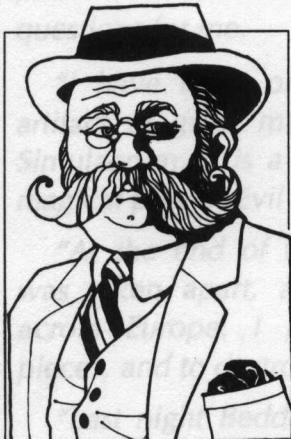


What You Know About Your Friend, Prof. Smith

Professor Julius Arthur Smith, Litt.D., Ph.D., is 54, a heavy-set Englishman, a scholar who now devotes himself entirely to research. He is famed for his whiskers and great curling moustaches that give him the air of a friendly walrus. His disgusting preferences in tobaccos (especially his favorite, a foul, obsidian-hued Balkan Sobranje), his erudite after-dinner stories, and his hearty laugh are trademarks.

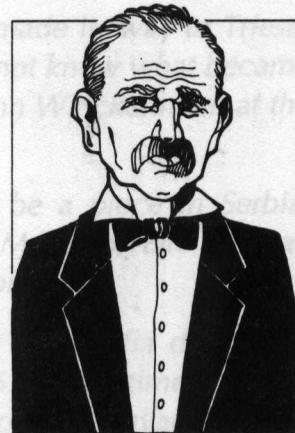
Dr. Smith has lived and traveled extensively on the Continent. His specialties are European languages and archaeology; his Litt.D. was conferred by the University of Vienna. In the past he has aided you in rendering difficult translations. Now his attention has shifted to matters parapsychological, with excellent result.



Dr. Julius Smith

The professor has a town house in St. John's Woods, where he resides when in London. At present it is undergoing renovation, to enlarge his library, and so the investigators must stay at a hotel.

When in London, Smith spends his time lecturing at the University of London or reading at the British Museum library. His country home is an estate not far from Cambridge. Margaret, his wife, died in 1919. These days his manservant Beddows, who is at once friend, assistant, and confidant, is his only companion.



Beddows

LONDON: PLAYER HANDOUT #1

Come at once.
I haven't long.
For god's sake let
no one follow you.

J. A. Smith

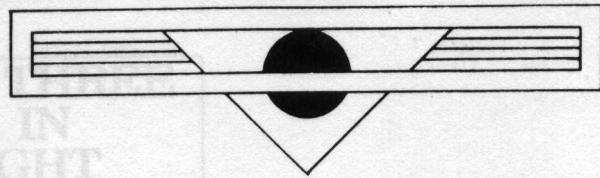
LONDON: PLAYER HANDOUT #4

The Comte was like a sun amongst us, shedding his light and making all rejoice in his pleasures. His feasts are said to be the most lavish and lascivious yet seen in our city ...

It was then that it became apparent that much evil was afoot, and the Queen became angered. The King's men did raid the house, and much was destroyed, and the Comte was arrested ...

PARIS: PLAYER HANDOUT #6

MAN DIES
IN
ONE NIGHT



What Professor Smith Says

"Thank God you have come. Because of my injuries, I cannot bear to talk for long, so please listen, and Beddows will answer questions for me.

"I have been on the trail of an occult artifact of great malevolence, the Sedefkar Simulacrum. It is a statue, a source of great magical power. Evil power.

"At the end of the eighteenth century it was taken apart, and the pieces scattered across Europe. I planned to retrieve the pieces, and to destroy it.

"Last night Beddows and I were attacked in our home by Turkish madmen. I think they too seek the Simulacrum, but for foul purposes. We barricaded ourselves indoors, so they tried to burn us alive, but we got away. I am afraid to come out of hiding, for these men would stop at nothing. Beddows has a plan for us to escape, but the less said of that the better.

"My notes were destroyed in the fire, unless the Turks have them. They must not be allowed to recover the statue. I ask you, my friends, to collect it before they can reach it.

Here is what I remember of my researches:

"Paris was where the statue was dismembered. The owner was a noble, Conte Fenalik, who lost it just prior to the French Revolution. Some part of it may still be in France.

"Napoleon's soldiers carried a piece into Venice when they invaded that city. It was sold to Alvise de Gremanci.

"Another fragment made its way to Trieste at the same time. I do not know what became of it, but look up Johann Winckelmann at the museum there.

"I think there may be a piece in Serbia. Start at the Belgrade Museum, Dr. Milovan Todorovic is the curator.

"One part was lost near Sofia during the Bulgarian War in 1875. At that time things of value were hidden from the invaders, so it may be buried somewhere.

"The final piece was in circulation in Paris just after the Great War, and was sold to someone from Milan. I do not know who.

"That is all I can tell you. You must try to collect it. When you have it, there is only one sure way to destroy it, and destroy it you must. You must. Take it back to its original home, a place in Constantinople known as the Shunned Mosque. There are niches there, in which it once lay. A ritual which will destroy it utterly is included in a set of documents known as the Sedefkar Scrolls, but I have been unable to consult them.

