



Yipe!

The Costume Fanzine of Record

Volume 3 Issue 7

The One with Wolverine on the Cover



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Issue Seven

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The Costume Fanzine of Record



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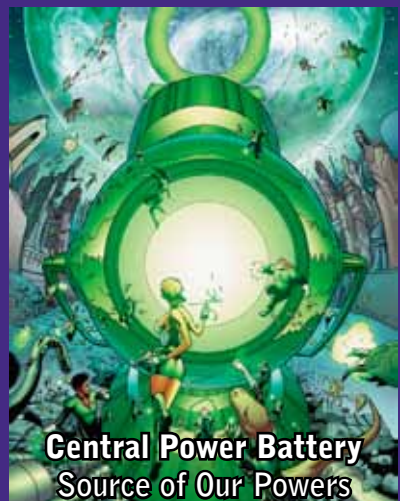
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Letter from the Editor

To anyone trying to get costumers to write about their superhero costuming experiences during the month before ComiCon, I have only one word for you: Aspirin.

Who woulda thought people vacu-forming plastic into helmets and sewing lycra into tights would have any trouble cranking out a few hundred words between their choreographed fight and skit rehearsals?

Well, yeah, we DID see potential problems, but you have to remember we're a bunch of drunken buffoons who think we're poets. We make these mistakes so you don't have to.

This month also saw our offices hit with a case of Whooping Cough, an incinerated hand, the Steam Summer Camp sale, family snafus, threats of impending zombie holocaust, and a lost kitten. I may be exaggerating the importance of the kitten, but the rest was goddamn awful. You have no idea how much we suffer for our art.

Oh, and to anyone who's already finished George R.R. Martin's "A Dance with Dragons," you seriously need to get out of the house. We're worried about you. That thing's bigger than a Mumbai phonebook.

Send all complaints to:
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Truth, Justice, and a Kick-Ass Pair of Tights

by Jason Schachat



More than seventy years after the advent of the superhero, institutions of higher learning have recognized the archetype as a cornerstone of modern culture. The entertainment industry tapped it as a lively revenue stream running strong through the most stagnant economy in decades. Superheroes have transcend-

ed their lowborn roots and fit easily into the collective subconscious.

But all this ignores an important fact: They're costumed.

Really consider that for a moment. In all recorded history, is there another character

type so reliant on how they're dressed? Every genre has a uniform of sorts: cowboys have their spurs, mobsters have fedoras, knights have armor... But the superhero is purposely wearing a costume. They actively create a unique look to not only hide their real identity but also define who they are.



Now, there are definitely exceptions to this notion. Superman and Wonder Woman technically costume in reverse, since their 'real life' personas, Clark Kent and Diana Prince, are made-up people they masquerade as in order to live amongst normal humans. Many of the X-men are just weird looking mutants. The Greatest American Hero's suit was actually the source of his powers. Green Lanterns are essentially uniformed cosmic police officers.

But, by and large, these are all excuses for grown men to parade around in tights.

There is no justification for The Flash to have little wings on his boots or lightning bolts splaying out from his head. Such accoutrements don't make him go faster or protect him from bullets. They don't tune him into the Speed Force or allow him to vibrate through walls. They're his way of saying to the world "See me? I'm really damn fast. Oh, and I boned up on Greek mythology before choosing my footwear."

Does Batman need to spackle a gallon of black paint around his eyes to keep his cowl in place? Is that logo on his chest there to keep criminals from confusing him with the other

6' 2" caped vigilantes swinging between buildings in the dark of the night? Does making his car look like a bat get it better mileage or a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts?

Do The Fantastic Four need that number on their outfits to remind enemies that, when facing 3 of them, there is surely a 4th one sneaking up behind them?

Is the Human Torch just really cold?

Is Iceman just really hot?

Is Cyclops' visor really more practical than goggles?

Does Peter Parker's red and blue Spidey suit hint at a tragic case of color-blindness foiling his attempt to be stealthy?

Green Goblin? Any of it?

Hell no! The whole impractical mess is just supposed to sell the look.

These are identities the characters assume by crafting a costume. With few exceptions, they play the role while dressed as their characters. Charming Bruce Wayne dons the cape and scowl of the demonic Dark Knight. Bumbling





Clark Kent becomes the ideal Superman. A little boy named Billy Batson says a magic word to turn into the hulking Captain Marvel. Shy, tongue-tied Peter Parker plays the role of your Friendly Neighborhood Motor-mouth.

In every case, we see a reverse of personalities. The hero assumes a role as far from who they perceive themselves to be as possible. This holds so true, we only have to look at the most popular detractor from this paradigm to see why it's so necessary. I refer, of course, to Wolverine.

Is Wolverine a superhero? Well, he's certainly super-powered, but everyone agrees he's an anti-hero. A roguish loose cannon who's only in it for himself and doesn't care about your revolution, Princess. Despite the prevalence of his classic blue and yellow costume, it's his hair and claws that identify him. And why is that?

Wolverine has no other identity. Despite his insistence that people call him 'Logan', he usually doesn't know whether that name's supposed to be his first or his last. He has no other life to go back to. He can't take his mask off. So, why do we cosplay Wolverine? Is it so wrong to assume a million

unremarkable fanboys would want to be an unstoppable, metal-skeletoned badass?

There's the other side of the coin: superheroes pretending to be normal people. We already mentioned Superman and Wonder Woman, but Marvel Comics makes a fortune off the misery of superheroes trying to pass off as, well, us. The Thing cosplays as some Lower East Side schlub. The devilish Nightcrawler tried to cover up his blue skin with make-up and moonlight as a priest. Martian Manhunter pretends to be a human detective called John Jones.

Hey, I never said they cosplayed well.

The point we're driving towards is that, unlike Klingons, faeries, vampires, or Japanese schoolgirls, superheroes themselves are pretending to be someone else. They're playing dress up. It's all a big show they're putting on because they want to walk in someone else's shoes for a bit and see how people react when they go by.

They spend long hours secretly working on an outfit, preparing for the day they'll be able to trot it out for all the world to see, eyes lighting up as they





think “Oh! I know that one. That’s...”

They’ll pose when people ask for a picture and shake their hands as they’re congratulated on a job well done. Maybe they’ll bump into another hero or two, and they’ll pose together for the gathering crowds. Get enough of them together, maybe a TV crew will stop by and ask for an interview.

News gets around, and more show up. Pretty soon, people are coming from half a country away just to see grown people in tights flexing their muscles. Enterprising food vendors will peddle fried snacks. Collectors will come round with old memorabilia for sale. Someone will probably try to sell tickets if things keep going on like that...

Nah, doesn’t sound familiar at all.



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Sheriff

Don't

Like

It

**by
España
Sheriff**

Of all the superhero costumes out there, the most vexing may well be that of Wonder Woman.

When we decided on the theme of this issue, not that many months ago, there was supposedly a new show about to air, and all anyone could talk about was the new costume. In one way it was pretty neat, finally putting the Amazon in trousers. On the other hand, it looked as though it was made from PVC, cheap and shiny and barely a step above a Halloween Store costume.

As it turns out, the show died without ever broadcasting the pilot—and just as well apparently, those who saw it said it was a bit of a mess. Like the big screen version floating around in development hell for the past few years, and like the costume itself, no one seems to know quite how to make it work.



While the 'one-piece swimsuit' version is iconic and familiar, it is hard to take seriously in live-action and I can only assume a nightmare to wear even casually much less while trying to perform superheroic feats. From a cinematic angle, I would guess it's hard to shoot, with many risky and unflattering angles.

