The number of cards he must turn over is equal to the number of ranks below Extraordinary his Sorcery Ability is, plus one, as shown on the table below.

<u>Level</u>	<u>Number of Cards</u>
Extraordinary	1
Excellent	2
Great	3
Good	4

These cards do not supply thaumic energy; rather, they contribute harmonics to the spell. All harmonics thus drawn must be applied immediately (see *Comme Il Faut*, pg. 93); if one of the cards is a joker, then let the fun ensue. For every additional time the spell is cast past the first, reduce the number of cards you need to draw by one. When the number of cards reaches zero, you know how to weave the spell properly. However, if you learn a new spell, even if it is related to one you already know, you must repeat the process.

SO WHAT DOES A WIZARD DO FOR A LIVING?

Remember that in Victorian society, “business” is still thought of as somewhat tawdry and distinctly non-noble (though in England and parts of America, the Steam Lords are laughing at this notion all the way to the banks, which they generally own).

The “proper” source of income for a member of the nobility is land: rents, and sometimes agricultural produce. Members of the clergy, the military, and the Government may of course be paid for their services without disgrace, though it would be considered exceptional for a Cabinet minister to live on his salary, like a common clerk.

Capitalism has arrived, of course, and dividend income—what we call “capital gains”—is quite acceptable; it is, after all, collecting rent on one’s non-real property. Stock in companies, government bonds, and guarantees to insurance companies such as Lloyd’s are all examples of this.

Note that the modern idea of limited liability is by no means universal in the Steam Age. If you buy stock in a modern company, and it goes bust, you lose only what you paid for the stock. In many Steam Age companies, the shareholders are liable for any debts the firm runs up during its decline, without limit; the same is true for the “names” who guarantee insurance payments. While this sort of financial shenanigans may not directly affect Adventurous Characters, such a financial whirlpool, or the threat of one, may be very important to the plot of an Adventure.

A major side activity of the Sorcerous Orders is such investment, to guarantee a source of operating funds without weighing too heavily on the Members’ private fortunes.

When it comes to paying sorcerers for their work, the usual model is the English barrister. Barristers (the lawyers who actually plead cases before a court, as distinguished from solicitors, who deal directly with clients) cannot, by law, charge a fee for their services. The solicitor charges the client, and then presents a “gift” to the barrister for services rendered. This curious legal fiction persists to this day in England.

In this fashion, society sorcerers pretend that the recompense given them is a “gift” and not a payment, even if it is worked out in detail and specified by written contract.

This does matter. In New Europa, it is possible to some extent to sidestep the regulations of society, and wizards are granted a certain amount of eccentricity; but it is not possible to ignore society, nor can a scholastic sorcerer live outside it. The most one can hope for is to leave

in search of a culture more congenial to the way one wishes to live.

Not all Wizards gravitate toward base capitalistic ventures. All religions contain overtones of the mystical, from the cosmic one-ness of Zen Buddhism to the symbolic eating of the Host in Catholicism. All contain rituals that have mystic connotations to them, even if they do not directly use the Talent, such as baptism or exorcism. Thus it is not surprising that all the religions of the world have, in varying degrees, embraced the use of magick.

The most hesitant have been the most fundamental. These religions, which include Catholics, Mennonites, Amish, and Moslems, view magick in the following way: Magickal Talent and power is a gift from god or the gods, to be used for the glory of said power(s), and any use of magick not sanctioned by the church is inherently evil. Thus, magick use in these religions is purely limited to ceremonial purposes, such as blessings, baptisms, or exorcisms. For these groups, the Sorcerous wing of study will be firmly imbedded within the church hierarchy, and be controlled by the non-magickal authorities of the church or religion. In such groups priests are not prohibited from joining other sorcerous orders, as long as they have a religious bent, such as the Order of St. Boniface or the Templars.

The middle ground is taken by the more moderate groups. Protestants, Buddhists, Hindus, and Hebrews, with their basis in Kabbalism, fall here. They view magickal talent as a gift, to be used for the betterment of mankind as a whole. While misuse is viewed as bad, it is not the one-way trip to eternal damnation that it is for other more fanatic groups. Most shamanistic religions, such as the native American and Australian Aboriginals, are included in this group as well. For these groups, the Sorcerous wing of study will be integrated into the church hierarchy, and either control the church or religion, or share control with non-magickal elements. In such groups priests are not prohibited from joining other sorcerous orders.

In terms of the Great Game, priestly sorcerers can use their magickal talents to make rituals more effective. For example, exorcisms and blessings actually destroy unclean entities or noticeably improve a person’s fortunes when thaumic energy is intertwined with belief. Whenever a priestly sorcerer is performing magick that is based in his faith (such as a Cardinal performing a blessing), that sorcerer is allowed to turn over an extra card from the sorcery deck at the moment the ritual is completed.

THE TWO PARADIGMS: A PHILOSOPHICAL DILEMMA

It is a well established notion of New Europa, and further one of New European cities, that a sorcerous order ought to have a formal organization, with offices and titles, scheduled meetings, heraldry, and proper Chapterhouses with indoor plumbing.

Among many, perhaps most, of the world's sorcerers, however, this idea would provoke bewilderment, if not ridicule.

There is a society among sorcerers for the same reasons there are societies among any group of men and women: so that the knowledge acquired through such difficulty be not lost, so that individual strengths and weaknesses may be made to complement each other, so that the group may be protected.

Like other forms of society, it does not always work.

When New European sorcerers look at the non-urban world's Orders, they tend to see hedge-wizards crouching in a circle, trying to remember what they are supposed to be doing, unable to advance the Grand Art. When the wizards of the countryside see their city cousins, they tend to describe them as deluded obsessives, trying to read in crumbling parchments what is written in the earth and the sky; they have the words, as it were, but not the music. There does not seem to be much common ground.

And yet, and yet.

The Druidic Temple is fully "European" in its styles and forms, and no one could possibly call them cut off from the natural world. Most Members of the Great Pipestone Lodge have never walked a paved street, but they wear their ceremonial robes as seriously, and study their books (even when those books are elder wizards) as intently, as anyone in London or Paris or St. Petersburg.

There are other prejudices. I have heard aesthetic sorcerers in

Gwynedd and Brittany claim that, outside cities, sorcerers do not quarrel; when there are no books, they believe, there are no books to covet. But the

Mayans and the North Americans of old fought wars as ruthless and bloody as anything ever seen west of the Atlantean; when the battles ended the victorious sorcerers

seized the losers as slaves, and I assure you any Lore they possessed was thoroughly wrung from them.

So: Are there two traditions, the "urban" and the "country?" I think there are not; I believe that sorcerers' attitudes are different as any persons are. All sorcerers are new students in an old school. Some of us are there for the society, the dinner parties and the respectable necktie; others shuttle between the library and the laboratory and are hardly ever seen by their fellows.

—A.S.



ΠΑΡΡΑΤΙΒΕ
ΠΑΡΤ ΤΗΡΕΕ:



ΑΝ ΙΠΤΕΡΛΟΥΔΕ
ΙΠ ΔΑΡΚΤΕΣΣ

A

few months after my graduation to Journeyman status, Ben announced his intention to leave England, for Palestine. I had no understanding then of the political movement involved; Ben just said that "Theodor Herzl is a great man, but I am going to give him a little assistance."

He gave me possession of his townhouse, and had already arranged a trust to provide me with an income. I was genuinely grateful for all this, but I did not act properly; it was a hard parting, that we would only reconcile after many years, half a world away.

London soon became a difficult place for me. With Ben gone, the closest thing to a family I had remaining was the old theater company; they made clear that I was welcome to rejoin at any time. But it would have been the same memories, and worse.

I decided to go to Wales for a while. I had not been in my home country—my English readers will pardon the distinction—for some years.

I had gone for a solitary walk in the hills of Snowdonia, and spent longer in contemplation than I should have. Night had fallen, and a mist risen, and I blundered through the dark without a lantern. I collided with a stone, and realized that it was a tombstone; taking an involuntary step back, I slipped on a patch of fresh mud and fell into the sort of large deep hole one tends to find in graveyards. I was unhurt, but—

Now, there are times when being stuck in an open grave, in the middle of the night, in a light rain, might be entirely humorous. This was not one of them. I gathered my wits; it would take some time to gather enough energy to levitate myself, but I imagined time was what I had most of.

Then I heard voices. I shouted.

Someone shouted, in what sounded like German. After a few moments, a dark-lantern was slipped over the edge of the hole, so that I could not see who held it. A woman's voice said, "Get the rope."

I was pulled out by a group of five people, four men and a woman. They had lanterns, ropes, and digging equipment.

"What are we supposed to do with him?" I heard one say. "If he's seen what we're doing—"

The woman answered, "If you had not suggested aloud that we were doing something better not seen, we might simply have taken him to the nearest inn. Now the matter is complicated."

"Wart! Lass mir Ihm sehen!" said another voice; and this one, impossibly, I thought I recognized. "Victor?" I said.

"Henry? Henry, it is you! Gentlemen, my lady, I believe this man's accident is a great fortune for all of us! This is Henry Campton—I knew him at school. A splendid mind, a fine worker. But where have you been keeping since then, Henry?"

"Here and there and out of sight," I said, suddenly very pleased to have attended university under an assumed name. Victor* made introductions; the name the woman used was Tanit. The others don't matter now.

We walked, perhaps two miles, to a large house set far back from the road. I asked Victor how he came to be so far from home.

"Prussia is a police state," he said simply. "It proved to be impossible to proceed in any intellectual direction—tolerance, I am afraid, is not a Prussian virtue. We have therefore taken this house for a time. You will, I hope, excuse the disorder—it did not seem practical to hire servants. So we live as students again."

After a glass and a light meal, I retired for the night. Sometime after midnight, I could hear a discussion going on downstairs; though I could not hear the words, I was quite sure the company was speaking of me.

And indeed, the following morning Victor offered me membership in this particular chapter of the Ancient Order of Cthonian Time. One of the others expressed doubt upon hearing that I was a Member of the Cups and Wands, "a conjurer", but Victor put in, "They have access to the Yogic powers. If you had ever listened to the Zigeuner"—the Gypsies—"you would know that there is much known that the medical schools have forgotten."

✠ ◆ ✠
*EDITOR'S

NOTE:

Savile is talking about Victor Wolfram Frankenstein, a cousin following in his predecessor's footsteps; not the original written of by Mary Shelley.

✠ ◆ ✠

Continued on page 25

MEMBERSHIP IN MULTIPLE ORDERS

A delicate question about the Oath (as Anthony Savile overproved) is its exclusivity. Fair warning: This discussion will lead us down winding paths of judgment and moral interpretation; we speak here less of “rules” than of how sorcerers and their society have dealt with certain situations. (It also does not deal with the unique situation of Savile’s narrative.)

Most Master Sorcerers are, in fact, members of more than one Order. This would seem to contradict the ongoing conflict, often little short of open war, between Orders—and it does. The formal view is that the Orders’ desire for knowledge, and the essential cross-fertilization of sorcerous Lore, rises above any mundane quarrel. This also happens to be the cynical view—that the Orders want each other’s secrets so badly, they will smile and nod to get them.

In practical terms, a sorcerer’s Oath is not to “betray” the secrets of the Order. As with most kinds of treason, there is much disagreement on the exact meaning of the word. What is generally understood:

- The Adept does not share the exclusive knowledge of an Order with any other Order. This applies most strongly to Sigils and the contents of Lorebooks; the sorcerer may make creative and beneficial use of the new spells she learns (indeed, that is the whole point of multiple membership) but not teach them to members of the “other” Order.
- It is generally held that this “compartmentalization” of knowledge applies as broadly as possible—gossip, details of an Order’s internal

politics or finances, are Not Discussed. This is observed more often than one might expect, since the honor codes of New Europa hold that this sort of information is Not Discussed in any circumstance. The only exceptions are when some greater issue of Honor or Duty is concerned; one is not required to keep silent about some villainy being planned or executed, unless the observer has given his Word of Honor to do so. Such conflicts of Honor are entirely common

in New Europa. And it must be stated that what an Order considers the just and proper pursuance of its interests may strike others as outrageous villainy; in some cases it may be villainy by any reasonable standard. Being an individual of Honor leads one constantly into these conundrums.

- A gray area exists concerning new Lore (spells, generally) created by Members of multiple Orders. Obviously, all the Orders wish to possess this new knowledge, and they may rightly consider it the just profit of their investment of time and trust in the sorcerer. On the other hand—and when issues of sharing

Lore are involved, there is always at least one other hand—the creation of a new spell is a major achievement, and a sorcerer is understood to have certain rights in her creation. The usual *modus vivendi* is that the creator will make the new spell available to all Orders whose resources—Lorebooks, libraries, research funds, etc.—she used in its creation, either broadly (by entering it into the Orders’ general Lorebooks) or narrowly (by teaching it to one or more members of each involved Order). There is no possible choice that will please everyone. *C’est la vie sorcière.*

APOSTASY

One of the dangers of belonging to multiple orders is the keeping of your separate Oaths. Yet another danger in multiple memberships is the temptation to share knowledge between Orders. The most sinister danger is that a mage may join a new Order as an agent for another, to steal Lore, or perhaps even as an assassin.

Wholesale theft of Lore, assassination, or similar crimes that are essentially complete violations of your Oath and everything the Order stands for merit the ultimate punishment. The perpetrator is labeled *Apostate*, and a world-wide manhunt within the Order called. The violated Order will never rest until the Apostate is found and brought to justice, even if it means all-out war with another Order.

The punishment meted upon an Apostate varies from Order to Order. Death or Burning are common punishments. Another is for the Apostate to have a major Ward placed on him, that will let all his former brothers know every time he practices magick, and where he is. In any case, the Apostate is usually branded, with a magical, permanent brand that lets all sorcerers know of his treachery. The *fleur de lis* is a common mark of the Apostate.

Continued from page 23

With all this prologue, you are probably now expecting a dark tale of unclean experimentation and hideous surgeries, conducted in the dead of night by twisted near-geniuses dripping with blood and foul chemicals. I regret to disappoint you, but we actually did little more than most advanced medical students engaged in anatomical research. The most hideous thing we actually created in a summer's labor was the pile of unwashed dishes in the sink.

We did, I may as well admit, remove two human bodies from the graveyard. But it was done without discovery, and the rest of our work was done on animals, which the locals were perfectly willing to provide us.

Victor was certainly the most skilled surgeon among us, and Tanit the best theorist—and probably the best sorcerer. But as the summer wore on, she grew visibly impatient with our achievements. Finally, over another pot-luck dinner, she said, “We have done enough with the bones of dead goats. I want us to cast the spell of *Isolation*. After all, what good is constructing new bodies if we cannot move our spirits into them?”

I asked what, precisely, Tanit had in mind.

“The spell is cast by all of us, except the subject. The soul will be isolated, moved away from the body; our pumps and galvanics can keep the blood and wind going for a few minutes. Then we return it to its shell.”

One of the others said, nervously, “How shall we determine the subject? Draw straws?”

Tanit said, “Don't trouble. I shall do it.” Her next statement seemed not spoken to us at all: “Even for a moment, I want to see.”

Well, we took our robes and our lantern, and some of our equipment, including the recording electroscope, into one of the Snowdonian caves, and we set to work.

We had little practice in this. It took us nearly eight hours, and Tanit, lying as still as she could on a stone, was in apparent discomfort. Then, as we all seemed about to collapse in exhaustion, she cried out, and a globe of pearl-white light rose slowly from her.

“Start the pumps!” I said, and we fumbled at the assists for her heart and lungs. Then, without our attention, the globe of energy began to drift. It struck one of the brass electrodes of the electroscope. The recording pen swung wide and broke off. We all felt something through the machines, like electricity but with a strange coldness. If I say that it felt deep blue, you will perhaps understand my difficulty in description.

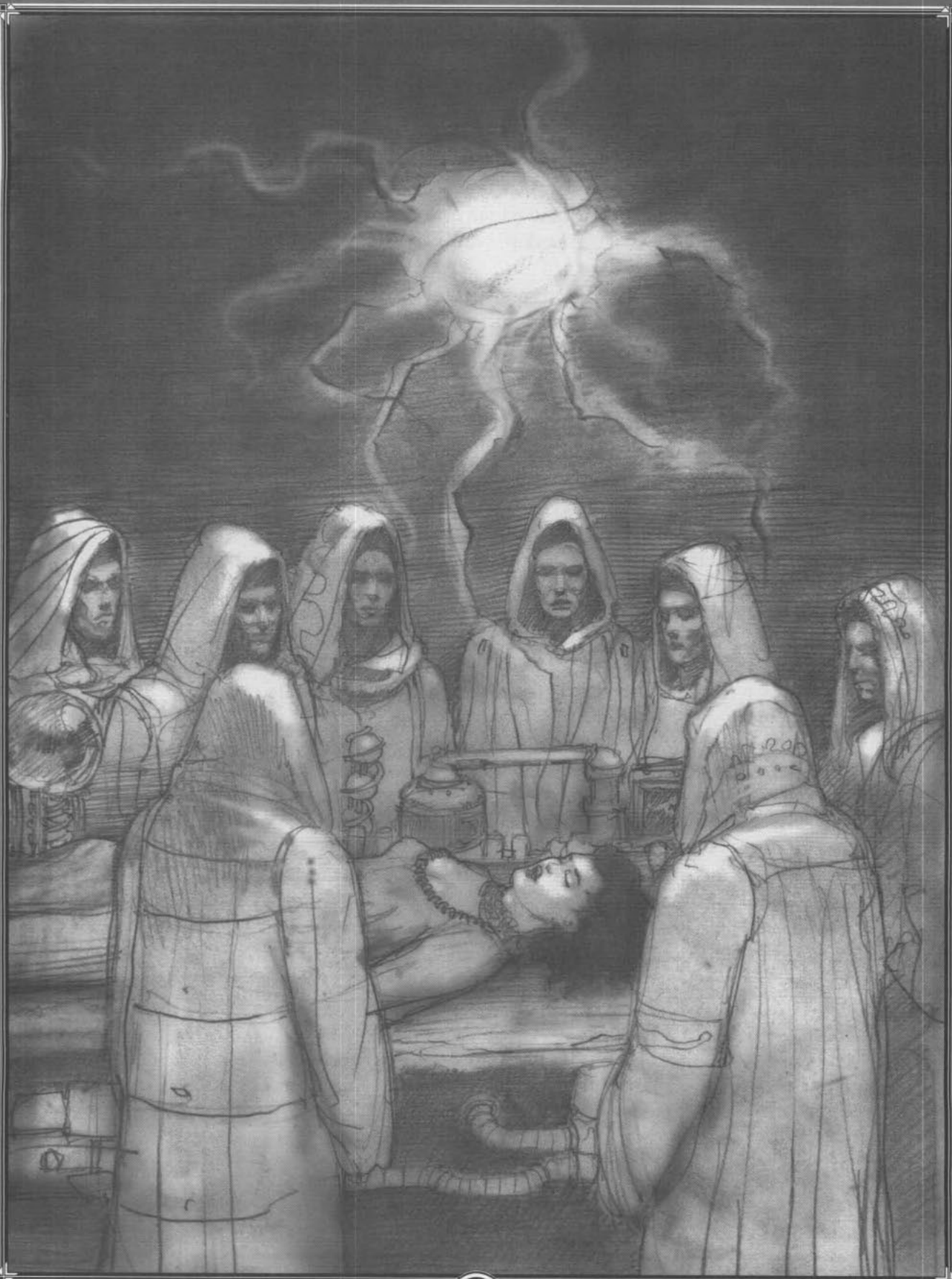
Victor shouted for us to reverse the spell, and we got back into our places and tried. The light drifted some more, and then it settled back into Tanit's throat.

She sat up. Her hair was streaked dead white. She looked around at us, and then she laughed, a horrible and inhuman sound. She stood up from the stone, gathered her robe about her like a queen disturbed by peasants, and walked past us, out of the cave. We just stood and let her go.

“This is not the way,” Victor said. “There must be another approach.”

We destroyed all physical evidence of our work, closed up the house, and parted company. We never met again, though I will say that the two unnamed members of our Chapter are now prominent Masters of daylight Orders. Of the approach Victor discovered you have probably heard.

And Tanit I still see, in unspeakable dreams.



THE ANCIENT ORDER OF CTHONIAN TIME

“It is a mania with mortals to be immortal, to know the future without understanding the present, and to be spiritual when all that surrounds them is material.”

—an unknown Master, quoted by Cagliostro

The Cthonian obsession is the avoidance of death, by any possible means. Their more benign experiments have involved diet and exercise, but most members of the Order are interested in something more direct and lasting.

Most Cthonians are members of another Order. Either they defected from their original membership in search of eternal life, or maintain their “overt” memberships while secretly meeting with their fellow Cthonians. No one is an overt and public member of this Order; its very existence is a secret, though most Adepts are aware that it exists.

It is my belief, which I doubt anyone would confirm, that the “daylight” Orders tolerate the existence of the Cthonians, as long as their work keeps a low profile, simply because they do not wish to die either. Should they ever succeed, it will be interesting to watch the scramble.

The Cthonians hold their meetings in darkness, with one cold, white light, representing the Eternal Goal, somewhere in the chamber. If possible, they meet underground—usually in someone’s cellar, though their great ritual spaces are in natural caverns, I know of Haigerloch in Prussia, and have been reliably told of others in the tin mines of Cornwall and the Luray Caverns of Virginia in America.

The Cthonian Sigils are *mementoes mori*, the symbols of death—skulls, flies, winged hourglasses—that adorn so many monuments in Victorian cemeteries. They tend to dress in black, though their formal robes are of silver, that shines in the cold light of their rituals.

Most of the Cthonians’ exclusive spells are of limited value by themselves. The Members use them in conjunction with their other knowledge (sorcerous or mechanical).

The House Built Upon Sand

History & Secret Knowledge: By reputation, a book about forever, and particularly about living

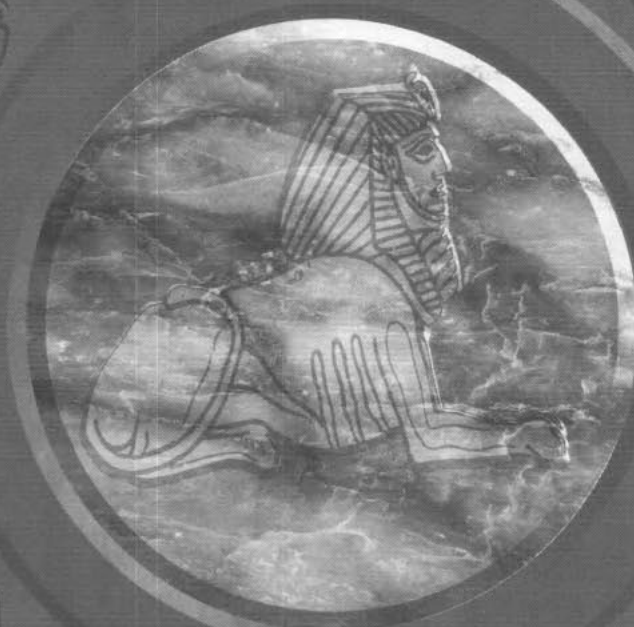
forever. It contains the spells *Anatomize* (8♦), which allows a minute perception of the physical condition of a body (alive or dead), and *Somatic Command* (10♦), which allows control over the nervous system, allowing the suppression of pain, fear responses, and any reaction to noxious smells or tastes (though it does not heal injury, or protect in any way from damage; the subject could plunge an arm into the strongest acid and feel nothing, but the acid would still burn the flesh). *Isolate Life Force* (12♣) allows a living being’s life energy to be perceived as a sphere of colored light; other magicks, or mechanical devices, may be used to manipulate the Life Force once isolated (for instance, transferring it to another body, or storing it in Leyden jars).

The Shards of Eternity

History & Secret Knowledge: This book is a relatively new tome within the order. It is bound in a hinged iron cover, and the pages are mirrors that have the text etched onto them. This work contains spells dealing with the manipulation of time in regards to preserving one’s own life. *Defiance of the Ages* (12♣) slows the ravages of time upon the caster’s body, to the point where the caster ages one year for every ten real years that pass. Persons under this enchantment tend to be recluses, as the world just moves too fast for them now. *Isolation* (12♦) stops all molecular motion in the caster’s body, putting him in a state of suspended animation. This spell is generally used to temporarily halt the progress of disease or poisons. *Temporal Stutter* (14♣) resets the clock, allowing the caster to re-live the ten seconds that have just passed, perhaps allowing him to prevent himself from becoming hurt. Due to the nature of time, the caster can only return to one specific instant of time once. *Temporal Ravages* (14♣☆) creates a field of accelerated time. Anything that comes into contact with this field ages ten years for every minute of contact.



NARRATIVE
PART FOUR



CHANGE PARTNERS
AND DANCE



Violent and sensational death is a part of Her Majesty's London. The natural and human darkness of the metropolis cloaks infinite violence. Most of these deaths (when a body is discovered at all) scarcely count as "mysteries", if by that one means the intellectual puzzle of the serial story. But now and again something raises a hunched shoulder above the flow. The man the papers called Iago was one of those.

He killed actresses, with a strangler's noose of fine steel wire. (Iago, of course, strangled no one. This mangling of Shakespeare is not untypical of the newspapers.) On the fourth occasion, an actor who had been seen in the female victim's company was found at the scene, dead of an apparent apoplexy. For a day, it seemed that the case might have resolved itself.

The companion was examined by a suspicious police surgeon. He had died of an exploded aorta. Sorcerers are always well advised to do their killing with a bullet or a blade, or even a wire, as death by magic will out.

At least, somewhat out. This sort of affair is treated by Orders, with remarkable unity, as a naughty secret to be handled within the family. The London Chapters moved at once to keep magick out of the papers, and succeeded, at least with those papers that carried any credence.

It was inevitable that a member of the Cabinet of Cups and Wands should be involved in the search, and I was elected. I was partnered with an Eleusinian sorcerer named Colin St. George Blessent.

Blessent was a notable eccentric. He lived a complete recluse in a townhouse near Regent's Park, without even servants; one day a week he would retreat to the top floor, bolt the door behind him, and maids would come in to tidy the lower two floors. This was no great task, as Blessent was a highly orderly and methodical fellow. His dress contained a variety of pockets, overt and concealed, for tools, evidence envelopes, Purbright's Pocket Chemical Analyst, and other equipment of the scientific detective. He left his house only for the criminal hunt, and it seemed then that he meant to carry the house with him.

I know rather more about him than, I believe, anyone else, for reasons which shall soon be apparent.

There was a fifth attack, a sixth murder, while Blessent and I were on the case. As may be imagined, most of London's actresses (or any woman who thought she might be taken for an actress) tried to go escorted at all times—it was believed that the unfortunate actor had surprised the killer at work—but there is not always a gallant to be had, and the young lady was found on a cold Tuesday morning, not forty steps from the Royal Court Theatre.

Blessent was a softly spoken man, when he spoke at all, but upon this I saw him enraged, and he swore like a mule-skinner the whole time we were inspecting the murder scene. For all that, he was absolutely precise in his examination, staring at scratches in the pavement, instructing the police photographer in views he wanted.

Finally he crouched, leaning on his stick (which contained a compass and an accurate measure, as well as other devices), and began weaving power to himself. Any wizard, and the more sensitive layman, can detect the process; something runs through the fabric of nearby space like a plucked harp-string.

The spell he was casting was *Enhance Clues*, and though I could not directly detect its effects, Blessent then had a plaster cast made of one shoeprint out of a hundred or more in the street grime, and ordered two constables to open a nearby storm drain. Blessent himself descended into the filthy hole, and emerged triumphantly ("Like b—y Orpheus from the b—y Underworld, eh, Savile?" he said) with a coat button.

Thanks to fourpenny fiction, it is commonly believed that a sorcerer-detective need only point his stick, murmur a few choice words of arcane-sounding nonsense, and the guilty party (usually the Least Likely Suspect, unless there is an Anarchist in the room) will babble a full confession instantly, in the full view of witnesses and the police. (Not that the Eleusinians discourage this belief. Blessent told me that he had obtained two confessions in just this manner, no sorcery being involved beyond the spell of the guilty mind over itself.)

In our case, however, there were still days of investigation ahead, with the constant thought that the murderer might strike again. The coat button led us to a tailor, which led us to a list of fifty possibilities. Selecting for sorcerers reduced this to twelve, and, after careful questions and interviews, finally to two: a Philip Felting of the Golden Dawn, and one Ellis Craike of the Bavarian Illuminates. No one at their Chapterhouses had apparently seen these men for some months—in Craike's case, almost two years.

We visited Felting's house in Kensington. When there was no answer at the door, Blessent produced a fine set of picks, and we entered.

The smell struck us at once. We both recognized it (though I did not tell Blessent how I did): the stench of a decomposing body. Felting was seated in a parlor chair, in his dressing gown; he had apparently drunk a large glass of whisky, smoked a cigar, and slashed his left wrist.

I made what seemed the obvious observation. Blessent smiled and said, "It has the marks, does it not? And perhaps the beast has bitten himself to death. But I would have you examine the body again, as I perceive you have some medical training."

I had not told him so, but I applied it as instructed. He was quite correct: Felting had been dead for weeks at least, which whatever else it meant was a perfect alibi for the latest killings.

The address we had been given for Craike was in a gloomy, fog-girt warehouse district near the Docks, up a flight of rickety wooden stairs: As the lair of a murdering madman it was entirely, you will pardon the expression, theatrical.

Blessent paused at the head of the stairs. He shook the balustrade again, making more unearthly creakings, and said, "I believe we have been sufficiently announced for a social visit." Then he kicked the door in.

We were in a loft room, filthy and dim, its walls half-lost in shadow. There was a crate holding an oil lamp and a partly eaten dinner.

I could feel Energy being drawn. We had caught a wizard at his spells. Craike pushed into view through a rotten curtain. "Gentlemen, you have come at last," he said, and flipped open a long, slender knife.

Blessent raised his stick and squeezed the handle. There was a bang, and Craike staggered with a bullet in his flank. But he did not stop, and without a wasted movement Blessent produced a little four-shot pocket pistol and emptied it into Craike's body. Still the killer came on. I rushed at Craike, thinking he must be near collapse. He knifed me under the ribs. It felt like a steam hammer. I fell. I have never since rushed upon a man with a knife, even if I believed him dead.

But I took the knife with me (not intentionally, you understand), and Craike and Blessent fell to blows.

Never underestimate the power of desperation. I could sense a thick webwork of constructed power in the space around us. I reached out for the nearest strand, and pulled hard. Then I lost consciousness.

I woke feeling terrible, not that I had expected to wake at all. I could see Craike's body in the corner, sitting like a broken doll. And on the other side of the room was my own, well, corpse.

It was not difficult to see what had happened. Craike had tried to cast a soul-transference, probably with Blessent. Had it succeeded, he would have become the detective (and very likely I would have died "heroically" in the bringing down of the killer). I have often wondered—it can no longer be proven—if Craike was in fact the killer. It could have been Felting, who, feeling justice closing upon him, switched bodies with Craike and then murdered him, making it appear as suicide. (No logical motive for Felting's suicide was ever found.) Indeed, "Felting" might himself have been the host for a murderous spirit that began elsewhere, who can say how long ago.

I have reason to wonder about these things, because not long after understanding my new physical condition, I finally accepted my new (and undesired) role as Colin St. George Blessent, Master of the Order of Eleusis. The only person I might have confessed this to was Ben, and he was no longer in London. It seemed—well, that I wanted to learn what this new self could make known to me.



THE GRAND CHAMBER OF THE ELEUSINIAN MYSTERIES

The Grand Chamber of the Eleusinian Mysteries (less formally, the Order of Eleusis) are an Order of investigators and detectives. They trace their ancestry back to Oedipus of Thebes, who solved the Riddle of the Sphinx, and eventually pursued the mystery of the curse on his kingdom to its solution—at enormous personal cost. (Euripides tells the story far better than I could.)

The modern Eleusinians deal with somewhat less cosmic (and much less personal) mysteries. While they naturally have close associations with the police of their nations, only a few are actually serving police officials, partly because of the mundane demands of a public career and partly because of a general difference in temperament. There are, of course, exceptions: Sir Richard Datchery rose from ordinary constable to Detective Inspector and Secretary of the London Chapter (and an OBE, granted after the remarkable Drood Case), and Inspector Juve of the French Surété has admirably balanced his loyalties to Order and State. But most are independents, working with the police on the same consulting basis as with private citizens. A few actively avoid contact with the established authority, either out of disdain for their “clumsy” methods or a desire to avoid being bound by too many official rules.

In Russia, members of the Order are required by law to be part of a police service—usually the state secret service (the Ochrana). Proposed laws in Prussia and Austria-Hungary have not succeeded.

The Eleusinian symbol is a reclining sphinx, representing their triumph over the penultimate mystery (namely, the riddle of the sphinx). For rituals, members wear black and silver robes, the presiding member and Grandmasters white and gold. The level of ornament indicates rank within the Order; eye and sphinx motifs are common.

The Book of Glass

History & Secret Knowledge: The current book, prepared in Venice sometime in the 14th century, is actually etched on sheets of glass in silver frames. It deals with the disciplines of extending the senses to find clues, and the reasoning powers to assemble them. *Enhance Clue* (8♦) is the most basic of these; it can bring out an obscured print or trace.

Track (6♦) allows the following of a person or vehicle. *Heartsblood* (6♦) links a weapon to the wounds it made, or, less strongly, to bloodstains or marks on objects. *Charm Home* (8♦) will cause an object removed from its usual surroundings to be pulled toward them; depending on the energy expended, it may have to be carried about until very near the place, at which point it will wobble and “point”; with enough energy, a carriage could drive itself back to its garage (though it would probably not observe traffic laws).

The Riddler's Guide

History & Secret Knowledge: The original of this work is said to have been dictated by the outcast Oedipus to his daughter Ismene during their wanderings. The present volume is on papyrus, ornately rebound in leather from the original scroll form. *Detect Lies* (4♥) does just that; note that it does not compel the truth, and detects only deliberate lying, not honest misinformation. *Lastlight* (4♠) can reveal the cause of death where this is not obvious, or an attempt has been made to disguise it (say, stabbing a person already dead of poison). *Masterkey* (6♥) is a mental spell that sorts the clues in the caster's mind and points out correspondences between them. Not all these correspondences may be useful or relevant, and clues must, obviously, be found before they are linked—though the spell can sometimes point the way to what data are still missing, in the way that one recognizes the shape of a missing jigsaw piece. *Fooling the Iron* (8♦) can open locks without a key, even combination or puzzle locks; its energy cost rises with the complexity of the lock. (Some workers are trying to apply this spell to the new Babbage Engines and other mechanical calculators, in a Victorian version of “system cracking.” It is entirely up to the Host whether to allow this particular bit of Anachrotech.)



ΠΑΡΡΑΤΙΒΕ

ΠΑΡΤ ΦΙΒΕ:



ΑΝ ΙΝΣΙΔΕΝΤ ΟΝ
ΤΗΕ ΥΡ ΤΡΑΙΝ

It is no easy thing to be another man for a year and a half. Even an eccentric recluse such as Blessent has an acquaintance with his barber, his tailor, his grocer, and the corner policeman, all of whom remember individual things about him, and notice when those things change. I should think that if my host had not lived without servants, I should never have succeeded at all. A man may occasionally startle the local policeman and have it pass, but not his valet. And I daresay the grocer seemed relieved to broaden my standing victual order beyond pigs' trotters, marrows, and sour cherries.

In an odd way, being dropped among the solvers of mysteries worked to my advantage. They are constantly working in some disguise or another, and trying on the mannerisms of others in an attempt to better understand the mind of the quarry. (I should imagine that this is a reason why detectives, like theatrical people, are never fully accepted in the best society. The best society wishes to believe that no one, toff or tramp, can pretend to be other than he was born.) At least twice during my tenure as Blessent I quite accidentally began rumors that I was pursuing some deep and numinous case.

Another way I preserved my charade as Blessent was to seek more and more investigations outside London. Most towns away from the metropolis rarely saw a police detective, and knew private detectives only from popular fiction; we might look like anything from Springheeled Jack to Father Christmas, and have any sort of mannerisms.

I will not here detail the family scandal, leading to two killings and a suicide, at Clariston Parva; the terrible business is well published. But my involvement with the case brought me into contact with the Reverend Mr. Theodore Ticknor, an excellent investigator in his own sphere — and an adept member of the Order of St. Boniface. Rev. Ticknor had been called in on the suspicion that the killer was acting under some kind of compulsion, possibly even demonic possession. Attractive young women of good family simply do not behave that way.

I should not, certainly, have attended Rev. Ticknor's examination of the subject; but as the principal outside investigator, there was no good excuse to be made.

I will say that the Reverend put on a good show. He had had Clariston Manor's dining hall entirely draped with white, and mirrors set about (evil spirits cannot abide to look into mirrors, but for ordinary mortals to do so is sinful vanity — I have never puzzled that one out). The subject was brought in, dressed in a modest white gown, and placed in a chair for examination, while several local constables and two Scotland Yard men guarded the doors and large windows.

You can probably guess what took place. The Reverend pronounced the lady clear of external compulsion, but he began to look at me with that doubtful, gimletty eye that English clergy of a certain age possess by right.

I doubted that he had seen very much. Still, it was time to leave Clariston Parva. I returned to the inn at once and departed for the station, knowing, as all good detectives must, that an up train would be departing at twenty past the hour. As the train pulled out, I thought I could see the Rev. Mr. Ticknor on the platform, two large fellows with him.

Before I could relax, the door to my compartment opened, and another clergyman entered. This one was a Nonconformist, with prematurely white hair, small glasses, and a flat hat. I could hardly refuse him a seat.

He wished me a good evening and settled in, smiling vacantly. Then he said, quite offhand, "Is it not unusual that you should, at this remove, be carrying a nearly fresh copy of the *Western Morning News*?"

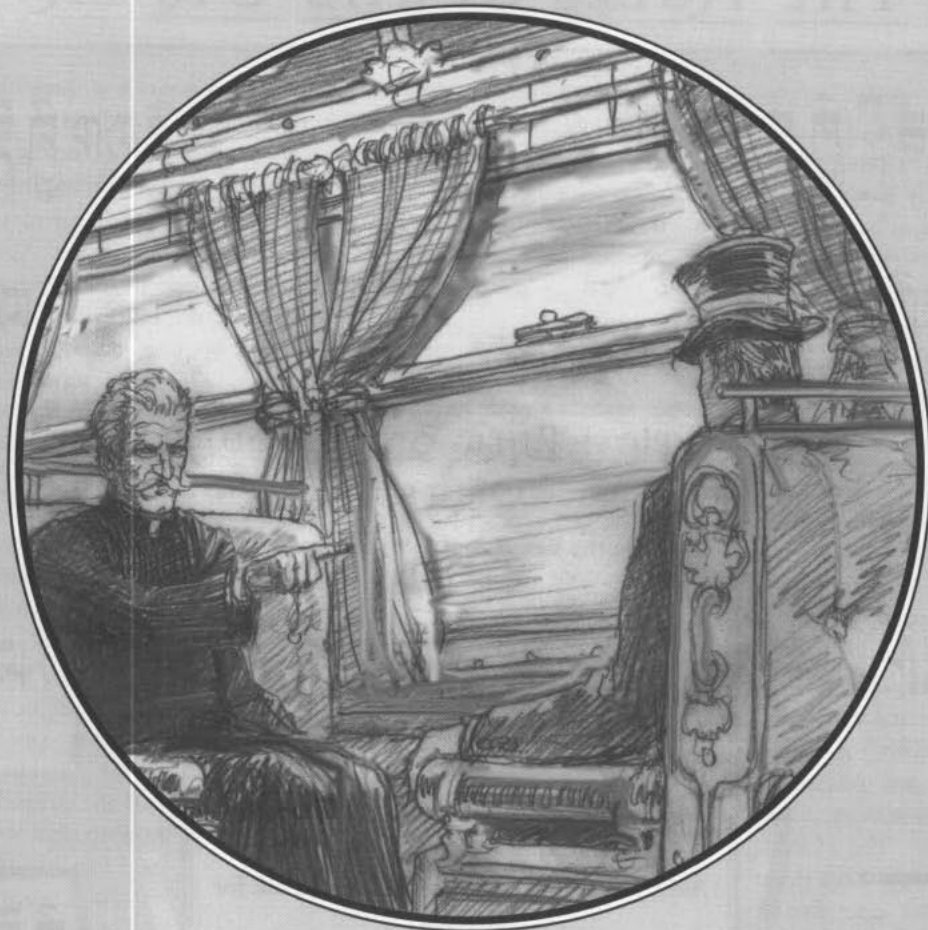
I carefully took the newspaper from my pocket, and unfolded it to display the banner of the *Leeds Mercury*.

