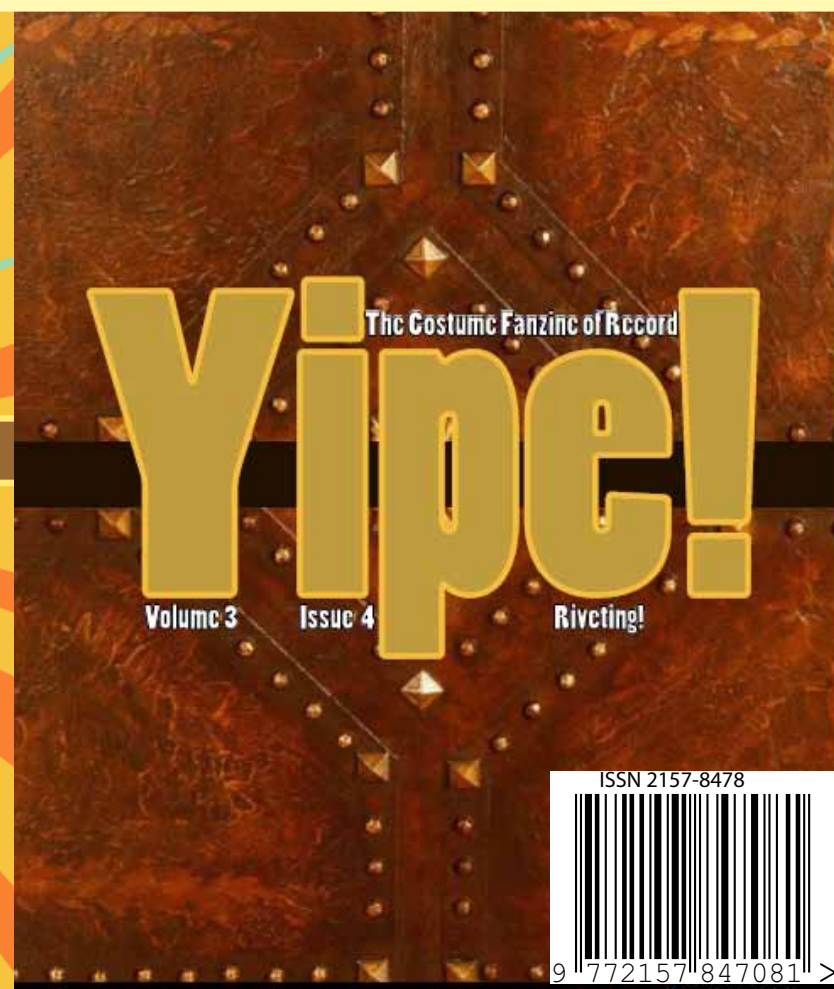
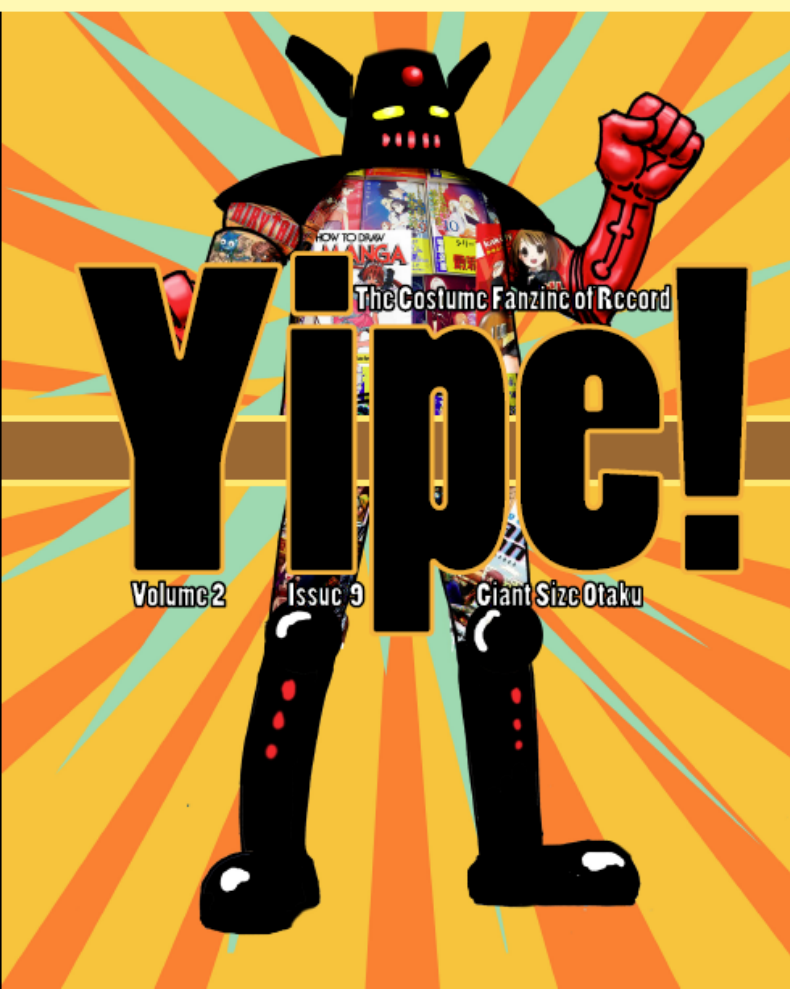


