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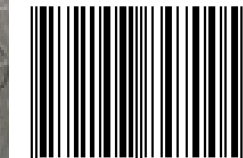
The Costume Fanzine of Record

Volume 3

Issue 6

Unbridaled

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Issue Six

Unbridled

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LOCs-EDITORS@YIPEZINE.COM

WWW.YIPEZINE.COM

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STAFF & CONTRIBUTORS



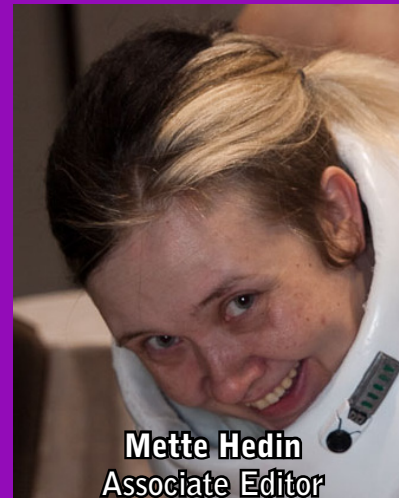
Jason Schachat
Editor



Kevin Roche
Editor Emeritus



España Sheriff
Associate Editor



Mette Hedin
Associate Editor



Meg Creelman
Writer



Andrew Trembley
Photographer



Yvette Keller
Writer



Kathe Gust
Writer

Photograph credits:
Jason Schachat p38, back
cover
Richard Man p29-32
p4-13 from the collection of
Yvette Keller
p28 from the collection of
Kathe Gust
p18-25 from the collection of
Meg Creelman

The Costume Fanzine of Record



Letter from the Editor

Way back in March, when we were hammering out the schedule for the next few months, Andy joked about running an article on a Klingon/Vulcan mixed marriage.

There was a moment of silence before we laughed our asses off. When the tears subsided, there was another moment of silence as we simultaneously had the same thought: a costumed wedding issue.

Practically writes itself, right? You’ve got visions of a legion of Klingons roaring on one side of the aisle while the Vulcans sit with one eyebrow raised on the other. And of course there would be mountains of pictures from all these weddings. Wedding photography is one of the only ways a shutterbug can make a living, these days. If you’re going to all the trouble of mustering a Stormtrooper battalion and dressing kids as Ewoks so you can play Han and Leia getting hitched on Endor, you’re gonna take pictures, right?

It’s fun to dream, isn’t it?

Send all complaints to:
Jason@yipezine.com



Three themes, One Amazing Wedding

by Yvette Keller

Because I am an experienced event planner, when my husband and I started to plan our wedding, some of our first discussions were about themes: what was important to each of us about the event. After I coaxed Mark past “I want to be married to you at the end of the day,” we came up with three themes that we wanted

to “hang” our wedding events on.

Because I have loved costumes and costume events my whole life, we knew special clothing would certainly be one part of the day, but there were other themes to consider...

Theme 1: WedCon

2003 or, How we met

I have been a “gamer,” attending gaming conventions since 1987. Mark and I first met at our friend Subrata’s Wednesday boardgame night. Mark had been going for some time, and I was introduced through a friend of mine. It wasn’t exactly love at first sight, but as we spent more

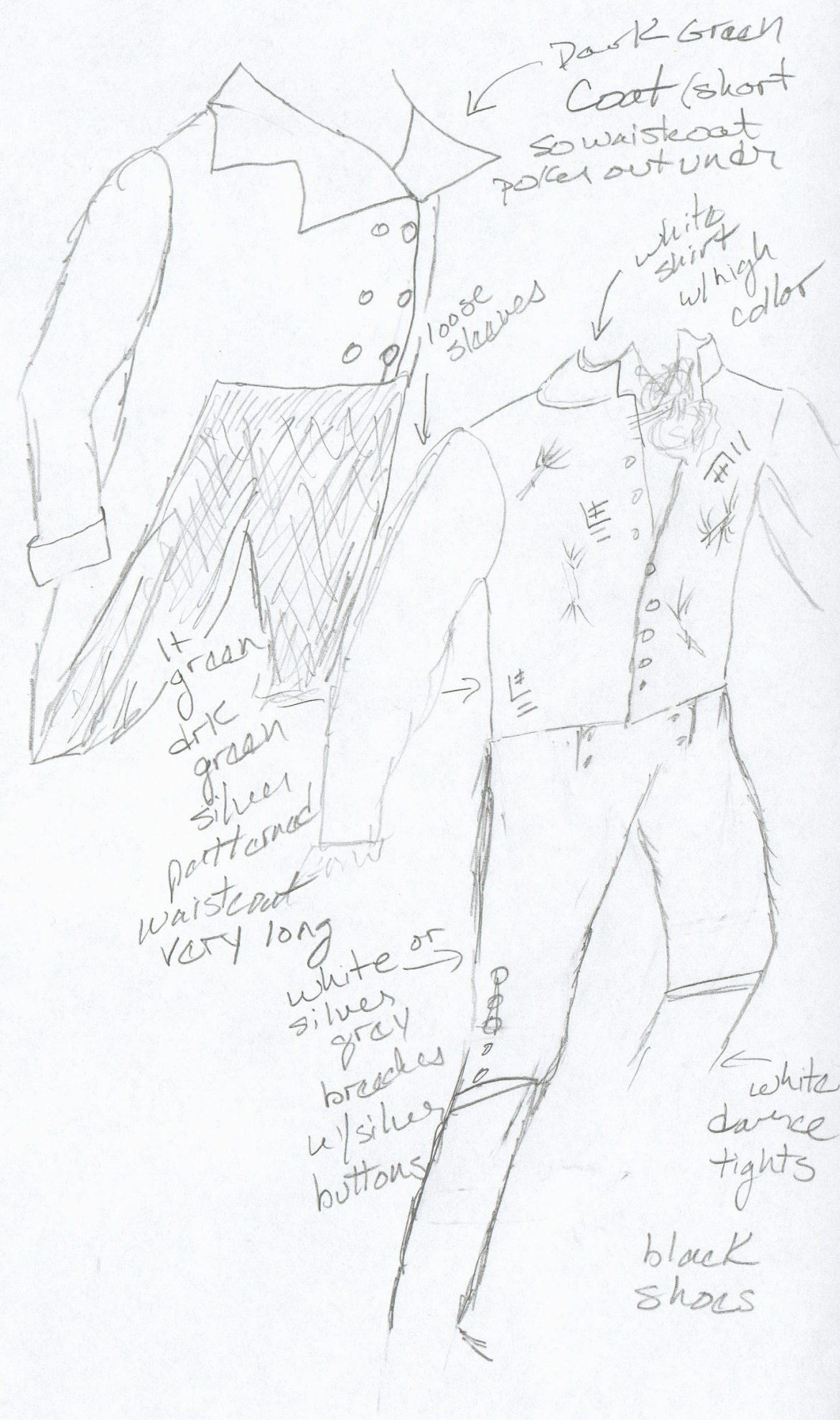


Groom

time together, Mark and I became friends, and eventually...more than friends. To commemorate how we met, we called our wedding “Wed Con” after gaming conventions, and decorated each table with a different card or board game. All of our guests were invited to PLAY the games laid out on tables. This achieved one of our main goals for the wedding: We wanted everyone to HAVE FUN. We set out to make sure no one was bored, forced to make awkward “do you know the Bride, or the Goom?” conversation, waiting around for the cutting of the cake.

