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The Costume Fanzine of Record

Yipe!

Volume 2

Issue 2

How To

fold



YIPE!

LOCs - EDITORS@YIPEZINE.COM
WWW.YIPEZINE.COM

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The Costume Fanzine of Record



Jason Schachat
Editor



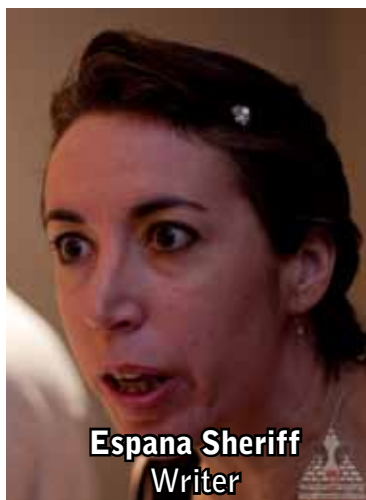
Kevin Roche
Editor



Andrew Trembley
Photographer



Carol Wood
Writer



Espana Sheriff
Writer



Jean Martin
Writer

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Jason Schachat p22-27
Carol Wood p9-14
Jean Martin p18-21

Letter from the Editor

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Kevin@yipezine.com

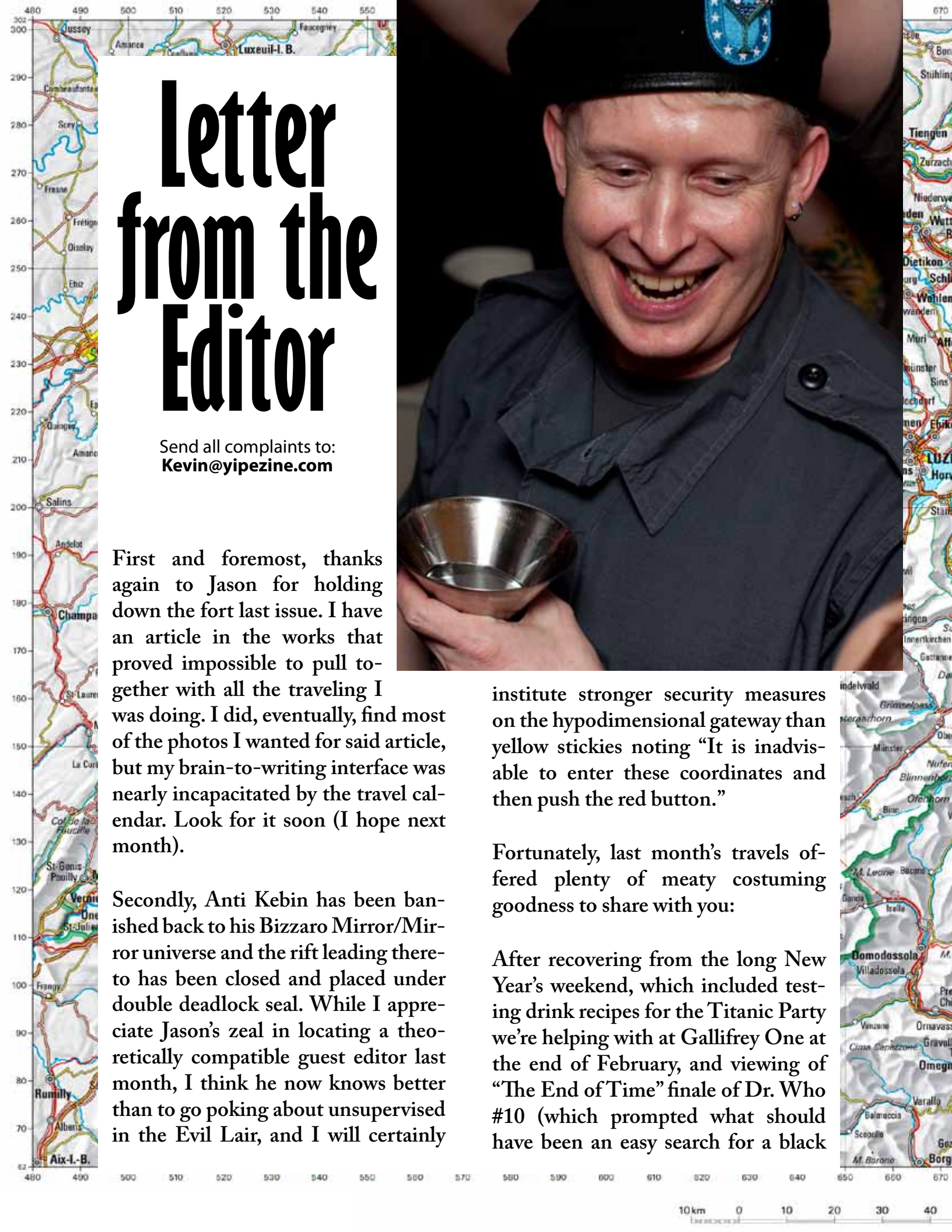
First and foremost, thanks again to Jason for holding down the fort last issue. I have an article in the works that proved impossible to pull together with all the traveling I was doing. I did, eventually, find most of the photos I wanted for said article, but my brain-to-writing interface was nearly incapacitated by the travel calendar. Look for it soon (I hope next month).

