



Art is the tree of life. Science is the tree of death.
—William Blake

We have art in order not to die of the truth.
—W.F. Nietzsche

The Cathedral Coterie

Over two hundred Kindred, ghouls, retainers, and long-term guests make Santa de Luzarches their home. The most notable of these permanent residents are profiled below.

Duncan Capelthwaite

The undisputed leader of the New York Toreador, Duncan Capelthwaite is a powerful Elder who was Embraced in thirteenth-century Northumberland. He was one of the original members of El Torero's coterie, and helped rebuild the Parisian guildhouse after it was destroyed during the Siege of Bartholomew. After being betrayed by his Sire in 1580, Duncan retired from the public eye, using his Protean discipline to spend two decades adopting the forms of various animals. Returning to England in 1600, Duncan transformed his experiences into a series of twelve sculptures, each created and installed in a remote location in the wilderness. To this day, only four of these strange sculptures have been discovered, with the remainder considered lost, destroyed, or forgotten. Back in Paris by 1653, Duncan met Robert de Luzarches at a fireworks display celebrating the return of Cardinal Mazarin. Duncan persuaded his new friend to cross the Channel, and in 1664 they traveled to the New World, where they established first Toreador enclave in colonial New York.

A surprisingly warm Elder with a generous spirit and an ironic sense of humor, Duncan's restless energy, his capacity for stylistic evolution, and his uncanny ability to sense developing trends have kept him artistically relevant over eight centuries. A master of classical and renaissance

sculpture, Duncan was also one of the founders of art nouveau, a proponent of surrealism and dada, and an early pop artist.

Many modern Toreador would add “politics” to the list of arts that Duncan has mastered. Unlike many Elders, Duncan has staved off degeneracy, and has proved himself remarkably effective at navigating his clan through the turbulent waters of Kindred politics. Duncan treats the Anarchs with the wary empathy of a former rebel, has recognized the talent and cunning of the outcast Malkavians, and grants the Sabbat the respect accorded to a noble ideological rival. Prince Immanuel St. James is charmed by Duncan’s sense of Old World manners, while the Ventrue appreciate his unwavering devotion to the Camarilla. As clan leader, Duncan allows his Toreador a considerable amount of personal freedom. Preferring to keep a stable relationship with the Primogen Council, he has remained uninvolved with the Manhattan Cabal, but he permits Amadeus St. Sebastian to make his own decisions.

Currently, Duncan has no paramours, protégés, or progeny; the love of his life was William Danzig, a Philadelphia costume designer he Embraced in 1824. Danzig was murdered by a rogue Toreador in 1978, and Duncan mourns him to this day. When Duncan finally tracked down the *antitribu* who committed the deed, he slaughtered her entire Parisian brood.

Sir Robert Drinkwater

A British explorer knighted shortly before his Embrace in 1804, Sir Robert arrived in New York to attend the 1853 World’s Fair. Falling under the sway of Duncan Capelthwaite, Drinkwater spent a decade exploring the city. When his ghouls and retainers were killed during the Draft Riots, he decided to remain until after the Civil War. Sir Robert returned again in 1886 for the unveiling of Santa de Luzarches. Entrusted by the Prince of London with the Grail of Childe Harold, after bestowing this gift to the Toreador, Sir Robert decided to remain for “a few more years.” Upon the death of Queen Victoria, he declared himself a permanent resident.

The paragon of the cultured British aristocrat, Sir Robert is a patron rather than an artist, and has never tried to hide his lack of talent behind a façade—rather, Sir Robert has used his resources to discover, promote, and develop new trends and artists. He is not ashamed of his position in the clan, and while some younger Toreador consider him a poseur and a snob, Duncan values his critical opinions very highly; a fact these younger vampires should recognize, at least for their own well-being. Since the death of William Danzig, Sir Robert has taken on even more responsibilities. Like a presidential chief of staff, Sir Robert handles the mundane affairs of the clan, translating Duncan’s visionary leadership into the daily acts of governance.