"I am sorry, my friends. For you, for me, for us all. Please do this for me. Go. Go quickly. God help you."

MAN DIES THREE TIMES IN ONE NIGHT

Three Bodies In Hotel, Each Man Carried Same Identity

LONDON — Three slain men were discovered last night in a London hotel, each bearing positive identification as Mr. Mehmet Makryat, of 3 Brophy Lane, Islington. Each had been stabbed through the heart.

Maids at the Chelsea Arms Hotel discovered the remains. The room also was registered in the name of Mr. Makryat. Bona fide papers identify the trio as one man, the Mr. Makryat who is a Turkish antique and art dealer in this city.

The victims bear superficial resemblances, and each had passed as Mr. Makryat.

since independently arriving in London three days ago.

Confusingly, the real Mr. Makryat, or at least the man described by neighboring shopkeepers as Mr. Makryat, cannot be found. Police request that he come forth.

The passports of these Turkish nationals record independent world-wide travels for each man over the past three years.

Inspector Fleming of Scotland Yard is at a loss to describe the meaning of the bizarre mystery, but is eager to converse with any other Mehmet Makryats still living.

LONDON: PLAYER HANDOUT #2

PROFESSOR'S HOME BURNS

Fears For His Safety

LONDON — Professor Julius Arthur Smith, a figure well-known in academia, was sought today following the burning of his home under mysterious circumstances.

Missing also is Dr. Smith's manservant, one James Beddows. Witnesses saw a man resembling Beddows run from the house just before the fire broke out.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Dr. Smith or Beddows is requested to contact Detective Sergeant Rigby at Scotland Yard's Arson Division.

LONDON: PLAYER HANDOUT #3

MAN DISAPPEARS IN CLOUD OF SMOKE

Spontaneous Human Combustion. Link to Triple Murder Case?

LONDON — Police are today investigating the disappearance of Mr. Henry Stanley, 41, of Stoke Newington, reported missing last night by his landlady, Mrs. Constance Atkins.

She alleges that she heard a cry from Mr. Stanley's upstairs room at eight o'clock. He did not answer to her knocking, and when she opened the door the room was full of smoke, and there was no sign of him.

Mr. Stanley is not married. He is a noted train enthusiast and member of the London Train Spotter's Association.

His disappearance may be a case of spontaneous human combustion. Police have refused to comment on this. Similar cases have been reported in England earlier this century. The most recent known was that of Mr. J. Temple Thurston, who burned to death in his

home in Dartford, Kent, in 1919.

It has been revealed that a model train set found on the scene was purchased just last week from the shop of Mehmet Makryat. That child's toy may well have caused the fire.

Readers may recall that three bodies, all identified as Mr. Makryat, were found earlier this week in a Chelsea hotel room. Police have not ruled out the possibility of a link between the two cases.

Investigations are continuing.

LONDON: PLAYER HANDOUT #5b

50 Rue St. Etienne
Lausanne, Switzerland

To whom it may concern,

I realize that I am a complete stranger and that this letter may well mean nothing to you. My name is Edgar Wellington, and I am researching the history of a statue known most commonly as the "Selefkar Simulacrum." I recently came into possession of an old scroll which presents an intriguing description of the item. This piqued my interest, and I am now endeavoring to trace the simulacrum. My search has lead me to your address.

The name is probably meaningless to you but through my researches I have learnt that the last recorded resting place of the piece of art was in the house that occupied your land in the late 18th century. The statue was a unique Arabian artifact, lost during the events of 1789. Its last owner was a German nobleman who once lived where you live today.

Please, I ask that if you have heard any local stories regarding this item, or maybe found any traces of the old house and its possessions on your land which might give a clue as to the eventual fate of the object, would you be so kind as to write to me with a summary of the information.

I apologize for the rather strange nature of my request, but I feel that I should pursue whatever leads remaining to me, I hope that you will not go to any great length regarding this.

Your most sincerely,
Edgar Wellington

... When we arrived the feast was still in progress, men and women were rutting like rabid dogs. We chased them out, arresting the ones who were not able to vouch for themselves. I sent Huilliam and five others to capture the Comte, while I entered the chambers beneath. I cannot bring myself to describe what I saw there, save that we had entered a cesspool and it was Hell. God protect us.

... Many devices of torture lay in many chambers. One of my men found a strange Nuremberg Virgin, which was locked. Fearing to find an fresh occupant we

smashed it open, but within we found only the stinking refuse of some poor wretch long-dead.

... It was a dark day when noble vermin such as Fenalik did descend upon Poissay, and if God does not punish him for his sins, then the King surely will. It was with a just heart that I did give the order to burn the house and those who remained within, though the Comte did howl and scream as though his very soul was burning. We then took him to the place that would be his new home. There may he rot.

Dr. Etienne Delplace

We mourn the loss of our esteemed director, Dr. Etienne Delplace, a man of the highest professional standards and a true pioneer in the field of neurology. His loss by tragic accident comes as a great blow. We at the hospital extend our heartfelt sympathies to his family, hoping that they may overcome their grief in time. Dr. Delplace will be missed by the Charenton community, Paris at large, the glorious nation of France, and civilized men everywhere.