Secondly, Anti Kebin has been banished back to his Bizzaro Mirror/Mirror universe and the rift leading there-to has been closed and placed under double deadlock seal. While I appreciate Jason's zeal in locating a theoretically compatible guest editor last month, I think he now knows better than to go poking about unsupervised in the Evil Lair, and I will certainly

institute stronger security measures on the hypodimensional gateway than yellow stickies noting "It is inadvisable to enter these coordinates and then push the red button."

Fortunately, last month's travels offered plenty of meaty costuming goodness to share with you:

After recovering from the long New Year's weekend, which included testing drink recipes for the Titanic Party we're helping with at Gallifrey One at the end of February, and viewing of "The End of Time" finale of Dr. Who #10 (which prompted what should have been an easy search for a black






hoodie and a red dog collar, more about that later), Andy and I took our first-ever class in the several years since we joined PenWAG, the Peninsula Wearable Arts Guild. If you can get to the Campbell Community Center here in the South SF Bay Area on the second Saturday of the month, I recommend it highly. The work the members are doing is both amazing and phenomenal, and full of all sorts of techniques worth brazenly stealing and using in costume projects. The workshop in question was “Paintstik Inspirations” taught by

Laura Murray, and it was several hours of hands-on play using artist’s paint sticks for surface embellishment on textiles (including instruction how to set them to be colorfast). Several of the sample pieces we may actually find their way into garments. One particular point of note: because the paint sticks are semi-solid, they can offer an easy no-bleed improvement over standard stencil or silkscreen techniques.

The PenWAG schedule of lectures and workshops is available at their website, <http://www.penwag.org>. If you’re local to the SF Bay Area, it’s definitely worth checking out – not only is the talent of the members worth seeing, they’re a lot of fun to hang out with.

Having run the paint stick gauntlet, Andy and I then had to prepare for Arisia 2010 the next weekend, where we were very excited to be Fan Guests of Honor. The convention had asked us to put together an exhibit and ship it to them, and when they discovered we had been doing art other than just costuming, included one flat apiece for us in the art show. This resulting in my taking a crash course in mat-cutting, as my Corvidian Aerospahe Adventures prints are a 13x19 inch format, very much not a standard mat size. Thanks to excellent tutelage by Karisu and Richard, we successfully mat-





ted, mounted and shipped a half-dozen of Andy's photos and 5 of my CAA prints in addition to two costumes, my Imperial crown, the "Le Jazz Hot" headdress and the head of Conrad T. Lizard. We even managed to fit in a mounted facsimile of Edgar Allen Poe's "The Balloon-Hoax" for folks who wanted to read the inspiration for the Corvidian Aeroscaphe designs.

Arisia itself was wonderful; one reason we accepted the invitation to be Fan GoH's was we had heard how very pro-costume the membership was. This certainly proved to be the case (although I was surprised to see how many members were running about barefoot in the hotel. In Boston. In January!). The cross-section of fandoms

and ages was quite wide, and we felt very much at home all weekend. My big job for the weekend was to MC the masquerade, which included sitting through all 6 hours of rehearsal so I could do the job properly. I had big shoes to fill, too, as Arisia has been MC'd for many years by my friend the distinguished Marty Gear (aka "Uncle Vlad"), or by Susan de Gardiola. Both are well known as MCs on the east coast, and both were happy to let me make the attempt as it let them *judge* the masquerade this year. They also both told me that I acquitted myself well, so I'm happy.

The costumes in the masquerade were a wonderful mix of elegance, technology and goofiness from many genres, including a





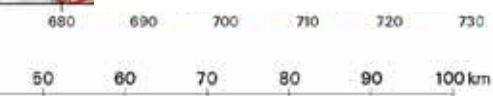
repurposed-for-combat Marvin the Paranoid Android, Young Fan Lilian Monreal's Fairy Queen of Duct Tape (constructed 99.8% of various colored duct tape), Lisa Ashton's orange-camo Victorian Lady's Hunting Costume, and a Dalek that in response to the economic downturn, had set up shop as (you guessed it) an Exterminator. I can recommend Arisia to anyone who likes costume and fannish conventions. Oh, and for those who might keep count, 3 of my 5 Corvidian Aeroscaphes prints sold and the proceeds are being donated to the SFWA Emergency Medical Fund.

Our whirlwind tour continued as we landed Tuesday night in San Jose and moved into the Fairmont Wednesday for Further Confusion. This was the first FC in years at which Andy and I were not hosting a party or judging or anything else, and could simply enjoy ourselves. (We did, of course, bring some wine along so we could share a bottle or two with friends, which we did most nights after the midnight party curfew kicked in). Arisia express-shipped the trunk with Conrad's head in it to the Fairmont, so Conrad T. Lizard could be in Saturday's Fursuit Parade. I really like a lot of things about the Conrad costume, but I think it's time to build a version 2.0 suit; it's just not practical for interacting with the public.

On Friday at FC, I finally succumbed to the cuteness and bought one of the Kigurumi fleece "jammies" that BunnyWarez sells.



They had one set left in my size of their "bat" model (complete with echo-location "squeaker" in the tail), and I just couldn't resist. I ran around all the parties Friday night in my Bat-Jammies (we decided the bat's name must be Robin) and am looking forward to triggering occasional cute overload with them, as well. They're comfy and warm to sleep in, too!

