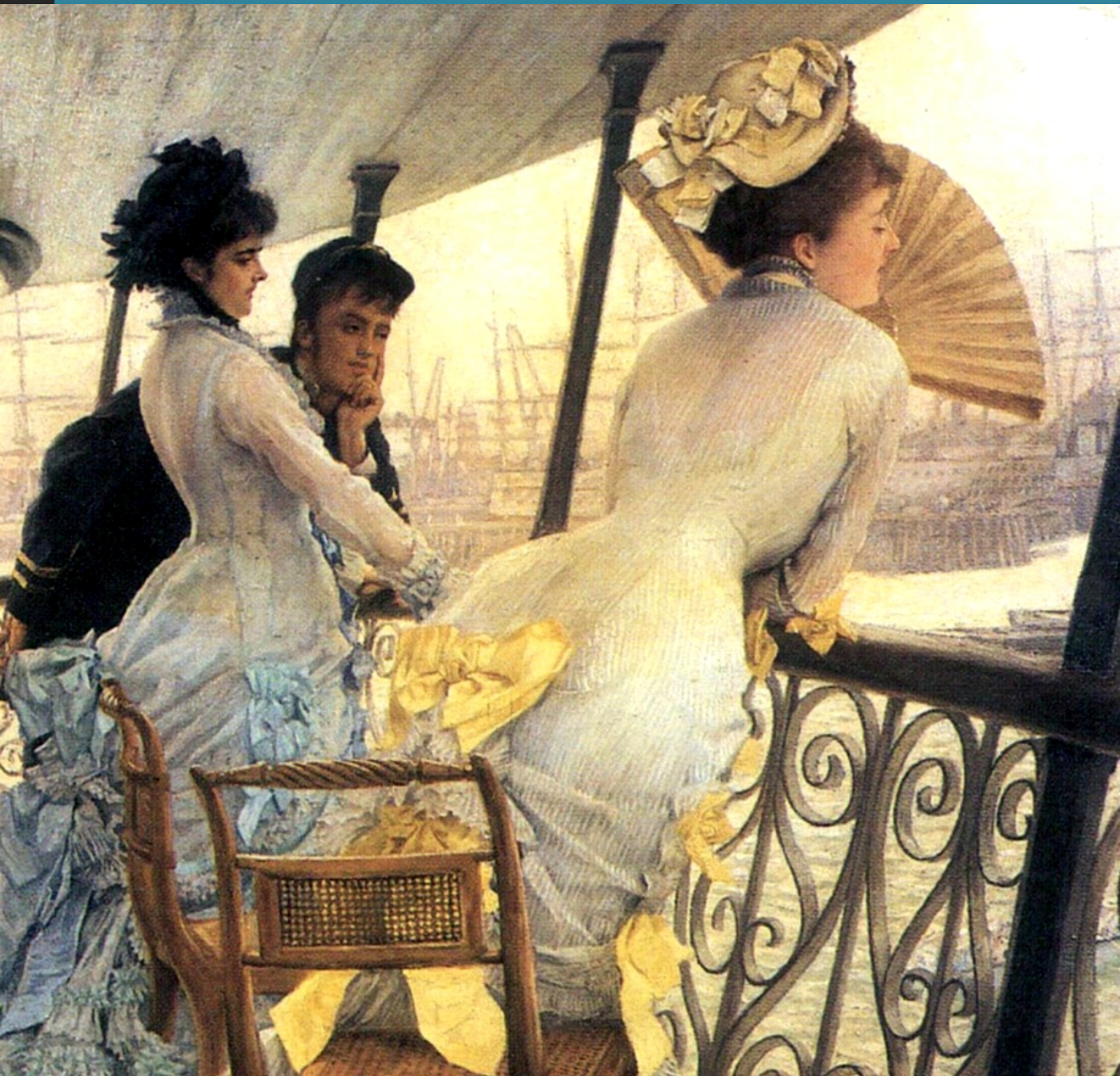


# GATEHOUSE GAZETTE

# 19





The *Gatehouse Gazette* is an online magazine in publication since July 2008, dedicated to the speculative fiction genres of steampunk and dieselpunk.

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Cover illustration: James Joseph Jacques  
Tissot, *HMS Calcutta* (1877)

Contents illustration by Sue-Lyn  
Vandenheede,  
mugi-hamster.deviantart.com



# SUMMER TIME

BY NICK OTTENS

THANKS FOR DOWNLOADING THE SUMMER edition of the *Gatehouse Gazette*! This is also actually our third anniversary issue. It's hard to believe we've been at this for three years already!

In that time, we've become one of the, if not the most read steampunk and dieselpunk magazine online. Yet many of the volunteers who contributed to our first editions are still with us. It is them and the many, many artists and authors who have contributed to the *Gazette* since who make it such a success. Therefore, a big thank you to them!

Although we're a bit late this time (sorry!) we do have a good number of features for you to enjoy as always along with your familiar columns and several reviews. Andrew Bennett is back with what is the seventh chapter in his novel *Fearless*. Hilde Heyvaert went to see a *Dr Who* exhibition in London and I'm proud to present Araceli Rodríguez who is the chief editor of the Spanish language steampunk magazine *El Investigador*. He will tell you all about the state of steampunk outside the Anglosphere, particularly in the Hispanic world.

Summer may not be the best of steampunk seasons but remember, after reading this *Gazette*, you'll be another step closer to autumn. We'll be back in September with a special 1930s edition so expect lots of deco, *The Rocketeer*, Russian dieselpunk, Nazi architecture and a feature about the golden age of radio!

In the meantime, don't forget to visit our website <http://gatehouse.ottens.co.uk> which is also home to our message board community, the *Smoking Lounge*. Fans of the magazine gather there as do steampunk and dieselpunk enthusiasts from all over the world. Join us!

You can leave your opinions about the *Gazette* at the *Smoking Lounge* or send us an email at [n.ottens@gmail.com](mailto:n.ottens@gmail.com). Also let us know if you'd like to become part of our team and write for the magazine. We're always looking for contributors! •



## ROARING TWENTIES «

# SURVIVING THE 1930s

BY TOME WILSON

**T**HE YEARS FOLLOWING THE COLLAPSE OF WALL Street in 1929 were some of America's most iconic with regards to the dieselpunk genre. While the Roaring Twenties tore us away from the moorings of Victorian culture and the 1940s saw Uncle Sam fighting toe to toe against the Axis, many of the sights and sounds that we associate with dieselpunk are actually products of the 1930s.

### The age of skyscrapers and the start of the sprawl

Flocking from the small towns of the Midwest, out of work families flooded the urban centers of Chicago, New York and the other metropolises of America looking for better lives. What they found was more of the same—unemployment, poverty, dust storms—but this migration cemented the city as the primary locale for America's population (as opposed to the rural) for the first time in history.

Of course, this concentration of people led to expansion and triggered the birth of the sprawling megacities seen today; a common trope in cyberpunk, dieselpunk and related punk fiction. The megacities and their newly planted skyscrapers (Bank of Manhattan Trust in 1930, Empire State in 1931, etc.) became the beacons of hope in America, despite the fact that there were scores of people starving to death in the neon canyons below.

### White hats and black hats

Looking back at the thirties through the spyglass of history, certain trends peek through. Whether it's due to "creative" journalism moreso than fact, America had more than its share of white hat "good guys" and black hat "bad guys" in the limelight at the time.

The everyman living in the city was just a bit player compared to notorious gangsters like John Dillinger and their G-Men counterparts in the fledgling Bureau of Investigation. During the 1930s, each side was painted as being larger than life. Dillinger's face was in every cheap detective pulp as America's "Public Enemy #1," while at the same time, the urban folklorists portrayed him as being a Depression Era Robin Hood who only stole from the rich. On the flip side, J. Edgar Hoover's agents were seen as straight laced and top button knights charged with saving America from the plague of crime (if it said so in the serials, then it had to be true).

