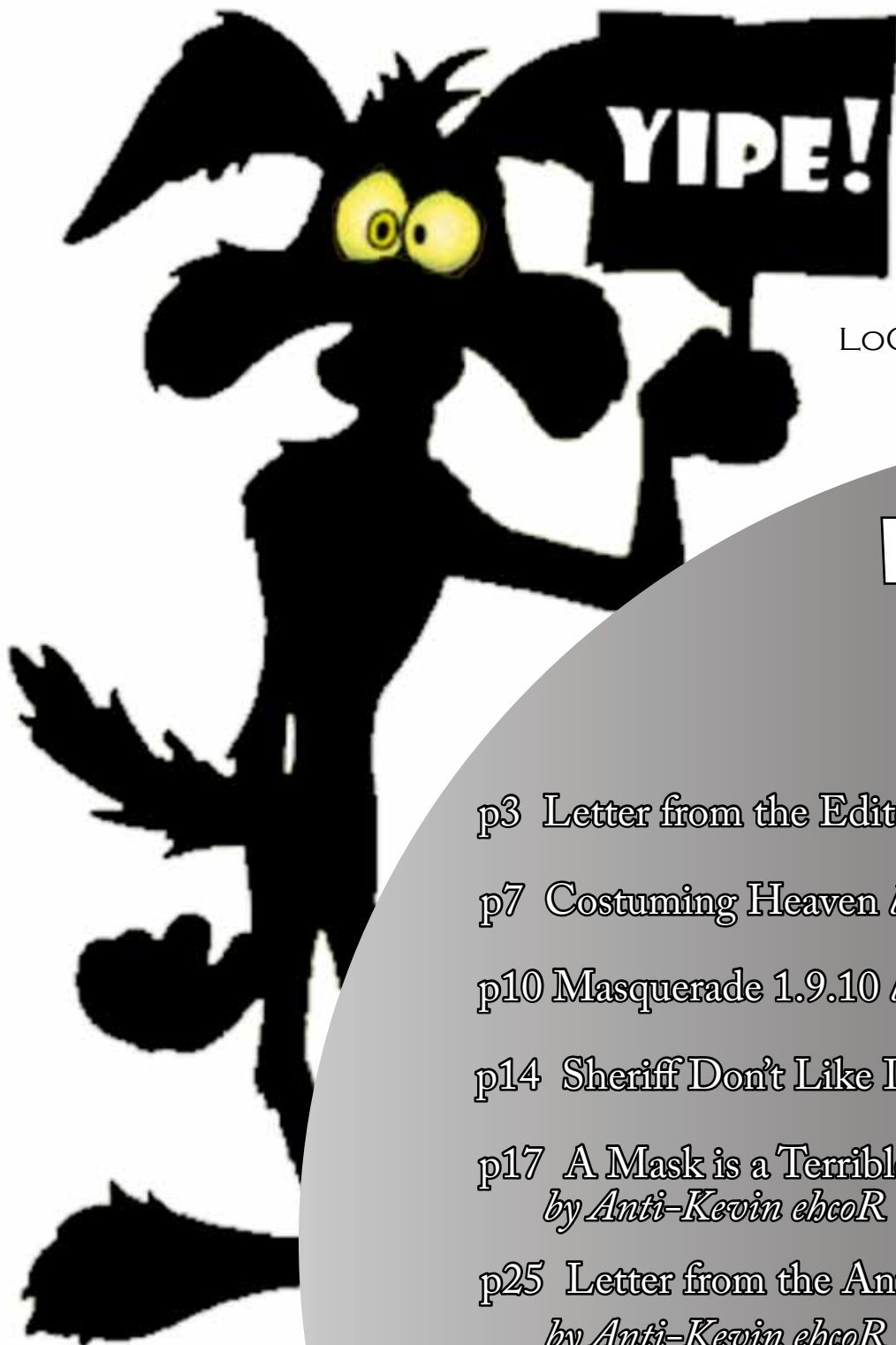


The Costume Fanzine of Record

Yipe!

Volume 2 Issue Fool

Thing Onn Is This?



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

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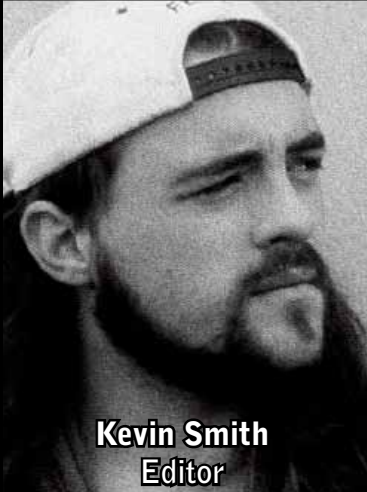
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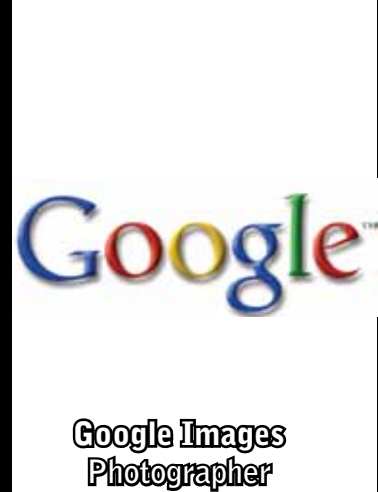
Teh Costume Fool!!! of Record



