

Yipe!

The Costume Fanzine of Record

Volume 4 Issue 12

Wistful Wonderland

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LOCS-EDITORS@YIPEZINE.COM
WWW.YIPEZINE.COM

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Kevin Roche
Editor



Rudolph
Navigator



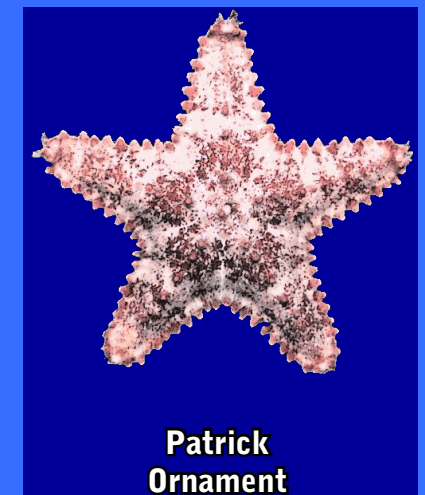
Mette Hedin
Editor



Ursus maritimus
in Blizzard



Christopher J Garcia
Writer



Patrick
Ornament

Photograph credits:
 Kevin Roche : Covers, 12-19
 Armida Robles: 3,16
 Andrew Trembley: 3,5
 Dusty Walls: 4
 Christopher J. Garcia: 6-7
 Marie U'Ren: 12,13
 Diane Osborne: 13, 15, 17

Letter from the Evil Editor

Kudos and Brickbats to Kevin@yipezine.com

Happy Post-Apocalypse!

Whatever your faith, there is always something cheering about the passing of the winter solstice; it is no wonder so many human celebrations happen at this time of year. This year we had the added hype and excitement from everyone who didn't quite understand the idea of turning the (giant carved stone) page on the Mayan long count calendar. Welcome to the start of the 14th *baktun* cycle!

- Mette and I are thrilled by the welcome our relaunch of Yipe! received, so we set out to make sure we could get this holiday issue out. It is deliberately a bit light and fluffy (like the fresh powder in the Sierras that has my skiing friends waiting for a break in the storms already).

Past contributor Chris Garcia, our most prolific <air quotes> non-costuming <end air quotes> contributor returns this month, and I have a festive little pictorial that utterly failed to be ironic. We also feature the return of our Letters page!



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Mette returns *next* issue with a new “10 Questions” column (the photos apparently went on winter break; if you spot them send them home!). Looking forward on the events front, Andy and I will be at Further Confusion in January (I’m building a new secret costume project, photos in a future issue) and Gallifrey One in February. I’m sure Mette and I can find plenty of things to fill another issue by then!

And, of course, we’re counting down to Westercon 66, July 4-7, 2013, at the Hilton Arden West in Sacramento. Visit www.westercon66.org for the latest details!

Kevin
Evil Editor, Yipe!
kevin@yipezine.com



Festive Holiday T-Shirts

by Christopher J Garcia

As with everything in my life, it pretty much all starts with my Fred Flintstone T-shirt. You’ve seen it, the one I won the Hugo wearing, the one I wear at every con on Saturday, the one that I have worn off-and-on for a couple of decades now. The origins of said shirt are pretty straight forward and run through the woman I call Mom: Carol Garcia.

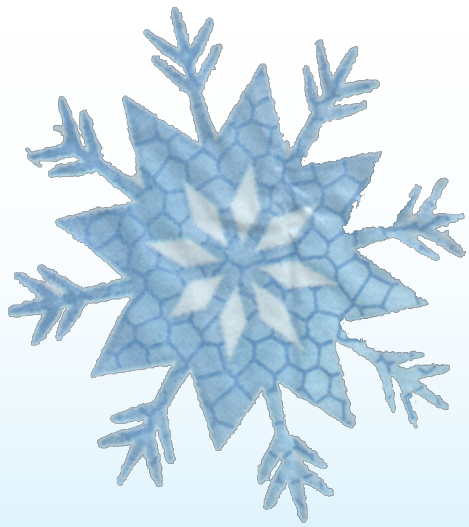
Now, Mom might not be able to remember my address or that it’s pronounced ‘zEEn’ and not ‘zEYEn’, but she remembers things like the ornament I broke when I was wrapping paper sword-fighting with Dad when I was four, or that time I somehow managed to break my Dukes of Hazard lunch box on our annual field trip to Ano Nuevo. It’s that sort of thing Mom remembers. One such thing is the long line of Halloween costumes she was forced to make for a very demanding kid named me. One year it was a Rollie Fingers baseball card (the 1982 Tops version), and another it was Ronald Reagan. The one that apparently caused her the most grief was the Fred Flintstone costume.

