

The Costume Fanzine of Record

# Yippe!

Volume 2

Issue 10

What a Drag



**YIPE!**

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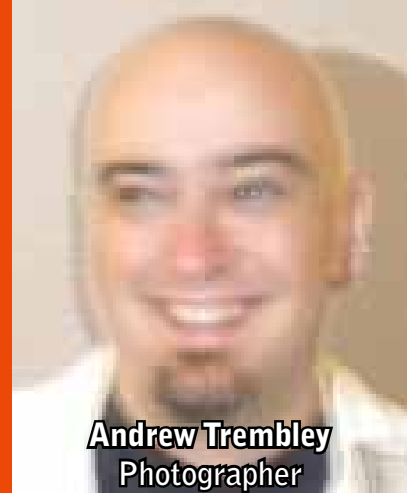
# The Costume Fanzine of Record



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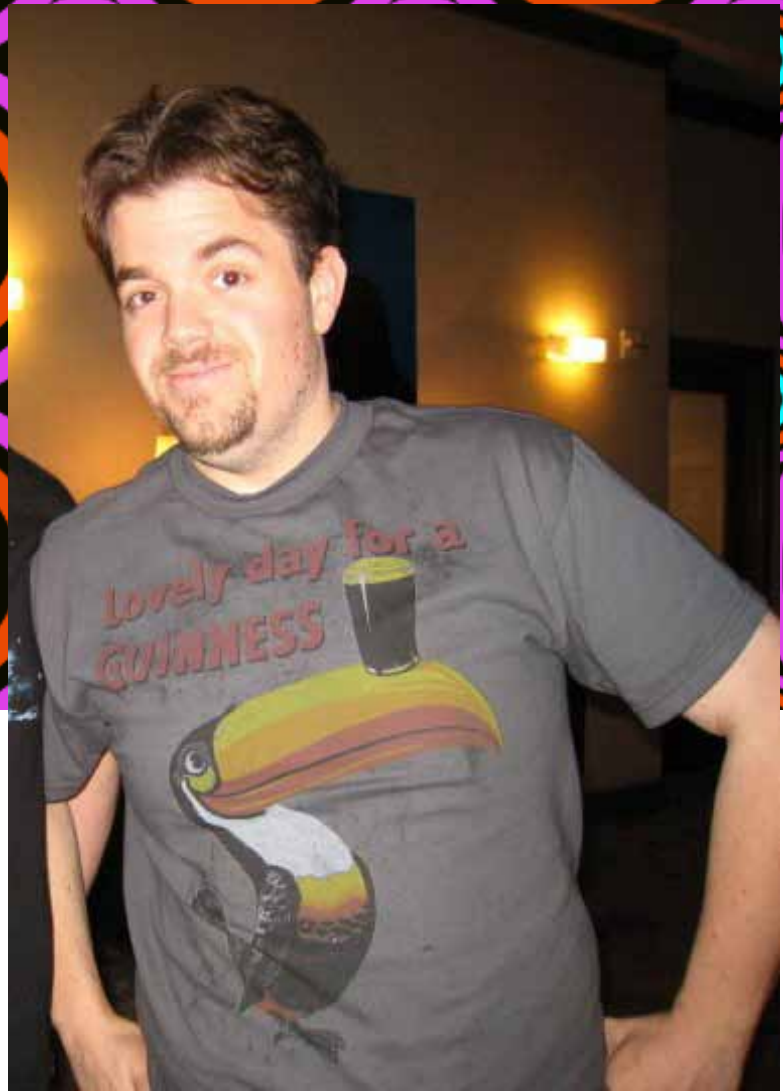


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# Letter from the Editor

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So, it's been about a year since I last apologized for not presenting you, our loyal readers, with a Halloween-themed issue.

Oh, you think I'm apologizing now? With all the other atrocities we've committed on these pages, failing to stick to a Halloween theme seems pretty minor. You're not going blind from the background pattern right now? Good, because I didn't intend to apologize for that, either.

But we are sorry for the tardiness that's hit the Yipe! offices of late. A combination of disease, vacations, work-related stupidity, and costume malfunctions have kept us away from our keyboards whenever deadlines are near.

No, it's not the booze. We can handle that.

So, I do apologize for the lateness of our postings. We have millions of excuses, but fact is we're late. Really, really late. And it's

been a real drag.

Hey, look! A segue.

This month has Kevin exploring the intricacies of the Imperial Court, España pondering the rise of crossplay in fandom, and Mette's in-depth feature on the inimitable Chika.

We may be late, and it's drag, but it's also our first issue dedicated to Drag, and that's no-- Oh, you get it.

Happy Halloween!

Jason Schachat

# Tiaras, Teeth and Tips

The Imperial Court System: Looking Fabulous while raising money for charity, one dollar bill at a time.



