

Yipee!

The Costume Fanzine of Record

Volume 2 **Issue 3** **Our Car Runneth Over**





YIPE!

LOCs - EDITORS@YIPEZINE.COM
WWW.YIPEZINE.COM

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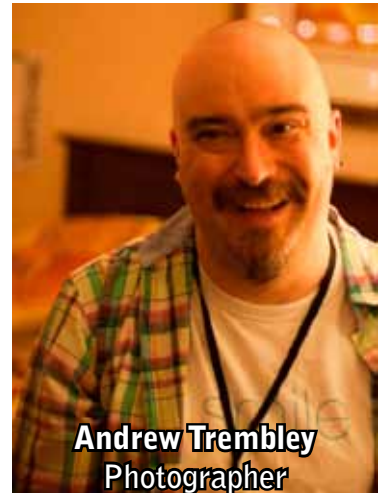
The Costume Fanzine of Record



Jason Schachat
Editor



Kevin Roche
Editor



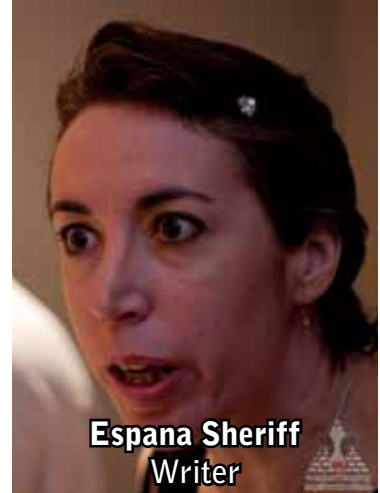
Andrew Trembley
Photographer



Mette Hedin
Rabble Rouser



Palle Madsen
Writer



Espana Sheriff
Writer



Jennifer Wylie
Writer

Photograph credits:

Andrew Trembley cover, p3, 11-15, 20, 22

Jason Schachat p4-9, 18, 19, 21, 25

John O'Halloran p17

James Bacon p24

Letter from the Editor

Send all complaints to:
Jason@yipezine.com

This month's issue was intended to be an indictment of the system; sticking it to the man with our Bolshevik brothers and sisters so we could all run through the fields together, working the earth and becoming one with the world around us.

Then we realized that was kinda dumb, so we went with costuming instead.

"Oh, but Jason!" You might say, "You ALWAYS write about costuming! This is the Costume Fanzine of Record, is it not? Isn't that what we're paying for?"

I'll address these strawman arguments in reverse order: First, if anyone's making a dime off this thing, I'm gonna sue you all blind. Then I'll sink the millions of dollars awarded when the jury sees I'm a crippled female veteran (prosthetics) into extensive lobbying to create new laws so I can sue you for those nifty white canes.



Second, it's only the Costume Fanzine of Record because someone wrote that next to the title. And, since the someone was me, and I wasted precious little time researching the long history of costume fanzines to find one 'Of Record', that label's about as adhesive as one of those butterfly band-aids. Seriously, have you ever tried using one? It's like they added fifty percent more corners to make them peel off easier.

Third, "ALWAYS?" If you think we always write about costuming, you clearly think we're a costuming fanzine—in which case I direct you to the first point and repeat my intention to sue you into a lower tax bracket.

But, yes, this month's issue is about costum-

ing. AGAIN. Sue me (or don't, since I'll likely counter-sue). The difference this time around is a focus on growth, movement, and other things that didn't seem nearly as suggestive when I started writing this sentence.

No, I refer to personal growth, dammit.

"Our Car Runneth Over" presents for you, in full color, a tale of how a solitary Doctor Who fan broke nearly thirty years of quietly loving the franchise and embraced a Doctor Who convention in full costume. It's the fanzine where you'll learn how a masquerade judge operates, and how you can make the most of your masquerade. You'll see one of our own

coming to grips with the fact she's now, officially and inescapably, a costumer—or so her luggage tells her. Oh, and Mette wrote a madlib, too.

