

EXHIBITION HALL



ISSUE THE SEVENTH

Perhaps you're reading this at, or immediately after SteamX, the California Steampunk Exhibition. We handed this one out as a way to let folks know we're here. But there is, of course, another reason: because this is what started it all.

When I heard that there was going to be a second Steampunk convention in the Bay Area, I jumped at it. I loved the first one, had a blast speaking on Babbage and general Victorian invention and met some great people, some of which appear in these pages every now and again. I was thinking that I should do something to help in the build-up to the convention and there's really only one thing I know anything about: doin' zines.

So, I slapped together a preview issue for the Montreal WorldCon, which went out to ten lucky people. I heard a little back from folks, but mostly, it was just a little debut. That was followed by the first regular issue, out on September first, which was much bigger than I expected. That was followed by the October first issue, which was also big. The November issue, which was my fave of the first five, was another big one. I liked the December issue, which had great writers and good articles. We've been very lucky to get names like Mike Perschon, Howard Hendrix, Warren Buff, Bill Wright, and the editorial team to give us strong articles on everything from parties and conventions to book reviews and music interviews.

This issue's art (save for book covers and Miko's fantastic front and back covers) are the clocks and such from Roger Wood. Our good friend, Lloyd Penney, sent along his images and Roger was kind enough to allow us to run some of his work.

Here's the word straight from the man's mouth- *Roger Wood is a self-taught artist who lives and works in an old factory*

in downtown Toronto. A yard sale and flea market junkie, he madly collects odd, forlorn, mysterious, lonesome, intriguing, usually weathered and tarnished things - things with a history. There are several hundred boxes and drawers now, brimming with ineptly catalogued artifacts. Nothing is safe or sacred - his entire studio/home and even his garden have become a large environmental assemblage.

He has been making "eccentric" clocks for several years, originally as gifts for friends. This seems a natural activity for someone obsessed with the passage of time. These unique time pieces are handcrafted one at a time. Their whimsical nature reflects his belief in the importance of play and childlike wonder in a world that is too often serious and too seemingly chaotic. He has had several solo and group shows during the past 15 years and his art works are in collections across Canada, the United States, Europe and Asia.

www.klockwerks.com

for more of Roger's fantastic stuff!



VOX-HAUL & I

We begin with Lloyd Penney!

Dear Chris, James and Ariane:

Finally time for another letter to you all for another fine, handsome issue of Exhibition Hall. Issue 6 starts off with a wonderful cover by Ms. Packwood; I wish I could sail amongst the clouds without effort. With such a striking graphic on the front, who knows what treasures could lie within? Let's spark up the infernal .pdf unfolding contraption, and find out.

I saw that cover and I was amazed and instantly write to her to get to use it. I think it's another majestic cover for the zine. I'm so lucky to have so many great artists around.

Chris, did you ever really find out what was growing on your neck? It must have been a powerful infection. I'm sure a flagon or two of healing potions set you right again, but still, it would good to know what caused it, and how to avoid it.

They know it was an invection, but what kind, they don't know. I'm just glad that it ended up crawling up and dying once exposed to the anti-biotics.

So many nifty conventions to go to, and so little money to make it all happen. The story of my life, it would seem. Please enjoy the Nova Albion event, and come back with stories and pictures.

Oh, there'll be more than pictures.

Wait...I've said too much.

There's that photo again! I may send those same photos to publications like Steampunk Magazine and the Gatehouse Gazette. I think issue 11 of the Gatehouse Gazette is imminent.

I've seen some art from the next issue of Steampunk Magazine also floating around, so I'm betting they're both coming soon. I'm glad to see Steampunk publishing more frequently.

I have given the Ad Astra programming team some steampunk programming ideas, and urged them to consider staging them, if only to get more members of the Toronto Steampunk Society to the convention.

One local omnipresent steampunk fan is Amanda Stock, better known in some quarters as Col. Adrianna Hazard. I suspect she will be at the convention, and will be busy with panels. It's been a cold winter, and the return of conventions in the city will warm things up considerably.

Amanda is pretty amazing! I'm glad to say that she's a part of the Great Steampunk Debate, which you'll be hearing more and more about.

I just don't to many movies. I never saw the new Sherlock Holmes, and I am quite pleased with the Jeremy Brett Granada productions from the mid-80s. (Besides, the Buffalo PBS station broadcasts them, in order, on Saturday nights. Tonight's was The Devil's Foot.) Also, I haven't seen Avatar, and probably won't.