"Ah," the clergyman said, "an inexcusable error."

"And is it not unusual," I said, as mildly as I could, "that you should whiten your hair? Do you believe it lends you . . . authority?"

The truth is that I was frightened. The Bonifacians are, in my experience, the most incorrupt of sorcerers; but when they scent Demonism they are like hounds on a fox. Even if there is no fox.

Instead of responding, the fellow offered me some tea from a traveling flask. I was startled to taste Scots whisky in the mixture. "You are certainly a Nonconformist," I said.



“Oh, not at all, sir. No more than you are the noted Mr. Blessent. It is a remarkable performance—a singular one, I daresay—but performance is what it is, eh, Mr. Savile?”

“Savile?” I said. It was the first of many such nonchalant denials of myself over the years to come.

“Since you are not Mr. Blessent, you must inevitably be either the late Mr. Savile or the late Mr. Craike. I have, as you may suppose, been at some trouble about determining which.”

“And you are?”

“My name is Holmes. Sherlock Holmes. I have ambitions myself of becoming a professional detective, though I am afraid I lack the special qualifications for the Order of Eleusis.”

You will of course be aware that Mr. Holmes achieved his ambition, and those of you who have read the accounts of his cases will understand by what sort of reasoning he had ascertained my identity. Suffice it to say that I have never since sweetened my tea without thinking of him.

“What do you propose to do with this information?” I said.

“Nothing at all.”

“I have, as you must be aware, violated more than one oath of fraternity, not to mention—”

“My dear Mr. Savile, I am interested in two things: the truth, and the obtaining of justice. When ‘oaths of fraternity’, or the laws of England for that matter, obstruct truth and justice, then I have no converse with them.” He leaned back in his seat, and looked pointedly out the window. “I have followed you for some while, Mr. Savile. I do not think that a man such as yourself will lack for good allies.”

Mr. Holmes did, before we parted, ask if I would be interested in sharing a London lodging he had found. I declined—I was already making plans to leave England—but of such near misses are destinies made.

THE RULES OF THE ORDER

Like most professional organizations, Sorcerous Orders have internal rules and regulations, which they enforce themselves—partly from the belief that their Members are best judged by fellow practitioners, and partly to keep rules from being imposed by outsiders.

The wording of the Rules varies, but there are three Great Rules that are almost universal:

1) The Protection of the Secrets. The Members must not reveal the Order's private knowledge. Obviously, not all Secrets are equal; revealing an easily changed password, while a violation, is not the same thing as revealing the contents of a Lorebook.

2) The Good of the Order. Members are expected to act with their Order's welfare in mind. This does not necessarily mean that one is supposed to die for the Order (though people have done so), but that one should protect its property and reputation.

3) The Dignity of the Craft. Sorcerers, regardless of their Order affiliations, should not bring shame or disfavor upon the ancient and honorable profession of Sorcery. This is not an idle conceit. There is still much distrust and fear of magicians, even in the "modern" world. A wizard who uses his knowledge in destructive ways, and especially to injure or dominate others, makes life more difficult for all wizards.

Orders also have Lesser Rules, which are mainly codes of conduct that apply only within the Chapterhouse or between Members. Many of these are trivial (no cigars in the ritual chamber, Novices and Journeymen must rise when a Grand Master enters the room), while others deal with more important matters, particularly Matters of Honor. Many Orders have a rule that Members may not

duel one another without first presenting their grievance to the Chapter President for arbitration, but this is not always observed. (Dueling a Member of a different Order is another thing entirely.)

The penalties for rules violations naturally vary with the seriousness of the offence. Minor social rules (use of foul language in the presence of lady Members) usually require only a few shillings' fine or simply a formal apology to the Membership.

More serious violations might bring significant fines, or restitution of damage if possible.

If the sorcerer has committed some crime for which there is ordinary legal punishment—murder, for instance—the Order will in most cases simply turn the offender over to the police, making certain that the authorities know how to deal with a prisoner capable of sorcery.

The most serious punishment is normally expulsion from the Order. The small, secret, "dark" Orders tend to "expel" Members by death. And though it is not openly discussed, even the most socially upstanding Orders

sometimes practice "burning"—a direct attack on the offender's spirit, like a Duel of Sorcery except that the victim is first drugged or beaten so that he is unable to fight back. The result is the same as losing a "fair" duel—drooling imbecility.

Grave offenses will be given a hearing by a panel of Members, who are empowered to set punishments. A large Order may grant Members a right of appeal to another panel, if the Member can effectively argue that his local panel was prejudiced or hasty. If the matter is a dispute between two Members, a trial by combat may be allowed, either sorcerous or with conventional weapons.

TYPICAL RULES OF A (GOOD) ORDER

Preserve the Good, and Let Not Evil Harm the Innocent.



Protect the Secrets of Our Knowledge, for this Terrible Power must Never be given unto the Foolish or those who would do Evil.



Take No Life in the Pursuit of The Art.



Aid those of our Order as you would ask for Yourself.

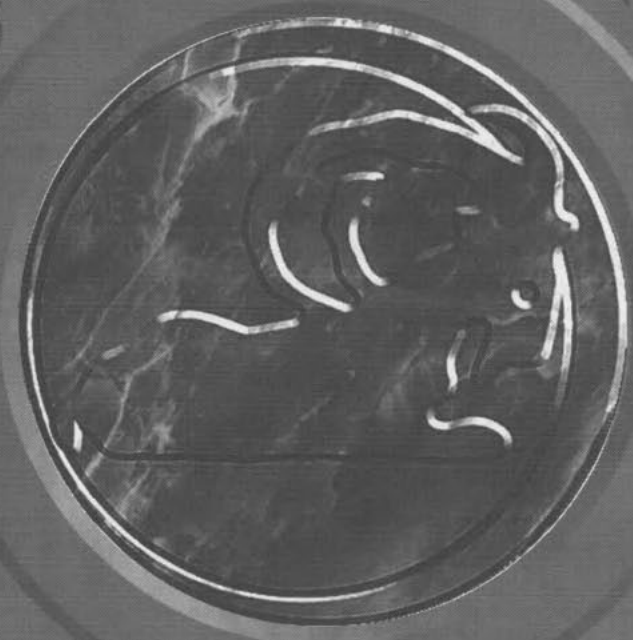


Use not the Art for illicit Gain or for the harm of others.



Use your Art to promote the Greater Welfare of all Humanity.

ΠΑΡΡΑΤΙΒΗ
ΠΑΡΤΙΣ ΣΕΞΤΗΣ



Α ΕΠΙΣΤΗΜΗ ΤΩΝ
ΓΕΡΜΑΝΙΩΝ

H

amburg is a good city to get lost in. Even Prussian efficiency cannot quite keep up with the constant traffic of ships and trains, the vast tide of humanity.

I was a bit worried at the Customs. That is, after all, how Prussian Customs is supposed to make one feel. But all went smoothly; as I realized shortly afterward, traveling as an Eleusinian made me, in the Prussian mind, a kind of policeman, and therefore entitled to a certain deference.

From the port I went on to Berlin, where I spent a decently comfortable night at a hotel, and the following day was seated at a coffeehouse with a mostly sorcerous clientele. A member of the Golden Dawn named Münzer introduced himself, and in the course of things offered me the hospitality of his Chapterhouse.

The Members of the Berlin Chapter were gracious in their hospitality, but did not seem particularly pleased to have me there. Something was going on; discussions stopped when I appeared. Dinner, apart from the food, was quite cold.

In addition to Herr Münzer, a pinched-looking Master of the Order named von Grafenau was at the table; he wore a severe dark suit and the same sort of expression. An aged Grand Master sat at the head; half a dozen other members of various ranks filled out the table.

Von Grafenau said, "After dinner, there will be a special meeting of the Chapter. We would be glad to arrange for your entertainment as long as it lasts—perhaps you would care to use my box at the Opera?"

Münzer asked the Grand Master if he could make a suggestion. Given approval, he said, "Perhaps we should take our Eleusinian colleague into our confidence concerning the matter to hand. He could be of assistance."

Von Grafenau's look was icy. But the elderly Grand Master nodded, and croaked, "No secrets of the Order are involved. I believe the *Besuchsgäst* should be allowed to attend."

The meeting was conducted more like a Cabinet briefing than a meeting of sorcerers, with maps and pointers, papers briskly read. I soon understood their intensity, however.

The Golden Dawn, always deeply involved in European politics, had uncovered an Anarchist plan to assassinate the Empress Elizabeth of Austria during a visit to her cousin King Ludwig II in München. It was not, however, possible simply to reveal the details to the police. The Bavarian Government had a considerable mistrust of the Prussian—and the Golden Dawn had a mistrust of the police, which they were sure, as a gentleman private investigator, I would share.

The chief difficulty was with the assassin himself. The Anarchists were planning to use a half-mad Italian named Scotto, but they were not relying on a precise and complicated plan. Scotto, having been incited to kill the Empress, would simply be let loose on the city, with Anarchist League agents smoothing his path to the victim. Police spies could not discover, nor Scotto reveal, a plan that none of them actually knew before the moment of execution.

Von Grafenau made his continued objection to my presence at the meeting as apparent as possible without seeming to contradict the other Masters and Grand Master present; when it was suggested that I, as a non-Member, might be best suited to go to München with the available information, he was outraged.

But the decision was reached. I was given a description of Scotto, and a contact address in München.

It was certainly not hard to locate the victim. Empress Elizabeth—"Sisi," as the people called her—was a great favorite, and everywhere she went there was a crowd. While the police were certainly in evidence, I kept scanning the faces around her for one in particular. I only hoped Scotto was classicist enough to favor the dagger for assassination; it would give me more time than a bullet from a distance.

München was beautiful, and I could not enjoy it. On the third day of my visit, I was seated in a sidewalk cafe, waiting for the Empress to leave a state luncheon across the street. A rather young couple approached; the girl wore a violet dress, the youth a hussar's uniform with quite a number of decorations for one so young. They asked if they could join me.

"Isn't that something, over there?" the hussar said. "She always draws a crowd."

"The Empress is a remarkable woman," I said, distractedly.

"Thank you," the young man said, and his companion giggled. He leaned toward me conspiratorially. "She's my mother—" he confided.

My head turned. The hussar nodded. "I am Crown Prince Rudolf, heir apparent to the thrones of Austria, Hungary, and—I forget if there's anything else."

I did not at first believe him; but then passers by bowed and saluted.

"My parents don't really approve of me. I spend my time with agitators, and Anarchists, and newspaper editors, and other undesirable sorts."

We talked animatedly for awhile. Then I could see the Empress' entourage leaving the hotel, and tried to take my leave; but Rudolf would not allow it. "Nonsense! People don't just walk out on Crown Princes." He seemed a bit drunk. "You want a sight of my mother, is that it? I'll introduce you. I hope you're an unde-undesirable sort. I wouldn't want to shock her."

I saw the Empress's coach pull away, and stood up, deciding rudeness was the only possible option. As I stood, I was astonished to see Herr Münzer of Berlin approaching us. He was wearing a long coat, and was drawing from within it one of the terrible new Krupp Rissgewehre—thirty-shot clockwork reciprocator pistols. He, I daresay, seemed surprised to see me.

Knowing that there was trouble, I drew my own pistol. I heard shrieks from bystanders. Behind me, Prince Rudolf said, "What is going on here?"

Münzer leveled his gun. I pointed my pistol in his direction, with absolutely no idea whether or not I could shoot him.

Then there was the crack of a gun, and a bullet took off the back of Münzer's head.

People screamed. I believe someone fainted. The gun seemed to squirm in my hand, though I knew perfectly well I had not pulled the trigger.

"Please come with us, sir," a voice said, and I was abruptly flanked by two large policemen.

"I did not—" I tried to give them the gun in an unthreatening manner.

"Put that away, sir, and come with us."

I was hurried to a black coach and pair. Inside, I was handed a glass of brandy—by Master von Grafenau of the Berlin Chapter of the Golden Dawn. Sitting next to him was a uniformed man with a telescopic rifle across his knees.

"What about Scotto?" I said.

"Poor insane Scotto has never been more than fifteen yards from a policeman since he entered Bavaria," von Grafenau said. "He tried to kill himself when we took him, but he will recover. We have hospitals for his kind."

There was a knock at the door of the coach, which was moving at a considerable clip. The young man in the hussar's uniform, who I was now quite sure was not Crown Prince Rudolf, swung inside.

"Really, Mr. Olam," von Grafenau said, "the gesture was unnecessary. We would have stopped for you. He who is bold without using his head, ends up romantic and dashing and dead."

"I am sorry, sir." His accent—indeed, his appearance—had changed dramatically. "Marianne offers her regrets; she has gone to put on a dress that does not have Herr Münzer's brains on it."

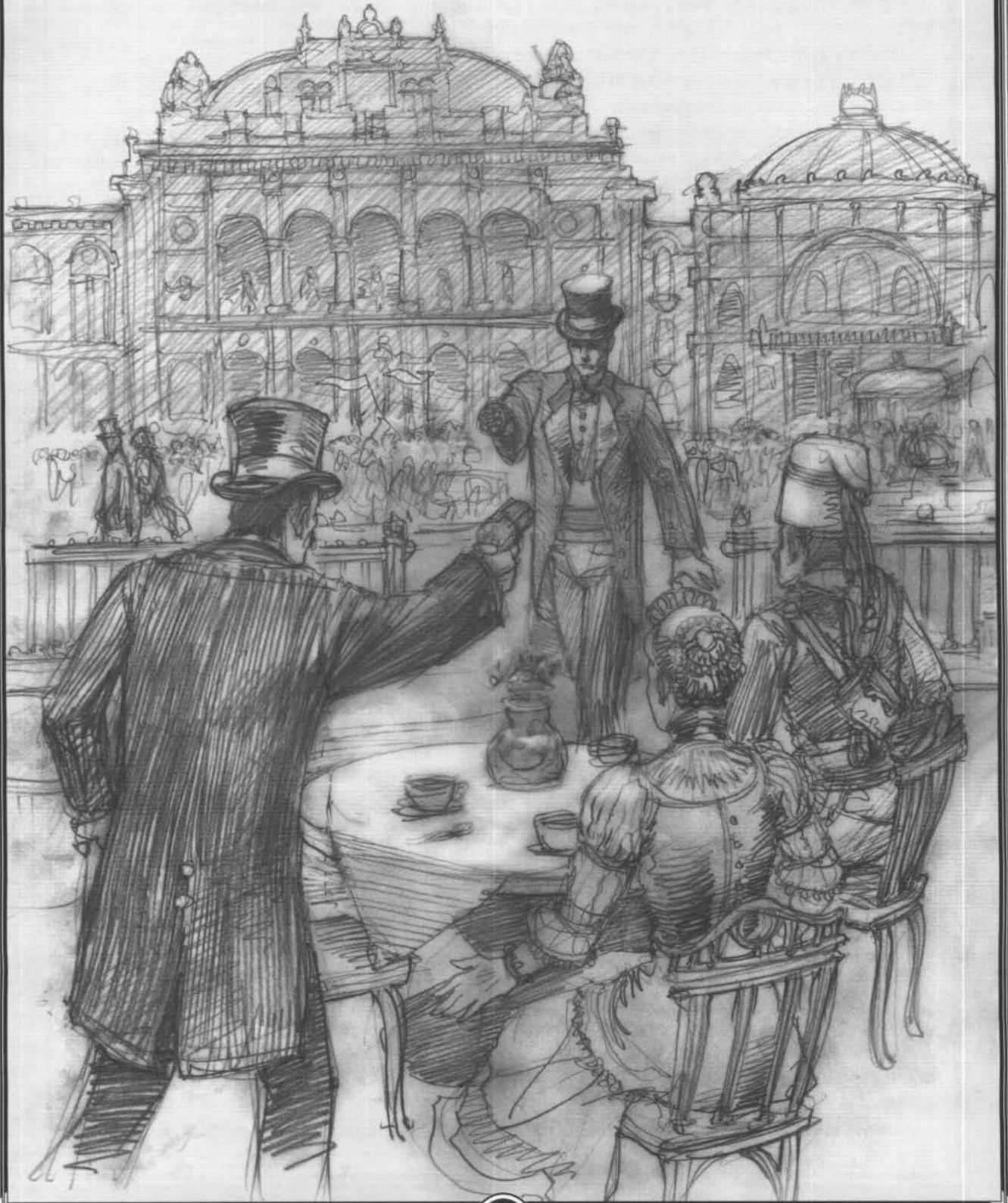
Von Grafenau said, "Mr. Savile, may I introduce Mr. Thomas Olam, *Bäyrischen Geheimdienst*. In a manner of speaking, he works for me."

"Then you are not—"

"Of course I am. A spymaster is always several things. You have done us a great service, Mr. Savile, and we are about to use you most ungraciously for it. We cannot keep you in Bayern for long after your cold-blooded murder of Herr Münzer—though be assured, we will not return you to Prussia. I think you should leave through France; we will of course provide papers."

"But I did not kill Herr Münzer."

"Of course you did. You held the pistol, and the hole appeared in his skull. A hundred witnesses saw you."



"You saw me."

"Impossible. I am not in Bayern. I am never in Bayern. And indeed, when the Berlin Chapter of the Golden Dawn next meets, I shall be present to hear of this operation's failure, and be the first to curse the late Herr Münzer for admitting you to the plan. As however much the fool."

I asked what, exactly, the plan had been.

"It was clever enough." (Tom Olam would tell me later that this was vast praise from "von Grafenau.") "You would bring down Scotto, creating a great disturbance and attracting the attention of every policeman in the vicinity. Münzer would then, quite casually, shoot down the Prince and his companion."

"Then the Empress was not the target at all."

"But she was. She has suffered greatly, poor woman, and the death of her son would have wounded her—all the more so had it been in the scandalous company of a lover. The Austrian succession would have been knocked into the hazard. And if her spirit had broken under the assault, I do not care to think about the effect on King Ludwig. A perfectly vile plan. And now, I think, I must take my leave of you."

The coach had stopped in a courtyard. We all alighted except for von Grafenau, who was driven away.

"Well," Mr. Olam said, "the King will want to meet you now."

Thus I was introduced to King Ludwig II of Bavaria, his principal sorcerous advisor, Morrolan, and the Lord Auberon of Faerie.

Despite all rumors, the King was a delightful fellow, intelligent (if given to digression and a certain self-absorption), and in no way "mad." He had a touch of the child, but he was not childish.

After a round of congratulations and champagne, the King said, "So, now that the spymaster has gone—saving your grace, Mr. Olam—how shall we reward Master Savile?"

"We will be providing him with a new identity," Colonel Tarlenheim said.

"Oh, that's all very well," said the King, "but giving him what we took from him only evens matters. We owe him, and much. Would you care to take up residence with us at Falkenstein? Beautiful place, full of puzzles. Come, sir, name your reward. Morrolan, you know what sorcerers like; make a suggestion."

Morrolan looked a trifle pained. "I should imagine he would like to broaden his knowledge."

"Well, gracious," King Ludwig said impatiently, "aren't you a Grand Master of an Order or two?"

"But, Your Majesty—"

The King said, quite kindly, "Morrolan, I am sure there is a way, and I know you can find it."

Master Morrolan finally smiled. He has a deeply charming smile, and I am glad to be on the right side of it.

Mr. Olam said very quietly, "And remember, the pellet with the poison's in the vessel with the pestle." The others either did not hear him or pretended they didn't. (Later he would try to explain this comment. I think I understood, and I hope I shall live long enough to see the proper development of moving photography.)

And so, after a few days' rest and quiet—and fascinating conversation with Thomas Olam—I was inducted as a Master of the Bavarian Illuminati.

After the ceremony, I found myself in one of the endless chambers of Falkenstein, in the company of Lord Auberon. He asked, sounding curious and amused, just how many such initiations I had been part of. Though he was not a sorcerer as we mortals understand it, he surely knew what he was asking. And I admitted the truth.

"I wonder what it is like," Auberon said, "to be able to give your word, break it, and feel nothing."

"There is such a thing as remorse," I said, hoping I did not sound too contrary.

"Remorse is felt, when it is felt at all, in the mind. I was speaking of a feeling in the absolute Self."

The substance of the Fae, as I came to know later, is Will: They are what they believe themselves to be—and in no small part, what others believe. It is an interesting philosophical argument whether the Faeries have any material being at all, or are merely compacted Spirit—perhaps temporary bodies of air, as the angels are sometimes supposed to create.

What this means is that a Faerie's oath is a direct extension of his essential self: To break it risks the loss of that essence, and possibly the unraveling of his very being. Mortals often swear great oaths by their eyes, but the number of blind perjurers is not appreciably above the average.

This explains why the tricksterish Fae will stick to the literal terms of a bargain while twisting its spirit into knots; by so doing, they achieve their ends and preserve their essence—at least, if their intention was such in the first place. A Faerie can be held to the spirit of an argument, if that was what he intended. Auberon calls this “the twist in the Compact”, or Dark's Edge, though he has never been explicit on his own attitude toward the Compact terms. Do not try to magick out a Faerie's true mind: You will be sick for days.



I was a bit sick at the moment. I realized then that Auberon had done some sort of magick—Faerie Magick, the sort that comes upon you by stealth. I asked what he had done.

“I've given you a gift,” Auberon said, “which like most of our gifts is something of a curse. You are now possessed of a perdurable glamour; henceforth, your appearance will wear the Faerie veil.”

“Whether or not I intend it?”

“Aye. The only way you will be seen as you truly are . . . is to make someone wish to see that. It is not an easy spell for a human to cast.”

“I see.”

“Eventually you may. Until then, be careful how you look at yourself.”

CHAPTERHOUSES

Any place where members of an Order regularly meet is, by the definitions of this book, a "Chapterhouse." This is where the Lore and records of the Order are kept, and where hospitality and sanctuary (see below) are provided.

What most people in the urbanized world think of as a Chapterhouse is a freestanding structure, in or near a city, dedicated entirely to the functions of the Order. Such dedicated houses are a combination of office, library, club, and hotel. These are the norm for continental New Europa, though their actual facilities vary.

In non-urban areas, such as the Twenty Nations or much of Russia, it is still usual for a village's sorcerer to have his own house, and a friendly visiting sorcerer will be welcomed there.

The section on Order structure describes the officers responsible for the mundane operations of a Chapterhouse.

In most places, the civil authority (the police) may not enter a Chapterhouse without either the permission of the Chapter President (or ranking officer present), or some kind of formal search warrant. (Remember that in New Europa, the police of most countries do not require a warrant to search private property; the privilege of telling the police to go away belongs only to the aristocracy, the extremely wealthy, and the sorcerous.) This is true even in Prussia, though the state police rarely have trouble obtaining a warrant. In Russia, the local police will not usually enter without permission, but the Okhrana have been known to raid Chapterhouses by force, usually in search of "anarchists."

Like everyone else in New Europa, sorcerers are status-conscious, and prefer to have their Chapterhouses in fashionable neighborhoods. The neighborhoods do not always approve; they are nervous about being caught in the crossfire between feuding Orders, or suffering the side effects of misfired magicks. A Chapter in a wealthy urban area often must establish insurance against this sort of collateral damage.

If the size or budget of a Chapter does not support a dedicated House, the private materials (especially the Lorebooks) are usually kept in Members' homes. The Chapter may meet there as

well, or may have a rented space for general meetings. Ritual magick is unlikely to be performed in spaces without excellent security.

The Order of St. Boniface usually has its facilities in a church or church-connected building.

One of the most desirable spaces for a Chapterhouse is on a private estate, near but not in a city. This permits comfortable accommodations, splendid security, and comfortable isolation from the neighbors. More than one grand ancient estate, rich in land and property but short of cash, keeps itself balanced by providing land and facilities in exchange for lavish rents. (Collecting rent on property is not "trade", and a perfectly acceptable way for the aristocracy to bring in money.)

A Chapterhouse will contain some, or all, of the following:

- A secure archive for the Order's Lorebooks, Artefacts, ritual paraphernalia, and other precious possessions
- A space for the performance of Ritual Magick
- A chamber for non-magickal business meetings
- Offices for Chapter operations
- A general library of material other than Lorebooks (this material may be shared or exchanged with members of other Orders)
- Apartments for Members, both resident and visiting
- Kitchens and dining rooms
- A lounge area for Members
- A "Strangers' Room", similar to those at gentlemen's clubs, for entertaining non-Members
- Laboratories for magickal and alchemical research, and for the analysis and conservation of fragile manuscripts
- Servants' quarters
- An astronomical/astrological observatory

Note: We recommend that if your Adventurous Characters spend a large amount of time at a particular Chapterhouse, the Host and the Member Character(s) detail its layout, keeping in mind the particular needs, purposes, and budget of the Order. If a Character is Noble or fabulously wealthy, his estate could provide space for a Chapterhouse.

ΠARRATIVE
PART SEVEN:



WITHOUT THE
WALLS OF TROY

King Ludwig II offered me passage wherever I wished to go. I opted for Greece, for no other reason than I had never been there. The next day I was handed tickets which would take me by train through the Venetian Republic to Venice, there to board a ship for Corinth. The Bavarians were courteous enough to give me a private stateroom on both the train and the ship, so that I would have sufficient time to get my Faerie mask under control. It was quite an exciting way to awaken in the morning when I felt hung over, make no mistake. I also scared a cabin boy nearly to death when my temper got the better of me, and my service thereafter was discrete and unobtrusive to an extreme.

By the time we docked in Corinth, I had enough practice and self-control to maintain my countenance in a crowd, but I still felt ill at ease in close conversation. For that reason, I opted to take an estate in the countryside under another assumed name, away from others, where I could get the best of my damnable perdurable glamour. It was a choice which, years later, would break my heart, but in hindsight I'd have done it still.

When I paid my rental upon the estate, I made it known that I was a sorcerer, and wished privacy. This I received, for a while. The estate was comfortable, though the heat prevented me from shutting the windows, and often the breeze would blow through the rooms with more vigor than I liked. And occasionally, the windows admitted more than the breeze.

On one such instance (certainly the most singular), I heard a frantic pounding on the door. I gathered my housecoat about me and went down to answer, but I found instead a young woman crawling headfirst through one of my windows, gasping for breath. I tried to aid her to the floor, but she would not await my gallantry, and we both tumbled down as she shoved herself through.

"Forgive me, sir," she said in an accent I could not place, "but you are a wizard, are you not?"

"I—I am," I stammered, staring at her disheveled dress and long, flaming red hair. She was not exactly beautiful, at least not at first glance, but she was certainly compelling in her appearance.

"Thank God you speak English! I am Maes Glyn Dwr of the League of Isis, and I beg sanctuary from—"

At that point, her rapidly spoken plea was interrupted by a fierce pounding at the door, and shouted maledictions. Such uncivil behavior roused my ire, and I whipped the door open, bellowing a demand for an explanation. I found myself facing down a trio of rough and sinister individuals. Fortunately, my instinctive protectiveness towards women from ruffians such as this had been aroused, and I believe it showed in my now-magickal countenance.

Continued on page 47

THE RULE OF SANCTUARY

Hospitality is an extension of courtesy among Sorcerous Orders. Sanctuary is more urgent and personal: Any sorcerer whose life is being threatened may ask for shelter from any other sorcerer. The classic situation is of the wizard being pursued by a torch-and-rake-carrying mob of Angry Villagers, who knocks on the first sorcerer's house that presents itself and demands to be hidden until matters can be clarified.

This is not a casual rule. In much of the world, bands of Angry Villagers are real and dangerous, and, short of sheer bluff, there is not a great deal that a Falkensteinian sorcerer can do to protect herself against them.

It doesn't matter how bad the situation looks—if the person has just come from the graveyard with a severed limb under his arm, one is still obligated to take him in. Having done so, the provider of sanctuary is then perfectly entitled to ask some pointed questions and be given honest explanations.

The right of sanctuary is the subject of much discussion among sorcerers, and they hardly ever speak of it to non-sorcerers, who correspondingly misunderstand it. Sorcerers are not obligated to hide criminals from justice. They are expected to give other sorcerers the benefit of the doubt when there is a lynch mob on the loose.

THE LEAGUE OF ISIS

THE HOST OF THE AMAZON WARRIOR'S SHRINE

Maes Glyn Dwr and her friends told me they were seeking the Host of the Amazon Warriors' Shrine, a very secretive woman's magical order as dedicated to the cause of war and strength as the League of Isis is dedicated to peace and the home. Evidence is that the Temple of Ra was also interested in finding them, hence their pursuit and torture of Maes and her companions, whom they thought to have met with success in their search.

The Amazon Shrine is based primarily in Greece, although some reports have them based in Africa. The Shrine is said to be able to trace its roots back 2,500 years or more, to a day when followers voluntarily had to undergo amputation of one of their breasts in order to be able to use a bow without impediment. In these days, thankfully, such self-mutilation is no longer needed. I thought such practices also would have the undesired effect of making the Order somewhat less secretive, but Maes assured me that the proper appearance can be maintained with padding, etc. How unsettling. Whatever the truth of the matter, the Amazons have remained undiscovered for yet another day. None of us wished to remain when we had so foiled the Temple of Ra, and so we made our departures.

This was the one sorcerous Order I had no way of joining (or, to be absolutely precise, the one I was unwilling to meet the qualifications for). Maes Glyn Dwr told me what she felt she could. You will excuse me if I miss some of the nuances in her account.

The League of Isis traces its theoretical origins to the Priestesses of Isis in Egypt, and its more typical practices to the methods of midwives and wise-women throughout the world.

The primary object of the League is the preservation and perfection of its special knowledge; in this, they are not different from other Orders. The League is, however, unusual in having no particular worldly agenda. This does not mean that its members are apolitical or disinterested—quite the contrary. Isists are to be found among the suffragist and labor societies, and organizations for social reform of every sort. This can lead to some interesting cross-confrontations, as when the Women's College of Surgeons faces down the Anti-Vivisectionist Society.

I heard Elizabeth Cady Stanton say of this, "Disagreements among gentlemen are considered just and honorable, even when they lead to pistols at dawn. The same disagreements among women are held as evidence that neither side knows its business."

The Shield of Athena

History & Secret Knowledge: As the Order is highly varied, there are several forms of this collection of lore: Some are formal books, while others are pictographic, for use by illiterate country sorceresses. Most commonly, in fact, this lore is transmitted orally, from an elder wise woman to a younger. *Ease Childbirth* (6♦) is probably the most important technique described. *Enhance Fertility* (6♦) and *Inhibit Fertility* are almost never used for evil, though accusations of misuse ("the curse of barrenness") have been used to justify many nasty witch-hunts. All the fertility magicks apply to animals and plants as well as human beings. The other important Crafts are *Truesouls Bond* (8♥), which can identify the link between persons who are suited or destined to be companions (or, conversely, identify a false affection), and *Truesouls Protection* (8♥), which, to a limited extent, allows bonded persons to enhance each other's luck against hazards. *Hearthstone* (8♥) causes all those affected to behave as though they were family. While this may not cause enemies to like each other, at least it usually prevents them from fighting openly. It also has the added benefit of increasing the weight of a speaker's words among those unenlightened listeners who believe women (or men, or children, or Arabs, or what have you) never know what they're talking about. *Curse of Eve* (6♦☆) has two uses. Its lesser employment causes the target (whether male or female, human or animal) to suffer menstrual cramps or their equivalent. Its greater employment imparts the pains of childbirth to the father of the child. It is rarely used in this latter respect, though it's always employed (along with additional magick which enhance its effect) in cases of pregnancy resulting from rape.

Continued from page 45

The obvious leader of the trio, unlike his companions, was nonplused at my appearance. "That woman," he said in a gravelly voice, "is ours. We apologize for any inconvenience or excitement she has caused."

"She has caused none."

"Good, then we shall—"

"And I am sure she shall cause none for as long as she chooses to remain in the shelter of my estate."

Here the leader paused, as if this were the most unexpected reply he could receive. "She ... is not herself. When she doesn't take her medication, she begins behaving irrationally, making up strange stories and alarming the townsfolk. We'll see she gets the attention she needs."

I looked at her, where she had gathered herself together. There was a certain wildness in her eyes, true, but it was one of fear, coupled with an imploring gaze. That look affirmed my resolve. I looked the leader quite firmly in the eye. "She has asked to visit here a while," I said, "and I trust you do not think me such a cur that I would refuse a lady's request. If you like, you may leave her medicine with me. In the meantime, as a host, I must make preparations for my guest. Please excuse me."

"But—"

"I have preparations to make. Good evening, gentlemen." And I closed the door.

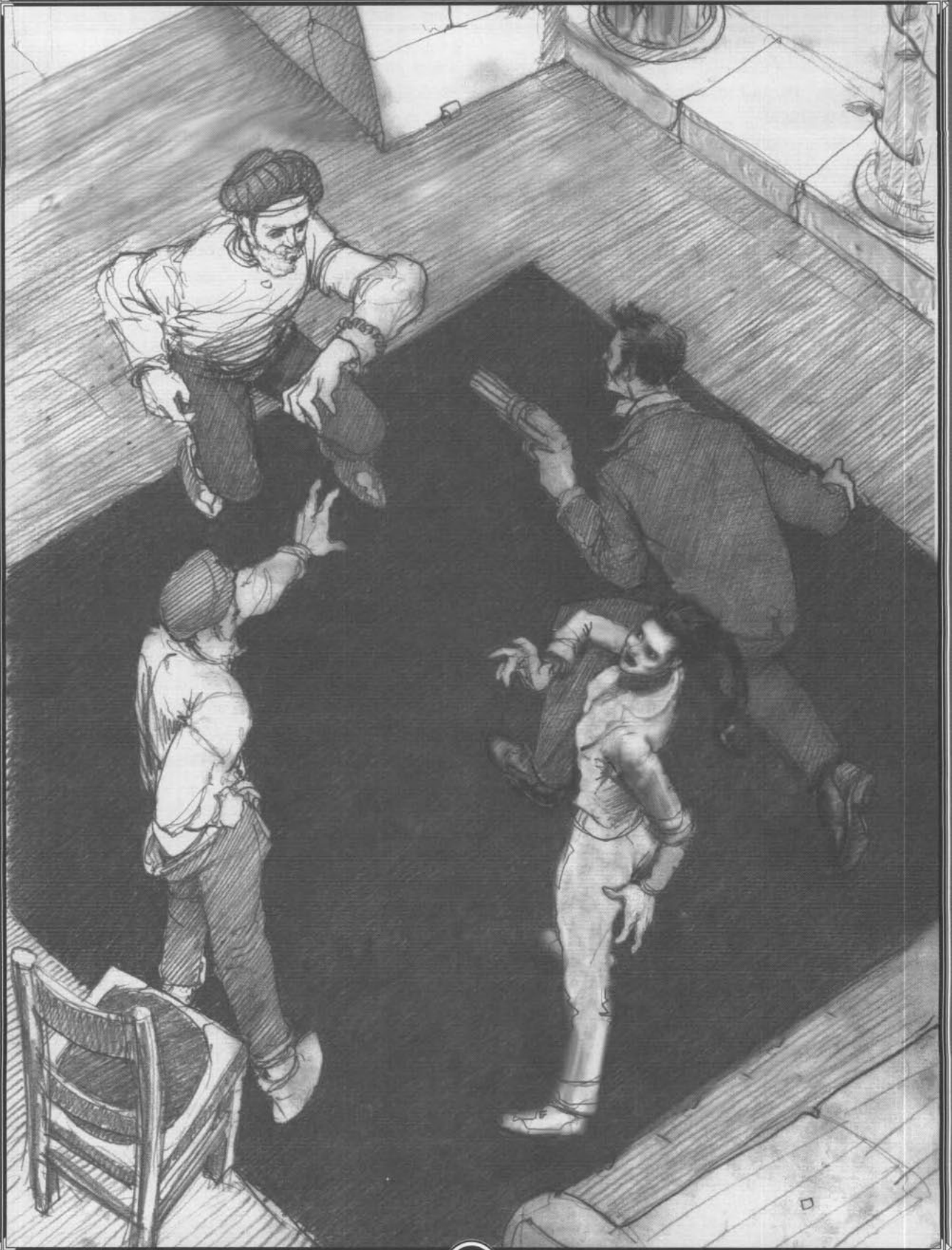
That is how I met Maes Glyn Dwr. Over the course of a long evening and tea, she told me of how she and several of her fellow sorceresses had been harried by the Temple of Ra, for it was members of that sinister Order whom I had faced down at the door. At one point during our conversation, we both felt the drawing tug of a spell being cast. Maes' pursuers had cast a simple warding which would alert them should anyone leave my villa. They were going nowhere. We were, in effect, besieged.

Our quandary was worsened by the fact that Maes' companions were almost assuredly in the clutches of Ra; Maes had effected her escape only through her superior horsemanship. Therefore any escape we attempted from the villa would assuredly raise the alert for the others of the Temple, who held the others of Isis captive. We could not leave, we could not stay, and any spell we cast would be detected. In spite of this, we hatched a clever (if somewhat tasteless) scheme.

As part of my lease upon the estate, I had been given right to slaughter animals, presumably for my dinner although no specification was given by the landlord. Since no restrictions were mentioned, I took free rein, and brought in a goat and a few chickens to fuel our efforts. Maes commented dryly that I was indeed honoring my given word as would a Faerie, and that gave me cause to wonder if Auberón's spell was already affecting how I thought.

Be that as it may, I unraveled the animals after the sun came up, using their essence to cast *Astral Movement*, sending both Maes and myself into the ether discorporeally. We moved about the estate, and found the mages who watched over us. Maes gave the *Curse of Eve* to one of them. The other set his gun down for a moment to attend to his companion, and I made it *Vanish*, using an old trick from the Cups and Wands. Finally, I unraveled myself as well, giving me the power necessary to cast both a *Dimensional Portal* from the estate to my location. Thus instead of returning my spirit to my body, I sent my body forth to join my spirit.

Upon my sudden appearance, the one mage went for his pistol, and not seeing it, unwittingly knocked it off the stump and into the tall grass. He had felt it, so he moved to search for it. The fellow with gastric distress I immediately kicked, hard, to the side of the head and sent him down. I drew my pistol and clapped it to the kidney of the other, who surrendered forthwith.



From him, under the Eleusinian enchantment of *Detect Lies*, we obtained the directions to their base of operations (which, he said, was where Maes' friends were held) and a promise that he would not again raise his hand against either Maes or myself. We left him to care for his afflicted friend.

