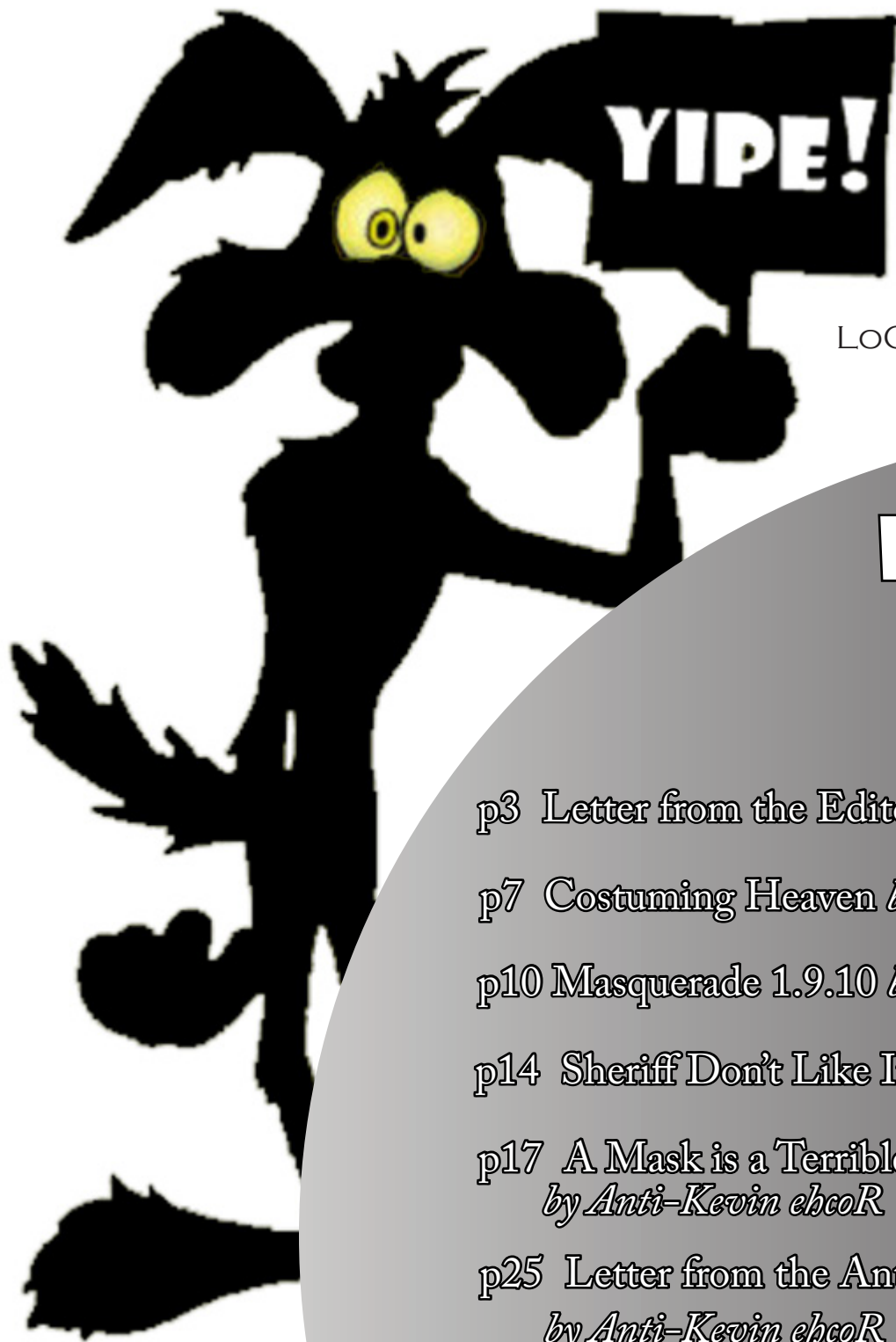


The Costume Fanzine of Record

Yipe!

Volume 2 Issue Fool

Thing Onn Is This?



LOCS - EDITORS@YIPEZINE.COM
WWW.YIPEZINE.COM

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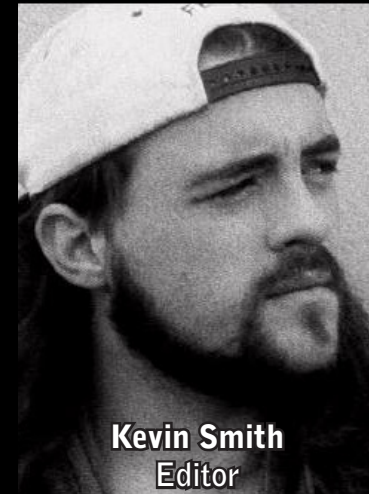
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Teh Costume Fool!!! of Record

Yipe!