Dude, go and see Holmes! YOU MUST!!! You can skip Avatar!

Local steampunk fans, like the talented Adam Smith, are planning to go to The Steampunk World's Fair in Piscataway, and



if another steam convention wasn't going on at the same time as our local anime con, well... I wonder if we'll ever get to one, but there are years yet to come. I hope we can get to at least one.

I'd love to go to the one in Edmonton, but alas, money is tight because of the trip to the UK that's coming up next month.

I keep reading about the return of airships and zeppelin-type craft to the skies of North America, and how it may become quite affordable to transport heavy cargo by zeppelin-style platform transporters. Old tech may yet become new tech, and the fanciful airship pilots may become reality.

I'm still waiting for my trip up!

It is difficult to know what is steampunk clothing, for it is different in the eyes of the many. I recently purchased a couple of Temeritas pins from a supplier in Colorado to add a little bit of flash to our costumes. I still like the railway conductor I have put together for myself, and have plans for a steampunk labourer. It will take some time to put the whole idea together, but I do have the time, and the interest. I recently purchased a vest and ascot set from the formalwear company going out of business, and with a little adjustment from Yvonne will make a wonderful new vest for my conductor. Most of the costumes we wear are indeed clothing, and changing here and there makes for a whole new look. (Yvonne recently found a stash of various sized buttons, all gold-look, and all of clock faces. She bought the lot, and I may have a bit more flash on the costume soon.)

I love a good ascot. I was just telling Linda that I wanted one to wear as formal wear!

One of our own lo-

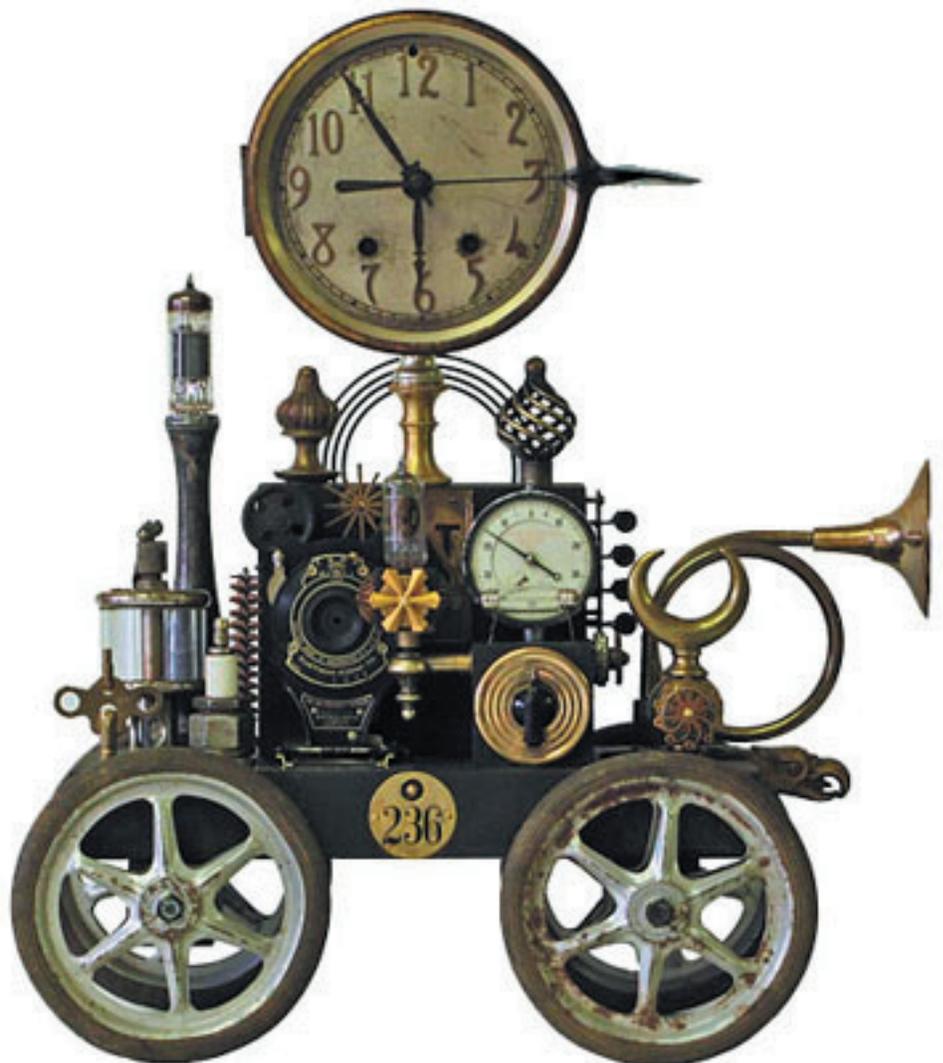
cal steampunk artists is Roger Woods. He is a steampunk clockmaker, and sends out pictures of his work as newsletters. If I can get his permission, I will relay those pictures to you. They look tremendous, and would certainly add to future issues.