Sir Robert is a handsome man, with twinkling eyes the color of grey flannel and distinguished salt-and-pepper hair. He radiates a genteel, old-world charm which tempers his ferocious wit. He dresses fashionably, favoring an English conservatism animated by subtle, dandyish notes—muted paisley waistcoats, Hermès scarves, black-on-black ties, and gold-tipped canes. Sir Robert is legendary for the breadth and depth of his contacts, and he is on friendly-if-not-intimate terms with a dazzling array of associates: newspaper editors, bankers, politicians, generals, mafiosos, narco-traffickers, FBI parapsychologists, Vatican cardinals, Mossad Qabalists, mages, Wall Street Glass Walkers, Sabbat assassins, fallen angels, retired Egyptian deities, wraiths bound to crystal balls; he is even rumored to have a reliable source in the Talamasca Society!

As one might expect from Duncan's right-hand man, Sir Robert treats everyone with a degree of respect commensurate with their talents and behavior, rather than social status or fame—an up-and-coming street artist is granted every courtesy, while a celebrated but difficult conductor may find himself cooling his heels until his manners improve. No one has ever seen Sir Robert crossed, although a few of his associates have mysteriously vanished after betraying his confidence. Sir Robert refuses to discuss his Sire or the nature of his Embrace. He enjoys a romantic, seductive hunt, seeking attractive women in their thirties or young men in their twenties. He never intentionally kills his vessel, preferring to wine and dine them into his waiting arms.

Justinien Valois

A talented painter and an avid follower of the Enlightenment, Valois was an associate of Voltaire and D'Alembert, and an early contributor to Diderot's *Encyclopedie* project. Although he dearly loved France and her Parisian circle of geniuses, Valois believed that the Colonies represented the best hope for founding the Great Society, and he emigrated to America in 1773. A decade later he met the Toreador ancilla Amadeus St. Sebastian in New Orleans, and the two began a tempestuous romance. When St. Sebastian offered him the Gift of Immortality in 1789, Valois accepted with a resounding *oui!*

Valois and St. Sebastian continued their relationship for decades, helping the New Orleans Toreador get back on their feet after the upheavals of the early nineteenth century. When they found themselves drifting apart, their parting was sorrowful but amicable. St. Sebastian sailed to Europe to take part in the flowering of Romanticism, while Valois traveled to New York, eager to participate the construction of Santa de Luzarches. When his Sire returned to the United States after the Great War, Valois and St. Sebastian happily renewed their friendship. Although Valois remains firmly ensconced in Duncan's coterie, he is often found at the Galleria Desmondus, arguing politics with his former lover.

Tall and elegant, Justinien Valois has the appearance of a handsome man in his mid-fifties. Well, to be more exact, a handsome man in his mid-1750s! Valois has not quite left behind the previous centuries. He wears his long, greying hair gathered by a ribbon, carries an electrum snuff-box, and uses a lorgnette in order to "better see" his paintings. Although Valois has a wardrobe stocked with modern suits, when left to his own devices, he is prone to don his "gentleman's apparel" and lapse into the accoutrements of his beloved past.

These eccentricities have become more pronounced as Valois ages. Valois is an erudite thinker and a brilliant conversationalist; but he forgets he's in the twentieth century, and occasionally refers to long-dead people in the present tense, or offers spontaneous non-sequiturs about historical events—"I wonder if Voltaire is still corresponding with that Catherine woman—the Russian Queen. Or Tsarina, I believe they call her, yes?" These lapses occur without any apparent disorientation, and most of Valois' companions simply ignore his sudden detours into the past. Valois is also enamored by certain antiquated customs as well. He has a passion for fencing, and has periodically challenged an offender to a duel. True, being immortal makes getting shot in the chest from ten paces a little less traumatic, but it still satisfies his sense of honor, and Valois gets to show off his matched set of LaPage flintlocks.

Valois hunts only extraordinarily beautiful men and women. He courts them formally over several months, restraining his feeding to their family and servants while he showers his lover with gifts. Eventually he begins to feed from his true prey, an act that signals the conclusion of his infatuation—once he’s tasted the blood of his lover, his ardor rapidly cools. In the rare occasion when his lover’s vitae propels him into ecstasy, only two outcomes are possible—death, or the Embrace. Valois loathes both options. He genuinely detests murder, but transforming his lovers into progeny brings only pain and eventual heartache.

