

THE ART OF

VAMPIRE

THE MASQUERADE™



A visual reference for vampire: the masquerade®



FIFTEEN PAINTED CARDS FROM A VAMPIRE TAROT

BY NEIL GAIMAN

THE FOOL

"What do you want?"

The young man had come to the graveyard every night for a month now. He had watched the moon paint the cold granite and the fresh marble and the old moss-covered stones and statues in its cold light. He had started at shadows and at owls. He had watched courting couples, and drunks, and teenagers taking nervous shortcuts: all the people who come through the graveyard at night.

He slept in the day. Nobody cared. He stood alone in the night and shivered, in the cold. It came to him then that he was standing on the edge of a precipice.

The voice came from the night all around him, in his head and out of it.

"What do you want?" it repeated.

He wondered if he dared to turn and look, realised he did not.

"Well? You come here every night, in a place where the living are not welcome. I have seen you. Why?"

"I wanted to meet you," he said, without looking around. "I want to live forever." His voice cracked as he said it.

He had stepped over the precipice. There was no going back. In his imagination, he could already feel the prick of needle-sharp fangs in his neck, a sharp prelude to eternal life.

The sound began. It was low and sad, like the rushing of an underground river. It took him several long seconds to recognise it as laughter.

"This is not life," said the voice.

It said nothing more, and after a while the young man knew he was alone in the graveyard.

THE MAGICIAN

"They asked St. Germain's manservant if his master was truly a thousand years old as it was rumoured he had claimed.

"How would I know?" the man replied. "I have only been in the master's employ for three hundred years."

THE PRIESTESS

Her skin was pale, and her eyes were dark, and her hair was dyed black. She went on a daytime talk show and proclaimed herself a vampire queen. She showed the cameras her dentally crafted fangs, and brought an ex-lover, who, in various stages of embarrassment, admitted that she had drawn their blood, and that she drank it.

"You can be seen in a mirror, though?" asked the talk show hostess. She was the richest woman in America, and had got that way by bringing the freaks and the hurt and the lost out in front of her cameras and showing their pain to the world.

The studio audience laughed.

The woman seemed slightly affronted. "Yes. Contrary to what people may think, vampires can be seen in mirrors and on television cameras."

"Well, that's one thing you finally got right, honey," said the hostess of the daytime talk show. But she put her hand over her microphone as she said it, and it was never broadcast.

THE ROPE

"This is my body, he said, two thousand years ago. This is my blood.

It was the only religion that delivered exactly what it promised: life eternal for its adherents.

There are some of us alive today who remember him. And some of us claim that he was a messiah, and some think that he was just a man with very special powers. But that misses the point. Whatever he was, he changed the world.

THE LOVERS

After she was dead, she began to come him in the night. He grew pale, and these lucid deep circles under his eyes. At first, they thought he was mourning her. And then, one night, he was gone.

He was buried for them to get permission to disinter his, but they got it. They hoisted up the coffin, and they unmoored it. Then they pried what they found out of the box. These were six inches of casket in the bottom of the box: the man had coloured it a deep mahogany red. These were rats: not in the coffin, but of course, and fat. He was more decayed than the rats.

Later, someone wondered aloud how much of them had fitted in a coffin built for one. Especially given her condition, he said, for she was very obviously very pregnant.

This caused some confusion, for she had not been noticeably pregnant when she was buried.

Still, later, they dug her up for one last time, at the request of the church archaeologist, who had heard rumours of tubic had been found in the grave. Plus stomach acid. The local doctor told them all this, but just been pea and bloating at the stomach swelled. The coffinfuls rotted, almost as if they believed him.

THE CHARIOT

It was genetic engineering at its finest: they created a breed of people to sail the stars. They needed to be possessed of impossibly long life-spans, for the distances between the stars were vast. Space was limited, and their food supplies needed to be compact. They needed to be able to process local sustenance, and to colonise the worlds they found with their own kind. They needed to thrive in the darkness between worlds.

The homeworld wished the colonists well, and sent them on their way. They removed all traces of their location from the ships' computers first, however. To be on the safe side.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

What did you do with the doctor, she asked, and laughed. I thought the doctor came in here ten minutes ago.

I'm sorry, I said. I was hungry.

And we both laughed. I'll go find her for you, she said.

I sat in the doctor's office, picking my teeth. After a while the assistant came back.

I'm sorry, she said. The doctor must have stepped out for a while. Can I make an appointment for you for next week?

I shook my head. I'll call, I said, but I wouldn't of course.

JUSTICE

It is not human, said the magistrate, and it does not deserve the trial of a human thing.

Ally said the advocate. But we cannot execute without a trial. These are the precedents: A pig, char had eaten a child who had fallen into its sty, was found guilty and hanged. A swarm of bees, found guilty of bringing an old man to death, was burned by the public hangman. We owe the helish creature no less.

The evidence against the baby was incontrovertible. It amounted to this: a woman had brought the baby to the town from the countryside. She told all who asked that it was hers, and that her husband was dead. She lodged at the house of a coach-maker and his wife.

The old coach-maker complained of melancholia and lassitude, and was, within the week, along his wife and their new lodger, found dead by their servants. The baby was alive in its cradle, pale and wide-eyed, and there was blood on its face and lips.

The jury found the little thing guilty, beyond all doubt, and condemned it to death.

The executioner was the town butcher. In the sight of all the town, he cut the babe in two and flung the pieces onto the fire.

His own baby had died earlier that same week. Infant mortality in those days was a hard thing but common. The butcher's wife had been brokenhearted.

She had already left the town, to see her sister in the city, and, within the week, the butcher joined her. The three of them – butcher, wife and babe – made the prettiest family you ever did see.

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TEMPERANCE

She said she was a vampire. One thing I knew already, the woman was a liar. You could see it in her eyes. Black as coals they were, but she never quite looked at you, staring at invisibles over your shoulder, behind you, above you, two inches in front of your face.

"What does it taste like, then?" I asked her. This was in the parking lot, behind the bar. She worked the graveyard shift in the bar, mixed the finest drinks, but never drank anything herself.

"V8 juice," she said. "Not the low-sodium kind, but the original. Or a salty gazpacho."

"What's gazpacho?"

"A sort of cold vegetable soup."

"You're shitting me."

"No."

"So you drink blood? Just like I drink V8?"

"Not exactly," she said. "If you get sick of drinking V8, you can drink something else."

"Yeah," I said. "Actually, I don't like V8 much."

"See?" she said. "In China it's not blood they drink, it's spinal fluid."

"What's that taste like?"

"Nothing much. Clear broth."

"You've tried it?"

"I know people."

I tried to figure out if I could see her reflection in the wing mirror of the truck we were leaning against, but it was dark, and I couldn't tell.

THE DEVIL

This is his portrait. Look at his flat, yellow teeth, his ruddy face. He has horns, and he carries a foot-long wooden stake in one hand and his wooden mallet in the other.

Of course, there is no such thing as the devil.

THE TOWER

The tower's bauble of spit and spite,
Without a sound, without a sight,
The bitter bit, the bitter bite,
(It's better to be out at night.)

THE WORLD

"You know the saddest thing?" she said. "The saddest thing is that we're you."

I said nothing.

"In your fantasies," she said, "my people are just like you. Only better. We don't die, or age, or suffer from pain or cold or thirst. We're snappier dressers. We possess the wisdom of the ages. And if we crave blood, well, it is no more than the way you people crave food, or affection, or sunlight — and besides, it gets us out of the house, crypt, coffin, whatever."

"And the truth is?" I asked her.

"We're you," she said. "We're you, with all your fuck-ups and all the things that make you human — all your fears and lonelinesses and confusions... none of that gets better."

"It's like getting famous, or getting rich. You're the same person you were when you were unknown or poor. Only worse. All the bad things are magnified, and you don't remember where the good things are anymore."

"It's all that. But it's more. We're colder than you are. Deader. I miss daylight and food and knowing how it feels to touch someone and care. I remember life, and meeting people as people and not just as things to feed on or control, and I remember what it was to *feel* something, anything, happy or sad or *anything*..." And then she stopped, and lowered her head.

THE STAR

The older, richer ones follow the winter, taking the long nights where they find them. Still, they prefer the Northern Hemisphere to the Southern.

"You see that star?" say the old ones, pointing to one of the stars in the constellation of Draco, the Dragon. "We came from there. One day we shall return."

The younger ones sneer and jeer and laugh at this. Still, as the years become centuries, they find themselves becoming homesick for a place they have never been; and they find the northern climes reassuring, as long as Draco twines about the greater and lesser Bears, as they circle chill Polaris.

THE SUN

"Imagine," she said, "that there was something in the sky that was going to hurt you, perhaps even kill you. A huge eagle or something. Imagine that if you went out in daylight the eagle would get you."

"Well," she said. "That's how it is for us. Only it's not a bird. It's bright, beautiful, dangerous daylight, and I haven't seen it now in a hundred years."