This issue is full of Roger's stuff and I'm so glad to have it and I think you for sending it my way. You're the King of the World, my brutha!

All done, and it is late, Eastern time. Take care, all, and I eagerly await the forthcoming issue. God Save the Queen, nothing to do with Freddie Mercury, and ta for now!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

We also heard from M Lloyd (saying that she'd like to see an article on Victorian cooking) and from Mike Nelson (complaining about my layout!)



REVIEWED: NAPOLEON CONCERTO & STEAMED

One of the things I like about reviewing is that I'm forced to read. I especially appreciate that I'm forced to read outside of my comfort zone. Given the option, I'd probably read nothing but Crime novels and Tim Powers. I seldom go out of my way to broaden my horizons, but in the past I was not nearly so tied down. I was all over the map with my reading, and perhaps it is the folly of age that has led me into a lovely, comfortable rut of Urban Fantasy, Steampunk and guys with guns.

This last month, I read two novels that exist mostly outside of what I would regularly read. One, an action-packed military alternate history, the other, a romance. Neither of these would typically make their way to my shelves, but they did and I am happy for it...mostly.

Let's start with the fightin'.

Napoleon Concerto: A Novel in Three

Movements by Mark Mellon. The first reaction I had to it was 'Oh no... Napoleon.' There has rarely been a novel featuring Napoleon that I enjoyed. This one was an alternate history story of what would have happened if Robert Fulton had teamed up with a rebel Irish soldier in the service of The Corsican. The story rolls through three stages, each considered a movement, and each building smartly to the next movement.

The funny thing is that it's very military and detailed. There's a lot of words that I have no idea

what they mean, and yet I kept reading. There was a metric ton of description of clothing, often with words that I had no clue existed, and yet I was never turned away. I

was drawn in by wisely drawn characters, especially the Irish rebel, O'Sheridane, and the deliciously money-grubbing Robert Fulton. I've read enough about Fulton (and you could argue him or Ben Franklin as the original Steampunk).

The plot is basically O'Sheridane and Fulton using their science to over-come British naval superiority. It rolled with action, smart, if sometimes dense, prose and some wicked exciting battles. The thing that really helped was that no matter what the prose presented, the action was spectacular and the intrigue drew me in even more.

The biggest problem with it was that there were some significant type-setting problems. Spaces are missing, lines change up at some points and there are a few points where paragraphs split for no reason. They did trip me up a bit, but they never made me want to stop reading. The plot kept pulling

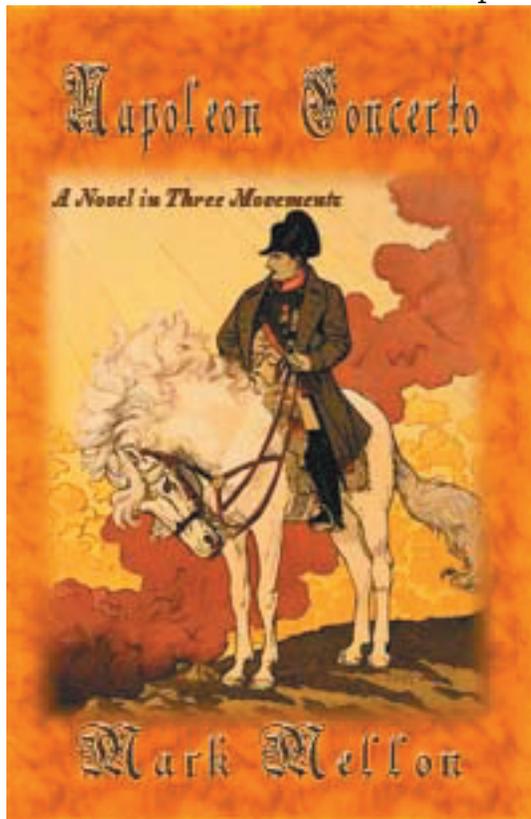
me through.