Theme 2: Outdoors and Nature or, What’s the big deal with trees?

One of the things most important to Mark was including the outdoors. “We’re going to be married outside,” he wrote for our wedding website. Mark continued on, saying “Why? Because I really like the outdoors. When we were looking for a place to get married, Yvette asked me what I wanted, and I said, ‘A natural setting.’ Further exploration of that idea lead to the discovery that all I really needed was one nice tree. I’ve always found trees to be very comforting. They have a really calming effect on me, and I’m certainly looking for all the calm I can get on my wedding day.”



Theme 3: Regency Costumes and Casual Elegance

For our wedding, we wanted to evoke the casual elegance of a country party as it might have been celebrated during the English Regency, circa 1808. One important part of a successful costume event is making sure that you have a good group of beautifully costumed guests to provide ambiance and backdrop. As a member of the Bay Area Costumer’s Guild, I had invited many costumers to the wedding, and I was confident that this requirement would not be a problem.

Next, I wanted our wedding party and families to participate, but there were not a lot of costumers in that group. Just like in a theatrical production, I designed most of the the outfits for the “principal characters.” Next, I encouraged the supporting characters to put together outfits that wouldn’t detract from the historical elegance. I suggested specific color palettes to my Mother-in-Law to be, and Sister-in-Law-to-be, and did enough research online that I could send them links to modern dress-

es that said, “If you wore something like this, you would look perfect!”

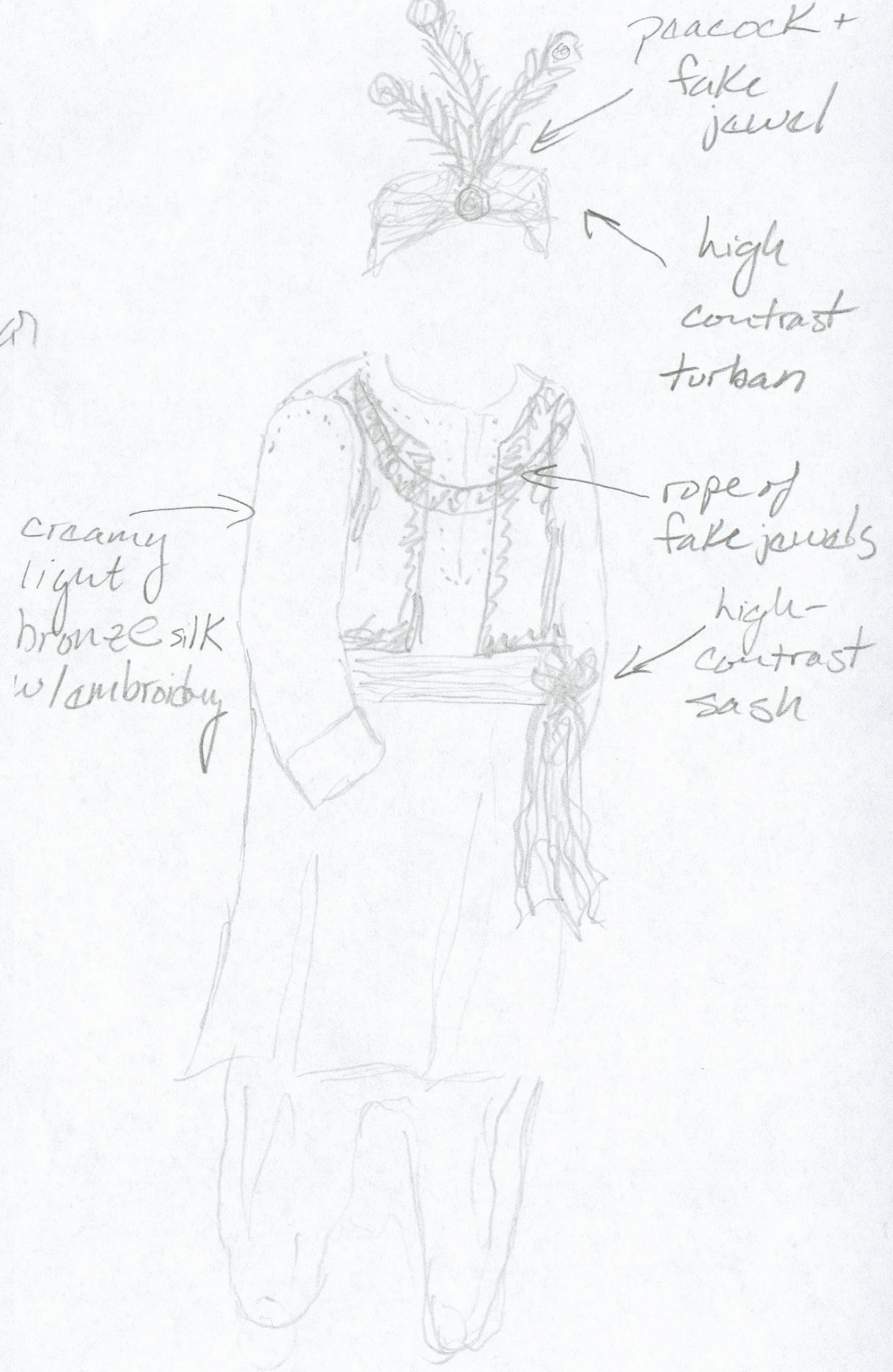
I believe that it is always a good idea to give people multiple options if you’re going to ask them to dress up. As our “second option,” We also told guests - and especially our wedding party - that if they didn’t want to find “Regency Costumes,” they could try to figure out what their ancestors had

been wearing in 1808, and create a costume inspired by that. It is said that variety is the spice of life, and no one enjoys novel costumes more than other costumers! Of course, we told them that we were there to support them, and willing to help with whatever they needed.

