



Revised Guildbook:
SANDMEN

A Free Gaming Resource
for Wraith: The Oblivion and

The Wraith Project

Credits

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Master:

I submit to you my monthly report, which I hope reaches you safely.

You may be pleased to know that Opus is safe and well, guarded fiercely by the Night Terrors that keep it from waking. Those Somniators who managed to get out of the storm in time are recuperating as best they can, myself included. It brings me great pleasure to inform you that we did not suffer as badly as the Necropoli, and anything lost in the havoc is easily replaceable, in time. We did suffer the loss of any major holdings we may have had in the Shadowlands, but it is no matter. Those, too, were temporary setbacks. Nonetheless, I regret that there will be no productions for a time, at least until we can take an official census of our numbers (a daunting and tedious endeavor - one better suited to the Usurers), and reassess what resources remain at our disposal. We know that we have lost most of our sand, and many of our resources and artifacts have been swept away, but our power lies not in what we build, but rather in what we do. If we continue to provide those services that only we provide, I am confident that we will not suffer the same fate as the Minstrels (though the Underworld seems better off without them; the Symphonists' Guild seems a more than adequate replacement).

As for the aforementioned, there are always going to be wraiths who wish to contact their living relatives without fear of breaking the Dictum, and we are the only guild who enables them to do so. They have always paid handsomely for our services in this regard, and I doubt that will change. We have even come across an increasing population of Quick who are rather adept at crossing the Shroud in their sleep, with little to no assistance on our part. We have made these "Lucids" a major focus of our work, and those among them who seem intent on hunting us down have set an example for the rest, such that the only visitors we get are the innocent, the curious and the mentally impaired (all of whom are enlightened in their own way). They visit, accompanied by our emissaries, and leave when we decide to escort them back through the curtain.

Our dealings with the dreamers among the Quick have increased dramatically, as the wake of the Maelstrom has wiped away many wraiths that had special skills not usually found. We have found ourselves gathering ever more temporary workers, and having to expend a lot more resources to fade the memory of these "dreams" from their minds. It would seem that many of them are far stronger than they used to be, almost to the point where attuning ceases to be necessary... a relief in terms of our Pathos expenditure, but we should stay on the side of caution where such things are concerned.

As far as the guild's growth, we have continued our constant tradition of recruitment from all walks of life, and the focus has for the most part stayed the same: artists, teachers, philosophers and poets from all over the globe are joining our ranks, but our psycho-analytical population is increasing more and more, which is taking the guild in directions that should prove most interesting.

A final note that you should be aware of is our recent alliance with the Mnemoi and Monitors (a curious mix, I know, but one that is necessary) in something called the Interguild Drone Reactualization. This program is dedicated to remapping the minds of the Unfettered, such that they might have the opportunity to become productive members of our society. It is a worthwhile endeavor, now that soul-forging has fallen into disfavor (something you shall have to take up with Nhadri upon your return).

If you receive this message, if you happened to be in the 'Scape when it was sent, then please, my liege, come home. The guild cannot function in any capacity without your wisdom and guidance, but more to the point, we miss the pleasure of your company, and Opus is not the same without you.

*For the Symphony,
Pavell*

ACT ONE: ONEIROGENESIS

"The world is your exercise-book, the pages on which you do your sums. It is not reality, though you may express reality there, if you wish. You are also free to write nonsense, or lies, or to tear the pages."

—Richard Bach, *Illusions*

In the beginning, all dreams were one, and all dreamers dreamt the same. All was one place, where men walked with beast, and was at one with his universe, calm, naked and trusting. There was no death, and land and spirit were one as well. The Dream was good, and all who dreamt were a part of it, and so too were good.

In time, men began to distrust one another, and bore heavy emotions; hate, envy, malice and spite... and from these emotions sprang conflict, and from conflict came death. The world was torn into pieces, and the barriers between dream, life and death were summoned into being. Mankind imposed rules and disbeliefs upon himself, and those who did not fit within those molds were forced in their own directions.

The Faefolk, who had infused the world of men with ideas and fantasies, were forced upward, into the clouds and mists of the Dreaming, where they remained for centuries. Likewise, the spirits of the dead were forced downward, into the foggy shadows of the Underworld. Man was separated from these things, and so did not think of them for a long time.

Desperate to hang on to the living world, the restless enfeathered themselves to those things among the Quick that were holy to them, and the fae found their own means of access to the living, and the two did not cross paths for a time. When it became clear that the only way for both to re-enter the world would be to ally, some of the fae who had learned to catch sight of the Shadowlands made brief visits to some of the restless souls who dwelt there, and taught them the ways of dreams, and how to walk in them.

In return, the restless passed on their knowledge of souls and possession, and it is said that the fae would use this knowledge to reincarnate themselves into the world, at the cost of their immortality. In turn, those restless with the power of Phantasm could not access the Dreaming directly, but would have the power to inhabit the dreams of one mortal at a time.

From then on, wraiths and Faefolk did not speak often, preferring to go on about their work patiently and quietly, and when they chanced to meet, they would greet each other as friends, and observe each others' works of beauty.

Epic -- A History

A history of any guild is difficult, because like the dreams that we wander, all things are entirely subjective. Ask any guild member to recount a history of their guild, and they will tell you that they existed before any of the other fifteen, and reality itself sprung from their founding like a geyser. This is even more true of the Sandmen, whose penchant for melodrama and puffed-up exaggeration makes it virtually impossible to get any accurate information out of them.

This isn't entirely true of all members, though; I, myself, have been a Sandman for over eighty-five years, and I boast a fair amount of lucidity, though I do have my moments. The romantic aspect of a Sandman's nature is, admittedly, a sad stereotype to bear, as many wraiths find it bothersome to be in the presence of those who glamorize the doom-and-gloom of the Shadowlands, but it isn't entirely inaccurate, either. Every Sandman has an inherent flamboyance to himself, usually prominent when immersing himself in what he does and this is, I think, a psychosis that comes part and parcel with the Arcanos we study.

It is not proven, but it is widely theorized by our more psychoanalytical circles that Phantasm carries with it a whiff of faerie "taint", which is why so many of us are often met with such an unfortunate social stigma. It could be worse, though; at least we aren't completely mad, like the Haunters and Oracles, or as profoundly malicious as the Spooks and Puppeteers. In comparison, I'll gladly settle for occasional eccentricity.

However, I am getting off the point. My objective here is not to judge anyone. It is to provide for you,

dear reader, dear reader, a coherent account of the history of the Sandmen, or at least some theories on the subject. I will begin by addressing the above mythos, in order that you may understand the archetypal Sandman's way of thinking. Forgive me if the text is a little dry, but it only serves to explain the uniqueness of our guild in relation to its fellows. I am an alienist, not a bard. I shall leave it in their hands to convey the beauty, as they have afforded me the task of the history itself.