The Temple of Ra was quartered in an isolated farmhouse. It had obviously been appropriated for this nefarious purpose, as we discovered that an elderly couple were held captive as well, and there being no other logical reason for their imprisonment. Maes approached the farmhouse with admirable silence and invisibility; even though I followed her closely in course and manner, I felt that I was, in comparative stealth, an elephant. She had a natural grace and, apparently, quite some training which did her honor. When I asked her of it later, she dismissively credited it to the time she spent hunting as a young girl.

There was but a single watchman, and he not very observant. Maes put him to resting with the throw of a stone. We bound him and added a gag, and crept up to the walls of the farmhouse. The magickal energy of the area was depleted, yet we still felt spells cast intermittently. Every time we noted that familiar draw upon the power, Maes and I gathered power to ourselves, both to fuel our magick and to deplete the resources further. It was apparent that the mages within relied heavily upon the Art, and we wanted to allow them as little fuel as possible.

I cast *Somatic Command* upon myself, and, as the front door was barred, I levitated the wood from its cradle. This last was seen, and a shout went up, at which Maes and I charged into the fray, I with my sword at the ready and pistol blazing (as much for sound and fury as for shooting miscreants).

If your opponent expects a physical assault, it is best to attack magickally, and the reverse is also true. Either way, the assault will be unexpected, as, in this case, mine turned out to be. Those of Ra were left to draw upon the minimal magickal powers left in the area to defend themselves, while Maes and I, wasting no efforts in that direction, won the day. It is also true that we had the element of surprise on our side, for I pistol-whipped one sorcerer who had shaving lotion covering his face and was holding up his trousers with one hand.

Those present were quickly taken care of, and the captives freed. The farmer told us several more of the Temple, including the leader of this band whom he feared greatly, had gone to Athens on some errand, and were expected back soon. None of us were in the mood for another melee (I, under my magickal anesthesia, had acquired many cuts and two broken bones which now pained me), so we opted to abandon the farm. We found a cache of gold sequestered among the mage's supplies. We gave the farmer and his wife coin equal to thrice the value of the entire farm to see them on their way with their animals. I took a healthy portion of gold myself, but the lion's share went to Maes and her Order, for they had suffered the worst under the hand of Ra.

I spent the next two months convalescing with Maes and her Order in their Chapterhouse in Constantinople. She said that I was likely to be pursued by the Temple of Ra, for they are a vengeful lot, and that if I wished, I could go to the New World and take refuge with her people in the westerly portion of Canada. This I eventually did, though not for over a year later.

In all, I think I was careless in my application of spells from different Orders. I surmise this is how the Temple of Ra was able to piece together my true identity. I do know they have fanned the flames of ire against my practice of unraveling, quite forgetting to mention that it was a mere goat and couple of chickens.

But I'd make all the same mistakes again for another chance to look into her wide blue eyes.

WOMEN'S SORCEROUS ORDERS

It has been said that the more scholastic an organization is, the more bound to tradition it is. While women are generally held as adept (if not more so) than men in the field of High Sorcery, not every order allows membership to those of both genders. Just as there are separate Gentlemen's Clubs and Ladies' Clubs, so there are private Sorcerous Orders.

Orders that are exclusively male in membership include the Order of the Temple of Jerusalem, The Mystic Lodge of the Temple of Ra, The Holy Order of St. Boniface in strongly-Catholic countries, and the Grand Order of the Freemasonic Lodge in the United States of America (where it is as much a political tool as a sorcerous order). Despite its name, the Ancient Brotherhood of the Druidic Temple has had sorcerers of both sexes for as long as anyone can remember.

The material that follows is based on conversations I had during my stay with the League of Isis. I was not, of course, taking notes, and I may have, as the saying goes, missed the nuances.

THE ILLUMINATED SISTERS OF BAYREUTH

A lively alliance of well-to-do women of an artistic bent, and actresses who practice hermetic rites aimed at the liberation of their favorite oppressed group. While the theatrical members have frequently been the subject of newspaper scandal, the socially exalted members who are the Order's main source of funds rarely appear in such reports. Their principal Chapterhouses are in München and Dublin, though not in their namesake city. Their most public events are ritual theater performances designed to stimulate popular rebellion, sometimes in conjunction with armed uprising. Their blazon is the Grail.

ORDER OF CASSANDRA

These women are nurses by profession and formal training, although they are more concerned with administration and medical statistics than applied healing. Their specialty is arriving at a scene of hostilities just before actual bloodshed begins. Florence Nightingale is said to be an Adept of the Order. The Members insist that they are not, as many claim, out to disrupt the order and sovereignty of nations, or even to abolish war. Their stated enemies are the disease and excessive suffering that accompany war. Paradoxically, the Cassandrans' improvements to san-

itation may make it possible to field larger armies than have ever before been possible.

SISTERHOOD OF SEKHMET

At the apex of the enthusiasm for all things Egyptian, these ladies may often be identified by their loose, corsetless gowns, often ornamented with feathers, scarabs, and great quantities of gold passementerie. Beyond a fondness for pseudo-Egyptian costume there is no unified set of magickal beliefs among the Sisterhood. Members of the Sisterhood of Sekhmet will perform ceremonial magic in response to an appeal to their senses of public service or private vanity. The membership tends to draw from the well-off, bored, and not particularly level-headed on the one hand, and the penurious, willing, and able on the other. The leadership is calculating and closemouthed, and has a remarkably ready access to highly placed civil authority. A subset of this order is The Order of the Priestesses of Bast. Very little is known about their practices, but scandalous rumors of candle-lit bacchanalian festivities abound.

THE THEOSOPHIC DAUGHTERS OF LEMURIA

This mystical order attempts to restore the lost glories of Lemuria, reportedly the site of the Garden of Eden and cradle of the human race. Mixing mysticism with the pseudo-science of Theosophy, the Daughters cultivate psychic powers and telepathy, as well as investigate the mystery of reincarnation. In imitation of the physiology of the Lemurians, the Daughters wear four-sleeved robes during rituals, and have a third eye tattooed on the backs of their heads, hidden from public view by their hair.

LADIES' SEWING CIRCLE, MARCHING, AND CHOWDER SOCIETY

A specifically American Order, small, diffuse, and semi-secret. Its express purpose is to allow women in the United States to practice Magick in an orderly way within the restrictions imposed by the exclusively male American Freemasons. It is not overtly a suffragist or reform group, as such activities would immediately lead to its suppression. Outside that country the Order would have no purpose, though it is rumored to have connections to sympathetic groups outside the USA—including some Freemasonic Chapters.

ΠΑΡΡΑΤΙΒΕ
ΠΑΡΤ ΕΙΧΤ:



ΣΟΪΟΥΡΝ ΙΝ Α
ΔΑΡΚ ΛΑΝΔ



It was with a heavy heart that I watched Maes, accompanying the others of her Order, take her leave of me. I had grown unreasonably fond of her during that short time, and I regretted the underhanded means in which I interrogated her about her order. Although she was unaware, still I felt the need to make amends. Such are the burdens which we carry on our travels; see to it that you have none.

I had a thought to go to Egypt. I had a desire to learn more about the culture from which the League of Isis sprang, and perhaps join an Order of some sort. As well, I had most certainly caused the Temple of Ra some anger, and the last place where they might assume me to flee was toward their stronghold. This in the end I did, employing some of Ra's wealth to the betterment of a small group of scruffy Greek fishermen.

The heat in Cairo was less oppressive than I might have thought, and the streets were all but empty at each of the five prayers the Mohammedans observe throughout the day. Their music I found to be at once irritating to my classical education and compelling to my heart; perhaps I shall be able to learn a true appreciation of it some day. I also spent countless hours among the bazaars, an endlessly entertaining pastime, and a small and unthinking choice I made which greatly altered again the course of my life.

In the bazaar I met another sorcerer. He recognized the Talent within me at once. Perhaps he recognized also the marks of my many travels, both past and future, for he was of the Prosperans. He approached me warmly, telling me of a French expedition forming forthwith under the leadership of Gaspard Janequin, with the intent of proving or disproving the discoveries made by the Burton-Speke expedition, over which, in Paris as well as London, there is apparently some dispute. It seemed as good a venture as any, and a great deal more interesting than most, and, they being in need of additional magical power (I knew not how true that was), I joined with them.

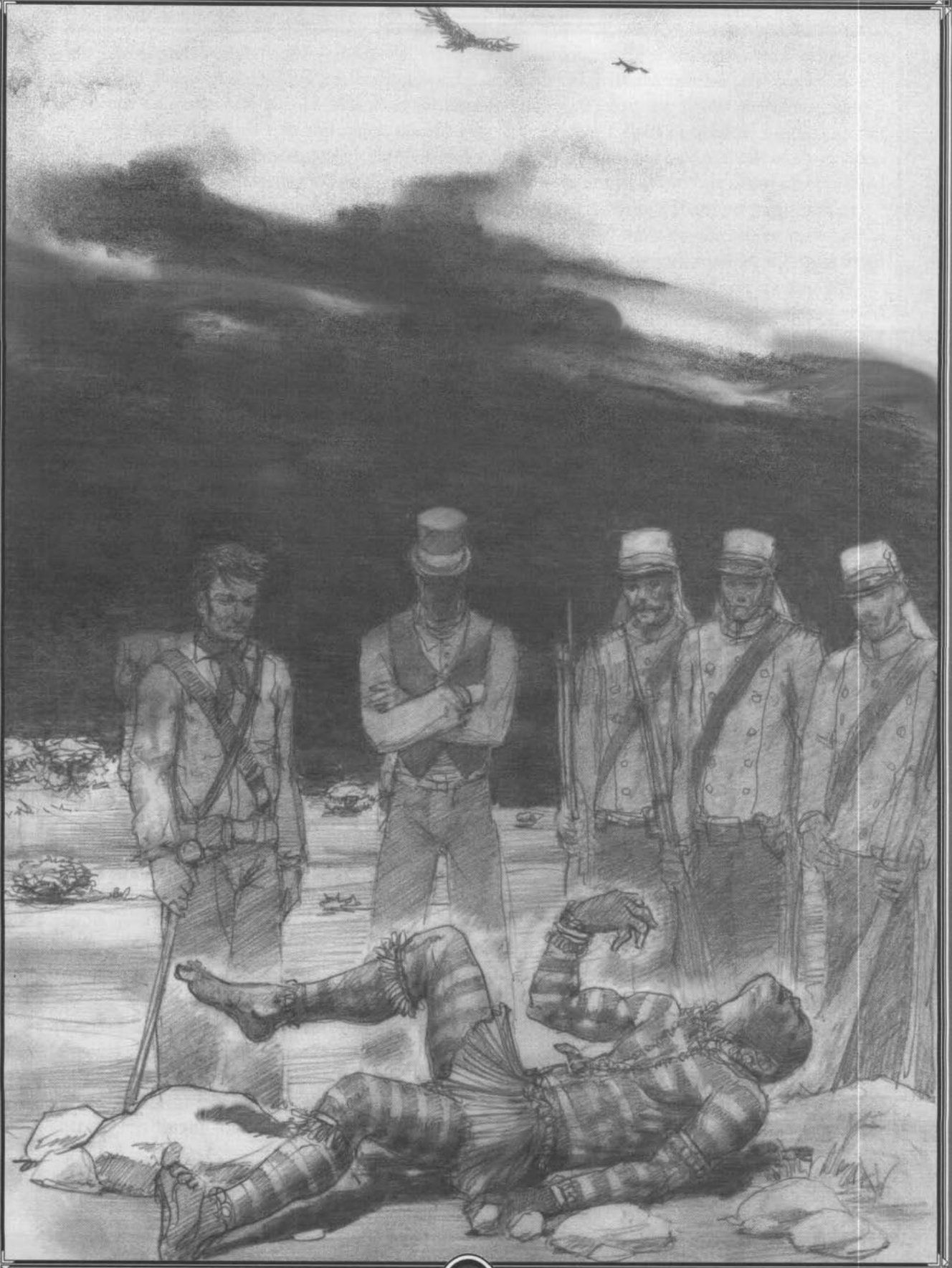
I might chronicle the adventure here, but it has already been adequately published. For my part, I found the expedition grueling physically, although unlike some whose constitution is broken by such travail, I am the better man for it. I passed the evening hours in conversation with the Prosperan, and sharing knowledge with him. For which patience and dedication, after five months of the expedition, I was quite informally inducted as a Master into the Order of Prospero (and he into the Cups and Wands, for no other reason than he thought it curious).

Certain events are not covered completely in Janequin's posthumous memoirs, and I shall discuss them here. Toward the abrupt end of the missive, Janequin speaks of some native tribesmen who had taken us for enemies. The editors of Janequin's account dismiss this enmity as capricious African savagery. It is not true. In reality, it was our error which turned them against us.

We had found the lake which Speke had discovered, named Victoria, but which Janequin wished to name Jean d'Arc. At the same time, we found, in the form of a large party of warriors, the people of King Angola. Students of geography will remember them as that group which caused the Burton-Speke expedition such difficulties. Many of our expedition were suspicious, although they greeted us, if with some air of superiority, warmly. It seems that King Angola had ordered his people to be somewhat more congenial after the incidents during Speke's foray from their village. Burton has, I have been told, been taciturn upon the subject.

One of the warriors, while we stood about talking, sprayed milk from his mouth upon one of our soldiers. This, the Prosperan told me afterwards, is a blessing common in these areas. The soldier, however, drew great offense at the soiling of his clothes, and struck the African, who fell unconscious. A fray ensued, in which our firearms proved the deciding factor.

Some of the Africans escaped (we had no desire to hunt them down, as they were not enemies to us). The surviving warriors we cared for as best we could pending the return of their fellow



tribesmen. The soldier made great apologies to them for his actions—we all did—in hopes of restoring the peace. The warrior who had been struck did not accept these apologies, however, and began wagging a finger which was tied to a thong around his neck. He said we had offended the gods, for spurning a blessing in such a manner. He said he was sorry, but that the gods were going to curse us all to die. He also said that he no longer had a choice in the matter. At this, his eyes rolled back into his head, and he fell to the ground. The other surviving Africans began to chant and sing.

In hindsight, we made a grave error. We hoped that because we did not interfere with their magicking, they would see we were truly apologetic. Perhaps they did; perhaps the gods would not let them stop. Or perhaps they thought us but stupid lambs for the slaughter. I do not know.

The warrior on the ground began to thrash about as though in a seizure (he was, I was later to learn, possessed). His flailing hands fell upon stones, seized them, and struck them against his own brow. Though the sound caused every one of us watching to flinch, neither welts nor blood appeared upon his forehead. These stones he dropped, and grasped others; the dropped stones were collected by the rest. They waved the stones at the soldier who was the cause of the trouble, and he immediately fell gravely ill. Had the Prosperan and I known that he would die at sundown, we surely would have intervened at this stage.

The Africans repeated the strange ceremony for hours, until fully a third our camp was ill and shaking. At twilight, after the second death, we bound the Africans hand and foot, and gagged them. Though the Prosperan and I gave our best efforts, we could not prevent those cursed from dying. At dawn, the possessed warrior still struggled, his eyes still rolled so far back as to be entirely white. The others mumbled behind their gags, still in unison, and stared as one at Janequin, who'd ordered their bondage. Upon seeing this, he added blindfolds. Then, when they turned their heads to follow his footsteps in spite of the blindfolds, he added earplugs.

More African tribesmen arrived that evening. We could hear their chanting and drumming in the darkness. They did not approach, perhaps fearing our many guns. Again, we began, one by one, to fall ill. We sent emissaries who never returned. Our bearers began to desert. And, most horrid of all, the affronted warrior began to thrash about with the strength of ten men, and rolled across our campfire upsetting a large pot of boiling soup, all without apparent injury. The Prosperan and I, along with another wizard of ours, exerted ourselves greatly in our defense, spurred by the moans of the cursed in their fevers. During the night, someone secretly bayoneted our erstwhile captives—all except the possessed one, whom, apparently, he did not dare to approach.

In the wee hours of the morning, it was obvious our magick was to no avail. Janequin, struck down and in agony, gave me his log book, and asked that I return it to his motherland. Or so I have always assumed, for he no longer could speak coherently. I took the book to the lake, and stood in the waters. As the sun rose, I gave myself transformation into a great gar and made for the far shore, away from the eyes and curses of the Africans. It was the last that any white man saw of Janequin or his expedition. I still hope, at times, that the Prosperan made good an escape of some sort, but that hope grows dimmer every year.

On the far shore of the lake, I chanced to meet some of our bearer deserters who had slipped past Angola's warriors. I recognized them, for one of them had mummified ears dangling beneath his own more vital auricles. They were yet very afraid of the king's reach, and in exchange for providing them with my sorcerous abilities (which they had just seen as I arose from the lake in the changing form of a fish-man), they guided me back to civilization and taught me of the magick which we had seen used against us.

In all, I understand why it is called the Dark Continent. Thus far, my repulsion has been stronger than my curiosity.

THE ORDER OF PROSPERO

The Order traces its origins to the Dactyls, Phrygian sorcerers of extreme antiquity, who are claimed to have discovered the uses of minerals and invented the musical scale. Grand Masters of the Order are called Dactyls in their honor. The Order is more reliably linked to the Peripatetic School of Athenian philosophers, who moved from city to city. In addition to the eponymous King of Milan, they variously claim as founders Diogenes (of the lantern and the hunt for an honest man), and a historian of sorcery known as Orpheus the Argonaut.

The Prosperians stride the gap between the solitary, hermetic wizard of ancient and tribal magick and “modern” scholastic sorcery. While their Lore and Secrets are textual and academic, their Chapterhouse is the open road, their Chapter meetings the casual and accidental encounters of travelers.

They are not, however, hermetic or antisocial. Members are usually found in a group—a team of explorers blazing a trackless wilderness, or decoding the secrets of a lost city, or just a random set of voyagers in a railway parlor car, a way-side inn, or an “Explorer’s Club.” The point is to be always on the frontiers, to have no fixed address. They are by no means solitary in their private lives, either. Finding the sort of man or woman willing to share the Prosperian life is not easy, but it is possible; and if there is one thing all Members of the Order possess, it is a willingness to spend time looking for the right things.

The Order’s ritual garb is a white gown of Grecian style, plain for Novices, bordered with primary colors for Journeymen, colors and silver or gold for Masters. A belt pouch is also worn (for symbolic reasons, though it may contain ritual materials). Outdoors, a cloak may be added for protection from the weather. Rituals are always conducted in bare feet, to symbolize drawing power from walking the Earth. The sigil of this order is a compass rose.

The Steersman’s Compass

History & Secret Knowledge: This rather large but slender book, sheathed in waterproof copper, contains lore and magicks useful to the

traveler over sea or land. It is said to be enchanted to float, but no one is likely to test this claim. The enchantment of *True Bearing* (8♦) will keep a ship, or a party of travelers, on an absolute direction. The inverse of this spell, *False Bearing*, always puts one on the wrong course, despite the use of compasses or other such devices. *Homeport* (8♦) will lead infallibly to a known destination. *Safe Course* (10♦) shows a path through a treacherous area—shoal waters, quicksand, dangerous trails. *Skylore* (10♦) gives the caster the ability to predict the weather.

The Ranger’s Companion

History & Secret Knowledge: A pocket-sized book, associated (probably falsely) with Odysseus, containing much information on survival in hostile country. *Shelter from the Storm* (8♦) allows one to find a good, dry campsite no matter the weather or terrain, and can seal even the most minimal cover against the elements. The *Palisade* (8♦) provides a defense against hostile animals or people. The technique of *Iron Endurance* (10♦) can allow a traveler to continue despite lack of food and sleep. *Eyes of the Hawk* (6♦) allows the user to see things clearly out to the horizon. *Ears of the Fox* (6♦) gives his hearing the same range. *Footsteps of the Deer* (8♦) allows him to pass unnoticed and without a trace in the wilderness.

Handbook for Happy Sojourns

History & Secret Knowledge: This slim volume, the original of which was written on thin slabs of wood bound top to bottom with leather, has but one spell. *Common Tongue* (6♥) allows people who do not speak the same language to understand each other. The rest is up to the individual.

Friar Laurence’s Ordinary

History & Secret Knowledge: This small volume, prepared in its current form by an Italian monk, is a guide to herbs: those which are edible, medicinal, and poisonous. This is not a “spell-book” as such, as anyone able to read it may use it; it is a rare example of an Order’s Lore which is not also a Secret.

PATH OF THE SPIRIT WORLD

This is the spiritual-religious school of magick which, in the Caribbean, evolved and mutated into what we know as Voudon. Here, however, it's more than a school of magick, it's literally a way of life. Order organization



GRIOTS & SPIRITS

In the Path of the Spirit World, Griots interact with the spirits, and in turn the spirits can interact with the Griots. When a Griot casts a spell and a joker is drawn from the sorcery deck, the Griot becomes possessed by a spirit. Spirits being as powerful as they are, the spell immediately goes off, with effects perhaps different than intended according to the whim of the spirit. In addition, the spirit will stay in control of the Griot's body for a while, doing whatever it sees fit (play this for dramatic license). Typically spirits can't or don't do much more than thrash about in a trance-like state; they've been discorporeal for too long to be very coordinated, and they just don't fit inside any more.



While the rest of the tribe ensures that the tribe follows the game, drinks good water, and is protected against other tribes and wild animals, those of the Path of the Spirit

revolves around individual Griots (Masters), for that is the only recognized status in the Order. Novitiates don't really exist in the Order, and Journeymen are simply those tribesmen that the Griot teaches. There are no Grand Masters, although African tribal life certainly recognizes and respects seniority. If this strikes others as a shapeless Order, it's because the African tribal lifestyle does not require more than one or at most two Griots in all but the largest communities, and if there's only one Griot around, what need for formal organization?

The Path of the Spirit World exists to ensure that the tribal African societies continue to exist. Those of the Path are wise men, doctors, and priests, and perform several other important roles as well. While the rest of the

World ensure that they anger no gods, avoid cursed areas, and otherwise maintain safety and circumspection in matters arcane and supernatural.

Each Griot has his own Spirit Bells, described below, as well as his own collection of fetishes and accoutrements. With these, the Griot can cast spells, guide celebrations, and tell fables and legends. Many African dances are ritualized spells, and the dancers themselves, if they have the Talent, actually aid in the casting of the spell, sometimes even without realizing it.

To the Griot, spirits are everywhere, and the dead walk among us whispering secrets. There are gods (very powerful spirits) everywhere, one for every thing imaginable. Since the Griots are in such close contact with the spirits, they do not fear death at all, and will happily perform suicidal acts if they deem it necessary for honor and tradition.

The Spirit Bells

History & Secret Knowledge: This is not a book per se, but a collection of fetishes of all sorts: bones, horns, stones, mummified body parts both human and animal, shells, etc. These fetishes are all strung together in a seemingly haphazard fashion with ligaments, twine, hair, and braided cords. One anthropologist described one which incorporated wire and glass, so apparently there is some flexibility in the manufacture of Spirit Bells. When the Spirit Bells are suspended in the breeze, the gods can speak with the mage and teach magick. *Protection* (8♥) makes the recipient immune to injury of light to moderate severity; he can lick hot knife blades and neither be cut nor burnt. Even major damage is reduced in severity. *Healing* (12♥) removes illness and parasites from the recipient. *Attend* (10♠) lets the caster tune into the spirit world, to hear their whispers and see their shadows (and sometimes feel their claws). *Curse* (14♠★) causes illness or death to its victims. Its obverse, *Mojo*, protects a person from curses, and prevents the Dead from speaking to him or about him. Finally, *Spirit Bells* (8♠) allows a person to make another set of Spirit Bells. Since it takes the spell from Spirit Bells to make another one, no one knows how the first came into existence.

ΠARRATIVE
PART ΠΙΠΕ:



A VOYAGE TO THE
NEW WORLD

I might have lingered on the Mediterranean coast of Africa, but I did not relish the thought of remaining so close to Egypt even as long as it had been since the events in Greece. Plus, I had in my hand a parcel for delivery, so I rode on a barge through the serene Nile Delta and boarded a ship at Alexandria for the French Second Empire. Marseilles, to be specific, which, had not certain incidents conspired to send me rapidly on my way, I might have found a wonderful port town.

I found the Gentlemen's Club which had sponsored the ill-fated expedition without much difficulty, as the first person whom I chanced to ask for directions not only spoke perfect English (my French is merely passable), but was also a club member by the name of Savion Pelletier. He hailed a hansom, and I regaled him with the story of my travels with the expedition as we rode.

I never saw the spy who spotted me, but I know he was there. For when Savion and I left the club some hours later to spend the night at his apartments, they were waiting for us. Waiting for me, to be precise. Their white linen robes fairly glowed in the lamp- and moonlight, and the ankhs on their staves glittered. There were four of them. One, obviously their leader, for he had a magnificent head-dress, raised his serpent-twined staff and spoke.

"We have found you now," he said in heavily accented English, "and know you to be Aristotle of Nichos, and Colin St. George Blessent, and Anthony Savile." At this my companion, Mr. Pelletier, looked at me with some startlement and took several steps aside. "Your particular offense against the Mystic Lodge of the Temple of Ra in Thracia is unforgivable. You have offended the masters of Time, and now for you Time stops."

I did not waste time with words, but rapidly cast a defensive spell and drew the sword from my cane with dramatic flourish (many are the times my histrionic experience has served me). In response, the four of them spread out, and began making mystic passes, almost in unison. The air thrummed. I recognized the effects of the loathsome *Discipline of the Temporal Fugue* almost immediately. But just as the extra renditions of the mages became manifest, a startling green velvet light billowed forth from nowhere, enveloping them all. When their spell was complete, there were indeed sixteen of them facing us, but each set of four acted in perfect unison: They did not fugue from separate times, but each multiplied from the same time.

They and I all looked at each other in amazement for a moment, before Savion, bless him, laughed and cold-cocked one of the mages of Ra. His four renditions collapsed to the ground. The other three villains were dispatched with equal ease; since each had four chins to defend, but only one set of motions with which to do so, Savion and I each assaulted each grouping of four at either side. Within a span of thirty seconds at most, we had done with them. We could have slain them, but thought that leaving them to explain their failure would be a far more serious fate. As we hurried back to the hotel, I said, "That was no ordinary spell misfire."

"Oh, my dear Troilus, they did but jest, sorcel in jest," Pelletier said, nearly laughing.

He was so delighted to have met Anthony Savile (though I never admitted my identity), that he inducted me into his more "official" Order, the Ancient Brotherhood of the Druidic Temple, at once, and we spent the hours with his Order's lore instead of sleeping. Nonetheless, the presence of the Temple of Ra is strong in France, so I felt I could not linger with him. I set out for Brittany later that day, with the intent of seeking Maes in the New World.

While passing through Paris, I learned that I. K. Brunel's remarkable ship the *Great Eastern* was to voyage from Le Havre to New York City. This suited my purposes, and I at once booked a stateroom.

It was a strange trip from the beginning. The vessel was built to carry nearly four thousand passengers, and scarcely a tenth of that number were aboard. Her halls were correspondingly empty, and quite lonely. When passengers did encounter one another, it was rather with the relief of wanderers in a dark and lonely forest meeting another friendly face.

Thus it was not long before I made the acquaintance of Dorien Phidias, a Master of the Order of Prospero, and Doctor Jules Verne, the Minister of Technology for France. Master Dorien was, as with any Prosperian, in motion; Dr. Verne was on his way to America. He was a very personable fellow, and pleased of our company, and his name opened all doors. On the third day of the voyage, we were being shown the ship's workings by her Chief Engineer, the Dwarf-Master Oaken Keelboard.

At the hull's centerline, he displayed to us his particular pride, a row of massive iron gyroscopes on magnetic bearings, that kept the vessel stable through rough seas.

The Engineer said—I suppose he had said it fifty times to visitors—“Each one of these flywheels contains the energy of a Verne Cannon shell.”

For some reason, Dr. Verne seemed to find this statement exceptional. He did not erupt, precisely, but it was apparent to Dorien Phidias and myself that he was agitated; Oaken Keelboard, however, noticed nothing and continued with his exposition.

Master Dorien quickly brought up the new developments in Engine Magick, which immediately engaged the Engineer's interest, making a space for me to lead Dr. Verne above decks. We stepped out on the great promenade deck (which only seemed as wide as the Champs Elysees) and M. Verne leaned on the rail. It was pleasant weather, and M. Verne's mood had returned to normal.

“You will excuse me,” he said. “I sometimes become tired of having my name so closely associated with so destructive a device.” I found this unconvincing, but decided to let it pass.

At that moment, the sea began to bubble, perhaps two thousand yards off our beam. As we watched, a vast black shape began rising from the water. It was lens-shaped, of lapped plates of black iron with innumerable rivets, bristling with vent-pipes and what were unmistakably the barrels of guns. Its diameter was at least five hundred feet. At six points around its edge were great Prussian eagles, in the Gothic style, finished in gold; as the disc continued to rise, jointed arms of heavy, oil-glistening iron appeared below the eagle figureheads, giving the machine the appearance of a huge black spider.

M. Verne leaned over the rail and shook his fist at the iron thing. “It shall do you no good,” he shouted. “Civilization shall prevail against you!”

“You seem to recognize that extraordinary device,” I said mildly.

“I recognize who is responsible for it. His name is Schultze. He is mad—even by the standards of Prussia.”

I digested this, adjusted my understanding for M. Verne's enthusiastic nationalism, and said, “Then he is an agent of Chancellor Bismarck?” It seemed unimaginable that a Franco-Prussian conflict should begin just here and now, though I suppose all wars appear unlikely to those who see them start.

Monsieur Verne explained that Bismarck had found Herr Schultze's ideas on Prussian superiority embarrassingly extreme, and had exiled him from Prussia. But, using the proceeds of the international arms trade, the madman had constructed a new, transnational base of operations.

By now several of the *Great Eastern's* officers had gathered to watch the approach of the other iron vessel. Then we heard a voice boom across the waters, projected by some kind of electrical loud-hailer. It proclaimed that the ship was the *Eisernadler*, and demanded that we surrender M. Verne, or face absolute destruction.

To his credit, Verne offered to be put into a small boat, to which the Captain promptly replied, “Not at all, sir. This is an English vessel, and we do not do such things.”



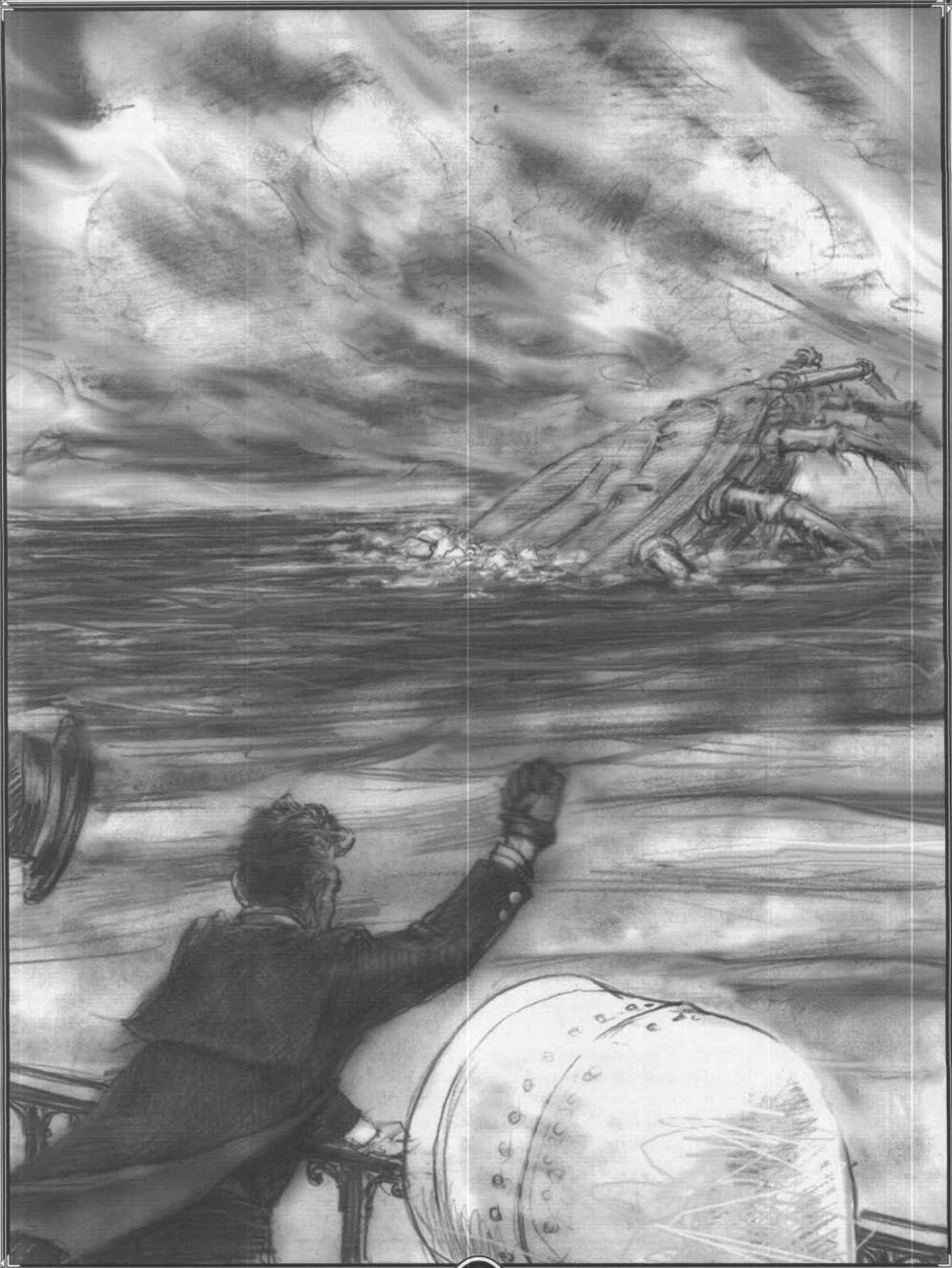
THE GREAT EASTERN

In our world, the *Great Eastern* was the one great failure of her designer, the redoubtable engineer Isambard K. Brunel. She was much as Savile describes her—except for the lack of gyroscopic stabilizers. Though it was believed that her enormous size and mass would make her stable, the opposite was true; she rolled atrociously (as described by M. Verne in an account of his trip to New York aboard her).

Her smallest cabin was twice the size of the largest on any other passenger vessel, and her capacity of nearly four thousand was greater than that of any other non-military ship, before or since. Every stateroom contained, in addition to the other amenities we take for granted in hotels, a bathtub—an item present in few homes at the time.

She never came close to filling all those cabins (there were only 38 passengers on her maiden voyage, and she typically sailed with one or two hundred aboard). Eventually she was used to lay the first transatlantic cable.





I located Dorien Phidias, and we discussed the magicks available to us. A plan, such as it was, was formulated. The bridge crew were instructed to maintain their course, no matter what happened; the Chief Engineer was asked to tune his gyros accordingly—a straight path was more important than a bit of rolling now.

Dorien kicked off his shoes and began drawing a figure in chalk on the deck. I braced myself and began reaching into the winds above us, feeling for energy. Two thousand miles from any living tree, I called the Druid power, and the air began to mist.

“*Bon, très bon,*” Dorien said. He had drawn a simplified compass rose. He set his staff across it, east to west, matching our course. Then he stood at the east point and began to pull at his particular threads of the cosmic weave.

We had, I daresay, the North Altantean in our favor. Her mists are frequent and dense; they do not require much calling.

There was a flash from the *Eisernadler*, and seconds later the thump of a great mortar and the whistle of its shell. To our port side, perhaps five hundred yards overshot, a hemisphere of blue-green light swelled on the water, and streaks of energy glowed beneath the surface. Steam and spray rose.

“What is he using to range with?” Verne said. “A cleft stick held by a one-eyed sailor?” Then he saw us at our Crafts, and fell silent, though we were past such distractions as that.

I tried to wrap the fog around Schultze’s vessel like tissue round a parcel. I could see her heave and shift, her golden eagles yawing as if confused—which was precisely the idea.

On the deck, Dorien’s staff jittered and shifted, swinging a few degrees clockwise. The huge gun boomed again, and another of the shells burst greenly. I still do not know what awful mixture they contained, though M. Verne said that Schultze had combined the science of explosives with the art of alchemy, and claimed he had a shell that could turn living men to stone, like the Medusa.

The next round fell farther away because we were increasing the range between us and *Eisernadler*, which was, gradually, veering away from us, guided by Dorien’s inversion of the *True Bearing* spell.

We parted slowly, terribly slowly. I at least had the leisure to choose my weavings; a harmonic might have brought on a North Atlantic squall or worse, and Schultze’s submersible could certainly have weathered a storm better than our ship.

Another shell was fired, this one striking just short of our bow. I felt an electrical tingle in the air, and fool’s-fire danced on the railings. Her rate of fire was very slow; I have seen a British warship fire ten salvos in the time Schultze took to launch one. We discussed this much, later. Possibly he had only a limited supply of the terrible shells, or his ship was undermanned, or (Verne’s preferred explanation) Schultze insisted on laying the gun himself. Whatever the reason, I am not complaining of it.

Finally she was lost to sight, following her untrue course. We went belowdecks, and were fortified with hot soup and an excellent brandy.

That evening, Master Dorien inducted me formally into the Order of Prospero. I did not request this honor, but I certainly did not refuse. He gave me a copy of the *Ranger’s Companion*, which according to the rule of the Order I promised to keep safe until I could pass it along to another Member, “as the roads of fate shall bring us together.” That oath, at least, I kept.

— I — ◆ — I —

HERR
SCHULTZE AND
PRUSSIAN
SUPREMACY

In our world, Monsieur Jules Verne wrote of two scientists, one French and one German. In *The Begum’s Fortune*, Dr. Sarrasin and Herr Schultze divided a vast inheritance, to create their own ideas of Scientific Utopia, in an area still sparsely settled frontier—the Oregon Territory. Dr. Sarrasin built France-Ville, a city of perfect mental and physical health, peace, and productivity. Herr Schultze created Stahlstadt, a dark, satanic mill town dedicated to the production of armaments and the absolute dominion of pure-blooded Prussians over all other peoples of the Earth. Not incidentally, this included destroying France-Ville.

The Savile manuscript does not indicate where, or if, his world’s Schultze has a land base (his marginal notes indicate that it may be in Antarctica), and there is no indication at all of Dr. Sarrasin’s beautiful France-Ville. One can only hope.



MARKED BY THE BLAZON

Wizards wear their blazons openly, for the most part, the practice being one part each pride, ornamentation, and chip on the shoulder. Sometimes those with the Talent will opt to be less conspicuous, and conceal their blazons; a lone mage traveling in unknown lands often does well to attract less attention.

But just as the blazon marks you as one with powers arcane and supernatural, so also does it act as a bull's-eye when encountering the foes of your Order. And although a sorcerer has many friends throughout the magickal fields of endeavor, so too does he have innumerable foes who would see his demise. Fortunately, just as the various Orders police their own members' activities, so too do the Orders take care to keep their conflicts under wraps.

In large towns like London and Berlin, encounters between opposing Orders take place all the time in the bustling city streets. At these times, the rivals

will meet and deal with each other much as enemy soldiers might during peacetime; they may bump against each other with more vigor than would be natural, or skewer each other with clever double-entendres, but for the most part, they maintain a civilized demeanor. Even in village guest houses, where the parties have each encountered the innkeeper or fellow travelers, relations are maintained cordially.

It is at night, or in remote country lanes and isolated estates, that the magickal conflicts reach full force. The details of this are, of course, best left to the Host for maximum dramatic effect, and the required soliloquies and threats are, of course, a given.

"Oho, blackguard! At last we meet again, and this time you have not your infernal mechanisms to safeguard your puling magickal powers! This time I shall have my vengeance upon you for the death of Brandenburg! To your staff, now, for I can contain my wrath no longer!"