During the early thirties, there was no room for Regular Joe in the public eye anymore but that all came to an end in 1933/34 with the death of Prohibition and

Dillinger respectively. As a matter of fact, 1934 alone saw the rise and fall of Bonnie and Clyde, Pretty Boy Floyd, Baby Face Nelson, Red Hamilton, and other pinstriped ghosts that still haunt the pages of dieselpunk and crime fiction today.

### The underdog fights for his livelihood

While the Depression forced some people into the arms of organized crime, others banded together to get what was owed to them. In 1932, a literal army of forty-three thousand World War I veterans and their families marched on Washington demanding early payment for their war time contracts (not to be fulfilled until 1945). Starving and out of work, the "Bonus Army" set up camp and rallied around the nation's capital, even going so far as to create their own military organized town in the woods surrounding Washington.

Despite their camps being razed by tanks and infantry guided by General Douglas MacArthur (against the orders of the President I should add) and dozens being killed or injured during the resulting battle, the Bonus Army finally received their due in 1936 and won a victory for the little guy when he needed it most.

### The seeds of nationalism

When Wall Street collapsed, it sent ripples around the world, toppling over countries that were finally healing from the Great War. We already know about Hitler's rise to power and the workings of "His Excellency Benito Mussolini, Head of Government, Duce of Fascism, and Founder of the Empire" (as he was known during the late '30s), but America fell on a jingoistic crutch as well. As a kneejerk reaction to the 1929 crash, President Hoover effectively taxed international trade out of competition with national goods thanks to the H-S Tariff in 1930. It was certainly an "every man for himself" age, and even Lady Liberty was closing her gates in favor of her children. An age of paranoia began and the flag waving cries of "America First" were heard from coast to coast.

### Swingtime and interracial community

At the Cotton Club you could jitterbug to the child of African-American jazz music known today as "swing





music.” The kids went crazy for the sounds of Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Duke Ellington, Artie Shaw, Cab Calloway, and Chick Webb with vocalists like Ella Fitzgerald, Billie Holiday and Peggy Lee at the ready to keep America dancing after dark.

Unlike anything else, swing is the iconic soundtrack of the 1930s, because it not only spread around the Western world and was the most popular music at the time, but because it also triggered an age of whites and blacks coming together in relative peace for the first time in America. While this peace wasn't always a dream, the halls of Big Band music housed the ideas of tolerance and started a bigger change in America that we still benefit from today.

### Age of the airship

Until the *Hindenberg* disaster in New Jersey circa 1937, airships were a real, if luxurious form of travel not unlike today's cruise ships. The dream of powered flight born of the 1900s and steeled during the Great War was in its prime in the '30s, giving birth to reliable airplanes and sturdy dirigibles more than capable of international travel (a fact proven by heroes like Lindbergh and Earhart in the late '20s). Combined with skyscraper docks for airships in New York and other mega-cities, today's world could have surely lived up to our dreams of Metropolis and Gotham. Had it not been for Germany's lack of helium, the matchstick of fate would have never ignited humanity's fear of these great machines and ruined our chances for a sky filled future.

### Unless we build the future now, we won't be alive to enjoy it

The 1930s saw two World's Fairs that focused the nation's energies into dreaming of a better tomorrow.

The first, Chicago's *Century of Progress* in 1933 and

1934, would never have been built if it weren't for the readily available laborers looking for work. It showcased the world of tomorrow; a world at peace with itself and open to the idea of the future not just as a progression of time, but as a goal to be achieved.

Take this quote from the 1939 World's Fair in New York for example:

*The eyes of the Fair are on the future—not in the sense of peering toward the unknown nor attempting to foretell the events of tomorrow and the shape of things to come, but in the sense of presenting a new and clearer view of today in preparation for tomorrow; a view of the forces and ideas that prevail as well as the machines. To its visitors the Fair will say: “Here are the materials, ideas, and forces at work in our world. These are the tools with which the World of Tomorrow must be made. They are all interesting and much effort has been expended to lay them before you*

*in an interesting way. Familiarity with today is the best preparation for the future.”*

While the New York World's Fair was a financial nightmare as a business venture, it succeeded in its goal of bringing the future to life inside a temporary utopia. Not unlike Disney's EPCOT Center two decades later, the 1939 World's Fair served as a cultural showcase and as a model for how different countries could learn from one another and work together even as the tide of war crashed against these ideals in the real world.

These are just a few of the tropes used in dieselpunk, but as you can see, the 1930s were a time when the ideas of the '20s were forced into reality. The market crash stopped the party and put America back on the tracks (for better or worse). Had it not been for the Second World War, the dieselpunk future could have easily been the world we live in now. That doesn't mean it's gone; it just gives us a better world to work toward today. •



This is the third in a four part series on the history of the Roaring Twenties. Tome Wilson is founder and administrator of Dieselpunks.org.



# COLUMN « THE STEAMPUNK WARDROBE

BY HILDE HEYVAERT

IT'S NEARLY SUMMER AND SO THE CONVENTION season is upon us! Certainly there are conventions all year long but convention activity really reaches its peak during summer.

At conventions a lot of people want to do something special, like portraying a loved character but in a steampunk way or using an existing setting (*Star Wars*, *Star Trek*, *Dr Who*) and giving it their very own steampunk twist. Why ever should you not be a steampunk Jedi or Starfleet officer or whatever else you love? We've all seen them already—the awesome steampunk *Star Wars* groups, Ghost Busters and Iron Men. They make it seem effortlessly superb but don't be fooled for it's not as easy as it looks. With some careful planning and thinking about what you want to do though, you can make your own outfit just as genius as they made theirs.

The tricky part is always how to reunite both the original setting or character with steampunk without going overboard and allowing others to recognize what you're aiming to portray.

The first step is to determine what or who you want to be. Decide upon the character and then make sure to collect plenty of imagery of their original clothing. The Internet is full of pictures of popular shows and movies and if you're going for a character from a book, you are sure to already have a good description from the original work of the character at hand.

Then make a list of the absolutely defining characteristics of this character. Most have a set costume or particular style of dress. For example, Boba Fett has his particular flight suit, the Tenth Doctor has his brown trench coat and converse sneakers while the Eleventh is infamous for his bow tie, Starfleet officers



have set colors, etc. It's that kind of detail that matters and that you want to keep.

When you've got all that together, start thinking about what steampunk style you'd like to combine and take elements from that and add it to your costume. Spats, goggles and awesome belts are of course the obvious way to go but don't forget smaller details such as jewellery, hats, the right kind of boots and weaponry. Make sure it's convention safe of course!

Do keep in mind, especially when going for an obscure character, that not everyone might get it. You could be an absolutely brilliant steampunk version of the *Nightside's* John Taylor but seeing the obscurity of that series, most people will probably see you as that steampunk dude in a white trench coat. Not getting recognized for whom you are portraying doesn't mean you're doing a bad job though!





# ATLANTIC CITY

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EGGLISTON



## REVIEW «

# THE TRIPLETS OF BELLEVILLE

BY SEAN SCHÖNHERR

**T**HE TRIPLETS OF BELLEVILLE bills itself as being something different from anything you've seen before. This may not be 100 percent true, as it certainly takes its cues from some of the original animations dating back to the first filmic era and there have been other animators to play extensively with the medium. However, it is a film you don't see everyday with a rather unusual style. The film has a certain dark, dingy quality that's hard to put your finger on. Visually, there are a lot of muted colors, with browns and beiges predominating, similar to old sepia photographs. Likewise, character designs are somewhat grotesquely shaped, and some of the scene are just a little bizarre.