*By Kevin Roche, The Sapphire and Steel Leather Emperor Absolute Emperor 34 of the Imperial Royal Lion Monarchy, Inc. of San Jose*

The roots of the Imperial Court System (also known as the drag court system) can be traced back to the 1960s, when Jose Sarria, upon being proclaimed Queen of the Ball at the Beaux Arts Ball, declared "I've been a queen all my life; I hereby declare myself Empress of San Francisco!"\* GLBT groups in San Francisco and Portland were putting on formal drag balls, the precursors to today's Imperial galas. Over the years the drag courts have evolved into the ICS, an international (North American) network of independent charity groups and 501(c)3 non-profits. For many years the chapters cooperated by means of a gentleman's agreement on How Things Are Done, which in the mid-1990s was formalized into the Imperial Court Council.



As the dizzyingly long byline suggests, I have some personal experience in the Imperial Court. While there are variations in how they are selected, in most ICS chapters the Emperor and Empress are the titular heads of that year's court, the group which, in return for the privilege of bearing fancy titles, actually do the fundraising work for

the organization in their local community. I was the Emperor of the 34<sup>th</sup> Reign of the IRLM, San Jose's chapter of the Imperial Court (and the latest incarnation one of the longest established chapters in the system); in my year we raised around \$23,000 to donate to local charities. My Reign met its fundraising goal, so the IRLM board has

granted me the lifetime title of "Absolute Emperor 34". I still lend a hand a few times a year with IRLM events, and attend other events put on by assorted Imperial and Ducal courts in the ICS. The Reader can learn more about the Imperial Court System via the official ICS website, [www.impcourt.org](http://www.impcourt.org), and the IRLM has its website at [www.irml.com](http://www.irml.com).

[webs.com](http://webs.com) .

The point of this article, however, is not to promote the good works of the ICS, but to focus on one of its unique aspects: Imperial Court events offer everyday people an opportunity to dress to the nines – to pull out all the stops and dress up with (literally) glittering formality.

Contemporary life offers few chances for most of us to emulate the dress and traditions of the upper class at balls and gala events; most of us were not born with a silver spoon in our mouth. While the wardrobe seen at grandest Imperial events not infrequently resemble opening night at the Opera, even smaller ones tend to sparkle. A lot. Of particular appeal to me is the fact that everyone dresses up, not only the drag queens, so I can indulge my taste for shiny jewelry and rhinestones freely. I also not infrequently get to lend my talents as a vocal entertainer in the shows, a talent I can't indulge in most Masquerades.

Some events are simple revues or drag shows held in bars, but every year includes an assortment of Balls, organized by particular members of the reigning court. Guests from other courts will travel quite

a distance to attend; this extending networking is one of the linchpins upon which the Court system thrives. The Balls are the events where the “crowns and gowns” appear, and some of the

tiaras and crowns in evidence appear capable of pulling in extragalactic transmissions. My trademark “Shiny Hat” is a unique piece of my own design, of polished machined aluminum hinged to open up



flat for transport. Some of the owners of the rhinestone confections need a separate case just for their crowns; mine just slides into my suitcase in its flat packer.

Coronation is the grand celebration at the end of a Reign's year; it celebrates the work of the Monarchs and the court members for the past year, and ends with the

crowning of the Monarchs for the next. Attire for Coronation can be both more formal and occasionally more over the top than any other Ball. Much of the evening consists of protocol, during which all the visiting courts and other dignitaries are formally presented (on stage) to the outgoing Monarchs in front of the audience. Protocol can be

long and grueling, but it also presents a panoply of amazing ensembles for those awaiting their moment in the spotlight.

Entertainment at Imperial Court events is primarily, but by no means only drag performances. Depending on the occasion, they can run from simple lip-sync numbers to full-on extravaganzas featuring elaborate costumes,





props and choreography. There's also a place for vocalists like me and every kind of cabaret act you might ever run across. Acts can range from tawdry to elegant, but at their best they're all done in a spirit of community and fun.

While not every town boasts a chapter of the ICS, they're spread all across

North America; you can visit <http://www.impcourt.org> to see if there is one near you. (Interesting bit of trivia: most states are either "pageant" states, feeding into the international Ms Gay Universe competition, or Imperial Court states. Both offer outlets for the same kind of talent; few states support both systems.)

If you have access to a chapter of the Imperial Court, visit their website. Find a chance to put on you glad rags, go out to a fabulous show and do some good for the community while you're at it! Maybe you'll even decide you want to lend a hand.





# Sheriff Don't Like It

by España Sheriff



Crossplay seems to be more popular than ever, my admittedly limited understanding is that it's especially common in anime circles due at least in part to the large amount of pretty bishonen characters. Although, of course there's seems to be a whole lot of cross-dressing within the stories themselves, so there are levels within levels to be explored there which I shan't get into right now. I am on a deadline after all.

But for the purposes of

this issue I am interested in the costuming community I am more familiar with, and the place where I see it most often myself; Gallifrey One, the Los Angeles based Doctor Who convention. The Torchwood fans in particular seem to have, ahem, embraced it enthusiastically as both a simple costuming exercise and a way to explore the show's, and sometimes their own, gender and sexuality. But in addition there are also a lot women crossplaying the

Doctor. The David Tennant and Peter Davison regenerations seem to be the most popular, with their slim, youthful looks that are often a surprisingly good match for a lot of women, but they are far from the only ones represented.