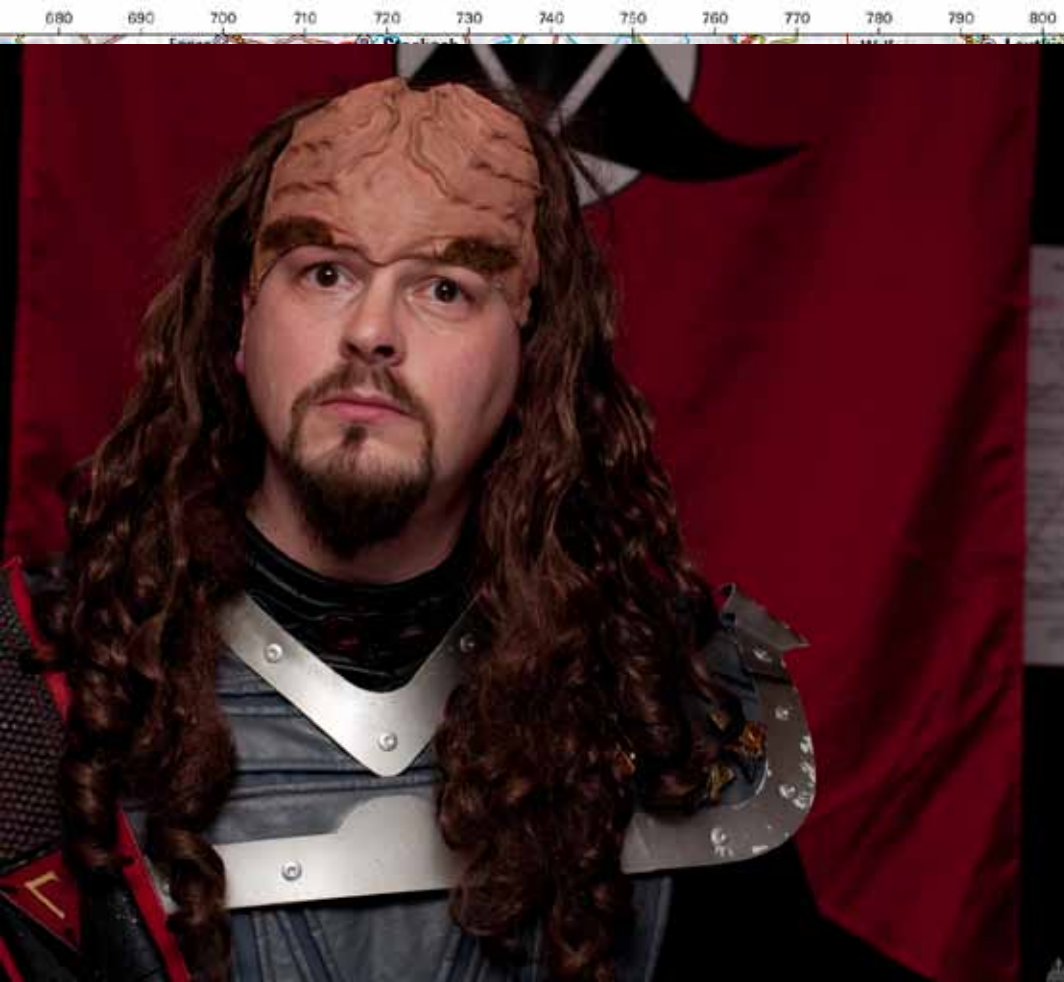




Visiting other folk's parties without having to run one was very nice; besides the usual quality experience that the Klingon's Black Hole Bar provides, the other particularly notable soiree from a costuming point of view was the Communist Party Saturday night. Featuring vodka (of course), borscht and potatoes, it was not only lots of fun, but all the hosts had taken the time to assemble costumes in theme, including a paratrooper. Andy and I made a point of wearing our St George Spirits Special Forces uniforms (kilted version) that night so we'd fit in. Kudos to Patrick and the rest for taking the theme and running with it (note next time rent a Rug Doctor to deal with the borscht spillage)!

On Friday, January 29, Andy and I jetted off to Reno for the final stop on our crazy month of discovery. We will be running the masquerade at Renovation, the 69th World Science Fiction Convention, August 17-21, 2011. This was our first chance to see the facilities at the Peppermill (where the Hugos and Masquerade will be) and the RenoSparks Convention Center. The Tuscany Ballroom at the Peppermill is huge, almost 63,000 square feet, and can be configured in all sorts of interesting ways by subdividing it with chunks of airwall. They also have a plentiful supply of 25-foot tall pipe and drape(!), and the staff are (already) genuinely enthusiastic about helping us put on a good show. I think we have a chance to





try some really innovative ways to set up the space and tech for the 2011 masquerade, so if you are thinking about putting an entry on a WorldCon stage, please start looking at joining us in Reno in 18 months!

I hope you'll stick with us through our second year at Yipe! We are always looking for new contributors (both articles and images), so if you are interested in joining in the chaos, please drop us a line at editors@yipezine.com.