A final curiosity about Justinien Valois should be mentioned. When in New Orleans, Valois learned a few thaumaturgy rituals, including one that allows him to store vitae in specially enchanted bottles. Valois maintains a “wine cellar” in Santa de Luzarches, a few hundred bottles of the “finest vitae of the last few centuries.” The bottles are meticulously labelled and sealed with wax, and Valois claims to know the precise bouquet and flavor of each one, as well as the many “notes” of their donor’s personality and character. Every few months, nostalgia drives Valois to his cellar, where he may be found reminiscing over past lovers. A few of these bottles are made from opaque black glass and bear no markings or labels. Valois never talks about these *bouteilles noires*, but every few decades he selects one and drains it completely, tears of blood streaming down his face.

Elijah Watson

A veteran of the infamous Battle of the Crater, Elijah Watson is a former slave who fought for the Union during the Civil War. An illustrator of wartime horrors, Watson achieved a small amount of fame in the 1860s as the “Negro Goya.” In 1868, Watson was invited to Louisiana to speak about his experiences at a “private meeting” dedicated to Negro Uplift. While staying at the mysterious Bayou Vermillion Plantation, Watson was Embraced by one of his hosts, a Southern Belle from a long line of Louisiana vampires. Released when his lover departed for Europe in 1910, Watson travelled North and made the acquaintance of Sir Robert Drinkwater, an avid admirer of his harrowing sketches. The two struck up a friendship, and after his first visit to Santa de Luzarches, Watson realized he had found his new home.

Elijah Watson is a large and muscular man, but his face reflects a delicate disposition prone to long periods of brooding. His humanity appears to be undiminished, and his work reveals a tortured soul grappling with the cruelty of humans and Kindred alike. War, torture, and brutality are Watson’s principle subjects, and his best pieces can unsettle even the most jaded critic.

Watson favors old-fashioned clothing from the turn of the century. He eschews many of the trappings of modern life, and aside from an occasional carriage ride through nocturnal Manhattan, he enjoys staying home to study history or translate Greek classics. He is also passionate about music, with Jelly Roll Morton and Beethoven’s late string quartets being his favorites. Although Watson remains on good terms with the residents of the cathedral, he rarely socializes, preferring the solitude of his studio. He usually surfaces to hunt middle-aged women, drawing just enough blood to fulfill his needs and moving on. He never intentionally kills his prey, and the three times he lost himself to frenzy and murdered his victim weigh heavy on his soul. In order to remind himself of his transgressions, he forced himself to sketch each incident, creating a trio of recriminating portraits that hang on his chamber walls.

The Angel Gabrielle

Everything about this vampire is a mystery, including her true name. Since she was surreptitiously Embraced by an unknown Sire in 1886, she has never left the cathedral. Most assume her Sire was a visiting Toreador who became enamored of a mortal guest during the Grand Carnivale. Since that night, the “Angel Gabrielle” has haunted the halls and passageways of Santa de Luzarches, a pale specter dressed in a long white wedding gown.

In appearance, the Angel Gabrielle is widely considered the fairest of the Toreador. Her blonde hair tumbles to her waist, her generous lips are the color of rose petals, and her soulful eyes are dewed with perpetual wonder. Her skin is luminescent, and she seems to float above the ground like a beautiful apparition. Her voice, which she rarely uses, is pure and lyrical. Remarkably, she seems completely innocent of ostentation—she does nothing to deliberately cultivate this air of mystery; it illuminates her like a natural emanation. The Angel drifts from room to room of the massive cathedral, and her visits are almost Malkavian in their unfathomable purpose. On some days, she’ll gaze enraptured at a crumbling gargoyle for hours, while other times she she’ll sprawl naked across the High Altar, casually reading sheet music with the intensity of an epic novel. She’s just as likely to inexplicably depart a brilliant performance as she is to applaud a mundane action—she recently showered praise on a ghoul for repairing a broken window. Once, while attending a première of works by Félicien Rops, she completely ignored the Belgian’s paintings, staring instead at each frame, tracing every line with her delicate fingers and finally insisting that the artist “use better varnish.” It is not known if the Angel Gabrielle composes any art of her own; but there are instances of new paintings, sonatas, or poems suddenly appearing in the cathedral with no one stepping forward to take responsibility. Other, less charitable Kindred believe she is the ultimate poseur, a Toreador groupie whose sole grace is her physical beauty; but even still, many of these critics soon find themselves growing fond of her.

