

GATEHOUSE GAZETTE

17

jazz
edition



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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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A ROARING GAZETTE

BY NICK OTTENS

This one's for the good times! The age of Jazz and flappers; aeroplanes and deco skyscrapers, all reaching for the skies. The world was roaring in the 1920s and at the *Gatehouse Gazette*, we remember the era with a splendid collection of articles this issue.

I am glad to introduce my friend Tome Wilson who is the proprietor of *Dieselpunks.org*, quite probably the most bustling dieselpunk community online today. He writes the first in a four part series on the history of the Roaring Twenties in this edition.

Marcus Rauchfuß is back with a history of the 1920s in Germany and Lorenzo Davia has an entry about art deco. We have reviews, of course, of *Burlesque* and *Boardwalk Empire* and Larry Amyett contributed a fine essay about the philosophy of the dieselpunk movement.

We have fashion too with Ian Brackley writing about the morning coat and Hilde Heyvaert offering fashion advice for those steampunk and dieselpunk enthusiasts interested in dressing up in Jazz style. Hilde also has two more downloadable birthday calendar slides and a couple of postcards!

Finally, Jacqueline Christi writes about the speakeasy, icon of the Prohibition era, and Andrew Bennett allowed us to print another chapter in his novel *Fearless* in this issue.

I thank all of our readers who have complicated us on the new layout of the magazine and would like to remind others that we are always interested in your opinions! If you like to comment upon something that's written here or would like to submit an article for possible inclusion in our upcoming edition, please contact us at n.ottens@gmail.com. The next issue will be themed "Living Steampunk" but we accept unrelated contributions. •



THE WAR TO END ALL WARS

BY TOME WILSON

WAR'S FUSE IS LIT ON JUNE 28, 1914 WHEN A Serbian nationalist named Gavrilo Princip guns down Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria and his wife Sophie as they ride in a motorcade through the streets of Sarajevo. The fuse burns rapidly after that, as Emperor Franz Josef of Austria asks Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany for his support in a war against Serbia, knowing full well that any action against the tiny Balkan nation will bring Russia into the conflict on Serbia's side. Within weeks, the entire European continent plunges into the fray. Following the convoluted network of multinational alliances that formed the skeleton of European politics, Germany joins with Austria against Russia and Serbia. France joins to support Russia, and after Germany invades Belgium on August 1, Great Britain joins the fight on the side of the occupied Low Country.

On August 1, 1914, citizens pack themselves into the town squares of capitals across Europe to hear the announcement that war has arrived. Emotions run at fever pitch in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Saint Petersburg. The chance to fulfill a streak of bravado suppressed by decades of Victorian restraint entices thousands of young men to enlist that very first day. The first armies of the Great War constitute the largest volunteer army ever to fight a major European conflict. Each side predicts a quick victory. Every soldier envisions himself home by Christmas.

Ivor Gurney, *To His Love* (1917)

He's gone, and all our plans
Are useless indeed.
We'll walk no more on
Cotswolds
Where the sheep feed
Quietly and take no heed.

His body that was so quick
Is not as you
Knew it, on Severn River
Under the blue
Driving our small boat through.

You would not know him now...
But still he died
Nobly, so cover him over
With violets of pride
Purple from Severn side.

Cover him, cover him soon!
And with thick-set
Masses of memoried flowers-
Hide that red wet
Thing I must somehow forget.

and mechanized vehicles become the new language of war. With each side struggling to land the knockout punch that will bring total victory, the German troops outrun the safety of their artillery lines. The end in sight, Germany's final push throws a surreal numbers of bodies into the gears of death and speaks to the desperation of that nation's spirit at that time, yet the denouement of the war is heralded by a deadlier, more powerful enemy.

In the autumn of 1918, the "Spanish Flu" appears and scythes a path through the country of Spain, affecting 80 percent of the population. In a few short months, the disease rampages throughout Europe and the east coast of America; killing over nineteen thousand in New York City alone. As the great equalizer, the disease hits rich and poor, soldier and civilian, adult and child. All stand as equals in the crosshairs of death. Yet, as quickly and inexplicably as it arrives, the pandemic disappears in the summer of 1919. By the time the flu has run its course, over 21 million people have perished—more than one percent of the entire world's population. With trains overloaded with the corpses of the fallen steaming from cities around the clock, humanity pauses to consider its future.

At 11 AM on November 11, Germany and the Allies sign an armistice treaty at Compiegne outside Paris. "The War to End All Wars" is over. It erases an entire generation of young men from the pages of history, but the survivors grow and become the architects of the modern century, and the Roaring Twenties.

Recommended media:

- Gerald J. Meyer, *A World Undone: The Story of the Great War, 1914 to 1918* (2006)
- Erich Maria Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1929)
- Barbara Tuchman, *The Guns of August* (1962)
- *La grande illusion* ("Grand Illusion", 1937)

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



GERMANY'S GOLDEN TWENTIES

BY MARCUS RAUCHFUß

THE ROARING TWENTIES, OR *Goldenen Zwanziger Jahre*, as they were known in Germany, were very likely Germany's happiest time in the first half of the twentieth century. They can also be considered Berlin's Golden Age.

The time between the end of the hyperinflation and hardships of the post-Great War period and the stock market crash of 1929 were a comparatively stable period for the troubled Weimar Republic. The largely French-driven dictates of the Versailles Treaty were modified and relieved by the implementation of the Dawes Plan and later the Young Plan (although the latter would not come into effect until 1930). In 1926 the Weimar Republic joined the League of Nations, another sign of normalization.

Fueled by American dollars, the German economy stabilized and

expanded, leading to increased wealth. This credit financed economy would later prove highly vulnerable to the effects of the great recession of the early 1930s but for the moment, the Weimar Republic enjoyed prosperity, stability and good times.

Germany in the late 1920s was a very dynamic and almost hedonistic country. Among other things, it had the largest number of cinemas in Europe and the second largest movie industry in the world, second only to the United States.

During the *Goldene Zwanziger* many internationally renowned films including *The Last Laugh* and *Metropolis* were produced. Also, some of the most renowned German actors, Marlene Dietrich and Emil Jannings, the first person to receive an Academy Award for Best Actor, come to mind.

The Roaring Twenties in Germany saw the first widespread availability of radios in private homes. Since assembled radios were almost prohibitively expensive to everyone except the upper middle class, it was relatively common to buy the parts in a prepacked kit and assemble the set at home.

Music and radio dramas were very popular during the late twenties in Germany. Political broadcasts were few and far between.

The *Goldene Zwanziger* also saw a remarkably lively and culturally diverse Berlin; a stark contrast

The last great radio drama of the Weimar Republic was *Hallo! Hier Welle Erdball!* ("Hello! This is Radio Globe!"). It is the namesake of a popular German electro band, *Welle:Erdball* which plays quite heavily with various dieselpunk motifs.

to what would become of it in the years to follow.

In the 1920s Berlin was the world's largest industrial city, the largest city between the English Channel and the coast of the Pacific and after New York and London the third largest metropolis in the world by population.