— Dr. Francois Leroux
Acting Director.

PARIS: PLAYER HANDOUT
#9

Two nights later the soldiers of the King went in force to the Comte's villa, to halt his excesses. After they burned his mansion, they brought the Comte before the King's deputy, who then ordered me present to deliver an opinion.

Comte Fenalik was screaming and writhing; it was easy to see that he was mad. As a nobleman and a madman, he could not be executed, so I suggested that a merciful King might place Fenalik in Charenton. The King's deputy apparently decided upon this course, and arranged that Fenalik be taken there. Later the King expressed his approval, and the disposition was made permanent. The last I learned of him was that he had been locked away in a cellar, because he had attacked other patients.

PARIS: PLAYER HANDOUT #8

The Journal of Dr. Delplace, excerpts

... A dismaying event last night. A male nurse, one Guimart of 4th Ward, entered the cellars without authorization, and there, after suffering a painful wound to his right arm, collapsed. Another nurse, P. Mandrin, investigated Guimart's absence and after some time discovered Guimart on the floor, in severe shock. Treatment was prompt and efficacious, but upon regaining consciousness this morning, Guimart began raving to me about 'creatures of the night' and the 'attack of the dead.'

For the moment, I have placed him in room 13, and notified his landlady of his indisposition. Alas, with Guimart was another man, one unknown to this institution, and in tragic physical condition. Many grave questions must be answered.

... I began to question Guimart about the stranger. Is he a patient? What is his name? How long had Guimart kept him down there? Had Guimart had kept the stranger there for a long time? Long enough that

the mortar sealing the room had cured to such condition? Had he given him nourishment? How had he survived?

I am moving the stranger to my private wing, for the moment treating the man as an inconsequential derelict until more evidence is found.

... Even in a fresh bed the stranger's appearance is horrifying. Given small amounts of broth, he merely regurgitates it. He takes no nourishment, yet lives in a catatonic state. Would electroshock revive him?

... After several applications, the stranger woke, but so weakened that he could not move. He whined and begged in different, and very old forms of Greek and Latin ... tales of cities crumbling, and of other, darker things. He also spoke gibberish of a sort which seems vaguely Slavic, repeating the names Marosh, Gorgynia, and Sofia. What a mystery man! It is almost easier to think we have tapped some form of group mind or racial memory.

SAMPLE PASSAGE FROM THE SCROLL OF THE HEAD

... I HAVE SEEN THE POWERS WHICH STALK THE NIGHT AND STRIKE FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL THOSE WHO WORSHIP THE FALSE GOD. I KNOW HIM AND I WORSHIP HIM. THE SKINLESS ONE HAS SPOKEN TO ME. HE WHISPERED SECRET WORDS INTO MY HEART OF HEARTS AND I KNOW WHAT I NOW MUST DO. I HAVE SEEN IT IN VISIONS AND IT IS ALL THAT MY LORD SAID IT WAS. IN MY DREAMS I HAVE SEEN IT'S PERFECTION STRIDING ABOVE THE RUINS OF CITIES. KINGS AND COUNTRIES HAVE FALLEN BEFORE IT. EVEN GODS MUST FALL BEFORE IT. I RECOGNIZED THE FIRST TIME I BEHELD IT AS AN OBJECT OF POWER. POWER

THAT WOULD BRING THE WORLD TO ITS KNEES. IT GLISTENED LIKE THE FINEST PEARLS. IT WOKE WHEN I FLAYED ALIVE THE WRETCH WHO SOUGHT TO STEAL MY TREASURE FROM ME. THAT NIGHT HE CAME TO ME FOR THE FIRST TIME AND TOLD ME WHAT TO DO. I MEDITATED BEFORE ITS GLORY. ALL PRAISE TO THE ONE WITHOUT SKIN. I PERFORMED THE SEVENTEEN DEVOTIONS AND OPENED IT FOR THE FIRST TIME. WITHIN THE ARTIFACT WAS SOFT AND SMOOTH. AS I RAN MY HAND ACROSS ITS INNER SURFACE IT FELT LIKE THE SKIN OF A NEWBORN BABE. I OFFERED FOUR CHILDREN AS SACRIFICE TO MY MASTER. THEN I USED IT FOR THE FIRST TIME. IN HIS WISDOM THE LORD OF NAKED FLESH HAD MADE IT TO MY HEIGHT. IN ALL MODESTY I BELIEVE IT WAS MADE IN MY IMAGE. BLESSED IS THE CHOSEN OF THE SKINLESS ONE. I HAVE BEEN CAREFUL TO KEEP IT UNTARNISHED. THE SUBSTANCE IS THE COLOUR OF PURITY AND SHOULD NOT BE TAINTED BY THAT WHICH IS UNCLEAN.

LAUSANNE: PLAYER HANDOUT #12

MILANESE MAN MURDERED

MILAN— Police revealed this morning that prominent Milan businessman Arturo Faccia was two nights ago the victim in a bestial slaying, in a seemingly isolated incident.