When we talked about what we wanted our wedding to look like, it was clear that I wanted it to include a special costume theme, but



"Sultan"
Subratan



I also did not want to leave out our non-costumer friends. We decided to strive for balance between three elements: “historical,” “casual elegance,” and “complete inclusion.”

What does “complete inclusion” mean?

We wanted people to first and foremost be comfortable. We also expected our guests to “dress up” and honor the celebratory mood of our wedding. (No, these are not mutually exclusive!) Lastly, we wanted to have a unique historical feel to the day, but we didn’t want anyone to be intimidated by the word “costume!”

Why “Costumes” at a Wedding?

Early in our official courtship, I packed Mark off to Eureka, California for a weekend with my costuming friends. Mark dressed up as a Lumberjack for the daytime and survived his first costume experience with minimal scars. After the event, he commented to friends that he especially enjoyed the way a fully-costumed, historical group can draw attention and admiration from strangers—even stop traffic.

Weddings are Definitely “Traffic-Stopping” Events

Weddings are a unique opportunity to bring together a very special group of people. We wanted all of our guests to

both witness the exchanging of vows (all eyes on the bride and groom) and to stop for a moment on the road of life to look at each other...so why not be worth looking at?

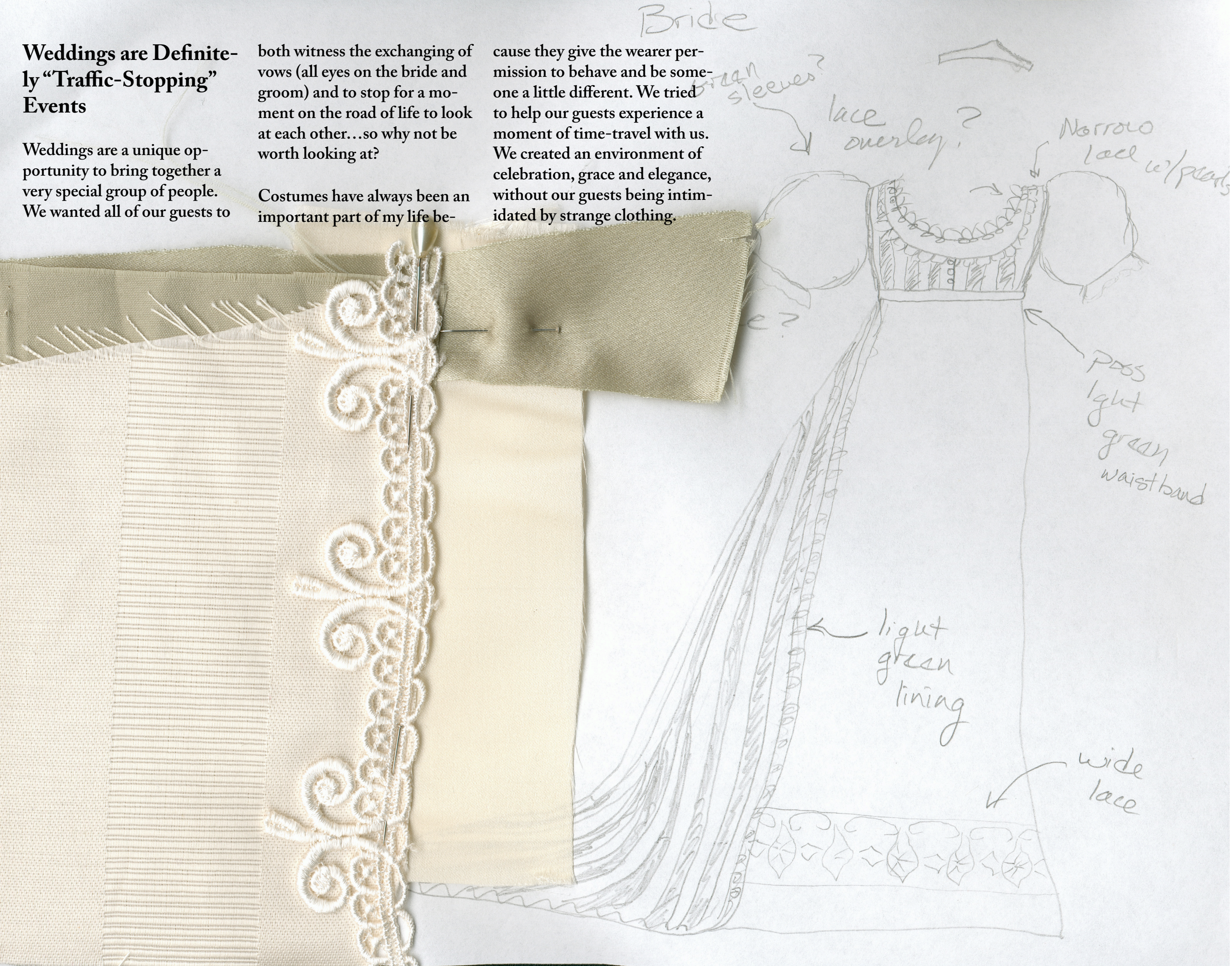
Costumes have always been an important part of my life be-

cause they give the wearer permission to behave and be someone a little different. We tried to help our guests experience a moment of time-travel with us. We created an environment of celebration, grace and elegance, without our guests being intimidated by strange clothing.

Why English Regency Costume?

Regency era clothing was comparatively comfortable and surprisingly practical. For those gentlemen who were “dandies” or for ladies who wished to dress in the latest “mode,” the way to emphasize wealth and circumstance was through fabric choice and precise tailoring. There were no hoops or bustles, no massive hats or men in tights. The silhouette of the era was a simple and elegant one that appealed to us.

Another thing I loved about choosing Regency, was that even though there was a costume theme, it adapted easily to modern-day clothing. To help our guests get in the spirit, we constructed a website for the wedding, and included pictures of full, partial and “modern” interpretations of Regency costume. On the site, we encouraged gentleman to find white shirts and colorful vests (waistcoats). Ladies were encouraged to find long, high-waisted gowns.



Design Ideas

Ruth Leibig

Colors: Blue + ivory
sm Puff sleeves
lace @ neck,
sleeve cuff,
waistband
solid bodice +
possibly hem

Attributes:

Brunette w/ some silver
med length, curly hair
4' 10"

In addition to how easy the costume theme would be to interpret, there was the dancing! English Country and Regency dance is beautiful for both the dancers and observers. Since I have also been dancing my whole life (and love dancing with Mark), including some simple Regency dances, taught by a dance-master on site, was another way to entertain and include the guests in the fun.



