



Yipee!

The Costume Fanzine of Record

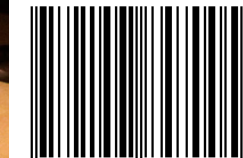
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RENOvated



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Issue Nine

RENOvated

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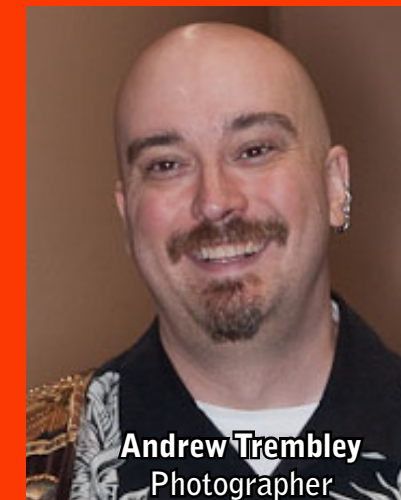
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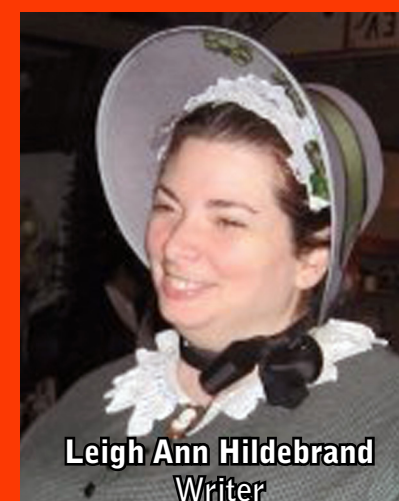
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The Costume Fanzine of Record



Letter from the Editor

In the spirit of this WorldCon issue, I'm going to curtail my usual ravings to focus on one WorldCon event that struck a chord with everyone here at Yipe: Chris Garcia won a Hugo.

Normally, I'd call this is a catastrophe on par with the Exxon-Valdez overflowing the levees outside New Orleans, but let's skip the nastiness. Chris Garcia won a goddamn Hugo.

This was something I was always hoping to be there for in person. When Chris mounted the stage, he did not disappoint: first clasping and kissing the entire front row of the audience, then deflating like a souffle when he saw his name adorning that golden rocketship.

Then, most notoriously, he gasped "Oh my fuck!" and started crying before blurting out thank yous and curling up around his trophy.

The reality turned into legend within minutes: people tweeted Chris had a breakdown or was mugging for the crowd. To these people I can only say you had never actually seen Chris Garcia until that moment.

That is the real Chris I met 10 years ago. That is the man who won himself a Hugo for Best Fanzine.

Gratz, furball.

Send all complaints to:
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No Lizards in the Lounge

by Mette Hedin

I storm into the bar outside the large ballroom on a mission. I am firmly determined to buy all my lovely friends a round of drinks, because we need something strong to both celebrate and soothe the nerves, and it needs to be now. We have just come off the stage of the Worldcon Masquerade in Reno, passed through the fan photography gauntlet, and it is time to breathe a big sigh of relief and blow off some steam. After months of hard work on costumes, rehearsing and coordinating, we are finally done. After exiting stage left, we have looked at each other, and for the first time in my masquerade career been able to completely



truthfully say that everything went exactly as we intended. Every single one of the 7 of us on stage nailed their part, and every part of the timing was exactly as we wanted it. There was even a fair amount of ad-libbing, something I am normally psychologically incapable of both handling or doing while on stage, with the severe case of stage fright that I have.

So I have, perhaps somewhat overly aggressively I am afterwards told, managed to get everyone's drink orders, and with two of my friends in tow to help carry the glasses, I am trying to remember all 7

orders for the round of drinks I am about to buy them. But, as we approach the bartender, things go horribly wrong. I am Restac, the proud and mighty Silurian warrior and military commander, and this swanky faux mediterranean lounge don't serve no lizards. I am booted, can't charge the round to my room, and my friends are left to pick up the tab.

On paper Reno seemed like the perfect Worldcon venue. It combines several of my favorite things, a convention, costumes, 24 hour access to food and alcohol, Pai Gow Poker and indoor smoking

areas (as a smoker I see the latter as a bonus, I know not everyone agrees with me). In reality it is clear that the biggest little city in the world is experiencing some serious culture shock and some of the casino rules decidedly clash with the interests of the convention attendees. Pretty much all of the conventions I go to are in California, a place that can get pretty uptight about things such as masks, weapon replicas and fake blood, but not even in San Francisco have I ever experienced such a severe case of (justified) costume paranoia as I have in just the last 2-3 days in Reno.

Already on the first day of the convention have I been harassed about my very fake looking foam cricket bat. Looking over the weapons rules, I notice that it states "No real or realistic weapons may be carried anywhere within the convention except during the Masquerade or specifically approved events. Renovation defines a weapon as any object designed to cause damage, or any replica of such an object". Although I feel pretty justified in my standpoint that this is a replica of something intended to hit a ball in an incomprehensible sporting event, I resign myself to the long walk to con-ops for approval of something far less lethal than your average walking cane. To my relief, the very lovely Steve who is in charge of peace bonding has a sense of humor and I leave with an amusingly over-sized piece of painter's tape bearing his signature firmly attached to the back of the bat. After this, all our other costume weapons (none of them functional and in most cases not even resembling a real weapon) are left in the hotel room and replaced by more innocent objects such as a roll of vinyl instead of a boom stick and a banana phone standing in for a squareness gun.





So although I have been very careful with my costumes in the casinos, I really didn't anticipate the problems I would have getting a drink in the bar right outside the masquerade venue, far away from the actual casino floor. But poor Restac is forced to feel the shame of an under-age undesirable as she stealthily sips from the drink her friends have bought for her. Later in the hotel room she sinks even lower as I am sucking vodka from a \$3.95 miniature bottle from the mini bar through a straw while reflecting of the state of things. We're not at the party hotel, so we didn't bring any alcohol as this was the last thing we anticipated having any problems getting our hands on in Reno. We decide it is probably better to head to the party hotel to get our celebratory drinking on. I head downstairs and while waiting for the other person in my party, the Doctor as so happens (yes they hang out when the cameras are not rolling, didn't you know?), poor Restac probably sinks to Silurian gutter level, as I ask some jocks if they happen to be carrying a flask. They don't, (what is it with today's youth?) but we find an unexpected area of bonding as it turns out they couldn't get served because one of them was wearing shorts. This sadly makes me feel a

little less lonely, and it is with renewed energy that I head to the sanctioned party floors at the Atlantis.

Here I can finally get a drink I don't have to feel ashamed about consuming, but now we hit a new snag. Amongst my relatively few vices is the aforementioned smoking, and as I take one step outside of the elevator banks, I get busted again. An elderly security guard tells me I cannot be on the casino floor, and although I had only one foot in the area he is really being very nice about it, so I explain to him that I do not want to gamble, I will not approach the bar for a drink, but I would really like to be able to smoke a cigarette. He lights up in a grin and explains that he can help me with this. Excellent! A person that is being helpful, I must follow him! He leads me along the hallway to another set of elevators, and through... a staff door? We find ourselves in a plain stairwell in the less glamorous guts of the hotel, and area never intended to be seen by paying guests, but he leads on through another staff door and we are suddenly outside in a poorly lit back street, reminiscent of a seedy back alley. It is the employee entrance and he cheerfully informs me that here we are





allowed to smoke before vanishing into the loud exuberant pleasure palace inside. I am stunned silent, but by now I am clearly seeing just how little the casino desires the Silurian tourist trade, so I stare in disbelief at the Doctor who is looking just as stunned. I rush through my cigarette with cleverly disguised burning cheeks so as to not force him to stand here any longer than he has to. Ironically, on our walk of shame out of the casino area, we are forced to stop so that some of the mundanes can have their picture taken with me.

