



**The Costume Fanzine of Record**

# **Yipe!**

**Volume 2**

**Issue 1**

**The Year We Make Contacts**





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## ISSUE ONE: THE YEAR WE MAKE CONTACTS

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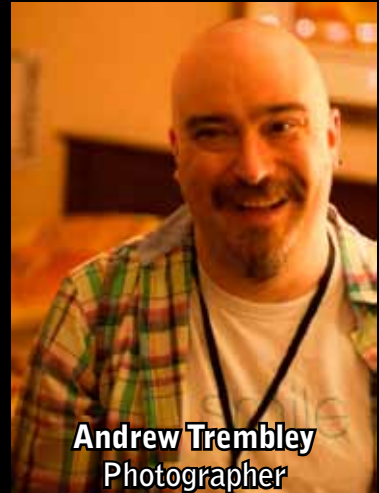
# The Costume Fanzine of Record



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# Letter from the Editor

Send all complaints to:  
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So, this whole *Avatar* thing going on right now clearly relates to the growing popularity of roleplay, both in costuming and gaming.

But I wasn't one of the people eagerly awaiting the release of *Avatar*.

Firstly, the words "James Cameron's" looming over the publicity materials. Nothing against the man; I consider him almost solely responsible for many of the great developments which changed the Action genre from B-level to blockbuster. (No, not *Titanic*, which mostly proved you could stitch a disaster movie onto a romance rather than the other way around.) Of course, I mean *Aliens*.

*Aliens* was a fairly big hit in its day and solidified Cameron as one of the best action directors in Hollywood. It also changed the way we make movies. The damn thing was cut so fast-- switching between shots so rapidly-- the editors thought the film-strip would fall apart. It was revolutionary. *Aliens* changed the way we watch movies (with the inevitable fallout of a zero-atten-



tion span generation demanding the even faster and completely incoherent works of Michael Bay).

But *Avatar*... What the hell was *Avatar* going to be? "Blue Catgirls in Heat?" "*Titanic* meets *Return of the Jedi*?" The trailers said little other than 'pretty' and 'explode-a-thon'. And beyond the ads? 3D. Yeah, the whole thing was a venture to push a new form of 3D.

I'm not a big fan of 3D. Nothing against it. There's just so much you can fling at your audience's faces. And all the 'innovations' of recent decades were retreads of old school tricks with fog machines and air compressors.

Now imagine sitting through two and a half

hours of that. Oh, and it's set in a jungle.

So, three things were decided: One, I had to see it with friends. If it was bad, at least we could heckle and make the experience miserable for everyone else in the theater. Two, it would be the full 3D IMAX Experience. If the man intends we see it that way, let's hear him out. Three, we got stoned.

Now, it's been years since someone forced me to smoke out with them. I was ill-prepared, sleep-deprived, underfed, and exhausted from a full day's work. In other words, ideal conditions for a hallucinogenic fantasia. Which this was not.

It was the full *Avatar* experience.

As soon as we got into the theater, you could smell the weed swirling through the air. Throughout the film, you'd hear the flicks of lighters and get a whiff of someone toking on their pipe. It might be this generation's version of dropping acid just before the final