A Great Success

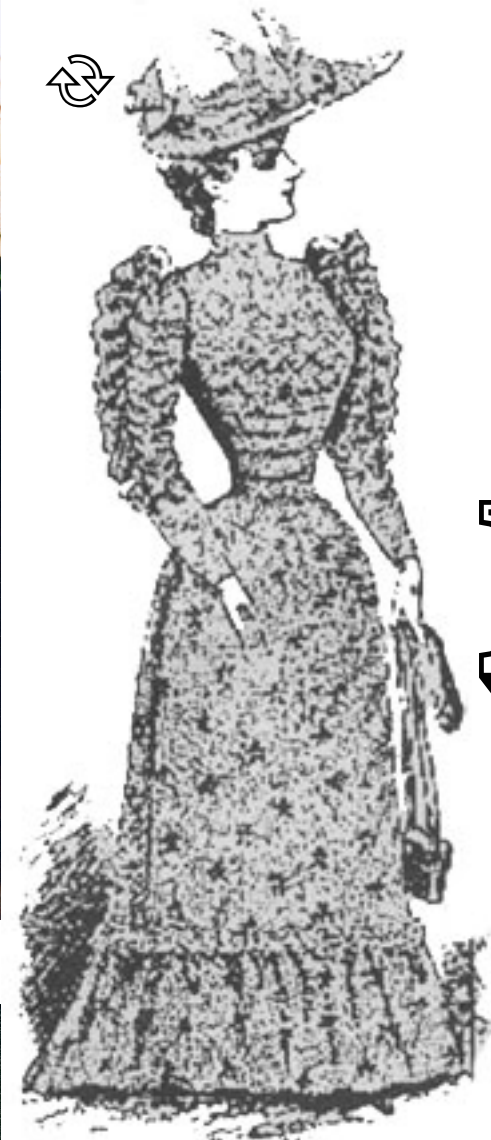
After all the thought and planning, our wedding was a great success. Not only did Mark and I enjoy ourselves (and end up married at the end of the day), but I heard over and over that all of our guests had a great time. Almost everyone was "in costume." Some guests went all-out, and others focused on the simple options, but the overall effect was exactly what we had hoped for.

Even more importantly, to this day, wedding guests that I have not seen in months or years tell me what a great time they had. Sometimes, when I meet new people, they have "heard" about our wedding from someone who was a guest, which is always surprising. The idea that someone had so much fun that they want to tell people who don't even know me, about my wedding, gives me an amazing burst of pride and joy!

The photographs do a great job of showing how the costumes were varied, but the overall effect was exquisite. Every guest was able to participate in SOME fun activity, whether dancing, playing games, or socializing, and it made for a truly memorable

event (even for the people who didn't end up married at the end of the day).

Yvette loves weddings and event planning. Someday she'll write a book about it, but until then, for free advice on how to plan and execute an amazing, custom event, write to her anytime at yvette_keller@yahoo.com.



BLAME

THE

VICTORIANS

by España Sheriff

Sometimes I don't wonder if the entire 20th Century can be laid at the feet of the Victorian era as one giant footnote. So much of what we do and think, particularly in Anglo-Western society and those countries influenced by it, can be traced back to Victorian attitudes either directly or as a reaction to them.

Wedding gowns are a perfect example. While we think of modern couples shaking things up by abandoning the time-honored white poufy wedding dress and changing up the traditions that seem to be as old as Western civilization itself, the fact is that most of what we associate with a "typical" wedding can trace its roots back about a century and a half.

There are a number of reasons, and theories, and I wouldn't call myself an expert so feel free to delve into the many books and websites dedicated to these subjects to learn more. But here is the general overview as I understand it;

For starters, without getting into specific religious traditions there have historically been two kinds of weddings; the well-off custom event and

the humbler one most people celebrated. A lot of what we now look back is of course the wealthier, fancier versions and this is particularly true the further back you go since history is more likely to record the goings on of the wealthy than the humble.

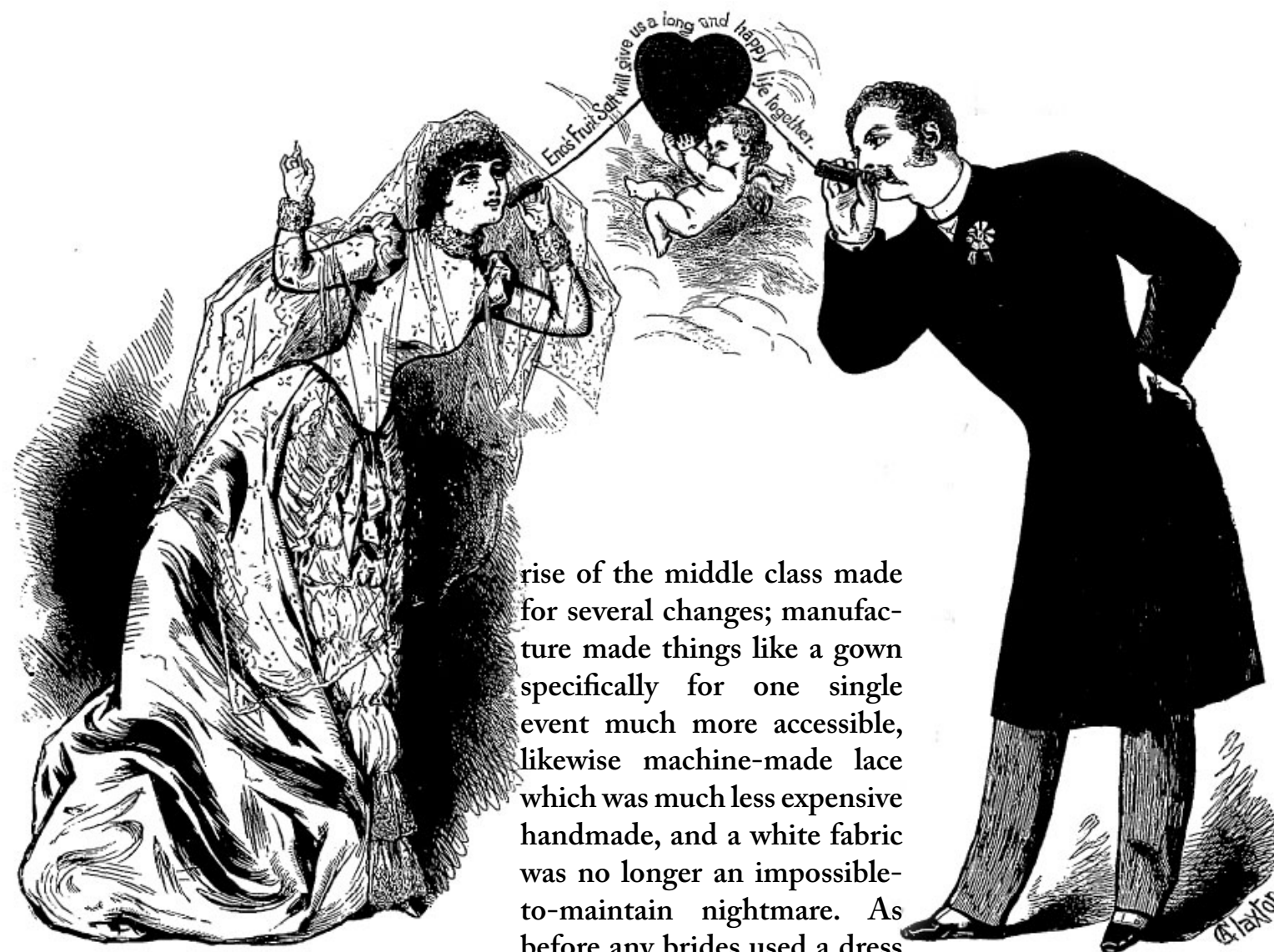
Before the Victorians brides pretty much wore whatever they felt would look good. Their best gown, obviously, and particularly for those with an eye to their social standing, attire that would signal their position. Furs, velvets and every color were acceptable but particularly for the wealthy and the aristocracy the wedding and the bride's gown were a showcase of their wealth and so the fashion favored whatever was the most costly and rare in any given period. For example, many English royal brides before Victoria wore cloth of gold or silver-not something you'd ever catch a commoner in. Witness her cousin, Princess Charlotte's amazing silver gown, currently at display in the Museum of London.