JUDGEMENT

It's a way of talking about lust without talking about lust, he told them.

It's a way of talking about sex, and fear of sex, and death, and fear of death, and what else is there to talk about?

End

BILL SIENKIEWICZ, GUIDE TO THE CAMARILLA



BILL SIENKIEWICZ, GUIDE TO THE SABBAT





Bon 702 © 95

VAMPIRE THE DARK AGES

From him all misbegotten things were born
- Beowulf, (S.A.), Bradley, translator, from the passage discussing Grendel's descent from Cain.

Imagine a world in which night is a time of fear. The sun goes down and, instead of venturing out for a taste of the night life, you retreat behind shutters and locked doors, hiding from the darkness. There are no city lights, no street lamps or friendly neon signs flickering in the shadows; just starlight and moonlight, and the occasional bit of torchlight - if you're lucky.

Torchlight. Fire. Light, but not without cost. That which illuminates can also destroy.

And that dichotomy is what rests at the heart of **Vampire: The Dark Ages**. Sunlight falls through cathedral windows by day, but by night, monsters unapologetically mime rituals of faith in the nave and the apse. Knights ride out to battle under gaily colored pennons, but too often, unliving generals command those mortal men. Ladies fair and chaste send favors to their champions but wait for the embrace of demon lovers come nightfall. And down in the dirt, away from the splendor and pageantry of it all, serfs and peasants huddle and starve, and once in a very great while cast defiant curses up at their lords and masters. There is glory here, and beauty, but the mad eyes of the beast peer out from the secret chamber behind the tapestry.

It's a dangerous time for man and monster. Faith is strong in the land, but in these years before the Masquerade monsters can walk to and fro in the earth, unafraid, and up and down in it. The world is their job, and the sons and daughters of Cain fill the role of Abaddon well.

But while every Cainite may be a monster, not all of them play the part willingly. Some struggle to the so-called Road of Heaven, or aspire to Chivalry or even lost Humanity. There are would-be healers and dreamers who would build cities wherein humans and vampires can duell in harmony. *We did so once, the idealists say. We can rebuild it.* And with all eternity stretching before them, who is to say these dreamers are wrong?

So there is more to the vampires of the Dark Ages than just the endless quest for blood and power. The end of life does not signal the end of all desires - there are wars to wage that have their roots in Assyria, Babylon and Carthage. Dead though they are, the descendants of Cain are still somehow horribly, terrifyingly vital. This is a world where the written law is shattered time and again by the law of the sword, and no sword is sharper than the talon - or the fang.

So close your eyes. Imagine yourself in 1197, half an hour after the sun has set. Look around you at the landscape at night. What could be out there? A Gangrel, spurning the company of his peers but all too happy to play with a lone wanderer in darkness? A Nosferatu flagellant, driven to sins of the blood and rending her misshapen flesh? A Venetian knight errant, decked out in chivalric finery but willing to assist - or devour - a solitary traveller? And what of that city, almost invisible in the distance of our imaginary landscape? Might it be Toreador-haunted Paris, wherein mortal artists vie for vampiric patronage while beneath them, the catacombs are lined with the bones of their predecessors? Or could it be ancient, slumbering Prague, with Nosferatu lurking in the twisted streets and Tzimisce nobles gazing out from their towers in disdain? Maybe it is even holy Jerusalem, where the streets teem with pilgrims of three faiths and Cainites of a dozen different sorts, all jostling to see evidence of God or power? And what waits over the horizon? War-torn Carpathia, where the sorcerous Tremere scramble for survival against the monstrous creations of the Tzimisce? The waters of the North Sea, where centuries-old Vikings refuse to let the past slip away?

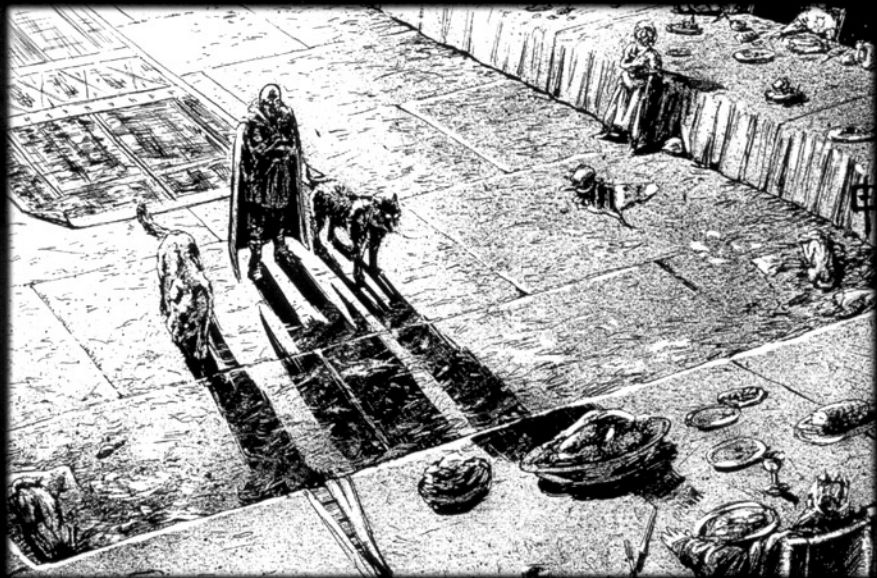
In the end, it could be any or all of these things, any and all of these places. It is a Dark Medieval world, after all - a world drawn from our own, with myth and legend and nightmare all woven in. It's a place designed to create stories and visions, just like the ones you see here. Enjoy.

Richard Dansky

ERIC LACODINE



CHUCK REGAN





GUY DAVIS



LEIF JONES





ALEX SHIKIDAN



FRED HARPER





ANDREW ROBINSON

ROBINSON
1995



TONY DITTEGRUZZI

1995

CERIC LACODRIG



ODRIG DANZA





DAVID LERI



LARRY D'ACADOUGALL











VAMPIRE THE MASQUERADE

Vampire: The Masquerade is, first and foremost, a game about mood. It's easy enough to lose sight of that after the millionth-and-first supplement detailing the millionth fourth-generation ass-kicker (you know, from that generation that supposedly comprises only a couple dozen or so surviving members) with 9s in everything and every Discipline ever published in any of our 999,998 sourcebooks. In some ways, I think the point of the game has been swallowed in its own success. After detailing every nook and cranny, every rule, every inbred bloodline and special codicil and wargame-numbered subcase of a world that's ostensibly shrouded in mists and shadows and endless possibilities, it's hard to remember that vampires are kooky and spooky, beyond good and evil, not subject to our interpretations or rules, and just a whole hell of a lot of delectable fun (and who really gives a fuck about the percentages and numbers and dice?).

If you're picking up this art book because you like the pictures or because something in these pages jumped out at you, good for you. I hope the best of this art strikes a chord in you, the same way that, every now and then, upon viewing a particularly magnificent or horrific illustration, I feel something that I can't quite verbalize — something that moves me just sideways out of normalcy for a moment and makes me remember what I saw in all this fantasy/horror stuff in the first place.

If you're picking up this art book because you simply have to have every unit in the Great White Wolf Franchise™, okay. I'll take your money anyway. But I think you're missing the point.

Each one of the vampires illustrated in these pages began as a figment in an artist's mind's eye. Each one of these vampires ultimately walks alone, through a personal and self-encapsulated vista. The clans, the sects, the Traditions, the rules, the Game™ — smoke and mirrors, mist and shadows, a half-real puppet show through which you, the vampire, walk and, hopefully, perchance to dream.

When the art directors and my supervisor asked me to write this little puff piece for the art book, they asked me to define the "meaning" of **Vampire: The Masquerade**. Well, you know, I can ramble on and on about what it means for me, but I don't have a clue about what it means for you. A vampire is a cultural icon, I suppose, or a representation of something indefinable that comes creeping up out of the subconscious wearing a cape and fangs...but ultimately, if it's a game about personal horror or whatever the tag line of the week is, **Vampire: The Masquerade** is whatever you, the individual, want it to be.

And I think that's what appeals to me about doing an art book. It strips away the numbers and the clan names and the clichéd-characters-that-are-just-like-all-the-other-characters, and gives me a window into the viewpoint of a person talented enough to capture dreams and nightmares in paper and ink. No two illustrations are precisely alike (well, at least I don't know of any Warhol disciples working for us), which is great, because the same can't be said of many so-called "characters." Each picture reminds me that, thankfully, not every aspect of this World of Darkness can be defined and codified and shackled in numbers just so some ya-ya kid and his stone-cold badass "character" can roll a bunch of dice and kill it (huh-huh!).