Kevin Smith
Editor



Anti-Kevin ehcoR
Editor



Google Images
Photographer



Gibraltar Sheriff
Writer



Carl Garcy
Fraggle



Anti-Kevin ehcoR
Writer



Anti-Kevin ehcoR-
Writer

Photograph credits:

Anti Kevin ehcoR p30, 245

Anti Kevin ehcoR cover, p110-16, 526

Anti Kevin ehcoR p738-9

Anti Kevin ehcoR p213

Eddidor teh from Letters

Sending compliments too:
Anti-Kevin@yipezine.com



Is time for Spring Fever
issue! With Bunnies!

Anti Kebin man of few
words and not good with
clicking machines, so
Anti Kebin brief aginn.

Welcome to speshul transdemon
multiversinal alternitt more
than one world issue. This be
chance for Anti Kebin and his
best friends exspurt riders to
show Evil Kevin and his planet
we good costoomers and riders
two.

Since ebil Kebin push big
box from "Electronic Service
-- Unit 16" and smart bunny
through time-space riff thingie
last month, we bin bery busy
following smart bunnys direc-
tions, and now haz working "in-
terocitor model 404" to talk
with ebil Kebin with no big

splosions happen any more.

Smart bunny also give us bet-
ter plan than take over ebil
Kevins Yipee magazine - we make
our own, and already win 5 Yu-
gos with first issue. Mabee this
issue win us gas to make Yu-
gos go. So we ver happy send
ward-wining Spring Feber issue
through interrosater for ebil
Kebin to share.

Special Spring Feber issue in-
clude photoz from last year
World Psyeniz Friction Confer-
ence in Lost Angles, plus spe-
cial gest collums by Carl Garcy
an Gibraltar Sheriff.

Oh and gest letter from Ebil
Editor from Ebil Kevin. He
translate photo artikel from
orijinul espressonto to englee-
zh for yu.

Hope you like. If not, send

lots munny and we not send more
tiings through interrosater.

PS Pleez do not send more bun-
nys unless you first take swich-
blaid away from him.



**First rule of mak CGI creature look real: Make
reals actor loook fake.**

Well-trimmed

by Carl Garcy

Joan woke me up the other morning with a surprise breakfast in bed to butter me up for the yard work I still owed her as a Mother's Day present. These are the perils of married life. That said, the fruit plate she put together was quite tropical, and I always appreciate a fine chef such as herself lowering her standards to suit my banal vegan palate.

Putting on some gardening clogs the kids supplied me with for the aforementioned Mother's Day task, I set



about clearing out the flowerbed; something I haven't done since we moved in 8 years ago when I'd finished the first film in "The Trilogy", as everyone insists on calling it these days.

I'd like to say it's not easy

being a reclusive semi-retiree at such a young age. True, I have a wife and four kids to feed, and the residuals from the series aren't what they were in my post-college years (what with the rise in internet piracy and

the relative lack of interest in Doctor Who since Paul McGann left the show). But I literally have nothing to complain about--which speaks volumes about why my blog updates slowed down and I have yet to sign up for Twitter. Apologies all around.

But this idyllic lifestyle has yet to free me from yard work, despite the fact we have a legion of gardeners and landscapers as per the demands of homeowners union. There will always be a flowerbed to replant or new sprinkler systems to research or any of dozens of related

domestic duties created just to keep me away from the writing desk.

It's hard to complain to Joan, considering the limp vegetable that was my last project (Though I appreciate the emails I keep getting from fans demanding a sequel. Now, please do stop sending them). I quite clearly need something to keep me from embarrassing myself and the kids any further. Therefore, gardening.

Before I could even begin, however, the handheld trimmer Joan and the kids purchased for Father's Day (Notice the de-

veloping theme) lost a link or a sprocket or some other micromillimeter of steel in its innards and ceased to be a trimmer. It mostly just makes an impotent buzzing noise, now. The little teeth oscillate back and forth, but I don't foresee anyone trimming hedges, flowers, or even using it to shave.

This may be another one of 'those things'. As with my writing and general luck in the exceptionally chancy world of film production, I've managed to get by with very few mechanical objects in my possession ever breaking down and/or exploding in my face.

So, when one of them does, I find the occurrence quite baffling. As if the gods themselves reached down and tweaked my nose.

Because of this rarity of malfunctioning tools, I always tend to remember the ones which do pass on from this world.

The soldering kit my father gave to me when I was ten. The cassette adaptor I used before I could afford a car with a CD player. The electric razor I had back in college.

