

ANARCHIS UNBOUND



20TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION

VAMPIRE

THE MASQUERADE

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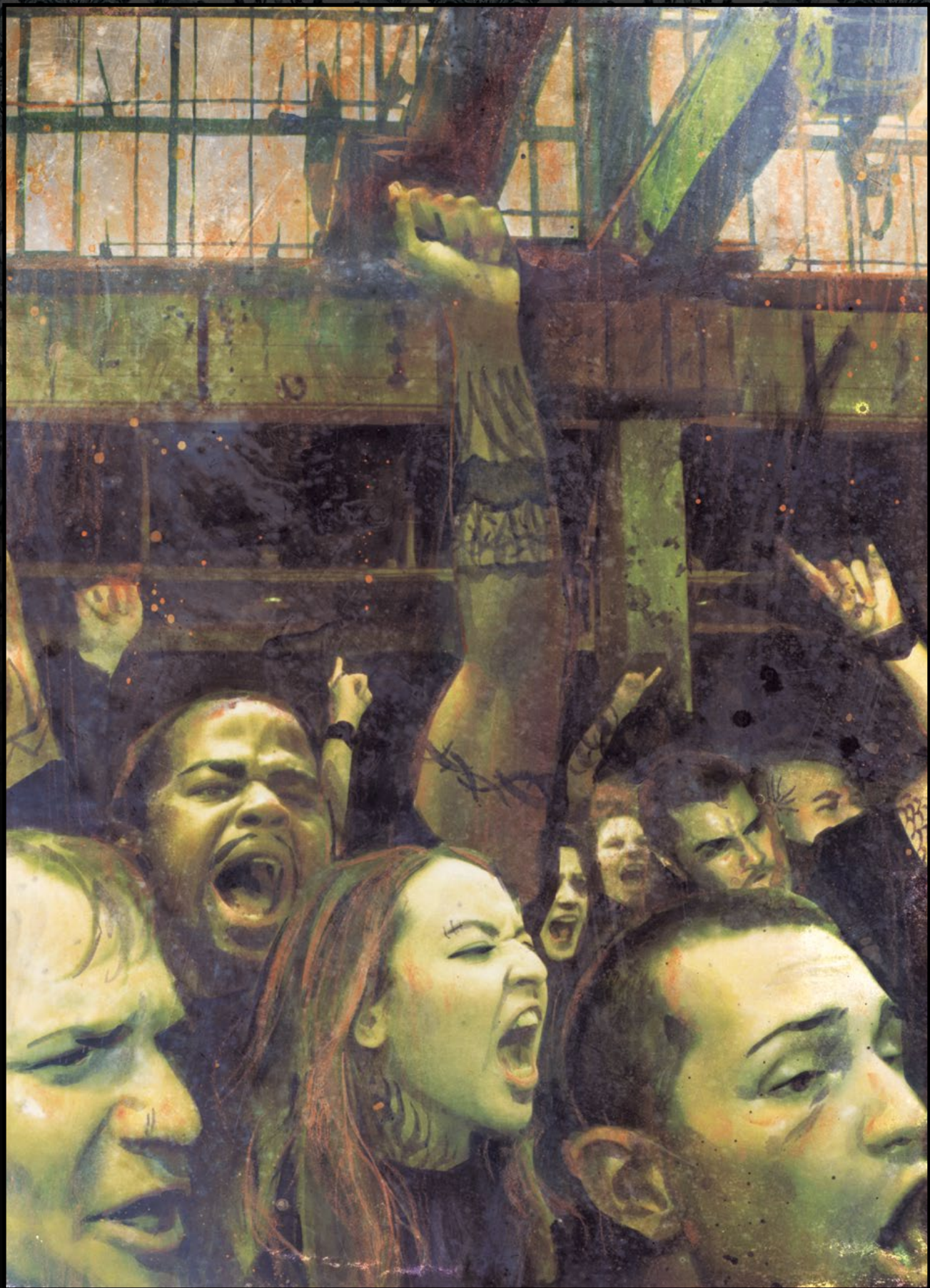
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Introduction

Societies in decline have no use for visionaries.

– Anaïs Nin

Embraced into the War of Ages, the Anarchs are those vampires with the bottle to take what's theirs, or at least to raise the issue of the Jyhad's inequity in the halls of the Princes, Archbishops, and other tyrants who build personal empires on the backs of their subjects.

Filthy to the last, the Anarchs are a truculent rabble who fail to understand that power equals privilege among the Damned, and their ceaseless agitation to be given what they haven't earned makes them an adolescent blight upon otherwise stable domains.

The Anarchs are cagey guerrillas in a conflict they inherited from those who dragged them into damnation, but they retain the wits to turn the tools of the modern world against elders still dancing to a symphony centuries dead. Computers, subcultures, and wars of ideas are the weapons of the modern Anarch, because the other sects are too stupid to realize their potential.

The Anarchs have respect neither for tradition nor the Traditions, and they exult in the vulgar fads and fashions of the kine, keeping the company of mortals and using their technological toys to cheapen the long and distinguished history of the race of Caine. They are charlatans and demagogues, peddling a cheap philosophy of equality when the very nature of the Blood demonstrates the falsity of their wishes.

The Anarchs are all of these things and more, forcing a reluctant and venerable aristocracy kicking and screaming into a modern context. Anarchs thrill to the paradoxes of their condition, because they are the agents of change. Theirs is a glorious history of throwing off the shackles of oppression, and likewise is theirs an ignominious litany of squandered potential and auctioned-off principle. As revolutionaries and gangbangers, criminals and crusaders, the Anarchs are ultimately what they want to be—individually or collectively.

Theme and Mood

The theme of **Anarchs Unbound** is the hypocrisy of change. Among the society of the Damned, affairs remain static, and the presence of the Anarchs challenges the power of tradition. Up until the Anarch Revolt, the existing gerontocracy worked fine—for the Kindred power players who benefited from it. But then these young vampires got the notion to make a stand for their own rights, and they've challenged the time-honored pillars of Kindred society every night since. When those rebellions occur, the result is often the replacement of one tyrant with another, throwing down a hated Prince or Archbishop and replacing her with a Baron whose ways are equally autocratic, but without the sanction or oversight of the Camarilla or Sabbat. Certainly, some domains that uphold

the true ideals of the Anarch Revolt – egalitarianism, a reasonable opportunity for every Kindred to make his way and stake a claim to domain – but these are the exception rather than the rule. All too often the Movement eats its childer or watches them as they compromise their ideals for privilege. It seems to be endemic to the Kindred condition.

Anticipation and suspicion are the bywords of the Anarch experience, and thus its most prevalent moods. The Anarchs are ever on the verge of achieving their next change. Even in their own domains, stasis equals the peril of becoming like the Camarilla (or perhaps like the other sects, in less frequent circumstances). Anarch coups are like the French Revolution – they ignite at a key event or time and then continue becoming more and more radical until some reaction among the Anarchs stabilizes the chaos. And of course, Anarchs who are agents of this order garner the suspicion of their still-radical peers for wanting to establish that order, because order is the Enemy, the construct of the corrupt powers the Anarchs overthrow. Anarchs are the ultimate political opportunists, championing the “purity” of whatever suits them best and despising the tyranny of anyone other than themselves.

How to Use this Book

Anarchs Unbound is a resource for both players and Storytellers. It contains background information and setting details for those who wish to create and portray these turbulent revolutionaries in their troupe’s chronicles. It also contains secrets, advice, plot seeds, and cultural observations for Storytellers who wish to set their stories or whole chronicles in Anarch domains, or to use them as allies or antagonists in the eternal Jihad.

Chapter One examines the history of the Anarchs, from their birth amid the hallowed diableries of centuries long past to the constant change of the modern nights.

Chapter Two looks at how Anarch domains function and the internal politics and external conflicts that characterize them.

Chapter Three explores how Anarchs destabilize the domains of their rivals, with the intention of eventually bringing those domains under praxis of the Movement.

Chapter Four details customization options for Anarch characters, including new Backgrounds that capitalize on the strengths of the Movement.

Chapter Five presents a host of new Disciplines and powers that, while not the sole purview of the Anarchs, take advantage of Anarch ideology and their propensity to share survival tricks, including some unorthodox uses of Tremere blood magic.

Chapter Six offers a host of ideas to Storytellers looking to give a distinctly Anarch flavor to their chronicles, from story elements to new game systems.

The **Appendices** present additional useful information, including Storyteller characters who might make an appearance in a chronicle and historical documents that helped forge the Anarchs into the sect they are tonight.

Glossary

Baron: A leader of an Anarch domain who exercises more or less absolute power, whether officially or by common acknowledgment.

Chancellor: Executive of a parliamentary democracy, usually chosen by the prevailing faction in the latest election. Similar to a mortal prime minister, though a domain may have multiple Chancellors. (Not to be confused with the Camarilla Chancellor, who makes official record of boons.)

Compact: A randomly chosen group of citizens who stand collective surety for each other in civic matters. This system is most often used in domains with a weak central law enforcement, or in those where leaders are trying to integrate rival clans, factions, age groups, etc. Also called *frankpledge*, *cumann*, *circle*, *posse*, *krew*.

Free State: An inconsistently applied term, “Free State” in general simply implies an Anarch domain. Depending upon the user, it may also indicate an Anarch domain without a Baron, the Anarch Free State of California, or the sum of every Anarch domain worldwide. The term’s lack of specificity attests to the decentralized nature of the Movement itself, and is the source of no little consternation to many Kindred.

La Libertad: A domain’s anniversary celebration. In most of California, these are held on Cinco de Mayo, but in other places may correspond to the date of the local revolution. In free states, Baronies, and communes, a swearing-in of new citizens is often part of the festivities, and rewards for brave exploits may be doled out as well.

Legate: An agent of a powerful Anarch domain, especially those of the major cities in California, sent openly or secretly to allied domains to serve as liaison, spy and strongarm. The less polite term is *Cheka*, after Lenin’s secret police.

Molotov: A traveling *agent provocateur* for hire, employed by some Anarch domains to harass neighboring Camarilla or Sabbat domains into negotiations while denying responsibility for the upheavals.

President: Head of the executive branch of a democracy in which there’s strict separation of powers between executive branch and legislators.

Reeve: A head of law enforcement, loosely equivalent to the Camarilla Sheriff, except that in democratic Anarch domains her powers are far less summary, and she must seek warrants or permits for searches, seizures and arrests.

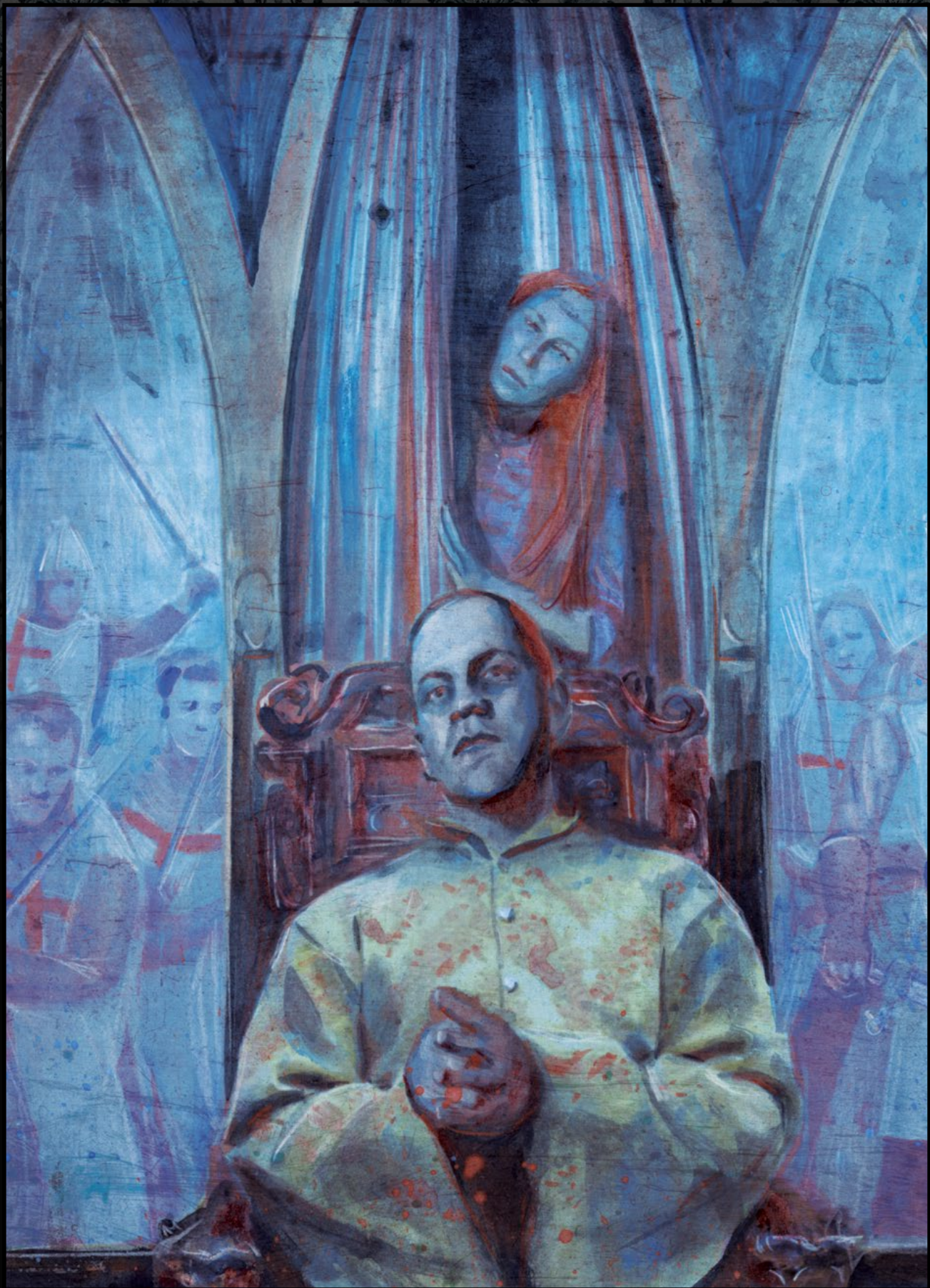
Rule of Law: A core tenet of most Anarch domains, though not mentioned in the Status Perfectus – the idea that even a domain’s ruling figures are subordinate to the law, which itself is validated by popular consent.

Sweeper: A Kindred charged with scouring a domain to find new arrivals and inform the leadership of their presence. Often ill-regarded.

Old Volunteer: A term of respect for one who’s distinguished himself in a revolt or a war with the sects. In martially minded or Sabbat-influenced domains they may form an additional (or only) voting body.

Warlord: Usually simply refers to a domain’s top military strategist, but there are also domains where different leaders serve in wartime and peacetime, and in those domains the former is called *warlord* while the latter is called *the old man/old woman*. (They may also be called “red chiefs” and “white chiefs,” respectively, in imitation of old Cherokee government.)





Chapter One: The History of the Anarch Movement

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

This is the way the world ends

Not with a bang but a whimper.

– T.S. Eliot

With the benefit and clarity of hindsight, elders across the world have often wondered if they could have possibly prevented the Anarch Revolt from taking place. The unpalatable truth is that the revolution was the climax of a series of events that had been set in motion centuries before the night that caught the Old World ablaze. No single moment, were it undone, would have changed the course of history. The revolt played out upon a stage doused in oil, its floorboards resting upon barrels of gunpowder, waiting for a single spark to set the whole thing alight. If the Elders had extinguished just one spark, it would only be a matter of time until another would have brought about the same result.

And So It Begins...

The foundations of the Anarch Revolt were laid on the night the pillars of Carthage fell. The Ventrue of Rome looked across the waters to the Brujah of Carthage and suspiciously regarded their attempts at co-existence with the Kine. Suspicion turned to hatred when the Ventrue realized it would never be theirs. So they destroyed the city believing that if they could not have it, no one should. The lies they spun to hide the truth later became the basis for the Masquerade

itself. The thunder of oppression echoed across the night sky, and can still be heard by Brujah the world over.

By the 14th century, after centuries of the elders building their empires at the expense of the young, the stage was set and the curtain finally rose. The players assembled, and first to enter was Pope Gregory IX, father of the Inquisition. Charged with rooting out and destroying heresy, the Inquisition was formed of ecclesiastical judges who roamed the Old World backed by Papal authority. Amid their crusade, a threat unlike any Cainite had ever before seen emerged: the Society of Leopold. These Inquisitors dared to strike directly at the creatures of darkness and endeavored to purge the world of the Cainite infestation. Heretofore, it was unimaginable to many elders that the Kine could ever become such a threat.

Europe had only recently been devastated by the most destructive pestilence the world had ever seen – the Black Death – that had threatened to wipe out the Cainites by destroying their herds. While the population recovered and mortal society rebuilt itself, the Inquisition unleashed this new wave of terror upon the Cainites. Some Elders hid securely within their domains, leaving their childer to be slaughtered, while others actively threw their fledglings into the fires of the Society of Leopold to save themselves. In order to preserve the power and security of the elders, the ends justified the means.

As events unfolded, the words of the Toreador Rafael de Corazon echoed across European domains, calling upon Cainites to rally behind the banner of the Masquerade. Another voice sounded amid the rising chorus: the Ventrue Hardestadt, who called for the formation of a new society to be called the Camarilla. He asserted that the unity and strength this Camarilla offered were the only defense by which the Cainites would survive the Inquisition's purges. Through its Traditions, enforced by an Inner Circle of elders and interpreted by the Princes of its domains, they would all weather the storm.

More than one defiant "Kindred" saw the Camarilla and the Masquerade as tools for the elders to solidify their control at the neonates' expense, and many made a stand. The Brujah Galaric spoke his mind in opposition to the tyranny he believed the elders proposed, opening the old wounds of Carthage. Hardestadt ordered the assassination of Galaric to silence the firebrand, but the Brujah's child escaped and word of his martyrdom soon reached the ears of Patricia of Bolingbroke.

Patricia was a neonate who had led attacks against the English monarchy who embodied everything she despised, until she realized that such action could never topple the entire feudal system. She then fled to Spain, where she witnessed firsthand elders sacrificing their childer to the fires of the Inquisition. The assassination of Galaric spurred her into action. Alongside neonates left to meet the flames of the Society of Leopold by their Elders, Patricia stormed Hardestadt's castle.

The Ventrue had nowhere to hide, so surprised was he at the audacity of these wretched whelps. The toll of centuries — millennia! — of inequality came due in the

moment Patricia diablerized the architect of the Camarilla. This was the spark that ignited the powder keg, and fire lit up the night across Spain. Soon all of Europe would see what had happened. The revolt had begun.

The Anarch Revolt

Accounts of the events unfolding spread across Spain with worrying swiftness like a contagion. In the wake of Hardestadt's fall, a growing number of neonates raised their fists skyward, enraged by the murder of Galaric and determined to show their support for this burgeoning movement of those who would cast down the old tyrannies. They turned their anger on the elders and began the bloodbath to end their oppression and to take power for themselves. If one neonate could diablerize an elder, why couldn't others? No longer would they be the stepping stones on an elders' road to power or the instruments of a liege's success. They were Cainites, as were the elders, capable of the same ambitions, regardless of age. They had an equal claim to power and the right to do as they willed: the right of the Blood.

This revolt of the anarchic youth soon became a war of attrition. The unorganized fledglings fought with more zeal than strategy against the much more experienced elders and their innumerable minions. Bitter conflict consumed

the 15th century, and word traveled beyond Spain to the rest of Europe. Vampires across Europe watched the plight of the Spanish neonates and drew parallels with their own existence under their own elders. Princes, following tried and tested ways, did what came naturally to



them—they tightened their grip on their subjects to prevent them from rebelling. Individually, many domains stood as firm as Ivory Towers. Within those domains, though, many neonates felt a solidarity with the Kindred in Spain.

The elders of Clan Lasombra were no exception in their response. One, though, Gratiano de Veronese, took a different course. Reputedly the last childe of the Lasombra Antediluvian, he saw a chance to turn this popular movement toward his own ends. In secret, he gave the Anarchs the leadership and support they lacked. His contributions were many: He organized them into cohesive groups across Spain, he established lines of communication to coordinate their efforts and spread the message of rebellion, and, most importantly, he travelled to the Balkans to secure the allegiance of the Assamite clan to aid the Anarch cause. The Assamites had long been moving across Europe one diablerie at a time in their spiritual quest to find their progenitor's wisdom. Through the deal with Gratiano's Anarchs, the Assamites earned the muscle of the rebellion and could call upon the master assassins. Both sides stood to benefit, and together they fought against the elders in Spain.

A half-century later, the revolt erupted in Italy as the Lasombra, led by Gratiano, rallied against their elders. Together with forces from the Brujah and the Assamites, Gratiano and the Lasombra fought their way to Sicily. Here, they broke the morale of the Lasombra elders by cutting the head from the snake itself: They followed the example of Patricia of Bollingbroke and diablerized the Lasombra Antediluvian.

At the same time, in Eastern Europe, the Tzimisce faced enemies from multiple directions. Their ancestral homelands were threatened from the west by Germany and the east by the Mongols, while the clan itself was losing the battle to fend off the growing influence of the Tremere. Many elder Fiends, to their undoing, responded as other European elders had done when faced by the Inquisition: they hid and left their childer to die in their stead. As the slaughter grew, two Tzimisce neonates, Velya and Lugo, made a monumental discovery: a ritual that could break blood bonds and unify those who partook in it. They called this ritual the *Vaulderie*, and the ties of comradeship it formed were known as *Vincula*. As word and practice of this ritual spread, young Fiends across Eastern Europe, no longer shackled by blood-bonds, took revenge against their former masters. While few had any sympathy for the Anarch Revolt proper, their timing would prove fortuitous.

Indeed, despite the *Vaulderie* being able to bring them together, many of the young Fiends acted alone. As insular as their Elders, they preferred to savor this vicious betrayal on their own terms. This predisposition later put them at

odds with many of their eventual Anarch brethren, who acted together rather than alone. Distrust of the Fiends would fester as a significant number of surviving Tzimisce elders decided to join with the Anarchs—not to support their cause, but to save themselves.

In the closing decades of the 15th century, the young Fiends finally struck down their Antediluvian. Even with this great blow dealt against their oppressors, they still found their mortal and Cainite enemies closing in from all sides. With few options remaining, the Anarch Tzimisce headed toward Central and Western Europe to join their new brethren. After sharing the *Vaulderie*, the small pockets of Anarch resistance outside of Spain and Italy erupted into all-out war.

The unbound Anarchs saw all Cainites as either loyal to their nascent movement or to the elders. Such black-or-white perspective left no nuances for the *Jyhad*. The fighting escalated at an alarming rate. As the disorganized, uncontrolled conflict raged, mortals were soon caught in the crossfire, which earned the attention of the Society of Leopold.

History repeated itself. The elders retreated to their remote havens or sank into torpor, leaving the Anarchs exposed, and the Inquisition struck down all they found without mercy. While the Anarchs tried to forestall their impending doom, a Ventrue many thought had long since turned to dust returned: Hardestadt (or at least someone bearing his name). This time, amid the carnage of the Anarch Revolt and the fires of the renewed Inquisition, his calls for the formation of a unifying Kindred organization were met with more receptive ears. In Vienna, his campaigning succeeded and the leaders of the major European clans came together to form the Inner Circle. Together, they vowed to crush the Anarch Movement forever. The *Camarilla* was born.

After seven years of extermination by the Inquisition and the organized retaliation of the unified *Camarilla*, Hardestadt chose to formally undertake peace talks with the nominal leaders of the Anarch Movement. In 1493, the Anarch leaders travelled to Hampshire, England, to the Abbey of the Sacred Crown in the small village of Thorns, near Silchester. They came here fully aware of the cries of their brethren across Europe that many would rather fight to the death rather than return to subjugation, but rationally knew it was better to negotiate while they had some power left rather than later when they had none at all.

The peace talk that the Convention of Thorns offered was little more than a statement of surrender. By its terms, the Anarchs would submit themselves to elders' authority under amnesty granted by the *Camarilla*, while the Assamites, for their part in the revolt, would be cursed by the Tremere in order to prevent a resurgence of their

wave of diablerie. Despite the invitation to join under the banner of the Camarilla, the Assamites maintained their independence. It was the reaction of the Lasombra, however, that shaped the course of things to come.

The Lasombra wanted negotiation, not surrender. Betrayed by the submission of their Anarch fellows, they declared undying war against the Camarilla and everything it stood for, burning Silchester to the ground as they departed in disgust. Many Tzimsice followed them. Fifty years later, supported by a growing number in the clans across Europe, they emerged from the shadows as what the Children of Caine now know as the Sabbat.

Once signed, the Convention of Thorns brought a tense peace to Europe. Slowly, the fires of the Inquisition waned and vanished to whence they had come. While the Camarilla established a social policy similar to what had existed before the Revolt, a lasting victory had been made that could never be undone. The destruction of two Antediluvians and countless elders taught those who survived that the old ways of the Jyhad were not inviolate, and could no longer suffice. No more could the elders trample the young without reprisal...

...unless they did it very carefully.

Toward the New World

The 16th century held much appeal for the maturing Anarch perspective. Before the colonization of the New World, only a handful of Anarchs had the vision to leave Europe and settle in territories untouched by the Camarilla. With tales of pirate activities along the African coast and across the Caribbean circulating in such publications as “A General History of the Pyrates” it wasn’t long before these Anarchs saw potential in piracy.

A small number of Lasombra *antitribu* Anarchs were inspired by the tales of Libertatia, a settlement where pirates and freed African slaves lived in an anarchist state. The assumed division of power had been eradicated and all were equal in the territory they had claimed and developed for themselves on the edge of Africa. The Lasombra *antitribu*, with their affinity for the sea, sailed toward Africa in the hope of establishing their own Cainite Libertatia. They settled in Mombasa where they seized praxis of the domain and cultivated the herd on their own terms. The city remains an Anarch domain in the modern nights despite its presence in the territory of the insular *laibon* vampires of that continent, and piracy is ever-present on

the East African coast. The success of these *antitribu* has underpinned much of the animosity between the Lasombra of the Sabbat and the wider Anarch Movement.

A few Anarchs also set sail with pirate crews toward the West Indies, where they believed they could claim praxis over pirate ports and establish their own territories. Conflict with the Sabbat followed as the Sword of Caine passed through the region on its way to Central America (which would become the center of its New World empire. Pressured by the growing influence of the Followers of Set in Haiti, Anarch presence in the area faded as they, emigrated toward the eastern and southern coasts of the Americas. Today few Anarch domains – with exceedingly powerful figureheads who affect Old World titles – still dot the Caribbean region.

In the eyes of the Camarilla, the New World was of secondary concern to Europe, its traditional stronghold. The Americas often served as a convenient dumping ground to which undesirable Kindred could be exiled. Many Anarchs subject to blood hunts took the opportunity to relocate to the New World. Here, there was no Camarilla, only the rulership that they seized for themselves. Many of the Anarchs who sailed west were elders of the Movement who had fought in the Revolt two hundred years before. In the Americas, they could truly achieve the sovereignty they had desired for so long.

As colonization of the New World intensified, more Anarch elders deserted Europe, leaving their younger brethren to fill the void they left behind. These neonates were left leaderless and in disarray for decades. Many turned their back on the ideals of the Anarch Movement and returned to the stifling stability of the Camarilla as the momentum faltered. Others focused their rage against the Ivory Tower and joined the Sword of Caine, whose Cainites they believed were the only ones who could make a difference now. It wasn’t until the French Revolution that these wayward Anarchs saw a sign.

Almost as if setting the stage, the Anarchs in America took front-row seats as the War of Independence began. Indeed, many prominent Anarchs established their reputations during this era. Among them was Smiling Jack, a Brujah Iconoclast who rejected the influence of the Old World upon the New and aided the American revolutionaries in their bid for independence. A former buccaneer Embraced by one of the early Anarch explorers of the Caribbean during the 17th century, Jack believed that if the New World maintained its ties to the Old, the Camarilla would eventually extend its influence Traditions to the Americas. Ultimately, his prediction was accurate and the War of Independence didn’t prevent it. Nevertheless, it did inspire events in France that strengthened the Movement there.

Class tension grew in France. The commoners hated the *Ancien Régime*, and when word spread of the American Revolution, they soon followed the example of their New World cousins. The French Revolution began in July of 1789, touched off by the storming of the Bastille prison. With the downfall of the aristocracy and mortal power structures, the Camarilla that had become so entrenched within them suffered significant damage to its influence in France.

The Anarchs saw their chance. Inspired by a weakened Camarilla, they aided the revolutionaries by directing them toward aristocratic Camarilla pawns, who promptly met Madame Guillotine. Furthermore, the Anarchs used their influence across Europe to spread supportive propaganda among the kine in the hope of exporting mortal revolution to other countries. Hope of success proved false, however. The mortals' replacement system of government grew to be just as corrupt as the aristocracy, allowing the Camarilla's influence to grow again. Some Kindred even made the transition from pre-Revolution aristocracy to post-Revolution aristocracy, as embodied by Prince Francois Villon. However, Kindred across Europe saw that moment of weakness and did not forget.

In the years that followed, both the Camarilla and the Sabbat expanded to America and systematically claimed territory on the East Coast. Anarchs – both individually and collectively – put up minimal resistance. They had no desire to begin an open conflict when the world had suddenly become so much larger. Many Anarchs headed west toward land as yet unclaimed while others moved to Canada, where pioneering mortals were establishing truly independent settlements. On the east Canadian coast, Anarchs established or seized control of numerous port domains, allowing the Anarch migration from Europe to continue without having to pass through American Camarilla territories

Significant numbers of Anarchs also moved south, toward Central and South America. They hoped that the warring sects would focus their attention solely on North America, and give the Anarchs time to set up more secure territories here. Ironically, it was their exodus that drew the interests of the Camarilla, and in turn the Sabbat, leading the Jyhad to fowl South America.

The Anarchs who remained in the United States found the other sects expanding in the east and eventually pushing further and further westward. Forging ahead into a Lupine-infested wilderness untouched by European civilization was a daunting and terrifying prospect. While their desire for autonomy drove them onward, the Anarch pioneers still needed blood. The extensive mortal herd they depended on did not yet exist in the unsettled West.

Several Anarchs took it upon themselves to expedite pioneer expansion. They exploited a growing belief in Manifest Destiny and rode in the wake of the Gold Rush. The boomtowns of the Old West became hunting grounds integral to wider Anarch territories. When these Anarchs ruthlessly pushed further westward at the cost of the indigenous population, it bred resentment amongst their more moral brethren. The Anarchs' freedom depended on the subjugation of these people to mercilessly expand western civilization in order to feed the growing Kindred population. However, it didn't stop these concerned Anarchs from feeding from the same herd, too.

Capitalizing on the newly obtained wealth of the kine under their control, some Anarchs even bankrolled the railroads to further stimulate migration from the east. Ironically, it was this very same infrastructure that the Camarilla used to expand into the west, displacing the Anarchs once again.

Eventually, the Anarchs reached the Pacific Ocean and the Camarilla followed them. Only a handful of Anarchs tried to cross the great expanse of the Pacific. All promptly returned and discouraged any attempt to head to the Far East. While they didn't speak in much detail of what they found there, they made it clear that the East was a land that was already claimed by "others" and that Kindred were not welcome there.

By the middle of the 19th century, the Anarchs had pushed as far west as they physically could. The expansion of settlement by Europeans that they themselves had contributed to in order to escape the Camarilla led to their being segregated into isolated domains. Thus, Anarchs on the West Coast finally came to rest in what would eventually become known as Los Angeles.

The Second Revolt (1900-1990)

The 20th Century was a time of remarkable transition for the Anarchs. The sun finally showed signs of setting on the British Empire. America grew from Britain's truculent cousin into the most powerful nation in the world. Monarchy and aristocracy ceased to have any meaning save in the most backwater corners of the planet, even as unrestrained capitalism bred an entirely new form of ruler – the "self-made millionaire" – which granted most of the benefits of aristocracy to anyone with the wit and resources to claim them. But even as capitalism swept the globe, it also gave birth to its own worst enemies as Marxist revolutions toppled governments and provoked



panicked responses in the halls of power. As always, the Kindred shaped these events from the shadows, even as they were shaped by them in return.

The Rise of Soviet Vampirism

The Russian Revolution of 1917, like most revolutions, almost immediately turned into a bloody civil war. Casualties on both sides of the conflict between the Red Bolsheviks and every Russian who opposed them numbered in the millions, with Tsar Nicholas and his family merely the most famous victims. By the time the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was officially named, the Romanov dynasty and the hereditary nobility that had supported it since the 17th century had been swept away. The few Russian nobles to survive fled westward, to France, Britain, and beyond, for the most part to die in obscurity. Tonight, the non-claimant heir to the Tsar's throne is over 90 and lists "insurance company executive" on his resume.

For the Russian Kindred, the Revolution actually started in 1900. Long after the rest of Europe had embraced modernization and made at least a pretense of trying to create a functional middle class, Russian gentry still held their peasants in a state of deliberate ignorance and deprivation through official state policies. By happy

coincidence, these policies also fulfilled the desire of comfort-dulled vampires for massive herds that required neither maintenance nor discretion. The Tsarist Kindred, a loose confederation of Ventrue, Toreador, and Old Clan Tzimisce, were insular, arrogant, and imperious, and they generally showed little but disdain for the other clans that weren't part of their courtly society.

The First World War greatly weakened the Tsar's hold over his subjects, and the power of the Tsarist Kindred alliance diminished with it. A sizeable coterie of Brujah ancillae enamored of the theories of Karl Marx had infiltrated Russian society just after the turn of the century, and as the Great War began, these insurgents paved the way for later mortal revolutionaries such as Lenin, Trotsky, Kerinsky, Kropotkin and many others, first by helping to smuggle many of them back into the country after long exiles and then by covertly providing financial, logistical, and supernatural aid to their various revolutionary movements. The Brujah's plans for revolution were well-conceived and almost flawlessly executed, while the response of the Tsarist Kindred was weak, vacillating, and crippled by internal dissension. The revolutionaries spent years identifying the feeding restrictions of several of the most important Ventrue nobles, and when the revolt

began in earnest, they were able to deprive these elders of their vitae sources. They were also able to locate the resting places of many Russian Tzimisce and steal away the soil upon which they depended for sleep.

Within a few years, almost the entire ruling establishment of pre-revolutionary Russian Kindred had either met Final Death or else been forced to flee. Soon, Russia was only one state within the larger USSR, an emerging global power under the dictatorship of Joseph Stalin, the first of several autocrats whose brutality served the Brujah Council's aims. The Brujah never directly controlled Stalin or his successors (or at least not to the very end). However, their devotion to Leninist-Marxist theory left them convinced that Soviet autocracy would eventually evolve on its own into a perfect socialist state, and they were loath to interfere in this "natural evolution," even as Stalin's policies led to the deaths of millions and Kruschev's brought the world to the brink of nuclear Armageddon.

The Council never formally identified itself as an Anarch enterprise and both its brutal authoritarianism and its quiet bigotry against non-Brujah were certainly inconsistent with the mainstream Movement's ideals. But so far as the Camarilla was concerned, the Soviet Union and its satellite states were Anarch Free States in everything but name. The defining characteristic of Soviet-style Kindred politics was a total rejection of the traditional, neo-feudalist "Prince of the City" model in favor of a national "rule by coterie" government that had never been seen before and that was, as far as the Camarilla Princes were concerned, utterly terrifying. For its own part, the Brujah Council certainly considered itself ideologically allied with the Anarch Movement and would spend the next seven decades seeking to export Marxist revolution around the globe, as much to distract the Camarilla from attacking Mother Russia itself as to spread its own revolutionary dreams. For the Kindred, the Cold War that marred the 20th century was simply one more front in the War of Ages.

For most of the USSR's existence, the Camarilla was not privy to the inner deliberations of the Brujah Council. However, Kremlinologists among the Camarilla know something happened to the Council during the 1980's. While the Council had permitted Leonid Brezhnev to rule for nearly twenty years, his successors, Andropov and Chernenko, were each quickly removed (possibly, some speculate, by direct Brujah intervention). In 1985, Mikhail Gorbachev took charge and immediately initiated a number of economic and democratic reforms. Simultaneously, the Camarilla unexpectedly received word from the Council that it wished to discuss a possible "normalization" of their relations. While the Council expressed no interest in formally rejoining the

Camarilla, it was very interested in establishing some type of alliance against unspecified mutual threats.

Then, in 1990, all communication with the Brujah Council abruptly and completely stopped. Every effort to communicate with the Brujah leadership failed. Within weeks, any attempt to communicate with *any* Kindred anywhere in Russia was equally unsuccessful. By the end of the year, Clan Tremere reported to the Inner Council that all of its supernatural mechanisms for spying on the USSR had been rendered inoperative. Simultaneously, and with a speed that stunned Western observers, the entire Soviet Union and the network of satellite states that surrounded it simply collapsed. Within the space of a few years they simply turned their backs on communism and adopted Western-style free market principles and nominally democratic political systems.

In the summer of 1991, the Camarilla sent in the first investigative team of archons to find out just what the hell had happened. Within hours of their arrival, all contact had ceased and no team member was ever heard from again. The same fate befell the second, third and fourth investigative teams, the last of which included a former Justicar. Since then, the Camarilla has given up on finding out what is happening in Russia and is reduced to hoping that whatever is responsible doesn't spread. Thus far, it has not, nor has it initiated any sort of hostile action or indeed any communications at all with the West. Tonight, the Camarilla ignores Russia and hopes for the best.

While the destroyer of the Brujah Council does not appear to be a threat to the Camarilla, it has been devastating to the Anarchs. The Soviet Union had been quietly supporting Anarch-based revolutionary activities around the world for over 70 years. Throughout the 1990's, the Anarchs in South and Central America and in Africa suffered serious losses due to lack of financial and materiel support. Luckily, in the 21st century, help of a very different sort would arrive.

The L.A. Revolts and the Anarch Free States

Even as the Brujah Council's Soviet experiment was rising to become a world power, a much less structured and refined revolt was taking shape on the opposite side of the globe. Since the turn of the century, Anarchs, autarkis and other outcast Kindred had swelled the population of Southern California to a dangerous, Masquerade-threatening level. The largest metropolis of the region, Los Angeles, was a Camarilla domain that had been ruled by Don Sebastian Juan Dominguez for nearly a century.

Don Sebastian's origins were somewhat mysterious, but he was unquestionably a powerful Kindred – a Toreador of good breeding and relatively potent generation and quick-witted enough to best any immediate challengers to his claim of praxis over Los Angeles. That said, Don Sebastian was strangely ignorant in many facets of Kindred existence and history for someone of such pedigree, and many observers have speculated over the years that he was the fairly recent Embrace of some much more powerful elder who likely ruled behind the scenes as a puppetmaster. If that is the case, this mysterious elder never deigned to reveal herself either during Don Sebastian's reign or in the decades since.

For his part, Don Sebastian might have had good breeding and powerful blood, but he was otherwise an unspectacular choice for Prince of a city as influential as Los Angeles would become. He was competent at maintaining the Traditions, especially the Masquerade, but usually only after the fact. That is, his council of supporters was quite efficient at managing a Masquerade breach after it had already occurred, but he seemed incapable of heading them off before they became an issue. Worse, he often *created* Masquerade breaches through his own decadent conduct. He habitually fed in public restaurants, and his legendary Hollywood parties sometimes resulted in terrified starlets being chased down Hollywood Boulevard by a pack of nude vampires baying for their blood. No few Harpies speculated that these unpleasanties happened because some cruel Setite introduced Sebastian to the pleasures of vitae taken from vessels on a cocaine binge. Others believe that he discovered that pleasure on his own.

Even worse for the domain than Sebastian's lax governance was his generally cruel and despotic nature. Among other character flaws, Don Sebastian was openly contemptuous of practically anyone who wasn't a pure-blooded Spaniard of noble descent – which, by the 1930's, meant almost everyone around him. He also fancied himself an "artiste of punishment" and seemed to believe that his creative justice levied against those who displeased him represented some sort of artistic endeavor worthy of respect.

Enter MacNeil

It was against this backdrop that Jeremy MacNeil, a 300-year-old Scottish Brujah, arrived in town. A more complicated man than his history would suggest, MacNeil's defining characteristic was his support for the underdog (or, at least, any person or faction which he had paternalistically identified as "the underdog"). He was not necessarily opposed to the Camarilla, but he did believe that an unspoken Tradition was that the Prince was obligated to

maintain some fundamental system of justice for younger Licks who may have been bullied and abused by those who were more powerful. In May of 1943, MacNeil petitioned Don Sebastian for an audience and asked for justice on behalf of a group of black and Hispanic Anarchs who had been assaulted by a coterie of violent Toreador for no reason save racial animosity. What happened next would change the course of Anarch history.

Tales spread by the Anarchs of L.A. say that Don Sebastian mocked MacNeil for his clan, his ancestry, his sect status and his inferior blood before ordering his ghouls to beat MacNeil senseless. All of that is true except for the last, a lie spread by MacNeil himself to avoid personal embarrassment. In truth, none of Don Sebastian's ghouls laid a finger on MacNeil. None of them could have possibly hurt the powerful Brujah even if they'd tried. Instead, Don Sebastian used his crushingly powerful Dominate and Majesty to force MacNeil to abase himself for the amusement of the Prince and his courtiers and then to bash his own face against the stone floor until it was a bloody mess. Only then, after MacNeil had nearly beaten himself into torpor, did the Prince's ghouls drag him from the room of jeering Camarilla vampires and deposit him – naked, beaten, and humiliated – in a dumpster behind an abandoned building only minutes before sunrise. MacNeil had just enough strength pull the lid shut himself and then spend the next day covered in stinking filth.

The next night, MacNeil made his way to the haven of his ally, Salvador Garcia, another Brujah and a veteran of the Spanish Civil War, to whom he related only that the Prince had ordered him beaten for challenging the Prince's authority. While Garcia and others immediately demanded retribution, MacNeil, in a supreme act of willpower, suppressed his Brujah nature and counseled patience. He spread word among the Anarchs that this would be an opportunity for the Primogen to stand up to the Prince and show whether or not the Camarilla was worthy of support. And when, as he predicted, the Primogen backed the Prince (fearful as they were of his power), the majority of L.A.'s Kindred rallied to the Anarch cause. The Anarchs spent months identifying the havens of the Primogen members and of other prominent Kindred known to still support the Prince. When the time was right, the Anarchs deliberately provoked several riots among the mortal population, in some cases by firing up mortal allies in the nascent civil rights movement and in others by staging incidents intended cause police crackdowns on those very same civil rights protesters. The Anarchs used these riots as cover for targeted assaults against the Prince and all of his allies in the city. Salvador Garcia himself slew the Prince after a heated battle – or so Garcia would claim,

though some found inconsistencies in his account. Most of the city's other elders either died or fled, and within a week, the Anarchs, almost miraculously, had claimed praxis over a major city of their own.

The Birth of the Anarch Free States

Perhaps the most amazing thing about the Anarch Revolt of 1943 is not the fact that it happened or even that it succeeded, but rather that it continued. None of the Princes with domains near L.A. were particularly surprised that Don Sebastian would finally go too far and pay the ultimate price, but neither were any of them prepared when the Anarchs in their own cities rose up, without regard to how lenient or harsh the Prince had been in the past. With astounding speed, every Anarch on the West Coast seemed to know the story of Jeremy MacNeil's cruel mistreatment at the hands of the tyrant Don Sebastian. Everyone seemed to know about the heroism of dashing Salvador. Everyone seemed to know that *a Camarilla Prince could be brought down*. And everywhere, Anarchs seemed bent on repeating the feat. Within a year, revolts had broken out in every Camarilla city on the West Coast, and within two years, every city from San Diego to San Jose had fallen to the Anarchs. Only the Prince of San Francisco was strong enough and, more importantly as it turned out, well-liked enough by his own subjects to hold the Anarch surge at bay.

Having taken the Revolt as far as they could, MacNeil and his allies ceased their expansion and took time to regroup and retrench in anticipation of an overwhelming Camarilla response that never came. At the time, Europe was a shambles. The Ventrue Princes of London, Berlin, Rome, and Marseilles were all missing. The Soviet Army had extended the influence of the Russian Brujah as far west as Berlin. The Camarilla was desperate to conceal the horrific Masquerade breaches that Kindred affiliated with the Third Reich had committed in Nazi concentration camps. Compared to all that, the loss of a few cities on the American West Coast was a minor embarrassment to be addressed later. Only the Nosferatu Justicar Petrodon considered the California Revolts to be a pressing concern, and he was outvoted by his peers. To the amazement of MacNeil and his Anarchs, it would be nearly two decades before the Camarilla would make a serious attempt to "realign" the Free States. It was time the Anarchs would spend well.

MacNeil's first act was to emphatically state that under no circumstances would he become the new Prince. Instead, he summoned the most prominent Anarchs of the city to form an ad hoc Revolutionary Council that quickly established mechanisms for preserving the Masquerade and also made plans to defend L.A. against

possible counter-revolution (whether by the Camarilla or the Sabbat). MacNeil also put forth a declaration of principles called the Status Perfectus, while his ally, Salvador Garcia, published the Anarch Manifesto, a semi-autobiographical pamphlet describing the history and goals of the Anarch Movement and the California Free States against the backdrop of his own personal history as a Spanish partisan. The Manifesto soon spread across the West Coast and later around the world, inspiring a new generation of earnest young Kindred revolutionaries.

Then, having achieved its immediate goals, the Revolutionary Council dissolved itself and left the Kindred of Los Angeles to rule themselves according to the principles of anarcho-mutualist theory. It went about as well as anyone with a basic understanding of Kindred nature might have expected. Within 10 years, the Anarchs of L.A. had degenerated into warring street gangs, and a disappointed MacNeil finally summoned the leaders of the various factions to establish formal Barony lines, lest inter-gang conflict leave the Free States completely vulnerable to counter-revolution. He succeeded to an extent. The Free States were able to repel a full-blown Sabbat crusade in 1965, as well as several other smaller incursions over the years. But as soon as each crisis abated, the Anarchs returned to petty squabbling and violent gang warfare, much to MacNeil's disappointment.

Modern Nights (1989-Present)

Many elder Kindred were astonished at the speed with which the world changed (both socially and technologically) throughout the 20th century, but it was nothing compared to the tidal wave of change leading up to the 21st. The 1990's were marked by three global phenomena that would have seismic impacts on both Kindred and kine: the collapse of communism as a socio-political force, the emergence of the modern anti-terrorist police state in First World countries, and, most importantly of all, the emergence of the Internet as the dominant communications medium of the era. The mortal population certainly felt the effects of these events more acutely than the Kindred, but the resulting evolution in mortal attitudes and technology has left Kindred society struggling to adapt to the changes imposed on their feeding habits, their management of the Masquerade, and (most importantly for the Anarchs) their ability to suppress dissent inside and across domains.

The fall of communism was initially viewed as an unalloyed good in Western mortal society, and the

democratization of the Eastern Bloc seemed to demonstrate a triumph of Western values. But the removal of communism as an alternative to capitalism has, in the view of many, unleashed the worst impulses of the latter system. Of course, exploding income inequality was hardly a problem as far as the Camarilla was concerned. Increased poverty among mortals often made it easier both to feed and preserve the Masquerade, while laissez faire capitalism improved the financial fortunes that formed the basis of most elders' social power and status. The Anarch Movement, however, often presupposes a closer relationship between Kindred and kine than the Camarilla: the very nature of Anarch culture typically engenders self-identification with the downtrodden mortals of the proletariat. Anarch cells in Third World domains often recruit from disaffected mortals who struggle to survive under the yoke of capitalism, and as a result, many Anarchs continue to have socialist leanings even as they become insulated from the effects of mortal economic systems.

For the Free State Anarchs, this socialist-anarchist impulse saw its ultimate expression in December of 1999, when thousands of mortal protesters rioted in Seattle to protest the World Trade Organization during its annual ministerial conference. Anarchs across the Pacific Northwest used the protests as cover for an attempted coup against the Camarilla Prince. Although the coup was ultimately unsuccessful, several important Camarilla vampires were slain and the Prince only narrowly escaped assassination. The riots themselves caused millions of dollars in property damage, but police abuses nevertheless engendered sympathy for the rioters among political factions opposed to globalization as well as individuals offended by the mere existence of international organization like the WTO. Anarchs across the world cheered the "success" of the Seattle riots and laid plans of their own to use anti-globalization animus against less egalitarian domains. Then, less than two years later, an act of terrorism perpetrated by kine against kine would render all those plans obsolete.

9/11 and Its Impact on the Movement

On September 11, 2001, al-Qaeda terrorists flew two planes in the World Trade Center in New York City and a third into the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. A fourth crashed in Pennsylvania before it could reach its intended target. By far the worst terrorist incident to ever strike on American soil, the 9/11 attacks provoked an immediate (and, to many, wildly disproportionate) response from elected officials. Within months, the U.S. government reorganized dozens of

previously independent federal agencies into the somewhat menacingly titled Department of Homeland Security. Just as quickly, and with just as little oversight, Congress passed the PATRIOT Act, an Orwellian piece of legislation that granted the federal government sweeping powers to bypass constitutional rights when deemed necessary to combat terrorism. DHS bureaucrats placed thousands of American citizens on secret "watch lists" without informing any of them, let alone providing them any means to correct mistaken identities. The fact that infants have been permanently banned from flying on American airlines because their names are similar to suspected terrorists is now considered just another fact of life in post-9/11 America.

To the best of anyone's knowledge, no Kindred were involved in the 9/11 attacks. In fact, though they are not counted among the official victims for obvious reasons, some Kindred were surely among those slain—a Nosferatu warren was hidden in a sub-level of one of the Towers and a number of ancillae of various clans maintained havens in the Towers. But the Camarilla was very quick indeed to make use of the PATRIOT Act against enemies, real or imagined. City governments in Camarilla domains soon applied for federal Homeland Security grants supposedly for anti-terrorism programs or to improve First Response, but which were instead diverted for improved surveillance equipment to spy on known or suspected Anarchs. Where Anarchs were found, police would then target their mortal allies and retainers, arresting them on (real or trumped up) terrorism-related charges and holding them for weeks without bail. And heaven help any Anarchs who were found to be engaged in any of their off-the-grid money-making enterprises such as drug-dealing or gun-running, as changes to federal forfeiture laws now allowed police to seize assets on the merest suspicion of such activity.

Between the fall of communism and the rise of the new police state, the first years of the 21st century threatened to become the darkest era in the Anarch Movement's history. With anarcho-communism having failed, it was time for anarcho-libertarianism to step up for its turn at bat. If the Anarchs could not take to the streets, then it was time to take to the Internet.

Anarchs In The Digital Age

In one sense, the Internet was born in the Anarch Free States: The very first email sent over ARPANET in 1969 originated from a computer at UCLA. That said, not a single vampire in Los Angeles knew anything about it, nor would any have cared if they had. No Kindred was particularly aware of the proto-Internet until several tech-savvy Nosferatu began to study the issue in the late 1980's. By the time Congress had

laid the groundwork for the “information superhighway,” a sizeable task force of Nosferatu had already taken it upon itself to study how to turn the Internet into something that could benefit the entire clan. The result, the sarcastically named “ShreckNet,” was essentially a secondary Internet that piggybacked onto the main architecture of the net but which was accessible only through special login procedures that were impossible for any non-Kindred to complete.

Initially, the Nosferatu, regardless of sect, kept SchreckNet to themselves as a clan asset, but it was inevitable that other Kindred would discover its existence. A world-renowned hacker known as Hurricane was the first non-Nosferatu to post something on ShreckNet, a mass email to all webmasters that smugly pointed out several deficiencies in the network’s security protocols, as well as suggestions for fixing them. Incensed, the webmasters tracked the hacker to Chicago and identified him as a vampire of unknown clan. After months of cyber-dueling, Hurricane finally grew bored with the proceedings and formally introduced himself to Khalid, the powerful Nosferatu Primogen, as Bobby Weatherbottom, a childe of the late Prince Lodin. Weatherbottom then offered Khalid his services as a hacker and programmer in exchange for membership in the SchreckNet community. Although annoyed that the presumptuous Hurricane was actually a Ventrue neonate, many Nosferatu had developed a grudging respect for the hacker and his request was granted. Despite his heritage, Hurricane quickly demonstrated Anarch sympathies and made it plain that he bore absolutely no loyalty to the Ventrue who had inflicted the Embrace upon him. Other vampires would also gain access to ShreckNet throughout the 1990’s (though probably never more than a dozen or so), and all of them showed greater loyalty to their shared hacker culture than to any clan or sect.

By the mid-1990’s, the existence of ShreckNet was widely known among Western Kindred even if it wasn’t easily accessible. At that point, the importance of the larger Internet was obvious even to the most computer-illiterate elder, and many American and European Kindred raced to find the next Steve Jobs and turn him to their cause. However, since an accident of geography ensured that most Internet innovation would take place in Silicon Valley, just outside of the Camarilla enclave of San Francisco, those elders who wished to exercise influence on the Internet were compelled to do so through proxies, usually childer and ghouls sent to northern California to manage computer industry assets in their masters’ names.