The 'femme' Doctors are a popular trend of fairly recent coinage as well, not simply crossplay but adaptations of the iconic outfits in female designs. Not counting the pink version of Tom Baker's costume that

Leela Ward wore on the actual show, Johanna Mead's pinstripe Tennant outfit from 2006 seems to be the first of the Femme!Doctor costuming lineage and it has caught on like wildfire. Last year there were a host of variations of practically all the regenerations including a very memorable version of Colin Baker's Technicolor monstrosity done as a pretty fantastic 18<sup>th</sup> Century gown, as well as an absolutely adorable Peter Davison outfit which greatly impressed my roommate, a longtime Davison

fan and first-time Gally attendee who had probably never quite thought of the Doctor that way before.

The reverse, however is not true at all. At least at the conventions I attend, male to female crossplay is practically non-existent. Girls can butch it up and retain their femininity and even enhance their sex appeal to both men and women alike, whereas the reverse seems to be a far more complex undertaking. Certainly the commonly held assumption when seeing a male crossdresser, drag queen or

transvestite is that he is gay, although that is most often not the case. But beyond that a large part of the issue appears to be about camp; even if the crossplayer is actually gay and therefore not worried about being misidentified as such, or is straight but comfortable enough with his sexuality not to be particularly bothered by the assumption, the act of dressing as a woman is almost exclusively done for laughs or absurdity. Such is the society we live in.

I am hardly expert enough





to explore all the doubtless fascinating and almost certainly depressing reasons for this double-standard, but I will say it's a shame. And I'll tell you why; for starters there are many guys who look simply amazing a femme'd up a bit, a little

makeup and some more imaginative colors can do wonders. Don't believe me? Well, historically men of all cultures have worn makeup, wigs and bright fashions without their bits falling off, and when we see paintings or period movies it doesn't

seem particularly odd, does it? And then there's the rock and roll lovelies, from the gender-bending glam crowd to the butch-as-you-like heavy metal bands, peacocks the lot of them. I know I wasn't the only one who thought James Purefoy looked his best in HBO's Rome when they decked him out in Egyptian garb and kohl eyeliner.

Now, I certainly understand that the way a great many female characters are portrayed in anime and comics, crossplaying them is difficult at best unless the sexuality is the whole point. To be honest simply cosplaying them at all can be problematic. A lot of female characters in these and other subgenres are overly sexualized to a degree that I will surely have a chance to complain about in some other column.

But that brings me back to Doctor Who, for the most part the companions outfits over the years have been simply street clothes of one type or another and not what you would call over the top, certainly no more so than several of the Doctor's ensembles. Rose, Martha, Amy, Donna, Ace and several others have all worn easy to recognize outfits

that are simply jeans and a t-shirt with optional jacket, so why have I never seen a hot blonde guy in a Union Jack tee?

For that matter many of them would be easy enough to ... uh, well 'butch' up would be the opposite of 'femme' up I guess, unless there is a specific costuming term I am unaware of. How fun would it be to see a guy in leather pants and some version of the awesomely 80's abstract print shirt Tegan wore in 'Resurrection of the Daleks'.

Surely that couldn't possibly be more embarrassing than what poor Colin Baker had to sport during his run on the show, could it?



# *The Queen* and I

by Mette Hedin



A group of cowboys are sitting by their tents in the campground that is dimly lit by the twilight of early evening. They are quietly finishing up the dinner they have painstakingly

cooked over portable stoves and barbecues, when a tall woman in a colorful dress and dramatic make-up storms into the camp. Her name is Chika and she is a powerful presence, arriving with a barrage of

sassy exclamations and retorts, quickly shattering the silence. The cowboys light up, far from disturbed by the interruption. Several of them try to get her attention, clearly delighting



in the excitement of the verbal sparring that follows.

We're camping out at the Best Buck in the Bay Gay Rodeo and I have met Chika only minutes earlier. The exact time is hard to pinpoint, because I have seen her slowly appear before my eyes for the last 45 minutes. To make matters more confusing for you, we really met much earlier in the day, but then he was wearing jeans and introduced himself as Phillip Evans. If you are still confused, it is really quite simple: Chika is a drag queen persona and Phil is the real person under the make-up.

Let's rewind to earlier in the day. We are on our second day of camping, and Phil happens to have the camping spot opposite ours. We soon discover that he is friendly, funny and kind and very easy to like, and we become fast friends. Once I hear that he is

a drag queen, I politely ask if it would be OK for me to watch him prepare. The costumer in me is curious about techniques and parallels to my own craft, and somewhat to my surprise he agrees. I guess I expect him to say no because I don't normally like to have people watch me apply make-up myself, as I tend to be much more prone to mess up with an audience. Furthermore, the whole process of temporarily switching genders seems to me as an outsider like a potentially fairly private activity. He doesn't seem to have a problem with it at all however, so after some afternoon cocktails I hang out on a chair by the tent opening as he gets ready.