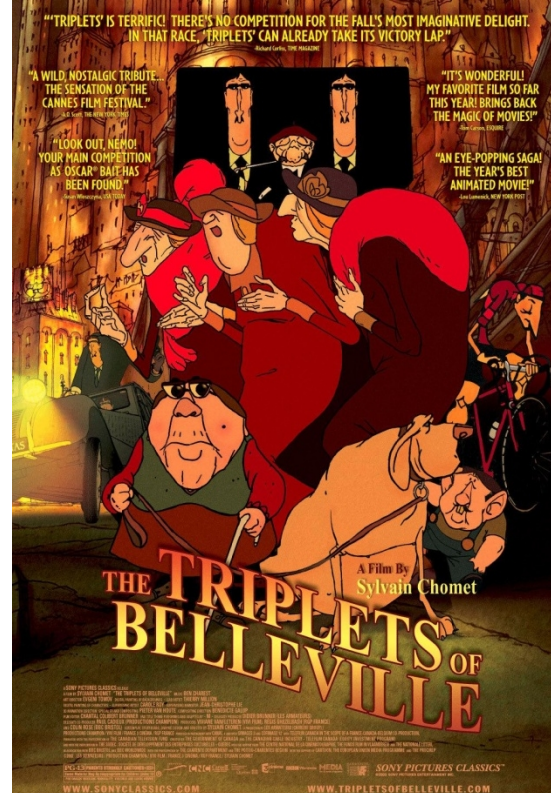
The film starts with a young boy who gets a dog and a bike from his grandmother. He trains on the bike until, one day as an adult, he enters the *Circuit de France*. However, he ends up being kidnapped by some men in black, at which point his grandmother, Madame Souza, and his dog, Bruno, set out to try to find him. On the way, they gain the aid of the Triplets of Belleville, three aging sister who were once famous musical performers.

The story itself is conveyed visually, with very sparse dialogue that is rather incidental. I watched the English dub but I'm sure one could easily watch the original French (not available on the DVD) and get the same basic experience. In fact, only about half of the rather sparse dialogue is

translated and dubbed anyway, with the rest (such as the announcer's voice during the bike race) left in French.

Really, all of it points to one thing—this movie is about the animation, plain and simple. Everything else is there only in as much as it needs to be to allow the animation to exist. The story and dialogue are pretty barebones. However, the animation is full of life, and it's constantly playing around with its medium.

That said, the characters are also a little more developed and we get a feel for the kinds of people that populate the screen. There's strong willed and hardy, if perhaps a little too bullheaded, Madame Souza; the overweight, dim but ultimately loyal dog, Bruno; and of course those fun loving, slightly insane triplets. Each one comes to life through the animation as they are all drawn and animated to really bring out a certain look and feel that defines them. For example, Madame Souza is stout and stocky, like an immovable mound of earth. Her big glasses and hobble (caused by her severe discrepancy in leg length) give off a sort of slow, steady assuredness as she continues to move forward. In fact, the oversized shoe she uses to make up



for her short leg even aids them in their escape.

There is one other thing that this film seems particularly concerned with and that's music. This certainly adds to the classic feel of the animation, as it is a bit reminiscent of the old practice of using cartoons before films as, essentially, advertisements for sheet music (e.g. the original *Looney Tunes* and *Merry Melodies*).

Much of the film's score seems to hinge on the song *Belleville Rendez-vous*. The song is composed by Benoît Charest and sung by Béatrice Bonifassi but there are numerous variations of it by Charest used throughout. The music definitely harkens back to the 1920s and possibly '30s but with atypical and inventive instrumentation including a refrigerator and a vacuum cleaner.

Overall, the movie is quite entertaining, if a little bizarre. It's a kind of film you don't see very often and worth checking out just to experience it once. And if you are a lover of fine animation or swing revival, then you really have no excuse not to watch it. •





## REVIEW «

# GHOST OF A CHANCE

BY HILDE HEYVAERT

**G**HOST OF A CHANCE IS THE first installment in Simon R Green's *Ghost Finders* series. Because I loved his stand alone novel *Drinking Midnight Wine* and his *Nightside* series, I figured I'd give this a go. I had read a bit about it here and there and thought it might appeal to me, even though I admit that ghosts generally aren't my thing.

*Ghost Finders* centers around the Carnacki Institute, which has several teams out and about to deal with the supernatural menaces known as ghost (and sometimes also other things). They find them and if needed, stomp on them 'till they are well and truly gone. The main characters of this book are J.C. Chance, the leader of a small three person team. There's more to J.C. than we discover in the first book but he makes for an interesting character to say the least (even though he reminds me too much of John Taylor).

Melody Chambers—girl geek extraordinaire. Melody is awesome, plain and simple. She makes it cool to be a girl geek, I cannot applaud the author enough for her. And last but not least Happy Jack Palmer—a telepath with a love for medicating himself and a clinically depressed disposition towards anything and everything.

I did like the book. It had a good pace, the language was apt for this story and it kept me glued to the

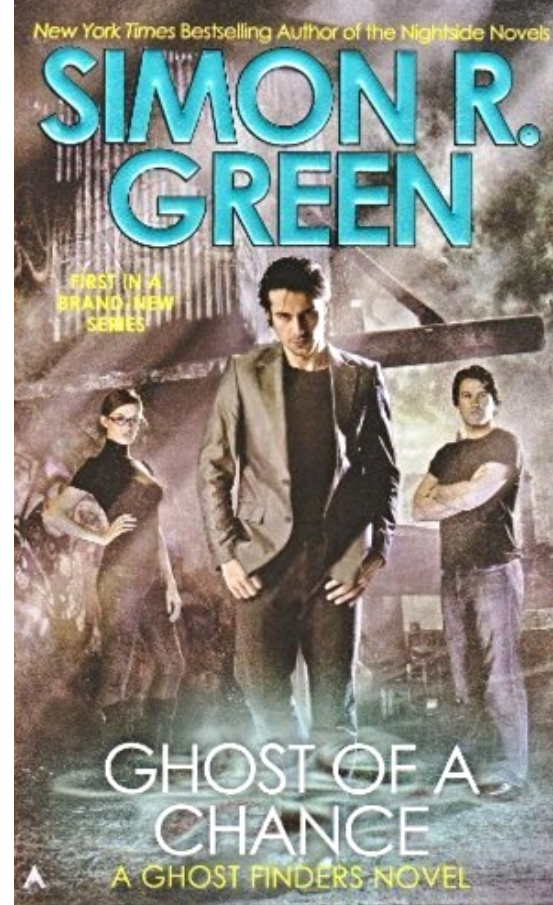
pages 'till it was finished. But it was definitely not the best work I have read from this author (and while I've not read all of his books, I've read quite a few).

If you're expecting it to be more than the usual, you won't be entirely satisfied. First of all *Ghost Finders* is a lot more brutal than for example his *Nightside* series. The violence isn't necessarily more graphic, but the acts are just more horrendous. Something that I personally didn't expect because it's set in the real world and not some other dimension like many of his other works.

So if you're pretty sensitive to that kind of stuff, I'd stay well clear of it. Same if you're afraid of ghost things, just don't go near it, even though the ghosts aren't the big bad or scary in this book.

While I liked the new characters, I couldn't help but being reminded of the *Nightside* with several of them. Eric, Natasha and J.C. really read like they belong there, and J.C. reminded me an awful lot of John Taylor, just with different powers. Personality wise they seem a lot alike. Hell, even his relationship with Kim reminds me of John and Suzie in the beginning, which was frankly a bit disappointing. Sometimes it felt as though that this setting is used to keep the *Nightside* fans happy as that series is ending soon.

The setting is a great idea but



just not different enough from Green's *Nightside* books. I had expected something that wouldn't remind me of that setting at all and that didn't happen so when it comes to that, I'm disappointed. I'm not ruling out that the series will start standing more on its own as it progresses, so it's likely that I will check out the next book in the series when it's released. I am quite curious to see where he's taking all the things he started in this book.

Basically it boils down to this—if you are searching for a fast paced horror/adventure story, I would recommend looking into it as chances are you might like it. If not, just go for something else by this author because he does have more awesome books. •

## BECOME A GATEHOUSE GAZETTE CONTRIBUTOR

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**BEWARE!**

**SPOILERS  
AHEAD**

REVIEW «

## DR WHO, SEASON 6, PART I

BY HILDE HEYVAERT

**N**O MOFFAT AND AUNTIE Beeb, you have not been forgiven for splitting up season six in half, making us wait 'till autumn for the second part and leaving us with that ending! What do they think they're doing? It's not even cool when splitting final book modifications in half, so where in the world did it seem a good idea to split a season of *Dr Who* in the middle? Where?