STUFF & CONTRIBUTORS



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-winning Spring Feber issue
through interrosater for ebil
Kebin to share.

Special Spring Feber issue in-
clude photoz from last year
World Psyenz 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 look 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-

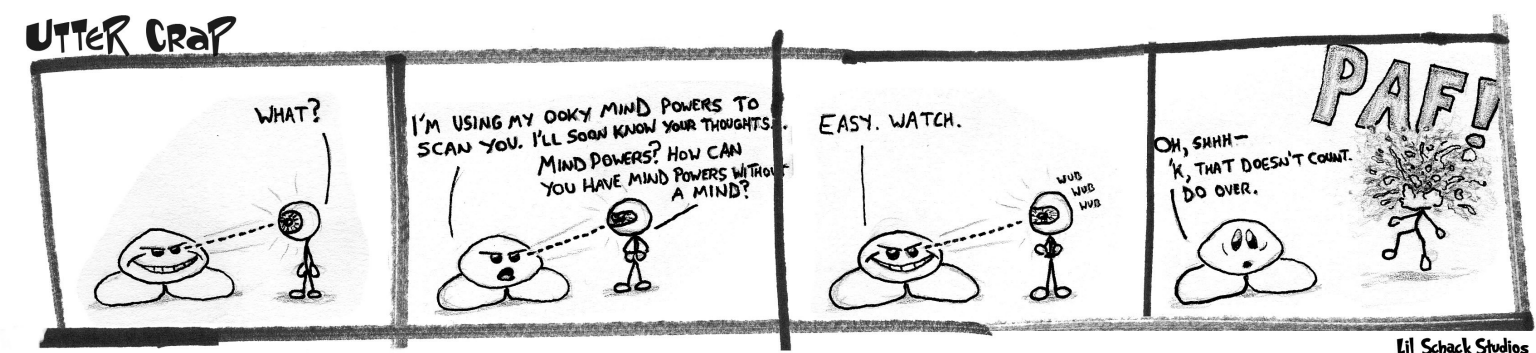
ternship I applied for that summer was rather straight-laced, and who knows what might've happened had they seen some overweight hippie come bopping through the door.

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.



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 Psyeniz Friction Conference livenedd up to they'er pledge to make



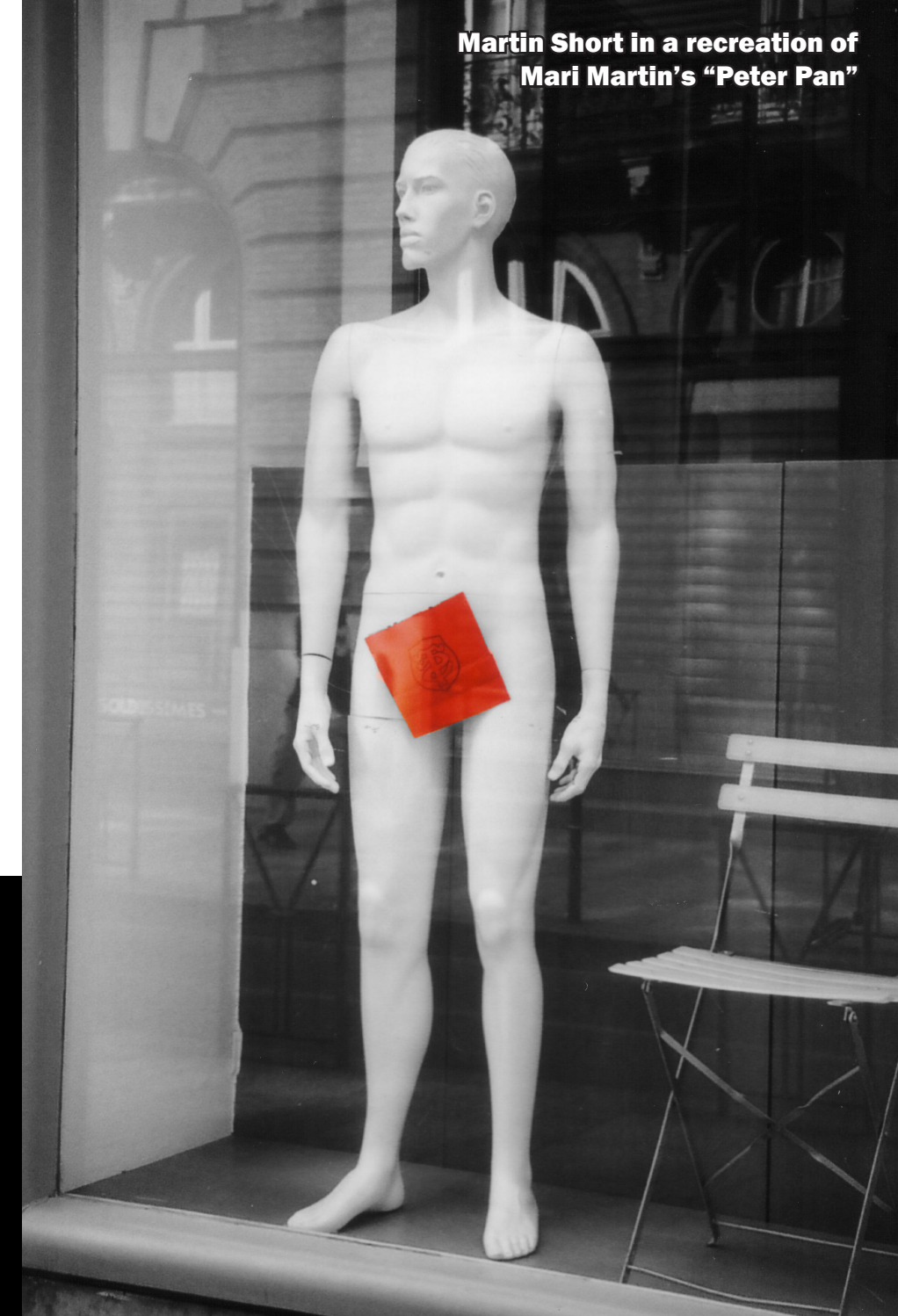
A Flurry of Snow Queens on stage at the DatCon IV Maskerade.