I have been in a gambling establishment or two in my day and never in my life have I had such a hard time spending money in a casino. In the hours and days that follow I will see vomiting in public areas, loud arguing and scuffling on the casino floor and even a weird case of malicious back stabbing between casino employees. Not in any of those cases are security fast to move in and handle the situation. I do none of those things nor anything remotely like it. In fact I am, for a psychotic, scheming and vengeful Silurian military commander really extraordinarily well-behaved. I think my greatest offense of the evening is to get a little overly happy with

the hummus tasting in one of the party rooms, since I haven't had solid food in over 12 hours due to my make-up. Still, hotel staff has given me the strong impression that if we weren't talking about just a single Silurian, it wouldn't have been a half bad idea to set up a shanty town a la District 9 for the likes of us. It has honestly taken me completely by surprise just how unprepared or unwilling the host hotels have been to adjust to

the culture of a 69 year institution in the sci-fi world.

I start to fully realize that there are distinctly different types of freaks in the world, and our type is not within the acceptable realm for a casino establishment. There are all sorts of ways I am allowed to act out, but gluing silicone to my face is decidedly not on the list. I learn to appreciate that our freak hierarchy looks distinctly different from the

one envisioned by your average casino security guard or bartender. If prostitution was legal in the county Reno resides in, this would be a far more bitter piece than it already is (oh trust me, I am capable of it), but I'll give them a little leeway for at least not selling their human women for money and conclude that if Worldcon comes to Reno again, this lizard will go insult the Ape population in a lounge somewhere else.





TWO MOONS WALK INTO A BAR...



One of the highlights of Renovation was co-hosting the Two Moons Inn party (on Saturday night after the Hugos) to celebrate Lev Grossman's book *The Magicians* and his Campbell Award win. Of course, we couldn't know for certain it would be a celebration of the award, but the books are so good (and Grossman such a genuinely nice guy) that it seemed worth going for it, regardless, and just having a good time.



Without giving away too much of the plot, the world of *The Magicians* contains a sub-world called Fillory, modeled on C.S. Lewis' *Narnia*. Our party was set in a particular establishment found in that world; an inn which includes a bar containing all the sorts of characters you would expect in such a place: talking animals and trees, and other magical denizens. The nicest thing about this was, when it came to costuming, we were able to choose both specific characters from the book for ourselves but also a general fantasy sort of look for anyone who cared to play along. Anthony and Deb did in a suit made for Carnivale and Ren Faire garb, respectively.

Jason Schachat and myself, as well as our bartender Sean Healy and Leo Schwab were all costuming from the book, as *The Beast*, *The Watcher-woman*, the Inn bartender, and Favrel—a walking, talking tree. Leigh Ann Hildebrand meanwhile, decided on a fetching theme-appropriate Ren Faire style dress in green. She and I both replaced the buttons on our outfits with mismatched ones, a conceit based on a piece of fan art featured on Grossman's Facebook page which we had decided was a Fillorian fashion staple.



The Watcherwoman, who obviously references but isn't quite the White Witch from the Narnia books, is described just enough to recreate easily without being so specific as to cause me too much trouble. All in grey, veiled and carrying a silver pocket watch; if I had the skill or budget I would have gone with something a bit closer to a Victorian riding outfit, but in the end I was able to fall back on

my assembly costumer habits and put together something I was comfortable with out of various thrifted items, though I did have to settle for a not entirely canonical watch (the one in the book seems to be spherical). The veil had a tendency to slip a bit too far back when I brushed it out of my face, so, despite being grey, apparently make me look a little too bridal now and then. But, overall, I was content

with the result.

The bartender in the book is described as wearing something like an Edwardian policemen's coat, so Leigh Ann cleverly modified a chef's jacket and bedecked it in gold trim and brass buttons, which worked perfectly. Additionally, she made a vest of birch bark patterned fabric for Leo who, with his height and slender frame, made a very digni-

fied tree indeed.

But the best costume was by far our very own Jason Schachat's: at once the simplest and the hardest to pull off. When The Beast puts in its first appearance, it is described as a man in a grey suit of an old fashioned cut, wearing a maroon club tie,

face obscured by a leady branch seemingly hanging out of nowhere. Now, I will freely admit that having never seen Jason actually costume I was placing even odds as to whether he would actually come through in the end. The suit is easy enough, but, without the branch, it's just that: a guy in a suit. So, when he

showed up, branch in hand, and showed us the incredibly simple but effective wire contraption he had made, I was thrilled. The device consisted of a neck collar with a curved wire going over the head that was then hidden under the hair and came out over the forehead. The branch attached nicely and the effect





was seamless and, honestly, a little spooky if you've read the book.

He also played up the role nicely. One of my favorite moments of the party was when Grossman first spotted him in costume, grinned big, and they fist bumped. I think it was probably the cosplay he least expected to see, and he was clearly thrilled.



Computer Blue

A Quick and Easy LED Dress Modification

by Leigh Ann Hildebrand

Recently I wrote about an incident where I modified a dress to correct an ironing accident. This time, I'm detailing a dress modification that I designed with my partner Leo Schwab especially for the Hugo Award ceremony. I wanted to have a special dress for the awards that would look eye catching but be easy to wear. While I was shopping for dresses for my recent college graduation, I fell in love with another dress from Igigi. The fabric and color just really seemed appropriate for a science fiction convention, while the dress cut was very flattering on my body. However, off the rack, the dress lacked that extra something special.