I personally am in favor of the trousers. Yes- I've seen the argument that WW should not particularly care about the dress standards of Men's World, but at the point where she's basically wearing an American flag, we'll clearly she's done some basic research. Does she care what men think of her? Of course not. But she's not the one in the audience, so I find that argument a bit silly. There's a reason so many comic heroes have their outfits changed when they hit the screen; what works on the page is often absurd in a more realistic setting.

The pre-60s skirts were cute, but even more anachronistic looking, like a circus performer or a patriotic marching band baton twirler. The Kingdom Come armour, much as I love it, is probably too bulky to use except

maybe in Themyscira set pieces. The less said about her 80s bike shorts the better.

So please, dear studios, assuming you ever do get it together and produce a Wonder Woman film or TV show, please give the woman some pants already and hey, while you're at it put some damned shoulder straps for her top. If you're fretting about losing the coveted teen male demographic, well don't be silly... we all know pants or no pants there's no way a Hollywood designer is going to fail to make a superheroine outfit sexy, I don't think they're even capable of such a thing. Anyway, it's not about how much skin you show, just ask any of the Catwoman fans out there.



Who Gropes the Watchmen?



By Mette Hedin

I'm walking around the floor of the dealer's room at last year's Wondercon in one of my casual and comfortable costumes, meaning only a single person sort of figures out what I am supposed to be and

asks for a picture. The Wondercon dealer's room is crazy enough to turn the most sensible and stable person into a raging claustrophobic with its narrow aisles and overwhelming body-odor zones where the hygiene-challenged seem to congregate, and not get-

ting any attention is a price I gladly pay in order to keep my sanity. I have been there before in more attention-getting costumes and maybe I am getting old, but these days I prefer the ability to be able to run for the exits when so required rather than partici-

pate in causing the constant impromptu photography session traffic jams that tend to happen both in the aisles and at every major exit.

As it is, there are plenty of colorful attention-getting costumes wandering around and I am accompanied by one of them. My friend Elena Herzen is doing her costumer duty and has arrived in her own recreation of Silk Spectre II from the comic and Movie “The Watchmen”, a fairly sleek and modern superhero costume in black and bright yellow, complete with stiletto heeled boots and an extra long wig, so she is getting plenty of picture requests. Our trek across the dealers room is decidedly a sluggish stop and go operation, with frequent opportunities to browse the merchandize as yet another group of camera wielding fan boys (or girls) stops Elena for a snapshot. During one of our rare moments of actually being able to go more than 3 feet without stopping, I walk slightly beside and behind Elena when something makes me turn around. Maybe it is a noise behind me, maybe I am reacting to someone getting too close to me in the crowd or perhaps it is just random chance but I find myself face to face with one of the more dubious specimens of the hu-





man race.

What I see is a very fat, ugly and bald man lacking both in fashion sense and grace. Normally I am not the kind of person to use valuable fan-zine space for pointing out the physical defects of other people, but for once I feel justified, for at the end of his stubby little fingers is a very large and expensive camera, and it is set to the rapid shutter mode normally reserved for fast moving sports action as he snaps as many pictures as he can get. I am confused for a second over what could be so interesting ahead and below him in a relatively dark and crowded part of the room, until I realize that his camera lens and spaced out look are both aimed firmly and determinedly on Elena's ass. I don't know how long he has been at it, but he must have dozens of pictures of her derriere already and yet is showing no signs of stopping. My befuddlement turns to anger and I sweep into action with the first idea that comes into my mind, which is to move right up behind Elena and spread out the comfortable but unremarkable coat I am wearing in order to transform it into a make-shift curtain while glaring over my shoulder and giving the slob dirty looks. I hurry Elena into a more shel-

tered area and tell her what happened but I am surprised when she resignedly shrugs it off. Long after the convention I keep wondering why the whole incident bothered me a lot more than it seemed to bother her. Until I asked her more about it that is, and she told me exactly what might befall a female superhero cosplayer.

Elena had created the costume for San Diego Comic-con the year prior, and as the busy seamstress she is had decided to hand-make everything but the boots and the wig. The costume is deceptively simple in appearance but she found plenty of challenges. Getting a bright yellow vinyl or spandex proved practically impossible until she on one fabric store visit happened to turn over a shiny gold vinyl and finally found the perfect color. The waist cincher followed no ordinary corset logic with nicely behaved vertical lines, requiring her to figure out the construction of diagonal seams and triangular panels. When she tried on the costume 24 hours before the convention, she realized the whole waist cincher had to be re-made from scratch because it didn't fit correctly. In short, it was one of those costumes you put your heart and soul into

and take great pride in once you have completed it and live to tell the war stories of the construction.

Arriving at Comic-con her costume got a lot of well-earned attention, but it soon became apparent that something was amiss. "Wondercon wasn't so bad compared to Comic-con. At Comic-con for the most part people treat-

ed the costume like most congoers do, they would stop you and ask for a photo and either take it or jump in and have their friend take it.", Elena recalls, "but some people would walk behind you and try to take pictures of your ass." I express astonishment that anyone would be so obsessed with the female behind that they would stoop to such sub-human behavior in public, but



Elena is just getting started. “Sometimes someone would stop me for a photograph, and while I was standing still for the photo, other people would take advantage of the situation and either walk behind me or even lay down on the floor and try to take a picture of my crotch. At first I didn’t notice, because I was facing forward but staff members or other good samaritans

would try to stop them. Once a couple of people clued me in that this was going on, I was immediately a lot more aware, and when I would stop for photos, I would check for people sneaking behind me and I was more careful keeping my back to the wall.”

Sadly I soon discover that some people don’t stop at photo trophies as Elena move

on to stories of the next step of inappropriate behavior, the groping. “Most of the time when people wanted their picture taken with me, it would be the awkward guy that tries to put an arm around the shoulder or lean in, but some would pose for the photo and right at the end, as the picture had been taken, I would get an ass grab, and then they would scurry off with their friends. In that costume I am on 4 inch heels and can’t really chase after them. You almost give up because it happens so frequently you would have a confrontation every 5 seconds. After a while your brain goes into the mode of ‘everyone is doing this to me’. The other alternative is to not cosplay at all.”

To add insult to injury, she moves on to describing the inappropriate comments. “People would be walking by and yell something like ‘hey baby, I have something you can ride’. The worst one was a guy that yelled ‘hey how much does it cost to take you home’, I responded ‘more than you can afford asshole’. A lot of the comments essentially suggested that I was up for prostitution, even from people walking around in costume in the convention center. You let it slide off your back, because if you let every one of those



comments affect you, you are going to go insane.”

At this point we both commiserate about the archaic behavior of supposedly modern men, and we try to step back and analyze. Elena says “There is an assumption that if a girl shows up in a superhero costume that the girl is fine with being treated that way. My costume is mostly just tight fitting, but it makes me cringe for the skimpier outfits. They probably get it even worse than what I got. It is sad that you have to tell yourself that while I am not asking for it, I have to expect people to act like idiots. It is sad that we are at that point because we shouldn’t be.”

I think what is really confusing me is this: how come we see this sort of behavior from some of the fans of superheroes? Superheroes are often not only enhanced in their abilities but also their overwhelming sense of justice. They fight unrecognized in disguises not for glory but for what is right. Given that, how come some of their fans display the type of behavior you can typically expect from the common thugs that usually get dispatched by the hero as a simple action filled introduction at the beginning of the comic? The male superhero



rescues the innocent female victim from being assaulted, and I don't know of any examples where he follows that up with a butt-grab. It strikes me that the problem may be that comics do have a sort of dual message. Clearly the target demographic for a long time was adolescent males, and it is still highly likely that even today the majority of the readership is predominantly male. The writers and artists

naturally caters to their audience and have always made most heroes powerful and idealized in appearance. Sure, they throw in some problem or vulnerability to make them seem human and keep the dramatic tension going, but the characters are meant to be idols. The female heroes are powerful and flawed in much the same way their male counterparts are, but they have to do it in skimpy outfits because

that too caters to a perceived major interest of the target audience. I have fairly macho friends who always play female characters in online roleplaying games, which surprised me until one of them explained it to me: "I'm going to be playing this game for hundreds of hours, I don't want to be watching some dude on my screen that whole time, I'd rather have something attractive to look at".



