

The Costume Fanzine of Record

Yipe!

Volume 1

Issue 2

Irreversible



Yipe!

STAFF & CONTRIBUTORS



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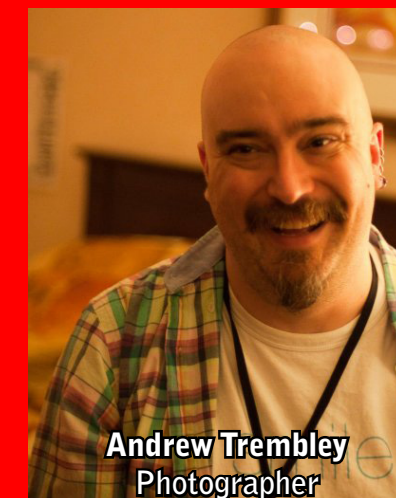
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The Costume Fanzine of Record

Letter from the Editor

Send all complaints to:
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It's that time of year again. The big event right after Thanksgiving: Black Friday.

Alright, so the consumer holiday has an over-inflated sense of importance to me since I work retail.

But the other great event following in the wake of annaul tryptophan poisoning day is LosCon. For me, that combination means a 3am wakeup call to get in line for whatever Black Friday deal is worth standing around in the freezing cold for. To date, nothing's ever been worth camping out the entire night. In the cold. Surrounded by wolves and carrion birds.

But, while the customer's experience of Black Friday is depressing, disappointing, and dangerous, it's the one day being a retailer doesn't suck like a pink Dyson on special for \$299- proceeds going to breast cancer research funds.

For once, the customer understands what it's like to be trampled by a horde of unfeeling shoppers. They know the pain of wad-



ing through knee-deep advertisements and discarded food containers as they enter the store. For once in their lives, they know the pain of reaching into a bargain bin and finding an item covered in drool because someone else let a child use it as a chew toy-- and they swallow their pride and carry it to the register because it's the last one left in the store, if not the world.

This might make you think a retailer's joy is pure schadenfreude. A thousand times no!

It's the one time the pencil pushers know they're going to have more foot traffic than they can handle, so they stock up and staff their stores like they're preparing for a zombie holocaust (which they are). For once, the customer's more stressed out than the retailer because there are no guarantees.

No rainchecks. No items put on hold. You want to be treated well, you better sweet talk that pimply teenager at the front desk.

Meanwhile, the break room is filled to the ceiling with free food to keep the workers going. The managers are counting receipts and laughing all the way to the bank. It's the one day that makes the whole rotten business worth running.

After a full day of buying and selling, the hard part for me begins: LosCon. Hard because I've been on my feet for about 14 hours before hopping in the car and driving up to L.A. Not a long haul, but after the mayhem of Black Friday, I'm lucky if I can discern both sides of the road.

The real fun of this part begins with the meet-up, wherein I call Chris Garcia to see where we're eating dinner and listen to three seconds of static when he finally picks up, then promptly loses signal. This is the great curse of the Los Angeles Airport Marriot.

Thankfully, Leigh Ann Hildebrand (mother goddess and patron saint of the Fanzine Ultralounge) has more reliable service and can guide me to the booze and festivities. And this is good, since I still have no idea

how we're going to pull off this con's Lounge theme: The Star Wars Holiday Special.

Let me begin by saying our lounges are strange affairs. The daytime and evening versions are as different as... well, yeah, not gonna double up on that cliché. So, while the regular lounge features fanzines, couches, and awkward silences, its nocturnal cousin can be identified by raucous laughter, inappropriate conversation, and the stench of whatever drink Chris has mixed and named "The Drink Tank" (because, no matter what the ingredients and how effective as an epicac the new concoction may be, it's ALWAYS "The Drink Tank").

A couple hours in, we get Leigh Ann and España Sheriff's first costume changes of the



España in her Mos Eisley Cantina gear. Bea Arthur was not on hand to comment.

All signs point to the Fanzine Ultralounge.





Espana Sheriff:
The Muscle



Leigh Ann Hildebrand:
The Brains



Leo Schwab:
The Looks



Jason Schachat:
The One Who Got A
Fleece Hoodie For Only
\$8. Can You Believe It?

night. It really depends on the night's plan of attack and whatever SMOs-MoFing Leigh Ann's up to (not touching that one). This time around, our gracious hosts were reveling in their successful bid for WesterCon 63: Confirmation. Espana and Leigh had been told to wear nice white dresses because everyone else would. Confirmation, get it?

