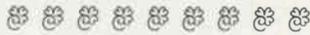


# MASQUERADE

## The Magazine Of Science Fiction Costuming

Everything You Ever Wanted  
To Know About  
Worldcon Masquerades—  
With Photos To Match



Articles by:

- ★ Marjii Ellers ★
- ★ Carol Resnick ★
- ★ Kathy Sanders ★



★  
Joni  
Stopa



★  
Joan  
Bledig



- ★ Ann Chancellor ★
- ★ Sandra Miesel ★
- ★ Astrid Anderson Hayes ★
- ★ Michael Jordan ★
- ★ Lynne Aronson ★
- ★ Mike Resnick ★



Harpy (1974)

# Editorial

It began, like so many other fannish traditions, with Forry Ackerman, who showed up at the very first Worldcon back in 1939 dressed in a futuristic outfit. Fandom took the concept of a Worldcon masquerade to heart, and by the late 1950s the costume ball (it wasn't a rigid competition back then) was the biggest crowd attraction of the convention, featuring such well-remembered costumed stalwarts as Karen Anderson, Olga Ley, and a seemingly endless series of BEMs created by Stu Hoffman. Soon Jon and Joni Stopa and Bruce Pelz joined the annual parade of masqueraders, the bands and dancing were left behind, and the era of the elegant and elaborate costumes had arrived. This magazine is a child of that era.

It was at NorthAmericon in Louisville that I suggested the possibility of a costumer's APA to Ann Chancellor and Sandra Miesel, who both promptly embraced the idea. But after giving the matter some thought, I finally decided that an APA simply wouldn't work at this time: first, because we would not be able to reproduce photographs; and second, because most costume enthusiasts are unwilling to talk about their current or future costumes. Still, no publication had ever been devoted to this particular subject, and there was and is a growing masquerade fandom, so I finally decided to edit an APA of One: MASQUERADE. Each contributor was asked to discuss all prior costumes—sources, materials, problems, awards, etc.—and a number of them also volunteered articles of a more general nature. This magazine couldn't have been produced without their efforts, and I should therefore like to dedicate the first issue of MASQUERADE to the wonderful ladies who made it all possible:

Lynne Aronson  
Joan Bledig  
Ann Chancellor  
Marjii Ellers  
Astrid Anderson Hayes  
Micheale Jordan  
Sandra Miesel  
Carol Resnick  
Kathy Sanders  
Joni Stopa

Thanks to one and all, ladies!

MASQUERADE is also reprinting a trio of articles written by Joni Stopa, Lynne Aronson and myself for the MidAmeriCon Progress Reports. They're pretty basic, but we're printing up 1,000 copies of the magazine, which means at least 900 are going to people

who have never before participated in a masquerade.

This magazine contains a lot of photos. Admittedly some of them could be of better quality, but none were taken with the thought of publication in mind. About a third were taken by myself; credits for the remaining pictures go to Ben Jason, Hank Beck, John Guidry, Mark Irwin, Stan Vinson, Kathy Sanders, Sandra Miesel, George Price, and Ken Konkol.

The uncaptioned photos on the front cover are, at top right, Carol Resnick as Lith, the Golden Witch, from Torcon II; and at bottom left, Marjii Ellers as the Black Queen from Barbarella, from LACon. On the back cover going clockwise from the upper left-hand corner, we have Mike and Carol Resnick as The Ice Demon and The White Sybil, from Discon II; Astrid Anderson Hayes and Karen Anderson as The Bat and the Bitten, from St. Louiscon; Ann Chancellor and partner as Sadric and Empress, from Iguanacon; Sandra Miesel and her group as A Roman Pastorale, from Discon II; and Kathy and Drew Sanders as the King and Queen of Cups, from MidAmeriCon. (I had hoped to print them in color until the \$1,000 estimate came in—so you'll just have to use your imaginations.)

Will there be a MASQUERADE #2?

Someday . . . but not until a) MASQUERADE #1 has paid off its \$1,500+ cost, and b) enough time has elapsed for the contributors to the current issue to have a couple of more costumes to discuss. However, looking ahead (why look back, with nothing there but creditors?) the next issue will attempt to list every costume winner in every category at every Worldcon and NorthAmericon masquerade ever held. (Those of you with substantial listings in this area might mail copies of them to me.) And I'll move heaven and earth to get the costumes of Bruce Pelz and Joni Stopa in our next gallery . . . so Joni and Bruce, be warned!

A special tip of the hat to Joan Bledig, the proprietor of JDA Typesetting, who not only contributed to this issue but also set the type and worked very cheerfully with a crotchety old son of a bitch who thought he had quit free-lance editing five years ago.

Although it is based on competition, I have found that masquerade fandom contains a hell of a lot less backstabbing pettiness than almost any other group with which I am acquainted. Most costumers freely exchange hints and information, most are both friendly and helpful backstage, and most register an honest joy rather than resentment when they see a beautiful costume that they have to compete against. And yet, despite the fannish fame that goes along with winning masquerade competitions, despite the fact that a Worldcon masquerade can be expected to outdraw the Guest of Honor speech 10-to-1, despite the fact that many of the competitors spend months preparing for their one or two minutes in the limelight, this particular fandom has gone virtually unnoticed and unorganized. This magazine was conceived and created in the hope of changing that.

See you backstage.

—Mike Resnick

# Now That You've Created It, You Have To Wear It!

by Michaele Hahn Jordan

Alas, my friends, I must be brutally frank with you. I saw your costume at the masquerade, and the chances are I didn't like it. Why didn't I like it? Simple. If your name isn't Ellers, Resnick, Trouvere or Miesel, you probably weren't wearing it very well.

Who am I to say such harsh and unkind things to you after all your hard work? My name is Michaele Jordan, but you've probably never heard of me. I've only appeared in a masquerade once. But I have a degree in drama, and I've done a fair amount of theatrical costuming; I've never missed a masquerade at any convention I've attended, and I've watched tapes and films from the conventions I couldn't attend. All the above qualifications have combined with my natural (and enormous) vanity to make me one very tough critic.

I should, perhaps, have the decency to keep my nasty notions to myself. Unfortunately for you, I'm not the only one out there. I'm just the only one rude enough to say these things to your face. So let me give you a few tips on wearing a costume, and maybe next time you can triumphantly shut me up—me and all those others that only said it behind your back.

The moment to start thinking about wearing your costume is the moment you first get the idea for it. And the question to ask yourself is: what will I look like in this outfit? I'm not talking about what the costume will look like. I'm talking about what *you* will look like. Let's face it. A masquerade is not an opportunity to fulfill your fantasies. Underneath the peacock feathers and the chicken wire, you will still look exactly the same. And if your costume doesn't suit you, it will only make both you and itself look ridiculous. So instead of dreaming of glamour, get paranoid.

At all times remember the awards. I don't mean the official awards where the judge reads your name out and hands you a trophy. I mean the audience awards, presented in secret and promulgated by word of mouth. These awards contain such distinctions as Clutziest Belly Dancer, Flabbiest Conan, Shortest Darth Vader, Most Inaudible Comic, and the ever-popular Most Naked Woman Who Shouldn't Be. So let yourself worry a little about all the snide comments that won't get back to you (or worse yet, that might well get back to you). And if you've had a wonderful idea for Galadriel's gown, only you're four foot three and swarthy, forget it.

Once you've come up with an idea that will look as good on you as it does in your mind, my primary advice (and my desperate plea, as well) is: don't present! I've seen genuinely lovely costumes ruined and made repulsive by atrocious performances. Please, spare me your shrill breathless singing, your stiff-jointed heavy-footed dancing, your truly gawdawful acting. If your costume is good, you won't need a routine to display it. If your costume is bad, a routine

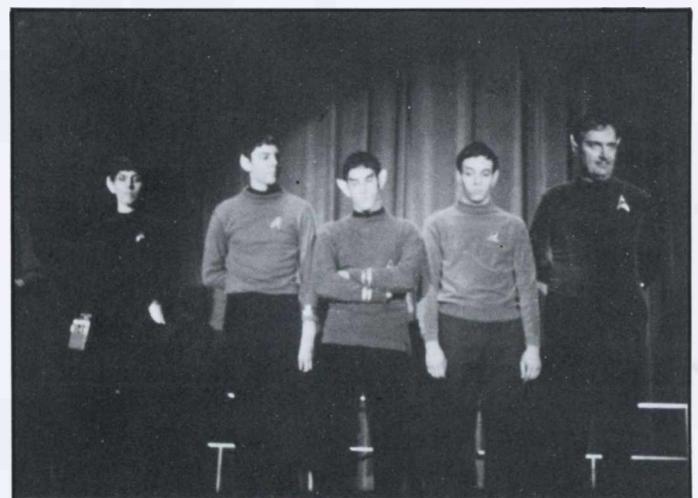
won't save it. And even if you're a brilliant performer (which I don't believe for a minute), the mikes are never arranged so that the audience can hear you, the people in the back can only barely see you anyway, and, all in all, what's the use? If you insist on presenting, keep it short. Remember: somebody out there isn't enjoying your act as much as you are.

Now that you've chosen an appropriate costume, and determined simply to walk on with it, and then off—and, of course, you've done all that: surely you've taken my every word as gospel—you are ready to start rehearsing. Yes, indeed, I am quite sincere; even a walk-on must be rehearsed. When you get to the masquerade, or even to the convention, it will be too late to whimper that you weren't expecting steps, or that the ramp is too narrow, or too shaky, or too long, or that the lighting is bad. You should be prepared for all that in advance.

Practice in your costume, practice until you can wear it as casually as your blue jeans in any conditions. If your costume is not ready until the last day, then rig up a simulation out of blankets or band-aids or whatever, and practice in that. Remember that the character you are portraying does not regard this outlandish garb as a costume. To your character, these clothes are just clothes. And if you are to portray that character, you must feel the same way, or you'll show yourself up as a fake by losing your loincloth or breaking a heel.

I can almost hear you protesting that none of this applies to you, that your garments are securely fastened and comfortable to move in, that all you have to do is walk.

Well, can you?



Great Moments in Costuming #1: That memorable moment, in 1967, when it finally dawned on some of the participants that the notion of appearing as Mr. Spock was perhaps not as unique as they had first thought.

Go look in a mirror. Check your posture. Is your spine straight? Are your shoulders back? Is your head high? Are your feet together? Or are you hunched up in typical fannish stance? Practice the old charm school bit, walking around with a book on your head. Do a physical warm-up: exercises, yoga, anything to loosen up those muscles that have been knotted so long you no longer even notice them. Do a song-and-dance routine—not on the stage, but in rehearsal—to open your posture and lift your chin. You won't look like a queen in even the loveliest gown if you're walking in the turtle gait of a scullery maid.

Practice letting your arms swing from the shoulders in a natural, relaxed fashion, or they will lock into quarterstaves the minute you step on stage, and you will look like a 'droid instead of a butterfly. If you have a long skirt, heavy baggy pants, or a sword-like weapon at your belt, remember that these accoutrements require a special gait. Walk with a smooth, gliding short step. A long stride will result in a series of kicks to anything in the vicinity of your knees and ankles.

Keep your feet close together unless you are playing a barbarian. A straddle stride always looks vulgar, and would, in life, be a serious handicap to any character in a physically-oriented profession other than horseman. And when you've done all these exercises, practice your elegant new walk a little more, until it is second nature. Otherwise, you will tense and lose it as soon as the lights hit you.

Does it all sound tedious? Uncomfortable? No fun at all? Take heart; the worst is over. The whole point of it is to take the strain off, when your big moment comes. If you've done your homework with care, then it will all be routine by the time you step on stage. You can use the entrances of the costumes ahead of you to shake out your last little kinks and distract yourself from the nerves. Then walk right on looking great and feeling good. And while you're out there, go ahead and have fun. The audience will notice if you're happy.



Great Moments in Costuming #2: In 1972 there appeared an underground comic hero (?) called The Turd, whose costume consisted predominantly of peanut butter. It grew increasingly rancid throughout the evening, and caused all future masquerade chairpeople to outlaw the use of this interesting if unconventional aid to costuming.

## Please Don't Play It Again, Sam!

by Mike Resnick

I recently ran an unofficial little survey concerning those costumes we can happily do without for the next decade or so. I realize printing it won't do much good, since anyone reading this magazine is hopefully going to show a little more originality, but getting it off my chest will make me and my survey-responders feel better.

So, for badder or worse, here goes:

- Barbarella
- Vampirella
- Mr. Spock
- Any crew member of the U.S.S. Enterprise
- Luke Skywalker, Han Solo, and Princess Leia
- Wookies
- Anyone with a light-sabre
- Anyone from on, beneath, or in the general vicinity of the Planet of the Apes

- Belly dancers
- Celtic warriors
- Cutsey-poo robots, whatever the source
- Darth Vader or any possible future incarnation of same
- Girls from Gor, men from Gor, whips and chains from Gor
- Funny Superman costumes
- Unfunny Superman costumes
- Crew members from ALIEN, THE BLACK HOLE, or BATTLESTAR GALACTICA
- The Amazing Spider-Man

That's our Christmas wish list. Costumers, please note.

# The Costumes of Sandra Miesel

1971—NOREASCON I

“ANAHITA, THE PERSIAN GODDESS OF FERTILITY”

**Award: None**

The character comes from Persian mythology and copies a gown from a Persian vase of ca. 600 A.D. I was only entering for the experience with no thought of prizes. All I wanted was something cool, cheap, becoming, and easy to transport. The costume satisfied all these criteria and gave me valuable experience in trying more elaborate projects.

I didn't know how to sew at this point so it was entirely made by hand, not machine. Material was principally chiffon, with glued-on sequins—I still rely heavily on *glued* sequins.

This masquerade was fairly well-organized and decently judged. The only problem lay outside the con's control—the air conditioning went off and the waiting room became unbearably hot.

I wouldn't do this particular one over again because there isn't enough to it, but I should have bought a theatrical body stocking to wear underneath it, should have tried the *entire* finished product on at home (the headdress wouldn't stay together when the time came), and should have been adventurous enough to act on a last-minute inspiration to turn it into a spoof.

1973—TORCON II

“THE ILLUSIONS OF THE QUEEN OF AIR AND DARKNESS AND TIM CULHANE”

**Award: Most Beautiful**

I came with Patrick McGuire as “The Illusions of the Queen of Air and Darkness and Tim Culhane” from *THE QUEEN OF AIR AND DARKNESS* by Poul Anderson. Note the distinction in the title—these are illusions projected by the characters, not their actual appearance.

I finally learned to sew on a machine in order to make these and did considerable research on medieval costuming to prepare. No one ever commented but my partner and I aren't really from the same era—my gown was current about 50 years after his surcoat. We were fairytale interpretations of medieval personages, not historically realistic. The shoes, crown, and my cote-hardie presented the biggest construction problems. The crown is made of wire, sheet copper, plastic solder, mirror disks, and dress trim. The cote hardie has a cloth base to which several



hundred white iridescent paillettes were individually glued in rows, creating a scale-like surface. The floral garland at the neck is made of plastic flowers dipped in glue, dusted with clear glitter, leaves silvered with Rub n'Buff. Some of the same fabric and trim is used on my partner's costume but he was principally in black and silver, I in white and silver. The triskeleon motif is used on both.

This was a well-judged masquerade, partly because it was the only one with an organized prejudging. Lighting on stage and audience was the same, which diminished effects, including ours—we didn't glitter as much as I expected.

And I should have arranged for a taped musical accompaniment—they had a combo do *Pomp and Circumstance*, which was inappropriate. I ought to have recited a different line on each run-through. There were some details that could have been improved on each outfit and I did this with mine at North American six years later.

## 1974—DISCON II

### “A ROMAN PASTORALE”

#### Award: None

I planned and led a seven-member group, “A Roman Pastoral.” This consisted of myself as Ariadne, Larry Propp as Bacchus, Freff as Orpheus, Jackie Freas as a flower-nymph, Summer Miller as a mountain nymph, Susan Wood as a dryad, and Bridget Dziedzic as a naiad. I designed all the costumes and made four of them.

The inspiration is, of course, classical mythology, but we did it in a specifically Roman style rather than a Greek one. It was really a tribute to the Pastoral Symphony sequence in *FANTASIA*, with a touch of Thomas Burnett Swann.

This project is worth an article in itself—never again! I made the sketches for each costume and bought many of the materials, making my own, Larry's, Freff's, and most of Jackie's. The men looked



exactly like their parts, but I had a lot of difficulty finding four nymphs who were pretty but shorter than me, and had each a different color of long hair. Our costumes harmonized in color and trim but because the materials were purchased in different places, the textures didn't work out quite right. The participants lived too far apart and I was the only one who knew them all. Not everyone followed instructions, either. The biggest technical problem was Orpheus' lyre, made of plywood—it was realistic enough that people tried to play it. It is a Roman, not a Greek, design, and authentic in style. The biggest practical difficulty was in the makeup. We didn't want to use body-paint on the dryad and naiad because we wanted to suggest green and blue blood, not skin. Susan was rubbed with iridescent creme eye shadow (which would have worked better over body makeup), had her fingernails coated with green Rub n'Buff, her hair dusted with powdered green blackboard chalk and green sugar (!)—no wonder she got ill during the intermission and had to retire. The most perfect member of the group was Summer, with bronze-red wig, complete theatrical makeup (including a fake "classical" nose) with a gold-glitter undertone, real fur trim, etc. It took a back-up crew of 13 people to get us ready!

This was the horrible all-night masquerade with more than 150 costumes. Some of us nearly fainted for lack of food during the long waits. Susan became ill (but no one noticed she was gone because there were so many of us). During the second run-through, my hair became entangled with Freff's brooch and we nearly fell down, but the audience took it as part of the drunken debauchees' act. This masquerade was famous for its bickering judges and interminable presentations. Strict pre-judging would have made this a much more bearable experience.

Bolder details would have improved these costumes and better harmony among the nymphs' outfits. More stylized and exaggerated makeup would also have helped.

We did make the second run-through, which given the large numbers competing, is some distinction. And we didn't bore anybody.

## 1976—MIDAMERICON

### "THE MEMORY OF MARY O'MEARA"

#### Award: Best Science-Fiction Costume

I came as "The Memory of Mary O'Meara" from Poul Anderson's *WORLD WITHOUT STARS*. Mary O'Meara is not described in any way whatsoever in this book, so I treated her strictly as a *symbol* of romantic love and incorporated the stars, lilies, and dewdrops of her ballad into my costume.