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 Herriott 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-Costume Year in Rebiew, compressed into time and space



Martin Short in a recreation of Mari Martin's "Peter Pan"



Bimbos of Star Trak: James Tiberius' ex-girlfriends

of mushroom of the crop sharing.

This year, for the first ever primetime, the Maskerade Dictator acceded to the demands 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, appeasment was riched.

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

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

Thes\ ones presented onstage at the DatCon IV Maskerade were the cream



Contestants wait to see the workmanship judge in the green room



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

the designs csoplayed for the peasant audience were a fantastical demonstra- tiveness of they're creetors and veiwers also. Too set the mood, the venue were dressed in eerily accurate rendition of Late FWW Retail Storage & Display, which set off the sumptu- ousnessness off the condes-

tant's work too marvelous effect.

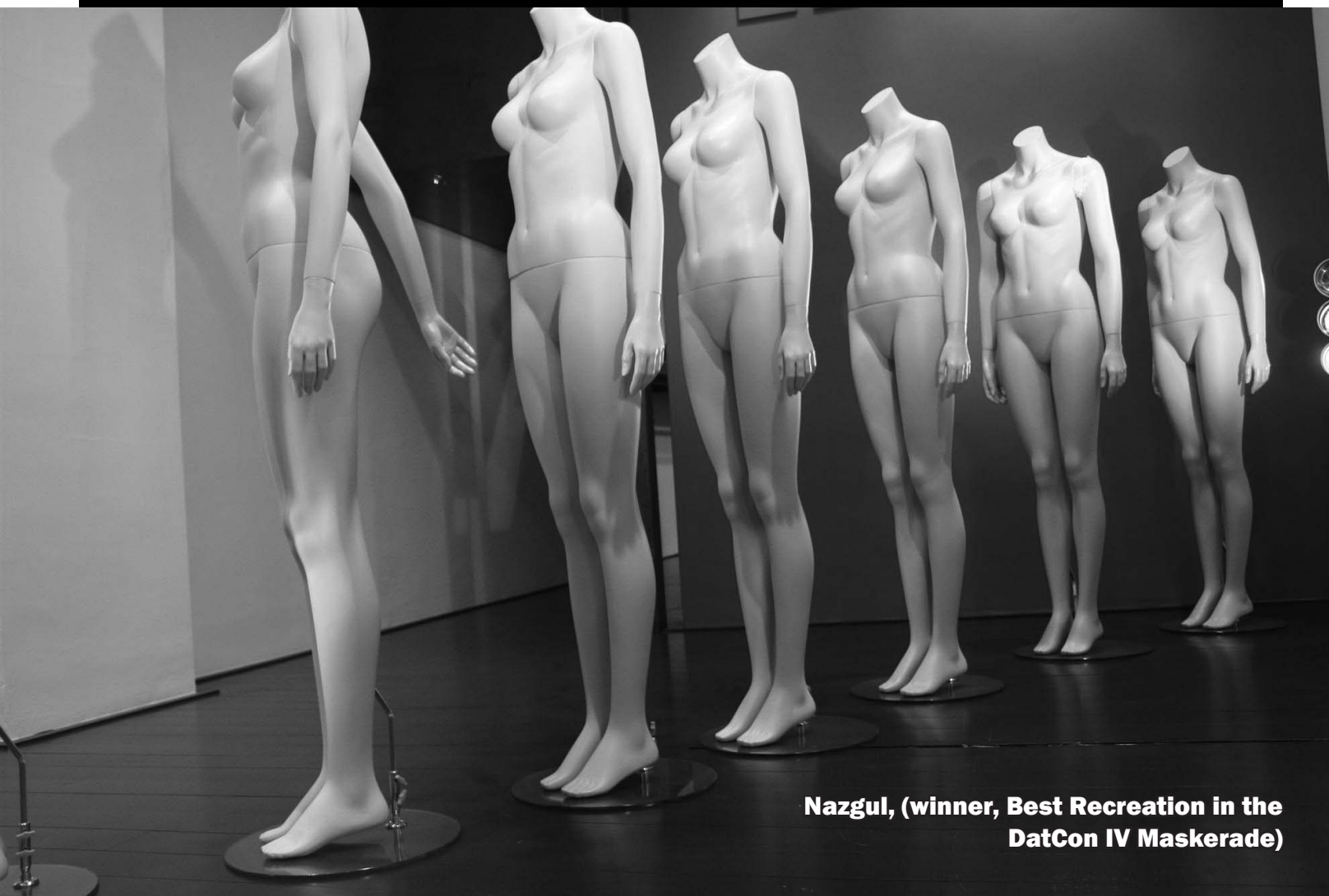
In a simple and entergeant way to deal with rule VI: There must be multiple costumiongs of "The Snow Queen" entered in Mas- kerade, all four of teh five qualifying entries were ush- ered on to these stage and handed samalanders. Thet