But in 1840 Queen Victoria wed Prince Albert and everything changed (well okay, everything started to change. She wore white not to signal virginity but at least partly as a patriotic gesture, the gown was made of English silk and

lace to help revive the stumbling British handmade lace manufacture. As with many of her decisions it influenced her vast empire, thanks no doubt in part to the use of photography. Periodicals throughout the world covered the event (a decade later woodcuts of the royal couple's Christmas Tree would go a long way towards creating the image of traditional Christmas as we know it). There are famous instances of white dresses before 1840 but generally speaking white

was more associated with mourning than weddings. The color for purity was blue, and in the Middle Ages bride and groom alike would have had blue band on their attire. The symbol for chastity and purity was not in the color of the dress but often in the wearing of orange blossoms-a tradition which spread West from China and which Victoria herself also followed, donning a wreath of them in her hair.

The Industrial Revolution and



rise of the middle class made for several changes; manufacture made things like a gown specifically for one single event much more accessible, likewise machine-made lace which was much less expensive handmade, and a white fabric was no longer an impossible-to-maintain nightmare. As before any brides used a dress they already owned and simply added the white veil, and others would dye a dress after being married in it. But while the white gown was becoming de rigueur the styles were still variable, until the 1940s most brides wore a dress that fit the current fashion. The 1920's are a lovely example of this.

Around the 40s a new traditionalism sprang up (and not just in wedding attire) and suddenly the Victorian cut-that unmistakable "princess" silhouette with the full floor length skirt, bodice and petticoats, were all the rage again.

The enormous publicity surrounding the wedding of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier of Monaco in 1956 probably helped cement the look and for the next half century it became an article of faith that this was simply what a bride looked like and deviations, particularly ones that fit current fashions, came to be seen as a daring departure from tradition.

Ironically, it seems that one of Victoria's reasons for choosing the dress style that she did was to avoid the push from her advisors to wed in her royal



robes. She was already a ruling monarch, not a princess bride and it would have been a powerful political symbol of her status. But her match with Albert was more than that to her, it was a love match and like so many brides today she wanted her wedding to reflect that.

Now of course we have more traditions to choose from, and more mingling of cultures making sticking to one single fashion less inevitable. The institution of marriage had changed as well, and that is bound to affect the ceremony itself. Second marriages, older brides, same-sex ceremonies and cross-cultural unions

have all shaken things up, and about time for it too-being able to choose exactly the wedding you want without it being a statement of anything more than your specific union is a good place to enter the 21st Century and start leaving those Victorians behind (unless you're a steampunk, in which case go for it!).



Costumed Weddings

or How to Walk Up the Stairs in a 15th Century Houppalande



by Meg Creelman

I admit, I've always loved dressing up. Probably because I grew up going to costumed events (or historical re-enactment events, depending on how much leeway is given on accuracy.) So when I faced my own wedding, the only thing I was absolutely certain about was that I was NOT going to walk down the aisle in a modern white wedding dress.

I had several things on my mind, but really, I was starting from scratch. Unlike the supposed majority of women in this country, I have not planned my wedding since I was a small girl. In fact, I was fairly certain I would not marry for much of my life, which made my husband's proposal that much more of a shock. Still, I like to be practical, and if nothing else, I wanted a dress I could wear more than once. Since I still

play with the Society for Creative Anachronism (as do my parents) Medieval wedding clothes appeared to be the best choice, especially since my wedding was two months before a big to-do, and I could wear the dress again!

The other advantage to choosing a dress from history is that (unlike most modern bridal gowns) I could make a dress that was built for a woman with, well, not a slim figure.



In fact, I went with early 15th century French, from a manuscript I found online (ed - find link) which included many lovely ladies in long gowns with large round bellies. Since we had discussed the possibility, a beautiful gown that I could wear while pregnant was certainly an advantage.

After dealing with booking the hall and surviving the 4 and a half months when my husband to be was off in Iraq (Air Force), we sat down to discuss some details. Amid the list of favors, decorations, guest list and such, the topic of our clothes stared us in the face.



I'm going to sidetrack the narrative for a moment to let you know that I spent three years working for StoneMountain and Daughter Fabrics in Berkeley, CA. I have a stash that rival some small sewing groups, and I have lots of stuff that would make any 15th century gentlewoman proud. However, nothing was enough to fulfill the dreaded 'wedding garment' task to dress not only myself but my fiance'. We needed help. Fortunately, networking is the modern seamstress' friend, and I contacted Diana of Renaissance Fabrics for a possible lead.