It is made of soft, lightweight net, sewn from a standard pattern—except that I left off the backstraps and attached the shoulder pieces directly to my skin with surgical tape. Iridescent beads and sequins were sewn to the net in a random pattern, with sequins also on the black net stocking worn underneath. The gown looked transparent under some light, opaque under others, given an intriguing effect of not-quite



nudity. My skin was plastered with cloth lilies drawn from designs by Mucha, and sequin cord was applied directly to the skin with surgical cement. The crown was wire, plastic rings covered with diffraction grating plastic, dress trim, and iridescent beads that swung freely. The crown was asymmetrical, but balanced securely (not comfortably). I carried an original lucite sculpture filled with glitter, made for me by Jim Cunningham. The presentation was to dance to the ballad as recorded by Ann Passovoy. (I'd earlier tried an electronic music version with vocal by Juanita Coulson, but the audience preferred Ann's.) The strength of this costume, my best to date, was the complete integration of the effect.

Personal problems were very minor—a rip in my stocking solved by borrowing needle and thread from the repair station, and an unnoticed pin in my shoulder. (Shows how absorbed I was in the event, not to notice it had been imbedded in flesh all the time!)



### 1977—SUNCON

#### “JADIS, THE WITCH-QUEEN OF CHARN”

**Award: First runner-up,  
Fantasy Category**

I went as “Jadis the Witch-Queen of Charn” from *THE MAGICIAN’S NEPHEW* by C.S. Lewis. The costume is an exact (to the centimeter) replica of the Pauline Baynes illustrations to that book. (I supplied a xerox of the pictures in question but don’t know if the judges looked at it.)

The problem was to translate the rather fanciful lines of the drawn costume into patterns: I made my own. The colors were not specified exactly in the novel, but I chose poison green, lavender, and violet to suggest luxurious depravity. (The colors are actually unflattering to my olive complexion, but that was part of the plan.) The skirt is a full circle with hundreds of multicolored sequins glued on. The gold trim at waist and at shoulders is made of long rolls of metallic cloth stuffed with fiber fluff. The dagger is papier maché, but the ankh pendant is gold thread wound over a cardboard and balsa wood core weighted with a bit of metal. (This small accessory was the most frustrating thing to make—papier maché would have been easier.)

The crown was the real challenge: it’s papier maché horns built over a chickenwire core, with loaf-shaped center of velvet over wire fastened in the middle, whole structure gilded with gold glitter sprinkled on the gold paint while it was still wet. Pearls and faceted gems were applied to the horns by simply sticking in pins. I even dyed some old pearls with food color to get green ones and sawed some in half with a hacksaw.

This masquerade was dominated by the desire to get everything over with as quickly as possible, not to display the costumes to best advantage. Vocal presentations were strongly discouraged by the lack of a mike and terrible acoustics in the hall. The contestants were divided into two groups, fantasy and sf, and parallel awards were given. Unfortunately the divisions were ridiculous in many cases: van Rijn was placed in fantasy because he was wearing lace, ditto the *Freas Analog* cover characters. There was no second run-through. My only personal costuming problem was that I put my arm bracelet on the wrong arm and it came apart when transferred—one must be attentive to details. I should have tried to recite my lines anyway, as an aid to characterization—I can project better than many people.

### 1979—NORTHAMERICON

#### “THE QUEEN OF AIR AND DARKNESS”

**Award: None**

I got “The Queen of Air and Darkness” out of mothballs and replaced the skirt with an authentically-styled one. But the outfit did not work as well without a male partner and won no prize.



# The Costumes of Joan Bledig

1977 — SUNCON

## “TAFF & DUFF, NEO-FEN VISITORS FROM THE SMALL PLANET FIAWOL” Awards: Best Presentation & Best Alien

The basic idea for Taff and Duff came from a nightclub comedy act created by two men who were billed as ‘little people.’ With science-fictional embellishments, they were an excellent core idea for a masquerade costume. I don’t remember exactly who decided that they should be Taff and Duff, small neo-fen visitors from the planet Fiawol (probably it was Mike Resnick), but that gave Lou Tabakow and myself the basis for developing both the physical costumes and the presentation which made them a winner.

Costume design had to be greatly enhanced, because the little people were a bit too human-looking. Dark brown hair became lemon yellow and chartreuse green, and single-pupil eyes became composite. The originals’ facial features were pieces of felt glued onto naked chests and tummies, but we decided that neither of us had good enough bodies to do this. Light-colored leotards enabled us to build up some relief in the facial features with padding for a more alien look.

The fake fur hair was supported with a 12-inch diameter metal embroidery ring, some one-inch wide gross grain ribbon, and two D-circle rings to form a fastener like that found on cycle helmets. It weighed almost nothing, kept the fake fur away from our faces, and we could get in and out of the hot hair pieces very easily and quickly.

The sweatshirt neckbands were removed and a cas-



ing was formed for a rope so the shirts could be tied on just below the hips to continue the illusion of elongated heads, small torsos and tiny legs. The moveable arms were metal coat hangers wrapped in 1½-inch foam rubber, bent at the ‘elbow’ joint, and put inside the sweatshirt sleeves. The tops ends were held in our hands so we could manipulate them, and the bottom ends fitted into white gloves, sewn into the sleeve cuff and filled with foam rubber pieces.

A fabric scrap on the bottom hem of Taff’s sweatshirt created a skirt, and Duff emulated contemporary American casual fashion with a pair of blue denim jeans—pant leg pieces with an elastic garter at the top. Other decorations were made of felt pieces and glued on to the costume.

Taff’s camera was an old shoe box covered with a brown paper bag and a painted styrofoam cup pushed through a cutout for the camera lens. ‘Invisible’ nylon fishing line was used to hold Duff’s book for autographing in his hand as well as his sequin-covered guitar for the second run-through.

Materials for these costumes ran about \$50-\$60 total (fake fur, fan beanies, leotards, sweatshirts, felt pieces, and the guitar) and were very sturdy and packable. We transported them in one of those freebie packing boxes from the airlines—we just stuffed all the pieces in and when we got to Miami Beach, we hung them up to get the wrinkles out.

## 1979—NORTHAMERICAN “THE AVENGERS OF SPACE” Award: Best in Show

The Mime’s speech balloons were drawn on the back of pieces of a canvas-type wallpaper because we had to have something that was durable, bendable, big and cheap! The original idea was to be akin to a football lineman’s downs sign, but posterboard signs that flipped over like that would have been impossible to pack, very unwieldy on stage (you couldn’t grab onto a corner and turn them over while in motion—they would have acted like a sail and made running very difficult), and would have cost a fortune for enough posterboard to make them. The wallpaper was cheap (\$2 a roll, 3 rolls), powdered with talc to keep them from sticking together, and rolled up when not in use!

The hardest parts of this costume for me were lettering the signs—I had to keep sending Ed Sunden down to the corner to see if they were legible from 40 rows back—and smelling the ink in the magic markers! If I never again have to smell the odor of magic markers I will be the happiest costumer in the world!

(For further details, see Carol Resnick’s comments.)

# The Costumes of Marjii Ellers

1972—LACON

## “THE BLACK QUEEN FROM BARBARELLA”

### Award: Judges’ Choice

Three ideas dictated the design of this costume. The character of the Black Queen was not portrayed as a powerful and dynamic woman by Anita Pallenberg in the movie. I considered her hair to be quite ordinary, and conceived the effect of a wig to carry out her wildness in upthrusting, outgoing unstructured lines, curved beautifully, but in no way lying passively.

The second inspiration was the fascinating Snake Goddess of Crete, whose barebreasted jacket is the most becoming line ever designed to show off the breasts.

The third was that although I was only a few comfortable pounds overweight, I could not carry off a too revealing costume, but I still had nice legs, which could be used to draw attention away from the midriff area.

Putting all these ideas together, I came up with a short black dress with cap sleeves, over highcut panties and net hose. Elastic under the breasts kept the dress in place, and the waist was made to seem smaller with feathered epaulettes on the shoulders. The “old-lady” jowls were concealed with a feathered collar, and the “old-lady” arms were hidden in long black gloves.

The wig was constructed on a wired cap form, with tiers of wire hooped over the head from ear to ear, puffed up with light buckram and a row of black coq feathers sewn on each. The spiral horn was gold-leafed and a small crown of snowflake sequins glued together was set in front of it, carrying out the lines. The feathers around the face were glued on to simulate hair, curling like a tousled gamine. I found a pair of black Roman sandals to complete the basic costume, and used glue-on diffraction grating earrings and knotted jet beads to give a little more flash. I used a few black sequins to emphasize the trim of feathers, too.

Contact cement is what I use for feathers, since it dries instantly and remains flexible. Velcro fastened the neckpiece, and the dress zipped up the back. My hotel key was on a keychain at the waist of the panties. I carried no purse.

The banner was assembled at the con. I covered a long  $\frac{3}{4}$ " x  $\frac{3}{4}$ " stick with gold wallpaper, then hung the red fabric from a pair of yardsticks, with black yarn knotted into tassels on black vinyl cut into letters and contact-cemented on.

I spent two days shopping for the feathers (\$15) and fabric (88¢) and five days making the costume. I was 54

years old in 1972, and I had been spending all my time working on these old houses, going from one vacancy to another, and in sixteen months I only took off ten days, to make and wear that costume.

That was time well spent. A lot of energy and feeling about the role of women as queens, priestesses, and goddesses welled up from my subconscious and projected itself out to the stunned audience. Those are moments of triumph, when you are the incarnation of a terrifying combination of sex and power.





## 1974—DISCON II “THE QUEEN OF AIR AND DARKNESS”

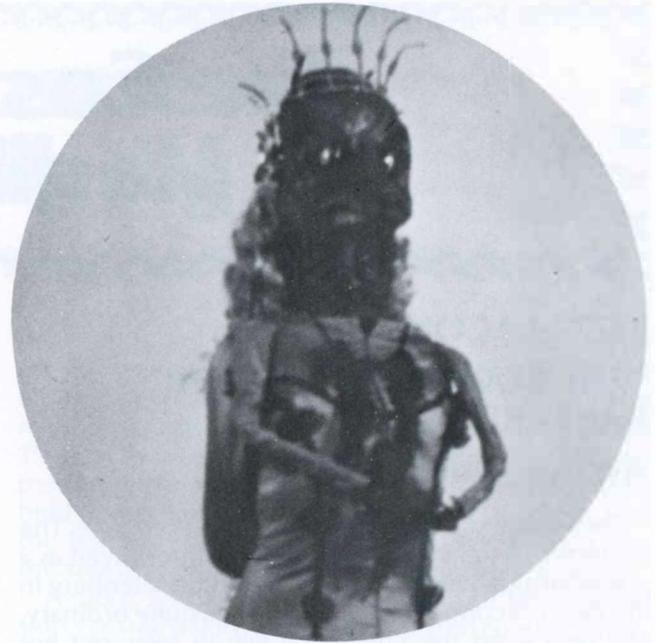
### Award: Best Fantasy

When I read the story, I was unable to figure out a way to change from the illusion, beautiful benevolent human Queen, into the pitifully poor intelligent crocodilian. No one else, including Poul himself, had any ideas that would work for a masquerade.

Then I lucked into a dress at a thrift shop, golden satin, long-sleeved, a train and *princess seaming, front and back*. It occurred to me I could wear a mask on the back of my head, and just turn around! How simple! In the blink of an eye, one image is substituted for another, almost the same, but with subtle differences.

There was enough fabric in the train to make a pair of tiny sleeves, with articulated chopstick bones and cotton muscles. The little claws were made of floral-tape wrapped wire with beads at the knuckles. Sewn onto the back of the dress in the proper places, they gave a tyrannosaurus effect.

The mask, based on a number of dinosaur skulls, followed the description in the story: a high forehead was included to indicate intelligence. The eyes, to be hypnotic, I made proportionately large with gold foil irises and black velvet pupils. To make the head more lifelike, I balanced the eyes on a T-frame, like doll's eyes, so they moved with every movement of my head. I constructed the reality mask of paper bent and stapled into shape, then stippled and filleted with papier maché. The wired cap I constructed bore a green wig and golden paper crown on the illusion side, and the mask with an onion-bud crown on the other. Each was just halved at about the ears; the illusion crown covered the back of the reality head.



An unexpected gain was the increase in height on the reality side; to get room for the T-frame, it had to be placed up over the top of my head. I also tried to be taller by wearing platform shoes, covered in the gold satin in the front, but with three-toed claws moulded and fastened to the heels; when the reality Queen stepped forward, beneath her dress she appeared to be walking on green claws the color of her face and hands.

The differences between the two sides of the costume were designed for the effect of seeing either the ugly natural materials available to the reality Queen: seaweed, black spiky withered “kiss-me-nevers” and the onion bud crown, transformed by imagination into green and gold sequins and rainbow-lamé flowers and the “starry crown”; or the disillusion of seeing the reverse. Each trim echoed the other in form, but not in color or texture.

I practiced, both at Westercon and DisCon II, counting the number of steps to the turn, the number of steps to walk backward toward the audience, turning my head and raising my little claws, then turning again to walk off the ramp forward again. Several dancers gave me advice on the illusion of a different character given by a different, broken, uncertain rhythm.

In spite of the mechanical problems, I was able to keep the weight of the headdress down to one pound seven ounces. Wearing a cap-foundation like that spoils your hairdo, so I packed a small green wig to wear afterward.

## 1976—MIDAMERICON “THE CHOOSERS”

### Award: Best Pussies

My problems in 1976 were twofold: my age, and the competition posed by Mike and Carol Resnick, whose costumes were doing just the sort of thing I

wanted to do, but were fantastically better than I could do. I could no longer hide the sagging jaw line with curls of hair or a feather collar. Only my most near-sighted friends would accept the illusion a costume must have, if it does not have the magnificence of size and color. It occurred to me that the Ralph Von Wau Wau costume had been easy and fun to wear, and had concealed my age very effectively. How about a cat?

The technical details are interesting, but I'll only say they involved life masks, stretch panne knit velvet, dancer's tights worn over shoes to give the effect of boots, and teardrop-shaped model aircraft canopies with vertical lens-shaped cutouts to give the eyes the look of pupils. Two wigs were slit to put the ears through; Bobbi, who was much taller, had an additional hairpiece added to keep her in proportion.

The capes and jewels at the neck and wrists were to add a little flash and take up more room on the stage and were also in keeping with the proud and vain Choosers in Andre Norton's *BREED TO COME*, about intelligent cats. Bobbi Armbruster and Gail Selinger sewed and glued the jewelry and Bobbi edged the capes by hand, after I cut them and stay-stitched the chiffon and the edging, which was a French brocade of gold on chiffon. The remnant was a little over a yard; the most expensive fabric I have ever bought: eleven dollars was what I paid, but it was only half price! I cut 2½-inch bias strips and joined them for enough edging to do not only the capes, but several other trim jobs. The capes swirled better with the edging. The jewels were \$27 worth of very good mirror-backed rhinestones.

By the time I was to go to Kansas City, the costumes were complete, but Bobbi and I had not worn them nor rehearsed how we were to walk. My five lessons in belly dancing had given me the idea that a "camel-walk" would give the smooth slinkly inhuman effect of graceful cats. Neither of us could do it properly, but Joan Bledig heard I needed help, and came up to my room and gave me a good business-like lesson in how to lead with the chest, pull the fanny forward, and undulate across the room. Bobbi and I rehearsed in front of the mirrors beside the elevators on the second floor, and Bobbi taught me a turn. We planned out how many steps, then turn and swirl capes; it all went beautifully.

What I tried for in these costumes was the essence of sexiness: pure animal grace and beauty, set off with color and tasteful jewels. One cat was a muted orange-gold; the other white with silver-grey. The capes were red and purple, and matched the boots. Kelly Freas had been of the opinion, at a Westercon, that women in boots were not sexy. I decided then to make him eat his words; the thigh-high red and purple "boots" solved the problems of how to make a slender leg in fabric without wrinkling, and he ate his words indeed.

Marcia Workman helped us dress, and re-glued some jewels on the boot-cuffs I had put on the wrong side.

At every masquerade, I am full of confidence until I see the other costumes, and realize I am not the only one in the world with good ideas and the ability to realize them. This was no exception. I brought my camera, and a pad of paper with a number of answers

and questions on it, such as 'Where is the Ladies' Sandbox?' (And best of all, 'Tell me about your [beautiful, authentic, strange, funny, extraordinary] costume, and Please may I take your picture?')

Since one cannot speak in the mask loud enough to be heard, I would point to the question, and then lead the entrant over to a background and I would pantomime posing instructions and my thank-yous. Hal Clement noticed what I was doing, and he and another photographer just let me do all the work of choosing the subject and posing him or her, and they just took pictures! Here I was unable to do any talking, and they could have done as much as they pleased, but were getting a free ride on my notebook and pantomime.

The judges, I have since heard, were in a quandry as to what award to give us; they all agreed we should have one. Best Cats was suggested, and then Sally Rand said there was only one award that fit us perfectly: Best Pussies. None of the other judges would give *that*; but Sally Rand had the aplomb, ladylike presence, and complete audience control to lead up to the announcement so sweetly you didn't see it coming, and she brought down the house. All I could think was, "Well, you wanted to be sexy, now see what you've done? Won an award you can't even tell anyone about!"

In my heart, though, I knew I was delighted. As Bobbi agreed with me later; we always knew it, but now we had a certificate to prove it.

Actually, there has been very little fallout from the vulgarity of the title. One writer always mentions it every time he autographs a book for me; I don't ask him to anymore, because there is more to me than that. My family is still speaking to me; my granddaughter thinks it is hilarious.



# The Costumes of Carol Resnick



## 1973—TORCON II “CHUN THE UNAVOIDABLE AND LITH THE GOLDEN WITCH”

### Award: Most Authentic

For my first costume I wanted to do one that the audience would readily identify, and so I chose Chun the Unavoidable from Jack Vance’s *THE DYING EARTH*. Also, I had just turned 30, and I felt that if I were ever to appear in a nude costume, the sooner the better . . . and Lith the Golden Witch, Chun’s partner in villainy, had enough paraphernalia—frogs, a loom, etc.—to go with her costume so that I wouldn’t simply look like a naked girl.

One of the things I learned—we practiced a lot that summer—was that if you apply three thin coats of body paint rather than one thick one, your body paint will stay on all night. The main thing I would do differently about Lith is that, rather than glueing some 1500 tiny feathers on my body individually (which took about 6 hours the day of the masquerade), I would now put them on strips of felt and glue the felt

on the day of the competition (as I did, with a totally different design, in 1976). This would have saved about 5 hours before the masquerade, and considerable discomfort afterward.

