



The Costume Fanzine of Record

Yipee!

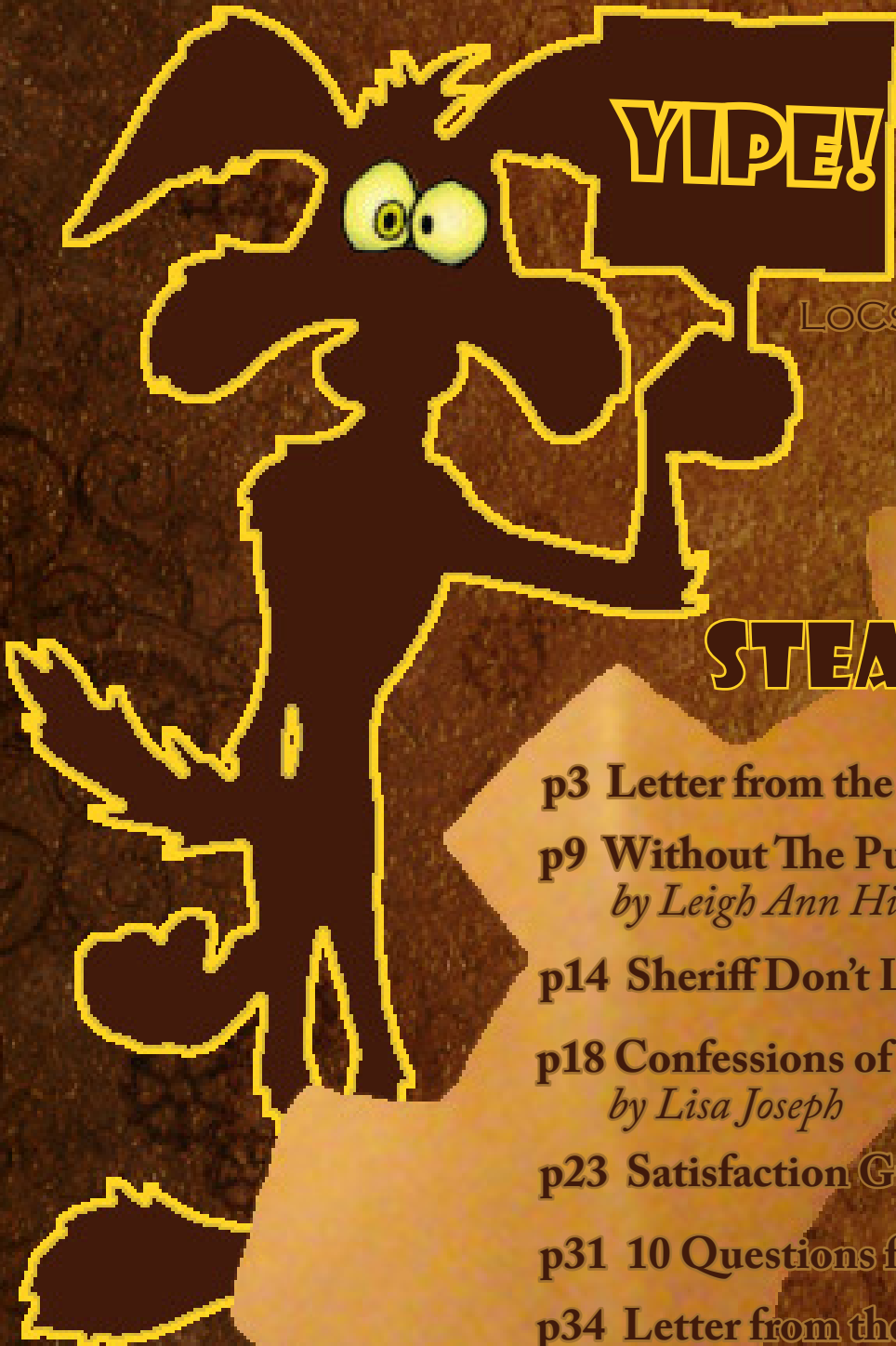
Volume 2

Issue 4

Steamer Trunk

Yipe!

STAFF & CONTRIBUTORS



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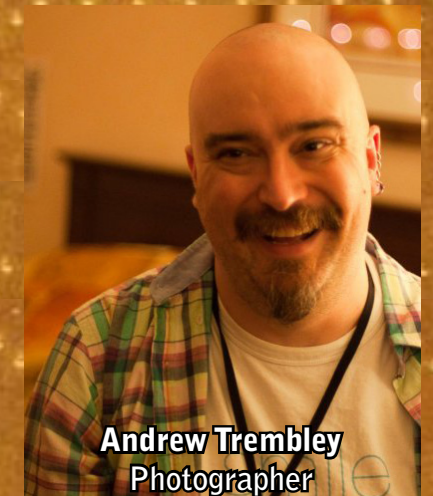
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The Costume Fanzine of Record

Letter from the Editor

Send all complaints to:
Jason@yipezine.com

Here's our Steampunk Special, just to prove to all of you my threats aren't idle. Yeah, I said we were gonna do it. And we did it. Look upon our works and tremble!

Right.

If any amongst you are thrown into actual bone-chilling terror at the sight of this issue, betting is heavy you have a pathological fear of the color brown. Because, man alive, this is the most brown I've ever laid out.

Don't get me wrong; brown is an excellent color. Many a childhood memory is sullied by the time I had the 4-pack of crayons and had to mix red and green because, for god's sake, the squirrels and trees on those Denny's kids menus should be brown- not



blue, yellow, red, or green, Mom!

But damn. Reading these pages, you'll think you spilled coffee on them or that your monitor needs a good slap. Then maybe another slap because the first one started it flickering. A third slap is inadvisable.

At this point I'd like to note YIPE! accepts no responsibility for destruction of property or bodily harm linked to the reading of its articles or following of its advice.

So, yeah; brown. You haven't seen this much brown since the opening credits of Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory...

At this point I'd also like to note that YIPE! is inedible and accepts no responsibility for being confused with chocolate, and anyone who tries to eat it had it coming to them.

The question you may be asking yourself right now (aside from whether you have any chocolate in the cupboard) is why we decided to do a Steampunk issue in April-- a month historically associated with pastel colors and rabbits (some of which are, in fact, made of chocolate).

I'll be the second to admit it makes more sense to write about Steampunk in the dreary days of fall and winter, when everything generally feels more like Dickensian London, and you'd gladly give a frostbitten toe to have a coal-burning furnace strapped to your back.

As with all things, I blame this on Kevin.

When pressed for details, I'll admit the idea's been stirring around for a little while, and then our regular correspondent Lloyd Penney proposed we do a Steampunk issue.

So, when you think about it, this all really needs to be blamed on Lloyd. He's Canadian, so feel free to indiscriminantly release your hostility in that direction.

Speaking of hostility, this is-

sue features the return of beloved YIPE! writer Leigh Ann Hildebrand for the hard question we all have to ask: what happened to the punk in Steampunk? Our popular columnist Espana Sheriff retorts in her latest Sheriff Don't Like It, then I ruin the whole flow with some short fiction set in an alternate history eatery.

We finally get back on topic with Steampunk Punk Priestess Mette Hedin in a new YIPE! feature: 10 Questions for a Cos-tumer featuring this month's sacrifici-- guest, Kathe Gust.

Steampunk Darth Vader.
Also available in brown.



You may also notice, interspersed amongst our verbage and pretty pictures, some advertisements. Naturally, this will make it seem like we're going to sell out.

Nothing could be further from the truth.

Hell, we were bought and paid for before we ever put finger to keyboard. Send money our way, we'll likely make up an award and report on how you won it. Just rattle some change, and Kevin will perform a jig for you which is unsurpassed by any monkey/organist team this side of Naples (damn you, Signore Scimmia).

Is this the beginning of a trend? If that trend is spreading the word about social costuming events, you better believe it. If this trend also gives our coffers a decidedly green lining, I have only one thing to say: At least they're not brown.

-Jason Schachat

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WITHOUT THE PUNK, IT'S JUST HOT AIR

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by Leigh Ann Hildebrand

While it's usually agreed Steampunk started as a literary genre (with antecedents in works by Wells and Verne and media roots in cross-genre television productions like *The Wild, Wild West*) it's only recently become a multi-modality juggernaut within fandom. Step into any convention art show and you find not just the usual faerie-winged kittens, spacescapes, and Sports Illustrated cover-inspired mermaids.

These days, the kittens are just as likely to be sporting clockwork

**Victorian, yes. But Steampunk?
Where are the goggles?**



collars, the spacescapes have zeppelin cruisers, and the mermaids have become corseted Victorian beauties – wearing goggles, of course. Dealers have gotten into the act, too, with tiny hats, watch-part brooches, and goggles in an astonishing variety of colors and price ranges. Steampunk dances, Steampunk parties, Steampunk teas, Steampunk LARPs and tabletop one-shots, Steampunk panels about Steampunk books, shows, movies, and design. General interest regional cons have become Steampunk-themed, and Steampunk-specific cons have appeared in several cities.

Individual fans have gone Steampunk crazy, too, particularly with hall costuming. During the day, every third fan on the west coast is now completing their Utilikilt and Kristi Smart coat 'uniform' with a jaunty set of goggles. At night, party floors are full of corsets and top hats – and fancy dress goggles. I admit I've helped feed the fad by co-moderating a hands-on panel on the subject, "Would You Like Goggles with That?" with Espana Sheriff. That said, I've recently come to the conclusion Steampunk costuming is out of control.

There are several reasons I've changed my opinion about Steampunk costuming, but they

**Goggles? Check.
Overabundance of obsolete timepieces? Check.
British accent? Check and mate.**



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**A Steampunk Travelling Medicine Show-
made all the more complete by the addition
of a working Phonograph belt buckle.**



pretty much boil down to the same thing: in the rush to popularity, the core values of Steampunk have been lost. Steampunk costuming is increasingly disinterested in an alternate age of inventors and explorers and focused instead on those inventors' hot girlfriends. You can't spell Steampunk without p-u-n-k. Although it can be argued that there were not a lot of punk aesthetics or values in Steampunk before its recent popularity, there are few if any now.