And boy did she find the perfect fabric: a silver silk taffeta embroidered with fleur-de-lys. Not only did Diana have access to 15 plus yards, it was a fine substitute to the classic 'white' dress of modern brides. (Geek note: in heradlic speak 'argent' refers to both white and silver. Do the math.)

Since our SCA coats of arms included the colors Black and White/Silver (him) and Blue, white/silver and Black (me) we had a color scheme. My dress would be a silver overgown with black sleeve lining and a blue undergown, and his houppalande would be black with silver lining, and a grey cote. My bridesmaids would





be in blue gowns with black undersleeves and white tip-pets, while his groomsmen would be in black knee length cotes. Diana also showed us a silver fleur de lys button in two sizes, perfect for the maids and men to button their gowns.

My four maids were each special in their own way, and are each unique. Fortunately, they all agreed that a blue gown with black sleeves was just fine, as long as they could make their own dresses. I was all for it, just handed them their own material, and they each pulled off a beautiful and unique gown with the same material, from the fit to the neckline, hemline, the number of buttons used and tricks in construction.

For the men, it was a touch simpler. Black linen and the same buttons in a untailored cote, resembling something not unlike a long shirt with no collar. Each groomsmen was asked to wear good pants in a dark color and comfortable shoes that were not obviously athletic.

As it came down to what the guests should wear, my husband to be and I had only one thought: no stuffy modern formals! Since that in of itself was a bit too long to put on the invitations, we decided

the best way to sum it up was a simple “no tuxedos” clause. Of course, I was immediately contacted by a friend who asked if she could wear one. Since she was essentially dressing in drag, I said that was okay. Good thing, too, she looked smashing!

Most of the guests were left with a quandry as to ‘but what century should I wear?’ One individual begged if he could wear his formal victorians, since he planned to attend a victorian ball the evening before (Gaskell’s) and didn’t want to pack extra formal wear. I told him he was wel-

come to wear the swallow-tail coat, as long as he had a clean shirt to go with. Sweaty dance clothes were not on my acceptable list.

Since many of our friends were slated to help in the kitchen, I asked if it was possible for everyone to dress in ‘field garb’ or ‘tourney wear.’ Basically, simple garmets they already had that were wash-able, comfortable and easy to work in. Everyone had items to pull from the closets, and those who didn’t were able to borrow from those who did.

As we came down to the

wire, I didn’t hear much from guests asking for advice on what to wear. Networking, again, came in handy, as I could just post ‘no tuxes’ and convey through friends that medieval, victorian, even Klingon were perfectly acceptable as long as people were comfortable wearing it.

Within the last week, I had my overgown sewn and had much of the undergown done. The most important thing I remember was practicing to walk in it. I remember far too many photos of brides, clutching large chunks of their gowns and tottering





clumsily on heels, trying not to trip over petticoats; all because they never bothered to try moving around in the dress before the big day. I took my time, walking up and down the hall, around the big table, sitting down and standing up again, just to get the feel of how to managed a skirt that was two feet longer than I, both in the back and the front. It took some doing, but referencing the manuscripts again helped. Now I know WHY those noble ladies leaned back as they walked: it was the only way to handle those skirts and still look elegant.

Not surprising, I stayed up until 2 am the day of my wedding finishing hems. I had my friend who had made the bouquets crashed out on the couch while I cursed the universe silently that time machines were not yet invented. I only managed four hours of sleep before I woke, before my alarm, and found I couldn't get back to sleep. I wasn't worried that I was about to get married, I was worried that my dress would suddenly shrink on me.

Obviously, we were married, and with very little drama. Each of my bridesmaids had completed their gowns on their own, and each was unique. The tippets, a last

minute touch, completed by my mother, were pinned on their oversleeves so they could be removed later. I dressed in my shift and undergown to move about easily while people set up the tables, and after the banquet, I dropped the overdress so I could move (and dance) without worrying about the long hem. For the ceremony itself, my practice paid off and I was able to lift the front hem and move without incident.

The one thing I had NOT anticipated, and that almost tripped me up at the hall, was I had not tried walking up stairs with the long gown. Since the hall resided on the 2nd floor of an old armory, and the only elevator rose up into the kitchen, we had to walk up the stairs, arm in arm, with the bouquet, to start the banquet. While I had gathered my gown in the front and draped it over my arm, trying to manage my flowers, my gown, my husband and my feet all at the same time proved almost comedic. I did not trip, but it was a close call on at least one step.

We had a wonderful mix of fandoms, from medieval and renaissance gowns to Victorian finery into modern dress in various levels of casual to formal. And yes, even a Klingon.





The wonderful thing about fandom is that cross-talk is common, and everyone could compliment each other on their clothes without feigning polite chat. It is probably just as well that my husband's Air Force commander did not show, as I am not certain he would know what to make of over 100 people, who could stand around in such a mix of time and universe, and still feel right at home.

As expected, there were a few who felt a bit more confused than the rest. My husband's family, unlike my own, knows little to nothing about fan-



dom. When I explained to my soon-to-be Mother in Law what we planned to do, I felt it necessary to point out that it was not required of her to dress in a fandom-friendly fashion. In fact, since her own daughter (my husband's sister) was to marry six weeks before our wedding, I encouraged her to wear the same dress to both events. I may have uttered the worst faux pas in the history of modern fashion, but considering the choices, I thought it would cause the fewest problems. Turns out I was right.

Still, the table where they sat was clearly alone in a sea of fandom. They did try. One of the family brought a burgundy stretch velvet cape with a large hood, and my Sister in Law eventually wore it over her sun dress. At least it kept her warm.

From the experience, I would conclude that it is possible to hold a medieval wedding in this day and age. But be certain you practice walking in your dress, especially up the stairs.

Vignette: Dorothy has this to say about sneaky ways to encourage that one last member of the family who refuses to wear a 'costume' to the wedding.

“In 1971, my husband and I called down to his family to let them know about the particulars of our wedding, including the request that they all wear t-tunics and medieval gowns. My husbands mother and two sisters were happy to make long gowns to wear, and then presented his father with his own t-tunic for the wed-

ding. At this point, his father declared that he would do ‘no such thing!’ and that he would do what he always did, wear his sports jacket. The two sisters nodded and relented, only to then unpack his suitcase just before the trip, and replace it with the t-tunic. Upon arrival, he unpacked to discover the swap had oc-

cured, but then relented himself and wore the tunic to the wedding with good humor.”