Didn't work out so well when GoH Christian McGuire, a man I would gladly shank a stooly for, showed up in the hallway with dueling Jessica Rabbits on each arm because the theme had somehow become 'Jersey'. No, we didn't get it, either.

But the con and lounge were great successes, and Chris Garcia and I had a great time giving the Star Wars Holiday Special the full MST3K treatment. The crowd joined in, and we started a new Black Friday tradition. Well, if he doesn't kill me for what we did to the article he submitted...

Can't wait to see Chaz, Christian, and all their minions again at Anime L.A. in January.

-Jason Schachat



Sadly, Christian forgot his
slinky red dress at the dry
cleaners.



Why I Don't Costume*
*alternately "My Wand's Bigger Than Yours,
Or It Would Be If I Lowered Myself To
Carrying One, You Costumed Scumbag"

WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER J. GARCIA
ANNOTATED BY LEIGH ANN HILDEBRAND

Jason: So, yeah... for those not in the know, Chris is one of the more entertaining blights to ravage fandom in recent years. But, damn, does he have a way with words.
And I don't mean that as a compliment.

The atrocities this man commits against the English language on a daily basis are the things long-running horror movie franchises are built on.

For this purpose, noted costumer, historian, and defender of the written word Leigh Ann Hildebrand has been recruited to annotate the... piece.

Granted, she only agreed to do so if given a bottle of merlot-- and when no merlot could be found, promptly settled for the bacon-flavored vodka and Midori we'd been subsisting on for the last few days-- but she rose to the task like a true champion.

Let us start with the obvious: without trying, I look like Capt. Caveman. [Actually, it's very trying...] I'm furry, and with the ragged, ever-expanding beard [It's called shaving, dude.] and hair that sometimes can't make up its own damn mind about how it will behave, I don't have a lot of options as to what I'll look like everyday. In a way, I'm constantly in a state of costume, at least follically. [As someone once said, "Poor grooming is not a costume"] Here's another fact: I'm a big guy of Mexican descent. [Playing the race card again?] I, like my father before me and his father before him, am basically a

factory for sweat. [Ew.] The layer of well-earned blubber, combined with the amount of hair I've managed to gather makes it possible for me to live without a coat or sweater. [There are plenty of fat and/or hirsute costumers, you know. Unless you mean you're stockpiling hair and blubber as a hobby. In which case, ew.] It's a fair trade-off!

The one thing it does make rather difficult is costuming. That's not the only reason why I so seldom play dress-up, [Oh, I hope he knows we have absolutely no interest in his private life...] but it is one. [1.] Why spend

so much time and/or money if you're simply going to sweat it all up? [A thousand SCA fighters felt the sting on that one. As if their voices suddenly cried out--] That is reason number 1 of about 4-ish for my lack of costuming. [2! You gave 2!]

And I will admit it's slightly odd I don't costume.

I'm a huge Steampunk fan [this week]. I love the literature, the art, and the folks who go the extra league [Oh! I see what you did there!] to create their amazing togs [from the obsolete togeman, from obsolete French *togue*, cloak, from Latin *toga*, garment. See *pretentious*.] and props. I just don't like dressing up, and,

when I attend Steampunk events, I'm always the odd man out in a way, because I'm the one in the t-shirt and black pants. [That's not why you're the odd man out, honey...] Honestly, it does help a bit because at an event like SteamCon you could easily have said "Oh Chris, he's the guy without the goggles or top hat" [...



The SF/SF Steampunk Picnic at Rosicrucian Park. Note that, aside from photographers, Christopher J. Garcia is the only human being or human analog out of costume.



Christopher J. Garcia and his moral superiors at Sillicon 2008, clearly not in costume because he's dressed like a Mexican and OBVIOUSLY is one in real life.

or the beard trimmer or the Flowbee...] and you'd pretty much be describing me alone. [Because the hotel staff is *always* invisible at cons...] The funny thing is I was having a conversation with a lass who was absolutely amazing in her Victorian dress and bustle [Huge tracts of bustle... Those are the things on the front, right?] with an automatic de-bustling feature. In said conversation, I had to explain there was such a thing as

Steampunk literature. [Our man among the savages, wielding the light of edumacation!]

"Really? So a bunch of writers copied the costumes that people were doing for stories?" She said. [He's making that shit up!]

One must be very careful when answering such questions...[*Victorian walking boot to the head*]

The Lovely and Talented Linda Wenzelburger arrives too late to SiliCon 2009.