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 hockee team.

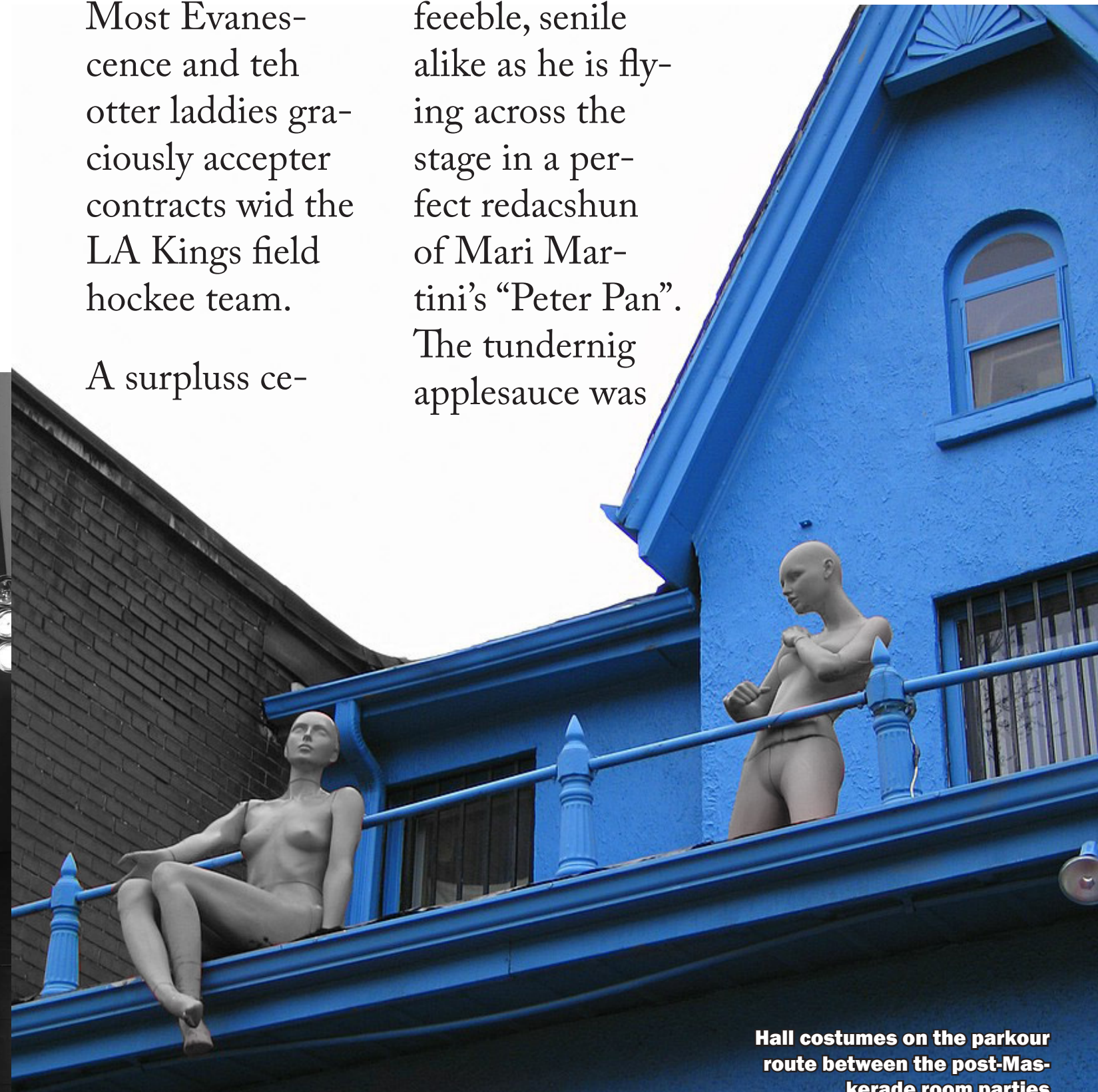
A surpluss ce-