Because the Angel Gabrielle never leaves Santa de Luzarches, she rarely hunts. In the years after her Embrace, Duncan took it upon himself to feed her from his own wrist; a practice now emulated by many of the cathedral’s residents. They allow her to drink their blood regularly; but as no one knows her generation, the question of blood bonding is left unasked. Cynics have wondered if she was Embraced by a Sabbat Elder, set among the Toreador to win the hearts and blood of the entire Camarilla. The Angel Gabrielle, however, shows neither knowledge nor interest in Kindred politics. Some have suggested that she’s unaware of the true nature of her sustenance, a fact that accounts for the humanity and gentleness shining in her eyes. Others contend, only half-jokingly, that she’s actually a Malkavian. Despite her occasional detractors, the Angel Gabrielle is broadly revered by the Toreador, who consider her something between a clan mascot and the living embodiment of the cathedral’s soul.

Vladimir Ivanovich Zamiatin

An avant-garde composer who defected to the United States in 1956, Zamiatin was Embraced by William Danzig after the Toreador attended a 1962 performance of Zamiatin’s bizarre oratorio, *Seven Asymmetrical Rotations and a Church Bell*. Although it was not a particularly welcome Embrace, the Russian found his anger quickly blunted by the majesty of his new home. By the time Danzig’s murder resulted in the premature release of his progeny, Zamiatin had become a cheerful member of the Toreador community.

Zamiatin cultivates a Rasputin-like appearance, and has intense, piercing eyes, wild hair, and a robust black beard shot through with streaks of gray. He has the unnerving habit of laughing for no apparent reason, and true to the classic Russian stereotype, he claims every invention and innovation to be Slavic in origin. An ardent admirer of Scriabin, Shostakovich, Ligeti, Cage, Boulez, and Berio, his own compositions are tremendously complex and notoriously eccentric. Zamiatin's periods of creativity are marked by wild mood swings. Sometimes he spends months in a furious delirium of composition, at other times he is driven by nihilism, forsaking all creative work to participate in an orgy of sex, drugs, and rock and roll.

Zamiatin's feeding habits are likewise erratic. He can go for weeks with barely a drop of vitae, absently pulling a rat from a cage and devouring it whole while scribbling down a trombone passage. During his darker moods, Zamiatin seeks out an attractive woman, intoxicates her with vodka, and drains her to the point of death. He then discards this "Bloody Mary" at the doorstep of an enthralled physician he's coerced into compliance. Despite this casual disregard for his victim's well-being, Zamiatin is terrified of committing murder. He believes that every time he kills a victim, it brings him closer to spiritual annihilation. On the few occasions where Zamiatin has lost control, he flies into blind frenzy, and has been known to exterminate his victim's entire family. During a visit to Krasnoyarsk in the late 1970s, rather than leave any witnesses or orphans, Zamiatin slaughtered an entire apartment building, then attempted to drown himself in the Yenisei River. Although the entire cathedral knows about his periods of madness, they are never discussed, and everyone avoids Zamiatin when he's binging on vodka and Shostakovich.

Zamiatin is currently working on a self-proclaimed masterpiece, a fourteen-act opera tentatively called *Chantry Window No. 14, 2017—Sukkobov*. Designed to be performed over the course of a week, the subject of the opera is the "supernatural history" of communist Russia. It is intended to be completed in 2017.

Luther Bates

Although he is grouped with Duncan's Cathedral Coterie, Luther Bates is not actually a Toreador—he's a Malkavian pretender. Infamous among the New York Camarilla, Bates practices a singular habit: every few years he pretends he's from a different clan. Possessed with the uncanny ability to perfectly embody the archetypes of each clan, Bates' imitations are flawless. During the time he spends performing, Bates never drops character—indeed, most Kindred wonder if Bates even knows he's an impostor. He acts as a member of that clan for years, sometimes even decades, the fiction supported by a complex and detailed history. Regardless of his incarnation, he always keeps his actual name: Luther Governor Bates III.

Once every decade on Halloween, Bates spends the entire night impersonating a specific member of his current clan. These imitations are miniature works of art, perfect down to the slightest detail. The majority of Kindred are generally amused to find themselves the subject of a "Bates," however some particularly sensitive vampires have been known to fly into a rage, and one displeased Brujah actually attempted to drive a stake into his heart.

