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## The Costume Fanzine of Record

## Letter from the Editor

Send all complaints to: **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 thereto 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 Aeroscaphe 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-



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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.

260

250

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 Lillian 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 Aeroscaphe prints sold and the proceeds are being donated to the SFWA Emergency Medical Fund.

rg Schlieren

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!





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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 Reno-Sparks 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





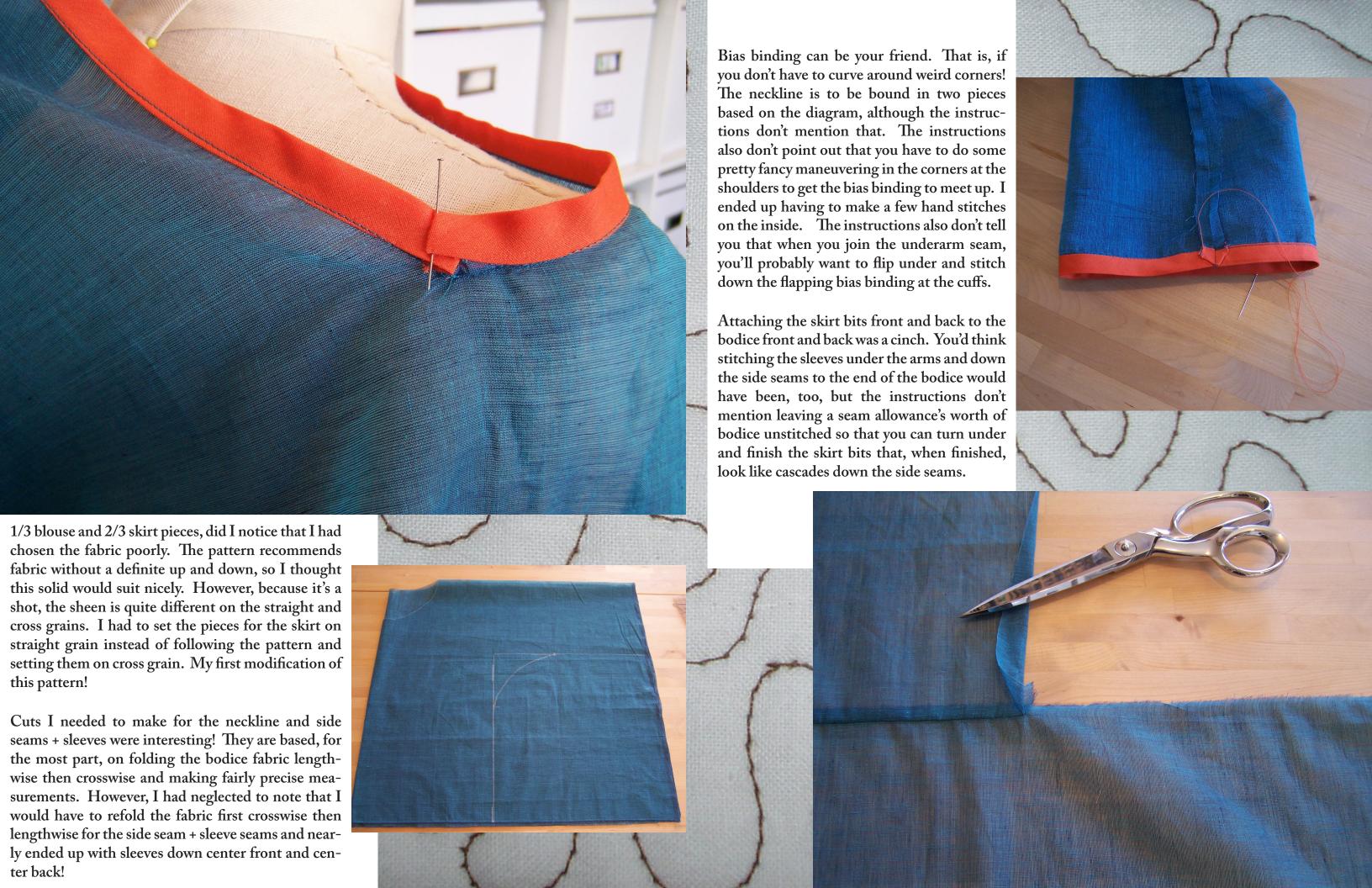


The project started with the pattern itself. I own quite a few of the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts & Sciences booklets and materials that helped sewers hone their craft between the World Wars. It's a pattern that allows a sewer to construct a simple, yet classy dress without a pattern by dividing 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 <sup>1</sup>/<sub>4</sub> 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.

