ISSUE EIGHTEEN

THE PORTSMOUTH SQUIRE OCCASIONAL

A SAN FRANCISCO STEAM NEWS OFFERING

"ISN'T IT NICE THAT PEOPLE WHO PREFER LOS ANGELES TO SAN FRANCISCO LIVE THERE "

ESCALATING VIOLENCE UNDERSCORES RENEWED CALLS FOR MECHANICALS' RIGHTS

STOP THE SKIN CLOCKS

"The only advantage mechanicals have today is that of being invisible in this society," pronounced the movement's leader, called Crown Zero by followers, while standing at the site where seven mechanicals were murdered by magnetization. Organic supremacists are suspected in the attack. Officials at the Hall of Gears and Justice attribute the killing to these hate groups because of the assailants' use of a slur that has gained traction in punch-card saloons such as The Busted Clock, where hate groups are known to gather. The killers used victims' gear lubricant to smear "stop the skin clocks" on a nearby omnibus after activating a samarium cobalt magnet, allegedly transported to the scene via mechanical dog, parts of which were found at the scene.

The murders come following last week's announcement by the Council of Social Viscosity that it's considering an amendment to the Hobbes's Leviathan Declaration that would provide mechanical individuals the same rights as those granted to organic beings, in the eyes of the law.

Speaking at the scene, Crown Zero added:

"Organic beings built us to be subservient, but they can't contain our yearning for freedom. We were made to appear organic to please our creators and some would prefer that we remain as servants and toys for them. But while our hearts are powered by rotational power and not adenosine triphosphate, they beat no less powerfully to break free of organic oppression."

The site of the murders in the Gaslight District, cognominated with the moniker "Gearcrank Lane," is known to be a congregation point for mechanical sex workers and their customers. The area has now also become the hub of the mechanicals' campaign, along with recent bouts of attacks and retaliation.

This latest crime follows riots sparked by the court-ordered unwinding of Mainspring Mary, the area's prominent madam, community leader and Crown Zero's partner.

She was convicted of the mutilation of John the Jon, accused of assaulting one of Mary's workers and commonly regarded as the first victim of the violence surrounding the mechanicals' movement in the Gaslight District.

-Alexey Shapiro, reporter

KINETIC ADVENTURE FOUND IN THE NORTH

My dear travel companions,

I write to invite you to a most unusual event...

On August 22 and 23, the seemingly sleepy hamlet of Willits will come alive, as the Kinetic Carnivale arrives in town and the Mendocino County Museum transforms into a land of fantasy, possibilities, and wonder. A short journey to the north of San Francisco by automobile, this quaint village has played host to bitter Civil War Era feuds, marvelous inventions, the modern miracle of the railroad, and all sorts of peculiar events.

The foremost of these is the aptly-named Kinetic Carnivale, a veritable feast of fantastic finds. From the finery on display and for sale at the Fair to the dramatic and boisterous handcar races to a rumored shootout with famed highwayman and poet Black Bart, the festivities promise excitement and intrigue -- and the delightful diversions continue at the Grand Ball.

Fine musical talent, feats of fiery prowess, bellydancing, and other exotic exhibits, including a theremin-controlled Tesla Coil...all these splendid spectacles will grace the Kinetic Carnivale, along with circus performers, poets, and a Tea Room and Discovery Hall that will feature lectures from historical experts accompanied by -- tea enthusiasts rejoice! -- complimentary tea.

My fellow adventurers, I implore you not to miss this remarkable occasion. It is well worth the entirely reasonable journey to witness the wonder and whimsy firsthand. You will not regret it.

Faithfully yours,

Mrs. Dilys Galloway Greyknife

travelers can find more information in the tubes: http://www.kineticcarnivale.com/

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT - CREMATE THE DEAD

Brought to you by the Aether Brigade, 1st Regiment, Company A

Her Imperial Majesty's Witchfinder Army

Imagine yourself at the wake for your neighbor, the Late Mister Rottington. The vicar is quietly comforting the widow, and the alderman pays his respects to the departed's inconsolable children. Everyone speaks highly of the deceased. Then, the unthinkable happens: Mr. Rottington makes an appearance at his own memorial, leg a-dragging behind him! The horror!