No one knows who sired Bates, but he seems to be an ancilla, and arrived in New York in 1828 posing as a Ventrue from Boston. At first, the New York Ventrue were outraged when they discovered his duplicity, but when Bates' talents landed them several lucrative contracts in the state government, the clan shrugged its collective shoulders and allowed him to continue. Over

the years, Marius' Ventrue have become quite fond of Bates, and they welcome him with open arms when he "becomes" a Ventrue, usually adopting the role of an entrepreneur equipped with a family fortune and a keen eye for investment opportunities. Aside from the volatile neonate who tried to kill him, the Brujah adore Bates—they think he's a riot—and the Nosferatu tolerate him as long as he keeps his nose clean. To the best of anyone's knowledge, Bates never imitates the Tremere or Gangrel, most likely because he's unable to mimic a clan's hallmark discipline. Occasionally, Bates mysteriously vanishes. Most think he's off being an actual Malkavian; but a few chuckle, wondering if during these disappearances the Sabbat have gained another Lasombra.

Of all the clans, Bates has spent the most time as a Toreador. During these periods, Duncan lays out the red carpet. With the notable exception of Sally de Angelou, who despises the Malkavian, the clan believes that Bates' "Oscar-worthy" performances have earned him Toreador status, and they treat him like one of their own. Unlike his imitations of other clans, among the Toreador Bates always adopts the same persona. An arrogant artiste who claims to have been one of El Torero's original progeny, the Toreador Luther Bates is a delicious cliché of the clan's many foibles. And yet, his pretentious demeanor is leavened by a cheerful eccentricity that makes it charming rather than insulting. Unafraid to critique another's work as if he were a Toreador Methuselah, every comment he makes contains a grain of satirical truth, whether he deliberately ignores the awfulness of an amateur's poetry to praise her "use of the letter E," or whether he curtly dismisses an operatic masterpiece because "it required one less tuba." As an actual artist, Bates' muse is every bit reliable as his Ventrue business acumen or his Brujah delight in anarchy. Manifesting a genuine talent for architecture and interior design, Bates is usually assigned the task of redesigning the cathedral's Malkavian chapel. However, his true passion is for the fine arts. As a painter, Bates' technical skill is exceptional, easily ranking among the Toreador's best—however, none of his works are original! Bates paints forgeries, replicas as perfect as his other imitations. Of course, because Bates uses modern paints and canvases, his forgeries could never stand up to forensic analysis. In addition, he affects the maddening habit of signing his name to each one, fully insisting it's his own work!

As a hunter, Bates usually follows the conventions of his current clan, and shows little regard for philosophical or humanitarian concerns. As a Toreador, he favors blood dolls, the actual work required to procure his own food being "beneath" him—"Darling, lean a little more to your left, that's a nice girl. Now, don't dull my finest razor, you know it was a gift from Bonnard." While the Ventrue, Brujah, and Nosferatu forbid Bates from creating progeny during his tenure with their clans, as long as the intended fledgling understands that Bates is actually a Malkavian, the Toreador have welcomed his childer. The sole exception to this is Bates' most recent progeny. Shocking the Toreador by creating a fledgling without their foreknowledge, Bates has introduced what might be his most brilliant parody yet—Ashley in Crimson.

Ashley in Crimson

Born Stephanie Jo Heidelberger, "Ashley in Crimson" was sired by Luther Bates, which puts her in the unenviable position of being a Malkavian rather than a Toreador—and she has no clue. A club kid from the goth-industrial scene, Ashley was Embraced a year ago when Luther visited Sarnath to see Veronica Tryst. There, he came face to face with Stephanie, who recognized Bates from an underground Web site that tracked alleged "real vampires." Stalking Bates relentlessly, she eventually cornered him at an art opening at the Galleria Desmodius. Presenting

him with a poem entitled, “Symphony in Dark Sharp,” she asked to be “damned for all eternity.” Dragging her downstairs to the Fuligin Room, Bates complied.

In the year since her Embrace, Ashley has managed to alienate herself from “her fellow” Toreador in a fashion best described as “spectacular.” A mediocre poet in life, death has stolen whatever creativity she might have once possessed; and to speak charitably, there wasn’t much to begin with. Ashley has endeavored to become the “ultimate Toreador,” and as a result has offended each and every one. Her affectations are patently obnoxious: she dresses only in shades of red and black, deliberately burns holes in her fishnet stockings with a clove cigarette, and irons her dyed-black hair so resembles Morticia Addams. Her face is obscured behind a mask of white foundation, which directs attention to her Egyptian-style eyeliner and dark lipstick—“Cockroach” by Urban Decay being her current favorite. To celebrate the six-month anniversary of her Embrace, Ashley had a vampire bat tattooed on her neck, an act that drove the Toreador into fits of howling laughter.