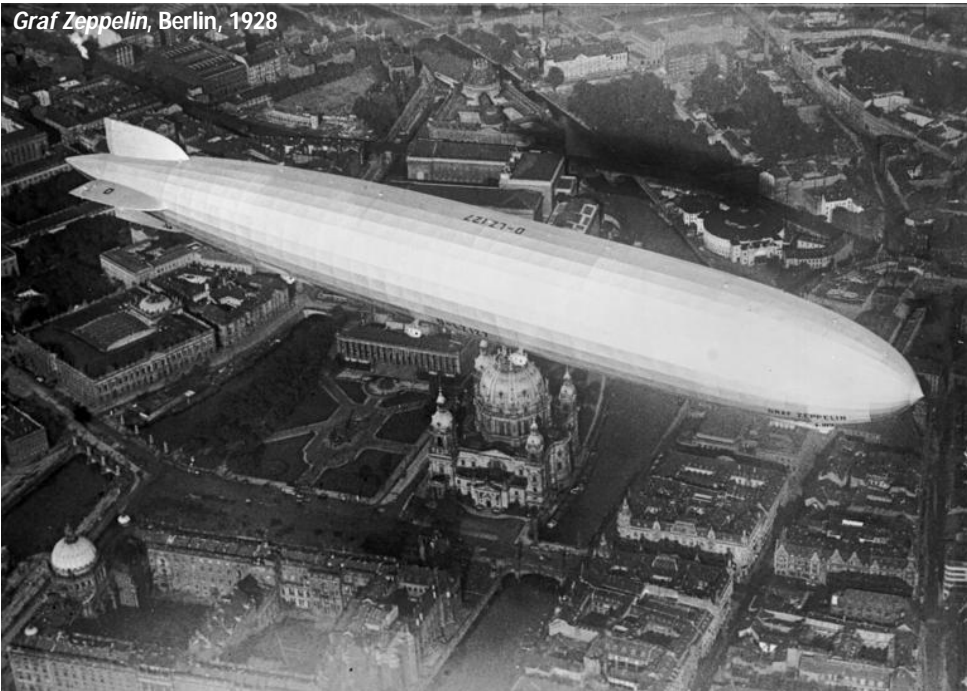
Berlin's cultural significance, both for Germany and the world, also reached a level unparalleled since. It was arguably Germany's only true cosmopolitan city, with Hamburg trailing a long way behind and Cologne and Munich being rather provincial towns still. The concentration of so much power in just one city may actually have had an adverse effect on Germany's economy but the jury is still out on that one.

Fact is, Berlin was a major metropolis in a country that was nowhere near as urbanized as it is today. Berlin was the industrial, artistic and financial center of the country. At no time before nor since has the city had such significance. Today, cultural centers are Berlin, Hamburg, Cologne and Munich, heavy industry is in decline and the financial center is firmly placed in Frankfurt.

Germany as a whole made leaps in several areas outside industry and commerce. Returning to the aforementioned hedonism, the late 1920s are noteworthy for their liberal views on gender roles and sexuality. This liberalism stands out compared to the years of the German Empire and the Third Reich and even



Graf Zeppelin, Berlin, 1928



the Federal Republic up until the 1970s. Homosexuality in particular was seen as far less abhorrent as it had been viewed before or after. There were even specialized magazines in circulation, catering to the homosexual community.

One of these was *Die Freundin* ("The Girlfriend"), a magazine aimed,

obviously, at lesbians.

Women in general enjoyed a good deal more freedom. It was perfectly normal to see women smoking in public (this would have caused a scandal only a few years earlier) and many also learnt to drive a car.

It was during this time that a

plan for the general improvement of Germany's infrastructure was conceived: The massive construction of *autobahns*. Although the Nazi regime is often credited with the expansion of the German motorways, the plans for it were already there when the Nazis came to power. They did not plan it; they just took over and took credit for it.

On a happier note: Germany's *Goldene Zwanziger* also were the beginning of the golden age of zeppelin travel. After the initial difficulties, mainly financial, were overcome, LZ 127 *Graf Zeppelin*, sistership to the ill-fated *Hindenburg*, took to the air on September 18, 1928. In August 1929 the *Graf Zeppelin* flew around the globe, a feat no other zeppelin or airship has completed since.

Today, the images conjured by the term *Goldene Zwanziger* are people dancing Charleston or Foxtrot, and the scenes from *Der Blaue Engel*. I guess relatively few people are still aware of the liberties enjoyed by women and homosexuals during this time.



Hotel Esplanada, Berlin, 1926

REVIEW «

WILD CARDS AND IRON HORSES

BY HILDE HEYVAERT

SHERYL NANTUS' ROMANTIC adventure is set in the small American town of Prosperity Ridge, some time after the American Civil War but not in the West as we know it. It is a brave new world indeed with airships polluting the skies and live horses being replaced by mechanical ones on wheels to take a traveller where the great trains can't.

Enter our hero: Jonathan "Jon" Handleston, a former soldier who once participated in war and has a mangled hand to show for it. If he

were an ordinary man, he would have lost that hand, but he is not. He is the son of an entrepreneur with money and thus he wears a state of the art metal brace to allow him movement of his hand. And that mechanical marvel of medical progress has now started to fail him.

So in this town of Prosperity Ridge he is to find an engineer to fix it, whom he finds in the beautiful, young Samantha "Sam" Weatherly.

Of course Jon is a poker player (because heroes in the Wild West seem to range from the anti-hero bad guy turned good, law man or poker player and little else). Of course he has a nemesis who will stop at nothing to thwart Jon as part of his evil schemes (and who of course loses out in the end) and of course Sam and him fall madly in love.

Don't read this if you're expecting anything but predictability.

The book reads easily enough, and it's not very thick so good if you want something nice and light. The descriptions are pleasant enough,

giving the reader a good view in the mind's eye of what's going on, without trawling on forever and boring you out of your skull completely. If you're not a fan of the genre though this probably won't amuse you.

The book warns that it will leave you panting at the end, which I think is to be taken not by a pinch of salt, but with an entire salt mine. I'm asthmatic and thus easily out of breath, and I wasn't even panting in the slightest. Don't expect more than the usual: Boy meets girl, falls in love with girl. Feelings are mutual. Bad guy loses, good guy wins. Queue the happy ending. That's it.

If you love romance adventure novels, you will no doubt adore this novel. If that isn't your proverbial cup of tea, you're probably in for a grievous couple of hours of predictable scenarios with romance in the background.

It is, however, nice to see a proper Weird West setting with airships and steampunk inventions and apparatus. •

REVIEW «

BOARDWALK EMPIRE

BY NICK OTTENS

HBO'S *BOARDWALK EMPIRE* IS the best thing that's been on television since AMC launched *Mad Men* several years ago. If you're unfamiliar with the series, imagine *The Sopranos*, set some ninety years in the past. It's Atlantic City during Prohibition and *Boardwalk Empire* combines bootlegging and American upper class bliss in a splendid mix. It is the Roaring Twenties and although liquor is banned, The World's Playground went through its golden age of gambling and entertainment.

Ruling this pleasure resort is Nucky Thompson, city treasurer and uncontested boss of the Republican Party machine in town. You've never seen Steve Buscemi this swell.

The pleasure of watching *Boardwalk Empire* is more than the thrills of alcohol trafficking and vice; it is more than the costumes and oddities of the American 1920s, enjoyable though they may be; the real strength of the series is its carefully plotted storyline and character development.