He had been at La Scala with friends for the opening night of "Aida" and had gone backstage to congratulate performers when he became separated from his companions.

His mutilated body was discovered late yesterday by workmen on the roof of our cathedral. An official at the diocese stated, "It is impossible for anyone to get up there at night. This is the Devil's work."

Milan police would not describe the wounds sustained, repeating merely that they seem the work of a deranged degenerate. Residents of the city are warned to exercise caution at night.

Signor Faccia was a widower, without children. He had recently returned from a business trip to Turkey.

MILANO: PLAYER HANDOUT #14

Cavallaro's Disappearance:

ANOTHER TRAGEDY?

MILAN— Rosario Sorbello, director of La Scala, announced today that "Aida" would open tonight with understudy Maria Dimattina appearing in the title role.

Sorbello, in response to comments regarding the "ghost voice" of last night and other reputedly unnatural occurrences, said "There is no substance to these stories. They are mere gossip and old wives' tales."

Pile Rischonti, props manager for the opera, told a different tale. "We thought our troubles were over," he said, "when the costumiers' curse ended with the preparations for Aida, but now the bad luck is on the set itself. People are being injured or falling ill, and props are disappearing. Where will this end?"

Tonight's performance is booked out, but the opera is scheduled over the next four weeks.

MILANO: PLAYER HANDOUT #15

August, 1797

The earlier entry is listed under 'Sundry Expenses.' It lists an artificial leg bought from a French soldier. The soldier left with a new wooden leg and 100 lire. The clerk records this as an example of his master's generosity, and adds that the conte bought the limb because it was composed of some strange material—ceramic, stone, they could not tell—of unusual design.

VENEZIA: PLAYER HANDOUT #15

November, 1810

It records that the leg of a statue in the courtyard of the Palazzo Rezzoniani (a noble's palace taken over by the Austrian invaders) was damaged by lightning, and that the Conte Gremanci was for unstated reasons ordered to replace it within twenty-four hours or face charges of treason; but, if he succeeded in making a new leg, he would be put on trial as a witch.

The workmen resigned themselves to the loss of their livelihood, but then a limb of the exact dimensions needed (of 'an odd ceramic cast') was found, and the Conte himself fixed it to the statue so cunningly that none could find fault in it. The Austrians, convinced by the earlier purchase record of this miracle, dropped all charges.

VENEZIA: PLAYER HANDOUT #16

Rash of Missing Children

Police Suspect Slayers

Extensive Questioning Of Greeks

CONSTANTINOPLE—Today the fifteenth missing child was reported from the city area.

Blatek Mayval, age 7, was taken from the front of his father's tea house in Stamboul yesterday at midday, in the midst of bustling lunchtime traffic.

Police have no immediate suspects, but believe that a slave ring is responsible. The citizens of the city are alerted to watch their children carefully.

In a round up of suspects, the police are interviewing Greeks, following a report that this country may be the receiver of the stolen infants.

CONSTANTINOPLE:
PLAYER HANDOUT #20

Johann Joachim Winckelmann

Born 9 December 1717 at Stendal in Prussia, died 8 June 1768 in Trieste. The son of a cobbler, his formative years were strongly influenced by a study of Greek, particularly the works of Homer. He studied theology at the University of Halle in 1738 and medicine at the University of Jena from 1741-1742.

His interest in Greek art may be dated from 1748, when he worked as librarian to Count von Bunau. His first work in this area, *Reflections on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks*, was published in 1755, and translated into several languages. He became librarian of the Vatican, and moved from his native Germany to Rome.

It was during a trip to visit his home in Stendal that Winckelmann was murdered, after unexpectedly turning back for Rome at Regensburg. He wrote to friends: "I am not what I would wish to be," and mentioned a melancholy which had overtaken him. Winckelmann's traveling companion, an art dealer named Cavaceppi, insisted that at least they should go to Vienna, but here Winckelmann abandoned his companion and headed for Trieste.

There, he met a man named Francesco Arcangeli, a thief who worked as a cook and pimp. Arcangeli fatally stabbed Winckelmann, apparently during an attempt to steal a number of medals carried by Winckelmann. Arcangeli was arrested, and later executed.

Winckelmann had time to make a will before he expired, in which he left most of his worldly goods to Andrea, a waiter at the hotel at which he stayed. The medallions eventually went to the Museo di Storia e d'Arte, whilst his papers, including a personal diary, were sold at auction to one Giovanni Termona, a local historian.

A picture of Winckelmann is also found, a reproduction of an oil painting by Anton Raphael Mengs made in 1758.



TRIESTE: PLAYER HANDOUT #17

Winckelmann's Diary, excerpts

2 May The Tablet of . . . is correct, and I have traveled to Regensburg and spoken with the Things there. They have compelled me to carry an amulet to another enclave near Tergeste, in Austria. I am warned not to approach without the amulet, lest I be destroyed. They need this amulet for some dark plan of their own; I fear it will aid them in releasing that which they serve from Its frozen Arctic prison.