While many female superheroes are quite literally kick-ass, most have to contend with skimpy impractical outfits that often show more than they hide, and this is a relatively constant going all the way back to the beginning. The first known female superhero was a character introduced in 1940 named “Fantomah - Mystery Woman of the Jungle”, and even though she was an ancient Egyptian princess with several interesting powers such as flying and transforming other humans, she still felt the need to climb the trees in the Jungle in what looks like a bathing suit and a completely transparent dress. A mere 2 years after Fantomah sprung on the scene came the introduction one of the more recognizable female superheroes, Wonder Woman. Wonder Woman was Invented by the American psychologist William Moulton Marston as a positive role model for girls. The good doctor had some kinks so it is perhaps not surprising that she ended up fighting evil in underwear and boots and that her early stories had strong thematics of bondage, an unusual topic in mainstream culture at the time. Looking at our current female comic book heroes, not much has changed, if anything some of the outfits have gotten drasti-



cally skimpier.

Perhaps I am far too practical and modern for the relatively archaic tropes of superhero comics, but if I was to find myself with superhuman powers or some sudden urge to fight crime, my list of priorities when it comes to dressing myself would be:

1. Get a good pair of

sturdy boots for all that running

2. Get a practical outfit with plenty of pockets for gadgets

3. Utility belt, utility belt, utility belt.

4. Get a helmet, preferably with night vision goggles built in

I could go on, but nowhere on my list of priorities will I ever find items such as “display my mammary glands in an attractive manner” or “figure out a way to always be freezing my butt off”. I have my favorite superheroes just like most geeky gals at conventions, but I have never wanted to make any of the costumes, perhaps because they are well past a metaphorical “clothing line” I am not willing to cross. The more I ponder it, the more I am starting to understand why Sue Storm went with invisibility for her super power.

So what is a poor superhero fan-girl to do? Avoid costuming as their favorite character because some people behave like monkeys? Elena says the convention has a solution of sorts, for some attendees: “The booth bunnies get escorted to and from their booth to stop people from doing that sort of stuff. There is a group of 60 slave Leias that have a meet-up at the convention, where people can take photos of all of them at once and they get a security escort, but if you are an everyday convention goer, you don’t get any sort of protection, you have to be a professional for that.” I ask her if she would dress up in a superhero costume for a convention again, after her experiences last time,





to which she responds “I’m on the fence about it, because there are some characters I would love to go as and connect with other fans around that one character, but there is that bit in the back of my brain that worries about the creeps that are going to be out there. If I were to do it again, I would make sure I was with friends at all times, someone to keep an eye out for my back, to make sure it isn’t happening, to have an extra set of eyes.”

It saddens me to hear that. If that is how far it has gone, we are in need of a hero, but the kind of hero we need isn’t Superman, (or Supergirl for that matter). The kind of hero we need is the person we can all be, the everyday hero that steps up and speaks out when people don’t know how to behave decently to each other. The reason we have to be the hero is because as long as there are bad apples in the barrel, we are all being viewed as the next potential prob-

lem by the terrified cosplayer before us. Let’s face it, even though many of us wouldn’t choose those costumes for ourselves, it isn’t the random teenager in the skimpy superhero outfit that is the problem, it is the inappropriate attendee that can’t keep his hands to himself. It is time to reclaim our conventions and send the petty thugs packing!

10 Questions For A Costumer

with Mette Hedin



Daniel and David Proctor

This issue's 10 Question spotlight is aimed at a costuming double-threat, literally! You get two of the price of one in twin costumers Daniel and David Proctor from the San Francisco Bay Area. Daniel and David have for years been a strong presence in the superhero, anime and video game costuming in California and their costumes are always meticulous in appearance as well as visually striking. Anyone who has attended the Wondercon masquerade in the past few years will have a hard time forgetting their elaborately choreographed large group entries, which are always met with both the audience's loud appreciation as well as some significant awards.





1 *Costumer or Cosplayer?*

Daniel - Cosplayer! I started making costumes regularly when I began attending anime cons so I like that term and think it fits! It implies that one is more than just a builder but also an actor. I try my best to play the character within reason so fans/kids don't have a reason to call me a phony Captain America. Also, I have always believed it was more fun this way!

David - Definitely Cosplayer. Costumer has the ring of someone who just makes costumes, I do the voice of the characters I play and act the part just to make things more fun!



2 *Recreation or Original?*

Daniel- Recreation. I respect original a lot and have seen many beautiful works, but for me I got a lot of 'who are you supposed to be?' going Trick or Treating when I was little. Being Kool-Aid Man's enemy will do that.

David- Recreation. Originals are hard for an audience to grasp quickly in a con setting where someone passes by quickly. That's not to say that original takes don't create awe and smiles, but it is easier to connect with someone if they know the character.



3 What is your favorite material right now?

Daniel- Latex. I was beside myself with joy when I made Venom's mask. It never occurred to me that I would have the ability to make such a thing, though I had kind of been dreaming of it ever since I got my overpriced 'Batman Returns' cowl in 1992. Oh the memories!

David- I have learned a ton from leather. Used it a few years back on Disney's Hercules and Fisto from Masters of the Universe and I've been finding new applications for it ever since.



4 *Loner or Collaborator?*

Daniel- Both. For me that's the way it should always be. You make things for and with your group, but you always have that one costume that doesn't fit with everyone else's plans. Making those can be a real treat and in my experience enthusiasm has a way of snowballing. Using Venom as an example again, I made him because I had wanted to since high school. David quickly made Sandman and by the next Wondercon we had a Spidey group!

David- I've done both and they both have advantages. When I come up with a complex design like Iron Man I have to do it myself because explaining exactly what I want to my friends or brother is just impractical. When we are making something a bit less specific we just assign pieces of it and go.



5 Has a costume ever brought you to tears?

Daniel- Pretty sure one has! Though I think I'm blocking it out.

David- A lot have made me curse, a few have made me bleed, and I still have scars from M. Bison's wrist electronics...is that close enough?

6 *Make or Buy?*

Daniel- Buy the parts you can't make or can't make yet! Otherwise make it all the way. Bought parts can put you on the right path though if you know what to look at.

David- Make. Anything that has been made can be made better. Even when a part I buy is really great, I always find myself tweaking it in some way to make it better.



7 *What costume are you the proudest of?*

Daniel- Venom again. In my high school years I had actually attempted this costume with sweat pants, a turtleneck, gloves with a can of silly string in them, and a mask made of Elmer's Glucolors. No pictures exist but I think I still have the mask. Making the new one was a dream come true for that kid in me. Some things changed though as I did the movie version (which looks cool but character wise is waay off) as it would breathe better than the all glossy comic version I was going to do. I always wanted his jaw to move which I am happy to say I accomplished, by keeping the mask tight to my jaw. But alas I never was able to conceal a can of silly string very well. My new webbing is the same braided cord used for the movie. I got a great reaction with him, and that is my favorite part. This will not be my last costume of Eddie Brock.