As the drama unfolds, we see and feel our characters change. While Atlantic City, quite probably the apogee of freewheeling Jazz Age America, celebrates, increasingly Nucky and those around him are aware that the game they've been caught up in is far more serious than anything they've dealt with so far. When people start dying, it's a



different ballgame all of the sudden and it affects them. Some are hardened, others start wondering whether they're in the right place and consorting with the right people. It is, in the words of *USA Today*, "extravagantly produced, shocking violent and as cold and hard as ice." A treat for any dieselpunk aficionado! •



REVIEW « BURLESQUE

BY HILDE HEYVAERT

LET'S BE HONEST : AT THE end of the day *Burlesque* is just another feel good movie with a rather cliché plot and happy ending. There is quite a bit of singing at regular intervals; not enough to make it a full on musical but it's getting quite close. Starring both Cher and Christina Aguilera, everyone knew that this film was either going to be cheesy as hell commercial Hollywood crap or sheer brilliance. I'd say it's floating somewhere in the middle.

The story is simple, Alice "Ali" Rose, has enough of her dead end life and waitressing job in Iowa and decides to hop on the greyhound bus to Los Angeles to try to make it there. After a fruitless search for a proper job she stumbles upon "Burlesque", a

club promising "the best view on the strip".

Burlesque is, as the name explains rather well, a burlesque establishment. And of course Ali manages to land a job there, as a waitress at first but eventually as a dancer and eventually the club's star performer. Girl meets boy at said club, girl ends up moving in with boy due to some unpleasant circumstances, girl discovers boy is in fact not gay and they fall in love. In the mean time there's everything from impending doom for the club to another suitor fighting for the girl's heart, trouble in love related paradise and a jealous rival that can't stand the new girl getting the spotlight. As I said: predictable.

Now this is why I thought *Burlesque* was alright, bordering on worthwhile even, and I admit that I quite enjoyed it, mostly.

There's quite a bit of humor in the movie. Some scenes are simply hilarious. The costumes are pretty and the songs better than expected.

While I believe that fans of the actual burlesque genre might be disappointed, if you like a lot of singing, pretty costumes, burlesque style atmosphere and simply to just watch an entertaining movie for which you can happily switch off your brain, then this will probably suit you just fine. If you like feel good, coming of age stories with a happy ending, you'll likely adore this.

The characters were aptly cast and while the acting wasn't Oscar quality, it certainly wasn't bland and rubbish either. It was good and solid, which is more than you generally get in movies of this type. The interactions were well done, the story's pace generally evolved fast enough and the music wasn't getting in the way of the story too much.

If you have a couple of hours to spend and you're looking for a light and easy movie; if you like pretty costumes and singing, then this is something you could enjoy. •

SIAM



THE PHILOSOPHY OF DIESELPUNK

BY LARRY AMYETT JR

OFTEN WHEN ONE READS OF the Jazz Age the term is limited to the 1920s but there's a relatively young philosophy known as dieselpunk that is trying to keep the glory of the Jazz Age alive.

The term "dieselpunk" was first used by Lewis Pollak in 2001 to describe his role-playing game *Children of the Sun*. Dieselpunk has since grown far beyond his initial usage to describe a philosophy that forms the basis of a subculture and art movement with distinctive music, art, fiction and cinema.

Dieselpunk philosophy is a postmodern phenomenon that comprises three aspects: decodence, contemporary, and punk. To understand this young philosophy one must understand each of these aspects.

To understand decodence one should start with the first half of the philosophy's name: diesel. One might assume that the use of the word "diesel" in dieselpunk is limited to the prominence of internal combustion in technology as opposed to steam or nuclear power but this would be an oversimplification.

The use of the word "diesel" in dieselpunk goes back to the common practice of labeling genre punks, such as cyberpunk and steampunk, by their use the productive forces of an era (the age of steam and the information age, respectively). However, just as steampunk is more than the dominance of steam technology and cyberpunk is more than the use of information technology, dieselpunk is more than the internal combustion engine and gasoline.

Dieselpunks uses "diesel" to refer to what we call the "diesel era," which begins with the Jazz Age in the 1920s. The ending of the diesel era is the subject of great discussion in the dieselpunk community. The two

prominent schools of thought are that either it concludes with the end of World War II or that it concludes circa the early 1950s.

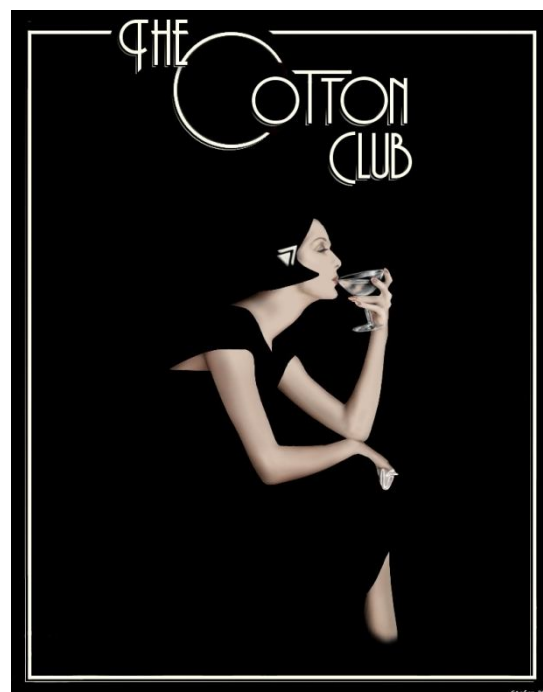
This diesel era provides the raw material and the inspiration for dieselpunks: decodence. The word decodence, which is a portmanteau of deco and decadence, was first used on the web site *The Gatehouse* and describes something that "embraces the styles and technologies of the era; it rejoices in a prolonged Jazz Age ambience characterized by great enthusiasm and hopes about the future," according to Nick Ottens.

It is in decodence that we find hard-boiled detectives, pulp fiction, zeppelins, flappers, mobsters, Jazz, swing and Big Band music, fedoras and zoot suits. Decodence is the lifeblood of dieselpunk.

The next concept of dieselpunk is the importance of its contemporary origin. Dieselpunk is not reenactment nor is it a dream to live in the past. Decodence serves to provide inspiration for dieselpunks to create something new using contemporary values and attitudes.

For dieselpunks, decodence is like clay to a potter. The potter takes clay and by adding her or his creativity and labor creates something altogether new. While dieselpunks enjoy studying the diesel era, the dieselpunk genre is something original because it merges decodence with the sensibilities of today.

The third concept is punk, which has a rather Zen-like quality in that often as soon as one labels something as being "punk" then it's probably not. That being said, we need to start with a brief review of



the etymology of the word "punk".

David K. Barnhart and Allan A. Metcalf assert in *America in So Many Words: Words That Have Shaped America* (1997) that the word "punk" has its origins from "pungough," which was used by tribes of Native Americans in Virginia for a powder that they made by burning the core of the ear of corn. Tribes of Native Americans of Delaware also used the same word but used it to describe "ashes."

Over time the word changed. According to Barnhart and Metcalf the Native American meaning evolved into the English word "punk" for a slow burning kindling for fireworks and then later for cigarettes. By the end of the nineteenth century the American author and humorist George Ade, known for his "fables in slang," used the word to imply that something was worthless when he wrote, "And this crowd up there was purty-y-y punk." They go on to point out that the word during the Interbellum era became synonymous with for a "small time hoodlum" and then came

the punk scene of the 1970s and '80s with its unique culture, fashion and music.