There were no major problems with Mike’s costume. We used about 200 rejected ping-pong balls for the eyes (including an occasional gold one for a dash of color), and pasted on colored dots for the irises and even smaller black dots for the pupils, stringing them on picture-hanging wire. His silver necklace was an old metal belt of mine.

I’ve always had a particular fondness for this costume. People continue to talk about our White Sybil and Ice Demon from the next year’s masquerade. I don’t know if they have forgotten this one or overlooked it, but I personally prefer it. I believe that it is much more difficult to have costumes of different colors work as a unit, which is what this costume accomplished; the Ice Demon and White Sybil were essentially the same color, and therefore appeared as an integrated whole on the stage.

**Mike’s Comments:** This was the year that I learned it takes a certain degree of skill to climb a flight of stairs

in a floor-length robe without ripping your hem. More skill than I had, anyway. I further learned that the black mosquito netting over my glasses allowed me to see only until the first time I exhaled; I wound up with my glasses in a pocket (which got pretty usual over the years). Also, until we actually got out there in front of a couple of thousand people, old Joe Cool secretly wasn't at all sure how he would react to the audience reaction to his wife; it turned out that he was proud as all hell and didn't even punch out any leering photographers.

Finally, there was no Best in Show award at Torcon, but two of the judges later told us that if there had been, they would have voted for us.

## 1974—DISCON II

### “THE WHITE SYBIL AND THE ICE DEMON”

**Awards: Best in Show  
Judges' Choice  
Most Beautiful**

These are the best-remembered of all the costumes I've done. I feel that they left lasting impressions for a number of reasons. First, we won more prizes than anyone else has ever won at one masquerade; second, it was the largest masquerade ever held; third, they were very striking costumes. (White and silver against a dark background is elegant and eye-catching; it grabs the attention and then holds it, which is very important when you've only got 60 seconds to achieve an effect.) Fourth, photos of them appeared everywhere, from *The Washington Post* to half a hundred fanzines; fifth, they held up beautifully close up. The detail work was excellent, if I say so myself—and it had to be, since we were in costume for something like 11 hours. Most costumes will fall apart if you put that much stress on them, as was happening all night; costumes aren't made to be worn like street clothes.

I had actually gotten the idea for these costumes during the summer of 1973, but I knew that they would take longer to construct than I had left for Torcon, so I put them aside and began on them in October of 1973, 11 months before the con. Their source, for the record, was Clark Ashton Smith's HYPERBOREAN story-cycle, and I put more work into these costumes than into any others I've done before or since. The headdresses alone took more than a month to complete.

There were no particular problems to overcome. The costumes just called for a lot of tedious hand-work—and I will never work with beads again. (There were 73 yards of silver-faceted beads on the White Sybil alone!) Mike's spear was from the original motion picture production of “The Wizard of Oz”; we borrowed it from Hank and Martha Beck, who had bought it at auction. We taped the handle and painted and glittered it. The baby was Mike's

idea; I didn't like it and didn't think it fit with the clean elegance of the costumes, but upon seeing films and photos, I have come to the conclusion that it made a proper counterpoint.

This was by far the most uncomfortable costume I've worn. I couldn't bend my head or neck at all for 11 hours; but in retrospect I wouldn't change it because it would have ruined the lines of the costume.

**Mike's Comments:** I truly believe we've done two or three better costumes than this one. I think its fame is at least partially due to the fact that the audience, after 6 or 7 hours of Apes, Trekkies, belly-dancers, Gor, Celtic warriors, and the entire score to “The Wizard of Oz,” would have fallen in love with any good costume and remembered it all the more fondly in the light of those God-awful 20-minute presentations. If you weren't at this masquerade, you can't imagine how draining it was, but I remember wishing somewhere around midnight that we'd lose so we could go wash off the body-paint rather than take another run-through. We started getting into costume at about two in the afternoon, and were still on stage at one in the morning. (Hmmm . . . maybe that's why I don't remember these costumes more fondly!)





## 1976—MIDAMERICON

### “HAUNTE AND SULLENBODE”

#### Award: None

I feel that if we did these costumes today, they would be much better received . . . but everyone was expecting another White Sybil and Ice Demon, and these were very different costumes. Also, since we did them there have been a number of symbolic Black-and-White, Night-and-Day, and Good-and-Evil costumes pairs, but these were the first, and they weren't like anything that had been done before. And, in retrospect, MidAmericon was the wrong setting for them; for a mirror-image presentation to have worked, we would have needed a presidium stage, not a 90-foot ramp through the audience up to the judges.

(There is a lesson here for all serious costumers: find out what your stage is going to be like, and suit your costume to your stage. Another one that would never have worked on a ramp was our 1979 NorthAmericon costume.)

The question I get asked most often about these costumes is why I wasn't wearing white body paint. I felt that it would flake all over the black feathers and turn them gray, and that far from completing the symbolism it would have ruined the costume.

I also feel, in retrospect, that these costumes were not bright enough, that there is a problem with black and white which requires some extra glitter or shine to attract the eye.



I did these costumes because I wanted to do something that *wasn't* the White Sybil and the Ice Demon—which, according to the audience, was their biggest problem. I had the idea for feathers and mirror-images long before Mike dredged up the proper characters from David Lindsay's *A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS*.

My biggest problem during the masquerade itself was that I lost a contact lens after I had glued on my headpiece, and was running blind on a very wobbly ramp through both run-throughs. (Another lesson learned the hard way: I now always have spare contact lenses at masquerades.)

**Mike's Comments:** I feel to this day that this is far and away our loveliest costume—so naturally it's the only loser we've ever had. It was the most difficult costume I've ever had to wear: like Carol, I was glued into my headpiece, and my glasses kept fogging up. Martha Beck and Joan Bledig would fan them just before I went on stage, and that would unfog them for about 40 seconds—almost, but not quite, enough time.

## 1977—SUNCON

### “MASTER OF THE CRABS”

#### Award: Most Outstanding Costume

This costume was a lot of fun. When we had done Chun and Lith back in 1973, we had considered doing this one from Clark Ashton Smith's *ZOTHIQUE* story-cycle, but there was no female costume to go along



with it. Since I didn't particularly feel like going in costume in 1977 and Mike did, this seemed a perfect time to do it. I feel this is another of my costumes that has been somewhat overlooked; I don't know if this is because it was a small costume ball, or because it was a single costume.

There were a number of cunning details on this costume that I particularly liked: the fresh seaweed, the headdress, the shells and sea-life in the beard and hair, the spear, and the jewel-encrusted bag carrying the crabs. I also feel that I did a nice makeup job on the hands, face and feet.

**Mike's Comments:** The next bad joke I hear about crabs will be the 409th. Also, the seaweed may have been authentic, courtesy of what used to be the Fountainbleu's luxury bathing beaches, but it stunk to high heaven—and I couldn't get over the feeling that the sea-life (also authentic) in my beard was *moving*.

Finally, when Carol made it totally clear that she had no intention of participating, I got a little panicky: after all, I had never won a masquerade competition without a half-naked girl at my side, and I don't believe in changing horses in midstream. So I called Angelique Trouvere, a/k/a Destiny, and we tried to co-ordinate a pair of sea costumes over the phone. She had to withdraw at the last second for business reasons, and with no naked lady beside me I considered leaving the costume at home. But Carol insisted (I don't blame her, considering the work she did on it), and the lack of a comely partner turned out not to make any difference after all.

## 1979—NORTHAMERICON

### “THE AVENGERS OF SPACE”

#### Award: Best in Show

This is the most fun I have ever had in costuming. This was not only enjoyable to make, but it was comfortable to wear. I originally thought of this idea a few years ago, but I could never get Mike to agree to go on as a humorous group until we came up with the caption gimmick.

Recently there has been a sentiment among costumers that you must spend a lot of time and money and do a lot of elaborate detail on your costume in order to win, and there has been a prevailing philosophy that a beautiful pair has the best chance to win. I have probably been as guilty of cultivating the prevailing opinion as anyone, and I wanted to show that there was another route to success. I hope to God that we will start seeing something other than beautiful pairs in the future; I, personally, am tired of them.

The biggest problem with a group presentation is finding a number of people who will be dependable. I knew that Michaele Hahn would be relaxed on stage, since she was a drama major and has appeared in local theater; and Joan Bledig had already won a prize at a Worldcon. Distance dictated that Joan, who lives 300 miles away, would be the Mime; she provided her own costume and all the captions. I did the other three costumes, with help from Michaele. Michaele works for Mike and myself, and thus we were able to



rehearse almost daily; I imagine we ran through our two acts a good 300 times during the month before the con. We had only two rehearsals with Joan: first, when we blocked out the scenes in early August; and second, at the convention, when we borrowed the stage long enough to get the feel of it.

I think timing is the most important thing when you are doing comedy. Most people don't understand the necessity of countless rehearsals for this kind of skit. We did no dialog, since neither Mike nor I have ever felt verbal presentations worked at masquerades. Mike thought that pantomime would be incomprehensible, but the captions tied it all together.

The focal point of the skit was my break-away clothing. I got the idea from an old Playboy article, "Girls for the Slime God," which examined THE AVENGERS OF SPACE and a number of other old Marvel Science Stories in which the heroines could never keep their clothes on. This is really an old-time burlesque routine, done with a cuddly green BEM and a hero.

My proudest moment came when we went back to the pre-judging room and received a standing ovation from our fellow contestants, who had been watching us on closed-circuit television.

**Mike's Comments:** I think this costume must have tapped a racial memory. I mean, half the audience wasn't even born when Marvel folded, yet I can't recall ever feeling such warmth and pure enjoyment flow out of an audience. Also, this costume had a Failure Factor built in: if anything went wrong, the action was so fast and frantic and broadly comic that it would look like part of the skit.

And now, for those of you who haven't seen one of the million videotapes of it, allow me to exercise an editorial prerogative and present the script to THE AVENGERS OF SPACE.

### THE AVENGERS OF SPACE

Costume and Presentation by Carol's 25-Cent Theatre

#### Scenario for First Run-Through:

Announcer: "From the immortal pages of Marvel Science Stories comes Henry Kuttner's deathless classic, THE AVENGERS OF SPACE, featuring Carol Resnick as

Lorna Rand, intrepid girl reporter; Mike Resnick as Captain Shawn, Space Hero; Michael Hahn as A Teratological Baroque Spawned By No Sane World; and Joan Bledig as a Mime."

As the Announcer reads the above, Mime races across stage, places "Carol's 25-Cent Theatre" sign at far side of stage, races back to stage center, does a few bits of business with the huge (but as yet unrevealed) caption signs, and curtsies as the Announcer comes to her name.

Presentation begins as Lorna runs onto stage, obviously panic-stricken, followed closely by the Teratological Baroque (hereinafter to be referred to as the BEM). She registers fright and despair, finally prays. The BEM reaches out and grabs a piece of her skirt. The players freeze as the Mime holds up a speech balloon behind Lorna:

**HELP**

The BEM rips off Lorna's skirt. The two freeze as Mime holds up caption behind BEM's head:

**SLOBBER! CACKLE!  
CACKLE! SLOBBER!**

Lorna runs a few feet away, the BEM follows her and gets hold of her blouse. As she strikes another Perils of Pauline pose, both freeze and the Mime holds up a caption behind her:

**HELP!  
(even larger letters)**

The BEM rips off Lorna's blouse, leaving her in a short red slip. She moves a few feet away and the Mime holds up the same caption as they freeze again:

**HELP!**

Mime taps Lorna on shoulder, offers her an oversized Magic Marker. Lorna walks to the caption, emphatically underlines HELP!, returns the Magic Marker to the Mime, and strikes her pose again.

Captain Shawn, gun in hand, makes a heroic entrance, leaping onto the stage like a pudgy Nijinsky. He aims the gun at the BEM, who has turned to face him. The Mime races behind Captain Shawn and holds up the following caption as all characters freeze:

**@£#\$%\*c@#**

The BEM cowers in front of Captain Shawn. Lorna, during the following captions, first looks relieved and saved, then slightly bored, finally irritated that she is no longer the focus of attention. The Mime holds up two

captions behind the cringing BEM in quick succession:

**I'M JUST FILLING MY  
ECOLOGICAL NICHE**

and

**PLEASE! I'VE GOT A  
WIFE AND THREE KIDS  
AND A MORTGAGE...**

Captain Shawn fires a ping-pong ball into the BEM. The BEM collapses on stage as the Mime holds up the following caption:

**ARRRGH!**

The BEM begins spewing forth slinky toys, Lorna's clothes, old beer cans, pizza boxes, lace panties, etc., as Captain Shawn blows the smoke away from his gun's muzzle. As the BEM dies, the Mime holds up caption:

**TELL MOM I  
LOVE HER**

Lorna races across stage into Captain Shawn's arms. The Mime races along behind her, holding up the caption:

**MY HERO!**

Lorna and Captain Shawn clinch for two seconds. Then he backs away, ripping off her slip and revealing her to be in black bra, bikini and garter belt. As she strikes a September Morn cover-up pose, the Mime holds up caption behind Captain Shawn:

**SLOBBER! CACKLE!  
CACKLE! SLOBBER!**

Slowly at first, then ever faster, Captain Shawn advances and Lorna retreats until he chases her off stage. Mime helps BEM to feet, then sweeps up cluttered stage with a broom while exiting.

(End of first run-through)

#### **Scenario for Second Run-Through:**

As the Announcer introduces Carol's 25-Cent Theatre for its second run-through, the Mime walks to center stage alone and holds up the following sign:

**ACT TWO**

Lorna, still in bra, bikini and garter belt, rushes out on stage, followed by Captain Shawn. As he menaces her, the actors freeze and the Mime holds up caption behind Shawn:

**SLOBBER! CACKLE!  
CACKLE! SLOBBER!**

Action unfreezes just long enough for Lorna to strike another Distressed Silent Movie Heroine pose, and Mime holds up caption behind her:

**HELP!  
(AGAIN)**

The BEM enters, ray gun in tongue, and threatens Captain Shawn as the Mime races to get behind the BEM with the caption:

**UNHAND THAT GIRL!**

The BEM fires his ray gun, which emits electric sparks. The Mime holds up the caption, with bizarre lettering:

**ZAP!**

Captain Shawn clutches his belly, spits out a ping-pong ball, falls with one leg straight up in the air. The leg progressively lowers as the BEM keeps shooting, and as it reaches the ground, Captain Shawn dies with one last spasmodic jerk.

Lorna races up to the BEM and strikes a loving pose, as the Mime holds up the caption:

**MY HERO!**

She proffers her hand, BEM shyly takes it with his tongue, and she kisses the BEM as the mime holds up the caption over both of them:

**EVEN BEMS  
NEED LOVE**

Lorna and the BEM, obviously in love, walk off hand-in-hand (or, rather, hand-in-tongue).

As they exit, the Mime walks over to Captain Shawn, nudges his shoulder, and indicates that the performance is over. Captain Shawn, who may have been sleeping, rubs his eyes, gets up, discovers that he has strained something while dying, and hobbles off.

The Mime walks to center front and holds up a final caption:

**HIGHER PAY FOR MIMES**

The Mime curtsies and exits.

(End of second run-through)

Should Carol's 25-Cent Theatre's production of THE AVENGERS OF SPACE be given any award, when they go on stage to accept it, the Mime will hold up the following caption:

**AW, GEE—  
THANKS, JUDGES!**



# The Costumes of Astrid Anderson Hayes



## 1969—ST. LOUISCON “THE BAT AND THE BITTEN”

**Awards: Grand Prize  
Judges’ Choice**

As I recall, the idea was originally my father’s. He was musing on “if cats have kittens, do bats have bittens?” one evening, and thought maybe a costume could come from it, starting with my mother’s Countess Dracula costume, the Grand Prize winner at the 1958 Worldcon. Hmm, we said, and the costume was born. It was originally going to be presented at the 1968 Worldcon in Berkeley, and I was frantically finishing my costume the day of the masquerade when we learned the details of the plans for that night, which included a perpetual light show and rock band, among other disasters. We cancelled it and put it aside for the next year. I used the time to re-do my costume and make it properly. We also got the idea to have the music during that interval.

Since the Bat costume was already in existence, I just copied the basic wing construction technique and applied it to a short white dress pattern. The wings were made from thin bamboo stakes taped securely to bullion cube tubes (metal tubes, closed at one end, about one inch in diameter and about four inches long). The stakes formed the supports for the material of the wings and the fingers were inserted in the tubes. The wings were attached to the dress along the sleeve/underarm/side seam. The wingspread was 14 feet, tip to tip.

After some experimenting, Mother came up with a fake blood formula composed of red ink, gelatin, and a dab of yellow food coloring to get the proper tint. The gelatin was dissolved in hot ink, making a solution which was liquid at body temperature and solid at room temperature. During the presentation, she had a small squirt bottle of the blood tucked in her bra, where it stayed warm and liquid, and when she enveloped me in wings and cape, she squirted it on me, where it flowed nicely, then hardened.

1970—HEICON

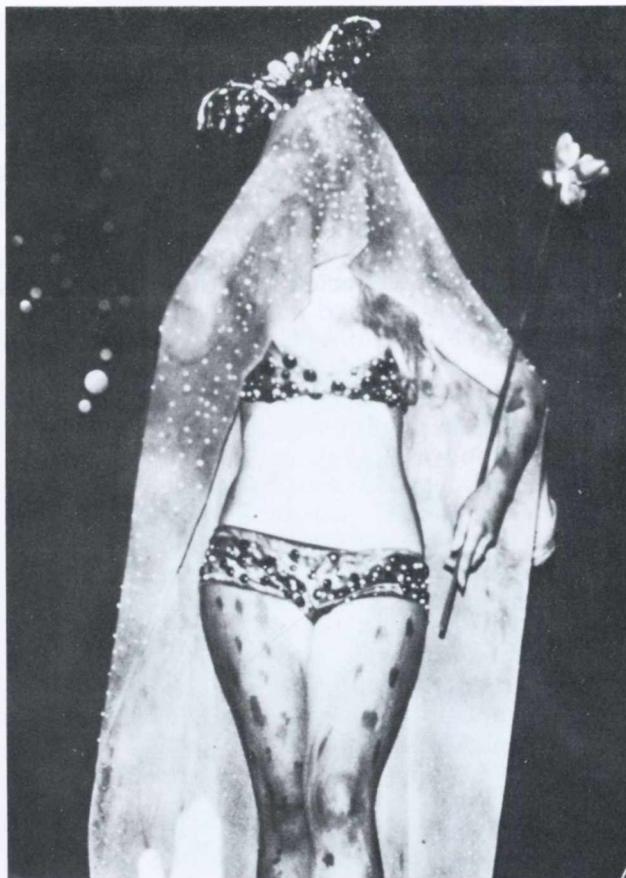
## “THE FROG PRINCESS”

### Award: Most Beautiful

I'd been wanting to do this, and conned George Barr into designing it. I was staying with the Trimbles in Los Angeles for a couple of weeks prior to the 1970 Westercon. Bjo very kindly took me to the LA fabric district where we found some wonderful swampy chiffon crepe that I used for the veil. I think the material had been airbrushed in various shades of green and brown. I also found some olive green crepe-backed satin for the bikini.