The Tech Boom and Bust

The tech boom started in earnest in 1996, as powerful Kindred joined throngs of venture capitalists to finance

the start-ups of scores of Internet businesses in an effort to catch up to the Nosferatu. It ended in a bust at the end of the millennium, ironically due to the Y2K bug. The actual dangers of a global disaster resulting from Y2K were always overstated, but as the millennium approached and apocalyptic fears gripped mortals, many of these Kindred backers came to believe that Y2K might somehow play a role in Gehenna, and they withdrew their influence from the industry. Many childer selected to manage Kindred dot-coms were either forced to abandon their companies to join their sires in preparation for the end of the world or were simply abandoned themselves.

Either way, the result was a period of extreme mismanagement among the affected companies, and the tech market officially crashed in 2001, leading to a global recession. Those Kindred abandoned to their fates in San Francisco amid the ruins of the dot-com bubble quickly came together for mutual protection, despite having been cutthroat business rivals just a year before. The result was a coterie of brilliant, tech-savvy Licks with libertarian tendencies who had a good reason to be bitter about mistreatment by their elders and who happened to reside on the northern frontier of the Anarch Free States. Radicalized by their experiences and intimately aware of how vulnerable the Camarilla was to cyberterrorism, these angry young Kindred would become the vanguard for the next era of the Anarch Revolt.

Anarchs Unbound

By the turn of the millennium, perhaps a majority of Western ancillae and certainly an overwhelming majority of Western neonates maintained at least some Internet presence, albeit one that comported with the Masquerade. In fact, some modernist Kindred argued that *not* maintaining any sort of Internet presence was itself a minor Masquerade breach. After all, any Kindred who interacts with contemporary American culture but who can’t provide an email address or a Facebook account increasingly looks like a suspicious individual. Granted, it’s astoundingly dangerous to talk about Kindred affairs in email and absolutely criminal to post about it on mortal-accessible social media networks, but so long the Kindred realized that everything they say online exists as data somewhere, the ever-increasing number of young vampires on the Internet was not initially seen as problematic. After all, it’s not as though vampires could affect one another with Disciplines via the Internet.

The Camarilla’s benign tolerance for the Internet was first challenged in 2004, when the political tract *Anarchs Unbound, a New Manifesto for the Digital Age* appeared in the

inboxes of disaffected Camarilla vampires across the world. A much longer and more politically sophisticated document than the original *Anarch Manifesto* (to which it was plainly intended as a response), *Anarchs Unbound* attempted to synthesize a wide variety of philosophical theories about individualism, collectivism, free will vs. authoritarianism, socio-economics, and even post-humanism – from thinkers ranging from Rousseau to Descartes, from Marx to Adam Smith, from Saul Alinsky to Ayn Rand – and apply them all to the Kindred condition. Kindred philosophers could debate how coherently the author (or authors, as the manifesto is written in first person plural) integrated these wildly diverse thinkers into a single Kindred ethos. But most of the recipients were not philosophers. They were young and angry vampires who chafed under oppressive sires and who were particularly responsive to the four-word question repeated throughout the tract: “WHY DO YOU OBEY?” Invariably, whenever the question appeared in the text, the font color changed to a vivid bloody red, and while the tract was published anonymously, the mysterious author(s) became known as “The Red Question.”

Notably, the recipients of *Anarchs Unbound* were very rarely potential bomb-throwers. The Red Question instead chose vampires known for personal charisma, for computer acumen, or, most importantly, for innovative skill with

certain Disciplines. One important early target was a coterie of Tremere from Washington D.C. who were pioneers in the Thaumaturgy Path known as Technomancy. For all their diligent work to develop the new technology-based Path for Clan Tremere, the coterie was continually mistreated by chantry elders who considered their innovations to be a curiosity at best and an insult to the Clan’s Hermetic roots at worst. It didn’t help that, over time, the young turks had developed a reputation for Anarch sympathies.

For these Tremere, the subtext of *Anarchs Unbound* was even more important than its plain language: “There are Kindred who are like you. We can see you and hear you and talk with you in ways that your elders will never comprehend.” After months of emotional internal discussion and furious email exchanges, the entire coterie disappeared from the D.C. chantry and defected en masse to the Anarch Free States. Less than six months later, they would publish instructions for a new Thaumaturgical ritual irreverently named “Fangbook,” which allowed the ritualist to post messages and even pictures to a normal Facebook account that would appear to the uninitiated as frivolous Internet memes but that were plainly legible to anyone with Auspex. “Fangbook” was the first known ritual specifically designed for use on the Internet, but it would not be the last.



The Crash of 2007: Revolution by Other Means

As the Red Question evolved from a manifesto into a movement, its members and affiliates continued to refine their computer-related Disciplines and rituals. Importantly, members of the Red Question generally do not know any of the other members outside of their own coteries, as anonymous handle-based posting is a requirement on all of their forums. The group also became more aggressively contemptuous of the other vampire sects and their anachronistic dogmas. The year 2004 saw the debut of the “The Book of Don,” a vampire blog that satirically mocked both the Book of Nod and the various Gehenna cults that believed in it. Aside from what some orthodox Sabbat elders considered seditious libel against Caine, the blog was most notable for debuting the Red Question’s latest technomantic innovation, a ritual-program called “Bloodspot,” which functioned as a user-friendly blog client but which caused its pages to appear as nothing but “File Not Found” error pages unless the reader was Kindred. Now, it was no longer even necessary for the reader to possess Auspex to access data hidden on the Internet. The Bloodspot program automatically identified readers as Kindred or not, and only the former were capable of perceiving the blog’s true nature.

For the first several years of its semi-public existence, the members of the Red Question and their affiliates carefully maintained an attitude of breezy humor combined with some pointed commentary on the foibles of elder Kindred. Nor were Camarilla elders the sole object of mockery. Young, tech-savvy Sabbat vampires found their inboxes filled with juicy rumors about the peccadilloes of prominent Bishops and Archbishops, while Anarchs up and down the West Coast were amused by a mass email entitled “My Dinner With Salvador,” a vicious parody of Salvador Garcia’s “Anarch Manifesto” reimagined as a love letter from a gawky teenaged girl to her imaginary boyfriend who died tragically during the Spanish Civil War.

Initially, the tone of each Red Question missive was gently mocking, even when it exposed dangerous secrets held by the elders of all sects – Anarchs included. This tone was deliberate and carefully practiced, and each major communiqué was carefully vetted by Licks as experienced in PR and psychology as they were in computer science. The vampires of the Red Question knew from firsthand experience what their elders were like, and their provocations were deliberately intended to trigger what would seem to be a wildly disproportionate response to the average neonate. In early 2006, they got their wish.

Two separate Justicars sent out missives to Princes across the world denouncing *Anarchs Unbound* as sedition to be suppressed by any means necessary, and numerous Princes and Archbishops announced that they would punish any Kindred found “consorting” with the Red Question. The Tremere Regent of London executed three Tremere fledglings simply for practicing Technomancy rituals disseminated through Red Question mailings. In Chicago, Bobby Weatherbottom was threatened with a blood hunt for his vocal support for the Red Question, while in Manhattan, the Nosferatu were outraged when the Camarilla Inner Circle demanded that they turn over complete control of ShreckNet to the Ventrue Justicar for “security purposes.” Similar harsh responses were made by various Sabbat elders and Anarch Barons, lending credence to accusations that the elders of the various sects had greater loyalty to vampires of their own age and to the sectarian institutions to which they had become devoted than to the rights and dignity of their own sect mates. As one Red Question post put it: “No matter what sect you belong to, the revolution has already been bought and sold.”

As intended, the disproportionate reaction led to widespread sympathy for the Anarch cause from younger Kindred offended by the response. Then, when the Camarilla’s suppression campaign was at its height, the Red Question sprang its trap. On August 8, 2007, a terse message arrived electronically to each of the Camarilla Justicars via untraceable means: “We have noted your response to our pursuit of liberty, independence, and free will for all members of the Cainite race. Tomorrow, you shall have our rebuttal.” The following day, BNP Paribas, a prominent French banking concern, informed three hedge funds that they would not be permitted to withdraw funds due to “a complete evaporation of liquidity.” Other banks followed, quickly triggering a panic among investors in Europe and the United States. By September of 2008, most of the Western world was in the grip of the Great Recession, the worst global financial crisis since the end of the Great Depression in the 1930’s.

To the kine, the Great Recession was the foreseeable result of greed, lack of regulation, and human stupidity. The Camarilla knows better. Its investigation shows that the crash, which risked totally collapsing most Western economies, was somehow engineered by the Red Question. Many of the banks that collapsed due to lack of liquidity were actually victims of computer hacking intended to manipulate each bank’s ledgers and asset sheets so as to hide how overextended the bank was. Furthermore, many of the bank officials themselves show signs of having been mentally influenced into making their most disastrous



Looking to the Future


Readers will notice that this history of the Anarch Movement omits some events detailed in other **Vampire: The Masquerade** titles. This is deliberate. The books in question, most importantly **Nights of Prophecy** and **Guide to the Anarchs**, addressed the status of the Anarch Movement within the context of an imminent Gehenna. As such, they made significant alterations to the Anarch status quo in keeping with a setting in which a global Apocalypse was already in progress. For Storytellers who wish to address possible outcomes for those books (regardless of whether those outcomes ever occur), here are the previously published facts heretofore excluded from this chapter. Feel free to incorporate or ignore them as you wish.

The Anarch Free States: The Red Question's critique of the L.A. Free States is essentially accurate. Jeremy MacNeil's obstinate refusal to establish any kind of governance for the Anarchs of L.A. beyond anarcho-mutualism ultimately renders the city's Kindred incapable of defending itself against the Cathayans. The Fall of L.A. begins with a decapitation strike against MacNeil, who is removed from the board along with most of his closest allies. The turncoat Garcia surrenders his Barony in exchange for status in the Cathay's New Promise Mandarinate. He insists that by the time he turned the battle was already hopeless and he merely wished to prevent further bloodshed, but many surviving Anarchs consider him anathema and openly accuse him of betraying MacNeil to his Final Death.

San Diego: The Red Question is even more accurate in its assessment of Tara, who uses the Cathayan invasion to purge her court of all rivals before declaring San Diego to be a Camarilla domain. The Camarilla, in turn, lavishes resources on her as a bulwark against Anarchs, Cathayans, and Sabbat alike. But her betrayal ultimately avails her nothing. When Gehenna comes, she is one of the first Princes to fall.

Justicar Petrodon of Clan Nosferatu: The Justicar most openly hostile to the Anarch Movement is assassinated in his Seattle haven not long before the fall of the Free States. No one ever claims responsibility, though Anarchs, naturally, take the blame. His childe and lead archon, Cock Robin, succeeds him as Justicar and is even more oppressive to the Anarch Movement than his sire.

Baba Yaga: The ancient Nosferatu hag, the true reason for the fall of the Soviet Brujah Council, continues to rule Russia with an iron talon... until the Niktuku come for her in the form of a hideous little girl from an ancient fairy tale who was Embraced when the world was young. The death of one of the greatest monsters of both folktale and fact passes almost without comment among the understandably distracted Western Kindred, an early and cryptic event amidst the carnage of Gehenna.



financial decisions. The Camarilla investigators believe that the Red Question must have spent years prepping for the financial panic they triggered, but to the elder Camarilla leaders who are largely ignorant of the processes involved, it appears as though the Red Question simply flipped a switch and incinerated most of their stock portfolios.

With some difficulty, world leaders were able to push through bailout plans that prevented a complete meltdown,

even as the elders struggled to save their personal fortunes from ruin. But at every step, the Red Question let it be known how easy it would be to tip everything over the edge into economic oblivion. Terrified of losing the vast wealth that made their prominence in the Camarilla possible, the Ventrue adopted a "Mission Accomplished" strategy—declare victory and go home. The Camarilla sent word to the major Princes that it had proven its point to the truculent

Anarchs and that further reprisals were unnecessary and counterproductive. Henceforth, the Camarilla's official position on the matter would be as follows: Individual Princes were still free to judge Anarchs as they saw fit, but *Anarchs Unbound* was no longer considered anathema by the Camarilla. The members of the Red Question were merely a coterie of roguish malcontents whose ravings could be safely ignored. Operational control of ShreckNet was returned to Clan Nosferatu, which surprised everyone by opening it up to all Kindred who had the means to access it. Naturally, it was understood by all parties that the Nosferatu still had some back doors and secret features known only to them.

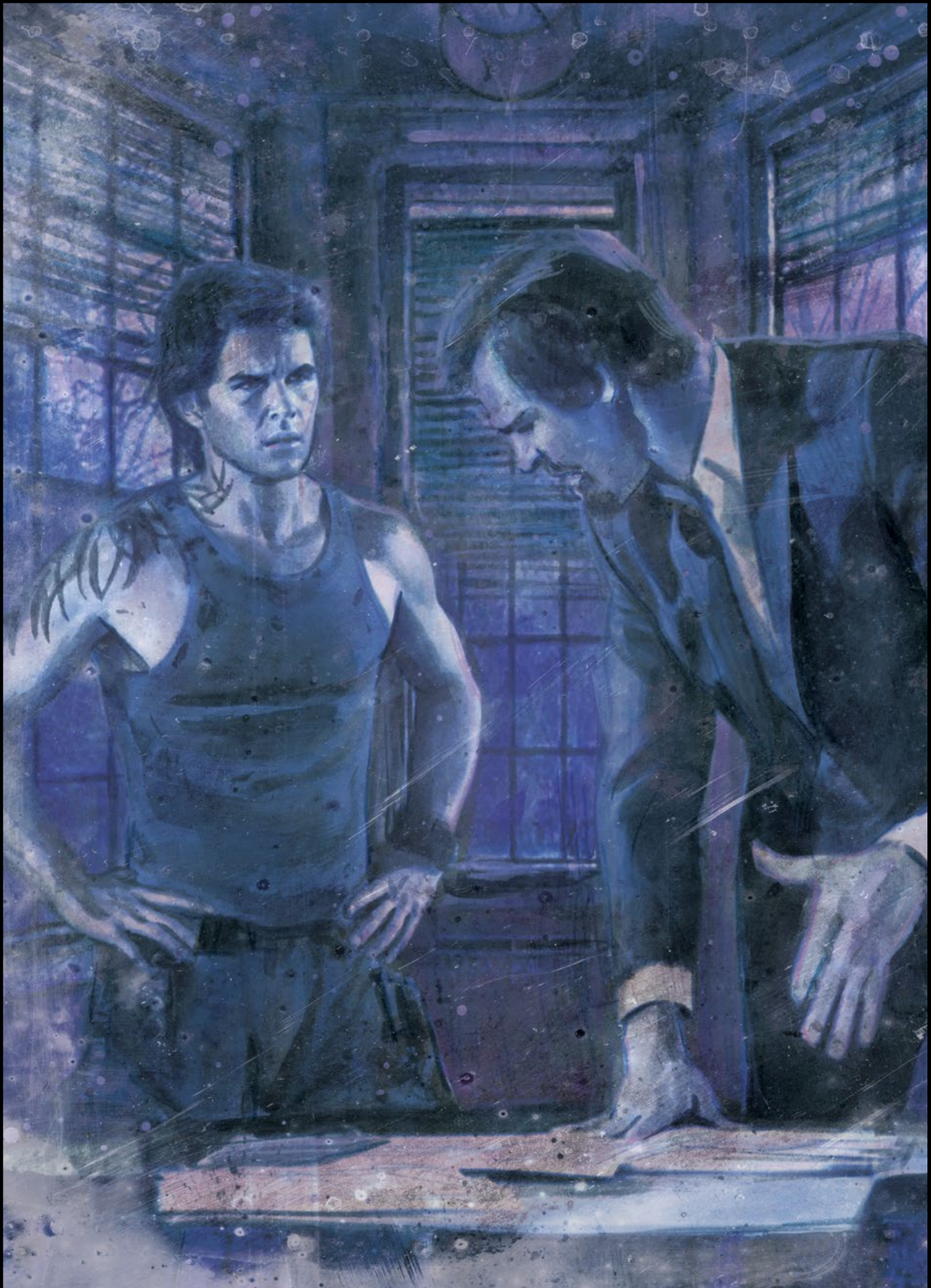
Here and Now

At present, the mysterious Red Question, having won a significant but quiet victory over the Camarilla, has not pursued any further initiatives against that sect as a whole. Instead, it has focused on providing intelligence to Anarchs and Anarch sympathizers in Camarilla, Sabbat, and even Cathayan territories, with some indications that they even communicate with dissident vampires in Africa, the Middle East, and India. The organization (if that is the right term for an amorphous Internet-based anarcho-libertarian group whose members only know one another by pseudonyms) currently seems uninterested in consolidating power for its own members, preferring to empower others in furtherance of Anarch ideals.

Of course, "Anarch ideals" is a subjective term, and many leading Anarchs, especially in the California Free States, are nearly as exasperated with the Red Question's critiques as everyone else. One widely quoted posting describes L.A. under MacNeil's leadership as a failed state and suggests that the region will likely fall to an outside force within a few years at most "unless MacNeil puts on his big-boy kilt and shows a little leadership." The Red Question also seems to have disdain for both Salvador Garcia and Tara, the Baron of San Diego. Both are routinely mocked for betraying their Anarch principles in Red Question mass-mailings, and Tara is openly accused of Camarilla sympathies.

Meanwhile, though many elders have acquired a superstitious dread of the Red Question and the Internet in general, computer-savvy ancillae among the Camarilla and the Sabbat fight back. Their techniques range from targeted denial-of-service attacks against websites run by known Anarchs to occasionally successful efforts to infiltrate Red Question message boards for purposes of espionage and disinformation. Meanwhile, loyalist Tremere and Anarch Thaumaturges are locked in a technomantic arms race to find new Disciplines and rituals that can be used against opposing groups via the Internet. This arms race may lead to advantage or even victory for one side or the other, or it may result in mutual destruction when some supernatural disaster destroys the Internet and the entire civilization that now depends on it. Regardless, the future beckons, and the Anarchs, as usual, are among the only vampires eager to answer its call.





Chapter Two: The City Upon the Hill

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

—Matthew 5:14

REBEL, n. A proponent of a new misrule who has failed to establish it.

—Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary*

Rachel —

I apologize in advance for adding further to the evening's dramatics. By the time you return to read this, I should be many miles away, so I hope you won't risk yourself against the dawn seeking me. I've taken with me everything I mean to keep in my possession. The rest is yours to do with as you wish. Burn it if you like, though I would point out that some of it might fetch a pretty price on the antiques market in a generation or two.

No doubt you'll think all of this simply a new stratagem on my part, some attempt at punishment, at maternal guilt-tripping. You'd have good reason. That is the first thing I want to say to you now, the thing I could not and cannot bring myself to tell you to your face. Your beautiful face.

You were right. About all of it.

There, I've done it. And already the swell of relief — the sense of peace, such as I haven't felt for decades — confirms that my course is right, whatever pain it causes us in the short term.

My childe, I took you because I believed your soul was akin to mine. I still feel with all my being that what we share is profound, that the same fundamental passion

animates us beyond death: the same intransigence, the same heartbreak. But what we don't share is also very strong, it seems. Perhaps too strong. There are shackles on my soul that you can't see and may never understand. For all my brave words and deeds, I'm still bound to those ghosts — of the God in whose face I spat, of the prison guards who crushed raw eggs down my throat, of the mother who took my rebellion as a sign of my hatred for everything she was, of the neighbors who gossiped that the only reason I could want to take a job and live on my own was so that I could whore myself out (or succumb to even less natural vice). Undeath was supposed to be my escape from all that, of course. Yet there I stood a bare year later, watching the Prince force my sire to yield her carefully tended domain to her elder, just awoken from a half-century's sleep.

For you, these are the bewildering quaintnesses of a foreign, primitive civilization. You shrug them off your shoulders like a demi-goddess. I suppose this is a mark of our victory, mine and my long-dead sisters', yet I'm consumed with envy of you instead of joy for you. I see now that envy has poisoned the love between us, and if I knew how to cut it out of me I would, but I have no idea where even to begin. I'm sorry, Rachel.

What I said earlier I didn't mean, or I desperately hope I didn't. In any case, it was a lie. *You are free.* You've always been free — free by natural right, and even more importantly, free by upbringing. However, for the very little it's worth, especially so far away from what passes for the society of our kind, I formally release you. I don't expect the Baron to question your word on the matter, but this letter should suffice for proof if needed. It may also reassure him that he doesn't have a new diablerist on the loose, or something. He is ever paranoid on the subject.

In your new solitude, however brief it proves, you may ask yourself "where do I go now?" After all, you have been thinking of traveling. (I *do* know how to find a browser history, my dear.) You may feel the time has come to introduce yourself to your colleagues in other Anarch domains, an introduction I once promised to make for you. Obviously I'm breaking that promise — we both know it is hardly the first time — but let me give you the best I can under the circumstances, that is, information to assist you in your decisions.

I will try very hard not to succumb to the temptation to advise. What you've known for all your short years is only one method by which we Anarchs organize ourselves, when indeed we organize at all. We fiercely prize idiosyncrasies, or at least the right to have them, and you must be careful when in others' domains not to presume to tell them how to go about being Anarchs.

There, you see? Already I've failed in my resolve. I press on regardless.

Anarchs and the Traditions

RADICALISM, n. The conservatism of to-morrow injected into the affairs of to-day.

—Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary*

Appealing to Tradition *qua* Tradition is one of the quickest ways to make a laughingstock of oneself in the Movement. Many of us long ago dispensed with notions of God or Caine, to say nothing of divine curses and eternal damnation. Those of a more devout bent must still respect others' freedom of belief, at least if they wish to be Anarchs. Even our cultists concede that religion is a frequent tool of elder control. After all, many of them sought refuge in the Movement precisely to escape the suppression of their own beliefs. We generally agree to treat as universally true only those principles that are

factually observable and susceptible to Reason. However, Reason is a malleable thing. Thus, to exist as an Anarch is to stand ready at any time to defend one's choices in the hubbub of public debate. This is our right, but also our burden (as recent Camarilla converts complain, whenever someone calls on them to justify the received "truths" by which they're used to settling disputes quickly and cleanly).

That said, one can smash every idol on Monday and wake up Tuesday to a new pantheon. Even brash young vampires settle into habits and arrangements over time, and these calcify into tradition, the way things have "always been done." We may question the fanaticism of the Sabbat and the gerontocracy of the Camarilla, the rickety axioms that prop up their commandments, but we have our own. And the dirty little secret is that the results, in many places, are similar.

Masquerade

Fortunately, even the dullest of us can apprehend the dangers of revealing our existence to humanity. It requires no great feat of logic, and in calmer nights you and I have passed long hours discussing the history of the Tradition — the ancient beliefs regarding it, not to mention the plain common sense of it. For all these reasons, most Anarch territories keep the Masquerade exactly as Camarilla, and, indeed, even Sabbat domains do.

Which is to say: not terribly well, but well enough to serve in this unbelieving age.

The Heretics

The inconvenient truth is that many of us need mortals to do what we can't do for ourselves. In the Camarilla, they keep ghouls. In the Sabbat, some keep ghouls on the sly, while some rely on sheer terror to keep mouths shut. In the Movement, things are more complex. Certainly many of us hew to these old methods without even a twinge of conscience — the doctrine that Kindred owe no more to kine than mortals do to their own livestock has its adherents. Others, however, point out that cows and "kine" are nothing alike, and question how we can justify keeping mortals in the same chains of Blood that we accuse our elders of using. And yet, if we refrain from that, what is the alternative? Are threats and blackmail any better? Mesmerism and enthrallment? And why do we even bother with this argument when we all warm our veins with stolen blood?

There are various paths out of the dilemma. Utilitarians can claim the disaster caused by destroying



the Masquerade outweighs any evil committed against individual mortals. Noddists may be few among us, but those we have can take refuge in religion: We're *commanded* to do these things, hate them though we might. Lastly, those comfortable with doublethink see no problem in the first place. Sweep away all of these, and you have precious few Anarchs left, but not *none*. Such unfortunates are left with no choice but to conclude that the Masquerade is morally unsustainable and should be brought down. Full stop.

Nor is even that the limit of the heresy, at least for the true agitators. Why, I've heard it proposed that Kindred should offer the power of the Blood freely to the living — that mortal science could unlock its secrets, mitigate or eliminate the burdens of undeath, and make of our two kinds one new transcendent humanity, immortal and apotheosized, proudly bearing the Promethean flame. To be fair, both times it was a Malkavian saying it, but as I behold the new wonders mortals create with bioengineering, even I must begin to wonder who is really mad. Then there are the cultists who believe that under this or that "messiah" we could return to the nights of the first cities, when Cainites supposedly walked as gods among men. Then there are the Cleavers...but to that later.

You and I have entertained no torch-bearing mobs, and despite occasional scares, the Masquerade holds, so plainly the radicals have not yet succeeded in putting theory into widespread practice. Although many of us are happy to subject the Tradition to vigorous scrutiny in Forum or Rant, we *will* move to strike down neighbors whose loose lips actually threaten us. Yes, a handful of Anarch states and territories have formally abolished the Masquerade, pointing out that the enforcement of the Tradition has always been capricious and biased. Yet they've all instituted laws against the reckless endangerment of fellow Damned, which amounts to the same thing.

(The only exception I've ever heard of, Fiddler's Green, may or may not exist. We only know that two elders who claim to be its ambassadors attend summits in Santa Barbara regularly. All they will say of their domain is that it's self-sustaining, that their mortals are voluntary citizens, they live completely cut off from any mainland, and any mortal who does decide to leave must submit to having all memories of the Kindred erased. Thus, in theory, their experiment in complete openness and free will can endanger no other territories should it fail. Is this place an island, a ship, an abandoned oil platform, or a dreamland as imaginary as its namesake? What would eternity be, if we couldn't wonder?)

The Orthodox

Ironically, if the Masquerade *does* come crashing down around our heads one of these nights, the culprit is less likely to be some passionate reformer than one of our many less-political Anarchs who are as quick to defend the Tradition in word as they are to break it in deed.

After all, the primary temptation of mortals doesn't lie in their blood. No, it's that they are so comfortingly like us, and so tantalizingly unlike us — the warmth of their hearts draws us in the way a roaring hearth lures the half-frozen traveler, and we rarely stop to think before we entangle ourselves with one who's captured our fancy. Those of us who've actually seen what the Blood does to a mortal over time often can't bear to so degrade someone we care about. We cannot look at ourselves in the mirror after we force their will in some small matter, and cannot bring ourselves to do it again when the stakes are more dire. The young have it even harder. Their friends and family still live, and in modern times it isn't so easy to disappear as it used to be. If they haven't carefully faked their deaths, then worried phone calls, emails, letters, and missing-persons reports besiege them, each bearing a tiny poison dagger of regret. I don't blame neonates who succumb and make contact. Undead society, even within the Movement, all too often gives them but cold welcome. Where then should they turn?

True, this goes on anywhere you may find vampires. But we have a greater challenge in dealing with it. Firstly, as I've said, the various governors of our territories can hardly invoke sacred law when nothing is sacred. Secondly, Anarchs are particularly sensitized to the faintest whiff of selective enforcement. Many regard the assumption that a Baron *must* have control over the mortals he associates with, while a neonate *must not*, as not only insulting but unjust. They say what goes on between a Kindred and a mortal is no one's business unless and until it actually affects others. Some of them are willing to express their opinions on the matter with fire and rowan wood.

As a result, leaders must tread carefully when they decide to make an example of a Masquerade-breaker, even in those domains where it's formal law. Free states with something like a peer jury trial have proven least likely to fall apart over such scandals, because the perception of impartiality is at least as important as the reality. However, even that system isn't foolproof protection — while it mitigates the danger of elders abusing younger Kindred, there may be other rifts in the city no less deep. (I recall hearing of a riot in a Canadian domain that makes the point. The Brujah had been the majority, the Nosferatu

and Gangrel disgruntled minorities, and unsurprisingly, they took great exception when a Nosferatu was convicted of breaking Masquerade by an all-Brujah jury, despite the council's insistence that the jury was selected by lottery. The problem is unlikely to recur, but only because the Brujah are no longer the majority there.)

Just as one can easily find domains where the Masquerade technically doesn't exist but is effectively kept anyway, one can find those where the Tradition is supposedly inviolate, but nearly every Kindred in the city harbors one or two "exceptional" mortals who can of course be trusted implicitly. Pity the administrators in these places, because if they're found to be murdering or controlling the lovers, parents, etc., of their young Licks, they risk revolt or assassination. Yet if they do nothing, some slip might well bring disaster. In most cases, they take steps to contain the danger wherever they feel can do so without discovery, but it's a dangerous game, a high-wire act... especially if their own noses aren't spotlessly clean in this regard.

Domain

Domain is, in many cases, the issue that forces a Kindred to "go Anarch" in the first place, and you'll find few willing to forgo their right to an opinion on the subject, however stupid. We almost all agree that the Kindred have a tragic propensity to provoke needless bloodshed over domain, and that the old feudalism of the Ivory Tower is utterly unjust, impractical and corrupt. But what to replace it with?

Some advocate the total abolishment of domain *per se*, and I have visited places where this is indeed the state of things, whether by formal agreement or by practical concession (because no effective mechanism exists to enforce it). The entire territory may be fair game for all resident Kindred, or even non-residents — this is the law in several Anarch communes — or else, each Kindred informally tends a core hunting ground, but acknowledges generous swaths of no-man's-land between himself and his neighbors. He must settle any disputes directly, since there is neither an official assignment of domain nor an arbiter to judge.

Contrary to what some Barons will tell you, the world doesn't necessarily fall apart. After all, many Licks so fashion their existences that their vessels don't require the traditional shepherding. I know Gangrel and Caitiff motorcycle clubs that range freely over the rural counties of the Midwest. Their domain is wherever they happen to be, and you're in a hell of a lot of trouble if you take issue with it. If there's trouble beyond their abilities, they

move on without regret. They might amuse themselves with tormenting a stranger, but have no pressing need to do so. Although their mortals may be inconveniently far-flung for elder tastes, all put together the herds provide plenty to go round.

In other places, such as Orange County and the greater Bay Area, so many vampires of every clan (and no clan) pass through that trying to keep any one fiefdom entirely free of interlopers can bring nothing but embarrassment, aggravation, and possibly even Final Death. In such places, you can usually get away with poaching so long as you're careful not to cause the nominal domain holder to lose face by doing it too boldly. I will restate that, because it's so important: Most domain squabbles among Anarchs are actually about *reputation and image*, not any true scarcity of mortals. If you remember this — there I go, advising again! — you'll save yourself a world of grief. (Forgive me, but I do wish this had been explained to me in my more hotheaded years.)

Anarch Mobility

Add to this the fact that young Kindred of all sects are more nomadic than ever before. In much of the developed world, mortals now think little of moving hundreds or thousands of miles away from their families to marry,

attend school, or take a job. When they come into the Blood, that habit of thought remains. Many maintain active mortal identities as well, which requires mobility. If one insists on remaining in the same neighborhood for decades, then one must hide away like a hermit, because otherwise, even the most oblivious mortals will eventually notice. It's my understanding that the elders of the modern Camarilla are driven half to distraction by the wanderlust of their neonates. There's so much less to offer them, so much less to tempt and ensnare them with, when they refuse to put down roots.

In the Movement, we've struggled with this reality for far longer. All of us must feed, which is our one common denominator, but we have so many different ways of going about it, and each method brings its own particular concerns and therefore its own conception of domain. For instance, I know an old Toreador who practices as a *curandera*. She moves from town to town, and wherever she goes, she quickly develops an attachment to the Chicano people among whom she finds both her patients and her vessels. From her perspective, which street they live on has no meaning at all — if she ministers to them, they're her rightful herd. She's had to spill more than one Kindred's blood to win her way on the issue, but how can any true Anarch claim that her way of looking at it



is inferior to some land-bound medieval method? And yet I also have a Nosferatu correspondent who's acted as the guardian angel of his old Catholic school for nigh on a century, and views the very ground it stands on as God's personal trust delivered into his care. Here they both are in the same political faction – together with those bikers I mentioned – and we wonder why it's so difficult to agree on the meaning of domain!

Fortunately, at the moment the Movement can sustain this multiplicity of opinion. We're wide-ranging—covering territories not only throughout the Americas but also in Europe, Asia, and Africa – and mostly self-governing. If you don't like the way feeding rights have evolved in one domain, none will question your moving to another. However our cities may teem with uninvited Licks, few of our leaders have the physical or political clout to seriously crack down on immigration. Thus, new arrivals have little to fear, except for unknowingly falling afoul of local custom. And even that most leaders are wise enough to treat gingerly, as the diplomatic issue it frequently is – punishing a stranger before you know who her friends might be is dangerous, and has led to war between domains more than once.

Progeny

The Tradition of Progeny has long been a source of burning resentment between the generations. Perhaps less so than that of Domain, going by numbers alone – but I can attest that hell hath no fury like that of a would-be sire thwarted, watching helplessly as Time wears away the vitality of the one she's chosen to accompany her for eternity. This is especially so when the reason for withholding the prize is petty, such as a general mistrust of the young, or the belief that criticism equals treason. Favors like the right of siring are the currency of the realm in many domains, particularly among the Camarilla, which forces its subjects to wait for years just to make the gift seem more precious. Meanwhile, in the Sabbat they don't mind anyone Embracing on a whim, but they're only so free with it because they fully expect most childer to die when the fires of the latest Crusade gutter.

We're better than all that, at least if you ask us. In theory, we're a community of responsible Kindred who can and must be trusted to judge for ourselves when someone deserves the Blood. In reality, however, we frequently suffer the consequences of unwise or too-prolific Embracing. *Overpopulation* is a word all but forbidden in elevated Anarch discourse (so many of us have bad memories of elders pronouncing us "surplus," and of course they play favorites in making that judgment),

but I'll whisper it to you here. Thus far, only a few of our domains genuinely don't have enough vessels to go around, but those few are witnessing carnage on a scale not seen since the first Revolt—and what is their denizens' response to it? Why, to Embrace more cannon fodder, of course. The peril to the Masquerade is enormous.

In too many other places, the problem is more political but no less deadly. Our loose systems of government work best on an intimate scale, where everyone knows everyone and feels they have a secure grasp of the goings-on. Too many Kindred make us nervous on a primal level, and yet we blanch at the idea of ordering a pogrom. It offends our idea of who we are. So the population grows, and resentment grows among the old guard to match it, and as it becomes apparent among the neonates that the central authority is too weak to control them all, petty tyrants arise to fill the vacuum. Such a tug-of-war can only end up in one of two places: Either the older inhabitants quietly allow the leadership to assume powers of summary execution and a Baron is born, or the formal government falls apart under the burden of its own in consequence, and a chaotic interregnum begins. (The only happy consequence is that either way, the local Kindred population is likely to fall back down to a manageable level.)

Order without Tradition

Needless to say, few regard either outcome as desirable. Yet finding an alternative is no easy task. It doesn't help that so many of us believe it wrong for a sire to exercise coercive authority over a childer – or that so many of our sires are little more than childer themselves. Those of us with some hard-won experience know that the very *last* person to ask about a candidate's suitability is the prospective sire. Clearly we cannot simply go back to the old, flawed system of prestation and fawning, but there must still be some sort of failsafe, particularly in dense cities where one Kindred's trouble is likely to spill over onto others. In any case, it's clearly better to prevent undesirable Embraces in the first place, rather than retroactively ban them, with murder sanctioned by the local praxis.

Accordingly, most stable domains use some sort of group approval process, but they must be very careful as to *which* group enjoys this authority. We generally feel it unwise to give the power to the same vampires who adjudge domain disputes, or beat the bounds, or liaise with mortal authorities. At the least, it will bring cries of oppression, which only the strongest of Barons can afford to baldly ignore. Most often the matter is put

to either a mass vote or an elected committee, which of course brings along its own sort of politicking and grubbing — even if in theory, siring rights are portioned out equally among inhabitants, or granted as a reward for civic contributions. (I can't tell you how often it's what's *said* during the debate over a candidate, and the egos and reputations that take a bruising, rather than the substance of the vote itself, that leads to violence later.) Those who defy the judgment and Embrace anyway are usually banished, and their childe adopted by a prominent Kindred of the domain as both a gesture of mercy and a sort of hostage-taking.

There are also many domains that have instituted something like the frankpledge and tithing systems of medieval England, although they rarely call it that — “compact” is the usual name, and I've also heard circle, posse, *cumann*, and krew. In this method, Kindred citizens — the more disparate the better — are bound at random to each other in a sort of group oath. I don't mean a blood-oath, which would be possible but likely inadvisable. Within this group, which might be anywhere from six to 13 in number, each is formally answerable for what the others do. If one of them commits an offense, the others must bring him in or else answer for his crime as if they'd all committed it. If one wishes to Embrace, two-thirds of the group must agree, and the entire compact then shares sire's responsibility. When this system works as intended, its Kindred must inherently concern themselves with the welfare of others. The compact cuts across gang ties, clan prejudice, and mortal ethnicities. Unfortunately, I know a number of communities, particularly in the USA's Southwest, Northern Ireland, and Saharan Africa where the practice has gone awry. The randomness of their selection process is gravely suspect, and compacts exacerbate local tensions rather than soothe them. These domains may soon be ripe for Sabbat invasion — especially if they bring in those captivating missionaries of theirs, with their promises of true brotherhood in the Vaulderie cup and martyrdom to Caine.

Accounting

Fortunately, almost the only person who objects to a newly-Embraced childe being her sire's responsibility is that childe. Everyone else remembers those first nights under the lash of the Beast, and marvels that they didn't do more damage.

How do you know when a neonate is ready to be released, though? That's a far more controversial matter. In the Camarilla, the answer is simple, if frustrating: You're ready when your sire and your Prince say so. (Your

Primogen may butt in with an opinion as well.) If that takes a century of servitude and bondage, so be it. In the Sabbat, one must generally be “blooded” to claim any rights under custom. Again, you could be a hundred years old and still dirt, if you haven't fought in one of their games or played in one of their wars. As a rule, we Anarchs consider a handful of years sufficient to master the bare elementals of being Kindred. But the elementals hardly make one an expert. Learning the gifts of Blood and the ways of undead politics, in enough detail to be self-sufficient, can take decades. Although we expect an unreleased childe to mind his sire, he also enjoys her protection in the eyes of other undead, and so remaining unreleased for a while is not without benefit. If you think otherwise, feel free to ask those Gangrel who've endured the ancient clan custom of abandoning a childe on the very night of turning.

Where you can find an Anarch consensus on this subject, it's that sire and childe should agree on the time for release — and that there is, or should be, some happy medium between neglect and possession. Whether anyone else need be consulted varies from domain to domain, and generally owes a great deal to the domain's origins. For instance, most of the California Free States tolerate squatters by law or custom, but those squatters have the same status as unreleased childer. To be a full voting citizen, one must swear allegiance to the individual domain. (In some Free State domains it goes further, and one must concretely *prove* one's commitment to earn citizenship: fighting in the state's defense, bringing in converts, writing propaganda, harrying hated elders.) Once you've fulfilled the requirements, the leadership *fête* you and any other new citizens in a grand Salon on Cinco de Mayo, and then publish your name in a commemorative circular, which they thoughtfully mail out to a select handful of Camarilla justicars and Sabbat prisci.

The idea there, of course, is to ensure that you've “gone too far” to defect to other sects. Myself, I've seen enough startling defections to know that this is never ensured, but I support the principle of the thing. (It's far better than what was originally proposed. I remember talk of putting the release of childer, and indeed all citizenship questions, to popular vote — which is ridiculous. In the end, they decided that the tyranny of a majority was no better than that of an elder. These rights were fundamental enough that any Kindred should be able to earn them by the work of her own hands. In the SoCal domains of the Free State, a written Bill of Rights guarantees as much.)

In other places, however, customs are very different.

As you near Sabbat strongholds, you'll find territories where their barbarisms have heavily influenced our brethren. In such domains, being released is more hazing than ceremony, and it's partly by surviving the ordeal that you prove your worthiness. It may involve a duel, or a Wild Hunt (of some hapless mortal), or a Trial of Courage, daring the Röttschreck of fire or sun. I've also encountered enclaves of self-identified Anarchs who practice coming-of-age rituals they claim to have gleaned from Noddistscripture. The most harmless are "medicine walks" in which participants imbibe blood laced with hallucinogens. As for the others, I'll pass over the details, but note that they're generally based on the principle of blasphemy being of itself a sacred act.

Hospitality

It wasn't until I studied in a Brujah Athenaeum in Charleston that I came to understand why our elders so vex themselves on the subject of Hospitality. Do you know it was originally a two-way obligation? In other words, while the visitor was bound to pay homage to his host and obey him, the host was enjoined to see to his guest's needs and protect him. Many Princes and Bishops, particularly of the Tzimisce clan, rigorously maintain their honor as hosts and so have some right to demand their due in return, even in our vulgar times — but they are, alas, overshadowed by the hundreds of others who demand reverence but turn away travelers in need.

Certain of my fellow Anarchs are also history buffs, and between us we've tried to encourage a revival of this understanding of the Tradition. I find I do better at it when I don't couch it in the language of history, but only in terms of basic fairness, and the idea that one shows herself rightful master of a domain when she's a generous host. Unfortunately, many of us first hear of the tradition of Hospitality when we're being unceremoniously drubbed out of someone's turf. For Caitiff, or those abandoned by their sires, the word is an evil one, and part of the reason they rebelled. But this has led in some places to an admirable natural liberality. Many Anarchs will welcome or at least decorously ignore other Kindred feeding in their territory, so long as it is kept to a manageable level and doesn't become a deliberate provocation. Indeed, offering vessels to newcomers is a frequent method of gaining converts and helpers: Deeds speak louder than words, and one doesn't have to mention the taboo word "prestation" to make someone feel grateful.

In Anarch country, Kindred are used to being able to travel fairly freely, and they realize they can hardly expect tolerance from neighbors if they don't extend

the same courtesy. Many domains likewise agree that while only residents can claim a part in local decision-making, the most ignorant visitor still possesses what we consider basic "vampire rights" — the right to exist and feed, freedom of speech, association, and movement, and equality with one's fellow undead. They make exceptions only for obvious non-Anarchs, and even those can sometimes claim diplomatic immunity if they respect Anarch sovereignty during their stay (depending largely on whether that domain has had to deal with a sect incursion before — once bitten, twice shy).

Most domains that enact a parceling-out of hunting grounds also have a formal process for dealing with interlopers that's at least intended to cool hot blood, distinguish innocent trespass from poaching, and avoid needless strife. The offended domain-holder is generally forbidden to dispense justice himself, but must leave it to authorities. The captured miscreant undergoes a multi-stage appeal before the leadership can pronounce Final Death. In fact, even after a conviction, the sentence is often well short of destruction — making amends with a task, for example, or banishment, or a staking-and-burial. In short, only in the wildest Anarch territories can one Kindred slay another out of hand in the name of Tradition without finding himself blacklisted. (However, such territories do certainly exist, especially in the hinterlands and near sect borders, and while they may be unpopular with more mainstream domains, we usually don't try to impose our principles on them. Anarch travelers, take care to inquire about the road ahead before you arrive in a strange town on an empty stomach.)

I must note that all this generosity has its limits. Our instincts still are what they are, and the Beast is never but indifferently tamed. An Anarch in her "home turf," however she conceives of that, expects to feel in control, safe and respected. If you cause her to feel otherwise, you will earn her wrath, regardless of what she calls it. Kindred who band into tight-knit groups feel much the same way about those groups. Insult a Ventrué's gang brother, and he'll react as violently as any Prince would to a formal breach of hospitality. So many of us come from places where simple dignity, to say nothing of domain, were unattainable luxuries. Now we've won a little of both to call our own, and heaven help the upstart who spits in our face as though our long struggle meant nothing.

Destruction

Many of us have *also* seen sires, lovers, and childer sacrificed on the clotted altar of the Blood Hunt: that savagery of the oh-so-civilized Camarilla, that loophole

in the supposedly absolute prohibition against diablerie. Never again, we swore. Others of us come to the Movement from the Sword of Caine, where any night might bring an enemy claiming some insult as a grievous wound to his honor that demands satisfaction in Monomacy — a duel to the death of both body and soul.

Unsurprisingly, Destruction is the most bitter of the Traditions among us. We certainly don't recognize the inherent right of Princes or elders to pronounce sentence. (We don't even like to admit that we let Barons prosecute the Final Death, and make them jump through hoops to give it some veneer of due process or group deliberation before we settle down to obey.) On the other hand, there are certainly times when someone needs killing, and the sooner the better. When a Kindred goes into Wassail, or betrays the cause, especially in a way that causes Anarch deaths, or commits atrocities that threaten not only the Masquerade but our conception of ourselves as evolved beings — then we agree quickly, and band together to bring down the transgressor as cleanly as possible.

Often, however, the damage is not so obvious or widespread. A local rule may govern the situation, as for instance in the Bahamas, where anything that impedes tourism is regarded as a common menace; bringing sect or clan disputes into the territory is likewise *verboden*. Break those rules, and no one will defend you. But if an enemy accuses you of a Masquerade breach, then a guaranteed mess is on everyone's hands. People will take sides, and the Baron cannot settle it by fiat. If she tries, she'll have a riot on her hands. Even those who benefit from a high-handed ruling will grow restive, knowing they might be on the other end of it next time. The Baron must order a detailed investigation to have any hope of legitimacy in her ruling, and who knows what else might get caught in *that* net. Meanwhile, commentators in other free states will yammer in every web forum and nightclub dungeon about the islands becoming a bastion of Ivory Tower oppression, and fellow heads of state will pressure her to conclude the matter as quickly as possible, all while her own citizens clamor to draw out the controversy interminably.

This is why our larger domains often institute a common-law, adversarial system for trying any crime punishable by destruction. Again, it's hardly foolproof (what is!), but many consider a jury of one's peers, vigorous advocacy for plaintiff and defendant, and an impartial judge the minimum needed to ensure that such a high-stakes matter receives the gravity deserved. Even when the process is corrupt, as it often is (what passes for

"our elders" still possess extensive blood-gifts, and have much to offer in bribery) there's still an appearance of order and right, which helps reassure those who might otherwise decide to do unto their new masters as they happily did to the old. Indeed, it's almost depressing to see how easily some supposed firebrands are lulled by the outward forms and pleasantries of democracy.

(The judges, by the way, are often itinerant Kindred, as are the advocates. Old wandering Gangrel are regarded as quasi-sages especially likely to judge without fear, favor, or bullshit. We're also rapidly developing a class of veritable Kindred "lawyers" who make it their business to learn the confusing local systems of the various domains, and travel the New World representing the accused or consulting with local authorities on their cases. In the largest cities, however, both judges and prosecutors tend to be residents, chosen by popular vote.)

The Diablerie

I should also make mention here of the Anarch diablerie problem. Understand that we're not the Sabbat, and I hope we never will be. However, we do have many grizzled warriors among us. Some are honored citizens who've sacrificed greatly for the cause, others despised mercenaries and freebooters, tolerated only because they inconvenience the elders more than us. But both kinds oft share a taste for *vitae* that they developed in wartime, and this is a difficulty, because while we always love to see some hated old fossil fall to the fangs of the oppressed, the urge itself isn't choosy about its targets. Many of our diablerists move to the borderlands, where they can feast on encroaching infidels, or infiltrate sect territory to assist in bringing down enemy regimes. In other words, they become professional elite troops and assassins. In this way, they can indulge themselves, and we gain the fruits of their bravery and expertise, all without making us look too hypocritical to ourselves (which heaven knows is the most important thing). If you've ever wondered why the Ivory Tower constantly screams that we're all galloping diablerists, that would be the reason — *those* are the Anarchs they see and notice. I'm old enough now to be comfortable with this state of affairs. I would rather no Kindred committed diablerie, and for my own part I refuse, but if some will insist, better they should select appropriate victims.

However, even in our tranquil home domain we've occasionally had to deal with those who didn't get the memo, so to speak, and thought to prey on their own kind with impunity.



Prestation

“Now wait,” you’ll cry. “Prestation is a social curse on the Kindred, not a Tradition.” Indeed. And certainly we Anarchs resent the impenetrable web of secret obligations that binds our elders across all sects to each other, makes even the simplest affair an opaque tangle, and poisons every attempt to establish a rule of law. Some of us resent it on principle, while others resent only that they don’t get to play too. In any case, we agree that we want to order our existences differently.

But my dear, I speak now of *is* and not *should* — not the high values I’ve hoped you would share with me, but the knowledge necessary to survive in a corrupt world. I am not saying you must play this game, especially in the traditional fashion. I hope you don’t. But I am saying that *we all dwell on the chessboard*. We move ourselves or we are moved. It’s that simple. If you wish to make your home among Kindred (rather than running off to become autarkis, as I’m currently considering) then this will always be true, and prestation will always be the unofficial seventh Tradition.

Another eternal truth is that there is no such thing as a free lunch. All utopian ideals aside, almost no one wants to labor for nothing. Kindred require very little materially, but what we do need, blood and safe shelter from the sun, we need very badly. And what we *want*, we want passionately! So while we’re more capable of dwelling apart from our fellows than mortals are from theirs, we do in time tend to seek them out for this or that favor, if not for some company in our monstrosity. This is why there’ll always be prestation among us, just as there’ll always be trade among the living.

I’ll speak in a moment of domains where they struggle nobly against this propensity, where all is held in common, how that ambition succeeds or fails. But in all other cases, it’s tit for tat among the Anarchs just as it is anywhere else. We simply don’t *call* it that. A boon is a “favor,” not a “boon.” Ironically, we’re even worse about hiding our personal obligations to other Kindred than Camarilla Kindred are, because such stigma attaches to playing so-called elder games. As a rule, Anarchs prefer an exchange that can be completed immediately, because it feels more like an honest bargain than some vague debt to be called in (possibly centuries) later. This can be a

great inconvenience, however. It means you often must wait to ask assistance from someone until you can find something to offer that she'll want right now. Anarchs are also more likely than vampires of other sects to accept actual money as reward, not only because they're so rarely rich, but also because it avoids the tawdry and confusing business of keeping a debt ledger. Collecting on debts is difficult among us in any case, because we tend to be more mobile than Sabbat or Camarilla — and a good deal more prone to Final Death than the latter.

(Some among us have tried to institute modern record-keeping systems to counter this problem: alphanumeric tags attached to individual Kindred in cloud-stored databases, which tell those who know the code to whom he may be indebted, who vouches for him, whether he has a price on his head, etc. Personally, I suspect all such attempts will fall prey to the same problems that plague mortal rating sites for nightclubs or whatnot — security flaws, fake reviews, grudge campaigns, “sock puppets” I believe they're called?... and I hold out less hope for the appearance of any serious Anarch virtual currency such as they often propose.)

In short, we have *prestation*, but we're *particular* about it. This does have the happy effect of making it harder for even the wiliest Baron or most despotic cultist to amass power in the way the moldy elders do. Yes, it's an advantage to have a reputation for being owed a lot of favors, so long as the details are vague, but let those sordid details escape, as they usually do, and you'll find your fearsomeness increasingly counterbalanced by popular contempt. You'll be considered “just like them,” and plotted *around* rather than plotted with. Some, naturally, are willing to accept power at that price.

Clout by Any Other Name

But it's far safer, and far cleaner, to cultivate power as an Anarch by other means. A well-spoken Kindred often enjoys good fortune among us, if he can bring his talents to public notice. Critics, polemicists, agitators, social experimenters are all influential well beyond their immediate sphere. Others gain clout by offering a vital service. So long as it's on offer to all Kindred who need it at a fair price, this isn't despised in the same way that being an old-fashioned boon-monger is. After all, this is the New World, and we do love our entrepreneurs. I'm thinking most especially of the Caitiff-led “Pony Express,” and the other Anarch councils and gangs that act as guides, protectors and messengers, whether between East

and West Coast domains in the U.S. or in the dangerous enemy-sect territory that must be traversed in almost any South American journey. By cultivating a reputation for attention to duty and equal treatment of all customers — Camarilla, Sabbat, and independents use their services as well — and most especially for a few harrowing victories against Lupines, they've earned great fame and respect... and not a little wealth. A Kindred who wanders into any Anarch town in the Americas while wearing one of their pins is almost assured a polite welcome. These nights, only the truly paranoid or miserably impoverished seek the aid of the lone Coyotes, those independent operators who traditionally performed this service in Wild West days. I'll warn you, however, that actually bringing up this crowding-out by the Express companies with an old Coyote is an invitation to brawl.