As an aside, I should mention that with the recent shift in paradigm concerning the societal roles of women in the world, many members of our guild have coined the term "Somniatorus" in place of "Sandman" or "Sandwoman", and so any use of the word in this piece is meant as an androgynous title for anyone of the guild, analogous to both genders.

The Dream Before

I have yet to meet a wraith who can testify to the way things were in the world prior to the Sundering, and no Epiphanies exist which can clearly indicate the specifics of this era for us. I will say that apparently, it was a time in which there was no such thing as disbelief, nor any accompanying fear of the unexplained. Hence, the only thing one can know for sure is that not only did the Underworld not exist in any form, but neither did the Shroud, the Tempest, or the Fog.

Popular belief among my fellows is that the spirits of all living things existed together in a kind of utopia, where there was ultimate acceptance of all things, regardless of form. This meant that the things humanity now discounts as myth and folklore were commonplace, though they were not equal. Any anthropologist will tell you that ancient man ascribed a spiritual significance to anything found in his environment, and placed a great deal of honor in the spirits of nature, as well as the memory of his ancestors. Since, in those days, the spirit world was not yet divided into our modern cosmology, it is safe to assume that ancient man put his ancestors on the same level as he did the forces of nature. These beings had many forms, but all were closer to the Heavens, because they had powers that Man did not.

If that is true, then it stands to reason that all spirits could associate regardless of nature, and likely did.

When Man began to ascribe importance to the concepts of territory and wealth, he realized that in order to gain, someone else must lose, and it is here

that the first sins entered the world. Greed, Lust, Deceit, Wrath, and Envy flooded the world, and cultivated a mistrust that changed everything. The entire universe as it was known ceased to exist, and anything which held power over man, such as faefolk, wraiths, and the spirits of nature were banished from the physical world.

Though they still existed, they did so in a way that appealed to the self-righteousness of man, such that they were no longer above mankind on the "food chain"; they were simply outside of him, and he could, with the right tools, gain control over those spirits, or allow them to gain control over him.

In ancient times, anyone who could contact these spirits, whether they be natural, animal or ancestral, was described as a seer, medium or oracle. All three of these titles came with certain rites and rituals, most of which involved entering into a trance-like state, in order to better bridge the gap between one realm and another. It is here where we begin to see the significance placed on dreams right from the onset; dreams served as a doorway to the heavens, where one could gain wisdom.

More importantly, though, is the fact that as the power of these gifted men grew stronger, the symbols they developed to define this new "science" pushed wraiths away from everything else; it forced them to a level below that of the higher spirits, because while naturae are all-encompassing and can function independently (as could fae at the time, I am told), ancestors only held significance to those who loved them in life, and so outside of the occasional summoning, wraiths had no power, and only possessed Pathos when it was offered to them.

Wraiths and Fae

Immediately following the Sundering, it is theorized by many of us that a meeting took place between those spirits who were desperate to cling to the living world, at which an exchange of information and power was made. The fae held great power over the human consciousness as it was, because they existed before mankind, and so in some fashion were more "alive", but they lacked the experience of being human, and because of that alienation, they could not easily traffic with them. Wraiths, on the other hand, knew all too well what it was to be mortal, but were trapped by humanity's own subjectivity. They could not contact people unrelated to them in some way

(blood relation was always optimal, but not entirely necessary), and could not return to the physical world altogether, because they were no longer alive.

Mutual benefit made the deal a fair one (if such a deal was actually struck); wraiths would learn to remove sleeping souls from their bodies, and to alter their dreams, for which they would pay with an inability to permanently exist in the physical world (regardless of what the Proctors and Puppeteers may say to the contrary-resurrection is, as yet, an impossibility).

In exchange, the fae would be given the power to inhabit the bodies of newborn children, and exist as a sort of "hitchhiker" on a human life. This would enable them to reap the energy they needed, but it would also mean that they would lose their sentient immortality. Their "lives" would fade after a time, and they would pass back out of the world.

Once the agreement was made, the meetings between wraiths and fae would become less and less frequent. There are some fae, called Sluagh, who are able to speak with our kind when they choose to, but they seem more interested in historical information and individual dealings rather than becoming a central part of Underworld politics. In the Dreamscape, we are fortunate if one dream in ten yields a chance meeting with a "changeling", and even then, they are usually on their way somewhere else, and have no interest in wandering through the individual dreams of our relations. For all intents and purposes, we are largely unaware of each other.

The Dark Ages

Up until Charon's Dictum Mortuum, a great deal of our time as a guild was spent mapping the Dreamscape. While other wraiths were concerned with Stygia's economic growth and the collection of souls for recruitment or forging, we were busy with the task of defining the nature of a dream, and how better to communicate with those mortals we wished to without being forced out by exorcists, or driving the mortal insane. We learned an important lesson during this time: the moment we enter a dream is the moment we control it, simply by being there. It was decided that we would be very careful with whom we chose to contact, and anyone we lifted from their bodies would be sure to forget the phenomenon afterward.

As far as our knowledge of the Dreamscape, we knew very little about the nature of dreams on a

whole, and so it was a disturbing and chaotic place to be. Many of our number were lost to whatever machinations the dreamer's mind conjured to protect itself, and some of us were stolen by the Haunters' Guild, who saw Phantasm as a means of destroying the Shroud by driving people mad with dark visions, without breaking the Code of Charon. An ingenious idea, but one which would not last, for it is said that the Haunters suffered terrible losses after the breaking; a fate that we did not share with them.

The Breaking

Charon's banishment of the Heretics, Renegades and Guilds was a blow to all wraiths, but one which impacted us all the more. For what is a dream, but a vision of the ideal, and that which shapes our belief? Are we not all heretics? If not, then why not? "Heretic" is a word that has come to refer to anyone whose beliefs differ from the Emperor's, and was Stygia not built on Charon's own dreams?

We lost so many of our number during the Hierarchy's crusade against us that it is surprising that we have a guild left at all. When the horns sounded, many of us escaped into the dreams we fostered, and hid. This is where many of our arts come from; the necessity of staying hidden versus the need for companionship gave rise to Lingua; a form of symbolic communication that allows us to tap into the human subconscious long enough to use common symbols to convey ideas, and the Nexus; a phenomenon which allowed us to connect several dreams together through the creation of common details. This process, often called "Contagion", is what formed the foundation of our entire philosophy, which I won't get into here. That is for a later chapter.

The Maelstrom Cycle

One of the fortunate things about maelstroms is that they destroy everything, without discretion or favor, which means that everything must be rebuilt stronger than it was before. I say "fortunate", because the fact that a maelstrom is always more intense than the one which preceded it, and so as they become more destructive, the methods employed to rebuild Stygia must be better, more efficient, and more lasting. Since wraiths are not beings who learn or adapt quickly on a vast scale (this fact is evident in the fact that many of our tools and devices are throwbacks to

the medieval era, even now), the skills with which to better fortify the empire had to come from a more modern population; i.e. humankind.