You can pick up *Napoleon Concerto* in either print form or eBook at www.trebleheartbooks.com/WDMellon2.html. It's worth your trouble.

A somewhat wider release is a romance novel called *Steamed* from best-selling writer of paranormal romances Katie MacAlister. Her books like *Me and My Shadow*, *Zen & The Art of Vampires*, and *Crouching Vampire, Hidden Fang*. Yeah, she's like that.

I have to make a dark confession: I've read hundreds of romances. Between the ages of ten

and seventeen, I had access to just about every Harlequin Romance novel through my Grandmother's retirement home. I read them, I enjoyed them. That's that. I haven't



really been back to them at all until recently, first with Gail Carriger's *Soulless* and now with MacAlister's *Steamed*.

And it's almost impossible to think about *Steamed* without thinking about *Soulless*. Both live in the realm of the paranormal romance, and both are a delightful form of naughty, though it turns out that *Soulless* is far less a romance story than an adventure and *Steamed* is far more a romance.

The story of *Steamed* is really smart; a quantum engineer and his sister are involved in the most cliché of all lab accidents and end up in an alternate 2010 where there are airships and Steampunkery.

James, the engineer who is at-first presented as a stumble-bum who manages to be an accidental hero, ends up falling in love with Octavia, the lovely redheaded captain of the airship Tesla. They have no idea how they got there and, as always, the Steampunk world is the site of strife and conflict. The two go through a great adventure.

Well, for half the book.

The first half is a straight-ahead adventure novel, and it rather disturbingly devolves into a series of sexual escapades in stranger and stranger situations. While it did impress with the considerable amount of attention she gives to the various strange ways in which Octavia and James can get busy. It's weird that while the first couple of times, the sex is pretty darn hot, and after that, it gets a bit blasé. The sex nearly takes over the last half, while there is still a lot of adventure to be had. In fact, a couple of the important parts of the big meet-up battle are completely missed, happening totally off-screen as it were. I know, it's a romance,

it's what's expected, but it felt odd. I will say that one of the sexual strangenesses, which takes place in a secret passage right as they are face-to-face with impending death, is a nice little bit and I thought that was the one that made me smile the most, especially since it gave other characters the chance to comment on it later.

A great piece of it is that Jack is also a Steampunk fan. He follows the band Airship Pirates (a Steampunk band with the initials AP...Hmmmmm) and is always talking about the proper way of corseting (since Octavia always wears her corset UNDER her clothes!) and is the in-road for those Steampunks who are coming to the

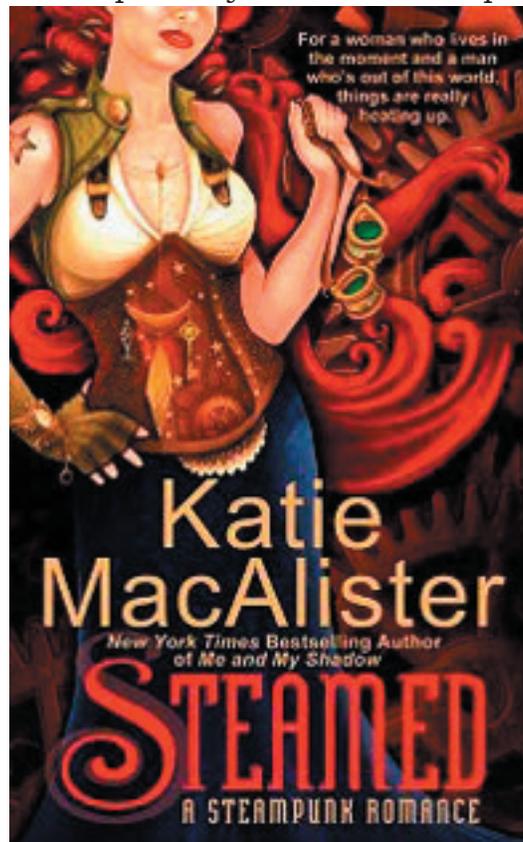
book without the proper introduction to the whole romance thing. The lack of goggles disturbs him, which is a running theme, and I laughed at the way she presented that aspect.