Then it was just a matter of making the bikini and veil and glueing like a mad fiend. There were green and gold melted marbles and large pearls glued to the bikini, and one pound of tiny pearls and one thousand, seven hundred and twenty-eight teeny tiny green rhinestones glued to the veil. The crown was part of a silly lamp fixture from Standard Brands, the sceptre was a length of doweling painted green gold with a plastic water lily tinted pink on top.

George made the sash with the froggy medals (The Order of the Lily Pad, Dragonfly with Algae Clusters, etc.) from pieces from his flea market jewelry collection. He also did the body paint. I wore it at the 1970 Westercon and the 1970 Worldcon in Heidelberg. I didn't win anything at the Westercon, but got Most Beautiful at Heidelberg.



## 1971—NOREASCON I

### “POSEIDON AND FRIEND”

#### Award: Most Beautiful Group

I had plans for a mermaid costume, but wanted a better solution for the problem of how the mermaid gets from here to there on dry land. A previous mermaid costume had been carried by a non-costumed helper, which I felt detracted from the total effect. So Ron Bounds was coerced into carrying me around while dressed as Poseidon. George Barr came to my rescue again, and designed the Poseidon costume, which was made by a friend of Ron's. This was all done long distance, as George was in LA, I was in the Bay Area, and Ron was in D.C.

I made the mermaid costume as follows: the basic tail, from hips to ankle, was of silver lamé. Onto this was sewn the tailfin part which covered my feet, and the scales (actually they were glued on). The scales were made by coating thin silk held taut by stretcher bars with two coats of polymer gloss medium, then painted in acrylics in shades of yellow darkening to green, then coated with gloss medium again. These pieces of painted silk (which were now like super-thin and fine naugahyde, only not stretchy) were cut into semi-oval scales—many, many scales—and glued to the “skin”. Same principle for the tail fins.

I sprayed my hair, which was about shoulder length, silver, and augmented it with a silvery fall, modestly glueing it to cover my breasts with spirit gum. A string of pearls and a length of silver-shot ice blue chiffon completed the costume.

Ron's hair was pin-curled and sprayed gold. We put some gold bodypaint on him, but it was fairly transparent and mostly sweated off anyway, so it wasn't really noticeable.

I had originally planned to have a very subtle change from skin to scales, using liquid latex. I didn't have time to play with this, though, and experience has taught me it most likely wouldn't have been noticed anyway.

## 1972—LACON

### “DEJAH THORIS”

#### Award: None

My mother had made a Dejah Thoris costume for me for a Westercon when I was about 14 (I forget whether it won a prize or not) and Clint Bigglestone was saying that for it to be a proper Dejah Thoris costume it should be topless. “Well,” said I, “this is more of a hunting costume, and one needs to be a bit more covered up. I might do another one in a few years.” And, of course, being Clint, he held me to it. Net result being that I did a proper Dejah Thoris costume four years later, when I was 18, at the LA Worldcon in 1972.

This costume was largely composed of bits and pieces of other things, both borrowed and from my own closet. The cape/drape was from the Frog Princess, with the center seam taken out. The jeweled bikini bottom was also from the Frog Princess. All the copper and melted marble jewelry was from George



Barr's John Carter of Mars costume. The front skirt thing was from a belly dancing outfit of mine.

I had intended to use the nice J. Allen St. John crown from the first Dejah costume, but managed to forget to pack it, so I improvised with a necklace that had a large lion's head medallion. I tried to cover my navel with a latex patch (as we all know, Martians hatch from eggs), but this wasn't too successful, and looked more like a huge blister than a nice navel-less tummy. The costume didn't win a prize; I did, however, have the unforgettable experience of spending an hour and a half in line behind the infamous peanut-butter costume, which quickly turned rancid. ■

# The Costumes of Lynne Aronson

1967—NYCON III

“REJECTION SLIP”

**Award: Honorable Mention**

I got the idea from Phyllis Eisenstein’s file of rejection slips. (She doesn’t get all that many these days.) The dress was made for me by a dressmaker friend and was floor-length, long-sleeved and high-collared.

I wrote to all of the publishers I could find and told them what I was planning, and they all were responsive in sending me five or more slips apiece. I had first thought of sewing them to the dress, but that became quite impossible and so they were safety-pinned all over.

If you remember NYCON (yuk), I had to walk down 18 flights of steps in that dress because I couldn’t get an elevator. (So why should Saturday night have been different from any other minute of the Con?) I had no difficulties at the masquerade, and really enjoyed winning an honorable mention, since it was my first con and my first costume.



1974—DISCON II

“THE WICKED WITCH FROM  
SNOW WHITE”

**Award: None**

The idea came, obviously, from the Disney film. I made the costume myself in a very basic way since I don’t know anything about sewing or patterns.

I also designed the makeup from pictures I could get from the film. I had no problems in making the thing, but the waiting period behind the scenes at this particular masquerade was so lengthy that I began to fall apart, especially the putty I had used for the long nose of the witch. Had I known how long I would have to wait I would have made the nose put-on-able on short notice and not worn it during the tedium backstage.

# The Costumes of Ann Chancellor



## 1971—NOREASCON I “MALEFICENT”

### Award: Best Presentation

The alter ego, which I have had to quit putting in competition, since without modesty it seems to be unbeatable. I registered for Noreascon I about a year in advance, while living in Richmond, VA and looking at a flock of graduate schools. After a year of financial aid and other idiocies, I moved to Boston three days before the con, and commuted from my Hemenway Street apartment because I was too poor to stay in the

Sheraton. I changed into the costume in the second floor ladies' room, occasioning comment from a number of Back Bay types and enlisting a young backpacked supporter who agreed to watch my clothes and other odds and ends while I was in the Masquerade. I hadn't the least notion of saying anything (second convention—first masquerade) and the prize for Best Dramatic Presentation was undoubtedly due to Wendy Pini, who taught me the words to Maleficent's christening speech backstage. I was utterly terrified (as on all occasions since), but that seems to have helped the shrieking; it was the most incredible evening. I was afraid to walk back to the apartment when the Masquerade was over (I hadn't nerve enough to wander into rooms full of strangers) so I spent the rest of the night in the movie room, dozing on chairs and wrapped in the costume and utter clouds of glory. Probably why I'm so stuck on trying to repeat the experience.

Obviously the idea was Walt Disney's, not mine; and beyond him (according to John Brunner, who awarded it the GOH ribbon at Boskone in '78) the idea of a medieval craftsman who carved her on a set of doors somewhere in central Europe. I am a Disney animation freak (at least the grownup ones), and will someday figure out how to make the damn thing turn into a dragon. If she doesn't figure it out first. It was actually made for a Beau Arts Ball in Williamsburg, VA, for the Common Glory cast (outdoor historical drama by Paul Green; sort of three months of convention with pay). I didn't own a sewing machine and stitched it up at the home of the gentleman to whom I had been engaged until a couple of months before; his seven-year-old sister was entranced.

It was mostly made of molto cheap sheath lining and has had two generations of collars; the first was lost after doing an evening of roping people off the sidewalk in Kenmore Square to attend a horror film festival in Boston. The biggest problem with her is that folks walk on the train; it's considerably patched, and I have taken to enlisting passers-by as guardians.

Wouldn't do a thing differently; I know better than to tamper with that lady.

## 1974—DISCON II “THE BUTTERFLY AND THE CATERPILLAR”

### Award: Best Fantasy Couple

Idea was again about half Tenniel and half Disney; the Caterpillar and his hookah are well illustrated in the book, and the butterfly with wings of smoke was a tenacious image from the movie.

The Caterpillar is an overgrown bolster with ribs of coat-hangers; my roommate of the moment lost about five pounds courting heat exhaustion, and was unable to sit down for the duration.

At this time I was making costumes for Hallowe'en at Cartermans before the fragmentation of Lin and Noel, and only peripherally wearing them to cons. We spent an epic night on this pair listening to terrible horror movies on the tube and gluing little white fingernail-shaped things on the Butterfly; one wing spread out pretty well wipes out the floor of a 12'x12' room. The Butterfly is a leotard with cutout cleavage to roughly the hipbone, with scales added by punching holes in each one and sewing them on while the leotard was stretched over a cardboard cutout. The scales are some kind of industrial junk obtained by the grocery sackful from the Children's Museum in Boston, which maintains a swap center for interesting industrial wastes which can be turned into craft things by the desperate Girl Scout leader. The idea of using them to outline the veins in the wings was okay, but the glue was inadequate to the viciously smooth surfaces. Lin will still tell tacky stories of following a trail of little white doodads through the Sheraton-Park and wondering what on earth I had been up to. It's all hot air; when engaged on subtle errands, I make certain not to shed.

The mask is elastic and cheap white nail polish, with buckram eyes—made as a technique piece in a grad class. Perhaps that's where the whole thing started. Of course once I got into the Masquerade I couldn't breathe; never again a mask without a heat escape around the mouth. And peripheral vision was nil in both—that can be overcome by experienced people, but at the time we weren't.

Do differently? Find a partner with enough ego to allow him to wheeze out WHOO ARE YOUU? into the mike.



## 1976—MIDAMERICAN

### “PEACOCK SKIRT (FROM BEARDSLEY'S SALOME ILLUSTRATIONS)”

#### Award: Best Fantasy

This was the first convention I had been to that published such exhaustive rules in advance. Somehow I had no good ideas until right before time to pack and finally decided to do something that could only have a chance in one category—the “best realization of SF or Fantasy Artwork,” I think it was. I'm a Beardsley fan and thought that was probably the most highly recognizable as well as the most intricately worth doing.

Most of it is simple cape with front tails made out of cheap curtain fabric and edged with black sheath lining; all the decoration is either drawn with marker onto sheath lining and glued onto the right spot, or bits of rattail macrame cord glued in design, or little hat paillettes and pearls glued on.

The tough parts were copying each and every dot just as it is drawn; adapting the illustrated amount of decoration to cover and fit a garment which fit a real body and moved attractively; figuring out the head-dress; and designing the front to match.

Problems? Keeping the front adjusted (this will recur a lot) and trying to remember the speech about “kiss thy mouth.”





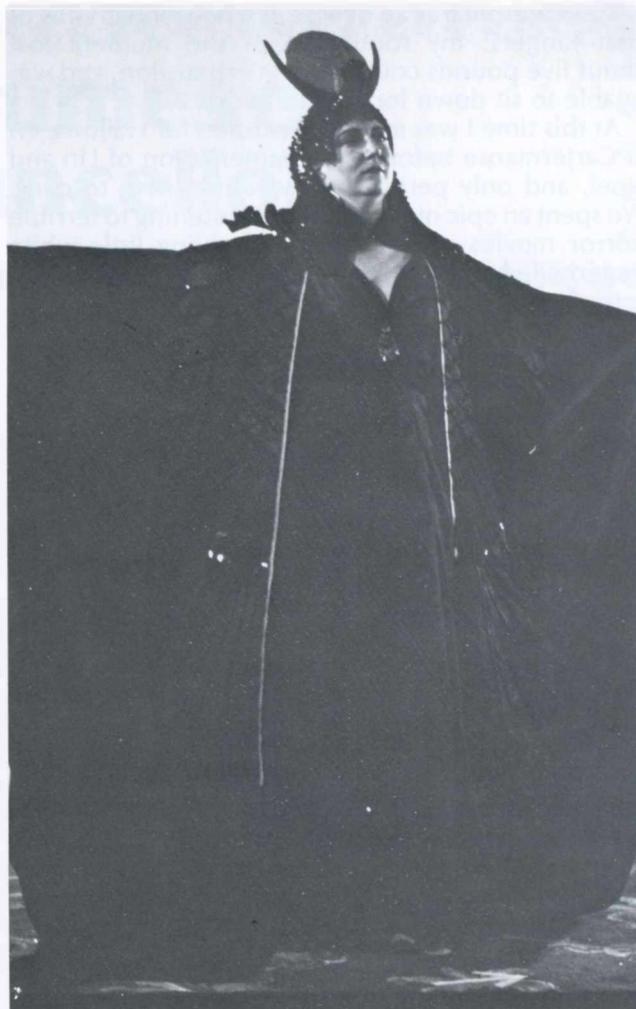
Differently? Nothing, really, since it won what I was after, attracted Mr. Heinlein's attention and compliments, collected an HM at '79 Boskone, and was printed in the faculty paper here (stunning photo by Marjii Ellers) with the prize-winning Burning of Laketown as a (somewhat unusual) credit. Also it wears around the halls pretty good, which is unusual among my competition-oriented stuff.

### 1977—SUNCON "RED WITCH"

**Award: None**

Bomb!

The only thing I've put in competition which got nowhere. After seeing photos beside Jadis I know why, and will rework it one of these days and knock everyone's socks off. From CREATURES OF LIGHT



AND DARKNESS; neat idea, but realized on too small a scale and with no contrast to speak of. My subtle (ha!) streak got the best of me—along with GS's arbitrary divisions.

### 1978—IGUANACON "SADRIC AND EMPRESS"

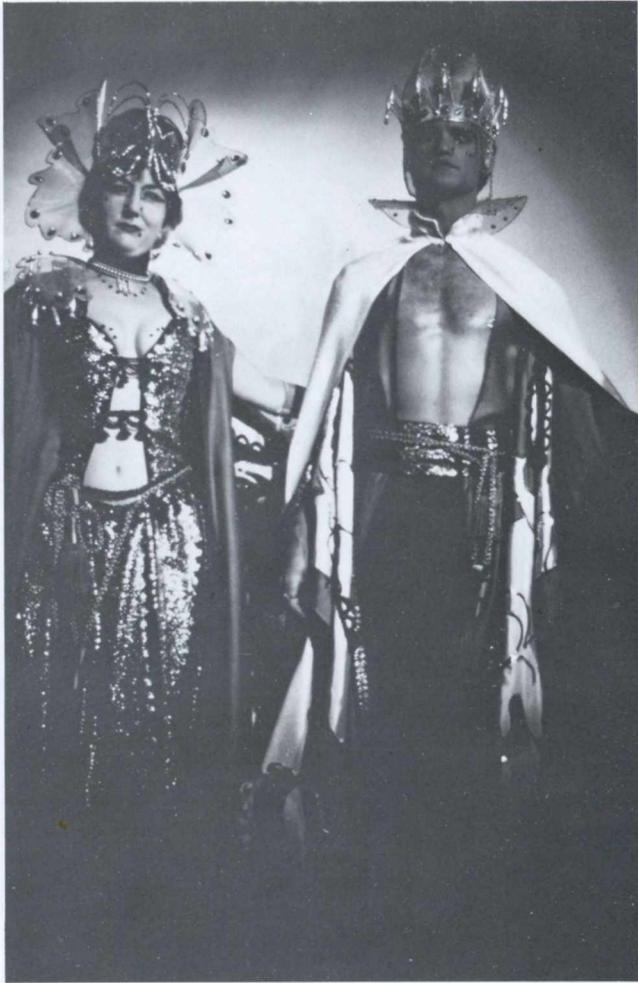
**Awards: Best in Show  
Best Workmanship**

Sadric and Empress are mentioned once for about 5 lines (the ones Pat read) at the very beginning of Elric: his parents.

I love the possibilities in the Melnibonean books, but haven't found a female worth doing with Elric, so decided the next best thing was to pick royalty not too clearly described and untainted with conscience.

This was designed from a fabric (black with silver dots) I found while shopping for a show, and from an antique Chinese robe I acquired as a fee for a design for MIKADO once. The toughest part was getting enough hot-caulk drooled on the edges of the aluminum-screen crowns and collars that they didn't fray the wearers too badly. Plus the engineering of the female costume—you know, that's always the toughest if you're not built like a model and don't want to look like a mobile tent, no matter how fetchingly trimmed.

Worst thing that happened was that they weren't DONE; second worst was that for once I got shoes too



high for even me, and spent most of the evening in true pain. And the glue once again proved unequal to holding the velcro which held the gauntlets which held the sleeves, and there was a lot of emergency pinning and some unscheduled swearing.

Differently? I would start the darn things in time to do what I originally had in mind. The fabric part is about 90% right, the fabric decoration about 75%, and the crowns and jewelry about 20%, and the result of a harried trip through the local discount hardware store looking for ideas when it became obvious that I was 'way late. Also, I'd figure out the front engineering of the female earlier—that took maybe half the time of cutting spent on the whole set. These two went to a local gay bar last Hallowe'en and won second place; the aforementioned Caterpillar won first.

## 1979—NORTHAMERICAN "THE WEAVER OF SPINWEB"

### Award: Most Beautiful

This is a freak costume for me, and it's fascinating how well it worked. I had an idea of spiders and hunted for ages to find something to hang it on; ditto the peacock feathers. Darrell Sweet's cover to Phyllis Eisenstein's *SORCERER'S SON* told me I probably had found an answer, but I don't really think I took much from it other than the red hair (it's feathery and brown in the book).

It's made of wishes and glue, unusually haphazard construction for me: a pink-beige cheap nylon net from bridal, cut in a big cone shape and left open in the back so I could sit or at least perch. Had to buy one of the foam—covered with cloth tailored to my shape—dummies to do the spiderwebbing which IS the top and support! Thank goodness strings of sequins proved pretty strong. Then I pasted more strings of sequins and lots of peacock feathers (the upper half, at least) with shoe-mending contact cement, which I do not recommend since it means what it says about being treated like gasoline; I had a couple of small burns on my hands and a lot of dizziness before I was done, but I couldn't get things to stay in contact with each other long enough for sobo (my mainstay) to dry into a bond.

I also made it without one single clue as to how to pack it. And it's a good-gal, in terms of the book; very atypical for me. AND it's very nude; I lost a batch of weight early in the summer and was determined to show off. Again unusual; there's always a way to cut a costume so that even an imperfect body looks more impressive than a purely bare one.

