

The Costume Fanzine of Record

Yipe!

Volume 2

Issue 11

Travel Clothes



YIPE!

[LoCs - EDITORS@YIPEZINE.COM](mailto:LoCs-EDITORS@YIPEZINE.COM)

WWW.YIPEZINE.COM

ISSUE 11: TRAVEL CLOTHES

p3 Letter from the Editor *by Jason Schachat*

p7 PEERS Le Bal des Vampires:
Undead & Swinging It!

by Kevin Roche

p12 Greenwich Halloween Parade *by España Sheriff*

p17 A Scottish Garthering *by Bob Hole*

p19 Gutter Garb *by Mette Hedin*

p28 Letter from the Other Editor *by Kevin Roche*

The Costume Fanzine of Record

Yipe!

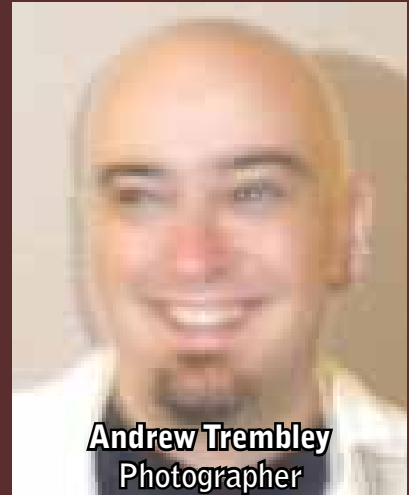
STAFF & CONTRIBUTORS



Jason Schachat
Editor



Kevin Roche
Editor



Andrew Trembley
Photographer



España Sheriff
Associate Editor



Bob Hole
Writer



Mette Hedin
Writer

Photograph credits:
Jordan Lai p3
Jason Schachat cover, p4-6
Willaim Watters p7-11
Bob Hole p17-18
Andrew Trembley p28,29,32,33
p19-27 from the collection of Mette Hedin

Letter from the Editor

Send all complaints to:
Jason@yipezine.com

I can't say for sure how everyone else feels, but, for me, November may be the worst possible time to be editing a fanzine.

Bear with me.

First, we've just come off Halloween. Chock full of costume pictures, right? You wanna use every last one of them, don't ya? Problem with that is just about every one has a jack o'lantern, spooky decor, or costume of the 'slutty' variety on display. After a couple months of advertising, merchandising, and generally fretting about what you'll do on Halloween, the last thing most people want to be reminded of is how much they spent on that stupid outfit, how readily it fell apart, and how long that hangover from the party lasted.

Again, that's just how I feel.



But the second problem I have is one more common to writers still working on getting that first novel to the presses: National Novel Writing Month. A serious endeavor? Not so much. But my own personal experience with it last year left me woefully sleep deprived to nearly the point of hallucination. Then, I forgot to submit my stupid final word count and got the 'Aw, better luck next time' email. And, yes, that really pissed me off. So, mission accomplished: I was encouraged to submit again this year.

Oh, but wait... it's the beginning of the holiday shopping season, isn't it? And I work in retail, don't I?

So, the sleep deprivation was back in full force. Long, thankless working hours leading to long, thankless writing hours as the month marched ever onwards. But, this year, I remembered what was the final nail in the coffin last year (and the year before that, etc.)

LosCon at the end of the month. Starting on Black Friday. *cue lightning strike*

Oh, someone had it in for me. I would need to get plenty of writing out of the way if I was going to hit that low, yet somehow annoyingly high word count demanded by NaNoWriMo. If I could just stay ahead of my average by a couple thousand words, packing them on in the early part of the month, I might- JUST MIGHT- have enough time to edit a fanzine. It would be rough, but there was at least an outside chance.

Sadly, said calculation did not factor in this year's new development: someone was crazy enough to make me Fan Guest of Honor at WindyCon.