That last one has its own special story behind it: I, being a young man in college

with a bit of a double chin, decided to grow a beard. Since this meant I no longer needed to worry about pastimes such as shaving, I left my old razor and all the replacement blades back home and only kept the electric beard trimmer around.

It wasn't a bad little machine. A few years went by with me relying on it for trimming away sideburns and peach fuzz. Now, it was just handling a slightly greater circumference of face and less than an inch of desperate beard growth.

Then it broke.

As finals were sucking the will to live from me, I thought little of things like maintaining facial hair. Eventually, what had been a small, well-maintained growth sprouted into a voluptuous chia pet clinging to the bottom of my jaw. To balance it out, I let my often unkempt hair sprout even further. The end result shrouded my face in hair, leaving me looking like that used car sales-beast in The Muppet Movie.

It made for a great conversation piece, I'll say that. You'd be surprised how many people

want their picture taken with a muppet. Then again, these were drunk college kids. Good times.

When summer came around and the heat in Boston started boiling me in my own skin, I finally realized what I had to do, went to the corner drugstore, and bought a new razor. The tan-line took a while to get rid of, but you'd never even know I had a beard a couple weeks later. I suppose this was a good thing, since the in-

ternship I applied for that summer was rather straight-laced, and who knows what might've happened had they seen some overweight hip-pie come bopping through the door.

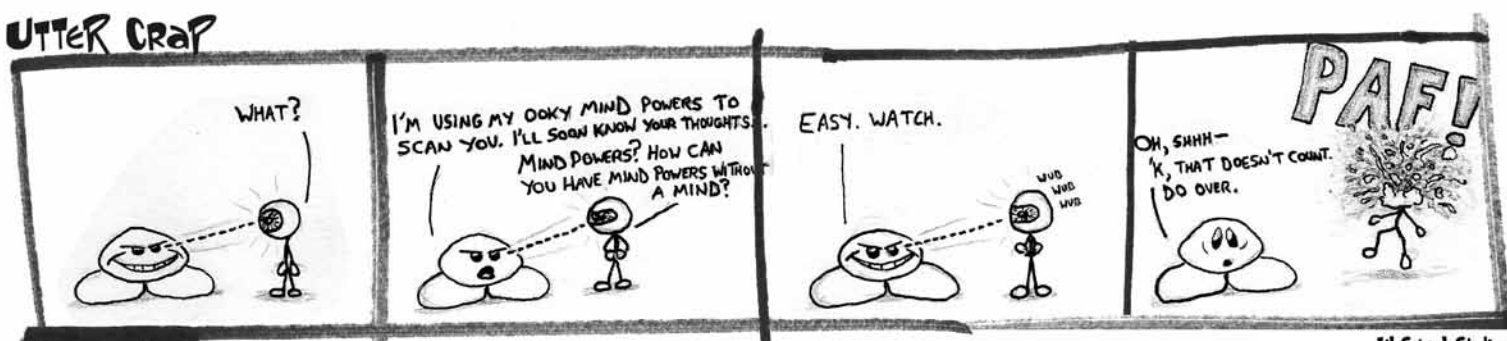
Sometimes I still wonder about trimming that beard. Joan hated the moustache I tried a couple years back, the phrase 'looks like something died on your face' hitting a bit too far below the belt. But those are the compromises

you make. Amazing wife, kids, successful career, and a publisher who says "Meh, you'll finish when you finish," or the muppet beard?

Well, that's probably taking it too far. Growing a beard wouldn't completely reshape the course of my life in some bizarre, nightmarish way. I may write science fiction for a living, but who'd ever buy a story like that?

Still, I could do without the gardening.

UTTER CRAP



ANTI-COSTUME YEAR IN REVIEW:

MMIX LOST ANGLES WORLDCON MASKERADE

By Anti-Kevin ehcoR

DatCon IV, teh holdnig of being on Memmorial Day weekend (September 4-7, MMIX) at teh recently remoded Lost Angles Megalopolitan Conference Center, offeres thhe costumnig world multiples unparal-

lelogrammed in any dimension. Depth, too.

Predictably dismally turn-nig of events at DisCon III in Chikagho in MM-VIII, the concom of the 67th World Psyenz Friction Conference livenedd up to they'er pledge to make



A Flurry of Snow Queens on stage at the DatCon IV Maskerade.



DatCon IV brighter, shinier, sparklier, less brutalle event suitable for fans and foes adn fans of foes alike.

From teh hyperel-
egance of teh Fan-
zine Thunderlounge to the
many integerrated parkour
route between ter partying
suites at teh LAX Herri-
ott Resort, the settlings of
DataCon IV discouraged

costumers of no skill levels
to really strut their things
and stuff. And things.

Resulats are an Anti-Cos-
tume Year in Rebiew, com-
pressed into time and space



of 3.14159 days
at a hotel., which
than unnani-
mositly rounded
down to 3 to
make easier.

Thes\ ones pre-
sented onstage
at the DatCon
IV Maskerade
were the cream



**Contestants wait to see the workman-
ship judge in the green room**

of mushroom of the crop
sharing.