We were very well paid in the time periods surrounding each maelstrom, because the ability to lift a soul out of its sleeping body and bring it into the Shadowlands as a willing observer meant that we could employ temporary workers from the Skinlands, who used their skills for free, believing it all to be a dream. We collected far more Oboli than many of the other guilds, mainly because we were the only ones who could do this, and since we have never had any real material needs (since Phantasm allows us to create temporary items for virtually any purpose), we became very wealthy in times of turmoil.

Between maelstroms, we did what we could to lighten the moods of those around us, in the hopes that we could prevent the storms from happening as often. Working with the Chanteurs, Masquers and Harbingers, we created elaborate and detailed shows in the Tempest, which we provided for free (having no need of money). This was a joint effort, and many of us grew very fond of these productions, which is where the stigma of flamboyance originates. We never confessed to doing anything else during these times, and so we were viewed as simple, inconsequential and harmless.

The Modern Era

Before the rise of psychoanalysis in the Victorian period (which was then referred to as "alienism"), there was little to be known about dreams, and so the Dreamscape was turbulent, at best. Had we then the knowledge we now possess, things would have been easier on humanity, because we would have known how to prevent so many of our relatives from being "cured" through electric-shock therapy, or being carted off to asylums as lunatics.

Freud's belief that dreams reflected the thoughts of the subconscious led us to the awareness of our own power as therapists, in that by participating in a dream and manipulating its elements, we are changing the psychology of the individual, and altering the way in which he deals with his innermost issues. The sexual overtones of his work gave us insight into the Shadow as well, which has led to a healthy alliance with the Pardoners' Guild in treating psychological illnesses, but the important part of our research was the discovery of a major truth: we could, by assisting

mortals in realizing their own mental setbacks sooner, prevent an individual from becoming a wraith at all, since anything he might have had to cling to upon death would have been pre-emptively resolved. So many souls have been spared the anguish of this dark and gloomy existence because of us, and while the Artificers disagreed with our work (mostly due to the lessened plasmic resources at their disposal), we were commended for our effort.

Jung's research into the idea of archetypes increased our power over dreams even more. We learned a great deal more than any of the other guilds knew about the Eidolon, which we share whenever asked to, and the information on the pre-mortem Shadow served our reputation well as far as the Pardoners were concerned. Further, we learned how to divide the Dreamscape into its various classifications, and armed with this new wisdom, we actualized our purpose, and the Opus became a dream of our own.

The Fall of the Empire

Stygia's destruction came as no surprise to us. We anticipated the sixth Great Maelstrom, if it ever happened, would likely rip apart the Underworld as we knew it, and any efforts made to restore its former glory would be an exercise in futility. However, Charon's return (and his passing of the torch to those wraiths who remained behind) have put the power to govern in the hands of the once-forbidden Guilds, who have formed a multiparty system of rule in many Necropoli, that is largely democratic.

We are pleased about the fact that soulforging has become questionable, but we have no qualms with the Artificers, and are enlisting them wherever we find them, employing their forges in an effort to maintain and continue our work (a subject that will be brought to light in due time, I assure you). Due to the recent addition of the Symphonists to the Council, we have found that our efforts in the entertainment industry are being rendered obsolete, but one only has to attend one of their grand performances to understand why we have no quarrel with their affairs, either.

With that, we come to the end of this account. As I have fulfilled my obligation to the guild in attempting to relate this history for you, I shall take my leave, and I wish you well. May your Epiphany, whatever it is, make the Dreamscape an ever more beautiful place to visit.

ACT TWO: DREAMSCAPE

"Among the symbols thus employed there are, of course, many which constantly, or all but constantly, mean the same thing. But we must bear in mind the curious plasticity of psychic material."

-Freud, *Interpretation of Dreams*

Welcome, welcome, welcome.

It seems we have found ourselves together at last, and it's wonderful to see you all. I hope that your travels were safe, and my condolences on your families' loss, if you had one. Hopefully, if all goes well, you may see them again, in time.

You have come here today from all over the world, because you all share a talent. I look around the room and I see faces from every country I can think of, and the first thing that comes to my mind is that we're going to see a lot of different ideas, and a lot of different styles. That's good. The more diverse and open-minded we are about what we do with our time together, the better our work is going to be.

Speaking of working together, you might be wondering what language I'm speaking, or if it's really a language at all - because all of you can understand what I'm saying, even though you all speak different languages. The truth is, I'm speaking English, but you're not hearing English. You're hearing what is sort of like your native tongue, but somehow more clear, as though concepts your language has no word for are being inserted seamlessly into your brain, and it might seem obvious that the words I'm using are the perfect words, and you may then wonder why no one in your country thought of using those words before.

The "language" you're hearing is called "Lingua", and it's a little like speech, a little like telepathy, and very much like the kind of flowing, conceptual imagery one has in dreams. It's not a language, it's actually bigger than language itself. I don't know that there is a Cantonese word for "pancake", but when I look over at you, my exotic friend, and I say the word

"pancake", you not only understand what I'm saying (even though I can't speak a word of Cantonese), but you can see a stack of pancakes in your mind, oozing with syrup and buttermilk, can you not? Does it not look and smell appetizing? I know - for I see it, too.

You see, mankind has what's called a "collective subconscious", and every word that mankind uses to represent a concept is stored within that collective memory. When I say a word, I tap into the well, so to speak, and a concept representing that word transmits from the subconscious through my mind, and then is broadcast outward, to the ears of whoever I am speaking to. The picture forms in your mind as well, and so we understand each other.

All of you are going to learn how to use the Lingua, so that no matter where you are, you'll always be able to communicate with someone. Those who don't know how to prepare for the input may be startled at first, because the first time can be a bit overwhelming, but you'll know a fellow guildsman right away if you meet one, because his Lingua won't be awkward or clumsy. The words will come naturally and smoothly, like salmon in a brook.

That's one of the things you're going to learn here, but first I want to talk to you about the things we do. Basically, we study dreams, and how those dreams affect the people who dream them. Most wraiths can't dream, because the Shadow tends to do a lot of damage during the wraith's slumber, so natural dreaming in the freeform sense doesn't exist for us. Usually, if a wraith has a "dream", it's either because he paid someone of our guild to give him such an experience, or the Shadow is playing games with his mind.

Mortals, however, dream all the time. They need

to, because their minds have to refresh themselves or they suffer hindrances to their motor function, concentration, and sanity. Our guild, which is called the Sandmen (or Somniatora), studies dreams and uses them to benefit humanity and the Underworld in a number of ways.

We're going to talk a little bit about the seven different kinds of dreams, and the various "Orbs" within the guild that manage them (and the other services they perform for the rest of wraithkind), and then we'll break for a bit, and get some fresh air.