What does all of this say about "punk" in dieselpunk? Punk is important in that it gives the genre a special vitality and power. Because of its "punk" element dieselpunk doesn't play it safe and is willing to push the envelope with its combination of the contemporary and decadence. Punk adds the potential for fantasy, horror and speculative fiction to dieselpunk. In addition, the "punk" in dieselpunk states that it's a countercultural genre with an emphasis on individual

expression. Because of "punk", we each interpret and express dieselpunk in our own way.

While I feel that my article is consistent with what has developed in the dieselpunk community ultimately one must ask individual dieselpunks "What is dieselpunk to you?" rather than "What is dieselpunk?"

Just as two atoms of hydrogen

and one of oxygen combine to form water, which can exist in various states, the combination of the three concepts found in dieselpunk results in a phenomenon that is highly diverse and varied. Some manifestations of dieselpunk are positive, hopeful and emphasize human progress while others are dark, foreboding and frightening.

While the philosophy of dieselpunk is relatively new and not widely known the phenomenon is growing quickly. Numerous dieselpunk blogs, forums, writers, artists and musicians are appearing daily. Though academics may declare the Jazz Age a thing of the past, dieselpunks of today are rediscovering the magic and wonder of that fabulous time when Jazz was king and they are making that age a living, breathing part of our modern culture.



COLUMN «

THE STEAMPUNK WARDROBE

BY HILDE HEYVAERT

THE ROARING TWENTIES, THE PERIOD SMACK IN between the aftermath of World War I and the onset of the Great Depression, was a time of change, of rebellion and breaking with tradition. It is also the end of the age of steam and the start of the diesel era, the line where steampunk crosses over to dieselpunk. Aside from that, it was the time when Jazz music came to life and fashion, especially women's fashion, took bold new steps.

While back in the day the movement was limited in its spread, today the influence of this time can't be ignored and is globally recognized.

Women came up the forefront in the aftermath of the war and that started significant social changes (the suffragette movement for instance), but also changes in fashion. For the first time popular fashion was attainable for all women, not just those with the financial means to dress in the latest styles. (So you don't have to portray someone from the upper class if you wish to adept a flapper persona.) Using popular patterns, lower and middle class women were able to make the high street

variety of upper class fashions and be just as trendy as their richer counterparts.

The flapper style, the archetypical fashion of the twenties, is still popular to this day. Long luscious locks with a stylized curl in appropriate places or the short bob styled with or without the famous finger waves. Long or knee length beautifully cut dresses or the short flapper variety, they were all popular. Long coats with (faux) fur collar or (faux) fur stoles are great

to top off your outfit or add some flair.

High heeled shoes will probably be easiest to find if you put together an ensemble from those days, seeing a lot of shoes on sale now are reminiscent in style of the twenties. If you prefer flats, have a look out for brogues. Beautiful floppy hats

are also *en vogue* this season, so grab one while you can. Its popularity is bound to make it easily available on the high street for a decent price if you're on a budget. If you aren't keen on a floppy hat, go for a cloche instead or choose a bando with lovely fabric flower or a beautifully embellished or feathery hair band to wear. Strings of pearls are also appropriate as necklaces and easy to make yourself even if you don't have a crafty bone in your body. Other lovely accessories include long gloves and if you smoke, do so from a cigarette in a long holder.

Men from those days were dressed impeccably: suit, tie, shirt, waistcoat and hat, the whole proverbial nine yards. If you're going for a lower class or more down to earth variety, go with a newsboy cap, shirt, braces, suit trousers and dress shoes or boots.

The infamous "zoot suit" (the suit with high-waisted, wide-legged, tight-cuffed, pegged trousers and a long coat with wide lapels and wide padded shoulders), so often associated with the gangster look, didn't actually come into fashion before the late 1930s, but if you love those, just wear one. It may not be historically accurate, but gangsters are so commonly associated with what was, after all, the Prohibition era, I think there's nothing wrong with guys donning the zoot for a twenties style outfit.

Of course these are just the more historical approaches to the garments of the Roaring Twenties, as with everything steampunk and dieselpunk, the sky is the limit, and nothing should stop you if you simply wish to take some of these elements and turn them into something new and exiting entirely. If you do so, keep one thing in mind: go for at least one key element from the fashion, something that will make it recognizable or you risk that no one gets it at all.



Photographs by Steven Rosen, stevenrosenphotography.com

THE MORNING COAT

BY IAN BRACKLEY

IN ISSUE #15 OF THE *GAZETTE* my article about the issues facing gentlemen wanting to adopt the frock coat was accompanied by a photo of President William Taft. In the photo, Taft is wearing a single-breasted coat with fronts that curve gracefully away from the front. It is in fact the classic morning coat.

To correct this defect and for the expansion of readers' sartorial vocabularies this article comes with a fine illustration, showing, on the left, the double-breasted frock or "Prince Albert" frock and on the right, its near relation and successor, the morning coat.

In several turn-of-the-century American cutting texts, fashion plates and catalogues, the name "frock" is used to denote the morning coat, alternately as a "day, cutaway, business, single-breasted frock". The inclusion of Taft's photo was appropriate in the sense that his body type is nowadays so ill served by the ready-to-wear clothing industry. Readers of issue #15 will note how Taft's bespoke coat flatters his very stout figure and follows the outline of his waist. This is what can be accomplished with individualized service.

In any event, the editors' choice of photo opens up the discussion on the morning coat!

If the frock coat article left that garment appearing too aspirational or too much of a commitment for the gent wanting a formal piece of better quality for their wardrobe and *those once in a while occasions* a second hand morning coat is an option worth considering.

Morning coats have already been pressed into subcultural service for decades. Since the early days of Goth it has remained a readily accessible garment with a distinctive Victorian or Edwardian silhouette. The reason for this accessibility is

that unlike the now obsolete frock, the morning coat hasn't yet entirely departed from conventional use.

The morning coat replaced the frock as formal daywear circa 1900 and there it remains, used in an ever narrowing list of occasions, chiefly maintained by the wedding industry. Because contemporary morning coats have never stopped being

manufactured they can be found in most vintage and some second hand stores. Diving in among the hangers of morning coats can be a mixed bag. The vintage hunter can find century old pieces next to wedding and courtroom attire from the 1940s to the 1960s next to mass produced polyester numbers from the 1970s ad 1980s. If looking in the realm of the professional vintage market, expect pricing accordingly.

If the intention of the buyer is to have a piece to cannibalize, reconstruct or otherwise dissemble, please choose something as contemporary and down market as possible. This can help avoid inadvertently destroying an older or higher quality piece should that lucky find happen to you as it has to the author. More on this later.

However, if the intention of the buyer is an elegant alternative to the lounge (sack) coat then it can help to know how to locate a quality morning coat.

Better examples of the morning coat tend to be the older ones. My personal rule of thumb is that the farther forward from 1970 one aims for the worse the garments tend to become in terms of quality of material, cut and construction. First,



it is best to locate examples that are made of wool. Note the amount of layering throughout the interior of the garment particularly in the chest. Generally speaking, the earlier the coat, the more stiffness and even padding one will find in the chest and sometimes sides.