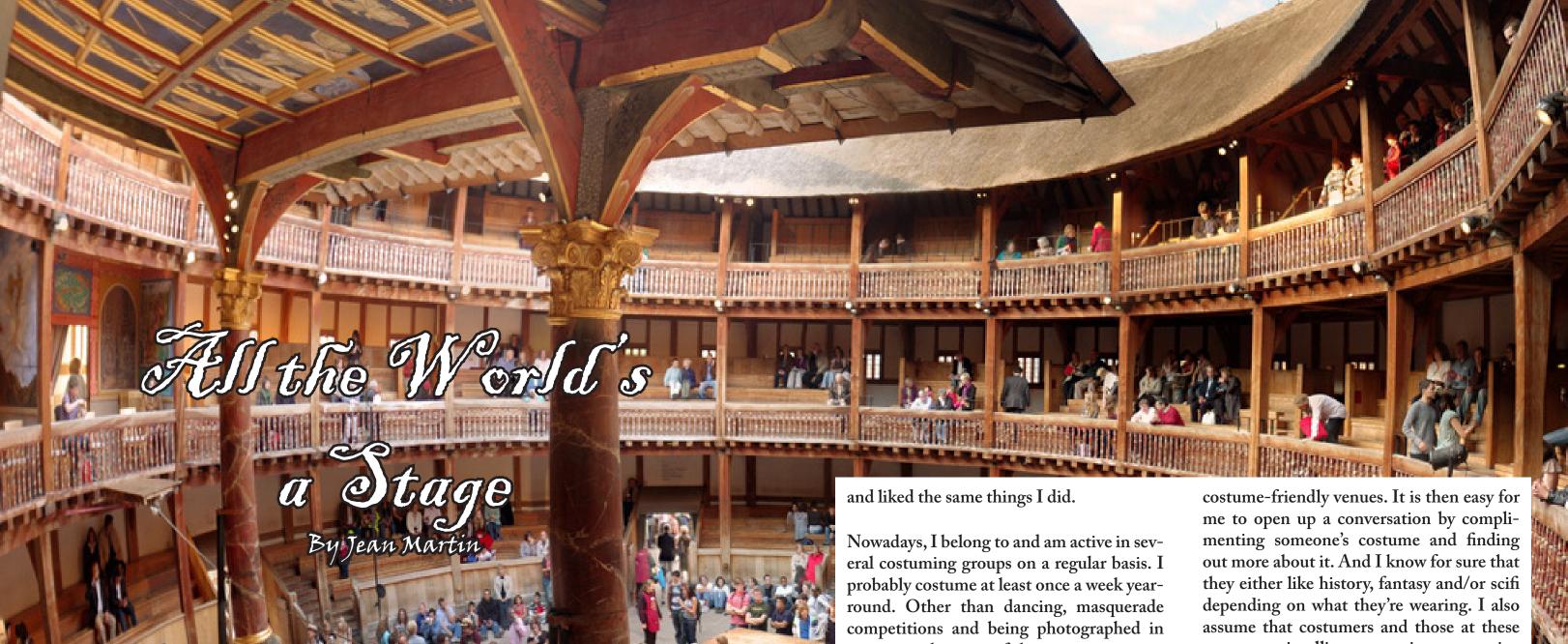
First, I logged the appropriate measurements: blouse length, skirt length, hip measure, and armhole measure. You have to remember that this pattern was published at a time when "normal waist line" was lower than the anatomical waist. So, when the blouse length is based on the measurement from "a little 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









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 costume, a big part of the experience is socializing with other people.

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

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



along those lines. But I always come back to the fact that, especially at my age, I'm not suited for the itinerant, unpredictable, upand-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-

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 Entertaiments 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 recommended 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.