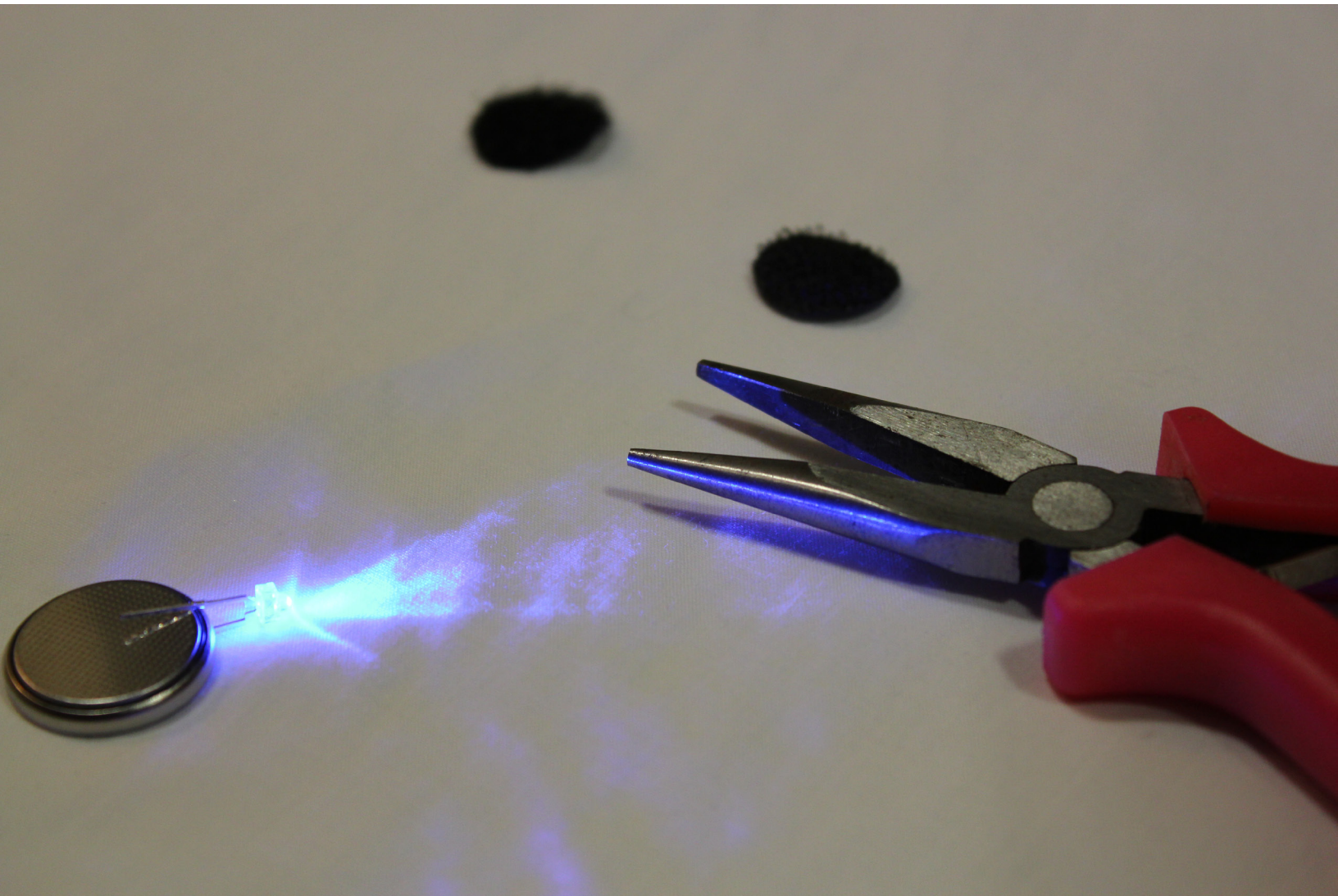
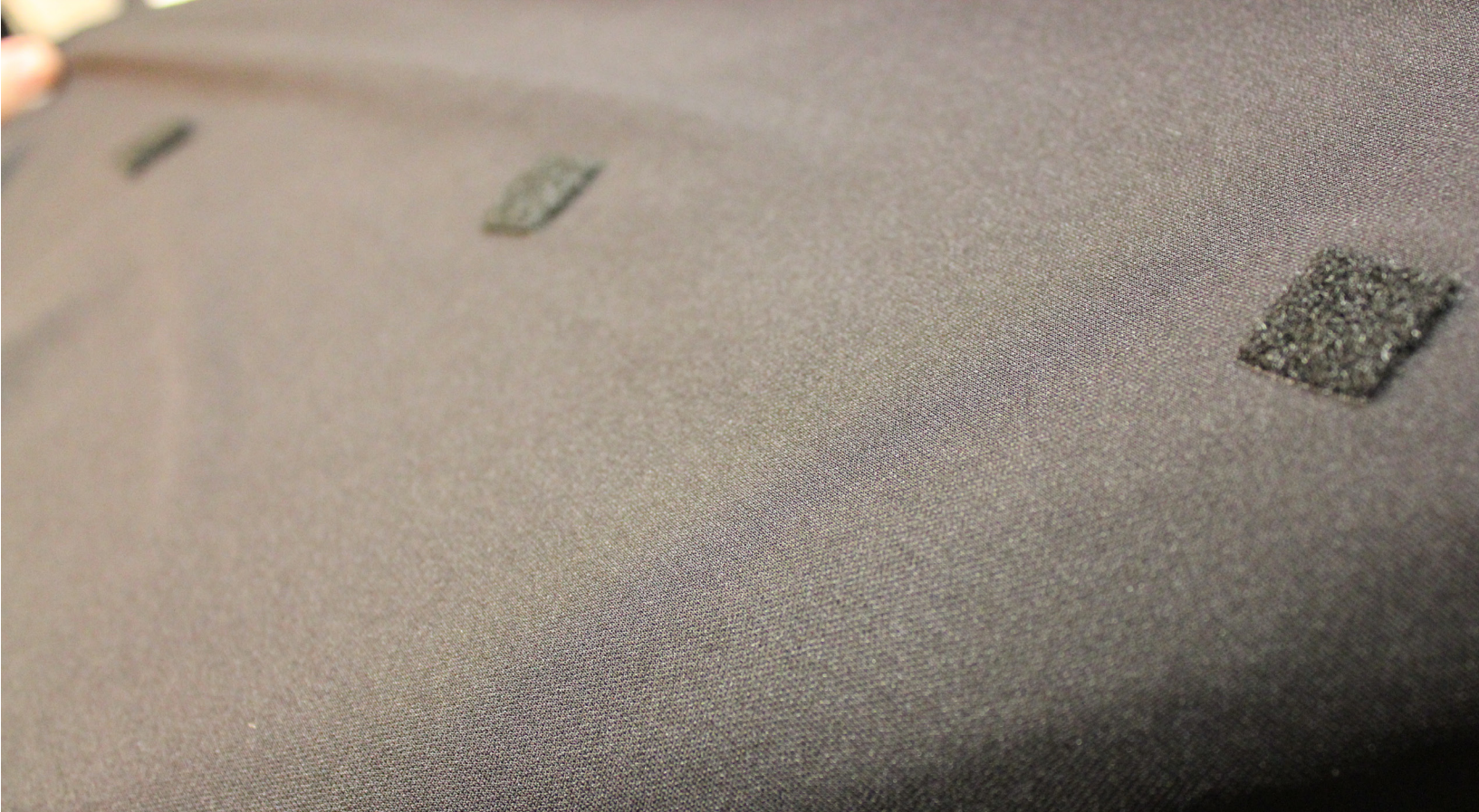
The first time I tried it on for Leo, we got distracted and played with putting an LED under the top layer of the dress. The result was so cool that I realized we could modify the dress to take advantage of the effect.

I researched several electronic options, including using EL wire, LEDs, battery packs, and even electrical conducting thread, which is usually used to repair fencing jackets. Leo

and I settled on a design that included magnets holding small blue LEDs and batteries to the dress. I ordered supplies, but when they arrived, we decided the magnets weren't optimal and might slip or fall off. I didn't want to permanently alter the dress in a way that would make it harder to wear or clean, either. In the end, we decided on an option that relied on Velcro fasteners. This method's strength is that it uses very easily purchased

and manipulated materials that most costumers will be comfortable using. The drawback is that the LED units are not reusable, because the adhesive Velcro dots are so sticky that the LEDs cannot be easily removed and reused. I'm sure that another inventive costumer could almost certainly improve on this method with a means to reuse or better control the lights.

Here's how we did it.



Ingredient list:

“Lapis Lazuli” gown, featuring a layer of blue lurex mesh fabric over a matte black polyester knit underskirt (from Igigi.com)

Velcro 91024 “Fabric Fusion” iron-on fusible Velcro tape, 24”x3/4”

Velcro 90069 “Sticky Back” 5/8” adhesive-backed coin shapes

1.8mm blue LEDs (item 130LB7C from LilyLEDs.com, 16 cents each)

Lithium coin cell batteries (item CR2032 from LilyLEDs.com, 25 cents each)

Prepping the dress:

1. To prepare the dress, Leo laid out the underskirt on a cutting board and used a quilt measuring tool to apply small marks to the dress indicating where to iron on fusible Velcro loop squares.

2. While Leo worked on the underskirt pattern, I cut the 24” fusible tape into 3/4” squares. I got exactly 32 loop-side squares from the package. The hook-side fusible tape was stored for another project.

3. Following the package directions, I applied the fusible tape squares to the underskirt of the dress at the marked spots. I did these in

small batches because the light adhesive on the squares is only meant to keep them in place briefly and was easily disturbed.