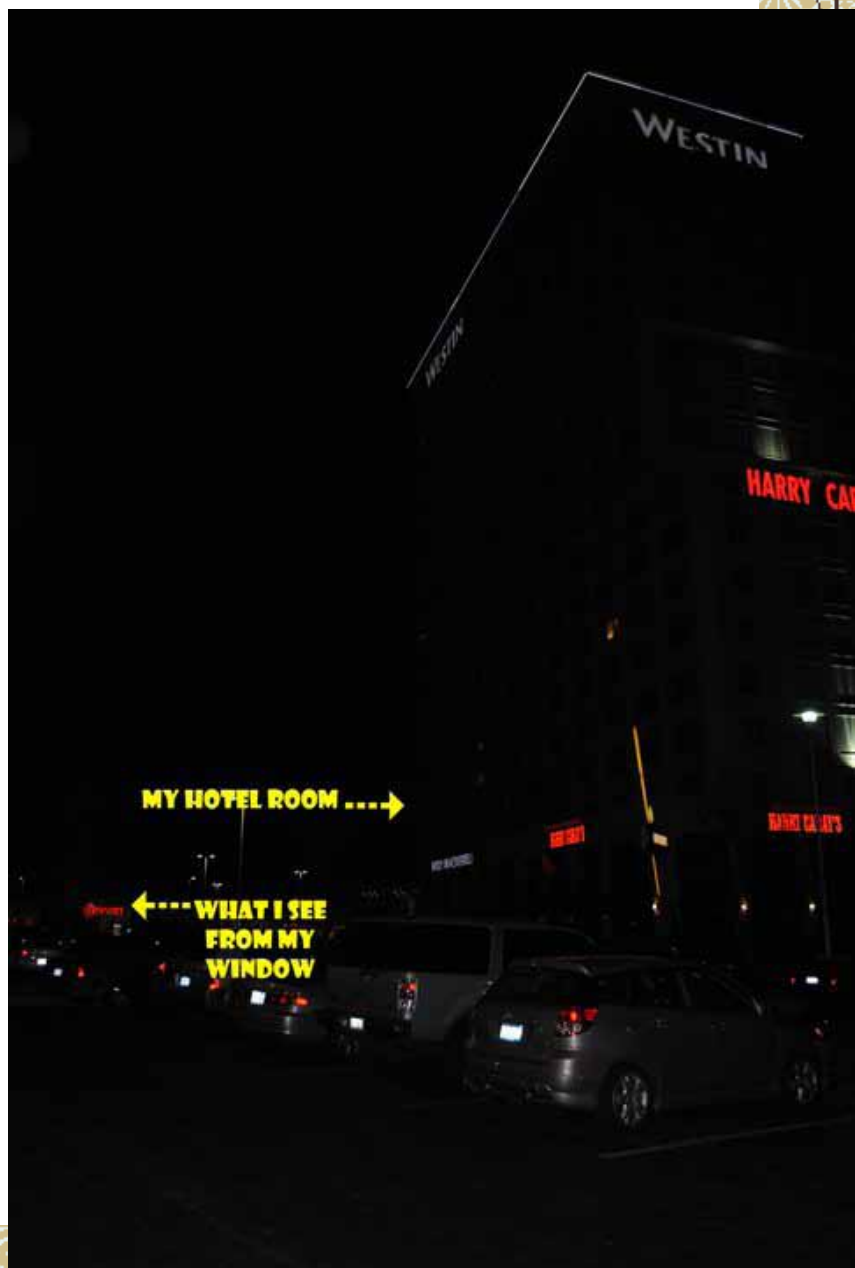
I know what you're thinking: "Jason, if it was going to be so much trouble, why didn't you just stay home and down fifths of vodka while scouring the internet for obscure Fassbinder films not yet released on BluRay like you usually do?"

First of all, shut the hell up.

Second, you're thinking Wong Kar Wai films. Fassbinder? Really? Whose grandparent are you?

Third, WindyCon has a glorious tradition of rolling out the red carpet. The magnificent fools flew me out in style, set me up at the Westin, and fed me like a prize pig. Admittedly, there was an annoying sight outside my window (see Target in photo below), but this is why the good lord gave us curtains.

And did I mention the free beer? Christ on a stick, I nearly went blind. Guinness is usually a damn fine beer, but when it's free and you're offered an unlimited quantity of it, the stuff ascends to godhood. Hell if I know



how I maintained just enough control over my vices to avoid worshipping another god made of porcelain.

I argued with fans about the validity of “Predator” as a sci fi film-- which hit such fine discussion points as how it related to the works of James Joyce, that “Three Act Structure” does not mean “Beginning, Middle, End” no matter how hard you shake your head, and, apparently, some people think Chrono Trigger is not a JRPG.

The booze? Oh, I drank the hell out of it.

Their lovely and talented Ombudsman Sunshine Levy spent far more time entertaining me than was necessary or probably even legal.

I auctioned off art, barely grabbed photos of the masquerade, allowed people to think I was famous and they recognized my name from somewhere, and froze almost completely solid in above-freezing temperatures with a wind-chill factor of too damn much.

I don't know if anyone else had a good time, but I sure did!

This all downplays the fact that, when I got back from the trip, there was still an issue of Yipe! patiently waiting to be written, edited, laid out, and published. Not necessarily in that order, either.

But, you see, I wasn't alone in my delayed work schedule. As it turned out, the entire Yipe! family had trips of their own they went on. Hardly any of us took any time to sit on



our asses and vegetate, play video games, or illegally download overrated movies by famously arrogant German filmmakers of the 70s and 80s.

We all just slapped on our Travel Clothes, loaded up a suitcase, and set out for wherever the wind would take us. Or any airport Southwest had a deal on. Not important.