You know what I hate? Stuff. As with most of fandom

I like individual things, but I decided a few years ago books reduced than I exstuff piles up and threatens that I love them too much panded out the art supplies. to overwhelm my best at- to keep them mouldering in I separated the computer tempts at managing the al- boxes while waiting to some- desk from the drafting taready limited space available day have the grand library of ble, finally-and then I got a in my typically small San my dreams, so I resolved to great deal on matts so there's Francisco room. I realize return all but the most be- a shelf of those, plus the this is a problem for many loved, frequently used and paper and drawing books fen but I've always prided irreplaceable ones to the and plastic sleeves, and all myself at not being a collec- wild. And I pared down my the flat things that can pile tor, I don't buy action fig- library to two shelves. Well, up nicely until there's an ures, statues, plush animals three shelves including the earthquake and that's the or pretty much any of the toy art books. No wait, I lied... end of Rico. And of course group of temptations. I lust to three shelves and a pile the actual paints and penafter them but I don't bring by the bed, and the comics cils which doesn't sound like them home.

right?

books are my worst problem. But no sooner were the which surely don't count, much but once you separate oils, arylics, watercolors and

so on into their own sec- ular clothes for simplicity, but they do. Also; have you tion well there's another so there's what amounts to a ever spilled 300 seed beads two shelves, nevermind the parallel wardrobe of clothes onto a carpeted floor? So brushes which, I shit-you- and shoes that I can't even there's that too, and all the not, are currently nailed to wear on a regular basis. And finicky little things taking up my wall. Every individual the accessories (which really individual little cases, drawpiece of this ever increasing are what make the outfit) ers and boxes that go with collection I researched and and now I have two boxes of them; string, ribbons, pliers, coveted before purchasing, belts, a drawer of feathers, a buttons, findings. String 'em then cradled home from the hatbox full of gloves and a all up, slip up, watch them store and love to use, but suitcase full of rayguns... and cascade off the drafting table man I loathe it's actual mass mind you those are just the while the cats rejoice at the cluttering up my life.

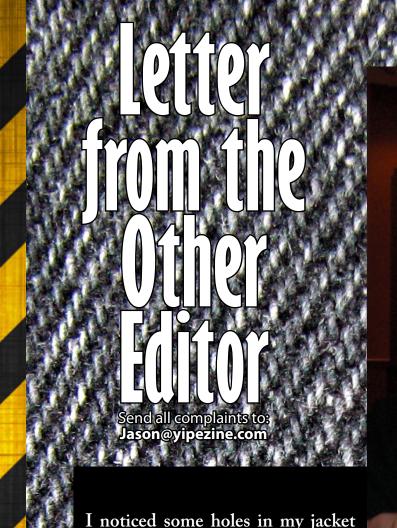
So I started costuming and that was okay because I So then I took up beading, vituperations.

good ones are on display/

wasn't a 'real' costumer and and the damned bead suptherefore I really just meant plies needed their own shelf. So... now I have a sewing funny clothes. Most of which And you wouldn't think machine. I keep separate from my reg- beads take up much space,

extra everyday rayguns, the new trick you've learned and the upstairs roommate applaud the ingeniuty of your





I noticed some holes in my jacket the other day. Insidious little signs of wear and tear on an otherwise barnd 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

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.

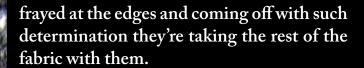
I went to my first film festivals in that jacket. I remember drinking cheap beer in dark little rooms with Korean news for wallpaper wearing that jacket. Can't tell you where it is now, though.

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



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:

Full colour, photographs...I monde? am glad I have other computers to use when it comes to Jason: Schachat is pronounced Good issue...

even longer and less manageable any of their stores. I was one of downloads!

Just noticed something...could comic strip Retail. It's one of Many thanks for Vol. 1 No. 2 you tell me how to pronounce my favorites.) of Yipe! You're becoming as Schachat? Schachat, Roche, frequent at putting out zines Trembley...all very French. Jason: I have the misfortune of as one of your contributors. Parlez-vous français, tout le working for Target, themselves

downloading a 50Mb docu- "shack-at", Roche is like you'd exment. Hey, no complaints, I'd pect, and Trembley goes "Tremrather see the hi-rez edition. blee". My heritage is rather Yid- lounge because I had no bud-Comments should follow on dish, but my dad was usually get and no leeway as to what to this long-awaited Zap CG called "Shaa-shay" on business do. You folks were allowed to trips to France.