THE JESTER'S GUILD

One of the most secretive and unorganized Orders in the world, the Jester's Guild is also known variously as the Society of Tricksters, The Fivesquare of Capricious Coincidents, The Grand Order of Murphy, and the Hallowed Hall of Hilarity. Their blazons are legion as well, including dramatic masks, three juggling balls arranged in a triangle, eight arrows radiating outward, and others too numerous to mention. Somehow, despite these differences in blazons, members can usually recognize another member.

The Jester's Guild sets itself in opposition to stiff and pompous Victorian society. While some might therefore qualify them as Anarchists, Order members find the Anarchists to be every bit as stuffy as the average Royalist, if not more so, and killjoys beside. The Jester's Guild has no aims further than pure enjoyment, often as realized by throwing the proverbial monkey wrench in grandiose schemes and plans.

The Order has no Chapterhouses beyond whatever residences members might currently occupy. They have no Novices, no Journeymen, no Masters, no Grand Masters. You either belong, or you don't.

Members recruit others with the Talent whom they find of like mind, which in part explains why membership is so small in this order—sorcerers are generally a stodgy lot. Secrecy is maintained because when members have gone public, they find they've been blamed for every unfortunate coincidence for dozens of miles around, no matter how mundane or trivial. Furthermore, it is possible to perform more hijinks when no one around suspects you might do so.

The Möbius Scroll

Background and History: It is said that the original version of this manuscript is written on a piece of parchment with only one side—a physical impossibility, as any Victorian knows. It represents the only lore available to members of the Order. It has but one spell, *Confound* (10♥), which causes another spell which is in the process of being cast to suffer unwanted harmonics of one sort or another when it is completed. If the spell is cast on another mage who then draws a joker from the sorcery deck ... well, that's all a part of the price of throwing monkey wrenches around. At least it'll be memorable.

NARRATIVE
PART TEN:



A GATHERING
OF FREEMASONS

A

s I arrived in New York City, I was amazed at the bustle of this American town. New Europeans still consider the United States a motley assortment of colonies, and speak of them with small disdain. In truth they are alive, vital and strong. Certainly the Americans venture more enthusiastically into politics than do their New European counterparts. Either Bismarck wouldn't last a day in the States—or else he'd be running everything with the complete support of the people.

I spent my time taking in the sights; this was indeed a New World for me. On one of my excursions, this to Boston, I chanced upon a small disturbance. Several people were accosting a young gentleman, and calling for the police. I thought this unseemly, as the gentleman in question looked reputable and offered no resistance. Being who I am, I could not help but intervene.

The several townsfolk who confronted the man accused him of practicing magick. I thought it strange, since magick itself is no crime as far as I know, only the illegal employment of same. As well, I had noted no quivering among the magickal powers, which therefore belied their imputation, nor did any of the gathering have the mark of magickal enchantment. I started to defend the man with these observations, when a policeman finally arrived on the scene.

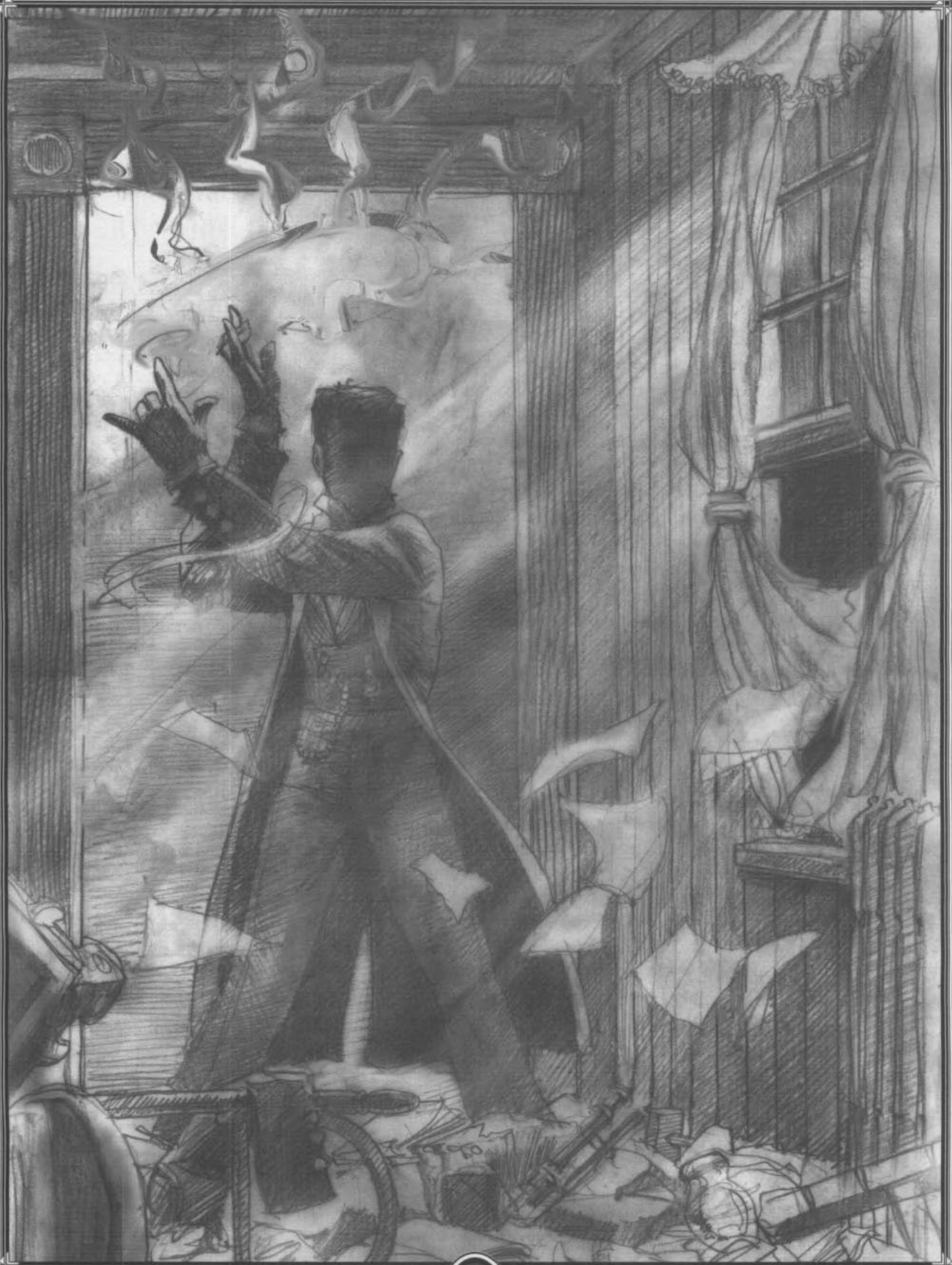
The townsfolk accused the man of using magick to “hornswoggle” (I believe the term was) their aunt of her money. One also claimed he had caused her illness from the beginning. The aunt in question was present, sitting in a wheelchair. It was unclear whether the young man or her relatives had been pushing her about. He maintained his innocence, and claimed that he was using the power of her (the aunt's) will to heal her. To the policeman I explained my observations, and cast the Eleusinian *Detect Lies* upon the lad and questioned him to demonstrate that he had no touch of the Talent. Sadly, he thought he did, and my defense of his character was dashed by his own fancy. As was my own character, I might add. At this, the policeman inquired gruffly if I had a license to work magick.

I had none, as one might expect, thus I spent the next two days in the company of the young man I'd defended in the local jail house. He turned out to be some sort of practitioner of faith-healing and hypnotic techniques, despite his assertion of Talent. He was freed when the old aunt died, since she'd had a dramatic downturn the day after his arrest.

I, instead, found myself facing a stern judge demanding an explanation of my practice of magick without a license. Such an explanation I did not have. The whole idea of magick licenses still bewildered me. The easiest resolution of my dilemma turned out to be exactly in my favor: I was forced to pay a penalty and join the Grand Order of the Freemasonic Lodge, there to be allowed to learn their secrets and practice magick of their sort. I smiled, paid my fine, and was escorted out of the building by some sort of Freemasonic bailiff.

All went well for a few months. Socially, I made many acquaintances, and, as I now had a stable residence, I posted a letter to Maes, wherein I asked her to come meet me at the Niagara Falls some months hence. I was, as you may guess, delighted by her reply in the positive. And, professionally, I progressed rapidly in the Freemasonic Order. My magickal experience allowed me to retain their spells quickly, and I already knew the duties of the Novitiate. I believe it is this very rapidity which led to my dismissal from that Lodge, and my being hunted across the Americas.

I returned to my room (a hotel room which I had rented within three blocks of the Chapterhouse) to find that the window had been forced, and my belongings rifled. I must admit I panicked, and cast a very powerful *Charm Home* spell upon my valise and trunk, which, fortuitously, caused them to pack themselves. I heard a small cry of rage from outside the open window, however, and ran to look outside. Two furtive figures in the darkness could be seen gathering papers which billowed in the windless evening air back towards my window. I yelled at them to hold; of course they didn't.



Then one of the papers blew into my hand. My heart stopped when I saw what it was: a page from my own memoirs, and this the section which dealt with my joining the Illuminati! I knew then that I had been compromised; the Freemasons, their suspicions aroused by my rapid progress, had pilfered my luggage in search of my hidden secrets, and my accounts had at last been revealed to all. There was no doubt now that they would come for me, a long-standing member of the hated and rebellious Illuminati, as well as many other Orders upon which they frowned most darkly. An Illuminatus within their own ranks! Ah, heads would roll, not ending with mine.

I slammed my valise and trunk shut, leaving several other pages of my manuscript to lie fallow in the gutter, there to be discovered by others. The missing pages I reconstructed from memory over the next few weeks. They were largely no great loss. I left the hotel at once and hailed a hansom, and from there began to make my escape.


I learned later that my likeness appeared in many public offices as a very dangerous criminal to be apprehended at all costs. This is how the so-called Savile Manuscript attained such fame across the globe even though it has never been published. Sometimes it's good to know that others consider you a valuable and powerful and knowledgeable sorcerer. But this was not one such time.

On a slightly different plane, word of my journal—the manuscript you are now reading—began to spread among the Sorcerous Orders. Has any man ever struck so much terror over so much of the world in so short a time? From that time, I was secondary in the minds of the sorcerers; the manuscript was what obsessed them. Like any other piece of rumored, but unseen, Lore, it acquired a power, an awe, and a desirability beyond the dreams of mortal avarice.



Once beyond the darkening reach of the Freemasons, I found myself without a planned itinerary, and hence I opted to accompany Maes Glyn Dwr as she returned to her birthplace in the Northwest Territories. I had no intent of crossing the Twenty Nations, and swore yet another oath doomed to be broken that I should not disturb them, for at the time their magick I found most intimidating.

Maes I found most exciting company, and her presence made the rough nature of our transportation but a minor inconvenience. From a modern railway train car we gradually descended through coaches, horseback, longboat, and eventually travel on foot before we found ourselves at the frontiers of her people. I, who many say have no loyalty to be found within my bones, must admit that at this time I felt a great dejection, that our period of relative solitude had come to an end. For her part, she and our companions mixed merrily with the rest of their people. I had to make myself content with learning more of her people.



NOT-QUITE
SORCEROUS
ORDERS: THE
SOCIETIES OF
HARMONY

These extraordinarily misnamed groups attempt to apply the principles of Dr. Anton Mesmer, mainly for the purpose of extracting money from customers. Most are charlatans (I have never met one who possessed genuine magickal Talent), though a few are simply self-deluded, and a very rare few are serious about Mesmeric research. Many have killed their customers by convincing them to avoid medical treatment. The Societies spend a great deal of their energy on infighting and competition for the gullible wealthy. If such a Society shows a financial profit, within a year it will have split into two or more "new" Societies, each one denouncing the other as a sham. They do, however, possess a practical knowledge of Dr. Mesmer's techniques of suggestion (which, whatever it is, is not a form of Magick, and does not require Talent), and will teach them for a substantial fee.



SPEAR'S NEW MOTOR

While in New York, an acquaintance suggested I travel north to a small town in the Hudson River Valley, some distance to the east of the great Analytical Engine Research Center at Poughkeepsie.

What I found was a small building, apparently a former stable, with brightly painted signs of the usual penny-museum sort, the kind that promise Fossilized Unicorns from Before the Deluge, camera-obscura views of someone's back garden, or the Great Courgette of Snetton Parva. I paid my five American cents, and at first saw much what I had expected, though the place was well kept, and there seemed to be some effort toward, if not museumship, at least coherent and attractive display.

In the center of a large room was a machine I took for a stationary steam engine: of black iron, as high as my chest and a little more than two yards long. It had levers, pulleys and belts, a large flywheel. Then I saw a row of transparent glass cylinders, containing pistons of bright white metal, and a series of plates engraved with alchemical symbols.

The signs and cases around the walls explained that this was a non-operating reconstruction of the "New Motor" built in 1854 by the spiritualist John Murray Spear. Spear claimed to have been guided by a group of spirits known as the "Association of Electricizers." The Motor was to operate on the natural magnetism of the living world (not Dr. Mesmer's "animal magnetism") and according to a framed press cutting, this it did for something over two years, until a group of townspeople smashed it to pieces. Some of the bits were displayed in the museum cases. The original silver pistons (those in the reconstruction were nicked steel) had vanished, presumably looted by the Luddites.

A large upright case contained a frock, shawl, parasol, and other effects of a Miss R——, who claimed that after contact with the operating Motor, she had suffered "birth pangs", and a portion of her life force had been incorporated into the Motor. This seemed to be taken as a good thing, though nothing was said of effects

on Miss R—— following the Motor's destruction. Further, A. J. Davis, a prominent spiritualist of Poughkeepsie, had expressed his belief that the New Motor was indeed the product of "spirits of a mechanical turn of mind", but that it had "little practical value."

I found it all gloriously silly, another ingenious Yankee folly, no longer able to draw power from the Unseen World, but only five-cent pieces from the pockets of the curious. And still, when I looked closely at those pistons (I had plenty of leisure, as there were no other customers that day) I could imagine the glow of a spirit contained within, driving the pistons with the very energy of its being. I did not much like the thought.

Many of the Spiritualists, to be sure, are highly intelligent and moral people, but I have never been comfortable with their view that the spirit world is a kind of invisible service class, never mind an insubstantial Benevolent Society.

I spoke awhile with the museum proprietor. He was a typical Yankee tinkerer with machines, who had built the reproduction from surviving parts and drawings. He was certainly no sorcerer, though he said he had seen the actual Motor in operation as a boy, and felt "strange pulsations" from it. He suggested that Mr. John Spear might have happened independently upon the principles of Engine Magick—perhaps with the aid of the Mountain Men said to inhabit the Cat's Kill Mountains to the west. Obviously if this should be so, his little collection would be of considerable importance, and doubtless great commercial value.

I wished him well and departed, wondering what it was I had seen. It was not Engine Magick as I understand it. Perhaps it was simply a humbug, like Mr. Keely's celebrated Motor in Philadelphia. Or perhaps it was an twisted invitation from the Darkness—a kind of Black Engine Magick, working on the power of imprisoned souls. If that is so, then I should imagine we have not seen the last of the New Motors.

—A.S.

FREEMASONS & MAGICKAL LICENSES

While the people of the United States hold firmly to their civil freedoms, and have encoded them in their Constitution, their sorcerers operate under restrictions hardly imaginable in the rest of the world.

This is a direct result of the American Revolution. Many of the Rebellion's principals were members of the Grand Order of the Freemasonic Lodge, and sorcerers in general were scarce, due to "witch trials" earlier in the Colonial period. Thus that Order was able to achieve dominance during the war. This gave American military magick a unity and coordination that the Loyalist forces never managed, and was instrumental in their victory; I refer the interested reader particularly to the memoirs of General John Burgoyne.

(The Emperor Napoleon, who never ignored an historical lesson, attempted to impose a similar unification during his wars of expansion, under what became known as the Cagliostro Protocols. They were notably unsuccessful, not through any direct failing of the Emperor's, but because the imbalance of power among Orders that applied in America did not exist in Europe, and was actively fought even by Bonapartist sorcerers.)

Having achieved such a commanding position—and knowing well that one successful rebellion is often followed by others—the Grand Order not surprisingly determined to maintain it. An attempt to amend the Constitution failed, but state and local laws throughout the country require that any practitioner of Magick be a member of either the Freemasonic Lodge, or another Chartered Order.

Naturally, the Freemasons both control and severely restrict the granting of Charters. Only the Templars, Bonifacians, and Eleusinians have any significant presence, though the Druids are tolerated in the interest of agriculture, and the Cabinet of Cups and Wands is considered little threat. The League of Isis, on the other hand, is often actively persecuted, mainly because so many country women, who use the Talent as they have for millennia, either do not understand or are not interested in the law, or are simply unable to travel miles across roadless country to make their mark

in a registry office. (It will be interesting to see what happens if and when American women obtain the vote.)

The short-lived Confederate States of America repealed their licensing laws, both for philosophical reasons and in the hope

of attracting as much sorcerous support as possible. And, though there is still much debate among military and sorcerous historians, North and South seem to have been equally balanced magickally during the War, though its outcome is well known. There was one exception to this magickal freedom in the South. After Union armies were decimated fighting animated Southern dead, conjured up by slaves, voodoo was banned. Afterward, the laws were re-imposed, though they remain less rigidly enforced than in the North.

Simply put, a sorcerer who wishes to practice in the United States must either accept a high degree of scrutiny and control over his actions (in exchange for being a member of the ruling power structure), or be considered an outlaw (with its own particular limits and liberties).

—A.S

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

HEREBY LICENSES

OF THE RIGHT AND HONORABLE ORDER OF

TO PRACTICE THE ART OF MAGICK WITHIN THE BOUNDARIES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, ACCORDING TO APPLICABLE LAWS AND RESTRICTIONS PERTAINING TO HIS ORDER, WHICH THE BEARER IS ALSO SUBJECT TO. PRACTICING MAGICK WITHOUT THIS LICENSE IS A FELONY OFFENSE.

James J. Brooks
Director



K.M. Schumann
Presbyter

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ENMITY & ETIQUETTE

We have, in other pages, discussed the Rule of Sanctuary, the Rule of Hospitality, and other matters of sorcerous etiquette, including the fact that all mages are supposed to hold their Order to be second in priority to the cause of Sorcery itself. While these rules are observed (at least in the letter, if not the intent) by all respectable wizards, there are some instances where they are ignored.

That is, some sorcerous Orders hold each other in the most spiteful contempt; the Freemasons and the Illuminati are often at odds, the Temple of Ra and the Druids work constantly at cross-purposes, and the Golden Dawn has earned itself a healthy share of opponents by its very nature. One might assume that loyalty to Magick itself would transcend these rivalries, and in fact it does supersede the petty antagonisms which often arise from whatever the feud du jour may be. Even long-term grudges are shelved temporarily in lieu of these rules and customs. However, it is this very devotion to the Art that is oft used as an excuse to ignore the customs and perpetuate these eternal rivalries.

Take, for example, the Theosophic Masters of the White Lodge and the Order of the Golden Mean. Both are dedicated to the pursuit of Magick, but one espouses technology and the other eschews it. To members of each of these Orders, the other Order is a veritable profanity to the magickal arts, and its philosophies seek only to thwart the proper realization of the Talent's full potential. Thus, if members are indeed to hold Magick to be the highest allegiance, they must necessarily oppose members of these other Orders whenever possible and in any way conceivable, and social convention be damned.

This alignment of philosophizing and personal vendettas is very useful to many Victorians, as it justifies

their vindictiveness in an otherwise genteel society. Of course, as with all matters involving conflicting principles, nothing is hard and fast, and there are those noted few philanthropist sorcerers who will grant asylum to any of the Talented who ask, be their alignment as nefarious as any. These self-same hosts are also notably "overlooked" in any overt struggles between factions.

The form in which a sorcerer might snub another seeking sanctuary or hospitality can vary widely.

Sometimes a sorcerer's hospitality may amount to no more than a hay loft and a loaf of stale bread—a pittance, true, but lodging enough on a cold and rainy night. In some extreme cases, sorcerers petitioned for sanctuary may actually join the mob against their bitter foes, but more often they make an unexpected departure as the mob arrives at the door. Most often when sanctuary or hospitality is denied, it is with a very delicately and politely phrased refusal, yet one made in such a manner so as to cause neither party obvious loss of face. "I'm very sorry, sirrah, but I have already sequestered travelers from other Orders well past my poor ability to accommodate them, and I'm afraid that my meager offices cannot avail you at this time. I might suggest you try St.

Boniface. They're just up a ways, then right on Park. It's but a short brisk jog, and one which you should easily be able to make before those villagers overtake you. Best of luck. Do let me know how things turn out. Ta."

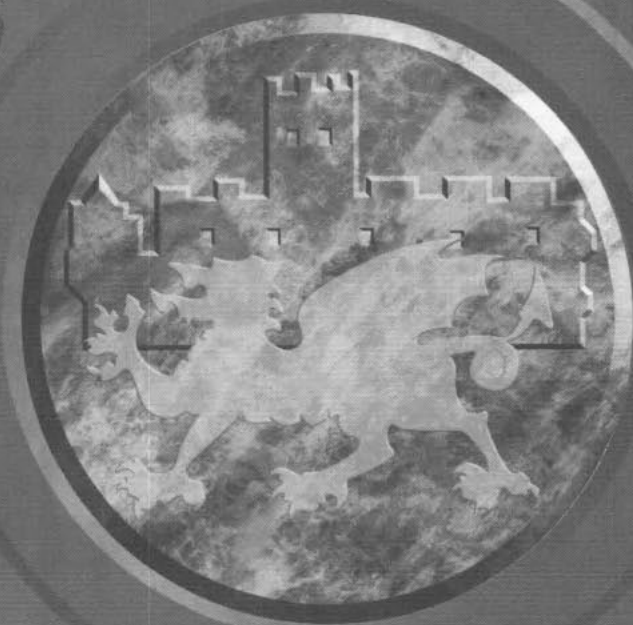
Ultimately, however, these breaches of etiquette occur but rarely, since it is only the rare or truly desperate sorcerer who will seek lodging in the very lair of her foe, and only the most powerful or trusting Chapterhouses who will admit a sworn enemy for the night. Unfortunate incidents can occur when bitter rivals sleep under the same roof. They might even start to understand each other.

FRIENDS & FOES

As in any organized endeavor, not all Sorcerous Orders get along with each other. Although every Order tries to maintain a state of neutrality with other Orders, some inevitably earn special friendship or hatred. Below is a listing of the major Orders, who they are especially friendly with, and who they are especially hostile to.

Order	Friendly With	Hostile With
Bavarian Illuminati (BI)		GD
Cabinet of Cups & Wands (CCW)	All	JG
Carrefour de la Tour Rouge (CF)	GD	
Daughters of Lemuria (DL)	WL	
Druidic Temple (DT)	FH, PL	
Eleusinians (E)		All "shady" Orders
Foursquare of Harlech (FH)	DT, PL	
Freemasons (F)		GD, FUS
Freemasons (United States) (FUS)	E, GD, SB, T	LI, OCT
Garden of Fragrant Consciousness (GFC)	All Oriental Orders	
Golden Dawn (GD)	MHT	BI
Jester's Guild (JG)	All	All
Ladies' Sewing Circle, Marching and Chowder Society (LSS)	F	FUS
League of Isis (LI)		TR
Mighty Hand of Tezcatlipoca (MHT)	GD	SOS
Order of Cassandra (OC)	SB	
Order of Cthonian Time (OCT)	TR	
Order of Prospero (OP)	DT	
Order of the Golden Mean (OGM)		GD
Pipestone Lodge (PL)	DT, FH	
Path of the Spirit World (PSW)	DT	
St. Boniface (SB)	OC	CF, GD, MHT,
Sisterhood of Sekhmet (SS)	TR	
Steps of the Sun (SOS)		GD, MHT
Temple of Ra (TR)		WL
Templars (T)	SB,	CF, GD, MHT, PSW, SOS
Way of Liquid Breath (WLB)	OGM	
Way of Rock (WR)	All	None
White Lodge (WL)	DL	TR

NARRATIVE
PART ELEVEN:



CYMRU
NEWYDD



LENDOWER: I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*HOTSPUR: Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But do they come when you do call for them?*

—Shakespeare, Henry IV

In Shakespeare's plays, Joan of Arc was a genuine witch, but we are apparently meant to side with Hotspur's skepticism.

In New Europa, however, Owain Glyn Dwr was a true sorcerer of considerable powers. Despite his Shakespearean talk of "calling spirits", he was an elemental and nature magician in the Druid tradition, rather than a necromancer.

Glyn Dwr was part of a coalition with the Percies (the most powerful lords in the North of England) against King Henry IV, who had seized the throne from the indecisive King Richard II.

The Percies (led by Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and his son Henry, known as "Hotspur" for his impetuosity and fury in battle) had grievances with the new king, involving payment for military service against the raiding Scots and the ransom of prisoners. Owain Glyn Dwr's grievance was more basic: The Saesneg (the English, that is) had conquered Cymru (Wales), and he wanted them out.

If Henry were defeated, Percy would restore the easily controlled Richard to the throne (that is, if he did not simply crown himself), and Glyn Dwr would get an independent Wales.

It all came apart in July of 1403. Hotspur's army had failed to link up with his father's and Glyn Dwr's forces when he was attacked by the King's troops near Shrewsbury, on the Welsh border. Hotspur was killed (allegedly by Prince Hal, later King Henry V of the famous victories), and the rebellion began to come apart. Glyn Dwr retreated to Harlech Castle on the western Welsh coast, which he held successfully for several more years; but it became increasingly apparent during that time that the Saesneg were not to be driven out. Glyn Dwr, unwilling to live in a Wales ruled by aliens, took ship westward with his followers. A great distance west. They reached North America ninety years before Columbus the Genoese, and then continued across the unimaginably vast continent, to what would much later be known as the Rocky Mountains of Canada.

The area they settled reminds me only vaguely of Snowdonia in Wales, though it is beautiful to break the heart, and I can well see why Glyn Dwr chose this place.*

The land was not, of course, unoccupied. The story told me by Maes Glyn Dwr (a direct ancestor of Owain's, though after nearly five hundred years one does not count the "greats") goes something like this:

"Owain went through some kind of change at Shrewsbury ... You're laughing."

I explained that "changing at Shrewsbury" had an acutely familiar meaning to passengers on the British railway system, and apologized, though I am sure I did not actually laugh.

"Well. There was a time when Owain might have challenged the tribe who lived here, established our claim by the power of force and Craft. But he was wiser than that—not just because the Saes had taken Cymru from him in just that way, though that must have counted, but because he recognized that this place had its own, strong spirits, the kind of spirits who hardly seemed to exist anymore in the world he had left. He was looking at a Magick that was different from his own, and he could no more war with it than the sea wars with the shore. What is taken in one place is returned in another; the sea swallows islands and vomits them up in fire; they are two parts of the same thing.

"Then, too, Owain no longer had a Saesneg King to rebel against. Part of what changed him, I think, was the understanding of how much of his own power he had invested in the Saes. Do the wizards of Europa still remember that at all; that when you make an enemy, you give him some of your power?"



†EDITOR'S

NOTE:

Savile seems to be describing the area occupied in our world by Banff National Park and Lake Louise, in Alberta.



“So Owain went to the native wizards, and he said—I believe humbly, which was another new thing for him—that he wanted to ask the spirits of this place if his people could live here. The tribe’s wizards agreed that it was a decision only the spirits could make, and they smoked a pipe to show that they all accepted what the spirits would say.

“I can show you the place, above the lake, where Owain met the spirits. I don’t know what happened there—that is, I know, because I’ve wrestled spirits, but no one knows what really happened. Except that we are here still, and will be here until the spirits say otherwise.”

And one spring night, as Maes and I sat looking out over the placid waters of the lake, she said to me, “You have changed again.”



“Again?”

She laughed. “The first time was slow. It came up with the wheat. You were more pleased with that wheat than if you’d spelled up a palace from air and dust. This one has only come now, with the Moon.”

“And what is this one?”

“Your face. It’s not a mortal glamour; that would have fallen away long ago. You have a pact with the Fair Folk?”

I explained about Auberon. I remembered, for the first time in a long time, what he had said: that it would be seen through only when I genuinely wanted to be seen for myself.

“Then,” she said, “I would thank you for the wish.”

I looked at her reflection in the water for a long time, because just then I could not bear to look at her directly. And so on, and so on, and so much of the world still ahead.

THE FOURSQUARE OF HARLECH

The order founded by Owain Glyn Dwr after his arrival in North America, combining Welsh native magick (mainly Druidic) with Native American. There is no Chapter structure, and not many members; most serve the needs of the Cymru Newydd colony, or travel among the surrounding settlements.

Their emblem is a stylized castle behind the Y Draigg Goch, the Red Dragon of Wales. Ritual clothing is Native American in flavor, mostly in wool and deerskins, with Celtic ornamentation.

The Heart of the Oak

History & Secret Knowledge: This is a selection of Welsh Druidic knowledge compiled on carved tablets of oak wood. It contains spells related to the manipulation of nature. *Airbe Druad* (8♦) is the Druid's hedge (or Druid's fence). To cast this spell, the Druid or Druids pace out the area to be bounded by the hedge while chanting. When the ritual is complete, a tall hedge of impenetrable, wickedly spiked thorn bushes grow. Also contained within is the spell *Fact Fiada* (8♦),

which allows the caster to change his form to that of a forest animal. *Menbir* (8♦) consecrates standing stones so that they may be used in rites or rituals. Once this is cast upon a stone(s), it becomes a sacred place (see *The Temple of Rock*, pg. 115).

The Way of Ta Tanka

History & Secret Knowledge: This compendium of American Indian lore is tattooed onto the reverse side of a cured buffalo hide. It contains spells that allow the caster to assume various powers or abilities of the buffalo. *Hunting Ground of the Wind* (12♦) allows the caster to run as fast and with the endurance of a buffalo. *Strength of the Herd* (12♦) imbues the caster with the physical strength of a herd of buffalo. *The Stampede That Breaks the Ground* (12♦) toughens the caster's skin, making him invulnerable to attacks up to pistol bullets, and reduces his sensitivity to pain. *Buffalo Riding the Rain* (8♦) brings the bounty of the rains to the caster; he will be able to find food and water while traveling in the wilderness.

TWO TRADITIONS: AN ARTICLE FOR THE HOST

Anthony Savile maunders on at length about whether "city" and "native" sorcery are different, and does not come up with much of an answer.

Whether there is an answer in the Entertainment is up to the tastes and intentions of the Host and the Players (what a surprise!). Some groups are most comfortable with magic that is firmly rulebound (and, contrary to some claims, there is nothing wrong with imposing such a framework on *Falkenstein*), while others prefer magic as improvisational art.

More to the point, sorcerors should determine what kind of mindset they have as wizards. We know, for example, that the Members of the Order of St. Boniface are all ordained in a religion—but what kind of divines are they? A Bonifacian may consider her ministry the most important element of her life, spellcasting an occasionally necessary

chore. Or he might be a mystic, concerned with discovering new truths about the Art and Talent, taking on as "flock" only other students and researchers. Or she might be a paladin of the faith, a demon-hunter armed with sword and spellbook.

Similarly, a "native" magician may have a deeply mystical attitude toward the Talent and the power, or she might be firmly practical, considering the laws of magick no more supernatural than crop rotation.

The difference, simply put, is role-playing. New European magic is not an excuse to drop out of character and briefly become a heavy weapons squad; it's a chance to show off just what your Order's symbolism and traditions mean to you. (Before you say it: Yes, for some people it "means" being a heavy weapons squad. Okay, it's your Entertainment. But a Whitworth or Gatling gun can get its second shot off much more quickly than a sorcerer ...)

THE RULE OF HOSPITALITY

A Chapter will, naturally, provide shelter for a visiting Member of the Order. They are also expected to assist traveling members of other Orders that have no local facilities. This is partly just a matter of gentlemanly professional courtesy, and partly an expression of the principle that the Talent—Sorcery itself—is more important than any particular Order's interpretation of it.

Visiting Members will usually be lodged in the Chapterhouse or with a local Member, whichever is most convenient. For sorcerers of high rank and/or social status, a wealthy Member's posh guest room may be considered more appropriate than a plainer room at the Chapterhouse without hot and cold running servants.

Non-members (sometimes called Guests-Visitant or just Guests) will also be accommodated according to convenience and status. For a Guest of no special importance, this may simply mean pulling strings to obtain a room at a "full" hotel. (The hosts pay for the room; gentlemen do not quibble over money in such cases.)

It is not appropriate openly to ask another Order for hospitality, though a polite hint is acceptable, and the offer will usually be made anyway.

Also, the rule of hospitality is for sorcerers, not sorcerer-and-party-of-adventurers. Servants will be provided for, and a spouse/companion is welcome, but others must make their own arrangements—unless, at their own discretion, the hosts choose to provide for them as well.

Sorcerers accepting another Order's hospitality are, naturally, being trusted not to violate it by attempting to spy on their hosts, steal Lore, or other such dastardly actions; and indeed this is almost unheard of. When it does happen, the violator is likely to be punished by his own Order. The system is too important to be allowed to break down.

Hospitality is based on exchange: One hosts one's cousin sorcerers in the expectation of being hosted when the situation is reversed. Obviously, Orders whose very existence is secret are unable to take advantage of the system.

The Order of Prospero, who have no fixed Chapterhouses, have a particular status in this area: because a Prosperian's hospitality—sheltering you from the wilderness and the storm—is often a matter of absolute

survival, they are always gladly offered the best available accommodations.

LOCATIONS OF MAJOR CHAPTERHOUSES

Bavarian Illuminati	Augsburg, München, Nuremburg
Cabinet of Cups & Wands	Berlin, London, New York, Paris, San Francisco, Vienna
Carrefour de la Tour Rouge	Legendre Plantation in French West Indies, New Orleans
Daughters of Lemuria	Paris, Vienna
Druidic Temple	Brittany, England, Northern German Kingdoms, Ireland, Massachusetts, Scandanavia, Wales
Eleusinians	London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, San Francisco, Washington D.C.
Foursquare of Harlech	Cymru Newydd
Freemasons	Berlin, London, Paris
Freemasons (United States)	New York City, Richmond, Washington D.C.
Garden of Fragrant Consciousness	Peking, Taipei
Golden Dawn	Berlin, London
Illuminated Sisters of Bayreuth	Dublin, München
Jester's Guild	No fixed Chapterhouses.
Ladies' Sewing Circle, Marching and Chowder Society	New York City, Washington D.C.
League of Isis	Alexandria, Athens
Mighty Hand of Tezcatlipoca	Chichen Itza
Order of Cassandra	London, Paris, Vienna
Order of Cthonian Time	Berlin, London, Paris, Wales
Order of Prospero	No fixed Chapterhouses. Found world-wide.
Order of the Golden Mean	München, Nuremburg, San Francisco
Path of the Spirit World	No fixed Chapterhouses. Found in Africa.
Pipestone Lodge	No fixed Chapterhouses. Found in the Twenty Nations Confederation.
St. Boniface	Fort Worth, London, New York City, Paris, Rome, San Francisco
Sisterhood of Sekhmet	Cairo, London, Paris
Steps of the Sun	Chichen Itza
Temple of Ra	Berlin, Cairo, London, Monte Carlo, Paris
Templars	Annapolis, Edinburgh, El Paso, London
Way of Liquid Breath	Hong Kong, Peking, San Francisco
Way of Rock	The Temple of Rock, China
White Lodge	Vienna

ΠΑΡΡΑΤΙΒΕ
ΠΑΡΤ ΤΩΕΛΒΕ:



ΕΠΤΕΡΙΝΓ ΤΗΕ
ΤΩΕΝΤΥ ΠΑΤΙΟΝΣ

A

lthough my time with the New Welsh was relaxing and thoroughly enjoyable, I felt always that I was a bit of a stranger. Perhaps it is my New European upbringing and natural theatrical bent toward strong emotional appeals, but after two years, I had hoped to be referred to as a “friend” by someone, anyone, instead of just an “acquaintance.” Too, I felt an odd tension building between Maes Glyn Dwr and myself, a distance, and one which I had no hope of alleviating, so I bade my farewell.

I considered cutting straight west through the Rockies, but they are formidable indeed, and it was late in the summer. I had no wish to risk a winter storm. Neither had I a desire to cross the Great Plains, which I understood to be a trackless waste. Thus my solitary choice remained to go through the Twenty Nations, thence to the Mississippi River and on to the coast of the Caribe (the shadow of the Freemasons prevented me from venturing any further to the east), and from there, to whatever civilization would swallow me up. I spoke extensively to the New Welsh about this choice, and they instructed me to the best of their abilities. They also sent ahead asking the Federation of Twenty Nations to grant me safe passage and for aid once I had crossed into their territory.

I should explain some things about the Federation, and its borders. When it became apparent to the native tribes of North America that if they left their lands accessible to New European settlers they would lose them, they called on the spirits of the territory. The spirits’ response was to cordon off a space from the Mississippi in the East to the Bear Flag Republic in the West, from Canada to Texas and Mexico. Along the border are native towns, where trade is conducted and messages relayed.

When an outsider (not just a “white”) crosses the boundary, there is the possibility that the spirits of the land will seek him out. The larger the group of outsiders, or the more harmful they are to the land or its creatures, the sooner the spirits will take notice of them. Individuals could go for months without being noticed, while a wagon train, army, or group of buffalo hunters would be intercepted almost immediately. If the traveler ignores the spirits, he will never meet them directly; he will simply become lost, wander for a time, and when his bearings return find himself back over the line where he started from. Some travelers—often those who have been warned about the spirit protections and who have sworn to defy them—have simply disappeared. Recently, New European sorcerers have devised methods to hide interlopers from the spirits’ notice, but this deception does not last forever.

If one is looking for the spirits, however, and willing to ask their permission to enter, they will make themselves known. Entry is not simply granted or refused, however. It must be earned, and the spirits set the rules.

After saying goodbye to Maes, forever as I thought, I rode south, to what on a New European map would be the forty-ninth parallel. I could feel the tensions in the thaumic ether around me.

After sending the horse home with a slap, I made a minimal sort of camp, though I did not prepare a fire. I sat down, looking to the south. There was not another human thing to be seen. I said aloud to the air, “I have come peacefully, and to learn what I may learn here. I respect the spirits that protect this place, but as I tell the truth I am not afraid of you. I am ready to prove what I say.”

I felt a dizziness, and my vision wavered. When I looked up, there was a human skull on a rock before me. I took it; perhaps it was a memory of Hamlet, or just the knowledge that I was here to do something, not just wait for something to be done.

“Why do you disturb me?” a voice said. An old man was sitting on the ground. He wore a long white gown, sewn with symbols, and a headpiece of elk horns. There were bells and ribbons around his arms. He was just slightly transparent. “Have I not suffered enough?” When he spoke, blood dripped from his mouth, and where the blood struck the ground, it became red gemstones, like opals.

"Who killed you?" I said to the ghost.

"A little witch like you," the ghost said. "His name is Cold Fox. He stole my staff, and with both our magicks he killed me, and took my place in the Circle, and left my head to stare at the setting sun. Without my staff I cannot even walk to the Land of the Dead."

I said, "I will make you a new staff, and then you may walk where you please."

"The staff of Crown-of-Elk has the strength of forty-one winters, little witch who changes. How shall you make another in a day?"

"I will do what I can."

I got out my tools and cut a small birch tree, sawed away the limbs and peeled the bark. I gave it to Crown-of-Elk, who took out a knife, and then I looked away as he cut his secrets into the wood. I helped him stand, and we began walking.