Sure, Kevin didn't have to go so far for the PEERS Le Bal des Vampires, but it was entertaining, filled with costumes, and beyond walking distance. Plus: vampires.

Ms. Sheriff made us all look like wimps with her trip to D.C., but it was the unintended stopover in NYC that put her smack in the middle of the Greenwich Village Halloween Parade; a festival so far gone we aren't legally allowed to show most of the photos.

Beloved Yipe! contributor Bob Hole graces us with some pictures of just what you need to wear when visiting Scotland and attempting to make everyone think you're a genuine Scot in such a way no one will believe you at all.

And, of course, our own Mette Hedin serves as clean-up with her long-awaited report on Las Vegas' incomparable Punk Rock Bowling tournament. Oddly enough, the photos are all perfectly legal to display in a fanzine. Madness.

So keep reading, costume lovers. We scoured the... well, we left the house and mostly used large commercial vehicles to bring you the

words and images you see here today. How many fanzines can say the same?

Don't answer that.

-Jason Schachat



PEERS Le Bal des Vampires

Undead and Swingin' it!



by Kevin J. Roche

One of the few historical dance events that my husband Andy and I attend regularly is the PEERS Le Bal des Vampires, held every year the Saturday evening following Halloween. (The reason we only attend a few is that while I dance, Andy doesn't, and while I spent several years at the Dickens Christmas Faire steering terpsichorically-impaired but happy customers around the ballroom floor at Mr. Fezziwig's Dance Party, back-leading my 6'4" husband when I'm only 5'6" on a tall day is not only incongruous but rather awkward, neither of which lends itself to marital amity.)

PEERS (The Period Events and Entertainments Re-Creation Society, Inc.; <http://www.peers.org>) puts on historical and literary recreation events throughout the year in the San Francisco Bay Area,

including historical dance events roughly once a month here. Many of its members and the dance attendees are regulars at the Dickens Faire, Renaissance Faire, or other living history events, who enjoy having the opportunity to dance an evening away for the simple pleasure of doing so (as opposed to being cast members at such an event). They are not the only group doing such events (there is also BAERS, the Bay Area English Regency Society, for instance), but PEERS events are not centered specifically on any one historical period. The dances themselves are frequently ballroom steps common to the Victorian era (waltzes, mazurkas, polkas, schottisches and set dances), but many of the balls will include swing or tango as well, if to do so is would not be a complete anachronism.

Part of the appeal of PEERS events is the whimsy evident in their themes; they do not limit themselves to classical literature and we've happily attended the White Star Ball (inspired by Babylon 5), the Martian Ambassador's Ball, The Space Cowboys Ball and other cross-time themed events. Some years ago I was privileged to appear as Ramon de la Vega (Don Diego Vega's prettier twin brother from



Zorro the Gay Blade) at their Masque of Zorro ball, which was far too much fun.

Le Bal de Vampires, however, remains a perennial favorite among PEERS events – it is one of their best-attended events and this year, as it has

in most recent years, sold out well in advance. The premise is simple: come dressed as yourself at the time you joined the ranks of the undead. As a result, the ball is filled with citizens of the past, present and future alike, with a liberal sprinkling of visitors from sun-



dry fantastic demesnes and no plenty of denizens of the spirit realms from myriad cultures of the world. While there is never any shortage of fangs in view, many of the revelers at this danse macabre are far more subtle in making their status as nosferatu apparent.

This year Andy and I invited our friend Lisa Josephs (Confessions of a Timeline Surfer, issue 2.4 of Yipe!) to join us at the ball, which was held at the Alameda Elks Lodge on November 6, 2010). Andy I dove into our wardrobes and emerged in wildly divergent

timelines. He came as an 80s new wave rocker (although here's a question: given the makeup of the period, could we tell the difference if Pat Benatar or Adam Ant had been turned into creatures of the night?). I pulled out my oh-so-comfy 1912 White Star Lines seaman's uniform and applied makeup simulating deep hypothermia, then proceeded to spend the evening searching for "more ice" (for my G&T, of course). Alas, only about a dozen people actually paid enough attention to get the joke. (Or perhaps, I should say, mercifully for the sake of the general public, only about a dozen people got the joke.) I did get to properly salute a very young ship's captain on the stairs.

Lisa, on the other hand, outdid us both. She searched through her collection of Japanese inner garments and assembled a truly and splendidly creepy Yuki Onna (Japanese snow demon). We'd started the evening with a wonderful sushi dinner, then paused at Lisa's flat to put on makeup and dress, then walked to Le Bal.