Because, in the end, isn't this all about fun? It's certainly not about money (see paragraph four). So what good does it do you to sit silently in your little corner, knitting away at something no one will see? It's about time to hop into the Country Squire, hunt down the convention nearest you (even if that's 800 miles or so away), and prance around like you own in the place in something you made with your own hands. Fill your suitcases with a new costume for every hour of the day. Enter

It's moments like these that put therapists' kids through college.



one of them in the masquerade. Heck, enter two if they'll let you.

Just don't send us any more flippin madlibs. I'm sick to death of them, and anyone caught emailing madlibs to editors@yipezine.com will immediately be hired onto the staff just so I can summarily fire your ass for being a no-talent hack.

All other articles are welcome, of course, barring ones about the history of madlibs, biographies of madlibbers, or pictorials of people holding up madlibs (exceptions will be made for pictures of steampunk madlibs). Articles about costumes receive extra credit, since

we're the Costume Fanzine of Record and all.

And, since I don't think it sank in the first time, you're not getting paid. Come to grips with that, and you may have the makings of a fine writer, after all.

So, while the gin's still soaking my brain, I present to you issue three of volume two of YIPE! of Costume Fanzine of Record.

Geronimo!

-Jason Schachat



**LobbyCon at Gallifrey One
(not pictured: the other five hundred bottles
of booze circulating around the room)**

**This
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Not a printing error
-The Management

A First-timer's Reflections on Gallifrey One

By Palle Madsen



Let me start with a quick bit of what is probably essential info : I'm a big Doctor Who enthusiast (to use John Levene's preferred term), and have been since I was eleven. So that's nearly thirty years of enjoying the Doctor's adventures, whether it be in TV, book, comic, or audio form.

And yet I'd never been to Gallifrey One before? Odd, that.

Or perhaps not. Again, my enjoyment of the Doctor had always been a fairly private affair. Oh, I had friends who loved it as much as I did growing up, and I even had my parents enjoying it (my father's occa-

sional confusion as to why the Doctor was a completely different actor from the one we'd seen in the previous week was always a great source of hilarity at our house). But, it was always something I'd enjoyed on my own growing up. Oh, I knew of the various fan clubs that were popping up around the Bay Area, as well as nationally and yes, internationally, but on the whole I was content as a "solo Whovian".

(I had been to a convention in the mid-80s that was, I think, a Doctor Who con, which managed a pretty impressive guest list, with Tom Baker and Anthony Ainley at the head of it. Alas, I don't remember much

about it, being 14 at the time, but it was neat seeing so many fellow fans in one place!)

Cut to the present. My flat-mate España and I were thoroughly enjoying the new series of Doctor Who with Chris Eccleston and David Tennant, when it transpired that she had been attending a good sized convention down in Los Angeles. “You should come! You should come!” she said, poking me with a pencil or some other appropriately pointy object.

“Oh, I dunno...” More poking ensues. “Alright, alright! I’ll go, I’ll go.” At which point the poking stopped, to be replaced by a grin that told me I clearly had no idea what I was letting myself in for.

“You’re gonna dress up in your costumes, right?” I had, for the previous two Hallowe’ens, dressed as Doctors Five and Six, respectively. “Gosh, I dunno...do other folks there dress up? Are YOU going to dress up?” As both answers were resounding yeses, I agreed. She was giddy with delight. Normally this makes me nervous, as it usually meant she was likely to throw the larger of our two cats at me, but clearly she was terribly excited.

Over the ensuing weeks, I asked her what actually went on at Gallifrey One (or Gally, as it’s commonly referred to). My main convention experience at that point



Proud as Palle made us with his strong constitution, it was the celery that never wilted.

had been the San Diego ComiCon and San Francisco’s WonderCon, both of which attract large, large crowds. Nothing near that number, she reassured me. And yes, there are panels covering various aspects of the show, the spinoffs, and so forth. And yes, there is a dealers room. And a costume contest. And, of course, the parties!