The dominant costuming theme among Steampunk populists is



mimicry of upper-class British Victorian style – the apparel, accents, and behavior of colonial oppressors. It seems natural for fans to romanticize British and European history: so many of our most beloved television programs, books, and pastimes have roots there. I wonder if fans would be as enamored of a costuming fad that married antebellum plantation tropes and iconography with science fiction elements? Pith helmets and clockwork ray guns seem charmingly retro-futuristic to many fannish costumers these days, but I doubt they'd feel the same way about fusionwhip-wielding overseers riding out on mechanical horses to inspect their Martian terraforming slaves.

There have been similarly overplayed costuming fads in fandom's past: elf ears, wizard robes, and that whole vampire obsession that spanned much of the 1990's, for example. There are also wonderful, inventive, and astounding examples of Steampunk costuming at every con I attend. Unfortunately, it seems like those are lost in the vast swell of this millennium's equivalent of the '90's disinterested goth girlfriend slumming at the Klingon bar: mean girls in corsets, tiny hats and goggles, travelling in packs and clogging the halls as



**Riveted corsetry.
How could that NOT be Steampunk?**

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they pause to be photographed by every male Heinlein fan in the vicinity. Sadly, it seems like many Steampunk costuming diletantes – especially at Steampunk events – don't consider themselves fully dressed without an unwelcoming, insular attitude.

Ultimately, I'm torn. I want costuming to be accessible and enjoyable by fandom at large, but not too watered down and generic. I'm both a snarky costuming elitist and a forgiving generalist. I suppose that my ambivalence echoes the sentiments of many fans throughout the history of fandom, fanzines, and costuming, reflecting the familiar tensions between obscure hobby and trendy fad. Can Steampunk costuming be popular and still remain true to its inventive, somewhat subversive roots? I'm not so sure it can anymore.



**Mowhawk? Check.
Deliberately clashing accessories? Check.
Goggles? Goggles...?**



Sheriff Don't Like It

by España Sheriff



Here's the thing: if your fandom doesn't simply die out, its choices are either to stagnate or grow.

The Steampunk Renaissance has been leaping the coelacanth since day one. Folks started bitching and moaning about superfluous goggles and gears almost as soon as the paint was dry on the modded rayguns.

To some degree, this is a good thing; keeping folks honest and nudging people to be more creative and thoughtful about their passions is

valuable and important. But living in San Francisco and knowing geeks means being exposed to a tiresome killjoy attitude of jadedness that is decidedly unfannish.

Everyone. Is. Always. SO OVER. Everything.

I don't have a Steampunk persona. I never did. I don't have an elaborate backstory for where each item in my wardrobe came from or what purpose each prop serves. I do have a vaguely general idea of what the ensemble is about, but there's a reason I

don't LARP or join the SCA or cosplay. It's a fucking outfit people, not a lifestyle.

Is the Colonialism issue problematic? Possibly, but I'll quibble with the idea that everyone is doing British, or even Upper Class. And unlike some other genres, so far all of the Steampunk-centric events I have gone to have examined the class and historical issues at the roots of the genre. I don't see any of the Pretty Princesses sweating over the issues involved in their terribly authentic period recreation costumes,

and I doubt there'll be a thoughtful discussion of the Peterloo Massacre held during the next Regency tea party. Neither are folks in Pirate garb examining the socio-economic causes behind real-world piracy, historical or modern. And don't even get me started on the Klingon Slave Auction.

Anyway, Steampunk... a few years ago it was a handful of people and, consequently, you would see hardcore, well thought-out, never-seen-before costumes. Now, we have hundreds of partici-

pants and ninety percent are folks in their Dickens Faire outfits with goggles slapped on. They are to Steampunk as a Siouxsie tee and black nail polish are to Goth or a tail in your waistband (I'm guessing here) is to fursuiters. But there are also ten times as many people in amazing, realio, trulio, eye-bleedingly awesome things they made themselves than there were at the beginning When it Was Still Cool.

What we're seeing is what my snarky friends used to call the 'extras'. The clubs

would fill up with folks we'd never seen before, some in just barely passable goth attire, and mostly it was great because an empty club with twelve beautiful people sucks no matter how perfectly Gawth they are. And, frankly, a lot of the time that asshole in the tee-shirt knows more about the Goth scene, history and music than the other one with the perfect makeup and hair. Of course, I was a pretty crappy goth myself, but I always dressed the part.

The full Traveling Medicine Show:
Espana as the Muscle, Deb Kopec as the Doc, Anthony Kopec as the Wagon, and Joe Price as the Barker.



"That must be some Steampunk cockroach..."



"Bite your head off, man."

So here's what I love about the popularity of Steampunk:

More cool stuff in a genre I truly love. Without getting all OG, I'll note that I was aware of Steampunk long before I slapped my first pair of goggles on at Silicon 2007. And I've been simply thrilled that, in place of a handful of old movies and links passed around between my friends who dreamt of

building our own Nautilus and waited excitedly for the release of *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen* film, we now have an embarrassment of riches. Scarcity is only a value in an economic system. In the realm of ideas: the more, the merrier.

More new people: I was surprised by how many people at Nova Albion were at their first con. Noobs are a mixed blessing, but new blood is a

good thing. This is how fandom regenerates itself. Being part of the cool club who know about one or two hidden gems is nothing compared to bouncing ideas and recommendations with fellow enthusiasts.

More people dressed like adults. I am so incredibly tired of the attitude that real fans wear jeans and tees and anyone else is a poser, a square or a narc. Steam-

punk offers a wide enough variety that all ages, genders and body types can find something suitable. It's not the only option, but it has allowed some people who seemed to feel intimidated by hall costuming (what is that outfit from? Uh... it's not from anything kid, I made it up) to dress up and play along with less pressure.

More “-punk” derivatives: The bigger a genre or sub-genre becomes the more opportunity for specialization and offshoots. Dieselpunk, Gaslight, Weird West, Clockpunk and other new and old variants have also been revitalized.

More books: Ironically, Steampunk comes from books but is a comparatively tiny lit and film genre compared to its current fashion footprint. As a result of its popularity, fans have dug through every corner of the library and Internet looking for more. Jeter, Powers, and Blaylock get read, as do Wells, Verne, and Poe. After this, other more obscure authors are unearthed and re-examined, and contemporary authors have expanded

the genre with new books like Cherie Priest's current Hugo nominee, *Boneshaker*.

Doubtless some of those now involved now will wander off bored, and some folks will be snooty-although I saw zero negative reactions to Mette's awesome Steam-Punk Literal Costuming Guild costume at Nova Albion. In the meantime, I'll put up with that in exchange

for the wonderful spectacle of gentlemen in waistcoats instead of tradeshow giveaway tees.

Jake Von Slatt famously said “There is no way that someone else can ruin the thing that you are passionate about by liking it too!” to which I will add ‘And neither can they ruin it by liking it the *wrong way*.’



CONFESSIONS OF A TIMELINE SURFER

by Lisa Joseph



When I started participating in the Society For Creative Anachronism nearly 15 years ago, sewing was a necessary evil. I had to make an attempt at pre-17th century dress if I wanted to go to events and participate. I wasn't very good at it when I began, and I didn't enjoy doing it. The sewing part, that is. Dressing the part, however, reminded me how much I loved Halloween and playing dress-up as a kid.

For some living-history enthusiasts, historical costume is simply a means to an end. Correct kit means being able to fight battles on the weekend or attend a Jane Austen-themed dance party or be part of the population of a Renaissance Faire or SCA event. These ends are all worthy in and of themselves as educational, social and entertainment activities. And, in this day and age with the popularity of living history groups,

it's possible to wave one's credit card at a vendor on the internet and kit oneself out for one's chosen period without ever having to thread a needle.

For some of us, though, historical costume becomes something more.

It wasn't until I considered the illusion of being a medieval musician extended to my appearance during performances that I felt the need to get better at the costuming part of my game. Once I made that connection and improved my skills, I started liking what I was wearing a lot more.

“I don't know, how long DOES it take to sew a tunic by hand?” was a question I was curious enough to try to answer. It took longer than using a machine, but somehow

it looked better. As I learned about the cut and fit of early medieval clothing, I began to understand how little waste there was of fabric that had to be spun from fibers and woven before one even took scissors and needle to it.

It wasn't long before I was doing all my work by hand. I found it a lot more relaxing than the constant white noise of a sewing machine, I could take it along with me and work on it while socializing with friends at events, and I found I valued garments I put so much work into a lot more. With practice came dexterity and speed--which pretty much made up for the time needed to haul the machine out of the closet, set it up, wind bobbins and so forth.

Yes, many of us agonize over stitches-per-inch and fiber content and obsess over what we can and can't see in a five hundred year old painting. But some of us are shameless romantics at heart and never outgrew Halloween and playing dress-up. We make and wear historical clothing because it's fun. Falling in love with a garment or outfit in a portrait isn't that different from a cosplayer wanting to portray a favorite character. You fall in love with a look, you think, "I want to wear THAT!" and you're off on a quest to make something that lets you be a little larger than your everyday life when you put it on. Authentic detail is part of what makes the finished product what

it is, the part that proclaims, "I am a Regency ingénue," or "I am a samurai of high rank," or "I am a centurion of the Tenth Fretensis."

When a friend decided to pursue a Japanese persona in the SCA, I took an interest to be polite-- only to be sucked in by his enthusiasm. I quickly fell in love with the beauty of the clothing; simple construction coupled with elegant, often opulent decoration. I started having a lot more "I want to wear

THAT!" moments, and found myself dyeing silk in a tamale pot on top of my stove or working in fabric paint to mimic gold-leafed silks or brocades one simply cannot get at the neighborhood craft and fabric chain. (My work cannot possibly compare with that of the textile artists of feudal Japan and such living national treasures as Kubota Itchiku.) It's often a love/hate process in which I suffer over every slub, every flaw, every drop of paint whose path I cannot control until the piece is finished, and I get to wear it and remember why I wanted to in the first place.