While I wouldn’t recommend this trick on most relatives, if you have others who are willing to help out, it just might work....



In SCA Wedding

by Kathe Gust

You asked for info about our “SCA wedding” in 1973...

We’d had a traditional wedding during the summer of that year, but no one wants to visit Arizona in July, so only local friends attended. The following fall my grandparents were talking about how they wished they’d bitten the bullet and come anyway. That’s when Phil & I decided to hold an SCA wedding that winter.

By then we were living in Tucson, and our buddies in the Barony of Tyr Ysgithyr were up for any kind of party.

Local businessman William Brady owned a small [castle](#) called Wuestenschloss in the desert outside town and invited us to hold the wedding there. Sadly, the castle was torn down last year.



We held a Bal Masque and the baronial friar had us repeat our vows in front of everyone while the mundanes looked on. Our whole family, including Grandma and Granpa came and had a great time, but they wouldn’t dress up with the rest of us, not even in the “2-towel tunic”.

We wore theatrical-medieval costumes. I recall that Phil’s was based on Richard Harris’

wedding suit from Camelot, and we built the boots over a pair of tennis shoes. A perfectionist friend of ours did difficult mathematical calculations on the daggs of my sleeves to insure that they were exactly symmetrical in size from top to bottom.

We still have the costumes, but I think I lost the sleeve pattern somewhere over the last 30+ years.



The Costumers Who Went Down to the Sea and Came Back to a Family Picnic

by Kevin Roche

What do you get when you combine two costumers, their family and friends, and a blustery spring day at the beach? Well, if it's yours truly and a certain day in May 2005, you get a wedding unlike any the rangers at Natural Bridges State Beach had ever seen before.

After my proposing to him half a dozen times, Andy finally relented at a wine-tasting party at Westercon 57 in Arizona, saying "yes" instead of Sunday. Conditional on our having a formal ceremony was that 1. I keep it



sane and 2. we stay sane about it ourselves. Having assisted at several ceremonies where the first was never on the table and the second went right out the window as plans escalated, I agreed readily.

We settled on a simple ceremony and picnic at Natural Bridges, my family's favorite seashore site when we lived in the Bay Area. Three of my dearest friends helped make it possible: Jennifer Tift (aka Wander) who wrote the ceremony and presided, Karen Tully, who was our Best Thing at the ceremony and assisted Wander, and Sandra Childress, who took over coordinating with California State Parks so we could focus on being the happy couple. We picked May 26 as it was the Thursday before Baycon, so many of our out-of-area fan-nish friends would be in town. There were assorted interesting complications as we arrived at the park (they didn't know we were coming, for one), but we figured if nothing else we could say our vows in the parking lot, and everything worked out in the end (we were finally told we could have the ceremony anywhere we wanted "as long as you don't block the paths, don't get trapped by the tide, and if you fall off of something, it's your own problem...". The day started blustery and





cloudy (normal for May at the Beach), but the sun came out just as we stepped up off the sand onto the rocky outcropping Wander had chosen for the ceremony. Afterwards, we treated everyone to a gourmet picnic. Later that night we all met to take over our favorite Italian Bistro for drinks and dinner (they knew we were coming and had a special prix fixe menu). We also discovered exactly where we'd all forgotten to put sunscreen. So much for the mushy part; this is Yipe, so by now I'm sure you, Gentle Reader are oh-so-politely wishing I'd get to the important part: what did people wear? I've been to several themed costumed weddings, including a lovely Regency affair where I was specifically asked to come as Bunny Wigglesworth (aka Ramon de la Vega, Zorro the Gay Blade) in his Royal Navy uniform to dance with the mother of the bride. I'd also heard plenty of horror stories of themed weddings gone feral, including a red, white, and blue wedding with the mother of the bride in Statue of Liberty-bronze-green drapery. I strongly suspected that a strong theme would be a violation of Rule 1, so the dress code was simple: We're a couple of guys who are costumers getting married on the beach – wear something you think appropriate! As you can see from the pho-

tos, the solutions were varied and whimsical. Science-fiction batik saris formed the altar cloths up on the rocks for the ceremony. There were of course, plenty of tropical prints, including our young nephew Xander in his tropical shirt and suitcoat. Sandra wore a gauzy pink sari dress confection with matching pink-rhinestoned flipflops. Wander's celebrant robes were in fact components of one of her prize-winning masquerade costumes, and Karen as Best Thing managed to be elegant and practical with a motorcycle jacket to deal with the wind off the shore. Elegant hats and parasols protected the guests (wiser, I fear, than the grooms) from the UV sneaking through the crowds. Speaking of the grooms, we opted for kilts, tall boots, poet shirts and frockcoats. With plenty of rhinestones for sparkle. At dinner we handed out magnetic blinky pins so everybody --even the few non-wedding-guest diners -- at the restaurant could sparkle some more. I've run into some of those folk since, and they tell me those pins are still up on their refrigerators! All in all, it was just what we wanted – intimate, whimsical, just a touch of drama, with lots of personality, affection, and a beautiful setting. Not a bad model for a lifetime together, I think.





Sheriff

Don't

Like

It

by
España
Sheriff

Conventional wisdom (or at least the movie industry) would have it that every little girl grows up dreaming of her wedding and of the beautiful white dress she will wear on that day. Given the audience of this particular zine I hope I don't have to tell you that this is not in fact the case. Certainly some girls do and presumably some boys as well, but a not insignificant number of us don't give it much thought at all.

As you might expect I fall into that category, either through my childhood tomboyish-ness (although I did have several Barbies and participated in a certain amount of girly-ness) or a lack of Disney-enhanced cultural brainwashing (although my mother was certainly pro-marriage and presumably expected her daughters to be brides someday) the idea of growing up and getting married never really took root in my psyche and the specific vision

of a white wedding with ruffles and turtledoves even less so. To be fair, my mother's own wedding was a civil ceremony so there was no maternal wedding dress to obsess over (now her high heels on the other hand) and neither of my sisters seemed particularly inclined in that direction either... even the massive Lady Di wedding extravaganza, which was all-consuming and ever-present, didn't translate on any personal level.

A family propensity for avoiding Hallmark clichés is certainly a big part of it, and the wedding industry seems to be entirely out of hand, much like the prom one, which makes the whole thing a bit distasteful sometimes. Of course, it doesn't help that I am mildly anti-social and a bit lazy-a bad combo for organizing big happy-happy events. Mind you, I'm not anti-wedding... I feel about them more or less the way I do about tattoos... they suit some people just fine, but I can't quite see myself in one.