David- Wow. Can I use the "they're all like children to me" line here? I've always liked M. Bison from Street Fighter because of the reactions it gets. People get excited when they see it and they get more excited when I turn the lights on in the gauntlets. I have unintentionally stopped traffic in this costume! I've been wearing it since 2003 so it's an oldie but a goodie. I plan to remake it hopefully next year!





8 *What do you think are your strengths?*

Daniel- Complaining! Actually I really like props and building in general, sewing is still tough for me. Sewing machines are black magic.

David- Props, armor, and some electronics. I can usually design complex pieces, like parts of Iron Man for example, in my head with minimal measurements and get them right over 90% of the time on the first try. I also have keen eye for finding objects like trash cans, etc. that are perfect parts for specific costumes.



9 Why do you cosplay?

Daniel- A mixture of things really. It's a different way to be creative and connect with your fellow fans on subjects that you have in common. It's a way to brighten or in some cases 'shake up' the lives of people you meet. I do it because I have so many friends that also do it. But I think I do it mainly for the awesome reactions I get from people, and because it is a creative outlet like no other!

David- I cosplay because 1. I always have and always will love making cool stuff 2. I'm an artist who would like his work to be seen and appreciated 3. For the end result of creating smiles and good memories with friends and complete strangers. Oh yeah, and its a lot of fun too!



10 *What would you like to get better at?*

Daniel- Sewing. The sad truth is that most things are learned through trial and error and I don't have a lot of time for that with a deadline looming. I usually ask for help from my mom, but am making a it a point to push myself harder on this... as well as less complaining!

David- I'd really like to learn about about other new effects that could be built into costumes!



CAPTAIN MAGNUM MEETS THE SILVER SUN

© Kevin Roche, 1976

Timmy closed the door quietly behind him. His mother's note was in the usual place, on the nightstand at the end of the hall. He walked over to the solid little table to read the note. It was a typical mother's note:

Timmy,

Have gone shopping and will stop at Dad's lab afterwards, so I won't be back until about 4:30. Fix yourself a snack (Leave some cake for your father!) and do your homework.

Love,

XXX MOM OOO

P.S. Put the pickle Jar back in the 'frig' after you're done.

Timmy smiled when he reached the postscript. So his mother had noticed the diminishing supply of dills! Warmed by this evidence of parental attention, Timmy put his books on his bed and went to the kitchen. He cut himself a piece of cake, took out the pickle jar, and fished a couple of pickles out with his fingers. He could just hear his mother saying, "Timmy! Don't you know enough to use a fork?"

And his father: "Pickles and chocolate cake? I'll never figure out the oddities of a child's taste!"

Timmy shuddered, thinking of his father's favorite snack -- sauerkraut on rye crackers. Why anyone would want to eat stinky old cabbage... Timmy put the jar away and took his snack to his bedroom.

Timmy's room, unlike that of most ten-year olds, was extremely neat. He nursed a quiet pride in his ability to keep it that way, and has gone to great pains to find a place for everything.

Other than its neatness, however, the room WBS an ordinary boy's room. There was an impressive pile of comic books on the bookshelf, and a multitude of posters adorned the room's walls. The casual observer might notice nothing more; on 8 second glance, however, an interesting anomaly appeared--all of the aforementioned magazines and posters featured one certain individual. His name was Captain Magnum.

Captain Magnum was your run-of-the-mill super person. He wore the usual form-fitting costume, which accented his waves on waves of beautifully proportionate, rippling muscles.

He specialized in thwarting invading aliens and mad scientists who planned to conquer and/or destroy the world. Among his more unusual attributes were the ability to fly, to exist in outer space without protection, and the possession of a super mind, which was what he usually used to defeat his enemies. Captain Magnum was Timmy's hero.

Timmy identified with Captain Magnum. He had few friends, because most of

his classmates were jealous of his quick absorption of lessons in class, and found solace in the fact that Captain Magnum's main weapon was his mind. He also identified with Captain Magnum's origin-the mighty mortal had been a very small boy, too, and had vowed while still young to protect the innocent and abused from those who wished to hurt them. Timmy liked to imagine himself developing into a hero like Captain Magnum.

His choice of a hero wasn't all that surprising. The "brain" of the class and very small besides, Timmy was constantly picked on. It was no small wonder that he turned from his classmates and visited the world of fantasy occasionally. Unfortunately, the fact that Timmy's hero inhabited the pages of a comic book rather than those of the sports section caused problems in itself. For instance, there was the GREAT BUBBLE GUM CARD DISASTER...

...It was while Timmy was still the "new kid" at school. When the teacher announced that "tomorrow will be Show & Tell day," Timmy had been at a loss for something to bring, until he heard some of the other boys describing their bubble gum card collections. I'll bring mine, too, he thought, and then we'll have something in common.

The fateful morning dawned bright and sunny. Timmy bundled up his collection and hurried off to school. After listening to the usual stuff about garter snakes, new toy trucks, and of course, the bubble gum card collections, Timmy went to the front of the room and unwrapped his cards.

"And this is Captain Magnum when he..." All of a sudden, the room was silent. Then a derisive voice rang out, followed by a chorus of raucous laughter:

"He likes CAPTAIN MAGNUM"

Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha

Incidents like these were fairly common during the first few months, but Timmy caught on pretty quickly and the frequency of such occurrences had dwindled steadily. It was now at an all time low.

Timmy had just closed his books when he heard his mother open the front door. He listened carefully to the noise it made when she closed it, then relaxed. A slam would have meant his mother was mad, and no sound at all implied depression, but the door had banged exuberantly, and that meant she was in high spirits. Timmy figured something had happened at the lab. He ran out to help her with the inevitable Leaning Tower of Packages, then asked what was going on.

"Your father finally solved the power ratio problem!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"You mean the neutron-splitting beam works now?" Timmy was starry eyed. His father had started the project a year ago.

When Harlan Silverson, an accredited nuclear physicist, had approached the government with his theory that the neutron was a potential source of clean, cheap energy, he was given a large appropriation and the use of the government research station located outside of the small town of Bailey. Timmy had been interested in the project from the beginning and visited the lab often; he understood the theory almost as well as his parents.

The theory was quite simple; if the neutron could be split in to its constituent

parts -- a proton, an electron, and a neutrino -- a clean energy would be released. Neutrons decayed naturally when released from an atom; all Dr. Silverson had to do was find and harness the force that caused this decay. It had taken him a year to solve that problem and Timmy was understandably pleased at his father's success.

As Timmy sat down in front of the TV to watch "Bugs Bunny," Ellen Silverson recalled one of the so often reenacted discussions between Harlan and herself...

"But, Ellen, the boy just has to get outside more! And I wish he would try to make some friends! We've been here several months and he still doesn't have any friends!"

"Hal, you know as well as I do why he doesn't have any friends. Poor thing! He can't censor his mind any more than you or I could. And it isn't really hard to understand why his classmates are so jealous. I suppose it was inevitable, with parents like us..."

But Hal never understood. Ellen felt like her heart would break every time Timmy came home crying. The extremely destructive nature of school children towards someone different was fanned into flame by Timmy's outstanding academic abilities and the natural target for their abuse was Timmy's height.

Understanding softened the maternal pain not at all.

After a while Timmy grew bored with the capers of the animated rabbit and walked to his room. He took one of the well-used conglomerates of garishly tinted paper off the shelf and began reading (or, rather, rereading) one of his favorite Captain Magnum stories. In a few minutes, however, the number of pages turned for a minute decreased and finally reached the astounding speed of zero. Timmy was off on another adventure...

"Well, Timmy, can you help?"

"Have no fear, Captain Magnum! My quark ray will destroy the Golden Slime!"