scenes of *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

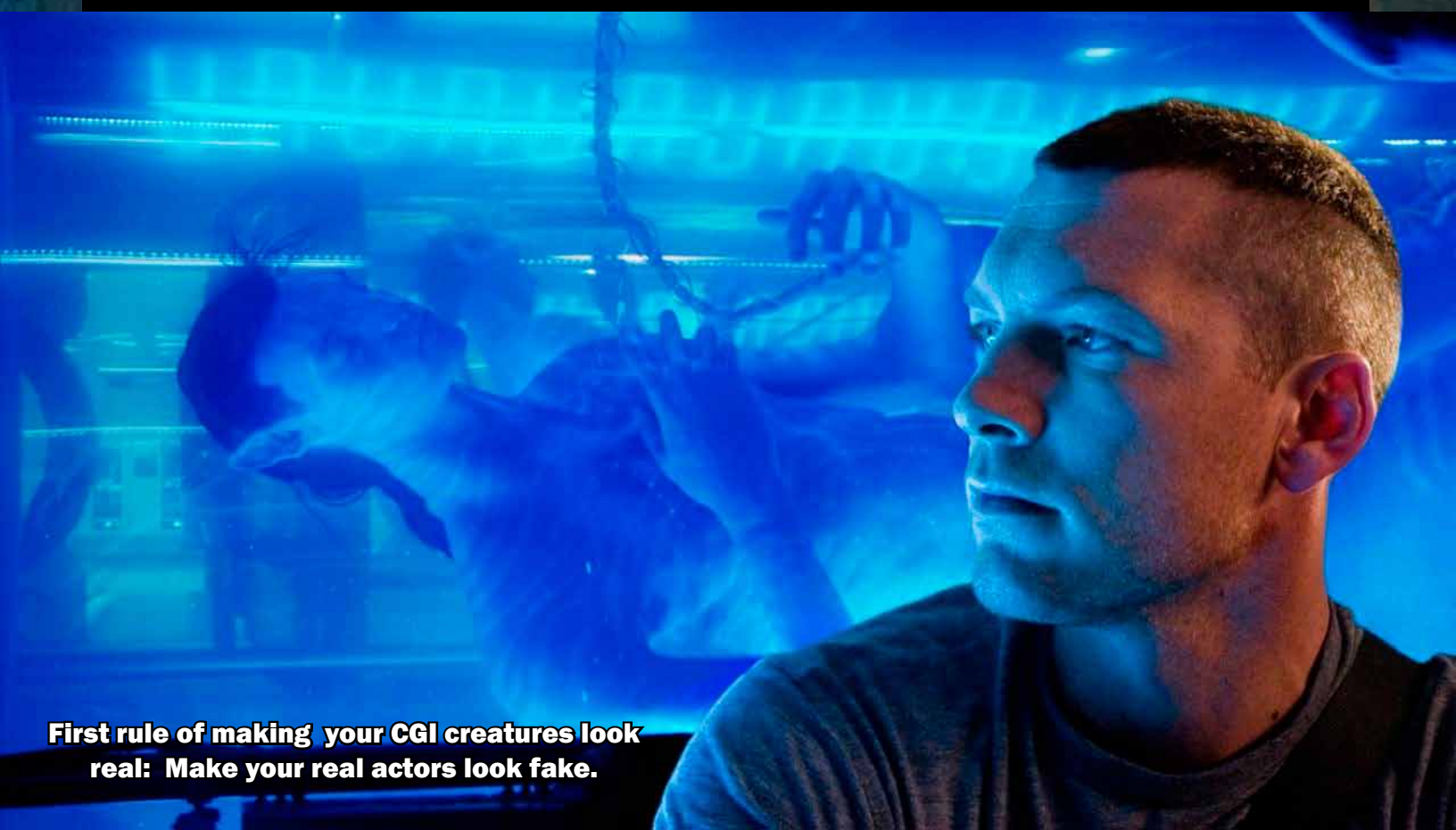
To anyone debating whether they need to get high to see this movie or not, I will admit it helps make an uncomplicated story more intriguing. But really, you're doing it for the visual experience. The 3D.

And yes, that 3D converted me.

It's still raw. Still in early stages where the image is far from perfect and the motion stutters as the film's limited 'frames per second' struggle to flesh out a full-bodied image. The glasses are uncomfortable and fog up or make you sweat. Oh, and don't even

think about taking them off, or the image on the screen becomes completely unwatchable.

But this is the future. This is talking pictures. This is Technicolor. This is CGI. As



**First rule of making your CGI creatures look real: Make your real actors look fake.**





with the advances before it, the new 3D changes the way we watch movies. Foreground and background separate across multiple planes. Immense trees, floating mountains, and even simple Heads-Up Displays in the human workrooms gain volume we've never seen before.

Like Cameron's projects of the '90's, *Avatar* exits not to *tell* a story but for the *telling* of the story. He starts out with the idea of re-inventing the 3D movie. Then he picks the perfect setting: a planet covered in seemingly endless jungle, where the earth itself can defy gravity. From there, it's clear your conflict will be about the continued existence of this remarkable place.

It's a completely backwards form of storytelling for most of us, but that's how directors operate. They see the visual, and let everything else come and go at its service. That may lead to one-dimensional characters and recycled plotlines, but Cameron's not concerned with that. The telling, not the tale.