I will say one thing: the book is fun reading. It reads fast, it reads clean. I'm not known for fast reading (50 pages a day is a strong day reading for me) and I was easily pushing through 120 pages. It's fun prose, not difficult to work through, and seldom does it draw attention to itself. I liked that.

The problem is that while it's fun and light, it's too much light and fun.

There's almost nothing of it. I'm no 'Writing must be serious' guy, but this was a little too bubble gum even for me.

So, two very different books, and I have to say that both were enjoyable but with some problems. I'd certainly say to check out *Napoleon Concerto* first if you're a military fiction fan or are really into alternate history, and if you enjoyed *Soulless* or have a thing for romance, *Steamed* is for you.



REVIEWED- THE VESUVIUS CLUB: THE GRAPHIC EDITION

BY MARK GATISS AND IAN BASS.

LUCIFER BOX ESQ. AT HIS MAJESTY'S PLEASURE.

Mark Gatiss is well known for writing and acting in the BBC television series *League of Gentlemen*, an unsettling and deranged comedy series set in the bizarre town of Royston Vasey. He has written and appeared in *Dr. Who* and has recently worked on a pilot with Stephen Moffett called *Sherlock*.

As well as writing and acting for television and Radio, he has turned his hand to writing books.

Here he brings us his new Character, Lucifer Box, an Edwardian Portrait Artist who lives at a lower numbered house on Downing st. He is handsome and dashing and in the employ of the Imperial Secret Service. Happy to dispatch anarchists and enemies of the empire with a certain panache and skill.

Gatiss has now written three books starring Lucifer Box and the first one has been made into a Comic.

In this comic we are introduced to Lucifer in a 'James Bond' manner as he is engaged in the final part of his mission. Shortly thereafter he is presented with a straightforward case of a murdered person, although the missing person was the Empire's man in Naples. In fairness the use of toilets with disappearing Walls and a dwarf as the man from the ministry is beautifully rendered oddness.

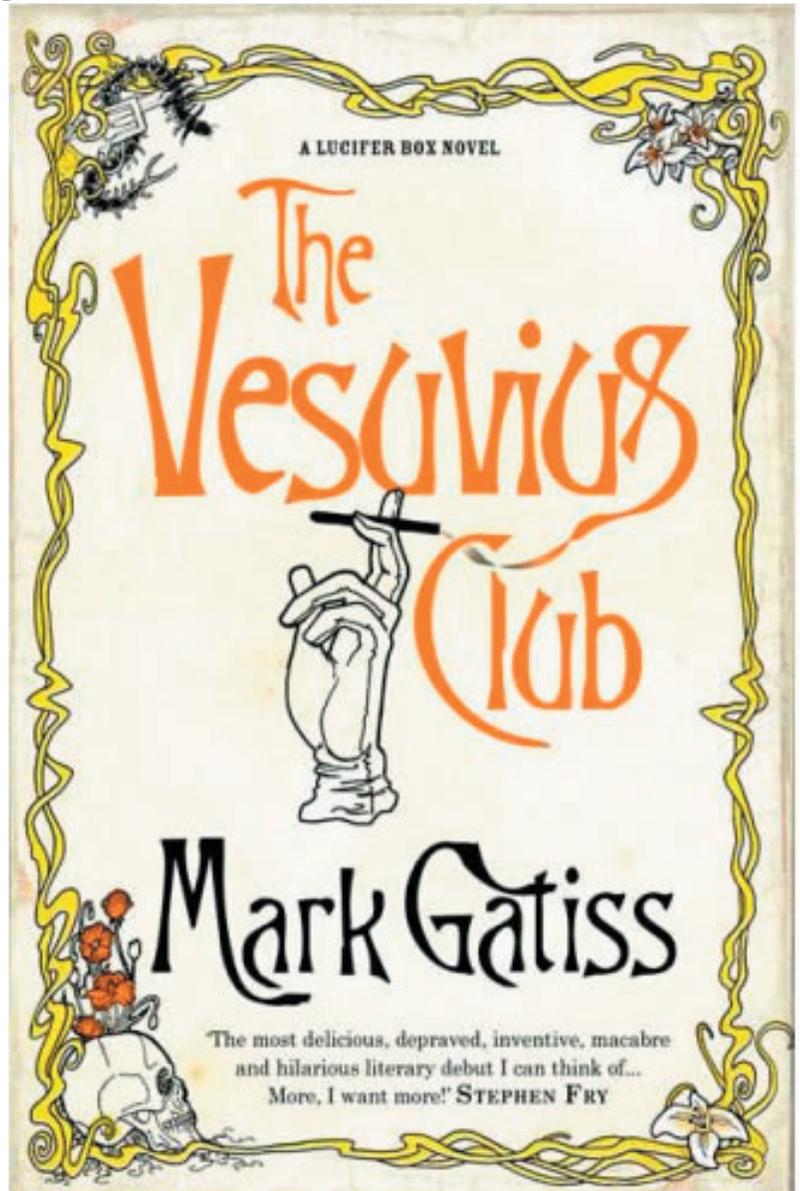
So begins our story, which twists and turns and we meet Lucifers supporting characters. There is intrigue, a devilish plot, disappearances and violence of an Edwardian style. Soon we find, that even the quick enlightening introduction is somehow part of the overall story.