It was not long before we reached a village. Crown-of-Elk went forward, while I hid nearby. The old man called for Cold Fox to come out of his house. Cold Fox came out, and when he saw Crown-of-Elk before him, standing with his staff, he turned and ran away.

As we had agreed, I changed myself into an eagle. The world dropped away below me as I flew. With an eagle's eyes, I could see Cold Fox as clearly as any running prey. I knew just where he would be running.

Cold Fox went into a small house, and unwrapped a deerhide bundle. Within was Crown-of-Elk's true staff. Cold Fox was too cowardly to display it as a trophy.

I landed on his shoulders, beat him with my wings. He cried out. I grasped the staff in my talons and flew, carrying it back to Crown-of-Elk.

I flew then to where my own gear was hidden, and changed back to manshape. Then I threw up, violently. (Strange as it may seem given my history, I do not like shapeshifting, especially not to birds. At least raccoons and bears have a digestion similar to a man's.)

Crown-of-Elk raised his true staff and called Cold Fox forth to a duel. I do not need to tell you who won.

Crown-of-Elk's ghost no longer appeared as an old man, but young and strong. He said, "I am avenged now, and may complete my journey. If you will take up the staff you made for me, and walk a little way, I will tell you some things."

So we walked toward the sunset, and Crown-of-Elk taught me some of his lore, until I had to either turn back, or not ever turn back.

I stood there, watching him go into the Land of the Dead, and then suddenly I was standing in a village—nothing at all like Cold Fox's village in the spirit time. The chief, whose name was Nine Crows, said, "So you are here. A dream told us you would come, and that we should call you Walks West Man. You are welcome here."

I took some water, and a pipe, and then I slept for two and a half days.

At the next new moon, I was inducted into the Great Pipestone Lodge, and as one of its many wandering members, I crossed the length and width of the Twenty Nations for the next three years. Except for my blond hair, I could have passed for a native, in local clothes and with sun-darkened skin.

I found other whites. There are, in fact, many villages that are half or more non-native settlers. Unlike New Wales, however, they are not islands of New European culture in the native wilderness; their ways are as much those of the land as a Scottish crofter or a villager in Picardy. They can recognize the difference between a Crow and a Cheyenne by tribal symbols, and respect that they are two different nations; but the difference between settler and native, "white" and "Indian", no longer means much to them. If it were not so, they would not be living where they are.

I liked these people. When, on my way to Central America and its great native empires, I passed through Texas, and discovered that the Golden Dawn was offering a thousand Texan dollars in gold for my apprehension, I liked them even more.



THE GREAT PIPESTONE LODGE

This is the affiliation among the “medicine men” of the Twenty Nations Federation. Its existence is one of the most telling proofs that the Twenty Nations have created a genuine peace where, not so long ago, there was tribal war.

Still, it has not completely transcended tribal differences. Sorcerers do not always cross tribal boundaries as easily as, say, a Templar of the London Chapter attends a meeting of the Paris Chapter. But the rules of hospitality are normally observed, and as the more the Nations function as a unit, the more unified their wizards become.

Magick is, of course, ancient among the Native Americans. Among them, the words for “medicine” and “magick” are usually the same, so a practitioner of magick is known as a medicine man. When a Member of the Golden Dawn traces his Craft back to the Classical world, there are certain gaps and discontinuities in the line (which in no way is to belittle the traditions of the Order); when a Crow or Choctaw wizard speaks of the transmission of his Lore, he is talking about a direct chain of communication, master to student, for millennia.

The symbol of the Order is Thunderbird. The ritual garments of Native wizards are particular to each tribe; they will be made of the finest local material (cloth or animal skins) and are usually highly ornamented with dyes, stitching, feathers, bones, and bells.

Native North Americans have had alphabetic languages for only a short time, but all of them had written communication, usually pictographic. The following descriptions of the Pipestone’s books are of their most recent versions; others certainly exist, usually in forms that only a native magician can interpret. Remember, too, how much of the tribal lore is communicated person to person; for many tribes, their sorcerers are their Lorebooks.

This means that the Pipestone does not spend much effort searching for “lost” fragments of Lore; there never were many such documents. The search for Lore among tribal peoples is more likely to take the form of a spiritual quest, ending in the revelation of the new knowledge to the questor by the spirit that has had charge of it. Creating such an adventure—a much different sort of roleplaying than most players are used to—is beyond the scope of this book, though some suggestions will be found in the section “On Spirit Combat” (see next page).

The Spirit Quiver

History & Secret Knowledge: An actual bundle of arrows, with flint or obsidian heads; the spell texts are inscribed along the shafts. The Quiver deals with magicks of animals and the hunt. *True Track* (6♦) lets the user follow the faintest of trails (animal or human). *True Flight* (8♦) enhances the aim and deadliness of a missile weapon—bow, spear, or thrown hatchet. The *Good Offering* (4♣), cast when the kill has been made, ensures that the slaughtering is done without waste and the spirits receive their proper share. *Skinwalk* (8♦) is a shapeshifting spell, limited to the forms of known animals or people (the Skinwalker acquires the physical characteristics of the new shape—birds can fly, fish breathe in water) but not supernatural ones (one could appear to be a Dragon—don’t try this when the real things are around—but not breathe fire).

The Cloud Book

History & Secret Knowledge: A scroll of bark, written with ink made from the blood of sacred animals. This book contains nature and spirit spells. *Read the Sky* (8♣) forecasts the weather, including detecting weather magic at work. *Bring the Clouds* (8♣) is a weather-control spell, used most often to bring rain, though with sufficient energy gathering it can make or stop any sort of weather. *Moonsight* (8♣) brings prophetic dreams. *See Spirit* (6♣) allows the user to see disembodied spirits and converse with them (if the spirits are willing to talk). *Compel Spirit* (10♣) can make the spirit speak, or leave a particular place (though if the spirit’s needs are not answered, driving it away will anger it). *See Within* (6♣) gives perception of a living being’s spirit, to diagnose trouble with mind or body.

The Book of Spirit Bones

History & Secret Knowledge: This “book” is actually a collection of animal skulls, with one spell inscribed on each skull. The spells thus inscribed are body-alteration magicks that pertain to the arts of hunting and war. *Deer Tracks* (10♦) gifts the subject with the speed and agility of the deer. *Bear Claws* (10♦) imbues the strength and toughness of the bear. Braves swear that under the influence of this magick, bullets bounce off their skin. *Wolf Pack* (10♦) allows groups to make coordinated attacks, with each participant simply “knowing” what to do. Finally, *Coyote* (also called *Raven*) (10♦) gifts one with cleverness and trickery.

ON SPIRITS & SPIRIT COMBAT

Many places are guarded by spirits—immaterial or partly material beings. Although technically made up of the same thaumic energy as Ghosts, these beings never had an earthly body. Spirits are a magickal embodiment of a place, many times guarding it against intruders or being spoiled. While essentially ethereal, spirits are able to manifest themselves in material form if their *Etherealness* ability is Excellent or better. The ultimate sanctum of a group of sorcerers almost always has such a guardian, summoned and given its instructions by the ranking members. These beings are usually not very intelligent, though they can be very dangerous to the minds and/or bodies of intruders.

Such low-level guardian spirits can be dispelled—sent back where they came from, or actually destroyed—by some specific method of attack. Would-be Cleansers of Dark Places are well advised to do research into spirits and their Achilles' heels.

When the spirit is vulnerable to a non-specific physical or sorcerous attack, the conventional dueling system may be used.

Some spirits are considerably more powerful than this, however, and these call for a different approach. Prime examples are the *nagual* of the Meso-Americans and the native spirits of the land that keep New Europeans from freely entering the lands of the Twenty Nations.

The most important thing to remember is that one does not confront the world-spirits as if they were a band of wandering goblins. They are as gods—not omnipotent, but still vastly more powerful than anything mortals can bring to bear against them. One passes the test of such a spirit by proving one's worthiness to succeed—through courage, valor, or cleverness.

Since this is *Castle Falkenstein*, we will assume that the characters are in fact noble, honorable, and well intentioned. Perhaps they wish to learn native magicks, or they need to make contact with someone in the place the spirit guard. They might be asked to assist in the tracking down of local villains; in this case, they should enter accompanied by locals, who will assist as they can. Or, they may be required to go through a test similar to a Sorcerous Order's Challenge (see pg. 13). For purposes of story and drama, however, the spirit test must still be passed.

If at all possible, the Host should design a role-playing vignette in which the characters prove their worthiness. This may take place in a "dream", in which certain rules of reality are suspended, or in game reality; the penalty for failure may be only exclusion from the protected area, or as severe as death (though, as always where character death is involved, this should never be an arbitrary or meaningless event). The precise nature of the test will depend on the characters. The spirits are not going to attack the characters at their strong point.

SYMPATHETIC MAGICK

Various magickal traditions, such as shamanism and voodoo, take advantage of a phenomena known as Sympathetic Magick.

Sympathetic Magick works on the principal that anyone is more susceptible to magick if the caster has something that belongs to the subject of the spell. The closer to the subject's essential being, the more efficacious it is to the spellcasting, with the idea being that part of a thing contains the information necessary to extrapolate the "knots" that make up the whole thing.

For every element listed on the table opposite, you reduce the Familiarity Definition rank as indicated. For example, if during the casting of the spell, you had written the subject's name in the subject's blood, you would reduce Familiarity by four ranks.

A subject's True Name is only available in cultures where an individual goes through specific rituals to pass from childhood to adulthood. It is at the culmination of such ceremonies that the True Name is bestowed; it is

only generally known by the recipient and the shaman who bestows it. Alternatively, if someone receives a new name upon joining a Sorcerous Order, that would count as a True Name. The Catholic ceremony of Confirmation also bestows an individual with a True Name.

Note that this is only available to mages trained in a tradition that includes or is based on sympathetic magick.

Item	Reduce Familiarity Definition By
Article of Clothing	One Rank
Image of Subject	One Rank
Subject's Name	One Rank
Hair or Nails	Two Ranks
Bodily Fluids	Two Ranks
Blood or Skin	Three Ranks
Semen or Menstrual Blood	Four Ranks

THE MANY PATHS

Most New European magick (used in New Europe and the United States) fits what we call the **scholastic tradition**, based upon the scientific method and the trial and error of generations of practitioners. We use “scholastic”, as opposed to “hermetic” (a term derived not from the mythical *Hermetica*, Greco-Roman-Egyptian writings which are the foundation of our magickal system, but rather from the reclusiveness of the early mages) to denote the style in which knowledge is transmitted from skilled mage to apprentice.

In the **scholastic** tradition, knowledge is taught in a formal setting resembling a school (thus *scholastic*), with ranks that are achieved through training under a faculty of more skilled magicians. Most importantly, there is a written curriculum of knowledge in which the experiments of the past bolster the training of the present. Examples of this are the Wizard’s School in Ursula LeGuin’s *Earthsea* novels, and the White Tower in Robert Jordan’s *Wheel of Time* novels.

In the **hermetic** tradition, seen in parts of New Europe, knowledge is transmitted by single practitioners to a single apprentice, without formal schooling. Since this tradition relies on the practitioner having a lot of personal power and living long enough to have mastered a lot of spell “knots”, it’s not surprising that the only common followers of this tradition are the ancients of the Far East. Two examples of this tradition are the Jedi master-student relationships seen in the *Star Wars* movies, and the relationship between Aldur and his disciples in David Edding’s *Belgariad*.

But these traditions are not the only paths sorcery takes in the Castle Falkenstein world. **Shamanistic** sorcery, seen among the American Indians and Polynesians, is based on the idea that the thaumic strings of a region can take on a personification; if enough unconscious expectations and intentions are focused upon the fabric of magickal reality by its human inhabitants, it will take on personality and volition.

Shamanistic sorcery is common in any area where the inhabitants still have a strong tie to the land. The role of the shaman is to intercede on a conscious level with the local personified forces, calling upon the Powers that live there to help them practice healing, calming and, strengthening magicks. When a Great Evil threatens the land (by this, we mean more than a single person or group living in the area), the shaman can call upon the Powers to take physical form and, drawing on the Magickal energies invested, do battle for the Land. A real-world example of this tradition is *Black Elk Speaks* by John G. Neihardt

Sympathetic sorcery (seen in Africa, parts of the Caribbean, and Aztec Mexico), is based on the idea that part of a thing is equal to the whole; much as a cell contains a DNA blueprint for the whole organism, a part of a thing contains the basic matrix of energies that make up the whole construct. This is why sympathetic magick requires parts of the victim (hair, teeth, blood) be mixed into a simulacrum of

the original. This effigy is then used to control the original (Morrolan thinks that this works by effectively reducing the costs of familiarity to nothing, since you now have something of the target to work from; see pg. 80). In African sorcery, *fetishes*, objects that represent and incorporate parts of the original, are an important part of this sorcery. Sympathetic magick is best used to remotely influence other things, whether they be human or animal. This is also the oldest sorcerical form, used by Cro Magnon hunters millennia ago.

Voudon is a fusion of the two aforementioned traditions. From the sympathetic tradition comes the concept of fetish control; the shamanistic tradition is embodied in the concept of the Loa—personified Powers of the Earth who take their embodiment in the form of a human host during rituals (called “being ridden by the Loa”). The best example of this tradition is *The Serpent and the Rainbow* by Wade Davis.

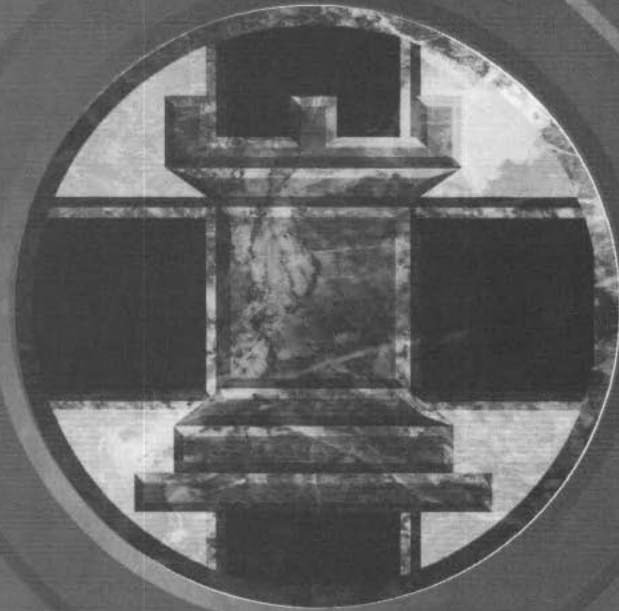
Chi-based magick is only present in areas where the philosophies of the region train the mind and body as one. Chi (pronounced “kee”), energy used by Asian sorcerers, is the ability to weave Magickal power into oneself from an external source through the use of meditation and willpower. The difficulty is in maintaining *wu* (*satori* in Japanese), the clear state of mind required to hold these energies balanced within, undissipated. This is why sages spend so much time meditating; without focus, they lose the energy they have accumulated. Chi magick allows the wizard to perform great physical and supernatural feats extending from his own body; his power comes from redefining *himself* into new and super-human forms. A Chi master could fly, throw fireballs, and change shapes, but could not turn others into frogs, etc.

An offshoot of this school is **Tantric** magick; practitioners of this school are the **Fakirs** of India and the **Buddhist lamas** of the high Tibetan mountains. Falkensteinian Tantrics gather power during sex (their equivalent of concentrated meditation) and weave it into themselves much like Chi mages do.

Lastly, **Arabic** sorceries (Turkey, Ottoman Empire, Arabia) are derived from an obscure variation on ancient Egyptian texts, which are concerned with altering of common items. These sorceries use the ability to change the definitions of an item, giving it properties it would normally not have (carpets fly, cloaks make themselves and their contents invisible, etc.). The limit to this sorcery is that transformations must be made upon the item itself; you can make a robe that’s stronger than steel, but you can’t make a ring that makes you stronger than steel.

The other part of Mid-Eastern sorcery is the *Binding of the Djinn*, powerful Faerie renegades who terrorized the region until Solomon bound them to the will of human masters. Even the Djinn have limits; like their Fae brothers, they are unable to perform true sorcery. Instead they make due with potent Kindred Powers, illusions and the ability to transport their masters to sources of wealth, power or magick that only the Djinn knows.

NARRATIVE
PART THIRTEEN:



THE NIGHT OF
THE RED TOWER



I dwelt for three years in the Twenty Nations. By that time I was ready to move on. I heard the occasional scrap of news from Canada, but none of it was the word that might have changed my course. I decided to see New Orleans, having heard tales of it quite as fabulous as Camelot or Cockaigne, and left the Native lands to board a Mississippi steamboat.

Those craft are a remarkable mix of hotel, gentleman's club (using the term "gentleman" in a most casual sense), gambling hall, and Field of Honor. No one was actually slain during my voyage, though there were several near events. I encountered at least two professional bounty-men, who were actively seeking me—but they were looking for a New European gentleman and formal sorcerer. Most of those aboard assumed I was a hunter or trail guide, and few really cared as long as I could cover my wagers.

Still I was happy to leave the close quarters of the boat. New Orleans is a most hospitable city, though like most cities she has her rough side. And as with so many cities, some of the worst roughness is found behind the most o'er-gilded doors.



The Carrefour de la Tour Rouge seems to have originated as a mixture of renegade European necromancy with the native Caribbean religion Voudon. Voudon is much misunderstood by outsiders, and I do not wish to darken its reputation here—but of the Foursquare of the Red Tower I can find little good to say.

I first heard of them in London, from a Bavarian Illuminate. (I have reason to believe, though no proof, that a renegade of this Order helped found the Carrefour—shameful, if true.) At the time, they were only a lurid rumor from far away.

Then, in New Orleans, I heard them spoken of again. I was visiting the famous Napoleon House in the Vieux Carré. The story of how local admirers of the imprisoned former Emperor arranged his abduction from St. Helena, using a Gatling-armed dirigible and a high-speed steam launch on the Robur design, has been told elsewhere. Now the house where his liberators installed him is a tavern, with a museum in Napoleon's apartments above. In the stairwell leading up are a number of enameled plaques, representing the donors to the Emperor's "retirement fund." One showed a red chess rook (tour, in French) on a 3x3 piece of chessboard—what I knew to be the blazon of the Carrefour de la Tour Rouge.

I asked the guide about several of the plaques, trusting that a visitor's question would not arouse suspicion. The guide blandly answered that the Red Tower represented the New World branch of the noble Legendre family, who had sugar plantations in the Caribbées and a fine house in the Quarter.

I decided to be direct. I sent my card to the Legendre house, inked with a rook and a sigil of the Illuminati. I received in return an invitation, not to the mansion, but to a solitary moonlight meeting on the river. This was either an important and secret contact, or an open invitation to be murdered. Perhaps both. How could a gentleman refuse? I am sure you will not be surprised to hear that Monsieur Legendre came to our "solitary" meeting accompanied—in fact, by five companions. Two were easily stopped by magically overriding their wills; the third tried to slip a dagger into my back and was dispatched with a swing and thrust of my stick.

The last two were more of a problem. It would take time to gather power for a new spell, they were large, rough-looking fellows—and, as they approached in the moonlight, I could see that they were not alive. Their mouths were stitched up and their eyes were horribly vacant. They were the animated dead.

I knew something of Necromancy. There is a spell that will return these poor things to their sleep, and while it is not one that Illuminates (as I was pretending to be) are supposed to know, I thought my host might not quibble at this. Then I had another thought.

I cast *Forget* on them. They stopped, Legendre's last command wiped from their half-rotted brains. Trying to conceal my exhaustion, I called out, "*Mon cher ami*, your servants seem not to know what they are about! I wonder what would happen if I asked them to do a small service for me?"

"I am their master," Legendre said, quite calmly.

"And I am many paces nearer them. Shall we put it to the proof, then? It should be most exciting."



"Wait," Legendre said. "Leave them be. Step to your right, around them, and I will join you. A truce, eh? On my family's honor."

I found this a highly doubtful oath, but it represented progress. "Agreed."

Legendre was a tall, gaunt man, balding, with a Satanic beard. His deliberately deep voice did not quite hide the rasp of exhaustion: He was quite as worn from his sorcerous exertions as I was. Then again, he doubtless had a concealed sword and pistol. I assuredly did.

We walked through the dark streets like two old comrades, chatting about tailors and our memories of Paris, all the way to the Napoleon House. The tavern was still lively in the deep night (it never shut), and with just a gesture from Legendre we were shown to a plush private room, served

with Sazeracs and a plate of cold meats and pickles. Legendre tore into the food; so did I. We both drank very slowly. And he told me about the Carrefour de la Tour Rouge.

There were no surprises for a long time. The Order was about power, simply enough. Power to raise the dead, and other things, send them out to terrorize, murder, and destroy; and power over the living—through money, politics, and fear. Legendre told me that, as a boy, he had visited Napoleon in this house Legendre's father had helped provide. "L'Empereur told me, many times, that if not for the mistakes of other men—Ney, Berthier—he would be Emperor of all New Europa. I, Monsieur de Merteuil, shall not allow other men's mistakes to stop me."

I thought it wise not to mention men like Kutuzov and Wellington.

Sometime a little before dawn, he said good night, asking me to call at his house just after sunset. He promised me an "interesting evening", in a tone I did not like at all, and we parted.

I stayed in my hotel room that day, assuming that I was being watched, and certain I would need as much energy as I could muster that night.

The Legendre mansion was a fine house, though rather smaller and less opulent than one might have imagined; within, indeed, there was a visible shortage of furniture and plate, pale rectangles on the walls where paintings had been removed, signs of an inadequate staff. I wondered how much of the family wealth had gone in the last generation on Bonaparte and in this on the Carrefour's projects.

"So you wish to join our circle of power," Legendre said.

"I believe that I do."

"You belong to another Order, I believe; it is possible we shall require you to share your knowledge with us. Does this ... disturb your sensibilities?"

"I believe that knowledge should go where it can best be used," I said, honestly enough.

"*Bon,*" he said, took up a candlestick, and led me into the cellars. We followed stone corridors past many doors; from time to time I saw the chill gray color of zombi flesh in an alcove. Finally we reached a large, heavy door. Legendre placed the candle on a table. When he turned to face me, he was holding a pepperbox pistol. He invited me to discard my own Remington and swordstick, which I did. "Allow me to explain to you the initiation rites of our Order. Beyond this door is another potential member. He has also impressed me with his courage and ingenuity. However, I cannot entirely believe in fortune so good as to provide two genuine candidates at once, especially given—certain recent events of which you may be aware. Therefore the test is this: I shall place you in that room together. The man with the ruthlessness to walk out alive shall be welcomed into the Foursquare of the Red Tower."

"What if we kill each other?"

"Then we shall have to make what use of you we can," he said, and gestured. Two enormous walking dead appeared behind him. "Shall we begin?"

He opened the door, called into the dark beyond it, "Frater Andamo! Company for you!"

I went in. The room beyond was a plain cube of gray stone, lit by a single candle, with a doorway in the far wall, leading off into dimness. "It's something of a maze back there," Legendre said. The door swung shut with a slam—and a peculiar metallic cracking sound. I was about to dismiss it as irrelevant to the immediate problem, when I caught a whiff of something strong and acrid.

I looked at the door. The metal plate covering the lock mechanism had been removed; it did not require alchemical skill to identify the action of a concentrated acid. The lock mechanism itself was dissolved nearly through; a good sharp kick would open the door.

I went to the far opening, tried to cast my voice in that direction. "Are you still back there, friend? I saw your work up here—and if you're still about, we might have something to talk over before before we fall to killing each other for Monsieur Legendre's amusement."

I heard a footstep, saw a shadow move. A voice—guarded, but not hostile—said “I don’t kill anybody for amusement, friend. But I might do it for survival.”

“Yes, that’s important. Tell me something—Frater Andamo is your name?”

“It will do for now. What can I tell you?”

“Is it more important that you survive, that I survive—or that Monsieur Legendre survive?”

There was a long pause. When Andamo spoke again, he seemed almost avuncular. “Are you suggesting we gang up on him?”

“It would be far better for at least one of us than the present situation.”

“And what then—divide his organization?”

“Legendre told me he didn’t believe that two people might simultaneously want to join the Carrefour,” I said, “and I do believe I agree with him. But I wonder if two people, having heard of the Carrefour, might both want to put it out of business?”

Andamo said, “You have my attention, Monsieur—your name wouldn’t by any chance be ‘Savile’, would it?”

“De Merteuil,” I said. “Though I knew a Savile once. A real rotter. Not the kind of fellow you’d want to trust past your elbow’s reach. Sound like your chap?”

“I’ve never met him, but that’s the description I heard.”

“Ah,” I said. “Do you suppose your man would do something like this?” And I tossed off the cantrip for the *Lesser Light*, and stepped out into the room, englobed in soft illumination. “This is the spell known in France as *le canard s’assesoir*.”

I heard an awful stillness for a moment—awful because, if I had guessed wrong, it would be the last thing I ever didn’t hear—and then the man in the dark started to laugh. I waited, and a moment later he came into view. He was about my height, dressed in a ruffled shirt and string tie, a fancy vest, and a long cloak. He had bright, merry eyes and bristling cavalry whiskers.

“Fine whiskers,” I said. “Crepe, or natural hair?”

Andamo laughed again and pulled them off. “Please tell me you’re an actor, or I’ll be deeply wounded.”

“Born in a trunk. Louis-Philippe de Merteuil,” I said with a straight face, “adventurer at large.”

“Andamo the Magnificent,” he replied, just as deadpan, “United States Secret Service.”

I expressed surprise that the Carrefour was considered so important as to attract Government attention. Andamo explained that Legendre had, a few days earlier, abducted the daughter of the French Consul in New Orleans, and was threatening a fate considerably in addition to death unless both governments granted considerable concessions in Louisiana and the French Caribbées. These, I understood, were the “recent events” Legendre had spoken of.

“That man is giving Bonapartism a bad name,” I said. “Where is the lady?”

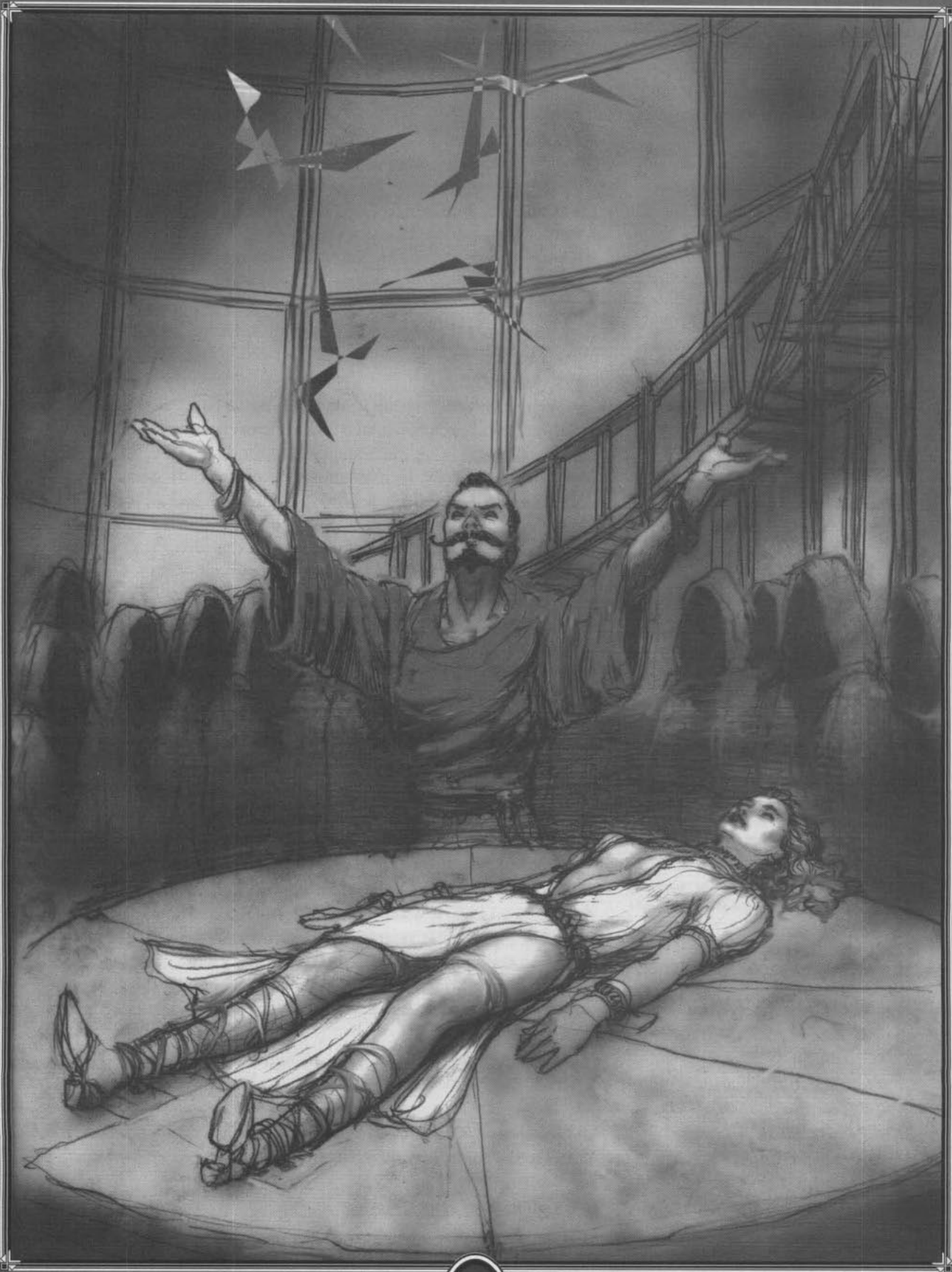
“If everything is going right, my partner should be reaching her just about now. Shall we join him?”

“After you, sir.”

“Oh, no, sir. After you.”

The sudden swing of the door took one of the zombi guards quite off its feet; Andamo felled the other with a chemical thunderflash. He struck a magnesium flare, which kept the other walking corpses at bay while we threaded the maze of cellars.

At last we burst into the ritual chamber, a cylindrical room at least four stories high. At its back was a rickety wooden stairway to a platform high above. On the floor before us, a circle of figures in hooded red robes surrounded Legendre, looking as Devilish as ego and beard-grooming could make him. The Consul’s daughter was stretched before him on an altar, dressed in a white gown



that was anything but modest. I had seen many awful things before that night, and have seen a great many since, but the sheer monotony of how these bounders treat women is enough to make one spit nails.

—◆—

A LETTER

Accompanying the Final Report to the Secretary, United States Secret Service, Concerning Recent Events in New Orleans

My dear Mr. Secretary,

I am, of course, aware of the urgent requests from our New European colleagues concerning the sorcerer known variously as "Anthony Savile", "Colin St. George Blessent", et alia. I understand that they believe the sorcerer named in the attached report as Monsieur de Merteuil may possibly be this person. I believe I can say with confidence that this is not the case.

The man the New Europeans are seeking has been described as a renegade, a traitor, and possibly a murderer. The man my partner and I met fits none of these categories. Indeed, his loyal and courageous assistance was vital in the completion of our most recent assignment, as the report should make abundantly clear. With his help, a great evil was halted, and this country was spared a considerable embarrassment in its relations with France. I am certain I owe him my life, and I believe my partner would say the same. The nation owes him a debt; at the very least, we owe him every benefit of the doubt.

Do assure our colleagues abroad that my partner and I will keep a sharp lookout for the renegade they are pursuing, and make every effort to apprehend him, should we ever meet.

I remain, faithfully yours as always,

Special Agent 36, U.S. Secret Service



assist. Then the platform railing splintered, and Monsieur Legendre fell, to break like a stick on his hideous altar.

The young woman, whom Andamo had been shielding, suddenly awakened from her trance, saw Legendre, and screamed. Then she looked down at her clothing, and at Andamo, and slapped him.

I shall remember Frater Andamo's sigh forever after.

Andamo called to his partner. One of the figures threw off his robe, revealing a sharply dressed young man of a remarkable wiry strength and agility. He tore into the Carrefour circle with the force of a whirlwind. Legendre snarled, and I could feel—I could see—power being woven about him. I shouted for Andamo to get the young lady out of danger.

Legendre spread his arms, and the air above him darkened to jet: Then the blackness crystallized into flying shapes, like Japanese paper birds, but screaming horribly, and hatefully alive. He had said he could raise the dead, and more things. Here they were.

We ducked and swung with anything to hand as the things swooped upon us. One struck a Carrefour member and simply passed through him, cutting like an obsidian knife, his flesh hardly slowing it. In fact, the things were not attacking us in preference to Legendre's followers; he clearly had no concern for them, and was now fleeing up the wooden staircase. He paused at a landing to pull a handle, and the lower part of the stairway fell away behind him, blocking pursuit.

I tried to think of an appropriate counterattack. A straightforward spell of *Banishment* was the most direct method, but I neither properly recognized the black things, nor had time for a careful weaving of power; a harmonic, or corona effect, might multiply the things, or summon something even worse. One flapped by within a fingersbreadth of my skull. I thought again of Japanese origami. And then I had it.

I drew power, shaped it into the *Universal Alchemic*. One of the creatures nearest me began to flutter awkwardly. It grazed a candle—and caught fire. That one fell to the floor; another landed upon it, and ignited. Others slammed into walls, skidded, and were still, or tore themselves to ribbons on ironwork.

Legendre, however, was nearly to the platform above, where doubtless an escape was prepared. Then Andamo's partner displayed a remarkable resource. A derringer appeared from his sleeve, in the kind of device I have seen dishonest gamblers use to hide extra cards. The gun launched a cable into the ceiling, and the young man rapidly climbed the line to the overhead platform.

We could see the struggle, though there was no way to

assist. Then the platform railing splintered, and Monsieur Legendre fell, to break like a stick on his hideous altar.

The young woman, whom Andamo had been shielding, suddenly awakened from her

trance, saw Legendre, and screamed. Then she looked down at her clothing, and at Andamo, and slapped him.

I shall remember Frater Andamo's sigh forever after.

LE CARREFOUR DE LA TOUR ROUGE (THE FOURSQUARE OF THE RED TOWER)

This group is typical of small magickal Circles that spring up around a single idea, or sometimes a single leader. They emerge from one of the old magickal traditions (in this case, obeah or Caribbean voodoo), but their intentions are narrow and not at all academic. What they are after is personal power, and often a destructive revenge on the world. The Master of the Order is, more often than not, insane.

The Tour Rouge began with a family of sugar planters in the French West Indies, the Legendres. Somehow, the family learned the secrets of obeah, and according to rumor began creating zombies to work in their cane fields and refineries. With their wealth, they built a mansion in fashionable New Orleans. For what happened then, see Savile's narrative.

For their rituals, Tour Rouge members wear blood-red hooded robes. They tend not to speak, letting the Master of the Ritual do the talking. This allows the members to believe (or pretend) that they are unknown to one another. The Master, of course, knows all the members, and will certainly use that knowledge for blackmail should a member have second thoughts.

The sigil of this order is, as mentioned in the manuscript, a red chess rook on a 3x3 piece of chessboard.

While their rituals contain many of the trappings of, and are similar to, voodoo, the Lore practiced by the Tour Rouge is not voodoo. The Loas (voodoo gods) would instantly divine the Tour Rouge as unbelievers, and not be very benevolent.

The Saturday Scroll

History & Secret Knowledge: This book, written on parchment in what appears to be blood, contains spells relating to the creation, control, and destruction of the living dead. It is old, though not ancient, and is believed to have been composed two or three hundred years ago. *Create Zombi* (10♣☆) is a ritual spell for animating a corpse, using the same process as Haitian Voodooists. (see pg. 92). These Living Dead are strong (mainly because they feel no pain) but slow and unintelligent; they can

manage only simple tasks and commands. Zombies are usually controlled by spoken commands, not being intelligent enough to read orders). The *Command Zombi* (10♥) spell allows them to be given orders by telepathy. Such commands are usually limited to such things as "Come here" and "Attack him." In addition, the *Saturday Scroll* contains two other spells relating to Zombies. *Corrupt* (16♦☆) inflicts the victim with the gift of the grave—a creeping putrefaction, while the victim is still alive. Eventually, the victim does die, usually to be raised as a Zombi by the caster. *Destruction* (12♠☆) undoes the creation process used to make a Zombi, completely destroying it. In order to control an Undead, the sorcerer must drive the victim's Soul out of his body (using the *Create Zombi* spell). If a *canari*, or spirit jar, has been prepared, the Soul can be transferred into the jar. As long as the *canari* is intact, the soul is trapped, and the Undead subject to command. *Prepare Canari* (8♠) allows for this.

The Grimoire of Skulls

History & Secret Knowledge: This book is in the form of a miniature coffin. Within the coffin, set into a bed of red velvet, are five skulls, carved out of ivory. Engraved on the skulls are the following spells. *Heresy* (8♠) is used to defile holy or sacred ground. It is usually cast upon graveyards, to allow the raising of an army of Zombies. *Cleansing* (10♣☆) fills an area with extremely hot, cleansing flame. It affects the living as if it was a Firecast, but is doubly damaging to undead or evil creatures. *Holy Aura* (6♣☆) surrounds the caster with an aura that repels the undead. Any undead unfortunate enough to come in contact with the aura burst into flame. *Deathwatch* (6♠) requires a material component, a live Deathwatch Beetle. The beetle is charmed to follow a certain individual. All the beetle does is watch; however, if the individual it is following dies, the caster knows about it. *Angels of Death* (12♦☆) allows the caster to create, from unliving material such as dust, "undead" creatures, generally used for the purpose of killing someone. These creatures can take any form the caster desires. The number and lethality of the creatures depends upon the skill of the caster

THE ANIMATED DEAD

The barrier between Life and Death is especially permeable when magick is applied. As a result, the Animated Dead, Ghosts, and Spirits wander the lands of Castle Falkenstein. The Animated Dead come into existence through dark magick or curses. The magicks to accomplish such tasks are available if one looks in the proper places. Every Voudon sorcerer knows how to make a Zombi, but few tell. Mages of the Golden Dawn or the Red Tower fill volumes of dark knowledge about animating the dead. The Balkans have been a hunting ground for Vampirs for ages. The Temple of Ra will doubtless prove knowledgeable about mummies; they may even introduce you to a few as a reward for your questioning.

As with the Faerie, there are very few general rules that apply to all types of animated dead. Being dead, they are exceptionally resistant, if not immune, to what would kill a living being. While most undead can bear the light of day, they are not overly fond of it. They will tend to stick to the shadows, or find someplace to hole up until night falls. Some are repelled by commonplace items such as church bells or sunlight; some are not. The one thing that can be said to be a universal law for the animated dead is there is at least one thing that will undo their unnatural existence and return them, permanently, to the confines of the grave. Such procedures, while requiring courage and daring, usually are not overly difficult, and the items required not hard to come by. The very Earth is repelled by their footsteps, and wishes to reclaim these abominations into her embrace.

TYPICAL ANIMATED DEAD

The most commonly found animated dead to plague New Europa and America are Zombis and Vampirs, and they are covered here. Ghouls and Mummies will be covered in upcoming sourcebooks.

• ZOMBI

Zombis are the living dead, raised from their graves. They retain the same abilities they had during their life, with the modifications shown below.

In Voudon practices, there are two ways to go about creating a Zombi. The first is for the sorcerer to apply a *coup poudre*, a "powder spell" to a living victim. The *coup poudre* is a magickal, slow-acting poison. Once the poison has taken effect, through skin contact or inhalation, there is no antidote. The victim dies and is buried, but the *coup poudre* keeps the victim's soul trapped in the body. Once the body is dug up, the sorcerer casts a *coup n'âme*, or "soul spell", on it, transferring the soul into a *canari* (spirit jar). From then on the victim is the undead servant of the sorcerer. If the *canari* containing its soul is destroyed, the Zombi will attempt to kill the sorcerer responsible for its condition, and then return to its grave.