It is funny when I come back from conventions and am talking with my friends at work and they ask what I dressed up as at the con, as if there's no other option than to costume when attending a convention. [Maybe they're just hoping you change clothes on the weekends? Like a hobby?] I always explain I have a series of near-

costumesque t-shirts that act as replacements. [No, not really. Not so much.]

Of course, possibly the biggest reason for my lack of costumosity is general lack of time. [Leaving aside the lack of skill, money, style, and... did I say skill?] Of course, [Did I say of course again? Of course, I did!] I could ask The Lovely &

Talented Linda, my long-suffering costumer girlfriend [emphasis on the suffering], to make stuff for me, but she's got enough of her own material to create without me dumping projects on her lap. [Then again, maybe she'd like to attend a formal event without Fred Flintstone as her date. Just a thought.]

There's another thing



A Renn Faire, where Christopher J. Garcia doesn't parade around in a peasant shirt because he's not a Renn Faire guy and doesn't costume.

I'm not a part of that is costume-related: character-playing. [Again with the private life. I'm cutting out the next three pages and skipping to the end.]

I'm not a Renn Faire guy [Oh no, actually. There are plenty of guys who go to Renn Faires in t-shirts and stupid hats. You're practically an archetype!], nor do I revel in those events where you take on a character, adopting both their dress and manner as best one can. [Taking on the pretend role of writer

and filmmaker doesn't count?] This really isn't my thing. [For countless values of 'thing'...] Linda often mentions that the bits that I do such as the frequent Walken-talking and running gags are basically character stuff, but there's a massive difference between shtick [derived from the Yiddish word *shtik*, meaning "piece"] or bits and character-playing. [Bless her long-suffering heart. That woman, she is a saint. A motherfuckin' saint, I tell you. When I imagine that woman lying in the dark

while you attempt bedroom talk in a Christopher Walken voice... well, I say a little prayer. After that, I squirt bleach in my ears in the fruitless attempt to forget that very image. And then I say another little prayer. A saint, I tell you.] There's no expectation in shtick. None whatsoever! [No expectation = no disappointment!] You can come in and out of it at will. Character stuff tends to be far more serious play. [Quick, someone tell all those Dickens performers they're doin' it wrong!] There's



Again, this must be evening wear, not costuming.

an expectation of staying in character. [Amusingly enough, that's an expectation of daily life for many of us...] I can never manage to do that [we know], much preferring to flit in and out of being one thing or another [TMI. "Flitting in and out" is an interesting euphemism, though...], which is even more fun because you can comment on the weirdness of the situation you're putting out there. [See also: Christopher Walken in a Fred Flinstone shirt making with the sexy talk in bed. A saint, I tell you. Bless her heart.] I actually did join

Linda at a dinner based on 18th Century France and was massively uncomfortable [for everyone involved, one imagines] up until the point where folks had enough champagne to drop the characters and simply have a good time in the garb. [Hehehehe, he said garb.] Then it was a hoot and a half, though admittedly not at all what the event was supposed to be. [Remind us not to invite you to any sex parties. That's all I'm saying.]

Then there's another thing: I've got no reason to want to play like I'm

someone or something I'm not on a regular basis. I'm one of those people who lives his fandoms. ["He so Core, his shit smell like mimeo fluid."] I don't have 'Con Chris' and 'Work Chris' or whatever. I'm the same guy all the time. [We'll call him "Not Trying Very Hard Chris."] I bring my fandom with me everywhere I go, and that's a good life to lead. ["I haven't washed it in *years*, and that's an awkward life to lead."] Yeah, it probably disqualifies me from a life of politics, [That and SO many other things.] but it allows me to make connections in so many different areas. It also makes it unnecessary to try and play some other character. [You could try on "Responsible Adult Chris", perhaps?] It's like that mirror in Harry Potter where the happiest man in the world would see himself exactly as he was. I'm not the perfectly happy man, but there's no part of my life that's not a part of the rest of it, so why do I need to go outside of it? [Current theory is this is the opening salvo in your "I'm giving up clothing altogether" rant. After all, what's more authentic than naked fandom? THAT's Core, baby.] That's probably an overly-simple string of reasoning, [Very astute of



The Garcia as a young man. This is what is known in the industry as a "cute kid"

you!] but it makes sense to me. [In the Chris-o-verse, none of us wear clothing.]