I loved the Flintstones as a kid, and Fred was my Guru. He was awesome to four and five year old Chris. I said I wanted to be Fred Flintstone, and I distinctly remember us going shopping at the K-Mart costume aisle and the only thing was a lame plastic smock and mask with images of the Flintstones on it.

I wanted to be Fred, not the whole family!

And thus, Mom was forced to make one for her four year old son. And she did, though I think Gramma did some of the sewing. Now, among the long list of things Homer Simpson and I have in common is our all-time favorite Halloween costumes. According to The Simpsons Family Album, Homer’s favorite was Fred Flintstone when he was 5. For two year in a row I was Fred: aged four and five. I loved that costume, and I probably could have worn it when I was 6, but that pesky baseball card was the choice that year.





Flash-forward to 1990. I've just completed my Freshman year at Santa Clara High and am spending most of my time at the movies. The Hacienda in Sunnyvale has double features for 2 dollars, a secure bike rack and some good movies. Mom, in her infinite wisdom, decides that it's a good time for us to go to Great America, bringing a couple of friends with us. We go, ride some rides, eat some terrible food, watch a few of the shows, and are on our way out, which is the right time to visit the gift shops. I'm about to leave empty-handed when I see Mom is at the register buying something. I go to her and she holds up the Flintstones shirt.

"See, like your Halloween costume!" she says.

And that was the first time I ever owned a shirt

that looked like it was something else.

Now, prior to this, I'd had shirts that had messages on them, like one that was a reprint of Andy Warhol's New York Post death notice or one of Malcolm X (it was 1990! The movie had just come out!), but this one I had a particular affinity for. I wore it on the regular schedule all through High School. It went with me to Emerson for at least my Freshman year, and maybe longer. But then, it disappeared. I have no evidence of me wearing it until 2003, when my Mom was moving out of the house we'd lived in while I was in High School and College. Taking all the shirts out of the closet, I found the Flintstones shirt and said 'Gee, I should wear this again.' And I did.

Flash forward to 2005. Due to a tragic and thorough collapse in my finances and with the woman I had been living with, I am living with Mom again in an apartment in Santa Clara. It's a nice place, but Mom and her neuroses are always around. Meh, I tell you. Luckily, I've been attending cons around the country, started going to BASFA and don't have to be around too much. On a regular basis, I am wearing my Flintstones shirt.

While I may not be known for my subtlety, when it comes to the holidays, my Mother is FAR more over-the-top than I am in any field of my life. When she moved to Patterson, she



began a

programme of acquiring every possible Christmas decoration in the Central Valley. Giant plug-in Sno-Globes with faux snow flurries, HUGE Rudolph reindeers with light-up noses, and perhaps most impressively, an entire manger with Winnie the Pooh characters. Sadly, that one passed faster than any of the others, I believe due to a dog enjoying the feeling of its teeth in the tender Piglet flesh. Mom also enjoys sweaters. Her Christmas sweater collection is pretty significantly big. Many prominently feature bells. There is a significant amount of jingling that goes on around the Garcia/Disher residence during Christmas.

So, back to Christmastide 2005, likely the Sunday right after Thanksgiving, on my bed lay a T-shirt, folded neatly. I walk in, pick it up and hold it open. It's powder blue, and printed on it is a festive Holiday Sweater design. It's amazing; I nearly swoon. I go straight to bed so that I can wake up sooner and put it on. It's a Monday, so I wear it to work, and then to BASFA. I love it. I see Mom when I get home.