The second way is much less reliable and less controllable. Through the use of magickal circles, *coup poudre*, and vast quantities of blood, the sorcerer can raise any corpse from the ground and imbue it with unnatural life. These Zombis are harder to control and crave human flesh. These add the power *Sense Life* to their abilities.

If a Zombi is allowed to eat salt, or view the ocean, he will return to his grave.

Typical Abilities: Education [PR] • Fisticuffs [GD] • Perception [PR] • Physique [EXC]

Sense Life: Zombis are capable of sensing the life-force of a living being within one hundred feet.

Toughness: Zombis are extremely resistant to physical harm. Crushing, cutting, or piercing damage done to them is reduced by one rank. Only fire does full damage to them. Even so, a Zombi must be burned or chopped into small pieces to be considered destroyed. Otherwise the individual pieces of a Zombi will continue to function.

• VAMPIR

Cursed with the darkest of magicks or bitten by a vampir, while still alive, the vampir is a creature of the night, who feeds on blood to maintain his being. These creatures retain the Abilities they possessed in life, while having certain abilities modified as shown below. Vampirs may go abroad during the day, but then they are vulnerable, as none of their powers work. Vampirs may be easily distinguished by their pallor, and the fact that they cast no shadow, and show no reflection in a mirror.

Typical Abilities: Athletics [EXC] • Fisticuffs [GR] • Perception [GR] • Physique [GR] • Stealth [EXC]

Allure: As per the Faerie power of the same name.

Immortality: Vampirs only take one point from any kind of physical damage. The exception to this is contact with holy items, which do damage as if they were acid. They may only be truly killed by being decapitated, burned, or buried at a crossroads, or by a wooden stake driven through the heart.

Infection: Anyone bitten by a vampir, even once, will become a self-willed, free-roaming vampir nine days after he dies—even should fifty years pass between being bitten and death. There is no known remedy for this infection; however, if the victim is treated as a vampir upon his death (stake through the heart, decapitated, etc.) he will not rise as a vampir.

Life Drain: Vampirs draw their sustenance from the thaumic energy of their prey. This is essentially the ability to unravel any living being the vampir comes in contact with. They accomplish this by draining blood from their victims. For every hundred years since its creation, a vampir requires two points of thaumic energy per day. This is also the amount of thaumic energy they may drain per attack. If necessary, a vampir may also draw thaumic energy from the air, leaving it feeling cold and lifeless. For every hundred years since its creation, a vampir may drain one point of TE from the air around it per day. Vampirs without access to prey lack the energy to do anything but wait for prey to come to them.

Sense Life: The vampir is capable of sensing the life-force of a living being within five to ten miles.

Shape Shift: As per the Faerie power *Take Animal Form*, but limited to dust, mist, owls, rats, or cats.

Repulsions: Running Water, Holy Objects, Iron, Church Bells

Restrictions:

Only at Night: The vampir may roam freely during the day, but its powers work only between dusk and dawn.

Must Feed: If the Vampir does not feed once every three days, its Physique drops a level. It must feed every day for a week to regain each level lost in this manner. If its Physique drops below Poor, it crumbles into dust, until an infusion of TE allows it to reform.

Native Ground: A Vampir is only able to heal damage if it can rest in the earth of its grave. This heals all damage in eight hours.

REVENANTS

The visible world around us is filled with invisible beings. Most old houses have at least one revenant in them. Revenants are souls of the deceased. They generally linger on this plane because they do not realize they are dead, or because they have a mission, good or evil, to fulfill. In either case, what keeps a revenant on this plane is the presence of strong emotions at the moment of death. Anger at having been murdered, concern over loved ones left behind, the need to deliver a warning, or simply a feeling that they have not had all the time allotted to them may be enough to keep a revenant lingering on. Revenants can be of the free-roaming variety, or they may be bound to the place where they died. Being intangible, they are able to pass through solid matter, and are immune to all physical attack. They may also become invisible at will, and may manifest themselves in whatever shape they desire.

In many cases, the revenant generally leaves this plane when it realizes it is dead, or accomplishes its mission. Revenants may be laid to rest by having exorcism or funerary rites held in the spot that the revenant haunts. However, if the revenant is benevolent, it is much more courteous to find out the motivations of the revenant before simply banishing it.

• GHOST

Ghosts are as hard to classify as Faerie. While their appearance and abilities are generally based on what they were in life, they are subject to extreme variation. This is for the reason that Ghosts, being ephemeral, are easily subject to the wills of the living around them. Thus, oftentimes Ghosts will have the abilities that people expect of them, and also why many ghosts will disappear if one disbelieves in them strongly enough. This is why New European ghosts are incapable of crossing water, and are accompanied by clanking chains while American ghosts are not.

Typical Abilities: Etherealness [EXT]

Powers:

Stealthy Tread, Terrifying Apparition: As per the Faerie abilities

Sense Life: Ghosts are capable of sensing the life-force of a living being, within five hundred feet.

Telekinesis: Using the force of their will, Ghosts may shift or move objects up to the mass of a door (1lb).

Teleport: Ghosts may disappear from one location, and reappear in any other, within the boundaries of the area they haunt.

• PHANTASMAL VEHICLES

This category includes phantom ships, carriages, trains, etc. Phantom ships are often seen sailing against the wind, or at full speed when there is no wind. Often they are crewed by a ghostly crew. Through repeated use, vehicles acquire a kind of latent soul of their own, like residual echoes of the spiritual energies of their users. The longer a vehicle is used, the more stressful and violent its use, and the more violent its demise, the stronger this vehicle spirit becomes, and the stronger the chance its ghost will return. The harbors of the eastern United States (particularly Massachusetts, the home port for many whalers) are full of phantasmal ships that return to port at regular intervals, despite the fact that they sank in storms or upon reefs years and years ago. Train wrecks are also common causes of spectral vehicle manifestations. Phantasmal vehicles are as ethereal as their name implies; it is impossible for the living to board or influence the course of one of these ghosts. *The Flying Dutchman* is a good example.

• POLTERGEIST

Poltergeists are "noisy ghosts", preferring to show their presence by throwing objects about rather than manifesting themselves. They do not seem to be malevolent; most simply seem to desire the attention that their disturbances earn them. Innocents are their favorite targets; children, servants, and the families of the clergy are favored targets.

Typical Abilities: Etherealness [EXT]

Powers:

All the powers Ghosts have, plus:

Pyrokinesis: Poltergeists have the ability to cause inflammable objects, up to one pound in weight, to burst into flames.

• SCREAMING SKULL

Screaming Skulls are ghosts who refuse to leave the homes they dwelt in while alive. They are most common in the manors of England. The first evidence that a house is haunted by a screaming skull is that soon after the person has passed on, those who still live in the house will hear the deceased screaming, laughing, and crying all night. If the body is exhumed, whatever the condition of the body, the skull will be found stripped clean of flesh and separate. Once the skull is taken home, the nightly caterwauling will cease. However, now the skull will never leave. If removed, tragedies will befall the house until it is returned. Mischievous skulls will occasionally teleport around their house, or roll down flights of stairs. Generally, if left alone, screaming skulls will not bother their former families. They simply want to stay home.

Typical Abilities: Etherealness [GR]

Powers:

Life Drain: Screaming skulls gradually draw spiritual energy from their "families", resulting in "cold spots." A screaming skull drains one point of TE from the air around it per week. This is all the sustenance it needs.

Sense Life: Screaming skulls are capable of sensing the life-force of a living being, within five hundred feet.

Telekinesis: Using the force of their will, screaming skulls may move themselves around by gliding or rolling.

Teleport: The skull may disappear from one location, and reappear in any other, within the boundaries of the area they haunt.

• SPECTER

Specters are malevolent ghosts, who were particularly evil or cruel during life. They take particular delight in causing terror, and they feed off the life energy of the living.

Typical Abilities: Etherealness [EXT]

Powers:

All the powers Ghosts have, plus:

Life Drain: Specters draw their sustenance from thaumic energy. This is essentially the ability to unravel any living being the creature comes in contact with. For every hundred years since its death, specters require the intake of one thaumic point per day. This is also the amount of thaumic energy they can drain from a living being per attack. A specter also draws thaumic energy from the air, leaving it feeling cold and lifeless. For every hundred years since its death, a specter may drain one point of TE from the air around it per week. Thus, specters in abandoned or out-of-the-way places will sit in one place draining ambient TE, resulting in "cold spots", lacking the energy to do anything but wait.

ΠΑΡΡΑΤΙΒΗ
ΠΑΡΤΗ ΔΕΚΑΤΗ:



ΤΗ ΕΜΠΕΙΡΙΑ ΤΗΣ
ΧΡΥΣΟΥ ΚΑΙ ΑΙΜΑΤΟΣ

M

y new companions of the Secret Service had the use of a private railway train, and offered to take me anywhere in the United States. I hoped for a rail journey to the Bear Flag Republic on the Pacific coast, but relations were quite strained between the USA and the Bear Flag at that time. As much as I liked "Andamo the Magnificent" and his courageous partner, I understood that they were agents of the Law, and eventually I should have to abuse their friendship, or they mine.

So we parted amicably. A day later, on my way to take passage West on the Lone Star Railroad, I met a bounty hunter after my reward, and I killed him. He was expecting sorcery; I used a throwing knife, a skill I learned in the Twenty Nations.

I decided it best to change course. I boarded the train as planned, but left it at a water stop just across the Texian border. I made my way to the port of Galveston by the method any modern lawman would consider least likely: I walked. I have ever since wondered what evil misfire of Sorcery created the mosquito. At least the Prosperian spells kept my night camp undisturbed.

I found myself sharing the billboards of Galveston with a splendid company of horse-thieves, stagecoach bandits, and dishonest gamblers. I could not tarry there long.

Deciding to leave North America unthreatened for awhile, I took a steamboat of the Yucatan Line to the Yucatan peninsula, and thence to the great city of Chichen Itza.

Something over 400 years ago, the ruler of Mayapan, Hunac Ceel, had a premonition of disaster. He offered to leap into the sacrificial well as an offering for wisdom. Unlike most of those thrown into the well, Hunac Ceel returned, with knowledge and a plan, given him by the Rain God. He told the Maya that they must organize their economy around production and trade, rather than conquest and tribute, and prepare for an alien invasion such as they had not known.

Remarkably, the Maya decided to follow this new wisdom; when the Spanish arrived in the Yucatan, they found (as Pizarro said), "Cities mightier than the Alqazar." Spain was allowed to build a few missions on the peninsular coast, and her explorers (they were now *conquistadores* in name only) mapped the interior escorted by the Maya (unlike their less fortunate Aztec neighbors).

Chichen Itza, for all its size, gets few travelers from outside the Empire, and has only a few hotels (though these are as large as any in London, and as well appointed). I was told that foreign sorcerers were required to register with a government office, though (unlike other countries I have visited) there was no hint of a threat in this.

Visiting this office, in a massive governmental building complex, I was introduced to a sorcerer named Jade Eyes. He was polite without being particularly warm, showed me the registry documents I was to complete.

"You have been some time traveling," he said. I acknowledged that this was so.

"I have an important task to perform. It involves hostile sorcery, and I have few other wizards to accompany me. If you would choose to lend your assistance, I would be grateful. Be advised, these are evil men, and the task will be dangerous."

Of course I agreed.

What followed was a small skirmish, but a very ugly one. A village some distance from the city had been sacked and looted by a band calling themselves the Tezcatlipocans—the Smoking Mirrors. The leaders of this group had an artefact that could transform men into vicious half-animals; their goal seemed to be nothing but destruction.

We fought a band of these monsters, killed most of them—they seemed to have no fear, and those who ran away had probably been ordered to retreat by their masters. We rescued a number of untransformed captives, and returned them to the wreck of their town; engineers from the city began at once to supervise reconstruction.

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THE MIGHTY HAND OF TEZCATLIPOCA

BLOOD MAGICK

“The blood is the life.”

—Deuteronomy 12:23

Blood sacrifice has been a part of religion and magick since their dawn in prehistoric times. The connection between blood, life, and spiritual being was obvious to early mystics; remove the blood and both life and spiritual being cease. Thus, blood is infused with both the life force and spiritual energy, which makes it a particularly potent medium to be used in rituals and sacrifices.

Blood is used in magick in two ways in the Great Game. Firstly, it is used in sympathetic magick to lower Familiarity costs. Second, among cultures such as the Aztecs, people or animals are killed in a ritual manner to provide blood sacrifice for the gods and thaumic energy to drive magick spells.

There are two ways to draw thaumic energy from a person. A sorcerer must cast *Unravel* on a living being, which is an extremely inefficient way to acquire extra thaumic energy. However, if the same sorcerer kills the being he wishes to unravel, he may completely unravel the subject at no cost, as the will binding the subject together has been removed. This rule applies to *all* living beings, plant or animal.

at least two persons to activate. When active in daylight, those who stand before the mirror are transmuted into half-human, half-jaguar beasts of demonic power, who will fight under the control of the operators. At sunset, the were-jaguars return to human form, though few survive this. Operated in full moonlight, those who stand before the mirror become smoke-pale wraiths whose touch causes the victim to die of fright (those of superhuman courage may survive); the wraiths are destroyed by the touch of sunlight.

The Tezcatlipocans were founded by a renegade Spanish sorcerer with the resounding name of Sanmarco de Llano del Toro, in alliance with an equally dishonorable Mayan wizard known as Jeweled Hands. Both were driven by a desire for material power and a taste for blood sacrifices. They also had visions of great warrior empires, extracting tribute and submission by magic and the sword. Jeweled Hands seems particularly to have dreamed of the Mayan Empire in its warrior age, when sacrifice was commonplace; de Llano del Toro had a similar, if less historically specific, imagination, and apparently liked bloodletting for its own sake.

Tezcatlipoca is the name of one of the Mayan gods, a god of darkness and conquest who warred with the god Quetzalcoatl. His name means “Smoking Mirror”, and an Artefact of that name is the real center of their power. Jeweled Hands discovered it in the ruins of an Olmec city, but he lacked the skill to make full use of it until he joined forces with the Spaniard.

While the Mirror has great power, its high consumption of subjects (see description) somewhat limits its usefulness. The most important weakness of the Order, however, is the tension between de Llano del Toro and Jeweled Hands; now that there is a group of loyal members to assist in the operation of the Mirror, each has decided that the other is unnecessary, and increasingly unworthy to share the power and glory of Tezcatlipoca.

The symbol of the order is an upright black oval, representing the Mirror. Their ritual garments are a fabulous combination of classic Maya and antique Spanish influences: highly colorful feather robes with lace ruffs and trunk hose, obsidian war clubs with conquistador helmets and breastplates ornamented in gold.

The Order’s only Lorebook is the instruction manual for operating the Smoking Mirror. Members bring whatever spells they have learned elsewhere. It is believed that de Llano del Toro was a member of the Golden Dawn, and Jeweled Hands had almost certainly left the Steps of the Sun. Both were certainly searching for lost Olmec Lore.

Artefact: The Smoking Mirror

Appearance: An oval of polished obsidian, seven feet high and four wide, in an intricately carved frame of solid gold. When inactive, it weighs several hundred pounds; when in operation, it levitates and moves at the operators’ will.

History and Lore: The Mirror requires the combined Willpower of

Continued from page 93

The leaders of the force escaped us. Jade Eyes clearly wanted to pursue them, but our losses had been severe; we returned to Chichen Itza, some eight days after we had started on the expedition.

Jade Eyes generously offered me the hospitality of his home. We sat by a window, overlooking the metropolis, drinking the remarkable local beer.

Jade Eyes apologized for his brusqueness on our first meeting. "So many sorcerers come thinking to take away only gold. Or to cure us of our savage ways."

"It is true that we hear stories of human sacrifice."

"And do your gods not ask for human lives?"

I told him the truth: that some of them did.

"I know from your powers that you have studied many magicks. I suppose you would like to learn ours."

I told him that was the truth, but that I would not take anything I was not freely given.

"I believe you. But if I told you that you had to take hearts for the gods?"

"Then," I said, "I would say that I cannot follow those gods, and I would not take their magick."

Jade Eyes said, "You are a powerful sorcerer. I have seen that. I would not care to try our powers in a duel—and I think, as we have fought evil together, you would not wish to do so either."

I agreed with this.

"But can you make it rain? Not a few clouds to soak a battlefield for a morning. I can do that, and perhaps you can as well. I mean the long rain, that makes the maize grow, season to season. Can you do that?"

I told him that I could not.

"Neither can I."

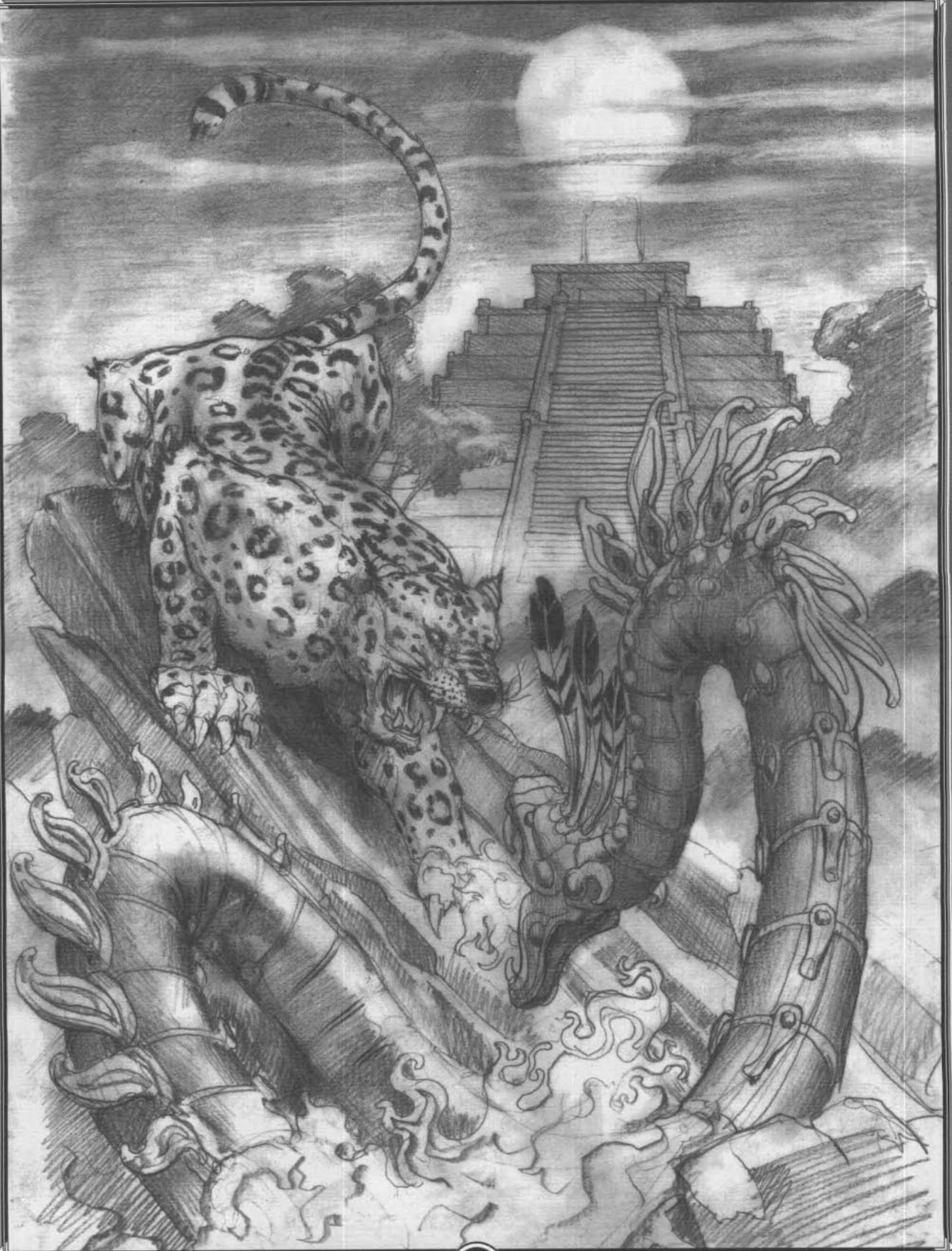
Jade Eyes went to the window, looked at the vast, colorful expanse of Chichen Itza, the crowded streets and the mighty, painted pyramids. They were illuminated by countless torches and lanterns, and silvered by a three-quarter moon. He gestured at the great city, and said, "If the Chacs do not bring rain, these people will begin to die. Before very many of their children have died, they will turn on others, who still have food and fruit, and take whatever is necessary to keep their own families alive. If they fall into the habit of war and trouble again, I do not think they will give it up again soon or easily; certainly not just because someone tells them the drought is over.

"Now, I believe that the Chacs do bring the rain. If you tell me that the Chacs are really wind and heat and moisture, then I am sure that you believe that, and perhaps I do so as well. But whatever the Chacs are, they make the rain fall, and I cannot do it; and I also cannot risk the rain not coming."

He turned back to face me. "When you went with me to fight the Smoking Mirrors, you did know that you could die."

I said that I had known.

"Then," Jade Eyes said, "unlike many men, you know what you are willing to die for. If you wish to be a part of our wizards' company, I would be a fool to deny you. As for the gods, it is up to them whether they want you to take hearts for them, and your choice whether to obey. If you know this, no more can be said."



THE STEPS OF THE SUN

Each of the empires of Central and South America—the Mayan, the Aztec, the Incan, as well as those that no longer survive in any known form—of course has its own sorcerers and traditions. The Steps of the Sun derives from the now-vanished Olmec culture. No one, native or New European, seems to know just what happened to the Olmecs, though they left many stone artifacts (notably, carved heads the size of carriages).

When Europeans think of Mesoamerican sorcery, they inevitably turn to thoughts of human sacrifice. There was, unquestionably, a great deal of this; thousands died on the stone pyramids. The Aztecs believed that if the gods were not appeased with a steady flow of blood, the sun would not rise the next day. The more Mayan culture has been studied, and its documents translated, the more it appears that painful physical mutilations and death were an integral part of it; the only comment that can be made here is that these things were not arbitrary, and certainly not meaningless. They were of vital importance to the people who did them.

The question, of course, is whether sacrifice continues in the 1800's. The answer seems to be that it does, but to a vastly lesser degree than in prior eras. A single volunteer will be sacrificed at specific ritual times: on the equinoxes and solstices, and when it is decided necessary to make a special offering to the gods (as to end a long drought).

The symbol of the Order is a step pyramid against a solar disk. Their ritual garments are cloth robes ornamented with embroidery, gold, and bright feathers; for the highest rituals, robes made entirely of feathers may be worn.

The Book of the Wind and Rain

History & Secret Knowledge: A scroll of reed paper, wound on rods of solid gold, written and illustrated in brilliant colors. *Hear the Winds* (8♣) is a weather-prediction spell. *Speak to the Sky* (8♣) summons weather over a limited area. *Entering the Chamber* (4♣) is the spell cast before a human or animal sacrifice, to properly consecrate it to the gods.

The Ascent of the Sky

History & Secret Knowledge: This "book" is in the form of quipu, strands of knotted cords, a form used since ancient times to carry messages. It deals with practical magicks of city con-

struction and communication. *The Smooth Road* (6♦), cast on a person or vehicle, increases the speed of movement and reduces the chance of damage over rough roads. *Knowledge of Stones* (6♦) allows the design and construction of efficient stone walls—not just pyramids, but retaining walls and roads.

Blood of Nagual

History & Secret Knowledge: The Central Americans have a strong belief that all people possess a *nagual*, or guardian spirit animal. One receives a nagual at birth, and a bond is formed so that both share the same soul. Both entities are actually manifestations of the same being; so that if one dies, the other dies. All peoples in Central and South America have versions of this book; the Aztec version of this book is entitled *Tonal Footprints*.

The spells contained in this work relate to the communication with, finding of, and transformation into one's nagual. *Words of Nagual* (6♥) allows telepathic communication with one's nagual. *Winds Blow to Nagual* (6♥) allows an individual to determine the location, and general health of, his nagual. *Oneness with Nagual* (8♦) physically transforms the spell caster into the same type of animal as his nagual. He retains human intellect, and gains all the abilities of the animal.

MESOAMERICAN CHARACTERS

Mesoamerican Dramatic Characters face a challenging role in the Great Game. Venturing from their holdings in the Yucatan and other remote places of Mexico and South America, they venture out into a world dominated by New Europeans, by the very people who tried to destroy the Aztecs and who view them as bloodthirsty heathens.

The largest social stigmas the Mesoamerican must deal with are his outlandish manners, and if he is a sorcerer, he must also deal with the New European prejudice against blood sacrifice, which Mesoamericans rely on to drive their large rituals (see pg. 94). Explaining to a local constable exactly why that street urchin had to be sacrificed to save Britain should prove to be interesting.

MEMBERSHIP AS A REWARD

The reader may wonder why so many Orders were willing to offer a wandering magician, scarce more than a new acquaintance, membership in their circle. This is actually a soundly established principle. The recipient has given the Order the benefit of his magickal knowledge and experience, often at a time of great peril. The only proper recompense which can be made is to grant the mage the benefits of the Order he aided. (An offer of money would, of course, be an insult to a gentleman.)

For example, in this past part of my narrative, I fought by the side of Jade Eyes and others of the Steps of the Sun against the monstrous half-humans created by evil Tezcatlipocan ensorcelments. During that protracted skirmish, many of the local mages (to say nothing of the inhabitants) benefited from my diverse knowledge of the arcane. Changing the flesh of the tropical leaves to cutting slate in the face of the charging enemy was perhaps the turning point of our fight, and certainly the woman whose name escapes me was saved from eternal rest when I slowed time for her, that her ruptured vein might be bandaged before it drained her completely. These were spells that I had learned at other times and in other places, and which the Steps of the Sun had no knowledge of.

The knowledge granted to an interloper mage varies greatly. It may be as small as a single specific spell, or as great as full-fledged membership with complete access to spells and lore. For my part, I have often received the latter. Perhaps it is because I wear the veil, perhaps because I seek only knowledge, and thus am often perceived as having but noble intent. I know not.

The membership is not, of course, official, until such time as it is voted on by the Masters of the Order (one member cannot another membership grant). However, for the widely dispersed Prosperians, this can be at a single Master's discretion—witness my double induction. In fact, granting a membership and sharing lore can be seen to be a direct violation of the Oath. Fortunately, among the mages, mentioning such indiscretions is considered the pinnacle of impropriety, and thus they are casually overlooked by all. To actually bring such a charge would be a direct slur on the

honor and judgement of the Member involved, so the issue is hardly ever raised.

Generally, those granted membership after times of travail take the honor and leave it at that. Some make rather frequent visits to the local Chapterhouse, but generally confine themselves to the Strangers' Room, or the Lounge when accompanied by a full member of the host Order. It would be most embarrassing for an unofficial member to wear out his welcome, so such events rarely occur.

A Grant may be declined, without reason being given; again, this is a matter of honor, and questions are never asked.

The Grant is rarely misused, simply because it requires an unambiguous demonstration on the part of the recipient, under extreme conditions that fortunately do not occur every day. In this I mean no slight on the bravery and unselfishness of most magicians. There are words for people who put themselves at hazard as often as have I, and one of them is "fool." Few are the mages which vigorously pursue this new membership, and I am proud to be in their number. Dare I say foremost in their number. No one I know of has been Granted as many Memberships as myself -- and no one should wish to. As I have mentioned in the Prologue, it all comes home to roost.

A major hazard to collecting as many memberships as I have; aside from the jealousy and paranoia of your peers; is your own fallible memory. The more memberships you are granted, the more Oaths you are required to swear, until you reach the point where it becomes impossible to keep all the different rules, bindings, and promises straight. Eventually, you are bound to violate one through a simple sin of omission or confusion. But a violation of the Oath is a violation, and soon wrathful sorcerors will be knocking on your door, demanding explanations and prepared to dispense justice.

Another caution; for heaven's sake, *do not* record the Oaths you have taken anywhere, except in your head! For some Orders, the Oaths that binds a sorceror to them are as much a secret as the Lore of the Order. Definitely not something to leave lying about in a notebook.

—A.S.

ΠΑΡΡΑΤΙΒΗ
ΠΑΡΤΗΝ ΔΕΚΑΤΗ:



WESTWARD TO
THE BEAR FLAG

T

hough a year's stay only began to reveal the wonders of Chichen Itza, I found myself never quite comfortable there. I tried to understand and accept the religion of the Aztecs, but I could never reconcile myself to human sacrifice, however rare and voluntary. I told Jade Eyes of my decision to leave. With his usual bluntness, he wished me well and that was that, though when I was ready to leave I was given a fine horse and provisions. Desiring to avoid Texas, and the wanted posters I knew were there, I moved on into Mexico, towards El Paso, and ultimately a train westward.

Once over the border into the Bear Flag, I found the Californians a most curious people, in keeping with the antic reputation of their Emperor. I saw the renowned Norton once, while passing through San Juan de Capistrano, and the occasion was indeed memorable—but Norton's subjects found it commonplace, and other readers would find it unbelievable, so I let it pass unchronicled.

Once in San Francisco, I quickly made the acquaintance of Samuel L. Clemens, who happened to be Emperor Norton's personal secretary, with whom I shared some of that excellent local beer and some travelers' tales. I learned lore from him that few sorcerers imagine, but nothing I may repeat would further enhance his reputation. But now I turn away from the bright lights and gaiety of the "Barbary Coast", back to matters of sorcery—and some dark matters indeed.

The Chinese, I had learned in my diverse studies, had highly developed the art of potion making—not just herbals and medicines, but actual magickal spells in material form. I knew San Francisco to have a substantial Chinese community, and set forth to find a Master of the art who might be willing to discuss it with me, perhaps even teach me some of the craft. This no doubt seems overly optimistic of a white man, but I assumed the worst I could expect was a door slammed in my face. It would become far more complex than that.

After many weeks wandering the Chinese quarter, I acquired a sore back from constant bowing, and a large knowledge of Chinese expressions for "Go away." Then, on the verge of giving up, I met Hua Rong, who told me that his last apprentice had most unfortunately died, and he might consider taking me as a replacement—unpaid, naturally, and with a probationary period to prove my worth and sincerity.

For the next three months I proved my worth by cleaning Hua Rong's quarters. I began to suspect it was not his apprentice that had died, but his scullery maid, though occasionally I washed a piece of glassware that my alchemical knowledge told me was not merely ornamental. I learned nothing, however, but a bit of Mandarin and a smaller bit of Cantonese, so that Hua Rong was spared the distraction of doing his own shopping.

One day, returning from the market, I found a white woman waiting at the door to Hua Rong's shop. That she was waiting outside alerted me to trouble, as the shop should have been open for business.

Trouble there was. Hua Rong lay sprawled dead in the hallway. My acute Eleusinian training ruled out natural causes, as there were five bullet holes in his chest, fired from close range.

The house had been searched, though my eyes and spellcraft could find nothing missing.

The woman, who had waited patiently while I did all this, now said, "You are Hua Rong's apprentice?"

"Indeed so," I lied, though I knew of no other claimants to the title.

"I am called Thysa. For an apprentice you are unusually skilled."

I made a noncommittal sound, but she said, "No, you are a sorcerer in your own right. I think we must talk." She touched the ornate pendant she wore. I had overlooked it as a typically eccentric Californian ornament, but now recognized that it was the blazon of the Order of the Golden Mean. "But not here. Can you lock up after us?"

Nothing had been said of the police. If Thysa had killed Hua Rong, she had no reason to hang about unless she wished to kill me as well, and she had had ample chance to do that.

"By all means," I said, "let us talk."

We left the Chinese quarter. Thyra hailed a cab. I asked how far we were going for our talk.

"You seem to know Chinatown well enough. Do you remember what it says on St. Mary's clock?"

"Son Observe the Time and Fly from Evil."

"Right enough."

The cab took us to the waterfront, with a view of the entrance to the harbor, the "Golden Gate."

Thyra pointed at the narrow water and said, "We'll bridge that, one of these days." She then turned to me, and asked, "Do you know anything of magickal engines?"

"I have heard of Engine Magick."

"This is different. Engine Magick uses a physical device to cast a spell. I'm talking about using spells to operate machines." When I looked unsure, she explained further. "A conventional steam engine needs a fire under the boiler, to heat the water. Instead of that, we use spells to heat the water—usually an enchanted iron ball that we drop into the boiler. The engine's perfectly normal, but there's no fire or fuel. Or say you want a clock to go without winding; you can enchant motion into the balance wheel. Understand now?"

"I believe so."

"We of the Golden Mean don't accept the division between the physical and magickal spheres. Magick is just a physical science, and the sooner that's recognized by both sides, the faster both sides will progress."

"But what does this have to do with Chinese herbalism?"

Thyra bit her lip. "I saw you at work. I like the Eleusinians. I'm going to have to trust you, and I hope you'll do the same for me. A special committee of the Golden Mean is responsible for developing the defenses of San Francisco. We answer directly to the Emperor Norton. Are you with me?"

"I give my word that if you have told me the truth, I will keep your trust."

Thyra smiled. "Clever man. Now: San Francisco is the finest natural harbor on the coast. The Spanish have tried to take it back from us; the French and the Russians have made moves. So have the British. Stop me if you don't want to hear any more."

"My word still holds. But thank you."

"Not at all. And our immediate threat is the United States. Our Army is spread out among the missions and outposts. We have a huge merchant fleet, but our fighting ships are all old Spanish hulks captured during the war. None of this is secret: Our enemies know it all very well."

"So you need an immediate and very powerful defense. A magickal one."

"Precisely. And we have one." She pointed at the Golden Gate. "We can stop anything coming through the Golden Gate—sail or steam, wooden or ironclad. We call it the *Cortador Madera*."

Poor Spanish for "wood cutter", and a reference to a small logging town north of San Francisco. "And that is no secret either?"

"Not with Hua Rong shot full of holes. Do you follow me?"

"Hua Rong provided some component of the defense. A potion."

"That's it. Hua Rong's 'Wonderful Fine Witchcraft Tea.' Now, tell me that you know how to make it."

"No," I said.

Thyra took a deep breath. "All right. At least the old man had an apprentice. We have a supply of the Tea, but its power will decay by the end of next month. Do what you can to master the formula." She gave me a calling card. "You can always reach me through the Order's Office. Let me know if we can provide you with anything. But please try to get us the Tea." She stood up.

I said, "What about Hua Rong?"

"By the time you return, it will have been taken care of." She smiled. "I told you I had highly placed friends."

When I returned, there was a card on the shop door, in English and Chinese, stating that due to religious matters Hua Rong would be unavailable for some days. Within, the body had indeed been neatly removed, but nothing else was touched. I set to work cleaning up—and looking for the formula for Wonderful Witchcraft Tea.

The following day, a letter arrived bearing a Seattle postmark of a week's vintage. The address was bilingual, but the letter was entirely in Chinese. Hua Rong's grocer and I were on friendly terms, and he translated the characters for me.

Honored Uncle,

After many solemn years of study, I have honored our family name by passing the Brass Cup Test upon the first attempt. I thank our ancestors for their aid. I am now happily ranked as a Student of the Garden of Fragrant Consciousness, and may study under whichever Wise One I shall. Naturally, I hope to be granted the honor of studying at your feet. I have crossed over from Peking with good winds, and soon will be in your city. I beg that you honor me with your patience.

Third Son Tien

Hua Tien arrived the day after his letter. He showed no emotion at all upon hearing of his uncle's death; I had grown accustomed to this among the Chinese. I was able to tell him that all the proper funeral customs had been observed—though I did not speak of the Golden Mean, and I said only that Hua Rong's death had been sudden and unexpected.

I was, in fact, suspicious of Hua Tien. While I had hardly been in Hua Rong's confidence, he had been proud of his family, and had never spoken of a nephew so advanced in the study of potions. And as the late Master Legendre had said, the extremely fortuitous arrival of aid is sometimes neither coincidence or luck.

Hua Tien for his part was not happy at my presence, but I knew the order of the house as he did not, I continued to do the maid's work, and I pretended a complete ignorance of the alchemical equipment—in short, I allowed Hua Tien to think that I was a stupid white man who kept his uncle's house in the vain hope of learning some magick.

As the expiry date for the potion drew near, and I was little closer to mastering the art, we decided that we had no choice but to trust Hua Tien. He agreed enthusiastically. In an hour's search he had located his uncle's formula and set to work. He produced the "Tea" with remarkable speed.

Since we knew the Cortador Madera was compromised—Hua Rong's killer had still not been identified—the potion was moved as quietly as possible to the Republic Barracks. I did this alone, in a mule cart, as if delivering cheap spirits to a waterfront tavern. Each trip I made, I took what steps I could to keep my word to Thysa.

On the second of the following month, a full battle squadron of the United States Navy appeared at the entrance to the Bay. I daresay I was not surprised. By my arrangement, a detachment of Bear Flag regulars collected Hua Tien and myself and took us to Fort Winfield Scott, where Thysa and other members of the Golden Mean waited. There, the Golden Mean had constructed a huge telescopic camera obscura that clearly showed us the approaching warships. Hua Tien had seemed nervous when the soldiers came for us; now, fascinated by the viewing device, he commented continuously on how fine a view it offered.

The officer in command was watching the Marin headlands across the strait through a tripod telescope. Now we all saw the flare of a heliograph mirror. "They are ready," the officer said, and I could feel the pull of sorcery. I turned back to the camera obscura, which was focused on the lead American vessel, a steam-powered forty-gun ship of the line. We could clearly read her name: *City of Boston*.

Her bow simply disintegrated into a cloud of matchwood. Metal fragments had the effect of a canister shell on her forward crew, streaking the dust cloud crimson. A double thunderclap—one from the weapon itself, one from the ship's destruction—reached us a partial second later.

The ship had simply ceased to exist before her foremast; she flooded and sank in minutes. As the *City of Boston* vanished in the bubbling waters, I wondered if the State of Massachusetts would hold this against me as well.



The rest of the American fleet scattered, making frantically for the open sea. Two of them collided in the confusion, but veered apart and kept going. Shore batteries harried them away, but the Cortador Madera was not triggered again.

"What a d---nable foolishness," Thysa said suddenly and loudly, causing the commanding officer to blush. "They must have been terribly confident they had disabled us."

"Naturally, madam," I said. "Their agent has been working long days supplying you with worthless potion."

Thysa stared hard at me. Hua Tien eyed me curiously, but stood at ease. As calmly as possible, I said, "Hua Rong's 'nephew' appeared too conveniently, and his habits in the laboratory are those of a New European university, not a traditional herbalist. The stuff in the barrels had the right vile smell, but it was not magical."

With perfect placidity, "Hua Tien" said, "Then why, O Expositor of Mysteries, was the worthless liquid so efficacious?"

"Because every time I delivered a cask to the magazine, I *Transposed* its contents with one of Hua Rong's barrels in storage. I suggest that the Golden Mean immediately ward the storeroom against a repetition of the trick."

Pistols were drawn on Hua Tien. "Ah," he said, "as Mistress Thysa has said, a foolishness."

"Well done, Rodolfo," said Thysa, apparently overlooking the fact that I had laid her port open for the best part of three weeks.

"Rodolfo?" said Hua Tien. "Rodolfo! Pah! He's Louis-Philippe de Merteuil, and more than that, *that man is Anthony Savile!*"

The Sorceror's pistols swung to cover me. Quickly I faced my accuser. "Fine whiskers," I said. And I made for my escape in the confusion that followed.