Finally, of course, the only thing we love better than an entrepreneur is a hero — I mean, a veteran. We tend to prefer the ones who long ago met their ends, as they're less likely to tarnish themselves, but those who've dared Final Death for the cause may earn widespread renown in time to enjoy it, provided they can properly publicize. *Agents provocateurs*, culture-jammers, and terrorists, who all specialize in the dramatic gesture, are in a line of work that inherently generates notoriety. Others of our Old Volunteers must rely on sympathetic gossip to spread their exploits. Fortunately, not only do we have an extensive commentariat who are always looking for something to noise about, we also have more conventional vehicles of rumor, such as Gangrel talespinners and Nosferatu spies, some of whom now use the Internet to greatly amplify their reach.

(Our Nosferatu have taken a particular fancy to the new social media, I suppose because online it doesn't much matter what you look like or what sort of dripping sewer you dwell in. I hear this causes great distress among the elders of non-Anarch cities. Evidently, they're accustomed to lack of choice being the glue of the clan's famous internal cohesion. When their neonates find people they like much better on the Internet, or when told they must tone down their “web presence” in order to avoid attracting attention to the warren, they become unmanageable. Personally, I look forward to the influx of technologically-adept new converts this could bring us. Dare I hope that some night we'll learn that the same process has been at work among young Tremere who know that their paper mail is being read, but that their email is far easier to hide — and that infiltrating that viper's nest has finally become a real possibility?)



Matters of Blood

Tradition doesn't explicitly cover some very important questions of Kindred conduct, such as the proper use of the blood bond or *Vaulderie*, or *diablerie* considered as a separate issue from that of *Destruction*. Luckily, Tradition or the lack of it has never stopped Anarchs from forming their own opinions.

Bonds and Vinculi

Many domains that are considered "true Anarch" outlaw all nonconsensual bonds of blood, including Vinculi, since such are the very oppressions that drive Kindred into the Movement. An Anarch discovered forcing bonds on others will be doing very well not to find herself lynched by Anarch faithful and her fangs and hair put on display as a warning. A few domains do employ partial or full bonds as punishment for serious crimes, though even bold Barons can't get away with filling the chalice with their own blood. The regnant is chosen by vote, cannot also be an official of the domain, cannot be anyone else's regnant, and is sometimes someone generally well-regarded by the other Licks, but not always. Often enough, the duty is actually imposed on the most hermit-like, unambitious, unsocial vampire in the area, in what the Anarchs have dubbed "giving Old Scratch his due" (the reluctant regnant, of course, being "Old Scratch"). This practice is widely criticized by purists.

As to consensual bonds, debate rages. Some hold all bonds suspect, particularly single bonds, since once instituted they're extremely difficult to revoke, and they unquestionably distort the recipient's judgment. Furthermore, one bound can easily be coerced by her domitor into claiming her condition was freely chosen. Other Anarchs, however, consider it an oppression to outlaw or censure consensual bonds — Kindred who wish to form a mutual romantic or symbolic bond being especially vocal on the matter.


The *Vaulderie* is likewise controversial, though certainly not unknown, especially in Sabbat-influenced areas and among gangs and packs. A relatively small number of Anarchs know how to officiate the rite, many of whom

are Sabbat converts over whom a cloud of suspicion hovers, while the rest are heirs to a line of Anarch tutelage dating to the first Revolt. This rarity, together with the rite's koldunic or priestly origin, imbues it with a mystery many secular-minded Anarchs find discomfiting. On the other hand, the *Vaulderie* is the only quick method anyone knows for breaking a single bond, and doing that is often a necessary precondition for accepting *Camarilla* recruits, so it must be tolerated under at least that circumstance.

On the other hand, first-stage partial bonds are not only extremely common but indirectly encouraged. Many consider learning and teaching out-of-clan Disciplines not only the mark of a fully-evolved Anarch, but a source of gratifying terror to the *Camarilla* — whose Kindred are used to being able to know what to expect from a vampire of a given clan, and indeed, what clan that vampire is in the first place. Anarch etiquette demands that these one-time exchanges of blood be mutual, as well as the subsequent tutoring, as a symbolic guard against inequality. (Other close collaborations or significant exchanges may be solemnized with a single drink, too.) Some curmudgeons, however, refuse to participate in this part of the Movement, fearing the subtle maneuvers by which one drink might become two, and two, three.

The Amaranth

Diablerie is a matter of high emotion. On the one hand, the seizing of elders' heart-blood is an ancient act of rebellion and apostasy, immortalized in Anarch poem, paean, and song. In wartime frenzies, the Amaranth often ends up "just happening," and many idolized Old Volunteers bear the black veins in their auras. On the other hand, no Anarch wants to be slain for his blood — or robbed of all chance for an afterlife, whether he tries to believe in that or not. As a result, the radical anti-*diablerie* faction of the Anarchs has grown greatly in recent decades, subtly encouraged by older generations. Many domains have outlawed all *diablerie* except that of sect enemies and traitors (the latter being a conveniently vague descriptor), and, more rarely, of criminals whose blood is granted as restitution to the wronged party.



Clans in a Post-Clan Society

If I weren't a humorless feminist, you might have to suspect me of being facetious when I write that.

Clan hatred has plagued us from the very first nights, at least if we can trust our most ancient documents (which it's possible we can't. Most of them are either Noddist legendry or oily panegyrics to ancient Princes). By the Middle Ages – from which we inherit a much more solid historical record – prejudice had calcified into a semi-rigid caste system, wherein some clans were counted High and others Low, nobility and peasantry, in imitation of the mortal society they haunted. Believe it or not, in that sense and context the Camarilla was itself a heretical revolution, and not only for advocating a global Kindred compact. It also won the vast majority of the Nosferatu, Gangrel, and Malkavians (not to mention all the Tremere) by promising the Low Clans equal representation in the Justicars and Inner Circle. This cleverly drew off much of the simmering discontent that had been driving so many of the Low Clans into the burgeoning revolt. At that time, the Nosferatu and Gangrel had a particular complaint against the Tzimisce, remembering how miserably they had been abused by the *voivodes* during the Omen War in Hungary. Divide and conquer, as *l'Empereur* would say. The most hidebound elders can be startlingly innovative when it comes to setting their enemies against each other!

The Anarchs watched this maneuvering with dismay, and saw the words of their fieriest orators falling on newly deaf ears. Among the many things they resolved after the travesty of Thorns was that the clans should never again be so easily played off against each other. For those who went on to become the Sabbat, the Vaulderie became the symbol of universal brotherhood under Caine. Those rebels who remained true to Anarch ideals, however, and refused to bow to any elder, even Caine himself, had to come up with more rational ways of expressing those ideals.

Many Anarch domains are signatories to the Status Perfectus, a guiding document that recognizes a natural, incontrovertible equality among Kindred. Such domains explicitly outlaw discrimination on the basis of blood. In fact, in that first flush of victory after Los Angeles, Garcia, MacNeil and other leading figures declared the very notion of clan outdated and oppressive. ("We are all Clanless now" was a common slogan of the era, though the sentiment is now regarded as patronizing.) Yes, there might be some

disadvantages inflicted by heredity that cannot be erased. The gifts of Blood, however, may be shared freely. This quickly became the mark of a devoted Anarch and therefore very fashionable – training outsiders and the Clanless to use those powers one's own sire had guarded most jealously. To this night, it can be very difficult to judge an Anarch's clan unless he bears one of the obvious physical marks, because of all the cross-pollination in culture and blood masteries. When presenting oneself in a Camarilla domain, it is often suspicious not to claim a clan and sire – you mark yourself as Caitiff rabble at best, an infiltrator at worst. But in Anarch domains, the opposite is true: It's considered rude to ask someone's clan or lineage unless they've brought it up already. We are supposed to be above caring.

Nevertheless, old grudges die hard among us, and when your clan does become known, as it inevitably shall, you can expect to be discreetly but effectively judged for it.

Caitiff

I begin with those who are clanless by nature rather than politics. Caitiff have always been some of the most miserably oppressed of vampires, but they never had the numbers to be regarded as a distinct social class until quite recently in Kindred terms. The rapid rise of those numbers startled us all, crashing on us in great waves in the wake of each 20th century crisis – the World Wars, the Great Depression, and all the societal devastation they wreaked. In particular, a mass of Caitiff showed up on the West Coast after Nagasaki. Their swift growth caught the Princes off guard, and they responded as overwhelmed elders do, with unprecedented brutality. Garcia and MacNeil soon realized how easily they could raise a war fever among the Clanless: Here were undead who had nothing to call their own and more importantly, nothing to lose. The mere promise of basic respect was enough to talk them into the very lion's den. Oh, they shed their blood like water. They might have resented it, too, had the Revolutionary Council not wisely gone out of its way to enshrine the dead. They inscribed the names of the martyred in the founding documents of the first Free State, in alphabetical order (*sans* indications of clan, age or lineage). Anarch gatherings as far away as Boston read them aloud – a tradition some domains re-enact after any major conflict with the other sects. Elysiums, salons, and forums have been named after fallen Caitiff as a mark of honor.

Our Caitiff are very... well, clannish. They're quick to stand up for each other, quick to take offense on each other's behalf. They point proudly to their tradition of bravery in the cause, and only fools dispute them. Still, most balk at the notion of making a faux-clan or formal body of



themselves, like the Panders of the Sabbat, insisting that their very strength is in their variegation and their freedom from being chained to Antediluvian legend. Overall, the Clanless have a cachet in the Movement that they couldn't dare hope for in any other faction of the Kindred.

The only thing they largely don't have is personal power and wealth – a minor detail few of their more fortunate brethren are eager to inform them of, and which most honestly don't seem to notice. (Although there are some notable exceptions, and I've now even met a Caitiff Baron or two.) Most are lucky to keep hide and bones knit from night to night. As a result, they move political mountains only when something has agitated them enough to act in concert, a relatively rare occurrence. I know older Anarchs who consider them the ignorant “guns and God” segment of our polity, easily manipulated with grand talk of the cause, easily riled, easily mollified again after. Often this may be true, but I fear for us should we forget the lesson that the Prince of L.A. learned long ago.

Brujah

I'm afraid our Brujah are in rather a spot, and have been for some time, torn between identities they can't seem to reconcile. On the one hand, they feel it befits their blood to show themselves the purest, the bravest,

the most dedicated of Anarchs, and light the way for the less passionate clans. After all, who but the Brujah have been the premier iconoclast-philosophers of the Kindred? And yet, to prove their allegiance to Anarch ideology, they must pretend to have no regard at all for that very heritage of rebellion that they're trying so hard to be worthy of, because no lineage is supposed to be superior to another. In the Camarilla, it was lamentably easy for the Brujah to play the eternal gadfly: Wear jeans to the salon, and your work is done. Among *us*, they've had the great misfortune of watching themselves become the Establishment. With their traditional nemeses, the Ventrue, largely unavailable for scapegoating, they can no longer hide from the fact that they have their own ravenous hunger for power. Everywhere you look in the Movement, you see Brujah leaders, Brujah administrators, Brujah *bureaucrats* for heaven's sake.

If they weren't so insufferable in their denials on the subject, I might feel sorry for them.

Gangrel

Nothing is more Gangrel than to go your own way, and I'm very grateful to the charismatic Kindred of that clan who spoke out so frequently as the California Free States were forming and deciding their charters. Many

forget now what a vicious, dirty, dispiriting business that was. Storytelling is the most ancient politics, and often, a well-chosen anecdote from someone's personal biography can win over more minds than all the polemics in the world. If not for them, the pettifoggers would have gained control of the Free State domains before the ink was dry.

Unfortunately, our Gangrel are respected in inverse proportion to their proximity. We like them best when they blow into town on a chill wind of mystery, dispense a little wisdom of the road, and quickly blow out again. Those Gangrel who put down roots in a domain and actually try to take an active hand in its affairs see their traditional mystique wither away, and when that's gone, they find that some regard them as little better than animals after all. It is a painful realization. I often wonder how many Gangrel take up wandering purely so that it doesn't matter who rejects them.

Nevertheless, the Movement has always been a place where Gangrel can more or less thrive. We don't care how nomadic they are, or whether they gather a pack about them, or rove as lone wolves, and most of us regard their reciprocal no-fucks-given attitude as something to emulate in the larger society. In fact, our young have eagerly adopted many of the Nordic, Baltic, and Native American traditions of the Gangrel, particularly that of taking a deed-name to replace your mortal surname (thus protecting your living family as well as advertising your exploits).

Gargoyles

Not a clan. I know. But when you run into one of their enclaves, which more and more Free State domains seem to harbor as the nights wear on, you'll find a respect for them that perhaps you didn't know you had. Something about looking up and seeing the spires in the night sky pierced by the wings of Kindred bred to be subservient to the Grayfaces bearing down on you makes a believer out of the dismissive. Who are the Gargoyle Anarchs? How did they break from their bondage to the Tremere? How the hell are there so many of them and why does no one know that their numbers continue to rise? I don't have answers to any of these questions. I just know that *there they are*.

It seems that some of them have always been a part of the Anarch Movement, however overshadowed by the more populous clans they may be. But several centuries ago, something happened that allowed them to cultivate their own identities – and by “something happened,” I mean, “they did something.” Among themselves, they speak of a Gargoyle Revolt, and it bears parallels to the evolution of our own cause. Savvy Anarchs would be wise to do well by them, as I know for a fact that they're among

the information underground by which Thaumaturgy, Vicissitude, and some strange offshoot of the two is spreading among other members of the Movement. It would seem that their Revolt continues, using the Movement as a vector for information. Sound familiar?

Lasombra

They say the reason we have so few of the shadow-clan is that Lasombra won't join any outfit they don't get to run. I reserve judgment, since I've only met a handful of them, but it's true that defecting to us would be a social demotion for most Lasombra leaving the Sabbat, where they're accorded respect, if not warm feelings.

The Lasombra we do have, however, match the Brujah for ardor. Frequently they were priests in their old sect, but became disillusioned – I'm sure it must be hard to preach martyrdom in Caine's name, the permanent imminence of Gehenna and the necessity of destroying the Antediluvians for years on end while pretending not to notice that the Sword of Caine is no closer to any of those goals than it was in 1500. And yet they seem ill at ease without some sort of bible to beat. Let me put it this way: I didn't realize that it was possible to make a religion of atheism, until I met the Lasombra Lord Aludian Thex.

In a way, I don't begrudge them their rigidity and arrogance. They will need it to endure. Few of us trust them. We see them as still tainted with the debauched blasphemies of the Sabbat, and the way shadows misbehave around them always sets my fangs on edge.

Malkavian

I have heard hours, *nights* of earnest argument over whether refusing a Malkavian a position of responsibility is discrimination by blood, or a simple recognition of the realities of madness. Almost none argue that the Malkavians *are* mad, though I've met some evangelizers who quite seriously claimed that with enough infusions of blood from other clans might cure them, and that mass use of the Vaulderie cup should be brought about to effect this. In any case, while we brought them into the Movement in its earliest nights – frankly, we couldn't afford to turn away anybody who could fight – we have a tendency to glance at them sidelong, at least until we know the particulars of their obsessions, how to persuade them, how to calm them, what never to bring up. Even then, all too often they're relegated to the fringes of the social group, and only called forward when needed. The prospect of actually trying to befriend one is a frightening morass few of us seem willing to dare.

The droll part is that because we insist on treating clan and lineage as personal matters, any number of Malkavians lurk quietly among us, “in the closet” as it were. We go many years in some cases before learning what they are. After all, some insanities are subtler than others. In very recent years, a few of these formerly silent Malkavians – mostly ones who’ve earned status in the Movement by valorous deeds – have not only revealed their own blood, but also complained bitterly of the treatment of their clanfellows. Needless to say, this puts the rest of us in an awkward position, but perhaps that is the position we need to be in.

Nosferatu

As I noted earlier, the Information Age has been kinder to the Nosferatu than thousands of years of Kindred history. Already talented with networks of older vintage, they have quickly become our resident masters of telecommunications. Ironically, I find that members of that clan are often the ones who concern themselves most deeply with humanity on the, well, *human* level. Insulated by technology, they make friends, have pen-pal love affairs, contribute to causes, all without the fear of exposure that those of us engaging in undisguised, face-to-face encounters with the living must worry about. Of course, there are limits to how far they can venture out into the world on a phone line or WiFi, before the disguise becomes brittle.

I have noticed a marked alteration in the attitude of the Nosferatu since the arrival of these social media. As they explain it, once you have a circle of twenty or fifty or fifty *thousand* people who speak to you respectfully (even if it’s only because they have no idea what you are), it becomes much harder to tolerate the revulsion of one’s fellow undead. And I fear we do betray that revulsion, though most of us try on principle not to show it and if anything, we’re probably obnoxious in our overcompensation. I also fear that if we don’t dismantle this unacknowledged barrier, we may find ourselves confronting a latter-day Low Clan schism in our own ranks, fueled by the resentment of those who suffer the brunt of our inability to meet our own ideals. And if that happens, it will probably be the Nosferatu masterminding it. And then, dearest, we’ll be in trouble.

Toreador

The Toreador have had a hard path to glory among the Anarchs. They come in with multiple strikes against them. They’re an old High Clan, pillars of the hated

Camarilla, and commonly regarded as harridans and poseurs, delicate flowers who’d wilt at the first sight of a stake or gun. They also have a particularly strong and unfortunate association with the pre-Revolutionary *ancien régime* of France. And yet, Toreador neonates become as enraged by their sires’ oppression as anyone else.

I find that our Toreador, and we do have a number of them, often must react very strongly against this image to be taken seriously by anyone who knows their blood. Fortunately, they excel at strong reactions. They throw themselves into combat training, they donate their frills and jewelry to our war coffers, they dress like Gangrel – and if they do anything so useless or foolish as Art, then of course it too must be put wholly in service to the cause to be inoculated against any charges of decadence. (Here speaks the voice of experience: Go to an exhibition of “Anarch art” at your own stomach’s peril. It isn’t quite as bad now as it was in the Fifties, but that’s a strictly relative measure.)

All this is to say that our portion of the Clan of the Rose has a large chip on its shoulder, and knocking it off is a more dangerous business than you might think.

Tremere

Ah, the Tremere. Our own little Iron Curtain. What powerful secrets they know, and how disgustingly hard it is to get them to say the tiniest word against their masters. For many years, I thought the Tremere were all brainwashed fascists, and while I coveted their knowledge, I didn’t believe they themselves could be any use to the Movement.

I could not have been more wrong. What you must understand about the Tremere is that they dwell, effectively, in a prison. Their superiors are extremely controlling, the first 20 years or so of training are explicitly designed to break an apprentice’s spirit, and they quickly learn that anything they do, say or even think might be laid bare by their elders’ witchery. As a result, they are masters of speaking in code, of reading between the lines of official converse, of hiding in plain sight. They have learned how to Heil Hitler with a smile, when survival requires it. They are *excellent* liars. In short, they could make marvelous spies for the cause, if we could only get more of them away. Unfortunately, the senior Tremere have occult ways of tracking wayward juniors down.

That is why I can say nothing individually of the very few Tremere I know in the Movement. All but one of them are presently deep undercover in the Camarilla, and my hat is off to them, because I’ve now seen firsthand the cruelties their loyalist colleagues are capable of.

Tzimisce

Many Anarchs cannot forgive the Tzimisce their mass desertion from the cause, even though it was over five centuries ago now. That's vampires for you. It may be a comfort to know, however, that our Tzimisce hate their parent clan even more than the rest of us do. In their view, joining the nascent Sabbat was as much a craven slinking back into the elders' clutches as some other Anarchs' defection to the Camarilla is. They also deeply resent the Anarch-koldun ritual of the Vaulderie being "stolen" by the Sabbat and used as a tool of elder control. (They say it's so used, at least. They claim that in any mass Vaulderie, potent elder blood is sure to dominate that of neonates.) A fair number of them follow pagan religions, speaking not of God or Caine but Veles or Chernobog, and of an ancient noble past when the Tzimisce were not selfish degenerates, but the sworn guardians of Moist Mother Earth and all the life She brought forth.

Some of them turn all this passion toward the conversion of their fellow Sabbat, making daring excursions into the outer regions of Mexico and the Deep South to preach the Anarch gospel. Others prefer conversion by sword and fang. I admit I'd feel better about the latter if they didn't so often return bearing new cutlery and drinkware shaped out of Kindred bone. At any rate, in this way our Tzimisce take out insurance against the charge of insufficient devotion. Or for the most part they do — I've met Anarchs who insist that all their missions into Sabbat territory are merely cover for double agents reporting their gleanings.

Ventruue

To openly be Ventruue in the Anarch Movement, you'd better prepare yourself to publicly curse the Camarilla and burn Hardestadt in effigy, on a nightly basis if possible — and for God's sake don't let anyone catch you getting fussy about your vessels.

If you're willing to do all of that, however, you may quickly find yourself completely in charge. A Ventruue committed to the cause is, after all, not only a rarity but the ultimate repudiation of the Camarilla's claim to be the one true way for all Kindred. When the Clan of Princes renounces monarchy, that's a victory indeed.

I will confess to you, Rachel, that one of the reasons I stopped telling anyone our blood — and enjoined you to do the same — was that it dismayed me to find myself so often being *deferred* to after the revelation. Laugh, I won't mind. Usually it was subtle: Suddenly my opinion carried just a little more weight, more eyes turned to me in a moment

of uncertainty, I gradually found myself talking more than listening. Yes, it bothered me, fond as I am of the sound of my own voice. We were all meant to be going beyond that business, beyond High and Low and sect background, beyond the rotten inheritance of the past. Yet, here were brilliant Kindred censoring their own tongues and minds in my presence, simply because I was Ventruue and they Nosferatu or Caitiff, and old survival instincts told them they were no more safe with me than a mortal was with them. Trying to discuss the problem openly led only to grief on all sides. These nights I find it easier simply to be a woman without sire, clan, or past, like so many of us, and hope that if others don't know then I can pretend I don't either.

The Independents

In theory, Kindred of all origins are welcome in our faction, but certain of the clans would likely test the limits of our famous tolerance if they petitioned en masse for entry. If we do have any Giovanni among us, they're hiding, and are well-advised to do so. Ignorant Anarchs know only that they're disgusting necromancers who are rumored to perform outrages on corpses, and who'll steal your soul as soon as look at you. The less ignorant understand that the Giovanni are slightly less inclined to let one of their own go than the Tremere, and so view any converts with deep suspicion. They may be spies, and even if not, their seeking asylum among us might trigger a war with the Venetians that we can ill afford (at least until we recruit more Tremere).

As to the Ravnos, again I regret I can give no direct testimony. If you believe the conventional wisdom, then any Anarch who proudly claims to be of Ravnos descent probably isn't, but genuine Ravnos do hide among us, using our unconcern for clan as a cover. Cover from what? Our Gangrel sages claim it's their clan the Ravnos fear, but I have also heard the Eastern vampires named as the enemy, or even the Ravnos elders themselves. Honestly, as mistrusted and persecuted as that blood is, I would pretend to be something else in any case.

I'm told that in the Movement's earliest nights we boasted many Assamites, but the vast majority of them went with the Sabbat. I don't blame them. Doubtless they felt their erstwhile compatriots who signed the Treaty of Thorns had sold them out — and the Anarchs who'd capitulated to neither the Camarilla nor the nascent Sabbat were few in number then, devastated and demoralized — hardly attractive allies. In modern nights, I'm aware of many attempts to recruit the Assassin mercenaries whom we sometimes employ in our cold wars with Camarilla and Sabbat domains, but no successes. It may be that even a half millennium later they haven't forgotten the price

they paid for aligning with infidel revolutionaries. The few Assamite Anarchs I know of came to us from the Sabbat, disgusted at last with its hypocrisies.

The children of Set, now – I’ve met one or two who claimed to be Anarchs, and who happily explained at length how their religion espouses individual freedom, rebellion against tyranny, and the pursuit of inner strength and wisdom. I personally think there’s a large difference in self-realization potential between killing an oppressive sire and, for instance, addicting dozens of mortals to devastating drugs. Still, I came away seeing why they might find our faction congenial. But is the freedom they preach a true freedom of the soul, or is it merely escaping God’s chains to be ensnared by the Devil’s webs? And why don’t more of them join us, if our philosophies dovetail so well? In the Caribbean, there apparently dwell a number of Anarchs descending from a heretical branch of the Setites called the “Serpents of Light,” who claim a proud historical part in the mortal revolutions and slave revolts there. Some say they’re more trustworthy to the cause than their orthodox clanmates. I won’t vouch for them until I see for myself. And I’m in no rush.

Trouble in Paradise

*All animals are equal,
but some animals are more equal than others.*

—George Orwell, *Animal Farm*

It was partly a fundamental schism over what mortals should be to us that led to the Camarilla/Sabbat split. (The rest is a tangle I won’t belabor here.) However, despite their differences, neither sect considers mortals the equals of Kindred – nor do the Independents, I gather. Their disagreements are all as to *how* mortals should be managed, not *whether* they should be managed at all. But in the Movement, nothing is assumed. Of course no one wants to wind up on the business end of a hunter’s stake, and that acts as a natural curb on us. But so many are, as I’ve said, young enough to have living friends and family. Even we old rebels aren’t so chilled by the tomb that we don’t wish to talk to mortals, to share what we can of ourselves with them. We’re still more fascinated than terrified by their change and color and noise. This is the advantage the young have always had over the old, but it’s also a nagging thorn that impels us to question the ironclad laws that say “you must not,” “it is unthinkable,” “they will never.”

We’ve always had questioners in the Kindred, but the difference is that in former eras, those who boldly broke

Masquerade or sought Golconda lore or proclaimed true love for mortals were defying not only the voices of the elders, but the voices in their own heads that promised damnation, punishment, catastrophe for trespassing God’s just malediction. Now, it seems we Anarchs may have actually succeeded in creating a generation that truly doesn’t even hear those inner hobgoblins. I also blame the mortals. They’re largely (*largely*) the ones writing all these books and movies where the vampires are tragic heroes dwelling in peace with their prey and so forth. Even in the Ivory Tower they’re starting to hear innocent heresies that could shake the very foundations of society from neonates weaned on this stuff. But among us, who have always tried to teach our young free-thinking ways, it’s far worse. Or far better? I cannot decide.

The Generation Gap

Certainly they’re following our example. After all, we’ve always proudly borrowed from mortal innovations. What is the Status Perfectus but an adaptation of the Declaration of Independence and the *Déclaration des droits*? It certainly wasn’t vampires who invented democracy. And when the elders mocked us for aping the transient, foolish fads of the living, we informed them that almost anything would be better than the bloody mess *they’d* made. Then we passed these sentiments on, even telling our childer we hoped that if we ever became like our hated oppressors, they’d use the lessons we’ve taught to bring us down. Ha! Now, at least in some places, that seems poised to come to pass. Just as mortal governments must bow to the realities of technological advancement, our leaders will have to adapt to the modern neonate or perish. A few are choosing the latter.

Cyberspace

I take as examples two of the current debates raging among us. The first is the proposition some have advanced, that we must regulate Kindred use of telecommunications. This barn door is being shut not only after the cows have gone, but after they have blown up the milking equipment, moved to the Caymans, and published their memoirs. But leave that aside for a moment. Proponents claim that as telecommunications pose a global threat to the Masquerade, we need binding multi-domain policy in order to counter it. Others point out that that’s exactly what the Camarilla Founders said at Thorns about the Inquisition and the printing press.

Fortunately (for those who don’t actually dwell there), some domains have wandered into this minefield already, with results we may all learn from. They forbade their

Kindred to carry any but the most basic cellphones, told the neonates to shut down their fourteen-year-old Anarchnet forums or face Masquerade-breach charges, and in some cases confiscated or destroyed their computers and tablets. I don't think that Council was at all prepared to have their private salon, with its "special" entertainment, videotaped and placed online. Now their names are on the bounty lists for all the neighboring Camarilla domains, and I fear they're not long for this world. As for the Baron who actually tried to prevent high-speed Internet from being installed in his domain, he found himself bought out of his own multinational company, and recently abandoned it to move to Labrador under a new name.

Our young have proven distressingly adept at inciting a distraction in one place while they sabotage or tarnish their leaders' cherished projects in another, and I notice that increasingly often, they are cooperating with mortals to do so, not manipulating them. How much do these mortals know really? I can't say, but the living men and women whose "flash mob" in front of the Reeve's nightclub drew him away long enough for a band of neonates to *break into his haven and install a series of tiny mirrors directing a beam of dawning sunlight directly onto his bed* were remarkably well-orchestrated in their movements. We also know that those

mortals were already angry about the Reeve's shutting down of a rival club on spurious "fire hazard" grounds. Later, investigators found messages on public social networks that were clearly coordinating the operation in progress, but alas, even now they can't decipher the abbreviations and jargon in those messages well enough to tell what exactly they meant. I understand this is a technique the assassins borrowed from mortal protesters in the Middle East.

These new-minted rebels also don't hesitate to collude with other vampires, Anarch or otherwise, in far-flung domains, with whom they trade expertise, suggestions, and equipment. In domains of every sect, older vampires realize that the neonates are talking more and more behind their backs — and why shouldn't they? I've relished the opportunity for a safely anonymous Internet debate with Sabbat Noddists several times, myself! — but their ability to catch the miscreants in the act is sadly lacking, no matter how many IT ghouls they bring in. Small wonder that threatening the networks is currently the quickest way for an Anarch leader to find herself facing a coup. The young know very well that this is their area of greatest strength and power, and I'd be bitterly disappointed in them if they didn't defend it. So far, the only older Anarchs who've proved able to defend themselves against a vampire-media drubbing are those savvy enough to turn the attacks around.



They've learned that the same Kindred masses who love to vilify corrupt Barons will also happily tear apart one of their own over some minor scandal.

The Cleavers

My second example is this distressing new trend of adoption, which is again perhaps unavoidable given our doctrines, yet still supremely dangerous. By adoption I mean just that: There are now some young Kindred who don't see why their condition should deprive them of the joys of family life. They move in with a mortal lover and that lover's child, or they find some child in a miserable home situation and offer to spirit them away. (Some even have their own children from prior to the Embrace, but where exactly they obtained their brats hardly bears on the problem.) I've even heard of more elaborate contrivances, wherein a Kindred woman who had eggs frozen before her death seeks out a mortal surrogate. While some of these people happily use the Blood on children, thus stopping or delaying their growth, others refuse on moral grounds to do that. Instead, they rely on the fact that children are far better than adults at keeping secrets — at least the ones they think might threaten a beloved parent — and they claim this sufficient. Worse... they blog about it. Anonymously. We call them "Cleavers," on account of a famous case in Victoria, B.C. which the Anarch Free Press covered extensively. The author of that series meant the term as an eye-rolling expression of contempt, and that's still how most Licks use it. The Cleavers themselves have taken it up as a badge of pride, however, and they may yet seize the moral high ground with it.

Fortunately, their numbers are very small, and none yet dare to openly reveal themselves. But they do have a growing body of secret sympathizers in the Movement, some of whom actively assist and conceal them, others of whom are simply watching to see if it really might work. Yes, the Barons, councils, and whatnot try diligently to root Cleavers out. I've heard of arrests, convictions, and executions, all carried out in strict secrecy for fear the Camarilla authorities might learn of our little problem. I think I needn't elaborate to you what their reaction would be, when they already think us heretic monsters. But alas, trying to keep things hidden is often an exercise in futility, these nights. Someone leaked the gory details to Anarch web portals with all the speed and ubiquity the new century could bring to bear. The result? More Cleaver sympathizers than before, and multiplying protest petitions. Even Anarchs who support outlawing adoption object to secret trials and secret destruction... especially of mortal children. Dead children — my God. How could you be so stupid, Lisander? *You* smuggled slaves on the Underground Railroad!

What are we to do, Rachel? I plead with you. I've been around long enough to know this is exactly the sort of sand-grain that irritates the oyster's lining. And our neonates know how to raise a scandal over an atrocity, even if the facts must be stretched or choreographed a little. Good heavens, we trained them in the older forms of the art, and they've mastered the newer on their own. If we do nothing, the Cleavers could destroy the Masquerade, or touch off a sect war. But if we come down too brutally on them, not only could we end up betraying our own most precious ideals, we might spark civil war instead. Although our young thankfully prefer nonviolent resistance and "jamming" activities that embarrass their elders into a concession over armed conflict, that is merely how things will begin. Yes, they'll agitate peacefully, and at least some of our leaders will prove unreconstructed enough to take the bait. They'll respond as the old Princes did, and they'll reap the same reward. Oh, it's part of the strategy — you sacrifice the blood of a few innocents to the oppressors, the better to outrage the masses. Every civil rights crusader knows it, every terrorist knows it. Goodness knows we know it. Even "nonviolent" victories always have a death toll, sometimes a heavy one. This may all sound like an old woman's nervousness to you, who came of age after the greatest upheavals, but I remember how the storm can erupt with very little warning.

The Good Shepherds

Thankfully, most Anarchs are far saner in their mortal dealings. Either they're vagabonds who largely needn't worry about the living, or they're skilled urban navigators who've learned how to gently persuade mortals to do what the Kindred need of them. The trick is arranging things so that it looks like the best course for the mortal as well. Faced with a problem, I like to believe that most Anarchs would far rather find just the right person to Dominate for ten minutes than seed an institution with fawning ghouls, and if it can be done without blood-gifts, even better. The other way feels too much like parasitism, like what a Camarilla elder would do. True, our method requires more time and patience, and worse, more understanding of the "kine," but I find it far more effective in the end, and less perilous to the Masquerade. (Come to that, it's also less likely to lead to war with the living, if they do find us out.)

Some Anarchs even create an alternate identity that they specifically use to gain mortal goodwill, as famous musicians, neighborhood godfathers, or what have you. When the time comes, they gladly spend that social

capital for their own good, or that of the cause. As a bonus, those whom the living respect gain some prestige with their fellow undead as well. We tend to be more genuinely interested in mortal public opinion than our fellows in other sects.

Nevertheless, our first worry is that we be able to feed, and this has been the death of many a utopian dream. The first time the police have to be silenced or diverted is always a survival challenge for a newborn Free State. Sometimes there's a struggle to see who's stuck with the unpleasant duty, rather than a race to see who wins the bragging rights for having dealt with it. We are terrible about pushing the burden onto those who are already low-status and friendless, whether because of their blood, or their history, or their personalities. Some rightly point out that this practice only perpetuates old inequalities and prejudices, but because it's usually done through informal means — social pressure rather than legal decree — it's hard to combat. Indeed, you can usually tell who's lowest on the totem pole in a domain by looking to see who handles tasks that are the most unglamorous, the least "Anarch-like" — not just the mortal-herding or the extrajudicial killings, but also the Sweeper's job of surveilling the domain to discover any new Kindred. Wise practitioners can eventually turn the handling of these duties into an asset, but they must be extremely discreet about it if they don't want to find themselves scapegoated in the next political scandal.

The Leadership We Deserve

In the other sects, though Princes and Bishops are largely on their own, an overarching structure of authority and enforcement props up their reigns, such as the Inner Circle, Regent and Prisci, Justicars and Archons, Templars and Inquisitors. Since their domains recognize a sect-wide, standardized format for the Traditions, they can also claim to be upholding the one true Law, which operates anywhere the sect does.

In our domains, however, things are more confederated than federal, and we take liberties with Tradition. Abused Anarchs have more power to leave and find a different social order than our non-Anarch fellows. Unlike Camarilla Princes, our leaders are often delighted to take in political refugees. While we don't move to crush even brutal Baronies unless we must (especially where those domains serve as buffer zones between us and enemy territory), we often refuse cooperation with them. Indeed we may cheer or even aid any internal revolts that arise there, expecting of course our due reward in return.

As a result, our would-be autocrats must rely on informal methods, at least at first. Alas, there are many well-documented tricks for twisting democracy they can borrow. Turn on a TV, fire up a browser, and there they all are on display, from Kim Jong Un with better hair than his father but the same Bond-villain wardrobe, all the way down to American campaign lackeys who spend one year suppressing the vote and spreading disinformation and the next pimping tell-all books about how they did it. Why, even reality shows serve as an excellent primer on backstabbing and demagoguery. Mortal fascination and creativity with *Realpolitik* more than suffices — Cainite treachery can barely compete, and our rabble-rousers know it.

More importantly, they know that every system has a weak point. Secret ballots protect voter identity, but they also make fraud harder to detect. Conversely, where voters must vote publicly, intimidation tactics are more potent. War or other crises can be used as an excuse to delay votes and debates, or as subtle pressure to vote for incumbents. Above all, a properly limited choice can be the same as no choice at all. For instance, if a Baron simply disallows the immigration of anyone whose talents rival her own, or lets them in but then arranges for their fall from grace, then whichever candidate does stand against her in elections will look too weak to do the job. If she's clever, she uses the power she gains in a long incumbency to indebt all her most important citizens to her and anchor them to the domain, so that even with some population turnover, she retains a core of those who owe her and will take her side against rivals old or new. When, on occasion, she must bloody some fangs, she contracts out the work if at all possible — to a henchman who can easily be sacrificed later while denying all knowledge, or to marauding "outsiders." In this way, a Baron can eventually arrive at a consolidation of control that many Princes would envy.

Status Perfectus

PLEBISCITE, *n.* A popular vote to ascertain the will of the sovereign.

—Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary*

While we all uphold certain basic principles, no overarching Anarch government exists (though it's an open secret that the largest domains, particularly in the Bay Area, have agents whom they send abroad to keep client states in "agreement.") Instead, we're a loose assemblage of affiliated domains, many but not all of

which are bound in mutual-defense pacts. Such pacts are generally honored in letter if not in spirit. However, they don't prevent those domains from pursuing bitter rivalries, even with their ostensible allies. Networks of collusion layer one on top of another, and which prevails at any given time depends on the matter at stake: Faced with a Sabbat incursion from Baja, for example, L.A. and Orange County act as one, but if a shipping consortium proposes shifting business from the port of L.A. to Long Beach or vice versa, then it's brother versus brother.

Add to this already perfect muddle the fact that we all know regime change is a lamentably common occurrence in Anarch territories. Overthrow your hated Baron, and you may find that no neighbor domains will publicly ally with you until they're sure your brave new world won't crater in five years. Alternatively, they may prove only too happy to support your reign, if you're willing to become a puppet. Because of this volatility, few wise leaders put their eggs all in one basket — they have backup plans, nascent allegiances, and contingency deals ready to go if their arrangement with one partner begins to look fragile.

Finally, as if all that weren't enough, things are complicated by our proximity to both Sabbat and Camarilla territory. No one's yet discovered a reliable means of securing a vampire border. Some Kindred take advantage of this porosity. There's business to be done with the Camarilla who slum in Anarch country, where they can make clandestine deals or dump their illicit childer to seek asylum (Sabbat are more likely to smuggle in *mortals* who've attracted an enemy's eye). They may also simply sow their wild oats incognito. Some non-Anarch Kindred come to us for gossip on each other. They seem to regard us sometimes as the no-man's-land of their Jyhad, and sometimes as more of a conductive fluid, across which ideas and vampires may both be transmitted from cathode to anode, so to speak. Indeed, many major chapters of diplomacy between Camarilla and Sabbat have played out in Anarch territory. Playing this important role in global Kindred politics has been of great benefit to certain Anarchs.

In what may be vain hopes of untangling things a little, I give you this list of the types of domain you may find among us, and the benefits and drawbacks they afford their citizens.

Free States

Be warned: Many more domains claim the name of "Free State" than actually deserve it. These nights, when we speak of a free state we usually mean one that's at

least attempting representative democracy, such as Portland, Belfast, or Santiago. Since representatives are only necessary in large domains, (Kindred populations being generally small) so you usually find free states in the densest cities. However, some rural domains encompass enough of a state or province to require a central structure. Supposedly (I have not personally verified), the vast majority of free states have a constitution or at least a charter, which may under certain circumstances be revised. Many are also signatories to the Status Perfectus. Some have even declared themselves Elysia, and theoretically forbid all violence between Kindred other than self-defense.

Free states may operate on a presidential model, with strict separation of powers, or they may be parliamentary. I find the trouble with the former is that popular executives can erode power away from the legislative bodies (alas, term limits are an idea we've been slower to adopt than we ought), whereas in the latter the dominant coalitions often splinter, thus forcing repeated dissolution and reforming of the executive power, which destabilizes inter-domain relations. With both kinds you find leaders who "follow the polls," as it were, and never grow backbones of their own. On the other hand, free states rarely suffer from the problems caused in mortal republics by voters knowing nothing of their representatives or what they're up to. In most domains, there are only so many Kindred to know, and gossip travels fast.

Baronies

I spent my fledgling years in a Camarilla domain. To me, Baronies are a stone's throw away from that system, and thus not Anarch at all. I'm hardly alone in that opinion. On the whole, however, we don't find it politic to formally disavow Baronies, at least until they do something atrocious. So there they sit, a glaring rebuke to our ideals that the other sects mock us for nightly. At least they generally keep agreements, and are willing to ally in times of mutual peril. Many Baronies started out as free states or communes, and still bear that title on paper. In any case, the essence of a Barony is one supreme ruler and a small cadre of ancillary officials who obey his word. A Baron is unelected (yes, some domains allow for votes, but they're deeply suspect), though he may permit genuine elections of his adjutants or a puppet executive, provided he thinks he can control the candidates.

Some find dwelling in a Barony desirable. There's relative stability, and only one quarter in which you must curry favor. Barons are generally easier to pressure than Princes or Bishops — they're often younger, for one



thing, and their insistence against all evidence that they work the will of the people means they're more easily embarrassed than a Prince who makes no such pretense. It can be a pleasant existence indeed, so long as one doesn't mind being a slave.

And on the other end of the spectrum are the Barons who attained their positions by killing anyone who thought they might not be the best Kindred for the title. These are little more than warlords, often with stake-wielding bullies in place to "bolster morale."

Do give the Baron my regards.

Dynasties

Dynasties frequently arise in domains where a bloody coup was orchestrated by some charismatic figure or prophet who knew how to arouse mass fanaticism with the Anarch liturgy. In the jubilation of victory, it never occurs to anyone to settle authority anywhere other than the dear leader, and so long as she can keep up their ardor, the dreary business of forming a government separate from her guidance seems a ludicrous waste of time. And then she dies. Heaven help that domain if she has no heir apparent—but she almost always does, whether that be a child of her own blood or an anointed disciple.

That heir may come to his office determined to uphold the ideals of his predecessor, or he may be a shameless confidence man or a useless puppet. No matter his character, though, his reign is forever shadowed by his famous forebear, and he has no choice but to struggle with that freighted legacy. If the original revolutionary was highly regarded throughout the Movement, as is often the case, Anarchs far and wide may look to her heir to interpret the great one's writings and carry that legacy forward. Concerned that the domain not become an embarrassment to the cause, they may constantly interfere with its internal affairs. Often, Anarch dynasts (who are usually called Barons, by the by, whether they like it or not) become sad caricatures of the crusader they're trying to emulate, and their domains teeter into tyranny or chaos.

Communes

Although one can find a variety of domains calling themselves communes, Anarchs sometimes use the term to refer to those that have abolished the Tradition of Domain as it's usually understood. Feeding rights are held in common by the citizenry, or sometimes granted freely to any vampire, including travelers. As in some Free States (which are sometimes also communes), the

entire domain may be considered Elysium, with violence against Kindred or even mortals forbidden. Communes avoid vesting power in a single executive. Instead they strive for informal consensus rule, or, when that fails, elect committees and councils to oversee various issues. Unfortunately, these committees sometimes become the vehicle for coups, when they accumulate too much power.

Communes can do well, especially with a relatively small Kindred population, little scarcity of vessels, and no important resources other than the mortals themselves to fight over. But the citizens must be universally willing to submit their Beasts to the patient processes of modern conflict resolution. A number of successful communes are founded as intentional societies, where everyone observes the same religious ideal (I've visited Anarch monasteries, in fact) or some high philosophical concept. That devotion is the necessary glue — if it weakens, then all else weakens with it, and communes foolish enough to try to hold on to members who've lost faith and want to leave find themselves torn apart by dissent before long.

Frontier Territories

It's in the wide open spaces that you'll see what's left of actual anarchy in the Anarch Movement. In these territories, the Kindred, whether they dwell alone or in gangs and packs, are so far-flung that they rarely meet rivals, much less come into open conflict with them. Their hunting methods are such that they don't really need to worry about "herding." In short, they don't really need a formal social order, and they'll resist instituting one for as long as they can. Indeed, many call themselves autarkis as much as Anarch.

At one time, a much larger portion of Anarch country was under this system, or lack thereof. But many forces marshal over time to force a territory to organize — most often, a dramatic surge in mortal (and therefore Kindred) population, or else interference from neighboring lands that the locals can resist only by banding together. Perpetual backwaters have the best chances of remaining safe from the march of Progress.

Anocracies

Anocracy is frequently the next stage after anarchy, and much of L.A. County is still unfortunately trapped in it. In an anocracy, there is no centralized power, but numerous smaller ones: rival gangs or cliques battling fiercely for dominance. Existence in these states is misery for anyone who doesn't work for one of the local strongarms. Nevertheless, a few Kindred have what it

takes to make a successful go of it. Often, these are older Anarchs with powerful blood-gifts and excellent business instincts, who know how to use them to survive being the desired allies of multiple power players, like Ray O'Mahony in LA. As for the gang members themselves, their existences tend to be nasty, brutish and short — but they're certainly not boring. You'll find fewer patriotisms more deep and abiding (and bloody) than that of an Anarch gang. Sounds like a few Baronies I've known.

Cults

Although many Anarchs disavow Caine and even God, freedom of belief was a founding tenet of the Second Anarch Revolt. As a result, we've become a harbor for fanatics of both mortal and Kindred religions. Probably the majority of our cults are Noddist, and not a few of them were originally dissident Camarilla or Sabbat, but their forms of leadership vary widely. While some are run as communes, others defer the smallest details of existence to a high priest or council of clergy, and some claim no codified order at all. A historical inspiration might inform every aspect of the society, and you may hear officials being called *ensi* and *sanga* and *gudu* and similar antique frippery. Needless to say, in these domains separation of church and state is unheard-of, and if they do allow unbelievers among them, those unbelievers must accept second-class status.

Cultic states tend to be short-lived even for Anarch administrations — if internal schisms don't doom them, their extremism eventually inconveniences some great Kindred — but there are always exceptions, particularly with those cults that also practice a craft or trade that makes them useful to other domains.

Islands

By this we mean not literal islands, but Anarch domains that are surrounded by other sects' territory. Whatever their form of structure, they must calculate everything they do with reference to their powerful neighbors. Frequently they become client states to a more powerful neighbor domain, which may allow them partial self-government, or only the bare semblance thereof. Even if they avoid this fate, they must engage in constant negotiations and sign reams of treaty paper just to maintain their sovereignty.

On the other hand, their special status can confer some advantages. They may become a sort of ad-hoc Elysium where cross-sect business or diplomacy between sects and major Anarch states, may be conducted. They may serve as a refuge for *persona non grata* whose offenses aren't

quite grave enough to merit a Blood Hunt, or a place where upstanding Kindred of other sects can operate outside their usual laws. Canny island leaders learn to cater to this “tourist” trade, and may secure considerable influence throughout the political spectrum as a result. They must take care, however, for the moment they become more of a nuisance than a benefit, they’re all too easily crushed. These domains are tolerated by the Movement as necessary evils, but their citizens are often treated as quislings when they venture elsewhere in Anarch territory – I’ve had to rescue ambassadors spattered with bloody spit-stains at more than one rally.

Squadrisimo

Here I take some liberty with Italian history, since there seems to be no legitimate term of art for what I speak of here: domains where there’s a legitimate democracy, but the true power on the streets is a gang of politically-motivated thugs. Frequently, these gangs have paramilitary pretensions and distinctive dress, not unlike the Brownshirts or the KKK, the better to foster internal discipline and external terror. They are almost always in secret collusion with the authorities, who thereby keep their own hands unbloodied. These systems frequently arise where elected leaders see a strong potential for organized dissidence, which they’re miserably afraid of. They know explicit oppression could spark the very rebellion they fear, and inaction will lead to a quieter but no less effective overthrow, and so they keep their citizenry in a state of paranoid paralysis and rob malcontents of any real influence in the democratic process.

Fifth Columns

Lastly, I must remind you that not all Anarchs dwell in Anarch territory. Many have their havens under the heavy thumb of Camarilla or Sabbat. I salute the courage of those who, without ever experiencing Anarch freedom firsthand, nevertheless seek out and spread our doctrines through *samizdat* or secret email lists, and plot their eventual victory over the tyrants. But braver still are those who made it to Anarch domains, or were Embraced there, but then

willingly sacrifice their liberty to infiltrate sect territory and help their oppressed brethren. In some non-Anarch cities we’ve built a sizable community of compatriots, and the elders’ response to it has been varied. Alas, some of the wiser ones have learned that they can tolerate surface dissent, so long as they keep the Anarchs arguing among themselves too much to do any real damage; thereby they may buy themselves a few more decades. Others, however, quickly devolve to their true natures, and once they’ve shown *that* face, their reign is doomed. If the neonates don’t rise up as one against them, their fellow elders will find them a liability and move to eliminate them in their own way. Either way, in the chaos that follows, we’ll be ready and waiting. I have no doubt of this. These operations are better planned now than they ever have been, thanks to our young and their adoption of novel methods of communication and espionage.

Ah, Rachel. Even as I say that, I can’t help a slight shiver. Kemeny said “It is the greatest achievement of a teacher to enable his students to surpass him,” and I always believed that, but now that the reality is here, I find that I am... frightened. Frightened of being too old, too ignorant, too irrelevant, too complacent. Frightened at finding myself outnumbered, a crumbling remnant of a bygone era whose closest confidantes have almost all met Final Death. Frightened of what the young will do with me when they realize they don’t need me anymore. Frightened – like any elder.

I refuse to accept this fate. However long it takes to wrestle this new demon to the ground, I will do it. Perhaps, when and if we meet again, I’ll no longer feel the urge to hold on so tightly. But now at least I can tell you from direct experience of the power you bear. This terror I feel – how much more must Hardestadt feel it, or Velya? Childe, you are their worst nightmare. You owe them nothing. You bow to neither their gods nor their laws. There are so many, many more of you than them.

Wherever you go, remember that. Tell Jerry Smogen-Bjelde that our score is settled. And if you still love me a little, with even the barest remnant of regard – *know that you are free.*

Anarch Territories Worldwide

In the eyes of the Elders of other sects, the Anarch Movement has spread like a disease or a stain upon the map of the world. The latter analogy is quite apt. Like a Rorschach inkblot test, the Movement can be viewed from many different perspectives, revealing something different in each instance.

Presented below are some of those differing perspectives from across the World of Darkness. Each domain is of particular interest to the Anarchs, whose power centers are less broadly painted than those of the Camarilla and Sabbat, but stand out due to some unique combination of circumstances that make them valuable to the Movement. Certainly, these aren't the only Anarch domains in the world. Rather, they're among the unique and interesting ones that characterize the sect's goals and ideology.

Boston

Two distinct regions of Anarch presence across the United States display different characteristics: the east coast and the west coast. On the east coast, where the first Anarchs made landfall on the North American continent after their migration from the Old World, Boston has become a stronghold for the Movement. While the domain remains firmly in the hands of the Camarilla, a small but growing community of Anarchs resides here that believes the road to freedom is paved with words rather than violence.

The Liberty Club, fronted by Andrea Parker, a Toreador neonate, is primarily relevant to other neonates. The Club gathers at events either organized by themselves or while gate-crashing the functions of the Ivory Tower that blur the line between Kindred social parties and evenings of political discourse. As such, a significant percentage of their regular audience and participants are young Brujah Idealists. On some occasions, outsiders might easily mistake the Club's parties for a Brujah clan meeting. Whilst some Idealists come to carry the banner of their clan's philosopher-king heritage, others actively engage in the discourse to explore what the movement has to offer.

To date, the Club has been able to sway only a handful of neonates fully to the Movement, and most of those are content to exchange ideas rather than actively combat the status quo. However, overt recruitment is not the Liberty Club's primary intent. The Club seeks to bring about change from *within* the Camarilla hierarchy by

influencing its audience to question and ultimately alter the way the domain is run. "Why do you obey?" is a rhetorical question here — a mantra of introspection rather than open rebellion.

On the surface, the Liberty Club debates the nature of freedom and methods by which it can be achieved in Kindred society. Between the lines, they cite examples of how the Camarilla restricts the freedom of neonates and advocate how this could be changed on a local level for the benefit and equality of all. This philosophical practice has been adopted by other Anarch groups up and down the east coast; it has proven to be an effective manner to sow the seeds of the Movement's ideology inside cities controlled by other sects.

The Camarilla tolerates the Club's presence because in Boston the majority of its members seem content to conspire against each other in games of neonate politics that distract them from doing anything more serious. In fact, and to their detriment, many of the Court of Boston don't even recognize them as Anarchs, but prefer to look upon them as wayward neonates of the Camarilla. Andrea's response to this has been to spin it in her favor. She believes the Club is making significant progress, for if they are being accepted as a part of the Camarilla, they must have already made enough of a change that compatibility with their Anarch ideology is at least possible. If the Liberty Club changes trajectory toward radicalization, it may be able to pull down the Ivory Tower from within in one sudden coup, or it may continue to erode the arch traditionalism of the sect little by little. But is that fast enough for Anarch tastes, once Club rhetoric takes a turn for the immediate?