Another signifier of a quality piece is the inclusion of inside skirt pockets. Lay the coat out with the lining facing up. Look to the center back vent area, along the line of the skirt pleats, just below the waist should be a pair (one on either side) of deep pockets. Ideally used for gloves, letters or other small items. When worn, these pockets were accessed by reaching behind one's back and under the skirt's center vent. Now, turn the garment over and note the skirt pleats. Better examples will have a three-dimensional quality to the pleats; the skirt is shaped with an iron into a knife-like peak that gently rolls below to join with the skirt tail. In lower-end and more modern examples these pleats either are simply sewn and ironed flat or, worse, are omitted entirely and a long seam takes the place of a pleat.

A final and somewhat rarer

feature to look for in a collectable piece involves the front closure. On some morning coats the fronts are not cut to overlap but only to meet and are held closed with a set of buttons on a chain, somewhat like a cufflink. Look for two buttonholes opposing each other. With great luck, a coat link may still accompany the garment.

When one is fortunate enough to encounter a rack of morning coats that spans the spectrum of time and quality (often sandwiched between tuxedo jackets and evening tailcoats) one can see the fashions of their respective eras in the details of what are essentially fossilized Edwardian ritual garments. One will see morning coats' lapels broaden and narrow from the 1950s through to the 1960s, becoming broad again in the 1970s accompanied with high, concave shoulders. By the final quarter of the twentieth century though, the morning coat was widely regarded as a fancy dress wedding novelty, in any other context almost a joke. In 1974, Watergate Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski discreetly begged off wearing the traditional formal morning dress before the US Supreme Court as he felt the attire made him appear ridiculous.

This growing disregard for the formal day mode is reflected in the

increased use of mass production techniques and cheap synthetic materials seen on these garments. As one becomes an experienced vintage hunter, the difference between clothes that were created as dignified pieces for a lifetime of important occasions and those created with all the intended gravity of novelty prom or wedding wear will become apparent.

Fit is another issue entirely. If the example is from the modern mass produced end of the spectrum, then all the ills of contemporary ready to wear can be expected: boxy fits, no definition of shape, low armholes. On the other hand if one has located a lovely black or deepest midnight blue wool number from around 1950 or earlier, there is a good chance that it was bespoke or made to measure or at the very least locally altered by a tailor for the original wearer and perhaps a few others in between. Then, rather than the known evils of standardized sizing, you are left hoping that your body shape and proportions are similar in enough ways to another random gentleman. But it does happen. The vintage shopper can greatly facilitate his searches simply by knowing his coat size (your breast measured around the widest point) as pieces are often organized this way irrespective of

class of garment. Hence one can find beautiful early to mid-twentieth century morning coats for sale next to the most hopelessly tacky prom and wedding wear.

As to that earlier matter about not mangling older pieces; I once acquired a morning coat from a costume shop sale for about \$20. For one Halloween season it was "embellished" with cogs and washers sewn on with fishing line. It was a big hit. As my interest in late nineteenth and early twentieth century clothing grew, and the more I examined the coat I realized that I had on my hands a piece of history. The manner it was constructed and the materials it was made from would be recognized by my great grandfather. It represents a manufacturing ethos that is rapidly fading into obscurity. Put simply, they just don't make 'em like this anymore. Luckily my handiwork could be plucked off and no permanent damage had been done. I have since used this piece as a study guide and benchmark; an example of quality of craftsmanship to strive for.

So when scrounging in the past, be it at the antiques shop, or the vintage store or even a garage or rummage sale, tread wisely, knowledgeably and respectfully. One person's cast off rags are another's historical artifacts. •

RENDEZVOUS

A CHAPTER FROM **ANDREW BENNETT'S FEARLESS**

TWO DAYS AFTER THEIR FIRST MEETING, EVA Wood was once more stood waiting, at the direction of the mysterious Captain and once again she cursed his poor timekeeping. The day after their meeting, as she was walking through the Hotel's lobby she was stopped by one of the desk clerks. He strode up to her and said;

'Miss Dixon?' Recognising the false name she was staying under she answered him and took the envelope he was holding. When she opened it she found it contained a note, written in the same spidery hand as her previous summons. It said simply:

"We Accept. You and I shall travel together."

The only other thing the envelope contained was a ticket for the next morning's mail coach to Whitby. As she examined the ticket she wondered aloud;

'Why Whitby, of all places?'

The Clerk made a puzzled grunt in response and realising he was still stood next to her Eva asked him quickly;

'Who gave you this?'

'That gentleman, over there.' He indicated a tall figure in a long coat who was just exiting the building. Seeing a chance to accost him Eva rushed across the lobby and out into the street. When he had finally navigated through the Hotel's doors and made it outside into the

street she looked left and right, searching for the man the clerk had identified in the throngs of people going about their business. He was nowhere to be seen. Eva inwardly cursed herself for letting him get away, especially given the wide expanse of the street outside the Hotel. The man's only possible route of escape which could have blocked him from her keen eyes was directly into the dense traffic on the road, an unlikely occurrence as anyone who tried it would have been quickly run down by either a steam hansom or one of the few carts which still relied on horses, which were flowing in both directions of the traffic. The only logical explanation was that he had a cab waiting for him, but even that would not have been able to move out into the maze of vehicles filling the road. 'This Captain must have spirits in his employ to disappear so quickly.' She thought to herself as she wandered back through the hotel lobby and set about her preparations for the following day's journey.

Now she was stood outside in the dawn mist before the great grey stone edifice of the Post Office where she and her fellow passengers were watching their luggage being loaded onto the top of the large steam coach. Eva warily eyed the chest containing the bullion as the coachmen hefted it into position on the forward part of the roof, well away from the rear where it could be damaged by the heat and sparks from the chimney, and it was strapped down. One of the coachmen would be sat upon it for the duration of the trip. Eva's carpet bag was one of the last to be loaded and as she struggled to lift it up to the guard waiting on the coach's roof, a pair of hands suddenly appeared beside hers and a male voice said;

'Let me help you with that.'

The bag was soon placed amongst the others and as Eva turned to thank her mysterious helper she found herself staring into the piercing, pale blue eyes of The Captain. His sudden appearance gave her a fright, but she soon recovered and saw him deftly raise a large, canvas sack above his head and pass it to the waiting coachman on the roof, who staggered under its weight. The Captain was dressed in a dark jacket, and shirt, although bereft of a tie. He was clean shaven and had combed his hair, along with his bag, he looked every inch a sailor, home on leave, although the hard set of his jaw and penetrating gaze added to air of power he possessed. As the coach's whistle blew, announcing its' imminent departure Eva and The Captain rounded the coach and climbed into its' warm, lavish interior. As Eva took stock of their fellow passengers, the second class passengers who were to ride on the coach's roof, were moving themselves as near to the warm chimney reaching up the back of the coach as they could, so that they could avoid the awkwardness and ignominy of huddling together under a thick shared blanket. Like all steam coaches the boiler was slung beneath with the fireman standing on a metal platform at the vehicle's rear. From where she was sat Eva could feel