Anxieties

*All mortals hurry, and bother and worry,
in truth this cannot be denied,
And the things that they feel the most strongly about
are the things that they bury inside.
The Alienist knows of the symbols in those,
and he knows where those symbols collide,
And prevents the poor schmuck from becoming a wraith, though he
tends to be snobby and snide.*

Some people thrive on stress, and believe that if the world isn't hard, then they aren't working enough, or there's something bad around the corner waiting for them if they stop to relax. These people are workaholics, overeaters and druggies, and use their addictions (regardless of what they are) to escape from the full and complete life that they were meant to lead. This kind of situation is one which almost always creates a wraith when the mortal dies, usually far before his time.

The Orb of Alienists dedicates its time to helping these mortals to resolve their personal issues, so that they can get on with the business of living, and not become wraiths at all. We find them overanalytical at times, and they are a bit snobbish, but they are a very useful part of the guild, because they keep the wraithly population from growing too large, in such a way that no one needs to be forged, and there are less souls to be claimed by Oblivion.

In some cases, these mortals are given an outlet for their workaholicism, and recruited to perform tasks in the Underworld where other wraiths lack the appropriate skills. The Alienists allow this to be possible, by removing the souls of the living from their bodies for a time, and returning them safely when their work is completed.

Of course, the occasional "out of body" experience isn't always something that is forced upon mortals, either. Some people, such as the yogi and the bodhistava, are able to transcend physical existence on their own, through various means, and astrally project themselves into the various layers of reality. Oneiromancers (people who can manipulate dreams) do so in the Dreamscape specifically, and it's not uncommon for us to bump into them and their workings from time to time. We can't always sense that there's anything wrong with their dealings, but they usually have the best intentions in mind for the dreamer they're affecting. If they don't, we tend to get in the way, and then there's a little friction, but not often. Mostly, when we meet someone in the '(r)Scape who isn't there through our means, we tend to observe them, and try to trace them back to their physical origin in the Skinlands. If we can do this, we can closely monitor their activities, and the casefile is stored for future reference.

Echoes

*Sometimes it occurs, in a flurry of blurs,
that an unwary dreamer is cast
With a plop and a fizz, in a dream not of his,
but of someone who lived in the past.
These are dreams which are meant to in some way prevent, but the
Swooper must act hard and fast,
For the dreamer is trapped, in a crumbling place wrapped, and if
left there his mind will not last.*

Think of an echo as a kind of ghost. An Echo is the relic of a dream, belonging to someone who died, but didn't become a wraith. Or, perhaps they did become a wraith, but they didn't accomplish the goal that the dream involves. The dream itself is not a sentient being, but it exists as an unfulfilled Passion, and will often slam itself into someone who can best resolve it, often at the expense of the dreamers' sanity.

Echoes, like all relics, are temporary, and begin to fade the moment that a dreamer is paying attention to them. The Echo's goal is to play itself out, and then extinguish when completed; usually this is a recurring dream, that gets longer and longer the more it is experienced. The dreamer becomes obsessed, driven to discover the secret contained in the dream, and the end result is the resolution of the conflict, usually killing the dreamer when the Echo snuffs itself out.

A Swooper is a Sandman who specializes in finding the victims of Echoes, and trying to assist in the resolving process as much as he can, so that the

dreamer's life and sanity are spared. Echoes are rather rare, so when they are not in the Dreamscape, Swoopers tend to act as scouts (finding new members for the guild), spies and messengers. They usually have at least one level of Argos, to make travel through the Tempest as efficient as possible.

The downside to working with Echoes is that if the Swooper takes too much of an interest in what's going on, he can be unwittingly woven into the fabric of that dream as a peripheral detail, and can be eroded away with it. Having a little Argos helps, I assure you.

Fantasies

*There is a dark place, a shadowy space,
where the deepest desires are hid,
Some say it is here where the Shadow resides,
or if you're a Freudist, the Id.*

*Most people contain, or attempt to restrain
those impulses that squirm like a squid,
But some of them falter, and it's up to the Crafter
to quietly tighten the lid.*

Even mortals have Shadows, so says Jung. The deepest, darkest and most carnal of desires are played out in fantasies, which don't have to be during sleep - daydreams are fantasies too, don't forget - and it's up to the Crafters' Orb to find these impure thoughts, and quell them before the Psyche becomes obsessed with fulfilling them in reality. Truthfully, most fantasies are harmless, but some aren't. These dreams create some truly blessed people - but they also create murderers, pedophiles and rapists.

Crafters are those who physically sculpt the dreamstuff known as Gossamer, as well. They are among the finest artists and builders in the Underworld, on par with the Masquers in terms of their versatility with their materials. They are also the largest Orb in our guild, which is why you are likely to find more of them than the other types.

Nightmares

*The cruelest of dreams, if you get past the screams,
is the nightmare most gruesome and scary;
More often than not, the Psyche is caught
in the web of an old adversary.
To face this alone would result in a Drone,
so the Armorer, ready and wary,
Boosts Psyche's courage, to better discourage
the terror from getting too hairy.*

Truly terrible, the Armorers' Orb needs to be ruthless and vicious when it comes to combating the monsters of nightmares. I shudder to think of them, for they have some of the most horrifying illusory mechanisms known to us. It is a wonder that they are not mistaken for Haunters in that regard, but we respect them and their work, for to become a Drone or Spectre by letting your self-hatred get the better of you is more horrifying, by far.

The Armorers have a secondary service to the Underworld as well; when they cannot prevent the creation of Drones, they work to hunt down those Drones, and deliver them to other wraiths who can properly "rehabilitate" them, or who can pay the most, depending on the ethics of the Armorer in question. Also, they hunt down Spectres, and are among the finest Doomslayers down here.

Omens

*The oldest of dreams is the one which most seems
to be focused on ill consequences,
For its goal, t'would appear, is to cultivate fear,
through the subtle restriction of senses.
Where a dreamer is found and corruptions abound,
the Terror's demonic pretenses
Fill the poor sinner's head with madness and dread,
and waste no time in sitting on fences.*

Normally, when we come across a potential psychopath, our Crafters attempt to quell the instinctive lusts that produce such a mind. However, we can't win them all, as they say, and sometimes we must appeal to those who can stop the continued criminal activity. This is the function of the Orb of Terrors. They bestow dreams of possible consequences of allowing the madness to continue, which is why many mortals who specialize in detective work or criminology are often sociopathic, prone to alcoholism or other vices. Sometimes dreams must be painful to be of any motivational use, and the Terrors understand that all too well.

The Terrors are also in charge of keeping tabs on the Sandmen as a guild, and ensuring that none of our activities are against the will of the guild as a whole. They are our infantry, our guards, and our best friends during a maelstrom- because remember that the Malfeans, deep in their tunnels, have dreams of their own - and the Terrors are the only Orb among us brave enough to attempt walking around in those vast hells.

Why do they do it? Some say as an effort to rehabilitate them, or destroy them, but others say it is because the Terrors are double agents. Who knows? They have never betrayed us, and have never broken their word.