The foundation of the facial transformation requires the make-up equivalent of power tools. The masculine eyebrows gets flattened down with a glue stick, and a heavy layer of professional theatrical

make-up of a similar brand to my own hides the rougher skin and beard stubble. The actual make-up on top of the foundation seem more similar to the techniques a woman would use, but in more exaggerated proportions and with a higher degree of contrast. When his face is fully made up, he is all of a sudden in a strange twilight zone of male and female because his face is in such contrast to his hair and clothing that it is



difficult to imagine the end result. My uncertain look probably doesn't help his confidence, but by now the heavy lifting has been done, and all that remains is some undergarments, clothing and a wig, so there is no point in turning back. Very soon Chika is standing before me instead of Phil.

What is almost more interesting than the physical transformation is the change in attitude. Phil has remained Phil for most of the process, but in the last 5 minutes a new personality has clearly emerged, and once the wig is on, Chika is exuding both

more and less confidence than Phil. She is clearly a lot more forward and out there than he is. She says things that the more polite Phil I met earlier wouldn't, but at the same time Phil's quiet self-acceptance has been replaced with a subtle nervousness about small things. Chika fusses over her clothing and seems to need others acceptance more than Phil, and she is at first constantly checking where I am, to make sure I haven't gone off somewhere else. What surprises me even more is that my own behavior changes too. I find myself offering Chika my arm on the way to the dance, finding her

a chair to sit on and I even buy her a few drinks. I am a bit of a tomboy, and not very feminine to begin with, but somewhere along the way we have subtly changed roles in the interaction.

When the rodeo is over I decide to delve deeper into the world of drag to see if there are other things queens and geeks have in common, so I meet up with Phil at a bar called Marlena's in San Francisco on a Saturday in September. Chika is a regular performer here every 3rd and 4th Saturday of the month in a weekly show that is run by another drag queen





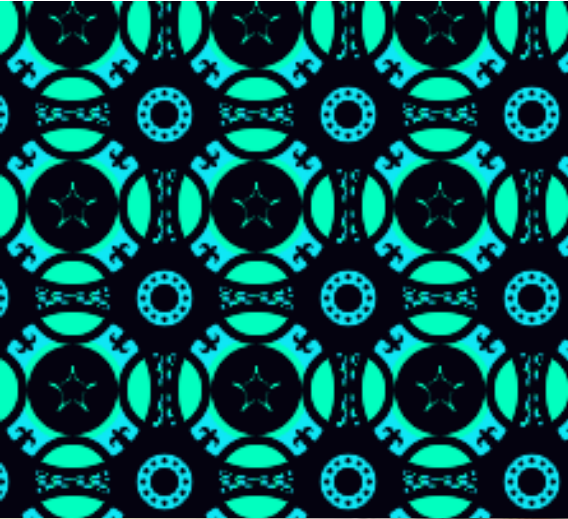
called Miss Galilea. When I get there mid-afternoon, Phil is waiting in the bar, looking like just one of the guys, a typical Saturday afternoon beer-drinking bar patron. That is, until I get up close, and I notice a heavy sprinkling of glitter left over from last night's make-up. I follow him to the basement below the bar where he is about to start the process all over. Galilea as well as another of the evening's performers, Patrice, are already half-way through their preparation.

We chat as he prepare, and I find out a lot more about Phil

in the process. He says that originally he had no interest in drag, and had only done it for fun at Halloween. Then, for one Cinco De Mayo party about 7 years ago, his friend Berlin decided to put him in full drag, and Phil remembers everyone freaking out when he got to the party. He had always been the masculine type, including winning the title of Mr Gay San Francisco in 2001, and the female attire seemed to clash with the image everyone had of him. As Phil is recalling the evening, he seems to revel in the idea of messing with people's expectations and I wonder if this perhaps helped kick-start

his drag career. He says that the experience made him realize that he liked being in drag but Berlin told him he was only going to do his make-up 3 times, and then he was on his own. Phil both laughs and shivers when he thinks about his first stumbling attempts and even asks the other two what they thought of his initial look, a question they very politely pretend not to hear, even though it is repeated a few times.

He clearly has it down to routine at this point though, applying make-up and chatting simultaneously



without skipping a beat. He recalls his several attempts at the Miss Gay title, where he nearly won twice, losing to the the other two performers in the room, first one and then the other. Instead he turned around and won the Empress title in 2007. I ask about the title, because I know that there are yearly coronations, but I don't really know what it entails. He tells me stories of grueling travel all over the state, only made worse by the fact that he insisted on driving everywhere. The position involves a lot of time, energy and resources, and the royals perform a lot of charity work as well as making a lot of other appearances. The Imperial Council of San Francisco that gives out the title is really

a non-profit organization focusing on charity work to collect contributions to a variety of worthy causes, and the Emperor and Empress are the figureheads of the organization, elected for a year at a time and backed by a whole court to help them. This was why Phil first became involved in the court system; he felt he had done his party years and wanted to start giving back.