-Kevin Roche



The One Hour Dress

A PATTERN REVIEW BY CAROL WOOD

So, you want to get dolled up for the Preservation Ball or Gatsby Picnic? Maybe you just want a pretty little somethin' somethin' to slip on for a special occasion? The clock is ticking, so you think, "Golly, there's that pattern for the One Hour Dress – that'll do the trick!" But wait: Have you ever attempted the One Hour Dress?

Five will get you ten you'll need more than an hour for this little lovely. I am a very experienced seamstress (trained, even!) and it took me three hours to get the job done. Granted, I spent time snapping photos and taking notes, but the steps aren't as intuitive as I had expected, plus there are strange instructions without clarifying diagrams. Please: budget more than an hour!



The project started with the pattern itself. I own quite a few of the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts & Sciences booklets and materials that helped sewers hone their craft between the World Wars. It's a pattern that allows a sewer to construct a simple, yet classy dress without a pattern by dividing fabric amounts, folding, cutting, and stitching. I don't have an original of this 1923 booklet, so I downloaded it from <http://www.onehourdress.com/>. I read the instructions a couple of times, then gathered up my materials: 3 ¼ yards of turquoise-navy shot cotton batiste, orange cotton bias binding, vintage orange rayon velvet, and a silk flower. For the slip, nothing would do but orange poly crepe-back satin and orange lace. I prepped everything so that I could start the clock without having to press fabric or load bobbins. With Django firmly inserted into my CD player, I started in.

First, I logged the appropriate measurements: blouse length, skirt length, hip measure, and armhole measure. You have to remember that this pattern was published at a time when "normal waist line" was lower than the anatomical waist. So, when the blouse length is based on the measurement from "a little below your normal waist line" in front, up across the shoulder to a corresponding point below the "normal waist line" in the back, you might end up with the bodice being too short or too long – depending on how you measure! I had to guess at my models armhole and skirt length...since I had only requested bust, waist, and hip measurements. Adventure afoot!

Only while separating the fabric into





1/3 blouse and 2/3 skirt pieces, did I notice that I had chosen the fabric poorly. The pattern recommends fabric without a definite up and down, so I thought this solid would suit nicely. However, because it's a shot, the sheen is quite different on the straight and cross grains. I had to set the pieces for the skirt on straight grain instead of following the pattern and setting them on cross grain. My first modification of this pattern!


Cuts I needed to make for the neckline and side seams + sleeves were interesting! They are based, for the most part, on folding the bodice fabric lengthwise then crosswise and making fairly precise measurements. However, I had neglected to note that I would have to refold the fabric first crosswise then lengthwise for the side seam + sleeve seams and nearly ended up with sleeves down center front and center back!



Bias binding can be your friend. That is, if you don't have to curve around weird corners! The neckline is to be bound in two pieces based on the diagram, although the instructions don't mention that. The instructions also don't point out that you have to do some pretty fancy maneuvering in the corners at the shoulders to get the bias binding to meet up. I ended up having to make a few hand stitches on the inside. The instructions also don't tell you that when you join the underarm seam, you'll probably want to flip under and stitch down the flapping bias binding at the cuffs.

Attaching the skirt bits front and back to the bodice front and back was a cinch. You'd think stitching the sleeves under the arms and down the side seams to the end of the bodice would have been, too, but the instructions don't mention leaving a seam allowance's worth of bodice unstitched so that you can turn under and finish the skirt bits that, when finished, look like cascades down the side seams.





The diagram shows this, but then the next diagram has the proportions all wrong for the side seam finishes. Oi! This I figured out. However, I still don't know how the skirt is supposed to be measured for side seam finishes – at this, I guessed. The wearer is supposed to have the dress on while pulling the front of the skirt up to the waist, then pulling the back sides of the skirt through the wearer's legs to then pin so it can be stitched. What?? Thought I'd just stitch from the waist down for side seams and be done with it, but then my model wouldn't have been able to walk. So, I ditched that chalk line for a diagonal from hip to hem.



Three hours later, I had a lovely 1923 gown!! THEN my model, Maggie Waterman, showed up. What a beauty and so easy to fit. She slipped on an early 1920's brassiere, the shiny orange satin slip, and then the One Hour Dress and voila! Mint julep, anyone?