Many in fandom may find that appalling, but I'll bet those same fans revere the hackneyed action serial dialogue from *Star Wars* or the recycled pulp sci fi from *Forbidden Planet*. These are classics of sci fi cinema, but we'd be hard pressed to place them against the greatest works of narrative fiction. Yet they were vital links in the gradual evolution of the science fiction film.

For better or worse, 2009 will be remembered as the year 3D entertainment moved beyond novelty. *Avatar*'s already set to be the second highest grossing movie of all time. Sony's upcoming Playstation 3 update includes support for 3D BluRay, while NVidia is pushing 3D



on the PC, and multiple TV manufacturers have 3D sets in production.

Sure, it could all fall apart with the slightest change in the wind, but we're going to look back and say things weren't the same after the kids saw *Avatar*.

POSTSCRIPT: My big surprise came *after* seeing the film. We enjoyed *Avatar*, but everyone had trouble with the romance. First, no one ever watched two purely CGI characters make out before. Being giant blue catpeople didn't help. But my buddy's girlfriend was most upset by romantic love between a hu-

man and an alien.

To her, it was the equivalent of falling in love with your dog. We argued: their bodies are of the same race; they're both sentient creatures; the Na'Vi are basically aborigines dressed up as aliens. She wouldn't budge.

And it's funny, but what we were arguing was the frontier explored by sci fi of the New Wave and the much ignored taboos of today. *Avatar*, the eco-friendly, anti-corporate, special fx extravaganza also had a human fall in love with a non-human. Not just a woman in green body paint, but a physically incompatible crea-

ture. To my friend, it was an unforgivable sexual taboo.

I couldn't help seeing her feelings as racist. I mean, aren't the Na'Vi just tall, blue people? If they reason like humans, think like humans, and feel emotions like we do, aren't they close enough for us to call them people? And here *I* was thinking this; the white male proposing the Filipina girlfriend of his Chinese buddy had a racist mindset.

Maybe, as Terry Pratchett says, species-ism is just more fun.

-Jason Schachat





# Costuming Heaven

by James Bacon

ON Saturday the 28th of November, London's most famous costumers had a movie military uniform sale.

Angels is legendary. In business since 1840, they have been supplying actors with costumes since then and hired costumes to a movie in 1913.

They run a public fancy dress hire shop on Shaftsbury Ave., claiming to have an acre of costumes, while they also have a massive warehouse facility in Hendon.

They had hired a warehouse, in North Wembley, specifically as a space to sell ex-military costumes. I travelled across to be in time for the opening, but people had been arriving since 2am.





There were three vast rooms in the warehouse. The first had massive, tea chest sized cardboard boxes. Therein were military helmets, Kepi's, Napoleonic hats, caps, slouch hats, police, military and navy caps-- you name it. Then there was the webbing and leather, entrenching tools, ammo boxes, belts, canteens and water bottles. German, French, British; from every conceivable era.

The two uniform rooms were vast. They had a small selection of 'Red' traditional British red coats (mostly guards jackets) and these went first while I took to rummaging among greatcoats, greatcoats with capes, gas caps, tunics, battledress, police, rail, post and airline uniforms. There were not a huge amount of ladies uniforms but no end of stylish girls fitting well into men's uniforms.







I was on a bee-line for the M1 US helmets. I specifically wanted ones which were in Saving Private Ryan or Band of Brothers. I was not disappointed. The SPR helmets were painted with a distinctive paint, giving a rough feeling while in their use by men in the Irish Sea (pretending it was Normandy) and were rusted. They would also have either a Rangers symbol painted on the rear or an orange diamond with a number 2 in it. I found some, and at £20 a piece, I reckoned I had a good deal.

Jackets and coats were tempting. Especially some nice dress overcoats from a number of regiments, which were very dressy, although I failed to find one for a friend. Unfortunately, they had removed (rather unnecessarily, I thought) all insignia and badges, so looking for an M43 Jacket became hard work.

It was indeed a phenomenal day.