Then there's also the fact that I have no talent for any form of artistry or craftiness. [Sinner be healed! The truth comes out! ...but, then again, heard of shopping?] That's a big deal. I can't draw, I can sew on a button, but it's not pretty, I can't can't even draft. [Can't write, can't edit, can't direct, can't show up on time, can't mix a drink, can't taste the difference between diet and regular, can't write a paragraph about costuming that doesn't insult pretty much every other fan and costumer on the planet...] These are all things that help in the building of costumes. [And the maintaining

of polite social relations *cough*] The lack of cash is also an impediment. I don't know where folks get the cash to do all of these magnificent costumes, [jobs] but it's not something I could afford. [Sale day at Savers just doesn't work for you?] I talked to a costumer at WindCon ["All windbags, all the time."] who said the wooden backpack time-regulator he built cost him more than a month's rent. That's dedication! [I know

people who shave every day! THAT'S dedication!]

So, I'm not a costumer, and as much as I love getting to see all the work y'all put into your works, I don't think I'll be joining you anytime soon. ["I'm still working through basic matching shirt and pants dressing, to be honest..."] I'll keep running your photos in The Drink Tank and Exhibition Hall [Whether you give me permission or not!] and drooling over



Chris before the beard ate his face. Again, no trace of Captain Caveman on this unwitting innocent.

No, even posing as the lead singer of the Spin Doctors doesn't count as costuming.



(figuratively) the amazing ray guns [Again, private life ...lalalala not listening...] and brass goggles you're wearing. [And nothing else. Oh, Linda. The tortures you suffer for us all...] Just because I probably wouldn't wear them doesn't mean the magpie in me doesn't want to collect them!

Leigh Ann Hildebrand is an internationally recognized writer and religious scholar.

Christopher J. Garcia escaped from the Jim Henson Workshop and has eluded capture for over thirty years. He's a freak of nature, but we love him so. He's a freak of nature, but we let him grow.

Sheriff Don't Like It

by España Sheriff



I couldn't help but notice the theme of this particular issue of Yipe! is how non-costumers view costumers within fandom. It's disturbingly similar to the way non-fans view fandom in general but with an added element of self-loathing mixed in.

In the same way we all cringe at the dinner table when grandpa says something offensive, costuming seems to hit some fans too close to home. Like it's okay to play a videogame for 36 hours straight, buy a \$300 bust of Elektra, or feel the urge to punch George Lucas in the face for his crimes against Star Wars, but costuming somehow breaks some unspoken taboo that's an embarrassment to the tribe, and the guilty must be shunned lest

we all suffer.

Well, I beg to differ. I love fandom, I love fans, and one of the things I love most about them is when they let their freak flag fly. In the past few years, I have made a conscious effort to wear *more* costumes because I love the feeling when you walk into a hotel or convention center and see right away this place is Different. It's not just the costumes, and the costumes are not necessary, but just like flowers on the table or two tone trim on a San Francisco Victorian, sometimes it's the little things that warm the heart.

I love that Forry wore a Man of the Future silver costume to the first ever Worldcon, that Bridget Landry is a

Further Confusion 2009 hall costumes raise the freak flag straight into the stratosphere.



female rocket scientist and comfortable enough with us and herself to wear a Star Trek “Mirror, Mirror” uniform. I love the variety of looks we sometimes get from non-fans; amused, confused, disparaging and sometimes wary. I love it even more that most of the time the costumers in question don’t even see these looks, wrapped up in the intensity of the world we’ve created within the convention. I love that Steampunk has made it okay for more people than ever to wear costumes, and the fact that these costumes are obviously historically-based seems to make them more approachable to outsiders while still being enourmously geeky in so many ways.

So yes... I understand there are people who don’t want to costume, and that’s okay. I don’t think anyone needs to establish their fannish credentials, least of all in such a specific way. And I get it when professionals who’ve had to explain they’re not weird just because they write weird stuff get uncomfortable around a sea of costumes. But being weird is okay, being weird is what makes us fans. Surely, the weird heart of the genre is what attracted us in the first place. It’s okay to not want to enjoy things in the same way as someone else without having to disparage them for it in order to make yourself feel better.

At the end of the day, I costume for two reasons. The first is the simple joy of dressing up. I see very little difference between choosing an outfit to wear to a danceclub, party, or wedding and dressing up for conventions. The outfits for each are different, but, for me, the process is identical.

The second is as a way of participating. A great quote from David Mamet’s *State & Main*, popularized by Joss Whedon, sums it up nicely; “Everybody makes their own fun. If you don’t make it yourself, it ain’t fun -- it’s entertainment.”.