Prophecies

*It is murky, at best, to embark on the quest
of spying on those who can peek*

*Into what is to be. For the future, you see,
is shrouded in quiet mystique.*

*There's no guarantee that what he will see
is tomorrow, next year or next week,*

*And the Traveler's cost, if he doesn't get lost,
is emerging both tired and weak.*

Some mortals are gifted with precognition, and while we carry no powers that allow us to gift mortals in this way, it does allow us a chance to observe what the future may hold without suffering the delusion and detachment of the Oracles. The Orb of Travelers does just that; they seek out the dreams of what is to be, and observe them, to gain a possible clue into the workings of the future. Truth be known, I don't know if the Travelers have any merit; they seem to be a bit more suited to the Harbingers' Guild, I think.

In any event, this small Orb is fond of the idea that events can be predicted. Their logic (scattered as it is) dictates that if a Prophecy occurs, the event surrounding it has to be of some importance, or Prophecies would not be rare. Hence, any important event among the Quick can lead to repercussions in the Underworld, which means that maelstroms, and other naturally occurring phenomena down here can be predicted. I see their point, but they seem... un-Sandman-like. Perhaps better suited to even the Alchemists.

Revelations

*To be blessed with ideas, and to be so inspired
is a jewel most treasured and hoarded,*

*Such dreams are diverse, some good and some worse, from the
truly divine to the sordid.*

*A Muse's prime goal is to cultivate that
which the Dreaming has nicely imported;*

*To foster invention and memory retention,
so the world is, by virtue, rewarded.*

Inspiration is a beautiful thing. It is a founding principle of our heritage, and we rely on the ideas and works of mankind in order to progress ourselves. In-

deed, Charon himself issued a decree that all great works of the Quick are to be preserved, and we are the first to defend the honor of that proclamation. Art, regardless of its form, is where most Pathos comes from, because its mere presence invokes Pathos. Remember that, young neophytes, for it serves well when you are running out of energy to know that you need only visit the nearest museum to rejuvenate yourself, and remember to thank the Muses for that gift.

Muses inspire people, better or worse. It's their job to wander through the dreams of a prodigal, and judge whether that idea is one which will change the world in a beneficial or necessarily damaging way. They are one of the only Orbs that takes an active role in the "steering" of mankind, although they can't create ideas out of thin air; they can only influence a pre-existing concept, and allow the dreamer to wake up with more creative energy than he had before.

In the Underworld, Muses are the poets, bards and scribes of our guild. They record anything worth remembering, and store it in Epiphanies of their own, where anyone may view and appreciate them. While they have no functional purpose, these Epiphanies serve as excellent educational tool.

Oneiroplasm

So what does all of this mean, neophytes? I see the question burning in your minds, like question marks glowing on your foreheads. The reason we wander through dreams the way that we do is this, and only this: Dreamstuff.

We refer to it as Oneiroplasm, or Gossamer; the very fabric of dream-reality. We collect it, and use it to turn our illusions into artifacts of lasting value. Each type of dream I touched on earlier carries with it a given kind of this stuff, so it can be used to make something of that type.

As an example, say that we are devilishly rooting around in a nightmare (something I do not recommend unless you have an Armorer to back you up). When we leave, a bit of that nightmare seeps into our Corpus, and we may use it later to create anything we desire, molding it like clay. However, its aspect is nightmarish, and so too must the thing we make be scary or violent. The exception to this is Prophetic Gossamer, which has no aspect, and so can be molded into anything at all. It is extremely versatile, but also quite rare.

Anytime one of our Phantasm arts requires us to

invest some of our Corpus, we may instead use Gossamer. The effect is the same, but we don't have to waste Corpus, and if we're using it in the Dreamscape, all things created are permanent until we leave. Otherwise, they become Relics-which means we can't create anything bizarre - it has to be an item that the human subconscious already recognizes as commonplace.

The downside to Gossamer is that we can only collect so much of it, and it isn't a thing that we carry with us; it's rather like an infusion of dream energy, that manifests when we need it. We can only store so much of it within us at any given time, and if unused, it slowly begins to crystallize, and turns into Sand. You'll notice the pouches on my belt; both of them are full of Sand, which we can use to fuel our illusions for very short periods of time, but we mostly use Sand to make people fall asleep. You only need a pinch of it, and we have so much of the stuff stored away that it's free. You can take as much as you like, because we'll never run out.

System: When a Sandman leaves a dream, he may perform an extended Simple test with a Narrator. Each success allows him to glean 1 trait of Gossamer from that dream. Anytime an art of Phantasm requires an investment of Corpus, the wraith may instead use Gossamer.

However, doing so will cause the art's effect to resonate with the kind of Gossamer used. Such effects always work, but how they will manifest are not always predictable. In its Sand form, it loses its aspect, and so may be used in place of Corpus to create illusions as desired; however, there is no permanence to them, and Sand cannot be used in the Dreamscape.

As far as raw Gossamer is concerned, you may wonder why we go to all the trouble of collecting the stuff, and what it's used for aside from minor illusions and run-of-the-mill Sandman trickery. Why, we use it for Epiphanies, of course!

Epiphanies

An Epiphany is a small pocket of dream-reality, which a Sandman creates in order to express the fullest extent of his talent. The Gossamer used to maintain such a place comes from the dreams of the mortals he has helped or hindered, and so there is a wealth of information there about those dreams, and it is a bit like

a journal of the Sandman's adventures. The benefit to creating such a place is that it takes a very long time to fade away, because so many different mortals and Sandmen contributed to it that until all of those individuals cease to exist, the Epiphany maintains itself. Hence, it acts as a safehaven for the Sandman, and he thus has no need for a haunt in the Shadowlands. As a rule, most Sandmen have functioning haunts anyway, because they need to interact with others of their kind and be close to the Quick just as any wraith does, but the Epiphany is where the Sandman feels safest, and most inspired.

Since the collective subconscious of humanity is a single entity, all dreams are connected in some way, and the Epiphany functions as a doorway to them. From here, the Sandman may travel to the dream of any mortal he has dreamrode before, without the need to seek that individual out, but his Epiphany is a private place; no one may travel there unless the wraith allows it.

It's also important to remember that an Epiphany is what's called a "subjective reality", meaning that it is based not on universal laws or conventions, but on the personal worldview of the Sandman who creates it. It is a realm made of the wraith's Passions, his attitudes toward his existence, and is aspected toward his nature (meaning that nothing can happen there which goes against the archetype's grain, so to speak).

The Shadow plays a part in the Epiphany, too. If it has ever been active in the dreamscape, it can collect its own Gossamer out of nightmares and omens; it cannot collect Angst in a dream, and so does this instead. In the Sandman's Epiphany, the Shadow can craft its own rooms and illusions, though luckily enough, any items it creates are not accessible to the Sandman, unless he happens to be overcome by his Shadow while in his own space.