That rant aside, the latest season reunites the Eleventh Doctor (played by Matt Smith) with his fateful companions Amy Pond (Karen Gillan), Rory Williams (also known as the Last Centurion in some circles, played by Arthur Darvill) and of course the ever awesome River Song (Alex Kingston). And yes this half season we finally find out who and what exactly River is, huzzah!

We meet new villains, who were repeatedly hinted at last season, *The Silence*. The first two episodes of this season the doctor and his trio of friends travel to the United States of President Richard Nixon to battle this particular alien menace, aided by former FBI agent Canton. After that it's off to battle with Pirates, defeat a Tardis eating planet in an absolutely fantastic episode written by acclaimed author Neil Gaiman and deal with Gangers (in my opinion those were two episodes not worth watching, the only good part was the ending of the conclusive episode "*The Almost People*" and that was reaired as preview to the last episode of this season so far, "*A Good Man Goes to War*".)

And lo and behold, the mid season finale was epic. Rory goes Centurion on a Cyberlegion's metal

backside, the doctor calls in favors from an eclectic bunch of fantastic and colorful rogues of all kinds of species and we finally, finally, find out who and what River really is.

There's a lot of drama, heartbreak and moving moments in this season but also a great many fantastic and memorable scenes that will be fondly remembered by *Dr Who* fans for years to come, making this one of the best seasons so far even though one episode was mediocre and two were pretty crap, which tells you a lot about the awesome ones.

I, for one, eagerly await the rest of the season. But then again, I have been a fan ever since I was a little kid and my mum knitted me a Fourth Doctor (played by Tom Baker) scarf. I may be biased. You should just go see for yourself!



## REVIEW «

# VENITE INVADEMUS

BY LORENZO DAVIA

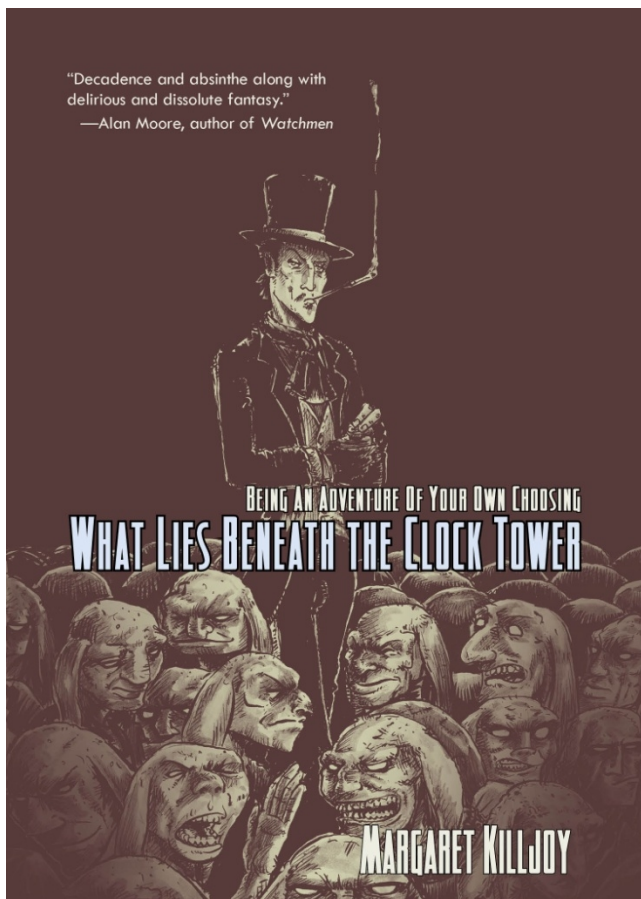
**A**LESSANDRO FORLANI'S SHORT STORY INVOLVES the Italian poet Giacomo Leopardi and Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti who became Pope Pius IX, the last pope to reign as a king of the Papal states. They both are historical figures of Italian history.

The author did his research. Leopardi is depicted faithfully—he was quite pessimistic about nature and the

human race so it is quite likely that he would assist an alien species in the extermination of mankind. The world around Leopardi, his family, his town but also the social context, is described in a manner that is faithful to the era.

What I really liked about the story is the Aerosanctuary, a mix of Renaissance architecture and old steam engines. In Loreto there is a real Sanctuary dedicated to the Holy House which is believed to have flown from Nazareth to Loreto during the Crusades period—making it really fly is, I think, a brilliant idea.

The author tried to use the Italian language and phrases construction as they were in nineteenth century. This is probably lost in translation but it should not affect the reading of the story. •



## REVIEW «

# WHAT LIES BENEATH THE CLOCKTOWER

BY MARCUS RAUCHFUß

The setting is fittingly moody and slightly dark. The protagonist is an absinthe addicted gentleman of leisure and he (or rather—you) stumbles into an unexpected underground civilization beneath Paris.

Unfortunately, the train of the story quickly loses steam. There are too many storylines and they do not connect or intersect. Once you have chosen a path, there is no going back. Depending on what choices

*What Lies Beneath the Clocktower* is a bit of a disappointment.

The background on the other hand is unique and entertaining. A wannabe gentleman down on his luck and a bit too fond of alcohol more or less stumbles into a conflict between the Goblins and the Gnomes living in subterranean Paris. Still, the world could have been utilized better if the single adventure strands had been lengthier. Now, you have to more or less follow every strand to get the whole picture. The single story lines are too short and slightly unsatisfactory. The whole background is neat and innovative but it takes too long and several attempts on the adventure to collect enough information to appreciate it.

All in all, I had expected more from this. It is a nice story but much potential remains untapped. If you have time to trace every way through the book and follow every path however, its world is quite interesting. If you have played other game books before, this book could be just as disappointing for you as it was for me. •

**W**HEN I FIRST HEARD OF *What Lies Beneath the Clocktower*, I was delighted. A choose your own adventure novel in a steampunk world! I am a big fan of those adventure books and have quite a collection of the old D&D *Endless Quest* books, as well as the classic Steve Jackson/Ian Livingstone adventures and Joe Dever's *Lone Wolf* books. So, I delved into this particular adventure with enthusiasm.

you make at the beginning (after deciding to actually investigate the commotion), you are in for a really short adventure.

But even if you manage to get on a longer adventure, after about a dozen choices you reach the end. Granted, you can play this book several times and each time it is a new story but since these stories take about fifteen minutes to complete, it is not enough time to really get into them. So from a player's perspective,



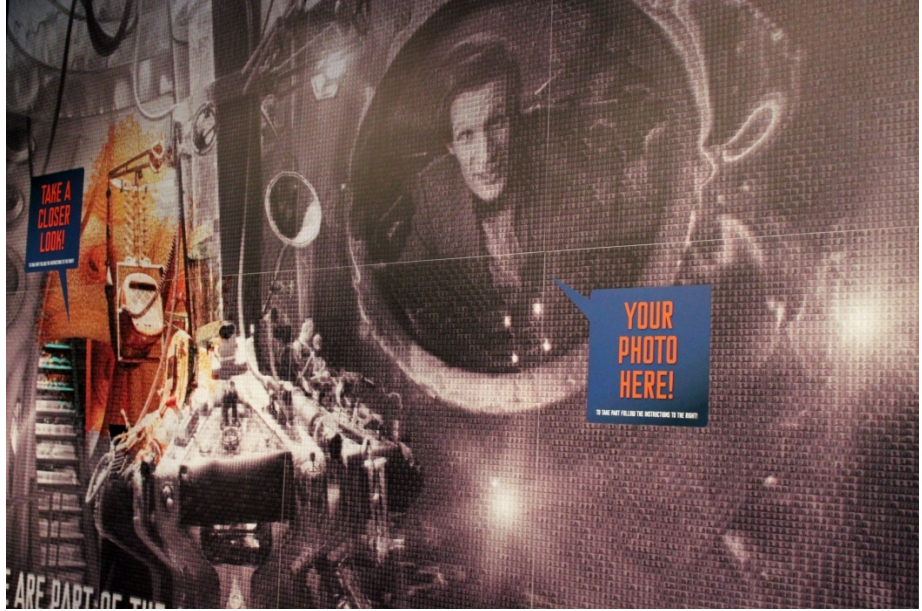
# REPORT « THE DR WHO EXPERIENCE

BY HILDE HEYVAERT

**B**E PART OF THE ADVENTURE, THE website advertises and let me assure you—that is no lie.

Ok yes, you have to make a ticket reservation in advance to be sure to get in and it's not cheap (£17ish off peak and even more during peak season) and you have to go all the way to Great Britain's capital of London but by Jove, it is worth it!