The Alameda Elks Lodge was a wonderful setting for the ball; downstairs in the Ratskeller was a large bar and some nosh, and a dance floor surrounded

by tables with DJs spinning modern music (including a fantastic Goth set by my friend Robyn-Scott Forbes). Up a flight was a mezzanine level with gaming tables, room for conversation or photography and occasional entertainment. On the third floor, adjoined by a small bar, was the main ballroom, where Bangers & Mash played vintage waltzes and other dances, with the occasional modernity (swing, etc) thrown in for variety. The third floor was also where (as is traditional at PEERS events) the PEERS cast performed in vampyric character the occasional scripted interchange, to add the occasional theatrical frisson to the goings-on.

We arrived as Bella Donna (a female vocal group featuring several of our friends) was warming up to perform on the mezzanine level. We made a beeline for the bar to acquire gin and tonic, then found front row seats to enjoy the music. After enjoying the music, we spent the evening wandering from floor to floor, enjoying beautiful costumes, pleasant company and convivial conversation. I even managed to get out on the main dance floor for a waltz and a swing with Cordelia Willis and one of her friends (apologies, dear lady, for not remember-



ing your name; the charming young man in your group had just bought this sailor another drink and I'm afraid it went to my head).

After the ball ended, we'd been invited to an après-bal gathering by the ladies of Bella Don-

na, so we collected our vehicle from Lisa's place, changed into less voluminous attire and enjoyed hot snacks, a bit of champagne and more conversation as we wound down. All too soon, it was time to gather ourselves and return home, tired but happy.



If there is but one PEERS event you can attend, I recommend Le Bal des Vampires as the one to see. It's filled with fabulous sights and sounds, good dancing and pleasant company, in a beautiful setting with a bit of something for everyone. It's already on our calendar for next year!



An aerial photograph of Greenwich Village, New York City, showing the dense grid of streets and buildings. Overlaid on the image are several glowing, semi-transparent arrows in shades of yellow and orange. These arrows point to specific landmarks: one points to Washington Square Park, another to St. James's Church, and others point to various streets and smaller parks. The title 'Greenwich Halloween Parade' is written in a large, red, outlined, stylized font across the top. Below the title, the author's name 'by España Sheriff' is written in a smaller, red, outlined font. The entire image is framed by a yellow and black diagonal striped border on the left and right sides.

Greenwich Halloween Parade

by España Sheriff

I used to make plans for Halloween; each year I'd wait to find out who was throwing parties, holding off till the last minute, unwilling to commit to any one of them until all options were on the table. Then Borderlands Books started doing its fabulous From Dusk Till Dawn parties at the bookstore, literally starting at nightfall

and keeping things going until first light, with ghost story readings by candlelight and horror movies playing in the basement. They stopped those a few years ago but in the meantime some friends of mine with a great big warehouse space in Oakland began to host a big party every year that soon became the only thing anyone

planned for when October 31st drew near. When they finally moved to a new space that was the end of that, and nothing really took its place for me. The Castro party got out of control, and then was shut down, the clubs are usually too expensive and getting a cab is no fun. But the last two years it's been a moot point anyway since in 2008



Steam Powered was held over Halloween weekend and in so was 2009 World Fantasy, so I haven't had to think about it.

Which brings me to this year. At the end of October I found myself in Manhattan with my sister for the weekend. We didn't plan specifically for this, but rather I had been visiting with her in DC while she was on a work trip and we decided to make a side trip to New York. The dates

worked out such that the only weekend to do it was the last in October. It was perfect really, Halloween feels much more Halloween-y when the leaves are falling and there's a chill in the air.

We arrived on the island with no plans besides a list of sights we wanted to see and things we wanted to eat. The list was fairly extensive since I haven't been in Manhattan since I was 17 and then only

very briefly. We arrived Friday night, and on Saturday, Halloween proper, we walked around absorbing the sites, up 5th Avenue, through Central Park, a visit to the Frick Museum and then a little break for food before deciding where to go for the evening. We looked at the map and Ashley suggested Greenwich Village or maybe SoHo for a drink. I chose Greenwich Village, mostly because it just sounded like a better place

to get a drink.

So it was that we emerged from the subway wondering to each other why there were so many cops around, I figured maybe it was just the weekend, but when we exited the station there were eight of them clustered there chatting with each other. Then we saw the street was barricaded all up and down the block. We wandered up to where a kid was leaning on the barricade, "Is there a parade or something?" I asked him. The kid looked at me with the sort of "well, duh" face only someone in their teens can muster and said that yes, there was in fact a parade. The penny dropped

then; we had arrived just in time for the Greenwich Village Halloween Parade.

It was still early and the street was not too crowded yet, so we had time to go grab a drink and get out of the cold for a bit before finding a front row spot for the show. Although it began crowding pretty fast it turned out to be quite a while before the parade actually started and fun as it eventually was, I have to say this was possibly the least organized event of any size that I have ever witnessed.