*Angels are having a 'Retro Costume' sale on the 6th of February, for anyone near London.*





# Masquerade

1.9.10

BY CAT GOLDBECK

Masquerade at Anime Los Angeles 6 did not disappoint. As always, the anime fans pulled out all the stops to entertain and deliver some amazing costumes. Let me begin by saying, for those of you who don't know, cosplayers take their masquerades pretty seriously. Detailed costumes are just the tip of the iceberg for these fans. The amount of preparation and anticipation is extreme – five hours before the event was scheduled to start, a huge line already snaked through the convention halls.







Several costume and performance highlights particularly sealed the deal for me and won't soon be forgotten.

In this modern world, there are two kinds of cute: Ugly baby at the grocery store cute and 'it's so precious my eyes are bleeding!' cute. Although it pains me to admit it, the *Pokemon* entry featuring the characters Piplup and Skitty was out-of-this-world with saccharine-sweet costumes and performance (Audience Favorite – Novice Division). I'm fairly certain I'll be vomiting candy-scented sparkles for the next week or so. But in a good way.







Although cute is lovely, funny is also a big winner. A big crowd favorite that also won both Best Group Presentation (Novice) and Excellence

in Design (Novice) was a merge of two favorites in any masquerade: fist fights and pretty pretty princesses. The characters from *Romeo x Juliet*

floated around the stage in a perfect waltz...until the fists began to fly and dresses were ripped to shreds. Gorgeous frou frou dresses and a chick







fight. Something for everyone!

While we're on the topic of pretty, pretty princesses, a nod must be given to the *Takara-zuka: Elisabeth* entry (Obsession with Detail Award – Open Division). The level of detail (and sparkles!) featured in the white ballgown was astounding, and this gown was quite possibly the biggest, poofiest outfit at the entire convention. Always a plus

in my book.

While there were several entries that certainly took countless hours to prepare both for costume construction and presentation, one stood out from the crowd. The attention to detail on the Haydee costume from *Gankutsuou: The Count of Monte Cristo* (Honorable Mention for Fabric Painting – Open Division) was mesmerizing. Immaculate hand painting covered an entire

kimono in bold, brilliant colors. After seeing this piece up close, I was amazed to see that on stage it was even more vibrant, with details that stood out beautifully.

*Jason: Sorry for the lack of masquerade winner pictures, but it was often hard to pin them down and our coffers were filled with too many cosplayer shots for us to hold back.*



# Sheriff Don't Like It

by España Sheriff



While I love costumes, I generally skip the Masquerade at most of the conventions I attend. There's always a long line, the show almost always starts late, it runs late and the judges take forever to get back with the results (which in turn means that there's usually an endless recess during which there is either no entertainment at all, or a poorly thought out show that doesn't fill the entire time and needs to be stretched out). Then, by the time the judges do come back, most of the winners have long since left to change

back into regular clothes, enjoy the rest of their evening or even go to sleep as midnight approaches.

Of course, that's the worst case scenario, and the 'Kevin and Andy' method of judging has helped a lot with speeding results up. I've even seen some great halftime shows. But when things are mostly as described above and you add in an uneven audience experience with far too many entries that spend a long time on stage doing... very little, have poorly thought out performances

or technical failures like not submitting their music, the Masquerade can sometimes be a bit of an ordeal instead of the highlight of the weekend it should be.

Which is a shame, because it's usually the central event of Saturday night. Although the purpose is ostensibly to show off the costumes, the real judging happens backstage, so I think it's fair to expect a show to be a show and at least mildly entertaining.

There are exceptions, of





**Sure, they cosplay. But can they dance in unison?**

course. Bryan Little and Mette Hedin spring to mind as costumers who are consistently entering a short and amusing skit that is new each year, and entries such as 'The Spam-ish Inquisition' will be talked about for a while. But overall the standards appear

to be quite a bit higher in the Anime community as compared to general interest fannish conventions.

This past weekend, I watched my second AnimeLA Masquerade. Like last year, I was struck by what great

entertainment it was. Even with my minimal awareness of the in-jokes and tropes of this particular fandom it was still possible to enjoy the show as a show.