There is a marvellous array of costumes, props, villains and video material (some of it interactive such as the "walk like a monster" part of the "Monsters" area) which is remarkably up to date. It even includes The Silence, which as fans know are villains from this ongoing season. The history of the Cybermen as well as that of the Daleks is entirely present. As are all the costumes of every Doctor so far, all eleven of them.



But the most fabulous part of the exhibit is no doubt the actual adventure the visitor gets to be part of! You get to run around to save the Dr, fly the Tardis (I kid you not), avoid being exterminated by some cranky Daleks and escape a vortex filled with Weeping Angels, Daleks and Cybermen!

Oh and there's a gift shop, but Forbidden Planet over in Covent Garden probably has a better array of merchandise. But the exhibit itself is awesome. It's truly well worth the travel and cost to visit if you're a fan of the series. •



# PREVIEW « JOHN CARTER

BY NICK OTTENS

**J**OHAN CARTER IS COMING TO THE SILVER SCREEN! The legendary Edgar Rice Burroughs hero will be portrayed by thirty year old Taylor Kitsch in an upcoming Walt Disney cinematic adventure that, judging from the trailer that was recently released, will stay admirably true to the premise and setting of the novels—a livable Mars, inhabited by all sorts of aliens and intrigue. Carter, of course, has to save this world and its people, including a beautiful damsel in distress.

The film is based on the first Carter story, *A Princess of Mars* (1912) which transplants the American Civil War veteran to the red planet, Barsoom as it's known to its people, where he ends up rescuing a humanoid princess, portrayed by Lynn Collins in the film. This earns him the respect of Mars' native green, four armed warrior race which is in the middle of waging a deadly civil war for control of the dying planet. Carter has to pick sides and save Mars from destruction when its atmosphere plant malfunctions.

The film is scheduled for release March 2012. •





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# COLUMN « GENTS

BY IAN BRACKLEY

IT HAS BEEN ADVISED THAT A gentleman should know how to mix at least three cocktails. An arbitrary number perhaps but the underlying message that anyone who might expect to entertain guests in their home can benefit from having a repertoire of mixed drinks is a sound one and something the historically inspired gent would do well to heed. With some research and application, historic inspiration can flavor your next cocktail or garden party.

“Retro” cocktails regularly cycle in and out of fashion. The success of TV’s *Mad Men* has recently spawned a host of reproduced American 1950s and ‘60s era cocktail guides containing such well known beverages as the Old Fashioned, the Whiskey Sour and the Manhattan. What many cocktail aficionados don’t realize is the nineteenth century provenance these classic drinks have. The advent of Prohibition created a decade long rift in American drinking culture that left much of the pre-1920 customs and tastes behind as distant memories. The fashions in mixology and drink that emerged after Prohibition’s repeal was a result of bartenders having adapted to the conditions of operating underground with often sketchy liquors and a clientele that came of age without ever having drunk legal alcohol. Looking back to a time before the pinch nosed, pearl clutching harridans of the temperance movement closed the party down involves peering into a menu that is equal parts familiar and strange.

Which brings us to a fascinating primary source document and an open invite to do some experimental archaeology: the document in question is *The Flowing Bowl—When And What to Drink* written by William Schmidt and

published in 1892 by Charles L. Webster & Co of New York. Schmidt (“The Only William”) was a veteran bartender who had plied his trade for over thirty years in various hotels and bars. While his book contains much information to help guide professional bartenders, Schmidt states in his preface that he has included many recipes suitable for concoction and consumption in the home and that he advocates moderate social drinking and drinking at home as an alternate to outright prohibition, advocates of which were an increasingly powerful political force at the time of publication.

Unlike many modern cocktail books which read more like instruction manuals, *The Flowing Bowl* uses the first third of its length to immerse the reader in the rich culture of drink.

Before providing any mixing instructions, Schmidt first takes the reader through a description of all manner of liquid refreshments, from wine to water, coffee and tea, beer and spirits. This is followed by reflections on physiology and diet and finally, detailed descriptions of Greek, Roman, Renaissance and modern banquets. This curious historiography, entitled “Our Ancestors” was doubtlessly included to impress on the reader the dominant nineteenth century idea of progress, as well as to let the reader marvel at the depth and scope of gastronomic history.

Delving into the recipes the first noticeable difference from many modern cocktails is the frequent use of gum syrup, often simply called “gum”. This is a 3:1 sugar water mixture thickened with gum arabic. The addition of gum syrup gives many familiar named cocktails, like

## Soda Cocktail

A large glass with a spoonful of sugar, squeeze a little oil of the peel of a lemon on it, a little fine ice, two dashes of bitters.

Pour in a bottle of plain soda slowly with your left hand, while you stir it with your right hand, and present; strain if desired.

## Soda Lemonade

The juice of ½ lemon, one spoonful of sugar, dissolve well in a large glass, two or three lumps of ice.

Pour in your plain soda with the left hand while you stir with the right, and serve.

## Citronelle

Use a large glass with some fine ice, ⅓ glass of green tea, ⅓ glass of black tea, ⅓ glass of lemon syrup. Shake well, and serve



the well known Old Fashioned, a thicker feeling on the palate than the same drinks as served in bars today. This preference for a thicker viscosity in many drinks around the turn of the century is demonstrated by the use of another ingredient notable for its frequency in *The Flowing Bowl*; egg yokes, egg whites and even entire eggs. An example of this is seen in recipe number 115. "Egg beer" simply: "Beat a whole egg with a spoonful of sugar in a glass, and fill it up with beer." This is not one I have tried myself so I can't say if it's recommendable. Perhaps some enquiring reader of the *Gazette* will experiment and get to back to us with a review of 1890s Egg Beer?

Another old school touch that many readers will notice while perusing the list of cocktails is the prevalence of absinth. It is constantly being included in small "dashes" in all manner of drinks. Absinth today is still very much a niche liquor but the past ten years have seen it become more widely available as producers cash in on the romanticized sordidness of its reputation. If the genuine article is unavailable, Pernod will serve as a substitute as it was originally intended to be when introduced in 1914. For those who like entire drinks of absinth, Schmidt provides two variations; the familiar "French" method or "Absinth Parisienne"—absinth cut with cold water poured slowly into the liquor—and the lesser known, more rapid and flashy American style, the "Absinth Frappe" where water (ice) and sweetener (gum syrup) are introduced to the absinth by way

of being shaken a bit like a martini. Readers will take note that the innovation of igniting a spoonful of absinth soaked sugar above the glass to make a "quick 'n dirty" substitute for gum is a purely modern one and was not used in the days when absinth was a common item in any well stocked bar.

A more familiar ingredient to seasoned cocktail drinkers is orange bitters. A key component of a proper cocktail, bitters is to drinks what salt and pepper are to food. Despite the high alcohol content, bitters is commonly found in most supermarkets. Look for it next to the cordials. Angostura bitters, with its distinctive oversized label (originally a mistake at the bottling plant but one that was turned into a marketing coup) has the modern market for bitters cornered. So much so that a reported shortage of Angostura bitters some years back caused a rush on grocery stores' available stocks as bartenders panicked over running out of the stuff. A must for any properly stocked bar ancient or

modern.

Noticeable to modern drinkers by their absence are any beverages involving vodka. In the 1890s America was still gradually assimilating the ever growing waves of European immigrants. When Schmidt wrote his recipe book much of the food and drink of the new arrivals had yet to enter into the general American palate. In 1890, now familiar offerings like pizza, bagels and vodka were regarded as ethnic peculiarities and considered to be of little interest to a mainstream American public culturally dominated by Anglo-Saxon influences.