"Very well then, Master Silverson! And remember -- the world is depending on you..."

Captain Magnum's discourse was interrupted by the sound of the front door closing. This time it closed with the characteristic klug-klunk of his father. (Timmy had tried one afternoon to duplicate the sound, but he could never get the door to close right.) He ran out excitedly to greet his father.

"Hello there, Timmy. What's for dinner tonight?"

"Lasagna, I think. Will you tell me what happened today?"

"Not you too! So many people have asked me that question lately I'm beginning to feel there's an invisible entity looking over my shoulder! All right son, but after dinner."

Dinner seemed to pass "faster than a speeding bullet." Soon Timmy was in the den listening raptly to his father's day's occurrence at the lab. One section of the narrative stuck in his memory -- his father's description of the effect of the neutronic (as they decided to call it) beam.

“...and when the beam had played on the target for about three minutes, it suddenly started sparking, like the fireworks at last year’s Fourth of July. And then it started getting lighter and lighter...”

Timmy went to bed still thinking of his father’s success. And in his dreams, as he turned his quark ray on the Golden Slime, it started giving off a myriad of Fourth of July sparks and shrank steadily.

The next day was a nightmare for Timmy. His obvious excitement fanned the flame of intolerance to hitherto unreached heights among the children. Every time he successfully countered a problem, the children would turn his triumph to defeat with their little ploys. Eddie Winchell was a recurring figure in the nightmare. Shoving Timmy down, flinging spitwads and buzz bombs at him, and coming up with the perfect snide remarks all the time was bad enough, but after school, when Eddie pushed Timmy over and crushed the clay horse he had just made for his mom, it was just the final straw. Timmy broke into tears and cried all the way home.

Harlan and Ellen Silverson were in the living room when Timmy entered the hall silently. They were having another one of their discussions.

“Ellen, that boy is just getting too weak and scrawny! He must start going outside! If he doesn’t start building up some muscles, he’ll never be able to defend himself!”

Timmy was shocked. So they didn’t really love him! He was just a weak, little nuisance to them. He ran to his room and slammed and locked the door.

“Oh, Captain Magnum, why can’t you be real?”

“But I am real, Timmy.”

The deep voice seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Timmy looked around. “No, it’s not your imagination. Timmy, I need your help.”

“But how can I help? I’m only ten years old!”

“First of all, stop crying. Your parents do love you, you know.” Timmy stopped crying and nodded. “All right, that’s better. You are the only one who can help, Timmy. If I went to a grown-up, I’d have to convince them that I was there before they could do anything, and most children are too busy playing to treat this problem seriously. You are the only one.”

“Okay,” Timmy said. “What do I do?”

“Your parents are in terrible danger, Timmy. An alien force wants their invention and will stop at nothing to get it.” Something appeared on the bureau. “Carry this around at all times. It will let u-- me keep you in touch with you. And one more thing – don’t tell anyone about this!”

“Captain Magnum?” Silence. Timmy’s room contained only Timmy now.

Except for the communicator. Timmy picked it up and looked at it. It was rectangular, about 3x5x1 inches. The surface was smooth and black except for two very slight depressions on one side. One was a circle and the other a triangle. They were almost unnoticeable except as a slight change in the texture of the black material.

“Timmy! What was that noise in your room?” his mother called. “Is there someone in there with you?”

“No, Mom, just me!” Timmy replied quickly. He wondered why Captain Magnum had requested secrecy. After all, weren’t his parents entitled to know of their peril?

Thinking of his parents' danger made him think the preceding events over more suspiciously. Magnum's desire for secrecy was odd. Equally odd was that slip of the tongue – Timmy had been sure that Magnum had almost said "us." And didn't he always work alone?

Timmy was growing increasingly anxious. He took out the black box and began to study it more carefully...

Shlekt addressed his crew. "Contact has been made with the offspring of the targets. His belief in this Captain Magnum made the winning over of him a simple matter." Shlekt thought his accomplishments over carefully. Once the Silversons, who were the only Earthlings with the secret of the neutronic force, had been captured, he would have another rich slave world under his belt.

Neutronic force, he mused. The only thing capable of penetrating the neutronium hull of his craft. It seemed providential that he had arrived before the Silversons could spread their discovery. It was also good fortune that their offspring had this ridiculous belief in this imaginary what's-his-name. Why were slave children so gullible?

Shlekt didn't realize it but he had underestimated – or rather, hadn't recognized – his foe.

... Timmy turned the box over a couple of times. The circle and triangle were the only distinguishable markings on the entire surface. He ran his fingers over the figures, then on a sudden hunch pushed them in. There was a soft click, and something popped out of an end. Works in a drawer, Timmy thought, and he pulled on the extended portion of the device. It slid out smoothly on metal runners and was in two pieces quickly. Timmy realized that the inner section was the working part and that the rest was just a case.

The circle and triangle were repeated in some sort of tinted transparent plastic; only this time, they had depth. The circle was a flat cone and the triangle an equally flat pyramid. The points extended into the device rather like a pair of funnels. They look like speaker cones, mused Timmy, and with a flash of insight realized they probably *were* the audio and video pickups and "speakers." When Timmy turned the device over, something about the arrangement of the components rang a bell. Then he had it – they matched the beam generator in

his father's device! Excited, Timmy put the box under his pillow and ran to see his father.

"Dad, could a neutronic beam be used to carry communication signals?"

"I guess so, Tim. I'd never really thought about it." *My son, the brain*, he thought. *Already he's finding new uses for this thing!* "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, no reason. I just wondered."

Timmy ran back to his room and relocked the door. He looked at the box again. *If it was a variant of Dad's neutronic beam, then that coil there must control the width of the beam. I wonder if it could be made to receive instead of transmit? Maybe one of these other things is reversible?* Timmy probed gently with his fingers. He found it on the fourth try. A slender crystal rod pivoted smoothly and locked in a reversed position. More than a little nervous, he fitted the works back into the case and pushed them together.

One wall of Timmy's room seemed to disappear. It was replaced by a scene of a room with curving walls. Stars swam across the windows. A starship! A group of figures was seated around a table. Something was wrong, thought Timmy. But he couldn't put his finger on what it was until another figure stepped into the light at the head of the table. They weren't human. Timmy listened in horror as this obvious leader, addressed as Shlekt, spoke.

"As is our tradition, I will present to you the series of events leading to this moment before we attack..."

Attack?!! Obviously, these aliens had nothing to do with Captain Magnum; in fact, they were the very sort of people Captain Magnum battled against! Timmy was at first horrified and then terribly angry as he heard of the aliens plans for him, his family, and the world. So *that's why* they were afraid of his parents.

But why hadn't Captain Magnum done anything? The aliens must have somehow lured him away, Timmy thought. Well, then, if Magnum was out of the way, someone else would have to act. But who? Timmy straightened. Why not me? I'll show them! But how?

Maybe they had given him just what he needed!

Timmy quickly disassembled the communicator. The scene blinked out as the drawer popped out of its socket. *That means that those runners are the contacts with the power source!* Timmy's mind was working at a breakneck pace. *If this thing is going to work well, it must home in on a signal from the ship. And the beam must be a very tight one, too, or their own communications would consume*

them.

If I readjust the coil, he figured, to widen the beam, the homing beam might just do the rest. But how can I check? Aha! Timmy took a pair of jumper wires from his electro-lab and connected the runners to their sockets. The conference room, now empty, replaced his wall again. He turned the core of the coil clockwise. The image brightened perceptibly. *Not that way!* He turned the core counterclockwise. The scene started to fade.