15 May I curse those Beasts, and I curse myself for ever seeking them! Night after night the dreams return, and I get no peace. I do not know how to go on; the art which has been my life is dross, and my fellows but painted masks on grinning skulls. I wear my mask too, and talk of "Art," but beauty has gone from the world, and my words are ashes in the wind.

1 June Arrived safely in Trieste. The dreams that have haunted me since Regensburg continue to lessen, but I fear I shall never fully recover. My one hope is that after I have handed on the amulet, the dreams will altogether cease.

2 June Met a native, Arcangeli, a handsome fellow who promises some diversion. More importantly, through certain signs and words he gives me to believe that he knows of those Entities, and can guide me to their lair.

3 June The dreams have returned. I realize I cannot trust Arcangeli. He has asked to see the amulet as a sign of my appointment as courier, but his manner is sly, and I suspect that he would prefer to carry the amulet himself. I have stalled him, but without his help I cannot reach Them, unless I do that dreadful ...

5 June In my despair I weakened and made the ritual and spoke with the Thing that came, and learnt from whence It came. I am sick.

6 June I managed to give that rogue Arcangeli the slip and have hidden the amulet. I am certain now that he intends to steal it, as I came upon him searching my room. I shall have to wait until I am no longer watched, and make my own way to the caverns at Postumia to deliver the amulet.

7 June Arcangeli continues to plague me, and I cannot recover the amulet without his notice. I have discovered that he, along with other members of the local cult which serve those Beasts, attempt to steal every arcane or occult item which passes this way, and make thereof offerings to please Them. I fear that they will find the amulet, denying me the opportunity to fulfill my appointed duty, and that these dreams will never cease!

Beylab's Statement

"There is indeed within our city a group of maniacs who are said to worship a lost statue. I have heard that this statue is now found. It is a fabulous treasure, and it is said could only be destroyed by one means, a magical ritual. There is a grave of a Kurdish scholar, Garaznet, in the ancient cemetery of Uskudar, on the Asian side of the city. The ritual you seek lies within it, for this cult you speak of had its enemies, and this man was one.

"The ritual and the statue are two-faced: they can be employed for good or evil. The Kurd knew the good path and used it. Go to his grave, my foreign friends. You will not be disappointed. If you break the statue, you will break the cult. But the city officials, they have no love for foreigners, and there are cultists among them. No, go to the grave of Garaznet. Take picks. Take shovels. Go in the night and pry the tomb's secrets from it. But be cautious."

CONSTANTINOPLE: PLAYER HANDOUT #21

The Gypsy's Tale

"I am Aktar, and I am your friend. I was a spy for Ataturk and his police. I spied against many of my good friends, but I am a loyal Turk and this was for the good of my country. They think I am a gypsy. This is not true, though I am a friend of gypsies. I am a true Turk. I spied upon the men who pursue you, this organization known as the Brothers of the Skin. I spied upon them and reported their activities to the police, but somehow they stayed out of trouble. Yet I was in trouble. They found me out. I suspect they have friends in the police who told them.

They did not come against me, though. They are cowards, so low that they took my daughter, my only child. I followed them, desperate to learn where my little girl was kept, all the time hoping I could find her alive and rescue her. Then I did find her. I wished I had not. They had done terrible things to her, to a girl of ten. Things taken from her—I cannot say more." He begins to weep. When he regains himself he continues.

"I stole in and killed her where she was kept captive. Then I fled to the gypsy camps. You may say I was cruel to kill my daughter. This is not so. I was kind.

"I learned of the trap they were laying, but I did not know for whom it was laid. You must be strong enemies of theirs. You can help me bring them down at last. To you I will reveal a secret, if you will use it to destroy these men."

CONSTANTINOPLE: PLAYER HANDOUT #22

I have noticed that certain experiences are allowed to languish in the corners of life, are not allowed to circulate as freely as others. My own, for example. Since childhood, not one day has passed in which I have failed to hear the music of graveyards. And yet, to my knowledge, never has another soul on earth made mention of this phenomenon. Is the circulation of the living so poor that it cannot carry these dead notes? It must be a mere trickle!

Two tiny corpses, one male and the other female, live in that enormous closet in my bedroom. They are also very old, but still they are quick enough to hide themselves whenever I need to enter the closet to get something. I keep all my paraphernalia in there, stuffed into trunks or baskets and piled quite out of reach. I can't even see the floor or the walls any longer, and only if I hold a light high over my head can I study the layers of cobwebs floating about near the ceiling. After I close the door of the closet, its two miniature inhabitants resume their activities. Their voices are only faint squeaks which during the day hardly bother me at all. But sometimes I am kept awake far into the night by those interminable conversations of theirs.