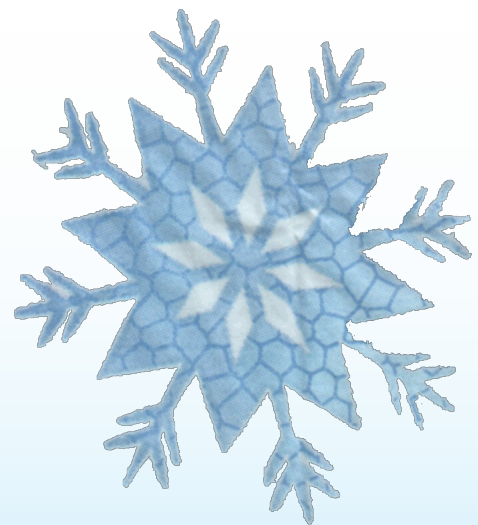
"Did you like your new shirt?" she asked.

"It's awesome." I said.

And that was what started the tidal wave. Every year since, Mom has bought me at least one, and usually two or three, T-shirts of the Faux sweater type. Well, not all of them are Holiday sweaters; some are Santa Claus or an Elf. It continues to today. When I got back to my apartment this from Loscon, Mom had stopped by and dropped off a package with a few decorations for the house, and there, right on top, was a new sweater shirt. Rad!

So, my Mom got it all started. From that first Flintstones shirt to the logical next step, the Sweater shirt, so y'all can blame her!





Greeting Cardigans

by Kevin Roche

This was going to be one of those arch, hip, deconstructionist pictorial narratives about the “ugly holiday sweater” -- until I started snapping photos of friends, family and total strangers decked out for assorted festivities.

I discovered everyone was having too much fun

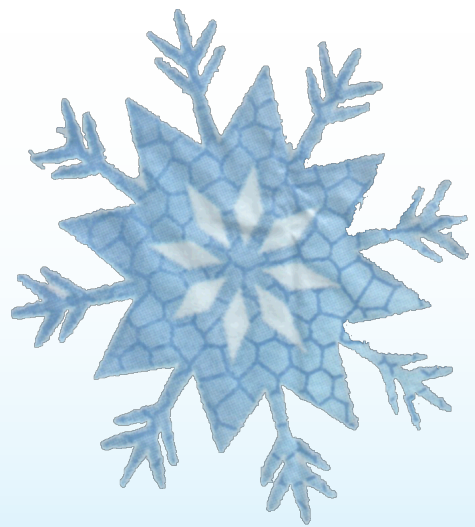


So instead, I invite you to join me in marveling at the variety of knitted, beaded, embroidered, and quilted revelry!



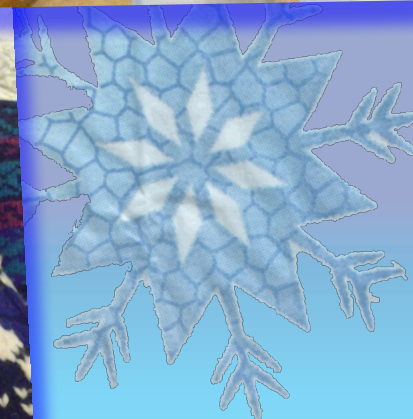
for that, including me. Yes, some of these might objectively be considered “ugly” sweaters, but some of them are breathtakingly crafted, and others are just plain beautiful.

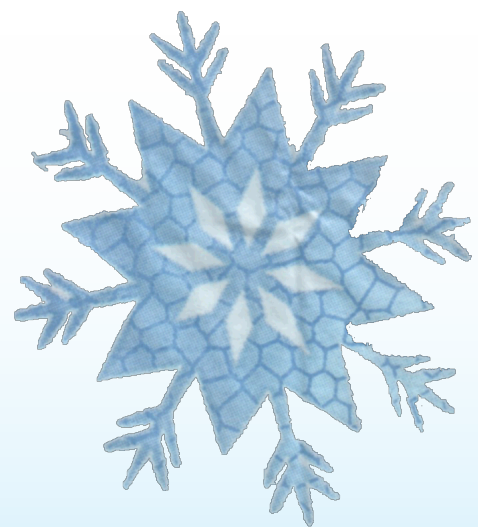




Sometimes it isn't about the textiles.
One of my friends at work went
multimedia for her holiday skirt!