All that said, I do love a good geek wedding. Regardless of what the industrial-romantic-fashion-bridal-magazine-complex would have you believe, the history of weddings, wedding attire and traditions is huge and diverse (see my main article) and I adore seeing people reinvent the

ceremony in reaction to the above-mentioned cultural pressures and presumably also in keeping with the changes to the institution of marriage itself. Your wedding is not your marriage, but symbols and rituals are important and weddings remain a significant rite of passage in our culture.

Personalized vows, unique ceremonies, unusual locations and non-mainstream attire are not specific to the geek and/or costumer crowds of course, but a specific fannish focus does seem to be a great way to change things up and individualize a ceremony and helping it match the personality of the couple involved. Fans are famous for their deep, some might say overly-intense attachment to their fandoms, but that exactly what a wedding needs; sincere, unabashed romanticism and sentiment. And boy do we fans know from that.





Letter from the [evil] Editor

Like most grand plans for a bridal event, this issue of Yipe! has had its share of interesting complications. Our grand vision was of a parade of photo features on amazing themed weddings: Star Wars, Klingon, Vulcan, Klingon-Vulcan, Vulcan-Klingon, Renaissance, Viking, Gothic, SCAdian, etc., etc., etc.

Then the usual drama and adventure that is real life intervened (plus an 80-page monstrous International Travelogue issue), so we still have plenty of sweet and creamy wedding filling for you, just not the assortment we originally expected.

While the big May 25 wedding on the beach was the important event as far as our families were concerned, Andy and I have another anniversary coming up this month. On June 23, 2008, at the beginning of the weekly Monday meeting of the Bay Area Science Fiction Association, we were legally wed by Christopher J. Garcia in an 11-second rite based on the ceremony from Spaceballs (seriously – it's still viewable on the [web](#).) We are thus constitutionally inconvenient as well as disgustingly blissfully happy some 5 years after that blustery day on the beach.

if you're considering coming to the Reno Worldcon, remember that the online entry system for the [Masquerade](#) is up and running!

Send all complaints to:
Kevin@yipezine.com



1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke, ON
CANADA M9C 2B2

May 19, 2011
Dear Yipe! Guys:

Greetings, y'all! Finally got the time to make some riveting comments (arr, arr) on Vol. 3 No. 4 of yer fine fanzine.

First of all, we finally did have our steampunk convention here, the Canadian National Steampunk Exhibition. Lots and lots of fun, and the end of a career...we both announced that working the green room of the CNSE was the last time we'd be on a convention committee. Thirty years is about enough. Lots are saying sure, sure, but we are firm; we are done.

Jason: It ain't over til someone calls the cops.

Fewer rivets, and more nuts. Just sayin'. I have read that steampunk arose when Goths discovered brown. Just sayin' that, too. The editor won't let us play with his zine, either. Spoiled brat. Did that need sayin'?

Jason: So help me, I will turn this 'zine right around and take us back home and NO ONE will get to see the whiskey-flavored issue, k?

Mette, you might not like steampunk all that much, but I will say that it provides a variety of costuming ideas for those of us who aren't tall and V-shaped. In fact, so much Victorian men's wear seemed to be suited for the masculine full figure. Never saw so many top hats together in one area in my life at CNSE, and I assume the same thing happened at Nova Albion.

Jason: As I saw pointed out when scouring blogs for Swedish costume pics, the American interpretation of Steampunk does allow for a broader palette than the straight-up 'Victoriana' pushed on the other side of the pond.

That's probably what helped it swallow up so much effort that might have been spent on other retrofuturist works.

Oh, and it's a known fact that tarnish is cool.

I do like your attitude about showing up at conventions you might not expect...a couple of years ago, I dropped off some convention flyers at the first furrycon in Toronto, and even though I was there only 20 minutes or so, it dispelled some assumptions I had about furry cons. At this one, there were only a few fursuits, some had ears on their heads and a tail hanging off the back belt loop, but for the most part, old friends were greeting one another and having a good time with each other. What part of that isn't fannish? I am not a furry, but as long as they are enjoying themselves and being sociable, it looks like a good time.

Jason: Once you get past the unblinking eyes...

Yes, steampunk is commercial. Don't know if that's a good or bad thing. We will be trying to sell some steampunk items at a convention coming up this summer, and at Ad Astra this past March, I created and sold some pocket watch chains in the art show, the first time I have ever been able to make something that anyone cared to buy at a convention. Someone called me a maker, and that made my day.



Jason: Steampunk is based much more on look and feel than culture, I find. It's only natural people gravitate towards the trinkets and costumes.

Even after all this time, I have found something new to do. Mette, you've hit the nail on the head, steampunk costuming offers a world to populate, so there's no wrong kind of costume. It has some historical content, with a SFnal aspect to it, so you can't go wrong, and no one can tell

you that you did it wrong.

Jason: I'll keep this in mind next time I see a fan criticize someone dressed as a Big Daddy for having too big of a drill.

There's more room for creativity. I have two steampunk costumes now, the railway conductor and the mechanic, and I am still tweaking here and there. It's brought the fun of costuming back for us.

It's easy to sneer at people you

don't understand, but fandom has provided the opportunity for people to do a myriad of creative things in a SFnal mode, with lots of positive feedback from those who do not create, but consume, or at least appreciate.

Jason: Fandom can be pretty spiky, at times, but the great thing about attending a convention is the voluntary nature. You are saying "I welcome the freaks in their many-colored robes" when you buy a membership. We're

practically daring people to let loose.

Still, it is interesting to see fans bicker about not allowing one group or another at their con, but no one would dare say it's not kosher to dress mundane...

(For future 10 Questions for costumers, two costumers I like a lot are Martin Hunger and Christina Carr of Vancouver. They used to live here, and recently, they attended Steamcon in Seattle. If you're interested, let me know, and I can get you connected with

them.)

Jason: We need to represent the rain-soaked goodness of the Pacific Northwest far more, to be sure. Incidentally, if anyone has some free passes to PAX Prime...

My loc... Yvonne has left Allan Candy, and I am doing website work for the Ontario Association of Architects. Gotta find the work where you can. And with that... Hope you all survive the Rapture, currently scheduled for May 21. I am looking forward to the post-Rapture

parties, myself. See you at one or them?

Jason: Next time someone declares a Rapture, I'm just going to cut off any argument about the stupidity of said prediction and offer to buy their TV for an insultingly low price (guaranteeing their assumption into heaven for being such a generous soul, of course).

Thanks to all for another fun issue.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