This ethos is central to fandom as I experience it and is the reason conventions have memberships instead of tickets. At our best, we *fen* are doers. We write, draw, sing, dance, worldbuild, game, and run conventions. These are all participatory and creative activities in one way or another. My costuming is part and parcel with volunteering, the fanzine lounge,



All 10 Doctors gathered onstage at Gallifrey One 2009.

contributing to zines, and creating fan art. I do these things because they make me happy AND because I hope they contribute to the gestalt.

Of course, I’m preaching to the converted, here. But, on the off-chance any non-costume loving folks are reading, let me leave you with this final thought; We are not so different, you and I. Next time you apply lipstick for a date, find just the right t-shirt for the midnight show of the latest comic book movie, or re-do the knot in your tie to make it just so at a friend’s wedding, look at yourself in that mirror and consider how what you’re wearing is going to contribute to everyone’s experience. And then spare a kind thought for the girl in the silver spacegirl costume.

Kevin at Further Confusion 2009.



Kindred Spirits

BY JEAN MARTIN



There are as many different stories of how costumers began costuming as there are members in the costuming community. This is my own, probably unique story.

I only found out about costuming a few years ago, which is too bad because I would have been doing this earlier if I only knew. I feel like I've missed out on many costuming opportunities, so I'm even more motivated to costume as much as I can. I pretty much go to costume events year-round... almost every weekend. Someone said I reminded him of the song "(Everyday is) Halloween" by Ministry, which is somewhat ironic because I didn't grow up with Halloween as it was not celebrated in the Philippines before I moved to the U.S. in 1987.

In fact, there weren't many times I got to costume in the Philippines other than the occasional school play or program. In my senior year of high school though, I had the lead role in War and Peace and felt like a princess in my costume. Last year, I got to reprise the role of Countess Natasha Rostova at the Bay Area English Regency Society (BAERS) War and Peace Ball, where I wore a reproduction of the gown Audrey Hepburn wore in the 1956 movie version.

I did get to wear a costume once



to a Renaissance Fair in the late 1980s/early 1990s, and I believe I went to a Dickens Fair once around that time as well... though not in costume. I got a taste for costuming then but didn't realize I could be involved and even fully immersed in it. It would take me more than a decade to wade in and take the plunge.

Costuming came into my life quite by accident in 2003 when I discovered BAERS. I was researching historical details for a Regency novel I was writing. I went to a

BAERS dance in October 2003 and discovered not only did I love dancing, especially this form of dance, but there would be opportunities to dress up in Regency attire at future balls. I've always loved period movies. Especially the costumes. To be able to wear these clothes was a dream come true.

Not having the talent or much experience in sewing (I didn't do well in sewing classes in high school), I talked to some people and found out eBay and thrift stores were good sources for

costumes. I discovered I had the knack for finding things and putting outfits together. I also realized I had quite a good knowledge of historical as well as scifi and fantasy costumes. I'm not generally a fashionista, so most of my clothing budget for the next several years went to building a costume collection. I may have gone overboard because I had literally 10 pages worth of costumes and props when I listed them all.

So it's safe to say I'm addicted to costuming. I'm trying to re-use costumes now and





only buy new things when I absolutely have to.

I also got some instruction from my friend Cordelia a few years ago when I joined her group for my first masquerade competition. I also took a beginner's sewing class and found I enjoyed it more than when I was actually doing it for myself instead of a school requirement.

Still, my sewing skills are meager at best, and I rarely have the time to sew. I only

generally sew for masquerades when workmanship is being judged. However, I surprised myself by sewing, from scratch and within a short amount of time, an Oren Ishii kimono from Kill Bill for a BayCon hall costume group and an Evelina Roman gown for the "Fires of Pompeii" party at Galifrey One (a Doctor Who convention) this year.

Speaking of masquerades and conventions, I found out about BayCon through

BAERS, as well. BAERS does two Regency dancing nights at BayCon. My first con experience (other than the commercial Creation ones) was in May 2004. I wore a pink Regency gown to BayCon, and that one night changed my life. I had no idea this kind of convention existed. I felt like I'd discovered a whole new world I didn't know I was seeking but always yearned for. I found my niche and my tribe.



I was surprised to discover quite a bit of crossover between historical re-enactment/dancing and the science fiction convention communities. From then on, my fandom life exploded, and I have made many friends and become involved in several groups and activities. I have even been part of costuming panels at BayCon (Steampunk) and SiliCon (masquerades).