I am trying to get a grip on whether he prefers to stay in the same sort of look, or switch it up, so I ask him if he has any particular genres that he prefers. This question does not mean the same in the drag queen community as it does in the



costuming world however, so he starts listing musical genres and singers that he likes to perform. Some of my questions are clearly so solidly based in my own personal costuming experience that they frequently get more or less misunderstood. Even so, it is becoming clear to me that even though we may not always speak the same language, we have a lot of experiences in common. We both spend a lot of money and time on pretending to be someone we're not, and we have both done it for so long that the edge of separation between the two blur at times. We both get up on a stage and perform in character for often not much more than the love of of the art. We can both cheer up a room just by showing up, and plenty of people we don't know take our pictures. We definitely both know how to have a few drinks, or a few too many, while wearing something that is anything but comfortable. We have both experienced people we know and love reacting to us in a different manner than usual due to our assumed personas. We have so much in common even if I can't seem to convey it.

The differences between our two life-styles do not reflect as well on me as they do on Phil however. I probably



do a lot more variety in my costuming, whereas Phil tends to stick to a slight variation of the same style of make-up every time, tweaking it gradually over time, perfecting his one character. A more fundamental difference however, is that when I am sitting at home crafting away at my costumes, he might be

out there working for charity. Sure, the fandom community does do a lot of charity too, but in all honesty it does tend to be somewhat secondary to just getting together and celebrating our friendships and right to be different. I do most of my costuming at conventions where I don't get too many stupid questions



activities involve charity, but even so, Chika truly works hard at her craft. As we wrap up our informal interview, she is about to get into the first of 5 different outfits of the evening before heading off to represent the Imperial Council as a former Empress. Before the bar does last call in the early hours, she will also have done 3 musical numbers on stage in front of a fairly rowdy crowd. Regardless of whether she loves it, that is a lot of work, twice a month, year round. I'll do 3 masquerades in a year, when I am feeling particularly active.

the rodeo, but when I come back later in the evening for the show, I start to realize that this may be a matter of circumstance and location. At Marlena's we are clearly on Chika's turf, and at the rodeo everything was a bit more unfamiliar. Chika works it on stage during her musical numbers, and it makes me laugh because it is liberating to see her give it her all in front of a crowd of both friends and strangers. When I perform in masquerades I tend to get paralyzed with fear, so I envy her ability to immerse herself in the experience. Chika seems to let Phil express a lot of himself and gives him enough of an armor to not be embarrassed about anything. He seems really genuinely happy with being a drag queen. In fact, the only thing I really hear him complain about all evening is that some of his friends refer to him as Chika even when he isn't in drag. It is as if he is his own more charming and attractive sister, so I get the impression that at the same time as he enjoys the experience he sometimes finds himself in the shadow of his own creation.

At some point I ask Phil how long he thinks he will keep doing drag, and he reflects on it a moment and then says «Until I can't do

whereas Chika purposefully goes to places she would not always be expected to be welcome, such as working class bars South of Market. She clearly sees herself as an entertainer, whether it be on stage or just cheering people up, not to say she doesn't do it to have fun. It is clear that not all drag queen

One of the things I asked Phil was about how he feels when he's in drag, and he says it makes him feel totally different. He says the insecurities leave when the wig comes on, and he feels like he can talk to any guy in the room. This surprises me as I saw a distinct nervousness underneath all the bravado at