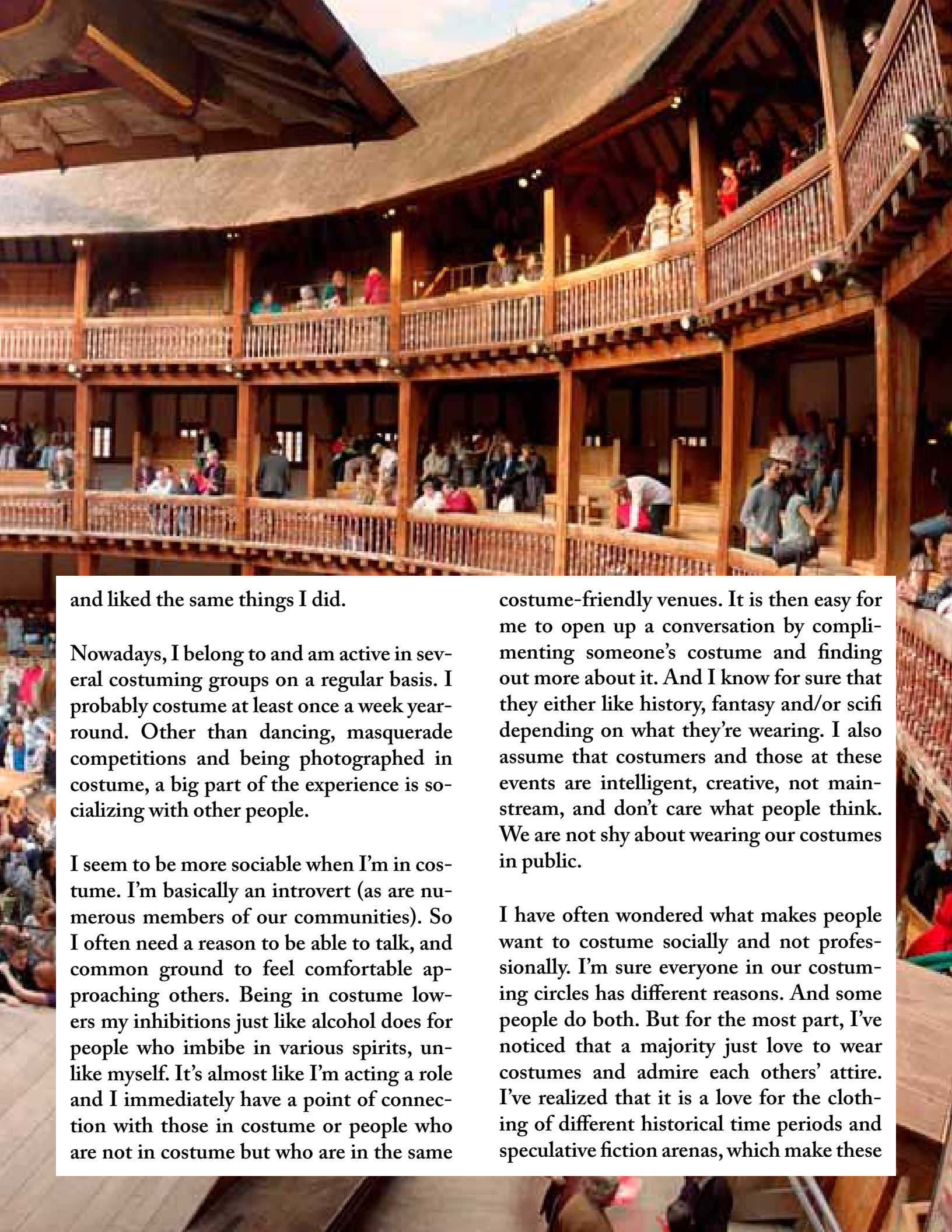
All the World's a Stage

By Jean Martin

When I was a young girl, I dreamt of becoming an Oscar award-winning actress. Although, I guess the politically-correct term nowadays is female actor. I've always been a bit of a drama queen. My parents didn't know what to do about it so they told me to become an accountant, and my younger sister couldn't relate to me so she just ignored me. There was no such thing as costuming in the Philippines when I was growing up. We didn't even have Halloween. And acting and performing were not considered repu-

table professions.

So I went into the business world. Still I wanted to do something creative in the performing arts. I've been in the U.S. for over 20 years but it wasn't until six and a half years ago that I discovered the costuming communities in the San Francisco Bay Area. I had no idea this world even existed, but once I found it, there was no turning back. I discovered something that I was passionate about and met people who understood me



and liked the same things I did.

Nowadays, I belong to and am active in several costuming groups on a regular basis. I probably costume at least once a week year-round. Other than dancing, masquerade competitions and being photographed in costume, a big part of the experience is socializing with other people.

I seem to be more sociable when I'm in costume. I'm basically an introvert (as are numerous members of our communities). So I often need a reason to be able to talk, and common ground to feel comfortable approaching others. Being in costume lowers my inhibitions just like alcohol does for people who imbibe in various spirits, unlike myself. It's almost like I'm acting a role and I immediately have a point of connection with those in costume or people who are not in costume but who are in the same

costume-friendly venues. It is then easy for me to open up a conversation by complimenting someone's costume and finding out more about it. And I know for sure that they either like history, fantasy and/or sci-fi depending on what they're wearing. I also assume that costumers and those at these events are intelligent, creative, not mainstream, and don't care what people think. We are not shy about wearing our costumes in public.

I have often wondered what makes people want to costume socially and not professionally. I'm sure everyone in our costuming circles has different reasons. And some people do both. But for the most part, I've noticed that a majority just love to wear costumes and admire each others' attire. I've realized that it is a love for the clothing of different historical time periods and speculative fiction arenas, which make these

periods and arenas unique from each other. We are not, generally, into generic fashion trends or designer labels.

I think it's also because we all have a theatrical bent and are passionate about the themes we indulge in. We want to experience a particular era or fantasy/scifi world. So we dress up and get together with other people who feel the same way. We are participants, not just spectators. I rarely watch musicals, plays, concerts and dance recitals since I started costuming. I no longer need these forms of entertainment regularly because I'm living these alternate realities. When I am watching a live show, I often feel like I want to be up there on stage performing myself. Being a performance artist, albeit an amateur one, creative self-expression is my mantra. I'm sure a lot of other

costumers can relate to this.