Additionally, the Period Events and Entertainment Re-creation Society (PEERS) has become one of my main priorities since I went to my first PEERS ball-- which just happened to be a Lord of the Rings-inspired one. I've been huge fan of the books since I read them in 1983 and loved the movies, as well. So the Return of the King Ball in February 2004 was another turning point in my life.

I had lived in San Mateo for 10 years and never knew PEERS was happening in my neighborhood for longer than that! I vowed I would go to PEERS as much as I possibly could to enjoy all the different themes they have for each ball. These range from the Renaissance to the 1960s to even sci-fi, fantasy, and, more recently, Steampunk.

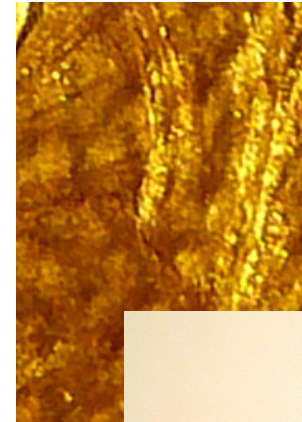
Thus, my costumes run



the gamut between these different styles. I mostly pick costumes of characters I like that I think I would look good in or would suit my personality. Most people recommend the roles (for I oftentimes have to adopt a role in conjunction with the costume) of elegant women. Elegance does seem to come naturally to me, although I have successfully worn sexier outfits such as my Marlena Moreau costume

from the Star Trek episode “Mirror, Mirror,” and, more recently, the Sally Jupiter/Silk Spectre (Watchmen) costume I wore to SiliCon.

Some of my more memorable costuming experiences include: Inara for Comic-Con 2005 and WonderCon 2006 (where our group won Best Presentation); BayCon Best in Show awards in 2006 (Spamalot), 2007 (11

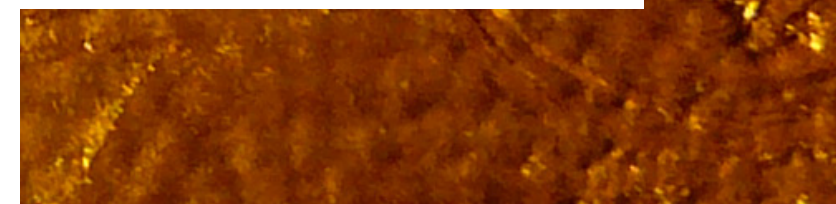


Princess Leias) and 2008 (Hogwarts School Musical); the Greater Bay Area Costumers Guild’s Night at Rivendell in 2005 (as Eowyn) and Mrs. Darcy’s Regency Tea this year (as Mrs. Darcy); Toshiko Sato (Torchwood) at Gal-lifrey 2009 (where I got to meet the real Tosh in person); and the Science Fiction/San Francisco First Ever Steampunk Picnic and Egyptian Museum Tour last August (as Cleopatra).

One big costuming extravaganza for me was Costume-Con 2008 at the San Jose Doubletree Hotel that year. That con was one of the best I’ve experienced because almost all of my creative interests converged that weekend. I



was part of the newsletter staff; there was dancing (I was even involved in a dance demo); and my dance, scifi, fantasy and historical re-enactment friends were all there in one convention! I was also involved in a time travel multimedia skit. I wore several different types of costumes at the con and I felt like a star because I had “paparazzi” stopping me to take photos all weekend.





It reminds me of how I wanted to become an actress when I was a little girl. I suppose that's where my love of costuming comes from. I've always had a theatrical bent, but I don't have the time, talent or inclination to do it

professionally. I'm more than happy enough and fulfilled through cosplay, modeling (the occasional photo shoot), masquerade performances at cons, and roleplaying/stage performances at PEERS. To me, cos-tuming is more than

just a hobby... it is my passion. Being part of a community of creative, wonderful, and dynamic kindred spirits is my life. And will continue to be into the foreseeable future.

Letter from the Other Editor

Send all complaints to:
Kevin@yipezine.com

The first half of November is pretty much a blur to me. Not because I was busy doing exciting costume events, but because right after the World Fantasy Convention I was laid flat on my back with hamthrax, aka H1N1 influenza (we presume it was that, as the symptoms matched and I'd had the seasonal flu vaccine)*...