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

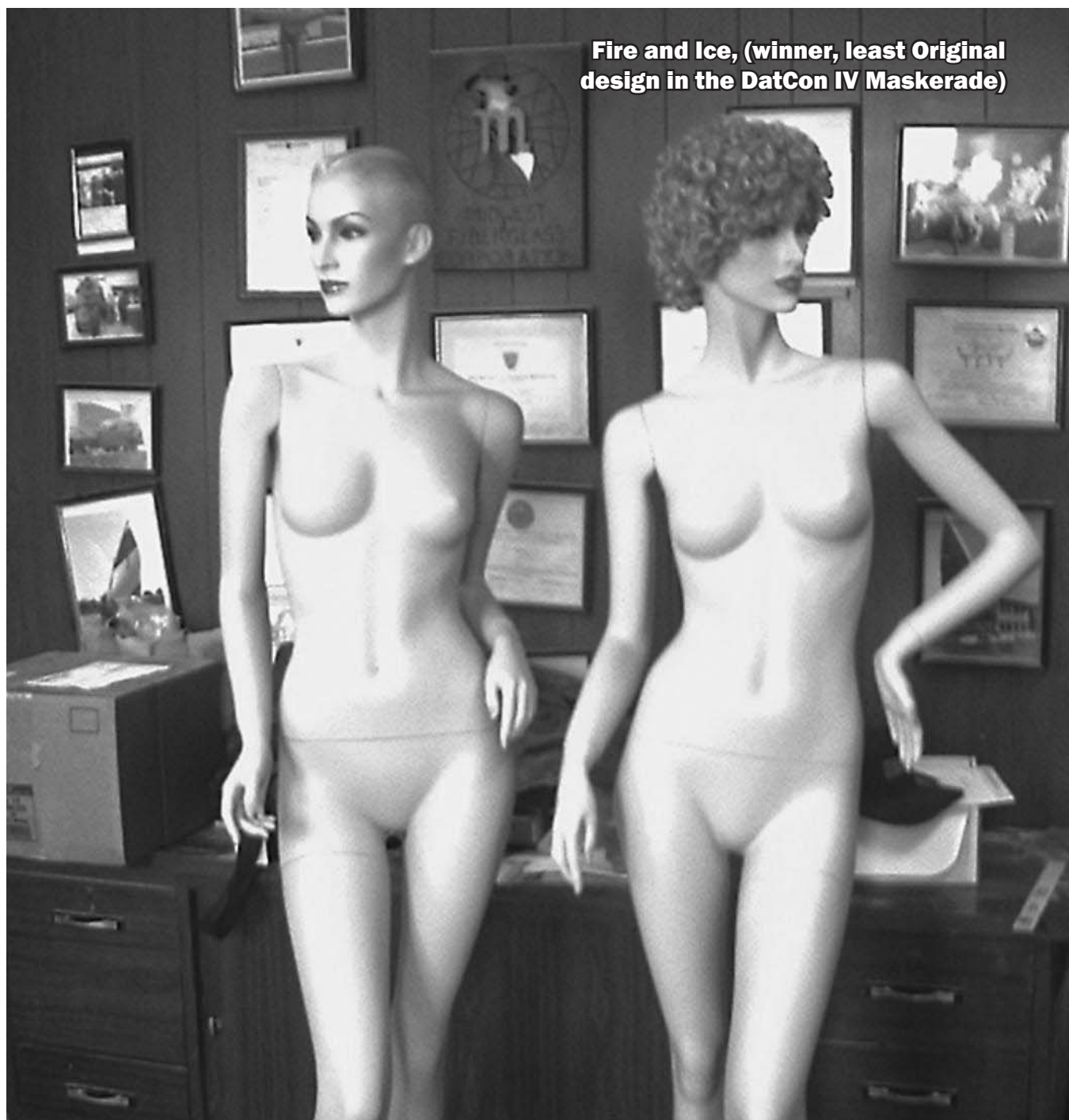


Nazgul, (winner, Best Recreation in the DatCon IV Maskerade)