Some clowns (literally) came by passing the hat, but with no real explana-

tion as to who they were, or what the money was for specifically. Everyone expected this to be the start of the show, but after they came and went there was nothing for quite a while longer. Random personnel would wander by looking self-conscious and a couple of vehicles went by, as the crowd grew colder and more impatient.

When the parade itself finally started it was hard to tell at first since it was a very odd combination of floats, groups and random people in costume, plus the occasional photographer or other non-costumed participant of indeterminate origin or





function. Additionally, only some groups had music, with others simply marching by, waving enthusiastically. In fact there were often long stretches with no music, which broke up the flow in a weird way, as though the parade started and stopped. There also seemed to be no identifiable marshals or organizers, or anyone of official status except the cops, and presumably the panhandling clowns. On the other hand this parade had been an annual tradition since 1972,

thought so I guess something is doing something right.

As things got seriously underway you would get a well costumed group, followed by a handful of random you-might-see-them-anywhere costumes (zombie, cat girl, superhero) a few non-costumed civilians and then a giant float sponsored by some bar or club with loud music and sparkly outfits. There seemed to be no rhyme nor reason and it was soon evident that some folks had

simply joined in from the sidelines, either to show off their costumes or just their Halloween spirit.

But once you gave in and accepted the informality of it, it was really quite charming in its own way. There were a few honestly good and well-rehearsed troupes such as the marching bands and some fantastic puppeteers including the Memento Mori skeletons and swooping bats. In the regular folks there were a few excellent and hilarious



costumes including several groups of Chilean miners, any trio of folks dressed simply in enormous papier-mache breasts and more Supermen than I would have expected. Maybe it's a New York thing, but he seemed to be almost the only superhero in evidence aside from a couple of Wonder Women. My favorite in this category were a older couple dressed as the two heroes. The most humorous was a guy on roller-skates and trenchcoat with a flashing light at his crotch. There were also far too many Na'vii, but at least one of them just beautifully done and fir enough to be able to

get away with wearing little but blue paint. At least two Pee-Wee's, bike and quite a few Marios. It was interesting to see so many classics and how few current events, aside from the miners.

Of course these were all street costumes, and for the most part the level of expertise didn't seem up to what you see (or used to see, anyway) at the Castro. The rules on the parade website are fairly loose as it is (show up in costume at a certain time, walk with the flow not against) and with a few exceptions the crowd seemed composed of "what the hell let's go to

the parade" folks and was really quite endearing. A combination of exhibitionists and people who do not usually have an opportunity to costume getting a chance to enjoy a little fantasy in their lives.

It made me happy and reminded me of another of the reasons I love fandom and make no apologies for hall costuming at fannish events. Letting your imagination express itself is healthy and good for the soul, and we should be grateful we participate in a community which encourages just that on a regular basis.

A Scottish Gathering

by Bob Hole

On September 4, 2010 I attended the Caledonian Club's 145th Annual Scottish Gathering and Games at the Alameda County Fairgrounds in Pleasanton, California.

Some are more traditional than others.
Some make more of an effort than others.





Some people use the Gathering and Games as an excuse to dress up, taking no heed of the idea of the Scottish nature of the event.

Scotland is very proud of its military history. The bagpipe is often joked about as a Scottish secret weapon. Even today's U.S. military is proud of connections to the traditions of Scotland.



When historic costumers look back on our era, the iPhone will probably be seen as a necessary accessory.