Well, Timmy thought, that's right. The homing signal was obviously effective regardless of the strength or width of the beam. He turned the crystal rod back into the "transmit" position and turned the core fully counterclockwise.

Three minutes, his father had said. Timmy waited four for good measure, then turned the rod back to "receive."

A dismal scene greeted his eyes when he focused the image. The alien ship had dissolved completely on the side exposed to the beam. Masses of grossly shredded blue flesh floated out into the void. Timmy was about to cut the picture off when a movement attracted his attention. It was Shlekt in some sort of pressure suit. Timmy listened as he sent his last message.

"This is Shlekt. We —" He faltered. "We have failed. Terra has the neutronic beam. My ship is destroyed, my crew has been blown into space, and I am dying from exposure to neutrino radiation. Repeat — Terra has the..." He collapsed. Timmy felt somehow guilty. Why couldn't they have come in friendship? He felt like crying.

NO! There wouldn't be any more crying! Timmy's face hardened. From now on, he'd do his best. *That* was what counted. And after all, what *could* anyone say to that?

The next afternoon, Timmy wasn't alone when he came home. He ushered his companion into the kitchen.

"Mom, this is Eddie Winchell. We're going to play in my room for a while."

"Hello, Eddie."

"Hi, Mrs. Silverson. Boy that sure is a good-looking cake!"

"Why don't you two take some with you?"

As the door swung closed behind the boys, Ellen Silverson smiled.

And, from behind Timmy's door, she could hear Eddie saying, "Wow! Do you like Captain Magnum, too?"



WONDERCON 2011

25 YEARS AND GOING STRONG

by Palle Madsen

WonderCon is an interesting phenomenon. I started attending back in the late 90s, when it was at the Oakland Convention Centre, and it was still primarily a comics-based event. There wasn't a lot of programming, per se, due to a lack of space. Neither was there a lot of cosplay, at least

not that I recall, apart from the infamous "booth babes" hired to draw attraction to whatever company hired them. I seem to remember some children dressing up as Batman and the like, but beyond that...? Not so much.

This didn't bother me, as I was attending primarily to shop and attend whatever panels

were going on. Cosplay wasn't even a gleam in my imagination at that point.

After Comic-Con bought WonderCon in 2001, two things happened that would shortly make it much more of an event for cosplay. First, the scope widened to include all elements of sci-fi and fantasy, such as TV, films, anime/

manga, and gaming. This gave a lot more possibilities for cosplay, naturally. The other (and I honestly don't want it to sound like I'm taking the piss out of Oakland!) was the move to San Francisco and Moscone Centre. A bit more centrally located in the Bay Area, with loads of hotels, restaurants, and easily accessed via public transport, this made it much more convenient for cosplay...

Numbers for WonderCon have been steadily increasing each year for the last ten years, and this I think also gives rise to much more cosplay for a couple of reasons. More people seen costuming can inspire others to do the same, of course; Creativity breeds creativity (so one certainly hopes). The other thing? Safety in numbers. Dressing up in a strange costume, looking vastly different from everyone around you...well, that can be scary (except at Halloween, when it's ostensibly allowed). Being around folks who are doing the same can be a wonderfully calming influence.

So, with a reported forty thousand in attendance, there were indeed a couple of folks in costume, I'm happy to say!

Unlike Gallifrey One, with a focus on the Doctor Who-



niverse, WonderCon has a great variety in cosplay. Where else could you see a Klingon and a gorilla from Planet of the Apes shooting the breeze outside? A Flash and Wonder Girl who are members of a rock band that play in costume? A ton of Boba Fett variants? (Serious-

ly, there must have been a job lot on Fett helmets this year). Thor and Wonder Woman posing for pictures, Cobra Commander striding into Moscone...oh, the list goes on and on.

There were plenty of costumes I didn't recognize, of course.

A lot of anime influence, as well as Harry Potter, I think. In many ways, it could be argued anime cosplay has had a profound effect on the overall increase in cosplay at conventions such as Wonder-Con and Comic-Con. There's undoubtedly a large range of characters and costumes



to inspire people, both male and female, to cosplay. There is still the occasional booth-babe, of course, but it seems there are more companies with employees who enjoy cosplaying as opposed to hiring someone to do so. And even though the crowd gets bigger each year (I don't like crowds, as a rule), it is fun to see what people come up with and how proudly they wear their creations (which is the whole point, isn't it?).

Did I wear a costume for WonderCon? Historically, I haven't, but I did sport my Ninth Doctor on Friday, as I was being filmed by French television for a documentary on 'geek culture.' They had hoped for a Doctor Who cozzie, so I gladly provided! And they seemed to like it...

A happy and interesting post-script to this year's show: The weekend after WonderCon, I was working at the hardware store I manage, when I came across a lady and her ten-year old son. They were looking for a 12 inch 1 ¼ extension tube for a sink, several 1 ¼ washers, and a bath plug to fit on the end. I asked her what they were working on, and she told me they were making a lightsabre. I suggested some adhesive foam pads that could act as buttons and so



forth. As we walked up to the register, I asked the kid if he was getting ready to do some cosplay. It turns out he had attended WonderCon the previous weekend, and was so amazed by all the costumes he saw that he wanted to prepare

one for next year's show! I commended him on his wanting to start early (relating the story of how España and I had had to prepare our costumes for Gallifrey in a much shorter span of time), and was promised at least a picture of

the finished product, if not actually bringing it in for me to see. So another costumer is born, perhaps? I certainly hope so!

Selah.





Letter from the [evil] Editor



We're now one month away from the Reno Worldcon (as I write this, we already have a dozen entries signed up for the [masquerade](#) if you are thinking of entering) and I'm both looking forward to the weekend and to having discharged our responsibilities therein. It should be quite a show!

Of course, even the best Evil Plans can go astray, as Andy and I learned at Westercon 64 in San Jose on July 4 weekend. Our hoax bid party for California Olive Country in 2013 was a smash hit, featuring olive tasting of briny delicacies from Granzellas's Delicatessen of Williams, California.

After a far more dramatic weekend than we'd expected, "Olive Country" (aka Andy and I) were awarded the 2013 Westercon at the end of a 3-hour Business meeting. You can expect, of course, a strong costume program at Westercon 66, which it looks like we'll be holding somewhere in Sacramento. Sacramento has quite a costuming fan community including a Steampunk Society, lots of anime cosplayers, a Browncoats group and a Ghostbusters recreation club. Folks seem really enthused at the idea of Westercon returning to Sacramento (last there in 1985) and are already offering help. If you want to know more, or get involved yourself, check out the Westercon 66 Facebook page or the website at <http://www.westercon66.org>.

Send all complaints to:
Kevin@yipezine.com



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July 14, 2011

Dear Yipearians:

I am two issues behind. You've been hanging around that Garcia guy too long. He's been a bad influence. But then, I'm probably not telling you anything you don't already know. I will scramble to get all this done (what a martyr, hm?), with comments on Vol. 3, Issues 5 and 6.

Jason: Yeah, Garcia rubs off on you. I saw a doctor about that, but he assured me it's not a fungus.

5...I remember many years ago complaining that masquerades were becoming small theatre, that those of us who

flew in couldn't bring a stage full of props with them were at a disadvantage, and all I got for my trouble was being told to suck it up. International borders usually aren't friendly to anyone with lots of carry-on luggage, or even a road crossing with a trailer. It's one thing to travel with some of the things Stacy Meyn lists in her article, but it is another thing to travel to the United States from another country with anything even resembling some of the items listed.

Jason: Strangely, I know a few people who've brought swords and yak meat back from Hong Kong without incident.