Since I knew the Chinese distanced themselves from those of New European stock, I hid among them. The elder Chinaman was apparently impressed with my earlier discretion. He procured Hua Rong's book of recipes from his apartments and gave it to me, asking that I return it to his family in China. To expedite this, he also gave me a contact name and location, both Oriental. I swore that I would return the book, and, had fate not intervened, I would have done so. He also gave to me rare English translations of the alchemical teachings of his Order, which, tragically, I lost soon thereafter. But of future events I knew nothing as I slipped onto a merchant vessel and away.

THE ORDER OF THE GOLDEN MEAN

The Golden Mean (who are not under any circumstances to be confused with the Golden Dawn) are a relatively modern Order, who draw their inspiration from the ancient mathematician and magician Pythagoras, and the Age of Invention. Another classical source was a cult of Roman engineers, highly secretive and long extinct (at least, publicly) of which little is known today.

The present Order was founded in 1689 in Nürnberg by a group of clockmakers, toymakers, and firearms designers (overlapping professions in

those days), and it still maintains a Chapterhouse there, but its main operations are now in San Francisco. The Order stands by the belief that magick is but another science, and should be employed as such, in conjunction with other, less esoteric sciences. Their peculiar synthesis of science, magick, and good old Victorian invention is very obvious in their Chapterhouses. They sport such amenities as specially located plates for heating and cooling rooms via magickal spells, and pull-cords which summon the servants not by ringing a bell, but by

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causing a magickal light to glow wherever the servants may be (the color of the light tells which room has summoned them).

The Golden Mean operates under a special charter from Bear Flag Emperor Norton I, who is delighted and fascinated by their inventions and grandiose plans, and has in return been made an honorary, nonvoting Member. The Nürnberg Chapter has considered extending the same honor to King Ludwig, but has so far refrained. This is partly due to the memory of the King's unstable "old self", but mainly it is from the not unreasonable worry that the King would demand they relocate to München. Nürnbergers have long resented the removal of their treasures to the capital.

The Bavarian Office (the order prefers this term, *Amt* in German—as in "Patent Office"—to "Chapter") has, after many years of lagging behind its North American counterpart, begun to rapidly advance, due to its nearness to the birthplace of Engine Magick. Indeed, many Members insist that they have been practicing Engine Magick for centuries, though this is understood to be a way of upholding the Order's reputation, not a formal claim of primacy.

Within the Order there are two factions, known as the Architects and the Engineers. The Architects are chiefly interested in the construction of large permanent works: roads, bridges, fortresses, Cities of Tomorrow. The Engineers prefer to design machines that do something: automata, locomotives, weapons. The rivalry between the two groups is normally quite friendly, though sarcastic joking is common. It is a firm principle of the Order that all well designed objects, static or active, must work together. The Golden Mean's idea of Paradise would probably look like a futuristic World's Exposition of the year 1940!

The emblem of the Order is the diagram of the Pythagorean Theorem—a right triangle with squares constructed from its faces. For rituals, Architect Members favor a Roman toga, with color and embroidery on the edge indicating rank, and a golden scroll ("rolled plans") as a wand of Master rank. Engineer Members wear a Greek chiton (tunic) and a leather tool belt. For secondary decoration, Architects use arches of various designs (round, Gothic, etc.) and Engineers the simple machines—lever and fulcrum, wheels and pulleys. They avoid the carpenter's square and compasses, to avoid confusion with the Masons.

Principia Pythagorea

History & Secret Knowledge: Applications of the Pythagorean principles of geometry and mathe-

matics to the design and construction of objects (non-magickal, though it would certainly be useful in Engine Magick). *Geodesics* (6♦) can establish the most efficient shape and location for structural elements, allowing the design of efficient bridges and weapons, particularly melee weapons. (A sword or bow designed using this discipline would probably seem magickal to the casual observer.) *Shoring* (8♦) can support unfinished or collapsing structures. *Grease* (8♦), and its inverse, *Grit* are enchantments that respectively smooth and jam the workings of machinery.

Urbi et Orbi

History & Secret Knowledge: A book of magicks related to the design of cities, originally written by Marcus Fabricius, a Roman engineer of the Augustan period. It considers a city as a kind of living organism, subject to "diseases and distempers", and its spells are mainly analytical—actually fixing a water or traffic problem requires physical construction. *The Aqueous Level* (4♦) deals with hydraulics, both plumbing and drainage. *The Path of Least Resistance* (4♦) analyzes traffic flows. *The House in Repose* (4♦) is used on large static structures, either man-made (buildings) or natural (caves and hills).

The book *Megapolisomancy*, by the Order renegade Thibaut de Castries, is reputed to be a "dark side" version of this work.

Handbook of the Magickal Sciences (2nd Ed)

History & Secret Knowledge: This book, published by the Chapterhouse in Nürnberg, is a compilation of Lore from various scraps found throughout the centuries, as well as a lot of specific spells (see Appendix D) devised by past Masters. The Lore includes *Elemental Control* (8♣), which allows the manipulation of select aspects of a single element, be it temperature, magnetism, shape, or whatever. This spell would allow one to build a steam engine, the boiler of which would be perpetually hot, as it would draw upon the ambient heat in the surrounding air. It would also allow the construction of a super magnet by channeling the Earth's magnetic field. *Hands of the Clock* (8♦) causes gears or springs to move constantly throughout the duration of the spell (as long as there is available thaumic energy in the area), or cease their movement. *Harmonious Dissonance* (8♦), cast upon a magickal device, impedes the development of magickal harmonics. *Earth Power* (10♦) is a recent addendum, penned by a Druid and a Native American Shaman who joined the Golden Mean. It deals with drawing and channeling power out of Ley Lines in the ground, and converting this magickal energy into the form you desire (magnetism, electricity, etc.).

THE WAY OF LIQUID BREATH

The Way of Liquid Breath concerns itself with alchemy. This is not the Art of the philosopher's stone, common in Europa and the Middle East and always concerned primarily with transmuting lead into gold. This is instead the Art of bubbling drafts which imbue the drinker with unnatural powers. This is the Art of the strange scents which linger about Chinatown alleys on misty summer nights. The symbol of the Order is simply the Chinese ideograms for Way, Liquid, and Breath.

There is no telling the age of the Order, for it does not concern itself with history or prestige; it only concerns itself with its craft. The organization of the Order is loose at best, although members know many other members in the area or in neighboring towns. Indeed, if there are Chapterhouses beyond private residences, no one has heard of them. Instead, individuals, friends, or sometimes families practice their craft and pass on their knowledge to apprentices. The Order thus appears as one part magical practice, one part business endeavor.

Organization is rigid, however, in the matter of testing. A "Servant" (Novitiate) must work at manual labor for some time before receiving even the most basic of training. When the Novitiate is ready, she can take the Brass Cup Test to become a Student (Journeyman). After some years, the Student may take the Silver Cup Test to graduate to a Wise One (Master). At some point after that, she receives the instructions for the Gold Cup Test. Whenever she wishes, she may take that test, alone and self-proctored. If she survives the Gold Cup Test, she may call herself a Master (equivalent to a Grand Master).

There are several lorebooks that belong to this Order. Each copy of the various works has a variety of recipes pertaining to a certain topic. Each master has his own hand-copied versions of the works, so it is unknown where the originals must have come from.

Balance of Inner Integrity

History & Secret Knowledge: This book contains lore that is the basis for the Order's healing potions, as well as elixirs which grant the drinker great speed, strength, endurance, and other manifestations of physical prowess (or deprive the drinker of same). *Physical Harmony* (12♥) cures the drinker of all manner of physical ills and diseases. *Aerial Self* (8♦) allows the drinker to move as fast as the wind. *Serene Mountains* (8♦) gives the drinker superhuman endurance, allowing him to suffer through physical pain, starvation, or sleep deprivation with no ill effects. *Harmony with the Tiger* (8♦) gives one superhuman strength. *Nimble as Wind* (8♦) benefits the drinker with phenomenal dexterity. This book also contains the inverse of these potions, which decrease the drinker's abilities to the same degree as the normal versions increase the abilities.

Smiling Enlightenment

History & Secret Knowledge: This book provides potions with the potential to accent or diminish a person's mental capacities, including perception, memory, humor, logic, etc. *Perceive the Universe* (8♥) heightens the drinker's five senses to a remarkable degree. *Records of the Emperors of Heaven* (8♥) provides one with infallible memory. *Philosopher's Aspiration* (8♥) gives one an absolute grasp of logic. *Temperament of the Monkey King* (6♥) enhances your sense of humor and your ability to play practical jokes. The most powerful potion, which is not found in most copies of this book, is known simply as *Tao* (16♥). This potion grants one ultimate wisdom and comprehension. The inverse of these potions, particularly of *Tao*, are rather nasty.

Water of Fire

History & Secret Knowledge: This book creates potions that act by themselves; flash bombs, glue splats, and other items used by being thrown instead of drunk fall into this category. *Gateway to Hell* (6♦☆) creates a cloud of dust which blinds the victim. *Wrath of the Lightning* (6♦☆) is a blinding flash bomb. *Shooting Star* (8♦☆) explodes when exposed to air, splattering a flammable liquid about the area. In many ways, this potion bears resemblance to Greek Fire. *Universal Adhesive* (8♦) creates a patch of glue which will hold anything stuck in it fast. *Universal Acid* (12♦☆) contains an extremely potent acid which will eat through just about anything.

Enhancement of Spirit

History & Secret Knowledge: This book contains recipes for potions that exist in a gaseous rather than a liquid form. These potions are generally kept in sealed glass tubes. To be used, the tube is broken open and the vapors of the potion inhaled. *Breathless Mist* (6♣) relieves one of the need to breathe. *Oneness with Spirit* (14♣) renders the inhaler intangible—he can walk through walls, people, etc. unscathed. However, he would be wise to avoid mirrors, because if he walks into one, he will become trapped inside. *Universal Ether* (8♣) is used in conjunction with *Oneness with Spirit* to transfer the effects of a drunk potion to another person, usually by running through him.

The most unsavory bit of art in this book, which does not appear in every copy, is *Terrible Angel* (12♣☆). *Terrible Angel* is a potent poison. Once the victim eventually dies from the poison, he rises again as an Undead servant of the poisoner (see Carrefour de la Tour Rouge, *Create Zombi*).

Silver Fox, an assassin belonging to this order, would deliver the poison by inhaling *One with Spirit*, *Universal Ether*, and then *Terrible Angel*. He would then run through his victim, transferring *Terrible Angel* to him!

MAKING MAGICKAL POTIONS

Most magick is instantaneous in effect; it takes place at the moment the caster releases the structured energy. The Chinese, however, ages ago discovered how to structure magick into a chemical concoction, to take effect only when the substance is properly applied. Somehow, the knots of structured Thaumic Energy remain suspended for a (limited) time. Most of these substances (called, generically, Potions) are liquid brews of herbs, animal essences, and finely powdered minerals. The exact ingredients, as well as the procedure for combining them, vary with the desired effect.

Potions made to be drunk take a short time (five to ten minutes) to be absorbed by the drinker's system and take effect. It is possible for a person who has swallowed an unwanted potion to promptly vomit it up (we won't bother to explain how). This is an Easy Physical task. If successful, the victim is merely somewhat ill for half an hour or so. Inhaled potions act as soon as they enter the lungs; once you breathe it, it is too late.

Potions filter out of the system much as alcohol does (though an ability to hold one's drink does not alter potion effects). This means that the potion will pass out of the body in from five to ten hours. The Host may rule that potions have their full effect until completely gone, or work out the precise effects of slowly decreasing concentration (our suggestion, as always, being to do what is dramatically most effective. Sometimes it will be more suspenseful to have the clock tick down toward a sudden dissolution of the spell; other times, having the character struggle with the gradual loss of enhanced ability will be more dramatic.).

The duration of effect of a potion works differently than conventionally cast magick. A potion's length of effect is fixed by its recipe; a Breathless Mist will render the user incorporeal for a certain number of minutes or hours, as determined by the Host or the player designing it, and if a different duration is desired, a completely new potion formula must be created.

Potions have a limited shelf life, however, and this is controlled by the potion-maker through the investment of energy. Use the Spell Duration table (*CF* page 203), but add one to the number of points invested. Thus if the maker puts no points into "duration" (shelf life), the potion must be used as soon as the preparation is complete; for five points it will remain potent for a week, and for seven points the potion may be stored for a full year. Potions past their shelf life usually lose all their magickal effect, though sometimes they become unstable. Draw a card from the Sorcery Deck:

All cards but Aces or Jokers: no effect at all (probably tastes awful).

Ace of Spades: Potion has become toxic. Affected persons take two hits.

Ace of Diamonds: Potion has some drastically reduced version (in degree, duration, or both) of its intended effect.

Ace of Hearts: Affected persons become intoxicated for an hour or two.

Ace of Clubs: Produces the illusion that the potion was effective (if this is inappropriate—Terrible Angel does not pretend to kill your enemy, who then rises as a fake Undead—treat as "no effect").

Joker: Potion has a wild (but temporary) effect.

DETERMINING BASE SPELL COSTS

Here are guidelines to deciding the Base Spell Cost for a new spell or potion.

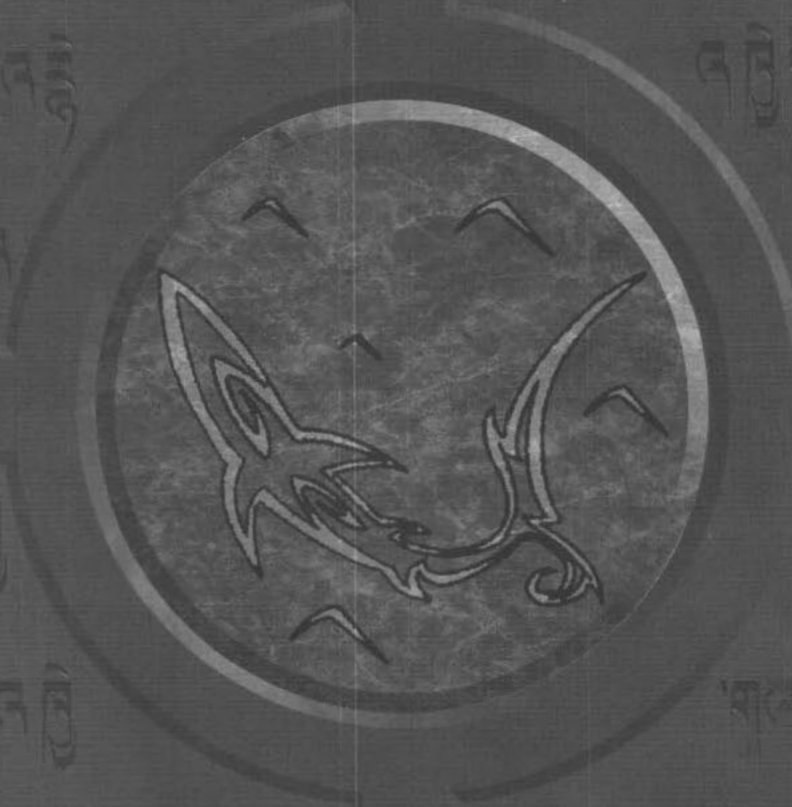
● First, determine what the main ability of the spell will be. If the spell has the picturesque title of *Crushing the Will*, does this mean that it will allow the caster to control the target? Or does it mean that you are rending the victim a mindless husk? One version would allow you to *Control the Mind*; the other would effectively *Kill*. Using the list below, choose the most applicable description of the spell you are creating.

● Next determine the extent of this Spell's Power: High, Medium or Low. The Spell's Power determines where the spell will fall in the ranges listed below; for example, a low powered mental trick like making someone momentarily forget to take his keys would have a TER of 4; making him forget the last few days would have a High TER of 8 (spells are rated in two-point increments).

- Spells of Illusion 4 to 6
- Spells that Trick the Mind 4 to 6
- Spells that Control, Confuse or
Heal the Mind 8 to 10
- Spells Dealing with Summonation ... 6 to 8
- Spells of Divination 6 to 8
- Spells that Transform or Change ... 6 to 8
- Spells that Deal With Time 10 to 12
- Spells that Deal with Physical
Teleportation 6 to 10
- Spells of Necromancy 8 to 12
- Spells of Nature 6 to 8
- Spells that Augment, Improve
or Give Powers 12 to 14
- Spells that Incapacitate 10 to 12
- Spells that Do Physical Harm 12 to 14
- Spells that Kill 16 to 18

● The Rule of Thumb. If the spell you're building isn't above, try using the following model to fit it in: All spells start at 2. If the spell concerns the mind, add another 2 to 4 points. If the Spell has a long term or major effect, add another 4-6 points. If the Spell deals with a physical effect or alters material reality, start at 6 and add 2 point increments up to 12. If the Spell causes physical damage, start at 12 and add 2 point increments up to 14. Killing Spells always start at 16 TER.

ΠΑΡΡΑΤΙΒΕ
PART SIXTEEN:



ACROSS THE
TURBULENT PACIFIC

M

y voyage across the Pacific Ocean was perhaps the most frustrating few months of my life, for it was there that I met with tantalizing agony, brushes with knowledge beyond my ken, but the merest brushes only. No more.

We charted a course westward across the Pacific, harboring briefly in Hawaii for provisions before continuing our course. We swung to the south, that we might pick up additional provisions from native islanders, and perhaps some trading goods which would sell equally well in Cathay and the Bear Flag Republic.

One island I remember all too well. I believe it was among the Marshalls, but I am not certain. Of Pacific Island geography and of naval navigation I know nothing, so it availed me not to know precisely where we were in the midst of that vast sea. Certainly it was a beautiful island, first seen silhouetted by the setting sun, radiance streaming about and the vegetation on its mountain slopes emerald green.

We met with the chief there, but not before we had been carefully apprised by a missionary of the many rules of *tapu*, which we were not to violate. These rules, he said, were installed to protect the chief's mana—his magickal power and authority—against defilement or nullification. The missionary served as well as translator for those of us invited to join the captain during the negotiations as onlookers.

We were greeted with a feast, and there was dancing for our amusement, for two days. During this time I saw great evidence of the primitive yet powerful magick these people practiced. Finally, negotiations began between our captain and the chief. He was a fierce-looking if portly man, who claimed he was a direct descendant of Tangaloa, their supreme god. During these negotiations, which were observed by the entire village, a curious drink called kava was served, of which the captain indulged most liberally. For my own part, I drank as well, and though it had not the familiar taste of alcohol, I nonetheless found its effects most curious and pleasing. Perhaps this effect, which would have been more pronounced in the captain for his added libation, diminished his circumspection.

As he and the chief concluded the deal, he stood with a cry of victory. The deal would indeed mean a great profit. He then leaned forward, seized the hand of the chief, and shook it vigorously. At this, a warrior kneeling beside the chief struck the captain in the side of the head with a bladed club, splitting his skull asunder. I later recalled that the warrior struck this blow from a crouch, never rising above the height of the chief where he sat in his throne. We all stood in alarm, heedless of the warning that the missionary had given us, that it was *tapu* to stand such that you were higher than the stature of the chief. To do so meant you were stealing his mana, or something to that effect. Touching the chief, as had the captain, was only the worse.

At our action, a great gasp went up from the assembled islanders, and many grabbed for impromptu weapons. Our marines readied their pistols and sabers, and I drew my own pistol as well. Seeing this, the chief held out his arms, and with a command stopped his people from attacking. Evidently he had seen the effects of black powder before. He stood, as did the villagers. He scowled at us, and spoke at length in a loud and imperious voice.

The missionary, translating, told us that he said the gods would smite us down for such a great violation of the sacred *tapu*. I asked if negotiation were yet possible, but the missionary assured me that each of us who had stood—that is, all in the present company—were already condemned to death by their law, and no other compensation could be made.

Under cover of our arms we made for our ship. The last native I remember seeing was the priest whom I had been befriending during the feast. His scowl and venomous gaze told me I had lost what chance I had to learn of their magickal ways.

Learn, at least, from the point of view of a practitioner. Within a day, a great storm had seized our ship, and tossed us about upon the ocean as a cork in a baby's bath water. Eventually we foundered, and the ship went under. Throughout the tempest, the vast form of a shark, as massive as the ship I clung to, had been visible in the water. Now, it circled our vessel in the same direction as the maelstrom that dragged the ship down. As we leapt pell-mell into the ocean, the vast, dark form heaved its great body out of the water, and devoured half the crew in one swallow. No sooner had this occurred than the storm abated, and the shark departed. Unfortunately, my trunk and valise were not as water-tight as they should have been, and I lost Hua Rong's book. I drifted perched upon my trunk until rescued by a Dutch spinnaker bound for Sydney.

Such was my first brush with Pacific magick. My second came in Sydney.

They call themselves the Society of the Singing Bone; I never learned why. They are an order of native Australian sorcerers: "Aboriginals", or the *Koori* in their own tongue. In point of truth, I can tell you little in terms of practical detail about this Order. Its members are, apparently exclusively, the native people of Australia, called by Europeans Aborigines, and their sorcerous lore deals with the understanding and manipulation of dreams. They may, in fact, be the most powerful dream sorcerers on earth. (Indeed, and despite the fate of the Duke of Clarence, this is a field much neglected by New European magicians. The only adept of the form I am familiar with is Carnacki the Ghost-Finder, and he operates as an Eleusinian.)

There is, however, a story I can tell of my dealings with them.

In Sydney, I put about a few queries after the native magic. Australia is still a thinly populated country, and there are not many sorcerers; none, of course, were transported as convicts (even the most criminal of wizards would not be so casually disposed of). I received hints that if I would go west, and stop at a certain place, I might learn what could be learned.

I took a train west from Sydney, through the beautiful blue-white mountains that form a barrier beneath the relatively well watered Pacific coast and the arid "outback." I alighted at the place indicated, to the puzzlement of the train guard. I saw no one at the flag stop, and I began to walk.

It is an empty place. After an hour, I thought of turning back, when I heard the sounds of life, and a city. I walked on, and saw people below me, busting in dusty streets.

It appeared to be an Oriental city; there were tall pagodas, and coolies pulling rickshaws in the crowded streets. But on a moment's examination I could see that the structures were partly Chinese, partly Japanese, partly Indian, with no little amount of Stow-on-the-Wold and Puddleton Downs. All the signs were clearly lettered in English, and English was the language I heard, along with some jabbering noises that I was quite sure were not any dialect of Chinese.

It was, in fact, a "Chinese" city as might have been made out of the set-dressings for road-company productions set in the Orient. And as I thought this, the tall temples wavered, as if in the heat.

I sat down, wondering if it were some delusion of the Outback country. I felt a motion at my elbow, and looked up to see one of the dark, broad-faced natives—an Aboriginal.

"Hello," he said. "Do you not like the dream village?"

"Is that what it is? A dream?"

He smiled at me, very meaningfully. "You see through it because you do not share it."

"The people down there are Europeans," I said. "How did they come to be here?"

"These are descendants of the first prisoners brought here. They had a belief, no one knows how it started, that China was on the other side of the mountains. If they could get away from their jailers, go over the mountain, they would be in China, and be free."

"So they made this?"

"It was made. It was a strong dream." My guide gestured. "They are not lazy or idle. They raise what they need, and they do not need much. They do no one harm here."

"Can they leave it?"

"If they want to. They don't want to. How much more free can they be?"

"I came to see ... I suppose I came to see you."

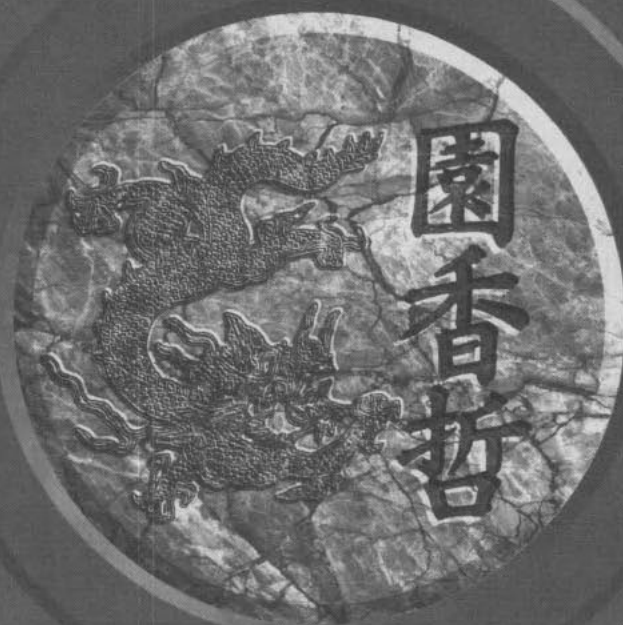
"Hello," the Koori wizard said. "Good-bye."

And then he was gone.

I went into the "Chinese" town, and found its people friendly, and absolutely convinced that they were in China—"In the province of Ming-tea, under the gracious Emperor ... I forget his name," one of them told me. I rested a while, and had a cup of something that certainly tasted like tea, as brewed in the English West Country. I drew some fresh water and started back to the railway.

I did not see another Aboriginal sorcerer. At least—not while awake. But sometimes I have dreams.

NARRATIVE
PART SEVENTEEN:



AN EMPIRE OF
DRAGONS

B O O K O F III S I G I L S



finally found a ship bound for the port I wished, although it was a sailing vessel. I purchased foodstuffs for myself, paid my fees, and embarked with no small dread. Would the Shark God return? I hoped not. And, in fact, the remainder of the voyage to Cathay was delightfully uneventful.

My heart quickened as we disembarked in Cathay. I held tight rein on my breath as I felt ten thousand suspicious Oriental eyes alight upon my Caucasian skin. I moved with as much grace as I could muster down the gangway (I must admit to seasickness) and dove into the throngs of the wharf, my head bobbing above their massed black hair like the fin of a shark. I moved straight away for the warehouse of which I had been apprised, grateful for its name in Roman lettering, clearly visible to all.

Inside, I found a welcome pall of fine tobacco smoke. Immediately I felt myself relieved, and breathed deeply of the odor and the companionable noise. I surveyed my surroundings. Quick appraisals are the watchword of the survivor. The workers, and apparently the proprietor, were Chinese. The front room held about a dozen tables, most of which were occupied by faces from across New Europa, and a few from Africa and the Americas. At these tables they gambled, drank, bragged, and swore. They were, by their demeanor, rough and roguish sailors of some experience. None seemed abaft at the sudden appearance of a well dressed gentleman at the door, and at that I assumed that I indeed had received proper direction from my last acquaintance.

At the rear of the room was a makeshift bar, behind a long counter. It was here that I inquired as to the disposition of Lin Yu Tsong. I was directed up a long flight of stairs, which, without the benefit of a balustrade, ascended to the upper level of rooms found along one wall of the warehouse. The noise of the stairs was such that I involuntarily recalled the incident in Mr. Craike's apartments. (Little is as disconcerting as seeing your own body lying dead and bloodied. I hoped such an incident would not again repeat itself.)

Readily finding the proper room, I knocked politely. After repeating the knock, I still had no answer. I tried the latch. It was not secured, and so I moved to make myself welcome within, when to my surprise I saw Lin Yu Tsong seated at a chaise across the room. I paused in my step.

He sat in a slouch most unbecoming a man of his girth, and my initial reaction was to assume that he had succumbed to a seizure of some sort, a tremor of the heart or brain. His face belied this, however. He had no marks of strain, and his eyes burned fiercely at a spot on the rug. It became apparent that he had fallen into a brown study. I set my walking stick down rather sharply, and cleared my throat most loudly. At this, he raised his eyes slowly to look at me.

I explained to him my adventures in San Francisco and since. While I no longer had Hua Rong's book of recipes, I at least had his story, of what he had done in America and how he had met his end. I'd hoped that his story, and mine of how I came to lose his book, might make up for the loss of the book itself. It did not.

"You have failed to keep a solemn vow," he said in startlingly proper English. "That is very bad for your spirit, your chi, but I can help. The Hua family is greatly indebted to Six Stalks of Rice. They may lose face. You, Empty Hands, are indebted to the Hua family. You must help Six Stalks. Harmony will be restored, and you will no longer bear the burden of failure."

As I had no plans in particular for Cathay other than to discharge my duty (and get away from those who hunted me in the Americas), I agreed. Thus I became known as Empty Hands, and received introduction to Six Stalks of the Way of Rock. Had I but known—ah, but isn't that always the cry of mortals?

Their temple was a magnificent structure located in a forbidding mountain valley. Sharp yet beautiful crags rose sharply all around as if to shred the sky. This was where the Way of Rock honed their Art. The trouble, through which I could pay my debt, was this: A Dragon had struck

their temple, and stolen the majority of their Tablets of Rock. (The Dragon had recognized them as the 2,000-year-old version his grandmother had seen carved.) However, the thieving Dragon did not steal away two of the Tablets, which were at the time he came being studied by students high atop one of the surrounding mountains.

There is nothing a Dragon hates more than an incomplete set.

Six Stalks explained that the whole temple was preparing for the Dragon's inevitable return, to defend the last two Tablets. I protested that my martial skills and magick were not good enough to help, to which he, to my offense, immediately agreed. Then he said that my magick was suited not to fight the Dragon, but to see to the return of those Tablets the Dragon had already stolen. This I would do while the rest of the Rock kept the Dragon preoccupied.

While we awaited the Dragon's return they taught me of their Lore, that I might be better trained to steal back the Tablets. They showed me the Dragon's Temple, and described how deadly it was. With the Dragon home, none of them dared enter. While no Dragon was present, they had sincere hopes I might actually survive entering his stronghold. They gave me as detailed a map of the lair as they could. I knew it at the time, but for some reason I can no longer recall that information.

The Dragon did indeed come again, but he was seated in the Zen Garden eating a bowl of rice with chicken before we knew it. He had come in human form, all knobby joints and bent back, his withered frame covered with nothing but a loincloth and supported by a walking stick. He bowed and scraped most humbly, and never once had the presumption or impertinence to look us in the eyes (which, of course, would have let us see them shaped as a cat's), but always kept his bobbing head lowered. He begged scraps of food, and we took him in and fed him, and he thanked us and blessed us most effusively.

When he was left unattended for a few moments, he changed his form back to that of a Dragon. I was then in the Bell Garden, where the bells and falling water drowned out noise; my first warning came with the sudden draw of magickal energy as a dozen or more in the temple called upon the power of the Rock.

I rushed to find the cause of the trouble, and found it I did. The Dragon was trying to push his way into the main hall from the Zen Garden, but the door was held in place by a girl small as a China doll, who stood there as if in an attitude of prayer. Her eyes were closed, her hands pressed palms together in front of her breasts, and her face serene. Though the Dragon slammed the door repeatedly into her tiny toes, she did neither flinch nor move. The door in fact began to splinter where it struck her.

I watched in dumb amazement as, with great shouting and commotion, a group of Masters ran across the walls and ceiling with clenched fists. Of a sudden the girl holding the door against the Dragon ran away, and the Masters and Dragon fell to great blows. When the Firecast billowed across the floor, I snapped from my stupor, and cast a Dimensional Gate for the Dragon's lair.

Again, I wish that I could detail my escapades there. I recall that the magickal energy of the temple was thin, such that I almost could not complete my spell, but that the energy in the Dragon's lair was full. Beyond that, however, I do not know what it was like, nor how I came to find the Tablets of Rock, nor how I came by the puckering scars which adorn my thigh and still cause me pain when the weather changes. I do remember quite clearly, however, hiding in a cleft behind an all-too-scant shrub while the Dragon roared and flew about in search of me, darkening the sky with its massive wings for hours as I prayed it would not smell my blood.

Exhausted from lack of sleep, I managed to contact Six Stalks by means of magick the next day. He and several other Masters came to recover the Tablets, and some lesser-ranked students came to recover me. My debt was paid.



SACRED PLACES

Just as artefacts can gain thaumic power and aspect, so too can specific places. Temples, shrines, caves, wooded groves, and volcanic craters can all become aligned magickally according to how they are used. However, places must take their alignment from the ambient magick, as opposed to artefacts, which gather it more directly from touching the skin of the person weaving a spell. In addition, places are, if you will, coupled to the magickal powers which course through the Earth. This means that places gather power more slowly, and hold a charge with more difficulty, than do artefacts. Sacred places stronger than seven points should be all but unheard-of.

Generally, for every thousand years that a ritual place (a temple, grove, stone circle, cave volcanic vent, and so on) is regularly used for a specific magickal purpose, it gathers one point of power. For most rituals—prayer gatherings, covens, the sacrifice of a small animal—“regular use” means once a week. More important ceremonies may be performed less often—a major sacrifice every full moon, say, or the volcano that must be placated with the local virgins may only need feeding three or four times a year. More frequent ceremonies, exceptional fervor and piety on the part of the worshipers, and the use of properly attuned Artefacts may accelerate the gathering of power, but never to more than two or three points a millennium. And if the site is not fully dedicated to ritual use—if the temple is used for spot currency transactions—it will never acquire power. It is strongly suggested that no such nexus ever possess more than seven points of Energy.

The Oriental art of *feng shui* is specifically concerned with properly attuning places to the thaumic flow. Places sited by an adept of that skill typically accumulate power a fourth to a third faster, and lose it correspondingly more slowly.

Note that these rules are to aid the Host in developing the history of a ritual place that the characters will encounter already enchanted. Starting one from scratch is obviously beyond the scope of most games.

If the ritual site is abandoned, its power will begin to leak away at the rate of one point every three to five centuries. A forgotten temple can still have power, as can one whose creators are long gone, but which has been rediscovered by later wizards. Also, a guardian spirit attached to a ritual place (see the discussion of Spirit Combat elsewhere) usually remains present as long as there is power remaining, even if there is nothing else left for it to “guard.”

The power of a ritual site can be rapidly discharged through desecration. In general, a full day's activity—vandalizing structures, casting hostile magic, and so on—will dissipate one point of Thaumic energy, until the place reaches half (rounded down) of its original power.

Some famous historical desecrations, such as the sack of Jerusalem by the Crusaders, have involved looting, rape, mass murder, and conflagration, but that much effort is not always necessary. Indeed, one wizard's “desecration” is another's “cleansing.” The Order of St. Boniface would typically discharge the energy of a Demonic altar through blessings, the breaking of images, and liberal application of holy water and crosses. The object is to put the evil place out of business, not destruction for its own sake.

Here's a sample sacred place, taken from the manuscript:

THE TEMPLE OF ROCK

Appearance: This is an ancient stone Chinese temple, built like a pagoda and nestled in a forbidding mountain valley. While it lacks color (being made of unpainted stone), it has been extensively carved and adorned with statuary.

Secret Knowledge and History: This temple has been in place for 3,000 years, although during that time the number of followers has varied widely. At one time there was but one Master for nearly seventy long, solitary years. Although the temple is used daily, students also take to the hills to study and practice. The entire temple courses with the power of the Rock.

Aspect and Thaumic Power: Seven of Clubs (Elemental)

THE WAY OF ROCK

This is one of the many Chinese religio-mystic temples to be found. Others of which I have heard include the Bamboo Grove, the Path of Water, the Wind Flutes, and Students of the Worms.

The Way of Rock seeks to study the strength of the rock and give that power to its followers. In that sense, it's much like a cross between a geologic college, a mystic cult, and Druidic magick. The Order maintains temples located in rocky places, usually high in the mountains but occasionally along rocky shores or canyons.

Followers of the Way of Rock believe that their way is superior, yet with typical vexing Oriental philosophy, do not deny the validity or claimed superiority of any opposing Order. Even though the many Chinese Orders are often at odds, they recognize that the balance is essential. Thus it is not impossible, though rare, that a Grand Master of one Order may begin to study in a second Order.

The Tablets of Rock

History & Secret Knowledge: This book consists of large, thick tablets with irregular edges, made of whatever stone is indigenous to the area of the temple and carved with Chinese pictograms. Each

temple painstakingly makes their own copy of the original. All of the spells in the Tablets provide the caster (only) with a virtue of rock. *Fists of Rock* (12♦☆) makes the caster's hands into deadly weapons, and also allows him to carve stone with his bare hands. *Skin of Rock* (12♦) hardens the caster's epidermis, providing light armor. *Feet of Rock* (12♦) allows the caster to run at full speed and without losing his balance, so long as he runs in bare feet and his feet touch the rock. Thus a caster can run up a stone wall, or sprint across a field of sharp stones without a problem. *Head of Rock* (12♦) protects the caster against illusion, mental control, or anything else which tricks the brain (including non-magickal con tricks and hypnosis). It also makes him slightly dim-witted. *Integrity of Rock* (12♦) greatly increases the mass and firmness of the caster; he becomes as immovable as a chunk of granite. The effect of the spell only works when the caster himself is not moving. Finally, *Garden of Rock* (12♦) allows the caster to control all stones on the surface of the earth in a given area, moving them about slowly. It is normally used to make stone gardens, but can also be used to pile stones against a door, seal a cave with a giant boulder, move rocks aside to dig for buried treasure, etc.

THE PATH OF WATER

The Path of Water is a mystical order along the same lines as the Way of Rock, but with a different focus. This order was founded by a group of Taoist monks, and this is reflected in the Path of Water's practices. Water embodies both yin and yang elements, and is thus a reflection of the Tao. The tumbling waterfall is active, violent, and destructive, but when it reaches the lake at its base, it becomes passive, calm, and gentle.

Though students of the Path of Water spend most of their time meditating, when necessary they are quite capable of practicing devastating martial arts in combination with their Lore.

The Enlightening Pools of Water

History & Secret Knowledge: This book consists of thin, delicate pages of parchment bound

inside covers made of mother of pearl. Painted in watercolor on the pages are the ideograms that make up the lore of the Path of Water. *Precipitation* (8♣) allows the caster to draw water out of the air. *Waterspout* (12♣☆) allows the caster to create and direct funnels of water; to be used as weapons or to do things such as dig holes. *Water Flowing* (12♦) gives the caster the speed, force, and energy of a rushing cataract, enabling him to flow under the cracks of doors or through drain pipes. Its inverse, *Water Standing*, bestows serenity and stillness upon his body. *Dowsing* (4♣) lets the caster find the nearest source of water, even if it is several miles underground, and trace it to where it comes up to the surface. *Erosion* (12♦☆) allows the adept to rapidly wear away at any substance by applying pressure to it.

THE GARDEN OF FRAGRANT CONSCIOUSNESS

I have no idea how the following came to be in my possession. I pulled this page from my pile of blank writing paper, and found it to be anything but.

Human:

You have abused us twice: once in the contemps of which you write, and once in omitting our Great Order from your manuscript. The first J may yet excuse, the second J shall correct here.

For as you yourself have said, "There is nothing a Dragon hates more than an incomplete set."

Upon hearing the name of this Order (translated, of course), a master of the Pythagoreans once remarked, "How inscrutably Oriental!" But he was merely an engineer. Any gardener would understand. In magick, as in the art of pun-sai, there are aching hours of preparation, maintenance, and watchfulness, and nothing can be truly subdued by sheer strength and mechanical advantage and force of will. Just as in pun-sai the tree grows through the union of your will and its own desire, so does the wizard grow between his will and that of Magick.

Our Garden, like most Orders, claims ancient origins, though a bit more ancient than most: Its earliest ancestry was founded by our Great Race of Dragons, before your Human Orders emerged at all. I remember it clearly; it was a necessary course of action in the wake of the Comet, and helped us to perfect our magickal craft. It is true that every living Grand Master of the Order presently is a Dragon. However, there have been Human Grand Masters, from time to time in the past, or so we would have you believe, for while we Dragons have moved far beyond the strictures of this Order, it does us well to see the ancient traditions carried on for the benefit of our children.