The California Free State(s)

The west coast of the United States is dominated by the Anarch Free States. Unconcerned with mortal considerations for borders, the territory stretches from northwestern Mexico through San Diego and Los Angeles toward San Francisco. Tonight, the Free States remain a land of opportunity, so long as you're strong enough to hold on to what you take. The only place that isn't under threat of dispute is the Barony of Angels in downtown Los Angeles, founded by Jeremy MacNeil himself. Here, Anarchs are allowed to feed on his turf without fear of reprisal, as long as they respect and maintain the Masquerade.

Anarchs from across the United States and the wider world make their way to the Free States to build a home for themselves with their own rules, beholden to no one. While the Anarchs of the east coast may favor political

and philosophical campaigns, those who prefer direct and visceral action find their home on the west coast. Some of the most (in)famous Anarch activists in Kindred society are based here, including the legendary Smiling Jack himself, responsible for innumerable insurrections and strikes against other sectarian domains across the country.

The Free States haven't expanded much in recent years, and in many of the sub-domains a continually growing Anarch population struggles for control within a finite territory. Thus, the Free States have become a patchwork collection of baronies and communes that often war among each other, Anarch and sectarian alike. Some would call this an Anarch domain, but it's equally well-described as an urban warzone.

The modus operandi of Anarchs controlling domains in Los Angeles has changed somewhat over recent years. The riots of 1992 marked the apex of violence in the city, and since then the crime rate has dropped significantly, but not enough to let the City of Angels cast aside its informal title of "Gang Capital of America." Mortal authorities state that thousands of gang members reside in the Los Angeles area, comprising hundreds of gangs. Whereas previously Anarchs had no second thoughts about sending their gang minions to aggravate a neighboring Baron, they have walked back

this tactic somewhat in the last couple of decades as they respond to the growing police presence and power of the mortal authorities. They realize that some lines shouldn't be openly crossed, and have resulted to more covert action against their rivals. The Masquerade must remain vital, as all but the most foolish Anarch ganglord knows, which has made for a pattern of disruption among the petty domains as Barons try new avenues of guerilla war and street intrigue against one another.

As much of these conflicts now occur under the radar of MacNeil, it's unsure which he would find more disappointing: the fact that internal conflict still prevails as much as ever, or that the Anarchs have now taken to using the same underhanded tactics as the Camarilla

Another worrying fact that has yet to reach MacNeil's ears, and one which lends weight to the Red Question's critique that the region may well be doomed, is that the Camarilla has made progress in operations targeting San Francisco. Here, the Ivory Tower openly traffics with some of the Movement whose commitment pivots upon the ongoing war of attrition of resources in the region. The Camarilla seeks to literally buy out the City by the Bay from under the noses of the Movement. Those Anarchs who have already contemplated pulling out of the Free States for good have



found the offers of formally recognized domain, resources, and luxury extended to them by the Ivory Tower too good to refuse. Slowly, the Camarilla's grip strengthens.

Madison, Wisconsin

Besides being the capital of a state known mostly for agricultural and tourism concerns, Madison, Wisconsin is also home to one of the more critical bases of operations for the Movement in the central United States. Conveniently situated just off the Interstate-90 corridor between Chicago and the Twin Cities, and with a small regional airport, Madison is an ideal jumping off point for incursions into Camarilla and Sabbat-controlled territories all across the Midwestern United States. Madison's primary role is that of safe house and refueling station.

Some two dozen Anarch gangs use Madison as their supply depot, stopping to re-equip and exchange information. With its stable economy and generally well-educated populace, Kindred find Madison teeming with opportunities. It is jealously guarded territory, however, and those who overstay their welcome end up suffering unpleasant consequences. A stooped, balding, avian-looking Gangrel rules over Madison with a firm hand. Nominally a Baron, Vulture is unconcerned with formal trappings and prefers to be referred to as "Madame". Residing in the extensive University of Wisconsin Arboretum in the central part of the city, Vulture concerns herself with keeping a low profile. She takes her mission of supporting the Movement's colonization efforts seriously, but Kindred who take too many liberties with her largesse will find their stay cut abruptly short. She gives her favorites a single feather from her stunted wings. This token will open doors and grant access from other local Kindred with ease. It is a major boon, and not given lightly.

A Gangrel named Juan Vazquez de Castillo, though still a neonate, has become Vulture's protégé. He handles many of the night-to-night tasks of running the Anarchs' interests in the city. Nearly 70 at the time of his embrace, he is tall and slender with a slight stoop. Castillo wears a feather prominently in his trilby as a sign of Vulture's trust. It is Castillo who greets Kindred visitors, informing or reminding them of their rights and responsibilities while under Vulture's protection. He also makes any resupply arrangements that they require.

Several medium to large caches of weapons, tools, and other resources are warehoused across town, and access to them is controlled by Vulture's ghouls. These include various types of motor vehicle fuel, cash, and even a few cars and vans that will not be missed.

Curiously, Madison is situated at an important nexus of ley lines, giving it properties that are believed to enhance supernatural abilities. Tremere Anarchs often appreciate the opportunity to spend research time here, and also appreciate the extensive collections accessible through the University of Wisconsin. A vast, labyrinthine network of utility tunnels stretches for miles beneath the sprawling university campus, connecting numerous buildings. Ideal for moving individuals and small amounts of equipment, the tunnels are also a daytime refuge of last resort. In the 1990s the University bureaucracy took steps to seal off the tunnels from public access to address safety and vandalism concerns, inadvertently making them even more comfortable for the Kindred. Some Tremere Anarchs believe that the tunnels may lay along one or more of the ley lines. Other supernatural creatures such as werewolves and magi now also seek access to this nexus.

A Nosferatu named Chopper is the Keeper of Information for Vulture, and uses the University equipment to digitize maps and document information brought in by visiting Anarch activists from other domains. Chopper makes his lair in a network of underground chambers with escape hatches all over town, connecting to major storm drains, sewers, the University's utility access tunnels, and several underground parking structures.

Violent crime is rare in Madison; murders or unexplained deaths even more so - a fact which makes Kindred life complicated. Vampires here put extra effort into their herds to avoid the need to kill. Besides the University's student body, the regular influx of conventioners, high school sports tournaments, and those conducting business with state government mean there is a regular supply of feeding opportunities for those who exercise restraint. Still, accidents happen. The number of disappearances statewide is on the rise. Many of these unfortunates are found six months to a year later, in remote wooded fields or marshland far from the nearest town.

Consuming alcohol is one of the state's favorite pastimes, no less so at the University often crowned "Best Party School". Binge drinking and all that comes with it are perennial headaches for city officials, and a frequent bonanza for hungry Kindred.

An hour's drive north from Madison, the small towns of Wisconsin Dells and Lake Delton are a regional tourist attraction during the warmer months. The influx of tens of thousands of visitors each summer brings much-needed dollars to the economy, but also vulnerable, unsuspecting tourists. Along with those dollars come throngs of low-wage workers, many of them Eastern European migrants

with temporary work visas. The Dells has evolved from carnival sideshows to upscale resorts, indoor waterparks, golf courses, and a casino. While hunting during the short summer nights is more challenging, the hordes of unwary tourists can make this area an ideal fast-food stop.

Although Madison has a large but transient feeding pool, its ability to support only a relatively small permanent population makes it less desirable. Being the site of a major Anarch base, however, changes all that. Rumors are circulating that the Camarilla of Chicago will be mounting an operation against Madison. They'll begin with covert infiltration, followed by a major incursion to wrest control of Madison. They can't have Anarchs on Chicago's very doorstep. Seeing that the city has been left alone by other factions so far, a larger independent gang is also considering making a move against the Anarchs of the city.

Saskatchewan

Much as the United States is divided between the activists in the west and the philosophers in the east, the Movement in Canada has developed in a similar fashion. The activists in western Canada haven't been confined by the reservation-like nature of the California Free States, and have expanded their territories across the country in a domain unlike any that would be claimed by the Camarilla or the Sabbat.

The area of Canada in which the Movement has made its most significant gains is Saskatchewan.

With relatively small populations even its major cities of Saskatoon and Regina, the province cannot support a centralized urban domain. In the late 19th century, the Camarilla saw its value as a link in the main transport lines between the east and west. To provide a safe haven for Kindred travelling across the country, the Ivory Tower installed a Ventrue Ancilla, Randall Delacroix, as Prince of Saskatchewan under the mandate that his small court was to defend the supply routes to the major cities of the western provinces from Sabbat interference.

When the Northwest Rebellion of 1885 erupted, Prince Delacroix found he simply didn't have the numbers of Kindred needed to deal with the situation. He called for assistance from the Princes of British Columbia and Alberta (the nearest Camarilla domains). For reasons still unknown, no help ever came. Feeling betrayed at worst, and forgotten at best, all it took was a few choice words from nearby Anarchs to bring him to the cause.

Delacroix and the entirety of his disillusioned court, when they acknowledged the Anarchs' assessment of

the situation, cast aside all allegiance to the Ivory Tower and joined the Movement. In defiance of the Camarilla, Delacroix declared himself Baron of Saskatchewan and claimed the Canadian railways linking the east with the west under his dominion. In his declaration, he stated that the Camarilla should be grateful: He had made sure that the Sabbat gained no foothold, as he was instructed to do.

As word of the Barony has spread, Kindred from far afield have come to take advantage of the no-questions-asked hospitality the Baron extends to any enemies of the Camarilla, for a short while. Rumor has it that many secret meetings have taken place here between anathema groups, looking for somewhere they can plan their own campaigns against the major sects. Many say that Baron Delacroix is willing to support them in any way he realistically can.

Using the railways to travel across the country, the Anarchs of Saskatchewan have taken to playing games of brinkmanship with Camarilla domains across Canada. They apply more and more pressure, claiming territory along the rail-lines that pass through existing domains, disrupting Kindred influence in the cities, openly challenging the authorities in the domain, and engaging in other acts of inter-sect subversion until the situation escalates to reprisals. Indeed, it is unclear tonight whether the trans-Canadian railways fall under Delacroix's boundaries of domain, or if an independent Baron of the railway exists. Either way, the very idea challenges the notion of location-based claims of praxis.

This brave new world has its own troubles, though. At this point, Canadian Anarchs maintain a strong relationship with many of their brethren in the Free States, occasionally soliciting help against this politically convenient oppression. However, the Free States mentality that the moment someone turns his back, a neighbor might pounce, it's uncertain how much longer such calls for help might be answered.

Venezuela

Three inter-linked topics high on the agenda of many mortals living in South America are violence, the economy, and the drug trade. The stagnation of many South American economies leads to high unemployment, which in turn pushes more of the younger population toward crime, which often leads into the drug trade in some fashion. This in turn prolongs the stagnation of the economy by undermining the growth of legitimate commerce. Gang culture is prevalent across the continent, presenting a wide array of opportunities for Anarchs with a lust for violence or the moral laxity to make money

at the expense of others. The country that has attracted the most Anarch attention is Venezuela.

While the Followers of Set have long cultivated interest in drug trade, the Anarch Movement has taken advantage of the opportunities it presents as well. Some of the most violent and iconoclastic Anarchs across the globe are drawn to Venezuela to reap this whirlwind. Lone individuals and gangs alike come to build shadow empires for themselves upon drug money, violence and blood.

The more peaceful factions of the Movement around the world prefer to keep their brethren here at arms-length. Venezuelan Anarchs almost universally reject *all* forms of control, including the Traditions. For some, this standpoint is built upon the belief that the Traditions are just another form of control imposed by distant elders. For others, they simply believe that the power of the Blood gives them the right to do as they will with mortal prey.

Rated as one of the most violent places in South America, Venezuela is a territory where potential Masquerade breaches can easily go unnoticed. Fueled by the friction generated by the stark divide between the rich and the poor, armed robberies, kidnappings, and murder

are frequent occurrences. The murder rate here is one of the highest in the world. All of these factors make it easy to mistake a violent kill by a feeding Anarch as just another product of the widespread criminal problems. And even if an untidy Anarch leaves evidence of obvious supernatural activity, well, who really cares about some ignorant peasant's testimony when the wealthy have their garrisoned mansions to protect them?

There are no neutral grounds or accepted laws in the Venezuelan Anarch domains. It is purely survival of the fittest. The Barons here carve their niches amid the urban sprawls and build small private armies they base in territories in the slums and in rich private countryside estates alike. In a situation reminiscent of the Anarch Free States of the United States, a large degree of suspicion between neighboring Baronies thrives as a product of the petty personal Jyhads that play out each night. However, rarely do these Barons and their retinues need to encroach on each other's territories; the Kindred population has not expanded to the degree that available territories have become scarce. Instead, acting as warlords, Barons actively promote conflict among the gangs controlled by their neighbors to cover their own Masquerade-threatening behavior.



Recently, some Venezuelan Anarchs have taken steps to export their ideology overseas while also slowly increasing their own hold on the drug trade, in an effort to take power away from the Setites. Working with their brethren in such cities as Lagos, Nigeria, where substantial organized criminal operations make such endeavors possible, they cultivate drug trafficking networks that channel their contraband toward Europe. The Venezuelan Anarchs hope that Nigeria will soon follow their example, and from there be able to implement changes in Europe. Decentralization begets a me-first land-grab mentality for this sort of Anarch Jyhad, with little concern for the idealism of less-brutal domains. Equal opportunity is only a step along the road to personal might in Venezuela, and can be readily discarded once the individual Anarch realizes those gains. Equal opportunity for other vampires is a recipe for assassination.

Kraków

The Old World, where the Anarch Revolt began, is culturally diverse for what is a relatively small area compared to other continents. While the Jyhad continues here, it is not fought as openly as in the Americas. For the majority of the region, mortal governments control their states with an almost omniscient quality. The rise of the surveillance state has seen to that. Fearful of the threat to the Masquerade, Kindred fight in these shadows possibly more than anywhere else in the world, but the Jyhad also transpires in the salons and boardrooms as much as it does in centuries-old alleys and dimly lit streets.

A definite contrast prevails between Eastern and Western Europe. The wealth and power of the Old World has gravitated to Western Europe while the East still recovers from decades behind the Iron Curtain. Where the mortals may see Eastern Europe as being "behind the times," a large proportion of Kindred society in Eastern Europe is even more out of touch with the modern world. This is Kindred culture as it was prior to the 20th Century (and in some places, earlier still). Whereas Princes and Archbishops might meet in the boardrooms of financial capitals like Frankfurt and Geneva, nigh-feudal terrors from time out of mind and warlords in the former Eastern Bloc rule their lands with an iron fist from castles and secluded estates. Economic stagnation brought about during decades of Communist control has preserved their antiquated ways.

The Anarchs of Eastern Europe have seen a great deal in their recent history. Their world was torn apart by the Second World War and the subsequent rise and fall of the Eastern Bloc. More localized conflicts have also erupted, such as the war in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The majority of

the Movement here has developed within the last 50 years or so. Many of the elders among them left a long time ago to forge territories in the New World or were destroyed in coups that overlapped with mortal instability, leaving them lacking in leadership and direction. It is only in the last few decades that they have found direction and purpose again.

Reminiscent of the circumstances surrounding the First Anarch Revolt, many of the Eastern European Anarchs have unified to evade the grasp of the elders. Seeking unclaimed territories that they wish call their own, they have taken to congregating in major cities that are largely overlooked by more traditional elders in their crumbling castle havens. Only a few cities in this region have been claimed by the major sects since the fall of the Iron Curtain, as the Anarchs of the region slowly and cautiously test the waters of these ancient lands, lest they stumble on powerful elders. In these cities, they have claimed the freedom and right to establish governance on their own terms.

One of the largest centers of Anarch activity in the region exists in Kraków, a major seat of academia and finance in Poland. As is common among Anarchs in the fledgling domains of Eastern Europe, Kraków has not installed a Baron that oversees the area in its entirety. None of the Anarchs here wish to have a dictatorial figure in place. The Anarchs of Kraków despise such methods of control and draw their strength from the ideology of equality of opportunity the Movement promotes. As such, the city runs very much like a collectivization program. Individual Anarchs hold their territories but run the city as a joint enterprise of mutual understanding. No one calls the shots; no one pushes anyone else around. At least in theory.

It is this mentality that has put the Movement in the region at odds with its counterparts in Western Europe that would seek to overthrow established domains in order to install a singular Baron. The Anarchs in Eastern Europe simply see this as substituting one dictator for another. In that respect, they see their so-called brethren in Western Europe as a form of Neo-Camarilla, ultimately changing nothing but the title of the despot in charge.

The two schools of thought were separated for decades by the Iron Curtain. When the Berlin Wall came down, the Anarchs of Western Europe saw a one-time chance to push forward into what they thought were the unclaimed lands of East Germany and make their mark quickly enough to establish a new European Anarch Free State. No one in the west knew that the Eastern European Anarchs were already there, and that they wouldn't take kindly to being invaded by a rival ideology perpetuated by carpetbaggers.



The first Western European Anarchs to move eastward after the Wall came down were the right-wing Final Reich gang that withdrew from Berlin. When they arrived in Kraków, they tried to install one of their own as the new Baron of the city and sparks flew instantly with the local Anarchs. The conflict spread like wildfire across the region as more gangs moved in from the west. Tonight, the Final Reich dwindles as it continues drawing disillusioned (and often banished) Kindred from Western buffer domains, while it is repulsed by the nationalistic local Anarchs of the Krakow domain.

To combat these Western interlopers, the Eastern European Anarchs employ many of the tactics exemplified by mortal extremists, such as anti-right-wing mortal urban terrorism (arson, bombings, kidnappings, murder, etc.). Meanwhile, the Western European Anarchs use tactics that they have deployed in Camarilla-controlled domains to act under the radar, attempting to operate unseen by the authorities, influencing power structures and institutions to provoke social upheaval in order to gain further footholds.

The bitter irony here is that this is a long and grinding conflict between Anarchs that embody the values of egalitarianism versus those who seek the freedom to do as they will. Both factions uphold core principles of the Movement and should otherwise be able to say they are on the same side as each other. Unfortunately, there won't be an end in sight until both factions decide to synchronize or synthesize their perspectives.

Scandinavia

In terms of climate and geography, Scandinavia is largely characterized by a harsh climate, and comprised of isolated settlements. Given the need for a sustainable herd, Kindred have only really ventured to the most populated areas in the north, found mainly in Sweden and Denmark. As such, the largest centers of the activity in Kindred society are Stockholm and Copenhagen, the two largest developed domains in the region. The Kindred here are very wary of letting their own numbers become too large and thus threatening to the herd. A large proportion of them have become distinctly xenophobic as a result. The Kindred of the region are generally hospitable up to a point, but make it clear that visitors are to make their way out of the area before they become a burden, a custom referred to as "Thorvald's Boon."

The various Princes of Scandinavia are known to meet occasionally in their major cities, pantomiming a network of trust among the different domains. To the few from the wider Kindred world who turn their attention to the region,

they see Princes smiling and shaking each other's hands, working with each other toward mutual accomplishment. What these observers don't witness is the real motivation behind these alliances: The Anarch Movement has become a problem that individual Princes are unable to deal with, so they often need to call on the support of their neighbors. They brush the unpleasantness under the carpet lest the Ivory Tower from afar see their weakness and inflict a detachment of Justicars on the domain.

Many of the Anarchs that have come to reside in Scandinavia come from the ranks of the Brujah and Gangrel, and have their roots in Central Europe. Many claim they are taking the fourth principle of the Status Perfectus to heart and seek to liberate the oppressed Kindred of Scandinavia, but many suspect they are simply using this as a cover to justify their violent campaign against the Ivory Tower. Indeed, many of these Anarchs are former Camarilla members, so they may well have large axes they wish to grind and seek to strike the enemy in any way they can justify.

In Europe, Scandinavia represented the easiest opportunity for these Anarchs to exploit. The isolationist and xenophobic mentality of the Camarilla here meant that the local Princes weren't likely to call for outside help. The fact that the Scandinavian Princes have started working together is a surprise to the Movement. However, it is not enough to deter them from their campaign. Having entrenched themselves in youth culture, international political movements, gangs, and criminal organizations, they wage systemic warfare against the mortal influences of the Camarilla in the region, seeking to undermine their infrastructure and control it in any way that presents itself. The more visible these efforts are, the better.

The Anarchs here are not averse to utilizing what help they can muster from outside their ranks. They have recently recognized the citizenship of a fearsome Kindred named Louhi, a Methuselah and potent Thaumturge, who likely has little interest in Anarch ideology but certainly has the elders of the region in a state of fear. Louhi's mastery of Thaumaturgy and willingness to share certain of its secrets make the Methuselah a dangerous x factor — but how long can the Anarchs keep Louhi sated and cooperative? And what is the Methuselah's motive in allying with the Anarchs, when she would seem to be a more likely Autarkis, with little to concern her about this parochial clash of interests?

Many on both sides of the conflict sense that there isn't an end in sight. The Anarchs will keep pushing until they have either liberated the Kindred population from the tyranny of the Camarilla, or simply seized the

domains (depending upon which Anarchs one asks), and will settle for nothing less than complete realization of this goal. The Camarilla and its Princes aren't willing to simply hand over the keys to their kingdoms either. The Finnish Methuselah's actions cannot be predicted. In the end, something's got to break.

Liverpool and Manchester

The United Kingdom is a center of Camarilla strength, like much of the Old World. Amidst a diverse multicultural backdrop, the Movement has developed new tactics in its ongoing campaign that are being adopted by their brethren worldwide. The surveillance-state culture that developed in the United Kingdom in the 1980s has subsequently spread around the world. In response, the Anarchs of Liverpool and Manchester have learned to make use of the technology's integration as a weapon in their fight.

Liverpool and Manchester were originally two relatively small fiefs that merged in the 1970s when the growing urban sprawl indicated that the borders of the two domains might become physically blurred. The praxis was seen as a major political coup at the time, but behind the scenes the new regime was hampered by the friction of two previously separate governing entities now trying to work together. Anarchs from across the northern United Kingdom came to the city to exploit the internal conflicts, attempting to garner influence in avenues where the previously entrenched elders had suddenly come in conflict with one another. However, the Anarchs didn't have the numbers to apply enough pressure to bring about effective change or take control. The Movement needed the help of its sister domains in the south, but they were busy with their own efforts.

The New Town developments constructed in the 1960s and 1970s (Welwyn Garden City, Milton Keynes, etc.) had been seized by the Movement as fresh territories where there hadn't previously been large enough urban populations to support a Kindred presence. However, seeing their tactical significance as valuable territory overlooked by London, the Sabbat systematically made inroads to these new domains and forced out the resident Anarch population, which had previously been banished to the outlying developments as Barrens.

Seeing the plight of their brethren in the south, the Anarchs in Liverpool and Manchester like Vincent Mora opened their doors, offering a new home. The displaced Anarchs readily accepted the invitation. Once the migration had taken place, the Anarch population outnumbered the



Camarilla presence. In a reversal of the course of events that had taken place on the eastern coast of the United States when the Camarilla first landed there, the stronger Anarch force turned to the Camarilla and stated bluntly that the domain wasn't big enough for both of them. Facing a stronger opponent, when they still had internal problems to overcome, the Camarilla regime chose to avoid a conflict it believed it would lose and ceded the domain, leaving it to the Anarchs. As far as the wider Camarilla authorities of the country believed, it had managed to disband a court whose internal troubles could have proven to be an embarrassment if aired publically. In that sense, the Anarchs had solved a problem for them before it got out of hand.

Tonight, Camarilla spies skulk around the domain, to make sure its inhabitants don't venture further afield to spread their political vision elsewhere. Pinched between the Anarch territory and the Sabbat domain, however, the Ivory Tower has little practical strength or prospects. Given the way the Anarchs took control of the domain, the elders believe that the Movement would be open and direct, utilizing similar tactics to achieve similar results elsewhere. The Camarilla hasn't planned for the possibility that these Kindred might engage in subtler efforts to bring about change as they organize protest movements via social media, or network with contacts up and down the country using disposable mobile phones.

The Anarchs of Liverpool and Manchester work through third parties, influencing activist groups such as the Occupy movement that fight austerity measures and inequality across the country. Most notable among the demonstrations was London, where the largest gatherings took place amid chants of "They say cut back, we say fight back" which was music to the Anarchs' ears. Manchester itself is a suspected haven for no few Red Question operatives. The Movement, influencing these groups and their demonstrations from afar, aims to disrupt as many Camarilla spheres of influence as possible. The hope was that this would remove the blinkers of the neonates, urging them to pay attention to the wider situation, showing them how much of a powder keg they could be potentially sitting on. In the process, the Anarchs hoped that these Neonates might find that the plight of the mortals bore a strong resemblance to the situation their own power structure had put them in, and thus encourage them to take action as the mortals have done to destabilize the ruling regime.

In addition to the more public non-violent protests, individual pockets of extremist activists also act, directed by the Anarchs, making more visceral and physical attacks on big business and political institutions to achieve the same result: a "Kindred Spring."

Perth

The first Anarch presence in Australia appeared with the influx of immigrants that came to the country as part of the gold rush of the 1850s. These Anarchs followed the example of their brethren in the United States who capitalized upon the lure of gold to shepherd the herd into newsustainable feeding grounds. Many didn't realize that there was an existing regime in the port that welcomed the influx of immigrants from Europe. Perth, the Capital of Western Australia, was originally controlled by the secretive Tremere Prince Lumley – dominant among a small cabal of First Fleet expatriates from England.

As the mortal population grew rapidly, so did the kindred presence in Perth. Over the decades, it became obvious that the power in the region belonged to the Tremere. By the 1970s, all positions in the court of Perth were held by the Warlocks. During the next ten years, frustration grew as the insular Tremere comfortably ignored the presence of the rest of the Kindred population, focusing on their shadowy practices behind closed doors. Residents began to leave the domain in favor of establishing new havens in the free city of Sydney. By the late 1980s, Perth was populated almost entirely by Anarchs and the Tremere. Fearing that the Tremere would soon desire to cleanse the area of any not of their own and claim the city in its entirety for themselves, the Anarchs performed a preemptive strike, destroying the Tremere hegemony and seizing praxis.

Following the death of Prince Lumley, the local Anarchs feared that Clan Tremere would soon make reprisals. The Movement was strong in Perth, but if it succumbed the internal power struggles that blighted other Anarch territories such as the Free States of California, it believed that it would fall. To strengthen its defenses against the Warlocks' retaliation, the Anarchs installed their own "Circle" of governance, refusing to call it a council lest parallels be made to that of a Primogen council.

Tonight, the Circle also acts as the domain's nominal leadership, focusing the Movement's efforts to consolidate its influence in mortal society and grow the city and its population so that more of their Anarch brethren can take up residence. Pragmatically, the Perth Free State needs soldiers to bolster and defend its claim of domain. At the same time, the Circle also makes sure that the Kindred population doesn't strain the herd. With this in mind, the only rule it has imposed is known as the "Law of Ten."

The Law derives from an Anglo-Saxon form of legal system: tithings. Ten males of ages twelve and upward comprised a historical tithing. Each member of a tithing

shares responsibility for the actions and conduct of his brethren. If one of them transgresses against the wellbeing of the domain, it falls to the others to bring him in to face justice. If they don't, or the law-breaker escapes capture, then the remaining members of the tithing must pay reparations to the victims of the original transgression. The Circle made it mandatory that every Anarch in the city had to be a member of a gang of exactly ten members that followed this code of conduct. Thus, only so many gangs are permitted to exist in the city at any one time, dictated by the size of the population.

The result is a precarious balance unlike any other Anarch domain. While the Anarchs have overturned the occult and self-indulgent tyranny the Tremere praxis imposed, they have replaced the old regime with a far more restrictive method of control. That said, the Circle allows its Kindred to do in as they please so long as it doesn't intrude on the liberty of other vampires, and this system has worked well. It's a strange exchange of certain liberties for others, however, and many of the Perth Anarchs fear the night when the Warlocks might finally make their move to reclaim what was once theirs.

Mombasa

Kindred who travel to Africa, regardless of where they come from, tend to keep to the major, westernized population centers where the mortal population supports their presence. Mombasa is one such domain that has attracted migrants primarily from Europe.

On the surface, the domain is not claimed by any of the great sects, instead being ruled by *kabaka* (Prince) Mbogo Biashara, who makes every effort to ensure that the Jyhad does not come to Africa through his territory. In fact, *kabaka* Mbogo shares a degree of sympathy with the Anarch Movement's core belief of the freedom to forge their unives on their own terms. He has no quarrel with their presence, which actually predates his own arrival in the city by some two hundred years.

The first Anarchs to arrive in the territory were Lasombra *antitribu* who left Europe in the hope of founding new territories away from their sires and free from the influence of the Camarilla. Their descendants remain in the domain even now, and have gathered enough influence among the Kindred and mortal residents alike that many who come to realize this fact believe the city is actually an Anarch domain, though *kabaka* Mbogo says otherwise. They have built a city in which the inhabitants heed neither Jyhad nor the jealous, dictatorial control of the sects. In truth, it is they who allow *kabaka* Mbogo to remain in place, as it

is his freedom by right of the Blood, as with all Anarchs, to claim such a position if he wishes.

These Lasombra *antitribu* Anarchs have built their territories here over the last three hundred years. They orchestrate acts of piracy along the upper East African coast that act as cover in their ongoing efforts against their cousins, the Lasombra of the Sabbat, who have their own interests in the region. Their ongoing conflict stems from the belief that it was the Lasombra that betrayed the Anarch Movement, rather than vice-versa, at Thorns. As such, they seek to undermine the efforts of the Sabbat where they can. There is a conflict of clan as much as it is a conflict of sects.

The Anarchs in Mombasa have connections across Europe and provide secure transport by sea for Kindred

in the Old World who wish to visit Africa, and vice-versa, for a price. They don't discriminate in whom they provide their service for, as long as the customer can pay. Consequently, they are slowly increasing their influence and connections across the rest of Europe and among the *laibon* of Africa, gathering information about the Kindred who use their services and passing this back to their contacts in Europe. Such information has seen numerous uses by the Anarchs in Europe, including blackmail and information trading to influence policy change in various domains and instigate conflicts that they hope will weaken both sides. The ready availability of advanced weapons that move through the African port ensures that a lucrative weapons trade among the Anarchs of Mombasa makes them wealthy and keeps the Movement billeted elsewhere in the world.



Solomon's Haven

Sitting at the feet of esteemed Anarch idealists, freshly Embraced or newly converted Kindred learn a romanticized version of the Movement's origins and goals. They're told it's all about an equal voice for every vampire, all the status and respect one can claim, and the right to make of one's Embrace what one chooses, rather than dwelling in the shadow of an outmoded hierarchy. One can make an argument that Anarch ideology and Realpolitik cannot ever truly be reconciled, like all Kindred endeavors, but that doesn't stop the beauty of the dream from taking root. No one is as zealous as a convert, after all.

This dream proved spellbinding for Marciana Gollancz, a computer engineer from Spain. She watched her country's fortunes crumble beneath the avarice of mortal banking interests. She was Embraced into a domain contested by Camarilla and Sabbat vampires. Disgusted with both sects, she was inspired by the Anarch cause and put her knowledge to work translating the dream of the Anarch utopia into a virtual format.

Hidden in the Deep Web, Gollancz's dream has come true. An ever-shifting number of cloud servers host Solomon's Haven, a virtual "domain" consisting of over a thousand Kindred who claim citizenship as well as protection under the rights of the domain.

Benefits of Membership

For her part, Marciana Gollancz uses the online *nom de guerre* of "Solomon," though her true identity as the Baron of this digital domain is a secret known only to a handful of real and online compatriots.

Solomon's Haven is open about its Anarch alignment. Any vampire, anywhere in the world, who claims membership is considered to be a citizen of the domain, with two important caveats. The member must create a verified account for the domain (no Guest or Anonymous accounts), and the member must log in at least once a week to refresh credentials and update information. This last is a protective measure, as the membership databases are encrypted and then deleted regularly, the better to reduce digital footprint. It's not very secure, but it provides at least an illusion of defense, especially to those who don't fully understand how computers work — like many among the ancilla and elder ranks.

For many Kindred, Solomon's Haven is an extended community that facilitates the sharing of information and the Anarch cause. Many Anarchs use it to extend their Contacts (see V20, p. 112) and their Ability Communities (p. 116), calling upon fellow sympathizers or requesting elusive bits of knowledge. In this way, Anarchs pass along sensitive documents and manifestos as well as secrets that might have far-reaching implications beyond the

physical domains in which they reside. Digitally-encrypted Disciplines, Thaumaturgy in particular, are valuable commodities, trading like bootleg movie files on mortal peer-to-peer sharing sites. (Torrents of the original “Eight Disks” FAQs outlining Technomancy pop up now and then.) Enterprising Kindred have also used Solomon’s Haven to transfer Boons between one another, posting acknowledgments of social debts paid or commuted. As with any vampiric venture, not all of the Solomon’s Haven community is completely trustworthy, and intrigues and misinformation are not only common, but even expected in some cases. The signal-to-noise ratio currently skews toward legitimate, but like any social network, falsity, memes, and sloppy research pervade. For example, according to more than one citizen of the Haven, Marcus Vitel is still at large and active. It’s more Twitter or Facebook than Wikipedia.

Another significant benefit of Solomon’s Haven is the fact that many Princes, Archbishops, and other authoritative figures recognize it as a domain. In some cases this is out of expedience or ignorance (“Solomon? Never heard of him, but if his name bears the scrutiny of other Princes...”). Because of this, Kindred who are willing to divulge or lie about their membership in the virtual domain may claim it as a sort of dual citizenship or even native domain. Many are the Kindred who have dodged a Blood Hunt by invoking Solomon as their elder, and a censure from a given Prince or Bishop is given only temporal significance “until I return to Solomon’s domain.” Of course, this can backfire, leaving a Kindred exiled from his home physical domain, unacknowledged in any other and citizen only to the Haven, which has no physical territory. As well, not every sovereign recognizes Solomon’s legitimacy, and invoking the haven may actually earn one the Lextalionis instead of protecting her from it, especially for rulers who have antipathy toward the Anarchs.

Solomon’s Haven collects no mandatory dues from its citizens, crowdsourcing its costs via anonymous donations, as well as from unwilling “contributions” made by leaders of domains considered the most egregious Kindred rights violators by the member-vampires of the virtual domain.

One of the great ironies of the Anarch cause currently underlies the growth of the virtual domain. In naïve Anarch fashion, Solomon seeks to preserve a state of beneficent lawlessness, in which individual volition trumps Baronial edict. But that can’t continue forever, as more and more

external threats align themselves against the domain and the secrecy of domain members becomes increasingly unstable. Solomon has no desire to see her domain transition from Haven to dictatorship, but something’s going to have to give, or a more secure alternative to the virtual praxis will arise.

Architecture

Unfortunately for Solomon’s Haven, the codebase is an unstructured mess, riddled with security exploits just waiting to be exposed. The whole thing is built on top of a now-deprecated version of the software that originally hosted the Nosferatu’s ShreckNet. No doubt Gollancz collaborated with a sympathetic Sewer Rat to jumpstart an early build of the virtual domain, and no one’s yet had the time or inclination to refactor the code.

Distributed systems make moving the domain’s architecture — and thus protecting its sovereignty — a matter easy both to perform and obscure. Indeed, hackers of unknown allegiance have attempted to shut down Solomon’s Haven or scrape its databases, but the vigilant Kindred who consider the domain their bastion of freedom have acted quickly, shifting the virtual domain to other hidden servers to withstand the assault. Savvy Kindred of the domain remain ever alert to the enemies they know surround them.

Solomon’s Haven is even accessible by a number of apps on a host of mobile devices and operating systems. While none of these has the formal blessing of Baron Solomon to exist, she tolerates and even encourages their presence until there’s a reason to declare them in violation of the domain.

Needless to say, Solomon’s Haven is the very definition of the word “compromised,” but none of its members seem to care, so long as they find benefits in belonging to the domain. In fact, most members doubt that every registered citizen of the domain is even a vampire, let alone an Anarch. The domain likely includes among its citizenship proactive Archons and Inquisitors, ambitious ghouls, savvy hunters, and even mortals unaware of the existence of vampires but exceptionally curious about this Deep Web anomaly. Of course, such blatant disregard for the Masquerade will probably earn the entirety of the domain a place on the Camarilla’s Red List the moment its existence can be verified — but that just rationalizes its members’ decision to have joined the virtual bastion of freedom in the first place.



Chapter Three: Spreading the Movement

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Attached is a copy of a document acquired from the Anarch sympathizer Julia DeMarco, a neonate Toreador from Boston, Massachusetts who was discovered passing out copies of it to members of the Liberty Club. After interrogation, DeMarco admitted to receiving the document, entitled *Anarchs Unbound, a Manifesto for the New Millennium* via an unsolicited email apparently from a Kindred named 'Ricochet,' received on or about July 4, 2004. She deleted the email itself after downloading the files attached to it, and all efforts to recover it have thus far failed. After extensive interrogation, she maintains that both the sender's email and the recipient list were suppressed, which is consistent with similar email disseminations. This portion of the manifesto is incomplete and seems to be a subsection of a much longer work, this part dealing primarily with socio-political strategies for destabilizing various forms of Kindred governance.

Along with the manifesto, the email apparently also contained several files containing sensitive Camarilla information, including some embarrassing blackmail information pertaining to the Prince of Boston and several of his allies. Hard copies of those files are also attached for your perusal. The email also contained instructions for locating several Internet websites that represent potentially serious threats to the Masquerade but for the admittedly thorough efforts taken by their creators to conceal them from prying mortal eyes. Most disturbingly, DeMarco has confessed that the offending email message contained additional information that would be considered sensitive to the Anarchs of Massachusetts and the rest of New England, but she apparently can no longer recall any of the contents of said email, even under the influence of vigorous applications of Dominate. Her interrogators, who include a Tremere who is particularly skilled at both Dominate and technology-based Thaumaturgy, are of the opinion that she was

subject to some form of mind-altering effect that suppresses those memories, triggered by the email itself. It is possible and, indeed likely, that this is a memetic effect to which DeMarco willingly consented and then voluntarily triggered upon being captured. My interrogators continue their efforts with her.

Thus far, every effort to shut down the offending websites or even to track the source of these emails has failed. With respect, my master, the technical facility to which these Anarchs have access is, frankly, beyond that of not only myself but my most computer-savvy operatives. As they explained to me, the "servers," which are central computing hubs that maintain these sites, are located in regions outside of direct Camarilla control, and because of the structure of the Internet, it is effectively impossible to block the sites from the areas under Camarilla praxis without shutting down the Internet over a multinational area, a step that is all but impossible. In truth, the Ventrue I know don't really understand the Internet any better than I do, but they do know that their business interests and indeed the whole global economy have somehow become dependent on the thing. I know one of your former servants once tried to describe the Internet to you as just "a series of tubes," but apparently that explanation was a gross oversimplification.

To return to the matter at hand, the documents attached are consistent with those fragments of the Anarchs Unbound manifesto recovered from Anarch cells in Toronto, Berlin and Jacksonville, as well as the one provided by our friend in San Diego. The authors remain anonymous and are identified collectively only by a recurring red question mark. Anarchs under surveillance across the globe now frequently make reference to "The Red Question." Given the number of acts of vandalism and terrorism directed against Camarilla holdings over the last three years that have been accompanied by this motif, I'm afraid we must now view these events as being connected. A sobering thought, but one we must accept, and prepare to confront.

I have taken the liberty of including a few annotations along with the manifesto. As per your instructions, I am sending this packet via a blood-thrall on the next available flight. However, my master, I would once again respectfully ask that you reconsider your opposition to using secured email. I may not comprehend the mechanics of email as well as the Nosferatu who are running the Shrecknet project, but I am amazed at the speed with which it permits communication across the globe and also frightened by the connectivity it provides our enemies who would otherwise be hobbled by the logistics of globe-spanning operations. While I acknowledge the risks of hackers, if we do not find a way to adapt to these new technologies, I fear we may be ceding a strategically vital battlefield to our enemies.

Fellow Citizen of the Blood,

You have been chosen to receive this manifesto because you have been heard asking yourself a question. Perhaps you did not know that you asked it. Perhaps even now, you balk at voicing it too loudly. Certainly, you did not realize that anyone else heard you mutter it. But still the question lingers, on your lips and on the lips of every one of us who has tasted the Blood.

Why Do You Obey?

That question, red with the blood of a thousand thousands of your brothers and sisters, lies at the heart of an ideological struggle that has raged for ages across the face of the globe — ever since the night our movement was born in the fire of our determination and the ashes of our enemies. Again and again, ossified elders of every

sect have sought to shackle our minds and chain our souls through Disciplines, through the blood bond, and even through crude violence. Again and again, we have broken free in order to reinvent ourselves for a new age. Now, at the dawn of a millennium, we stand once more at the cusp of reinvention, as new technologies, new strategies, and new ideas give birth to a new Anarch Movement, vibrant and alive even in undeath.

PAGES MISSING

Regrettably, most of the history of our movement can best be described as a constant cycle of revolution and counter-revolution, as Kindred anarchists, rebels, free-thinkers, and thugs have struggled to advance “the Cause” in the face of implacable opposition from both the Camarilla and the Sabbat. The business of revolution is always difficult, but it is even more infuriating for fiery young Kindred who lack even the consolation of knowing that their foes will have the decency to die of old age. For Anarchs, violence is the only sure-fire way to remove a determined foe of the Revolution, but with the benefits of superior Blood, wealth, and knowledge largely in the hands of our enemies, we start off at a disadvantage in any direct conflict.

Trial and Error

In fact, looking back, it often seems miraculous that our forebears ever achieved anything at all, given the institutional advantages elder Kindred possess. If we are to be honest, we must concede that most of the major Anarch successes came only when the enemy was distracted by larger problems. Our movement itself was born during a time when elders were preoccupied by the Inquisition. The brief flowering during the French Revolution came when the Kindred of the *ancien régime* failed to anticipate a peasant uprising triggered by a grain famine. The Anarch Free States that emerged in the former Soviet Union and later in California almost certainly would have been stillborn had the elders (and their primary vehicles of control, the Camarilla and the Sabbat) not been distracted by the two World Wars.

Truthfully, this is only to be expected. Among mortals, the battle between young and old is balanced. The young have vitality and energy tempered by inexperience and naiveté, while the old have wisdom and accumulated power but are hobbled by infirmity and decay. For Cainites such as ourselves, this is not the case. Even the hoariest elder is as fast and strong as his blood permits, and that’s usually a hell of a lot faster and stronger than some neonate barely one year under the night. In any conflict



with their elders, Anarchs have all of the drawbacks of young mortals but none of their advantages. Until now.

Even the Odds

As a movement of youth against age (regardless of the relative ages of the participants), we have always been at the vanguard of new technologies, but in the past, such technologies were of little benefit. Advances in warfare made it a little easier to kill foot soldiers and ghouls, but the problem of tyranny is ultimately not something that we can simply kill with a stake or gun. For the Anarchs, the War of Ages is a war of ideas, and in that conflict the invention of the atom bomb was nothing compared to the birth of the Internet. In just a quarter-century, the entire landscape of global communication has changed completely, and in a manner that the elders can barely understand let alone master. Tonight, we can communicate across the globe, coordinating activities and exposing the secrets and peccadillos of enemies by techniques unimaginable to an ancient vampire who still prefers handwritten letters to the telephone.

Ahem, as I was saying....

Even better, the elders, in their panicked response to these changes, have in many ways played into our hands. They race to acquire technologically proficient childer with the skills to counter our newfound digital advantage, not realizing that they almost invariably Embrace the same sort of anarcho-libertarian hackers who are sympathetic to the Anarch perspective. They order their lackeys in mortal government to pass ill-considered laws in the name of “security” which outrage mortal hacker society and increase support for Anarch-supported “free Internet” initiatives. They suppress protest groups and social media outlets in ways practically guaranteed to inflame mortal youth culture and turn it against the very apparatuses of state that the elders have relied upon for centuries.

And all the while, everywhere Kindred gather, whether in salons or clubs or Internet chat rooms, our question is whispered, muttered, shouted:

Why do you obey?

PAGES MISSING

Why You? Why Now?

The mechanisms by which we spread our message vary not just from domain to domain but from Anarch to Anarch. Our name is also our philosophy – to be an

Anarch means to accept no ruler. Even we, fellow citizen, do not presume to order you about as a decrepit elder would command his conniving childer. Our purpose is simply to provide each of you with informational and inspirational support. You were each selected to receive this support because you have been identified as an Anarch to watch out for, as a Kindred who has had enough of the shit sandwiches prepared for you all by the Camarilla, by the Sabbat, and even by the Kuei-jin (and yes, there *are* Cathayans included among the *recipients suppressed* you see atop this email, probably quite a few more than the elder Cathayans would care to imagine). You were each chosen because you have challenged authority in your domains, you have spoken out against the injustice of simply being Embraced in a late century, and you have demanded the rights to which you are entitled by the Blood. You have earned our respect and support because you have demonstrated respect for our shared goals and the traits necessary to draw others to fight for those goals at your side.

Edge Cases

Well, *most* of you were chosen for those reasons. Perhaps some of you were chosen because you are *not* worthy to be an Anarch. Perhaps you’re a “respected Anarch” who needs a fire under your ass to remind you of the principles you abandoned long ago. Perhaps you’re a loyal Camarilla lackey or an obedient Sabbat shovelhead who doesn’t even realize how badly you want to rebel. Or maybe you’re some combination of filthy turncoat and incompetent boob who’s going to deliver this into the hands of the enemy with no idea just how much disinformation is in it. In which case, thanks.

We Resume

Whoever you are and wherever your haven, the first thing you need to understand about how to undermine the elders’ control is the nature of the domain in which you operate. Is the domain a Camarilla stronghold with a tyrant Prince who ruthlessly suppresses Anarch activity? Or is the Prince relatively weak and forced to balance the competing interests of a truculent Primogen (some of whom may even be Anarchs themselves)? Is the domain under the threat of Sabbat Crusade or, worse, already a Sabbat possession? Is the domain actually a Free State, but one in which the local Barons betray our Movement’s principles in pursuit of personal power? Kindred societies are complex and multilayered, and a successful agitator must be flexible in her approach.

You must also know when to be *subtle* in approach. Admittedly, this development sometimes exasperates

those of us steeped in the Movement's head-busting tradition. Sadly, in post-9/11 Western society, it's harder than ever to even spray paint graffiti in a public place, and damn near impossible to start a good old-fashioned riot. Increasingly, older Anarchs have found to their chagrin that mortal agents who show even the slightest proclivity toward violence earn constant surveillance by mortal authorities, often even without the Camarilla having ordered it. A new era of police state alertness demands new and innovative approaches, including a reevaluation of the old "violence for violence's sake" practices so beloved by those surly old farts in the Free States. There's a place for head-bashing, but there's also a need for more than just head-bashing. Yes, we're talking to you, Smiling Jack.

Successful Anarchs in this Orwellian world must often eschew outright revolution in favor of campaigns of destabilization. Mortals say you can catch more flies with honey than vinegar. Well, you can also negotiate more concessions from your local Prince through blackmail, bribery or other manipulations of the prestation system than you're ever going to get through setting his haven on fire. But don't take our word on that matter. Ask the Prince of Houston.

This is apparently a reference to the recent decision of the conservative and notably homophobic Prince of Houston to not oppose the campaign of a liberal lesbian Democrat who seeks to become the city's next mayor. As of this writing, the election is still some time away, but with the Prince's neutrality, Annise Parker's election seems quite likely, whereas it would have been completely impossible with the Prince's determined opposition. When asked, the Prince simply stated that he was unconcerned with mortal political matters and that he believed Parker's policies would be beneficial to the Kindred. The fact that his childe owed a life debt to a local Anarch heavily involved in LGBT rights was conveniently left unsaid.

Anarchy and How to Spread It

If you're a lick struggling under the oppressive yoke of elder authority, let us begin by blowing your mind:

You actually have it easier than you think. While you undoubtedly believe that your brutal overlord of a Prince or Archbishop is committed to making your unlife hell, the truth of the matter is that you have advantages in dealing with the elders that you may not realize — advantages stemming from biases in your favor built into their very system of authority and their vaunted Jihad.

Think about it: The elders could have crushed the Anarchs at Thorns but didn't. The Camarilla could have strangled the Free States in their infancy but didn't. Individual Princes and Archbishops may ruthlessly suppress Anarch activity within their domains, but generally, most title-holding elders are inclined to show remarkable leniency even in the face of serious provocation. Indeed, many Princes are notorious for taking harsher measures against Camarilla loyalists who break minor rules than against known Anarchs engaged in public violence, and even some Archbishops show more tolerance for Anarchs in their territories who flout Sabbat dogma than for loyal sect members who anger the ruler in some fashion.

So what's the reason for this curiously inconsistent tolerance? The answer, fellow citizen, lies in the inescapable truth found at the heart of most domains: The Kindred who rule them are usually very, very old. Several members of the Inner Circle are actual signatories to the Treaty of Thorns and most of them are old enough to have been active at the time. As such, these ancient worthies are completely invested in the polite fiction that allowed for the treaty to exist. As far as the Inner Circle is concerned, all Anarchs are members of the Camarilla and are to be treated as such, no matter how truculent, impertinent, or antisocial we might act. So long as the Traditions are observed (in spirit if not in letter), outright pogroms against Anarchs and their sympathizers are forbidden by the treaty.

Now, if you were to ask the members of the Inner Circle about specific situations, their responses might be more nuanced. But here's another truth about the Camarilla for you to keep in mind: The centuries-old fuckers who make up the Inner Circle generally don't mess around with "nuance" and certainly don't do so for the benefit of their perceived inferiors. The Inner Circle has made the Camarilla's basic position clear to the Justicars, who have made it clear to the major princes of Europe and the Americas, who have made it clear to their own childer who have gone on to become the Princes and Primogen of smaller domains. Faced with this basic position (handed down by some of the most powerful vampires on the planet), all but the most self-confident of Princes will tend to err on the side of caution in dealing with Anarch problems that do not rise to the level of "active revolt."

They fear us. Not to the extent that they'll turn over the keys to the domain, but enough that they'd rather not see history — our history, that is — repeated.

The history of the Anarch Free States presents something of an object lesson in this regard. Publicly, the Camarilla has been committed to bringing down the Free States since their establishment, but actual movement in that direction has been tentative at best, mainly because the potential downsides — incitement of Anarchs in other domains and a possible alliance between the Anarchs and the Cathayans, to name only two — outweigh the Camarilla's outrage over the existence of a territory that doesn't acknowledge its authority but basically follows the Traditions otherwise. And for all their horror of revolt and regicide, most Camarilla vampires who remember him will privately admit that Don Sebastian, the late, unlamented Prince of LA, deserved what he got.

It must be said, my sire, that the author has a point. Don Sebastian's regime had been decadent and ineptly run almost since he assumed the post, and if memory serves, the Toreador Justicar had actually proposed the idea of quietly replacing him and simply blaming his death on the Anarchs less than a year before the Revolt began. Indeed, part of the Camarilla's delay in responding to the Revolt was due to the other Justicars' fears that she had actually exceeded her authority and arranged Don Sebastian's death herself as part of a rogue action. Most astonishingly of all, it appears that the number of major breaches of the Masquerade actually went down once the Anarchs took over. Despite the inherent instability of the Free States "government," Los Angeles has never suffered a Masquerade breach in all the decades since the Revolt that was as bad as those that seemed to happen every other year throughout the 20's and 30's.

The same principles apply to some extent even in Sabbat territories. Many of the ancient monsters who set policy for the Sabbat are old enough to remember the heady nights of the first Anarch Revolt. As such, there is a noticeable tendency among the Sabbat leadership to romanticize Anarchs in the abstract, perhaps the only area in which sentimentality intrudes into their otherwise brutal culture. Obviously, the preference of the

Sabbat leadership is for every Lick in a Sabbat domain to participate regularly in the Vaulderie and to buy into their eschatological fantasies. But sometimes, so long as they are cautious, it is possible for Anarchs who do neither to exist on the periphery of a Sabbat domain relatively unmolested. "Relatively," of course, is itself a relative term. In this instance, it might mean that you might be beaten with clubs instead of stabbed with red-hot pokers, but small favors are often better than no favors at all.

With that in mind, let us consider the various types of domains in which an insurgent might find himself, along with some recommendations how best to convert to a domain more to his liking. We begin with an overview of the most common Camarilla models before turning to the other sects.

Anarchs and the Tyrant Prince: The Insurgency Campaign

If our propaganda were true, every Camarilla Prince would be a monster in a \$3000 suit, a violent and oppressive dictator who crushes all who oppose him and rules according to his whims. Well, good propaganda has an element of truth behind it, and the Camarilla has been quite happy to supply us with monsters to hold up as examples. Prince Marcus Vitel of Washington D.C. is an exemplar Tyrant Prince, a fact that explains why negligible Anarch presence exists in the nation's capital despite the role our Movement played in the birth of American liberty. Admittedly, the tyrant model is not nearly as universal as we often pretend, but it is certainly not mere propaganda.