4. After I finished ironing the squares, the dress modification was finished. At this point, the squares are not easily visible against the matte fabric of the underskirt. With the Lurex overskirt in place, the modification of the dress is invisible; the dress can be worn this way without any LEDs.

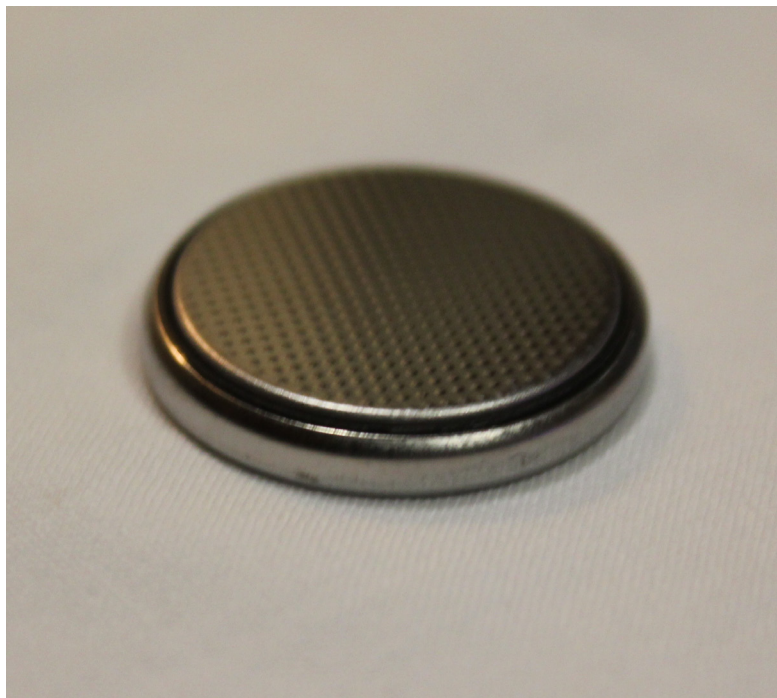
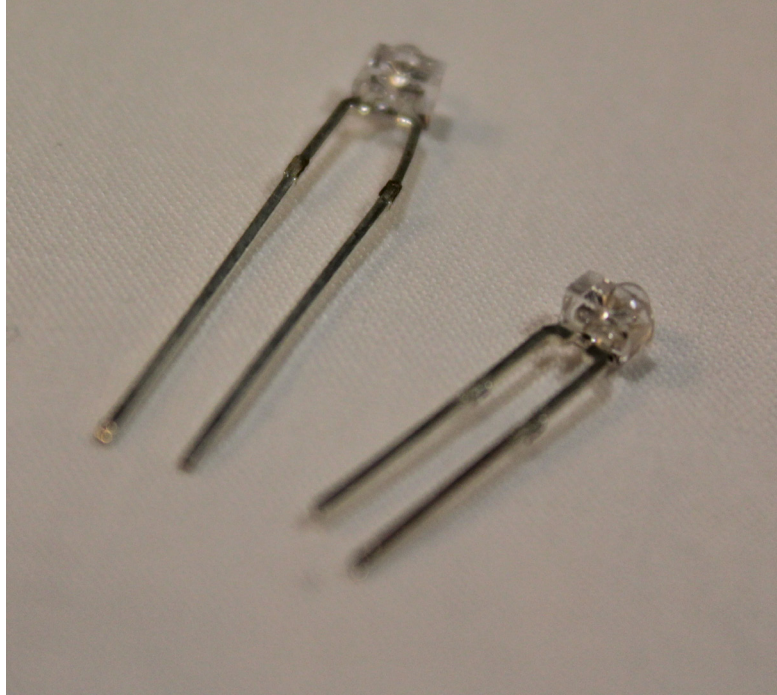
Prepping the one-time-use LED units:

1. The LED lights have two main visible parts. The light part on the tip, and two lead wires coming off the light. Leo trimmed the ends of the LED leads to less than $\frac{5}{8}$ ", so ends are covered by the Velcro and cannot pick or damage the dress fabric. Leo used nail scissors because they were on hand, but one could use jewelry pliers or even nail clippers. Leo was careful to trim them so that the longer LED was still slightly longer, so he could easily tell which lead was which.

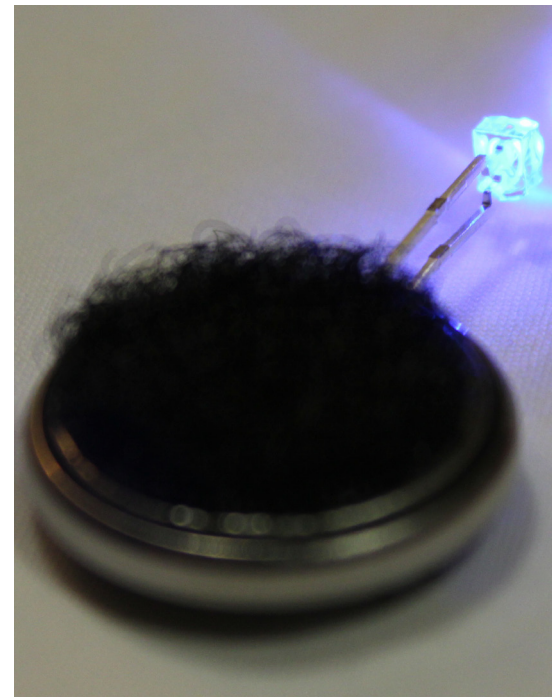
2. The LED leads go on either side of the flat battery "coin". By touching them, you can tell if you have the correct LED on the correct side of the battery.

3. Next, Leo applied a sticky hook-side Velcro coin to the larger side of the battery, over the LED lead.

4. If you're not using the LED units right away, you can put piece of plastic between the remaining lead and the battery side, to prevent the battery from being activated and running down. When we tested this, we used the pieces of plastic backing from the fusible Velcro squares I made!



5. To finish the LEDs, Leo applied the sticky loop-side Velcro to the remaining LED leads and battery faces. This sealed the LEDs in the "on" position. The black matte loop surface didn't completely cover the battery, but it helped make them less obvious under the Lurex layer.



To finish the dress, we attached the LED units to the Velcro squares on the dress, then put the overskirt back in place. The LEDs lasted over 24 hours, so the final steps could have been done further in advance. The total construction time was about 2.5 hours, including the underskirt prep. Other than the LEDs and batteries, the materials all came from a fabric store and are not special materials.

We had hoped that the pattern of lights on the dress would look interesting and move well. In retrospect, the one thing I'm not happy about is that pattern, which was an offset spiral around the dress. In the future, we may add more/different fusible loop squares, to make the LEDs more configurable.

EDIT: Leo adds that the one warning he has is that the batteries were slightly thicker than the space between the LED leads. Because of that, if the leads were pushed to far, they spread apart so much that they cracked the LED light part and ruined it. We strongly recommend buying more LEDs than you think you need, in case you crack or break any. The LEDs are so inexpensive that it's not unreasonable to get extra ones.





HOW TO MISS A WORLDCON...

(BUT SEE SOME AMAZING COSTUMES WHILE YOU ARE AT IT)

by Kevin Roche

In many years of attending the World Science Fiction Convention, I've experienced numerous times the narrowing of focus that accompanies entering the Worldcon masquerade. One learns that staging a serious entry will consume

a significant portion of the weekend, with the required paperwork, tech rehearsals and early evening call for photography and workmanship judging, not to mention any non-official group rehearsals, and, of course, any last minute details that need to be finished on the costume itself.

It is not uncommon for Masquerade contestants to get their first real look at a Worldcon only after the awards are announced by the judges.