This is a beautifully drawn and executed story. The black line and inked artwork is sharp, the fashions are particularly exquisite. The comic artist Bass uses the pure contrasting of White

and Black to great effect with little hatching of grey shading, giving a stark but very clean image at all times.

The story is quite good fun, a lot more than the expected Edwardian 007, there are some very clever plot twists that are delightful and mark the story apart from the average.

There are a number of elements which allow me to include it in a Steampunk magazine, although this is not strictly a 'steampunk' work, some of the imaginations could be considered of that ilk and that Sir, will suffice for me.



BY JAMES BACON: LONDON BUREAU CHIEF

ZEPPELIN CITY BY MICHAEL SWANWICK AND EILEEN GUNN

ILLUSTRATION BY BENJAMIN CARRE

This story was released on Tor.com for free during Tor's Steampunk month. They put a lot out there for fans and I only recently got to read this, now decidedly one of my favourite stories of 2009.

It's all still there -
http://www.tor.com/index.php?option=com_content&view=blog&id=57547

According to Eileen Gunn "Michael Swanwick and I have dragged steampunk kicking and screaming out of the Victorian era, slapped it about a bit and tossed it, still writhing, into an Art Deco cityscape."

Now doesn't that just sound superb, ok I admit those of us with a fetish for Victoriana may not wish to enter the reign of George the fifth but bacolite, string bags, leather flying caps, that pulp American feeling, a simple extrapolation of a steam punk 1890's would make a thrilling 1930's.

Patrick Nielsen Hayden esteemed editor at Tor said Zeppelin City was "a stew of Metropolis, King Kong, Brazil, and the Critique of the Gotha Programme"



It's a cracking story, quite a lot to it really, and much more than I expected. The characters are key, just their names, which are awesome, instill a sense of wonder, the young inventor and fan of the aerogames Radio Jones, the Gyro-copter flyer and combatant Amelia Spindizzy and then the monotone voices of the over seeing Naked Brains, like computers one might assume, but with all the human badness one can imagine, and not the violent overt evil, that controlling and manipulative state oppression that simmers below a normality. The games that entertain the masses, watching teams fly out of Zeppelins to do battle above and in the cityscape. Enthralled and enslaved unknowingly like the ---- of roman times, kept happy with no time to see the truth.

There is just so much going on, a Sewer underworld of those shunned by society due to industrial injuries and Red Rudy and Professor Anna Pavlova playing their respective parts.

It's just wonderful. Flying jackets and goggles but with such intelligence and style.

The story is a good one and despite all I have said there is so much more, more twists of the bayonet.

Eileen Gunn asked 'Is it really steampunk? You decide.'. I have decided but would be interested in what readers think, meanwhile this is one of my favourite stories and so much so, it will be getting a Hugo Nomination from me for sure. It's splendid.

Read it here

http://www.tor.com/index.php?option=com_content&view=story&id=57989&limitstart=10

STEAMPUNK TRIBES

I've been thinking a great deal about diversity among steampunks. We are drawn to steampunk by a variety of attractors: fashion, literature, politics, nostalgia, etc. As with most subcultures, we often seek to make steampunk "in our own image." In my own experience, this has meant I am often disappointed at how many steampunks have no connection to the literature that ostensibly spawned the culture. In others, it means that they are offended that steampunks have no connection to politically charged "punk" cultures. Depending on our proclivities toward exclusionary behaviors, we esteem some (Makers are the "true" steampunks), while deriding others (you bought your costume online from Gentlemen's Emporium? How gauche!). These are only examples of course, and while they are representative of actual conversations I've either taken part in or been eavesdropper to, they are not meant to reflect my own attitudes. In fact, my own thoughts on the matter are far more egalitarian.