Problems? Sitting down, not getting walked on, hoping the darn thing wouldn't just disintegrate. Almost didn't wear it—the construction time was so short that my usual fit of "it's awful" was two hours before, rather than ten days (my husband has documented the crises I go through in each design; I don't believe them except when one is happening).

Differently? Nothing; it was cheap, went together quickly, and didn't fall off. And it won. 



# The Costumes of Kathy Sanders

1968—BAYCON

“GREEN ORION SLAVE GIRL”

**Award: None**

My very first con was Nycon III, in 1967. I wore a Star Trek uniform. Not very original, but I had no idea that people went to so much trouble for a masquerade. I was hooked at first sight, on both the costumes and the con.

Being a Star Trek fan, I picked Vina from “The Menagerie” for Baycon. I had very few pictures to go by and no full-length ones at all. I faked a good deal of it. I used a white and gold brocade that I died green, and trimmed it with sequins and scraps of white brocade. The hardest part was the green skin. I finally settled on green food color mixed with liquid makeup. It came off easily.

Of course, after the masquerade I found a full-length picture. I was pretty far off on the bottom half of the costume, but I feel that I still managed a good representation. After all, who says all Green Orion Slave Girls dress alike?

No photo available.



1969—ST. LOUISCON

“VAMPIRELLA”

**Award: Honorable Mention**

The Vampirella comic book had made its debut at Westercon. I liked the costume and reasoned that no one else would do it that quickly. My original costume was more modest than Vampi's. Since then it has been re-done to be closer to the comic.

Since I had no sewing machine at the time, having just moved to California, I hand-stitched the entire costume. I made small wings from coat hanger wire and thin black fabric. I also had no boots, so settled for high-heeled shoes I already had.

1971—NOREASCON I

“CHILINO”

**Award: None**

Another choice from VAMPIRELLA. This was a skimpy black outfit, somewhat Art Nouveau in style. My hair was blonde at the time, as was Chilino's.

I hadn't yet heard of spirit gum, or even double face tape. I held the costume on with nylon thread, as there was very little to the front.





**1972—LACON**

## **“THE LAMIA”**

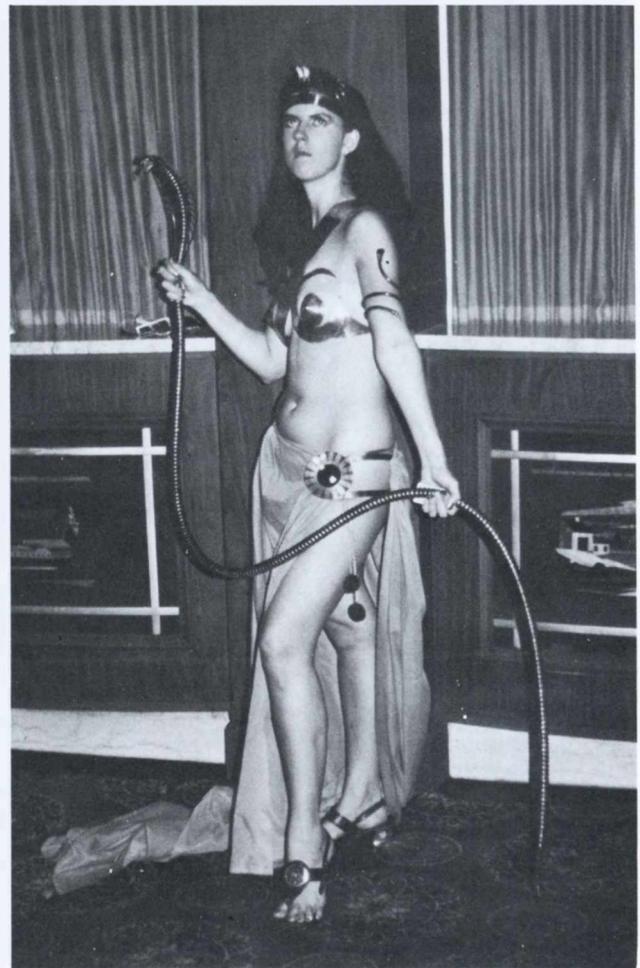
### **Award: Most Authentic Production**

I ran across this creature in the book version of *THE NIGHT STALKER*. She is part woman, part bird, and part snake, and she preys on young children. (The legend varies according to the source.)

My first problem was the snake-skin tights. I couldn't find any stretchy snake-print fabric. However, I had a snake-skin print pair of pajamas I sacrificed to the cause. It was enough to make leotards and a small top. I still wasn't willing to go topless, even if it was more authentic.

The next problem was the wings. I patterned the workings after Karen Anderson's bat wings. I made hand grips out of plastic, cutting the shapes out, heating and bending them to shape. Each wing was supported with a dowel rod at the top. I didn't have a good feather source at the time. All I could find were white goose feathers, so I dyed them with fabric dye. It was effective enough to make the features an odd shade of brown. Feathers need to be professionally dyed since it requires special dye to penetrate them. I then spent three days glueing feathers to a fabric base that I had attached to the dowel rods and hand grips.

The final touch was my victim. I borrowed Kay Anderson's daughter, Maura, and used her as my child victim. The blood was food coloring.



## 1973—TORCON II

### “COBRA QUEEN”

#### Award: Honorable Mention

This was a VAMPIRELLA cover painting: yards of pink satin and a copper breast plate. I made the pattern for the breast plate, then bought scrap copper. I had a friend of mine cut it out for me, since my hands weren't strong enough. I then soldered it together. I also made a small headdress.

My luckiest find was a total accident. It was at a beachfront art show: a metal sculptor had fashioned a cobra from flexible conduit wire and SculpMetal. I immediately bought it for my costume.

## 1974—DISCON II

### “WINTER”

#### Award: None

This was the first of a series, The Four Seasons, which was completed at the 1975 Equicon fashion show.

The costume was made from all the different types of shiny white and silver fabrics I could find. They were cut out into icicle shapes with iron-on interlining. I also put feathers behind the icicles. This head-dress was later borrowed by a transsexual for a gay ball.

## 1975—NORTHAMERICON

### “SYBIL SUE BLUE”

#### Award: Finalist

This costume taught me one valuable lesson, and that is to give the judges a picture of your source if there is one available. Just because you take a costume from a book cover or other pictorial source, don't assume that the judges will be familiar with it.

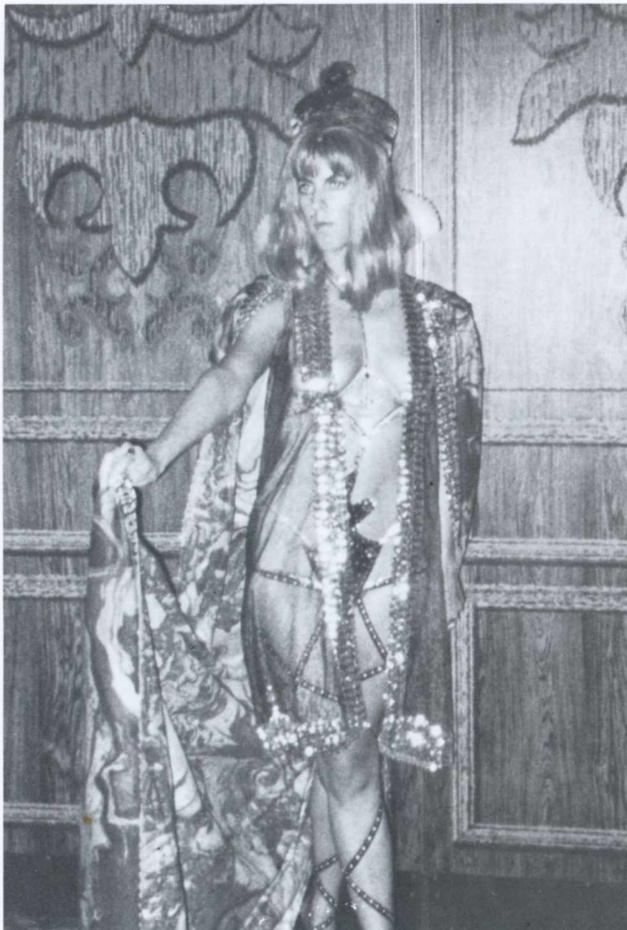
By this time I had discovered the wonders of double face tape. Sybil's costume did not have much of a front to it and needed something to hold it on. The tape was a vast improvement over the nylon thread.

Sybil presented problems because it was amorphous. The impression created in the cover painting was of an electronic haze in certain parts of the costume. I used a type of nylon fabric produced in France and called Luminere. It is very sheer but has a sparkle to it. This was edged with 2-inch-wide sequins to simulate the effect of electronics. This was under the cape. The sequined edge was taped to my breasts. (No, it didn't hurt to remove the tape.)

The overcape was another lucky find. It was a swirling red and purple drapery print. I couldn't have wished for a better simulation of the cape fabric.

The crotchpiece was made of black velvet, with sequins again simulating tiny lights. The pattern on the stomach was done with sequins on flesh-colored tape, as I didn't want to take the time glueing sequins





onto my skin. The leg bands were black tape with a design painted on. These were wrapped and then safety-pinned.

I redid the costume for the 1978 Westercon. Beside improvements in the costume, I also submitted a photo of the cover with my entry form. This time I received the award for Best Science Fiction Costume.

## 1976—MIDAMERICON

### “THE KING AND QUEEN OF CUPS”

#### Award: Most Beautiful

Drew Sanders and I teamed up for this one. (I was still Kathy Bushman at the time.) We had been dating for a while and he was more than willing to wear costumes.

In 1970, Bruce Pelz has asked me to do a Tarot card for his fannish deck. The card I picked was the Queen of Cups. Since then, I have considered it my card.

The basic idea for my costume came from an article about fashion shows that was in *F&SF* or *Galaxy* or one of those magazines. It showed a costume consisting of long ribbon wrapped around a girl's body. I made a bikini with two long strips attached. One wrapped around my torso and out my right arm. The other wrapped around my left leg. They were secured with double face tape. The strip covered one breast and a sequined cup covered the other.

The cape had a pattern of sequins which I glued on after spending six hours sewing them on one side. Glueing only took one hour. After that, I glued as often as possible.

Both costumes had large standing collars. I stiffened them with interlining, but also had to put wire in the collars and down the back to hold them up.

The cups were made from anatomy kits of the skull. I had had mine for quite some time, as I had seen the idea in a Jack Palance movie. He forced his young bride to drink a wedding toast from a skull cup. I liked the idea of the cup and made a version of it from the kit, decorating it with silver lace doilies, rhinestones and sequins.



## 1977—SUNCON

### “THE GOLDEN APPLES OF THE SUN AND THE SILVER APPLES OF THE MOON”

#### Award: Most Beautiful

Drew was my husband now and this was our honeymoon. It had been 10 years since I had started attending cons, and the costumes I remembered most fondly from my first con were “The Golden Apples of the Sun and The Silver Apples of the Moon” as presented at Nycon III by Willy Ley's wife and daughter. For my tenth anniversary in fandom, I decided to do my own version.



My costume was primarily gold with silver. The sleeves and train were yellow chiffon. To get the edge orange, I had to dip it in dye. Then I edged it in sequins and glued glittery rays to the chiffon.

This costume had a headdress. I had learned from my first one, and this time I did a better job. I had to ship the unassembled headdress to the con with Bruce and Elayne Pelz, who were driving, as I had no room for it in my luggage and it was too big to carry on the plane.

Drew's costume was black and silver, with a shooting star headdress. The tail pieces were curved styrofoam, covered with silver glitter and mirrors.

We each carried a basket of apples (plastic, sprayed gold and silver) and threw them to the audience.

## 1978—IGUANACON

### "THE MOCK TURTLE, THE GRYPHON, AND ALICE"

#### Award: Best Fantasy

I had never attempted this type of costume before. I learned many things and made many mistakes, but I know the next costume I do will be the better for it.



The Gryphon was my costume. The body was a fur jumpsuit with the hands attached. The fingers were longer than human fingers. I extended my fingers by using styrofoam balls for knuckles at my fingertips and extending the finger with a piece of dowel rod and another ball at the end. The nails were also styrofoam. I covered this with a putty that hardened, to smooth out the joints. This was covered with flocking.

The head was built on a hat form. It was carved from styrofoam and then covered with feathers. My neck was covered with stretch fabric which was in turn covered with feathers. I could see out the neck, between the feathers. The shoes were built up on sneakers with foam rubber, then covered with fur.

Rob Short, a friend and a very talented sculptor, was kind enough to make the Mock Turtle's head for Drew's costume. I made the Turtle's shell from foam rubber and coated it with vinyl to make it smooth. It slipped over Drew's head and velcroed shut. The legs and flippers were made of stretch fabric.

My wings were made with a metal frame, covered with fabric and then feathers. They sat on my shoulders with a harness.

The girl who played Alice was recommended by a friend, Harrison Rose, who felt (correctly) that she looks like Rackham's Alice. Her name is Linda Flude



(now Linda Daniel). I was lucky to find a print like the one in Rackham's illo, so I made Alice's dress at the last minute.

## 1979—SEACON

### "KING AND QUEEN OF PENTACLES"

#### Awards: Best in Show Contestants' Choice

Again from the Tarot deck, this was my own interpretation of the King and Queen of Pentacles: black and red, with the pentacle reversed. ("Slightly sinister," according to Sally Fink.)

The biggest problem was my cape. It had to stand up when it was held over my head. Dowel rods in the upper half stiffened it, but the edge flopped over. I took nylon stiffening with me to England to finish the edge there. It wasn't enough, so at the last minute I was wrapping coat hanger wire with black satin and sewing it to the black border of the cape to reinforce it. It worked, and the cape was ready to go.

The pentacle design on the cape was glued on, as was much of the border.

The headdress was Coq feathers and packed flat, since everything had to go in the suitcase. The staff was the same one used in the King and Queen of Cups, with the addition of black ostrich feathers. The staff unscrews into three sections so that it can be packed.

The sphere with the pentacle in it was originally filled with water and a wax-covered rose. The bottom unscrews and the rose is removable. I simply replaced the rose with a sequined pentacle.

We used the costumes again at Loscon 6, winning Best in Show.

A final comment: I do not have any magic formula to pass on as to how to pick a winning costume. I suppose, over the years, I have simply developed an instinct for it. I do have a list of costumes I still want to do; I'll look at it each year and it always seems that one costume will stand out, begging to be done. I have learned to do the big, spectacular costumes at world-cons and to do the lesser ones at the smaller cons.



# Some Gentle Suggestions For Masquerade Chairpeople

by Mike Resnick

1. Try to keep the pre-judging area at a reasonable temperature. Naked ladies don't appreciate full-power air-conditioning, and people with velvet robes are not thrilled with a total lack of same.

2. Make the pre-judging meaningful. Except for Torcon II, where each costume was brought before the judges and each contestant fielded a variety of questions, judges are just turned loose to wander backstage in a totally erratic and meaningless manner.

3. If you intend to serve soft drinks (and you should), remember to supply straws with them. People in masks have a difficult time drinking from glasses.

4. Make sure the announcer confers with each contestant. More costumes have been ruined by functionally illiterate announcers mangling names and titles than for any other reason.

5. Make sure the announcer understands that his function is to present the costume quickly and efficiently—*not* to showboat and display his wit.

6. Put a diagram of the stage area in a progress report. Some costumes simply will not work on ramps, and costumers deserve to know if some section of the audience will always be looking at their backs.

7. List all regulations—fire, peanut butter, or whatever—in a progress report. Telling contestants of restrictions once the con starts is too late. (This includes nudity restrictions, which occurred only in 1977, but caused some rapid last-minute changes.)

8. If at all possible, try to arrange for the contestants to get onto the stage via a ramp rather than stairs. Many costumes, especially those with wheels or out-sized and misshapen feet, have great difficulty negotiating stairways.

9. Have a repair table in the pre-judging room. More costumes break apart than you might think.

10. Set up photo areas in the pre-judging room, and have a couple of gofers run them in an orderly manner. A number of costumes are purposely destroyed or metamorphized during the first run-through, and this is the only chance some will have to be photographed as they first appear to the audience.

11. When coming up with the order of presentation, try not to put similar costumes—beautiful, humorous, or whatever—back-to-back, as this will always work to the detriment of the second costume.

12. Set a 60-second time limit, *and stick to it*. At NorthAmerican, our costume had 10 freeze-frames with captions held up long enough for the audience to read them, and we made it in 58 seconds. There is simply no justification for any presentation lasting more than a minute.

13. If, due to props or other paraphernalia, a costumer requests either very early or very late placing in the order, try to accommodate him.

14. A day before the masquerade, allow the costu-

mers an hour in which to familiarize themselves with the stage, on and off ramps, pre-judging areas, and photo areas. The movie freaks can wait while this is being done; it won't kill them.

15. If there are any special lighting or sound requests, work them out *before* the masquerade begins. More than one costume has been ruined by the committee staff's negligence in this area.

16. Seat the audience early. Most costumes are uncomfortable, and there is no valid reason why the competitors should have to wait an extra half hour to present them, simply because the committee hasn't mastered crowd control.

17. The judges must be sexually balanced, 3-2. 4 or 5 men voting for a naked girl will diminish the prestige of the victory, and 4 or 5 women voting against it will lead to doubts that it was judged without bias.

18. The judges should have had some experience making, wearing and/or judging costumes. I realize that sometimes this is not possible, as with a Guest of Honor who wishes to be a judge, but it should be followed wherever feasible.

19. The judges should be gathered together for an hour before pre-judging begins. Just as the masquerade shouldn't be delayed due to poor crowd control, it also shouldn't be delayed while the committee tours the local bars looking for errant judges.

20. The judges should have almost total discretion as to categories in which awards will be presented. They should not be forced to fit the costumes into pre-determined categories, or to let an excellent costume go unrewarded because a proper category did not exist.

21. When I judged Iguanacon, we were given an excellent and efficient scoring system. Each judge, in turn, ranked a costume from 0 to 5 on a scale, and passed the ballot to the next judge. The fifth judge handed the ballot to a committee member, who kept a running tally throughout the masquerade. Thus, mere seconds after the last costume had appeared, we had our totals broken down to the point where we could, within a minute, decide an arbitrary cut-off point for the second run-through. It saved a good 30 minutes of haggling.

22. If you announce that prizes will be given for winning costumes, then give them. Most committees are gung-ho on the announcement, but pretty punk on the delivery.