Running the Worldcon Masquerade? Multiply that focus by the number of contestants, and don't

be surprised when you realize that the only part of the convention you really saw was the view from the Masquerade desk. When Andy Trembley and I agreed to direct the Renovation Masquerade we suspected this might be the case, but we were thrilled at the opportunity to thoroughly ruin our fannish reputations put our unique stamp upon one of Worldcon fandom's grand extravaganzas. Sure enough, we saw very little of the convention, but it was also one of the best Worldcon experiences I've ever had.

The process started two years ago, when we accepted, not without some trepidation, Jill Eastlake and Don Glover's invitation to direct the Masquerade. In 2010, when we visited the venue (the Tuscany Ballroom at the Reno Peppermill), a 63,000 square foot gargantua with amazing tech support and an enthusiastic staff, the wheels in our heads started turning and things began to take shape. Jill and Don subscribed to our philosophy that the Masquerade event is more than just the costume





competition, that it comprises the entire evening the audience experiences, and should be directed that way. So, I am happy to report, did Renovation chair Patty Wells and the rest of the executive committee; their support equipped

us to build and put on the show substantially as we imagined it. The collective skill and talent of the technical crew (Notably captained by Marcie Hansen, with Larry Schroeder calling the show and Syd Weinstein on video) made

us certain the AV side of things would be capably handled (in fact, Marcie promoted several of our “nice to have” design ideas to “must have” early on in the process). We also secured Richard Man to shoot official photos for

both the Masquerade and the Hugos, and Danny Low to organize the Fan Photo area.

Stage and tech in good hands, we set out to find a show. A good Masquerade, in our book, should set the mood as the audience arrives to take their seats, run the entries across the stage smoothly, have engaging hosts, and smoothly segue into the “half-time” entertainment while the judges deliberate. It should also make space for fans who wish to photograph the costumes, and get the results out quickly to the convention. We decided early on to set a deadline for our judges, so that the audience would know exactly how long to expect the show to last (and the judges graciously agreed). We were thrilled to get our friends Phil and Kaja Foglio as MCs for the show, and Paul Cornell agreed to host his hilarious science fiction take on the BBC radio show Just a Minute for the half-time. Now we just needed contest entries.

I believe a well-designed online registration sys-

tem is a definite plus for a masquerade; it avoids transcription/handwriting/photocopy errors and can make printing scripts, etc, much simpler. If it works, that is; the system I wrote for Costume-Con 26 happily accepted all the data but then proved recalcitrant in delivering it in a form we could use locally. For Renovation, I

streamlined and simplified the system, added in all the questions to which the Tech department said they might want answers, and launched it. One notable change from my previous versions was that this let entrants update their forms, but created a new record for the update, so I could easily restore earlier versions in the event of an





error. I also spent a great deal of time in advance making sure I could get to all the data in the database for printing (at this point I determined that XML was my friend.) Advance registration for the Worldcon Masquerade can be an iffy prospect, but our system was clean enough that people started using it right away.

Renovation ran from Wednesday to Sunday, so the Masquerade was

scheduled for Friday night. Since it wasn't a holiday weekend, Andy and I knew this would result in slightly fewer entries (we estimated between 30 and 40; more than 40 would start making the logistics of rehearsals tricky). We were quite gratified, therefore, to have over 20 confirmed entries preregistered the weekend before we left for Reno. This was a very good sign.

Renovation agreed to pay

for a cargo van, so Tuesday morning we headed east in a rented van loaded with photo equipment for Richard Man's official photo area, his work to be hung in the art show, computers, printers, my disassembled Tiki Dalek (TDK) and accompanying SFnal Tikis by Mo Starkey for the exhibits hall, some snacks and our luggage (including one suitcase containing nothing but capes for a Saturday costume panel). We made it to Reno in very good time, I hung Richard's art according to the instructions he'd provided, we assembled TDK and arranged Mo's tikis around him, we found some dinner and then we went to a welcome party hosted by "the Friendly Brits". Wednesday morning the madness began.

We set up our masquerade desk; Andy found a convention wireless access point we could use, so we decided to keep using our existing web-based reg system instead of cobbling together a local version, and we started checking in pre-registered entries and signing up new ones. I also started refining the

forms we would use to print the scripts, and doing regular backups and XML dumps of the data online (I was determined to not repeat the Costume-Con debacle). Along the way I managed to hand out a few of the Yipe "Yippee!" prize ribbons. Thursday, the fun continued, with the added adventure of a "What to expect in your first mas-

querade" panel (that went very well) and Andy's being diverted onto a WSFS committee to craft a "Best Fancast" Hugo proposal. The real drama occurred right before we closed, as we were signing up our last two entries and Registration shut down their wireless. They didn't know we were using it for our database work, and we didn't

realize it was the Reg wap we were using. The last two agreed to log in remotely and finish their entries, giving us a grand total of 28 entries and 63 bodies for the show. Slightly small for a Worldcon, but right in line with what we expected for our Friday show.





That night, we were scheduled to reprise our olive-tasting (at the bottom of mini-martinis) schtick at the Westercon party (Seattle had graciously invited us to share space at their party, and we opted to do the cameo), so we compiled the final entries and figured out our run order for the show. After staying out later than planned, we got up, had breakfast, and headed into the Masquerade back office at the Tuscany to print the scripts for Tech Rehearsal. At 11, the

contestants met me in the ballroom for their orientation and Safety Meeting, where they got to meet Byron Connell, running the Green Room, Chris O'Halloran, running on-stage crew, and learn the route they'd be walking (my favorite part – leading the whole mob around the Tuscany complex with a balloon animal as a flag and seeing the looks on their faces as it all started to click).

Tech rehearsal began

shortly after noon, and the magic began. If you've never been in or worked on a big masquerade, during Tech each entry gets 5 minutes or so to try things out on stage. An entry is typically only one or two minutes long, so this is actually enough time to run it once or twice, as long as the entrants have figured out their basic presentation in advance. With a tech crew as competent as we had at Reno, it also is time to best adjust the lighting, tweak the

sound cues, plan the video angles, and do one's best to show each contestant off to best advantage. This is also where the director and MC get to see all the surprises the entries have in store for the audience, and perhaps offer a suggestion or two to make things go off more smoothly. This year we had several entries that looked problematic

based on their scripts, but which clicked on stage beautifully. We also discovered I'd lost one script in the data dump. (Shades of CC26! The Horror!). Fortunately I'd learned to add an "at con contact" field in the signup form, so the contestants could run it right back to me on a thumb drive.

While Tech was running, Andy was assembling the wrapper script for the entries (all the *other* announcements, etc, that have to be dealt with in the show) and I was preparing things for the convention newsletter. They were able to deliver a neat and tidy program for the audience to receive on arrival, and start setting up the layout





for the Masquerade edition. Andy took the judges to dinner, and once the final entry crossed the stage, I grabbed a quick bite and we ran upstairs to change and get back for the show. The contestants were already reporting for official photos and workmanship judging.

Backstage at the masquerade is a high-stress zone; you have dozens of costumers with varying degrees of stage fright and in assorted levels of preparedness. A good green room crew helps them get their cues right and deal with the stress. Ours did a very good job. Occasion-

ally, you'll have a contestant that needs a bit more; we had one with a costume component failure who did not want to give up and was desperately improvising a replacement; which lead to a few panicked outbursts. Dealing with those exceptional situations is part of the job of director,

so I spent a fair bit of time in the green room talking people down (that entry did make it on to the stage and was received kindly by the audience).

When the house opened, we surprised the queue of waiting people (there's always a queue; even though we repeatedly announced there was plenty of room, people will get in line) by opening slightly early a house that filled quickly, and then 30 minutes before curtain started setting the mood with old Barry Gray science fiction theme music and a selection of costume shorts from the Costume-Con Video Masquerade. We had to hold the show 7 minutes when our final judge got lost crossing the Peppermill casino, and then the balloon went up.