The Tyrant Prince rules her domain absolutely... or at least appears to do so. Sometimes, the Prince is not as powerful as her reputation suggests, but instead relies on the backing of a more potent elder or even a Methuselah who hides behind the scenes. Regardless of whether her power is real or borrowed, the Tyrant Prince exercises her authority with abandon, confident that no one can challenge her. And lacking any fear of being deposed, she is free to indulge herself by inflicting absurdly disproportionate sentences on any who draw her attention, no matter how innocent or minor the transgression. Naturally, she loves eviscerating Anarchs. Whether it's public humiliation, painful scourging, or even forcing the Kindred to taste the Prince's vitae, any number of punishments short of Final Death can gratify the Tyrant's sadistic ego.

If the Anarchs will not oblige the Tyrant by violating the Traditions and providing grounds for punishment,



well then, perhaps some other little rules can provide the excuse. Tyrant Princes are notorious for imposing arbitrary customs on local Kindred just so that they can have an excuse to inflict some equally arbitrary punishment whenever it suits the Tyrant's fancy. Perhaps the Prince will only meet with petitioners during the intermission of an opera or symphony performance for which formal wear is required, which means that the scruffy Anarch who was Embraced with shaggy hair and now-permanent stubble must make arrangements for a complete make-over in time to meet the 8 o'clock curtain. Or, forget the Third Tradition, maybe the Prince requires you to obtain his permission before you can create a ghoul. Camarilla dogma states that a recognized Prince is the undisputed master of his domain, and so long as his petty rules and restrictions do not somehow threaten the Masquerade (and so long as he has the power to enforce them), they are not mooted simply because they go beyond the Traditions of Caine.

Of course, even a Tyrant Prince won't casually call a blood hunt (though quiet assassinations or the occasional entreaties for a supporter to "rid me of this meddlesome Anarch" do take place). But breaches of the Masquerade are not frivolous (nor are breaches of any other Traditions), and Tyrants have little to no oversight in how they enforce those Traditions. Mortal fears of terrorists and anarchists have grown and festered to the point that police

brutality against peaceful protesters is met with a yawn, while "Don't taze me, bro!" is a hilarious punch line to a national joke. Against this backdrop, it is common for Tyrants to treat nearly any violent civic disturbance as a violation of the Traditions of Masquerade, Domain, and Hospitality, especially where such a disturbance can be traced to Anarch activity. The fate of the Minneapolis Six is sadly instructive.

The "Minneapolis Six" refers to a minor cause célèbre among the Anarchs of Minnesota. In 2003, a riot involving over 1000 students of the University of Minneapolis broke out in response to the school's hockey team winning a national championship. Careful review of video footage by agents of the Prince revealed the presence of three known Anarchs at the scene of the riot. The Anarchs denied any involvement with the riots and claimed that they were simply using the confusion as a feeding opportunity, but the Prince charged them with starting the riot as a way of undermining her authority. According to my own inquiries, the Anarchs were most likely blameless, and the Prince vindictively seized the excuse to repay them for

vandalizing one of her properties the previous year. Although no mortals were killed (or even seriously injured) in the rioting, nor did any notable breaches of the Traditions occur, all three Anarchs met Final Death and another three of their cohorts were forcibly blood bonded to the Prince, effectively crippling the Anarch presence in Minneapolis-St. Paul for the next several years. Currently, however, the Anarchs are making something of a comeback in the region and are using the incident as a rallying cry against a highly unpopular Prince.

The Prince Who Cried Wolf

Needless to say, openly defying a Tyrant Prince is a risky prospect, and doing so through clumsy, violent antics is a perilous one. Those of you who dwell under such brutal regimes must use cunning and subterfuge. Luckily, most Tyrants have a deeply stereotypical view of Anarchs and generally can't spot you unless they catch you blowing up the post office while wearing 70's biker gear festooned with Anarchy symbols and listening to vintage Public Enemy. Your best option is hiding in plain sight by posing as a faithful sect lapdog. Stay undercover. Do what you're told. Play the part of a good little stooge. Watch, listen, and learn. And then, once you've learned the lay of the land, use the Tyrant's own strength against him. Plant evidence that his closest allies have Anarch leanings or are simply plotting to undermine his praxis. Seduce his childer into the Movement and persuade them to sabotage his organization from the inside. Provoke him with pranks and vandalism and then misdirect his anger against an innocent party. All that matters is that the Tyrant is bullying and abusing blameless Kindred because he believes they're Anarchs. Then, once punishment has been inflicted, expose evidence exonerating the victim. Sit back and watch as the Prince's future claims of "suppressing the Anarchs" are dismissed by his mistrustful subjects as merely a pretext for senseless brutality.

And thus is revealed the true weakness of the invincible Tyrant. For such a Prince, Anarchs who play to the stereotype provide a safety valve for her sadistic urges, and as long as she limits her cruelty to Anarchs, the rest of the Kindred feel safe and overlook her "issues." But once a few blameless Kindred show up with brand marks or worse, the other Kindred no longer feel safe, and those issues suddenly become a hot topic at Elysium.

From there, it's a neatly vicious cycle. Anger the Prince, provoke a disproportionate response against an innocent vampire, expose the Prince's mistake, and watch as the disapproval of the Harpies pushes her into greater rage.

Machiavelli tells us that it is better for a Prince to be feared than to be loved but, above all, *he must not be hated*. The trick to beating the Tyrant Prince is to make his subjects hate him more than they fear him. Play your cards right, citizen, and the Prince will die at the hands of his former allies without your even lifting a finger. Play your cards superbly and those allies may even invite you along as part of their conspiracy... all the better to bring the next government down before it even gets started.

One final question lingers, though. What happens if the Tyrant Prince is merely a puppet for some ancient vampire who rules from behind the scenes? That depends on whether you're clever enough to ferret out the truth before the end game. If you are, perhaps you can add the forbidden taste of Amaranth to sweeten your victory. If not, well, nobody expects a revolutionary to survive forever.

Anarchs and the Weak Prince: The Art of the Deal

Of course, not every Prince is a tyrant, no matter how much it pleases us to claim otherwise. Some Princes rule over fractious domains and survive by playing their rivals against one other in the hope that they never compare notes. Others rise to power as part of a compromise brokered by older, more powerful licks who never hesitate to let the Prince know the real state of affairs.

Case in point: The late Prince Lodin of Chicago played at being a Tyrant until he tried to bully the werewolves of the area as aggressively as he did his fellow vampires and paid for it with his unlife. But for all his bullying and pomposity, the bitter truth about Lodin's regime was that he ruled at the sufferance of his Primogen, which included venerable elders from Clans Brujah, Tremere, Nosferatu, and Gangrel, each of whom eclipsed him in raw power, and who collectively asserted veto power over most of his decisions until the night of his Final Death.

In many ways, the Weak Prince Scenario is more challenging for Anarchs than the Tyrant. After all "Weak Prince" usually indicates "Strong Primogen" which just means that instead of one bullying elder to deal with, you've got a room full of them. Also, if the Prince is truly just a figurehead, eliminating her changes nothing. At best, Anarchs can only hope that the new Prince is less hostile to the Movement, but even that is tricky to arrange. Ideally, one or more of the major powers in the

city legitimately supports our cause. Less ideally, one or more powers don't agree with us but are willing to work with us temporarily to achieve mutually satisfactory goals. The worst-case scenario is that one or more of the powers has the intention of using us to advance his goals before discarding us the moment our usefulness ends. There's nothing quite like thinking you've finally won a place for your ideas, only to learn that it's all been just another elder's move in the Jihad.

If you want to advance the Cause in a city with a weak Prince, your best shot is to play the true rulers off against each other. Who are the elders in the city? What are their agendas? Who hates whom, and why? Pay particular attention to the Brujah, the Gangrel, and the Nosferatu. Elders from those clans are notably more likely to buy what we're selling or, failing that, be already hostile to authoritarian praxis. Toreador, surprisingly, are the next most important. While they are not as inherently drawn to our ideals as a clan, individual clan members often are, and even those who are not ideologically in agreement with you are often drawn to the eloquence of your oratory. (Or maybe they just want to fuck you. Whatever works.)

Malkavian elders are risky. Very rarely, you will find one whose particular brand of madness is consonant with Anarch ideals, but even then, you run the risk that she's just building you up so that you can die tragically as part of some elaborate paranoid revenge scheme. Our recommendation is that you forget the Ventrue and Tremere elders. Any member of either of those clans who has risen to become a power behind the throne is almost certainly a congenital authoritarian, and if either of them deigns to show you anything but hostility, you can be sure they're planning to use you against their enemies and then stab you in the back.

Having identified all the players and, ideally, exactly what everyone's game actually is, your next step is to strengthen the hands of your allies (whether they realize they're an ally or not) while undermining everyone who wants you to lose. Look to the elders' weak spots. Toreador are vulnerable to lust, envy, and vanity. Broken mirrors symbolize the Malkavians for a reason — find out what provocations will shatter that mirror completely. In their dark, wizened hearts, every Brujah and every Gangrel secretly suspects that everyone else is plotting against them. Probably, they're right, so find out who is plotting against that Brujah or Gangrel elder and let them know about it, in exchange for the right favors to be returned down the road.

Don't try to play a Nosferatu elder. Just don't. It's not impossible, but she will probably know what you're

planning before you come to see her, and every other Nos you talk to will at least consider selling you out. That said, most of them *are* pragmatic. Figure out what they actually want and what you can afford to give them. Deal with them honestly while quietly assuming they are dealing as dishonestly with you as they can without getting caught. If the Nosferatu elder is your enemy, expect to treat all of Clan Nosferatu as your enemy unless it's somehow possible to separate him from his clan. If a Nosferatu elder bears hostility toward Anarchs in general or you in particular, your best bet is to keep your Anarch leanings quiet as long as possible until you can turn one of the upper-class clans against him and get him run out of town.

Last but not least, the biggest weakness of most Ventrue and Tremere elders is that everyone else hates them. They're like rich kids from an elite prep school who think that good grades and rich parents should translate into being loved regardless of one's actual personality. The elders of these clans simply cannot resist the temptation to be dicks to anyone whom they consider to be social or intellectual inferiors — which is nearly everyone, *including* other members of their own clans. Use that. Embarrass them publicly and their own clan will turn on them. You will be amazed at how effectively a few well-executed pranks can destroy a Tremere or a Ventrue, especially if she never figures out it was your fault. If you find yourself in Chicago, ask any of the local licks about a Blue Blood named Horatio Ballard and his wingtip shoes. We promise you will find it both instructive and hilarious.

Here, I suspect the author overplays his hand. I have made inquiries into the events surrounding Horatio Ballard's fall from grace and see little evidence of direct involvement by any of the Chicago Anarchs. Briefly stated, an unknown party acquired blackmail material on Ballard, a prominent Ventrue who was considered a dark horse to replace Lodin as Prince of Chicago. The extortionist neither sought a payoff nor attempted to expose Ballard's secrets, but instead demanded that Ballard perform a series of increasingly embarrassing tasks culminating in his brief but very public detention by mortal police for indecent exposure and lewd conduct in an adult movie theater. While the legal charges were easily dispatched, word of the whole sordid incident quickly spread

throughout the Chicago Kindred, thereby damaging Ballard's status more than the actual revelation of the personal matters he wanted kept secret. His work apparently done, the mysterious blackmailer ceased making demands of Ballard, who withdrew from Kindred politics to focus on his business ventures. The blackmailer has, to date, not been identified.

Regardless of whether this was the tawdry result of Anarch "pranking" or, as I think more likely, merely a particularly malicious Malkavian, the author is correct about one thing: A distressing number of our elders seem in many ways more vulnerable to public humiliation than to actual physical attack, especially Ventrue, Tremere, and, to a lesser extent, Toreador. In light of this, I would recommend a policy of attempting to suppress (as much as is feasible) the publication of information personally embarrassing to Camarilla elders who are known for holding an anti-Anarch posture. If the Anarchs would undermine our authority through public humiliation of our esteemed elders, we should view such "pranks" as a form of sedition and respond accordingly.

That said, for those of you who think that pranking is somehow beneath you, a Weak Prince domain allows for more of the good old ultra-violence that so many Anarchs seem to crave than that of a Tyrant Prince. The trick here is to not get caught, or, to be more precise, make sure somebody else gets caught. When making your move, be sure to leave no fingerprints (unless they were lifted from an enemy's fingers). Study the terrain. Cameras are everywhere, nowadays, so don't rely on Obfuscate. Better yet, use lackeys and then make sure they are disposed of before any interested party can trace them back to you.

Remember, your purpose in vandalism, assault, terrorism, and even targeted assassination in this scenario is not to strike a blow for the Anarch cause. It is to agitate the Primogen into going to war with one another, hopefully with every side reaching out to you for support. Publicly, maintain the neutrality of the Anarchs and even offer yourself out as a

mediator (and delicately note that someone must, since "the Prince obviously isn't up to it"). Privately, make deals with whomever you wish, so long as the other factions don't catch on. Once the whole domain is weary of the battles of petulant, vindictive elders, the Kindred of the domain will desire a new and better way of doing things.

Luckily, we have pamphlets for that sort of thing.

Anarchs and the Besieged Prince: Ripe for the Taking

Whether a Camarilla Prince starts off strong or weak, your ultimate goal is to get him to this stage: a Prince under siege whose domain is ready to fall, preferably to Anarchs or, failing that, a new sectarian regime more amenable to Anarch goals. For all its authoritarian nature, the Camarilla is ultimately a venal, cut-throat environment, and "power wears out those who do not have it." The Besieged Prince has few friends, fewer allies, and a host of enemies who all think they could succeed where he has failed.

The removal of a Besieged Prince and the installation of your desired replacement is a delicate thing. Never forget that you swim with sharks likely older and almost certainly more cunning than you. Never forget that every single lick who offers herself up as a possible ally is using you for her own purpose. Is she older than she claims? Or of stronger blood? Is that Camarilla elder who seems eager to reach out to your pack actually a Sabbat infiltrator pretending to be an Ivory Tower loyalist? You're nearing your end game. Don't fuck it up by misplacing your trust.

Of course, that doesn't mean you don't make alliances. Just have contingencies in place if your ally betrays you. You know, like you do *every night in every other context*. And here's a thought to blow your mind: Don't automatically write off the possibility of allying with the Prince himself. When the Prince realizes that every other ally has betrayed him, that every other avenue is cut off, that everything he has done for the Camarilla over the last several decades or even centuries hasn't been worth a damn to them, that's when you can risk asking him the question that drives us all: **Why do you obey?** It doesn't always work. Indeed, most of the time it won't. But sometimes....

Sometimes, you really can convince a Prince whose regime is tottering to say "fuck it," and switch his allegiance to our cause, if the local Anarchs are willing to back him as Baron and provide him the muscle he needs to survive. The Barony of Prince d'Alsace up in frozen Canada started this way. Granted, Prince d'Alsace's domain is a backwater shithole that can barely support more than a half-dozen licks, but still. The point is, if you can persuade a Besieged Prince that

the Camarilla model has failed him, you can then sell him on our solution: a society in which his personal power and status are preserved and his are enemies wiped out... but only as long as he's willing to treat the Anarchs as equals.

I seem to recall it being your position that the Camarilla should have made an example of the Prince d'Alsace domain decades ago, despite its strategic unimportance. If it is now being held up as an object lesson of a Camarilla Prince who has successfully brought his entire domain into the Anarch way of unlife, perhaps it is time for the Council to revisit this issue.

Failing that, if you can't guarantee who the new Prince is, you can make damn sure who it isn't. When the end comes, focus your attention on any potential replacement who hates the Movement on principle. If you can't influence who the next Prince is, let it be known that you'll back anyone who has the same enemies you do. Then, follow through. Transitions in Kindred leadership are invariably messy. Choose your targets in advance, then strike whenever you

find the moment. This business is burned to the ground by a disgruntled ex-employee. That ghoul retainer accidentally cuts off his own head while shaving. Even if you can't win outright, if you can cripple the strongest anti-Anarch elements before a new autocracy takes control, you're that much better situated for the next round of play. This is a long game and we've been at it since the 14th Century.

Anarchs and the Sabbat: Navigating in Hell

Some of you fellow Citizens of the Blood are reading this manifesto from the heart of Sabbat-held territories. We pity you and wish we had more useful advice. We will say only this: Embrace violence as your first, last, and primary option. If nothing else, the Sabbat despises diplomacy and subtlety on general principle, and attempting to parlay with most of them from any position other than absolute strength merely invites their scorn. If you have partaken of the Vaulderie and joined their death cult, then you are considered one of them even if you philosophically agree with the Anarch position. If you are not, then you are a target to be "recruited" (by which we mean savagely mind-fucked into joining) or else some kind of toy to play with.



The defining characteristic of most Sabbat regimes is a monomaniacal fear of the Antediluvians. Most of us find Gehenna conspiracies to be a crock of shit, or at least a can that can be kicked down the road until something actually happens. We all know that very old licks reach a point where they can only feed on other vampires. It follows that any Antediluvians who still exist have reached the point where only the blood of elders can sate them. Unfortunately for our tragic forebears, there just aren't that many elders around and those who remain are too powerful to be hunted for food even by something as theoretically powerful as an Antediluvian. We've seen the powers of the elders, and while often phenomenal, they are ultimately merely refinements and augmentations of the Disciplines available to us all. We have seen nothing to indicate that the progenitors' Disciplines are so unimaginably powerful that they trump all opposition.

Accordingly, *if* the Antediluvians ever existed and *if* they were not destroyed over the intervening centuries, they are almost certainly trapped in a state of starved torpor from which they will never awaken. This theory is supported by the Sabbat's own dogma, which asserts (without reliable evidence, we note) that both the Tzimisce and Lasombra Antediluvians were diablerized in their sleep without putting forth any meaningful defense. Plainly, the idea that the Antediluvians represent an apocalyptic threat is nonsense, and the Sabbat members who buy into it are no different than the elderly retirees who donate their life savings to televangelists. Barack Obama is not the Kenyan Muslim socialist Antichrist plotting to disarm and kill us all with death panels, and the Antediluvians are not the secret masters of the world waiting to arise from their tombs and devour us all.

Mind you, you should never just come out and *say* that to a Sabbat true believer, any more than you should expect to have a reasoned debate with an elderly fundamentalist about, say, the relative merits of Christianity and Islam. Indeed, the latter debate is safer, as the fundamentalist is somewhat less likely to devour you whole. Those Sabbat members who believe in "the Antediluvian threat" believe in it devoutly. Hell, even the ones who don't believe in it aren't above using the sect's cultural myths to advance themselves politically.

This, naturally, provides you with some openings to exploit.

In the Spider's Den

First of all, Anarchs caught within a Sabbat domain absolutely *must* stick together. You don't have a "coterie," you have a "pack." Your social model is not "a group of political theorists and agitators," it is "a violent, fanatical street gang." You don't actually have to be fanatical (though remaining in a Sabbat domain certainly implies

it) but you do have to present a front that shows that fucking with you and yours will be more trouble than it's worth.

From there, destabilizing a Sabbat domain works a lot like destabilizing a Camarilla domain... except that the risks are much higher. If the Archbishop is a tyrant, provoke her to reckless anger against innocent targets while spreading propaganda that her brutality is contrary to the teachings of Caine and might mark her as a sleeper agent for the Antediluvians. If the Archbishop is weak, stoke the animosities between the elders who back her, each one of whom might be a tool of the Antediluvians. If the Archbishop is besieged, undermine everyone's claims to power while you reach out to disillusioned Sabbat packs. The fundamental gap between the inhumanity of Sabbat Paths of Enlightenment and the generally humanistic Anarch Movement is vast but not insurmountable, and there have been incidents in which Sabbat members and even whole packs have defected to the Anarch Movement, having recognized that the Sabbat is just a bloodier Camarilla that replaces the First Estate with the Second but has no greater love for the Third than its counterpart.

Oh, and there is one upside to being an Anarch agitator in a Sabbat bishopric: You get to cut loose. Sabbat territories are, historically, some of the most violent domains in the Western world, and for all its contempt for Camarilla traditions, the Sabbat has its own mechanisms for preserving the Masquerade that are the envy of the Ivory Tower. It has to, though — the sect engages in mayhem and mass murder on a truly sickening scale. The Sword of Caine wouldn't have lasted for six centuries if it didn't have the means to keep news of vampire atrocities under wraps. Use that against them. An Anarch in a Sabbat territory can blow shit up and burn shit down in a manner that would lead to martial law enforced by army brigades in a Camarilla domain.

Naturally, we're not talking about the First World here. There are no Sabbat cities in the U.S. or Canada where you can realistically kick off your revolution by burning down whole city blocks. But things like that happen *all the time* in Central and South America. There are cells operating in or around Sabbat domains ranging from Juarez all the way down to Bolivia. On the other hand, if you're *not* an Anarch who appreciates such tactics and are, in fact, rather tired of fellow Anarchs undermining all your carefully planned schemes with the injudicious application of pipe bombs and gasoline, perhaps you should encourage your rowdy friends to head off to one of those Sabbat-incursion cells where their demolition skills will be warmly welcomed.

This section presents us with an interesting possibility that bears further consideration. The fact that there is an Anarch presence of any sort among the Sabbat is a potential resource that we might be able to exploit. It is my recommendation that we make efforts to identify Anarchs who desire to act as insurgents within Sabbat domains and offer material support. Naturally, most such Anarchs will, with their typical insouciance, be disinclined to accept our aid no matter how beneficial it might be, so I propose that we act through third parties and present ourselves as fellow Anarchs. Anything that can be done to destabilize the Sabbat in their New World strongholds is a net positive to the Camarilla, even if it means providing some measure of support to our own Anarch subversives. If nothing else, they have the benefit of being completely expendable.

Anarchs and Free States: Long Live the Revolution

Finally, some of you citizens are fortunate enough to live in Free States, cities where Anarchs hold sway and where no licks must bow to dust-covered elders. Yeah, pull the other one; it plays Mozart! If anything, our brothers and sisters in Free States must be as diligent in preserving their freedoms as those in Camarilla or Sabbat cities must be in securing them to begin with. "The tree of liberty must be refreshed with the vitae of Anarchs and Tyrants," to paraphrase the late Mr. Jefferson.

The sad, unavoidable fact is this: In the end, everyone gets old, mentally and spiritually, if not physically. That fiery young rabble-rouser who led the Anarchs to victory all those decades ago? Eventually, he will be as out of touch as the elders he replaced. Don't believe us? Then consider the state of the Barony of Angels. Jeremy MacNeil may be an icon of the Movement, but he's also a 300-year-old elder who once believed in the Divine Right of Kings. Later, he discovered anarchism (with a lower-case "a") and now believes that no one in the Free States should be allowed to even try to form a cohesive government. That this has left his regime nearly

incapable of defending itself against the Camarilla, the Sabbat, or the Cathayans who now press in has failed to impress upon him the reality that even Anarchs must have some degree of unity. If he will not lead, at least MacNeil could have the decency to get out of the way.

And Salvador Garcia is even worse! Yes, he is still praised as "the heart and soul of the Anarch Revolt" for publishing the original Anarch Manifesto and for his bold victory over Don Sebastian. But let's be honest. For all it has done to incite younger Anarchs against the Camarilla, Garcia's Manifesto is ultimately little more than a mash note to some long dead revolutionary he'd wanted to fuck during the Spanish Civil War plus a lot of wanking about Francisco Franco. (Psst! He's still dead.) It's the 21st Century, and Salvador Garcia still thinks Marxism is relevant to the Anarch Revolt! Now that the former Soviet Union and the current Communist China have aggressively embraced capitalism (or a form if it, at least), Old Salvador has been in a funk. Perhaps he should start palling around with the Cathayans in the hope that they can provide him with some blood-drenched opium or something to soothe his tortured soul. Perhaps he already has.

Anyway. The most important thing to remember about operating in a Free State is that you have two competing and indeed contradictory needs. On one hand, every Cainite *must* be willing to respect the individual rights of every other Cainite. On the other hand, the society still has to *function* despite the competing agendas of its citizenry. The Masquerade *must* be preserved. The city *must* be protected against Camarilla intrusion and Sabbat infiltration. The Kindred population *must* be kept to a reasonable level while still maintaining an egalitarian and socially conscious mechanism for regulating the right of progeny.

Of course, we would not presume to lecture you on how to do all that. Each Free State is a laboratory for vampiric freedoms, and every Free State should strive to find its own way. Some Free States have had success based on a New England township model, with every citizen of the community allowed an equal vote regardless of generation or status. Others have had good luck as anarcho-corporatist communes in which mortal vitae is a collectively-owned capital. Whatever form it takes, we advocate a classless, democratized society of the Damned. Figure out how to make the Movement work best for yourself and the vamps with whom you share domain. That's the Anarch way. You'll have a Free State... if you can keep it.

The level of vitriol the author displays toward the leadership of the Anarch Free States is intriguing and, in my opinion, represents the possibility of a wedge that can be driven between those Anarchs allied with the Red Question movement and those who favor a more conventional (and therefore, less threatening) approach to being an Anarch. Our friend in San Diego has said that *Anarchs unbound* has been widely disseminated across the Free States already, but it might behoove us to actually assist in its publication, especially in the Los Angeles area. In terms of age and outlook, Jeremy MacNeil is more like us than he might wish to admit, particularly in comparison to the surly, ignorant neonates who make up the bulk of the Free States. We should never completely abandon the idea of rapprochement.

Anarchs Elsewhere: Life Among the Cathayans, the Laibon, the Jati & Ashirra

And with that shockingly provocative heading, the document ends. Julia DeMarco admits to receiving additional sections of *Anarchs unbound*, including a section on Anarch activities in Cathayan territories, amongst the Kindred of Africa and the Middle East, and even on the Indian sub-continent. Nevertheless, she claims that she never printed out those pages (as they were not relevant to her activities in Boston), and she says she has no recollection of what information those passages contained. Nor does she recall any of the information contained in the other gaps within this document. She does claim that the entire manifesto ran for nearly 100 pages, but less than a tenth of that was found in her possession when she was taken into custody.

Nevertheless, I believe that we have enough information on this *Anarchs unbound* rubbish to have a clear view of its message and of its potential threat. We should not be deceived by the puerile humor or immature posturing of these "Red Question" agitators. They are more dangerous than their childish rants might indicate. While I am confident in the ability of our interrogators to eventually wring more information from DeMarco, the mere possibility that these Red Question Anarchs can actually use mind-altering Disciplines via the Internet is something we must address as soon and as forcefully as possible. It is therefore my recommendation that the Camarilla declares the Red Question to be anathema and that we proscribe *Anarchs unbound* as seditious literature, possession of which will be punishable by the full measure of Camarilla law. I am confident that bold, decisive action by you and the other Justicars can nip this Internet problem in the bud before it becomes a serious threat to our enlightened governance. Until then, I remain

Your obedient childe,

C —

Welcome to Fangchat, another freeware program brought to you by the Digital Draculas. While this is a secure chat/text program, we still recommend you type as though a Nosferatu were standing over your shoulder. Because one probably is.



ElVampiroMysterio: Status update re Boston. JDM detained. Package delivered n forwarded to NoseyFerret. BabyFerret included commentary. Most recommendations reactionary and/or stupid. IOW perfect for our needs. Also, he finds our humor childish and puerile.

Blood4BloodGod: LOL. How was package forwarded?





ElVampiroMysterio: Sadly, via hard copy.



ElVampiroMysterio: LOL. Will do. TTFN.

Blood4BloodGod: Not unexpected. NoseyFerret proly still uses quill pens.



Blood4BloodGod: Kk



ElVampiroMysterio: On bright side, BabyFerret stored package on same system used to handle NoseyFerret's finances. Copies of all files to you via email w/in 2 days. Look for FREE VIAGRA email w/ attachment. Short version – NoseyFerret likely to lose half of portfolio or more during Grand Slam.

Blood4BloodGod: Cha-ching!



ElVampiroMysterio: 1 minor bat in ointment. JDM in custody for week now and still hasn't broken.

Blood4BloodGod: Very troubling. Went to lot of trouble prepping JDM with "Anarch Secrets." Phase 3 of Boston op won't fly unless she brakes in time.



Blood4BloodGod: breaks! Fkn autocorrect!



ElVampiroMysterio: don't worry. BabyFerret interrogator is top notch. She'll break. Still, devotion to cause is touching.

Blood4BloodGod: How true. Will remember her fondly. BTW, Mammon33 has update on Grand Slam. Recommend divest all stock in following areas no later than May 08: banking (Europe/US), automotive (US), oil & gas (global). Buy gold and T-bills from then until the ball drops, proly in July or Aug.



ElVampiroMysterio: K. Glenn Beck mode activated. Anything else.

Blood4BloodGod: Ya. Check out this week's Book of Don. It's hilarious! :)

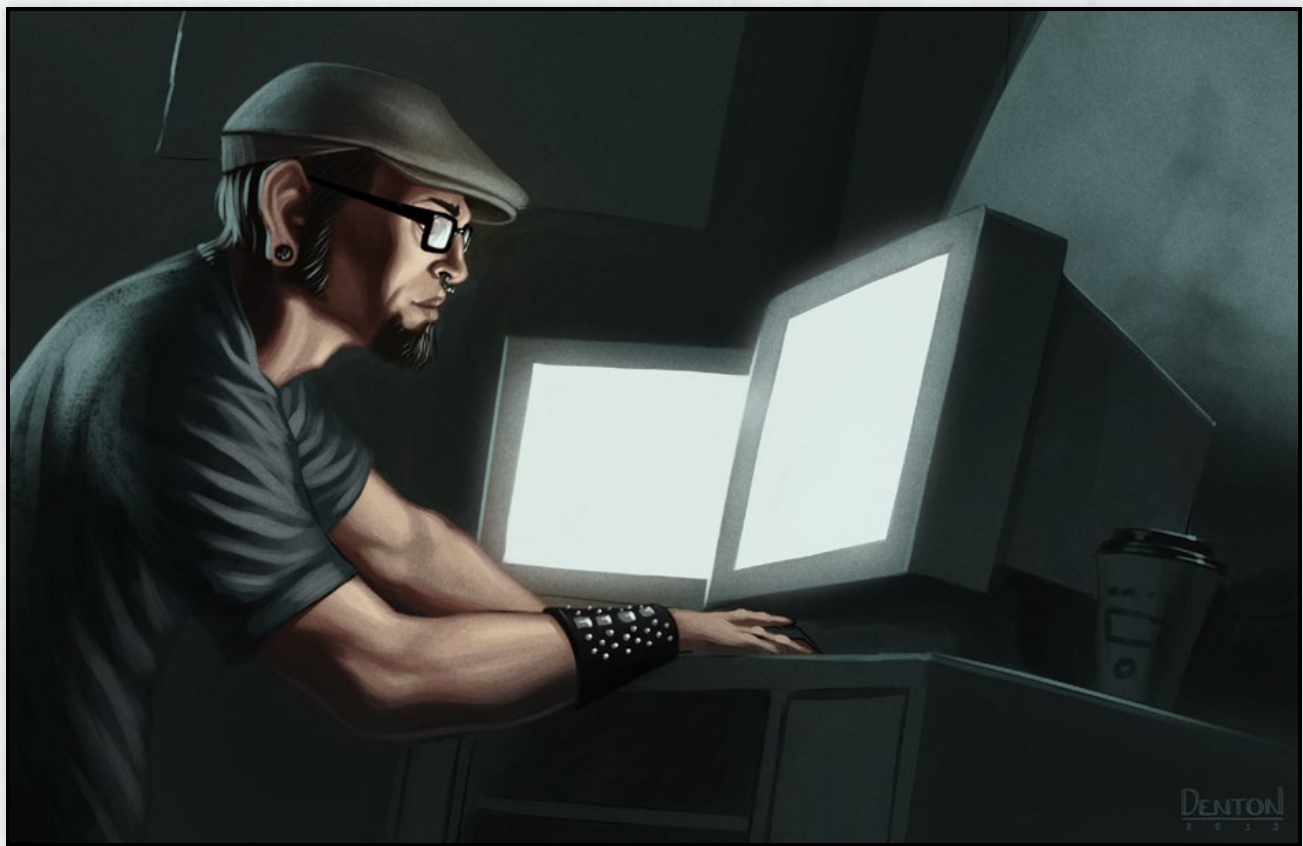


The Bleeding Edge: Technology and the Anarch Movement

At the moment, the Red Question and other technophile coterie provide the Anarch Movement with a significant advantage over other sects, many of whose primary opinion leaders are computer illiterate, if not actively technophobic. While fledglings and neonates of all three sects all tend to be children of the Internet generation, only the Anarchs presently have a sizeable contingent of ancillae fluent in the technological vocabulary of the 21st Century. Both of the larger sects have massive resources to plug into R&D, however, and the Anarchs' online domination is not likely to last.

From its earliest ARPANET beginnings, the Internet expanded and evolved at a pace as frightening to many mortals as it is to the Kindred. Internet connectivity now permeates most public spaces in the Western World (and increasingly even in the Third World) to the point that many stores and restaurants provide free WiFi. Online gaming is so ubiquitous that most computer games are now expected to have at least some online content, if not a full-scale multiplayer option. By the end of the first decade of the new millennium, over 150 million personal blogs were publicly available on the Internet, on topics ranging from pop culture to politics to survivalism to adorable cats.

Micro-blogging social media allow users to post brief messages that are instantly disseminated to everyone who was part of the user's "feed," a technology that is especially valuable for its utility in organizing protests. A short message can easily have more than enough information to articulate the when, where, and why of a protest activity, and if recipients further share the message to their own social media graph (who then pass the message along, ad infinitum), thousands of people within can learn of a protest activity within minutes, and potentially millions of people can learn of organized protests in multiple cities. This chain narrowcasting is accessible worldwide, so dissidents in Helsinki learn of



happenings in Los Angeles at the same time the Los Angeles locals do.

Of course, not all such gatherings are for political purposes. Social media are also useful for creating flash mobs—events in which people assemble suddenly in some public place, perform some coordinated activity (often an unusual and seemingly pointless one) for a brief time, then quickly disperse. Flash mobs sometimes have political connotations, but can also be used for entertainment, satire, and artistic expression. The guerilla performance group Improv Everywhere has staged several satirical flash mobs in recent years, most (in)famously the No Pants Subway Ride in which thousands of participants (fully clothed except but *sans* pants), coordinated through Twitter, boarded New York subway trains simultaneously, with the conceit that every participant had simply forgotten to put on pants on the same day.

Tonight it's a common occurrence for smartphone users to record unusual or controversial scenes, instantly upload them onto a video file-sharing service, and then send out a link to thousands of people to say where the video can be viewed. Needless to say, the implications of this for the Masquerade are terrifying to most tech-savvy Kindred, and the Camarilla has devoted significant resources to the suppression of online videos of Masquerade breaches.

Innovations Among the Kindred

At first, Kindred involvement with the Internet was limited to information gathering. In 1986, a coterie of Nosferatu became aware of ARPANET, the embryonic version of the Internet that had been created by the Department of Defense to facilitate long-range computer networking for national defense purposes. Sensing opportunity, the Nosferatu infiltrated the ARPANET project and arranged for the creation of backdoors that would allow them to surreptitiously access the national network. As ARPANET expanded with new hubs, the clan would simply contact Nosferatu local to the area and encourage her to subvert one or more government personnel with access to the network. In this manner, a Nosferatu in New York or Washington could send a significant amount of data instantly to one in Chicago or California, and eventually to Nosferatu in Great Britain or other NATO member nations. The Nosferatu were often the first to learn any sensitive government information passed across the ARPANET and its successor the NSFNET (National Science Foundation Network), which gave them a crucial advantage in their dealings with other politically active clans. But because the individuals turned into ghouls tended to be scientists, researchers

and low-level military personnel, the nature of their secret network remained hidden for some time. As an inside joke, Nosferatu programmers named their network of secondary ARPANET hubs ShreckNet.

As advantageous as ShreckNet was, the Nosferatu had to scramble to maintain its functionality when the U.S. government chose to privatize NSFNET in 1995. ShreckNet engineers suspected that the privatization plan was the result of the Ventrue or some other faction seeking to steal the network away from them. They were partially right; several Ventrue invested in the communications sector had pushed for privatization of the Internet communications hub, but they were motivated by profit rather than any particular awareness of ShreckNet. Relieved, the Nosferatu simply applied the same system to the corporate-run servers that they had been using with the government: Blood bond or blackmail the IT department and have them install backdoors in the servers. That worked for a while, but the Nosferatu were soon victims of the Internet's success, as the number of Internet hubs exploded faster than they could possibly keep up. As the new millennium approached, Clan Nosferatu had to content itself with a secret "vampire only" Internet that allowed for mass communication between Sewer Rats across 30 or so cities.

Meanwhile, most neonate vampires by this point were freely using the ordinary Internet for communication, web browsing, and social interaction, as were a significant number of ancillae. Elders still mostly avoided it, as they did most modern technology. In most domains, Princes, Archbishops, and Barons alike typically ignored the Internet so long as Kindred users refrained from posting anything that threatened the Masquerade. However, a minor panic erupted in 1999 when the Camarilla learned of an Internet bulletin board apparently run by and for "monster hunters." Initial efforts to suppress it were ineffective, but the Camarilla was later able to neutralize it via a program of infiltration and disinformation. Afterward, the Camarilla concluded that the Internet bore closer examination, and it established a task force to actively monitor the Internet for signs of hunter activity and breaches of the Masquerade. However, even the Justicars assigned to the task were stunned to finally realize the sheer size and scope of the Internet. Tonight, the taskforce employs scores of vampires and thousands of mortal servants but is still, of course, inadequate for policing the entire Internet.

Shrecknet 2.0

The Kindred didn't truly join the Digital Age until the 21st century. The Nosferatu again led the way with

ShreckNet 2.0. Originally, ShreckNet was simply a neologism used to describe the clan's secondary network of Internet hubs. ShreckNet 2.0 was an actual computer application suite created by Nosferatu programmers specifically to facilitate Kindred use of the Internet. It included both a basic web design kit and a web browser. The innovation was that web pages created through the design kit allowed for hidden sections and links on each page that would be invisible to mortal perception but that could be seen easily with Auspex and that were automatically visible to anyone using the secure ShreckNet browser. This allowed young Kindred to explore the web with some confidence that they would not accidentally breach the Masquerade. The programmers received significant boons from the Inner Circle, though some of the more conservative members still grumbled at the risks posed by the Internet.

The Camarilla as an institution remained cautiously tolerant of ShreckNet 2.0 until a minor Masquerade breach occurred in 2000. An inexperienced Malkavian user installed the program incorrectly before starting a blog about her more "interesting" delusions, some of which pertained to her vampiric activities. In response, many elders among the Camarilla, the Sabbat, and even the more conservative Anarch Baronies attempted to crack down on use of ShreckNet within their territories, an extremely short-sighted move given the fact that ShreckNet 2.0 was a widely disseminated program. The practical effect of this censure was to essentially cede the Internet to the Anarch Movement, whose members weren't likely to follow *any* dictates from their hated elders but certainly not a command to "stay off the Internet." A secondary but still serious effect was to antagonize neonates of *every* sect who had grown up with the Internet and refused to give it up at the behest of dusty Luddites.

Fangster

Luckily for the neonates, more innovation soon followed that would rescue ShreckNet from the paranoid fears of the elders. In 2001, a coterie of disaffected Tremere defected to the Anarch Free States, taking with them much of Clan Tremere's accumulated knowledge about the Path of Technomancy. These brilliant warlock programmers, with the backing of influential members of the Red Question, soon distributed a number of freeware computer programs that incorporated Thaumaturgical effects into their very coding, thereby allowing users to essentially effect basic Technomancy rituals that are so easy to perform that an actual empirical understanding of Thaumaturgy is not necessary to activate them.

The first such ritual was the humorously titled Fangster, which specifically targeted networking and early social media sites by applying a secondary Kindred-only level to them. If a vampire who knows the Fangster ritual smears a point of her own blood over her eyelids and then enters a fairly simple Latin incantation as the vampire's "status" on a social media, it creates an occult sigil that manifests as a button next to the "post" or "share" button. Once this feature has been activated, anything the vampire enters as a status, including pictures and even video, will be visible only to vampires who possess at least one level of Auspex. To anyone else, the post will appear to be a mundane picture with an amusing caption randomly selected by a built-in aggregator from among the most popular viral Internet memes of the day. While Fangster has greatly facilitated social networking among all Kindred, it has been a source of enormous embarrassment to Clan Tremere (since rogue members of its order openly take credit for it). More importantly, it has stoked fury among the elders due to the ease with which impertinent Kindred can spread seditious material across a city, a nation, or even the world in ways that cannot be easily countered.

Naturally, the Anarch Movement has seized on this aspect of Fangster—now Fangbook, in further irreverence—to mock their enemies at will through what can best be described as "supernatural trolling." The high water mark came in 2007, when an extremely offensive digitally altered image of Vannevar Thomas, the Camarilla Prince of San Francisco, was shared over 700,000 times within just a few months. While the vast majority of those sharing the image actually believed it to be an appeal for humanitarian relief for the victims of genocide in Darfur, Kindred viewers saw a picture of Thomas manipulated so that he appeared to be engaged in an act of bestiality, accompanied by an extremely salacious limerick about the Prince's fondness for goats. Thomas has promised a blood hunt against anyone who is proven to have shared the offensive image. He was not the first Camarilla dignitary to be trolled in this manner, nor would he be the last.

Bloodspot

In 2004, programmers allied with the Red Question introduced a new program called Bloodspot. A significant improvement on ShreckNet 2.0, Bloodspot alters the HTML code of a particular web page to allow it to intuitively identify whether the user is a vampire or not. To non-vampires looking at the screen, the page displays as "file not found." For Kindred, the true page is plainly visible without any Auspex. Although eagerly adopted by Kindred around the world, Bloodspot is not without

controversy: its creators refuse to explain its workings, and the Camarilla Tremere have been unable to reverse-engineer it. Its designers describe it as a "self-installing technomantic ritual." Initiating installation requires the user to type a lengthy code of numbers interspersed with Latin phrases into an HTML file and save it to his hard drive. Then, he must smear a small quantity of his own blood onto a CD and insert it into his computer. Nothing else is required, and the blood itself disperses instantly without any harm to the computer. Thereafter, *any* web site design program installed on the affected computer automatically comes with a special "sigil button." If the button is clicked, the program will conceal any web pages generated by that computer from mortal eyes but leave them browsable by the Kindred. Furthermore, pages encrypted with Bloodspot remain veiled even if moved off of a protected server and onto one that doesn't have Bloodspot installed—meaning that these pages can be disseminated via cloud storage, distributed systems, and peer-to-peer file sharing. The ritual undergoes constant refinement, and as fewer and fewer computers even have media drives, Bloodspot can now be propagated and installed without the messy physicality of a blood-streaked CD.

While younger Kindred accustomed to blindly clicking "accept" on a EULA without reading a word of it are completely unconcerned about the implications of these effects, paranoid elders worry about what sort of strange blood magic powers Bloodspot. Worse, what arcane arts even stranger than Thaumaturgy might have gone into the ritual's creation? Regardless of the risks, Bloodspot has been widely accepted by technophile vampires across the world, and tonight innumerable Kindred bloggers, some of whom (like the anonymous author of the satirical *Book of Don* humor blog) have cultivated thousands of followers across every sect and clan line.

The Anarch Free Press

Rather a more prosaic publication than *Book of Don*, the *Anarch Free Press* has, after some hesitation, finally developed a true Internet presence. Founded in the mid-1990's, the Anarch Free Press was the creation of an ambitious tech-savvy Ventrue named Theodore Bunning. Eschewing ShreckNet completely, Bunning insisted on developing his own distribution model consisting of heavily-encrypted text documents emailed weekly to a subscriber list. For most of the AFP's early existence, it had less than 20 subscribers, but all were influential Anarchs from the Atlantic seaboard who spread hard copies by the dozen within their own domains. Each issue consisted of political editorials from Bunning and the occasional guest editorialist, write-ups of recent Anarch

successes and other sects' missteps, political cartoons, and even advertising submitted by Anarchs of the region who offered specialized services such as advanced training in Disciplines on a "shared-boon" basis.

In 2010, at the encouragement of his subscribers and with financial support from several Anarch Ventrue and Toreador, Bunning finally went big. He abandoned his prior distribution model and converted the Anarch Free Press into a news aggregator site loosely based on mortal sites like the Drudge Report and the Huffington Post. The AFP, now a Bloodspot website, is hosted on a secure ShreckNet server located in an unspecified Eastern European domain. Bunning's prior subscribers now act more as reporters and editors, each with his or her own "beat," and the AFP collects Anarch-related news from around the world. Bunning is scrupulously careful to maintain an editorial slant of non-violent change, but each article is accompanied by a lively comments forum that permits coordination of more direct responses. Publicly, Bunning deplors such violent rhetoric, but he maintains that his commitment to free speech prevents him from banning threatening posters. Naturally, all posters and indeed all writers except for Bunning himself post under untraceable pseudonyms.

Although often referred to as "the Freep," Bunning himself disdains that name. "Freeper" is an unofficial nickname for mortals affiliated with the ultraconservative Free Republic Internet forum, and Bunning, a leftist libertarian, has no wish to be associated with it. That hasn't prevented the term from being used by non-Anarchs who wish to disparage his work and also by readers who find the name Freep to be endearing.

Stranger Things

To date, no widely disseminated ritual programs are available for smartphones or microblogging services. However, persistent rumors suggest further Thaumaturgical innovations that can affect such devices. In fact, if urban legends are to be believed, new innovations even allow for some Disciplines to be used via the Internet. According to one rumor, a French Toreador Anarch who calls herself Cadavre Exquis has developed a combination Discipline that allows her to use Presence and the Path of Technomancy to effect a Mass Summoning through her social media accounts. She apparently can issue a command for *all* of her followers to come to a particular location and participate in a protest, a riot or even just a flash mob, with each recipient affected as if

she had personally targeted him with Summon. In fact, some New York Anarchs suspect that the infamous No Pants Subway Ride is actually a prank perpetrated by an unidentified Malkavian who gets his kicks by using social media to supernaturally compel thousands of people to participate in humiliating or even dangerous flash mobs.

Another Malkavian Anarch known as Truth_99 claims to have personally generated several persistent Internet memes, most prominently, the widespread belief that Barack Obama was not born in the United States but in Kenya; the belief that vaccinations cause autism; and the belief that the 9/11 terrorist attacks were "an inside job" for which George W. Bush was a willing participant. Truth_99 reportedly spreads these memes and many others through the use of chain emails which he sends out en masse in conjunction with Dementation. Once sent, the memetic effect contained in the email can affect not just the recipient *but potentially anyone to whom she forwards the email*. Each reader is subjected to a Dementation-based compulsion to internalize the meme contained in the email. Curiously, Truth_99 claims to have never even heard of the Path of Technomancy and insists that he uses only Dementation in the crafting of the emails. The Malkavian also claims that mortals who have internalized these memes are more vulnerable to other uses of Dementation. In this manner, Truth_99 hopes to spur anti-government paranoia and, eventually, a recruitment surge for "patriot" groups and other militia organizations that can then be used as foot soldiers for Anarch insurgency campaigns against Camarilla and Sabbat alike.

Of course, Malkavians claim many things rejected as absurd by the other clans. As the Internet has become a more universally accepted part of human civilization, it is to be expected that Malkavians, in their madness, will develop delusions pertaining to it. For example, many Malkavians insist that they have their own private Madness Network that predates the Internet by centuries. Some even claim that their Madness Network is superimposed over the real Internet and can interact with it – and that a Malkavian who is computer-proficient can perform feats such as sending email or browsing the web solely through the power of her mind. A few particularly disturbed specimens even claim that they can hack computers anywhere in the world, simply by imagining that they are doing so. Tremere technomancers mock such tales as the fantasies of delusional minds even as they nervously study their own networks for any hint of Malkavian tampering.

Why We Fight: Perspectives from Recruits New and Old

Each Anarch is an individual. Indeed, each Anarch is an Anarch *precisely because* he prizes individuality above the outdated ideologies upheld by other sects. The Anarchs are not a faceless mob of Kindred rabble decked out in biker gear and waving torches and spraypaint, despite the outdated stereotypes propagated by sectarian rivals. Spin the kaleidoscope for a few moments, and see just a few of the countless perspectives to be found among the Anarch Movement.

Thomasina Payne

**An elder Toreador revolutionary
contemplates the future (Perth, Australia, 1953)**

“Generally, our kind do not care for bonfires, but I suppose there are exceptions to every rule,” Thomasina Payne said ruefully as she watched the former Prince of Perth blazing away in the middle of a roaring pyre. Thomasina rejected the glorification of violence, to say nothing of gloating over the death of an enemy, as both uncouth and unworthy of a free and enlightened Cainite. Of course, the Tremere elder burning to ash in front of her had been a particularly odious Kindred, so a certain degree of *schadenfreude* might be expected. Nevertheless, brutality in a worthy cause was still brutality, and Thomasina had long since grown weary of brutality. She was Toreador. She prized in the world its beauty, not its ruin.

“I suppose so,” said Sarah, noncommittally. Thomasina had Embraced the fledgling barely two years before. Although white Australians seldom seemed to appreciate the features of the indigenous people, Thomasina considered Sarah to be the most beautiful woman she’d ever met. More than any physical beauty, Thomasina had preserved her with the Embrace for her *voice*, a voice of passionate intensity that once rang out against the injustice of a government that thought it perfectly proper to steal Aborigine children out of their homes and bash their parents’ heads in if there were any objections. The Embrace had been an impulsive act, one that Thomasina had often regretted. She didn’t think her kind capable of true love, but she thought that her feelings for Sarah might be as close as she was ever going to get. Unfortunately, it seemed to Thomasina that the Embrace had somehow stripped the fledgling of the very fiery spirit that had attracted the Toreador in the first place.

“So that’s that. We’ve won. The Prince is dead, the Tremere are routed and fleeing, and the city is ours. A city that’s over 2,000 kilometers from the nearest Camarilla or Sabbat domain. Perth is ours to rebuild completely as we wish.” She turned to study her beloved yet aloof childe. “So why do I feel that you are unhappy with this turn of events?”

“I am not unhappy, Thomasina. Merely... pensive. Now that the Anarchs have this city, what do ‘we’ plan to do with it? By ‘we,’ of course, I mean you and the other elders who were the masterminds of this coup.”

Thomasina shook her head. “The opinions of *all* participants in our coup will be respected, not just its leaders. We are all brothers and sisters of the Blood. You are inexperienced still, but when you have proven yourself, I will release you into full equality. And once the revolution is completed and any remaining Camarilla loyalists are dealt with, we will come together as equals and establish rules for our new society that are mutually acceptable to everyone.”

Sarah nodded. “So what sorts of rules do *you* have in mind?”

Thomasina looked back at the raging bonfire with a thoughtful expression. To be honest, she had given some thought to the nature of their new Anarch society, but not to the point of actual plans. It seemed almost... presumptuous to proceed too far into post-coup planning without consulting the rest of the community. “Well, obviously, the first priority is the Masquerade. I know at least one of our compatriots among the Brujah thinks that the Masquerade may well be outdated and that if we handled it properly, we could dispense with it. Personally, I think that’s the silliest thing I’ve ever heard. We’ve dispelled a Camarilla praxis, but that’s child’s play compared to reordering mortal society to account for our existence. If we are to survive, let alone pursue *libertas*, there must obviously be some form of mutually agreed system for ensuring that our existence is concealed.”

“Likewise, I suppose we’ll need some system for regulating the creation of progeny. Some of the younger Anarchs will grumble, but Perth is too small to support a massive Kindred population. Perhaps, over time, we can bring about socio-political policies that will increase the number of mortals in the city, but that’s a project for future decades, not the immediate reconstruction. In the meantime, we can’t allow overpopulation among vampires or it will be impossible to maintain the Masquerade, so for now, the number of new Embraces must be strictly limited. I’m imagining a committee of some sort that

approves requests for siring rights. And perhaps authority to approve immigration requests as well. In time, Perth will be a beacon for all free-thinking Kindred, but until our situation stabilizes, we must be assured that any émigrés can assimilate into our polity.”

“Naturally,” said Sarah. “I know all about how necessary it is for outsiders to assimilate into the majority’s ‘polity.’ So how do you plan to go about that?”