the warmth of the fire and the boiler through the floor. The interior of the coach was occupied by two other passengers. One was a youngish looking man, dressed in a mourning suit and a bowler hat with a small black leather portmanteau resting between his feet, currently engrossed in well worn copy of the latest penny dreadful. The other was young woman, much like Eva herself, although her straw blonde hair, drawn into a bun on the back of her head, and her pale complexion, showed her most likely to be a governess or teacher, given her ink stained fingers. The coach's door banged closed and the driver took up his position on the front of the coach, and it quickly pulled out into the traffic, soon picking up speed once it had left the tight confines of the town. The Captain folded his arms across his chest before resting his head against the outer side of the coach's body and he was soon asleep and snoring loudly. Deciding that the young gentleman was far too interested in his reading to do anything else, Eva elected to attempt to engage the other young woman in conversation and they were both soon enthralled in the exchange of society gossip. Although Eva actually had little interest in who had been found or seen in compromising a position or whose wife had discovered their mistress and was threatening divorce, she was content to let the other woman prattle on and fill the time of the otherwise tedious journey. In little over an hour the coach pulled to a halt and jerked The Captain roughly awake. Muttering as he yawned and worked his jaw he descended from the coach to stretch his legs for a while as mail bags were loaded and unloaded and the tank was refilled with water and the boiler resupplied with coal. Eva leaned out as she heard the sounds of movement above her on the coach's roof; she discovered that they had arrived at a place called Beverley and evidently some of the second class passengers wished to disembark before the Mail coach continued its' journey along the coast. The Captain returned from his sojourn within a few minutes and shortly after he had climbed back in the coach the whistle blew and the journey continued. This scene was repeated twice along the coast when the Mail Coach stopped at Bridlington and then Scarborough with the young woman Eva had been talking to leaving at Bridlington and the gentleman departing the Coach at Scarborough. This left Eva alone in the coach's interior with the sleeping Captain; who had slept for almost the entire journey, during the relatively short journey to Whitby. To a degree she was relieved that he was sleeping as the epiphany she had had previously in Hull had been confirmed as true, this man was closely connected to James Harrier, and she bridled at the thought of spending the journey alone with him had he been awake. Feeling the loneliness and tedium of her singular position descend upon her Eva began to go over the details of the mission in her head and made sure she would be able to direct The Captain to their destination without hesitation. A sudden jolt shook the coach as it

bounced over a hole in the road brought The Captain quickly awake, but he merely mumbled something incomprehensible before returning to his slumber. By the time they had reached Whitby it was mid afternoon and the sun hung low in the sky as it began its' descent into dusk. Once more displaying the sailor's ability to fall asleep and awaken at a moments notice The Captain jerked awake as he felt the coach slow and eventually stop. As soon as the coach was stationary he disembarked and became exceptionally brisk and businesslike in his manner. As Eva descended from the coach's interior she found The Captain directing the unloading of their luggage, paying particular attention to the chest which was unstrapped and lowered to him by the guard. Upon receiving the chest The Captain placed it at his feet along with his and Eva's bags before he began scanning the crowds which were milling about the surrounding area. One of the Coachmen wandered up to him and spoke with an unmistakeable leer in his eye;

'I know a good hotel if you and the Young lady are looking for lodging for the night squire. Very quiet it is too'

'No, thank you. Our associates shall be meeting us here.' The Captain tersely replied without looking at the man. The Coachman shrugged and with a non-committal grunt before he hopped swiftly onto the Coach as it was manoeuvred around the building to the Coach house where it would be prepared for the return journey the following day. Once the Coach had departed, leaving Eva and the Captain standing with their bags and the chest full of bullion by their feet two men purposefully strode up to them. They were dressed in what was the almost standard uniform for merchant sailors; soiled woollen pullovers and work stained trousers with large sturdy boots on their feet. Aside from the black patch covering the right eye of one of the men they looked almost completely unremarkable and any passer by would have assumed them to belong to the crew of one of the whaling ships or fishing vessels which frequented the town's small harbour. Upon seeing the men stop before them The Captain nodded in recognition to the men and said;

'Mr Gibson. Mr. Greene. Please take this chest to the ship. Miss. Wood and I shall follow along with our bags as soon as I can hail a hansom.' The two men nodded their assent and together they lifted the chest, taking it across the street and loading onto the back of a waiting steam wagon, marked Butler's haulage. After seeing the vehicle loaded with his payment pull away with the two men in the rear, The Captain swung his canvas bag onto his shoulder and bent to pick up Eva's own carpet bag. Turning right and striding in the direction the ruined abbey and its' perch on a high cliff overlooking the town. The Captain soon hailed a passing hansom and placing their bags in the cab's interior with Eva climbing in after them, he instructed the driver to take them to the airdock. The Captain was silent and sat with a frown on his face as

the cab trundled through the narrow streets and Eva was glad of it. Ever since her realisation she felt uneasy in his presence and she was wary of revealing her knowledge of his connection to Harrier. Within a few minutes they arrived at the towering iron and steel monolith that was the airdock. Stretching nearly 500 feet into the air, this one was quite small in comparison to many others, and acted mainly as a base for the small airships which served as observation platforms in the local Whaling and fishing fleets. Modelled on the great airdock just outside London; which was itself a larger replica of the great Eifel tower in Paris, the first building appropriated as an aerial dock for airships, thus freeing them from the bounds of the dry docks and large berthing fields formally required to house them. The airdocks had soon become an everyday feature along the skylines of many cities, some serving like this one, almost purely for goods loading, however, there were some purposefully built for the new generations of passenger aircraft which were becoming more and more popular due to their somewhat superior speed over conventional ships. Eva marvelled at the collection of vessels, hanging, suspended above her head, by both their own gas bags or balloons as well as the vice-like clamps which fitted flush with the vessels' hulls, wondering which one of the 5 airships currently docked was top be their chariot. The Captain paid off the cab and collecting their bags strode forward to where Eva stood transfixed at the sight of what may have been The Captain's ship.

'This way Miss. Wood.' He called as he walked to the base of the tower where to the elevation platform was rapidly descending. Although called a platform it was actually more a cage, lifted and lowered through the use of a engine being slowed by counterweights attached to the top of the cage with thick steel cables which passed through two sets of pulleys, at both the top and bottom of the tower. Upon entering the cage The Captain dropped their bags and pressed the bell, alerting the engine operator to their presence inside the cage. As the engine operator rang back in acknowledgement the platform slowly began to climb upwards, reaching the summit of the tower within a few minutes. The wind was strong at the top of the tower, but the dock level was sheltered by the surrounding airships so only a stiff breeze was felt by those standing there. The Captain led Eva out of the cage and over to where a decrepit airship was docked. It was of an older design to the other ships docked there and its rust stained hull showed it to be in dire need of repair. From its' Jack Staff hung the Red, White and Black, tricolour of the German Empire, with a black Bavarian Eagle displayed proudly in the centre of the flag, denoting that the ship belonged to the merchant air arm of Germany. The crew working on the deck to make the ship ready to sail showed signs of recognising the figures coming alongside it as they approached the lowered gangplank. As they rounded the bowsprit Eva noticed the

JESSE L. LASKY
Presents

Cecil B. DeMille's

PRODUCTION

"Saturday Night"

by
JEANIE
MACPHERSON



with its wings extended back and its talons outstretched, and her fears were once more awakened. Upon their reaching the deck a voice shouted;

'Captain on deck!' At which the crew, to a man, stopped what they were doing and stood to attention. The tall man whom Eva had last met in Hull, and remembered being addressed as Mr. Crabbe strode proudly up to them and saluted, which The Captain, without lowering their bags, lazily returned.

'Have the crew return to their duties, Mr. Crabbe. I want us underway within the hour.' The Captain ordered.