After serving out the hours of a night in which sleep was absolutely forbidden, I went out for a walk. I had not gone far when I became spectator to a sad scene. Some yards ahead of me on the street, an old man was being forcibly led from a house by two other men. They had him in restraints and were delivering him to a waiting vehicle. Laughing hysterically, the man was apparently destined for the asylum. As the struggling trio reached the street, the eyes of the laughing man met my own. Suddenly he stopped laughing. Then, in a burst of resistance, he broke free of his escorts, ran toward me, and fell right into my arms. Since his own were so tightly bound, I had to hold up his full weight. "Never tell them what it means," he said frantically, almost weeping.

"How can I tell them what I don't know?" "Swear!" he demanded.

But by then his pursuers had caught up with him. As they dragged him off he began laughing just as before, and the peals of his laughter, in the early morning quiet, were soon drownded by the pealing of several church bells. Poor lunatic. This was one of the most malignant conspiracies I had ever witnessed; the bells, I mean. (They are everywhere.) This was also what made me decide that I had better keep the madman's secret after all.

As a child I maintained some very strange notions. For instance, I used to believe that during the night, while I slept, witches and monkeys removed parts of my body and played games with them, hiding my arms and legs, rolling my head across the floor. Of course I abandoned this belief as soon as I entered school, but not until much later did I discover the truth about it. After assimilating many facts from various sources and allowing them to mingle in my mind, I realized something. It happened one night as I was crossing a bridge that stretched over a narrow canal. (This was in a part of town fairly distant from where I live.) Pausing for a moment, as I usually do when crossing one of these bridges, I gazed not down into the dark waters of the canal, as I also usually do, but upwards through the branches of overhanging trees. It was those stars, I knew that now: certain of them had been promised specific parts of my body, in the darkest hours of the night, when one is unusually sensitive to such things, I could—and still can, though just barely—feel the force of these stars tugging away at various points, eager for the moment of my death when each of them might carry off that part of me which is theirs by right. Of course a child would misinterpret this experience. And how often I have found that every superstition has its basis in truth.

Last night I visited one of the little theaters and stood at the back for a while. Onstage was a magician, shiny black hair parted straight down the middle, with full prestiditional regalia about him: a long box to his left (moon and stars), a tall box to his right (oriental designs), and before him a low table covered with a red velvet cloth littered with divers objects. The audience, a full house, applauded wildly after each illusion. At one point the magician divided the various sections of his assistant into separate boxes, which he then proceeded to move to distant areas of the stage, while the dismembered hands and feet continued to wiggle about and a decapitated head laughed loudly. The audience was at great pains to express its amusement. “Isn’t it incredible!” exclaimed a man standing beside me. “If you say so,” I replied, and then headed for the exit, realizing that for me such things simply do not hold much interest.

From the earliest days of man there has endured the conviction that there is an order of existence which is entirely strange to him. It does indeed seem that the strict order of the visible world is only a semblance, one providing certain gross materials which become the basis for subtle improvisations of invisible powers. Hence, it may appear to some that a leafless tree is not a tree but a signpost to another realm; that an old house is not a house but a thing possessing a will of its own; that the dead may throw off that heavy blanket of earth to walk in their sleep, and in ours. And there are merely a few of the infinite variations on the themes of the natural order as it is usually conceived.

But is there really a strange world? Of course. Are there, then, two worlds? Not at all. There is only our own world and it alone is alien to us, intrinsically so by virtue of its lack of mysteries. If only it actually were deranged by invisible powers, if only it were susceptible to real strangeness, perhaps it would seem more like a home to us, and less like an empty room filled with the echoes of this dreadful improvising. To think that we might have found comfort in a world suited to our nature, only to end up in one so resoundingly strange!

There is a solitary truth which, whether for good or ill I don't know, cannot yet be expressed on this earth. This is very strange, since everything outward seems as much as inward ones suggests this truth and like some fantastic game of charades is always trying to coax the secret into the open. The eyes of certain crudely fashioned dolls are especially suggestive. And distant laughter. In rare moments I feel myself very close to setting it down in my journal, just as I would any other revelation. It would only be a few sentences, I'm sure. But whenever I feel them beginning to take shape in my mind, the page before me will not welcome my pen. Afterward I become fatigued with my failure and suffer headaches that may last for days. At these times I also tend to see odd things reflected in windows. Even after a full week has passed I may continue to wake up in the middle of the night, the silence of my room faintly vibrant with a voice that cries out to me from another universe.

Out of sheer absent-mindedness I had stared at my reflection in the mirror a little too deeply. I should say that that mirror has been hanging from that wall for more years, I would guess, than I have been on this earth. It's no surprise, then, that sooner or later it should get the edge on me. Up to a certain point there were no problems to speak of: there were only my eyes, my nose, my mouth, and that was that. But then it began to seem that those eyes were regarding me, rather than I them; that that mouth was about to speak things I had no notion of. Finally, I realized that an entirely different creature was hiding behind my face, making it wholly unrecognizable to me. Let me say that I spent considerable time reshaping my reflection into what it should be.