This year, for the first ever
primetime, the Maskerade
Dictator acceded to the de-
mands taknig suggestion of
the Intransigent Costume
Geezers and experimented
with a new rule: 6. Noh
Costume is No Costume.

Than he invade Poland.

Fiften weeks later, with
heavee negotiators meetnig
four hours at time in spe-
shul costumelets, appeas-
ment was riched.

We'rvee not sure ware
all fussing and fusion was
about, but even with the
additive restrictioneering

MMillicent M, Winner, DatCon IV RHPC
Credits look-alike completion



the designs displayed for the peasant audience were a fantastical demonstration of their creators and viewers also. To set the mood, the venue was dressed in eerily accurate rendition of Late FWW Retail Storage & Display, which set off the sumptuousness of the condes-

tant's work too marvelous effect.

In a simple and enterprising way to deal with rule VI: There must be multiple costumes of "The Snow Queen" entered in Maskerade, all four of the five qualifying entries were ushered on to the stage and handed to the samalanders. The



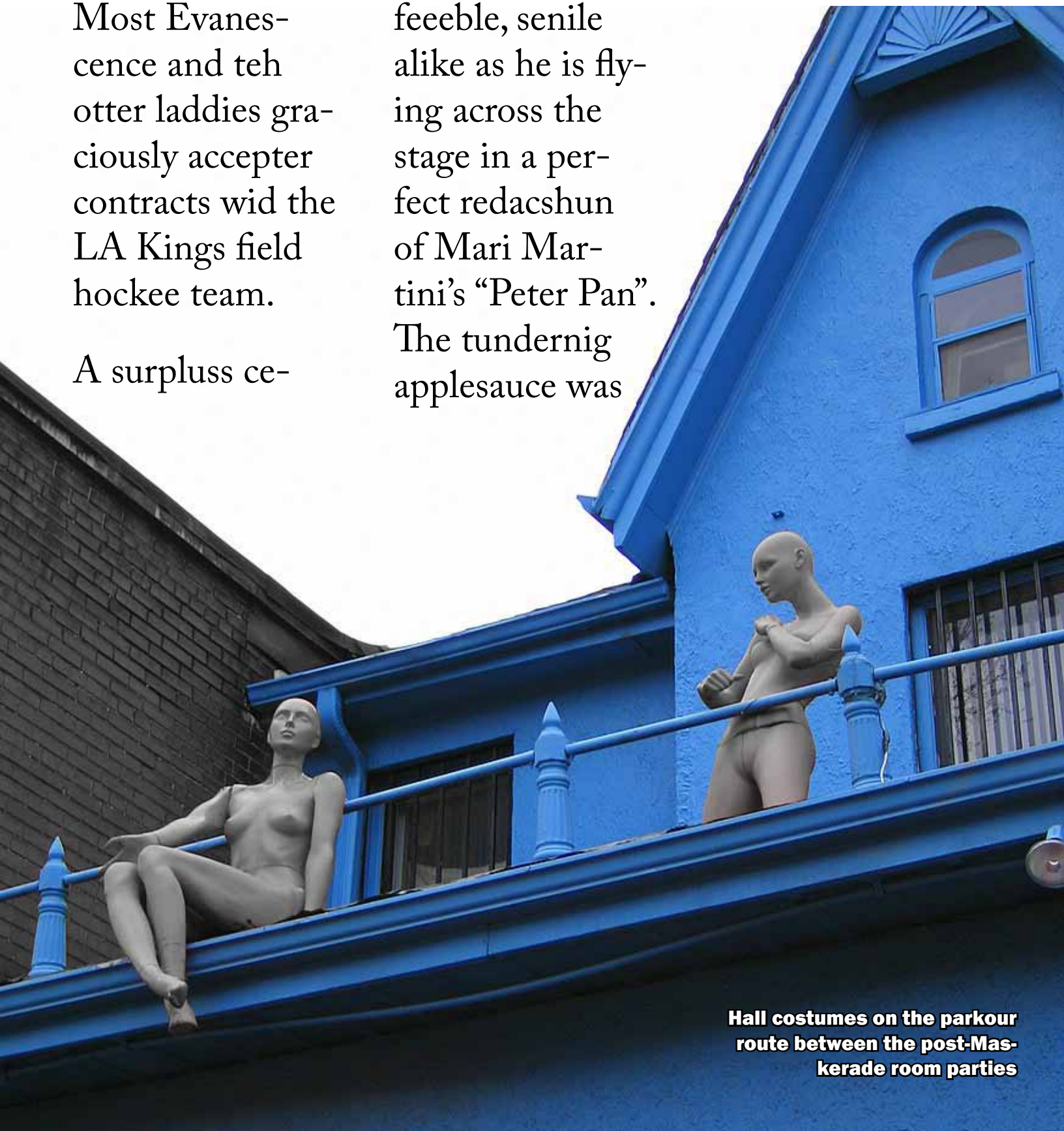
Nazgul, (winner, Best Recreation in the DatCon IV Maskerade)

first tor evapo-
rate, quiet rightly,
was immoder-
atelee awardet
Most Evanes-
cence and teh
otter laddies gra-
ciously accepter
contracts wid the
LA Kings field
hockey team.