Phil and Kaja did a masterful job as hosts, the entries ran more smoothly than we dared hope (there was a lighting glitch for the Katamari Damacy entry I wish I'd caught in time to do a reset, but they were still well-received). Then it was time to excuse the judges and bring out

Paul Cornell and his panel for Just a Minute. Andy was monitoring the Twitterverse while the show was going on, and we were relieved to see a) very few snarks about the Masquer-

ade, and b) huge numbers of positive posts about JaM, including many saying it was the first time they'd ever stayed for the half-time show.





The judges came back on time, so as they prepared to wrangle the ribbons we were treated to Mette Hedin and Bryan Little renewing their wedding vows on stage still dressed as a Silurian and an Ood (the Reverend Christopher J. Garcia officiating), a couple of other salient presentations, and then we announced the awards, made the final PSAs and

released the audience at 11:01. It took us about an hour to break down our stuff and get back to our room, at which point we visited two private gatherings there in the Tuscany Tower and gave up on getting to any parties at the Atlantis.

Saturday dawned far too bright and early, and I toddled off to the con-

vention center with my suitcase full of capes for my one non-masquerade costume panel. I managed a quick whirl through the dealers' room, then it was back for a masquerade follow-up meeting (aka "postmortem"). Blessedly, the audience for that was small and generally happy; the biggest beef was the amount of time it took for winners to make their way back on stage when they were announced. Andy and I accepted lots of compliments as we scanned the dealers room quickly, then grabbed some supper and headed back to dress for the Hugos, where we were treated to the awesomeness that was Christopher J. Garcia (and James Bacon) winning the Hugo for Best Fanzine. That was followed by a crazy episode of Match Game SF, a visit to the Hugo Losers party (where, thanks to the kind largesse of Hugo-winning friends, we were treated to drinks) and finally to the Atlantis for parties. We had a lovely visit to the Two Moons Inn party organized by Leigh Ann and España for Lev Grossman, the Brotherhood without Banners party, the Fanzine party and (Andy thinks)

the London in 2014 party. Around 6AM Mette and Bryan realized we were all running on empty and we found our way to the Purple Parrot coffee shop. A bit after that she noticed that nothing I was saying made any sense and Andy packed me off to bed at 8.

At 11AM the phone started ringing; we needed to clear out the Tuscany offices and dismantle Tiki Dalek. We dragged our weary selves downstairs; I took the van to the RSCC and Andy went down to the office. We managed a final turn through the dealers room and started tearing things down when the dealers room closed. Dinner at the Peppermill and we headed over to the official Dead Dog Party and BASFA 7come11 meeting, then wandered up to the Fanzine lounge. At this point I think we'd managed about 12 hours sleep in 72 hours – I was certainly failing 6 part of the 6-2-1 protocol.

Monday we slept in, puttered about, went to sit by the pool (cool and windy that day, alas) and then discovered there was a

Zombie Dog Party for those still in town in the Fanzine room at the Atlantis. Tuesday we packed up the van and headed home.

We didn't get to see much of Renovation outside our immediate roles as Masquerade Directors, but it was definitely a wild ride. Would we do it again? Talk to us after Westercon 66.



10 Questions For A Costumer

with Mette Hedin



Jean Martin

Jean Martin is a veteran of large group masquerade entries in the Bay Area, but you are just as likely to have seen her at any number of historical dances, renaissance fairs or other random costuming events. She is one of the few costumers I know that I have never associated with one particular costume. That is because she seems to have an endless supply of costumes covering almost the entire spectrum of genres and time periods and it is rare to see her in the same costume twice. Even more impressively, no matter what costume she is wearing she always manages to look elegant.



1 What was your first costume?

Well, going back to kindergarten, my first costume that I can remember, or at least have photographic evidence for, is as Angel Gabriel for a Christmas Nativity pageant at school. I always wondered why they picked a girl to do someone who is most definitely male. But I guess Angels are spiritual beings and are probably gender neutral. If not, then my first costuming experience was also my first cross-dressing experience.

We did not have Halloween in the Philippines so I didn't grow up with costuming for Halloween. It started being celebrated a little bit more when I was in High School, and so technically, my first costume that I ever made was a Greek Goddess costume for a Halloween party by one of my classmates. I've always been interested in mythology.



2 *Costumer or Cosplayer?*

I'm mostly a costumer. I'm an introvert and I enjoy just being in costume and going to costume events and having my picture taken. That said, I love performing and do a lot of masquerade dance routines and skits (and have won awards for these) as well as roleplaying for improv amateur theatricals for the Period Events and Entertainments Re-creation Society (peers.org), Bay Area English Regency Society (baers.org) and the Greater Bay Area Costumers Guild (gbacg.org). Basically, I like being prepared for a role that I'm officially doing. But you wouldn't find me portraying roles informally while roaming the halls at conventions or at events. I like to socialize as myself and find it more relaxing to just be in costume without having to put on a persona the entire time.



3 *Recreational or Original?*

Half and half. I mostly do recreation for masquerade competitions and hall costumes since I've noticed that people tend to like costumes that they recognize. There are also some characters from the movies, TV shows and books that I love or at least like their costumes so I recreate those. For the rest, especially historicals, my costumes are originals or at least don't have any particular character that they have been inspired by. One area that I get excited about doing original work is the Steampunk genre. I'm always building Steampunk outfits based on one or two building blocks that I find interesting, such as a hat or a corset or a pair of gloves. I now have way more Steampunk costumes in my collection than other types of costumes. I think the Steampunk aesthetic encourages individual self-expression and I like how you can find so many kinds of Steampunk outfits in almost any Fandom event nowadays.





4 *Loner or Collaborator?*

When it comes to the grunt work of sewing and everything that goes along with it, I like doing things by myself so I can focus and not have any distractions. But I do like collaborating for the camaraderie and I've learned so much from other people such as Cordelia Willis (sewing) as well as Mette Hedin and Bryan Little (prop making). Also, when working in groups, I've found that we can work with people's individual strengths, which can have synergistic effects. I was in a Spamalot masquerade group one time where someone was a painter and she did all the coat of arms on the tabards, another was great with chain mail, etc. We can't all be experts at everything so it's nice to have someone do the things you can't do as well and to be able to contribute one's expertise or the good of the group.



5 *Has a costume ever brought you to tears?*

Yes, but I've blocked it out of my memory so I don't remember. I do remember having a tough time with hemming georgette. That was for my Princess Leia medal ceremony costume and that was not easy even with the special foot for the sewing machine. I was helping someone recently to make a suit and that brought me to tears. I usually sew dresses and so suits are much more complicated to me and way beyond my experience. It was also hard dealing with someone else's frustration added to the time crunch. So it just became too stressful.

6 *Make or Buy?*

I usually buy because I just don't have the time and patience to make costumes. Also, I costume way too often, almost weekly, so there is not enough time in my busy work and personal life for making costumes. I have other priorities and creative outlets that occupy my time such as writing, editing and photography, which I do with my fanzine, *Science Fiction/San Francisco*. The only time I make costumes is for masquerade competitions, especially when workmanship is going to be judged. So I save time and effort for these occasions. Also, if someone wants to do a hall costume group or I have to perform a role and I can't find a particular costume that I need, I will make it. That's what happened when a friend of mine wanted to do a *Kill Bill* hall costume group for Baycon several years ago and I couldn't find a white Japanese kimono anywhere. My research revealed that white is the color of death and white kimonos are used for funerals. So I had to make my own Oren Ishii costume last minute, with no pattern, and I was happy with the result.