Rather than seeking homogeneity, let us celebrate the plurality which was the nineteenth century's inheritance from the Protestant Reformation. While it might seem odd to be using "the Church" as the exemplar for steampunk, consider that the Reformation was the fragmentation of a monolithic institution into radical people's groups (which ultimately became monolithic institutions, but that's beside the point). The Reformation encouraged people to think for themselves, and resulted in numerous

denominations, often seen as negative schisms.

If we seek to create a homogenous culture of steampunk, we are likely doomed to failure. Instead, I'd suggest an understanding of steampunk as a blanket aesthetic for a number of different applications: in other words, steampunk tribes, or perhaps to be more in keeping with the language of the culture, gangs or leagues. I playfully offer a few possible examples of such tribes, to help identify ourselves with when we gather at big events like SteamX.

Vickies: Stealing the term from Neal Stephenson's *The Diamond Age*, these are the steampunks who like their anachronism neat, tidy, and served with tea. They are often steeped in real-world history. For these folk, corsets are matched with a bustle, and top hats are for gentlemen only. Accessories include canes, parasols, and a British accent.



Jeterists: Taking the name from the man who coined the term, these are the literary steampunks, the ones who've read at least one of the books by the original three (and if you don't know who they are, you simply aren't a Jeterist!), are fans of either Verne, Wells, or Burroughs (or all), and always seem to have read the latest steampunk book before you have. They may

show up at a steampunk event dressed as Fred Flintstone, to underscore their deep understanding of the word anachronism.

TruePunks: These are the radically political steampunks, who are more interested in the punk than the steam. They are usually a mix of leftist and anarchist politics, and dismissive of those who see steampunk as a hobby or something “fun”. While they mean well, their deep-seated activism mixes with passion to make for some ribald forum posts, which usually result in some sort of a ban on particular discussions. I’m not sure what they do for fashion, as I’ve never been able to get one to admit that they’re “dressed up,” as this implies they are in a “costume.”

Boneshakers: These are Johnny-come-lately to the steampunk party – people who have gotten into the scene since Cherie Priest released *Boneshaker*. Depending on how gracious the Jeterist or TruePunk you’re talking to is, you might want to lie about being a Boneshaker, since you may be dismissed outright as having anything of value to add to the culture. That said, there are a hell of a lot of you out there, and you likely outnumber the rest of us.

Browncoat Timelords (BTs): These are the people who are cool with people who think either *Firefly* or *Doctor Who* is steampunk. Jeterists and BTs don’t always get along, because some pretentious academic Jeterists want to define steampunk, while the BTs just want to give you a hug. They’re really nice people who talk to everyone at cons, making sure everyone feels welcome and included. If you are a Boneshaker, these are the best people to hang around with.

Carriger Pigeons: Like Gail Carriger, these steampunks make their own steampunk clothing, or at the very least do their own mods to it. They are up to date on the latest fashions, and despite the TruePunk value on being counter-consumerism, find themselves in apoplectic fits before a sale at Dark Garden corsets. Speaking of corsets, Carriger Pigeons can tell you when you aren’t wearing yours properly, because many of you aren’t (A BT Carriger Pigeon will do this with grace. A Jeterist or TruePunk



Carriger Pigeon will simply mock you from afar).

Datamancers: I thought about calling these Van Slattians, but that didn’t sound quite right, and Jake has never struck me as having delusions of grandeur (neither has Datamancer, but his name lent itself well to a steampunk tribe). These are the steampunks who haven’t just *bought* a modded keyboard, they modded their own, and then connected it to a real Babbage engine inside the bus they refurbished as an airship. They like to attend Burning Man and are impressed by anything that resembles a Tesla coil. In fact, just invoking Tesla around a Datamancer may result in a Pavlovian reaction. Their favorite poem is “To A Locomotive in Winter” by Walt Whitman.

Alternately, we can all keep calling ourselves steampunks, and understand that, as Paul Jones wrote in *Theological Worlds*: “selfhood is the process of owning, with conscious commitment, this world which functions as a construct of ‘convictions which one sees through like a pair of glasses’ [or goggles!]. These [goggles] are honed by root metaphors that function together as a paradigm, so operating as to

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