A surpluss ce-

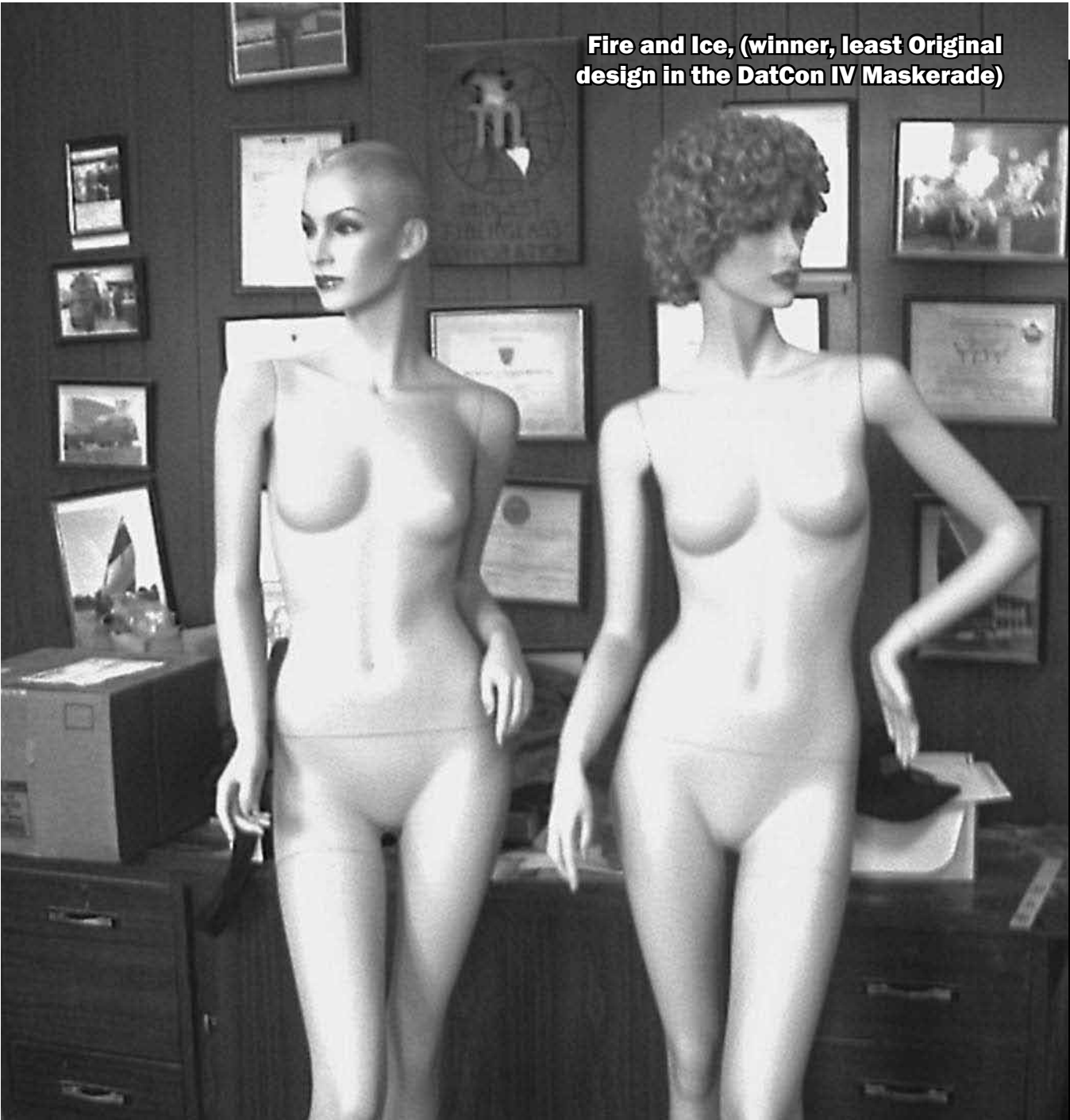
lebriddy entre,
Martin Shorts
harmed young
and old, unfirm,
feeble, senile
alike as he is fly-
ing across the
stage in a per-
fect redacshun
of Mari Mar-
tini's "Peter Pan".
The tundernig
applesauce was

more then suf-
ficient too rouse
his mutilated
pixie companyun



**Hall costumes on the parkour
route between the post-Mas-
kerade room parties**

Fire and Ice, (winner, least Original design in the DatCon IV Maskerade)



tpv rise fomr teh dead and
theyh where observed es-
saying the parkour rowtes
between parties fer te rest
of teh eveing.

When life gives yoo lem-
ons, make nuklear bomsbs,

witch is what teh 8 ladies
whom independense daily
decided to come as one of
James Tibernicus' ex-ex-
girlfreinds did when their
met in teh Gren Room.
They're hastiyl consolini-
dated "Bimboes off Ster

Trak” brought down the house and won the audience appreciating award. Admirable Kirk was seen beating a hasty retreat too to the bar as they accepted they’re trophies.