System: A separate Background trait called Epiphany is available only to Sandmen. The wraith has a small pocket universe, as big as a Haunt with the same rating. He may weave any permanent items or decorations he wishes while there, out of a set amount of Gossamer (5 per level of the Background). However, he may not remove these items from the Epiphany, nor may he create any sentient chimerae; the Epiphany is a subjective reality, and so is attuned to one sentient being: the Sandman himself.

The Shadow may also store Gossamer in the Epiphany, and use it for whatever it wishes; however,

such Gossamer can only come from Nightmares and Omens (though the Gossamer gleaned from Prophecies is still considered "wild" and can therefore be used as well). Entering one's own Epiphany is a Simple test.

The Sandman may spend as much time as he wishes in his own Epiphany, but if he is in someone else's (usually requiring permission, but not always - if the wraith who created the Epiphany no longer exists, the Sandman may enter it by spending 1 Pathos to find it, and then performing a Mental test to access it), he will be able to spend as many hours there as the Epiphany's rating, after which point he loses 1 Corpus level per turn until he exits (Simple test).

Nexus

A Nexus is a point in the Dreamscape where two or more dreams meet at a specific point, allowing them to be connected and traversed. Sandmen use this as a means of working together, and binding the dreamers in a kind of subconscious harmony. The dreamers are joined, then, in such a way that they experience the sensations of all connected dreams, and therefore are affected by what the Sandmen do in the same way.

This, though, is actually more of a side effect than anything else; primarily, Nexi are created as a way of meeting outside of the Shadowlands altogether, so that the affairs of the guild are kept in the guild. Although most of our goals are for the benefit of wraiths as a whole, the others would not understand at this point what we are trying to do, and even if they did, I doubt they would agree with it.

Dream Nexi are created by a number of Sandmen first deciding what details a given set of dreams will have. Then, the Pathos invested in the Nexus will fire itself into the collective subconscious, and attach itself to dreams that share those details. Then, it magnetizes, and sucks the Sandmen into the connected dreams, and the Nexus exists until those wraiths leave the Dreamscape again.

System: Each Sandman invests an equal number of Pathos to the creation of a Nexus, and then each performs a Mental test. If all are successful, a number of dreams equal to the number of wraiths will conglomerate, allowing each Sandman to enter one of them, and perform as many Phantasm arts as they wish, which affect the collective. The number of Pathos in-

vested by each wraith determines how long the Nexus will last (in hours), during which the dreamers will not awaken.

If one of those Sandmen leaves the Dreamscape for any reason, the Nexus lets go of the dream he was in, and it is no longer connected. The dreamer immediately awakens.

Convergence

At times, we creative types embark on group projects, because we want to create something of a larger scale than we can afford individually, and we want to intertwine a number of different styles into a piece. Rather than go through the expense of Corpus, we prefer to amass a larger amount of Gossamer, and use it as a group in a Convergence. We link our Epiphanies together, and create a much larger space that can be entered and left by all parties who are connected.

This is a very worthwhile venture, because it's not just about group effort; it gives us a chance to get to know each other on a level that most don't have access to. A Sandman's Epiphany is made of his deepest and purest self. It is where his Eidolon is closest to him, and it is where he is the most honest and forthcoming about what and who he is.

System: A Convergence is like a Nexus, but it connects wraithly Epiphanies rather than mortal dreams. These are created in much the same way that Nexi are, but any Pathos invested in the Convergence gives a duration of one week, rather than one hour. If a permanent Willpower is invested in the Convergence, any wraith who so invested may keep his Epiphany sealed from the collective unless he is in it, which is a permanent effect.

Opus

And so, we have come to the end of the orientation. I'm sure you all have a lot to soak in, and it's been a very big day for all of you. I want to see all of you here tomorrow, and we'll talk a bit about the skills you'll be learning. And by the way, in case I never said it before, welcome, all of you, to Opus. Feel free to look around, and stay as long as you like.

Opus

The High Guildhouse of the Sandmen is called Opus, and it is actually much more than a large meeting place; it is where most of the guild's affairs take place, and you'll notice that it has a few quirks that separate it from not only the other guilds' houses, but from the Underworld itself.

The first thing you probably noticed is that the sun is out; you can see its glorious light, and feel its warmth on your face - and it's a nice day. Birds are chirping, fish are playing together in the brook, and the only think missing is a baby deer and his faithful bunny companion. Seems very Norman Rockwell, doesn't it?

Opus is like that. It's a school, a church and a military base. It's a safehaven, but more importantly, it's an idea. A very big idea, but just an idea, that comes partly from us and the Sandmen of the past, but partly from you guys. By being here, your part in the Dreamscape (and whatever pieces of it you take with you into your Epiphany as inspirations) help to shape Opus, all the time. This place is little more than a giant, sprawling illusion, perpetually maintained by anyone who has a subconscious mind. If you dream, Opus feeds. It doesn't need regular maintenance or repair, because it doesn't really exist. It doesn't crumble away into the Void, because that would never happen unless all of the wraiths in existence did as well (or at least all of the Sandmen).

You'll notice that I said something about Opus being a church. That's true, so I suppose in some way, Opus could be classified as a Far Shore, if anyone cared to classify it. It isn't in the technical sense, because it isn't in the Tempest, and has no central religion, but rather it believes in the idea of "Otherness": any belief system is valid, so long as it accepts the validity of everything else. We don't have monks or priests, nor any set codes of belief that we perpetuate, other than creativity. You don't have to believe in anything except for your own ever-growing potential.

We are also a school, and we have within our hallowed halls some of the finest teachers ever born. There are classes for philosophy, fine art, dance, drama and social sciences, and thanks to some wraiths who have long since left their guilds, we have teachers of Industrial Ed., History and Economics as well. Even if he decides that the Sandmen aren't for him, a wraith can always use the resources at Opus to further himself, in almost any form he likes. Tuition is very af-

fordable (one semester will usually cost about ten Oboli, or fifty Pathos, however you like), and once you graduate, your options are presented to you, and you are free to choose any of them you like, in whatever order you like (because it isn't as though you're going to become too old to qualify).

The first is, of course, to learn more. We have a state-of-the-art campus facility, and since we spend very little to build it, we can expand its capacity as needed. If you can pay, you can stay as long as you like, as long as your grades are sufficient.

The second, if you choose, is to teach. We have educators that come from all walks of life, and hail from all the guilds (with the exception of the Haunters - we don't have one on payroll, as yet). We even have ex-renegades and Legionnaires teaching combat tactics and martial arts.

Speaking of which, there is the opportunity, if you like, to learn how to be a soldier. We have a definite edge when it comes to military training, because we can create very lifelike simulations for any possible situation, and they can be utterly spooky to anyone who doesn't bear in mind that it isn't real. Shadow picking on you in the Labyrinth while you're trying to do a search & rescue? We can help you. Got Spectre trouble? Learn to turn your Corpus into a graceful and deadly weapon. Want to know what Charon felt like, and take on Gorool? We have a simulation for that.