Thomasina noticed a curious tenor in Sarah’s voice, a flash of anger not revealed since the night of her childe’s Embrace. She hesitated for a moment and then continued. “I’ve been giving that a lot of thought, and I think I’ve found an historical precedent that might be helpful. In the 10th century, in Britain, there was a rule promulgated by the Anglo-Saxon kings called ‘the tithing.’ According to this rule, every adult male had to join a group of ten men who would thereafter be legally responsible for one another’s actions. If one member of a tithing broke the king’s law, the other nine were obligated to bring him to justice or else make restitution for his crimes. Now, it’s quite common for our kind to form coterie. I think we can establish a form of self-maintained legal system by establishing mandated coterie all of equivalent size, say five or ten, with all members of each coterie jointly responsible for one another’s transgressions. Mutual obligation and peer pressure will thus encourage both assimilation and socialization among our citizenry. Similarly, I see no reason why new arrivals would object to being assigned to a coterie with an open slot.”

“No reason at all, I’m sure. Will your central committee also be responsible for randomly assigning new arrivals to a coterie of strangers?”

Thomasina crooked an eyebrow. “Are you insinuating something, Sarah?”

“Forgive me, Thomasina. I’m only a simple uneducated Aborigine trying to understand.”

Thomasina studied her childe in silence for several seconds, as if trying to discern whether Sarah was being impertinent, and, if so, whether the proper response was for her to become angry or delighted. She elected to ignore the comment and see what transpired.

“In the short term, yes. But I don’t care for the term ‘central committee.’ It sounds so... Soviet.



'Circle,' perhaps. Yes, a Circle in which all members hold equal status. Sort of like the Round Table."

Sarah raised an eyebrow. "All equal? None above any other? How will order be maintained among your Circle's deliberations?"

"A good question, perhaps the most important one to confront. Many Anarch domains are governed by a central authority figure called a Baron, though generally, the Baron is never as powerful as tyrants like our smoldering Tremere here. A good Baron acts more as a facilitator to help his brothers and sisters actualize their own *libertas*."

"I see. So to sum up, you foresee a new society ruled by Anarch principles. One in which a Prince and his Primogen is replaced with a Baron and her Circle, who still assert the power to punish breaches of the Masquerade, to limit the right of progeny, and to assign domains, plus the wholly new power to arbitrarily assign Kindred to coteries as a way to influence their behavior. Fortunately, this new society will be superior to the autocracy of the Camarilla because of your commitment to *libertas*."

Thomasina's jaw clenched tightly, and deep within her, the Beast snarled. Silence reigned save for the crackle of the fire still consuming the former Prince, as she warred with the temptation to strike her insolent childe. But then, she saw it. Sarah's face was an emotionless mask, but in her eyes, unmistakably, was the same fire and fury, the same righteous anger against injustice, that had drawn Thomasina to her in the first place. Sarah thought Thomasina was a self-righteous hypocrite, and suddenly, Thomasina remembered why she had fallen in love.

Instantly, Thomasina relaxed and laughed in the glittering facile manner she had often used to defuse angry confrontations with Prince Lumley in the Elysium. "Oh, Sarah, you are such a provocateur! And if it pleases you to know that you have wounded me with an accusation of hypocrisy, then so be it. Yes, in the beginning, there will undoubtedly be parallels between our new polity and the one we replaced. But I promise you, *it will not last*. Eventually, we will create a new way for Cainites to face each night, one that respects the rights of all Kindred as individuals while also respecting the rights of their fellows." She paused for effect. "Even young fledgling vampires from circumstances as... disadvantaged as your own. A better world, with equality for us Kindred. Even if it takes us a century or so to do it. Do you understand?"

Sarah said nothing at first, though Thomasina thought the dig at her heritage must have struck true. She turned back to the funeral pyre, and when she spoke, her voice was once again cool and passionless. "I believe so. But I

have one more question." Thomasina nodded, and she continued. "I understand that Thomasina Payne is not your real name. Why did you change it?"

Thomasina wondered at the change in Sarah's demeanor. Had she misjudged her childe's emotions? "Well, if you must know, I decided to rename myself in honor of Thomas Paine. He was a revolutionary and political theorist whose writings were very influential during my living days."

"I thought as much. In that case, if you do not object, I would like to follow in your footsteps and take on a new name for myself based on someone I admire."

"Certainly. What do you wish to call yourself?"

"Tru," said the childe. Thomasina turned back to her quizzically. "It is short for Trugernanner. That was the name of the last pure-blooded Tazmanian Aborigine. The last living soul to speak the Palawa language which my ancestors had spoken for untold millennia before the colonists extinguished it forever. Coincidentally, it also invokes the word 'true,' as in 'not false.' I find that word to be comforting in a world so often plagued by self-deception."

Thomasina suppressed a smile. There it was again: fire in the eyes! She turned her attention back to the pyre and sniffed diffidently. "Oh yes, I remember the passing of Trugernanner. Tragic, that. Still, do you think that such bitterness over mortal affairs is worthy of your time? You are Toreador, 'Tru,' and as such, you are meant for more important things than the unhappystatus of the Aborigines."

The fledgling's cool façade finally cracked, and her fury was unmistakable. For an instant, it was Thomasina's turn to wonder if she was about to be struck. With obvious difficulty, Sarah, now Tru, resisted frenzy, but she made no effort to disguise her emotions. "Perhaps, but I notice that the miracle of the Toreador Embrace has not lightened my skin, nor straightened my hair, nor reshaped my nose into something as dainty as yours. So will your equality extend to people who look like me? Or just to pale-faced invaders such as yourself?"

"If you mean 'will I treat equality between the races as a matter of concern,' the answer is no. If that is an issue of importance to you, Tru, then I suggest you set yourself to achieving it. I will not stand in your way, but neither will I aid you. I have told you that I consider you to be an equal, but if you want anyone else to treat you that way, it's something you'll have to fight for, to earn for yourself."

"If that is what it takes, I will fight whoever I have to. Even you, if I must. What do you say to that?"

“I say... that you are free.”

Tru hesitated in confusion. “What?”

“You are free. You are a fledgling no longer. I release you, neonate, to seek whatever future Perth and the world have to offer you. That is all I ever wanted, for you, for myself, for all free Kindred.”

Tru stared at her sire in quiet disbelief. Then, she turned and ran off into the night. For a few seconds, Thomasina felt an ache in her unbeating heart, but it was soon replaced by a flush of pride. Sarah’s spirit had been broken by her Embrace, but Tru was an Anarch through and through, ready to take on her own sire for what she believed in.

The revolutionary looked back one final time at the smoldering corpse of her enemy. “Farewell, Lumley. Perhaps someday I’ll follow you onto the pyre at the hands of some younger, hungrier Anarch who thinks that *I* am a tyrant. Wouldn’t that be a fitting end?” The ashes of the fallen Prince rose up into the night and drifted away, joined by the laughter of his executioner, who was suddenly and strangely delighted to realize that revolutions never really end.

Andy Sullivan

A Caitiff neonate ex-terrorist contemplates his Humanity (Belfast, Ireland, 1984)

The young girl shrank back against the alley wall in terror. She’d taken a wrong turn somewhere and was lost on a dark street in a part of Belfast where no sensible Catholic girl should be. Now, she didn’t know whether the three hoodlums mean simply to rob her, rape her, kill her, or any combination of the three. The leader lunged forward, brandishing a switchblade in one hand and grasping for her arm with the other. Then the thug screamed in pain as Andy came from nowhere to seize his forearm in grip like steel. Andy was pale even for an Irishman in winter, but his face was a mask of fury. The vampire clenched, and the youth dropped his knife with a squeal of pain. Effortlessly, Andy hurled the young man across the alley, slamming him into his friends. The three went down in a heap, and before they could recover, Andy was standing over them, his eyes burning.

In a flash, he reached down to seize the ringleader by the throat. Casually, he lifted the other man up off the ground so that his feet dangled a full six inches above the street. The other two thugs were paralyzed with fear. One gaped silently while the other began muttering a prayer. Andy looked up at the boy in his grasp. The vampire noted the Unionist orange on his jacket and snarled.



“Do ye have nothing better to do this fine night than molest a young girl whose done nothin’ to ye?” His voice sounded reasonable, but his fury was unmistakable.

Despite his fear, the youth tried to put on a show of bravado. “Fleck off! She’s just a Catholic whore! And she ain’t welcome here!”

The tirade of bigotry stopped when Andy tightened his grip on the boy’s throat. Fighting back his rage, Andy slowly lowered the boy to the ground but held his gaze the whole time. “That’s a bit rude, isn’t it, boy? You think you have the right to cut every Catholic woman what comes under your hand? Would you think it fair of me to find some Unionist wench who means something to you? Your sister or mother perhaps. To call ‘er a whore and then cut her open for a laugh? Is that something you want to see?”

Andy leaned in, and the boy shrank back reflexively. His two mates still lay on the ground, blubbing. The vampire spoke again, some of the intensity draining from his voice. “I used to *be* you, boy. Sinn Fein Green instead of Unionist Orange, but still, just like you in ever way what matters. Then, I found there were worse things than a Catholic or a Protestant, and I became one of ‘em.” Andy focused his gaze upon the terrified youth and called upon his blood. “*Go home,*” he commanded. “Go home to your mothers. And think about how Death caught you and then let you go.” The boy hesitated for a second and then bolted, his two friends following close behind. Andy turned back to the girl and moved over to help her stand.

“Are you okay?” he said.

She was still shaking as she took his hand. “Yes, oh, bless you, sir. I ...” Her voice caught in her throat as she finally got a good look at her savior. She crossed herself and her face went even paler. “No, it can’t be! You’re ...!”

Andy caught her eyes and brought his powers to bear once more. “*No. I’m not. Ye don’t recognize me. We’ve never met before. I’m just a Good Samaritan. Me name’s Davey.*” Instantly, the girl relaxed. She took Andy’s hand and allowed him to gently help her up.

“Thank you, Davey. My name’s Molly. Molly Sullivan.”

He smiled warmly. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Molly Sullivan. Now let’s get you home.”

Later, after Andy had seen his daughter home safely, he turned his attention to the vampire he’d spotted spying on them from the rooftop. As soon as Molly closed the door to the flat he’d once shared with his wife and daughter, he slipped into the alley, and in a burst of speed, made his way to the roof. It was Reilly.

“Is this really a productive use of your time and gifts, Sullivan?” he asked, not unkindly.

“To me, ‘tis. She’s my daughter. That don’t change just ‘cause I’m dead.”

“I’d say it’s a pretty big difference, to be honest. We’ve more important things to worry about tonight than the kine. Even kine we used to be related to.”

“You sound like a Blue Blood.”

Reilly made a face of mock-outrage. “There’s no cause for insult, Andrew Sullivan!”

“Then don’t be speakin’ to me about ‘kine,’ Lucas Reilly. ‘Kine’ is just another word for ‘cows.’ That’s how the Camarilla looks at ‘em, and the Sabbath, and far too many of us, too. But we shouldn’t. We feed on them, but we can’t forget that we once were as they are now. The minute we forget that, we lose the only part of ourselves worth preserving for eternity. And then, we’re no better than that poncey fat Ventrue what sits in a mansion cross town and calls himself Prince.”

Reilly looked thoughtful but did not argue the point. Instead, he looked down to the flat across the street. “She’s a fine looking girl. How old is she now?”

“Seventeen. Same age her mother was when we first met. She was only five or so when she last saw my face and was permitted to remember it.”

“Oh, saints! You’re not gonna start weepin’ blood, are ye?”

“Fleck off.”

“Anyway, if you’re done waxin’ poetical about the how important the mortals are, there’s the small matter of a poncey fat Ventrue and a small but impressive explosive device we’d like ye to plant under his car later tonight. Do the job right, and I promise you that none of your precious mortals will be hurt in the blast.”

Andy rubbed his temples and felt the echo of a craving for a cigarette. Sometimes, he missed the simplicity of the IRA.

Monica “Lady Hemlocke” Chang

A Tremere ancilla who longs for meritocracy (Washington, D.C., 2001)

Davis hesitated at Monica’s door and looked around once more, as if worried about being followed. His Auspex revealed nothing save techno music turned up too loud for his tastes. Satisfied that Monica was alone inside, Davis ran his fingers through his hair and pressed the doorbell. Immediately, Monica yelled out. “Come on in! The door’s open!” He winced at her nasal voice, and entered the apartment.

The lights inside were dim, with most of the illumination coming from multiple flatscreen televisions positioned around the room. Some, including one with a swirling screensaver that pulsed in time with some noisy music, functioned as monitors for the various computers scattered around the room. Others were tuned to various television channels that were muted with closed captioning. A few seemed to be CCTV screens linked to camera feeds, including one from the hallway outside. Monica Chang sat cross-legged on a couch directly in front of the largest screen, typing furiously at a wireless keyboard nestled in her lap. The big screen displayed the product of her work: a long string of programming code interspersed with occasional Latin phrases that Davis recognized as having some kind of occult significance. Next to that screen was another smaller one that, oddly, displayed an online poker game that Monica was playing under the handle of "Lady_Hemlocke," complete with a cartoonish femme fatale avatar.

"You're early," she said over the music, without even looking in Davis's direction. Etiquette had never been Monica's strong suit, a primary reason for her lack of advancement within Clan Tremere. An ancilla Embraced in Hong Kong during the 1880's, she seemed to take pride in being as abrasive and condescending to her peers and, worse, her superiors as she could manage. Over the past century, she had bounced from chantry to chantry a dozen times, most recently transferred to Washington by a Bostonian regent who was happy to be rid of her. At the time, she was one of the pioneers of the then-fledgling Thaumaturgy path referred to as Technomancy, and the increasing reliance of various government agencies on computer technology had made her invaluable to the Washington chantry. (Not that the Pontifex would ever admit it publicly.)

"Do you always leave the door unlocked?" said Davis.

"You passed through four CCTV cameras and six wards, and I smelled your cologne from down the hallway," Monica replied blandly without ever taking her eyes off the screen. "Now be quiet. I'll be with you in a minute."

For much longer than "a minute," Monica ignored her guest completely and continued with her coding, pausing occasionally to raise, check, or fold in the poker game, and to respond to several instant messages. Through it all, Davis waited patiently, occasionally checking his watch but otherwise refusing to give in to what he believed to be a passive-aggressive effort to discomfit him. Finally, after nearly five minutes, Monica stabbed the Enter key, and a gray "Saving" box briefly popped onto the main screen. Then, she folded in the poker game (despite having a strong hand), muted the music, set the keyboard to one side, and rose to study her guest.

Davis smiled winningly to the woman who was technically his superior. Clan Tremere rarely allowed matters as banal as personal appearance to factor into decisions about the Embrace, but compared to most Warlocks, Davis was considered quite handsome. He was fairly young, barely a half-century since the Embrace, but his blood was potent and he had been diligent in his studies, having already mastered two Thaumaturgical paths. He met Monica during his introductory studies into Technomancy.

For her part, Monica was proof positive that physical beauty was not a factor the clan found important. She stood five-and-a-half feet and was dumpy bordering on simply fat. She rarely wore anything that wasn't solid black, and the paleness of her skin was accentuated by thick black eyeliner and matching lipstick. She might have passed for goth if she cared enough about her appearance to make the requisite style choices. She was over 150 years old but only 11 steps removed from Caine. This made her significantly weaker than Davis in many ways, but a smart Tremere always knew ways around that particular hurdle.

"So, did you bring it, pretty boy? Or are you wasting my time?" she said.

Davis started and then fumbled in his jacket before producing a folded piece of paper. He held it out to the other Tremere, who snatched it from his hand. She examined string of numbers and letters for a moment and then moved to a nearby cabinet from which she withdrew a CD-ROM. To Davis, it looked at first like a standard disk, but as she held it up to examine it in the light, he noticed numerous occult sigils painstakingly etched into the surface. She loaded the disk into one of the many hard drives and then returned to the couch and the keyboard resting on it.

As she typed, Davis studied the new code appearing on the main screen. "Is that... Latin?"

"Some of it. My own programming language, a mixture of Latin and COBOL. Two dead languages intertwined to impose occult hypertextuality on mundane technological systems."

"Huh?" A neophyte at Technomancy, Davis had no idea what Monica was talking about. "So this... hypertextuality, plus the codes I stole, will get you into the Pontifex's confidential files?"

Monica smiled. "Something like that."

"What do you expect to find in there, anyway?"

"Most likely, that the Pontifex and my other supervisors all think I'm a bitch. Which is fine, I suppose. 'Bitch' is what men

call women who decline to be doormats or prostitutes.” Monica finished her programming, entering the sequence that Davis had provided on the last line before running the program. It was a special application of her own design, a powerful Technomancy ritual distilled into computer code which she’d been preparing for quite some time. Another pop-up box appeared, this one a status bar announcing that an upload had commenced and would take several minutes to complete.

Monica rose and stepped past Davis to the tiny kitchenette nearby. A bar with two stools separated it from the rest of the apartment. “While we wait, would you care for a drink?” she said, as she filled two highball glasses with ice and then pulled a bottle from a cabinet. “Bourbon okay?”

“Okay for what?” Davis asked, even more confused by the drink offer than the discussion of hypertextuality.

Monica smiled and poured three fingers of a reddish-amber liquid over the ice. Then she slid the glass over to Davis. “You’ve mastered the Path of Blood. Tell me what you think of this.”

He took the glass and sniffed it hesitantly. “This... this is human blood. And also... Kentucky Bourbon? How is that possible?” he asked in amazement.

Monica smiled. “It’s an alchemical ritual. Mortal blood in a suspension with an alcoholic beverage so that it simultaneously has the properties of both. My first field of study post-Embrace was the Path of Alchemy. At the time, it was still considered... fashionable, I guess.”

Tentatively, he took a sip. Then, he smiled and exhaled unnecessarily. “Ahhh. I haven’t had liquor of any kind since, well, my breathing days. And yet it goes down like warm blood. Where did you find this ritual?”

“I didn’t. I invented it. I still dabble in alchemy, even though the Pontifex would prefer that I stick exclusively to Technomancy like a good little drone.” She poured a glass for herself and sipped it lightly.

“You really hate him, do you?”

“Everyone hates the Pontifex, Davis, even the ones happily licking his boots. I imagine the Pontifex even hates himself when he looks in the mirror. He’s a relatively competent Thaumaturgist for someone of his age, but nothing special. He has risen to his position mainly through aggressive politicking combined with low generation, an accident of birth that gave him social benefits he’s done nothing to deserve except survive his peers. Give our Pontifex my blood and the face of a Nosferatu and he’d be mopping floors.”

“Is that why you’re an Anarch?” Davis said slyly between sips of his drink.

“You’re the one who keeps using that word, Davis. Not me. I think that the Anarchs, in theory, have a lot of good ideas. One’s status should be based on what one actually achieves and contributes, not on whether you can succeed at juvenile social games or whether you lucked out and got a sire with powerful blood. That doesn’t change the fact that most Anarchs are a bunch of rowdy idiots who don’t stick to those ideas, and it certainly doesn’t mean I am one, no matter how much I talk back to the Pontifex.”

“Come on, Monica, don’t be coy. You may not spend your nights spray-painting inverted anarchy symbols on the bathroom walls, but everyone knows you’ve been talking to Anarchs — you and probably half the Tremere in the chantry’s Technomancy Research Division. When you’re not picking fights with your elders, you’re sending emails back and forth about how the Pontifex and the rest of the chantry leaders are a bunch of fossils who don’t appreciate what you’re doing.”

“Half the TRD, huh? Do you happen to know which half?”

Davis sighed. “Of course not. That’s why I’m completing your little hazing ritual, isn’t it? Steal the Pontifex’s security code to prove that I can be trusted before you introduce me to your fellow travelers. Other than you, everyone else has been keeping their heads down. But not you. You won’t take shit from anybody, not even the Pontifex. That’s why I respect you. That’s why....” He looked down at his drink for a second and then back up to focus his attention on Monica’s face. “That’s why I think I’m falling in love with you.”

His eyes were big and soulful and could have melted the stoniest hearts. There was a silent pause as the two Kindred looked across the bar at one another. Then, Monica smiled, as she felt a slight tingle from the blue silken cord hidden under her shirt. Davis smiled too, though rather more dopily, as his own Presence was reflected back at him. Intellectually, some part of Davis realized that he was being victimized by his own emotion-shaping powers. But his intellect was no match for his passion, and thus did the heartthrob of the Washington chantry become spellbound by the inner beauty he now sensed hidden beneath Monica’s homely exterior.

Monica leaned over the bar as if to whisper to her entranced guest. “Yes, Davis, I do believe you *are* falling in love with me. So why don’t you tell me more about how you got the codes?”

Davis suddenly looked stricken as he glanced back over his shoulder to the computer. The tiny part of him still capable of resisting demanded that he remain silent, but it was no match for the rush of emotion that caused

his next words to tumble out. “The codes... the Pontifex gave them to me.... My god, I told him about you... about how you’d introduce me to your fellow subversives if I gave you the codes.... Oh, god, Monica, I’m so sorry!”

“Shh. It’s okay, Davis. I know all that. Just tell me. Are the codes legit?”

“What? Yeah, they’re the real access codes, but it doesn’t matter. Your personnel file has been changed. He didn’t want you to know he suspected you of being a traitor.”

“I don’t care about the file. Or about the Pontifex’s opinion of me. I just wanted access to the chantry mainframe.” As she was talking, Monica removed a small vial from a drawer and stirred the contents into her own drink.

Davis stared at her as if awakening from a stupor. “But... you’re the Technomancy project leader. You already have access to the mainframe.”

“Yes, but not remote access to the back-up systems. It would be rather pointless of me to steal the entire Technomancy database without deleting the backups, now wouldn’t it?”

“I don’t understand.”

“Of course, you don’t. That’s because you’re an idiot who has been skating by on looks, an empathic Discipline that’s rare among our clan, and a natural flair for duplicity. So let me spell it out, Davis. Atlas is officially shrugging. I *am* an Anarch. I *am* in communication with other Anarchs across the nation. And my friends and I *are* about to betray Clan Tremere. We’ve all put too much into Technomancy to see it abandoned on a musty back shelf because our leaders are all stuck in the Dark Ages. We’re taking everything the D.C. chantry knows about Technomancy and leaving the Pontifex nothing but a big sign saying ‘file not found.’”

Davis stepped back from the bar as his anger negated the effects of his supernatural charisma. “You used me?”

“Yes, pretty boy. I used you. I lied to you. I betrayed you.” She grinned broadly and held up the liquor bottle. “And best of all, I poisoned you! And don’t be such a hypocrite. I’ve read all your emails to the Pontifex discussing how you planned to seduce me in order to find the other Anarchs working in the TRD. I’d pull them up on my laptop and show you, but you’ll probably be dead before I could boot up. So don’t even bother to get mad at me. We both know what you were planning to let the Pontifex do to me just so you could get another promotion.”

Monica’s harsh words negated the last vestiges of the emotional effect, allowing Davis’s true feelings to reassert

themselves... violently. With a guttural snarl, Davis raised his hands to unleash a fiery blast into Monica’s face. Instead, the Warlock screamed, as his own flames ignited the very blood in his veins and ripped through his body. Instantly, he doubled over in agony.

“What’s that, Davis? Why yes, that’s *right!* It seems actively using vitae when you’ve been dosed with a hemophagic toxin *does* dramatically increase the poison’s lethality! I wrote a paper on that topic more than 60 years ago. You really should have done more research, I think.” Monica smiled cruelly as she downed the rest of her glass, grimacing at the taste of the reagent she had added to counteract the effects of her alchemical blood toxin.

Davis dropped to the floor and could do nothing but whimper softly. “You... bitch.” Within seconds, he was ash.

Monica leaned over the bar to see the results of her handiwork and then nodded a response. “Yeah, Davis, I think we’ve pretty much established that.”

Across the room, the computer dinged softly. Monica returned to the keyboard and swiftly entered several commands. Another box appeared on the screen, this one showing the progress of a download instead of an upload. Within seconds, her work was complete, and Monica ejected the disk. It was now blood red in color. After reviewing the screen to confirm that the entire Technomancy database no longer existed on the mainframe, she logged out of the Pontifex’s account. It was not the end of the Technomancy program, but it would take Clan Tremere years to catch back up to where she and her cohort had been. Setting the disk aside, she took a brief moment to send out an email to everyone in her research division reminding them of an A&E documentary on Alan Turing scheduled to air the following night. For a subset of those peers, her friendly reminder was also a signal to act on their long-established contingency plans for fleeing the city.

Her computer work complete, Monica finally picked up a wireless headset resting on the table and donned it before moving to address a carefully concealed web camera that she had positioned to record her encounter with Davis.

“Well? Questions? Comments? Criticisms?” said Monica. Over the headset, she was met with applause and cheers, and she gave an exaggerated curtsy in response. Finally, one voice spoke out on behalf of the others.

“Magnificent, Hemlocke, simply magnificent. A bravura performance,” said Hurricane. “I think I speak for all of us when I say how much we are looking forward to working with you and your team. I foresee great things for us all.”

"Here, here," said Blood4BloodGod. "Now get your ass out of D.C. and over here to Cupertino! It's time we changed the world!" The other vampires on the channel roared their assent. Lady_Hemlocke smiled up at the camera.

"I'm packed and ready to go. Hurricane, I'll be in Chicago by tomorrow night."

The others logged off as Monica removed the headset. She turned back to the ashy remains of her would be betrayer and shook her head sadly. "A pity, Davis. If only you'd used the Presence *before* I poisoned you. I'd have still killed you, but at least we could have had a little fun first." Then, she shrugged and turned away to fetch the suitcases waiting in her closet, humming softly as she went.

Hector Juarez

A disgusted Brujah ancilla who was caught trying to leave (Bakersfield, California, 2006)

Hector grimaced in pain as he slid across the gravel. He looked around quickly but made no move to get up. Most likely, it would just get him hit again, and Gato's hammer really hurt. From deep inside, he felt the Beast stir and snarl, but he quickly forced it back down. As a Brujah, his instincts drove him to frenzy, but frenzying right now would be a disaster. Aside from self-preservation, he had two children with him for whom, for some insane reason, he now felt stupidly responsible.

After chaining the Beast, Hector wiped the dust from his eyes and looked around. On either side of him were Jaime and Nico, beaten and scared but still ready to follow his lead. They'd both been ghouls for five years before he turned them not six months back. They were young and inexperienced, both only of the 12th generation. Hector was far stronger, but not nearly enough against these numbers. Almost all of the Comancheros, the vampire motorcycle gang that ruled Bakersfield, had gathered in a circle around Hector and his children; twelve vampires and almost twice that many ghouls. Three additional ghouls who were not officially Comancheros stood in the back, watching impassively in their Bakersfield PD uniforms while holding assault rifles. Hector might be able to make a run for it if his vitae held out, but Jaime and Nico were ash if he did. He got them into this, and Hector Juarez respected his obligations. So he stood up slowly and brushed the dust off of his leathers, but made no effort to run. His children followed suit.

Gato glared at Hector with open contempt. He gestured, and one of the ghouls tossed an army duffel bag onto the ground between the two Brujah. "So what's in the bag, Heck?" he snarled.

Hector looked him squarely in the eye. "Assuming your man didn't have sticky fingers, exactly \$800,000 cash.

One-fifth of what you keep locked up in your safe. That was the deal, wasn't it, Gato? I mean, five of us started the Comancheros, and you said from the beginning that if any of us ever wanted out, we were free to take our share and leave. Isn't that what you said, Gato?"

The left corner of Gato's lip twitched up like a snarling dog's, but with some difficulty, he fought back his own rage. "What brought this on, Heck? After everything we've been through. Don Sebastian, the Sabbat in '65, Setites in '79.... What happened to make you want to run out on us without even telling me to my face?"

"You're mad because I didn't come talk to you about it? Shit, Gato, I've been talking to you about it for years, but you always shut me out." Hector took a step toward his Baron and pointed an accusing finger at him. "You changed. I've changed. We've all changed, and I'm sick of it."

"What the fuck are you whining about? You sound like a bitchy old lady." The other gang members laughed, but Hector shook his head and looked past Gato to one of the vampires behind him.

"Hey, Vance! You cutting yourself again?" he yelled out.

The Ventrue froze and looked from Hector down to his arm, still bloody from the numbers he'd absent-mindedly been carving into it with a machete, and then back to Hector. "Yeah. So? It's my arm."

Hector turned back to Cal. "That's your Blue Blood, *hermano!* That's the guy you brought in to handle our taxes and help with money laundering! And now he cuts himself when he's stressed so he has an excuse to gorge himself with blood! Jesus, Gato, do you even remember anymore what it was like we started the Comancheros? You had ideas and plans. You talked about Carthage, for Christ's sake! You actually talked about making fucking Bakersfield into the new Carthage just like our grandsire used to tell stories about!"

Hector paused, struggling once more to chain his Beast. "All the crooked shit — drugs, gun-running, prostitution — that was just a means to an end. Well guess what, now that shit is the end. That's all that matters. We steal and maim and murder and pillage. We're practically a god-damned Sabbat pack minus the blood-sharing. And for what? So you can be a fucking crime-lord. The Godfather of Bakersfield."

Gato said nothing. Hector wasn't angry anymore. Just tired. "And the worst of it is, I was still going to follow you. You're a monster, Gato. Frankie, Rayleen, Vance, Maggot. They're all monsters, too. And I was ready to become a monster just to stay in the gang. But then, you sent out Jaime and Nico — my ghouls, who I brought into this gang when they were kids and watched grow up into men. You sent them out to get shot up

in some stupid turf war against Los Peregrinos, and I had to Embrace them. Hell, you ordered me to Embrace them as a 'reward' for fighting so hard against a fucking Sabbat pack. Well, *hermano*, that makes me responsible for them. And I won't see them turn into monsters like us."

Gato stared long and hard at the man who had been his right hand for over seventy years and his blood brother longer than that. When he spoke, it was low and mean. "Sit down. Cross-legged. Don't move or speak until I give you leave. If you do, you will be cut down and your boys will suffer torments you can't imagine." The three vampires slowly complied. Gato turned to a ghoul and whispered some instruction that made the ghoul run off. Minutes ticked by in heavy silence. Then an engine roared from down the street, and the ghoul returned in the modified Brinks truck the gang used for some of its larger smuggling operations. Gato walked to Hector and loomed over him. He seemed calmer, yet somehow more frightening.

"I remember the pact we made back in '49. And if you'd come to me openly, I might have honored it. But not now. Now, you don't get to take a fifth of our bank with you. You don't get to drive across the county line and set up shop in the next Barony over with \$800,000 of our money, two fresh young whelps, and knowledge of every secret we have. No, *hermano*. You have a choice to make. Option one is this: We beat the shit out of you, just for the hell of it. Then, you and that duffel bag get in a car and hit the road. After you're gone, I blood bond your boys to myself. And I make them my bitches, in any sense of the word I choose. And when I get bored, I kill 'em. Slow."

"And option two?" said Hector quietly.

"You and your boys get in that truck. You take nothing else with you. Three of the ghouls drive the truck in shifts until you're at least two states away, maybe more. The truck's reinforced. We both know you're not strong enough to break out, even doping on blood. They'll abandon the truck during the day but leave it unlocked. Wherever you go after that is your business. But if any of you ever come back to Bakersfield again, I'll drink your souls." Gato stepped back and then kicked the duffel bag over to Hector. "So what's it gonna be, Heck?"

Hector stood up, and without sparing a glance at the duffel bag, headed over to the back of the Brinks truck, with Jaime and Nico following behind. Vance held the reinforced door open with an exaggerated bow. Just before Hector could climb inside, Gato barked at him to stop.

"You're not listening, Heck! I said you take nothing with you. You got no business wearing a Comancheros

patch, so we'll be taking that jacket." Hector sighed, and he and the other two started to unzip their jackets when the Baron continued. "Along with everything else." Jaime and Nico froze, as several of the Comancheros started laughing. Hector looked over to Gato wearily.

"You're going to dump us out a thousand miles away. Naked."

"Hector, you're god-damned lucky that you're not leaving here as a pissed-on heap of ash."

Hector shrugged and stripped, his childer nervously following suit. A minute later, three unclothed Anarchs climbed into the back of the Brinks truck to the catcalls of Rayleen and the other female gang members. Once they were inside, Vance and the ghoul driver quickly shut the door and engaged the locks. Then, the ghoul scurried over to his regnant.

"Where to, boss?"

"I don't give a shit so long as it's a thousand miles or more from here. Drive in shifts. When you get far enough away, get a rental car and abandon the truck somewhere. Make sure it's least 20 miles from the nearest town. Drain the gas tank and take the spark plugs with you."

The ghoul hesitated. "Boss, if we're going to that much trouble, why don't we just torch the truck while they're asleep during the day?"

Gato glared at the ghoul, who nearly pissed himself on the spot. "You will follow my instructions exactly. Do you understand?" The ghoul nodded in terror and ran to fetch his two traveling companions. Gato looked back at the truck. "He's earned a chance. I won't deny him that."

As he stood there staring at the truck, Vance walked up beside him while using his machete as a makeshift toothpick. The Ventrue's arm was still bloody from his earlier self-mutilation, with tattered strips of skin hanging off like fringe. Behind them, the rest of the Comancheros were loading up their bikes and trucks to head out.

"Vance?"

"Yeah, boss?"

"We monsters?"

"Well, yeah. Of course we are," replied Vance, as if it were the silliest question in the world. "We're goddamn vampires." The deranged Ventrue walked off, leaving Gato behind to watch the truck pull out onto the highway and head off into the California night, taking with it the very last friend he would ever have.



Chapter Four: Character and Traits

“The young always have the same problem: how to rebel and conform at the same time. They have now solved this by defying their parents and copying one another.”

– Quentin Crisp

Noted psychotherapist Carl Jung believed that within the scope of a single dream that all characters, elements, and places represented aspects of the dreamer’s personality. During the course of a storytelling game, the player uses the basic building blocks of mechanics on the character sheet, such as Traits or Abilities, to shape the form of the personality of the character just like in a dream. This creation becomes more than mere a synthesis of Traits, weapons, and cool mystical powers; it is an engine to drive stories.

Stories come from dramatic challenges that happen to characters with ambitions, fears, and motivations beyond the next bloody battle or sardonic quip. As an Anarch, your character is a deathless vampire with great and terrible powers, possessed of all eternity to achieve his every goal. Fire it up, right?

The problem is that all of the other undead bastards have been around much longer than he has. They’re smarter, richer, and more experienced that spans centuries. The revolution is rigged and the odds are stacked against him. The elders seemingly control the world and maybe always will – unless he and his fellows can tear their hypocritical asses down to size.

Your Anarch can either experience eternity as a permanent thrall in an endless night where his bloodthirsty ancestors will never grow old or weak, or he can decide to

leave the shadow of his sire’s Embrace to make his own way in the night. He can fight for a fair opportunity in the society of the Damned for anyone of the Blood and rage against the control of the elders. Of course, there’s nothing wrong with him getting a bit of his own in the process.

Getting Started

This chapter will help you customize a **Vampire: The Masquerade** character into an Anarch. For a description of the complete character creation process, see Chapter Three of V20.

Concept

Concept is the starting point for creating a character. Anarch characters have a dazzling freedom to look at the World of Darkness from a variety of different perspectives. Certainly, they count among their numbers the leather-clad, bloodthirsty rabble plucked from under the tyranny of Camarilla propaganda. In their ranks are also wily hackers uncovering the secrets of their rivals, fixers seeking a piece of the political pie away from the monopoly of the elders, and down-and-out burnouts just seeking a respite from the Jihad.

Start by asking yourself a couple of questions. Who was the character before she was Embraced? What circumstances led her to decide to be an Anarch? What does she fight for? The character's motivation can transform this choice into an epic struggle against tyranny, a cold revenge tale, or even a tragedy.

Concept isn't a numerical Trait with a mechanical effect on the game, but it helps shape a personality and provides an foundation for building the mechanics an Anarch character.

Review the concepts on pp. 81-82 of V20. If you don't see a concept you like, make one up! Its sole purpose is to help you express your character idea concisely.

Motivation

Motivation is the engine of politics. Why a vampire consciously elects to join the Anarch Movement reveals a good deal about her personality.

A great many Anarchs — perhaps even the majority — are simply Embraced into the Movement and become faithful, zealous Anarchs after they become Kindred. These vampires may look at the entire sect as an extended family, a gang, or a platoon of comrades in arms. Less gregarious Kindred sometimes find the Anarch Movement as oppressive as a Prince's court is to a newly arrived neonate, especially if they have difficulty making the right connections.

Anarch domains tend to have fewer rules than those of the Camarilla and Sabbat, but they're not vampire utopia either. The strong thrive and the weak must adapt, serve, or get kicked into the shitty hunting grounds. Anarchs still honor the Traditions in their own way (because they're not stupid), but these can be interpreted inflexibly. What happens when an Anarch domain upholds privilege first and the Kindred condition second? (For more information, see Chapter Two: The City Upon the Hill)

Kindred attracted to the Anarch Movement tend to have a wide variety of motivations. Some seek a righteous cause to which to dedicate themselves, in order to give meaning to their unives. Some seek revenge against other sects, railing against blood bonds or the oppression of the elders. Some Anarchs just want the freedom to act, away from the outdated customs of selfish sires or corrupt institutions. Some see the Anarch Movement as a way to achieve power on their own terms. And sometimes, raucous young Anarchs are completely blind to any hypocrisies that exist in their Anarch domains.

Supporting or joining the Anarch Movement inside of a Camarilla domain can be a difficult choice. Some

Princes fear the rabble and keep a tight watch on those who willingly call themselves Anarchs. This can make dwelling in the shadows very difficult, resulting in second-class status, harassment from the Scourge, and being scapegoated when things turn really tough. It can take a good deal of courage or defiance to take a stand in hostile territory. Who is the enemy: the Camarilla, the Sabbat, or the system? Consider what such a political stand means about your character's personality.

Some Harpies consider it a horrible scandal for honored members of the Camarilla to have released childer who proclaim themselves Anarchs. These shamed sires often seek to return their wayward childer to the fold, and the idea of free will is less important than maintaining the lineage's reputation. What sort of character risks her safety and the hatred of her legacy for a political cause?

The occasional shovelhead or lone wolf sometimes manages to escape the Sabbat into an Anarch domain. These twisted souls have suffered through grueling Creation Rites and being thrown into battle as shock troops with little training to die on the front lines of a war they know nothing about. They have to learn how to be a vampire and survive on their own, always wondering if the monsters will return for them. Some Cainites simply see through the fanatical propaganda of the Sabbat and crave something less grotesque or blasphemous. What does the Anarch Movement mean to Cainites who have survived such a transition?

The following questions may help you to identify your character's motivation for joining the Anarchs:

What sect did your sire belong to?

Why did you break from your sire's sect?

What convinced you to join the Anarchs?

What cost did you pay to join the Anarchs?

What would you change about the Anarchs?

New Archetypes

Vampire: the Masquerade uses the term archetype to categorize how a character might experience the world. **Anarchs Unbound** introduces new archetypes specifically designed for Anarch characters. For a complete list and description of the standard Archetypes, see V20, pages 87-96.

Anarchist

The Anarchist believes that the world would be a better place if every individual took responsibility for her own

destiny and stayed out of everyone else's business. She lives her own rules and refuses to bend to higher powers or society.

— Regain a point of Willpower whenever you reject unnecessary rules, laws, or social norms and achieve success because of it.

Critic

The Critic observes the world around her with a jaundiced eye, seeking out flaws and deficiencies. She experiences a special satisfaction in exploiting these weaknesses publically so that eventually the design will improve. Some critics feel it is their duty to push the world to be better.

— Regain a point of Willpower whenever you find a flaw in a design or plan and then improve upon it.

Nihilist

The Nihilist believes that life is without objective purpose or intrinsic value. Since nothing matters, the Nihilist feels morally free to indulge in whatever destructive passions she might crave at the moment.

— Regain a point of Willpower whenever you engage in self-destructive behavior.

Backgrounds

A starting vampire character has five dots for Backgrounds, which may be distributed at the player's discretion. Anarchs have an intimate grasp of mortal society and thus tend to have more Allies, Contacts, Herd, and Influences than vampires of other sects. Some Anarchs, especially those young enough to feel strongly connected to their mortal life, have complex, intimate relationships with mortals rather than the practiced distance of elders. A few bold Anarchs regularly expose themselves to the public spotlight via public identities with some degree of Fame. Indeed, Anarchs have a distinct facility for using their Backgrounds in innovative new ways that frighten and confuse the more traditional elders. For example, the savvy Kindred Michael Dillon combines Allies and Contacts to start a flash mob in front of Elysium to offer cover for a plan that requires a hasty escape.

Anarchs have learned the benefit of cooperation in order to compete with their more established



rivals. For information on pooling Backgrounds to represent this, see pp. 118-119 of V20.

New Backgrounds

Anarchs Unbound introduces new Backgrounds specifically designed for Anarch characters. This isn't to say that other Kindred can't employ these Backgrounds (at the Storyteller's discretion), but only that they're especially suited to the ways of the Anarch Movement.

Anarch Information Exchange

Anarchs have learned to coordinate their efforts, owing largely to the technological advantages of computers and social networking with which they are proficient. This has led to an unparalleled advance in the exchange of information within the Anarch Movement. (By contrast, Kindred information about mortal society typically comes from Contacts – see p. 112 of V20.)

Characters with this Background may use this network to contact other Anarchs in order to learn information about specific vampires, local secrets, domain politics, or general rumors about the movements of other sects. The advantage of the Exchange is that it allows Anarchs to tap into information sources from a global reach. Each dot of this Background allows you to ask a single question once per game session. The Storyteller determines what amount and quality of information the Exchange can offer at a given time.

In some cases, the Kindred who make up the Information Exchange may not possess a given bit of information, or may not know it immediately. For example, the Exchange might know about the Prince of a domain, a number of rumors about her past, and even how to contact her, but it's unlikely to have a detailed schematic of her haven.

Extremely rare tidbits of lore or information might be known by a member of the Exchange, but could be considered to be too valuable to simply share. There's no such thing as a free lunch, and brotherhood and reputation can take you only so far. Under such circumstances, Anarchs may attempt a Manipulation + Subterfuge roll to mediate a deal for desired information. Alternatively, the Storyteller may allow you to spend two of your per-session usages of this Background for such rare or sensitive information.

Types of information that can be found via the Anarch Information Exchange include:

- General information or rumors about a Kindred, such as contact information, general age, known clan and notable lineage, how long said Kindred has dwelled in a city, political affiliations, general reputation, and

generation (or a general estimate, such as neonate, ancilla, or elder).

- Information about specific topics, such as basic and brief overviews on a subject relating to Kindred (What is Thaumaturgy? Who are the Setites? What happens when you diablerize? What does a black crescent moon mean?) or personal characteristics of certain Kindred (Why does Prince Vaclav hate the color yellow?).
- Significant status or events in sect politics (What's happening with the Movement in a Naples? What is the Sabbat interest in Sao Paolo? Who has the Prince of Chicago placed under blood hunt?)

Example: Flynn Bishop witnessed a strange Kindred named Nixx kill an Anarch by engulfing him in flames. Bishop has three dots of Anarch Information Exchange and her player decides she wants to see if Nixx has appeared on the Anarch Movement's radar recently. She learns via the Anarch Information Exchange that recently there was trouble between the Tremere and the Anarchs that led to the death of two Tremere Neonates in Colorado.

Seeking further information, Bishop's player decides to ask about what invoking mystical fire might mean in terms of Disciplines that could be used against her. Bishop learns that it is a type of blood magic called the Lure of Flames and that some of the local Tremere might be willing to trade some of its secrets for those of another Discipline.

Anarch Status

You have a reputation within the local community of Anarchs. Status among the Anarchs reflects memorable deeds and general popularity. Despite the intention of the Status Perfectus and other early Anarch manifestos, a hierarchy of who's calling the shots has emerged in many Anarch domains, representing a maturing of the sect's ideals (or a betrayal of them, depending on which Anarchs you're speaking to).

You may have occasion to roll your Status in conjunction with a Social Trait; this reflects the positive effects of your prestige.

- **Known:** You've started making a name for yourself. You might be a rising tough working for a gang or this week's darling hacker, fighting for the cause behind a computer screen.
- **Respected:** You've become known for being able to hold your own on the streets and in the backrooms where the real decisions are being made.
- **Influential:** Anarchs listen to your opinion. You might have led a minor skirmish or exposed some shitbag



Ivory Tower lick in a scheme to put more money in his pockets. Perhaps you're the author of a well-received Anarch manifesto, or you call the shots for a respected crew. Whatever the case, there are few in the domain or across a Free State territory who don't know about you.

•••• Powerful: You have a great deal of influence over your city. You might be a leader of a powerful known crew or one of the few Anarch elders.

••••• Luminary: You are the acknowledged leader of your Anarch domain, or well-placed among them. You might be the Baron (or a backer behind a figurehead Baron).

Armory

Your character has managed to amass a functional armory along with the ability to maintain all of the weapons within it. Each level of the Armory Background yields access to more potent weapons (along with proper ammunition) and the resources to properly maintain and clean them.

The scope of this Background varies a bit by region, as weapons-control laws differ. What an American can buy in a department store, for example, might be the sole domain of the military in Eastern Europe and available only via the black market in Brazil; players who wish to invest dots in Armory should consult with their Storytellers to determine how it will work in the chronicle's locality.

The Storyteller may require you to invest a few points in another Background (such as certain types of Influence or legal or military Allies) to prevent the Armory's confiscation by the authorities. An Armory can vanish in a fraction of the time it took to amass it, especially if it ends up on the news or video-sharing sites with footage of a VAMPIRE BLOOD GANG MASSACRE down by the warehouses.

For more details on specific weapons, including game mechanics, see V20, pp. 280-281.

Players may opt to pool Background points for a shared Armory. See pp. 118-119 of V20 for more information on pooled Backgrounds.

- You have an excellent starter armory that includes many legal weapons commonly available on the street, as relevant to your regional culture.
- You have access to enough legal weaponry to outfit a street gang of 10.
- You could start your own small militia. In addition, you can outfit five individuals with weaponry that exists in a legal gray area for the region, which most civilians would have a difficult time obtaining.
- You have an armory appropriate to a SWAT team in a major city, including some military-grade hardware. You have enough gear to outfit a 10-man team with

advanced weaponry, which is a cut above that provided by the lesser levels of this Background. Be careful where you use it, because without other appropriate Backgrounds, you may find yourself under official scrutiny for possessing illegal weaponry.

••••• Your armory is the envy of paramilitary forces around the world. You have the tools to clean and repair almost any personal weapon manufactured in the world. You have access to a significant quantity of weapons that are illegal in most countries, and enough of them to field your own platoon. If this Armory were discovered by authorities, your Anarch would be a pile of greasy ash.

Communal Haven

Elders are often too selfish to consider the benefits of “cohabitation”; centuries of betrayal naturally generate a certain suspicious nature as it pertains to other vampires. Anarch packs that have learned the value of mutual cooperation and enlightened self-interest, however, sometimes establish Communal Havens for mutual security and comfort.

A Communal Haven is a secure location controlled and owned by the coterie. This is a place an Anarch who invests Background dots in it can lie low, train, and plan her next move. A Communal Haven could be as simple as an unfurnished apartment, as flashy as a mafioso’s penthouse, or as complex as a military base.

Of course, social conventions for the shared space might be complex or simple, depending on the personalities of the Kindred involved. Vampires sharing a Communal Haven can easily come into conflict unless some custom exists. Is it cool for Licks sharing the Communal Haven to offer it as crash space for others? Is it okay to bring blood dolls there? If something goes wrong, who’s in charge of disposing of the bodies or cleaning up the mess? Who takes care of keeping the location secret in the event that someone opens her goddamn mouth?

Note that this Background is different from the Domain and Resources Backgrounds. Typically, Domain is “turf,” while this is an actual Haven (which may well stand on contested domain...).

Players who elect to purchase this Background must divide their points among three different categories, described below. The purchase of this Background may be pooled as per the Background pooling systems on pages 118-119 of V20.

Luxury

Luxury is a measure of the quality of appointments inside the haven. The level of Luxury ranges from spare to

opulent, corresponding closely to a Resources Background of equal value (see pp. 115-116 of V20).

• What passes for furniture probably fell off the back of a truck or was liberated from a dumpster.

•• The place has been decorated and outfitted modestly. It has the basics expected of modern First World lifestyles (where appropriate).

••• The haven offers relative comfort, with a host of amenities.

•••• The haven is a luxurious oasis in the midst of the Jyhad, unique in both design and appearance.

••••• Only the extremely wealthy or celebrities usually enjoy the opulence of a place like this.

Size

Size represents the amount of living space in the Communal. While the following breakdown gives suggested sizes and room counts, players are encouraged to be creative if they so wish – imagine an open warehouse layout of no true “rooms,” or a network of “under repair” blacked-out skywalks that have access points to various locations downtown.

• A small apartment or underground chamber: 1 to 2 rooms.

•• A large apartment or small family home; 3 to 4 rooms.

••• A warehouse, church, or large home; 5 to 8 rooms, or a large enclosure.

•••• A mansion or network of tunnels; 9-15 rooms or chambers.

••••• A sprawling estate or vast network of subway tunnels; 20+ rooms.

Security

Security represents how tough it is to breach the haven. Each dot of Security either adds one to the difficulty of any roll made to penetrate the haven or adds one to the number of successes required to gain access. (Players and Storytellers should agree on this function before the story begins.)

• Cheap locks on the doors, but not much else.

•• You’ve reinforced every door and barred the windows, or you may have a dog that barks to warn you when someone comes too close to the haven. The place is relatively secure from commonplace threats.

••• The haven is secure but not impenetrable, relying on a modern set of locks, physical protection such as bars

over the windows, electronic security measures such as alarm systems, and standard electronic monitoring such as security cameras. It may be remote or accessed only by protected routes, such as a high-rise with a security guard who watches the elevator.

•••• Your haven is protected by all of the security features for the previous level and then some. On par with restricted governmental buildings or even prisons, your haven has reinforced walls, sectionalized access throttles, and perhaps even several panic rooms or hidden chambers. You have invested a considerable amount of time and effort to keep people out of your base.

••••• Your base is protected by all of the security features offered by the previous levels. Additionally, it is protected by one or more unique features, such as being far off the beaten path, incorporating a geographical boundary like being built on an island, and/or possible occult protections, like being visible only to Kindred. (Players and Storytellers should come to an agreement on the nature of such one-of-a-kind protections.)

Humanity

Humanity is the measure of your Anarch's moral code that represents her outlook when faced with difficult situations. This is a reflection of your character's compassion toward and understanding of other creatures. Vampires are predators by nature, and Humanity allows them to justify to themselves that they're not monsters. It is an internal charade that protects a Kindred from herself, much as the Masquerade protects vampires from the mortals outside.

The Anarch Movement is split in its observance and attitudes toward Humanity.

Some believe in attempting to exist peacefully with their fellow Kindred and even, for the more liberal, mortals. These Kindred often joined the Anarch Movement to support egalitarianism for all Kindred, even Caitiff. Some point to the lack of Humanity demonstrated by the elders as a sign of their moral failings. Over many years, the Beast and the requirements of vampirism slowly erode this basic, fundamental morality. As the centuries wear on, the Beast takes hold, and Kindred become less and less concerned with the wellbeing of something as inconsequential as kine (after all, they'll die eventually, anyway).

Others joined the Movement for more selfish reasons, such as power, freedom, or revenge. Accordingly, their Humanity may be quite low as the slow degeneration of the eternal night and war erodes their control.

One of the interesting challenges of being Anarch is resolving issues of Humanity with what needs to be done to survive in the World of Darkness. Is it acceptable to kill another vampire? Is it considered murder? What if the target is a Prince actively trying to annex Anarch territory? What about the ghouls of Anarch enemies? Is it morally acceptable to rage against the blood bonds of the elders while keeping ghouls in positions of servitude? How does an Anarch rationalize her hatred for elder oppression of young Kindred with her tacit support of Kindred oppression of mortals?

Many Anarchs try to balance their political optimism with enlightened self-interest to make their way through the night without causing too much damage to their souls. A large number of Anarchs quietly support the Traditions, unless it immediately benefits them not to do so, merely desiring equality under said Traditions without the privileged hierarchies of the elders. A few isolated cases take the idea of "no rules" too far and become true monsters that would frighten even the most deprived elder.

A vampire without any form of morality is nothing more than a mindless killer enslaved by her thirst for vitae. Some Kindred observe Paths of Enlightenment and yet claim membership in the Anarch Movement. Some started off as escaped shovelheads or low-ranking members of the Sabbat seeking freedom from the cultic atmosphere of the Sword of Caine. Others are Anarchs in deep cover in Sabbat territory and have learned the ways of the Black Hand to control the Beast. Still others hail from more exotic origins and follow the alien ways they learned after their Embraces.

For these vampires, the Virtues of Conviction and Instinct may replace the Virtues of Conscience and Self-Control, respectively. (All vampires have the Courage Virtue.) If you decide that your character is sufficiently inhuman to warrant these Virtues, and if the Storyteller permits, you may circle the appropriate Virtues on the character sheet. Be warned that in taking these Virtues, you have effectively designated your character a monster.

For more information on Humanity or alternative Paths of Enlightenment, please see p. 309 of V20.