7 *What costume are you the proudest of?*

My Princess Leia medal ceremony costume. The design suits me very well and I've always loved that costume. It's not as commonly done as her iconic white dress with the hood and the side hair buns. I did a lot of research for that costume and learned a lot of new techniques in the process. From making the beehive braid extensions to the filmy sleeve wings, which I made my own pattern for using garbage bags as they draped better than paper. Luckily, there were tutorials online by ladies who have done the costume before. I did combined what I learned from all of them to make my own dress. Our group, L-11, won Best in Show at BayCon in 2007 when we did the 11 guises of Princess Leia. Star Wars was my favorite movie growing up and we did a song and dance routine, which I like to do. And my costume held its own against all the other great costumes in our group by people who were way more experienced than me. So it was quite a satisfying experience all in all.



8 *What costume would you rather forget?*

I was in a Zombie Prom masquerade routine at Bay-Con 2009 and I had to basically destroy this beautiful pink gown that I found at the thrift store. I was pretty sad when I ripped it up with scissors and poured bloody goo on it. The makeup I had to put on was also messy and went on everything I touched. And showering afterwards was not fun. I'm also not really into zombies. However, doing the actual performance was a lot of fun because it was with friends, I loved the dance we did, and we got great audience reaction. We also got a special Disney award. So it was worth it in the end. But it's not a costume I'd wear again. I got rid of it soon afterwards.



9 *Why do you costume?*

It's a form of creative self-expression for me. In particular, it's an imaginative art to make or put together costumes, it's a performing art to wear them, and it's a visual art to be photographed and photograph other people. I also have a theatrical bent so I enjoy portraying roles and wearing costumes like I would if I were on stage. However, I have chosen not to make performing my profession for various reasons. But I get the same thrill in my personal life by doing costuming. Perhaps, it's even more fun because it's not my job and I don't rely on it to make me money to support myself, so it's just for the pure enjoyment of it. I also like the feeling of being part of a community. It's a very social environment and I enjoy being able to see and talk with people who like the same things I do. I also feel fulfilled by reliving history in my historical costumes and experiencing the world's characters from my favorite movies, TV shows and books inhabit.





10 What do you think are your strengths?

I have a positive, can do attitude and am reliable. If I say I'm going to do a costume, I will do it. I'm also good at putting things together that make me look good. I also have a wide variety of knowledge about costuming for different genres and time periods.



Magical University Challenge



by Jason Schachat

It was a very relaxing WorldCon: no panels, no lounge to run, no obligations... right? Oh, hell no.

Costuming, cosplay-

ing, partying, drinking, hob-nobbing, fanzine-planning, photo-journal... ising... Enjoyable as it was, Reno found us rapidly filling our schedules with all manner of things to do, including the Magical University Challenge.

It was the brainchild of one Ms. Leigh Ann Hildebrand, in her ever-onward march towards world domination. In part, it was designed to make for an event we might see repeated at future WorldCons: a competition between



at the chance to represent the more established schools (especially Hogwarts). Second, we would not merely be SAYING we were students from the magical universities. We would dress the parts and act them out to the fullest.

Magical University Challenge became even more apt a name as the situation unfolded. You see, Brakebills students are largely spoiled little bastards whose heads have been

filled with the knowledge they are the most select group of magic users in all known dimensions. With said information in hand, they readily descend into hedonism at any given opportunity and then spend the majority of their study time badly hungover.

Appropriately, the first action taken by our team was the immediate loss of one member to unexplained circumstances. España had to do something related to something we were

too drunk to care about when she first mentioned it (Not that we didn't care. We were just getting into character).

I decided to show up in a polo and khakis, doing my best impersonation of a drunken preppy douchebag. It was an instant success. Leigh Ann supplied me with a lovingly crafted Brakebills scarf, I slapped on some glasses, John O'Halloran lent me his flask, and I was totally in character.

fans role-playing students from the various fictional universities seen in fantasy literature: Unseen University, Miskatonic University, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, and Brakebills College.

You might notice the conspicuous inclusion of the last school named; where the hell does that come from? Surely, everyone's read some Pratchett, Lovecraft, and Rowling, but how many of us are familiar with the works of

Lev Grossman?

And now you see the other aim of the event: blatant advertisement for one's favorite author (possibly an inaccurate description, since Leigh Ann would still gladly jump Harlan Ellison if the prospect ever arose).

When this all started, I thought we'd just be having a little fun with the trivia. There'd be various fannish questions, some serious ones, and maybe

even a few we could poke fun at. Harmless. Quaint, even. Then I remembered this was Leigh Ann at work. Surely, nothing would be as it seemed, and the whole thing would turn out to be largely to my detriment.

The 'volunteer' nature of it took an odd turn, as I was soon drafted... er, pre-selected for membership on the Brakebills team. There were two obvious reasons for this. First, most of our volunteers were jumping





But then Mette showed up and instantly put me to shame. Her mohawk instantly lent her credibility as the punk character Penny from Grossman's "The Magicians", so she got herself a T-Shirt with Penny's inspired utterance "I'm the Han Solo of Oslo."

Read the book. It makes sense.

She dropped her usually friendly demeanor and

cringed whenever people came near her, just like Penny would. She sneered, scoffed, and accused everyone around her of being an incurable ass. And she wasn't even saying anything.

Interestingly enough, her appearance as a known character got everyone asking if I was playing Eliot, the most drunken, horny, arrogant Brakebills student on record. I really wasn't sure what to do,

of course. I'd only come thinking we'd be playing some trivia game and doing a little harmless posturing. Now, I was acting out the part of the ultimate academic bastard.

So, of course, I dove into the role.

I stumbled onstage, shielding my eyes from the light while John O played a more general drugged-out student from the Natural school of Brakebills, and



Mette bared her teeth at the audience and radiated a general hatred of everyone/thing around her. Our first opponents were the students from Lovecraft's Miskatonic University, and we were ready to roleplay the hell out of the game.

Miskatonic, on the other hand, were going for the throat.

We immediately began by flubbing answers, fighting with one another, and hurling threats and epithets at the opposing team. The judges did not take kindly to this (though, when they were allowed to break character, they did giggle and smile assuringly). Mette, true to her role, refused to talk or answer questions most of the time. The audience most likely didn't know that playing mute was killing her, as some questions were right up her alley.

Our opponents got questions about Star Wars and stuff. We got ones about obscure Belgian poetry. It was baffling but gave us all the more opportunity for in-fighting and irreverent answers. One retort from the other side nearly

earned them a beating from Mette, and I gave another an uncomfortably close stink-eye while passing the flask to my teammates. We were having a ball. It was great.

And the other team thoroughly trounced us in the most vicious blood-letting you've ever seen. Though,

to be fair, they at least had the common decency to lose one of their members to paranoid hallucinations.

So, while knocked out of the competition in the first round, we were triumphant in our cosplay, receiving thanks and congratulations for our

enjoyable performance. It didn't matter that we'd lost the trivia game. As far as the cosplay went, we had triumphed.

It was also rather cathartic when we jumped Harry Potter during the next round and dragged him off stage for a beating.



The Yipe Awards

The Yipe staff is a diverse crew, costuming wise. Between us we cover a broad spectrum of experience levels, genres and techniques, but if it is one thing we have in common it is the appreciation of a good costume. Seeing that we were all for once attending the same convention at Worldcon, we decided we wanted to celebrate our fellow costumers with a small award ribbon for some of the standout costumes, a token of our appreciation for the costumers that make the convention more colorful and visually appealing, a hall costuming award of sorts. Granted, we were also busy with panels and parties, the Hugos and hangovers, so if we didn't spot you in the crowd, it is probably our fault, maybe next time?