I have been hoping for the same kinds of teas for the steampunk and related community here, but no luck so far. I've asked the local steampunk society for them, but we get late-night dances and photo shoots. We need a Miss Fitz-Poste in Toronto to at least change things a little.

After a partial day at our local anime convention, I saw so many different costumes and modes of dress, I could have walked through it wearing tartan pajamas, and most wouldn't have said boo. (The rest would ask what series my costume was from, and could they have a picture taken with

me.)

Jason: Added bonus - Anime cons smell slightly better than others (barring the gaming room, of course).

I would think that in Tokyo, and many other places, no one cares how you're dressed. In some places, no one would care IF you're dressed.

Jason: You're speaking from experience?

(Just keep repeating Rotsler's Rule, No Costume Is No Costume.)

Jason: You're speaking from experience.

Every day on my way to my evening job, I take a streetcar through our main Chinatown. Some costumes, some traditional clothes, mostly tourists.

Jason: I will always remember a time I went to Chinatown in SF with my good friend Jordan Lai. A group of German tourists stared at us eating lunch like we were pandas at the zoo.

Thanks, Andy, for clearing up where 'cosplay' came from. Seeing that most of our costuming time was in the early to mid 80s, it was a word I didn't hear until about a de-



cade ago, if I recall.

Toronto has a zombie walk... in fact, I think the idea of the zombie walk started here.

Jason: The first zombie walk on record actually took place in Sacramento, CA, but I think you guys were the ones to call it "Zombie Walk."

I know lots of people who take part, but nowhere have I seen any Mexican motifs to it. I wonder of those who participate know about the death culture in Mexico, and if adding a little of it would spice up

the zombie walk.

I shouldn't be too surprised if there's no costuming content in Swedish conventions, only because different places start up and carry on differently, and we shouldn't expect anything as anarchic as fandom to be homogenized anywhere.

Jason: Heresy!

All the names in the article are quite familiar, and I may have met Johan Anglemark in my travels, very possibly at the Dutch Worldcon in 1990. Some years ago, I attended

a major Tolkien convention in Toronto, and while there were some Canadian there, and lots of Americans, there were a large number of European Tolkien fans who were meeting each other for the first time, after many years of knowing one another via Tolkien websites. They loved the opportunity to dress as their favourite character, and for some, dressing up and meeting old friends in the flesh for the first time was an emotional experience.

Good lord, is that Garth Spencer in the deck chair,



handkerchief on his head, reading the Sunday paper? We are looking forward to CostumeCon in 2014; it will be our first one.

Jason: Again, heresy!

(Earlier today, I had a Facebook conversation with Leigh Ann Hildebrand, who said that there was a Magical School Challenge at Reno ...we got Yvonne registered quickly to represent Hogwarts. Just a few months ago, I got a copy of Lev Gross-

man's *The Magicians*, I finished reading it about a week ago, Yvonne is reading it now, and already, it looks like a fandom is springing up around it. Leigh Ann and España are holding a Fillory Tea? Yvonne was looking forward to the convention, but now, she is excited.)

Jason: As far as I know, nearly the entire Yipe! staff will be participating in the Magical School Challenge. We'll also be cosplaying *The Magicians* throughout the weekend.

And that was not a shameless plug.

6...I must admit right now that every time I see Kevin in his sailor suit...I think of the kid on the Cracker Jack box. Salute!

A Klingon/Vulcan mix? What a coincidence... Years ago, I joined a Klingon group, based in Québec, and they said I had to come up with a Klingon name. Hmm...what is your name? I think being married

to a French-Canadian did it. I came up with a Klingon/Vulcan mix of a name... K'Mon T'Pel-tu. For those of you who speak the language, it's French, Comment t'appel tu? for "What is your name?" The folks in Québec hated me for coming up with it first...

Jason: Revenge is a dish best served cold...

Around Toronto, in communities like Mississauga and Brampton to the west and northwest, and Markham to

the northeast, there are large Indian, Pakistani and Bangladeshi communities, so if I wanted to dress the part, I know exactly where I'd go. There's an area steampunk had reached into yet, British India around the time of Victoria. I'd like to dress like the Indian rajahs.

Jason: Much as I like some of those fashions, it does bring up some rather unfortunate history...

When Yvonne and I got mar-

ried, some suggested a costumed wedding, with crossed swords up the centre aisle. It did appeal for perhaps a second or two, but in many ways, the ceremony is also for the families, and neither the Penneys nor the Roberts have much in the way of imagination. I am certain we would have been told how insane we were, or to get our feet back on the ground, or what were we thinking?, in both official languages. It would have been nice, but I am glad we did it in the traditional way, and





both families think we're nuts, anyway.

Jason: Much as a wedding's for the families, I tend to enjoy the weddings where the bride takes charge most. Grooms have no idea how to put a wedding together, and one run by the family can get that 'shotgun' feel too easily.

With no disrespect to those in the SCA articles earlier... I used to know a number of SCAdians in local fandom, and they used to tell me about the vile politics involved in it, and how certain experiments in other time periods were

either discouraged or simply Not Allowed. I would like to think that it's changed, but my local contacts are all gone. Christina Carr and Martin Hunger are all set to launch this year's edition of the British Columbia Renaissance Faire, and local SCA has been a thorn in their side for years. I wish this wasn't happening, I really do. Then, I see what's happening with steampunk, especially locally...our convention in April showed us all just how much creative anachronism there is in steampunk. I hope we will continue to be as creative and anachronistic as we can.

Jason: Ah, the eternal struggle between order and chaos. Gotta admit chaos is always more fun, but, man, what a mess.

Hey, it's the third page. This means your zines gave me lots to talk about and comment on. Well done. I'm on a panel on voice acting and Yvonne's on three panels about costuming, and I didn't get on any panels about fanzines... but, we will be in Reno for the Worldcon, so I can now say see you soon! It's a month away.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Jason: Thanks a lot, Lloyd!
Now let's take a look at one
from our good friend Christo-
pher J. Garcia.

Another beautiful issue of
YIPE! from y'all. I love the
cover. Bob Hole does great
covers and a couple of times
went all textural, but the re-
sult here was just gorgeous.