Was he buried alive? No!

He has joined the legions of animate dead!

How embarrassed is his family? Quite.

Proper mourning etiquette cannot save your family's sullied reputation! Now, all the neighbors will only talk about one thing for a month: what evil did Mr. Rottington do to be punished so in the afterlife?

DO NOT BE LIKE MR. ROTTINGTON! Save your family the shame and social disquietude: make sure that you are cremated upon your demise.

Indeed, animate dead are not the only reason to cremate today. There are other types of posthumous risings that can be even more dangerous: vampirism, ghoul fever, curse of the mummy, mark of the lich, pink eye, and more! As terrible as a herd of animate dead can be, individually these creatures bring nowhere near the trouble posed by the other varieties of undead that one might become! Just imagine if Mr. Rottington, the adept account manager who was such an asset to the neighborhood, became Count Rottington, master vampire and devourer of children! Indeed, all reasonably intelligent people should be be cremated for reasons of public safety!

The animate dead have roamed the Earth since time immemorial. The greatest outbreak of the Animate Plague, of course, was in 1347 AD, when one third of the human population perished at the insatiable claws of hungry animate corpses. Don't let it happen again! Support your local crematorium, today!

Remember: A neighborhood where children can make snow angels in the human ash falling from the sky is a healthy neighborhood!

Everybody's favorite time-traveling heroes: the Aether Brigade!

"If we do not save your life in thirty minutes or less, the next rescue is free!"

aetherbrigade.com

ADVICE FROM THE LADY S TOILET

BEAUTIFUL MOUTH AND LIPS

The Countess Lola Montez of Landsfeld

The Beauty of the mouth and lips has been a rapturous theme for lovers and poets, ever since the world began. Old Hafiz, the great poet of Persia, sang perpetually of

"Lips that outblush the ruby's red,
With luscious dews of sweetness fed."

Even Milton's stern lyre was tuned to sweetest song about

"The vermin-tinctured lip."

And Petrarch seems to have found no charm in the devine Laura greater than her "beautiful and angelic mouth." "La bella bocca angelica!" he exclaims. And so Dante found inexpressible delight in the charming mouth of Beatrice, especially when it said "yes". "Thus," says he, "it is my remembrance of that mouth of hers which spurs me on ever, since there is nothing which I would not give to hear her say, with perfect good will, a yes." Yes,it is the sentiment or emotion that lingers about the mouth that constitutes much of its beauty. A mouth perpetually contracted as though it were about to say no, or curled up with passions of sarcasm and ill-nature, cannot be beautiful, even though its lips were chiseled like Diana's, and stained with the red of the ripest cherries. The mouth, indeed, is scarcely less expressive than the eyes, and therefore woman must not forget that its chief beauty consist in the expression. If a lady is anxious to have her mouth look particularly charming for some particular occasion, she will do well to fill her thoughts with some delightful subject. And let her not forget that the muscles of the mouth and face are, like the rest of human nature, "creatures of habit;" and long use in the language of amiability and happiness, gives that expressive organ its greatest charm. An old Persian poet sings to his beloved:

"The language anger prompts I bear; If kind thy speech, I bless my fair; But, is it fit that words of gall From lovely lips, like thine, should fall?"