Although a few of the entries came out, showed the cos-







**Chaz Boston Baden, sooper genius behind Anime LA, kept telling any staffer who wanted something that he wanted a pony. Check and mate, sir.**

**Q: Can you see what's wrong with this picture?**



**A: Her hem is 1.38cm too low.**

tume and then exited the stage in short order, the majority of them included well-executed and thought out sketches clearly planned to entertain an audience. The choreography, music and smoothness of each skit varied according to the talent of the folks involved but every one had a lot of effort put into it. A couple were hilarious, and most were funny, cute, or at least amusing enough to maintain interest and not outstay their welcome.

So come on, people! Let's learn something from the enthusiasm and effort in the ALA show and up our game. If you aren't a performer, it's certainly okay to get on stage, strut your stuff to appropriate music so that the entire audience can get a good look at the costume, and then exit gracefully. But, if you are going to do a bit, plan it out, submit your music, learn your lines/lip-synching, rehearse the thing and aim to entertain.



# A Mask is a Terrible Thing to Waste



**By Christopher J. Garcia**

When I started regularly going to BayCon again in 2000, I was happy to see two guys wandering around in suits that made Sinatra look like a hobo while wearing El Santo and Demon Azul wrestling

masks. I would later discover one of them was Joe Price, the most recognizable man in the Bay Area, I believe. Their outfits were great and reminded me so much of my childhood. My dad was the first one to show me El Santo films (where Santo was one part private eye, one part wres-

ting superman, one part Rambo and 100% man, baby!) The films, which started in the 1950s and carried on through the 1980s, made Santo into a huge star in Mexico, and a cult figure in the US. He was the toughest, smartest and most suave being to ever live. The movies came





Unknown really sounded the alarm that it was happening. There've been a few gatherings, but mostly it's a group that watches a lot of wrestling, blogs, and shows up at other events in the hood. The wrestling mask has some strange origins, both in and outside of wrestling itself. There is a tradition that began in ancient times where warriors would put on masks and costumes and perform rituals where they'd become the gods they were portraying in the same way a wafer becomes the Body. If you were wearing the costume (and especially the mask) you were the god and could do anything in a battle. There are stories of men being run through with multiple spears and managing to continue fighting until they had their mask torn off (often along with their head) and that was that. These traditions died out a long time ago, of course. Though there are still some groups that perform versions of them, they aren't what actually led to the abundance of wrestling masks in Mexico.

Those came to the

about because wrestling wasn't allowed on television in Mexico, so it was an easy way to get faces out to audiences. The other reason was Mexican films made a lot more money than wrestling shows.

In the 1980s, my Dad and a bunch of other folks used to get together to watch El Santo movies. They'd dress up. They'd playfight. They'd have a good time. I loved them (though I now sort of see that they're not the clas-

sics that they were to that kid of 6 or 7). True, they're all a lot of fun, especially the Campeones de Justicia, and they've got some great costumes (especially Santo, who would often do his scientific research in full suit, fedora hat on over his mask and a cigarette dangling from his mouth). The funny thing is, it wasn't until the mid-1990s that there was large-scale wrestling mask fandom. The release of the first issue of From Parts





country by way of American Professional Wrestlers.

You see, the first known masked wrestlers (not including both Central and South American and African ritualistic wrestling-- about which little is known now, sadly) were seen in Paris in the 1870s. Wrestling was big on the continent during the 19th Century, as was a wrestler called Le Lutteur Mas-

qué, or auf Englisch, The Masked Wrestler. The first American masked wrestler entered a tournament in 1915. The guy was in there with some of the greatest names in the history of wrestling and was the only masked guy. It made the papers, which covered wrestling at the time, and soon there were masked wrestlers everywhere. In the 1930s, American-style pro wres-