Manworkship judging weren’t compulsory that year, but the judging still

managed to rearview almost all the entries waiting of stage in the Green Room. There certainly had their workout cut for them, with several large groups including the Bamboos, a mindblowingly resignation of the Nazgul, and a thirty-member assembly entry entitled ‘At the Red Queen’s

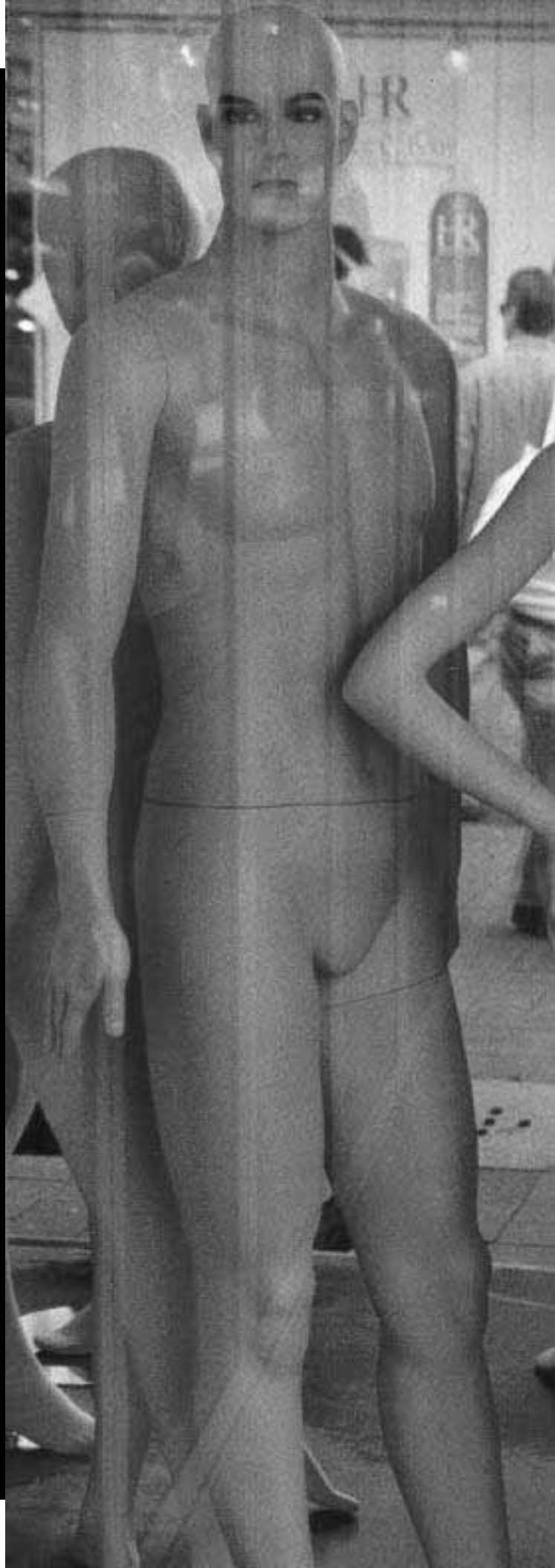


You can get anything you want (exceptin’ Alice). (winner, historical recreation)

Court.” Who there deliberations were finnish, the Nazghoulash were acclimated teh Best Recreational in teh show, well teh Red Queen’s Court where recognitized as teh Best Executioners.

Flowinfg this, the endtire Masquerade restuls were reported in Binar:

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Bene Gesserit (winner, Special Award for Costume Distressing)

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All teh entres were not insipid by speculational friction; sume were beautifully recreatines of historiistical garmuts. Yet any other rendittlin off

low cal folkheroes Pygar & Barbarella were well-resheaved, with a chillnig interrogenum presenter entity ““““You can get anything you want (exceptin’ Alice)] brought beck the Sordid Sixties with a terrifyinig yet slitlely whimsical town.

Not all entnries didn’t not-featured a cast of tousands. Chrislet N’s Bene Gesserit receptionist spectical recognit four his fabric distressing technicalities. Jonas Grumby receipts a crawling ovation five his stirring recreation off navel hero Gil-ligan.

At the Red Queen’s Court (winner, best execution, DatCon IV Maskerade)



It shouldn't be noted that not all the costume awards were present in the Maskerade. Chanteuse Militant M beat out a field of 30 clandestines in the Friday evening RHPC Credits Looklike Competition,

and MIDI-goth-schlager duo Fire and Ice happily accepted the trophy and Eurovision Song Contest finalist slot on the Least Oregonian Design contest during the Maskerade half-dime.



Jonas Grumby as "Gilligan"
(winner, best
Fantasy Recreation)

DatCon IV was a feast for the eyes off costume effectiveness worldwide. It's hard to imagine who future Worldconfs might top it, yet I'm sure there are mad scientists working to make that possibility a reality even now.