Are we contented just being amateurs? Speaking for myself, I've made the decision long ago that to continue living in the Bay Area (which I love) and do my creative avocations, I need to make enough money in a relatively stable job that has some element of creativity in it. I've been fortunate that I've had the same writing/project management job for almost ten years in an excellent financial services corporation and just got promoted into a purely writing job. A lot of us in the costuming, vintage dance and/or fantasy/scifi convention worlds have day jobs.

Sometimes I toy with the idea of moving to L.A. and go after my dream of becoming an actress or screenwriter or something



**Greg Chow and Jean
Martin at the PEERS
Romeo and Juliet Ball.**



Queens Titania and Mab at GBACG Fairy Court Gathering.

along those lines. But I always come back to the fact that, especially at my age, I'm not suited for the itinerant, unpredictable, up-and-down, vagabond life of a working actor or any other professions within the entertainment field. I even considered doing local theatre but that's too much of a time and energy commitment when one still has to work in the daytime during the week.

I take heart and am inspired by an episode of the old TV show *Head of the Class* with Howard Hesseman (of WKRP fame). In it, Howard tells one of his students that she doesn't have to be a professional musician because she has other talents that she is meant to pursue. But that doesn't mean she can't be creative and do what she loves. Howard also then tells her that the meaning

of the word "amateur," according to the dictionary, does not have the negative connotation (of not being good or serious enough) that most place on it.

Etymology: French, from Latin amator lover, from amare to love

Date: 1784

1: devotee, admirer

2: one who engages in a pursuit, study, science, or sport as a pastime rather than as a profession

In this light, I am proud and more than happy to be an amateur. I love what I do (costuming, performing, socializing, etc.)

and I do it not because I get paid of it. It does take the pressure off, in my mind. I don't have to think about my creative pursuits in terms of making money, advancing, getting reviewed and finding the next gig. I can just have fun and take pleasure in costuming for its own sake and being with like-minded friends.

I guess I've also have had to be honest with myself that acting is not one of my strongest suits. I can act, have taken acting classes and aim to get better at acting, but I am not up to Hollywood standards. I also don't have the physical stamina and dedication to do this professionally or even semi-professionally. I also have other creative outlets, such as writing and photography, which take up a lot of my time.


Acting is a calling and one has to have the compulsion to do this for a living. To have

to do one role for the entire length of a movie or play just seems too much for me. I would mostly likely find it too repetitive and structured. I thrive on doing roleplaying and improvising. I like the flexible and loose nature of wearing a costume and posing in character for the balls, conventions and other events I frequent.

I've noticed that most of us costumers like to have our photos taken. I don't think its vanity or attention-seeking. We love to have remembrances of ourselves in costume because we do put a lot of effort into our work, and photos are a way of appreciating ourselves and have others appreciate what we did long after an event is over. There are several wonderful photographers who like to do this for us, and I like taking photos of costumers too. I'm grateful to all these other photographers and I hope that others appreciate the pho-

Regency couples at the GBACG Mrs. Darcy's Tea.





tos I take as well. It also amazes me how creative and talented people are in putting together costumes, doing all the prep work, and showing up for all of us to benefit from the beauty and artistry of their creations.

What type of people do social costuming? I don't want to generalize, and there are definitely a lot of crossovers, but from what I've seen, those into fantasy, scifi, LARPS and conventions are mostly in technical and scientific fields. Liberal arts folks who are into history, teaching, writing and the like, participate in historical recreations, historical dance, etc. One thing we all have in common, though, is that we have careers that are not directly related to costuming or even the performing arts.

I don't know for sure if the Bay Area is the mecca for all things costuming, but it seems that we have more costuming events than other parts of the U.S. and maybe even the world. At least on a regular basis. Why is costuming so popular in the Bay Area? I guess

the Bay Area has always been a haven for unconventional, individualistic and creative people. We also seem to have a lot of diversity and people from all over the world with all kinds of left-brained and right-brained talents. We also seem to value quality-of-life and fulfilling leisure activities, and most have the wherewithal to pursue them.

Costuming qualifies as a lifestyle for me, though, and not just a leisure activity. As I mentioned earlier, I usually go to one costumed event every weekend. I was initially intimidated about joining the Greater Bay Area Costumers Guild because of their generally theatrical- and movie-quality level of costuming. I'm a beginner sewer at best but I've found that I have the knack and knowledge for putting things together and finding things. But now I know more people in the group and have lots of great costumes. After several years of building my costume collection, I now have something on hand for most events. I only buy items for more specialized roles, and sew for masquerade

competitions. I still go to Bay Area English Regency Society and Period Events and Entertainments Re-creation Society dances, the two groups I started with and am now actually one of the organizers for both.

I generally don't costume on Halloween anymore. That's when the masses do it, and they mostly do either silly or sexy costumes. They costume not because they're passionate about a certain subject matter enough to plumb its depths and be involved more than just once a year. I strongly believe that we costumers don't do what we do as an escape, which is what Halloween is for most people... a night of fantasy for kids and partying for adults. Costuming for us "serious" costumers is a big part of our lives. We follow our bliss as Joseph Campbell recom-

mended and we live our passions. Being with people whom we can share all this with is an added blessing. This is my reality. And as Shakespeare aptly put it:

All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players;

They have their exits and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts...