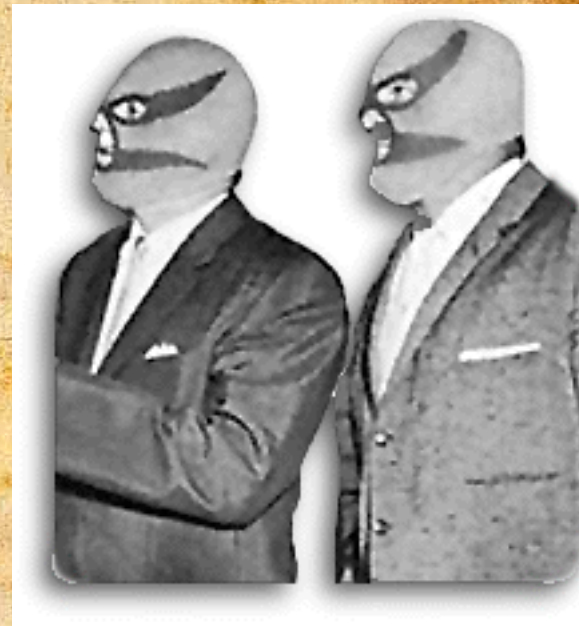
tling came into Mexico. There was some local pro wrestling called Lucha Libre, but not much. More than one masked wrestler entered the country on tour, and it caught on. El Santo was the first big star to wear the mask, but there were hundreds of wrestlers wearing masks within a decade and a half or so. By the 1960s, it was pretty much the standard. Names like



Psicodelico, Mil Mascaras, Dos Caras and many others were huge stars-- some of them getting their own films but mostly just being foils for Santo and Demon Azul.

The first masked wrestler costuming I ever saw was on a video tape from a Madison Square Garden show where not one but many people showed up in obviously home-made Mil Mascaras masks. About 7 or 8 of them. It must have been about 1978 or so. It looked awesome, and when Mascaras was in the ring, they went nuts. Once in a while, you'd see a guy in a mask roaming around the arena parking lot or on tape. It was... different.

You couldn't find a wrestling mask at most Mexican wrestling shows. For many years, there was too much respect for a mask to sell even facsimiles to the public. The biggest match in Mexico was, and is, the Mask vs. Mask match, where both guys agree that if they lose, they can never go under a hood again. It draws big money. You could always buy them from vendors in Tiajuana or Calexico, but it wasn't until the late 1970s or early 80s they went on sale in the arenas.



And they sold thousands of them.

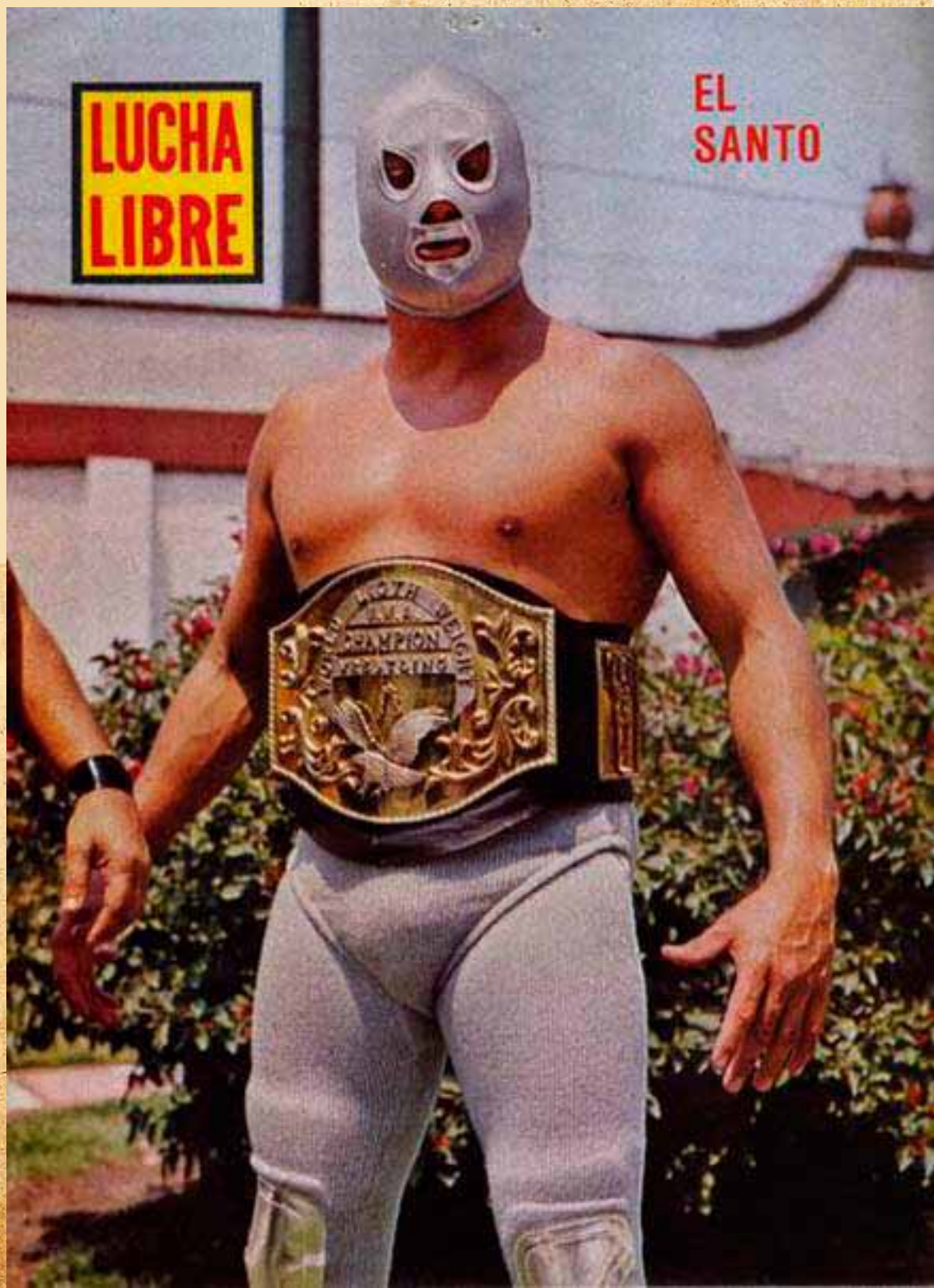
Kids love the masks most, and it's not unusual to see a kid wear one for each match, changing them out frequently. The introduction of Luchadores into the US in the mid-1990s (coupled with new releases of El Santo films brought into the US originally by K. Gordon Murray and further popularized by people like Johnny Legend) led to more and more folks showing up at shows wearing masks. For a while, you could even buy them at Urban Outfitters. El Santo, Demon Azul, Rey Misterio and Psicosis were the most popular masks. Today, Misterio's mask is far-and-away the most popular and at every wrestling show you'll see a ton of kids wearing Misterio masks.