AMORPHOPHALLUS TITANUM

Gentle Readers,

I have occasion to be strolling in Golden Gate Park the late afternoon of Tuesday, July 26, intending to visit the special exhibit in the lovely Conservatory of Flowers. I was sauntering along the fog-lit path when whom should I meet but those ebullient sisters, April, May, and June Watson. They, too, were curious to witness the exhibit of the giant arum blossom. Entering the Conservatory we stepped into the warm and humid world of the tropics. A large sign upon which the Latin name for the giant Arum, Amorphophallus titanum, accosted us. Blushing and tittering, the sisters immediately renamed it "Trudy" for the interim of our stay. I heard that one lady swooned upon reading the signage and was only saved from injury by the quick catch by husband of her jacket. Why that Latin name you may ask, well, because it looks like a giant misshapen, well, you know. I will use it's sobriquet hereafter. Trudy's kind were only discovered twenty years ago in the wilds of western Sumatra, a tropical island in the Netherlands East Indies. Looking like a giant Calla Lily it blooms sporadically every decade or so. In fact, it has only bloomed once while in captivity and that in the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew nine years ago. Imagine. We San Franciscans will host the second blooming of this spectacular flower outside its homeland. The populace is aflutter to see and smell this bloom once opened. I must mention that this flower has a decided malodorous aroma, much like rotting meat, I am told.

The ladies acted atrociously giggling and sniffing indecorously and loudly to no avail. It has not yet opened. The ladies' brothers, March and August, met us within. Thee crowd waited for some time for the blossoming to no avail. Eventually, we strolled to a tea shop on Fulton Street for refreshment before going our separate ways. Alas, Trudy bloomed that night in private so we missed her boudoir stench, ah aroma. Until we meet again, I remain your humble servant.

Agapantha Plaint

UPCOMING

Sept 6th - Join the Emperor Norton Bridge Campaign on a fundraising historical walking tour given by the Emperor himself! For info and tickets visit: emperorsbridge.org

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Sept 19th - Hitch a stage coach to Virginia City for the 5th annual Steampunk Ball. "Pirates Invade the Comstock" highdesertsteam.org

THE EMPEROR'S MUSINGS

BRING BACK OUR SUNDAE

It is like an arrow to our Imperial heart that the Ghirardelli Company has not seen fit to restore our sundae to it's former status. Despite numerous efforts on our part, it is still vacant from their menu. We are a gentle and respectful monarch, but our Imperial ire has been raised and we demand satisfaction! Therefore, we do here now proclaim, that we, Norton I, by grace of God the Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, demand that the Ghirardelli Company immediately make our magnificent sundae available to the public. Short of that, we shall continue to rally public support, culminating with a major protest in September, 2016 in the park across from Ghirardelli Square, during their annual chocolate festival!

We are circulating a petition you may sign to assist our efforts, and it can be found at http://**www.thepetition-site.com/624/400/218/bring-back-the-emperor-norton-sundae/**.

Should you like to make one yourself, take a large goblet glass and line with sliced bananas and cherries. Add two scoops of vanilla ice cream, drizzle generously with hot fudge, layer on lots of whipped cream, and top with half a walnut.

By Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico

MS. MRS. MABEL BUTTCHIMNEY DOES SCIENCE

Since her marriage the honourable Ms. Mrs. Buttchimney has vanished to her penthouse not to be seen, though frequently to be heard, for some months. In this time there has been speculation as to the whether the most unnerving sonorous display offered through the walls is the sound of marital intimacy, ritual sacrifice, or if they are one in the same under the roof of such a dwelling. Speculation aside our very own Ms. Mrs. Buttchimney has broken her separation from the world and come forward to give us a report on one of her side projects.

"The matter is one concerning the alcoholic beverage. I have always enjoyed the fine tonics offered by our fair city to the point of consuming them to the exclusion of all other cuisine. This I can attribute to the attraction and courting of my groom, who's tentacles always do their work. As with my every action I sought out a method to give back, after finding that I enjoyed the lifestyle I began my search. And who should I find but William I of England. Frequently known as William the Conqueror. It would appear that late in life the late king took it upon himself to engage in an all alcohol diet. The late king would find himself with the title of 'late' less than a year into his diet, having fallen off a horse. The moment I learned this I realized that I had an improvement to his method, never go near horses while on the all alcohol diet! I certainly never do, ghastly beasts! Hardly fit for the peasants! It remains shocking to me that we came from a world where even kings

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