23. Have a photo area set up that each contestant *must* pass through after the first run-through, on his way back to the pre-judging room. Reason: if you wait any longer, you'll find that many of the losers don't stick around long enough to get photographed.

24. If you must have a ramp through the audience, try—please try!—to make it steady and sturdy.

25. Place microphones at center stage and at both corners. Half the verbal presentations are never heard because the contestants—who are frequently half-

blind, often nervous, and occasionally fuggheaded—can't find the mikes.

26. Have the announcer keep editorial comments to a minimum. Announcing that such-and-such a contestant was Best in Show the previous year could be construed as an attempt, however inadvertently, to influence the judges.

27. Set up a video-taping room. Not only is video fandom growing in great leaps and bounds, but this is the only way many of the contestants will ever get to see the masquerade. Believe me, 20 or 30 decks will appear magically to tie in to the cameras.

28. Keep unauthorized people out of the pre-judging area—but remember that many costumers bring helpers when they have complex and elaborate costumes. If a person claims he's got a right to be there, check with the costumer before you throw him out.

29. Have a couple of gofers whose sole duty is to make sure no contestant falls off the stairs, ramps or stage. And don't chuckle—this is more important than you might think.

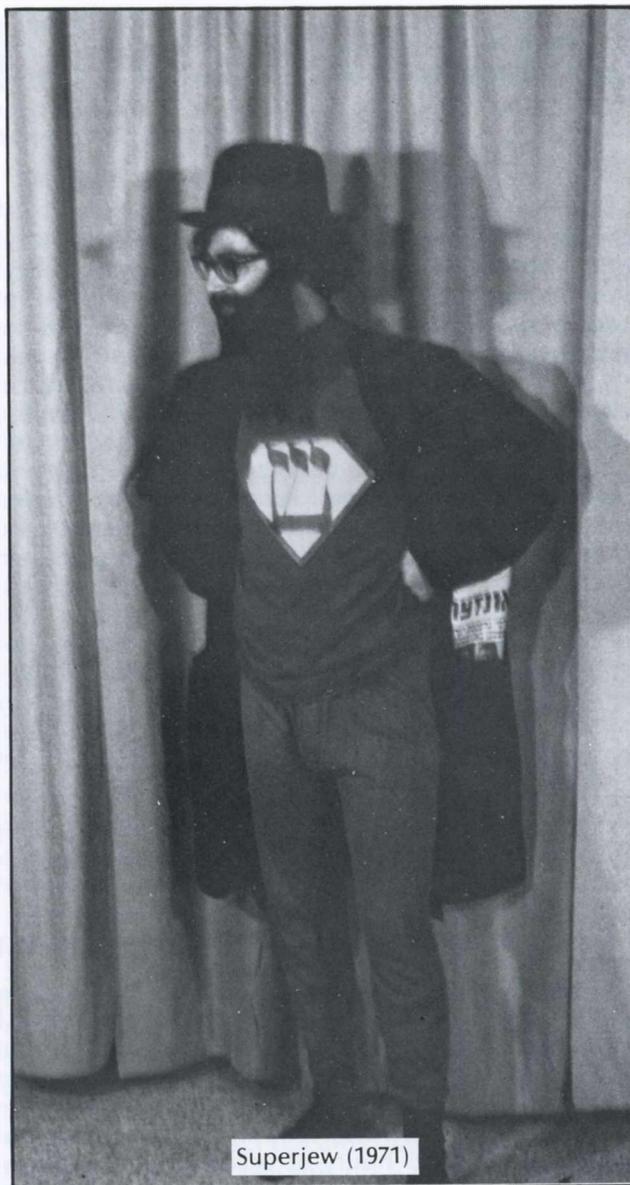
30. Allow contestants who are striving for various "Most Authentic" awards to pass illustrations, covers, or whatnot to the judges so that they may better determine the authenticity of the costume.

31. Acquire a bigger pre-judging room than you think you'll need. Remember: many of the contestants will be wearing body paint and assorted types of makeup, and it's unfair to crowd them so much that their makeup sweats or rubs off prior to their appearance on stage.

32. Strive for a geographical balance among your judges. Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, there are definite East Coast, Midwestern, and West Coast schools of costuming, and the appearance of fairness must be upheld.

33. Allow no flash cameras or strobe lights anywhere near the stage.

34. Just follow these simple rules and you ought to be able to cut down the complaints and bitching by ... oh, as much as four or five percent.



Superjew (1971)

## Long-Distance Costuming

by Joan Bledig

Is it possible for two or more people to participate together in creating a winning costume?

Of course.

But what if those people making up the group don't live within the same area? What if they live several hundreds of miles apart—farther than can be reasonably travelled in a one-day round-trip?

The answer to this question is also a resounding YES!

Taff and Duff were a winning duo (Best Alien and Best Presentation) at Suncon in 1977. Taff (myself) was from Chicago and Duff (Lou Tabakow) was from Cincinnati. And The Avengers of Space, Best in Show winner at NASFIC in 1979, (Carol and Mike Resnick, Michaele Hahn Jordan and myself), was another Chicago/Cincinnati combination.

Needless to say, there are a few problems involved in creating a winner in this type of situation.

For Taff and Duff, costume construction was handled almost entirely in Chicago because Lou doesn't sew (and really I don't either). Once the basic idea for the aliens was agreed upon, each of us had to shop for parts of the costume that required fitting. Lou's leotard and sweatshirt had to be sent to Chicago, but before he could send the leotard, I had to send him the facial feature cut-outs so he could position them on the leotard torso with safety pins. Long distance phone calls, not always at bargain rates, were made to ensure that the facial features were located at the proper places.

Certain items of the costume had to be fitted in person. The basic framework to support the fake-fur

hair was made in Chicago and had to be fitted to Lou's head size. Sizing the fake-fur hair sections and placing the velcro closures attaching the hair to the leotard was another thing that had to be done in person, as well as cutting the eye holes and fitting the denim pants.

But the most important part of the costume was not the 'physical' costume but the practicing of the routine and polishing up of each of our bits of 'business.' We got together on several occasions, both in Chicago and Cincinnati, and even in Florida before the masquerade took place, to practice the basic routine so that moving together in our limited-vision costumes became second nature. And that is the hardest and most expensive part of long-distance costuming—the travelling back and forth in order to practice. A well-practiced routine means a routine that will come off on stage as a natural thing for the characters to be doing. No long waits for the audience because one person in the group has forgotten what they are to do next. No embarrassing moments because the different members of the group are not coordinated in their movements and positionings while on stage. Groups are generally given 60 seconds or less to make their presentation, and filling those entire 60 seconds with something that is interesting and well-paced is not easy to do without practice!

The Avengers of Space is a prime example of this latter point. If you think getting two people coordinated—people who have little or no acting experience and don't live close by—is difficult, imagine having *four* people with a complicated routine to polish!

It's not easy, and getting together in the same place at the same time is not easy either. You spend vast amounts of time working and reworking the routine until everyone instinctively knows what they have to do and when to do it. You're not going visiting—you're going to work. The Avengers of Space required about 15 hours of practice time with me present because I had the simplest part in terms of practicing—I had very few bits of business involving the other three members of the group and I took my cues from them. (The Mime's embellishments occurred before the others came on and after they left the stage, things which could be practiced alone.) However, those 15 hours we worked together allowed me to develop a sense of timing for my cues to move from one position to the next, and flipping the speech balloons over while running back and forth behind the others. And, again, telephone calls, back and forth, between Chicago and Cincinnati, checking and rechecking, discussing changes in the scenario, trying to envision the other three in their costumes moving across the stage.

Looking over your stage and waiting areas when you arrive at the convention is also important. Not just for yourself but for everyone in the group. Try to plan arriving a bit early at the convention and gaining access to the masquerade area. Walk through your routine if possible—try to get familiar with doing your practiced movements in the actual area in which you will be performing. Then, if you have a good costume and an interesting presentation and you put on a good performance, winning should be the end result!



Tars Tarkas (1976)

# Some Thoughts On Costuming

by Carol Resnick

I don't know why other people go into costuming, but to me it is the thrill of visualizing a costume (or a presentation, as in 1979) and then making that visualization a reality. In truth, by the night of the competition, it's all rather anti-climactic; I know long before then whether or not I've accomplished what I set out to do. Which isn't to say that I don't appreciate the cheers of the crowd; of course I do—and as Sandra Miesel says elsewhere, the biggest thrill and most sought-after accolades are those that come from my fellow costume-makers. I think perhaps my proudest moment in costuming came at the 1979 North American: when our group came off the stage after our presentation, we were given a standing ovation from our competitors.

## DERIVATIONS

We all borrow from each other; it is the natural course of events. But I feel that lately too many costumes have been almost totally derivative of what went before. If there is a particularly stunning head-dress one year, or an extremely effective use of colors or materials, you can be almost certain that these will turn up four or five times in the next year or two.

There is a difference between building on a theme and out-and-out swiping it, and I wish a few more costumers would make that distinction. I sometimes wonder if this practice has become more prevalent over the last five to ten years. I can only assume that some people are not aware they are plagiarizing.

Also, perhaps there is too much emphasis on winning: i.e., "Feathers won last year, so this year I'll go in feathers." Possibly this causes some newcomers to be afraid to try something different for fear they will not win.

Perhaps we need to make the masquerades less competitive, either by awarding more prizes, or by eliminating prizes altogether. I will never forget a costume panel I was on at a regional convention. A young girl stood up and complained that she and her group had not won a prize or even been given what she thought was due consideration by the judges at the previous worldcon masquerade. She felt that to win, one had to be "well known" or produce a costume that looked like someone "well known" had made it. This may have been sour grapes; after all, many of the contributors to this magazine won prizes with their first costumes—but sometimes I can't help wondering if there is some truth to what this girl said.

Newcomers bring new ideas and fresh concepts to costuming, and the more people who participate, the more fun it will be for us all.

## PRESENTATIONS

Over the years, most presentations have been absolutely awful. Astrid's "The Bat and the Bitten," our own "The Avengers of Space," and most of the Stopas' costumes have been exceptions, but for every exception there have been 20 or 30 bombs.

My own feeling is that verbal presentations have never worked, and probably never will. Many humorous presentations are so poorly conceived and so inadequately rehearsed that the audience never quite understands what is going on. And I truly see no reason for a presentation to be an exact word-by-word or move-by-move replica of a scene from a book or a movie.

And yet, on the other hand, there are literally hundreds of presentation ideas worthy of being done. And certainly a good presentation is not eliminated from the top awards—two presentations have been given Best in Show in the past 11 years. It's a neglected area that I feel deserves much more attention than it has been given.

## NUDITY

I'm against it—which requires some explanation, since I was nude once and nearly nude on a couple of other occasions.

So I'll begin by saying that, obviously, I have no moral objections to nudity. But I *do* feel, unlike the bulk of costumers I've spoken to on the subject, that only a very small handful of costumes lend themselves to nudity and remain competitive.

The more flesh you expose, especially if you happen to be blessed with a good figure, the more attention will be taken away from what little costume you are wearing. I got around it as Lith (Torcon, 1973) by loading myself down with all kinds of things that had been mentioned in the story: a golden loom, frogs in cages, a tapestry, a grimmoire, feathers, etc., just as Julie Zell loaded *herself* down at the LACon in 1972. Nevertheless, the fact remains that you have considerably less than 60 seconds on stage, and if you are bare-breasted (or bare-whatevered) the audience is going to spend most of that time recovering from the initial shock before they notice—if indeed they ever do—that you are actually wearing a costume.

Nudity was very popular for a three or four-year period in the early 1970s—as witness many of the contributors to this magazine—but it seems to have gone out of vogue, and I truly believe the reason for this is the lack of nude costumes that will make you look like something more than simply a naked girl.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE THING

After wasting a couple of evenings back in 1973 proving to myself that there was no cheap and easy way to dye waist-length black hair a metallic gold, I said to hell with it, and appeared with my own black hair—and won Most Authentic anyway. Which reinforced a conclusion that I had already formed: it is more important to be true to the *spirit* of a story than to the *letter*.

The White Sybil, in Clark Ashton Smith's story, was merely a pale girl who wore a diaphanous white veil, and the Ice Demon was a blue-green mist. Yet I built the costumes that the names and the flavor of the story inspired in me—and Lin Carter, who was then editing Smith's work for Ballantine, came up later to

say that he too had read the stories, and letter-perfect descriptions be damned: these costumes were what Smith was all about, even if he hadn't so described them.

In all of my costumes I have tried to capture the mood the author was striving for in the story. Occasionally I'll touch base with some portion of the description, but I honestly feel that a word-for-word representation of a costume would hamstring me artistically.

While accurate renditions of artists' cover work excite my admiration—The Beauty and the Beast, 1978, springs to mind—I want to plead for more originality in costuming. After all, in our own small way, we are striving to create works of art, and the best art—though often derivative—is always unique and an artistic statement unto itself.

### SHOWING OFF

We breed and show collies, which means that 30 weekends or so every year we drive hundreds of miles to a show site, groom our dogs for hours, and then walk into the ring with them. We have about 60 seconds in which to make an impression on the judge, to show off all the dog's good points and hide his bad ones, and we do this in front of a large audience. I think this has uniquely prepared us for masquerade competitions, where the conditions are much the same: driving (or flying) hundreds of miles, spending half a day getting ready, and then finding ourselves on stage with 60 seconds or less to make the best possible impression. We're used to the time limitation, we're used to playing up good points and hiding bad ones,

and we're used to competing before huge crowds. These three things—especially making the most of the time limitation—have served us very well. I think it's something that most costumers take a number of years to fully adjust to, and yet if they don't adjust they are doing their costumes a disservice.

### CHOOSING A COSTUME

When creating costumes for Mike and myself, I am continually cognizant of what can and can't be done with our basic shapes. Mike, alas, is never going to pass for Tarzan or Doc Savage; on the other hand, he's large (and appears larger on stage), which makes him a marvelous model for such creatures as Chun the Unavoidable and The Master of the Crabs, and he has excellent stage presence, which means he can also handle slapstick (1979) or an intricate mirror-image presentation (1976). But his brawn does have its limitations, and I could never make the kind of costume for him that, say, Drew Sanders wears so well.

As for myself, I have always had to watch my weight. Hopefully it doesn't show in my costumes, but there are certain features I do try to de-emphasize. Also, I'm approaching my 38th birthday, and I have to make sure that I don't choose a costume that makes me look like a silly middle-aged woman pretending to be 19 again. I have certain features I'm rather pleased with, and certain features I'd rather not think about—and, as Michael Jordan points out elsewhere in this magazine, it is absolutely essential that you objectively evaluate what you can and can't do, what you could look like and what you will never look like, before choosing a costume for yourself. ■

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# A Masquerade Philosophy

by Sandra Miesel

My goal in costuming is simply to have the experience of *being* certain characters. I try to chose subjects I can portray believably. (Of course it's just coincidence that these are often wicked queens.) I've also tried to vary the nature of the costuming "problem" in each case, so I don't get into a rut: I've worked singly, in a pair, and in a group, done historical and original designs, serious and jolly things, etc. But I do admit to a crown fetish.

In executing the idea, I strive for a completely integrated effect, so that all parts of the design work together (by repetition of motifs, etc.). My costumes are carefully made of good materials (I even use lace hem tape) and will stand up to close inspection. I try to use as much color and textural contrast as possible for liveliness. I like to speak lines or use a musical accompaniment to support the visual effect and try to move in an appropriate manner.

None of the above would have worked except for the patience of hapless partners, family and friends.

Now that I've been to a number of masquerades, I have certain convictions about the activity itself. This is the smallest interest area in fandom—only about two or three dozen people compete seriously year after year—yet the amount of cooperation is surprisingly high, with ideas and supply sources freely exchanged. It's nice to win prizes but I think what we

really compete for is the accolade of our peers.

The running of the Worldcon masquerade varies wildly from year to year. Couldn't some optimum system be developed based on past experience? One is prepared to make sacrifices, but the participants shouldn't be pushed to the state of collapse. MAC ran a long time because the large panel of judges couldn't make up their minds, but it was the most comfortably arranged from the contestants' point of view. The judges should be sensibly chosen—some of them must have made costumes, have aesthetic sensibilities that rise above an appreciation of female skin, and, if artists, be experienced in the designing of costumes (not always the case). The judges need some instructive guidelines so they understand what the categories mean and what leeway they have in making choices—the object being to reward excellence, not fill category boxes. Real pre-judging and two run-throughs would be desirable, one-minute presentations should be standard but vocal presentations should be allowed. Perhaps if each Worldcon costume chairman assembled a report and passed it on to the next chairman recurring problems would be winnowed out. It would also be nice to see a plan of the runway and ballroom in advance to adjust presentations. The masquerade has become a major program item and deserves thorough planning. ■

# WORLDCON MASQUERADES

## The Subtle Art of Blatancy

by Mike Resnick

It was while photographing the LACon masquerade in 1972 that it hit me: here I was, thousands of miles from home, sweating to death in a jacket and tie, fighting other camera buffs for a favored spot, and listening to some pompous ass from the con committee threatening to throw us all out of the building if we didn't let him take his pictures first. I looked groggily across the room and saw some joker in a costume, cool and relaxed, without another soul nearer than 30 feet.

I think it was at that instant that I decided I had been on the uncomfortable end of the camera long enough, and took a mildly solemn vow to become a costume freak. So we—Carol, my wife, had precious little choice in the matter—began to do our homework. For starters, we studied some 700 slides I had taken during the previous ten worldcons. Then we attended a couple of costume workshops at regional cons, and spoke to a number of the perennial winners about their methods and theories.

Based on our "research" we came up with certain general axioms, which have thus far worked well enough to keep us undefeated at recent worldcon masquerades and has resulted in my being asked to share them with you. This I shall do forthwith:

**Authors.** The very first thing we realized was that certain authors' characters rarely if ever win, regardless of the excellence of the costumes. Included among these are Edgar Rice Burroughs, Robert E. Howard and H.P. Lovecraft. (It also happens that they outsell just about every other author in the field—from which you may draw whatever conclusions you choose.)

An even more unhappy fact is that precious few authors have evinced any desire to describe the dress of their characters; and most of those who do are either unimaginative, or at least un-reproducible.

What remains is a small handful of fantasy authors who give flavorsome descriptions of guys, gals, and BEMS: Jack Vance, C.L. Moore, A. Merritt, Clark Ashton Smith, and a few others. The field is by no means limited to these authors, but they offer the greatest quantity of source material.