Last month, I got the opportunity to try something new: sewing something for someone else from a period I hadn't previously explored. My brother-in-law emailed me to ask if I had any Civil War clothes my nephew could have. Further conversation revealed that Brian had read about the Civil War and WW II in school and wanted "soldier clothes." I explained that it wasn't a period I did, but I'd see what I could come up with in time for his birthday. Oh, and did he want to be Union or Confederate? I even offered to do a distressed coat, complete with a "real" bullet hole, but my nephew finally decided that he wanted it new-looking.

First stop, the internet. I was able to con-



firm that Maryland, the state my nephew lives in, was part of the Confederacy. Gleefully massaging my search engine of choice, I soon found a good survey of Confederate uniform jackets with photos of extant garments as well as period daguerreotypes of soldiers wearing them. A site for collectors had photos of extant uniform buttons, some incredibly beautiful. As period photos tended to be portraits, I also looked at the photo galleries of a group that re-enacts a Maryland regiment and managed to find a back-view or two of their uniforms. Yes, I am a research nerd. That's part of the fun.





I ordered reproduction buttons embossed with the state seal of Maryland from a vendor who caters to re-enactors, a detail I thought worth including because they were darned spiffy brass button, especially if my nephew decided to show off his Civil War Clothes at school. As Brian is a normal, active kid and my sister was going to have to care for whatever I made, I chose sturdy poly-cotton twill in Confederate grey instead of historically correct wool. For patterning, I bought a long sleeved Lego Star Wars shirt in a boys' size 8. I had originally planned to cut it up, but decided it was a great short on its own and ended up laying it on a large piece of plan paper scavenged from my workplace and using a Sharpie to draft pattern pieces. Since I didn't have the luxury of a squirming child to drape them on, I scrapped the idea of doing authentic two-piece sleeves for a simpler one-piece design. Some black piping for the collar, jacket edges and epaulets, some ribbon to trim the sleeves and

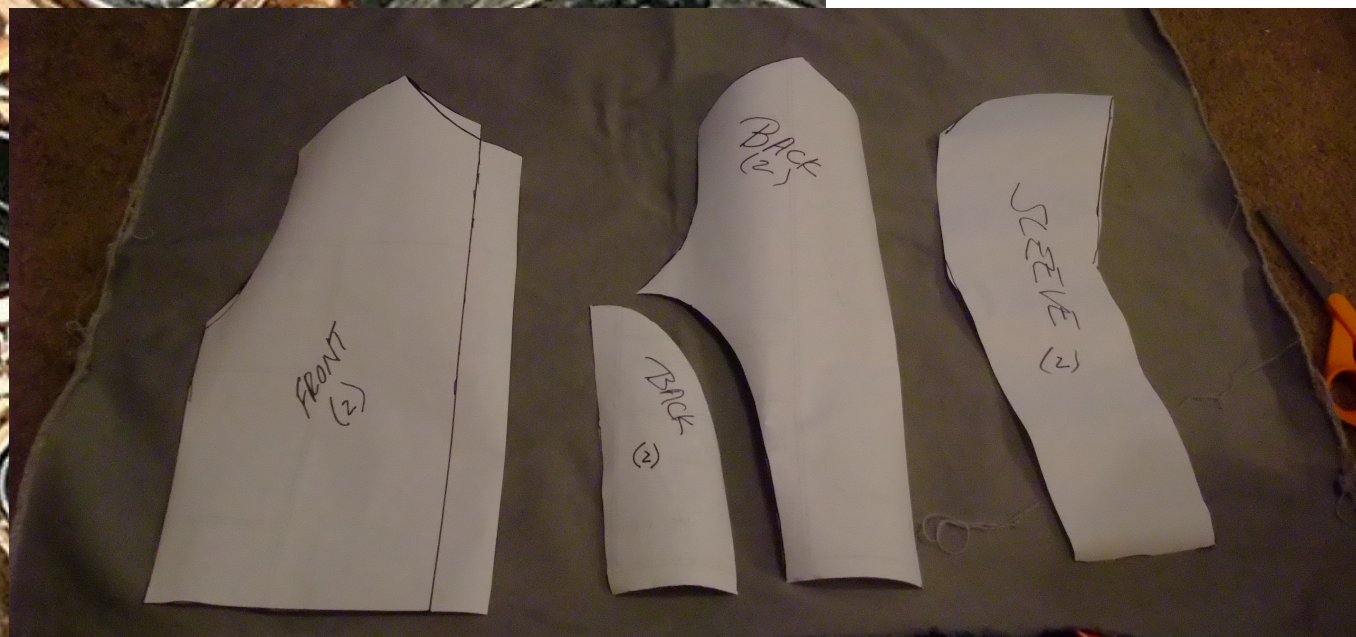


a few evenings of sewing in front of the TV set resulted in a creditable imitation of a Richmond Depot Type 1 shell jacket.

Brian was waiting on the curb for me to arrive, managed to thank me as I handed him the package, then bolted into the house to put it on. He slept in it that night and reportedly has been wearing it as often as possible. My sister was faintly appalled when she saw the final product and realized how much "work" had gone into it. I don't think she quite understands just how much fun I had with the project.

Even if you aren't a living-history type, historical clothing styles are a great place to get

ideas for costumes. The Lord of the Rings movies borrow from 19th c. peasant clothing (hobbits) and various fantasy versions of medieval clothes, armor and weapons. Military uniforms can be adapted to kit out the crew of your spacegoing fleet. The cosplayer may find it worth looking at what was worn in the courts and shrines of ancient Japan in recreating certain anime and manga. Steampunk isn't steampunk unless you put those ubiquitous goggles and rayguns together with late 19th century fashions. And no, you don't get to hear my idea for what Hogwarts' guest lecturer from the Kyoto Academy of Onmyoji would wear. I might just want to do something with it someday.



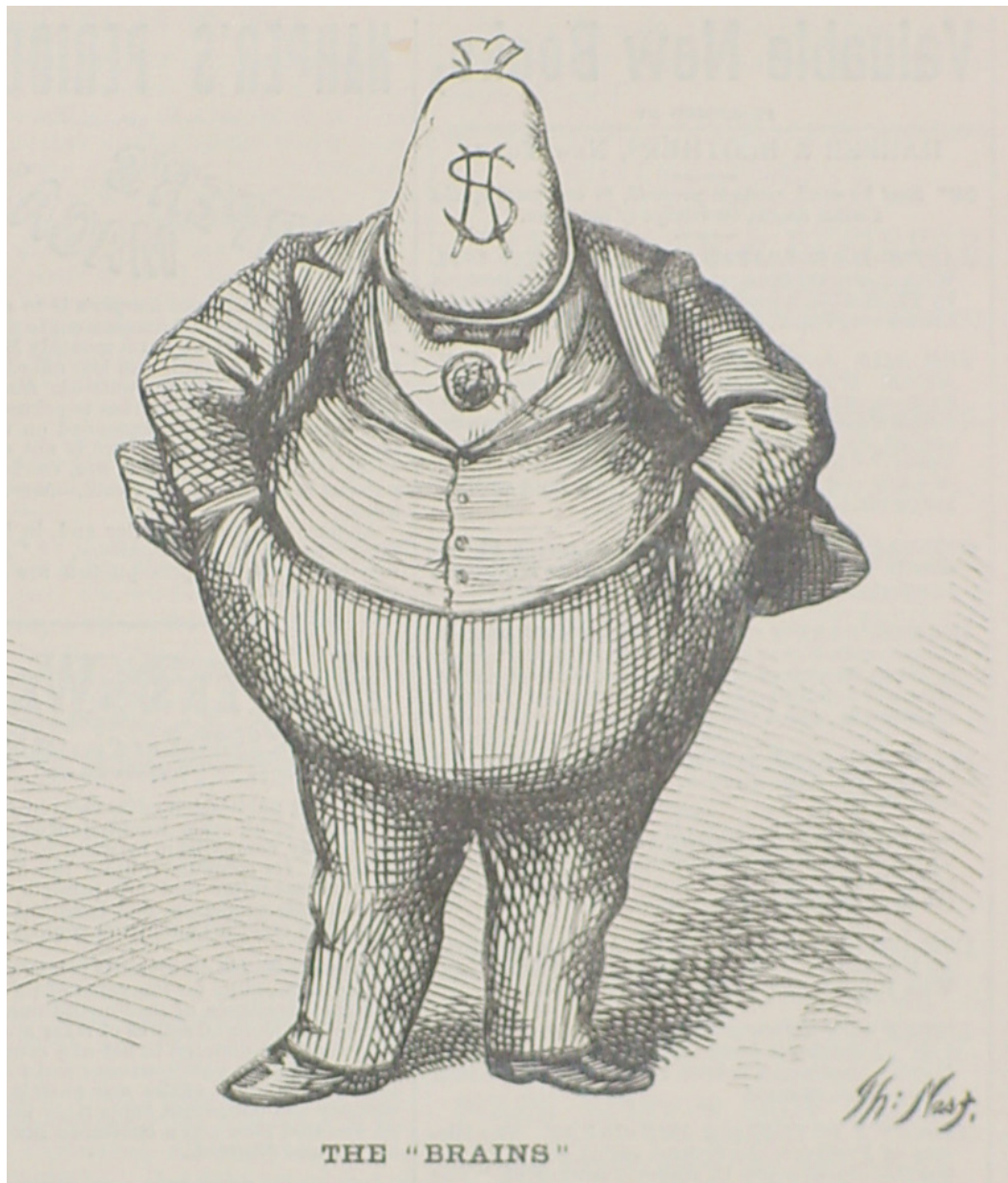
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

by Jason Schachat

“Master Jeremiah, sir?” the tinny voice rang through the metal trumpet curving out from the old oak desk. “They need you up to the front desk, sir.”