(Note to readers who know something about
photographic portraiture: many of these images were
captured with my cell phone, and in several cases the
models asked me to cut out their face and focus on
the details of their holiday wear, hence the numerous
partial or complete image decapitations)

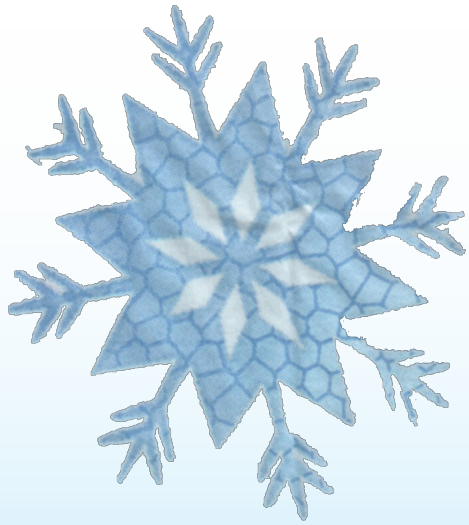




And, yes, I succumb on occasion, too.

Like the way my hair matches my coat?





October 29, 2012
Dear Editor:

I was greatly pleased to witness the resurrection of my favourite Costuming Webzine, YIPE! I note this issue is chock full of alcohol and zombies, a perfect Halloween combination. I look forward to reading many more issues in the near future.

In the meantime whilst awaiting your next issue, I thought I would apply for a membership in the Cabana Boys Auxiliary League to help prepare, serve and assist the lovely ladies in drinking various alcoholic concoctions. I can provide many references to my ability to drink and although I do not have a tux or a fez handy, I am sure something appropriate can be found for me to wear whilst serving drinks.

~Bill Howard

Bill -- based on various and sundry of your costume adventures with our lady costuming friends, I fear you may have just inspired them to design an entire wardrobe for the CaBAL.

If you really want to inspire them, I recommend you make another wager with them and fail to win. Just remind them one of the functions of cabana boys is to serve as eye candy, so they do you justice. :-)

1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke, ON
CANADA M9C 2B2
December 7, 2012

Dear Kevin:
Yipe! is back! Oh, frabjous day... Great to see so many of you at Loscon 39, and a shame we didn't get to party together. Christian and crew kept us busy, just the way we wanted



it. Anyway, time for a few fast comments on Vol. 4, No. 10.

And receiving a LOC from you proves that we really are back...

Haven't seen much from Jason and España lately, but I am also behind with SF/SF, and just about any other fanzine I receive. Hope Jason's doing okay, and I was hoping to see Jean Martin and España at Loscon. The Lovely Linda couldn't make it because of work (a four-letter word). And, my own employers weren't pleased with my trip to LA, but told them this had been planned for over a year...I wasn't lying!

When last I chatted with each of them, Jason and España were doing well. School and Romance were part of what pulled him away from YIPE!, and having met his lady, I certainly can't argue with his priorities.

As you are, Debbie, I am a costumer. The term cosplayer is for a newer generation, I suspect, and with the advent of steampunk costuming, I can now assemble the right combination of modern and vintage clothing for the effect and character I want. Yvonne used to make all my costumes, plus my SFnal Hawaiians. She has some plans to make me a vest or two, for I do have a set of clockface buttons I'd like to use, plus I'd like a vest that uses a set of clips and d-rings to fasten it up. I am not an imbibor, so the only pink ladies I might see would be in the masquerade dressing areas. Sorry, a gentleman never tells.

Sorry, no zombie for me, either. But, I can tell you that Thea Munster lives in my area, and she is indeed the originator of the Zombie Walks many cities enjoy once a year. Hard to believe it's been ten years.

Zombies are less my thing, but Jerry's dedicated work on assorted haunts and Thrill The World is inspiring in its enthusiasm. I was really jazzed when she offered me the article, and it was the final push to get Yipe! back in publication. We've been having a blast with her going to movie special events at the Retro Dome.

Drinks can include coffee?