All Your Baste Are Now Belong to Us

Volume 3 Issue 8b WOOF Special



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Issue WOOF

The One with Too Many Covers

FEATURED ARTICLES AND COLUMNS

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The Costume Fanzine of Record



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Source of Our Powers



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Volume 2, Issue 8 (August 2010)
Volume 3, Issue 4 (April 2011)
Volume 3, Issue 7 (July 2011)



Letter from the Editor

Send all complaints to:
Jason@yipezine.com



I'm just going to come right out and say it: this isn't the best issue we've ever done.

It's not the worst. No, I think we've yet to truly plumb the depths of how awful we can be when we drag our hungover carcasses out of bed only to have some jerk stick a keyboard in our faces and tell us to be "creative".

But what we're dealing with here is a lack of... what's the word... cohesiveness? I like that one... High syllable count.

Yes, anyway: cohesiveness. You see, fanzines are like magazines which are like costumes in that everything comes together in the end and is expected to sorta... cohere. You get all your trimmings and details and hair and makeup and, unless you're a terrible excuse for a human being, it adds up to something.

And that's what we try to do with this fanzine. Take a bunch of writing from hands which should never be allowed to touch, and edit them together into one... cohesive, right?

Yes, a cohesive group of stories, pictures, rants, histories, drawings, and things I have no words to describe-- all adding up to one glorious whole.

Well, this ain't that fanzine.

No, something went awry when we all got together in the secret lair and tossed around possible themes for August. I was hoping we could try for an issue dedicated to cosplay after the glory that was Anime Expo and the only slightly different glory that was Comi-Con. Sadly, schedules were not permitting and the cosplay issue was pushed to a later date.

So Kevin peered out from under his dracula cape and proposed we focus the issue around the great costuming myths of fandom. Now, this was something we could really sink our teeth into. An untapped well of pure fanzine gold.

Only problem: no one had any costuming myths to share. Which itself sounds like a costuming myth, but there you are.

All eyes were on España as she finished slaughtering a busload of orphans in front of their crying mothers. Surely someone as evil as her would have the answer for us. She's SPANISH, dammit. All they ever do is commit fashion nightmares, write sex farces, and start civil wars, right? And their trains always run on time, I hear.

I really don't remember what happened next. They tell me it took a few weeks to reattach my head after I conveyed the preceding sentiments. Everything seems to work, for the most part, but my thought process is a bit... not... cohesive?

But, in the meantime, articles were written, photos were taken, alcohol was consumed, and what we had left was... well... a bunch of Loose Threads.

Are these stories relatedly to each other thematically? Does the slightest detail connect each one to every other? Can I think of anything to link them in any way whatsoever?

Yes, actually. They belong in Yipe!

Jason Schachat



*Originally published in Yipe 2.08 ©
August 2010 by Jason Schachat*

Sheriff Don't Like It

by España Sheriff



All right, so the space occupied this week by this frankly sub-standard and entirely off topic rant should in fact be occupied by a solid seven hundred (well okay, 612) words of fresh vitriol hot off the flimsy chiclet keyboard of the supposedly technologically superior macintosh computer that i have been forced to struggle against with for the past two weeks while the genuises at dell attempt and repeatedly fail to make a simple delivery of a replacement pc with such a mind-blowing level of incompetence that the aether spontaneously generates the faint strains of 'yakety sax' each time i'm lucky enough to explain

the whole debacle yet again from the beginning to the latest newly assigned but not briefed customer service rep.

But, as you may have cleverly discerned from these even fresher 505 tardily delivered words of technophobic mouth-frothing, something-as they say-went awry. In point of fact google docs and this aesthetically pleasing but less than entirely intuitively designed pos i am even now still forced to type on, conspired to "cut" but then not so much "paste" as "consign to oblivion" all my pretty, pretty prose.

Now, google docs, like most of google's products seems to inhabit a curious space smack in the middle between "awesome tool i never knew i needed but is now indispensable" and "app that satan shat out to screw me over by failing right at the critical moment" so you know, i get it. No one trusts google anymore, 'don't be evil' has become a punchline, so yeah-it's perfectly reasonable to expect it to make my life-and by extension that of your long-suffering editor-miserable.

But, mac... For all that i my primitive ape-like end user intellect shall never be entirely comfortable navigating your too-polished intricacies... I had at least thought we had an mutual understanding; you don't fuck me over too blatantly and i don't accidentally drop you and all your futuristic shiny surfaces and pleasingly inoffensive round corners onto the concrete floor when i move you off the desk to make room for the much-delayed replacement pc.