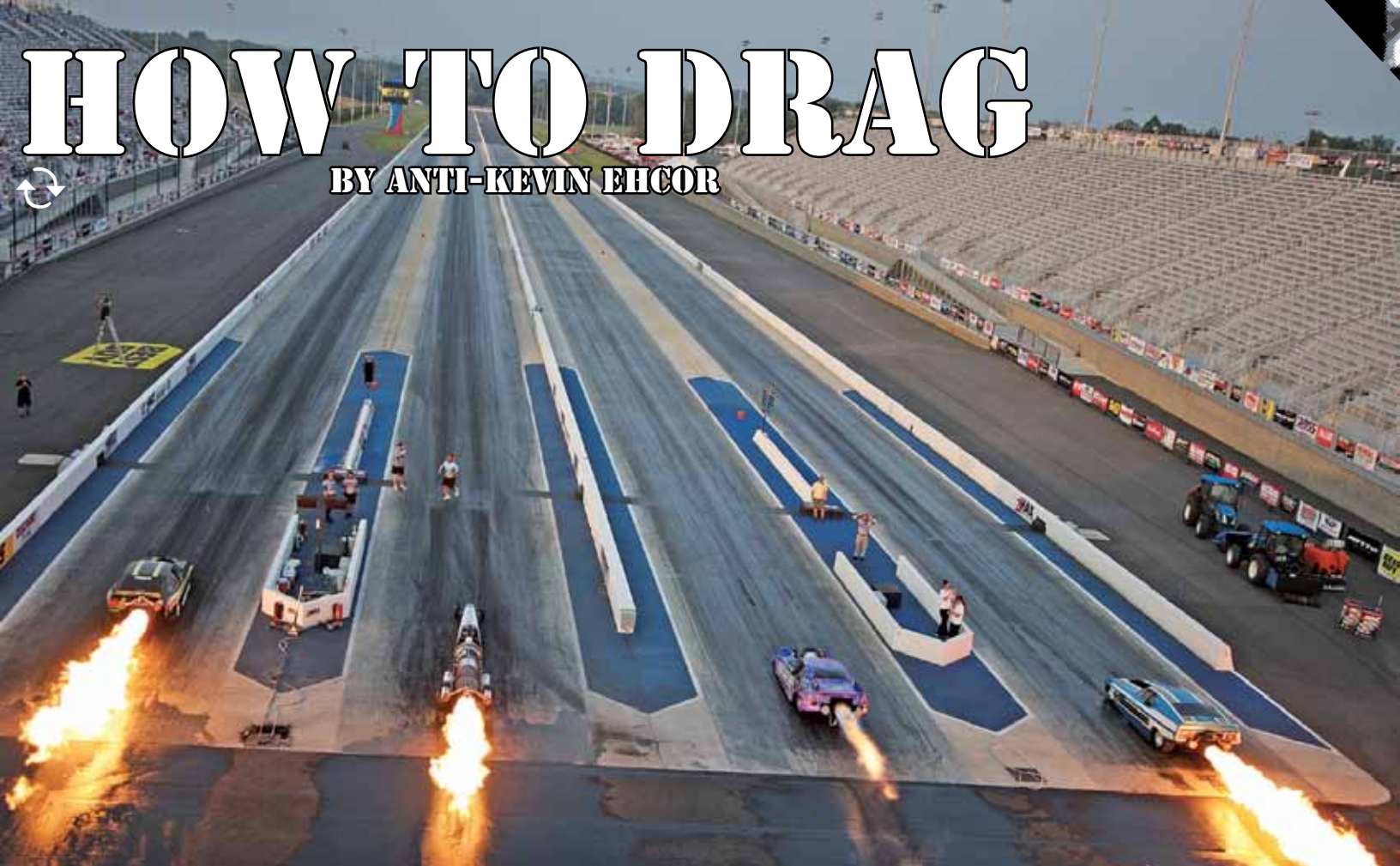
it anymore». I ask if he will keep performing on stage that long too, but he has to think about that one a bit longer. I can tell he really doesn't want to stop, but at the same time he is trying to be realistic. There may be a day when he doesn't have the stamina anymore, but I can tell the idea pains him, and he finally suggests he may try to keep doing a number here or there like Marlana, the matriarch of the bar, who has given it her name. Finally he decides that if he does keep performing that long, it will at least not be in 6 inch heels. I hope to see Chika perform for many more years and if you happen to live in the bay area, a Saturday night at Marlana's is well worth the detour.

But if you don't enjoy a lively bar experience, my short term project is to try to get Chika to a local convention. She's been gracious about welcoming me to her world, and it is time to return the favor. So if you see me at a convention next to a tall loud brunette with an impossibly winning smile, come over and say hello, she probably has more in common with you than you might think!



# HOW TO DRAG

BY ANTI-KEVIN EHCOR



## THE RACING PLACE THING WHERE RACING CARS IS

For the racing of said racing carts, take one (1) quarter mile or eighth mile concrete strip, making sure it's being 60' wide. **WARNING:** Concrete pad for first few hundred feet, then whatever's left/right make a grate mix of concrete and asphalt. Pre-heat oven to 350.

## INSPEKSHUN

After all ingredients added to bowl and thoroughly battered, tech inspekshun happen! Why? So drivers heads not fall off in middle (or beginning) of race and the

fairness (making sure drivers not make each other heads fell off). A mechanical advantage is a traffic sign to obesity! Many standard racing tracks standardize like this:

The Battery terminals? Tight!

- Battery is inside car, not exploded, and heavy..
- Coolant overflow tank exists
- Hoses connect to things.
- Car not spewing flaming oil unintentionally.
- Drive belts not on fire or missing.
- Wheel studs are hot, lug nuts stored away for winter & torqued.
- Tire streets have **MINIMUM** tread depth of 1 ladybug.

- Nitrous bottle monted to outside incase enemy shells pearce armour.
- Seat is comfy.
- Seat belt not made of spaghetti or licorice unless otterwise knotted.
- All loose objects glued to ceiling.
- Pants and shirt not optional. Dresses to empresses!
- No passengers in or outside vehicle. Pets aloud with deposit.
- All car thingies running 13.99 or quicker require driverman wear a snell 90 helmet. Or knot.

## STAGECOACH LANES - WATER BOX

When entrance earth

atmosphere commence 3-2-1 fire retrorocket, the racer come area called head of staging. Not stage manager. At cranium of staging, racer is burned out in a box by staging lane monkey. From burnout box, when screeched at by water box monkey, staging vehicle on the starting line (not stage) commences. Street tires cars should not burnout and go around the water, for that is rude. Slick tire vehicles perform a short burnout but stay cool.

### THE LINE WHERE THINGS START

To start drag race, pass go and but do not collect \$200. Drag strip utilizes an indicator device called a Christmas

Tree ~40' ahead of the starting line like Eye of Sauron. As cars approach Mt. Doom, two small yellow bulbs at top of tree signal driver to annoy him. Thereafter, vehicle roll up sleeves and seven more inches. This set off alarums and second set of yellow bulbs, known as stage (but not a stage), activate Christmas Tree count down. Three large amber bulbs will fall down at a .5 second difference followed by green bulb. Not a merry Christmas this year. If a vehicle leafs previous to green bulb, red bulb will light up. Then everyone die.