I did recover in time, however, for the 2009 Fall/Winter Open House at St. George Spirits Distillery. Usually, this means that my husband (and Yipe! Staff Photographer) Andy and I will trot out our St. George Spirits Special Forces Tactical Alcohol Consumption



Squad #21 uniforms and meet a bunch of the other T.A.C. Squad members at the open house (where we will repeatedly explain that no, we are not employees of St. George, just really big fans, and they kindly gave us permission to use some of their label art on our insignia). This year, however, the theme was "Cheesy Prom Night" (or, more accurately, "Cheesy 80s"), and since we don't yet have dress uniforms for the SGSSF, we started looking for other wardrobe options. Andy suggested that we just go Goth, since "every prom has the goth clique standing



The Goths cheerfully gloom up St. George Spirits Distillery.

over in their corner.” Diving into the wardrobe and applying mascara and eyeliner, our little clique did just that.

Some may complain that we look far too cheerful and sparkly to be true goths, to which I reply who wouldn’t be smiling while enjoying the company and refresh-

ements at an S.G.S. open house? Call us glam goth if you insist, but we had great fun turning heads and being stopped for photos all day, which was the point, after all.

While Jason and many of our friends and acquaintances were lounging about at LosCon, Andy and I attended the first SorcererCon at the DoubleTree in San Jose. The convention was very small, only about 50 people (plus the dealers), so there was no formal masquerade. There were several good costume pro-

gram items, however, and many attendees took the time to dress in costume on Saturday night just for the fun of it.

And that, of course, is really the point.

If you are thinking about holiday gifts or New Year’s

resolutions and your costuming friends and habits, let me offer a suggestion. Resolve to throw a costume-encouraged party or event in 2010. It needn’t be extravagant, but providing yet another fun place for people to have fun dressing up would be a lovely gift to your circle of acquaintances, and offer a little more

whimsy to the rest of the world who might run into y’all.

*I’m still trying to rebuild my stamina, so pardon me if I’ve babbled (and HUGE kudos to Jason for carrying me this month!)

-Kevin Roche

Costuming comes to SorcererCon 2009, whether they’re prepared for it or not.





December 2, 2009
Dear Jason and Kevin:

Hey guys! Congrats on your first issue, and way to go on a new fanzine, especially for costuming. As with other zines from the BArea, here are comments from me to you on Yipe! Vol. 1, No. Xero.

(Greetings to Andy, too... being a costuming photographer is a great assignment. I know a masquerade photographer, but his portfolio is mostly out of focus...no, he's not being artistic... With all the PEERS and BAERS events in town, there are many opportunities to take

photos and immortalize them with electrons.)

Yvonne and I were in costuming fandom as far back as the mid-80s when we attended our first Worldcon in Chicago, and we were there, with friends, as the Royal Canadian Mounted StarFleet. We won prizes that year, and had a great time. We competed in several Worldcons after that, but found that the politics in costuming fandom was too intense for our liking. We turned to running masquerades at our local conventions, but the politics were still too much, and we turned away from costumes and more

towards convention management, Worldcons and for me, fanzines. Only over the last year and a half did the sudden appeal of steampunk bring us back into costuming. Everyone has aged and mellowed; we won't compete, but we will enjoy wearing the costumes.

Kevin: The mid-80s was when I recall the competition was both at its fiercest and its snarkiest.

Ricky and Karen Dick are coming up to Toronto some time this year, can't remember which convention, probably Polaris, and there's our old friend Peggy Kennedy, who along with husband Pat, en-



Peggy Kennedy, creator of the masquerade skill division system

couraged us to have fun, no matter the costume we were wearing. We wore costumes designed by Erté one Worldcon, and while there was popular appeal, no awards or mention. The next Worldcon, Pat pulled us aside and told us that the previous year, we finished dead last in the Worldcon masquerade. Our costumes were so weird, the judges didn't know how to judge us, so they gave us all zeroes, and carried on with the next entry. The Royal Canadian Mounted StarFleet pissed off George Paczolt

and Sally Fink because we were on stage before they were, and the crowd was still laughing at our presentation song as George and Sally were attempting a serious presentation. Yup, our fault... George had a panel at the next Worldcon to complain about those horrible StarFleet people, never once realizing that Yvonne and I were sitting in the front row...

At the Baltimore Worldcon in 1983, we helped Marty Gear with masquerade registration, and got to meet Adrienne Martine-Barnes at dinner. Bjo Trimble was a guest at the '84 Maplecon in Ottawa, and we assisted her with masquerade programming at L.A.con that year. We even spent some time at their home, helping with painting mannequins and having a good time with the Shibanos from Japan. Yvonne was instrumental, along with Marty Gear and Barb Schofield, in establishing recreated costumes from movies and television as a legitimate competition category. We all figured it took a lot of effort to not just make a costume look like the original, but to make it look identical through pain-staking research.