The funny thing is you're just as likely to find someone throwing on a wrestling mask for some other event than you are to find one at a wrestling show. Joe Price at BayCon was



followed by 'El Santa' at one of the Santa-Cons. I went to a lot of punk shows in the 1996-1999 period and there was always at least one dude in the audience thrashing in his hood. There was a guy in a complete La Parka outfit in the 2001 Macy's Parade. Let us also not forget the masked guys in Angel, and the two different groups that did their outfits at that year's ComicCon.

So, the mask is here to stay, or so it seems. I own one, though I rarely wear it. I have to admit, it's hard to breathe in them. But if Santo could puff away on a cigarette, I should at least wear it when I go to a show!







December 15, 2009

Dear Yipe! Editors:

I don't know how I missed the notification, but I didn't find out about Vol. 1, No. 1 of Yipe! until today, poking about on the Internet. It's quick letter of comment time!

More staff, always good to see that more and more want to contribute to the final product. Letter column soon?

*Jason: Letter column? Don't be absurd!*

It is difficult to loan out any creation without fearing that

someone with their own vision, and a lack of give-a-damn for the original artist, will alter it. Buy it, and you can do what you like to it. If it's not yours, it's not yours to screw about with. Some friends purchased all of our old costumes (ST, SW) to use as theatre wardrobe. They altered them...and made them look even better. No problem, they were ours, but became theirs, and they made repairs and changes.

*Jason: Yeah, that's what's terrible about the grey area between pro and amateur. You're not getting money and people still think they can alter your work*

*without asking for permission.*

I wouldn't want to lose my skin... it's covering a multitude of sins. If I could keep the skin and lose the layer of fat underneath, then we've got something there. (Ah, if only fandom wasn't so fattening. :-))

*Jason: I'll have to see if we can get more work from Devon in the future. "Skinless" really freaked people out, and we've been enjoying the fallout.*

I wrote a loc to SF/SF just yesterday... I said that it's good to see that this WFC had a lot of parties on the go. The

**The unfortunate second flight of Smaug, no smoke to cover the absence of legs as the dragon floats through the air.**



only WFC I'd been to had been the Montreal WFC in 2001, and we ran the green room. If there were parties to go to, we never heard of them, and we certainly weren't invited to any. So, we made the Saturday night of the WFC our night on the town, with a great dinner and a trip to the theatre to see the new Pixar movie *Monsters, Inc.* I had certainly heard of the Ottawa WFC in the 80s, where fandom arrived in costume, and were turned away.