Jeremiah gently placed his auto-abacus on the ledger and cleared two hours’ silence from his throat before responding into the horn. “What can I help you with, Obadiah?” The sound of his own voice felt foreign and intrusive in his office at the top of the stairs. No one up here, these days. Times were tough since that stir-up in Swaziland got everyone and their mum volunteering to be gyro pilots and armor ingenieurs. If his arm weren’t acting up on him again, he might’ve joined them.

“A lady patron, Master Jeremiah.” The voice of the Urchin came back. “Says she’s got a voucher from the head office,



but I don’t see nothing under the adding machine.”

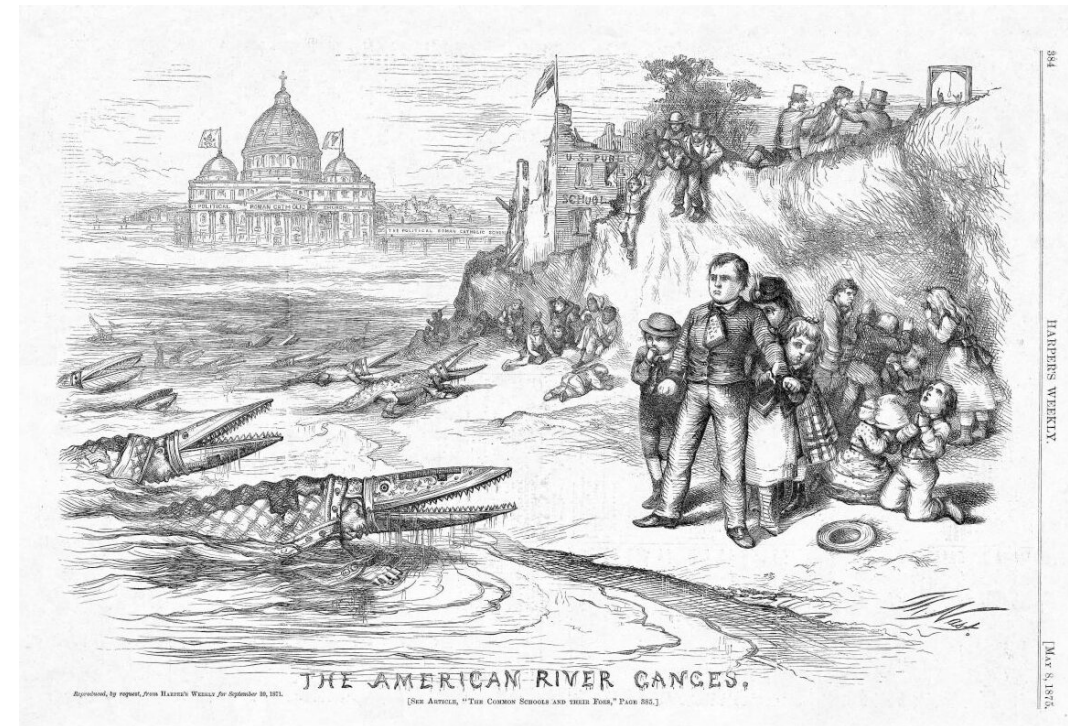
“You just--” Jeremiah Copperpot took a deep breath and rolled his eyes. “I’m coming

down.” This was the problem with hiring Urchins. It wasn’t so much paying the Brotherhood’s standard wage for untrained labor, espe-

cially considering the average toddler in the Brotherhood was faster with an adding machine than a taxman on commission. No, it had more to do with the reluctance and general displays of terror which colored all their interactions with human beings taller than four foot one.

Such was what one paid for when dealing with the Brotherhood of Urchins: low fees, high energy, swollen ranks, short attention spans, and the near-certainty they would never rebel and toss you into the clockwork of your own factory. If only they could bridge the gap between “The Customer is Always Right” and “Oy, you lot better pay for that!”

Jeremiah pushed his creaky armchair back from the desk, triggering a cascade of machine interactions as the lamp over his blotter ground to a halt and the lantern by the door flared to life. He clasped the buttons on his green silk waistcoat shut and tucked in his cravat as brass arms levered forward from the wall with his accoutrements: gloves thick to the point of being nearly formless, a long, waterproof coat to protect his finery from the acid rain daily eating away at the skyline of Nieuw Amsterdam, leatherbound goggles to provide



the same courtesy the fragile gelatin of his eyeballs, and a dueling musket for the highwaymen—cartridges kept dry in the metal case fastened to the holster.

All were useful to him on a regular basis.

He strapped the holster of his one-handed musket across his chest as the mechanical arms slipped the sleeves of his coat over right then left hands and retreated to the coat rack at the entrance to his office. He would have to think twice about scones with tea this afternoon, if the creaking buckle had anything to say about it. Perhaps just a jammie dodger.

It was hard to resist the neighborhood tea service when the company subsidized all his

dietary concerns, corpulence be damned. Besides, the increase to his waistline seemed to lend him the air of authority his weak moustache and mutton chops had yet to earn. And then perhaps a thicker body would balance out the disproportion of his left arm.

“Number three thousand nine hundred forty seven, two biscuit, three meat pie, two boiled pea, two pint!” the brass trumpet above the furnaces echoed as he descended into the ember-lit bowels of the shop. Urchins scurried out of his way, their eyes downcast, for the most part, unless they were supervising their Brothers work on the pressure valves and coal chutes, in which case they looked to him with moist, pleading eyes.

He smiled and lovingly slapped one across the face with his right hand in the expected show of abject cruelty understood in managerial circles to be vital to morale. “You lot!” he coughed, waving off a jet of steam escaping a pressure release valve. “Any of you seen Obadiah?”

The soot-covered children looked to one another, playing up the terror their employer inspired. One of them even fell to the floor in hysterical sobs, clawing at the feet of its compatriots and begging for its mother. Good lad, Jeremiah thought. He’d have to get its name for the company Christmas pageant.

“H-he... he’s at the counter, Master Jeremiah.” A cherubic Urchin said, lip quivering as he... she? It wiped the coal residue stinging its watering eyes. Gender identification was always a problem with the Brotherhood, of course. Few of them made it to deepening voices or swollen bosoms without either catching consumption or moving onto higher wages with the stevedores or madames. Still, there were some, Jeremiah thought. But they were all Brothers so long as they paid their dues—which they always did rather than risk being barred from the flophouse during a storm.



“Right,” Jeremiah nodded thoughtfully, as if the answer were new information and he hadn’t guessed the only Urchin allowed to use the speaking tubes was at the only speaking tube his contract allowed him to use. Such were the difficulties of making small talk with his underlings. He cuffed one of them affectionately with his right hand, the left being too cruel,

and pulled his goggles from underneath his stovepipe hat as he worked the wheel on the door and opened the hatch. He passed quickly through the next room, holding his goggles tightly to his eyes lest the bubbling vats spray him in the face with searing oil. Four Urchins had fallen in over the last month, and, of all the things Jeremiah Copperpot had ever experienced in his

life, the ease with which the human body could be flash-fried was not one he hoped to see again first hand. Or second hand, as the case may be. The oils, exotic and mundane, spat and hissed above the fires of the furnaces, passing from liquid to near gaseous state just long enough to settle slick and brown on every exposed surface. It was a good smell, all things considered. Good

for the soul and good for business. This could not be denied when one saw the crowd lined up before the front desk. Allen, Wright, and Co. had establishments all throughout the Americas; more than three dozen in Boston alone. But Jeremiah fancied his to be the most well-people in all Nieuw Amsterdam. Of course, it may not have seen the traffic a gyrocopter and

airship-filled megalopolis like Boston or Raleigh attracted. The main hall itself seated barely four hundred patrons, and the vaulted ceilings made terrible use of what could easily be three stories.

As it happened, the meager room allowed him in the repossessed cathedral yielded just enough space to keep his patrons wedged together like crated chickens on either side of the even more compacted line before the desk. The rest swayed from one foot to another while they waited from the start around the corner to the end at the pulpit turned counter.

“Obadiah!” He whipped off his stovepipe hat and fixed his face in a scowl as the head Urchin fell to trembling behind his adding machine. “Have you been mistreating my customers, boy?”

The professional subordinate blubbered and sobbed into his rags, shaking his head violently and pointing to the crumpled paper atop the counter. One of Mrs. Miggins’ vouchers, sure enough.

Jeremiah widened his face a few inches to allow for the broad grin he beamed at the old lady across the countertop from him. “Madame,” he purred. “My most humble apologies. But, and this is

most embarrassing—but it would seem this promissory note has been gifted you under false pretenses.”

The grandmotherly old dame pulled her shawl tighter around her shoulders and eyed him suspiciously. “I got this from my neighbor, Mr. Grant. And he says it were gifted to him by the proprietor of this very shoppe. And...” She tapped at the sign hanging from the counter which read:

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

- J.L. COPPERPOT, ESQ.

“Would that be you, sir?”

A single, sharp laugh wheezed from Jeremiah’s jack o’lantern grin, though it seemed to carry on silently for a far lon-

ger time. He looked from one side to the other, infecting the Urchins with his bemused expression, as if saying “Oh, the poor dear has wandered a bit far from the grounds, hasn’t she?”

“That I am, Madame.” Jeremiah clasped his hat to the gun on his chest and bowed low, smiling eyes glued to her through the whole dance. “And I can assure you, most humbly, this is not from my hand,” he spread the paper across the counter and pointed to the signature at the bottom. With a flourish of the wrist, his right hand produced a fountain pen and scrawled a messy signature just above the other.

They mismatched perfectly.

“Oh, my.” The grandmother

curtsied an apology and stepped away from the counter, silently begging pardon of the whole waiting crowd, tip-toeing to the doorway as if she’d just tweaked the nose of a hibernating bear and thought better of it at the last moment.

“Thank you for your patronage, Madame!” Jeremiah called after her, crumpling the voucher with his right hand. Obadiah threw a handkerchief to him, and the employer caught it up with his left so quickly that a keen observer might assume it to be his favored hand.