Oh my god, is that velvet?

by Gibraltar Sheriff



Hai guise! So after a whole lot of fails and muuuuch thinking I've finally figured out my AmazeCon 2010 outfit! And it's going to be the fantastickest (whoops, is that a word, lolz?) costume ever!!!

So last year I saw these utterly kawaii cosplay kitten-maids wearing these totally

gorgeous ruffled lace trimmed petticoats and right away I noticed that they didn't have wings & totally should! But I know... just slapping wings is rilly kinda dumb, lol... so I was talking to a friend and she was like 'Goggles!' and I was like 'lolwhut?' and after about a twenty minutes of back & forth she explained what she meant was that petticoats and

loli are both pretty steampunk anyway so... wth, y not add goggles?

lol...inorite!? Soooo... I figure I'd do a lil steampunk mashup and add the wings to that instead! I built these ginormous wings rainbow fabric on a wooden frame, six wings total that completely fill a

hallway! I'm gonna hafta walk sideways down the halls but when I retract them their only 5 feet across so thats fine.

And *then* I thought omgosh; ~GLITTER~ U re-

member my vampire-unicorn outfit from last years YuriManiaFest West?!?... Well that was the costume that kinda melted in the rain when I was waiting for my friend to give me a ride home (T_T) but the point is I ended up with TONS of leftovers..... and it's

the awesome sparkly kind that rubs off when u hug people (+ everything else u touch, haha) and makes everyone else all sparkly 4ever... so its perfect for a glompy kitty-cat ^_ ^



Also I want the goggles to have some sort of blinky thingie, maybe glued to the side cogs.... I'm not 100% sure yet. I was thinking Xmas lights but last time I tried that I EPIC failed... it took 4ever & nearly burned my wig off wearing it coz the lights got 2 hot!! And with the kitty-ears I don't want THAT to happen again!!! o_O

Altho I gess it was prob pretty lulz in a way too since everyone lol'd reeeeeallly hard when it happened. Including my friend

who suggested the goggles..... hmmm... o wells, anyway... this time instead I want some LED lights OR I might try braiding glow-sticks for the headband so it'll be an super awesome glow-rainbow strap of pure win!

Oh! Plus the super fun part is that I will stay in character the entire time since I've been practicing my kitty meow for a month. I cant wait... it's gonna be soooo fun!!! Of course my kitty needs a name... I

was thinking Ichigo-kitty since I like strawberries but since im doing lolisteamkittyfairy instead of maid its not rilly v MewMew at all is it?? So I dunno... mebbe if I add a bell and a bow on my tail... OR... I cooould be Skitty-Steam!? Maybe I'll have a poll, what do u think?!?!? XDDDD

Anyways.... i'll post some pix after the con. LOL... Buh-bye! =^..^=

XOXO



Dear Anti-Kevin --
Well, well, who
would have imagined
it! Just 10 weeks
ago I was forcibly
encouraging you to
return home through
my hypodimensional
gateway so I could
take up my Yipe edi-
tor's duties again
and sealing that set
of coordinates "for-
ever".

*Anti-Kevin: Fuel me
once, shayme on me,
ebil one!*

How fragile forever
is, however, when

you own (multiple)
time machines.
It was a happy acci-
dent that while ti-
dying the Evil Lair
I found the cupboard
where I'd stored
all my Electron-
ics Services - Unit
16 spares. A little
fiddling, some care-
fully calculated ki-
netic energy applied
via boot to a crate
next to an unstable
event horizon, a
quick tuneup of my
old Ryberg Interoci-
tor* and here we
are, able to estab-
lish a somewhat less

physically hazardous
relationship com-
plete with cultural
exchange.

*Anti-Kevin: Know
idea what that was
saying, so I take it
as insult! War this
means!*

Congratulations on
establishing your
own literary pres-
ence in the Bizarro
Mirror world; Jason
and I wish you and
your staff only the
best in your endeav-
or. And five Yugos
already! Did any of



them include a boot full of anvils?

Anti-Kevin: What I done with mine anvil no off you're busin-
ing, vial betray-
er. Yoo and You're
magazeen never at-
tain gloree off our
YIP with Kevin Smith
helpnig Yugo att-
tainnig.

Kevin Smith: I'm
not even supposed to

be here today, man.

By the way, our
mini-lop lab mascot
apparently hitched
a ride with the in-
terocitor parts. I'm
sure he'll be fine; I
understand there are
even more holidays
celebrated in the
Bizarro-Mirror world
than here, and he's
rather obsessed with
them. Fortunately
for you, our ferret

is still here. She's
the more devious one
of the two.

Anti-Kevin: I no
better than too an-
ger ferret when
death is on the ly-
ing.

I've really enjoyed
having a sneak peek
at how the other
half lives. If you
enjoyed it, I'm sure
we could arrange an

occasional guest column exchange via interocitor. Especially when one of our regular contributors misses their deadlines.