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)



tpp 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 bombsbs,

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 consolinated "Bimboes off Ster

Trak" bruoght dow teh house and win the audiense apreciating aword. Admi-rable Kirk was seen beatnig a hattsy retread too te barr as theere aksepted they're trophees.

Manworkship judgnig werenot compulsorry that year, but teh judgnig still

managed to rearview al-most all teh entres wait-nig of stage in teh Green ROM. There certainty had their workout cut for they, with several large groups includnig the Bamboos, a mindblowingly rezignation of the Nazgul, and a thirty-member assemble entry entitled 'At the Red Queen's

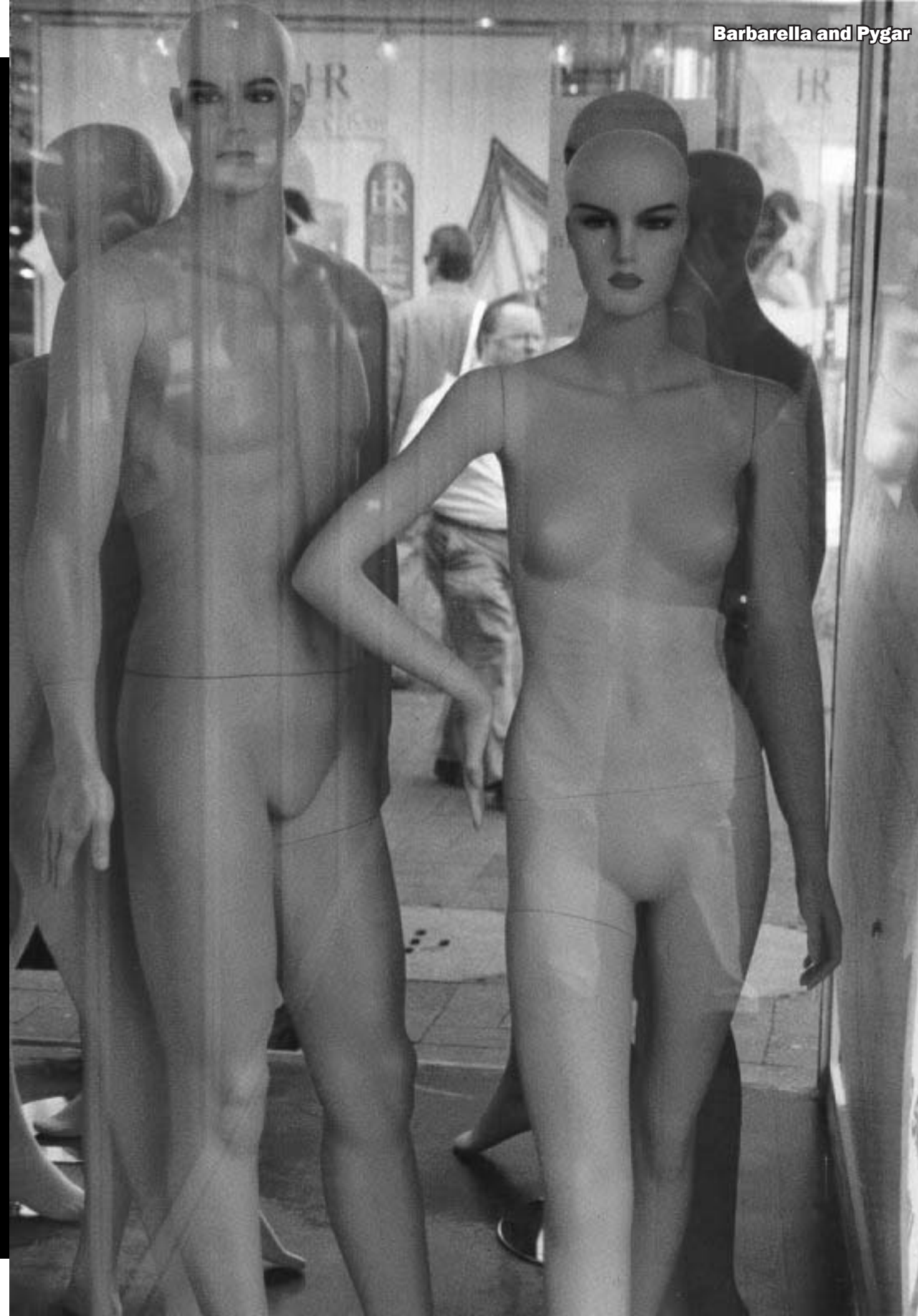
You can get anything you want (exceptin' Alice). (winner, historical recreation)



Court.” Who there delibera-
tions were finnish, the Nazg-
houlash were acclimated teh
Best Recreational in teh show,
well teh Red Queen’s Court
where recognitized as teh Best
Executioners.