“Master Jeremiah, master?” an Urchin tugged at his waistcoat, its large, moist eyes protruding intensely from an almost artistically filthy face. “Begging your pardon, sir. But the gentleman—”

The sound which came next defied the understanding of a city-dweller like Jeremiah. Something to be expected at sea: the hoary din of pressurized air bellowing from a copper horn. As it was, none in the building seemed to recognize the French vocabulary following in the wake of the horn, though the blasphemous and most likely scatological nature was communicated quite clearly.



Turning in the direction of the sound which temporarily left one of his ears ringing and the other completely deaf, Jeremiah perceived a shape so large he’d first mistaken it for a trash heap at the base of the counter. The great mound rose slowly, poorly oiled joints creaking angrily as the whirl of spinning gears, many stripping their teeth smooth in the great effort to come alive, gave way to the chug-chug-chug of a small steam engine and the hiss of escaping vapor.

The Urchins watched in unfeigned horror as the monstrosity doubled in height and cantilevered on one great tree trunk of a leg, slowly rotating the mass of riveted brass

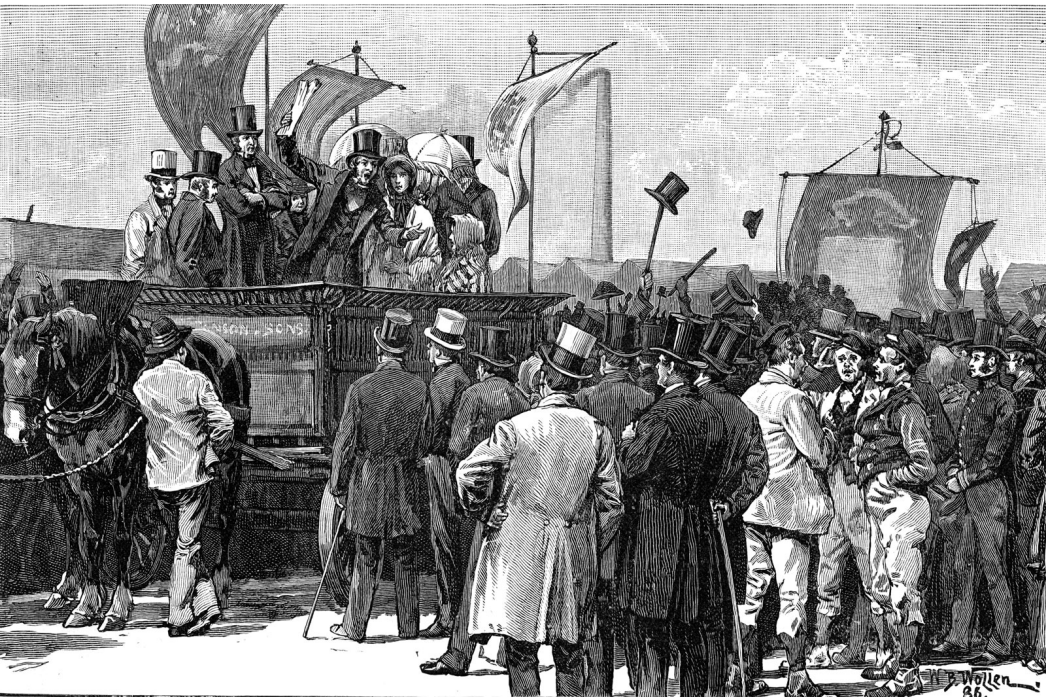
until the other leg lowered unsteadily into place. Above the armored pillars, two small arms came into view just beneath the ancient face of a man who’d surely lived too long.

“... Gentleman want a word with you...” the Urchin whispered to Jeremiah before ducking behind the counter alongside its Brothers.

Jeremiah licked his suddenly dry lips and tried to force them into the grin he’d patented for the more difficult of his patrons, but the muscles of his face refused to respond. The great bulk before him wheezed and chugged beneath the slack, grumpy

face of its pilot. An unholy offspring of iron lung and horseless carriage, such contraptions were often outlawed by the constabularies of great cities the likes of Charleston and Western Avalon. Oh, but not Nieuw Amsterdam, no. They were far more “progressive” than the old establishment in the other colonies, damn them.

Another great blast came from the hulking machine, this time purely French and only slightly steam-powered in that it resonated from a brass horn smoothly turned out from one side of the armor. Really looking at it for the first time, Jeremiah gradually perceived the many hand-





holds dotting the skin of the device—gods damned it, how had it even fit through the doors?

When none behind the counter answered the nasal cry from the megaphone, a small child scuttled along the side of the machine and aimed the horn more directly at Jeremiah. Another blast of French. The child nodded at Jeremiah as if to say “Better?” Jeremiah shrugged and nodded, but still couldn’t think of a repsonse.

“Oh... wha... hum...” How did one begin a conversation with a foreign war machine which could easily dismantle one’s shoppe if angered, to say nothing of the high probability of being dismantled oneself? “I... I am quite

afraid I do not understand.” He looked to the wrinkled old head laying atop a velvet-lined headrest, then to the child by the horn as if to say, “Well, chappy, that’s my best.” The child chewed the inside of his cheek and knocked on the side of the brass man, summoning two more children from a hatch straddling the top of the machine.

They scrambled over the handholds to their coworker and whispered intensely, clearly unsure how to proceed with the exchange.

“Oy, you lot!” Obadiah pulled himself up to the counter, squinting at the trio dangling from the side of the old man. “Ain’t I seen you at the hall?”

One of them shielded its eyes as if the gaslight above were

too harsh. “Is that Skivering Obadiah?”

The hiding Urchins poked their heads into the open to see their Brothers atop the clockwork beast puttering and spraying the French language at all corners of the shoppe. “Uriah?” They ducked beneath the counter once more to confer in a series of whispers, then craned their necks above their shelter once more. “What you doing riding that poxy mess?”

“New job posted a fortnight ago. Didn’t you see? Pay’s pretty good, but this frog is barking.”

“Just—What does he want, damn you.” Jeremiah slammed his palm on the ledger by the adding machine, spilling the ink vial over a squeaking Urchin. This had two effects: First, the Urchins working for him dove behind the counter once more. Second, a gargantuan pair of rifled barrels protruded from the shoulders of the brass man. The only reaction Jeremiah had to this was to turn white and will his hands to stay as far from the musket on his chest as possible.

“Easy, gov.” One of the mechanic Urchins said, its coworkers moving back inside the ticking, hissing innards of the machine. “This one says

he’s a veteran.”

The old face tilted up and down on its support, a terrible smile tugging at the corners of his mouth as the lips curled and released a wheeze the megaphone amplified into a heavily accented “VE-te-RAN.”

“So he’s a veteran. Lovely.” Jeremiah shrugged. “Not like he fought for our side, bloody wog. What’s he want?”

The Urchin shrugged. “Ain’t rightly sure. Something about satisfaction.”

“Satisfaction? That’s all?” Jeremiah looked to Obadiah behind the counter, who looked away in contemplation and then nodded like it made sense. “Satisfaction Guaranteed,” that’s what the sign said. The old devil didn’t know the language, so he was just parroting the signs by the door. The customer was always right.

Jeremiah pulled his wide grin back out and aimed it on the craggy face frowning down on him. “Then satisfaction you shall have,” he nodded.

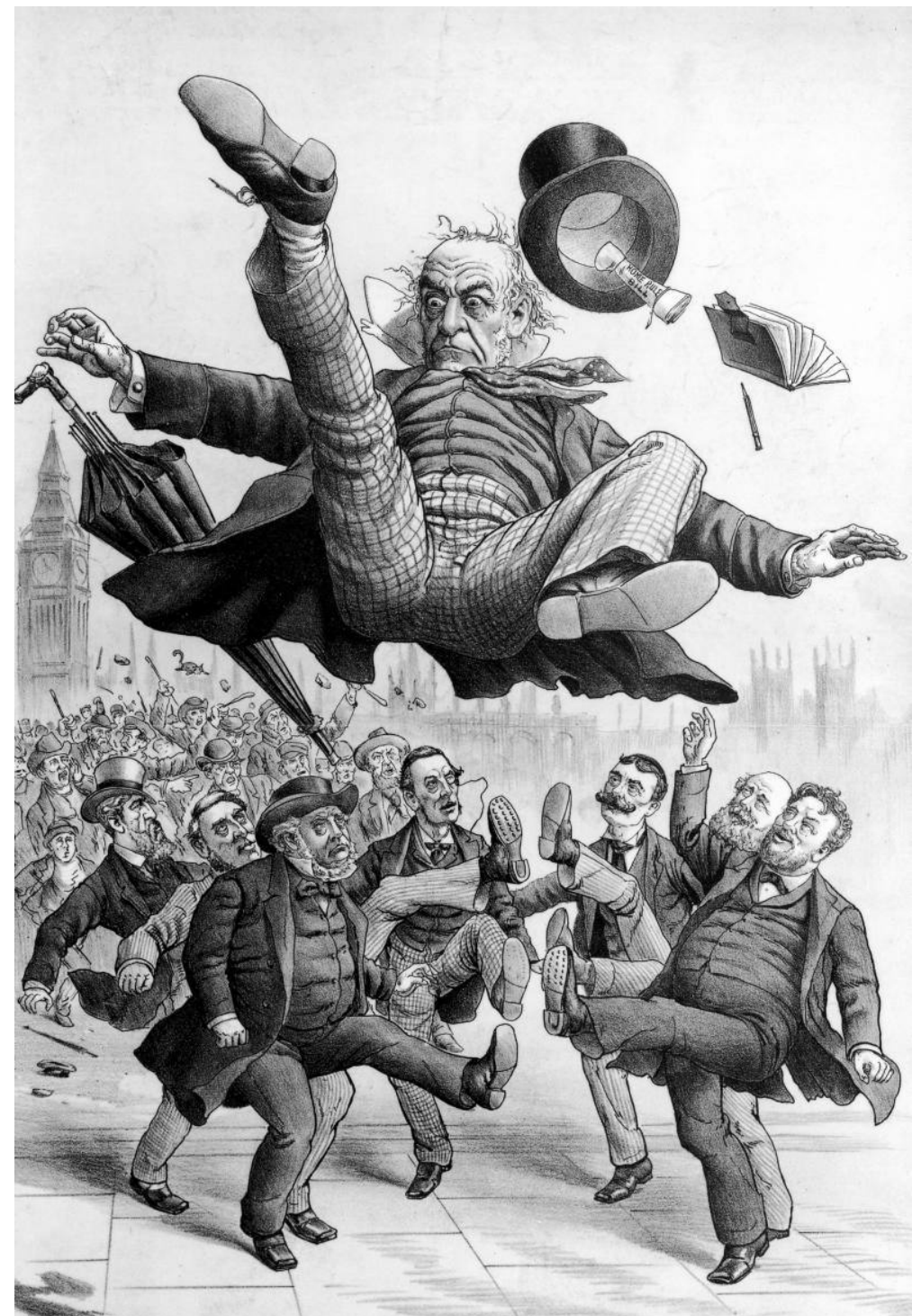
The old face either grinned or grimaced, depending on your viewpoint, and began to move in and out of the casing surrounding it, lips working furiously. One of the man’s

Urchins popped out from a small ventral hatch and shouted to his Brother by the megaphone, “Procedure #21! Ready expectoration valve!” They both dove for panels below the megaphone as a nozzle poked out parallel to the man’s face, swiveled, and came to rest in line with the tip of Jeremiah’s nose. Eyes clasped tight, the Frenchman gurgled

as the clockwork buzzed and argued inside his bulk.