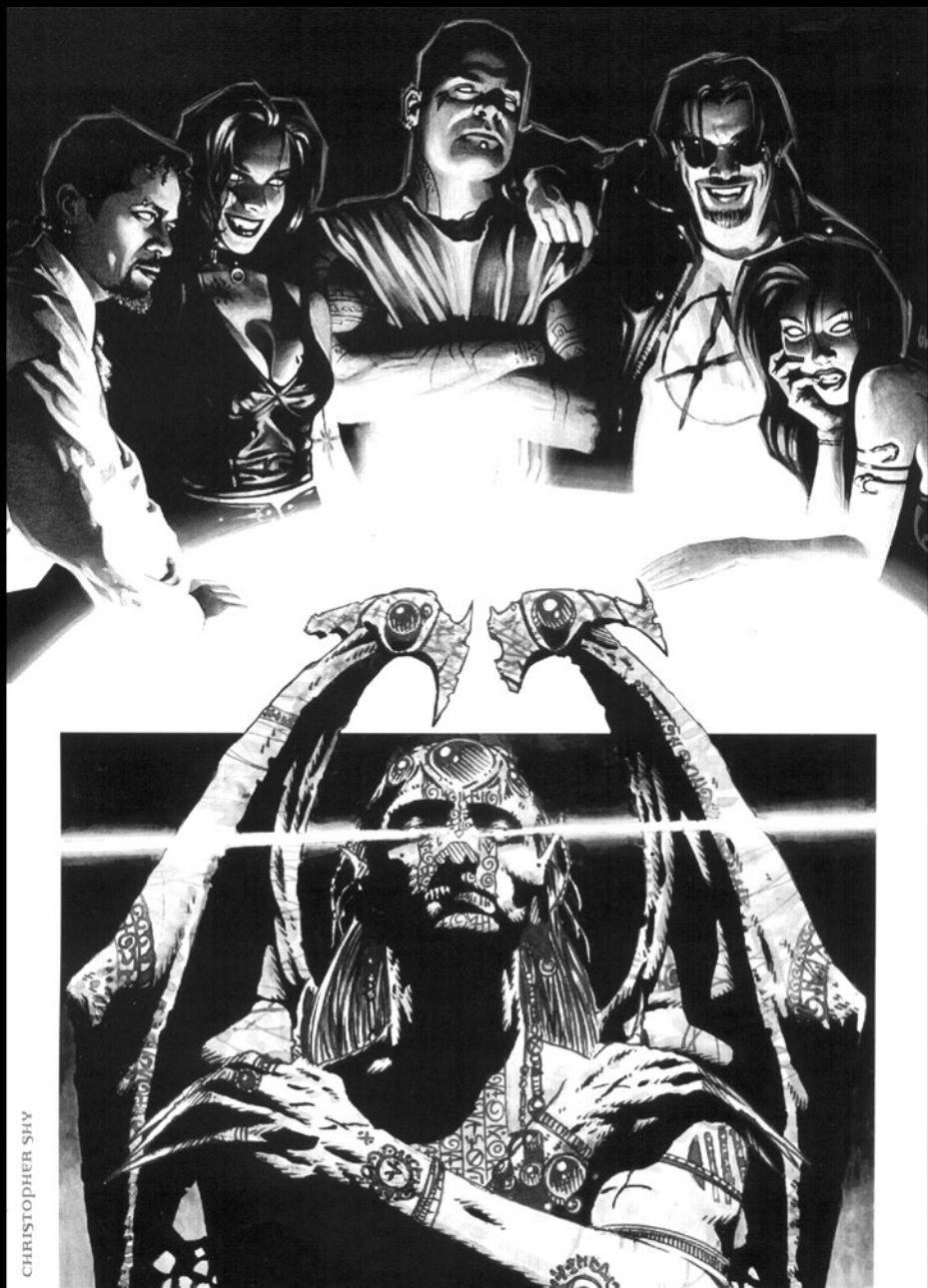
So, that having been said (for what it's worth), my advice is to stop listening to me telling you what you Ought to Be Getting™ out of this book, and dive right into the pages for a little while. Hear the rain on the corrugated rooftops under which millennia-old plans are plotted. See the twisted gargoyle-shadows dancing on crumbling walls. Smell the stench of nameless vapors rising from impossibly convoluted chthonic sewer-labyrinths. Feel your skin as it turns forever cold or quickens with stolen blood. Above all, imagine it is you in there, among the shattered landscapes and blood-rites and predatory masques. You aren't made of numbers. It doesn't matter what your powers are. You don't have a rulebook to tell you everything. You don't understand everything that's going on, and ironically, that makes you feel alive again.

Forget the rules. Enjoy not knowing what's out there in the dark. Forget the numbers. Enjoy the mood. Forget the Game™. Enjoy the game.

ROB HATCH







CHRISTOPHER SHIV

BRIAN LEBLANC



JON J. MUTH





How often we rail against our brothers and sisters! We fear their claws at our backs and their childer's



BILL SIENKIEWICZ

How often we decry them! And yet, how often we meet at the same tables, with the same smiles of

teeth at our hearts; we see them lurking in every shadow and behind every Kindred's petty maneuvers.



civility and mocking eyes of superiority. We are our own worst enemies, and those, too, of all our kind.





DAN BRERETON, CLASH OF WILLS

JOHN BOLTON, CLANBOOK: ВАЛЛ





GERALD BROOD. TRANSYLVANIA BY NIGHT





WOC
1996

WILLIAM O'CONNOR, CONSTANTINOPLE BY NIGHT





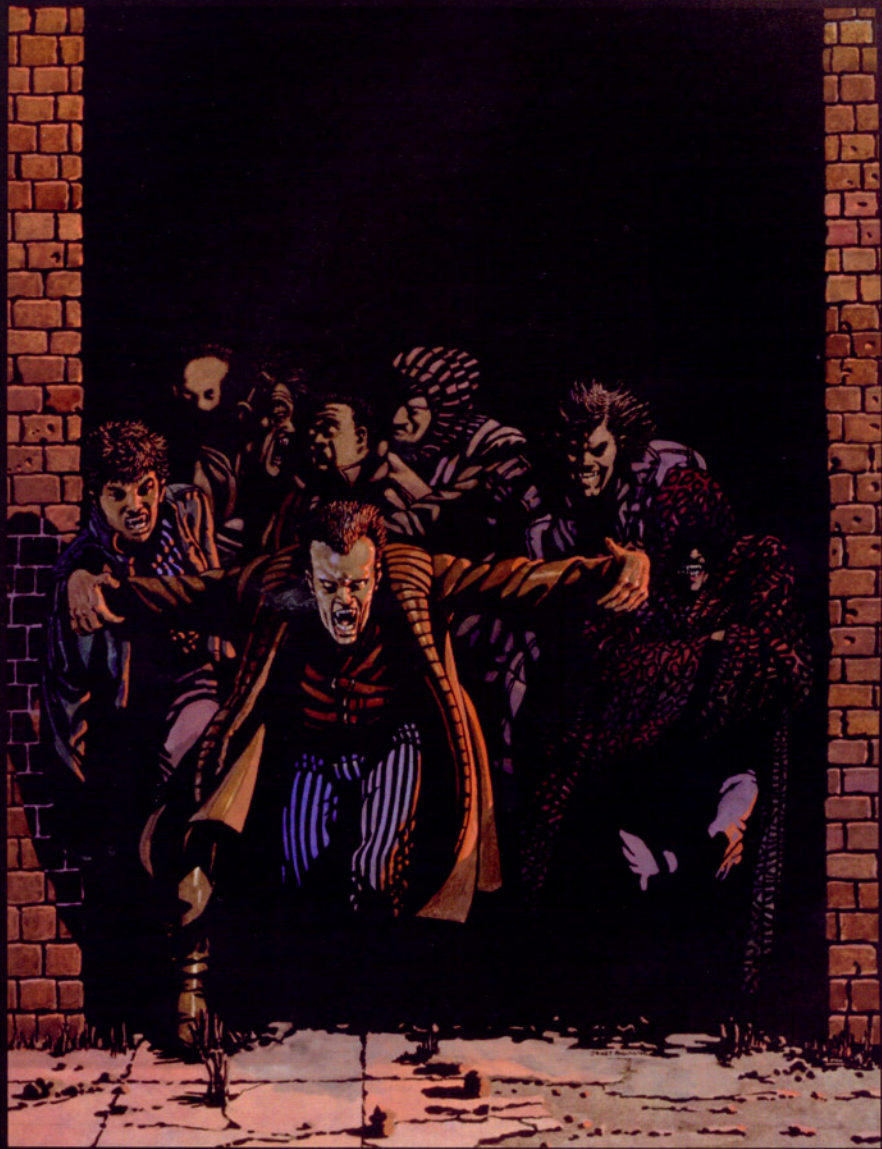
TONY HARRIS, COVER OF INDPHOBIA MAGAZINE no.33

JOHN VAN FLEET; THEO BELL, BRUJAH ARCHON









JANET AULISIO, MIL WAURKE BY NIGHT

MARK JACKSON, VAMPIRE PROMOTIONAL POSTER (L TO R) SASCHA VYKOS, ANATOLE, LUCITA AND BECRET.