'Yes sir.' Came Crabbe's reply. A large man, stood slightly aft of The Captain and his mate, evidently the Boson, then turned and bellowed at the crew who had stopped to watch this exchange;

'All right, you lazy buggers, you heard the man. Now get to it.' This outburst sent the crew into a scurrying frenzy of activity. The Captain then strode aft to his cabin and there, he was met outside by the young boy, Josiah, Eva seemed to recall his name was. The Captain looked down at the boy and lowering Eva's carpet bag said;

'Show Miss. Wood to her cabin would you.' The boy nodded enthusiastically and turned, entering the middle of the three doors arrayed before them and turned, clearly waiting Eva to follow.

'I'm sure you can manage to carry your bag to your Cabin on your own, Miss. Wood. So, I shall see you later in my Cabin once we have left port so that we can discuss the mission in further detail. I'll send Josiah to you when I'm ready.' Eva simply nodded to this and after seeing The Captain enter the left of the doors she picked up her bag and followed Josiah into the relative darkness of the companionway. He lead her past two doors and then down two flights of stairs to a companionway much like the one above, with an opening to the front, showing the gloomy twilight of a gun deck, with two more doors facing each other on the left and right sides of the companionway. Josiah led her to the door on the right and pushed it open, gesturing for her to enter. When she did she found a relatively large cabin, measuring around 7 feet long and 6 wide. There was a bunk along the longest side beneath a large porthole, the sole source of natural light in the cabin, but which illuminated it well. Along the shorter side of the cabin were stood a small campaign desk and an upright folding chair. There was also a small chest of drawers opposite the bunk and a washstand with a mirror and enamel bowl at the far end, beneath which

sat a lavishly decorated porcelain chamber pot. On a shelf above and to one side of the desk there were some small miscellaneous items, including set of sharpening stones for a razor, and few small personal trinkets, obviously left by the usual occupant of the cabin. Eva turned to thank the boy but found he had left and so she quietly closed the door and began to unpack.

The Captain's wish to be underway within the hour was met and as the crew signalled to the operator on the airdock that they were ready to leave he responded and began turning a wheel set on a shaft rising from in front of the ship, before releasing a pair of levers on either side of it. He then strode up to one of the bells atop the central shaft and signalled to the engineman far below that a ship was ready to depart. The engineman responded activating the winch belt and as the plates holding her in place moved back, the Falcon's propeller bit the air and she slowly backed out of the dock which had held her, before turning and heading south.

At that moment far from the tranquillity of the still air above Whitby high above the sprawling metropolis that is London, as the sun sank slowly into the western horizon a lone figure was hunched above a telegraph in a darkened room hidden away from the rest of the world lit only by a singular oil lamp above its' head illuminating the desk and little else. The figure was quickly tapping away at the key, sending its' coded message through the air to France, safe in the knowledge even if it was intercepted it would make no sense without the code and even then it was unlikely that it could be translated. The message read:

Agent dispatched. Captain's identity confirmed. Mission accepted. Estimated arrival in 2 days.

The figure leaned back and a smile crossed its face as he lit a cigarette whilst waiting for the expected reply, knowing that his employers would be pleased with the report. Within minutes the telegraph key clattered to life as the reply came. The figure lazily watched it rock back and forth, knowing it was the only the confirmation of having received his report. But he was sent scrambling for a pencil and paper as the key continued to move. After writing the message down and deciphering it, the figure began to laugh softly. The message read:

Report received and understood. Continue present deception. Preparations for arrival are underway. •



ART DECO MOMENT

BY LORENZO DAVIA

THE ROARING TWENTIES WAS a period of great paradoxes. After the First World War the world was experiencing a period of vitality and exuberance, new technologies and styles. At the same time, it was a period of political and social contrasts which ended with the Great Depression.

Art deco is the aesthetic which best incarnated the aspirations of those years and their yearning for modernity.

The term art deco was derived from the abbreviation of the *Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes* ("International Exposition of Modern Industrial and Decorative Arts") held in Paris in 1925. It was first used by Le Corbusier in a series of articles entitled "1925 Expo: Arts Déco" published on the magazine *Esprit Nouveau* in the same year. However Le Corbusier used this term only in order to ridicule the frivolous and decorative essence of the material exposed: only in 1966 was "art deco" first used to identify the artistic tendencies of 1920 and 1930.

The 1925 Expo was intended mainly as a self promotion of French luxury goods. Department stores like Printemps and Galeries Lafayette along with furniture manufacturers showed off their design and decoration products, including jewellery, porcelains, ceramics, glass, painting and sculptures.

The Expo was "open to all industrials whose products are artistic in character and clearly show a modern tendency."

Not only the goods exposed, but the pavilions themselves were realized following the sensibility of the period. Just to name few examples, the Russian pavilion was



built following the Russian constructivism architecture, while Le Corbusier's pavilion was projected with modernism and geometric forms in mind.

It had a political value too: almost all of France's allies from the war were present. Germany was not invited as it was the former enemy and present commercial and cultural competitor. The Soviets, as mentioned, had a pavilion, and this was one of the first international artistic events in which the new Bolshevik government took part.

At night all of Paris' monuments were lit and the Eiffel Tower bore the mark of Citroen.

Art deco can be considered the spiritual successor of the *art nouveau*. They share many relevant issues like the internationality, the abolition of artistic hierarchies, the role of the industrial manufacturing and mass production and the interest in modernity. (*Art nouveau* was known in England as "Modern Style.")

But while in *art nouveau* the main inspirations are still from nature, with curved lines and flowers,



architecture and decoration can be found around the world. European architects mixed deco with distinct local themes in the colonies and in Japan. In many cases, deco helped introduce these countries to the modern world.

While in the '20s, art deco forms were still morbid and elegant, during '30s they became more rigid and geometric. World War II put an end to the sense of artistic optimism that had defined art deco in its early period but there have been returns to the style since: during the 1960s, the 1980s and most recently, in dieselpunk. The popular videogame *BioShock* brought to life an amazing underwater art deco dystopia and may have helped spread awareness of the architecture.

Perhaps our constant thirst for modernity helps explain deco's constant appeal. We see streamline return in modern day electronics while the blue and orange neon lights of the recent movie *Tron Legacy* come mind when one considers the lightworks of deco architecture.

Art deco was, in conclusion, a complex and articulated answer to the Roaring Twenties. The times needed a style that could speak to the plurality of the contemporary world. It had no manifesto or ideology except the intuit of artisans who tried to catch the spirit of their time. •

art deco favors straight lines, symmetric shapes, artificial light, geometric and prismatic structures, gears, aerodynamic machines and metal. It represents the Roaring Twenties; years of metal body cars, night life and skyscrapers. The modernity was represented also by the use of "new" materials like metal (stainless steel or aluminium), glass and plastic.

It took inspiration from many cultural movement and events of the period: the Jazz, industrial design, the ancient arts of Egypt and Mexico, Cubism and Futurism.

After the 1925 Paris Expo the style found expression all over the world. Its main centres were Paris, London and New York though.