“Master Jeremiah, sir,” little Obadiah squeaked to his boss, a stubby finger pointed to the heaving and struggling of what was presumably the man’s chest inside his brass shell.

“Obadiah, don’t—“ He was cut off as a gear spun out,





shrieking metal and children's curses sounding from the guts of the brass man. Patrons waiting patiently behind this display shifted back a few paces, mildly concerned with the possibility of a clockwork explosion and how that stood to affect their wardrobes.

The machine rattled and shook, the man's face reddening to the point where he almost looked alive, jaw working furiously and mechanical fists clenched to his chest. The nozzle moved in and out of its ball joint, pivoting left and right but always homing in on Jeremiah's incredulous face.

"Here it come!" an Urchin shouted from inside the machine, arching a stringy arm out from a hatch to work a rubber pump. A valve whistled the release of steam, the

old man lurched forward with effort, and the nozzle reared back on its mount before shooting forward an inch, lost in the stream of spittle which flew in Jeremiah's face.

The volume of the liquid would have been shocking coming from a normal human being, implying it wasn't so much saliva as a mixture of water from the steam engine's boiler and a token supply of spit from the old man's withered body, but the desired effect was ultimately reached.

Jeremiah stood, dripping before his counter, too stunned to say anything or mount a retaliatory smile.

"Sorry, gov," the translator Urchin said astride the machine's bulky shoulder. "I should've said he demanded satisfaction. Demanded it,

see? Always hard to tell with these frogs." The child nearly slid off the contraption when it started and swung around, heading for the door. "We'll see you out front. No seconds needed, if you follow."

No seconds, indeed, Jeremiah thought as they walked out into the street. Obadiah held his sopping coat folded over one shoulder while the other begoggled Urchins whispered and laughed and traded dog ends and whiskey with the Frenchman's begoggled Urchins. Jeremiah very much doubted the Methuselah across the square knew anyone who would be his second.

Which wasn't to say Jeremiah could count on anyone to be his second, either. And it was certain no Urchin would contract with either man posthumously unless a great deal of up-front money were proffered, documented, and presented before a judge by the next of kin in case the hiring party were to fall in the duel and not be seconded by his hired hand. And Jeremiah had no next of kin. Never had.

Jeremiah unholstered his dueling musket and squeezed one of his sopping mutton chops between his fingers. His eyes wandered to the clocktower ready to ring noon

over the crowd gathering in the square, many of them patrons of the A, W, & Co. as yet unaware of the duel about to take place directly contributed to their interminable wait. But Nieuw Amsterdammers were a polite lot and would sooner be seen in public without four layers of undergarments hidden beneath their clothes than interfere with a perfectly legal duel between consenting gentlemen.

The chugging steam engine opposite Jeremiah more closely resembled a copper gorilla mated with a howitzer than a gentleman, of course, but that was foreigners for you. Shouting tinny oaths in wholly indecipherable French, which no self-respecting

Englishman would be caught understanding any day of the week, the brass man received only polite nods or the even more polite gesture of being totally ignored by passersby.

"Right," Jeremiah started, looking to Obadiah, who gave a supportive nod that such a word was as good as any when starting a grand speech. "It would be improper for me to propose your brain has pickled in the juices surely keeping you alive." He ran his hand over his left mutton chop, squeezing out more of the aforementioned juices. "But I truly cannot see any reason for you to take offense with me, my staff, or any of the actions or facilities of Allen, Wright, and Company or any

of their subsidiaries."

He took a deep breath. "Therefore, I respectfully demand you withdraw your challenge and leave here with your honor intact, for he who is in the right will always persevere."

A small wind blew brown leaves across the square, signaling the acid rainstorm patiently waiting for the duel to conclude before it set about melting the eyeballs of anyone caught outside without goggles. The Frenchman whirled and clicked, tilting his head incrementally to one of the rifled barrels stabbing out from his armor's shoulders. The nozzle by his face dripped mockingly. "VE-te-RAN," he crowed.





“Right,” Jeremiah adjusted his stovepipe hat on his head and tightened the straps on his goggles. He was in the right. Of that, he was sure. But he also wasn’t delusional enough to suppose he had any chance against a fully functional tank, even if the old man had to fire his weapons without the aid of a team of Urchins. But he had something up his sleeve.

Nieuw Amsterdam’s rules of dueling were exceptionally clear on a few matters. First, a legal duel was conducted between two parties; as suggested by the Latin root of the word. This nullified any questions pertaining to crews of manned vehicles, rival street gangs, or outright muggings. Second, a duelist could not operate with the aid of another party unless this party were

taking his place in the duel. Thus, if the old man were to have an Urchin fight the duel for him, the Urchin would be dueling without the aid of the steam-powered war machine that started this whole mess.

One might surmise this gave Jeremiah a distinct advantage, since the Frenchman was left largely immobile without the gaggle of orphan children to work the myriad devices of his armor. Unfortunately, the rules strictly forbade the parties to move from their starting position until one duelist admitted defeat to the other. Or died.

This was mostly in reaction to the infamous airship duel of 1968, wherein the drunken Lords Marley and Pickwick had taken to the skies over the city and bombarded one

another with cannonade. The damage from the cannonballs had mostly been a nuisance, what with the reinforced girders lining much of the Nieuw Amsterdam infrastructure. The flaming airship which struck the monument to Queen Victoria seated at the mouth of the harbor was viewed less charitably.

Jeremiah ran his boots back and forth over the slick cobblestones. The caliber of his opponent’s weapon would likely knock him across the street, costing him the duel even if he did survive the shot. Which he wouldn’t.

The cartridges his own musket fired, on the other hand, had never been designed to pierce ship-grade armor plating. It was refreshing, in a sense, as it simplified his decision of where to shoot, since the old man’s head was the only vulnerable spot on him. Less vulnerable now that the frog had pulled a visor over his bald pate, of course. But Jeremiah had something up his sleeve.

Holding the one-handed musket skyward, he acknowledged it as his weapon of choice. The Frenchman idled, brass cannons swiveling on their mounts.

Jeremiah uttered a silent

prayer. God, he thought, it’s been a long time since we’ve spoken last. Not much to say, what with the defiling of one of Your houses of worship, even if it had been a den of Papists. But, if just this once... Jeremiah shrugged. Hellfire, I’m probably damned, anyway. Might as well get on with it.

His nimble left thumb flipped open the patented rainproof case holding his cartridges along the holster, then gave the bullet a confident squeeze before it fell apart in his hand. The paper wrapping was soaked through with whatever mixture of spit and water had sprayed over him and

drenched every bit of skin, cloth, and hair it came into contact with.

He fleetingly considered contacting the manufacturer about the apparent defect in their product, but foresaw the difficulties of the conversation. Especially when one considered the case was advertised as rainproof and what had entered it was not, strictly speaking, rain.

The bullet’s fellows hadn’t fared much better, it seemed. Five were even less solid than the first. Another two dissolved completely, leaving a pair of lead cones in a puddle of brown-black mud.

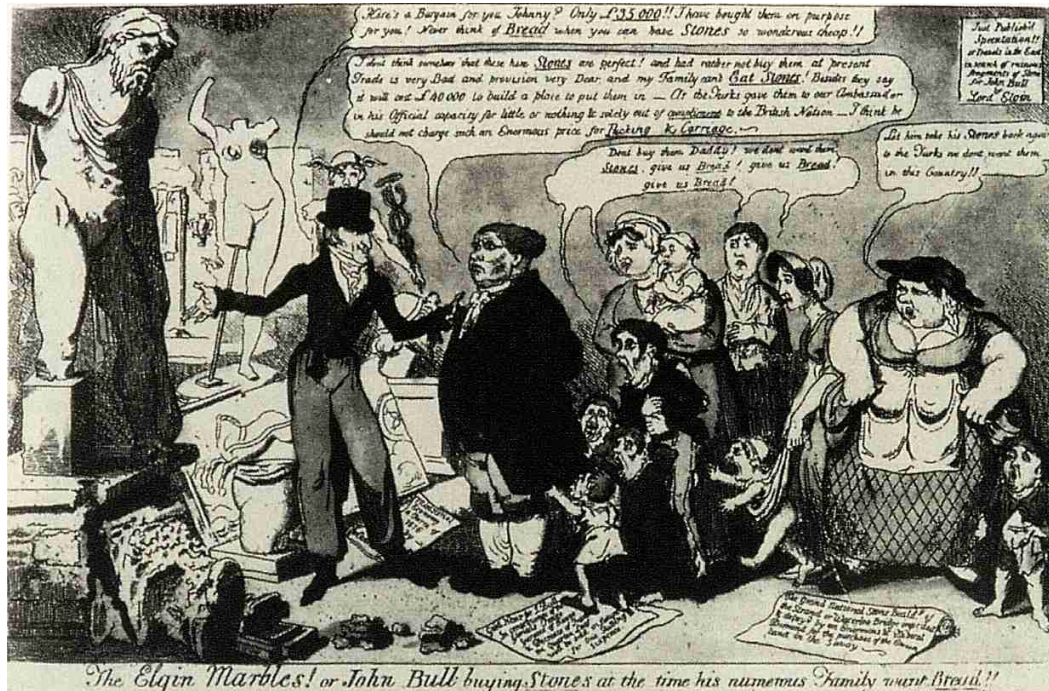
Jeremiah started to close the box, but then noticed...