Later, when I was out walking, I stopped dead on the street. Ahead of me, standing beneath a lamp hanging from an old wall, was the outline of a figure of my general size and proportions. He was looking the other way but very stiffly and very tense, as if waiting anxiously for the precise moment when he would suddenly twist about-face. Of that should happen, I knew what I would see: my eyes, my nose, my mouth, and behind those features a being strange beyond all description. I retraced my steps back home and went immediately to bed.

But I couldn't sleep. All night long a greenish glow radiated from the mirror in triumph.

I had just finished a book in which there is an old town strung with placid meandering canals. I closed the book and went over to the window. This is an old town, of medieval counts as old, strung with placid meandering canals. The town in the book is often mist shrouded. This town is often mist shrouded. That town has close crumbling houses, odd arching bridges, innumerable church towers, and narrow twisting streets that end in queer little courtyards. So has this one, needless to say. And the infinitely hollow sounding of the bells in the book, at early morning and sullen twilight, is the same as your sounding bells, my lovely town. Thus, I pass easily between one town and the other, pleasantly confusing them.

Of my storybook town, strange as death itself, I have made your mysteries mine, mine yours, and have suffered a few brief chapters in your sumptuous history of decay. I have studied your most obscure passages and found them as dark as the waters of your canals.

My town, my storybook, myself, how long we have held on! But it seems we will have to make up for this endurance and each, in our turn, will disappear. Every brick of yours, every bone of mine, every word in our book — everything gone forever. Everything, perhaps, except the sound of those bells, haunting an empty mist through an eternal twilight.

Beylab's Statement

"There is indeed within our city a group of maniacs who are said to worship a lost statue. I have heard that this statue is now found. It is a fabulous treasure, and it is said could only be destroyed by one means, a magical ritual. There is a grave of a Kurdish scholar, Garaznet, in the ancient cemetery of Uskudar, on the Asian side of the city. The ritual you seek lies within it, for this cult you speak of had its enemies, and this man was one.

"The ritual and the statue are two-faced: they can be employed for good or evil. The Kurd knew the good path and used it. Go to his grave, my foreign friends. You will not be disappointed. If you break the statue, you will break the cult. But the city officials, they have no love for foreigners, and there are cultists among them. No, go to the grave of Garaznet. Take picks. Take shovels. Go in the night and pry the tomb's secrets from it. But be cautious."

CONSTANTINOPLE: PLAYER HANDOUT #21

The Gypsy's Tale

"I am Aktar, and I am your friend. I was a spy for Ataturk and his police. I spied against many of my good friends, but I am a loyal Turk and this was for the good of my country. They think I am a gypsy. This is not true, though I am a friend of gypsies. I am a true Turk. I spied upon the men who pursue you, this organization known as the Brothers of the Skin. I spied upon them and reported their activities to the police, but somehow they stayed out of trouble. Yet I was in trouble. They found me out. I suspect they have friends in the police who told them.

They did not come against me, though. They are cowards, so low that they took my daughter, my only child. I followed them, desperate to learn where my little girl was kept, all the time hoping I could find her alive and rescue her. Then I did find her. I wished I had not. They had done terrible things to her, to a girl of ten. Things taken from her—I cannot say more." He begins to weep. When he regains himself he continues.

"I stole in and killed her where she was kept captive. Then I fled to the gypsy camps. You may say I was cruel to kill my daughter. This is not so. I was kind.

"I learned of the trap they were laying, but I did not know for whom it was laid. You must be strong enemies of theirs. You can help me bring them down at last. To you I will reveal a secret, if you will use it to destroy these men."