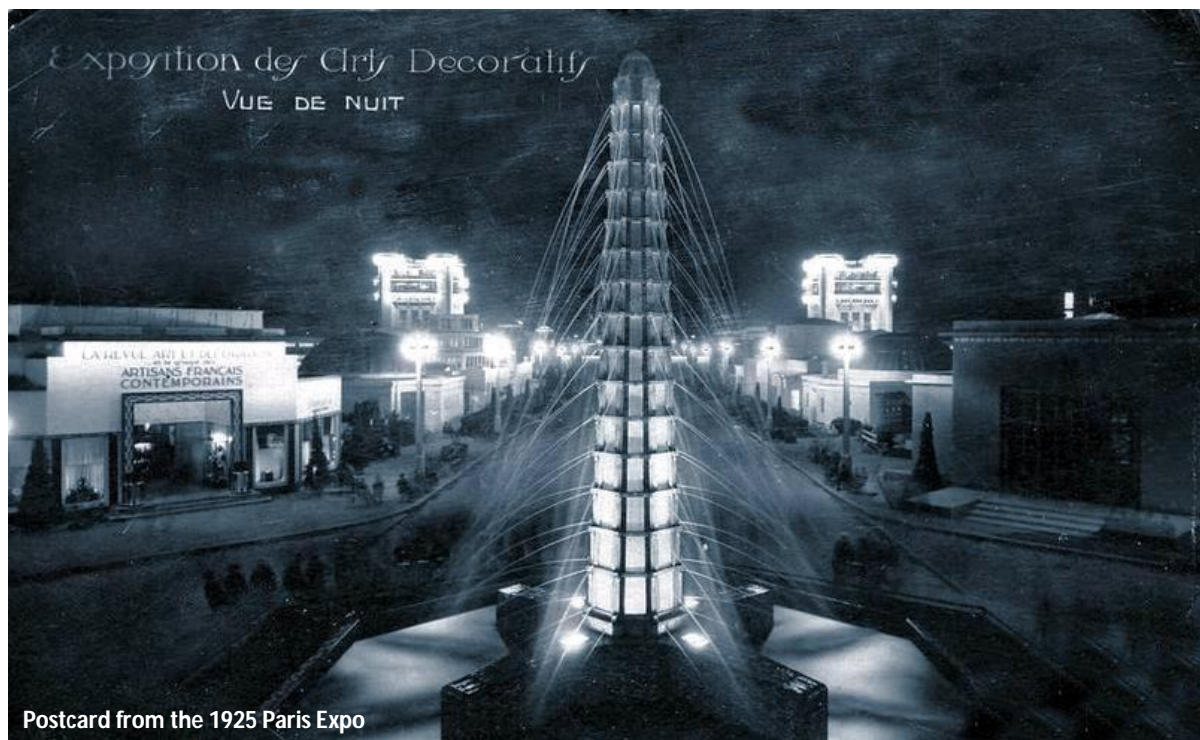
In America the main art deco examples can be found in architecture and cinema. Starting in the 1920s, skyscrapers newly built in New York didn't have Gothic features anymore but embraced the new architecture. A well known example is the Chrysler Building (finished in 1930). Originally that tower was to be a neo-Byzantine cusp, which became at the end the ziggurat inspired

structure we know today. Other sources of inspiration were the Aztec and Maya buildings recently discovered in South America.

The Hollywood culture took many inspirations from art deco, starting with films as *Metropolis* by Fritz Lang to *Footlights Paradise*, *42nd Street* and so on.

In England, deco took more time to take root. Design tendencies were more generally more sober and the new style was confined to elite culture during the 1920s. It was commonly adopted by mundane bourgeois in the next decade however.

Many examples of art deco



Postcard from the 1925 Paris Expo

SPEAK EASY!

BY J. PARKIN

Knock on the door with the secret knock. Give the password. Wait to be let in.

LIKE MANY MEMBERS OF MY generation, my first memorable experience of Prohibition and the speakeasy was the 1976 musical film, *Bugsy Malone*. The film revolves around Fat Sam's Grand Slam Speakeasy; a den of crooks, thieves, glamorous dancing girls and customers sipping cocktails in their glad rags.

More recently, the Broadway and West End musical and film *Chicago* has featured a Jazz Age speakeasy: the club Vela is arrested in is a speakeasy; the forerunner of

the nightclub.

As the Jazz Age blossomed under the restraints of prohibition a whole culture developed. People wanted to go out and listen to the new jazz style. The Jazz Age was at the height of the Prohibition movement in the United States. Spanning much of the 1920s and into the 1930s, it encompasses, and to many of subsequent generations it has come to be synonymous with, The Jazz Age. As Prohibition raged over the United States, alcohol consumption was driven underground.

At its most basic level a speakeasy was somewhere to buy bootlegged liquor. Many were run by the organized crime gangs of the era; the great gangsters are often depicted in such places. This association is part of the reason the aura of glamour has perpetuated with the Jazz Age and the speakeasy. *Boardwalk Empire* deliciously explores its seedier side from the view of the gangsters involved.

The speakeasy was born. No one really knows how the name came

about although there are many stories and myths ranging from a landlords' request for people to "speak easy" when the police were nearby, to simply meaning you could relax and "speak easy."

Many inner city speakeasies offered entertainment and food, along with the forbidden booze but as with today, there were a sliding scale of them. Some were moonshine in a shed!

Due to even the production of alcohol being made illegal, the booze coming in was rough and a little hard on the palate and stomach. As a result of this, the cocktail boomed in popularity, especially those with strong added flavors to cover the awful taste of the raw alcohol, sometimes so strong and untempered it would poison or even kill people.

Strangely, there is a fashion sweeping the states, and more slowly the UK, of speakeasy styled bars; some even with the secretive security measures of the Prohibition era. It seems the glamour of the forbidden is still strong. •

Prohibition in the United States

Prohibition, which took effect in January 1920 and finally ended in December 1933 was the era in which it was illegal to make, sell, import, export or even transport alcohol in the United States.

Supporters of Prohibition were known as "Dry," those against it known as "Wet."

Alcohol could be prescribed by doctors for medicinal purposes.

Prohibition was repealed in December 1933.


Prohibition in Britain

Prohibition was never fully enforced in the United Kingdom. Instead there was the Temperance Movement.

Participants were required to take "The Pledge" and abstain from "the demon drink." It was more an appeal to moral strength than a legal ban.



Former Prohibition police officers share a toast in New York, 1935



Marceline Day, 1926

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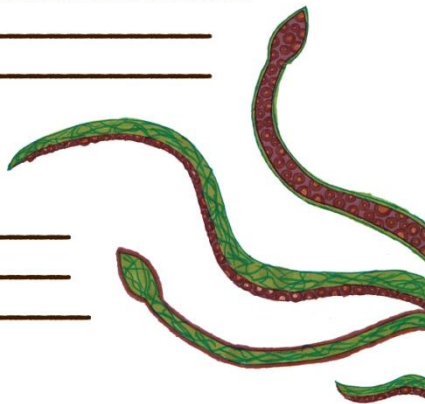
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March

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

The calendars for May and June will be attached to our next edition.



March 17th...
Watch the skies during
Saint Patrick's Day
for it also is...
Air Kraken
Day!!!

Happy Air Kraken Day!
Happy St-Patrick's Day

The Smoking Lounge
<http://www.ottens.co.uk/lounge>

The Gatehouse Gazette
<http://www.ottens.co.uk/gatehouse/gazette.php>



Happy Easter!

April 24th

The Smoking Lounge
<http://www.ottens.co.uk/lounge>

The Gatehouse Gazette
<http://www.ottens.co.uk/gatehouse/gazette.php>