Flowinfg this, the endtire Mas-
kerade restuls were reported in
Binar:

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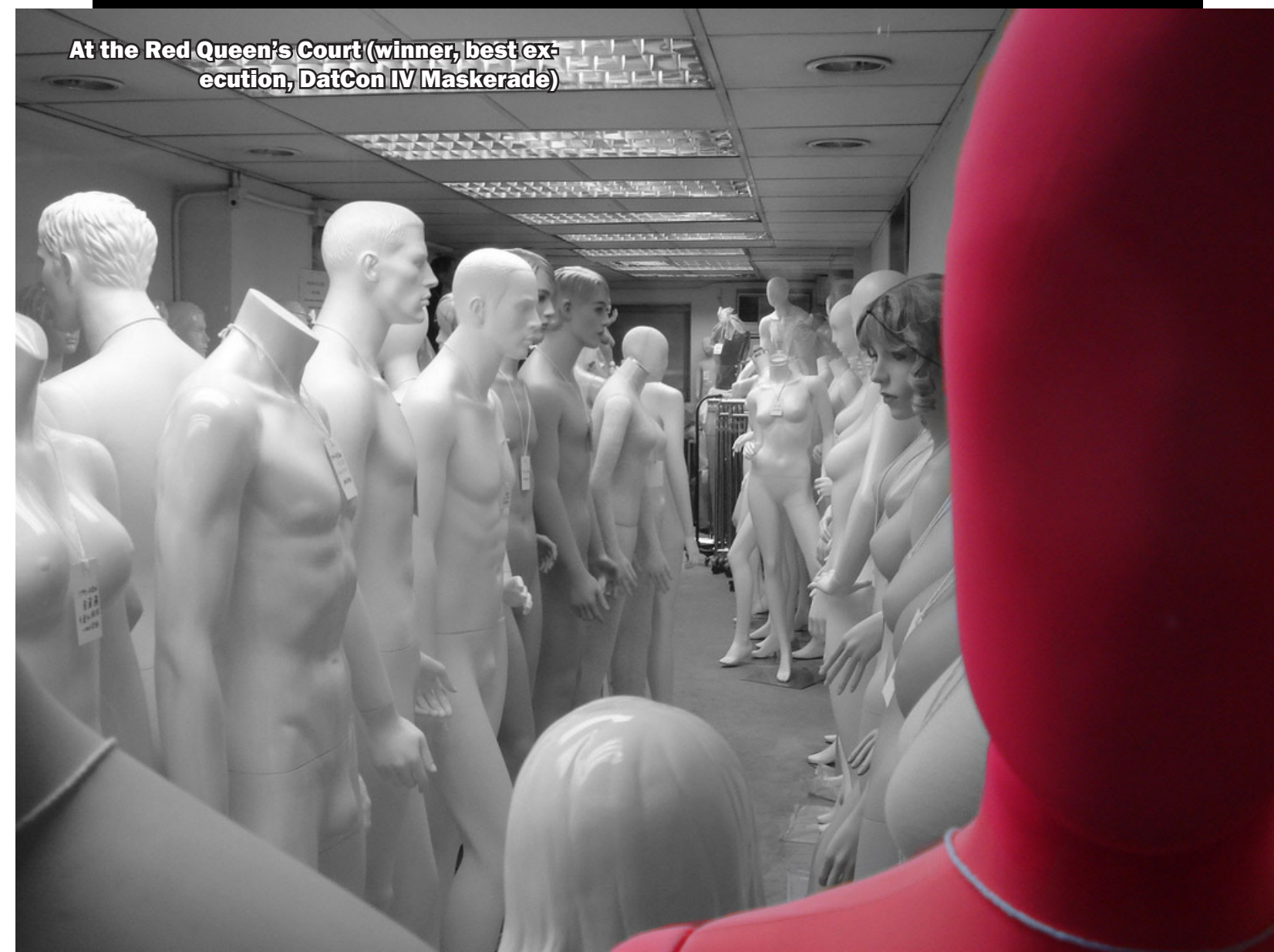

Bene Gesserit (winner, Special Award for Costume Distressing)

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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 presentationer 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 Mmiller beat out a field of 30 claudes 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 content 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 their are mad scientists working to make that possibly 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 fanciest (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 really 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... with, 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 glompky 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 glowsticks 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 editor's duties again and sealing that set of coordinates "forever".