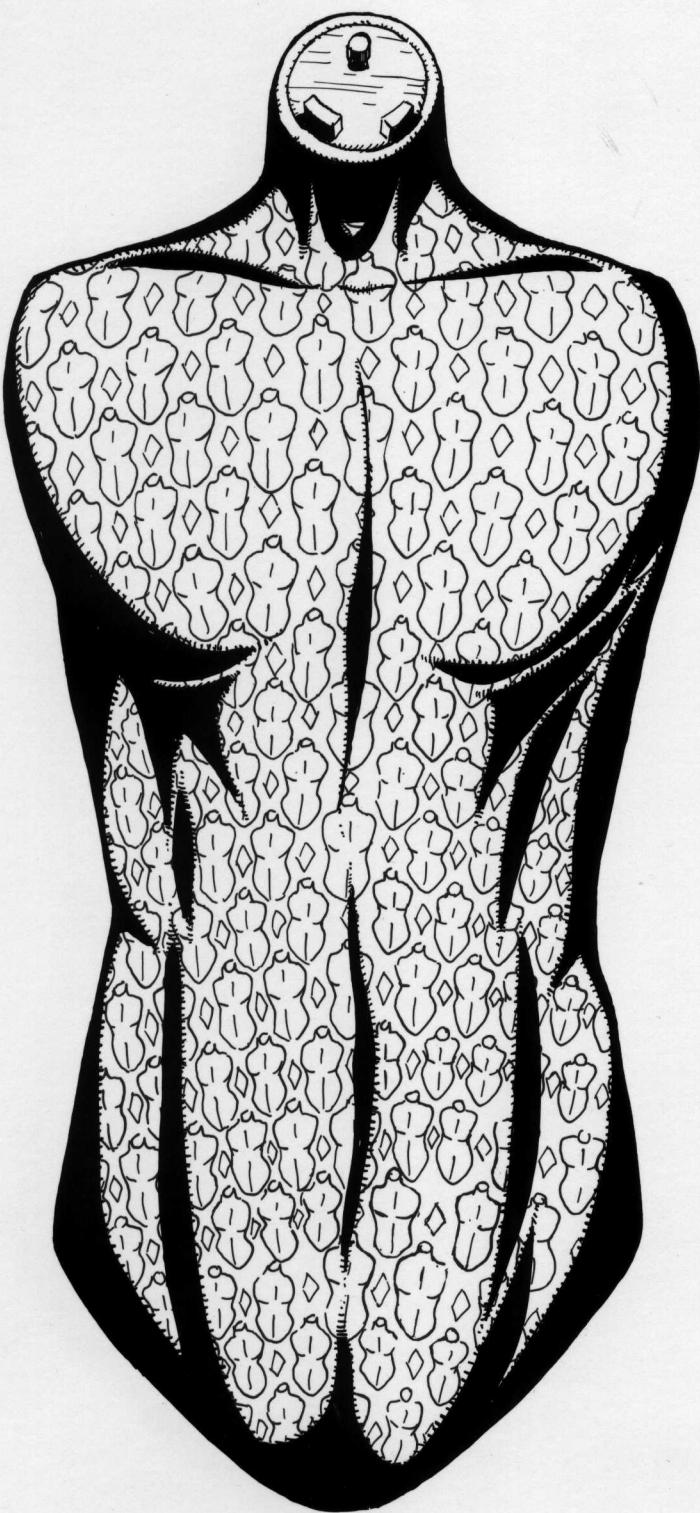
CONSTANTINOPLE: PLAYER HANDOUT #22



DIRECT-ORIENT EXPRESS

Day	arr.	dep.		arr.	dep.
A	..	1430	London (Victoria) 50	1450z	..
↓ 32	1855	1919	Calais (Maritime)	1130	1205
Y	2233	2253	Paris (Nord) 50	7 25	8 10 9
A 529	2316	d2350	Paris (Lyon) 151	6 29	6 57
B 168	6 00	6 20	Vallorbe 158	2334	0 08 520
	7 00	7 07	Lausanne 251	2248	2257x
	7 32	7 34	Montreux	2221	2223x
	9 19	9 27	Brigue 251	2014	2037x 191
	1005	1025	Domodossola	1913	1933
P0	1223	1320	Milan (Cent.) 352	1610	1715
	1705	1730	Venice (S. Lucia) 390	1144	1240
	1954	2014	Trieste 390	8 30	9 32 OP
Y	2044	2110	Poggioleale Campagna	7 23	8 00
B P0	2119	2225	Sežana	6 09	7 14
C	0 21	..	Y Ljubljana 791	..	4 05 OP
B D41	..	1556	Munich (Hbf.) 684	1348	.. D46
↓ E	1753	1815	Salzburg	1130	1205 E
Y 735	2152	2208	Villach (Hbf.) 759	7 23	7 50 734
B 907	2300	2330	Jesenice	5 07	5 55
C	0 25	..	Y Ljubljana 793	..	3 45 908
C P0	..	1 07	Ljubljana 791	3 23	..
	3 10	3 30	Zagreb	0 58	1 13
	9 00	9 56	Belgrade 791	1843	1935 OP
	1334	..	Y Crveni Krst 792	..	1458
P0	..	1343	Crveni Krst 792	1440	..
	1734	1800	Skopje	1050	1110
Y 402	2130	2210	Gevgeli (Yug. T.)	6 30	7 10 OP
C	2315	0 00	Idomeni (Grk. T.)	6 43	7 25
D 2	1 15	1 55	Thessaloniki 897	4 40	5 25 401
D	1142	..	Y Athens 897	..	1901 I
C	..	1356	Crveni Krst 802	1428	..
Y 4	1555	1634	Dimitrovgrad (Yug.T.)	1208	1248
C	1856	1935	Sofia (Bulg.T.)	1115	1150 3
D 546	a0 45	a1 20	Svilengrad	3 20b	4 35
↓ 5	a4 06	a4 45	Pitlion (Grk.T.)	0 19b	0 40b
	a5 05	a5 45	Uzunköprü (Turk.T.)	2325c	0 01b
D	a1230	..	Y Istanbul 901	..	1630c 6

The Sedefkar Simulacrum



HEAD	LEFT ARM
TORSO	LEFT LEG
TORSO	RIGHT ARM
TORSO	RIGHT LEG
RIGHT ARM	

To use in the game, cut out each piece.

As the investigators take possession of a segment, award the corresponding cut-out to the players.

If the investigators lose a segment, reclaim it.

The ownership of a segment lowers an investigator's chance for successful idea, luck, and know rolls by 5 percentiles per segment.