### THE FINNISH LINE

After crossing finish line,

driverman should throttle and slowly apply brakes while whooping, screaming, and making obscene hand gesture at opponent. Absolutely NO HARD BREAKING, as it will induce a skid and kill evryone. Based on turn-off location, vehicle has turn off location on his/her side exists first (unless their is speed difference largeness). No matter circumstance, do not turn around. This cause death. If your vehicle breaks, stop. Is easy, car broken. Supply breaks and pull towards wall to take as many people with you possible; track officials remove vehicle. Shutdown area have logo like incomplete circle with





lin halfway through. Slows vehicle making a pass at cheap woman in bar and range from quarter mile to 3/4 a mile. Shutdown areas have one to three turn off areas access return. For emergency aft shutdown, there b a gravel pit, sand pit, catch nets, foam blocks, or tires to kill you less faster.

### ROAD TO RUNNER RETURN

After leaf track racer return road to ET shack and phone home. Receive time slip with medical benefits and tax deduxshuns. Thereafter, speed limit pits around 10-15 mph; racer return immediately to staging lanes to race or go into the pits for tar.

### STREET WHEEL RUBBERS

Three main tires used on drag strip; street, drag radials, and extra tasty crispy. Street tires not design burnouts. superheats so they set on fire. Street tire go AROUND the water box, dammit. Accelerate hard to starting line to remove any debris/animals off tires. Street tires also remove traction compound, VHT or VP, unlike slicks and a few drag radials that put down rubber.. Inherit conflict/problems racers do not remove debris off tires by accelerating hard to the



starting line and then rip up VHT. Not remembering what VHT stand for.

### SLICK TIRES COOL

Opposite side of the tire speckle is slick, by which means totally rad. are designed to be heated up and stay hot or pizza is free. Do to amazing traction, water is usually required to get them spinning without making car explode. Like previously said, slicks leave a VHT, unlike street tires who remove it, hence why conditions can improve professional racing period (assuming track not hit by bomb).

### GUTTING A GOOD LIGHT

The average human's reaction time is .2 seconds. Yours will be slower. Average vehicle's reaction time from when the gas pedal kicked to when it starts is .3 seconds. When competing for Christmas Tree, in order to cut a perfect light of .5 you go on third amber light later.

### TYPES OF CRASHINGS

Heads Up: The car that wins wins.

Index: Index time constrains heads up race. Driver goes faster than index, they lose.

Allows different classes of cars to race together by sucking equally.

Bracket (ET): A handicapped

form of competition where the dial-in for each vehicle has free long distance. Slower cars get head start equal to the difference of the two vehicles over pie are square. A good bracket racer may not have fast bar, but rather jump like ferret when light blink.



# Letter from the Other Editor

Send all complaints to:  
[Kevin@yipezine.com](mailto:Kevin@yipezine.com)



Ah, October -- the month when, if you are a costumer, it seems that every other (non-costumer) person you know breathlessly wants to know, "What are you going to wear for Hallowe'en?"

Well, for the record, *I don't know yet.*

One advantage of being a costumer is that I can indulge my sartorial fantasies, my whims of alter-ego, or my deep-seated mischievous need to make other people *plotz* whenever I choose. I don't need to wait until the eve of All Saints to dive into the studio (well, these days, it's more like spelunking. If I'm not back in a week send in the National Guard) and whip something up.

There's also the fact that most of the time, I can root through the wardrobe and pull out something appropriately inappropriate with no need to build something new. Or at least no

need to build something *entirely* new. It's nice to have options already available (as long as they still fit).

So far this year, Andy and I have 4 outstanding invitations for celebrations on October 31; we have not quite decided which (or how many) to accept. It is certainly an improvement over the years when the only option was going to a party in a bar!

This month's special focus on Drag is one we've been considering for a while and just kind of came together, in large part because Philip (Chika) was so kind and approachable at the Best Buck in the Bay Rodeo. I think it's a great way to start our second full year of publication. Big air kisses to Chika for being so cooperative!

\*Photos/Artwork/Poetry/Stories/Reviews/Articles/Whatever? We Want It!

As I mentioned in my column in the second Issue Xero, where we go this year depends in large part on *you*. Besides the usual request (*PAPSRAW?WWI!\**), let us know if there is something you'd like to see us cover, or someone you believe *could* contribute material for *Yipe!*, drop us a note to [editors@yipezine.com](mailto:editors@yipezine.com). The best way to expand the reach of *Yipe!* is for you to share and spread the word!

It's been all my fault for a year now

Kevin Roche

Kudos/Brickbats to [kevin@yipezine.com](mailto:kevin@yipezine.com)





Dear Yipe! Editors:

Thank you for Vol. 2, No. 9 of Yipe!, the early warning system worked a treat. That giant robot on the front cover looks menacing enough, especially when coated with manga, so I'd better get with it, and write a letter.

Is Andy's picture out of focus, or does he always look that way? Jason looks like he's had a hard night, and Kevin looks perfectly posed. And there's my friend Dawn, who I shall see shortly, I hope. Mette and I have had a long e-mail conversation going, nudge, nudge, wink, wink, say no

more...