“You’ll love it, don’t worry!” And, she was absolutely right!

The relatively small size of Gally (as say compared to ComiCon) makes it terri-

bly easy to just get around, not to mention meeting people. And not just your fellow enthusiasts! I had Katy Manning admiring my Doktor Sleepless : Science Bastard t-shirt while we were sharing an elevator together; I had a nice chat with Tim Hirst, the publisher of Anneke Wills' and Colin Baker's books; I had my picture taken with two Femme Five cosplayers while I was in my own Five costume. And that was just the first day!

While it's safe to say that having España there, as well as a few other friends, was an immense plus to my enjoyment of Gally, there is something else: having over fifteen

hundred people sharing a singular appreciation for Doctor Who is bound to heighten the overall experience. Because even though we're all different people, from different places, with different ideas, and so forth, we have that commonality of Doctor Who to bring us together (at the risk of sounding twee!), and I think that's a pretty neat concept in and of itself.

And speaking of neat concepts: the costumes! It's safe to say that Gally really does bring out the creativity in so many people when it comes to their costuming ideas (which in turn does inspire creativity in others, and so on). I particularly liked the



Six + gin blossoms + Newcastle + the Fanzine Lounge's Wendy.

Featured in the lower left: three drunkards who don't yet know Gallifrey One's graduated to 'standing room only.'



Femme Six costume one young lady put together (as I was a male Six, this is probably no surprise), and the gentleman doing Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart (a costume I have wanted to do for years now!). Again, it's that dedication to Doctor Who and its related series that can really bring out the best in people, and brings them all to one place for a truly entertaining weekend of fun.

So, yes, this was my first Gallifrey One convention. Needless to say, it won't be my last!

Selah.



JUDGING A MASQUERADE

By Jennifer "Radar" Wylie



Hi everybody! (Hi Radar!)

A Masquerade (“costume contest”) is an integral part of the costuming community. There are even entire conventions devoted to the craft of making a costume and presenting it on stage. Judging is known to be a mystifying practice...even frustrating, at times. I’ve been a part of masquerades where judging took just fifteen minutes, and I’ve been in masquerades where judging took nearly three

hours.

Generally speaking, there are two parts to masquerade judging: “Workmanship” (which is also called “craftsmanship” at some conventions) and “Presentation”. Workmanship judging is when a judge looks closely at how you crafted your costume and presentation is what judges look at once you are on the stage.

The workmanship judge may look at how clean your seams are, the general fit

and finish of your costume, the fine details (such as hand-done embroidery) that may not be seen well from the stage, and how props were put together and out of what materials. Workmanship judging is completely voluntary; a contestant doesn’t have to have a judge look at it up close. Also, a contestant may choose to have just one thing judged. For example, if someone toiled long and hard on making a mask, and the mask is exquisitely de-



And when The Brigadier's moustache comes loose in the middle of the sketch, The Brigadier shoots something.

tailed, the contestant may have the judge look at just the mask and not the rest of the costume. However, if the contestant does not choose to have workmanship judging done, they

won't be eligible for a workmanship award. If they only want one thing to be judged, it will be the only thing that is judged (compared to what sort of things other contestants did).

Workmanship judges for large masquerades aren't going to have a lot of time to discuss the detail of every costume that they see. On average, a judge may spent 2-5 minutes on a contes-

This is why we no longer let the Germans run Christmas.



© Andrew Trembley
<http://www.bovil.com>

tant and a little more time if there is a large group entry. As a contestant, it's important to have the "one minute rundown" in your mind as to specific details of the costume. Some things to keep in mind that will be helpful to the judges are what materials props are made of, how specific parts

of the costume were crafted (were parts attached in an interesting manner? Were certain parts hand-sewn? Did you make your own pattern? Did you do something a bit unusual such as airbrush your entire body a different color?), and what you're proud of about the costume.