That is, if i get a replacement

pc at all, because it is slowly becoming clear this may never happen. It seems you have brainwashed everyone in the office into looooooving you so much that they keep casually stopping by my desk to ask, with brightly glittering cultist eyes "so, how do you like the mac?" And day-dreamily commenting how awesome it would be to replace all the machines in the office with more of your pod-children. At which point i am liable to grab the nearest femur and go totally 2001 on their asses while screaming 'listen! They're here already! You're next!'

Right, breathing... I'm fine...

I'm sorry, what was that? Wait, did i hear you say something about linux? Really now? Well that sounds just fascinating. I am intrigued and quite suddenly made aroused and kittenish by your smug technological superiority... Please, ignore the claw hammer in my trembling fist and step just. A. Few. Inches. Closer.

*Originally published in
Yipe 2.08 © August 2010
by España Sheriff.*



PICTURE UNRELATED

But it's a gigantic panda blasting a hole through a knight with a rainbow spewed from its mouth... what's not to like?



Who Gropes the Watchmen?

While many female superheroes are quite literally kick- ass, most have to contend with skimpy impractical outfits that often show more than they hide, and this is a relatively constant going all the way back to the beginning.

The first known female superhero was a character

introduced in 1940 named “Fantomah - Mystery Woman of the Jungle”, and even though she was an ancient Egyptian princess with several interesting powers such as flying and transforming other humans, she still felt the need to climb the trees in the Jungle in what looks like a bathing suit and a completely transparent dress.

A mere 2 years after Fantomah sprung on the scene came the introduction one of the more recognizable female superheroes, Wonder Woman. Wonder Woman was Invented by the American psychologist William Moulton Marston as a positive role model for girls. The



good doctor had some kinks so it is perhaps not surprising that she ended up fighting evil in underwear and boots and that her early stories had strong themes of bondage, an unusual topic in mainstream culture at the time. Looking at our current female comic book heroes, not much has changed, if anything some of the outfits



have gotten drastically skimpier.

Perhaps I am far too practical and modern for the relatively archaic tropes of superhero comics, but if I was to find myself with superhuman powers or some sudden urge to fight crime, my list of priorities when it comes to dressing myself would be:

1. Get a good pair of sturdy boots for all that running
2. Get a practical outfit with plenty of pockets for gadgets
3. Utility belt, utility belt,

utility belt.

4. Get a helmet, preferably with night vision goggles built in.

I could go on, but nowhere on my list of priorities will I ever find items such as “display my mammary glands in an attractive manner” or “figure out a way to always be freezing my butt off”. I have my favorite superheroes just like

most geeky gals at conventions, but I have never wanted to make any of the costumes, perhaps because they are well past a metaphorical “clothing line” I am not willing to cross. The more I ponder it, the more I am starting to understand why Sue Storm went with invisibility for her super power.



Would you like to read more about what befalls a female costumer in Superhero garb at a large convention? You can read the whole article in issue 3.07 at www.yipezine.com



Excerpt from “Who Gropes the Watchmen”

© July 2011 by Mette Hedin

WHERE'S TIKI?

Look at that!



What could it be? It is a Dalek!

Oh No! We should run. We should run fast. We should run far!

Wait! That is not a bad Dalek. That is Tiki Dalek!

TDK, the TDK is fun. He does not exterminate, like bad Daleks. He exuberates instead! Look at TDK go! Go, TDK, Go!



See TDK visit Nova Albion. What shall he do? Whom shall he meet?

TDK shall go shopping! Shop, TDK, Shop!

Look at all the steampunk people stop and laugh
Laugh, goggle-folk, laugh!



They take pictures.
They bring their babies to see the Tiki Dalek.

Someone has called for
The Doctor.

Silly goggle-folk.

The Doctor is up on the Lanai Deck of the TARDIS,
making Mai Tais.
Shake, Doctor, Shake!

Where shall TDK go next?



Look, he is going to the concert.
There is no music yet.

TDK has music!

Let's go on the dance floor and play
Tiki Music!
Play, TDK, Play!



Oh, look, it is Lee Press-on. Hi Lee! Let us
take a picture together.

Now it

is time to let the concert
start. TDK shall go downstairs to the bar.
Elevate, TDK, Elevate!

Look at all the LEGO people.
No, silly, they are not made of LEGOs. They build things
from LEGOs.

Build, LEGO people, Build!

They never thought to build a Tiki Dalek.
Laugh, TDK, Laugh.



Here is the Doctor!
Hello Doctor? Where is my Mai Tai?

Spoilers, Doctor, Spoilers!

Now it is time for bed. TDK
must go back to his secret room.

Good Night, Doctor!
Good Night, Babies!
Good Night, LEGO people!
Good Night, Steampunks!
Elevate, TDK, Elevate! Pleasant dreams of waves and Mai Tais!



THE
DOG
EAT



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