There, above the soup inside the cartridge case, one last bullet clung to the interior of the lid. The paper on one side had gone very slightly damp, but, overall, it was sound. Slightly sticky, as its nest against the lid attested, but all in one piece. He fixed a malevolent eye on the last cartridge, nearly making the bullet explode out of sheer embarrassment.

This was what he got for using a cheap gun, he thought. And the chances of anyone else having a round he could borrow? Laughable. He



SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.



looked over the patrons assembled outside his shop, a different type of weapon slung on shoulder, hip, chest, waist, wrist, thigh, or ankle of any of them. One scarecrow of a man even had a small barrel mounted between the lenses of his goggles, which begged the question which end of the weapon was more dangerous. No, the handmade nature of the firearms in Nieuw Amsterdam and all their different calibers did not aid his chances much.

“I beg your pardon, esteemed ladies and gentlemen, but might I trouble any of you for a Minie cartridge fitting 1996 model Springfield Dueling Microloaders.” He thought for a moment. “With a Charleville firing mechanism, twin propellan-- blast it, anyone have a spare bullet?”

Some smiled politely. Others came down with sudden cases of bronchitis, the symptoms of which would clear up remarkably soon.

“VE-te-RAN!”

“Yes! Right! You’re a veteran!” Jeremiah shouted to the Frenchman, loading the chancy cartridge into the muzzle of his gun.

The clocktower above them took note its part in the performance drew near and began the slow swing of the minute hand towards its uppermost roman numerals. Urchins hired by either party settled onto the cobblestones as one group and passed a clay jug amongst them without taking their eyes from the spectacle lest they miss it. Obadiah sighed and took a swig when the whiskey

reached him.

And the clock struck.

It would be hard for Jeremiah to record the precise chain of events which followed. All parties to bear witness agreed the first bell tolled noon before any action was taken. Then, as near anyone could tell, Jeremiah realized the advantage of holding his gun in front of him so he might sight along the barrel and switched it from left to right. At that point, witness opinions varied depending on who was nearest the Frenchman’s cannons, how deaf they were before they went off, and how blind they were after the cloud of smoke enveloped them.

However, it was universally agreed the guns fired successfully, since no one could deny the presence of an exception-

ally large hole in the façade of A,W, & Co. where before there had been none. One of the large caliber projectiles blasted straight through from one side to the other, just missing the main supports of the building and the few remaining patrons inside before embedding itself in the cabstand the next street over.

But close observation bore fruit to the Urchins sitting off to Jeremiah’s left hand side. It was they who saw him fire the musket with his unfamiliar right hand, the force of the shot throwing the right side of his body backwards. They saw his left arm wrenched upward to balance his body, the motion coming just as the Frenchman’s shells reached his location. And it was they who knew about the prosthetic clockwork limb Jeremiah bore ever since he’d nearly fallen into the oil vats in the back of the shoppe when he was an Urchin himself.

Thus it happened they were expecting to see the well-tended but lightweight mechanism literally shrug off the shell that would otherwise have caught him in the chest, a shower of sparking steel protesting the ill use. It cannot be said, however, that they expected to see his same left hand wrap around the second shell at the moment of im-

pact, absorb the full force of the projectile, and shatter into a hundred pieces. And that wasn’t what happened.

It was more like fifty-seven pieces.

When the smoke cleared, the polite crowd peeked out from their hiding places to survey the wreckage. Smoking cannons aside, the Frenchman remained precisely as he had been before the duel: loud, annoying, and French. Jeremiah, on the other hand, was missing an arm. The once concealed machinery had

torn loose from his chest and ripped through his coat most unfashionably. The pieces lay scattered beneath him, his gun lay flung to one side, useless bullets sloshed around in his cartridge case—but his feet remained planted firmly where they had been at the beginning of the duel.

The Frenchman roared, gesticulating furiously with mechanical arms at Jeremiah’s ruined limb, saying things no one could understand with a feeling of “That is not fair. I will tell my mum on you.”





And then he took a step forward.

Another detail agreed upon by everyone watching the duel was this was the moment the Nieuw Amsterdam Police Department intervened. Three officers atop clockwork steeds clanked through the crowd and leveled their armor-piercing rockets at the brass man, speaking in calm, soothing tones as the ancient veteran lowered his mechanical bulk to the ground.

They told him he would have to leave the premises immediately. Something about the public safety, which hadn't

seemed so much of a concern moments before-- and then, rather casually, they reiterated the rules of legal dueling in Nieuw Amsterdam, paying particular attention to the 1968 clause concerning complete immobility during the course of a duel until a victor had been determined. And, as Jeremiah was still alive, there was some debate as to the victory.

Obadiah set to gathering his master's shattered arm while his comrades bid adieu to the Frenchman's Urchins, knowing they'd be seeing them at the hall later that night, likely unemployed and stinking drunk. Jeremiah cuffed the boy across the head lightly, growled something about dilly-dallying, and shuffled back into the A,W,& Co.

The gentlemen outside the shoppe tipped their hats to him and those inside put fingers to their brows while the ladies mostly averted their eyes and tried to look both tolerant and appalled at the circumstance. With an Urchin supporting the elder guild brother on either side, Jeremiah mounted the steps

to his counter and stepped around to the adding machine where a fresh layer of dust and shrapnel obscured the last order taken.

He looked across to the young gentleman and cleared his throat. "That's... one baked bean and egg, meat pie, tea for two, and biscuit?"

The young man nodded.

Jeremiah clicked away at the adding machine with his right hand, Obadiah hunched under his left side and already working at the little bits of his left hand to salvage the working pieces that remained. Jeremiah nodded his approval. The young Urchin was well on his way to running the shoppe himself someday.

"Oh," he looked back to his customer before ringing the total. "Today's Special. In honor of the last guest." Jeremiah surveyed the wreckage leading to the vats, the oil still bubbling away as it always did-- no matter who or what fell in. Piles of potatoes lay near to them in burlap sacks, just waiting to be used...

"Would you like fries with that?"

THE END

The New England **STEAM PUNK** *festival*

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For immediate release

Run through May 1, 2010



**A Festival For the Jules Verne In You!!!
The New England Steam Punk Festival Comes to Waltham**

Jules Verne meets modern technology during the New England Steampunk Festival at the Charles River Museum of Industry & Innovation in Waltham, MA. On May 1st, 2010 from 10 am to 4 pm, visitors enjoy hands on activities, interactive exhibits, vendors, live music, fashion show and more at this festival celebrating everything steampunk.

The New England Steampunk Festival offers the general public a small glimpse into this unusual world. Visitors may explore a time machine, attend author readings, participate in Victorian dances, try on steampunk inspired clothing, or visit any one of the interactive displays. Also planned: film screenings, interactive art classes, and a fashion show featuring the work of Cloak & Dagger Creations, Storied Threads, and the Hatted Hare.

Those arriving in costume may participate in a live action role playing game or take the runway in the Costume Promenade. Rules for the Costume Promenade will be posted on the Steampunk Festival's Facebook page, and professional photographers will be on hand to record the event.

Admission is \$6.00 per adult, \$4.00 per child. The Museum is located at 154 Moody Street, Waltham, MA 02453. Parking is available at 19 Pine Street. For more information or a list of participating exhibitors visit www.crimi.org or call 781 893 5410.

10

Questions for a Costumer

by Mette Hedin



#1 - Kathe Gust

Kathe is first out in our series of 10 Questions to a Costumer. She is one half of the Bay Area costuming powerhouse that is Kathe and Phil Gust. Their Masquerade entries are always amazing, partially due to their clever use of special effects, and you will often notice their hall costumes for their attention to detail and solid workmanship. They excel at making couples costumes complimentary in their differences rather than in how they are identically matching. You can find out more about Kathe at <http://celefinniel.webhop.net/>

1. Q: What was your first costume?

A: The first I remember was "Karate Hero" for Halloween when I was about 8. It was the first one I remember because I worked on it myself to make it the way I wanted it.

2. Q: Costumer or Cosplayer?

A: Costumer! I'm really lousy at staying in character. It's usually just me in a costume; not some character.

3. Q: Do you work on things for a deadline or year round?

A: I usually have a deadline even if it is 2

years away. Some parts of the year I don't have time to work on things, like the month of May, but usually work on something year round, with a deadline in mind.

4. Q: Recreation or Original?

A: 50/50. If I have to pick one it would be recreation. The satisfaction in both types of costuming is seeing that it came out the way I wanted it to.

5. Q: What is your favorite material right now?

A: Probably 100% linen. That's the next thing I am going to be working with and it is turning out to be an interesting challenge.

6. Q: Loner or Collaborator?

A: Probably collaborator. A lot of times I get better ideas that way. Phil will come up with an easier way to do something, or a fabric choice I wouldn't have thought of. Working with someone else is usually pretty satisfying. I don't consider myself that creative. I'm a maker not a conceiver.

7. Q: Has a costume ever brought you to tears?

A: The armor from Lord of the Rings. It took so long and it was so hard, and there were days when I really didn't want to work on it, and I was ripping something out for the 4th time. I had to make myself work on it.





Letter from the Other Editor

Send all complaints to:
Kevin@yipezine.com



8. Q: Make or Buy?

A: I'm not prejudiced that way. If it is going into a masquerade, I'd rather make, if it is hall costuming I am perfectly fine with buying, but I might modify it in some way.