I wish Jason's statement about anime fandom being the foundation of the next generation of fandom was wrong, but I think it's right. When I see the attendance figures of our local fan-run conventions, the biggest of the bunch is Anime North's 18000+, and it increases in size each year. We have our own gateshow convention, Fan eXpo, which I think may have attracted the high five-figures this year, but they are offering anime each year, and I think that brings people in more than anything they have in the way of literary, media, gaming, comics or horror. Anime North has had

a policy of being inclusive, and of creating non-anime programming to tell its members there's other stuff other than anime, and you should go enjoy that, too! It actively tries to direct their members to the other local conventions, and bless them for that. Maybe they've read that Vernor Vinge book... We've done two steampunk fashion shows for Anime North, and they may very well have us back again next year.

[Anime LA is another anime convention that connects the generations. Its run by older fans and has a very healthy young fan membership. It's a model that is working so far; we ran the masquerade a couple of times with Lindsay](#)



assisting in preparation for her taking over, and it's still going strong.

When Anime North is on, Dixon Road, the street the convention centre and main hotel are on, it's a sight to see if you're just driving along the street. We're not anime fans, but as said, the convention does try to provide non-anime programming, and dealers, so there is something there for us. We're usually there promoting Ad Astra, and the steampunk shows are fun, too. I couldn't identify one in a

thousand costumes, but that's okay, they are there enjoying themselves and enjoying the fruits of their costuming labours. It's now on our regular convention schedule.

España's column...even with the fun we have at Anime North, there's some thing I went looking for some time ago, and didn't find. Years ago, I wanted to find their flyer table...I got nothing but blank stares. They don't have one, and have never had one. It's up to you to distribute

your own flyers, preferably at your own fan table. No con suite they way we know it, except for the Cafe Delish perhaps, and definitely no private parties at the end of the day. At least, none I found out about. Yup, I'm becoming a part of the "Get off my lawn!" crowd. More and more, I go to cons and feel like Mom and Dad are there supervising. Who invited the old people? Worldcon looks older and older every year, and they literally use every rental wheelchair, moby and scooter within a hundred miles of

the convention centre. There are younger people at every Worldcon, but it is more difficult to market the con to that younger crowd. I think there will still be an audience for the written SF word, but that audience will have to change radically, which means the product itself may have to do the same. I prefer the big tent, but I still might feel crowded out if my interest becomes just one of a hundred interests a convention tried to cater to. I can't like it all, but I will enjoy what I do, and I don't want that pushed aside.

Andy and I have learned that there are in fact private parties at some of these events, but they are just that... 10 or 20 friends invited exclusively. There's also a lot of churn in that young fandom, as many of them have to drop out of it once they finish school and get full-time jobs. Those that explore a bit and connect with some of us in big tent fandom do seem to catch on to a bunch of the things we like about the big tent, so I think there is hope yet.

Darned if I know why, but you guys asked Mette to get in touch with me, and get me to answer the 10 questions? Okay, you asked for it. My own costuming history isn't nearly as interesting



as many others, but what can I say, after we did the Royal Canadian Mounted StarFleet at Chicon IV, we were hooked, but it didn't take us long to be disillusioned with Worldcon masquerades. Steampunk costuming brought us back, and from now on, it's just hall costumes and fashions shows, no more competing.

I think Worldcon Masquerade has succeeded in achieving intense but collegial competition, not nearly as cutthroat as it was when I started in the 80s. That doesn't mean a bad director can't screw it up (how I feel about the 2006 LACon masquerade), but the contestants seem to have mostly found some mutual joy in the show again. It does still eat up lots of the convention. I hope Andy and I will not

end up on the list of bad directors.

You folks were at Fencon, so was Rob Sawyer, and I gather so was Kim Kofmel, former local fans here, and now resident of Houston. That's a con I wish I'd been able to get to, just to see all of you assembled.

FenCon was a blast. Expect a bit more by way of con report from me in the near future.

My loc...the Reno masquerade should be a sight, because with the 25-foot ceilings, who knows how tall some of the costumes might be? (I like the word fupuckery. That should be added to the fannish lexicon.)

Of course, as one of the Masquerade Co-directors,

My Lips Are Sealed. But it should be spectacular. I thought that already was part of the fannish lexicon.

My locs crash Adobe InDesign? Bonus! Now I know my secret superpower! Yvonne's working on a steampunk accountant, and I am nearly finished my steampunk labourer. I don't do costumes with massive guns...where do you put them? I want my hands free, and Yvonne has always put pockets in my costumes of the past.

Well, we know where Captain Jack Harkness managed to hide at least one of his guns (nudge, nudge, wink, wink). My mutant superpower is even more annoying, and not fit to discuss in polite company. Jay Lake knows what it is, though.

I need to leave for work in about half an hour, so I think I'm done for this issue. Many thanks, guys, I'll impatiently wait for the e-mail warning that tells me that another issue is nigh, and from Mette tells me, that might be any day now. Off it goes!, and thanks.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.





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