DOUG ALEXANDER GREGORY & SHERILYN VAN VALKENBURG.
DIABLERIE: BRITAIN







GUY DAVIS AND VINCE LOCKE, OHOH! S: FATAL ADDICTION









BRAD NOBLE, CHILDREN OF THE NIGHT



THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE



THE WINNOWING



TO DREAM OF DREAMERS LOST



TO SIFT THROUGH BITTER ASHES

WILLIAM O'CONNOR



WILLIAM O'CONNOR





ISABEL GIOVANNI, CLAN GIOVANNI



HESHA, FOLLOWER OF SET



AISLING STURBRIDGE, CLAN TREMERE



EMMETT AND CALEBROS, CLAN NOSFERATU

JOHN VAN FLEET

GEORGE PRATT, BERLIN BY NIGHT





WILLIAM O'CONNOR, MONTREAL BY NIGHT

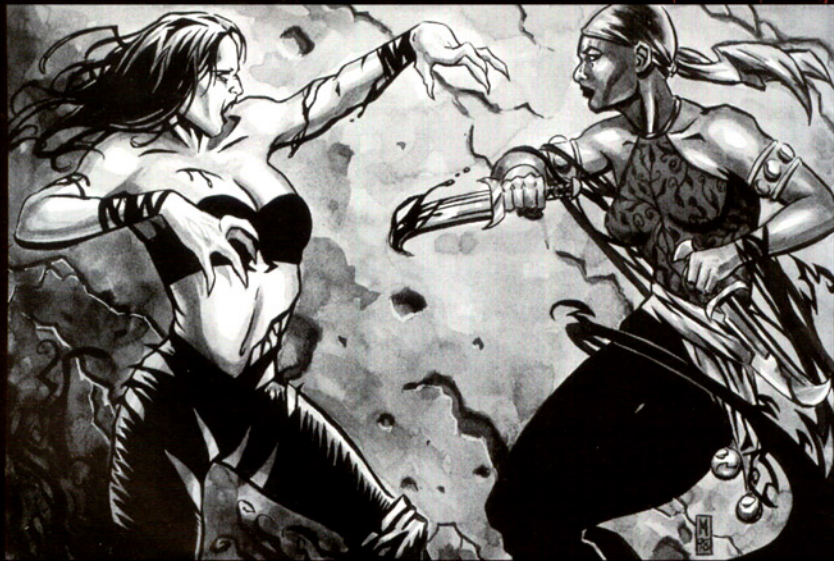


LUCITA

(Lasombra — 6th generation)

Camarilla and Sabbat alike dread the fearsome Lasombra *antitribu* Lucita. Born into an Aragonese noble house in tumultuous medieval Spain, Lucita attracted the attention of the Lasombra, who helped her escape the tyranny of her father and the tedium of an arranged marriage. Exulting in her newfound power, Lucita quickly became a warrior of note, participating in all manner of nocturnal struggles against the Ventrue, the Tzimisce and her own clanmates. Despite her power, Lucita has always walked her own path: when the Sabbat formed, Lucita was one of the few Lasombra who did not join, though neither did she assist in the Lasombra Antediluvian's defense.

Lucita has been a warrior for over 800 years, and few indeed are the beings who can withstand her shadowy onslaught. She is a one-woman death squad, a modern ninja dreaded by Kindred, Lupine and mage alike. She has refined the Lasombra signature power of Obtenebration to terrible potency; horrified foes who have survived Lucita's wrath whisper fearfully of "shadow serpents" conjured forth from darkness to strike down enemies. She is also a master of mesmerism — and, should indirect methods of combat fail, Lucita possesses superhuman speed and sufficient physical strength to lift a Buick. She has earned the enmity of the Sabbat Lasombra Archbishop Moçada, who would like nothing better than to see her crushed.





JOHN VAN FLEET

ANATOLE

(Malkavian — 6th generation)

“Much madness is divinest sense” — at least when it comes to a discussion of the Malkavian prophet Anatole. Ever since his beginnings as a religious zealot in benighted medieval France, Anatole has led his flock to heroic deeds and, amazingly enough, to victory. Over the centuries, Anatole’s fanaticism has shifted from God to the Jihad; he sees himself as a modern-day saint, shielding human and vampire alike from the machinations of the Antediluvians and other ancient supernatural threats. He is a harbinger of Gehenna (at least he says so), and only through his divine inspiration will Kindred and kine be saved on the final nights. Thus far, his crazed prophecies have been uncannily accurate enough to convince most Kindred skeptics.

Anatole is not a natural combatant, but enemies are advised to tread lightly around the mad vampire. Between his potent Auspex and Obfuscate Disciplines, Anatole can often defeat an enemy before that enemy even realizes he is in a fight. Anatole has also learned some physical Disciplines from Lucita and Beckett, and is formidably proficient in the Malkavian Disciplines of Dominate and Dementation (one unique power, Ergot’s Kiss, is known to have driven legions of foes to gibbering religious mania). Most fearful of all (in Kindred eyes) is the fact that Anatole is evidently touched by a bit of Divine Grace — he has actually repelled vampires by brandishing a crucifix and calling out to the Powers Above.



JOHN COBB

MARK JACKSON



SASCHA VYKOS

(Tzimisce — 6th generation)



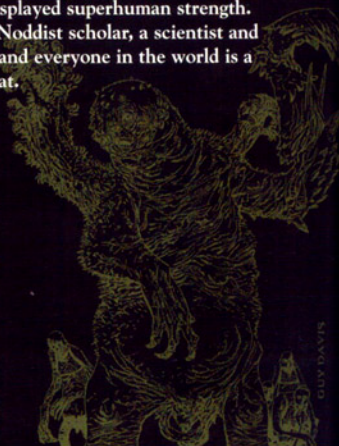
Though born amid the peaks of the Carpathians, the freakish Fiend now known as Sascha Vykos emigrated to the decadent splendor of medieval Byzantium. Here, amid the depraved Justinian court, Vykos played its games, manipulating mortal and vampire alike. Sascha's power structure fell with the empire, but the Tzimisce joined the Sabbat with relish and rose rapidly in the sect's ranks. Now Vykos is an archbishop of the Sabbat, though it rules no territory: Vykos

serves the sect best as a roving marauder, a living weapon of terror. Having repeatedly come into conflict with Lucita, Anatole and Beckett down the centuries, Vykos despises them and would love nothing better than to slay them all — very, very slowly.

Sascha is the epitome of the post-Sabbat Tzimisce: cold, efficient, scheming, power-hungry and mercilessly cruel. It has modified itself via Vicissitude to the point that it is nearly unrecognizable as human (though in an alien, sensual way — Vykos is no Nosferatu). Its face is an inscrutable mask of inhuman beauty, and piercings, tattoos, scarification, mottling and other body modifications encrust its pallid, androgynous frame. It is a past master of Vicissitude (can turn into bat-monsters and create weapons from its body) and nearly rivals the Tremere elders in its mastery of Thaumaturgical sorcery (including several paths unknown to the Tremere). It is also skilled in animal control, ESP, and mind control, and has displayed superhuman strength. Vykos is a Noddist scholar, a scientist and historian — and everyone in the world is a potential lab rat.



MARK JACKSON



COLBY WATKINS





GERALD BROM, UNHOLY ALLIES

THE VAMPIRE CLANS



CAMARILLA

BRUJAH
GANGREL
MALKAVIAN
NOȘFERATU
TOREADOR
TREMERE
VENTRUE

SABBAT

LASOMBRA
TZIMIȘCE

INDEPENDENTS

ASSAMITE
FOLLOWERS OF SET
GIOVANNI
RAVNOS

Assamite

From the desert wastes of the east come the **Assamites**, and they bring with them a miasma of terror. The Assamites are known throughout vampire society as a clan of murderous assassins, working for whoever can pay their price. The price they charge for their work is the vitae of other kindred; for the Assamites, diablerie is the greatest sacrament.

MIHÉ DANZA

JOSHUA TIMBROOK

There is no taste quite so glorious as that of precious Kindred vitae. Whether from the kafir over the mountains or the old monsters in their crumbling manors, their blood is a fiery wine. I would stop at nothing to claim it as my own.

— Hazrad Aqim Alaq, kafir of the khafar



Brujah

clan **Brujah** is largely composed of rebels, both with and without causes, individualistic, outspoken and turbulent. Brujah hold social change near to their undead hearts, and the clan's ranks contain some of the most violent of the camarilla kindred. Most other vampires perceive the Brujah as nothing more than punks and miscreants, but the truth of the matter is that genuine passion lies behind their polemics.



JOSHUA TIMBROOK

ANY MORE OUT OF YOU, JUICEBAG, AND I'LL POP OFF YOUR FUCKING HEAD AND DRINK YOU LIKE A BOTTLE OF COKE. I'M SURE THEY WOULDN'T MISS YOU AT THE INSURANCE OFFICE OR WHEREVER THE HELL YOU WORK MONDAY MORNING, ANYWAY.