So here, in no particular order, are our award winners for Worldcon 2011 in Reno.



David Marquez



Lady Axum



Mea and Hoshikage



The Butterfly Queen





Fawn



Deborah Bretschneider



Cynthia Geno



Lauren Schulz

Raya G. Alexander &
Johannah Playford



Anne Macko



Wolfcat



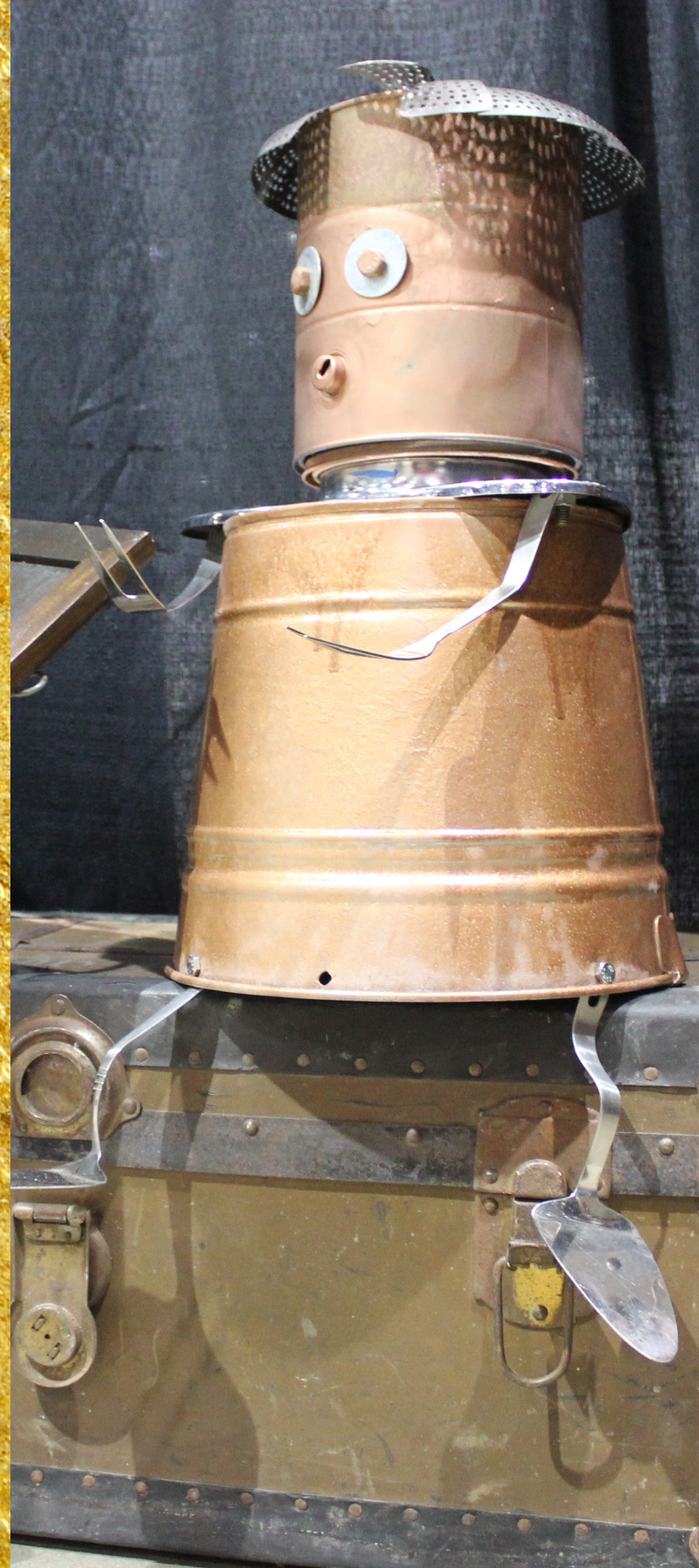
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Torrey Stenmark



Torrey Stenmark



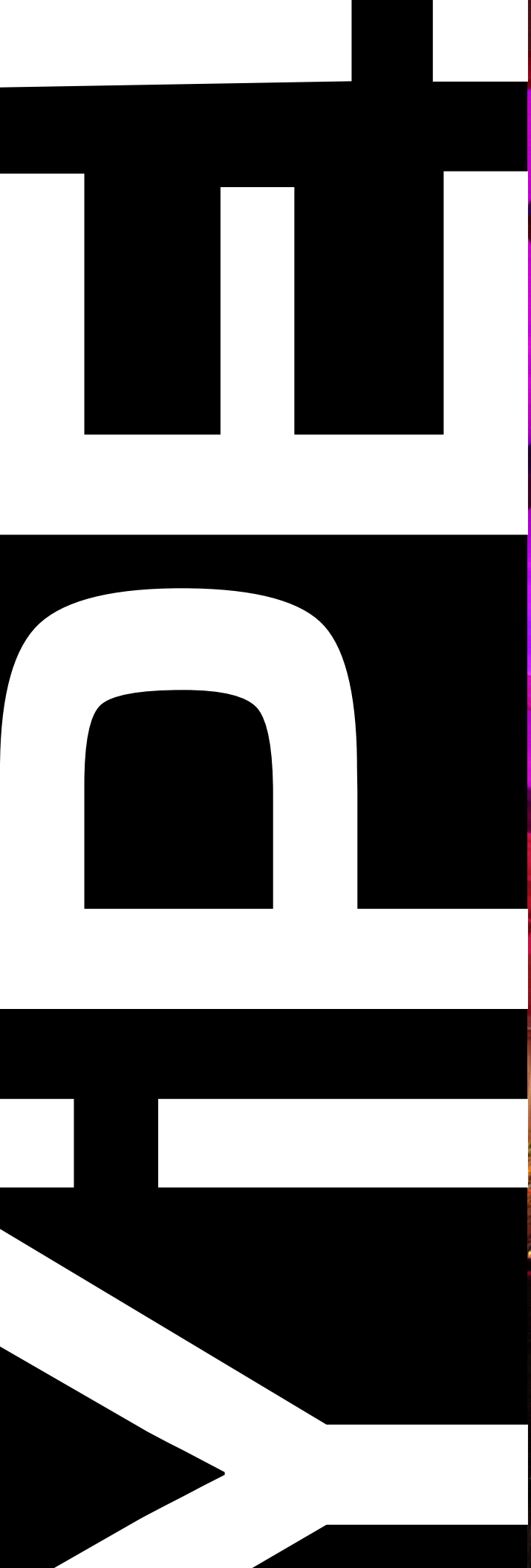
Letter from the [evil] Editor

Worldcon was insane. In a good way. You can read my report in this issue. While preparing for it, I had the fun of doing layout out the Yipe compilation issue for the WOOF APA at Renovation. It turned out beautifully, except for the part where they stapled it into the APA back-to-front.

Besides the satisfaction of running a very smooth Masquerade, one of the highlights of Renovation was watching our good friend Chris Garcia finally win a Hugo for his fanzine The Drink Tank. Late that night, I got to see the nomination statistics at the Hugo Losers Party (you can download them at <http://www.thehugoawards.org/content/pdf/2011%20Final%20Ballot.pdf>). If you scroll to page 24, you can see the nomination statistics for Best Fanzine, and you'll see Yipe right there at number 9, with only 5 nominations fewer than the number 5 nominee. Not bad for a two-year old 'zine. Maybe next year!

Next up on my list of places to dress up is the 2011 Best Buck in the Bay Gay Rodeo; this year the League of Evil Geniuses is sponsoring Women's Bull Riding and the Wild Drag Race buckles.

Send all complaints to:
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