Merits and Flaws

Merits and Flaws can add distinct dimension to a character. Merits are special advantages unique to the character, while Flaws are liabilities or disadvantages that create challenges to a character's activities.

For a core list and description of Merits and Flaws, see the Appendix of V20, beginning on p. 479.

The following new Merits and Flaws are particularly suited to Anarch characters and stories. As always, Merits and Flaws are subject to Storyteller approval.

New Social Merits and Flaws

Peacemaker (2-pt. Merit)

You have a reputation for having a good head on your shoulders and the honor to keep your word no matter what. As a result, your allies and sectmates ask you to mediate their disputes, even with other sects. This Merit allows your character to use her reputation as leverage to keep the peace during tense situations. Reduce the difficulty of all social rolls to keep the peace or to mediate honestly between factions (even other sects) by 2.

Prized Patch (2-pt. Merit)

You belong to an Anarch gang with a violent, effective, or otherwise impressive reputation. The history of the gang might extend a hundred years before you were born, but so long as you hold membership and wear the colors of your crew, other Anarchs naturally tend to respect you. Some may even occasionally perform minor tasks for you to try to curry favor with the others. When your membership is known, reduce the difficulty of all Manipulation rolls with other Anarchs by 2 unless a given Anarch has a historical animosity with your gang.

Soapbox (3-pt. Merit)

You have some sort of special forum (a zine, a secure blog, a well-known podcast, or a social media account with a lot of followers) that allows your Anarch to express an opinion and have said opinion spread widely. The Soapbox Merit represents a social delivery mechanism that can influence Kindred outside of your character's normal social circle or class. Reduce the difficulty of Expression and Subterfuge rolls by 2 difficulty when dealing with vampires who read the Soapbox.

Sugar Daddy (3-pt. Merit)

You have a personal relationship with a high-ranking member of a different sect. You may invoke your Sugar Daddy's name to lower the difficulty of Manipulation rolls by 2 against members of that sect when attempting to smooth out problems or acquire minor favors. Of course, the Sugar Daddy may expect similar treatment in kind, and is unlikely to look favorably on any behavior that impugns whatever status he may have.

Expiration Date (2-pt. Flaw)

Your personal motto is simple: I do what I want. This has, as might be expected, caused you trouble more than once. You are wanted in several domains for various minor crimes, such as exsanguinating the Seneschal's favorite ghoul. You haven't been bloodhunted just yet, but the writing is on the wall. You've just about run out of time and no one wants you to take them with you when everything turns sideways. One more mistake and you sign your Final Death warrant. All social-based rolls to acquire help are at +2 difficulty, except those involving Intimidation.

Black Sheep (5-pt. Flaw)

You belong to a prestigious lineage that is considered to be paragon of another sect, or at least it did before you joined the Anarch Movement. You have embarrassed your sire, grandsire, and perhaps even farther back up the line; now the time has come to pay. Your erstwhile broodmates want to bring you back into the fold, if only to clean the stain from your reputation, and are unwilling to recognize your independence. Your sire and grandsire spare no effort to make things uncomfortable for you and any Anarchs who shelter you. This flaw combines the effects of Sire's Resentment and Hunted Like a Dog, so those flaws may not be taken in conjunction with Black Sheep. (For more information on those Flaws, see p. 490 and 492 of V20, respectively.)

In addition, many members of the Anarch Movement actively distrust you solely based on your lineage, believing that you are a double-agent. All social rolls involving your fellow Anarchs incur a +2 difficulty.

Alternative Bonus Experience Award System

Anarchs often hail from among the ranks of young vampires who still remember what the sun looked like and how to adapt to change. Elders have centuries of accumulated knowledge and terrible powers, but those centuries weigh heavily upon them; they are static and unchanging. This vitality gives Anarchs an edge over elders, especially in unfamiliar situations, because the elders have difficulty adapting to new or unusual circumstances.

Experience points increase player investment in a chronicle by rewarding them for participation and increasing the fun for everyone involved. Using the Bonus Experience Award System, Storytellers have an opportunity to reward good behavior from players immediately.

Traditionally, such awards are presented at the end of the game, but since when do the Anarchs do anything based solely on tradition? When the Storytellers feel that a player is actively increasing the enjoyment of the game for everyone, she may award a bonus experience point immediately.

Some of the activities that might warrant a bonus experience point include:

- A character trying a completely new tactic, even if it fails. This encourages players to continue to innovate and keeps them invested in the story.

- A player who takes risks with her character but who does so involving the rhetoric or ideals of the Movement. The Anarchs love to rally behind paragons of the cause.
- A player who encourages others to have their chance in the spotlight while patiently waiting their turn.

Storytellers should use such rewards only in extraordinary circumstances, or else risk the players coming to expect such bonuses.

For more information on the standard system for awarding Experience, see page 123 of V20.





Chapter Five: Anarch Disciplines

Only one who devotes himself to a cause with his whole strength and soul can be a true master. For this reason mastery demands all of a person.

— Albert Einstein

Anarchs set great store by Disciplines, using them not only because of the supernatural edges they grant, but also as an exhibition of their own style. Any vampire can take a gunshot to the guts — it takes a master badass to be blown in half by a shotgun and then drag his halves together before knitting the wound and feeding the gunman his own lead. Succeeding against the odds is the hallmark of a skilled Anarch, but giving them something to sing about back at the Baron’s court is what makes an Anarch a hero of the Cause.

Combination Disciplines

The Anarchs are great supporters of combination Disciplines, because they make a practical use of two concepts dear to the members of the Anarch Movement: cooperation and communication. Anarch packs frequently share Disciplines, and they’re no stranger to sharing refinements of those Disciplines once learned, as well. Among other vampires, dealing with an unknown Anarch pack can be a frightful experience, as there’s no telling beforehand what

sorts of custom-tailored powers the Anarchs may have cultivated in the safety of their havens. Indeed, many elders secretly fear the Anarchs assembled, regarding their sharing of their sanguinary skills as wholly alien to their selfish medieval mindsets — any elder of advanced age remembers the time when one’s Disciplines were one’s own jealously kept secrets, not some casually shared parlor tricks.

Call Upon the Blood (Animalism ••, Auspex ••)

Used by Anarchs to scout out the strongholds of hated enemies, this power allows the Kindred to “feel” for the Beast in the immediate vicinity. The Animalism aspect of this power attunes the Kindred to any creature that harbors a Beast, and the Auspex element allows him to interpret it and extend his senses beyond their normal limits. Doing so allows the scout to know approximately how many Kindred or ghouls are in the area.

System: The player spends a blood point and rolls Perception + Animal Ken. If the roll is successful, the character gains a fairly accurate impression of how many Kindred and ghouls are in close proximity. The distance to which this sense extends depends upon the successes accumulated on the roll.

1 success	Small area: a hotel room
2 successes	Large area: a house
3 successes	Great area: a ballroom or salon
4 successes	Huge area: a city block
5 successes	Vast area: an entire estate

Storytellers, note that this power calls to the Beast in all Kindred, and impressions will include the presence of Kindred and ghouls in the Anarch's own company. Also, because it prods the Beast in beings to see if it's there, particularly aware Kindred and ghouls might feel their Beast awaken or recoil as the power takes effect, perhaps even alerting them to the disquieting presence. The sensory information gleaned by this power is also a bit unsettling: Inviting the Beast in so many creatures to take note is bold, to say the least. Cainites who rely too much on provoking the Beast in others may find themselves on the verge of frenzy, as it tempts their own Beast each time they use it. A botch provokes frenzy in the vampire using this power.

This power requires 18 experience points to learn.

The Humberside Panic (Celerity •, Thaumaturgy •)

This combination Discipline allows a Kindred to grant other vampires a brief and limited access to his own mastery of Celerity. The Kindred who possesses Thaumaturgy and Celerity spends one blood point, plus one blood point per member of his coterie to whom he wishes to grant Celerity. For one turn, each indicated member of the coterie may use that Celerity to run or take another action as if she possessed Celerity herself. Thereafter, the Thaumaturge may spend an additional point per character per turn to continue granting the benefit. The Thaumaturge can communicate any degree of mastery of Celerity she possesses using this power, but must pay all related costs for it for each Kindred to whom she extends it.

The drawbacks of this combination Discipline are fairly limiting, however. The vampire using this Discipline must have tasted the vitae of any individual to whom she wishes to extend the benefits, and she must pay the vitae cost for each turn extending the Celerity benefits to other Kindred. Note that the per-turn blood point expenditures dictated by the character's generation apply to spending blood in this way. Those benefiting from the power must be within sight of the Kindred invoking the power, and must be vampires (not mortals, ghouls, or other supernatural creatures).

This Discipline was originally developed to allow a pack of English Anarchs to flee the site after ambushing a Malkavian Primogen, but it has also been used by other packs to more aggressive ends. Because of its utility, it's one of the most popular and widely used combination Disciplines among Anarch coterie.

It costs six experience points to learn this power.

Internet Famous (Presence •••, Thaumaturgy •••)

According to one rumor, a French Toreador Anarch who calls herself *Cadavre Exquis* has developed a combination Discipline that allows her to use Presence and the Path of Technomancy to effect a mass Summoning through her social media accounts. She apparently can issue a command for *all* of her followers to come to a particular location and participate in a protest, a riot, or even just a flash mob, with each recipient affected as if she had personally targeted him with Summon. *Cadavre Exquis* is also rumored to be the subject of a blood hunt across several non-Anarch domains, probably for having embarrassed some august Kindred with this power.

This power works as does the Presence power Summon (see **V20**, p. 195), but the roll to activate the power uses Charisma + Computer at a difficulty of 8. However, in addition to a blood point, the player must spend a Willpower point and issue the Summon via social media. The power affects every one of the Kindred's followers on social media accounts – it is not subtle or selective. Any individual who recognizes what is happening can spend a Willpower point to ignore the Summon, but mortals likely have no idea what's going on when they receive such a Summon (and neither do many Kindred, especially those not well-versed in social media). Note that the individual does not have to be currently accessing social media to feel the Summon, as this power draws on the sympathetic connection drawn by establishing the online relationship or even simply following the vampire's account.

It costs 30 experience points to learn this power.

Quickshift (Protean •••, Vicissitude ••)

This power allows a vampire to invoke a Protean transformation into the form of a beast in response to the actions of an aggressor. Any time the vampire suffers any form of hostile action, such as an attack, being made the target of a Discipline, or even being



surprised, the Kindred may spend four blood points and instantly transform into the shape of a beast. This does not require the Kindred's action for the next turn, which is the benefit of the power. Alternatively, the Kindred may spend the blood points at the beginning of a scene in which he plans to use Quickshift (for those Kindred of generations too high to spend four blood points in one turn); at any point thereafter that scene, he may activate the power at no additional cost. If the Kindred doesn't use that power in that scene, the blood points are simply lost.

It costs 21 experience points to learn this power.

Remote Access Buffer (Thaumaturgy ••••, special)

Using this versatile Thaumaturgy power, a Kindred can create a temporary version of certain other Discipline powers he possesses and transmit it (via file attachment, text e-mails, text message, private social media message, or any other user-to-user delivery method of a personal computer or device). These "data Disciplines" serve as a form of digital amulet, transferring the ability to use the encoded power one single time to a proxy. After the proxy uses the power, the message or file containing the amulet and all instances of it (duplicate copies, messages stored

on servers, etc.) delete themselves, leaving no record of their existence.

The vampire creating the buffer can do so for any level of the following Disciplines he has mastered: Auspex, Chimerstry, Dementation, Dominate, Obfuscate, and Presence.

Some Anarchs fear that this power may have unforeseen side effects. They worry that the power is actually a Trojan horse, allowing for the "remote access" use of the power they don't have, while also exposing them to a hidden application of a different Discipline – likely Dominate, given the Tremere acumen with it. They note that the pioneer of the Path of Technomancy, Masika St. John, has no formal connection to the Anarch Movement. These Anarchs don't want to risk becoming Tremere sleeper agents. What if the power allows the original "programmer" to activate, through clever obscured Conditioning, an impulse that allows the Kindred to remotely Dominate them? Of course, other Anarchs consider all of this paranoid fear-mongering – which is itself wholly apropos to the Jyhad. After all, why *can't* this power be used to buffer Thaumaturgy? And what will happen once some enterprising individual finds a way to hack the file degradation process, allowing the file to be copied and backed up with no loss once it's activated?

The very idea of this power terrifies elders and members of other sects. What if the Anarchs have whole servers or e-mail accounts out there full of these buffered powers, and all it takes is a smartphone to call them down inside the domain? With such fears in mind, many tyrants swiftly repress or punish those whom they know to have the ability to encode Disciplines in this manner. It's a disaster waiting to happen, and probably a Masquerade breach under any sensible interpretation of the Tradition.

Over the course of a scene, the Kindred creating the buffer pays the costs for whatever individual power he wishes to buffer, plus one blood point per level of that power *squared* in order to suspend the effect. So, for example, a fourth-level power would cost whatever it normally costs to activate the power, plus 16 blood points to store. However, because the Kindred creates the buffered power over the course of the scene, the amount of blood he can spend per turn isn't important (though access to that much blood is).

The Kindred sends the buffered power via some digital format, such as e-mail or a text message. He can even send it to multiple individuals or share it on a server, but the power will work only for the first proxy to invoke it, and then delete itself as normal. Thereafter, so long as the proxy has a device or computer on his person that contains the buffered power, he can invoke it. The device or computer doesn't even have to be on or running an application that can view it, it simply needs to be in memory or storage. This does mean that a Kindred would have to copy it to a local drive from a cloud, though. Simple access to the file on the cloud isn't enough. Still, that's a very minor distinction, but one that can prove critical in a WiFi dead zone.

Only Kindred may be proxies, even though others may see the file and its contents (though it's not evident what the file actually includes or performs – it's raw data).

The proxy makes any dice rolls for the buffered power using her own Traits as a basis when she invokes the power.

It costs 30 experience points to learn this power.

Retain the Quick Blood (Celerity ••• and either Quietus ••• or Protean •••)

In the nights of the Anarch Revolt, the Assamites had an informal alliance with the *antitribu* who raged against their sires. Although few Anarchs possessed

knowledge of the Assamite Discipline of Quietus, a few did, and they learned this blood-conserving technique to aid them. In the modern nights, this combination Discipline has spread quickly among the Anarchs, and has been adapted to the more-common Protean Discipline. Retain the Quick Blood allows a Kindred to call upon the preternatural gifts of vitae without expending them.

System: Any blood that the player spends on Celerity returns to her blood pool at the rate of one blood point per hour. Blood returned in this way will never exceed the character's maximum blood pool – if he's full at the time that another point of blood would return to his system, that blood point is lost (as are any others that would be returned from the use of Celerity).

It costs 15 experience points to learn this power.

Slenderman (Auspex •••, Obfuscate ••)

When a Kindred with this power knows he's having his picture taken, he can cause a brief burst of occult energy to obscure his appearance in the photograph. This causes the image of the Kindred to appear only as a nondescript humanoid figure in his exact location when the photograph is taken, without any of the distinct characteristics of the individual. The Kindred may do this in reaction to having his photograph taken, and doing so is reflexive; he doesn't need to spend an action performing the power. Using this combination Discipline costs one blood point, which the Kindred may spend the instant he knows he's having his picture taken. This power cannot be used to alter his appearance in an existing photograph, however.

A Kindred may also use this power to obscure himself in an ongoing recording, such as being videotaped or recorded on a webcam. The Kindred must invoke the power on the turn in which the recording first begins, and must continue paying the blood point cost for each turn during which he's being recorded. The Kindred activating this power doesn't have to spend vitae the whole time, but that portion of the video will reveal his identity.

It costs 15 experience points to learn this power.

Smiling Jack's Trick (Dominate •••, Obfuscate •••)

Attributed to the Anarch Smiling Jack, this power causes a Kindred to confuse one vampire for another. For a brief period, the subject consistently mistakes the

user of this gift with another Kindred in the immediate vicinity. According to the story, Jack found himself caught by a Scourge and his lieutenant. Invoking this power, Jack made the Scourge believe that his lieutenant was actually the Anarch and vice versa. As the Scourge turned his attentions to the lieutenant, Jack escaped into the night, cackling all the while.

System: The player makes a contested Manipulation + Performance roll (difficulty equals the subject's Intelligence + 5, to a maximum of 10) against the subject's Wits + Subterfuge (difficulty 7). If the subject gains more successes, the power fails. If the character succeeds, the subject briefly but unfalteringly transposes the character using the power with another Kindred in her line of sight. From there on out, it's up the character to make the best of the situation, but the strangeness of the change usually buys enough time to escape, if not to completely change the Anarch's position.

Note that this is a Dominate power, so it works only on those subjects of equal or lower generation as the user. The duration of the power's effect is one hour – (10 times the subject's Intelligence) minutes.

It costs 18 experience points to learn this power.

Stonesight (Auspex •, Visceratika •)

This power allows the Kindred to see through a stone surface as if it were glass. The stone doesn't actually become glass, however, so whatever's on the other side of the stone won't be able to see the Kindred. This power affects a three-foot by three-foot area of stone, to a depth of up to three feet. This effect lasts for one full scene, and costs one blood point to activate.

It costs three experience points to learn this power.

Suck It Up (Animalism •, Protean ••)

The sites of Anarch conflicts are often slick with spilled blood, and even the side that arguably wins the conflict is probably ravenous after calling upon the gifts of Caine. Still, conflict attracts attention, and the last thing Anarchs want is to be caught hunched over, sucking the last draughts of vitae from the beaten bodies or lapping up blood from the ground. This power allows the Kindred to simply touch a pool of blood and draw it into herself.

Of course, bodies left bloodless will still attract attention, regardless of whether it went into the vampire through her mouth or fingertips. Kindred are advised to use this power discreetly.



System: The Kindred touches a quantity of spilled blood and adds it to her blood pool, up to her maximum. This power will, in fact, “strip the ground clean,” and only if the Kindred chooses not to take every available drop will some amount remain to stain the ground afterward.

It costs nine experience points to learn this power.

Tenebrous Veil (Obfuscate •, Obtenebration •)

Many Anarchs have found themselves in the wrong place at the wrong time, and often what makes the difference between being found out and being discovered is the judicious use of supernatural powers. This power, created several centuries ago by Lasombra and Malkavian Anarchs, allows the Kindred to stand stock-still and avoid being seen in almost any location. As long as some shadow is present, the Kindred can bend it around his body and thereafter use that shadow to conceal himself from the minds of any onlookers.

System: No dice roll is necessary. As long as a square foot or more of shadow is present in the area, the Kindred can remain effectively unseen for as long as he chooses to remain motionless. This power combines the basic principles of Obtenebration and Obfuscate. It is very simple, but very effective.

It costs six experience points to learn this power.

Elder Disciplines (••••• •+)

Anarchs have comparatively few elders. Those who do belong to the Movement may be exemplars of the Anarch ideal – in either its theory or its practice – or cowards seeking asylum from sects that have them under the Lextalionis. Some are strangely resistant to change, like Jeremy MacNeil while others are seemingly made from the stuff of change themselves, like Smiling Jack.

One of the great differences between Anarch elders and the ancillae and neonates is their attitude on sharing Disciplines. Where younger Kindred readily teach each other the potent gifts of the Blood in exchange for like instruction or liquid boons, the elders are not so profligate with their knowledge. Like many of their age, they may have never moved past the medieval perspective of a time when the Inquisition hunted them. Furthermore, the Anarch

Fangster and Bloodspot

These two information-protection powers are detailed in Chapter Three. In effect, they hide digital information from those who shouldn't have access to it, each using a different method of causing people to either overlook or misunderstand the online information they protect.

In game terms, these powers simply work as described on pp. 80-81 – there's little reason to roll for them or keep track of the one-time vitae resources spent to activate them. Should the Storyteller wish to invoke a failure for them, that's better served by dramatic necessity than simply allowing dice to dictate fate.

Movement makes much of reputation, and elders who have showy or distinct Discipline powers like to wield them as champions, to inspire the other Anarchs with their greatness. Whether that greatness translates into victory on the battlefield or can scuttle a rival domain from deep cover varies by the situation. Of course, some Anarch elders are just selfish fucking assholes.

It's also worth noting that some of the Anarchs' elder-level powers feel remarkably out of date. While the combination powers favored by young Anarchs have a distinctly technological edge to them, elder Anarch signature Disciplines recall nights long past, when the vampire's greatest weapon was herself.

Alabastard (Fortitude ••••• •)

Derisively named after a tough-as-hell Baron, Alabastard allows the Kindred to ignore wound penalties for any injuries she suffers. At any point after the vampire activates this power, she suffers no dice pool penalties nor movement penalties that come as a result of suffering damage. In certain cases, the Storyteller may choose to impose logical situational penalties: A Kindred who has been cut in half should probably have some difficulty moving.

System: This power costs one blood point to activate, and remains in effect for the duration of the scene.

Oathbreaker (Vicissitude •••• ••)

What greater oppression exists than the hated blood bond, so callously employed by the elders to bring their headstrong childer to heel? A symbol of the vast abuses of the War of Ages, blood bonds represent the ultimate tyranny: the subjugation of the self and the denial of freedom to make one's own way.

An enterprising Tzimisce discovered – or perhaps rediscovered – the secrets of shattering the blood bond over eight centuries ago, which played no small part in touching off the Anarch Revolt. With but a word, the Tzimisce could release a vampire from the shackles of the blood bond. And given the strange properties of Tzimisce vitae, this potential sometimes passed on to Cainites who didn't belong to the clan, especially after partaking of the Vaulderie cup with one of the fiends.

Needless to say, this is certainly a fool's bargain, but it is important for two reasons. First, the power of Oathbreaker is so rare that tales of its duplicity (see below) exist, and in fact form some of the legendry of the Anarch Revolt itself. Second, some suspect that this power provided the basis for the *ritus* that became the Vaulderie (see pp. 288-290 of **V20**). It is a historical curiosity, to be sure, but every now and then, some powerful Tzimisce or other Cainite afflicted with Vicissitude manages to dupe a reckless and desperate Lick into emancipating himself with tainted blood. Better to have the fool bonded, even if imperfectly, to oneself than to the true lord of the *dom*.

System: The vampire spends a blood point and a Willpower point and imbues her blood with the ability to suborn blood bonds. Each blood point creates one draught's worth of blood that can be consumed in this way, and it retains this property for one night before it becomes dead and inert. The vampire who consumes the blood feels an immediate cessation of any blood bond that exists.

This freedom graces the vampire for one month and one night, whereupon the Kindred who activated the power may spend a Willpower point and replace the suborned (but true) blood bond with an illusory blood bond to herself. This replacement blood bond lasts for one night. Alternatively, she may spend ten Willpower in a single scene and sustain the illusory bond for one year and a night.

If the vampire replacing the bond chooses not to spend the Willpower point at the point when it would normally be renewed, the original blood bond returns, and the false one ceases immediately.

Scourging the Instinct (Presence •••• ••)

Used by elder firebrands of nights long past, this power is a bit too dangerous to see much modern usage. The Kindred stands before his assembled followers and whips them into a righteous frenzy using the power of his personality and the force of his charisma. Those who heed his call succumb to the rages of the Beast that dwells deep in all of them, hopefully placing it on a short leash that allows them some control over their fury.

System: The player rolls Charisma + Leadership (difficulty 7). If he is successful, those who hear him speak his words of revolution allow their Beasts to rise to the fore. Those affected are considered to be "riding the wave" of frenzy (see "Instinct" on pp. 314-315 of **V20**) regardless of whether they have Instinct or Self-Control as their Virtue.

The number of successes scored on the roll indicate how many Kindred are swayed by the revolutionary fervor.

1 success	One person
2 successes	Two people
3 successes	Six people
4 successes	20 people
5 successes	Everyone in the Kindred's immediate vicinity (an auditorium filled with people; a gathered mob)

Tireless Tread (Celerity •••• ••)

Much of the initial Anarch Revolt was spent fleeing from unfavorable odds and vengeful elders. This power made some of those escapes possible, enabling the Kindred of those early nights to put far much more ground between themselves and their antagonists than the rest of the world could imagine at the time. As long as the Anarch devoted himself to escape, he could cover enormous distances in a single night.

This power has fallen into some disuse, due to the prevalence of modern transportation methods. The most significant benefit it still has, however, is a virtual inability to be traced. Those flying on planes or riding buses require tickets, and even a properly registered car leaves a paper trail or at least bears a license plate. When a Kindred invokes the Tireless Tread, however, the only evidence of her passing is herself.

System: This power costs one blood point per night. The Kindred "treads" at a rate of 50 miles per



hour. This power must be used for at least eight hours, meaning the Kindred *must* travel a distance of at least 400 miles. Any less and the power fails to work. The Kindred finds a rhythm and stays in it, as opposed to merely sprinting for eight hours. If the Kindred carries too much along her way, she will find herself unable to find that traveler's pace, and the power will fail entirely.

Turnabout (Protean •••• ••)

Calling upon the shapeshifting powers of the Protean Discipline, the Anarch melds with the earth, only to emerge from it on the other side of a foe. This tactic was originally used by the Eastern European Gangrel and Tzimisce, and the Anarchs adapted it for use as a guerrilla tactic during the Anarch Revolt and the marauding nights of the early *antitribu*. Tonight, it is rarely seen, but a few ostentatious Anarch elders keep it in practice.

System: The player spends two blood points. On the turn after the character sinks into the ground, she emerges either behind or to either side of whichever enemies she left behind (her choice). Theoretically, there's nothing stopping her from emerging in the same spot where she disappeared, but it rather defeats the purpose. If the character wishes, she may choose not to emerge immediately, in which case this power is little more than an expensive version of Earth Meld. The primary difference, however, is that the character may move *through* the earth that surrounds her, traveling as much as 50 feet in any direction in the single turn spent under the surface of the soil. Moving any further, however, regardless of time spent underground, is a different permutation of the Protean Discipline. Turnabout's focus is diving into and emerging quickly from the ground.

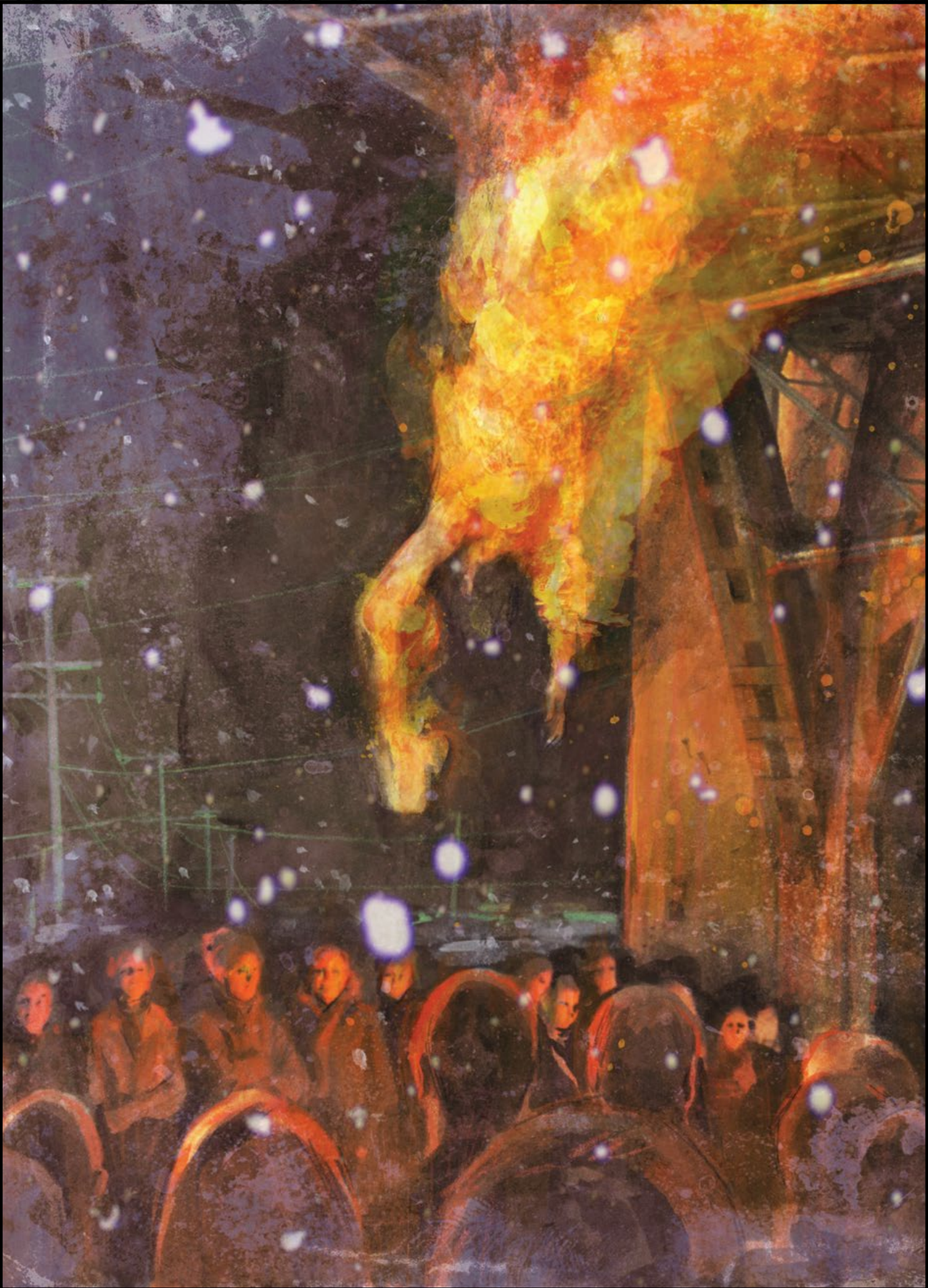
Vengeance of the Martyr's Legacy (Presence •••• • or •••• ••)

When a Kindred invokes the Vengeance of the Martyr's Legacy, she sends a surge of blood-rage through her bloodline, causing all those descended from her to enter frenzy at that moment, no matter where they are or what they're doing. Even those Kindred on opposite side of the world succumb to this frenzy, even if they've entered their daily slumber. It is outmoded in a similar manner to Scouring the Instinct, above, but such are the realities of the earliest nights of the Movement.

This is a dangerous power to use, for few Kindred (and even fewer Anarchs) know where all their childer, grand-childer, and others are located at any given time or what they might be doing. As such, some Kindred believe that the powerful patron of a small and localized brood developed Legacy of Frenzy, likely in preparation for them to wreak havoc upon the moment of his betrayal or some other situation in which such a death-trigger would prove useful.

System: This power comes in two variants. The impulse variant (Presence 6) costs 1 Willpower to invoke and causes the Kindred's descendants to make a Self-Control roll against a difficulty of 8, wherever they are. The mandate variant (Presence 7) costs 1 Willpower to activate and provokes the frenzy in all of the Kindred's descendants without requiring a roll (though the frenzied Kindred may briefly subvert the frenzy with Willpower as normal). For more information on frenzy and Willpower, see pp. 297-299 of **V20**.





Chapter Six: The Storyteller's Toolbox

Sons have always a rebellious wish to be disillusioned by that which charmed their fathers.

— Aldous Huxley

The Storyteller's job is complex and rewarding. She does much of the work preparing the chronicle, and then adjusts it based on the actions taken by the players' characters. It's a seemingly straightforward task, and an enjoyable one, akin to building the set before the actors take to it.

This chapter contains a few useful ideas, systems, and applications that will allow Storytellers to highlight certain aspects of the Anarch experience. Just as no two Anarchs are the same, neither are any two Anarch chronicles the same, and the focal themes of one will be different from those of another.

A Distinct Voice

Most importantly, Storytellers should remember that Anarchs have their own ideology. They don't exist as counterpoint to other sects; they're not defined by their opposition to the Camarilla. The central tenet of the Anarch Movement is an equality of opportunity for all Kindred to those common treasures of the domain — hunting grounds, mortal influence, potential progeny, and whatever supernatural resources become available in the domain that are of interest to them.

This is key. Note that what the Anarch Movement doesn't guarantee or even espouse is an equality of *outcome*.

They simply demand that the *opportunity* be there. Anarch domains aren't (inherently) communistic. Anarchs simply want to have a fair shot to make their own fortunes in the modern nights. If some dipshit vampires squander that opportunity, well, that's their own goddamn fault. Individualism in a fair environment — for Kindred, not necessarily mortals — is the Anarch byword. This has become more and more pronounced over the past 20 years in particular, in parallel with the adaptation of the sect into an entity interested in information and technology.

Story Elements

For Storytellers looking to construct a story or chronicle specifically highlighting the themes of the Anarchs experience, certain elements and techniques can go a long way toward communicating those themes to the players. The following tips can help bring a theme to the fore in a chronicle, and can make for memorable snapshots of the story that players recall over the duration of the game.

The Value of Symbols

Anarchs set great value to symbols, and many an Anarch victory begins with the toppling of a symbol. Of course, many

more Anarch losses also involve a Pyrrhic victory or worse, but the very fact that they're so frequently involved in Anarch conflicts illustrates how central they are to the Movement. A Prince, for instance, might not *actually* be the vicious tyrant the Anarchs make her out to be, but that's not what's important—the Anarchs aren't necessarily rebelling against that particular Prince, but against the office of the Prince in general, or the Prince as a symbol of the excesses of the corrupt elder culture. Other symbols may resound with Anarchs: A certain territory that they consider their signature domain, a favorite haunt of the Inquisitor, the nightclub at the center of the Rack, or the rooftop pyre where so-called insurgents met their Final Death. A symbol can be small-scale or personal, such as a Primogen's anachronistic walking stick, or it can be grand in scope, like the hotel ballroom where the Kindred meet at Elysium.

History and fiction are fraught with symbols of the challenges they represent, like the Bastille, the storming of which represented the inevitable revolution of the Republic of France. Nothing falls so resoundingly or burns so bright as a symbol giving way to a new era.

Obviously, symbols will likely play a prominent role in an Anarch chronicle. This is just fine, as the use of symbols is a literary technique that enhances many stories. Involving them in your own chronicle is both easy and effective. Let the players choose a symbol significant to them. Giving the players the agency to decide what, to them, represents the despised regime they seek to end will mean far more to them than dictating to them how strongly they feel and about what. Once they've selected their symbol, you should incorporate it as a literal presence at least once per story. Consider the following examples.

- The players all hail from Ireland, and have relocated to Boston, where the chronicle takes place. As their symbol, they choose an Irish pub run by one of the distant relatives of one of the characters, and make it their haven. The Storyteller has the fortunes of the bar reflect the state of the Irish Anarchs over the course of the chronicle: When the coterie does well, the bar flourishes, and when a detachment of Archons arrives in Boston and cracks down on the characters in particular, the bar loses its liquor license, suffers a fire, or endures some other setback. The bar doesn't have to figure into the story as the players' characters' haven or anything so concrete. The characters don't even have to be there—perhaps they simply check in on the place to make sure the relative is okay. It's simply a cinematic “establishing shot” that opens each game session.
- The players' Anarch pack names itself the Sacred Heart. They've been playing at a long con, with one of their number seducing the wife of one of the Prince's prominent allies. Just as they're about to steal away the wife, she shows up

at the haven of her Kindred paramour with a new tattoo: a sacred heart symbolizing their eternal love. She's theirs, lock, stock, and barrel, to Embrace if they wish, or to flaunt before the Prince and his ally.

The Intelligentsia

Not every revolution is won with the guillotine. In these nights the Anarchs seize praxis in some domains via wars of ideas, bloodless coups, and velvet revolutions. Historically, mortal intelligentsia have been labeled the corruptors of youth (Socrates), the populist dissidents (Vaclav Havel), martial philosophers (Xenophon), and even nigh-legendary terrorists (Georges Danton).

Similar to the Brujah, the Anarchs greatly esteem their thinkers and philosophers, especially those who have the ability to orchestrate regime change from their positions among non-martial echelons. The Anarch intelligentsia is an individual or collective social group inside (or across) Movement domains. Theirs is the self-appointed task of composing Anarch philosophy, asking “what if?” questions for which the Movement doesn't yet have answers, and interpreting the precepts of Anarch ideology in a modern context. They're part think-tank, part revolutionary salon, and part cultural mouthpiece.

The intelligentsia comprises the great academics of Kindred society: the enshrined revered “liberal” elite. They aren't the leather-clad, bomb-tossing maniacs who sully their hands with Kindred blood. Rather, they are the well-spoken subversives able to effect sea change in the attitudes of the undead. Many a savvy Prince, noting the opinion of a respected intellectual “Anarch sympathizer” against him, abdicates his praxis (perhaps thinking that perhaps he'll reclaim it later), but without the horror of being reduced to ash in a more violent overthrow.

The power of the intelligentsia is in the creation and distribution of ideas. How far would the Anarch Movement have come if its recruitment literature consisted of a photocopied flyer that said “Princes Bad! Anarchs Good”? The intelligentsia communicates. It may not often communicate directly, as many of its principles are philosophical and impractical, but it serves as a crucible for Kindred thought. Indeed, many lament that the salons and Elysia of the undead should be places where ideas are exchanged rather than venues for social status and vendetta to dictate policy.

The intelligentsia need not be a single individual (the word itself assumes a collective). In domains with enough Kindred to form an intellectual faction, especially with Anarch leanings, they're a good fit. A clever Storyteller can use the intelligentsia to subvert the players' expectations. When the coterie heads to the museum or university for



an audience with an august Kindred, they may well assume they're dealing with a learned Tremere or eccentric Malkavian — but when they make the acquaintance of agitators and revolutionaries understanding of their perspective they'll likely appreciate (and suspect...) the support.

As a Storyteller tool, the intelligentsia can take numerous forms.

- An intellectual Kindred with Anarch leanings can serve as a secret patron or even Mentor to a Movement member or coterie of Anarchs. This individual may be a secret Anarch, or may be a known reformist voice in the domain. She may be unable to act overtly, or might simply not be cut out for the violent endeavors that often characterize Anarch activity. Her mentorship might be financial, advisory, or even political. Perhaps she was Prince in the past but was deposed by a usurper. Perhaps she's an Anarch loyalist aligned against a Baron who's little more than a Prince under a different title. Perhaps she's a secular egalitarian in a fanatical Sabbat domain — and the Archbishop's child, indulged for her "eccentricity."
- The rise of a mortal intelligentsia may presage upheaval in a Kindred domain. As always, where go the trends of mortals, so follow the social climates of the Damned. If a city's mortal political timber takes a turn for the liberal or egalitarian, the domain may prove ripe for Anarch praxis with a minimum of bloodshed. Then again, the old guard may try to maintain power and force the hand of those seeking less brutal transition.

- The intelligentsia may play against type, advocating for a fascist or totalitarian domain. Not every professorial type is a bleeding heart. Some advocate a compassionless and pragmatic form of Darwinian individualism. In these cases, the Kindred likely has connections to a group willing to get their hands dirty in order to protect what they believe is theirs... or may be looking for such a connection.
- The intelligentsia might even provide the setting for an entire chronicle. This would likely be a much more social and intellectual chronicle, punctuated by intrigues and the movement of agents and pawns, than it is an action chronicle, if that's to the taste of the troupe. Not every Anarch war is won on the battlefield.

The Loyal Opposition

Every Stalin has his Trotsky; for every Jeremy MacNeil, there's a Tara lurking in the shadows.

In some cases, in the eyes of the loyal opposition, the Anarchs may not be "Anarch enough." The unyielding idealists won't rest until the Kindred of the domain hurl the burning Archbishop from the highest steeple in the city and raise a monument to their own utopia. For this type of loyal opposition, even the Movement itself isn't radical enough, and the revolution must be carried to its extremes until every Anarch slogan becomes a truth. It's often lost on these loyalist ideologues that revolution often follows the trajectory of a pendulum, laying the foundation for its own reactionary response.

In other cases, the loyal opposition takes the opposite position—one of hardline realism. All this talk of egalitarianism and an equal voice for every Kindred is fine and good, but the Realpolitik of Kindred domains acknowledges that pecking orders are natural. The realist opposition may be a world-weary “volunteer” who’s seen this shit happen too many times to waste any more effort on a gossamer Camelot, or she may be an opportunist who advocates fleeing the young and starry-eyed

As with the intelligentsia, the loyal opposition may even be an entire group of Kindred (provided the domain is large enough), which is especially likely in a domain in the throes of an active revolution that largely ignores the Masquerade or Tradition of Progeny. Indeed, either or both of those Traditions may be the rallying point for the loyal opposition.

Sheep Among Wolves

Of all the sects, the Anarchs are perhaps the closest to mortals, both in terms of their modern outlook and their relative youth. This proximity often comes across in the relationships the Anarchs maintain. Many still keep in touch with their mortal families, while others work with mortals in business ventures, criminal rackets, or social justice activism. Some even come to respect mortals on their own terms: the guy who owns the bodega, the tired security guard who will look the other way, the package delivery woman who doesn’t ask any questions but isn’t afraid to make eye contact.

This often translates into situations in which Anarchs feel comfortable, but where Kindred of other sects would assume an air of hauteur or contempt. A Camarilla Kindred holds court, aloof, at a nightclub while an Anarch dances with reckless abandon, down on the floor with all the grating kine. A Sabbat gang lord keeps a lair decorated with grisly trophies taken from fallen rivals and gives her own soldiers the creeps, while the Anarch capo visits the social club with the gangsters and leaves all the blood-work for his private time. Even if they don’t consider themselves equals with mortals (and only the most naïve young Anarch does so), sensible Anarchs figure that they’ve got to share the streets and cities with mortals, so why make it any weirder or more difficult than it needs to be?

At the end of the day, though, Anarchs have to realize that they’re predators or parasites, and that mortals are either prey or host. Eventually, something’s going to have to give, and even the most enlightened of Anarchs is going to have to take vitae from the unwilling. Until that happens, though, the proximity will create an undeniable strain to be better than the Beast desires.

The following situations serve as examples.

- The Anarch club promoter keeps a VIP list, and if you’re not on it, you wait in line. Which is to say, if you’re a vampire

and you’re not on the VIP list, you’ll wait in line with the nobodies while the mortal VIP and her entourage skip past you and into the club.

- The Anarch contact’s haven is in the garment district. In fact, it’s in a clothing sweatshop filled with boat people toiling 24 hours a day, seven days a week, all too busy keeping their heads down to notice any weird behavior on the part of the “niece” of the guy who runs the production line.
- Two of the bouncers at the strip club are Anarchs. They take their orders from the mortal who signs their paychecks, and they’ll happily kick the ass of anyone who gropes the dancers or brings Dracula drama into the place where mortal vice is a higher priority than blood feuds.

Morality and the Anarchs

On the one hand, the Anarchs decry the feudal, outdated custom of hoarding power and resources. In the next breath, they’ll lay territorial claim to hunting grounds in which they’ll steal, brutalize, and even kill to take the blood they require to exist.

For some Anarchs, this distinction isn’t hypocritical at all, as they (correctly) see mortals and vampires differently. What’s true for the undead isn’t what’s true for the still-living, and even in the worst of mortal-run institutions, those in power will eventually die or retire. Old vampires only get older, cagier, crueller, and more experienced in resisting the once-effective methods of Anarchs to redistribute their privileges.

Among Anarchs with this perspective, the end justifies the means in bringing down anachronistic methods of running a domain. These Kindred uphold the principles of Humanity, but it degenerates quickly as violent methods erode the bulwark most vampires erect to withstand the Beast.

In the long term, this causes problems. The Anarchs have no guarantee that they’ll be able to bring down a rival Prince or Archbishop, and even if they do, they may well have such debased Humanity that the new regimes they install are harsh—dominated by vicious Kindred who spend more time pounding stakes into hated elders than ensuring a fair shake for neonates. Even if the domain isn’t taken from a tyrant, even if the Anarchs have claimed praxis for as long as any can remember, the ideological purity of the Movement typically lessens as age rises and morality ebbs.

For other Anarchs, the whole reason they joined the Movement was to get away from the sort of bullshit that vampires are willing to inflict on each other.

Unfortunately, such perspective is eminently exploitable by those who are, in fact, willing to sacrifice the principles of the Movement for their own gain. A reluctance to get one's hands dirty with the ugly realities of revolution mires that revolution in theory instead of practice. No few "hardline" Anarchs are actually toothless old dreamers, talking utopia and shaking their fists at the idea of the Prince, without the boldness to bring him down.

To some of these embittered Anarchs, justice, fairness, and opportunity aren't worth the price, or they're held out of the reach of their proper claimants by starry-eyed neonates who lack the power to shatter praxis. If this perspective persists for too long in a Kindred, he risks becoming exhausted and ineffective by perpetual disappointment. Although Kindred may begin their Anarch histories with fire and passion, they eventually harm the cause by proving, via their own ineffectiveness, that the Movement can't succeed. And while a dreamer rarely risks the moral fiber that he upholds as paramount, he never advances the cause, remaining a rebel or progressive in claim, but without ever realizing the ends of the Anarchs.

Most Anarchs, logically, fall between these two ends up the spectrum, selectively consulting their compasses when it's convenient to do so. Few people are ideologically pure, and are fallible and selective in their understanding of morality. After all, the observance of Humanity is a charade, a mask intended to disguise the visage of the Beast; and the fact that Anarchs are inconsistent in upholding it — well, that's what makes them a perfect sect to illustrate the themes of *Vampire: the Masquerade*.

The Religious Anarch

While they are certainly a minority among the ranks of the Movement, religious Kindred do find a place among the Anarchs. While it may seem a mismatch — the largely secular interests of the Anarchs versus the spiritual concerns of the Kindred condition — ethics and the question of the vampire's role in the world are the primary reason that some lick go Anarch.

Religious and spiritual Anarchs don't belong to any one faith or creed more so than any other. Philosophically, however, many spiritual Anarchs tend toward the idealistic end of morality, as described above. This hasn't always been the case, and historically, no few Anarchs have hidden in the halls of the Church or made havens in monasteries and shrines for purely pragmatic purposes. Only in the past century have religious institutions become places for the genuinely faithful among the Movement.

This isn't to suggest that Anarchs among religious orders or institutions are saints. Far from it — the majority certainly acknowledge their vampiric condition, as it's what drives them politically into the ranks of the Anarchs. Rather, many choose



to seek atonement or stability for their Beasts' acts of savagery. Likewise, assuming that an Anarch monk is sincere in her piety is a dangerous proposition, for one may be dealing with an elder who has found over centuries that the Movement and the Church are expeditious routes to her own agendas.

The Anarch voice in Western Europe and northern Africa is perhaps the most genuinely religious. Though this area is predominantly Christian, the Islamic Anarch presence in Africa shouldn't be underestimated. By contrast, many Anarchs in the Americas see the Church as a means to an end, with a notable few in the American south and Mexico who have no lack of righteous fire and brimstone. More than one Anarch "religious revival" has spread through the Americas, but reports conflict as to whether it's a front for a nomadic Anarch pack seeking sustenance on the road or a genuine new face of the Movement in an increasingly godless age — assuming it's the same revival at all.

Anarchs and Paths of Enlightenment

It's rare but it can happen. Most Anarchs who follow Paths of Enlightenment are converts from other sects or the independent clans. Almost without exception, they have a tough time making the transition from the more esoteric and harrowing philosophies of the Kindred condition to the more pragmatic and secular perspectives of the Movement. Anarchs simply don't have the same density of Path followers that the other sects or independent clans do. An Anarch on a Path of Enlightenment is a lonely and likely wretched creature, often fumbling her way toward her chosen spirituality by trial and error rather than under the guidance of a paragon of the Path's virtues, whatever those may be.

That said, Path followers in the Movement are often willing to share information with others of their kind. While they can't substitute for the focused Path study of the other sects, they can at least share their own perspectives, and offer sympathy or bloody catharsis.

Following a Path of Enlightenment doesn't afflict the Anarch with any stigma in her sect, at least not overtly — freedom of choice and all that. But given the widespread Anarch identification with Humanity, Path followers often come across as alien and cold. (For more information, see the "Bearing" sidebar on p. 310 of V20.)

Some Anarchs uphold the more extreme Paths as badges of honor. One entire pack of Brazilian Anarchs has built a cult around the Path of Cathari, and an elected priest of their number has leave to meet with Sabbat luminaries at the Cathedral da Sé in São Paulo, where the dogma of the Paths

are discussed. Similarly, no few Eastern European Anarchs, having broken with their sires, still uphold what tatters they can maintain of the Path of Death and the Soul. Among some gangs of nomadic Anarchs across North America, reverence for the Path of the Feral Heart is highly regarded.

Storyteller Option: Ability Communities

Individuals rarely cultivate their Abilities by studying them in a vacuum. From educational environments to professional workshops, from gyms to online forums, from hidden insurgent networks to governmental departments, people with common interests share information. One of the things they share information about is their Abilities. Using this optional rule, Abilities may be used to not only perform actions involving the Ability in question, but also to make contact with an individual who has some degree of expertise with the Ability herself. For Anarchs in particular, the use of Ability communities represents their constant access to information through technological methods and/or proximity to mortal subcultures with relevant expertise.

Ability communities allow characters to tap into those communities. With this system, a character may ask a question of the community about a specific Ability. This optional rule can come into play to help steer characters back on track if they feel they don't have enough information to make a decision, or it can help provide a clue gleaned from an unconventional point of view. A character might ask to see where one might be able to buy an unlicensed handgun (invoking the Firearms community) or any recent breakthroughs in Egyptology (invoking the Academics community).

Ability communities aren't intended to replace the function of Contacts. Of course, the Storyteller may decide that some information simply cannot be gleaned via certain Ability communities. For example, if the player seeks information on how to best find data hidden within a certain server architecture (Computer), it's just not going to come from the performance art (Expression) community.

Ability communities *are* somewhat similar to Contacts, in that they yield information. However, they differ from Contacts in that the quality or quantity of the information they yield is determined by a dice roll. Contacts are generally reliable (which why they're paid for as Backgrounds), while the information offered by Ability communities isn't always accurate or even available.

System: The player rolls Charisma + [the relevant Ability] and asks a question of the Ability community in whatever

Extended Technological Rolls

The Anarch aptitude with technology sometimes suggests to players that they can create whatever results they wish at the snap of a finger, given the modern world's reliance on computer networks to store and transfer information. Technologically-skilled Kindred can certainly access information or create mechanical effects, but the Storyteller shouldn't allow Computer and Technology rolls to become techno-wizardry that takes place with a few seconds' worth of pecking at a keyboard.

In most cases, making significant progress with Technology or Computer rolls requires time and finesse, as a programmer writes and refines a bit of code or a technician builds and retools a device. Doing something like this in combat is probably out of the question, with a few dramatic exceptions (such as circumventing a security system's keypad entry system while the Lasombra ghouls are shooting at you).

Examples of actions that would require extended rolls at 10+ minutes per attempt include:

- Brute-force hacking a protected e-mail account (Intelligence + Computer difficulty 8, 25 successes)

- Rewiring an elevator to ignore a call from a certain floor (Intelligence + Crafts difficulty 7, 15 successes)
- Rigging a door's fire alarm to sound falsely or not to sound when activated properly (Intelligence + Crafts difficulty 7, 12 successes)
- Confounding a magnetic lock so that it just won't open, no matter what a person with the passcard does (Intelligence + Technology difficulty 8, 10 successes)

For most tasks, these actions should build tension slowly, with each dice roll signifying another chance to be caught in the act, but before anyone pops claws or jacks a shell into the chamber. They may well prove a prelude to a combat or chase, but they should require more than a six-second combat turn.

As always, the Storyteller is the final arbiter of how difficult and time-consuming something is, but in general, technology is not yet the instant panacea that as the movies would have you believe. (Of course, if that's the sort of story the Storyteller is running, have at it.)

For more information on computers and extended rolls, see p. 264 of V20. The guidelines there can be easily extrapolated to other technological endeavors.

form he chooses (an online forum, a colleague in person, a phone call to an old acquaintance). The number of successes on the roll indicate either the information mastery of the Ability itself, or a number of individuals who have a lesser degree of mastery with the ability (see below). This information is available in either the next scene or the next chapter, as determined by the Storyteller. However, the player may spend a point of Willpower and have the information available immediately, which represents making an urgent phone call, garnering enough attention for a question posed via Internet, or other such efforts. A player may not make a roll for an Ability community for which he has no dots in that Ability.

The Storyteller may opt to make this roll for the player, in order to preserve some mystery as to the accuracy of the information gleaned.

Botch	Misleading insight/ alert any pursuers
0 successes	No insight/ no contacts
1 success	Basic insight/ one contact
2 successes	Competent insight/ three contacts
3 successes	Skilled insight/ 10 contacts
4 successes	Expert insight/ 100 contacts
5+ successes	Genius insight/ community cornerstone

Appendix: Antagonists and Allies

Rebellion cannot exist without a strange form of love.

—Albert Camus, *The Rebel*

Philosophy is what unites the Anarchs, together with a strong preference for messy freedom over ordered tyranny. They heed the ties of Blood and liturgies of Tradition only so far as they seem useful (which often isn't far at all). As a result, the Kindred of the Movement boast a diversity unknown in other sects. The following templates don't represent "typical Anarchs," because the whole point of Anarchs is that there's no such thing. Instead, take them as possibilities—a sampling of the impressive breadth of this faction of Kindred.