— STEVIE "THE BUTCHER" RENO,
SHERIFF OF HOUSTON



FRED HARDER



TIM BRADSTREET



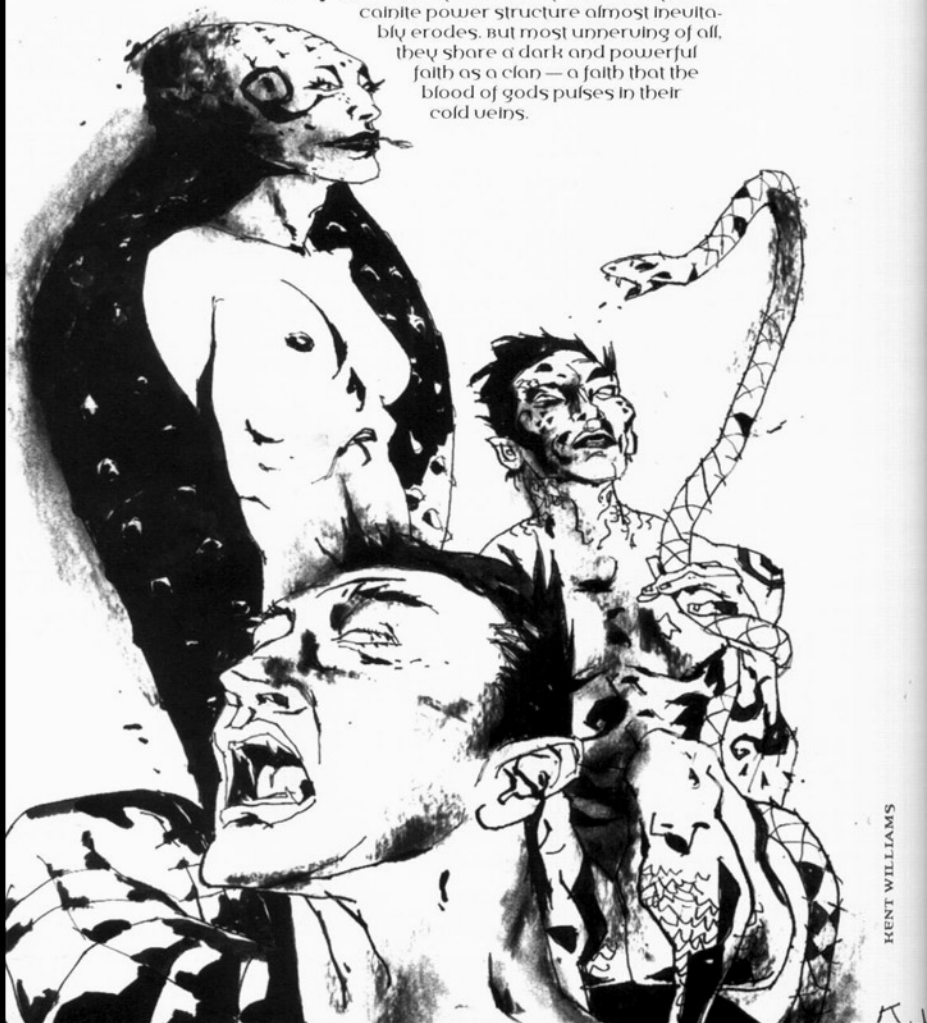


Followers of Set



The followers of set, more commonly referred to as "setites," are mistrusted perhaps more than any other clan. Their ties with the archetypal serpent of myth are well-known, and bolstered by their disturbing powers. They are custodians of knowledge that, according to their claims, predates even

the first city, when they enter a city, the canine power structure almost inevitably erodes. But most unnerving of all, they share a dark and powerful faith as a clan — a faith that the blood of gods pulses in their cold veins.





You wish to learn more of the hoary secrets of Egypt, yes, my monkish friend? I can teach you such secrets, yes — things your abbots and teachers cannot imagine. The price? Oh, the price for you, my dear priest, is but a trifle. Just drain this flask — the taste is sweet, yes? — and the wisdom of the ages will be yours.

— Hosni, Priest of Set

Gangrel

of all vampires, the **gangrel** are perhaps closest to their inner nature. These nomadic loners spurn the constraints of society, preferring the comfort of the wilderness. How they avoid the wrath of the werewolves is unknown; perhaps it has something to do with the fact that the gangrel are themselves shapeshifters, when a mortal speaks of a vampire changing into a wolf or a bat, she is probably speaking of a gangrel.



JOSHUA TIMBROOK

You think your little Jeep gets you closer to what's out past the city? Not even close. Come here - I'll show you what it's like away from the pavement and skylines. It's not some hippie-marketing Isuzu Trooper bullshit trip, either. Mother Nature hates Her bastard children like you...

- Pete Koonz,
Fresno expatriate



RON SPENCER



Giovanni

The **giouvanni** are respectful, genteel and well-mannered. Affluent beyond imagination, clan giouvanni traces its roots back to before the Renaissance, to a family of merchant princes. The clan still maintains its original home in Venice, in a thousand-year-old *loggia* just outside the heart of the city. No other clan makes such a spectacle of humility and propriety as does the giouvanni, and no other clan hides its blasphemous secrets as well.

WE ARE GRATEFUL FOR THE GIFTS OF POWER AND IMMORTALITY THAT OUR GRANDSIRE HAS BESTOWED UPON US, AND WE HUMBLY OFFER OUR MEAGER TALENTS AS TOKEN RECOMPENSE FOR THE KINDNESS CAPPADOCIUS HAS SHOWN US. SOME EVENING, I PRAY WE WILL BE ABLE TO REPAY HIM IN FULL.

— AUGUSTUS GIOVANNI

That's quite a lucrative proposal you've brought to the table. I can't help but think you're hiding some additional details from me. Would you mind if I conferred briefly with my uncle? Oh, no, you don't get to meet him — he's been dead for two hundred years. He still looks out for me, though.

— Martino Giovanni, CFO of Lancia Imported Luxuries





Lasombra



The **Lasombra** clan has fallen from grace — and its members enjoy it. Simultaneously graceful and predatory, the Lasombra guide — and, when necessary, whip — the sabbat into an implacable force. Turning their backs upon the humans they once were, Lasombra give themselves wholly over to the dark majesty of the embrace, murder, frenzy, predation: why fear these things, many Lasombra ask, if one is meant to be a vampire? In contrast to the Tzimisce, though, Lasombra generally seek not to reject all things mortal, but to shape them for their own pleasure.



Don't be afraid of the dark. Be afraid of me.

- Anthony Komoundouros, pack priest



Malkavian



even other damned fear the **malkavians**. The cursed blood of their clan has polluted their minds, with the result that every last malkavian across the world is incurably insane. What's worse, a malkavian's madness can take nearly any form, from overpowering homicidal tendencies to near-catatonia. In many cases, there's no way to tell a malkavian apart from the "sane" members of other clans. Those few whose psychoses are immediately obvious are among the most terrifying vampires to stalk the streets.

Down among the lepers and the lunatics, I have seen the truth. I would show it to you, but it would drive you mad. Only I am strong enough to bear this knowledge without fear; you can see that what I have learned has not affected me in the slightest. My eyes? Oh, a mere trifle; it just takes a few days for the bleeding to stop, each time I pluck them anew.

—Eleazar ben Zohar



DAVID LEVI



Nosferatu

caine's childer are called "the damned," and no vampires embody this more fully than the wretches of clan **Nosferatu**, while other vampires still look human and may travel in mortal society, Nosferatu are twisted and deformed by the curse of vampirism. Other kindred speak shudderingly of caine placing a mark upon the entire clan for the monstrous deeds of its antediluvian founder. As such, Nosferatu find themselves loathed and ostracized by the other children of caine, who consider them disgusting and interact with them only when they must.

My face reflects my sins, and they must be many for God to have afflicted me thus. But I have watched you, my lord, and I have seen that your sins are many as well. Would you like me to spread word to the others of our kind of your trysts? I thought not. Shall we discuss my payment, then — and your penance?

— Auld Peg of Lancashire





Raunos

If ever a clan was renowned for a wickedly black sense of humor, the **RAUNOS** would be that clan. These coinies are deceivers of the first order, weaving illusion and lies into elaborate schemes to part the foolish from whatever it is the Raunos might fancy — be it wealth, blood or even their victims' freedom. Like Mephistopheles or Old Scratch, the Raunos ply their devil's deals with whomever they choose, be it human or kindred, and woe to those who wind up unable to pay the hidden costs.

I am shocked at your implication. How can one as venerable and wise as yourself bear such foolish prejudices? At least wait until I have my talons at your throat and my hands in your pockets before you brand me a thief and murderer. I'll relieve you of your car as well....