Do not mention mistakes to the judge! Don't say things like, "My hem is crooked," or, "I missed with the glue gun so there's a dollop of glue behind a button I can't remove." There's a very good chance the judge might not even notice those mistakes, so don't draw attention to them!

That said, there are a few things a contestant can do to improve workmanship. Finishing off seams with a serger or hem tape, snipping errant threads, ironing the fabric (you would be surprised at how many people just pull a costume from their suitcase and toss it on before a contest), grooming a static-prone wig with an anti-static spray, and shining your shoes if necessary (unless the character is meant to have dirty shoes).

If there is downtime between when the workmanship judges finish and the moment the contestants take the stage, judges will usually sequester themselves in a private place to start making decisions on the costumes. This helps expedite the process and allows the workmanship judges to offer feedback to the presentation judges later if the presentation judges need to know if a particular entry got an award for something.

Presentation judging works a little differently. A presentation judge is looking for how your costume moves on the stage and how it looks on you. They're not necessarily looking to see

if you're the best tap dancer in the galaxy. However, it's important you've practiced what you're going to do, even if it's just a simple thirty second figure-eight walk on and off the stage.

The judges aren't going to see the finer details the workmanship judges saw backstage, and they're sitting right up front. If you

are using a prop or gadget in your presentation, it needs to be large enough for people to see, but not so large as to be completely unwieldy.

If a prop is a weapon such as a sword or gun, there's usually a stage safety officer who will make sure it's safe to take on stage. For competitions that often employ



**Hoth Wampa, people.
You show some respect.**



such props (particularly anime conventions), it's very important you check with the masquerade director that it's okay to use the prop on stage. Anything that can live-fire (air pellet guns, replica powder weapons, etc.) is generally not allowed and anything with a sharpened blade that is not peace bound is also gener-

ally not allowed. Anything that makes a mess (glitter, water) or has the possibility of breaking into a hundred pieces (glass, a giant sword made out of Lego blocks that have not been glued together) is also usually not allowed.

In today's world, a typical television ad runs about thirty seconds. That's about

how long you as a contestant will be able to hold the audience's attention if you are on the stage by yourself. One minute is really pushing it, but if you're doing something amazing with your costume (such as a transformation), a minute can work. If you're in a large group of people, you'll want to keep your routine under

two minutes. However, if each entrant has a major costume and needs “front time” at center stage, more time can be allowed if the entrants speak to the masquerade director first! Your mileage may vary; some masquerades are extremely strict and will disqualify your entry for even a few seconds over. Some masquerades are more lenient and allow for presentations up to five minutes in length. The judges are going to be taking your time on

stage into account, and you don’t want to be the entry everyone wishes had been dragged off the stage after the first thirty seconds.

Once the contestants are finished, the presentation (and usually the workmanship judges as well) go someplace private to discuss results. One of the better systems out there for judging is the “yes/no/maybe” system. The judges quickly go through the run list and make three piles of paper: Entries that will def-

initely get an award, entries that will not get anything, and entries that might get something.

The “yes” entries are sorted first, with some of the bigger awards decided first (best in show, best in class, etc) and then other awards figured out based on the criteria for the convention. Some conventions have a certain set of awards... San Diego ComicCon and WonderCon are two conventions that have a half-dozen dedicated trophy

Friends don’t let friends travel through time without a three martini lunch.



awards. Other conventions may not even have a major award (such as best in show overall) if they don't feel as though any particular entry warranted it.

The "maybe" awards are then sorted through and if there aren't too many "yes" awards and the judges feel there was something special about an entry, a particular

award may be given such as "Best Mask" or "Honorable Mention For Interesting Use of Fabric Dye". However, "best of" classifications should be saved for "multiples" (More than one entry using a mask, more than one entry with a comic book character, etc.). It's not really an award if you give someone an award for

"Best Doctor Who Costume" when they are the only Doctor Who character in the masquerade.