The magicks of the Garden are concerned primarily with perception and understanding. Our conception, which is perhaps more esoteric than most Occidental minds are capable of understanding, is that the more fully the world is understood, the less force is required to change it; one of our dictums is, "If we knew all things in perfection, only a thought would be needed to move them." Consider that, mortal. On the other hand, we also hold that "If all things were known, it would be seen that they are perfect already." Ah, poor Pythagorean, how inscrutably Oriental we are ...

The Book of the Vine

History & Secret Knowledge: The original was written (with a brush, in Chinese ideograms of the greatest beauty) on long rectangles of paper, bound with ornately carved slabs. **The Garden Path** (8♦) allows the visualization of easiest (not necessarily minimum-distance) routes not only through mazes, but in the construction of irrigation systems and the like. **The Seed of Memory** (6♦) is an object-reading spell. **Gathering Petals** (8♦) can establish linkages between pieces of a formerly whole object, and if all the fragments are present, knit them again into a seamless whole.

The Book of the Earth

History & Secret Knowledge: The first complete version of this text was written on long rice-paper scrolls, tied with ribbons that have small fetish objects attached. **Naming the Lost** (10♣) summons the spirits of the dead. **The Hand Beyond** (10♣) compels response from unwilling spirits. **Knowing the Ground** (10♣) summons the controlling spirit of the place (these spirits cannot usually be compelled). **Mistwalking** (8♠) causes the subject to have an interpretive or prophetic dream (though not necessarily to understand the symbolism of that dream).

The Book of the Spirit

History & Secret Knowledge: This book is all but redundant now, since Dragons know these spells at birth. The original of this book was carved into the skull of Fortunate Serpent, who was the first Grand Master. Since then, all copies have a Dragon's skull on the first page. **Willow of the Will** (10♥) allows the caster to control someone's mind. **Buoyancy of Wind** (8♣) summons breezes from below, allowing for flight (though it is difficult for Humans without long cloaks to perform this successfully). **Firecast** (12♦☆) is a spell of which most people are well aware. Non-Dragons can use this spell to duplicate the effects of a Dragon's Firecast. **Radiant Yang** (6♦) causes the caster to glow with a light that can be blinding; the obverse of the spell, **Cloak of Yin**, makes the caster invisible. And lastly, **Dragon's Heart** (10♦) protects the target from all magickal enchantments.

Now that I have set the record straight, I shall interrupt you no more, unless you return to our lands.

Until then I remain, Very truly yours,
J Who Am Golden Wing

NARRATIVE PART EIGHTEEN:



HOMeward

T

here was still much I desired to see in Cathay, but (to phrase it as a Chinese might) the wise guidance of a Dragon is not to be disregarded. Even if I Who Am Golden Wing decided not to destroy me physically, the Dragons wield great political power, and my way would have been endlessly blocked and twisted.

The Temple of Rock was not happy to see me leave. Though it was phrased obliquely, they were genuinely pleased and grateful for my service in recovering the Tablets. Six Stalks of Rice offered me what he had early guessed I desired most: a fuller induction to their Order, and education in their Lore. But even without the immediate presence of the Dragon, I am, while an eager student, no monastic. And so I departed.

I thought about Tibet—all New European wizards do—and Japan. In the end, I went to Singapore, not least because I knew I would hear English spoken there. After all this time and distance, I was, quite improbably, beginning to know homesickness.

I discovered a congress of detectives, both official and private, in town. They were gathered to discuss the prospects of controlling smuggling and piracy in the South Seas area. The old curiosity—and the desire to play-act—took over, and I again donned my Eleusinian blazonry and joined the conference. The high point surely came when a Crown officer from the Hong Kong station congratulated me on my grasp of the problem of winkling out a false trader from among his honest fellows.

Thus back in my old habits, I sat contentedly in the hotel lounge, with a glass of good port and a panatela-cigar. The night had turned a bit wild, and there were rumors of a typhoon, but I did not care.

Another gentleman approached, and asked if he might join me. His English was excellent, though I guessed him to be French. I indicated a vacant chair, and gestured for the waiter. We toasted each other's health, and the Queen, and settled back.

"I have been a long time after you, Mr. Savile," the other man said then, "and I surely did not expect to find you here. Though it does not surprise me; no, sir, it surprises me not at all."

My last swallow of port arrived like a steam torpedo, but I covered as always. "Not again," I said. "That fellow is so deucedly infamous, I can go no place on Earth without being mistaken for him, sometimes at gunpoint. My very dear friend, I'm sorry to cheat you of your detective triumph, but I can't help my face."

"How many of us can?" he said, most pleasantly. "But if I brought in three or four of our more acute *confrères*, I wonder what help your face would be? Once they compared observations, I mean."

"I wonder what you do mean."

"I was a very young man when I first heard of you. It was Holmes who told me; of course, the mighty Sherlock was young then too. We haven't been in touch since. Thereafter I listened for news whenever I could, but I learned almost nothing until Flambeau introduced me to his Bonifacian friend. The Father knew I was no seminarian, of course, but he shared what he knew. I almost caught up in Munich, but the Black Count—you know him as von Grafenau, I think—had me locked up for vagrancy. Vagrancy! His idea of a joke, I suppose."

I almost protested, but imagined there would be no point. And the tale was beginning to fascinate me.

"I was almost lucky in Constantinople. I'd gone there strictly on my own business—the Topkapi Emeralds, do you recall?"

"I did not know they had been recovered," I said. "Congratulations."

"Oh, not at all," he said, with a sudden grin. "At any rate, I was two weeks behind you, and the ladies of Isis told me nothing I didn't already know. I did occupy your old room, though."

"After that, the pursuit became difficult. And I don't anyway like to travel beyond the Continent. This—" he gestured with his cigar—"is special, and of course professional. After Constantinople there was nothing until I had a cable from Savion Pelletier. He tried to keep you about until I could reach Liège, but of course had he protested too much you'd have become suspicious, *n'est ce pas?* Some time after, I even interrogated Monsieur Verne, but he is too honorable to be much fun in the questioning. And he never guessed your real identity."

I said idly, "I wonder if Anthony Savile knows that such a Nemesis is on his trail."

"Thereafter, the papers provided clues, though they are never to be relied upon. I surmise that you went to the South Americas for a year or two—tell me, was it the Amazon?"

I did my best to look noncommittal.

"I thought as much. I thought you had died there, in fact. And then there were the tales from California, and again a silence, and again I thought you dead—or perhaps retired to Tibet. You did visit Tibet, of course?"

I held my breath. "No," I said finally, "I regret that I did not."

—◆—

INDIAN FAKIR "MAGICK"

The magicians of many tribal cultures (not just the Fakirs of India, though I use that term for convenience) practice such arts as cutting the body without visible pain or bleeding, simulating death, and walking barefoot on red-hot coals. None of these involve actual Magick. Some are outright conjuring tricks, involving spring-loaded knives and the like, while others require confidence, a strong will, and a bit of specialized knowledge.

These tricks and stunts are rarely described in books (at least, not accurately). They are generally taught directly by the practitioners. For many of these, the tricks are part of a sincere system of faith, and they will demand the same belief from their students. Even those who are purely performers, however, prefer to pass the secrets to students they respect and trust, rather than simply to shop them for money, like a set of weighted dice or a marked deck of cards.

Among New Europeans, most Sorcerous Orders have at least one or two members who are familiar with Fakir Magic (though they may not readily admit the fact). Adepts are commonly found among street performers, Romany bands, and traveling carnivals — though these groups can be at least as hard for an outsider to enter as the most exalted of sorcerers' circles.

"A shame," he said, and then we were both quiet for awhile. There was a sudden thump as the shutters were closed against the strengthening rain.

I said quietly, "I most sincerely hope you are not acting in the employ of the Temple of Ra. In fact, if I have any choice in the matter, I should prefer to be turned over to the Order of Eleusis. The Bonifacians will do as well. Or if it is direct revenge you want, it is a fine dramatic night for a duel."

"Turn you over?" He burst out laughing, and summoned the waiter for more port. When our glasses were refilled, he said, "Mr. Savile, I should rather shoot my grandmother's dog than turn you over to any authorities. And you would win any fair duel, as surely as I would win a crooked one."

Utterly bewildered, I said, "Then what, if you intend neither to kill or expose me, has been your purpose in this prolonged pursuit?"

"Why, to meet you," he said, greatly amused. "To have made your acquaintance, shake your hand, and deliver the good wishes of some of your absent friends. And, if I may boast, to say that I had found you when the rest of the world could not. You are as elusive as the Invisible Man, Mr. Savile, more interesting than John Clay, and far pleasanter company than Fantomas. If you ever do publish your fabulous memoirs, I would pray you to send me a copy."

"Perhaps ... if you gave me your name and address."

He chuckled. "As I will not use your name here, I will ask you not to use mine. But you may call me Arsène. Send the book in care of the Paris Prefecture of Police; I shall take the greatest pleasure in reclaiming it from them. *A votre santé.*"

With that, he finished his drink and departed. A few minutes later, nervous at being found out, even by a professed admirer, I made for the docks, thence on a ship bound for India.

I disembarked in Calcutta. The filth of the place is indescribable, a pressing mass of humanity, and strange smells and noises—and yet a place so alive will reward the senses, if only one can endure the initial assault upon them.

My principal disadvantage here was my left-handedness. Indians do not eat with the left hand (for reasons you may read of elsewhere), and as many false habits as I have put on in my travels, this proved a difficult one to change. Still I persevered, and in a few days located Swami Ranandra.

He was an Englishman, a grinning, aged Cockney, though he passed easily for a native, and did not reveal himself to me until I produced Arsène's card, at which point he was transformed in an instant from the Ganges to the Thames Embankment. He juggled and did fakir tricks in the street—"Hindoo busking," he called it when in his East End person. He never told me his real name or how he came to be in such a situation (I suspect he was an Army or Navy deserter).

Ranandra naturally wanted to know why I had been given his name, and since I had no idea either, I explained rather more of my situation than I think I had ever done. Finally he stopped me. "Now I know wotcher 'ere for," he said. "Come meet the guv'nor."

He introduced me to his teacher, Swami Dharambir Chandra. Chandra appeared perhaps a hundred years old, thin white hair and taut skin over bones, but his vitality was amazing. The locals considered him a man of great power, who could without harm lie on nails, walk through fire, plunge knives and skewers through his flesh -- even die and rise again. There was, so far as I could determine, no trace of actual magickal Talent about him, but my earliest training allowed me to approach him. I did the Cups and Balls, restored a beheaded chicken to screeching life, floated a wand, and generally proved myself a competent thaumaturge.

Finally Chandra asked what I wished to learn from him, and now I knew.





*A Letter, By Urgent Messenger
To the Grand Master Semempsis
Mystic Lodge of the Temple of Ra
London Chapterhouse*

O Semempsis, Son of Ra and Epopt of his Mysteries!

I am honored to report at last the fulfillment of our charge. The Great Renegade and scoundrel, known among many names as Anthony Savile, is dead.

We had tracked the enemy to India, and made observation of him on a train to Delhi, making certain that he could not disembark unseen. Upon arrival at the terminus, we followed him into a public lavatory. There being no other doors, we confronted him.

O Great Master, it was truly our intention to bring the enemy before you alive, for a lingeringly appropriate end before the gathered Order. But he chose to play the coward, distracting us with a foolish gesture (we thought it one of the numberless vile magicks he has stolen) long enough to climb through a window.

Our pursuit was close, Brother of Pharaohs, as witness he could obtain no purchase to cast great spells. When at last we cornered him in a blind alley, he was reduced to belaboring Moshea with his stick. (Claire came bravely to Moshea's succor, and I am pleased to report that he will soon be walking unaided.)

During the scuffle, I readied the Gun of Paralysis. At this point, Savile began to weave power, but we had so discomfited him that the spell escaped his control, starting a fire in some alley rubbish. Then, as I leveled the Gun, he produced a knife from within his clothing, fixed me with a desperate eye, and cut his own throat.

How base and cowardly an end!

While Claire tended Moshea, Omphut and I examined the body. Breath and heart had ceased, and there was a great deal of blood. (We trust that the Order will accept our requisition for expenses in having our robes cleaned, attached below.)

While it was our intent to recover the villain's body, the fire brigade and police were rapidly approaching, and I thought it prudent to avoid the possibility of their obtaining the Gun of Paralysis. We left him on the pyre of his own creation.

Hail!

*Menes, Master**

*Claire, Moshea, and Omphut, Journeymen***

**Postscript: I hope that the successful conclusion of this matter will result in the restoration of my privileges as a Master of our Order, and erasure of all other sanctions imposed as a result of the unfortunate affair in Marseille. I protest again that Savile had a confederate at the time.*

***As do we also.*



A copy of the above letter reached me in Palestine, through means too complicated to relate. It had been posted from Berlin, and the return address was only "Münzer." It is good to know that Master von Grafenau does not forget a service.

Immediately after the incidents the letter describes, my clothes were in a terrible state, scorched from the fire and stained with chicken blood from the knife Ranandra had given me. I returned to the lavatory to change, and hurried back to the railway station.

MESMERISTS & FAKIRS IN THE GREAT GAME

Mesmerist societies, known as Societies of Harmony in the United States and certain other countries, will be found in all major cities; they operate openly, unless some scandal has brought police pressure to bear. A would-be Mesmerist must have at least an Average Charisma. A three-month basic course will cost at least 100c, more if the student looks able to afford it (and of course a trained Mesmerist has ways of getting into a subject's pocketbook). Completing the course successfully is an Average Feat of Education, and gives the student an ability to Mesmerise others equal to his Charisma. This may be increased through practice, as with any other Skill.

A Quick Recap of the Mesmeric Skill:

Attempting to Mesmerize another is a Contested Feat of the attacker's Charisma vs. the defender's Courage. Persons in a weakened or drugged state may have a reduced defense. The use of props specific to or suggesting mesmerism—a gold watch, a metronome, a crystal ball—may also increase the victim's susceptibility to suggestion. A success allows the implantation of a suggestion, which the subject will follow to the best of his ability. This may be an immediate action ("Get into the carriage, quietly") or a delayed order, to be triggered by some event ("When you hear St. Paul's chime noon, you will denounce the Foreign Minister as a traitor").

It is generally believed that non-magickal Mesmerism cannot force a person to act "contrary to his nature", e.g., a person not disposed to murder could not be ordered to kill. This is a useful guideline for preventing

Mesmerism from becoming too powerful. Do not, however, overlook the dramatic possibility of an apparently innocent suggestion with dreadful consequences—for instance, a person programmed to press an ordinary bell-push that is actually wired to an explosive device.

Magickal suggestions (spells, or Faerie powers) may or may not be subject to such limitations.

Trained Mesmerists gain a one-level improvement to their other Abilities or Skills where Mesmerism is involved; thus a Mesmerist's Perception is enhanced by one level when attempting to determine if a suspiciously behaving person is in fact Mesmerized, and her Courage is raised by one level when resisting Mesmeric attacks.

Learning Fakir tricks requires gaining the confidence of an instructor, which is a matter of roleplaying, not rules. Members of the Cabinet of Cups and Wands may study Zwinge's Practicum (described under the Order).

Fakir stunts depending on trick props (such as a knife that squirts pig's blood) are tests of one's Performance skill. Failure means that the audience has detected the fakery, and the punishment depends on their anger.

Advanced stunts such as firewalking and live burial are tests of Courage and Athletics, often both at once (and possibly Performance as well, for the greatest effect on the viewers). A failure to perform these tricks properly can result in serious injury.

EPILOGUE

It was in Cathay that I began to realize that I was heading again towards England, which I had not seen for so long, and no longer away from it. At first this knowledge was received with no more than intellectual curiosity: that I had indeed passed across the far side of the world from England, almost exactly in fact. But as time progressed, the thought worked its way into my heart, and would not leave.

There is so much more to write, and no more time in which to write it. I could tell you of my reunion with Ben Savile in Palestine, where an amazing community is rising in the desert, one where Jews and Christians and Islamists are attempting to restore the balance that existed a thousand years ago, before the Crusades; of a visit to Russia, and the place where the ice was shattered beneath the Teutonic Knights; of the roundabout ways that, despite the good advice of my many good friends, I at long last came again to London.

I had had enough of running; if I should be hunted, at least it should be in familiar territory, and among friends. In fact, I think I had ceased to care if I were “found.” There had never really been a purpose in acquiring all this knowledge, except to acquire it, and to use it for what seemed to be the good. I had not even a thought to composing this manuscript until it received such premature fame through the Freemasons. And despite the many accusations, there was never meant to be an Ecumenical Order of Anthony Savile.

I am not dismayed, for I am clear in conscience. As George Eliot once said, “The most solid comfort one can fall back upon is the thought that the business of one’s life is to help in some small way to reduce the sum of ignorance, degradation, and misery on the face of this beautiful earth.” I have done many things to earn enmity, true, but am to be killed for those which I have not truly done. Unfortunate, yes, but it’s better than being run down by a cab.

The torches are lit, I can see them through the glass, the light flickers on my walls. Another stone has come through the window.

In a few minutes, the stars being in the right alignment, I will be able to open a small gap through the Veil to Thomas Olam’s world, where I am given to understand the spirit of Enlightenment is still holding its ground. I hope that it is. The capacity for understanding is to Humanity what Will is to the Faerie; lose it, though we keep all the palaces and armies and wealth, and we decay into meaningless matter.



I have just noticed that this last thrown stone has a note tied to it. This seems an unnecessary gesture; they have been shouting imprecations for hours. I will have a look.

This last in haste: It is time to send the book through, and I do so with a light heart. The note had only a few words of mixed Welsh and Lakota, but I would know Maes Glyn Dwr’s handwriting in any world.

The story, I think, is not over yet.

—A.S.

APPENDIX A: CREATING SORCEROUS ORDERS

DETERMINE THE FOCUS.

There are three major ideas that wizardly Orders form around. Most incorporate all the foci to some degree, but one will take precedence; this goes a long way to determining the form and style of the organization.

1) "Ancient Traditions." Many of the largest and most powerful Orders, such as the Golden Dawn or the Druids, are centered on a set of traditions that stretch back into the mists of history. Tradition-focused Orders constantly remind Members and others how deep their roots go, and claim myth-figures such as Merlin and Simon Magus as principals of the Order.

Looked at in the cold light of History, many of the "traditions" are nothing of the sort—they are relatively recent inventions dressed up in the symbolism of the past, or sometimes real historical principles distorted beyond recognition by the usual processes of Time. It is important to understand that this doesn't matter. What matters is that the tradition works for the users, psychologically and thaumatically: It lets them function as wizards.

2) Interest Groups. A large number of Orders are organized around a particular style or mode of sorcery. The Golden Mean are interested in construction and mechanical devices, the Bonifacians are committed to their religions, the Cthonians want to live forever.

Obviously, the first step in creating an interest-focused Order is to determine what they have in common. This should be something that might reasonably have a body of Lore; there cannot, for instance, be an Order dedicated to Engine Magick, because it has only recently come into existence. (This will probably change in a few centuries' time.) On the other hand, mechanical devices themselves are millennia-old, so the Order of the Golden Mean has a history to draw upon.

3) "Object focus." Some Orders are organized around a single person, a bit of Lore, or an Artefact. The Smoking Mirror is built around the device of its name; the Carrefour de la Tour Rouge is held together by its zombi lore and its leader's fixations. Such groups are rarely large, often a dozen Members or less, though they may have a company of flunkies/acolytes/hypnotized stooges. They are very often intent on personal power, which tends to make them the villains of the piece.

Members of such an Order may be renegades from other Orders: They could, however, be an ancient circle isolated in the Himalayas or deepest Africa, serving their Lore/Artefact and hardly aware that there are wizards in the outside world—until the Adventuring outsiders stumble across the "lost" enclave.

To design one of these groups, first create the object and its characteristics, and from that determine what sort of wizards would be attracted to it. World domination is always a big draw, but not everyone is bent on global conquest—and

many of those who would like to run the Earth have "good" intentions, such as eliminating war and discord. And an ineradicable handful are simply crazy—they don't like electrical dynamos, or the color orange, or horse-drawn steam calliopes, and mean to use the power granted them by Fate to eradicate the Menace once and for all.

DETERMINE THE SYMBOLS.

An Order needs some kind of identifying symbols. Some will be for public recognition, others known only to the Initiates. (See the discussion of Blazons and Sigils elsewhere.) If nothing obvious presents itself (the Illuminati are of course going to use the eye in the pyramid, the Masons the square and compass), try a basic book on heraldry, or one of the several dictionaries of symbols. A suggestion: Simple is Good. An emblem that can be reduced to a black-and-white line drawing will save lots of graphic effort when showing it to the players. (You can always produce an enhanced, dropped-shadow, four-color, line-engraved version for formal occasions.)

The Order's ritual costumes will probably be based on some classical design: the Roman toga, the Grecian tunic, the monk's robe (with or without hood). Choose an appropriate material and a basic color; one advantage of the later Victorian Era is that bright dyes are now readily available, at least in the West. Add embroidered symbols, jewelry, and symbolic items (staves, rings, funny hats) to taste.

CREATE THE LORE.

New European spellbooks are not quite like those of most role-playing games. They concentrate on basic effects instead of precisely defined spells. Rather than a "Rain" spell, there would be a general "Summon Weather", with the exact energy costs, the effects, and the effort required being determined by the Host at the time of casting. (For more precision, see the section on Creating Custom Spells.)

Also, the Lorebooks are compilations, not necessarily works passed on intact from the very beginning. On the rare occasions that a new spell is discovered, it will usually be incorporated into whatever existing Lorebook best suits it.

FILL IN THE DETAILS.

Decide on the total membership, the number of Chapters, and where the Chapters are located.

Design a typical Chapterhouse (as described elsewhere).

Determine what sort of Lesser Rules the Order enforces (this need not include every small turn of etiquette, unless you simply want to do so; it means the rules that directly affect the conduct of the Adventurous Characters).

APPENDIX B: CREATING CUSTOM SPELLS

Technically, all spells in *Castle Falkenstein* are custom spells. Before we go any further, two terms need to be defined: Lore and Spell. Lore is the Base Spell, the formula for tying a specific knot of magical energy that gives you a specific effect. This Lore is then customized to meet the needs of Spell Duration, Spell Range, Subjects Affected, etc., and the result of this customized Lore is the Spell that you cast. Once cast, this Spell is forgotten (though of course the basic Lore is not, and the same, or a similar, Spell may be reconstructed any number of times).

The best analogy for Falkenstein magic is making balloon animals. Imagine that your basic piece of Lore is a chicken. It's a knot of multi-colored balloons with no neck, a small head, and stumpy legs. To increase the Spell Duration, you twist a new head and neck onto the chicken. Similarly, to change the Range, Duration, and Subjects Affected, you twist on a new pair of legs, and a new tail. Now, you have a Peacock, and this is the Spell you cast.

It is also possible to construct and memorize a specific spell, with defined parameters, with the intention of using it many times. Usually, these spells take advantage of the user's other knowledge and habits of mind. With practice, the wizard can invoke the Lore and gather power for such a personal spell much more quickly and accurately. Flexibility is exchanged for speed. To put it into handicraft terms (this would probably shock a sorcerous Adept) an expert whittler, given a knife, a piece of wood, and his basic knowledge, could given time carve practically anything from a toy whistle to a model locomotive. If he spent a good deal of time carving whistles, he would eventually be able to make one very rapidly, almost without thinking—though it would still take just as long to carve a train engine.

The design of a Custom Spell begins with the desired effect. Obviously, utility is important; a sorcerer is not going to use his limited time and energies creating trivial, or marginally useful, effects. In the Entertainment, it is just as important that the spell fit the style of the sorcerer. Is she flamboyant, or quiet and subtle? (Example: Would her customized version of mass hypnosis be aimed at a handful of people in a room, or a vast crowd?) Does he have an affinity for a particular animal (say, when creating a specialized Shapeshift, or Summoning creatures to his aid)? Does she have some non-sorcerous interest and knowledge that can be used as a metaphorical framework for the spell (as with the Scry-Weave described elsewhere)? A sorcerer's own spells are the most personal things she possesses; they should fully reflect her personality.

Construct the spell in the usual fashion, determining its Thaumic Energy Cost in terms of basic Lore Research, range, and effect. It is possible to leave some parameters "blank", to increase the spell's flexibility: range, for instance, can be left unspecified. Any such "blank" parameter, however, gets no energy-cost reduction.

Any "special" effects must be specified. If the spell allows the wizard to change to wolf form, does he always become the same wolf, or can he choose his appearance

(color of fur, etc.) at the time of casting? Again, the less specific the restrictions, the less benefit.

There are two methods of calculating the cost advantage for Custom Spells:

1) Reduce the basic spell cost by 1/4 to 1/2. Modifiers for range, target, and so forth must still be added.

Variable modifiers, such as range or duration, can be reduced by specifying a maximum value and incorporating its modifier, suitably reduced, into the basic spell cost. The drawback is that this cost is paid even if a smaller range, radius, or duration is desired. One could specify that the spell affects all magic-resistant creatures up to and including Dwarfs, and add 8-10 points instead of the usual 16 for magic against Dwarfs—but that eight points would apply even if casting the spell against an ordinary Human.

The spell may also make use a "focal object", an item whose manipulation helps the sorcerer gather energy. Without this item, some of the advantage is lost. Focal objects are discussed in detail elsewhere.

2) Another, less complicated, way of managing personal spells is to allow the caster to draw extra cards from the Sorcery Deck when gathering energy. A loosely defined spell might get a second card every third turn, while a tight and well practiced one could draw two cards every turn.

Custom spells require practice. In terms of the game, this does not mean that the sorcerer has to spend time drawing cards, "rehearsing" the spell.

Journeyman wizards barely graduated from the Novitiate (the condition of most characters when the Entertainment begins) should have no more than one or two Custom Spells, and most will have none at all.

After designing the spell, the cost advantages should not apply, or not fully apply, for the first three or four castings. (The user is assumed to be practicing furiously in his off-hours.)

A sorcerer cannot "teach" a custom spell, because the effects of the spell are the result of personal practice and attunement to one's own style. One may, of course, describe the principle and effects of the spell to another sorcerer, who could, if she had access to all the basic Lore used within it, create a similar effect of her own. Indeed, sorcerers who develop especially useful or creative custom Craftings are encouraged to demonstrate and describe them to fellow Members. But no practice time would be saved by so doing, any more than hearing a lecture on architecture allows a house to be nailed together more quickly.

The number of personal spells in a wizard's repertoire should also be limited. A suggested upper limit is the "pyramidal number" of the Sorcery Ability: 1 for Poor Sorcery, $(1+2)=3$ for Average, $(1+2+3+4+5)=15$ for Excellent, and so on. It is also suggested that sorcerers not be able to "forget" Custom Spells; they have invested great time and effort into them, and if they prove to be less useful than originally supposed—well, life's lessons are not all pleasant.

APPENDIX C: CREATING NEW LORE

Any competent sorcerer can create Custom Spells. The discovery of new Spell Lore, however—the basic material of spells—is a rare and exceptional thing. It is doubtful that more than one or two such have been discovered in the entire discovery-mad 19th Century.

And the key word, of course, is “discovery.” Scholastic sorcerers (and even native shamens and country witches count as “scholarly” in this context) do not actually create new basic spells, any more than physicists create laws of nature; through a process of observation, hypothesis, and testing, they arrive at a theory that works. The sorcerers’ advantage over the physicists is that they can establish conclusive proof—by casting the spell successfully. This will come only at the end of a long, difficult Quest.

(Theoretical science as our world understands it is still new in New Europa, which is [at least in the urban West] a pragmatic, fire-the-boiler-and-see-if-she-bursts world. Quantum theory, with its ultimate uncertainties, is a long way off—assuming that things do work that way. The sorcerers occupy a middle point between pure mechanism and absolute theory.)

A Quest for new Lore might begin with the purchase at auction of a fragmentary manuscript, written in medieval Germany by one “Henricius the Stonemason.” When the purchaser (the Freemasons, say) have their specialists examine the book, they find a reference to a spell that can reconstruct any stone edifice—a wall, a building—from its ruins. The manuscript is vague about whether the restoration is physical (which would imply massive amounts of Thaumic Energy, certainly a ritual for many workers) or a kind of projective illusion. It doesn’t matter: The Order must, if the spell exists, add it to its store of secrets.

A member of the Order would be dispatched to Henricius’ home in Germany, looking for traces toward the spell. This person would probably be a Journeyman (as most of these inquiries produce nothing), with basic expenses paid by the Order.

The Questor would naturally take along such associates as might help in the search: linguists, negotiators, persons adept in operating vehicles, certainly a body-guard or two. Sounds like an Adventuring Party, doesn’t it?

Now, the Henricius manuscript might be only a stratagem of the Host’s, to draw his Characters to a particular place where the real Adventure will begin; or possibly it is a deliberate hoax by some Evil Mastermind.

Assuming, however, that it is genuine, clues could lead to the forbidding, half-ruined castle of Henricius’ long-ago lord, and thence to the stronghold of the Dwarfs who built the castle.

The Dwarfs possess a clue: a small stone pyramid with a mysterious inscription. They will certainly not give this up to just anyone who asks for it—oh dear, more Adventure, and probably dangerous too.

Telegram to Order Headquarters:

HAVE FOUND PYRAMID. WE ARE IN TROUBLE.

Telegram in reply:

ONLY IF YOU DON’T BRING PYRAMID BACK.

Having obtained the object (with or without the Dwarfs’ consent), the deciphered inscription points toward Egypt. (Or perhaps some other place known for pyramids—Central America, or Mars.) Off the party goes again—by now, no doubt, word of their progress has leaked out, and they are being shadowed by ... well, who knows? Members of a rival Order, criminals hoping to sell the secret to the highest bidder, the requisite Evil Genius who hopes to raise Atlantis Itself with the spell, and certainly the agents of those who have guarded the secret for five thousand years and don’t intend to share it now. Probably all of them.

After threats, attempted murder, footsteps in the dark, and probably a kidnaping or two (blackguard villains do this from habit, and hidden cults seem always to need a sacrificial victim), all converge on the Lost Pyramid of Amenophis III, a place of secret passages, deadly traps, and—just maybe—the Scroll of Reconstruction.

Or maybe not. It could be that the scroll doesn’t work, or works in some useless way (everything it rebuilds looks like a pyramid, even if it was a livery stable), or needs some hopelessly lost artefact (oops, another Quest), or is accidentally plunged into the Fiery Well of Amenophis, or is simply in an unreadable language that the Order’s experts will be another decade in deciphering—a perennial problem with ancient magickal documents.

While we wouldn’t suggest that Hosts make a habit of leading their players on wild ibis chases, the pleasure obtained from Adventure Entertainments should be ongoing, in all the trials and encounters on the way, not saved up for the final success (which, let’s be honest, is no more “real” than the intermediate successes). Reward them, certainly, and generously; but not always with what they’re expecting.

APPENDIX D: SORCEROUS DUELS

A Sorcerous Duel is a duel of wills between two mages. It is conducted exactly as a normal duel, but no physical weapons used. Both participants strive to defeat the other using only the sheer force of their wills. As the essence of Sorcery is changing the physical world with your will, in this system, the strength of your will is equivalent to your Sorcery Ability. This, not your Fencing skill, is what is compared in a Sorcerous duel.

EXCHANGES

Attacks are made just as with a regular Dueling Attack. The attack made in a Sorcerous duel is essentially extremely focused Unraveling, doing damage to the innate knot that makes up the victim's existence in reality. This damage is taken from the victim's Health. The extent of damage is determined by the current Sorcery Rank of the Attacker.

Attacker's Current Sorcery	Wounded Damage	Incapacitated Damage
Good	3/Harm Rank A	4/Harm Rank B
Great	4/Harm Rank B	5/Harm Rank C
Exceptional	5/Harm Rank C	7/Harm Rank D
Extraordinary	7/Harm Rank D	9/Harm Rank E

Defensive parries are made with shields composed of, again, pure will. Rests, as in a sword duel, represent pauses made to catch your breath. The number of rests one must take per round are determined by your Sorcery skill.

The results of exchanges are similar to those found in a normal duel. A Defense card automatically cancels out an opponent's attack. An unopposed Attack card scores a hit. Two Defense Cards result in no effect.

DETERMINING THE RESULT OF AN EXCHANGE

The outcome of a successful attack is determined on the Result Table. Index the two opponent's Sorcery skills, and apply the result indicated.

WHAT THE RESULTS MEAN

In both systems (*CF* or *CIF*), a **Pushed Back** or **Scratched** result means that the participant is physically staggered by the psychic assault. He falls back six feet.

In both systems (*CF* or *CIF*), a **Wounded** mage takes damage as if by a weapon attack, reducing his **Health** (after all, he's being killed by Unraveling). However, if using original *Falkenstein*, the value to the left of the slash is subtracted from the character's health. A duelist whose Health is reduced below zero falls unconscious or becomes **Incapacitated**; another strike kills him. If using *Comme*, damage is done as if using a weapon of the **Harm Rank** to the right of the slash, using the table on page 80 to determine if the victim is **Wounded**, **Incapacitated** or **Mortally Wounded**. Cards can then be played to **Escape** from Harm and reduce the damage.

APPENDIX E: FOILED! CURSED AGAIN ...

In the Great Game, Curses and their inverse, generically called Blessings (though they need not have religious overtones), for the most part are built off of pre-existing spells, but given different labels.

A curse to make one clumsy, or forgetful, or unlucky, is simply a Mental Command that would lower your ability ranks. A death curse is simply Death Wish, while a curse to sicken or weaken is Draining of the Life Force.

On the other hand, your basic Blessing is, again, simply a Mental Command. A Blessing to preserve one from unclean forces would be Alchemic Barrier.

Two new Duration Definitions have been added specifically for curses and blessings, but they could potentially be used quite effectively with other Lore. The first is that of Conditional, which has a cost of 12. A Conditional Duration must be covered by one specific statement (i.e., Snow White will sleep until kissed by a Prince; the family that dwells in this house will be Blessed as long as they follow in the Footsteps of the Lord; etc.). The second new duration is Gradual, and

it must be bound by a definite time limit. For example, let's take the spell *Death Wish*, with a Harm Rank of F, to inflict 12 points of damage. The difference in the effect of this spell with the Durations 1 Year and Gradual (1 Year) are in the first case, the spell would inflict its damage every day for an entire year, while in the second case the spell would inflict the same amount of damage, but spread out evenly over an entire year, so as to inflict one point of damage per month. The costs for Gradual Duration are:

Definition	Requirement
Gradual (1 day)	1
Gradual (1 week)	2
Gradual (1 month)	3
Gradual (1 year)	4

Note that any effects applied to an individual under a spell with Gradual Duration, such as the damage in the example above, can only be affected by magical means. Said damage will not heal naturally; rather it requires either magical healing or that the spell inflicting the damage be broken.

APPENDIX F: FOCAL OBJECTS

While “magic items” are extremely rare in the Falkensteinian world, many sorcerers carry objects of particular importance to their spell-casting. This may be known as a charm, an amulet, or a fetish; members of the Cabinet of Cups and Wands often use the term “gimmick”, borrowed from stage conjuring.

A Magickal Focus is a magick amplifier created by a Sorcerer to make casting one specific spell easier. If a Focus is used for any other spell, its stored thaumic energy is discharged. Creating a Focus is very simple. A Focus can be made out of any material object, preferably one that is a personal object belonging to the Sorcerer. The Focus can be made out of any material, although crystal, silver, gold, and white gold are the best conductors of magickal energy. The commonest focal item is some piece of jewelry—a pendant, brooch, or bracelet, a watchfob or medallion. Walking sticks are also popular, particularly with Prosperians, and Otto der Spieler of Mainz used his monocle. Sorcerers who stay mostly in their own chambers may have a large crystal ball or mirror; Carnacki the Ghost-Finder slept on a special pillow for his dream divinations.

- A Focus acts as a multiplier to the Thaumic Energy used by a mage in casting a spell. To create a Focus, the mage must cast the spell *Create Focus* on the item, cast the desired spell using the item, and then infuse the item with aligned power. The Focus will then have an Energy Multiplier equal to one-fourth the Thaumic Energy put into it, rounded down.

For example, Morgan wants to create a Focus for the spell *Raise the Storm*. He decides to use a wooden rod that he has had in his possession for several months. So, step by step:

Morgan casts *Create Focus*. This requires a total of 11 (base of 6, plus Momentary Duration [1], One Element [1], Range: Touch [1], One Subject [1], and Know Subject Well [1], for a total of 11) points of Diamonds (material) aligned TE.

Second, Morgan casts *Raise the Storm* while holding the rod. Wanting to stay simple, Morgan simply causes it to drizzle into his rain barrel. This will cost a total of 10 (base of 6, plus Momentary Duration [1], One Element [1], Range: Unaided Sight [2], for a total of 10) Clubs (elemental) aligned TE.

Finally, Morgan invests the rod with an additional 8 points of Clubs aligned TE (because *Raise the Storm* is an elemental spell), giving the rod an Energy Multiplier of X2 ($8 \div 4 = 2$).

So, in order to create this focus, Morgan must first gather 11 points of Diamonds TE, and then 18 points of Clubs TE. The spell the Focus is to be dedicated to must be cast within one day of the casting of *Create Focus*, otherwise the process must be started again. The infusion of energy must be done immediately after the subject spell (*Raise the Storm* in the example above) is cast, and takes

one day per two points of TE infused. The moment of creation is the only time that magickal energy can be infused into the Focus in this way. The maximum amount of magickal energy that can be infused is the numerical equivalent of the creator's Sorcery skill. So, as Morgan is a Great Sorcerer, the maximum amount of TE he can infuse into the rod is 8, for an Energy Multiplier of 2.

- When a Focus is used in casting the specific spell it was created for, it multiplies the energy the caster has gathered by its Energy Multiplier, paying attention to aligned and unaligned power.

For example, when Morgan casts *Raise the Storm*, he draws the 7 of clubs and King of diamonds, giving him 8 points of TE to put into the spell. His Focus multiplies this by 2, giving him a total of 16 points. Plenty of energy to cause it to rain for an entire day, watering Morgan's garden most satisfactorily.

- A Focus must be used repeatedly to gain power. For every fifty years the Focus is used, it adds one to its Energy Multiplier. The maximum Energy Multiplier a Focus can have is 30.

- Using a Focus for Other Spells: If a Focus is ever used for a spell other than the one it is Dedicated to, it loses its Energy Multiplier during the casting of the spell and is essentially recreated with an Energy Multiplier of 1, dedicated to the new spell. For example: A rival steals Morgan's Rod, and uses it to cast *Cast out the Other*. The caster gains the X2 Energy Multiplier, but essentially short-circuits the Focus in doing so, and it is now a Focus with an Energy Multiplier of X1, dedicated to *Cast out the Other*.

Also, for a focus to work, the wizard has to be able to see it and touch it. It is perfectly all right to wear your focus pendant around your neck, under your clothing and out of plain sight, but to use it you will have to haul it out on its cord and hold it, possibly undoing a few buttons or laces. Since New European sorcery without a Focus is not rapid, this is actually not a severe limitation, but it may be a bit awkward for the Character (and the Host should, within reason, provide opportunities for it to be awkward).

But by all means, let your sorcerers be protective of their foci; this is perfectly in character, and good roleplaying. And be fair; let the occasional superstitious and not-too-bright villain make a great show of depriving the sorcerer of “the key to all his power!” (The wizard really shouldn't gloat afterward. Villains have a hard enough time of it.)

Create Focus (6♦) is a spell common to all magickal orders' spell books. It enchants an object so that it may be used as a focus for one particular spell. It has a base Thaumic Energy cost of 4, plus Definitions, plus the amount of TE to be infused into the focus. This is in addition to the energy needed to cast the spell the object is to be a Focus for.



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