— Zander, black marketeer



Dead and dry as dust, that's what the rest of our kind are, proud and full of nothing but blustery wind. Steal one blind and he'll never say a thing, for fear of the humiliation of admitting he's been made a fool of by his "lessers." You can take the moon and stars from their pockets and they'll swear they've just misplaced the heavens.

— Sevigny, late of Ashkelon



Toreador

The **toreador** are called many things — “degenerates,” “artists,” “poseurs” and “hedonists” being but a few, but any such lumpen categorization does the clan a disservice. Depending on the individual and her mood, toreador are alternately elegant and flamboyant, brilliant and ludicrous, visionary and dissipated, perhaps the only truism that can be applied to the clan is its members’ aesthetic zeal. Whatever a toreador does, she does with passion. Whatever a toreador is, she is with passion.



Why, my dear, don't you look so very distingue! I daresay you even put my radiance to shame. How unfortunate for you; I simply can't allow that to be. Hold still; this will only hurt a moment....

— Letitia Thorne, social director for the London harpies



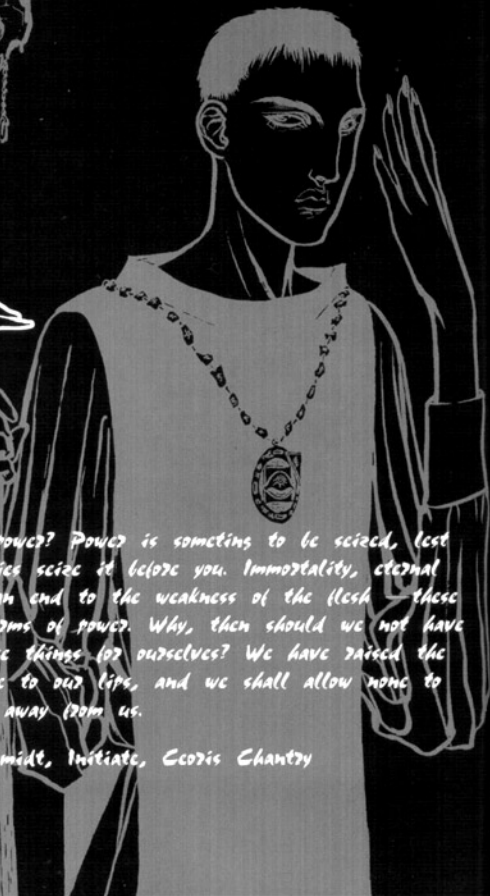


LEIF JONES

1994

Tremere

whether dreaded, mistrusted, feared or reviled, the insular vampires of clan **tremere** are anything but ignored. Those who have heard of the clan's doings are typically suspicious of the Tremere, and with good reason — for the warlocks are aptly named. Through their own artifice, they have mastered a form of vampire sorcery, complete with rituals and spells, that is as potent — if not more so — than any other power of the blood. Paired with the clan's rigid hierarchy and the smoldering ambition so common among warlocks, this power is an unsettling thing indeed to those who know what the Tremere are capable of doing.



What is power? Power is something to be seized, lest your enemies seize it before you. Immortality, eternal vitality, an end to the weakness of the flesh — these are all forms of power. Why, then, should we not have taken these things for ourselves? We have raised the cup of life to our lips, and we shall allow none to snatch it away from us.

Franc Schmidt, Initiate, Ecclesis Chantry



Tzimisce

If clan Lasombra is the heart of the sabbat, clan **Tzimisce** is the soul. Even other vampires grow uneasy around these flesh-crafting kindred, and the clan's nickname of "Fiends" was given to it in nights past by horrified kindred of other lines. The Tzimisce's signature discipline of vicissitude is the subject of particular dread; tales speak of crippling disfigurements inflicted on a whim, of ghastly "experiments" and tortures refined beyond human — or vampire — comprehension or endurance.



JOSHUA TIMBROOK

MY SIRE SAYS THAT WE WERE ONCE THE MIGHTIEST CLAN AMONG THE UNDEAD, EXACTING TERRIBLE JUSTICE FROM OUR CRAGGY CASTLES AND DRIVING BEFORE US IN FEAR THOSE WHO WOULD CHALLENGE OUR MIGHT. ALTHOUGH WE MAY HAVE LITTLE USE FOR CASTLES IN THESE MODERN NIGHTS, LITTLE ELSE HAS CHANGED, AND I COULD TASTE THE FOLLY OF HIS ASSUMPTION IN HIS LOVER'S BLOOD.

— FIRSICH THE FLAYER



DARREN FRYDENDALL

Darren W. Frydendall '96



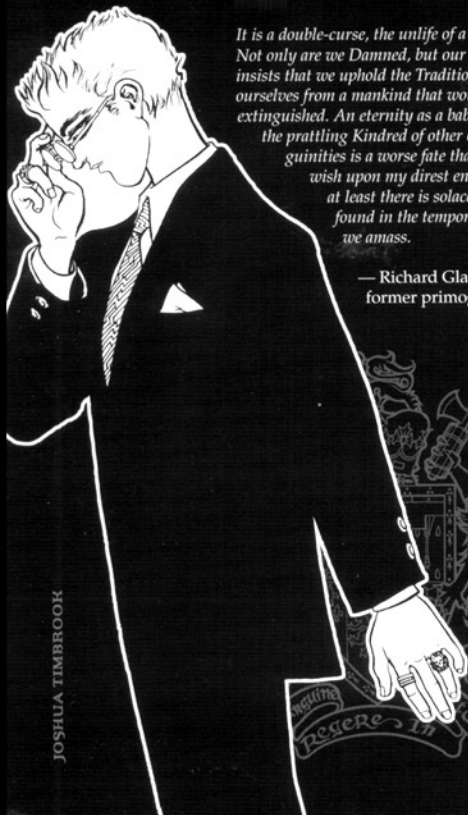
JOHN COBB

VENTRUE

The kindred of clan **ventrue** have a reputation for being honorable, genteel and of impeccable taste. From time out of mind, ventrue has been the clan of leadership, enforcing the ancient traditions and seeking to shape the destiny of the kindred. In nights of old, ventrue were chosen from nobles, merchant princes or other wielders of power. In modern times the clan recruits from wealthy "old money" families, ruthless corporate climbers, and politicians. Whatever their origin, ventrue vampires preserve stability and maintain order for the camarilla, other kindred often mistake this for arrogance or avarice, but to the ventrue, their shepherd's role is more burden than honor.

It is a double-curse, the unlife of a Ventrue. Not only are we Damned, but our honor insists that we uphold the Traditions to hide ourselves from a mankind that would see us extinguished. An eternity as a babysitter for the prattling Kindred of other consanguinities is a worse fate than I would wish upon my direst enemies, but at least there is solace to be found in the temporal comforts we amass.