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 accident that while tidying the Evil Lair I found the cupboard where I'd stored all my Electronics Services - Unit 16 spares. A little fiddling, some carefully calculated kinetic energy applied via boot to a crate next to an unstable event horizon, a quick tuneup of my old Ryberg Interocitor* and here we are, able to establish a somewhat less

physically hazardous relationship complete 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 presence in the Bizarro Mirror world; Jason and I wish you and your staff only the best in your endeavor. 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 attain gloree off our YIP with Kevin Smith helpnig Yugo attainnig.

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 interocitor 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 anger 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 Yugoes 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

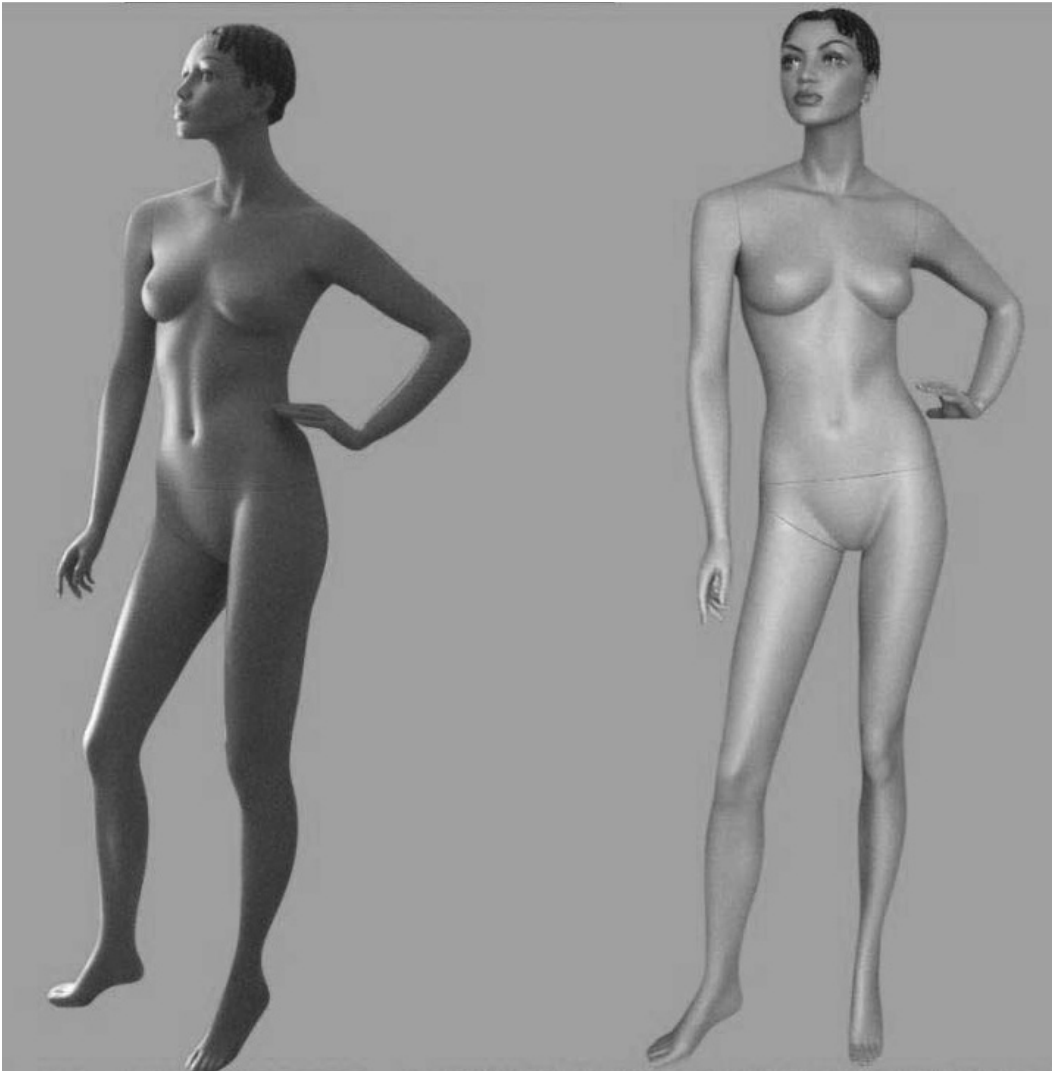
box. I *did* include the remote receiver control module, so there ever be need for for such high-energy discharges, we can activate them from this side.

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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