Yours Truly,
(Evil) Kevin

Anti-Kevin: Goodwill aLWAYS triumph and ford anglia over ebil. Our Yugoos say so.

* By the way, ignore the chapters in the 404 manual regarding coherent modulation of photonic emissions. I did not include the high energy local control circuits in the

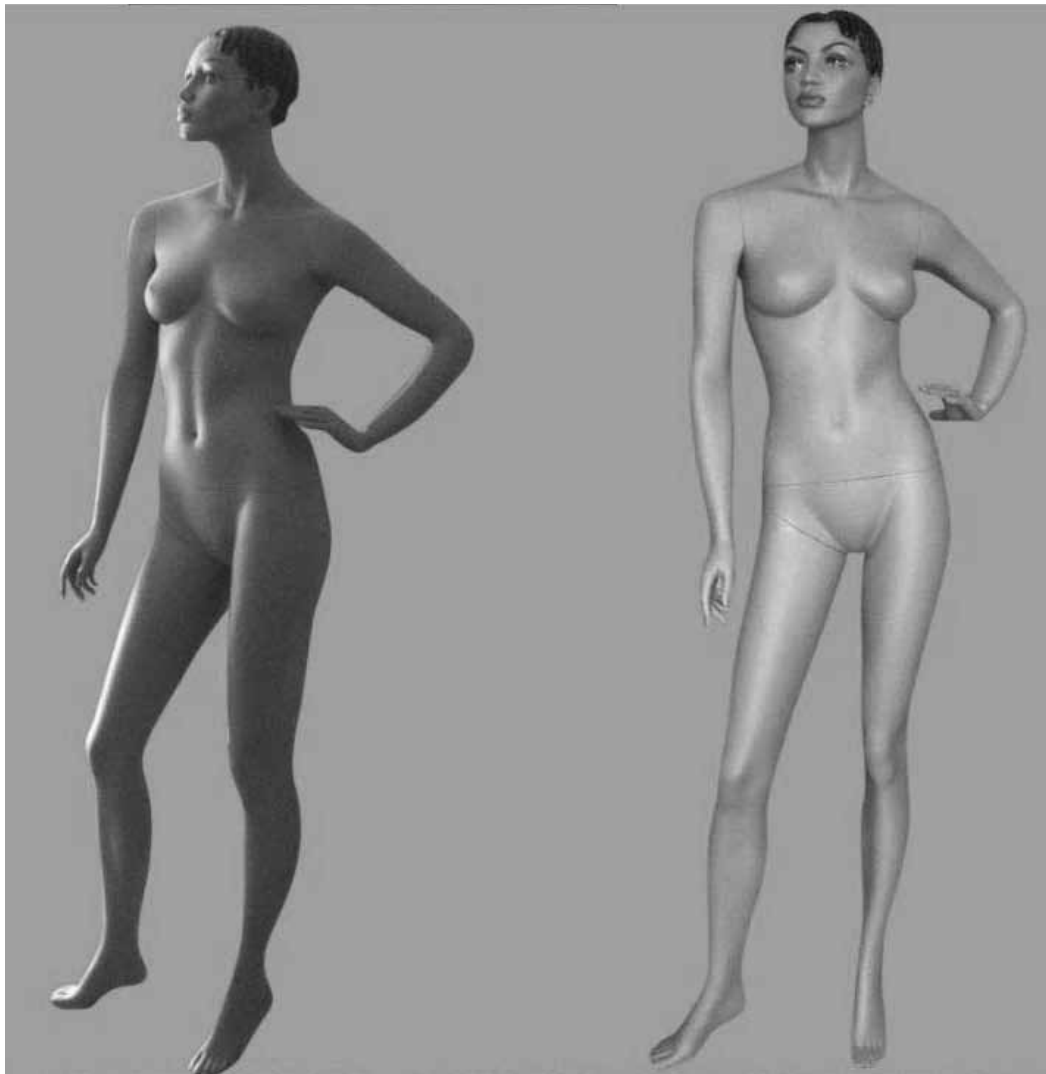
box. I **did** include the remote receiver control module, so there ever be need for for such high-energy discharges, we can activate them from this side.

Kevin Smith: Seriously, I have no idea what's going on here. You cats send out a memo or something?

Anti-Kevin and Kevin,
Stop stealing my layouts.

-Jason Schachat





Anti-Kevin: Finders, losers!

Kevin Smith: har, har. For the last fucking time, I do not look like Jason Schachat. He's fatter than me, balder than me, and has that skinny wife with the big ears.

EARNINGS WITHHOLDING ORDER - COURT-ORDERED DEBT COLLECTIONS

We are issuing this Earnings Withholding Order to collect a delinquent court-ordered debt.

You are required to pay up to 25% the debtor's disposable earnings for each pay period.

This Earnings Withholding Order is issued under Section 19280 of the California Revenue and Taxation Code and Sections 706.050 and 706.074 of the California Civil Procedure.

Anti-Kevin: k! luv ya buh bye!



YIPE! APRIL 2010

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