**Topicality.** We feel there are too many disadvantages in doing costumes from a current book. First, most of the audience—and probably most of the judges, as well—usually have not read it. Second, those who have read it have probably formed their own very fresh and recent impressions of the way the characters look, and in their case you'd better not vary too many iotas from the author's description (or their interpretation of same).

**No-No's.** Absolutely verboten is whatever seems to be the rage. That includes Mr. Spock; anyone from above, on, or beneath the Planet of the Apes; Vampirella; any Creative Anachronists; and after Discon, I feel we can add Celtic warriors and dancing girls to the list. Based on the results, I'd say the judges seem to

agree with me on this point.

**Visual Media.** Taking a character from a painting, a movie or a comic strip has been done very well on occasion—most notably by The Snake Mother (Tricon, 1966) and The Black Queen from *Barbarella* (LACon, 1972)—but usually the efforts at exact duplication fall short. A number of Barbarellas, wearing well-done, sexy, exotic costumes, lost simply because they didn't look like Jane Fonda.

**Characters.** I would suggest that you seek out some character who is not completely and intricately described, so as to allow you some creative license. A very definite plus are characters who are so distinctive they can be recognized without your having to explain what your costume represents. Such characters are rare, but they do exist: Chun the Unavoidable, The Snake Mother, Shambleau ... to name just a few.

**Presentation.** In well over a decade of attending masquerades, I have never seen a truly effective verbal presentation—and with good reason: if you're not Fritz Leiber, you simply haven't got the ability to project your voice. (Friends of Edward Wood may debate this, but I'm speaking in a dramatic context.) Another major drawback is that, except for humorous or fannish presentations, the audience is required to have a somewhat intimate knowledge of the book from which the scene has been excerpted. At any rate, the really memorable presentations—the Andersons' "Bat and the Bitten" (St. Louiscon, 1969), or any of Jon and Joni Stopa's—have always been visual and not verbal.

**Detail.** Lord knows you want to be as authentic as possible, and certainly pre-judging allows the judging panel to see all the fine and delicate handiwork that went into your costume—but you must never forget that you will be appearing before a minimum of 3,000 people, most of whom will be so far away all your minute work will be lost to them. If you can be subtle and blatant at the same time, fine; if not, blatancy wins every time.

**Nudity.** Nude girls are nothing new at worldcon masquerades; I have a photo of one from the 1952 Chicon. However, they were usually exhibitionistic costumes that delighted the audience and never won anything but a second run-through for the benefit of the male judges. Recently, things have changed, and LACon, Torcon, and Discon II had a number of truly superb costumes utilizing nudity, demonstrating not once but many times over that if the nudity is an integral part of the costume rather than the other way around, it can be effective enough to win. After all, other things being equal, a lovely girl in a good costume that requires some nudity is nicer to look at than a lovely girl in a good costume that requires no nudity.

There has been no total male nudity that I know of, but I suppose it can't be far away.

**BEMs.** There have been a few good ones in the past, and there will be again. However, since Hollywood, with its zillions of dollars and masters of makeup, creates so few real-looking BEMs, it's not too likely that you, an amateur costume-maker, can do so on your own.

**Women's Clothing.** The bulk of descriptions in sf stories fall into one of three categories: a—total or near-total nudity (guaranteed to receive applause, but not much else unless handled very creatively); b—slave girls/barbarian girls (available for \$9.95 from Frederick's of Hollywood and guaranteed to please but lose); and c—robes, veils, smocks, and anything else that most authors use to imply novel and futuristic clothing, but which all too often show a paucity of imagination on the part of the author. There are many things in category C to choose from, and millions to leave alone; the main thing is to make sure that the costume doesn't look like a made-over dress. No matter how much gobbledegook and gingerbread a girl puts on an old dress or robe, it almost always winds up looking like an old dress or robe with gobbledegook and gingerbread added.

**Men's Clothing.** Even a poorer source than women's clothing. All barbarians don't wear furs and miniskirts, all heroes don't wear capes, and most costumers don't remember those two facts.

**Figures.** It's important to be realistic when appraising your figure. A skinny, flat-chested girl shouldn't be playing Barbarella any more than a balding, paunchy gentleman should try to convince the world that he's really Kimball Kinnison.

**Characterization.** Most participants seem to feel that if they don't have a presentation to give they need merely walk across the stage and let it go at that. Wrong. Even if you're not reciting lines or going through a routine, you are impersonating a character, so make every effort to *become* that character. If you are a fleshpot, slink; if you are a barbarian, swagger; if you're a wicked witch, slouch and leer. It really does make a difference.

**Movement.** Costumes are made to be worn as well as photographed. Make sure yours doesn't hang stiffly and awkwardly, and keep in mind that only a

handful of people are going to see you do anything *but* move across the stage.

**Comfort.** You will be in your costume anywhere from four to eight hours, depending on how well or ineptly the masquerade is run. Therefore, it would be wise to keep that in mind when designing what you must wear during that time. More than one poor soul has fainted from heat, lack of oxygen, and/or other problems, and a hell of a lot of naked and near-naked people have sweated off their bodypaint before ever getting on the stage. (Practicing all this at home sure doesn't hurt.)

**\$\$\$.** As worldcon masquerades have become more and more sophisticated, the average winning costume has doubtless increased in cost. However, if you don't charge yourself for the eons you spend working on it, you can still turn out an elaborate costume for a mere pittance (or two mere pittances, anyway). At Discon II, Carol, as The White Sybil, had an enormous headdress composed of shining curved spokes that one professional costume-maker told us would have cost \$600 had we had him create it for us. It cost us less than \$5.00, and was composed of styrofoam Christmas wreaths, Mod Podge glue, and a bottle of glitter. At Torcon, when I was Chun the Unavoidable, I wore some 150 eyeballs on my robe. Glass eyes—and even plastic eyeballs at novelty shops—were exorbitant, so I bought 13 boxes of factory-reject ping pong balls at 20 cents for a box of 12, spent 30 cents more buying stick-on dots for irises and pupils at a stationery store, and spent another dollar on picture-hanging wire with which to suspend the "eyeballs." The Stopas probably haven't spent \$250 on *all* their costumes put together, and they've won prizes at more than half a dozen worldcons. So yes, if you're willing to put in the proper amount of mental and physical effort, you can turn out an occasional minor masterpiece within a pauper's budget.

And I would suggest you begin doing so immediately. The way attendance is soaring, the only sure way to see any future masquerade is to be a part of it!

(Reprinted from MidAmeriCon Progress Report #2, by permission of the author.)

## Bravo For The Cheapies!

by Mike Resnick

The first cheap *faannish* costume appeared in 1955, at Clevention. It consisted of two rebels from our seventh planet holding signs which read, in order, "Down Earth" and "Up Uranus."

Not subtle, I'll admit, but indicative of a type of costume that seemed almost to have vanished until the 1979 NorthAmericon: the cheapie, based on wit rather than work. There have been a lot of them over the years, and I think there is still room for them at masquerades.

Which is another way of saying that, despite the gorgeous and intricate costumes shown and described in these pages, you need not spend a bundle of money or take months out of your life to make a winning costume.

At NorthAmericon one young man presented his version of Darth Vader after O.S.H.A. got through with him, and another came as Count Down, a cos-

tume replete with more awful puns than a Robert Bloch speech. The two of them together couldn't have cost \$20.00—but nobody cared. They were witty and delightful, and the audience responded.

Over the years there have been many similar costumes: The Slave Boys of Gor (1977), Superjew (1971), Cohen the Barbarian (1974), Charlie Brown (1969—and he was so Charlie Brownish that he inadvertently ripped apart a huge movie screen, which culminated in another of Harlan Ellison's gaffations), The Viking Moon Lander (1976—my personal favorite of the inexpensive yet inventive costumes), Implosion in a Time Machine (1966—in which Larry Niven simply borrowed fragments of about 15 other costumes from previous years), and Spock-Boy Walton (1977).

Believe me—it is no sin to win on your wits alone. I hope more people try.

# Mother Joni's Recipe For Building Better Costumes 12 Ways (More Or Less)

by Joni Stopa

If you are reading this article I assume that you want to make a costume for the first time, or you want to make a better costume.

What do you do if you want to make a costume and you can't sew—and haven't got an obliging mother/wife/girl friend/etc. around? This is really not the hindrance it might seem to be. I've seen prize-winning costumes that were glued together, stapled, tied, you name it. Don Simpson once made a robot costume using *origami*. The most vital thing in making a good costume is doing something original, doing the best with what you have, and doing it well.

The first thing to do is take a good look at yourself in the mirror. If you are 97 lb. weakling, don't even consider Conan, John Carter or Captain Marvel. Chubby girls are not fairy princesses, the High Priestess of Whatsit, nor a beautiful, naked slave girl. Do type-cast yourself. Whatever your physical type, someone has written a character just like you.

Next, decide how much you can afford to spend. Plan the materials for the costume on that basis. Many useful items, interesting goodies and assorted what-nots can be found at Goodwill Stores, second hand shops, and remnant and rummage sales. Old draperies and tablecloths are prime material. And don't forget about army surplus stores. Parachutes have an incredible amount of fabric in them—as well as lots of heavy cord. Dime stores (I forget my age—*variety* stores) and novelty shops are indispensable as well as craft stores.

If your pocket book and plans are more elaborate, you can branch out to the places that cater to the costume trade. Start with the yellow pages, bypass *Audio . . . Baking Supplies* and stop at *Costume*. If your city is large enough you will find places that sell them, rent them, and carry the goodies to make them. Call before dropping in; some of these places do not cater to off-the-street trade or do not sell small quantities of fabric.

Move on to *Display*. Again you find all manner of fabric, tinsel, garland, small mirrors, glitter, and an array of nice things to add to your costume. These are very nice places to rummage around in—and you may get ideas as well as materials.

From here we go to *Feathers*. Yes, Virginia, there really are feather merchants. These are the places where fine feathered fans get their plumage.

Keep on looking at those yellow pages until you come to *Millinery*. Here you buy hat forms, fabrics, feathers, ribbons, flowers, fruit, etc.

So, if you live in Buffalo Crotch, North Dakota and the yellow pages list none of the above, the following is a list of places that will service your needs through the mail:

## **Dazien's Inc., 400 N. Wells, Chicago, Illinois**

They have fabrics, feathers, leotards, mylar, sequin cloth, strands of pearls, tassels, bead fringe, fringe, stretch satin and metallic fabric, fabric that looks like mail, glitter fabrics, metallics, lamé, fluorescent fabrics, props, glitter, baubles, bangles, beads and more! And to make a good thing even better, a staff that is courteous, helpful and knowledgeable. If you don't know quite what you need, ask; they usually have sound suggestions. Send for a catalogue and swatches.

## **Phil Bregstone Assoc. Inc., 440 So. Wabash, Chicago, Illinois**

Fabrics, mirrors, garlands, glitter, display items, tinsel, diamond dust (clear glitter), etc. Write for a catalogue.

## **New York Costume Co., Inc., 10 W. Hubbard St., Chicago, Illinois 60610**

Body makeup, stage makeup, crepe hair, hair color, wigs, props, accessories, beards, and even glow-in-the-dark makeup.

## **Lester Berman, 6 E. Lake St., Chicago, Illinois 60601**

Millinery supplies, forms, feathers, fabrics, veiling and flowers. Inexpensive.

## **Lee Wards, 1200 St. Charles St., Elgin, Illinois 60120**

Craft supplies, rhinestones, sequins, styrofoam forms, paint-on embroidery, etc. Send for catalogue.

## **Home Sew, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania 18018**

Sewing supplies, braid, trims, sequins, metallic braid and trim, assorted things for sewing at the lowest prices I've ever seen.

## **Fredericks of Hollywood**

Special bras, undergarments, etc. Very useful for some costumes.

If you are planning to make or sew a costume for the first time, a word of advice. Many sewing jobs can be eliminated by the use of fabric cement, or "iron on" bonding material. Hems can be sewn with bias tape that sticks to the fabric when sewn on. To further speed things up you can buy a spray material that will hold your pattern on the fabric without extensive pinning. This is extremely useful when working with slippery fabrics like synthetics and satin.

The next step is to choose a pattern that most closely resembles your design. It can then be altered accordingly. Alter in small steps. This is better than going back and starting all over again with a new supply of fabric.

Better sewing shops usually have someone around who can answer your questions about alterations, how much fabric to buy, and interpret the back of the pattern envelope for you.

Unless you are an excellent seamstress I suggest you stick to Simplicity or Butterick patterns. If you get one by Vogue you may well end up in tears. If you are a novice try the "Jiffy Sew" patterns by Simplicity. They can be finished by even the most fumble-fingered.

Faking is a part of costume and theater. You can paint lavish embroidery on fabric (the real thing would take weeks), weight a light cape to make it look heavy with a length of chain, keep folds in place by sewing in metal washers or sinkers. Shields and swords can be cut from plywood and covered with mylar. They look good, aren't dangerous, and can be left behind after the masquerade. Chain mail can be knitted with large needles and spray painted metallic. You can confound someone by telling them you just finished knitting some chain mail. (You'll appreciate that more after you've stood around for hours in the real thing.)

Zap guns are available at toy stores. They can be dressed up with parts from model kits and painted metallic. The best paint is "Treasure" brand. It has a very high sheen and can be kept that way by following the directions and then sealing it. If you are planning on a zap gun, please make an appropriate looking holster for it . . . it will make a more effective costume piece that way.

Remember, if you can't find it, fake it.

Now for a few notes on makeup. Practice with it before you start putting it on for the masquerade. Try to avoid grease paint. It's messy and not all that easy to

remove, as well as uncomfortable.

Please, whatever you do, don't use it as body make-up. You will be miserable and will leave smudges on everything within a ten-block radius. And you just might wreck someone else's costume by brushing against them. Max Factor makes perfectly good makeup for that purpose. Don't pinch pennies and make your own body paint by using a carrier lotion and food coloring. Those who have tried it usually remained a pale shade of the same color for the duration of the convention.

Certain costumes are almost sure to win—those that are highly imaginative, innovative, alien, humorous/fannish, fantastic, monsters, sf and very authentic. If you can combine several of these, you improve your chances considerably. If you think your costume might be most authentic, bring the book to the judges at the masquerade . . . their memories sometimes need refreshing.

A certainty of losing comes with doing a costume like a name author/fan, a barbarian, naked lady, the mummy, Dracula, Frankenstein, crew member of the Enterprise, et al. These have been done to death and are of no interest to the audience or the judges. In fact, the judges may be downright hostile.

If you are new at costume-making, or haven't tried it before, you might surprise yourself.

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# Wax, Wigs, Warts, and Other Dermal Deceptions

by Lynne Aronson

This article is meant to be a general survey of stage makeup application. Since we are dealing primarily with Worldcon masquerades, I will talk about general areas rather than the subtleties you can achieve with detailed makeup. Remember, you are being looked at from a distance, so everything must be done on a large scale.

I think you should first be acquainted with the types of theatrical makeups available and then how they are used.

If you are in or near a major city, you can find costumers or makeup houses that carry any kind or brand of makeup you would conceivably need.

## LIQUID BODY PAINT

If you want to cover a large portion of your body in a color, I strongly recommend using a liquid body paint rather than pancake or grease paint (see below). This makeup is a water soluble mixture, applies easily and cleans with soap and water. Don't worry if it gets in your hair; it will wash out easily. Liquid should be used as a base (foundation); other makeups can be used on top of it, but not under it.

To apply: use a damp makeup sponge and smooth

over the areas to be covered in short, even strokes so as not to smear. Let it dry completely before putting on any part of your costume. This makeup can be used for any part of your body including face and hands. A helpful hint: there will be very strong and bright lights at MAC, so if you use this makeup be sure to apply it heavily or the lights will make it look pale and washed-out.

## PANCAKE (IN A DRY CAKE FORM)

Pancake is not as good for large areas as liquid because it requires a good deal more work to apply (it has to be moistened before application). It is put on much the same way, that is, with a damp sponge and short strokes on the skin. It too is water soluble and washes off easily. Be sure to let it dry thoroughly as well. Pancake is also used as a base with other makeup on top of it.

## GREASE PAINT (TUBES AND STICKS)

Grease paint, since it is an oil-based makeup, obviously should not be used anywhere but on the face, neck and ears. Since it is oil, it has to be removed

with a cold cream. It is most effective for grotesque faces or character faces because it will blend well with other colors of grease. Use it to darken eyes or highlight them and for other unusual features. Be careful not to get it in your hair as it will be difficult to get out. If you are going to use a great deal of grease in order to cover a large portion or all of your face and neck, I suggest getting the makeup in a tube. If, however, you are just using it for special effects, get the stick form.

To apply:

1. Wash areas thoroughly.
2. Apply a thin layer of cold cream (I highly recommend Albolene) to your face and do not remove. This layer of cold cream will aid you in taking off the grease paint later.
3. Squeeze out a small portion of grease and put on the back of your hand; this way you are not as likely to get it all over yourself as you would if it were in your palm.
4. Use your fingertips and smooth over your face using an upward motion blending as you go. Use a good mirror so that you avoid streaking.
5. After the base color is on you can use liner colors (sticks or small tins) to change and color the smaller areas for effect or to make BEMs or character faces.
6. Powder face lightly to help grease paint from rubbing off (see below). Grease paint does not dry like liquid or pancake and will rub off on anything you touch.

### **POWDER**

Purchase as small an amount of theatrical translucent powder as you can and the appropriate puff. Bend over slightly so that your face is pointing down towards the floor (this will keep the powder off your body and costume as powdering is the very last step in your makeup if you are using grease paint; you do not need to powder if you are not using grease). Lightly pat your face with a puff that is covered generously with powder. This blots the grease and helps to keep it on your face and not on everything else. Those lights are going to melt you; you need all the help you can get.

Grease paint is obviously the most difficult makeup to use and can also be the most effective. Judge what you use accordingly.

### **MAKEUP FOR SPECIAL EFFECTS**

Reshaping the nose: the nose can be changed with the use of nose putty or Stein's Derma Wax. Break off a small amount of putty and knead it in your palm until softened and pliable (it helps to have a small amount of cold cream in your hand so the putty won't stick). To apply to your nose (or any area you want to build up) it helps to use a bit of spirit gum adhesive on the bare skin, never on your hair or over grease paint. Then dab some on the putty, let it get fairly sticky and then put it on the skin. Use it carefully and only with spirit gum.