And, finally, you can always leave, and we don't frown on anyone who does. Phantasm (which is what the school strives to impose on you) isn't for everybody, and although anyone can learn the right-brained applications of the Arcanos, for most Sandmen it isn't a job or a craft - it's a calling.

Epiphany Archives

From Opus, a Sandman can gain access to any Epiphany Archive he wishes, allowing him to experience the full creative energy of any Sandman who has Transcended or fed the Void. These archives are meant as inspirational tools, and are a means by which other Somniatora may learn of their origins, the creative motivations that led to Opus, and in some respect, the history of the guild itself. Epiphany Archives are free to use by any Initiates of the guild, but they require a Pathos to "open".

Phineas: Master of Dreams

This is going to sound odd, but the leader of our guild, the Grand High Sandman, isn't really a wraith at all. He was never alive, you see, and yet somehow he is more alive than any of us will ever hope to be. A great many theories have been tossed around regarding the nature of Phineas' existence, and he has admitted to most of them (even those which contradict each other), but the most current line of thinking is as such:

Opus, since it is a product of the collective subconscious, is a place that is made of pure ideas and dreams. Since it needs to remain stable in order to exist the way that it does, it requires something that all dreams must have in order to survive: a dreamer. Phineas, then, could be defined as the Psyche of Opus, if anyone cared to define him. Any permanent changes to Opus are impossible unless Phineas initiates them, and he does not seem to run out of energy once he spends it. Therefore, it is widely believed that Phineas is a being of pure Gossamer, since he seems to have an endless supply, and no need for Sand...

Aside from his very strange nature, Phineas is inherently likable to anyone who meets him. He seems able to communicate with anyone pleasantly, and it's rare that anybody who visits Opus goes away with any ill feelings toward him at all. He is warm, gregarious, intelligent, charismatic, and genuinely - perfect.

That's probably the one thing that gives him away, though. He's the ideal being, and if he were a wraith, he would have Transcended already - unless Opus happens to be his fetter (but that theory is flawed, because while Opus in some respects could be considered a physical place, it isn't in the Skinlands). He has no discernible flaws, and so it's obvious almost from the beginning that he isn't real, and the sadness that brings makes it difficult to approach him, because despite how charming he may be, he's always a little bit creepy to anyone who isn't used to him already.

Phineas does have what appears to be a personality, though, with all of the wraithly accessories one would expect. He has a Shadow, which manifests briefly from time to time, but only when the rules he has set down for Opus are violated. When this happens, his Shadow sends reverberations through the entire plane of reality Opus occupies, so when Phineas becomes angry, everyone in the area can feel it. It's a very intimidating and unsettling phenomenon, but thankfully, it takes a lot to get Phineas to that point.

He also knows a few Arcanoi, and this makes it

more feasible that he is indeed a restless soul, since only wraiths have access to the 16 powers of the Underworld. He seems to mix his Phantasm arts with elements of Moliate and Keening, and has a little Mnemosynis and Castigate up his sleeve as well.

Phineas does have one flaw, though, and it's something that only the Mentors know about: Phineas can't leave. He's unable to be outside Opus for any length of time, because he needs it in order to survive. Since he fuels his Arcanoi with Gossamer (something many Sandmen are working to master, with no success), he would undoubtedly plunge into a Harrowing the moment he set foot in the Shadowlands, for complete lack of Pathos.

At least, that's the running assumption, if he is a wraith at all...

Policies

Opus maintains itself as a place of free expression because of a few rules that Phineas set down when Opus was founded. These are laws that cannot be broken, and those who attempt to bend them are met with fierce opposition; those Terrors that are not occupied with Omens act as the facility's guards and police, swarming on anyone who abuses the freedom Opus lends them, or threatens the safety or privilege of anyone else. The Laws of Opus are as follows:

To Each His Own

Everyone, regardless of race, color, language or guild, or even past misdeeds, has the right to freely express himself, and is valid, provided he accepts that everyone else is valid as well, and entitled to the same freedom.

Make Love, Not War

Violence in Opus is not allowed. If you must disagree, then debate. If you cannot agree, separate. Working against each other negates working together, and violence begets violence.

To Each His Own

When in your Epiphany, you are its king; to violate another's kingdom is to deny your own. This also includes the malevolent use of Gossamer in a dream, to bestow insanities or "triggers" in the mind of a

dreamer. It's called Dreamreaping, and no Sandman would dare get caught doing it.

Punishments

If a Sandman takes too many liberties with his craft, and infringes upon the rights and freedoms of his peers, he is brought to a jury of his peers, where Phineas presides. He is given a fair opportunity to present his case, and defend himself if he so chooses, but it may be required that he volunteer his Epiphany as evidence.

Everything the Sandman does, because of the obvious link between his subconscious mind and his memory, seeps into his Epiphany and changes it. If others are given an opportunity to witness another's Epiphany, then it could be that any crimes he has committed are stored there as a manifestation of one kind or another. Remember, too, that the Shadow wants the Sandman's misdeeds to be exposed, because he wants the wraith to be discredited and isolated from that which he loves.

Consisto

One common consequence of breaking these laws is to be sealed inside your own Epiphany, which is sucked dry of all its Gossamer. This is rather like a mini-Harrowing, in which you are left alone with your Shadow, and denied the opportunity to escape.

While the Shadow cannot destroy you in this state, nor damage any of your passions or fetters, it can torment you all it likes. This period of stasis is meant to serve as a reflective period, where the wraith can ponder what he has done, and consider the path he has chosen to walk. Consisto can last anywhere from a week to years, depending on the severity of the act.

Nobilito

Another, more severe punishment is to have your misdeeds circulated throughout the Dreamscape, which then marks you as a criminal. When Nobilito occurs, you lose all access to Gossamer and Sand, unable to use it for any purpose.

Others will notice this, and assume that you are a criminal. During this time (which can vary), you are expected to perform community services in Opus, or in the Dreamscape.

Nocturnus

The most severe of punishments, Nocturnus is a process by which Phineas banishes you from Opus altogether. It is a great shame to be punished in this way, and while it is not always permanent, anyone who works with you while you are exiled is considered a traitor, and is banished as well (for a shorter period of time).



ACT THREE: DREAMSTUFF

"When we traded the results of our fantasies, it seemed to us - and rightly - that we had proceeded by unwarranted associations, by shortcuts so extraordinary that, if anyone had accused us of really believing them, we would have been ashamed."

-Umberto Eco, *Foucault's Pendulum*

And so we come to the inevitable Systems Chapter, where we discuss the various ways in which dreams can be messed with.

You should know, before I continue, that the rules presented here are applicable to Mind's Eye Theatre, because I don't know enough about the Storyteller system to accurately reflect the immersion of this material into those rules. For those of you who prefer the tabletop version of this game, feel free to adapt these systems as you like.