*The Flowing Bowl* also predates the now popular Martini which only began its rise in America during the first quarter of the twentieth century. There are, however, varieties of drink shaken with ice that closely resemble many of the New Wave variations on the Martini developed in the 1990s. Everything to intrigue a variety of palates, from sweet to dry to sour. Change up the glassware from the

Edwardian "goblet" to the familiar, modern Martini glass and encourage your guests to try a taste of the past.

Lastly the book is a fine source for an oft overlooked species of nonalcoholic drink or "virgin cocktails." These drinks are a charming change of pace for the abstainer in your party, the designated driver or as an alternate for the diligent host who looks to keep a level head so as to better monitor events and ensure his guests' comfort and enjoyment. •

*The Flowing Bowl* can be read online for free at [www.archive.org/details/flowingbowlwhena00schmrich](http://www.archive.org/details/flowingbowlwhena00schmrich)





SO SPICY, SO BEEFEATER



UNMISTAKABLY BEEFEATER.



# IBEROAMERICA: THE LOST WORLD

BY ARACELI RODRÍGUEZ

PEOPLE WHO ARE DRAWN TO the steampunk and dieselpunk movements often forget that there is more to these genres than the Anglo-Saxon interpretations in film and writing.

*The Steampunk Bible* by Jeff VanderMeer puts the finger on the problem when it reminds readers that there is a large and vibrant steampunk community in France that exists largely independently of the American and British phenomena. Dieselpunk is actually more popular in Europe than it is in the United States. England, Germany and Russia are places where dieselpunk culture is probably more active than in the land where swing and zoot suits were invented.

Trying to find mentions of steampunk or dieselpunk in a language that is not one's own is rather like venturing for lands unknown in the spirit of Vasco da Gama, Magellan and Marco Polo. El Dorado, the treasures of Moctezuma, the Flying Cities of la Plata, King Solomon's mines... The great adventurers Alexander von Humbolt, Ed Malone, Professor Challenger and Lord John Roxton all reached for them and so should steampunk and dieselpunk enthusiasts today try to discover the world of their counterparts overseas. Become Allan Quatermain and find that the Victorian is not just a place but an era!

The Hispanic steampunk scene may surprise the Anglophone community, if only because it is so young. The first Spanish language steampunk blog was probably *Alrededor del Mundo Steampunk* ("Around the Steampunk World") which started in 2007. Lis Bushi opened the *Steampunk Spain Forum* in November of the following year and also manages the *Estética Steampunk* ("Steampunk aesthetics")

blog, organizes events, and is one of the founders of the ACSAR ("Steampunk and Other Retro-futurisms Catalan Association"). As if that weren't enough, she is also an artist of the tribal fusion oriental dance!

Since 2009 the *Convención Steampunk y Retrofuturista de España* ("Spain's Steampunk and Retro-futuristic Convention") has set in Barcelona. In May 2011 at Santiago de Compostela, Sentinel Wardrobe organized *L'Extraordinaire Uchronie* and a brand new Spanish steampunk forum, *The Golden Gear*, opened its doors. In Galicia appeared SMOG, the first steampunk musical group in the Hispanic world.

Names as Indulgence, Alassie and Lady Madeline are famous in the context of sewing. Frederik Klaus, Professor Torsten Von Brock and Dr Peks Kool are well known for their weapons and props. Lady Romana, Lady Oz and Luna Selenium are notable Hispanic wardrobe creators.

Steampunk hasn't been confined to the Old World however. In Peru, some role players were able to filter to the area of *Steampunk Tribune* since about two years ago. Nearby Portuguese giant Brazil is absorbing much of the world's attention though by publishing *Steampunk Magazine* in the Lusitanian language.

Chile is a different story. An important movement has emerged there focused mainly on a virtual group and a community on Facebook, but national meetings are hard to do because of the complex geography of the country. It hasn't stopped art deco artists such as Makinarium Creaciones and Nocturne Accessories though nor the arising of graphic artists as Ren Ato, author of *Der Stahl Projekt*, a comic and animation with dieselpunk overtones set in Germany in 1945, scheduled for release next

winter. For now Tobías Von Morgan Ruindoll, one of the movement's leaders has decided to stick with social networking and their more than two hundred member.

Argentina, Venezuela and Colombia are making their own efforts to become popular with an increasing number of creative minds who organize via social networks—undergrounds hiding in a virtual jungle such as *Steampunk Latinoamérica* which includes members from Ecuador, Puerto Rico and, of course, Peter Zarate and Martin Irigoyen of *VernianProcess*.

In Mexico, the *Steampunk México Forum* has launched the movement trying to take all of the territory with titanic efforts, creating their own radio station called "Steampunk Army" and having last June their official presentation to the dominant culture in "Cronopia," a gathering for literature and comics.

The graphic novel *REWARD*, set in the Weird West, and projects like *Nullius in Verba* and *Kaiserreich* which are being prepared by Mercenarios de DIOS, are examples of what is being done in Mexico. *El Investigador*, our monthly magazine, is the first genre publication in the language of Cervantes.

We are a land full of surprises and wonders awaiting to be discovered. All that has been mentioned before is just the tip of the iceberg. So next time that someone says steampunk is just Victorian and thinks it's exclusive to the United Kingdom or talks about the Jazz era and think only of ballrooms in Chicago in the Roaring Twenties, it is worth reminding them that in Iberoamerica, there is a fascinating scenery to explore—a real Lost World with a big future. •

The author is a member of Mercenarios de DIOS and chief editor of *El Investigador*.



# DANCING WITH THE DEVIL

A CHAPTER FROM ANDREW BENNETT'S *FEARLESS*

AS THEY LEFT THE CABIN THROUGH THE SIDE door, presumably to join the other officers, Eva felt only two things. One was a growing sense of anger with herself. She had allowed Harrier to obtain her knife, the only weapon she carried, and had always carried since she finished her training. More importantly, she had forgotten he had it. That knife, which she could feel in the hidden sheath in the rear of her right boot, was currently her only source of protection if there was any violence on board the ship, aside from her pistol which was currently resting in a bag in her cabin. The second emotion she felt was a growing sense of fear and trepidation at being almost completely isolated and alone with these men. This had been quickly brought on by Harrier's decision to throw her to the floor, and she was thankful he didn't do anything to her whilst she recovered, although she was still worried by the stinging in her cheek and hoped it would not be too noticeable as they moved from the companionway into the wardroom opposite. Inside the room they found three men sitting around a flimsy table, with another two empty chairs, the men rose and stood to attention as Harrier entered and took his place in the empty seat at the head of the table, gesturing for Eva to take the empty seat at his left as he sat down. The other men around the table followed suit after her and Harrier introduced Eva to each of the other men. Sat directly opposite her was the lanky form of Crabbe, the man she had met in Hull and had been introduced as the mate. Next to him sat the imposing bulk of the man she had met outside the church and had earlier encountered on deck, her assumption of his position as Boson was proved correct and Harrier introduced him as Mr. Swan. Sat next to her was the thin frame of a man at least a decade older than the rest, his face was lined and creased with age and a day's growth of stubble adorned his chin. When he looked at her she saw that his pale green eyes were magnified by a pair of spectacles perched on his nose, his expression one of deep interest. Harrier introduced him as Dr. Stevens, the ship's surgeon. The conversation was stopped there by the arrival of a plump man rising out the floor from a stairway behind Harrier's chair, bringing with him a steaming pot, the mysterious brown contents of which, he ladled into the plates sat before each diner. Once the plump man, obviously the ship's cook had retreated below they began the meal. The meal set out, it transpired was some form of meat stew and was accompanied by a deep red burgundy wine, drunk by all, aside from Stevens whose glass was instead filled with

water. The stew itself was filling and hearty, but somewhat lacking in flavour, although Eva enjoyed it regardless. However she could not fathom how, or why the men around her seemed to enjoy it to the extent that they did, as they were all eating it so rapidly that they were almost inhaling it, until Crabbe noticed her somewhat startled reaction;

'Forgive our manners Miss. Wood, but we are not used to dining in the presence of women, and it is not often we are able to enjoy food of this quality, even when we have just left port.'