As one might expect, Ashley is vain and pretentious, and has little respect for anyone but herself. An acid font of pompous negativity, she viciously critiques everything that falls under her scrutiny, and contends that her post-death work is light-years ahead of anything else “in the community of arts and letters.” Ashley willfully drains her human vessels with little regard for self-constraint, often dumping their dead bodies in the creepiest places she can find. These “frenzies” are invariably followed by self-conscious periods spent “agonizing” over her “damned condition,” as she cuts her wrists “to feel something” while cranking out pages of godawful poetry.

There is only one reason that the Toreador have put up with Ashley—they are waiting for her downfall. Stephanie Jo Heidelberger genuinely believes she’s a Toreador, and expresses unmitigated disgust at Malkavians at every opportunity. In a few years, Luther Bates will suddenly vanish from the cathedral, reappearing outside as a rooftop anarchist, a douchebag venture capitalist, or a slithering deformity from the sewers. And then.... The very thought of this moment is enough to keep even Ashley’s worst enemies in a state of expectant bliss.

Drella

Drella is a reclusive vampire who was Embraced by Sally de Angelou in 1987. His mortal name was Andrew Warhola.

Yes, Andy Warhol didn’t really clock out during that operation—a little Domination here and there, a few faked certificates, and Andy woke up a Toreador. His Sire arranged his funeral and all the deceptions required to pull it off; and Warhol was so infatuated with the idea he went right along. (Sally de Angelou had to convince him not to suddenly sit up in the casket and scare the bejeezus out of John Cale, but he obediently stayed “dead.”)

Originally dubbed “Drella” by de Angelou, Warhol spent his first few months in Studio Calliope, then quietly packed his belongings and retired to Santa de Luzarches—“Sally, your studio, I’m sorry, it’s just too much.” Warhol spends most of his time in his chambers planning a film project and working on his memoirs, referring to himself only as “V.” He claims that one day he’d like to let Lou Reed know that he’s forgiven him, and to please stop embarrassing him with all those records and tribute concerts; but for now Andy’s quite content to stay dead.

Warhol rarely leaves the cathedral, and when he does, dark glasses are his only disguise. (He secretly enjoys all the “Oh look, a Warhol clone!” comments.) He can’t bring himself to kill, and dislikes drinking blood—it reminds him too much of sex. His usual method of feeding is persuading other Toreador to bring him fresh blood in opaque coffee mugs, his favorite being an “I LOVE NYC” mug swiped from de Angelou’s studio.

The fact that “Drella” chose to sequester himself in Santa de Luzarches infuriates Sally de Angelou to no end: she had visions of Warhol ensconced in her lair, transforming the Studio Calliope into another Factory and making her the envy of the undead art world. Since his defection from her coterie, de Angelou has feigned a complete lack of interest in the “quirky little poseur.” Warhol acts like he couldn’t care less, and seems slightly peeved that one of his previous hangers-on should have any input in his status—“She’s such an unpleasant woman. Duncan, can you please tell her I’m not at home?”



Sources & Notes

This document was first uploaded to New York by Night in 1995, and was one of the first pages added to the site. I refrained from updating the setting, so it exists in a perpetual 1999. For this 2018 revision, I expanded the entries and smoothed over some of the awkward transitions. I changed the name of “Justainne Valjean” to Justinien Valois—I just couldn’t deal with that cringe-worthy surname anymore! I also changed “Angel Gabriel” to Angel Gabrielle. I know it’s fashionable to enlist dead celebrities into the ranks of the Kindred, a tendency I’ve generally tried to avoid; but I couldn’t resist with Andy Warhol, whose death truly saddened me. I know it’s a cliché, so I tried to play him against type. His book [The Philosophy of Andy Warhol](#) was a big influence on me, and informed how I depicted “Drella.”

Author: Great Quail

First Uploaded: June 1995

Last Modified: 13 October 2017

Email: quail (at) shipwrecklibrary (dot) com

Online Version: <http://shipwrecklibrary.com/vampire/cathedral-coterie>