9. Q: What costume are you the proudest of?

A: The armor again. Nobody else has got any, and when you actually see it it is so impressive. I wish it was sturdier and more comfortable, but, when you walk up to it, it looks darn good!

10. Q: Historical or Science Fiction/Fantasy?

A: Hmmmm. Probably Science Fiction Fantasy. Up to this point in time, even the historical costumes have been Steampunk historical. If it is historical I am usually doing something to it that makes it not historical. That will be changing in the future, but up until now it has definitely been leaning toward Science Fiction/Fantasy.

Hope you liked our little expedition into tomfoolery at the beginning of the month. It was, first and foremost for me, an exercise in meeting deadlines. *Yipe!* is the first project I've taken on in many years that has a monthly writing deadline. Each month, *every month*, I now have to get my act together, finish my contributions and get them uploaded to our drop box in time for Jason to do the layout so we can publish on schedule. He's been incredibly patient while I learn to do that (and found some very creatively evil ways to drive the point home, I might add).

We've agreed that it's also my job to nag-firmly and persistently remind our contributors of the deadlines as well, and beat the bushes always be on the lookout for new writers, photographers and other

potential sources of chewy costuming goodness for your consumption. As you may have noticed, I've been having trouble getting the hang of this deadline thing.

Ironically, the failure of my column to appear in the March issue actually *was* due to interocitor failure (compounding, admittedly, lateness caused by writers' block). I was finishing the column at the regular Monday BASFA meeting when my slate dropped its wireless connection (which had been tenuous at best) and refused to reconnect. I informed Jason via SMS and he told me he had to proceed with what he had. It's just as well; I suspect the miscoded binary that appeared in its was in fact more entertaining than the sludge

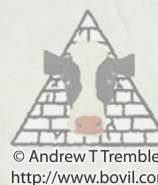
my brain was laboring to assemble as a column.

Repairs to said Interocitor, of course, led to that lovely 'zine from another dimension that we were able to publish for you earlier this month. More importantly, I've been clever and set up a Google calendar for *Yipe!* with reminders about all the deadlines. If you are a contributor (or considering it) and would like access to that calendar drop a note to editors (at) yipezine.com and I'll make it so.

On to Steampunk! We've actually got our first advertisements in this issue, for a couple of steampunk-themed events who thought you might like to know more about them. Our ad rates are really reasonable: persuade us your ad deserves to appear in *Yipe!* and we'll publish it. For free. Down the road, if storage for all the back issues becomes an issue, we might have to come up with ad rates, but for now, this is all a labor of love.

I did attend the Nova Albion Steampunk Exhibition, by the way, infamous site of Son of Parking Fail of Doom. Andy and I had a good time, even though we didn't dare move the car after we checked into the hotel, and we've offered some suggestions to the organizers as they look ahead to producing future events. I was having a weird time of it for a while with the attendees until it finally clicked: they were all *roleplaying*. *All day*. I haven't had to do that since I stopped working the Dickens Fair, which explains my discomfort. These days if my costume has a character, it's usually just one or another versions of my basic Evil Genius self. In the case of

It doesn't matter how nice your uniforms look when you still name the damn ship "Titanic."



Nova Albion, that meant I took my White Star Line able seaman's uniform, added a miniature emergency air supply, a pair of goggles and some propeller pins, and *voila!* I had an airshipman's uniform. The lovely Judith ran a new tally for my cap that read "Incorrigible," which I happily explained was the small fast ship that the commander of Torchwood 4's base (the very large airship *Indefatigable*) had at his disposal. Yes, that's right, I was the pilot of the Captain's fast pinnacle, the *Incorrigible*.

And the best part was lil' ol' Evil Kevin got to deliver that pun with a straight face *all*

weekend long.

Hope you enjoy our steampunk special. We're always hungry for new contributors, so drop us a line if you're interested!

Kevin
Kevin@yipezine.com

PS Those deadlines? First Saturday of the month for submissions. That gives us time to request any revisions, do the layout and copyedit to publish on the second Saturday. Editors (at) yipezine.com



You think Kevin wouldn't get a thrill from being fondled by the Warrior Woman from The Road Warrior? Honey, no fan's THAT gay.





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Dear Editorial Cabal:

Many thanks for Volume 2, Issue 3 of Yipe! You overpacked your car for a convention trip, or your car runneth over some small animal by the side of the road? Both are very likely getting ready for a con, or at least getting there. (In spite of this being issue 3 of the current volume, it still says issue 2 on the index page. I get paid to be this picky, you know.)

Jason: Oh, yeah? Well... well, your email was titled Yipe vol .1 No. 3. Volume #1? That was like 3 months ago, bro! Where you been?

Your secret is out, Jason...in the picture on page 3, your con badge is flipped, revealing where you hide your extra playing cards. Your career of cleaning up at the evening poker games is done, my friend.

Jason: No one Pledges those tables like me, yo.

When Yvonne and I started our own costuming careers, seems eons ago now, the toughest part for me was get-

ting over being self-conscious about being in a costume. Not every fan likes to see others in some kind of costume imitating their favorite Gallifreyan, Vulcan, Klingon, etc., in spite of the work it takes to make a costume look not just like, but exactly like, that favorite character. We got to enjoy it, and getting compliments about the quality of workmanship and attention to detail really helped. With time, though, we joined a number of fans who got tired slugging costumes from con to con, and eventually, we just packed comfy clothes, and off we went. After that, the closest we got to costuming was matching home-



His sonic screwdriver doubles as a swizzle stick and multidimensional cocktail jigger.

made Hawaiian shirts, and then came steampunk... Many, if not all, of the Who costumes are made from everyday clothes, so they are relatively easy to put together, and same goes for the steampunk costumes, with only few exceptions. There is the occasional DW convention in the Toronto area; Who Party 14 was in June of last year, and the series of Who Parties have been going since the late 70s, IIRC.

Kevin: One of the few open convention parties that Andy and I still work on, having retired the Evil Genius Hall of Fame after 6 years and roughly 50 parties, is the "Torchwood 4" party a

small gang of us put on at Gallifrey One every year. Under the able leadership of Merv Staton (who helped with several of the E.G parties) we have a blast transforming a parlor suite into something else. This year it was the First Class Lounge on the Titanic. Last year it was "It's Volcano Day!", the last night in Pompeii in the hottest night-spot in Pompeii. Complete with a volcano erupting outside the window every 15 minutes.

I have judged masquerades myself, in addition to MCing them, and of course, participating in them. Some masquerades provide strict guidelines as to what they want judges to

do and look at; others just say vote for what you like. There was more direction years ago when the novice/journeyman/master system was set up, but in spite of best efforts, that uniform system didn't stick. Yvonne and I were journey-men when we got out of costuming fandom, but still stay in touch with local costumers through get-togethers at a library in the east end. I have to wonder if today's fans are going to put together a costume with perhaps a year and a half's worth of work, just so it can be on stage for 30 to 45 seconds. I think we found the return on investment of money, effort, time and know-how was pret-

ty slim to nearly none.

Kevin: The Division System is still going strong, actually. Andy and I were part of the committee that rewrote the ICG Guidelines a few years ago to make them more transparent and understandable. We've seen a number of anime cosplay competitions, having gone through the same growing pains with respect to fairness and judging, start writing rules based on those guidelines. If you haven't read the latest version, they're online at <http://www.costume.org/documents/fairness-26-05-2006.html>

I smiled at España's words... we got ourselves a steamer trunk as well to store costumes. I remember Torcon in 2003, sharing a room with two costumers, and barely being able to get around in the room without stepping on something fragile. Our friends brought hooped skirts, crinolines, large hats and tall boots, and we were amazed that we got all of us and all our stuff into the one room. We had lots of stuff with us, too, but we supplied all the equipment for the LA in 2006 room parties at the Royal York.

Kevin: Andy and I threw an Evil Genius party there ... AND were in the Trumps of Amber entry in the masquerade. We packed two rolling footlockers apiece.

A decent hotel room has the prerequisite iron and ironing board, plus a large closet to store the luggage, hang the clothes, and hide the ill-gotten booty, plus food from home the hotel probably doesn't like you bringing, and there should be lots of space to lay the assorted air mattresses and sleeping bags. A

Remember, kids: If Chris Garcia wins a Hugo, Espana will come to your house and kill your family. Brian ? Not so much.



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**Hoop skirt? Check.
Powdered Wig? Check.
Understanding roommate who'll tolerate losing their bed so you
can air it all out before asking them to help with the three hour prep
for taking the stage? We'll get back to you on that one.**



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bathroom with a tub/shower area separate from the sink is always good. And, if there's a small sign in the bathroom that says SILENT FAN OPERATING CONTINUOUSLY, pry it off the wall and somehow attach it to yourself. I did...

Jason: I'm still recovering from the room we had at Anticipation. Almost literal broom closet. Two twin size beds and one twin size mattress ate up the entire span of the floor except for the sweep of the doors. And wouldn't you know it was JUST the week they were jackhammering the sidewalk below our window?

Looks like Anti-Kebin read that you needed the page count, and heisted about four pages on his own. Kevin, why do you let this guy out of the house? Anti-Kebin lives in the Intentionally Blank Space, virus-style.

Kevin: Actually, that was due to an unexpected Interocitor failure garbling my transmission. As detailed in issue 2.3a, I was busy putting together a Ryberg 404 kit to lob under the dimensions to Anti-Kebin, so now he can look but not touch. I wish him well in his literary [sic] endeavors, and we may feature occasional pieces from*

his zine as the planets align. As long he stays on his side of the event horizon.

**Just as well, the column I was trying to transmit was rubbish anyway.*

All done for the moment, so off it goes to you for next issue, which you are probably working on as I type. Hope you all have a happy Easter, overdose on chocolate, and on Sunday, we should know who's on the Hugo ballot. Will Mr. Garcia get two more nominations? Eastercon should let us know. There should be surprises for all. See you next issue!

Yours, Lloyd Penney.



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