When applying putty on the nose mold gently with a back and forth motion from cheek toward the center and back again. Be careful not to change the shape of the putty or spread the edges too thin or it will not

adhere well. When it is applied as desired, use a little cream to smooth out the edges. Remove the excess cream before putting on foundation makeup. When the putty is shaped and attached as you want it, apply makeup over it as you do your skin.

To remove: clean off face makeup first. An easy way to remove putty is to take a thread and, holding it tightly with both hands, start at the bridge of the nose and pull downwards under the putty. Clean off the rest with cold cream and a tissue. Spirit gum remover is also available.

### **BLACKING OUT TEETH**

You can get black tooth wax to block out teeth. Take a small amount of it and mold it gently into a thin sheet. Dry off the tooth and then apply the wax to it. This will peel off very easily when you are done.

### **CREPE HAIR**

To apply false moustaches or beards that are ready to wear, simply apply spirit gum to the skin and let it dry until sticky and put on the moustache or beard a small portion at a time.

Crepe hair comes in braided lengths and various colors. Cut the string holding the braid together. The braid is very tight; in order to use it you must straighten it out. The fastest way is to iron it. Stretch the crepe on a moistened towel and steam with the iron. Be careful not to scorch the hair. Cut it to the length you need and with a large-tooth comb, comb it out. Use the spirit gum to apply. You may need to repeat the glue for good adhesion. Again, do not use spirit gum on your own hair or over grease paint.

### **LIQUID LATEX**

There is another type of adhesive, liquid latex. It can be used for the same purposes and in much the same way as spirit gum. It will peel off your skin quite easily. Be sure to keep it away from your eyes and off your real hair.

You can also use it to build up areas on your face by applying and letting dry successive layers.

### **STAGE BLOOD**

Yuk! But effective. Stage blood can be used to great effect but only externally—and keep away from your eyes. If you're after a quick shock effect, you might find that red liquid food coloring will act more like real blood. However, stage blood is thicker and will stay wet and mostly in one place for a longer period of time if you're after some sort of sustained effect.

One other thing I would suggest is that, at least once, rehearse your makeup. This is important. You must learn how to handle the particular makeups you are using and how they work for you on your face and body. Have someone else with you to give you an unbiased opinion on how it looks, especially from a distance and with as many lights as you can muster.

I hope this will be of service to you and make doing a masquerade costume more fun. Good luck! 

(Reprinted from MidAmeriCon Progress Report #4, by permission of the author.)

# Favorite Costumes of Our Contributors

All contributors were asked to name their favorite costumes, with the stipulation that these be costumes they neither wore nor worked on. Our results follow.

## ASTRID ANDERSON HAYES:

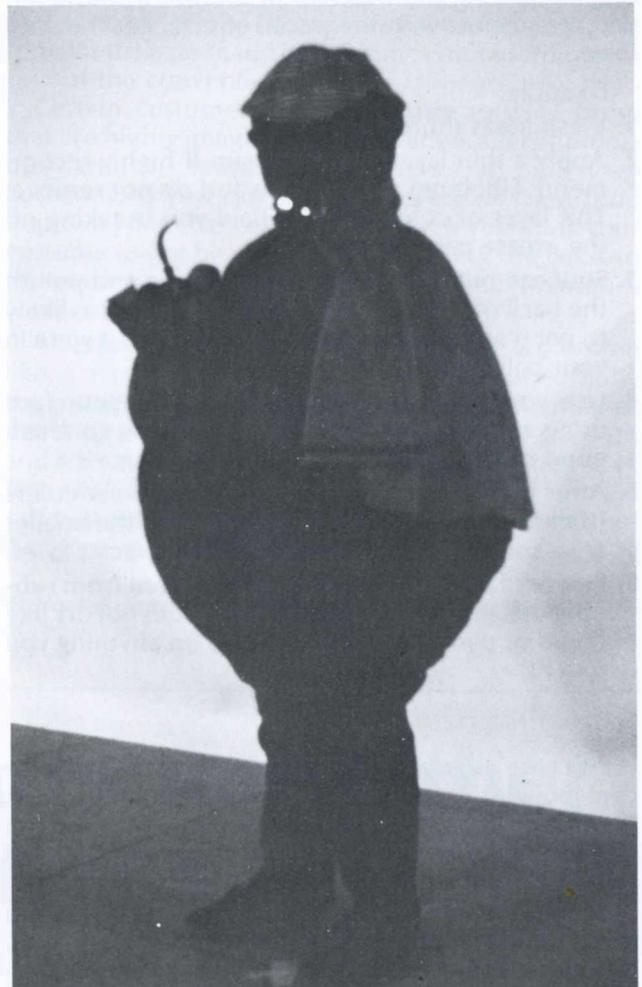
???—The Trimbles once did an Oz group, very true to the classic illustrations. I believe John, Bjo and Felice Rolfe were in it.

1974—The White Sybil and the Ice Demon (They were both in iridescent white, magnificent costumes. Obviously several hundred hours were spent putting them together, plus a lot of cash.)

1978—Drew and Kathy Sanders' Alice group—especially the Gryphon.

1978—Beauty and the Beast (Magnificently executed.)

It's a pity that simple and ingenious costumes are being kind of pushed out by the more elaborate and expensive costumes. And while there are usually categories such as Most Humorous and Judges' Choice that can be used to recognize these efforts, it isn't always done.



Sherlock Hoka (1974)



Beauty and the Beast (1978)



The Snake Mother (1966)

## SANDRA MIESEL:

- 1969—Gertrude the Bird Woman (Bruce Pelz did some superb acting as this *Gormenghast* character.)
- 1969—The Bat and the Bitten (A landmark in good presentations.)
- 1969—Prospero and Caliban (Beautiful wizard, exceptionally elaborate dragon.)
- 1969—Ottar (Ron Bounds in a well-made, well-type-cast costume from THE TECHNICOLOR TIME MACHINE.)
- 1971—Maleficent (Ann Chancellor: superb recreation, superbly acted.)
- 1971—Demon and Pets (Bright showmanship, cute idea, believable demon wings.)
- 1971—Elric and Zarzozinnia (Wendy and Richard Pini: excellent recreation of illo and integration of decorative motifs.)
- 1971—Weyrrider and Bride (Excellent subtlety of effect and harmony between the pair.)
- 1973—Madame X (Peggy Kennedy in the most perfect recreation of an image yet, in splendid materials.)
- 1973—A Tim Kirk Dragon (Randy Bathurst with a funny and cuddly notion.)
- 1974—The White Sybil and The Ice Demon (Simply spectacular.)
- 1974—Tan Hadron and Tavia (The Millers using good materials and careful detail in an authentic ERB costume.)
- 1976—Tars Tarkas (Superb illusion).
- 1976—Peacock Skirt (Ann Chancellor got a beautiful effect with ingenious use of materials.)
- 1976—King and Queen of Cups (Drew and Kathy Sanders with a very showy, very colorful costume.)
- 1976—Bode Broads (Sharon Ferraro and Friend—a clever idea, shrewd casting with body type.)
- 1977—Nicholas Van Rijn and Sandra Tamarin (Bruce and Elayne Pelz with beautiful detailing and perfect impersonation.)
- 1977—Freas Characters (Exact duplication of both the look and spirit of a Freas illustration.)
- 1979—The Avengers of Space (The Resnicks with a clever idea, hilariously presented.)
- 1979—Daughter of the Blob (One of the best simple costumes.)
- 1979—The Weaver of Spinweb (Cunningly made and beautiful.)

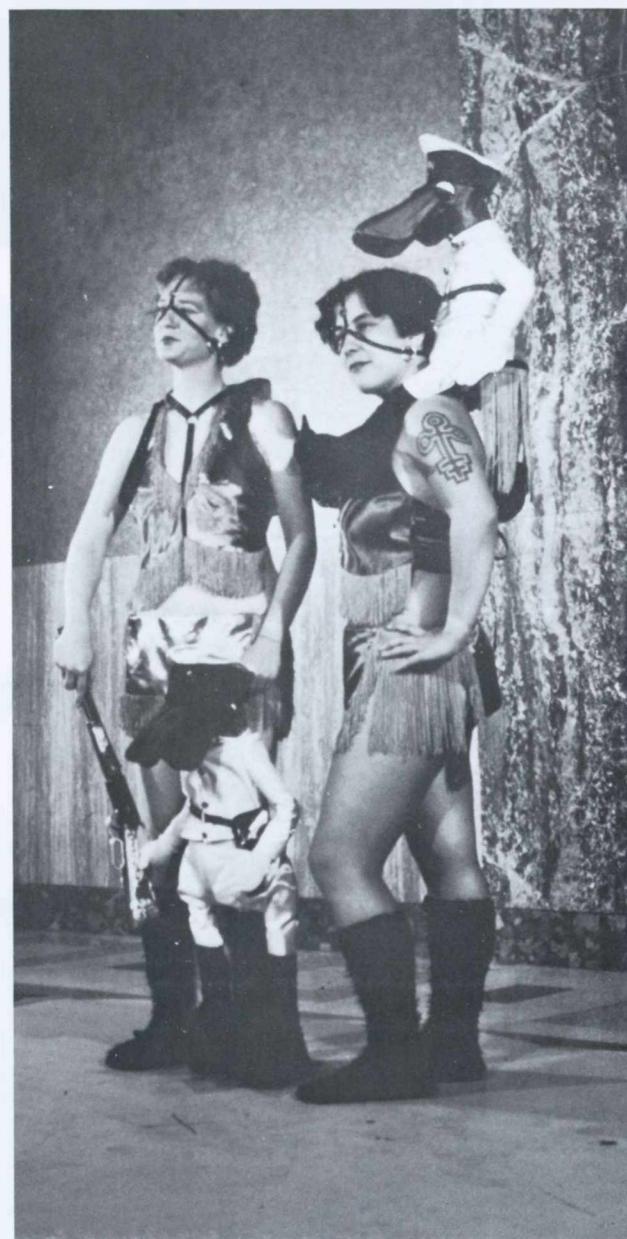
## LYNNE ARONSON:

- 1969—The Bat and the Bitten (The most impressive costume I've ever seen.)

Also: All of the Resnicks' costumes have been, at the very least, among the most beautiful and well-executed costumes I've ever seen.



Freas Characters (1977)



Bode Broads (1976)



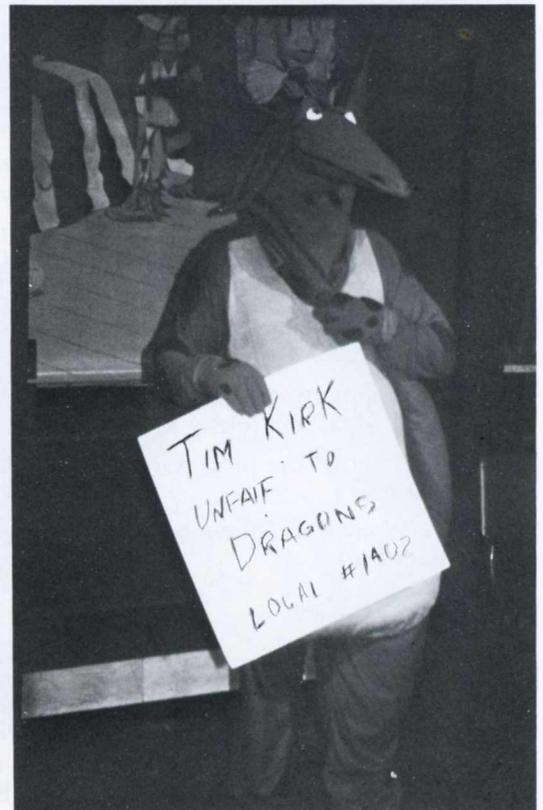
Demon (1971)



Masque of the Red Death (1972)



Black and White Magic (1977)



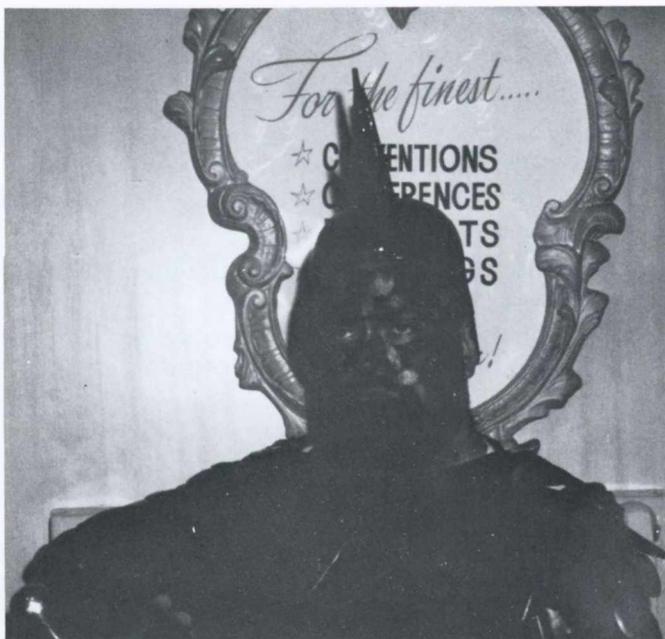
A Tim Kirk Dragon (1973)

## MIKE RESNICK:

- 1963—Incubus and Succubus (Jon and Joni Stopa in a Best in Show costume which, while far from elaborate by current standards, was quite the most beautiful thing seen up to that time.)
- 1966—The Snake Mother
- 1968—The Dragon Master (Bruce Pelz as the perfect barbarian—and without furs, yet!)
- 1969—The Bat and the Bitten (This remains the best dramatic presentation ever done.)
- 1969—Prospero and Caliban (The incredible detail work was nonetheless fully discernable from the back of the audience.)
- 1971—Demon and Pets (Jon, Joni and Deb Stopa in an absolutely striking trio of costumes; Jon's Demon stood out especially.)
- 1971—Superjew (Joe Ross, in the first of the memorably funny Jewish costumes. Not as elaborate as the later Cohen the Barbarian from Discon II, but this was the first.)
- 1972—Dejah Thoris (ERB would have loved it.)
- 1972—The Black Queen from Barbarella (Marjii Ellers)
- 1972—Masque of the Red Death
- 1974—The Harpy (Kris Lundi in the best single female costume I've ever seen.)
- 1974—Sherlock Hoka (just as Poul and Gordie envisioned him, I'm sure.)
- 1974—Valeria the Insect Queen (Angelique Trouvere, a/k/a Destiny, in one of the sexiest costumes I've seen. And don't tell me that being sexy isn't enough—in almost two decades of attending and/or participating in masquerades, I don't think I've seen half a dozen truly sexy costumes.)
- 1976—Tars Tarkas (Simultaneously the best BEM and the best ERB costume I've seen.)
- 1978—Beauty and The Beast (Perfect representation of the Barr illo.)
- 1978—Sadric and Empress (Ann Chancellor)
- 1979—The Weaver of Spinweb (Ann Chancellor's loveliest costume, with unique use of peacock feathers and webbing.)



Incubus and Succubus (1963)



The Dragon Master (1968)



Prospero and Caliban (1969)

## ANN CHANCELLOR:

1971—The Woman Who Thought She Was Queen Elizabeth (Noel Carter)

1974—The Harpy (*Great wings and the best body I've ever thought anyone had reason for exposing.*)

1974—The White Sybil and The Ice Demon (Mike and Carol Resnick)

1974—The Queen of Air and Darkness (Brilliant though subtle construction.)

1976—Tars Tarkas (Ron Miller, who modelled and did one of the classic nobody-can-do's.)

1978—Beauty and the Beast (A perfect reproduction of the George Barr illo.)

1978—The Gryphon and the Mock Turtle

1978—The Minotaur

There have been others that were triumphs of terrific impression without being superb costumes—but plaudits for brilliantly identifying a minimal costume which suits one are not the same as my admiring a true costume achievement.



Minotaur (1978)



Gertrude the Bird Woman (1969)



Ottar (1969)

## JOAN BLEDIG

1976—Tars Tarkas (Being an ERB fan from way back, I really loved this costume.)

1976—Peacock Skirt

1977—The Master of the Crabs

1977—Spock-Boy Walton

1978—The Minotaur

1978—The Gryphon, The Mock Turtle, and Alice

1979—The Weaver of Spinweb

## CAROL RESNICK:

- 1966—The Snake Mother (Mary Patterson)
- 1969—The Bat and the Bitten (Astrid and Karen Anderson illustrating what is best about silent dramatic presentations.)
- 1969—Prospero and Caliban
- 1972—God and Goddess of Witches (Tim and Julie Zell)
- 1972—Dejah Thoris (Astrid Anderson)
- 1972—Masque of the Red Death
- 1974—The Queen of Air and Darkness (Marjii Ellers)
- 1974—The Butterfly and the Caterpillar (Ann Chancellor)
- 1978—The Minotaur
- 1979—The Weaver of Spinweb (Ann Chancellor)

Also: almost any of the series of gorgeous robed costumes presented by Lin Carter during the 1960s and early 1970s.



Tan Hadron and Tavia (1974)



The God and Goddess of Witches (1972)



Sir Thomas Boyd of the Queen's Own F.B.I. (1972)



Elric and Zarzozinnia (1971)



The Golden Apples of the Sun and The Silver Apples of the Moon (1967)

## MICHAELE HAHN JORDAN:

- 1973—A Tim Kirk Dragon (One of the most fun things I've seen in years.)
- 1974—Valeria the Insect Queen
- 1974—The Queen of Air and Darkness (Very effective; she really hit my insect phobia when she turned around.)
- 1977—Master of the Crabs (Mike Resnick)
- 1978—Beauty and the Beast (Sally C. Fink and Pamela Faint)
- 1978—The Minotaur (Ben R. Reid)
- 1978—The Gryphon, The Mock Turtle, and Alice (Kathy Sanders, Drew Sanders, and Linda Flude)
- 1979—The Weaver of Spinweb (It looked like she spent three years working on it—and working skillfully.)



Nicholas van Rijn and Sandra Tamarin (1977)

## KATHY SANDERS:

- 1967—The Golden Apples of the Sun and The Silver Apples of the Moon (Olga Ley and daughter)
- 1969—The Bat and the Bitten
- 1971—Elric and Lady Zarozinia
- 1972—Sir Thomas Boyd of the Queen's Own F.B.I. (Pat Kennedy)
- 1972—Perseus and Medusa (Jon and Joni Stopa)
- 1972—The Black Queen
- 1976—Tars Tarkas
- 1977—Black and White Magic (Sally Fink and Pamela Faint)



Valeria The Insect Queen (1974)