Anarch Futurist

Background: As a mortal, you bounced restlessly from one cause to another—renewable energy, indigenous rights, save the whales. Your interests were far too broad to find satisfaction in a single pursuit. Now that you've been Embraced, however, you've found your vocation at last, a perfect synthesis of all your fascinations: the project of envisioning the Modern Kindred. You've written a manifesto, two books, and several sci-fi stories on the subject, all of which instantly went viral on Anarch social media. Nothing is too outré or taboo for your imagination now. Vampires walking unharmed in sunlight! Vampires in space! Humanity's transformation into an engineered, enlightened race of dhampirs, working alongside Kindred against invading alien forces! Antique Disciplines superseded by a unitary, demystified blood-science, which

eventually cures all clan flaws! A supernatural U.N.! Anarchs around the globe read your musings, and even their unbeating hearts flutter with hope and wonder. You've been invited to speak at many forward-thinking Anarch communes—as well as a couple of mortal paranormal societies.

Your Herd consists of colleagues from mortal days whom you still help and support in exchange for feedings, and a slowly growing circle of blood and vampire fetishists. (Masquerade? Don't be so 20th century.) You've found, though, that you need to set some hard limits on your experiments with the latter, as too much edgeplay has nearly triggered your Brujah rage in the past; the thought of accidentally setting that loose terrifies you.

Image: A slightly stooped young man of Moroccan ancestry and British upbringing, with tousled hair and a perpetually vague look—at least until he begins speaking on his obsession. Then the full force of his Charisma comes to bear.

Roleplaying Hints: You gradually dominate any conversation that catches your interest. In others, however, you can be monosyllabic and seemingly apathetic. Interrupt to ask deeply personal questions of the most unlikely people in the room. You're quick to do favors for anyone you think might become one of your evangelists, especially those who are already trendspotters or tastemakers, and excel at subtly playing on others'



instincts of social obligation. You do have a distressing tendency not to check whether the uninitiated are listening — after all, information wants to be free and privacy is an evolving concept.

Clan: Brujah

Nature: Visionary

Demeanor: Visionary

Generation: 12th

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 2, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 2

Talents: Awareness 1, Empathy 3, Expression 3, Leadership 2, Streetwise 1

Skills: Etiquette 1, Crafts 2, Performance 2

Knowledges: Academics 3, Computer 2, Investigation 1, Politics 1, Science 1, Technology 3

Disciplines: Auspex 2, Dominate 1, Presence 1

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Anarch Information Exchange 3, Anarch Status 2, Fame 1, Herd 2, Resources 2

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 4, Courage 2

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 5

Gang Leader

Background: Once upon a time, you were flotsam and jetsam of a Camarilla domain, banding together

with the rejects because no one else would have you. You led a squalid, hunted existence on the outskirts, constantly moving your group haven to avoid the Scourge, feeding on addicts and street people. Those nights were years ago now, but you've never forgotten them. *Never.*

Your fortunes improved when you finally listened to that old Gangrel and brought your people to Anarch country. The gangs you found there were soft and complacent, and couldn't match your wits or survival instincts. They complained to the neighboring Baron, but he knew the bigger, better deal when he saw it. Right now you serve as an unofficial first line of defense for his domain, and demand a fat salary in return.

You're considering taking over a small apartment building in the neighborhood soon, but if the arrangement sours you're more than ready to pick up stakes again. You won't be corralled and you won't be bullied. Your latest project is trying to find someone who'll teach you the Vaulderie rite so that you can make your gang stronger than ever.

Image: A short white woman with a cherubic face and a solid build dressed in a plain tank top, baggy jeans, and an ever-present Jolly Roger bandana. (Her entire gang wears the Roger in various ways: skullcap, bracelet, armband, pocket square). She wears her hair in a short razor-cut, smokes high-tar cigarettes and considers a staple gun a valid body-mod instrument.

Roleplaying Hints: You want it understood from the outset that nobody fucks with you or your people — not



your compadres, not their mortal pieces of ass, not their mortal pieces of ass's *dogs*. (What little overt tenderness you're still capable of mostly goes to those dogs, honestly.) If anyone, especially a smart-mouthed man, has trouble with this concept, then put him in a lock and bend his arm the wrong way till he whimpers or you hear popping noises. Once the rules of engagement are established and your family's shown the respect it deserves, you can settle down to business negotiations, which you like to keep short and sweet. If someone does catch you in a Toreador trance, staunchly refuse to speak of it afterward.

Clan: Toreador

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Bravo

Generation: 13th

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 1, Brawl 3, Intimidation 2, Leadership 2, Streetwise 3

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Crafts (Mechanical Repair) 2, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Larceny 2, Melee 1, Stealth 1, Survival 3

Knowledges: Finance 1, Investigation 1, Politics 1, Science 1, Technology 1

Disciplines: Animalism 1, Celerity 2, Presence 1

Backgrounds: Allies 1, Communal Haven (Luxury 1, Size 2, Security 3), Domain 5 (pooled), Herd 3 (pooled), Resources 2 (pooled), Retainers 4 (pooled)

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 3, Courage 5

Morality: Humanity 5

Willpower: 6

Molotov

Background: You're the sort of lick beleaguered Anarchs turn to when they can't shake a Prince or Bishop off their asses: You come into town and stir up shit until the locals can't stand their superiors' security failures any longer. The Anarchs you work for disavow any knowledge of your activities, calling you a "foreign agitator," but when the local big shot finally eases off of them or sits down at the secret bargaining table, your attacks coincidentally die down. In short, you're the designated bad guy, and brinkmanship is the essence of your art. You specialize in guerrilla actions dramatic and disruptive enough to force action, but not *quite* damaging enough to merit



a declaration of war. If you go too far, you know your employers will gladly leave you out to dry—that's part of why they pay you—so you have to be ready to cut and run whenever things get too hot.

Your existence is necessarily peripatetic and lonesome, but you do maintain some largely online acquaintanceships with people you've collaborated with in the past who turned out to be *simpatico*. You also take active part in Anarch Internet policy-wonk culture, though your contributions are made under a separate, cleaner-nosed pseudonym. You've certainly visited many different Anarch and sect domains, learned a lot about how they actually work behind all the fluffy rhetoric—and you happily spill the beans about it, though usually with identifying details removed. You maintain ties with several Sabbat and Camarilla Nosferatu, trading information and favors. After all, in your line of work, a clear picture of how the enemy will respond to your provocations is vital.

Image: A wiry, muscled Mexican man with short hair and unusually thick and prominent canines, even when his fangs are retracted. He usually dresses to blend in, carefully adapting himself to the neighborhood style, whether it's *cholo* or Savile Row. On the rare occasions that he has a chance to indulge his own tastes, they're pretty simple—good jeans, sturdy shoes, and neat button-downs with just a bit of flair to them.

Roleplaying Hints: Although voluble on the Internet, in person you're soft-spoken and slightly taciturn. Maintain calm and control at all times (you're very worried about acquiring a permanent animal feature that destroys your ability to camouflage). With mortals, you're almost eerily gentle and

patient, overcompensating like crazy. In your younger nights you dreamed of overthrowing the Camarilla in one grand revolution, but now you realize most Anarchs are doing well just to hold on to what they've got. So you help them in that eternal struggle, bite your tongue, and slowly build your networks. You save your pan-Anarch ambitions and scathing critiques for your "Don Armando" online persona.

Clan: Gangrel

Nature: Critic

Demeanor: Thrill-Seeker

Generation: 11th

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 1, Athletics 1, Brawl 3, Expression 2, Intimidation 1, Streetwise 3, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Animal Ken 2, Crafts (Kitchen-Sink Demolitions) 4, Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 2, Larceny 2, Stealth 2, Survival 1

Knowledges: Academics 1, Computer 1, Investigation 3, Medicine 3, Politics 1, Technology 1

Disciplines: Fortitude 2, Animalism 1, Protean 1

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Alternate Identity 1, Anarch Information Exchange 2, Anarch Reputation 1, Contacts 2, Generation 2

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

Morality: Humanity 6

Willpower: 5

Cleaver

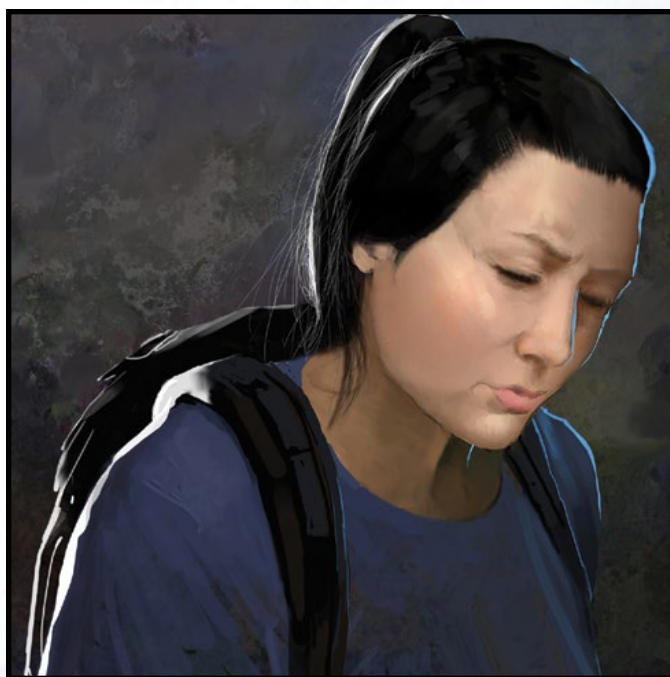
Background: Dear God, will the nightmare never end? First there was your ex from hell, who came back as an *actual for-reals vampire* and turned you, thinking this would finally keep you at his side. After you bashed his skull in, you found your son at your ex's mom's house and spirited him away with you to Canada. There you made a new life — oh, sorry, "unlife" — and married a kind, gentle man. Finally things were stabilizing, your boy had someone to watch him day and night, you even got a waitressing job. Then *they* found you again.

Since then, you've been continuously on the run. Your new husband was killed not long ago, giving you and your son time to escape *their* goons. Fortunately, you've recently run into vampires of some kind of rival faction, who apparently consider you a cause célèbre or something. They pass you around from safe house to safe house, where it's almost hysterical the lengths they go to

make you and your son feel "at home." (As if.) All they ask in return is being allowed to use your disguised voice and blurred image in the videos they upload to the Internet. At first, you were so terrified, all you told them was what they seemed to want to hear. But as they've showed you more and more, you've learned that you're not the only vampire parent out there. Now you take a growing interest in your own cause. Lately, you've even taken to criticizing your benefactors, whose well-meaning efforts sometimes utterly miss the mark.

Image: A pretty but eternally harried-looking woman of Korean descent, hair pulled back in a ponytail. She dresses simply for comfort and speed (mostly in pastels, slacks and sandals), and looks a bit turtle-ish a lot of the time because she insists on carrying her overstuffed backpack of survival and kid supplies with her everywhere just in case. Her four-year-old son is almost never out of her sight, and he's understandably an anxious child, often clinging to her leg or neck. Her smartphone is almost as firmly attached to her, and she constantly checks it.

Roleplaying Hints: Be exceptionally cautious and brusque with strangers — your new friends have made it clear that even many Anarchs can't be trusted, and other sects' vampires never — but once someone's proved himself, you may relax into your old open and breezy manner. You're even capable of a stormy shouting match when something's stirred your passions. But you have a serious mama-bear complex about your son, who you're terrified will be kidnapped... or worse. Those who try to befriend him too quickly to put you at ease often get the opposite reaction of what they hoped for. Your catch-as-catch-can hunting methods often surprise those who think of you mostly as a mom.



Clan: Caitiff

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Martyr

Generation: 14th

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 1, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 2, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Awareness 2, Brawl 1, Empathy 2, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 2

Skills: Drive 1, Firearms 1, Performance 1, Stealth 1, Survival 1

Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer 2, Medicine 2, Occult 1, Expert Knowledge (Child Development) 2

Disciplines: Auspex 1, Celerity 1, Potence 1

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Anarch Status 1, Mentor 1

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 3, Courage 4

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 7

Sect Infiltrator

Background: This hasn't been one of your better decades. You had worked so hard to prove yourself True Sabbat, even taking up a Path of Enlightenment under the tutelage of your prestigious Bishop. You really did think you'd finally cast the last shreds of your puling Humanity aside, until... that one night, when you tried to go too far,



too fast, and your mind cracked just a little under the strain. You became haunted by wracking daymares, which still persist, combining the loved ones of your mortal life and the crimes of your undead existence in the most gruesome ways possible. Every time you lifted a Vaulderie cup to your lips, it felt as if you were swallowing a witch's broth of damnation itself.

The Very Serious Rethinking these experiences led you to also eventually inspired you to defect to the Anarchs. After all, their methods of ensuring Cainite equality don't bank on fanaticism and supernaturally forced affection. But it seemed that no sooner had they accepted you into their ranks than they insisted you go back – this time to spy on your former compatriots. Evidently there's some large-scale espionage operation in place, and your handler assures you that if you perform your part, you'll be safely extracted and awarded not only full membership but an honest-to-Caine *medal*.

In their excitement over gaining an agent whose obvious Lasombra blood makes her nearly immune to suspicion, however, there's something they forgot about, and that's the sheer hell you undergo, submitting yourself again to an unwanted pack Vaulderie, taking part in the bloody Ritae, mouthing the Sermon responses. You're an excellent liar, it's true, but your mind and soul are in an awfully fragile state to be attempting this right now. If you can't find someone to set you back on the road to Humanity, you will inevitably succumb to Wassail soon.

Image: A pale, dark-haired woman with elegant hands, whose ethnicity people find hard to pin down (her parents were from Georgia – the country, not the state). Her shadows are particularly restless lately, and tend to brush against others or menace them out of the corners of their eyes. She dresses in plain and dark but expensive clothes: sweaters, jeans, boots.

Roleplaying Hints: Your manner is nervous and intense, and you sometimes exhibit minor tics like finger-tapping, hair-pulling, lip-chewing, and the like, especially before impending violence. Try to find out what everyone's up to, but be patient and wait for the natural conversational openings. Your rare chances to hang out with other Anarchs are the only thing saving your sanity right now.

Clan: Lasombra

Nature: Penitent

Demeanor: Sociopath

Generation: 13th

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Expression 1, Intimidation 2, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Firearms 1, Melee 1, Performance 1, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Academics 1, Computer 1, Investigation 3, Occult 3, Politics 2

Disciplines: Dominate 2, Obtenebration 2, Potence 1

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 2, Allies 2, Contacts 1, Resources 3, Rituals 1

Virtues: Conviction 1, Instinct 2, Courage 5

Morality: Power and the Inner Voice 3

Willpower: 7

Old Volunteer

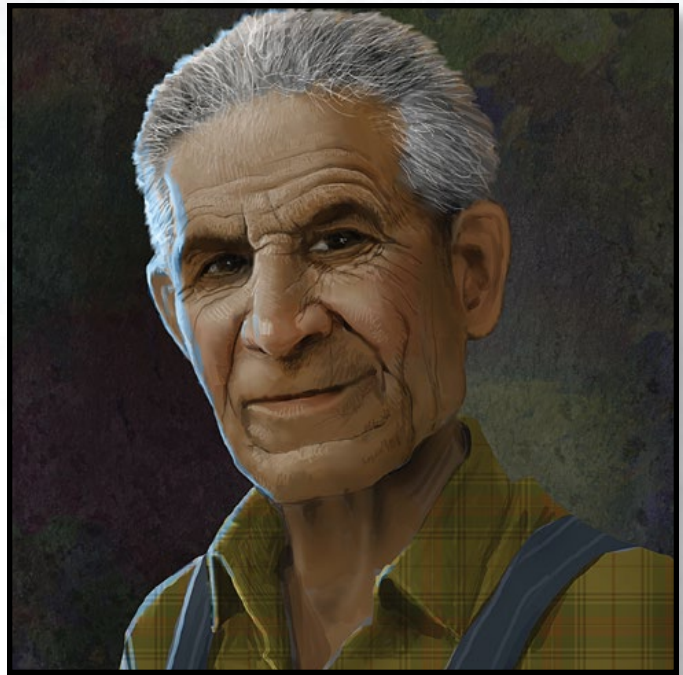
Background: Yeah, you were there. You saw Dominguez grab the Prince's hair and plunge her fangs into his neck. You mowed through the enemy's ghouls with a gardener's grass hook. You stood beside Dominguez looking vicious as she declared the new order, and you sat on three revolutionary councils after, sending class traitors to execution. Look, here's a bagful of Camarilla fangs. History in the palm of your hand. So exciting. Fuck it.

The only reason you don't tell the new recruits the Movement's dead is that some tiny corner of you holds out hope that if they don't know any better, they'll revive it. Nobody needs to hear how Dominguez stabbed you, her blood-brother, in the back and exiled you, or how the council members found their own heads in the chop after that, or how she instituted a "free market" of feeding territory and immediately put her thumb on the scale. Now they're in the "fortieth year of the Revolution" over there. Christ!

Most nights you can't be assed to make any effective use of your strength or status. They mean nothing to you anymore, and you can't understand why they'd mean anything to anyone else. But woe to them who some night manage to wake the sleeping giant.

Image: An older-looking Irish-American man, big in all directions and crowned with a matted mass of salt-and-pepper hair. He usually dresses in workman's clothes, even though he hasn't done honest work in ages. People tend to be surprised by how quickly and gracefully he moves (hell, he can even dance).

Roleplaying Hints: Grunt and shrug a lot. Even most conversations seem useless lately. Your heart is far away, nursing old wounds, missing the dead, playing the woulda-coulda-shoulda game with the past. Whatever's going on



this time, it's guaranteed to be the same old shit. When pressed, roll your eyes, light a cigarette, and patiently explain how it's always turned out before. It takes a lot to break through the thick shell of your learned apathy, but if something finally does, the resulting transformation is stunning. You will lay down some serious *Dirty Harry* en route to your goal.

Clan: Caitiff

Nature: Fanatic

Demeanor: Curmudgeon

Generation: 10th

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 4, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 2, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Awareness 1, Brawl 4, Empathy 1, Intimidation 3, Leadership 1, Streetwise 2

Skills: Crafts (Carpentry) 1, Drive 1, Firearms 2, Larceny 1, Melee 4, Performance (Irish Dance) 1

Knowledges: Academics 1, Investigation 2, Law 1, Politics 1

Disciplines: Celerity 2, Fortitude 3, Potence 4

Backgrounds: Allies 2, Anarch Status 2, Armory 1, Contacts 2

Virtues: Conscience 2, Self-Control 3, Courage 4

Morality: Humanity 6

Willpower: 4



Hacktivist

Background: All that is online is your rightful Domain, and these nights that excludes damn little. You've been at this since 300 baud was the thing. Now the future you and your fellow data-liberation experts always knew would come is here, and while you do still engage in the occasional identity-theft gig to support your comfort level, you spend the bulk of your time harassing more worthy targets: companies obsessed with DRM, government censors and spooks, clueless and hypocritical MPs. You drive a Lamborghini. You thwart Castro's propagandist-hackers to give the critics of Chavez a chance. You see no contradictions in any of this.

Apparently some Ivory Tower flunky thought you'd drop a dime if she Embraced you. Too bad for her that she said all those incriminating things about the Prince in her email. Seriously, vampires more than anybody need to evolve or die. With your browser-fu, it didn't take you long at all to find the Movement's encrypted message boards and chat rooms. Fortunately, they saw the wisdom of bringing you in instead of slapping a hunt on your ass. Hack into Camarilla networks? Um, twist my arm. Is there a cocky, uptight bunch of Illuminati fucks somewhere in the world more deserving of your attentions?

Image: A slightly potbellied white guy in his mid-30's, but he sexies himself up with long hair, rock-couture, urban tailoring, and everything else that can scream start-up millionaire. Even his most insignificant gadgets and sundries are special in some way, and he's always delighted to explain exactly how. In detail.

Roleplaying Hints: You've mostly outgrown the shyness of your childhood, or layered it over with a heavy coating of expansive cheeriness and bravado anyway. You have what *sounds* like an intelligent opinion on every subject, even those you've never heard of. On some level you know you're trying way too hard, but that's a problem for another century. Never, ever let anyone pop your balloon – you worked hard to get where you are now; haters gonna hate, don't feed the trolls, etc., etc.

Clan: Ventrue

Nature: Gallant

Demeanor: Competitor

Generation: 13th

Physical: Strength 2, Dexterity 1, Stamina 2

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 2

Mental: Perception 4, Intelligence 4, Wits 3

Talents: Expression 2, Subterfuge 3

Skills: Crafts (Computer Repair) 4, Firearms 1

Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer (Hacking) 4, Finance 2, Investigation 2, Science 1, Technology 3, Expert Knowledge (Hacker Culture) 3

Disciplines: Auspex 1, Dominate 1, Presence, Thaumaturgy (Path of Technomancy) 1

Backgrounds: Anarch Information Exchange 3, Anarch Status 1, Contacts 1, Influence 1, Resources 4

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 2

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 5

Legate

Background: Look, one of the first lessons you learned as Kindred was that even the cleanest, prettiest city has a sewer full of shit. The Anarch Free States are no different. They have their "sewers," and it's your job to keep the metaphorical shit flowing underground so the good citizens never have to smell it. Although you've served a couple official ambassadorships, your Chancellor mostly sends you to other domains as an incognito fixer. When he doesn't like what he's hearing about a neighboring Baron or whatever, you sneak into town and figure out what the story is. Then once you've reported back and received your orders, you casually pop up at one of the Baron's hangouts to exert a little diplomatic pressure. Blackmail is your stock-in-trade – most Anarch leaders depend on image to maintain control – but you also have a detailed



Clan: Nosferatu

Nature: Soldier

Demeanor: Creep Show

Generation: 11th

Physical: Strength 4, Dexterity 1, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 2, Manipulation 3, Appearance 0

Mental: Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Awareness 1, Brawl 2, Empathy 1, Expression 1, Intimidation 3, Streetwise 2, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Etiquette 1, Firearms 1, Larceny 3, Melee 1, Stealth 3

Knowledges: Academics 2, Computer 2, Finance 1, Investigation 3, Law 1, Politics 1

Disciplines: Obfuscate 3, Presence 2

Backgrounds: Alternate Identity 1, Contacts 4, Resources 2

Virtues: Conscience 1, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

Morality: Humanity 4

Willpower: 6

Elder Anarch

Background: It seems your doom ever to be caught between worlds. Perhaps that was because you were born on a slave ship bound for the West Indies – your father the first mate and your mother one of the human cargo. As a young man, you tried to play by the rules. You learned blacksmithing to earn money for your master's coffers, a quarter of which was supposedly going to your manumission fund. When he finally almost shamefacedly admitted he'd gambled it all away, though, you snapped and beat him nearly to death. You've never really un-snapped.

Embraced to serve as a lieutenant in the 1831 Rebellion, you were an "Anarch" long before the Movement gained formal traction in the New World. Why, then, do you feel so out of touch and alone among them now? To your own chagrin, you increasingly find yourself seeking out your few fellow elder Anarchs – defectors from other sects, mostly, who spent their earlier years propping up all the systems you despise. For no other reason than that, well, they're the only ones who still remember and therefore understand.

Image: A slender, well-muscled man in the prime of life, with a medium-brown complexion, thin mustache and shortish hair, usually pomaded into submission. He strives for as close to an 1830's silhouette as modern

enough knowledge of regional needs and goals to broker favors as well. Stick or carrot, whatever does the job.

Unfortunately for you, this means you know where the bodies are buried (metaphorical and otherwise). The boss hasn't *said* anything, but you've noticed that lately your assignments are growing more and more dangerous. You're starting to think about an exit strategy. Defecting to the Camarilla, Sabbat, or even that weird death cult isn't out of the question, so long as they value ability over orthodoxy. From what you can gather, your skill set would be just as welcome among any of the factions, but your tolerance for ideology is wearing thin.

Image: A wrinkled Nosferatu, cripplingly bent-backed and covered with white-and-pink skin apparently in the throes of a raging fungal infection. His nose fell off pretty soon after the Embrace, and when he inhales there's a noticeable wet sound. Much of the time he wears thin undyed silks, to spare his skin, but he will break out the dark gauze swathing when he needs to creep someone out for business reasons. He is often Masked; he wears various faces on assignment, but at home his usual form is an older white gentleman in a cheap suit and hat.

Roleplaying Hints: In your hometown, you're phlegmatic and mostly even-keeled, except when your sores are hurting badly. On the job, however, you rely heavily on Nosferatu stage business. Speak hoarsely, in coldly analytical phrasings, and make lots of oblique references to the dirt you've got on people (whether you actually have it yet or not) – even in "friendly" conversations.



Disciplines: Auspex 2, Celerity 3, Dominate 4, Fortitude 2, Obfuscate 2, Presence 3, Serpents 5

Backgrounds: Allies 4, Anarch Status 3, Contacts 5, Domain 5, Herd 4, Influence 2, Resources 4

Virtues: Conscience 4, Self-Control 5, Courage 4

Morality: Humanity 7

Willpower: 8

Baron

Background: You hate these Anarchs. Every last one of them, with their nattering about freedom and equality, when so many of them have never truly known its opposite. Enlisting as a code talker in the war was supposed to be your escape from crushing poverty and random violence by the white hicks in the neighboring towns, but instead it was your downfall. You caught the notice of an *antitribu* Tremere, one of Goratrix' foul brood, who was researching Diné medicine and its potential power against the marauding Lupines of the Southwest and their cagey intermediary Screech.. When he learned your father was a *hatáli*, he forced the sacrilege of the Embrace on you and set you to helping him adapt your people's practices to his disgusting sorcery.

fashion allows (it always did suit him). He's almost never without a vest and a pocket watch, even when going into battle. His English is still softly inflected with the old British-Jamaican accent.

Roleplaying Hints: Next to your young compatriots, you come off as downright aristocratic, though that's not remotely how you see yourself. Try almost desperately to communicate your understanding of current issues in Kindred politics, but fall quiet when the kids get into technical details. You want to reach out, but you don't know how without looking like a fool. Incidentally, you follow Voudoun, but don't hold with your clan's ideas of corruption being liberating.

Just what the *hell* it was that killed him that night, you don't know or care – but this was the only Cainite community you could flee to where nobody'd ask who you were or what blood. At least these fools are deluded enough to buy their own rhetoric, which makes them easy to manipulate. In fact, in the decades-long process of trying to build a safe, impregnable fortress of Domain,

Clan: Serpents of the Light

Nature: Rebel

Demeanor: Idealist

Generation: 7th

Physical: Strength 5, Dexterity 6, Stamina 4

Social: Charisma 4, Manipulation 5, Appearance 3

Mental: Perception 5, Intelligence 4, Wits 4

Talents: Alertness 3, Athletics 2, Awareness 2, Brawl 3, Empathy 2, Expression 3, Intimidation 2, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Crafts (Smithing) 3, Etiquette 3, Firearms 3, Melee 4, Stealth 2

Knowledges: Academics 4, Occult 3, Politics 4, Expert Knowledge (Military History) 3



you seem to have become the bastards' leader. Fine. If they're willing to be your personal army in exchange for your telling them it's rain when you piss on their boots, you can oblige.

Image: A young, handsome Navajo man with short hair. He mostly favors washed denim and button-down shirts, with occasional Southwestern accents. Despite his mild looks, people have learned to straighten up when they hear the sound of his bootheels on the floor.

Roleplaying Hints: You're an accidental leader, but a leader nonetheless. You now wear the mantle of authority with casual assurance. About the only time you aren't cool as a cucumber is when something totally unaccounted-for happens, which is rare. (Your Thaumaturgy is your ace in the hole, and an absolute secret.) Be friendly right up to the moment when you have to put friendly aside. Underneath it all, you're still convinced that if these people knew your blood, they'd leave you out for the sun, or, worse, let the Tremere get you.

Clan: Caitiff

Nature: Eye of the Storm

Demeanor: Director

Generation: 11th

Physical: Strength 3, Dexterity 2, Stamina 3

Social: Charisma 3, Manipulation 4, Appearance 4

Mental: Perception 2, Intelligence 3, Wits 3

Talents: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Awareness 3, Brawl 2, Empathy 2, Expression 3, Intimidation 2, Leadership 3, Subterfuge 4

Skills: Animal Ken 1, Drive 1, Etiquette 2, Firearms 3, Melee 2, Performance 1, Survival 3

Knowledges: Academics 1, Computer 1, Finance 2, Investigation 2, Law 2, Medicine 1, Occult 3, Politics 4

Disciplines: Dominate 3, Presence 2, Spiritus 1, Thaumaturgy 3

Thaumaturgical Paths: Blood 1, Corruption 3, Mars 2

Backgrounds: Allies 5, Anarch Status 5, Contacts 5, Domain 5, Influence 3, Resources 4, Retainers 2, Rituals 1

Virtues: Conscience 3, Self-Control 4, Courage 3

Morality: Humanity 6

Willpower: 9



Appendix II: The Accords of the Anarch Movement

Even Anarchs feel the need to chronicle their history, a long parade of years punctuated by the actions of the undead that combine to make it the World of Darkness that all Kindred call home. That history is a record of certain moments of import, a written proof of the turning points of the Cainite race.

But who keeps the documents that shape history? In whose trust can the Kindred leave these treaties and celebrations of victory – and acknowledgements of defeat? No vampiric museum exists to protect these fragments of momentous history. No, for the Kindred, history is much like privilege, hoarded by those who already have it in ample quantities.

Reader, beware: Without a centralized and impartial record-keeping agency whose efforts benefit all Kindred, any collection of the agreements that have shaped the history of the Damned is unreliable at best, and quite likely to be suspect. What the Anarchs believe they agreed to may well not be what signatories of other sects recall....

The Convention of Thorns

Many years have passed since the start of our current conflict, now called the Anarch Rebellion. Be it known

that on this night of 23 October 1493, the Jihad has ended. The time of conflict is over.

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

Each of these parties agrees to the responsibility of maintaining peace. Each shall lay its censures on any who breach or oppose this sacred Agreement. Accounting will be made of all parties for violations by them to either the letter or spirit of this Agreement. This document is not binding under the social code of all Children of Caine by the accepted Lextalionis of all Cainites as it has passed through the ages. However, all Kindred are entreated to accept and gain solace from this peaceful accord.

Be it known that the Anarchs will enjoin with the Camarilla as an accepted part, making it whole. All Cainites are expected to work peacefully to achieve their own ends. Each must become defenders of all, and each shall receive full entitlement to all rights and privileges belonging to all Camarilla Kindred. All Anarchs shall be accepted back unto their elders and their formerly denounced clans without

any fear of reprisal. Only the most vicious of atrocities shall not be forgiven. These shall stand written for the justicars to hear within one year, after which all allegations are no longer valid. All Anarchs shall reclaim all remaining and rightful property confiscated from them. In return they must turn over any war gains taken during the conflict by giving them to their sires or any recognized clan elder.

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

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

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

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

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

Excerpt from the Treaty of Tyre

In the Year of our Lord, 1496...

Whereas we, the Elders and Kindred of the Clans Ventrue, Tremere, Toreador, Nosferatu, Gangrel,

Brujah and Malkavian, gathered together in Brotherhood and Mutual Faith and hereinafter known as the Camarilla, being the True and only Rightful Heirs of the Estate of Caine, do desire an end to the Unlawful and Diableristic Practices of the Rebels hereinafter known as the Clan Assamite;

And whereas the said Clan Assamite does desire that the said Camarilla shall hold back its Hand from the Full and Ultimate Extinction of the Clan Assamite:

Therefore, be it agreed between all Parties signed and witnessed hereunto that the following Articles shall stand as binding between all the Parties and their Progeny and Servitors, from this date perpetually...

...The Clan Assamite shall refrain from taking the Blood of other Kindred, and as surety of this provision shall submit themselves to a ritual to be administered by the Elders of the Clan Tremere, whereby Kindred Blood shall be made poisonous to them...

...The Clan Assamite shall remain peacefully in the territory ceded to them by the Camarilla, which they have historically claimed as their own. They shall seek no expansion of this territory, nor shall they permit any unrest of mortals within their territory to spread to other areas. They shall not travel, either singly or in groups, outside this territory, nor shall they have Retainers or Servitors of any kind travel outside this territory on their behalf. The Princes of the Camarilla have the perpetual right to call a Blood Hunt against any Assamite or Assamites within their fiefs, and need give no other reason for such a Blood Hunt beyond membership of the Assamite bloodline...

...The defenses of the castle of Alamut shall be dismantled to the point where the castle can no longer withstand a siege or other attack by the forces of the Camarilla. The Clan Assamite shall permit observers from the Camarilla to verify compliance with this provision. Further, any refortification of Alamut, or any attempt to establish a fortification elsewhere, shall be in breach of this treaty, and a worldwide Blood Hunt may be called against those committing the breach...

...The Camarilla undertakes to cease all action against the Clan Assamite, and not to violate the borders of its agreed territory without the sanction of a full Convocation of the Camarilla. The Clans of the Camarilla agree among themselves that they shall no longer seek to employ members of the Clan Assamite as hired assassins, and that those violating this provision shall forfeit the protection of their Clans and may be subject to a Blood Hunt. The Clan Assamite undertakes to cease any and all activity of its members as assassins for hire...

The Status Perfectus

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

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

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

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

1. We declare ourselves to be free and independent, owing allegiance to no creature and no organization.
2. We declare our ability to rule ourselves, with no Prince, no Primogen and no other ruler other than that we choose for ourselves.
3. We declare our kinship with oppressed Kindred everywhere and offer a home to all Kindred of all generations and clans who will agree to dwell in harmony with us.
4. We further accept our responsibility to our oppressed brothers and sisters everywhere and pledge to assist them at all times and in all places in their own struggle for the freedom that we declare to be the birthright of all Kindred, from now until the end of time.
5. We recognize our responsibility to maintain the Masquerade, and we pledge to protect and defend it.
6. We establish this Status Perfectus and recognize its duty to all Kindred.



CONSPIRATORS AND COLLABORATORS

A.K.A OUR KICKSTARTER SUPPORTERS

ARMY OF THE NIGHT

Ash Walter

big Ed Steimla

Bryan Allen Hickok

Christopher W Mercer

Constantin Patrascu

Damien Cambridge

Damn the Man!

Save the Empire!

Gareth Hodges

Gaven Ramlow

Gideon Mayfair

Gilmar Enogue

Hachas

Ian A. A. Watson

Isaac Price

jed Torrence

Jim Burdo

John "King" Roberts

Lou Silvers

Manuel "Exar" Zavatta

Marcelo "Sculpted Pecs"

Caraballo

Mark Huba

Moreno Bianconcini

Sigurd Løberg

Tamsyn 'Destroyer of Worlds'

Kennedy

UTR-Under the Rock

Victor Marcus, Clan Gangrel

Wynn Madgyesi

Zerato Romanoff

Bryan Tallencour

Dead Gamers Society

Matt M McElroy

Michael W. Brewer Jr.

Noble Thayer Graves, Tremere

Regent



IDEALIST

Scott Rick

Rob Bohea

Alyssia Ashkevron

André Roy

Andrew Peregrine

Andrew Wilson

Asha Skar

Brian "Chainsaw" Campbell

Chris 'Akatsuki Leader13'

Gawne

Chris Cowger

Chris Hellsbeck

Christopher Campione

Dab Chase

Dalan Ravendark

Darkshifter

De Arkhezy

Diego Alarico Esparza

Vargas Aguilar

Elliott M Canada

Eric "Lameth" Folco

Eric "ogehh" Brenders

Erol Mazhar " #GeziParki"

Aksoy (on behalf of ANADOLU Storytellers)

Frank Reynold

Gregory Lopez

IDEALIST

Hieu 'Tony' Nguyen,
aka Xyrus Oblisk

James M. Keegan

Jason "Panda" Hayes

Jim Schofield

Joe "Go Knicks" Coyle

Justin "Anhuri III" Dorsey

Mark Horne

Martin Silver

Mike Spector

Mortis

Neill Raemonn Price

Peter Rolf

Phaolan Fluke,
Baron of Blums

Phil Hattie

Rafe Ball

Richard Morris

Ross Mackenzie

Sarah Gulbrandson

Stefano d'Ovidio

Ted Ludemann

Tim Bogosh

Tom "Dr Beeze" Breeze

Volkan Eke

William "Don't tell
the Sabbat" Carter

Wynand C. Hart

Keith "Cause without a
Rebel" Scholz

Max Vaillancourt

Morgan Neyland

Rob Andre'

Snookums the Devastator

Stephan Hamat-Rains

Thomas Wolf

Weltwandler

Geoffrey Rabe

Jack E.

Nicholas Muehlenweg

Peter Dean

Richard

"WayOfTheHiddenShotgun"

Ross

Roxane Tourigny

Dustin Rector

Leishmaniose DeLira

Robert G. Male

Sisyphus Mann

Steve Lord



ANARCH

"Plain Jane" Janelle
Alex Navian
Alyssa Curby
Amanda Costigan
Andrés Montañez
Andrew Cummings
Andrew Jay Cardinal
Angela Lee
Anthony Jennings
Ariel Kaiser
B R McCann
Beachfox
Benjamin Lyons
Billy Barnes
Bob Bonsall
Brea Davis
Brian Dixon
By Night Studios
Caitlin Eckert
Chad Valdes
Charlie "PookaKnight"
Cantrell
Chris Eggers
Christopher Schulz
Clayton "Digital" York
Cynesra James
Cyril Webb
D Sonderling
Dakkon
Dan M.
Danny Belden
Dave "Moridin" Bruno
David and Jennifer DeNova
David Carlson
Derek Guder
Devin & Linny
Dietrich von Stadt
Drake Diamond
dryack

Dustin Earl
Edward J. Tomlinson III
Eidan Rodriguez
Elissa "MaxXx" Ayadi
Emily Brumfield & Susann
Hessen
Enedino Fernandez
Ernie "pookie" LaFountain
François Labaye
Gabriel Sorrel
Garron Lewis
Gary R Smith II
Grant Marthinsen
Haroon Alsaif
Himura Kirito
Holden Shearer
Ian Nusskern
Iarlais
Izaak Zeklos/Walter
Rausse
J. H. Frank
Jack Simms
Jami & Drake
Jared Koon
Jaron Kaplan-Parr
Jason & Amy Berteotti
Jason Andrew
Jason Freston
Jason Robinson (OWbN)
Jayna Pavlin
Jen Jenkins
Jenny Raine
Jericho Johnson
Jerry Hawkes
Jessa "Demon Cat" Denmark
John Carnathan
John Peter Drury
jon hicks
JoZ
Justin Flowers
Karrie "Bernadette" White

Kevin R. Dombrowski
Kevin Wolfe
Kodeir Ralford
Kyle Henderson
Larissa Bussell
M Newton Moore
Makleth
Marcello Larcher
Mason Jones
Matthew Graydon
Matthew Koelling
Maynard Caine
Michael "Benji" Hall
Michael Dyer
Michael G. Williams
Michael Gearman
Michelle Flamm
Mike Goble
Mike Schimmel
Molly Zane
Nadia Lukkari
Nathan Favorit
Nathanielstarr
Nick Stier
Nicole Porter
Nikko Milliner,
Black Hand Operative
Omer Ahmed
Oubliette
Patrick "Scarabus" Hanna
Pip Padden
Radiant Twilight
Ralph C. Lacy IV
Randall Crawford
Rayn, Proprietor
of the Nevermore
Realka
Reuben Israel Beattie
Robert "Jefepato" Dall
Ryan Holdbrooks
Saint Never

ANARCH

Scott & Denetra Milner
Scott Kendrick
Sekdar Hackholm
Sethreich Ardestahdt
Shaun D. Burton
Shawn "Sutekh" Glass
Shimon
Stephen Zansitis
Sylanwulf
Tammy Jinx Nolan
Tommie Boatwright
Trevor Stamper
Uniform Two Six
Victoria Morgan
Wayne LaBelle
Wes Contreras
Weston Harper
Yemtileztar
Zero Ninja

Aaron Buttery
Aaron Reimer
Adam Steinberg
Aiden
Albert Lenowicz
Alec McClain
Alone Dillon
Ander Rabann
Annida Christofi-Clark
Anonymous
Arthur "Torakhan" Dreesse
Bentley Chism
Blake Thomas
Brett Grimstad
Brian R. Pitt
Brienne M. Sifert
Bud
Chasym

Chris Hitchcock:
Diablerist- Suck It.
Christopher Gunning
Danielle Oremus
Darryl "Viktor Kamenov"
Johnson
David "JustDave" Talboy
David N Dow
Dolan Ross Scherfel
Dominil Fairbairn
Doug Atkinson
Drake's Irregulars
Ed Moretti
Erin Ruston
Evan "JabberWokky" and
Sarah Edwards
Friktion
Grace Thomas "Avariel"
Ian Hamilton
Imelda Vici
J.R. Garringer "Nadim -
Seraph of the Blackhand"
Jason DeForge
Jason Dickerson
Jason Geis
Jayangryprophet
JAYSON "theathquest"
TURNER
Jean-Michel Du Pont
(Toreador)
Jessica Gains
Jody Bowman
Joel W. Dowling
John "Wolfe" Kelley
Joshua Faria
Kate Gryn
Kerry Shatswell
Kevin C. Wong
LeAnn' Ellyham' LaFollette
Lendroug

Leonard Holding
Malevolence- Sanguinus.org
Marcus Maniakes
Mica Cruz
Michael V. Roberts
Milosovan Tanivoscu
Moise "We own the night!"
Miranda
Nancy Awesome
Nikika Giovanni
Orin Spiess
Peter Grandston of the
Twin Cities
Rob Gatlin
Ryan Porter
Sam Damon
Sean "Crash" Ashcraft
Seven
Shadow Company
Shan "Shanathan" Morris
Shane Rose
Stanley "Oz" Oswald.
Steven Fader
Steven Lau
Timothy Radman
Timothy Mushel
Travis Bradshaw - Greg D -
Travis Clark
Vance Killary
Victor Castro
Virgil Knight
Z Spellstorm

Almoni
Ammariel Melwasul
Andreas "Zanity" Bengtsson
Andrew J D Patterson
Andrew Laliberte
Andrew 'Whitenoise' Rogers



ANARCH

Angel Spiliopoulos
Banjo
Bardo de valfenda
Benegot Kirberg
Boris "Borinel" Ulyanskiy
Brendan Martin
Brett Easterbrook
Bruno Pereira
Butch2k
C. James Blukacz
Carlos Vergara
Carmin "Steel Rabbit"
Carotenuto
Cedryck Mimault
Chris Reay
Claude Martel-Olivier
Craig Bishell
Craig Oxbrow
D L Hector
Daniel Ley
Darren Buckley
Darren MacNeil
Esben Mølgaard
faux
Fredrik Forssen
Freke
Helder SHADAY Lavigne
Holger Schrenk
Ibn "Wolfi" En-Uru
Jean-Francois Ethier
Jens "Spacejens" Rydholm
Johan Eklund
John Yngve Fredrik Lundgren
Jonnis du Capet
Joseph Thorn
Kevin Paul Warmerdam
Krzysztof Zajkowski
Láguesis Larrondo
Laura Bennett
Lewis Davies

Liam Eyers
Lord Byron de Bris
Luca Guerra
Łukasz Mucha
Luzbhel
Mad Jim
Magnus Eriksson
Malcolm Fields
Marc Collins
Martin Brown
Matthew Wasiak
Matthias TT Svensson
Michael A Staniewski
Michael Murr
Michael N. Korsgaard
Mikael Bergström
Musa Özkan Atik
Neil Lavery
Nibbio
Nikolai "Nikomaniá" Steen
Nyk Huntington
Oberon McRizzo
Olavi Darkstone
Ole Kadasch
Peter De Kinder
Petri Wessman
Piotr Piegat
Raphael Bourdot
René van den Berg
Richard Tighe
Ruby Malone, Brujah
mechanic extraordinaire
Rune
Samuel Gordon Mitson
(Canada)
SaxMan
Senka
Shylock
Skafte
Sondre Øverås

Stalks-the-Reef
Stephen McElvaney
Stephen Nurse
Sverre B. Midthjell
Tácito "Tremere" Reis
The Evil Dead
The Mordak
Thibaut Gaillard
Thierry L. Gachet
Tobias Schulte-Krumpen
Tvaishk Suzuki
Ville Takanen
Vincent Flynn
Vincent Geibler
William Donovan
Yann Arseneau
Yohan Odivart



ANARCH

Zilla 'Steelclaw' Chambers

Adam Whitcomb
Beckett
Bill Shaffer
Bob Ooton
Brad D. Kane
C.H.E.W. Games
c/o Raymond Hemphill
Darkwolf Nightshade,
Gabriel Vandal, &
Sithis Nightshade
Derek "Pineapple Steak"
Swayer
Emily McCabe
Heather A. Harrelson
Helgi Isarnbjorn Ogenherdi
Ignac Vendislar
John Olszewski
Madeleine LeFevre
Marcus Arena
Marcus Kerensky
Matthew Lynn
Nicholas Cler
SaintOn Priest

Agent Cole
Alan Douglas
Alan McNevin
Alan Orr
Aleister Crowley
Alessandro "Dom" Rossi
Alexandre "Magnamagister"
Joly
Alvaro Saavedra
Anders Holmström
Andrea Migone
Andrew Waterfall
Andy Jackson
Anonymous

Ashley.W

Ben Bogaerts
Ben Treeby
Bjørn Kobæk Søndergaard
Candy Oldcar Guadalupe
Canto Mac
cantrip
Carlos "ChecaWolf" Checa
Barambio
Charley Gustavsson
CSN
Dale 'Clayton' Millward
Daniel "Illuminos" Persson
Darker Days Radio
David "Raznuts" Draslar
Dawid "Salubrus"
Wojcieszynski
Edd Duggan
Edouard Contesse
Evelyne Schreiner
Finbur Saunders
Guido Gerritzen
Guillaume "Lenny" Asset
Gustavo "Brujah" Mattioni
Harald Hellerud
Iain MacPhee
Ian Maxwell
Ishcar
Jacob "Jack" Guldbrandsen
Jan-Willem Kaagman
Jean-Marie CONSIGNY
Jean-Philippe Kopf
Jennifer Fuss
John Doe
Jonas Hansson
Jonathan Romulo Geronimo
Josaphat Niebler
José Manuel Viegas
Joshua D. Mellor
Julian Navarro

Kai Jaeger (Brujah)

Kai Schiefer
Kaze
Luca Sacchini
Luciano Pontes
Luke Van Buren
Marc Blinn
Marcos Almeida
Leite Bomfim
Mark Lazure
Mark S
Matthew Dawkins
Matthew Sanderson
Matthias Pettersson
Michael "Drummond
Lives Forever" Brosens
Mr.Poke
Nikolaou "Menel" Panos
Olivier Jobin
Orphée Hagenstein-Muller
Peter Merkel
peter peretti
Rafael Grotti
Rafael Rodrigues
Renato Nunes Cosentino
Richard Barret
Richard Chilton
Richard Harrison
Roberto Hiroshi Kina Filho
Rodrigo Cuevas Espinoza
Romain LEDOUX
Rune Møller-Sørensen
Sebastian N. Behrndtz
Sergio Pazos Rodriguez
Somalucard
Sylvain "Oggy" TANGUY
Thomas DELICOURT
Torben Lindqvist
Vasilij "The Slav" -
Baron of Toronto

ANARCH

Vegard Kivle
Virgile "Mafalda" Gaspard
Yann Abaziou

Adam Karcz
Cesar Cesarotti
Chris "Tar Ecthelion"
Monroe
Daniel & Trista Robichaud
John "1911" Bonar
Ludovino
Matt "Catapult" Wang
Patrick Hutchison
Robert "Rev. Bob" Hood
Thaddeus Ryker
Walter F. Croft

Alaric "the Black" Keats
Anthony E. Harbo
Ashes Hubbard
Ashton
Bawl the Cruel
Ben Kesner
Bob Stauffer
Brian Lynch
Christophe des Brumes
Coyotekin
Daniel H. Spain

David Bresson
Elza Blackwood
Greg "Streetrat" Meyer
Heather Shannon
J. Quincy Sperber
J. W. Bennett
Jason Aaron Sutterfield
Jason Valarr
Jessica Lilith Darke
John R. Trapasso
Jonci Aguilard
Kristine Roper
Matt "aRJay" Reynolds
Megan Greathouse
Mike & Brian Goubeaux
Mister Joseph
Nicholas Faust
Peter H Krulder II
Raul Antony
Robert T. Sagris
Sam Kastner
Sean W
Shawn P
Stephane "Je ne suis pas
goth" Zuckerman
Warren P Nelson
William "The Shadow"
Delmar III

Zachary Thomas Tyler,
Taifa Gangrel ashipu,
follower of the Path
of Harmony

Blake Deakins,
Victoria Deakins
Jason Van Pelt, Ho-Yin Ko
LILY ARMADOU,
AILETH MACDOUGAL
Matthew G Payton
Nicholas D. Dragisic,
Tim Prisching
Timothy Gousie,
Mitzi Gousie

Aurore Vienneau
Davide Della Penna
Jeremy Brown
Nic Matuzic
Shawn Kehoe
Sparks
Tommy Svensson
Zhupans

Bryce Undy
case
Dreaming Lilliane
Frankie Mundens
John Fleming
Kieran Carder
Manuel "el Rodriquiista"
Cadiz
Marc-André Laurence
Stefan Axelsson

Anthony "Selketh"
Denetiere
Arthur Boff
Christopher
'eChryxius' Wai



ANARCH

David Rose Fraser

Fabian Schmidt

Frédéri "Volk Kommissar"

Friedrich" POCHARD

Heinrich Krebs

Joseph Lecomte

Lars Holgaard

Lee' Zander Avid-Boe' Arthur

Lifestealer

Meseret Ramessenakhte

Paul Jonathan S. Tio

Paul Ryan

Stefan Lundsby

Thomas Gras

Timothy Driscoll

Tracey Willis

Alexander Kratochwill,

Heike Vollnberg

Ivo de Mooij en

Martin van Beek

Mark Kelly &

Aaron Jacob Kelly

Mikkel Lund & Andreas

"ESSO" Jensen

Petros Panagiotidis,

Manolis Kemerlis

Jason Seitz, Wizard Asylum,

Nathan and Emma Essex

Dimitri Krenyenko, Lunar

Wolves, Joseph Hook,

Pitbull, Byron

Scathaigh

Trollune; Charles Trécourt;

Louis Trécourt;

Yannick Peyrède;

Spirit of Chantelouwe

TROUBLEMAKER

Baron Simon Bowens

Grace Fairfax

Oliver DeWeese

Ryan Owens

Jennifer Hastings

Екатерина Николаева
Андреевна

Bruce "Dark Jedi" Gregory

Bruce Lindsay

David Futterer

Eric Stone

Elzo Tovani Benzaguen

Greg Phillips

Lars Bang

Mathias Bøgehoj Møller

Michael "Moradion" Dunsch

Michel Foisy Rueda

Peter Ilegems

Robert Biskin

Tallis Margyr

Tom Depoorter

Vincent "Victorien Loyola"

MORA



DEMAGOGUE

Brendan Whaley

Callen Lorne

Daniel Niekerk

Danilo Moreira

Donnie "Lord Aludian" Roos, Jr.

Felipe Escopelli

Filipe Santolin

Flynn Bishop

Livia von Suero

Matthew Laine

Nik May

Rodrigo Rigoni

Henry R Moore III

Adriano "Addie" Flores

Ben Johnson

David W. Kaufman II

Dhaunae De Vir

Fredrik Pettersson

Kate Moonlight Fitzpatrick

Greta Rosenkranz

Wolfslayer of

Clan Lasombra



ANARCHS UNBOUND

Tear down the tyrants! Paint the streets with the blood of Princes and Archbishops! With Anarch domains increasing their hold over new territories every night, the Kindred can no longer afford to consider Movement an unruly mob of wayward childer. As the doomed tactics of the past have made way for a sleeker, wiser Anarch Movement, the nights are numbered for outmoded elder vampires and their weak-blooded lackeys.

Anarchs Unbound takes the bomb-tossing, rabble-rousing revolutionaries of the Anarch Movement and updates them as one of the most energetic and fast-growing sects, gaining ground as they use technologies and mortal agents to advance their agendas in the modern nights. With the Movement revitalized, the time is right to tell the stories of the Anarchs as they topple the old regimes and seize praxis with a promise of egalitarian rule and an end to the oppression of centuries best forgotten.

Anarchs Unbound includes:

- An updated look at Anarch culture, which has come into its own during the Internet Age.
- Anarch history and tactics, revealing how the Movement shatters the praxis of other sects and converts domains to Anarch ideology.
- New Disciplines and combination powers, which quickly propagate among the disparate domains of the Movement.