Why compete? Why wear them? Many of us are subconsciously competing every time we go to a convention. We want to be appreciated, and come out on top somehow. We have egos that need a stroke or two from time to time. We may have skills we want to showcase...Yvonne's a great tailor/seamstress/dressmaker, and she's made all the Hawaiian shirts I wear, plus a lot of her own clothes.

(Kevin, if you were at the L.A.con IV masquerade, we entered as Neptune and Pet. I was wearing an awful lot of blue hairspray and dark green makeup. Someone tossed part of Yvonne's costume (the head) in the garbage at one point that night, and we had to improvise. I did not know that the term 'cosplay' goes back to that week.)

Jason: My mutant memory recalls Kevin running around as Conrad at that masquerade. Alibi?

Kevin: I remember Neptune and Pet! And I think you mean goes back to LACon II, right?

Today, we're back in touch with all the local costumers, and trading ideas back and forth. We'll never compete again, but we will enjoy the

Conrad T. Lizard,
Lounge Lizard Extraordinaire



steampunk costumes we've put together, and we're working on more. We sent a lot of steampunk pictures to Chris Garcia for Exhibition Hall, ask him for them if you think you could use them.

Kevin: I think many of us who caught up in the craziness of the 80s in fan costuming have mellowed somewhat since then. I certainly take great pleasure still from putting pieces on stage, but find the payoff comes from the performance now rather than the competition. And I've always been a hall

costume addict; that's one of the motivations for Yipe!

Jason, the layout of the zine looks great, but on any given computer screen, it's tough to see all of a double-page spread, especially with small type.

Jason: I took our standard font size up to 14 point semibold after Issue Xero. On my 14.1 inch laptop, Yipe! reduced to 64.9% size has a font as large as Yahoo! News'. Honestly hope we never need to make body text bigger than that.

Kevin: As Jason will no doubt mention, the small version of the file is formatted in a single-page spread; we've also learned that tiny white text on an orange background doesn't work very well.

I don't know what else can be done, especially when costume photos show up through the centre. The steampunk magazines I get also do that, and I could use an extra-wide computer screen to see it all and read the type.

Jason: Just zoom in on the section you want to read. I will forgive the blatant disregard for my gorgeous composition.

A limited copy would allow all pages to show as an 8 1/2x11 page in a .pdf. I'm being picky, but it might make the zine even more readable than it is now.

Jason: This I couldn't agree with more. So, every issue of Yipe! has simultaneously been released in the single page small format and the two page large format.

A BArea zine with no Chris Garcia in it? Can it be so? Can it happen? Yes, it can!

Well, it did for two issues at least, right? In all seriousness,

thanks to Chris for submitting an article which we could promptly skewer and use as a weapon against him. I'm sure it'll only encourage him to send more articles about not-costuming to us in the future.

Many thanks, guys, and make another issue. Looking forward to it.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Saturday, November 28,
2009

LETTER TO A FRIEND
BACK HOME

Dear **mike**PERSON IN ROOM,
Well, here we are at the **farfing** ADJECTIVE Seaside Hotel in (the) **saturn**

A PLACE. The weather is **stinky** ADJECTIVE and the temperature is **3** NUMBER degrees. Our hotel room looks out onto a garden filled with **escargo** TYPE OF FOOD trees and tropical **sausages** PLURAL NOUN. The natives are all **transvestite** ADJECTIVE and spend their time

crapping VERB ENDING IN 'ING' and riding their **evil overlords** PLURAL NOUN through the streets. Most of them only speak **esperanto** LANGUAGE, but I can communicate by making signs with my **penis** PART OF THE BODY. The local food is really **long** ADJECTIVE. Mostly they eat **french** ADJECTIVE burritos and refried **cocktails** TYPE OF FOOD (PLURAL). Our hotel only costs a hundred **farts** SILLY WORD (PLURAL) a day. We are going to spend the week **choking** VERB ENDING IN 'ING' and then come home. Wish you were here.

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Mette (via iPhone)

Jason: Back in October, Kevin approached Mette Hedin to write up an article for us about her approach to costuming. Something along the lines of "WTF?!"

Just as Mette's punk Slytherin on the front cover was the opposite of the winged Costume Con contestant above it, this (hopefully) drunken missive was the complete opposite of Lloyd's well-considered analysis.

Thanks for the theme, Mette!

Dr. No, España, and Mette recovering from
a long night of drinking at SiliCon 2009.





YIPE! DECEMBER 2009

Yipezine.com