— Richard Gladstone,
former primogen



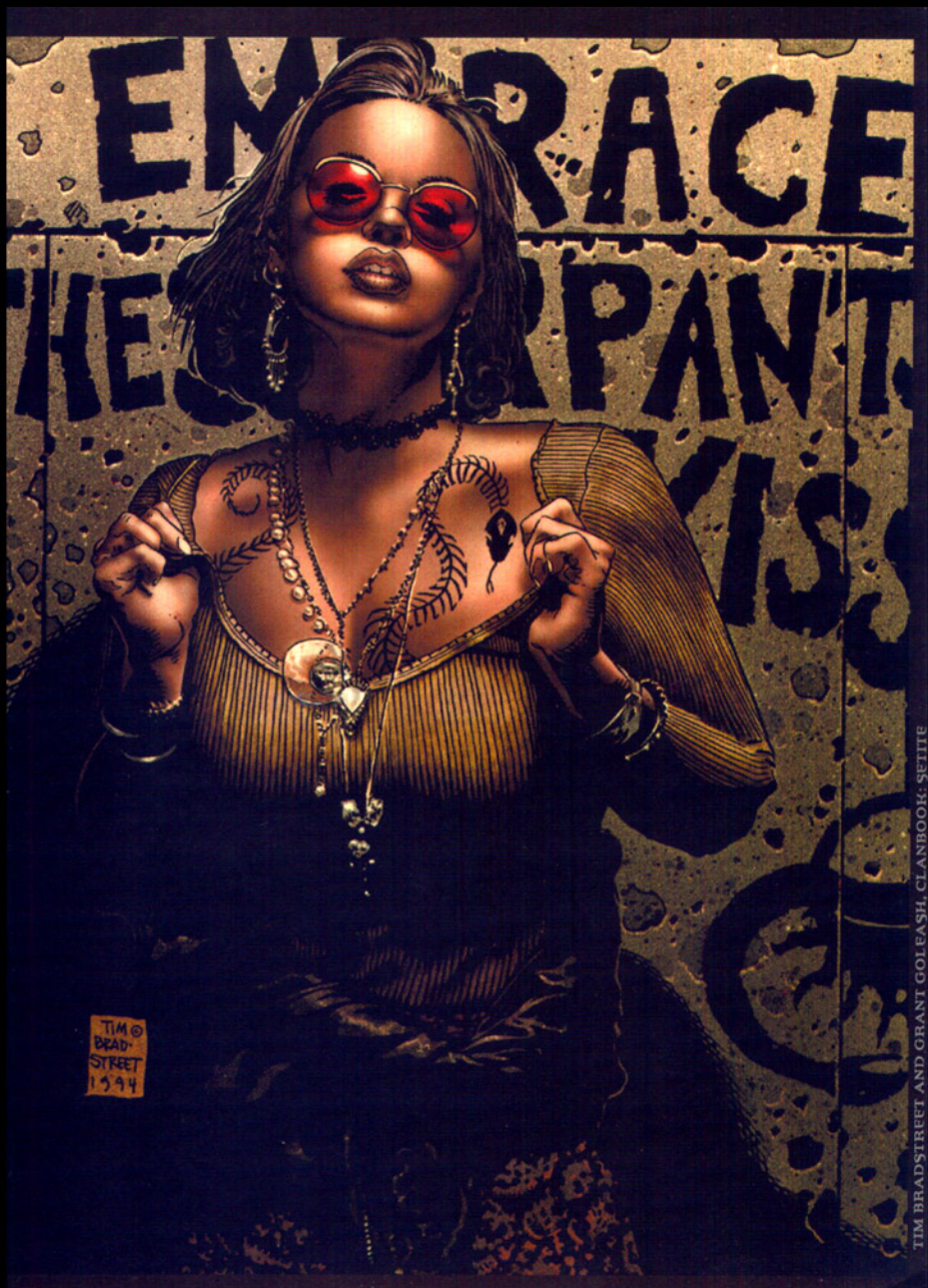
JOSHUA TIMBROOK



GREG LOUDON







Helping establish the original Gothic-Punk mood of *Vampire*, **Tim Bradstreet** has gone on to become one of the most sought-after illustrators in the business. He has illustrated hundreds of comic books, covers and trading cards from FASA's *Shadowrun* to *Unknown Soldier* and *Gangland* for DC Vertigo. *Red Sky Diary* is his creator-owned project, and he just released a collection of his work called *Maximum Black*. Providing beautiful color to Tim's striking illustrations is **Grant Goleash**, a colorist's colorist. His lush palette has helped breathe life into many of Tim's paintings, and he is also an accomplished illustrator in his own right.

Gerald Brom is an amazing self-taught illustrator who has risen to the top of his field in a short period of time. Having worked for every major publisher in the horror/sci-fi/fantasy genre, Brom set new benchmarks in creative and technical excellence wherever he worked. His fantastic and darkly disturbing art was a perfect match for such White Wolf projects as *Vampire: The Dark Ages* and the *Blood Trilogy* for our *Vampire* fiction series.

Larry MacDougall studied animation and illustration at Sheridan College and now is a full-time, freelance illustrator working in the horror/sci-fi/fantasy market. His striking and evocative visuals have appeared in every White Wolf game line since the very beginning of the company, and he has only gotten better with time. He currently resides in Hamilton, Ontario with his wife Patricia.

When artists talk about major influences in their work, a name that comes up often is **Bill Sienkiewicz**. He's had a major impact in the comics and graphic novel genres with his innovative use of collage, illustration and storytelling techniques. Awards-a-plenty (a prestigious Yellow Kid for *Elektra: Assassin* and an Emmy nomination for "Where in the World is Carmen San Diego?"), Bill takes them in stride with a laid-back professionalism that is rare among the truly gifted. Having been weaned on his groundbreaking work on *Moon Knight*, *Elektra: Assassin* and *Stray Toasters*, it was a great honor when he agreed to come onboard. He has since become one of our favorite artists to collaborate with.

When it comes to gorgeous vampires, no one tops **John Bolton's** sensuous and evocative bloodsucking sirens. John's genre-spanning career has included *Marada the She Wolf*, *The Vampire Lestat*, *Manbat*, and *Books of Magic*. The guy has it all — talent, a lovely wife, a decent mug, world-wide legions of adoring fans and some pretty smooth moves on the dance floor for an old bugger.

Miran Kim is a painter from New York City whose work has appeared on numerous *X-Files* covers and underground art magazines. We knew Miran would be perfect for the Gaiman introduction after seeing her work, and the reaction when her painting arrived was nothing short of inspirational.

Eric Lacombe's weird and twisted art brought a unique vision to *Vampire: The Dark Ages*, *Kindred of the East* and *Wraith: The Oblivion* that is rarely seen in gaming books. He's off dabbling in computer graphics now, but we hope he'll dazzle us again sometime soon with new digitized monstrosities.

Chuck Regan has one of those deeply dark styles that's perfectly suited for *Vampire: The Dark Ages* and the World of Darkness in general. Look for this promising storyteller's self-published comic book, *Confessor*, in a comic shop near you.

It difficult to talk about **Guy Davis** without gushing from every pore about just how great he is to work with. Beyond the fact that he's one of the best storytellers in the world and influences almost every artist we encounter, he's a super-nice fellow to boot. Guy's *Baker Street* and *Sandman Mystery Theatre* were big influences on many of our *Vampire* artists so it was only fitting to get Guy to work on the *Vampire* lines. Well, the match was a success, and we've made many a gorgeous and disturbing book together, usually with the aid of longtime cohort, Vince Locke.

Leif Jones rules! Not many pieces have that jaw-dropping effect on people like Leif's art does. Whether it's horror, sci-fi or fantasy, it's always a treat to get his art in and watch people 'oh' and 'ah' over it. The boy is a powerhouse of unique visions and never-seen-before storytelling perspectives, making him a favorite among art directors and fans alike. His eclectic style is a breath of fresh air in an industry littered with copycat techniques and stifling clichés.

We remember when we first met **Andrew Ritchie** and saw his work; we knew we'd be working together for a long time. The backbone of *Vampire: The Dark Ages*, Andrew is another of the great idea-men of our industry. Whether he's depicting medieval bloodbaths or Hong Kong junk wars, he always turns out one dark, twisted piece after another.

Alex Shiekman started in the industry working for Marvel Comics and Slave Labor Graphics, but he has since worked his beautiful gothic style to great effect on *Vampire: The Dark Ages*, *Rage* and *Mage: The Ascension*.

Columbus College of Art and Design alum and all around nice guy, **Fred Harper** has brought new life to *Vampire: The Dark Ages*, *Wraith* and everything else he touches. When he is not working on comic books like *Lady Justice*, *Animal Man* or *Dr. Strange*, he's doing caricatures of celebrities or freelancing for major magazines. On his off hours, he spends time with his wife, Anna.

Andrew Robinson has done many wonderful comic projects that include *Dusty Starr* for Image and *Starman* for DC Comics. He lives in Florida where it's nice and warm (and many a hot babe resides).

Tony Diterlizi is the next in a long line of classic illustrators of the Rackham, Froud and Kaluta lineage. His work on TSR's *Dark Sun* still stand as a benchmark in the gaming industry and his work on *Magic the Gathering* is some of his strongest to date. Look for *Dinosaur Summer* and *Jimmy Zagrow's Out of This World Moonpie Adventure* in a children's section near you. Tony lives in Brooklyn NY with his lovely girlfriend, Angie and their dog, Goblin.

When we need some heavies, gangsters or thugs (which is often), it's time to call **Mike Danza**, private eye. (No, he's not really a PI, but it sounds good.) Mike's darkly chilling monprints and ink drawings have gotten so good in the last few years, it's downright scary (literally). Mike lives in Brooklyn with his wife, Jennifer, who is also an illustrator.

A relative newcomer, **David Leri** has already impressed everyone to the point where it's hard to get his attention nowadays. Extraordinarily detailed pencil drawings began a career that has blossomed into masterful color paintings, the best of which he's done for the *Legends of the Five Rings* line for Five Rings Publishing.

Andrew Trabbold is one of those artists who hits a stride every so often where his work literally transforms into something better and more interesting than before without sacrificing strong ideas and storytelling in the process. His classic 'woodcut' and 'fine line' ink techniques are rare luxuries that add depth to a book that is unmistakably his.

A top notch draftsman and storyteller, **Vince Locke** lends an air of antiquated decadence to whatever book he's working on. Vince is one of the most sought-after inkers in the comic book biz, and his work has appeared in *Witchcraft*, *Sandman* and *American Freak*, as well as *St. Germaine* (which he also draws). He lives in Ann Arbor, MI with his wife Crystal, one of our coolest fans.

Even though he swears he's more than just a 'cheesecake' artist (and he is), if you want drop-dead gorgeous babes that will literally leave you salivating, look no further than **Greg Loudon**. His work for the new *Vampire* edition was so damn sexy and well-received that you'll be seeing much more of this talented guy's work in the years to come.