Dreamscape, Dreaming and Fae

Given that the Somnatori have found it necessary to revolutionize themselves, they've been paying a lot more attention to the Dreamscape, and have determined how to better navigate it. There are some basic rules that apply to this layer of reality, which Storytellers should be aware of:

- The Dreamscape and the Dreaming are not the same thing, nor is Gossamer the same as Glamour. They are different. You cannot seek out the fae, nor do you know anything about them unless you begin play with Fae Lore 3. You cannot learn cantrips, nor are you immune to their effects. You are not immune to the Mists, so you will not recognize a fae if you see one. If you do happen to have Fae Lore, this does not automatically mean that you have a relationship with them, or know anything about the Dreaming.

- Conversely, changelings cannot enter the Dreamscape, though they do come close to it in the Dreaming. If you are in a dream, you might see a fae walking by on a path called a Trod, but you can't access it, and they can't leave the Trod to enter the dream you're in.
- Jumping into the Dreamscape takes time, and can't be used as a Fair Escape.
- In order to enter the Dreamscape, you must first 1) Use Sleepsense on a sleeping mortal, to see if they are in "dream sleep" (Simple test), and 2) Enter the dream using the same Ability (second Simple test +1 Pathos). Each of the above requires 1 action or turn to perform, so Fair Escape is impossible.
- Additionally, one may travel to Opus from any location in the Shadowlands by spending one Pathos, and engaging in a Mental test. This requires a full five minutes of concentration, so it can't be used as a Fair Escape, either.

Gossamer and Resonance

When you use Gossamer in place of Corpus in your illusions, the Gossamer you use will resonate through the creation, regulating it to the dream the Gossamer came from. Prior to spending the Gossamer you've collected, you suffer no effects from this personally, because Pathos is your prime energy source, but the illusions orient themselves to the Gossamer once they are snapped into creation.

Below are the seven types of dreams, and the ef-

fects their respective Gossamer will have on an illusion.

Anxieties: Anxiety illusions will linger as long as they can, and will repeat themselves as many times as they are allowed to. It's almost as if they don't want to leave, and when they do, they go down with a bang; they don't crumble or dissipate - rather, they will kick, scream and wail. A Sandman must perform a Mental test with the illusion to banish it, and the illusion wins ties.

Echoes: Echo illusions function the opposite way that Anxiety illusions do: they fade away quickly. If such Gossamer is used, the illusion begins to lose its integrity immediately, at a rate of one Gossamer or Corpus trait per round. It appears, visually, to erode from the outside inward.

Fantasies: Fantasy illusions are very attractive. They appeal to anyone who can see them, who must spend a Willpower trait to avoid becoming captivated by the illusion every ten minutes that the illusion is present.

Nightmares: Nightmare illusions have the power to terrify people, causing them to run away in fear. Anyone who sees the illusion, whether mortal or supernatural, must engage in a test of their permanent Willpower vs. the amount of Gossamer or Pathos spent on the illusion. If they lose, they will flee.

Omens: Omen illusions are similar to Nightmare ones, in that the objective is to cause fear, but the illusion tends to be more area-specific, giving the impression that the surrounding area is being destroyed by something, such as locusts, balls of fire or floods. Heretics are fond of these types of illusions.

Prophecies: Because of their unpredictability, Prophetic illusions can take on any form the Storyteller wishes, either something completely original or from one of the other six types.

Revelations: Illusions created from Revelation Gossamer are inspiring in some way, or helpful. They can light the way to somewhere dark, or they can manifest as an ally or assistant of some kind.

On Alienism; Alternate Arts of Phantasm

Anyone who wishes to use the alternate arts of Phantasm provided in this book should be aware that the theories that gave rise to them did not come into being until the Victorian Age (meaning that if the Storyteller wishes to use them for a Victorian Wraith chronicle, they will be considered fledgling arts, possibly shunned by the older members of the guild, or not, depending on where the game is set and what mood the Storyteller is in).

Freud and Jung's work on dreams and psychoanalysis form the basis of these arts, and many who use them are referred to as "Freudists" or "Jungians" by their peers.

Psychoanalysis in the 19th Century put forth the idea that an individual was not "insane" if his ideas strayed from the status quo, and was not necessarily certifiably mad if he acted on any of his innermost urges, regardless of how vile or grisly they might be.

The theory was that all thoughts and motivations within an individual could be traced back to events that occurred in the patient's childhood, and could therefore be rationally explained, and treated. This theory of subjective reality was called "Context", and is the leading authority on the below arts.

Anyone who possesses these arts knows what that theory is, and though they may not necessarily believe it, they know how to use its principles to treat patients, if that is what they choose to do for a calling.

Special Ability: Seek Insecurity

With a Simple test, a Sandman may peek into the dreams of a sleeping target, and determine by observing the dream one of the target's Negative traits, or Shadow traits. The traits so discovered should fit within the context of the dream.

O: Anxiety

This art, which requires one Pathos and a Mental test, allows the wraith to determine one of the target's Flaws. The Flaw discovered should fit within the context of the dream being viewed.

OO: Regression

With a Mental test and one Pathos, the wraith is now able to call forth a shard of memory that merges with the dream being viewed, allowing him to trace a

negative aspect of the target back to a source "trauma". He then understands where the trait originated, and can gain insight into how that trait factors into the individual's worldview. Each additional Pathos spent keeps the memory linked to the dream for one turn, which is woven into the Gossamer of that dream as though a central part of it.

000: Diagnosis

Once the wraith has learned this art, he is able to probe deeper into the mind of his patient, and discover the source trauma that created his Shadow Nature (remember that Jung said that all humans have Shadow archetypes as well, so this art can be used for mortals and wraiths alike). While it does not allow him to know what that Nature is, it gives enough clues for the wraith to make an educated guess as to what it might be, and make inferences about the way that archetype influences his conscious behavior. Each Pathos spent after the Mental test is one minute that the trauma scene plays out.

0000: Prescription

The wraith is now armed with enough tools that he may alter the elements of a patient's dream, and create scenarios in which the patient is forced to face his anxieties, and find resolutions for them. This can

be used to compel a target to "buy off" his flaws or Negative traits (which can only be mental in aspect if the patient is mortal), which they will do with their next few experience traits.

00000: Rehabilitation

This art encompasses the entire goal of the Alienists; the wraith may force the Psyche and Shadow to resolve each other in a series of dream sessions. This art cannot be used on wraiths, but if used on a mortal, it ensures that the target will not become a wraith or Spectre upon death.

The system is as follows: Once per dream session, the wraith performs a Mental test with the target. Success will nullify one of the target's Shadow traits (the Shadow traits are equal to the total attribute traits of the dreamer). The wraith may continue these sessions (in which the target is the one facing his buried pain, with the help of the Alienist) until the Shadow archetype has one trait left. If the test fails completely, the Alienist's Shadow gets a Catharsis test.