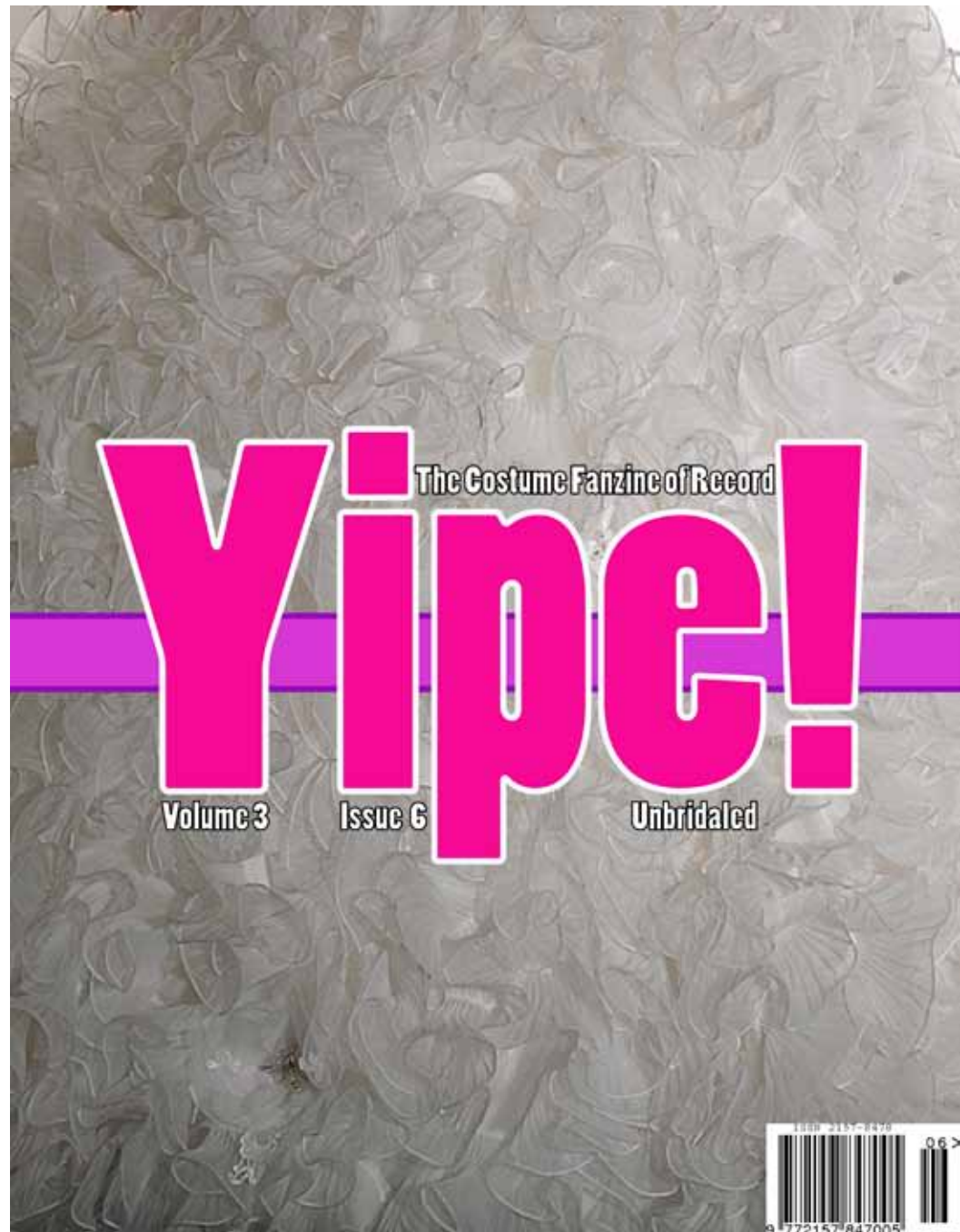
I've performed a few wed-
dings, the most interesting
was the Viking-Jewish wed-
ding. It taught me something
- that all ritual is maluable.

Jason: Of malleable value?

THEY did a handfasting, a
blood offering (which was
slightly unnerving) and they
crushed a glass in a bag. The
reception was good stuff too.

Jason: As far as I'm con-
cerned, if they didn't set
something on fire they're still
living in sin.

THEY are still together, which
is cool. I've performed stan-
dard weddings, ones we're I've
had a costume to don, ones
where I've been asked to act as
'Preacherly" as possible. My
fave was that speed-wedding
for Kevin and Andy. It was a



beautiful moment and during
the entire uncertainty about
how Prop 8 would unfold, I
was ready to go to the mat-
tresses and fight for the recog-
nition of the ceremony I had
performed. According to one
lawyer I talked with, I would
have had a good case.

Luckily it didn't come to that.

I'm excited by the New York
decision and know a couple of
folks in the State who are go-
ing to be getting themselves
hitched quickly!

I am annoyed by those shows
that show Brides flipping
out at the preparation stages.
Yeah, it happens (I've only
seen it once, but not even
1/1000000th of what things

like Bridezillas show), but really, most of the time it's a stressful event that goes as right as it can and once the moment hits, it all become magic.

Jason: The worst bridezilla I ever saw was actually a groom. By all accounts, he had his wife-to-be in tears for the entire week leading up to the ceremony.

One wedding terror I did witness was held at the museum. It was a huge pair of families and there had been some, let us say, tension between them. There were a number of fist-fights out in the parking lot and then the bride apparently caught the groom making out with one of the bridal party. Somehow, this led to a shower of bottle throwing.

Needless to say, they did not get their deposit back.

Jason: You just described my dream wedding. Needless to say, I don't sleep very soundly.

Great and beautiful issue as always!
Chris



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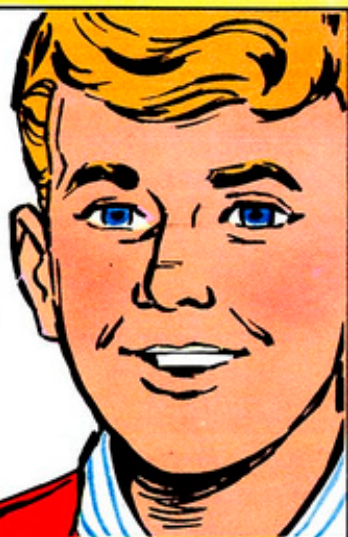


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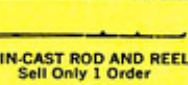
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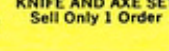
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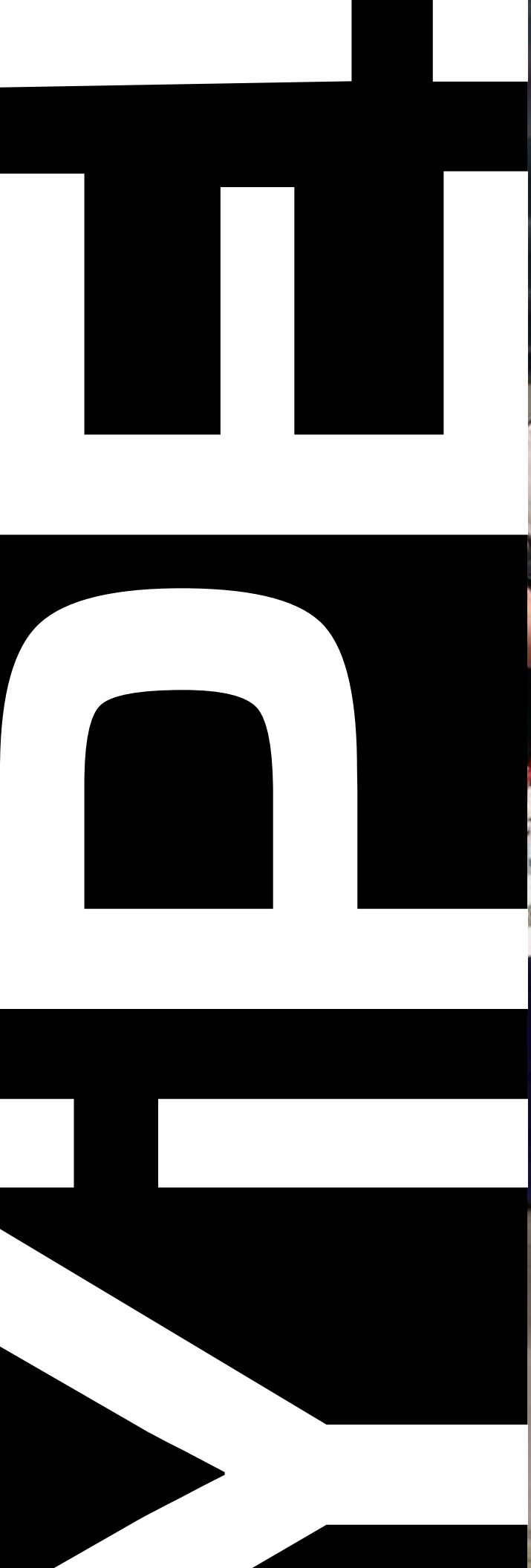
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