Shakespeare only counted seven parts. We costumers like to add to that by quite a huge margin.

GBACG members at Starry Night of Steampunk.



Sheriff Don't Like It

by España Sheriff



You know what I hate? Stuff. I like individual things, but stuff piles up and threatens to overwhelm my best attempts at managing the already limited space available in my typically small San Francisco room. I realize this is a problem for many fen but I've always prided myself at not being a collector, I don't buy action figures, statues, plush animals or pretty much any of the toy group of temptations. I lust after them but I don't bring them home.

As with most of fandom books are my worst problem. I decided a few years ago that I love them too much to keep them mouldering in boxes while waiting to someday have the grand library of my dreams, so I resolved to return all but the most beloved, frequently used and irreplaceable ones to the wild. And I pared down my library to two shelves. Well, three shelves including the art books. No wait, I lied... to three shelves and a pile by the bed, and the comics which surely don't count, right?

But no sooner were the books reduced than I expanded out the art supplies. I separated the computer desk from the drafting table, finally-and then I got a great deal on matts so there's a shelf of those, plus the paper and drawing books and plastic sleeves, and all the flat things that can pile up nicely until there's an earthquake and that's the end of Rico. And of course the actual paints and pencils which doesn't sound like much but once you separate oils, arylrics, watercolors and

so on into their own section well there's another two shelves, nevermind the brushes which, I shit-you-not, are currently nailed to my wall. Every individual piece of this ever increasing collection I researched and coveted before purchasing, then cradled home from the store and love to use, but man I loathe it's actual mass cluttering up my life.

So I started costuming and that was okay because I wasn't a 'real' costumer and therefore I really just meant funny clothes. Most of which I keep separate from my reg-

ular clothes for simplicity, so there's what amounts to a parallel wardrobe of clothes and shoes that I can't even wear on a regular basis. And the accessories (which really are what make the outfit) and now I have two boxes of belts, a drawer of feathers, a hatbox full of gloves and a suitcase full of rayguns... and mind you those are just the extra everyday rayguns, the good ones are on display/

So then I took up beading, and the damned bead supplies needed their own shelf. And you wouldn't think beads take up much space,

but they do. Also; have you ever spilled 300 seed beads onto a carpeted floor? So there's that too, and all the finicky little things taking up individual little cases, drawers and boxes that go with them; string, ribbons, pliers, buttons, findings. String 'em all up, slip up, watch them cascade off the drafting table while the cats rejoice at the new trick you've learned and the upstairs roommate applaud the ingenuity of your vituperations.

So... now I have a sewing machine.



Letter from the Other Editor

Send all complaints to:
Jason@yipezine.com



I noticed some holes in my jacket the other day. Insidious little signs of wear and tear on an otherwise brand new garment, as if tiny moths had switched from wool to cotton/poly blends to mess with me.

And I looked at the jacket and realized it just wasn't going to last. The material's too weak and my use of it's too... not weak. It was a pretty cheap piece of clothing, so I have no right expecting it to hold up to the abuse I subject it to on a daily basis.

Then it occurred to me: when the hell was I ever going to buy a fleece hoodie again? When, indeed, had I ever bought something in this style that fit like it did? The fluffy sherpa lining's out of fashion in another year or so. Black may go with everything, but I already wear enough black to get mistaken

for a reverend. No, chances are pretty slim I'd buy another jacket like this one.

It's a piece of clothing locked in time. I can already see myself looking back on where I am now; how I wore that same jacket every day. And I'll probably think, "Damn, that was a cheap one. What ever happened to it?"

Just like the jacket I had when I was 21. An old, strange piece of vintage with nicely squared shoulders. I pilfered it from my dad's long lost threads back when that sort of thing was cool.

I went to my first film festivals in that jacket. I remember drinking cheap beer in dark little rooms with Korean news for wallpaper

wearing that jacket. Can't tell you where it is now, though.

What about the v-necked maroon thing I had before that? Something probably too small for me, but I'd lost a lot of weight and wanted to show it off. I was in high school when that one came into use. The collar got ripped when someone grabbed it during a fight. Didn't really know how to sew it up again, but I tried. It's probably still in a box somewhere.

All that outerwear tied into memories of who I used to be. Easily removed skins; mostly superficial and almost entirely based

on the measurements of my waist, chest, and shoulders. That, and whatever part I was trying to play at the time. Whatever I thought I was and reasoned the world would allow me to be.

This jacket I have now? It's not going to last. Maybe another year, tops. But then the rain hits and I dig through my closet and find my heavy jacket—the one built to last. A monstrosity of working man's design with two pockets too many and a lining that's threadbare along the shoulder blades and thighs. The color used to be brown. It's verging on 'drab' now, not in any rush to find a color for the term to modify. The useful pockets are



The hoodie with friends at a midnight screening of *The Room* in West Hollywood. Not durable, but damn warm.

frayed at the edges and coming off with such determination they're taking the rest of the fabric with them.