Ideas for future issues...steampunk, of course, it's my current fun costuming thing to do, and given that fandom

is definitely not tall and thin (I am definitely none of the above), perhaps costuming ideas for the short and squat among us. One thing I like about steampunk is that body type and build truly do not matter. Dress as you like and as you will, and you're good.

*Jason: I think you've got a point there, Lloyd. Look for a Steampunk issue in the near future. Probably after the Nova Albion Exhibition in March. Personally, I always thought it'd be interesting to put together a steamer Sergeant Major outfit...*

Full colour always looks good, guys, and issue 1 looks great.

Many thanks, and I will keep a better eye out for notifications when issue 2 comes out. See you then.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

P.S. If you print this, and list e-mail addresses, please list mine as [penneys@allstream.net](mailto:penneys@allstream.net). Thanks!

L

*Jason: Thanks again, Lloyd! I just hope we can keep up the high resolution goodness. The size of our issues seems to be doubling each time.*





**Chris Garcia, soon to  
be the Susan Lucci  
of fandom.**

Hi Jason,

Just finished reading the Yipe #2. The article from Chris and Leigh Ann was hilarious!

Great fun and some cute pictures of Linda, as well! Keep up the good work!

Debbie Bretschneider

*Jason: I think 'Why I Don't Costume' would be our submission for a Daytime Emmy if they introduced a fanzine category.*

*And, as ever, thanks to our many readers and contributors for keeping us going. This will be the year we make more contacts to fuel the furnaces at Yipe!*

*Including this month's special guest editor.*



# Letter from the Anti Editor

Send all complaints to:  
**Anti-Kevin@yipezine.com**



Many you ask “Were Kebin Gone? This not Kebin we know and love!”

To Yous I am sayign what I say now: I said so.

Anti Kebin man of few words and not good with clicking machines, so Anti Kebin brief. By this, meaning is Anti Kebin bhe long. Is funny. Roll with it.

Many year go, when Kebin reserch things in thing place that makes things foir other things, Anti Kebin come to being. Scientist say, “Oh noes! Has beard!” And beard I has. This lead

to shock/dismya, but no one listneing when I says what I said and say again: I not eveil Kebin!

**HE EBIL KEVIN!**

tHIS Mean I good Kebin. Science says so and science is good liek me not Kebin other Kebin. EVIL Kebin.

Scientists not listen. I have no dgreee and Kebin master of things with things. He get job, I disappeer in shadows eat- ing what I find and hiunting squirrels in nearby park. Squirrel meat underrateed, yous know.

**The appearance of the Anti-Kevin was foretold while waiting in line for the masquerade at Anime LA.**

But I am of knowing that ebil Kebin is EBIL Kebin, not me, and I watch from shadow, bide time. Dayu would come when he not looking and I swwoop in and begin the stealnig of identitys like I once seeing in Sandra Bull-ock movies.

And happening is now!

Step one: Infect EBIL Kebin with swine cold and not feed him since feeding cold gives fever and not make him sick. Wanting him sick.

Step five: Stealnig identity. This part hard er as I have not teh knowing of things that



make other things light up and click and beep with no exploding.

Step final: Me, good Kebin, is THE Kebin, and ebil Kebbin no more. Still working final

step. Better name is nedded. And theme song.

For now, the acquiringness of steps seven thro eight is enough to make victory within varying grasps thereof!

So now, goode Kebin, which is mee, goes to work, learning the englishes whereupon to, betterment of editoring, ,job, for the prrofiging upon.

Is hard tsk for the writing and gathernig of many things, but haved been harder!

If you can do it, I can!

-Anti-Kevin ehcoR

**PedoBear says 'no' to Anti-Kevin and 'yes' to unaccompanied minors.**







**YIPE! JANUARY 2010**

**Yipezine.com**