'With any luck we'll find a French ship to plunder. They always have decent food on board.' Harrier responded, draining his glass before refilling it from a decanter in the middle of the table. From that point on conversation and the atmosphere was more relaxed, meaning Eva once more felt able to talk freely;

'So, Captain.' She began 'There are some people who say you are mad, is there any truth in what they say?'

'I'd bloody well say so.' This outburst came from Swan and was met by a round of hearty laughter from the other men sat around the table. Eva turned her head and gazed inquisitively at him. Sensing her thoughts he continued;

'You'd have to be mad to smoke the amount 'e does with several thousand cubic feet of hydrogen 15 feet above yer head.'

'Well, if you have an objection to me smoking on board my ship Mr. Swan, you know where you can put it.' Came Harrier's calm and measured response.

'Aye, you've told me at least a dozen times before; I'm to put where the sun don't shine!' This exchange led to smirks all around the table and Eva found herself struggling not to laugh.

'You know the design of this ship as well as I do Mr. Swan, the outer walls of both the Wheelhouse and the Deckhouse are lined with asbestos and the hydrogen itself is enclosed within a series of balloons within a copper lined envelope.'

'Well, it still makes me nervous, particularly when those are the thickest walls on this bloody ship'

The meal was almost complete when there came a knock at the door and a crewman entered in response to Harrier's instruction. He came up and stood by the Captain and said;

'Lookouts have spotted a ship below us, sir.'

'Colours?' Harrier responded gazing into his glass

'British sir, probably a collier on the Newcastle to London run'

'Hmm. acknowledge them and see what information we can get out of them. Maintain radio contact until they're a good distance away.'

'Yessir.' With that the crewman was gone. This summary dismissal puzzled Eva and she stared at Harrier questioningly;

'Did I just witness the famed Captain Harrier let an



opportunity to attack and plunder a merchant vessel pass him by?' In an instant the atmosphere within the room changed and the amicable talk was replaced with an invisible, ice cold mist.

'Contrary to what you may have been told Miss. Wood I do not risk my men's lives at every opportunity. Particularly not when I have a much more lucrative payment awaiting me.'

Eva shrugged and continued eating. After a pause so did the men around her. After finishing the dessert, a boiled sponge, flavoured with fruit she rose to excuse herself;

'Forgive me gentlemen, but it has been a tiring day for me and I intend to retire to my cabin for the night'. They rose as she walked to the door but before she could leave Harrier spoke out;

'Ah, Miss. Wood, before I forget, I would appreciate you preparing a short briefing about the mission for my officers, and deliver it tomorrow after breakfast.' Eva nodded curtly and acquiesced. She was tired and she could feel the long tendrils of sleep encroaching upon her, urging her to retire to her cabin and give into blissful oblivion it offered. As the door to the companionway swung closed the cook cleared away the crockery, replacing them with a glass decanter and three glasses. Harrier passed the decanter around the table each man filling his glass in turn as they, almost as one reached into various pockets and Harrier extracted his pipe and silently fell to filling it, whilst Crabbe removed his cigarette case, deliberately choosing one of the thin, white paper sticks inside, Stevens found a cheroot holder in his waistcoat and removed one of his specially rolled cigars, while Swan removed a small ebony snuff box from his trouser pocket. The room was silent as the three smokers, each in turn struck a match and puffed, lighting their tobacco and filling the room with three separate plumes of smoke while Swan sniffed the fine brown powder he extracted from the box he held in his palm.

The silence was broken by the bass strings of Swan's voice;

'Are you sure it was wise of you to discuss the design of the ship in front of that skirt sir?' For Swan to question the Captain showed a supreme amount of courage, and the worry was clearly etched on his lined face. Harrier puffed contently on his pipe, the embers in the bowl glowing a deeper red with each inhalation before he spoke;

'It seems there is more to our Miss. Wood than meets the eye. As I discovered earlier.' the men around him sat in a revered silence as he drained his glass and rose placing his on foot onto the chair where he had been sitting. Leaning forwards over his knee he spoke;

'Apparently her fiancée was onboard the Fearless.' This assertion was met with gasps from the other three men, although Harrier barely acknowledged them before he continued;

'As such she holds each and every one of us responsible for his death, quite probably me most of all.'

'Surely you told her the truth about that?' This came from Crabbe.

'I told we weren't the ones responsible yes, but not who was. However I don't think she particularly believed me, and if she had that kind of information she could prove quite dangerous to us.' The mood of the men quickly became quite sombre as each imagined the horror of the effects revealing such knowledge could unleash upon both them, and its' bearer.

'But having someone in the MIS who knew the truth could only help us.' Crabbe challenged.

'And who would believe the word of a pirate captain? Or an intelligence agent who claims she's worked for the Government alongside the most wanted man in the Empire? She'd probably be killed for even suggesting that the Government who supposedly spends a fortune chasing us around the world actually employs us.'

Crabbe hung his head like a schoolboy who had been reprimanded for his behaviour, remembering what had happened the last time he had let his emotions get the better of him, once more motivated by the prospect of freedom.

'As such I would like you all to treat Miss. Wood with the greatest respect and courtesy possible whilst she is onboard this vessel.'

'Well, what are to do if she questions us about the ship? Or our activities?' This from Crabbe. Harrier stared into the rapidly thickening smoke contemplatively before he answered;

'Be forthcoming with any information she asks for, but don't be too specific. Now to business, I want you all to attend the briefing in the morning, so we're all aware of what's expected of us. Mr. Crabbe you have the first watch, the rest of you are dismissed.' Then, as one, the other men began filing out of the room with Stevens at the rear whilst Harrier dropped himself bodily into his chair. Instead of leaving however, Stevens closed the door and stared hard at Harrier who was leaning his chin on his fist.

'Right, then.' The Surgeon began, 'how are your dreams?'

'Troubling' the other man replied 'something about this mission has unnerved me.' Stevens gestured for him to continue, 'I keep seeing her face, and countless others, but it always starts with hers. They just stare at me.'

'Hmm. Sounds like your sleep's not improving.'

'It's not. I keep waking up in a cold sweat. At least three or four times a night'

'I think I'd better prepare a sleeping draught for you, albeit against my better judgment. You do know what to do with it don't you?'

'Yes' came the terse reply 'dilute it with water half an hour before sleep. If it doesn't work in an hour come



# VICTORIAN SEASIDE RESORTS

BY LORENZO DAVIA

**S**EASIDE HOLIDAYS ARE TODAY a common way for many people to pass their summer vacation. What many probably don't know is that the summer vacation we envision today, with children playing on and with the sand, people bathing or walking along promenades and piers, are all traditions rooted in nineteenth century England.

The improvements in living conditions during the nineteenth century led middle class people like tradesmen and white collar workers (called "black coats" during the Victorian period) to have more free time and enough money to join leisure periods away from home.

In the 1840s professionals like doctors and lawyers had only Saturday afternoon and Sunday off from work and in that period the first day excursions with trains started. Since the 1850s people working in industries also had half their Saturday off. In 1871 holidays were officially created through the Bank Holiday Act. They were Easter Monday, Whit Monday, First Monday in August, Boxing Day in England and Wales and St Stephen's Day in Ireland. In the same period the middle classes started to save money during the year in order to have one week of unpaid holiday during

summer. From the 1880s onward, the working classes began to visit seaside resorts like Blackpool, Morecambe and Southend.

Until 1800 English people didn't have much interest in seaside localities. But in 1750 doctor Richard Russell claimed that seawater was a cure for many diseases, persuading upper class people to choose seaside locations for bathing where they might previously have visited a spa. In short time, seaside resorts became fashionable among the rich; places where to show off and be seen. In later times, when seaside resort were visited also by middle classes, the health element became secondary respect to the entertainment factor.

After the availability of time and money and the health reasons to frequent such places, the last element that helped the spread of seaside holidays was the development of the railway system, which for the first time connected seaside villages with main cities at a cost affordable for many persons. In 1844 the first day excursion train entered in service taking people from London to

and see you.'