Jason: In the wake of Avatar's Where do you work, Jason? success, we're investing in 3D Years ago, I worked for Sears Jason: And don't forget alcohol! -zine technology to make for Canada, but never worked in

the editors of their catalogues. (Sounds like you'd enjoy the

owned by the French... picking up on a theme here.

Lounges are fun...I did the usual stuff at my fanzine use imagination and fun and alcohol!



It'll be Captain Caveman in under the beard? a vest, but still... (I love the picture on page 8...the Frito Jason: We had a plan in the over here! Coincidence? Hm-

Chris to wear, he'll have some- bottle it up, tell us how you writing of the article. place to put that pocket watch, really feel. I can hardly wait and he'll look steampunk- for Linda's response next is- (When Bill Burns put up noish enough to pass inspection sue. The pix on page 13... you tice of this issue on eFanzines, at any of the various costume mean he didn't have a beard he also put up notice of Alan events BArea fandom enjoys. when he was 4? There is a chin White's new fanzine called

I love Leigh Ann. LMAO! Bandito, and his Band of No- works to get an article by Linda Chris, if you're going to roast Goods. And the picture on wherein she attempted to cos-Jason alive, I'll have white page 10...when Linda's done tume for her cats. Sadly, remeat, thank you. I still think with Chris, he'll burn up on search for the project led to injuthat if you get a big vest for re-entry.) Leigh Ann, don't ries which prevented the actual

> Smellzine. Can you smell the fandom? I can smell it from

mmm...)

Jason: Pure coincidence. Just cause wearing them got you out a costume for the next anlike Deep Impact coming out a a little added attention, es- ime con I go to. That can be even month before Armageddon and pecially if you were a little easier than steampunk when The Illusionist preceding The neofan fading into the back- you look at what the various Prestige.

We must all take a break from attention I got with a really fandom.

Jason: Filkers are asking for it. bits.

and I hooked up, it was the get away with. assemble the pieces, because interview.) most of them are clothing

I always liked costumes be- Jason: I'm still trying to figure ground, and when Yvonne Naruto and Bleach cosplayers

abusing poor Chris, for if we neat costume, and attention (That's a great phrase, "raise do it all the time, it'll take all for Yvonne as the costume's the freak flag straight into the the fun out of it... I know some tailor. I would think most fans stratosphere", and the guy in fans who razz the costumers would appreciate something the rubber rabbit suit suits the same way they might razz SFnal and creative. With ste- it. When the press comes to the filkers and just about any ampunk, I can now wear cos- your con, guaranteed, this is other creative group within tumes that I can design, and the first guy they go to for an

Iason: Hell, I know I would've





interviewed him. Then run to L.A.Con II was where we Well-considered

it best, it's all about partici- Leigh Ann do her stuff again? likely to. pating, and making your own Leigh Ann, did I mention I right now.

My letter! Yes, the 80s were snarky times in costuming. Jason: We'll have to see what 2010. Guess I'd better write So many people I know and we can manage, there. Chris up a loc for The Drink Tank, costumed with left around is more than willing to throw hm? that time. The only one who any random assembly of words really stuck with it was Jac- at us, but Leigh Ann had to go Yours, queline Ward, and she's now through therapy after that last Lloyd Penney. a long-time master costumer. article. Still a drunkard, tho. You're right, I meant to write

in the distance.)

the nearest bar for a stiff drink. showed off (most of) Nep- This is diarrhea of the fingertune and Pet. More articles tips, folks. It could probably España and Jean, you know from Chris in the future? Can get a lot better, but it's not

fun. I just have my steampunk love you? Do it again! (All this Thanks to everyone for the garb (hehehe, he said garb!), time I keep hearing the bel- best laugh a zine's given me but that's my costuming fun low of CAPTAAAAAAIN in quite some time. From CAVEMAAAAAANNN! Yvonne and me to all of you, the best Christmas ever, and have yourselves a cool SFnal



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