This is a jacket I've had since freshman year of high school. Every time I put it on, I remember the heavy rain storms that lasted half a year and the girl who asked me if it was new and standing in line for Star Wars

and midnight strolls by the creek and freezing cold commutes to and from work and the bus I waited for that never came and the film we shot in the desert...

I looked at it's mottled, tattered surface, and all that came back to me. I might hold onto it a while longer.





December 23, 2009

Dear Yipe!Eds:

Many thanks for Vol. 1 No. 2 of Yipe! You're becoming as frequent at putting out zines as one of your contributors. Full colour, photographs...I am glad I have other computers to use when it comes to downloading a 50Mb document. Hey, no complaints, I'd rather see the hi-rez edition. Comments should follow on this long-awaited Zap CG Good issue...

Jason: In the wake of Avatar's success, we're investing in 3D-zine technology to make for

even longer and less manageable downloads!

Just noticed something...could you tell me how to pronounce Schachat? Schachat, Roche, Trembley...all very French. Parlez-vous francais, tout le monde?

Jason: Schachat is pronounced "shack-at", Roche is like you'd expect, and Trembley goes "Tremblee". My heritage is rather Yiddish, but my dad was usually called "Shaa-shay" on business trips to France.

Where do you work, Jason? Years ago, I worked for Sears Canada, but never worked in

any of their stores. I was one of the editors of their catalogues. (Sounds like you'd enjoy the comic strip Retail. It's one of my favorites.)

Jason: I have the misfortune of working for Target, themselves owned by the French... picking up on a theme here.

Lounges are fun...I did the usual stuff at my fanzine lounge because I had no budget and no leeway as to what to do. You folks were allowed to use imagination and fun and alcohol!

Jason: And don't forget alcohol!

**The annual financial meeting of Racists
Anonymous, California local 647.**



I love Leigh Ann. LMAO! Chris, if you're going to roast Jason alive, I'll have white meat, thank you. I still think that if you get a big vest for Chris to wear, he'll have someplace to put that pocket watch, and he'll look steampunkish enough to pass inspection at any of the various costume events BArea fandom enjoys. It'll be Captain Caveman in a vest, but still... (I love the picture on page 8...the Frito

Bandito, and his Band of No-Goods. And the picture on page 10...when Linda's done with Chris, he'll burn up on re-entry.) Leigh Ann, don't bottle it up, tell us how you really feel. I can hardly wait for Linda's response next issue. The pix on page 13... you mean he didn't have a beard when he was 4? There is a chin under the beard?

Jason: We had a plan in the

works to get an article by Linda wherein she attempted to costume for her cats. Sadly, research for the project led to injuries which prevented the actual writing of the article.

(When Bill Burns put up notice of this issue on eFanzines, he also put up notice of Alan White's new fanzine called Smellzine. Can you smell the fandom? I can smell it from over here! Coincidence? Hm-

mmm...)

Jason: Pure coincidence. Just like Deep Impact coming out a month before Armageddon and The Illusionist preceding The Prestige.

We must all take a break from abusing poor Chris, for if we do it all the time, it'll take all the fun out of it... I know some fans who razz the costumers the same way they might razz the filkers and just about any other creative group within fandom.

Jason: Filkers are asking for it.

I always liked costumes because wearing them got you a little added attention, especially if you were a little neofan fading into the background, and when Yvonne and I hooked up, it was the attention I got with a really neat costume, and attention for Yvonne as the costume's tailor. I would think most fans would appreciate something SFnal and creative. With steampunk, I can now wear costumes that I can design, and assemble the pieces, because most of them are clothing bits.

Jason: I'm still trying to figure out a costume for the next anime con I go to. That can be even easier than steampunk when you look at what the various Naruto and Bleach cosplayers get away with.

(That's a great phrase, "raise the freak flag straight into the stratosphere", and the guy in the rubber rabbit suit suits it. When the press comes to your con, guaranteed, this is the first guy they go to for an interview.)

Jason: Hell, I know I would've

Nine guesses which one of these outfits is guaranteed to get you laid at a con.



Reporters: Do Not Interview The Rabbit



interviewed him. Then run to the nearest bar for a stiff drink.

España and Jean, you know it best, it's all about participating, and making your own fun. I just have my steampunk garb (hehehe, he said garb!), but that's my costuming fun right now.

My letter! Yes, the 80s were snarky times in costuming. So many people I know and costumed with left around that time. The only one who really stuck with it was Jacqueline Ward, and she's now a long-time master costumer. You're right, I meant to write

L.A.Con II was where we showed off (most of) Neptune and Pet. More articles from Chris in the future? Can Leigh Ann do her stuff again? Leigh Ann, did I mention I love you? Do it again! (All this time I keep hearing the bel-low of CAPTAAAAAAAIN CAVEMAAAAAAANNN! in the distance.)

Jason: We'll have to see what we can manage, there. Chris is more than willing to throw any random assembly of words at us, but Leigh Ann had to go through therapy after that last article. Still a drunkard, tho.

Well-considered analysis? This is diarrhea of the fingertips, folks. It could probably get a lot better, but it's not likely to.

Thanks to everyone for the best laugh a zine's given me in quite some time. From Yvonne and me to all of you, the best Christmas ever, and have yourselves a cool SFnal 2010. Guess I'd better write up a loc for The Drink Tank, hm?

Yours,
Lloyd Penney.



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