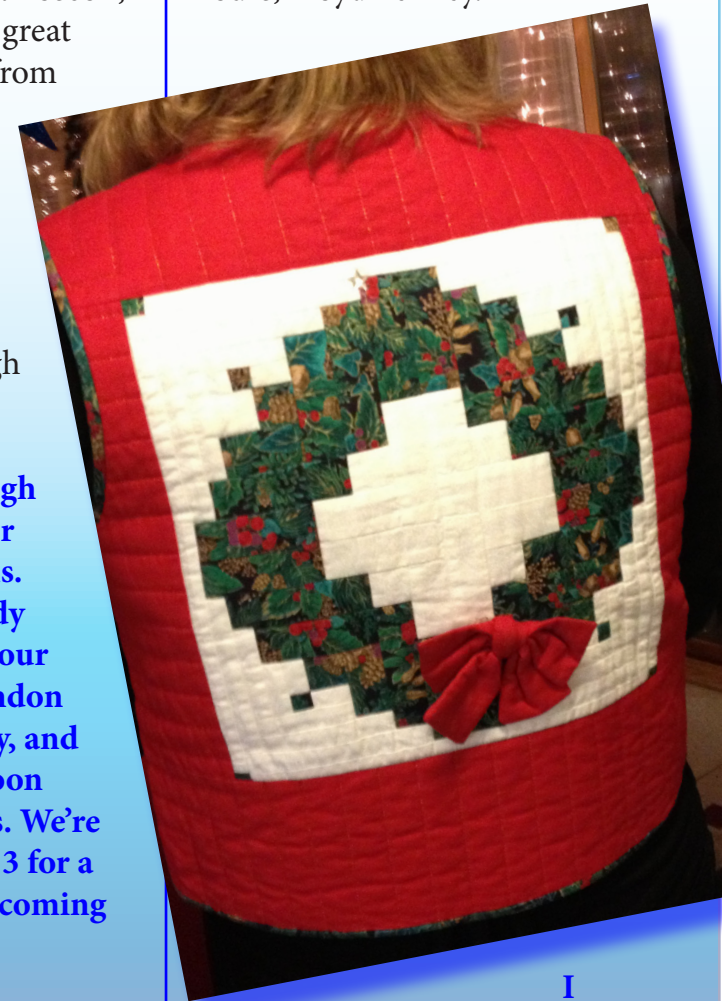
Much more up my alley. Add in the availability of a good pot of tea, and I'll be there. At Loscon, Genny Dazzo staged a great high tea, with service from some curvy young ladies dressed as Japanese cafe maids. I hope there might be some place in the BArea where one can have a British-style high tea.

I've been told that "high tea" is an invention for Anglophile Americans. It's really just tea. Andy and I offered our parlour at Gallifrey to the London 2014 bid last February, and their Saturday afternoon tea was a huge success. We're offering it to LonCon 3 for a repeat event at the upcoming Galli.

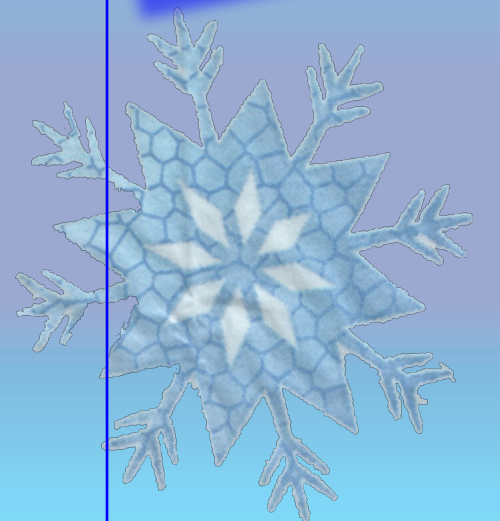
I had other smartassery in mind, but I am charging headlong into senility, and besides, it's Friday. Those are my excuses, and I am sticking to them. I must work further on my Loscon trip report, which that Garcia fella has already asked me for. Good to see your fun zine back, and I shall pester you interminably for the next issue. Well? Is it ready yet?

How about now?

Yours, Lloyd Penney.



I



think it might be ready now. Just maybe.



DECEMBER 2012