Gutter Garb

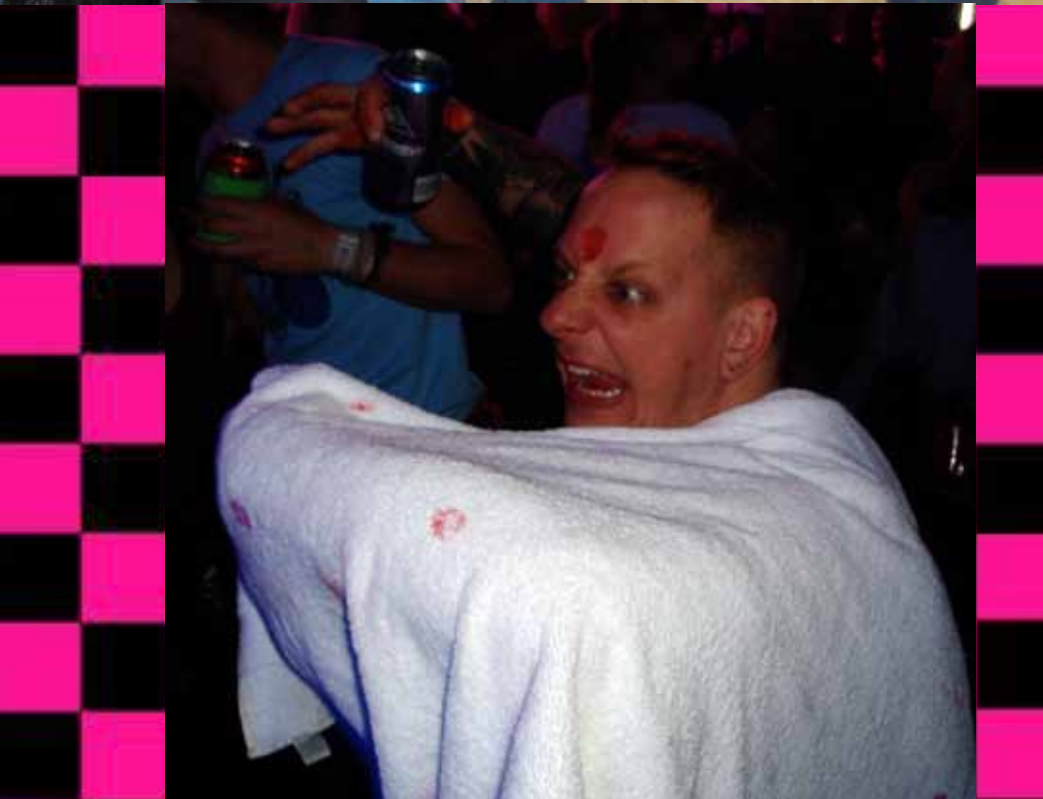
by Mette Hedin

Once a year I pack my black cherry scented bowling ball, a beer bottle holster and an extravagant number of safety pins and head to Las Vegas for the annual Punk Rock Bowling tournament. It's an unparalleled, all-in celebration that is solidly founded in drinking, absurdity and deliberate stupidity. Oh, and somewhere in all the chaos there is some bowling too.

Punk Rock Bowling is hosted every year by BYO Records and what started as a small modest tournament of 27 teams in 1999, has turned into a 210 team tournament with

an attached music festival and poker tournament and serves as a massive party occasion for thousands of attendees. The tournament is sold out each year, and is notoriously hard to get into as it gives preference to returning teams. It also draws a large crowd of people who didn't make it into the tournament or who just want to hang out, making an exact count of attendees impossible. On the surface it is more reminiscent of a west coast punk trade show than a bowling tournament. Various bands, clothing labels, fanzines and record labels sign





up one or several 4-bowler teams each. For anyone versed in the punk scene, a trip down the lanes is a veritable who's who of the alternative music scene. Musicians hit the lanes side by side with fans, record cover artists swill beer with Burlesque dancers and record label executives down jäger shots with roller derby teams.

In many ways it is unclear if you are attending a bowling competition or a serious drinking game which happens to involve elements of bowling, and each team has their own subjective criteria for success. Mediocrity, whether accidental or intentional, is commonplace, and for some teams a goal in itself. The second team of an L.A. Based music fanzine decides to set their aim at a reasonable level, chanting "7 or better" periodically to pep themselves, and they erupt in wild celebration every time they manage to beat the rather modest goal. The San Diego self proclaimed Lo-fi punk band Tiltwheel makes it a point to come in dead last every year, something they accomplish with a large number of friends and various unique bowling styles such as creative 2-3 person acrobatic acts, inserting hot dogs in the bowling ball before shoving it down the lane and of course the infamous 4 level human pyramid, with the

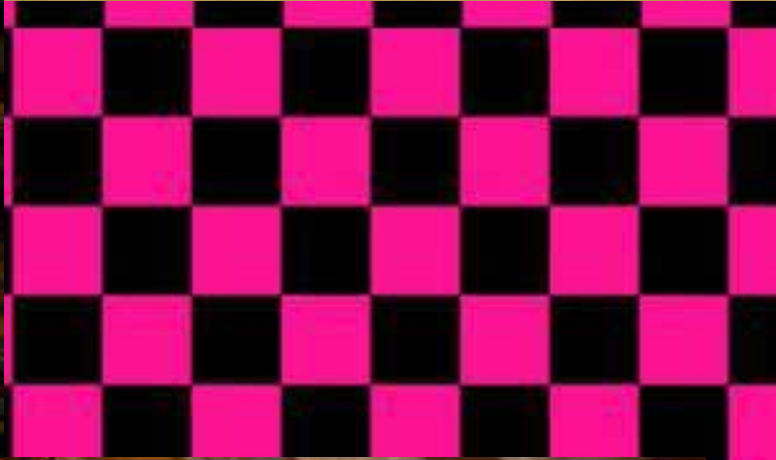


person at the top of the pyramid launching the ball in approximately the right direction.

On top of that, this tournament probably takes the record of being one of the loudest bowling tournaments in existence, where punk music is blaring in the entire venue throughout and both the lanes and bleachers in the 72 lane venue are for the most part seriously overcrowded so yelling is frequently vital to be heard over the general cacophony. Add to this the various team chants, drunken singing and the random trombone playing Elvis and then you get the idea that this is not a tournament for people who like to be able to focus on their game.