'Exactly, and remember...' In unison they recited the well rehearsed instructions '...to dilute it water, NOT whisky.' Harrier continued on his own;

'Thank you Doctor, I can remember your instructions.'

'Be sure that you do. I'll send Josiah up with it in a short while' Stevens then left and Harrier rose, leaving the Wardroom for his cabin where he prepared for bed.

Later, as the Falcon drifted through the still night air, Harrier slept soundly in a laudanum induced sleep where he dreamed peacefully. However, some were not so lucky and a few feet below him Eva slept fitfully, disturbed in part by the sounds of Harrier's loud snoring which easily penetrated the thin deck planking above her, but also by the images of her past which infiltrated her dreams. Of the man she had loved, and lost, of her Father's tirade of disapproval when she had told him of her plans to join the service, and most of all, the strange and surreal events of the past week.



Brighton, and the one day excursion remained the standard for most people, as few could afford the cost of a one week holiday. People weren't paid holidays until after the war.

What were initially small fishing villages became, with the coming of trains of tourists, large resort centers, highly organized in order to accommodate and entertain people. Small inns were replaced with large hotels built on the coast and country houses were rented to visitors from the city.

Competition was usual among the best resort places with organizers trying to beat each other with newer and more spectacular entertainment. The most famous places were Blackpool and Brighton.



Blackpool was a little town until a new road was opened and transformed it into an accessible city in huge expansion. The top of the growth was reached in 1894 when the Blackpool Tower resort was opened.

Brighton started its growth with the construction of a railway which boosted its population. Dr Russell also had a laboratory in this town, increasing its value. Some resort towns were even created from scratch, like New Brighton, which proved a financial failure.

Very often resorts were divided by social class. Blackpool and Southend were predominantly working class; others had a middle class clientele. Sometimes the same village was divided between upper and lower class tourists. With time, the resorts became a more relaxing experience however where social classes could mix freely. In some ways, it helped pull down social barriers between people but it also attracted criticism. The seaside resorts were sometimes described by

its detractors as places of sexual promiscuity and alcoholic perdition.

What people usually did during holidays in a seaside resort? The list isn't too different from what we usually do today—walk along the shore, ride donkeys, bath, listen to band concerts, watch Punch and Judy shows. Bigger places like Blackpool had pleasure gardens, music halls, theaters, zoos, exhibitions, boat trips.

Sea bathing was obviously done in a reserved way. There were Bathing Machines, changing rooms on wheels with a door at either ends, which were drawn in and out of the water by donkeys. Bathing Machines had a flag that could be raised or lowered from inside in order to signal that it should be moved out of water.

The purpose of the machines was to block any view of the bather from the shore, in order not to violate the Victorian sense of decency. Inside, people could change dresses and wear the heavy bathing clothes made in cotton that Victorian decorum imposed. Those suits came down to their knees and often

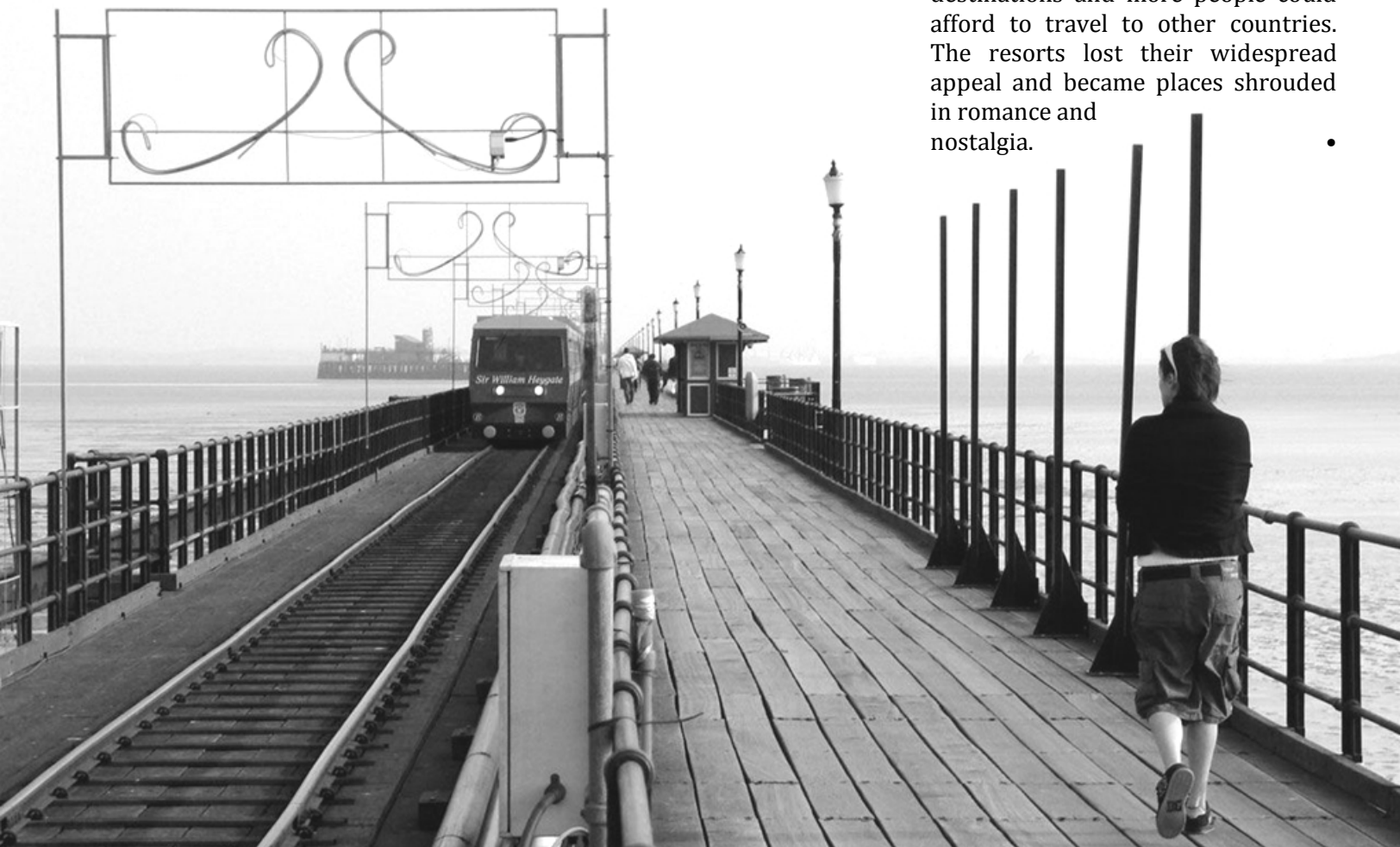
covered their heads with cloth hats.

Such was the level of Victorian modesty—not only did people cover almost their entire bodies in bathing clothes; it was considered indecent to be seen wearing them!

In the first decade of the twentieth century, ladies started to take bath directly from the beach and even walked about in their bathing costumes and mixed bathing became usual. Bathing Machines had become obsolete. However, changing in public was still not acceptable and for this reason they had their wheels removed and became the Beach Huts that are used up to this very day.

A typical feature of seaside resorts were the piers. Piers were originally mooring places for steamships. With the increase in resorts population, entrepreneurs started to add shops, restaurants and various entertainments; a walk on a pier was a simple way to breath sea air without directly entering the water.

After World War II, many things changed. Tourists started to use motorcars to reach their travel destinations and more people could afford to travel to other countries. The resorts lost their widespread appeal and became places shrouded in romance and nostalgia.





# HAVANA

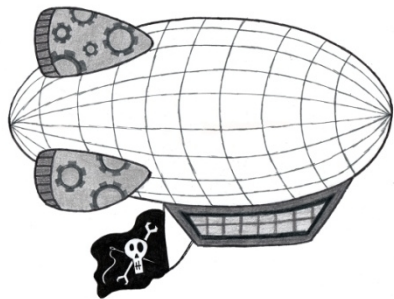
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This year, Hilde Heyvaert provides two steampunk themed **birthday calendars** with each issue of the *Gatehouse Gazette*.

The calendars for September, October will be attached to our next edition.