Jon J. Muth is very new to White Wolf's cadre of artists, but his reputation precedes him. *Dracula*, *Moonshadow* and "M" made him a respected force in the comic book industry, while his private commissioned works are making him a star in the fine art world.

Brian Leblanc. He is the veritable "art machine" of the White Wolf art directors, and he has probably produced more interior art for us than any other artist in the history of the company. Brian is always pleasant and dependable, and he rarely disappoints. He even has time to do comic book projects like *Purgatory* for Chaos when he's not doing 80 *Rage* cards in a month. Without him, we might as well pack it up and go home.

Christopher Shy is a talented chap whose photorealistic and surreal work always get the motors running. He does the full-time thing as a computer graphic artist for Kinesoft by day, and he moonlights as an illustrator by night.

To keep from doing one more box design that would have surely put him over the edge, **Lawrence Snelly** came to White Wolf in 1994 with a bag of free miniatures under one arm and a dream under the other. They later made him an art director where he continues to oversee *Vampire: The Masquerade, Vampire: The Dark Ages* and his crowning achievement, *Kindred of the East*. He also freelances as an illustrator and his card artwork has appeared in *Magic The Gathering, Vampire The Eternal Struggle, Rage, Battletch and Dune*.

Dan Brereton is one of our most favorite artists in the world for some very good reasons; 1.) He paints like no one's business and loves a strong chromatic palette. 2.) His *Nocturnal* series is a highlight of the comic-buying season. 3.) He never fails to give us hell at conventions. 4.) We can't wait to see what he'll be doing next.

William O Connor is our Rock of Gibraltar. He's done the more covers for White Wolf than any other artist, and deservedly so. Bill was there way back in the beginning with *Ars Magica* before White Wolf was even an official company. The consummate professional and gentleman, Bill is always there when you need him. He's gone on to become one of the most sought-after artists in the field working on *Magic The Gathering, Trinity* and *Dark Ages*.

The lovechild of Hunter S. Thompson and Tom Jones, **Richard Kane Ferguson**, is a true wildman of the gaming and comic book industry. His wildly kinetic and colorful card art has graced *Magic The Gathering, Rage* and *Neverway*. Richard runs Totem Studio out of the back of his dad's antique store in Saratoga Springs, New York.

When it came down to redoing our signature characters for the new edition of *Vampire*, our first thoughts were of **John Van Fleet's** work. Having produced beautiful and strikingly graphic art for *Typhoid, Shadows Fall* and *X-Files*, as well as cover art for our fiction division, it seemed only fitting to set him loose in the World of Darkness and see what happened. What resulted were outstanding signature pieces that set a new standard for our industry and one of our most satisfying collaborations with an artist. John lives in Chapel Hill, NC with his wife, Paige, and daughter Grace.

Finely detailed and meticulously crafted, **John Matson's** art never fails to impress even the most hardened of jaded art critics. His beautiful art has graced many a *Magic The Gathering* and *Rage* card.

Clyde Caldwell is one of those living legends of the fantasy industry whose work has been seen all over an amazing number of *Dungeons and Dragons* books.

Darren Frydendall. What can we say about his guy that we haven't written on bathroom walls from here to San Diego? A degenerate of the highest caliber, Darren is a great illustrator and one of funniest goofballs this side of the Rio Grande.

You have to experience **Ron Spencer** to truly understand the inherent weirdness and contradictions of the man's life. Devoted husband and father of six, he draws and paints the most heinous fight scenes to grace paper. He has this eerily wholesome home life, yet all this toxic and wonderful art keeps coming out of his brainpan and onto the pages of our books. Lucky for us.

After staring slack-jawed at his incredible run on *The Invisibles*, it was apparent that **Phil Jimenez** had a darker and more mature edge than what we'd seen in his earlier comic book work. Working from Guy Davis's template drawings from *Ghouls: Fatal Addiction*, Phil drew every character provided (and then some) for the Masquerade Ball centerspread. The resulting art is a multi-faceted masterpiece that sums up the supernatural horror and decadent beauty of *Vampire*.

Mark Jackson's clean and beautiful art has been with White Wolf for a long time with no signs of stopping. His designs for Lucita, Anatole and Sascha Vykos helped define the look of our *Vampire* signature characters which have gone on to become cornerstones in the White Wolf mythos.

Doug Alexander Gregory has produced many beautiful covers and card art for *Magic The Gathering*, DC Comics and Caliber Comics.

His portfolio was dazzling in San Diego, and **Brad Noble** was still in art school when he painted the *Children of the Night* piece. Expect big things from this talented young man.

George Pratt is from that old school of illustration that combines classic storytelling with a fine art sensibility. The multi-talented painter, printmaker and photographer has been exhibited internationally, and he remains a prolific illustrator and comic artist.

One of the few original artists that's still producing art for us, **John Cobb's** eerie and heavily gothic art keeps getting stranger and more interesting as time goes on.

Joshua Gabriel Timbrook's contribution to White Wolf is enormous. One of the original creators of the *Vampire* game, he helped establish much of the earlier fashion and attitude of the game's Gothic-Punk vision.

Dennis Calero is a prolific painter and illustrator who works for Atomic Paintbrush in New York. You can see his striking paintings on everything from comic book covers to *X-Men* promotional art.

Janet Aulisio Danheuser's work has appeared in many earlier *Vampire* books and she has since moved on to book covers and work for many major magazines including *Analog, Amazing Stories, Weird Tales* and *Realms of Fantasy*.

Another of our most reliable artists is **Michael Gaydos**, whose beautiful and striking art has graced every gameline we've produced. Michael's a terrific storyteller, and he never fails to impress us with every project he turns in. Beyond his work for White Wolf, his comic book art can be found in *Inferno* by Caliber Comics.

Jason Felix is a very disturbed mortal whose artwork espouses ordered chaos. His artwork has appeared in numerous supplements such as: *Vampire: The Dark Ages, Changeling, Wrath: The Oblivion, and The Ascension* trilogy book set by Robert Weinberg. His most recent work can be seen on the cover of *Mage: Master of the Arts*.

Pia Guerra, Canadian, is a wonderful storyteller, comic book artist and illustrator from Seattle whose work has appeared in nearly all of our gamelines at one point or another.

With his fantastic run on *Starman*, **Tony Harris** has become one of the most popular comic book artists in the country. He lives in Macon, GA where he runs Jolly Rogers Studio.

Kent Williams set the comic book industry on fire with *Blood: A Tale for Epic Comics*, and he has since gone on to become one of the most prominent illustrators and painters in the world. Kent's lovely wife, **Sherilyn van Valkenburg**, is one of the best colorist in the business, not to mention, a great painter in her own right.

Afterword

Congratulations!

You've just read over 136,000 words.

That is if, as they say, a picture is truly worth a thousand words *and* you've already paged through the rest of this book. If you haven't- if you're one of those people, like me, that checks out the last page first- go back and look at the important stuff. You won't be sorry; this is a collection of some of the finest art we've had the pleasure to publish in the past seven years.

So then, back to the old "thousand words" thing: what is it about a picture that can tell us so much in such a compact serving? At White Wolf we have a theory as to why some artwork conveys so much story: it's the Rule of Appropriateness. When one of our Art Directors is buying art for a book they're looking for two things: quality and appropriateness. Not just appropriate scenes or details, although those things are vital to the equation, but the appropriate mood. Mood's the hardest thing to make work, but when it does, when the artist and Art Director can evoke something- like the cool of Tim Bradstreet's Brujah, the twisted perversity of Eric LaCombe's "fish-kisser" or the feral sensuality of Jon VanFleet's Gangrel- that's when the magic happens. That's when we're able to open a door, a gateway, into this world of vampires that so many writers and artists and fans have created. In a sense, this book is the biggest collection of gateways we've ever assembled under one cover; each piece of art a moment frozen in time by the artist.

So whatever your range of interest (gamer, vampire or art fan) it is and has been our pleasure to be able to open the gates and beckon you into the horror and majesty of the *World of Darkness*- the world of *Vampire: the Masquerade*.

Richard Thomas
VP Production and Design

credits

book design, art direction and typesetting
Lawrence snelly

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Neil Galtman, Rob Hatch, Justin Achilli, Richard Dawsky and Richard Thomas

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Ken Cliffe & Carl Bowen

clan heralds and clan symbols

Richard Thomas

vampire glyphs

Suy Davis and John Cobb



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From the Long Night

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...to the final nights

The Art of Vampire: The Masquerade compiles the most noteworthy illustrations from the critically acclaimed storytelling game. Spanning eight years and more than 60 books, the **Vampire** game features artwork by top industry illustrators and talented up-and-comers alike. From the early look of the game, back 800 years into the Dark Ages, and returning once again to the modern nights, this book is a beautiful chronicle of the evolution of the vampire.

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- Early and hard-to-find work from the visual artists who defined the look, and up-to-date illustration from the revised edition and beyond
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- A fiction introduction by *Sandman* creator Neil Gaiman



VAMPIRE THE MASQUERADE

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