Amidst all the madness there is a surprisingly high level of costuming creativity going on, although few of the attendees call themselves or even understand the







term costumer. There is everything from the elaborate pre-planned costume to the accidental costume with found objects. Here there is no masquerade or hall costuming awards, no fellow costumers to show your craft to, so it becomes more of an outlet of individuality and creativity in a crowd that is already very visually striking, and perhaps on some level a feeble attempt to stand out amongst thousands and thousands of tattoos, piercings and amazing hairdos.

First and foremost there are the team costumes that range anywhere from simple color and material coordination all the way to elaborate planned head to toe costumes. Some teams will pick a theme from year to year, and dress accordingly such as pirates or vikings or punk rock pageant girls. Others will end up in a random costumes simply from a lack of a suitable team bowling attire, such as combining a t-shirt and a tutu. Even for the teams who decide to go with just bowling shirts,





there is a high element of DIY and customization. Often the side-effect of trying to coordinate your team is an outfit that looks neither very comfortable nor very practical for the purpose. Although I will say that menacingly wielding a pirate sword, while throwing the ball down the lane, does make for a fabulous bowling style.



Even outside of the team outfits there is plenty of creative attire. Many attendees seem to bring simple purchased items, which would only be mildly amusing on Halloween, but in a casino setting turns into a stroke of genius and/or madness. A cheap Furby costume takes on a new life when worn by an exhausted, cranky and beer swilling young man standing in the bleacher section on day two of the tournament, and has forever linked the words “angry” and “Furby” in my vocabulary. A fuzzy blue-nosed bear costume, when paired with argyle socks, a cape and sunglasses, transcends the basic team mascot concept.

I also feel a special mention need to go to the people willing to express themselves with their hair. In a sub-culture where great attention and time is spent on follicle growth, as exemplified in the numerous mohawks of various styles and colors that appear amongst competitors and spectators alike, it seems an unusually brave act to sacrifice your hair to make a bowling specific statement just for a 4-day tournament. One of the



bravest of costume choices I have ever seen, including all my years at conventions, was the young man who shaved his otherwise normal head of hair to give himself a kingpin style comb-over. That's a level of dedication few of us would be willing to rise to.

By far the most fascinating category of costume at the tournament however, are the numerous examples of impromptu costuming, born from random interactions with found objects and heavily fueled by alcohol and exhaustion. This is a sort of primal spontaneous

costuming that you will rarely find at a convention or anywhere else for that matter. These outfits frequently flirt the absurd and are often glorious in their unexpected nature.

I could write a whole article just detailing the various on-the-



spot costuming attempts I have seen, but to pick a few examples from years past I'll go with some highlights: The beer buckets that are sold at all the bars make for excellent hats, and they stack! Bingo daubers (special pens for stamping your bingo numbers) come in many colors, and can be used as a makeshift make-up kit. Caution tape makes you a beauty pageant contestant, and a plastic cup can be used as a mask. A partial piñata is excellent head gear, and your basic hotel towel, when brought to a punk concert, can be used in a variety of visually menacing ways.

The best way I can explain the cause of the spontaneous outfits is to explain the decay of the average attendee's state of mind over the course of the weekend. The ability for normal logical thought decreases proportionally with the lack of sleep and amount of alcohol consumed, and in Las Vegas the bars never close. In addition this is a once a year sort of event, a climactic social peak of the year for many, which leads to the average person pushing their endurance limit. This means that the further into the 4 day event you get, the more likely you are to see some fairly bizarre outfits or clothing combinations. By Sunday afternoon, an unusual number of attendees are wearing things you wouldn't expect anyone to wear, and especially not in public.





This collective shift in the definition of normal, logical and sane into uncharted territory is what makes Punk Rock Bowling such an amazing event. It is hard to fully explain because unless you were there, you will never truly have a common point of reference to understand why a mechanical wolf, a hotel towel and a plastic bucket is so inexplicably funny. This is part of why the tournament is as much of a fixture on my calendar each year as my favorite conventions. For 4 days a year, I get to temporarily throw a lot of preconceptions out the window and adjust to whatever things get thrown at me, and I get to soak in a very hefty does of mass-creativity. It is physically exhausting, but I don't know of a better mental vacation.



Letter from the Other Editor

Send all complaints to:
Kevin@yipezine.com



Here I am, perched in the lovely gilt-wood and marble lobby of the historic St. Claire hotel in San Jose, dashing off this column as around me the second annual SorcerorCon comes to life. Jason, on the other hand, is down at his end of the state navigating Black Friday and the firmly established traditions of LosCon at the LAX Marriott. In fact, I think the staff of Yipe! is pretty evenly divided between those two conventions this weekend. SorcerorCon is a new fantasy convention that is still small and young enough that in many ways it feels like a bunch of friends who just decided to hang out together at a hotel and have fun. LosCon is 37 years old today, with hundreds of friends who decide to hang out together at a hotel and have fun.

Either way, it's a great way to spend a long weekend.

All Hallow's Eve this year, for me, was Titanic, as is "wear my Titanic crew uniform rather than try to come up with a new costume." That turned out to be a great choice; it's comfortable and washable (handy when someone accidentally douses you with a full glass of homemade lemonade), and since I took the time to make the undershirt, I could cope when the temperature rose too high at a party. We went to a simple costume party at a friend's house, where the costumes included my sailor, the King and Queen of Hearts, Death and his Lady, at least one Doctor, and various and sundry assorted bits of whimsy.

It was great fun to go to a costume event where the only agenda was to wear a costume. I had the opportunity to demonstrate my talents

as a mixologist (including inventing the Fu Manchu: vodka, Cointreau, Canton ginger liqueur and a dash of fresh lemon syrup) and to show off the concept sketches for Project TDK, a costume that will debut at Gallifrey One next February. Speaking of which, I actually cleaned the garage to make room to build said Secret Project during the rainy months to come as it needs to be essentially complete by December 31.

We're still waiting for word from our new correspondents across the Atlantic; I hope we can debut their news if not in December then with the New Year. Next month you can expect some interesting wish lists from the Yipe! contributors, and I also fully intend to abuse my privileges as Co-Editor and start including news and info about the RenovationSF Masquerade in our pages.

As usual, We Need More Stuff! Photos, articles, letters of comment, poetry, art, you name it, we can use it! Send your suggestions and/or contributions to editors@yipezine.com. For large files, we use a drop box system, so drop us a note first and we'll let you know how to use it.

Time to get back into the swing of things here at SorcerorCon; hope you've found a splendidly dressed way to spend Thanksgiving weekend and are having a wonderful time!

It will always be all my fault

Kevin Roche

Kudos, Brickbats, small unmarked bills to kevin@yipezine.com





Dear Andy, Jason and Kevin:

Gosh! It's another Yipe! Vol. 2, No. 10 this time, and while today is Remembrance Day/Veterans Day, there is time for a quick loc. No promises, now...

Drag...sorry, guys, totally outside my own experience. And if it wasn't, Yvonne would be asking some serious questions. That was a question I had, Jason...where do you get your backgrounds? Because I'll be sure not to go to that site. I can't afford new glasses just yet.

Jason: Thanks for giving me the opportunity to plug colourlovers.com, my go-to site for free patterns and color swatches. This month has us sporting the lovely "French Flowers" pattern and "She is French, Yes?" swatch to soften things up after last month's blinding "Dammit".

If I understand the term 'cosplay', and I may not because I am older than the term is, I may be indulging in it with my steampunk costumes. So many costumes require someone who is tall and thin to be wearing them, and seeing I am neither, at

least steampunk takes those requirements away. Now, crossplay is one gender in the costume of the other? Again, outside my experience.

Jason: Magic 8-Ball says 'yes'

I think getting Phil/Chika to a convention is a good idea, especially for the costumers, and those who want to learn more about make-up. Yet, there are some pretty conservative fictions in fandom who would ask what is s/he doing here?, and other questions I wouldn't want to type here. Phil/Chika would be a great guest at a

CostumeCon, next time it's in your area.

Jason: The more cons I attend, the less I think crossdressing would raise many eyebrows. There already seem to be a number of transvestites in fandom, and the rise of crossplay has made great strides towards breaking down any perceived barriers. But that's West

Coast fandom.

Hallowe'en? We went out for a party. Yvonne wore her suit and fedora, and I went... as myself. Scary enough, hm? I am working on a new steampunk costume, but much of my time is take up by the jobhunt, and nothing seems to be happening there. The other party invitation was at the new studios of

my voicework agent, but we arrived at the time specified, and I guess we were expected to be fashionably late.

As you say, the anime cons may change as young fans grow up, graduate and get jobs, and then new people must come in and fill the void. That leaves it to older fans in their 30s, 40s and 50s to carry on the running of the convention





and the corporation behind it.

Jason: I'm still mystified by the gap where fans grow up and leave fandom before returning to it at a later age. Personally, it was growing up that brought me to fandom. I don't think I would've come into fandom as a teenager precisely because of the attempt to organize.

My steampunk labourer is morphing into a mechanic, and there's been little time for anything other than job hunting. However, the weekend after this one is SFContario, and it is costume friendly, so we will be taking our costumes to the convention, just in case there's the opportunity. Should be

some fun.

All done, guys...I have to start thinking of leaving for work soon. Thanks again, see you with the next issue.

Yours,

Lloyd Penney.



YIPE! NOVEMBER 2010

Yipezine.com