People put a lot of hard work, time, and money into their costumes and they like to feel like they've actually earned something; that what they got an award for wasn't a "feel-good" prize.

The many winners of SiliCon 2009's masquerade.



Sheriff Don't Like It

by España Sheriff



Back during my early convention attendance years, my needs were really quite simple, and a hotel stay was a pleasant little luxury all by itself. It was a vacation from home and housework that could be enjoyed uncritically without even taking the convention experience into account. Clean towels and sheets! Little bottles of shampoo you had to open with your teeth because you forgot to unscrew the cap before getting in the show-

er! Ridiculous piles of fluffy down pillows! Shower caps!

But the naive days of my impressionable youth are long lost in the mists of time and entitlement. I've moved up from sleeping on roll-away cots and floors and usually have a bed of my very own. I can order room service if I like now and get the breakfast buffet every morning instead of surviving off of the Con Suite and a cooler full of yogurt. My fannish ex-

perience has expanded and made me somewhat jaded at the easy pleasures that used to please me so, but I am a simple creature at heart and maid service alone was more than enough to keep me happy until recently.

But no longer; now, I enter a new hotel room and walk the space with a critical eye, measuring and judging and muttering under my breath. Usually cusswords.

And I blame costuming.

As my costuming range slowly increases and my suitcase (okay yes, suitcases) becomes heavier and develops unsightly bulges and creaking zippers, I become increasingly annoyed with hotel closets and their ever decreasing size. Two of the last four conventions I've attended had teeny hanging spaces, and there seems to be a trend towards free-standing wardrobes-- which no doubt are entirely suitable for a mid-week business person and their slack-and-shirt ensembles but are woefully inadequate for the needs of fancier convention-wear and just laughable the second you start adding crinolines to your repertoire. The shelf space for footwear is becoming problematic as well, with shoes and boots competing for space with ironing boards, props, and styrofoam heads.

Steampunk outfits have contributed to this problem with their multilayered of skirts and overskirts, the waist-cinchers, gloves, scarves, and hats that end up covering every surface, but, to be honest, it's not like knee-high silver boots and capes are terribly closet friendly either, rayguns and corsets present their own storage problems.

Sharing a room with other costumers compounds the issue, you find yourself eyeing each other's suitcases and comparing the volume to the available space and making piles of

With robes like these, who needs friends eating up all your hotel closet space?



Chances are this costume from the Gallifrey One 2010 Masquerade required its own pit crew.



bibles and phone books in order to free up one more drawer for belts and accessories. As I plan seven different costumes for next year's Gallifrey, I'm wondering where exactly they're all going to go? The LAX Marriott at least has decent enough closets but I know my roommate will have costumes of his own, the vain bastard.

I used to scoff at the folks I saw rolling garment racks through the lobby. Now I find myself pricing steamer trunks on eBay and wishing the TARDIS wardrobe really was dimensionally transcendental.

Espana and fellow troublemaker Bryan Little: out of costume just in time for the camera.



Mette's MadLib

HISTORY OF A FAMOUS INVENTION

The first electric

france was invent-
NOUN

ed in 1904 by a/an

scratchy young
ADJECTIVE
man named

Abraham Lincoln. He and his brother Ava Gardner ran a small
FAMOUS PERSON FAMOUS PERSON

turnip repair shop, and in their spare time they studied whores. When
NOUN PLURAL NOUN

they started work on their invention, everyone said, "woah! You'll never
EXCLAMATION

get it off the cherry." But they built a/an spunky model out of old
NOUN ADJECTIVE



robots and a used turd. The model worked fine, and in ten minutes

PLURAL NOUN

NOUN

it toasted 24 slices of sausages. It also used up two gallons of spunk

TYPE OF FOOD (PLURAL)

TYPE OF LIQUID

an hour, and the top converted into a/an church. They sold the patent

NOUN

to a/an ugly millionaire for 2 dollars and lived disturbingly ever
after.

ADJECTIVE

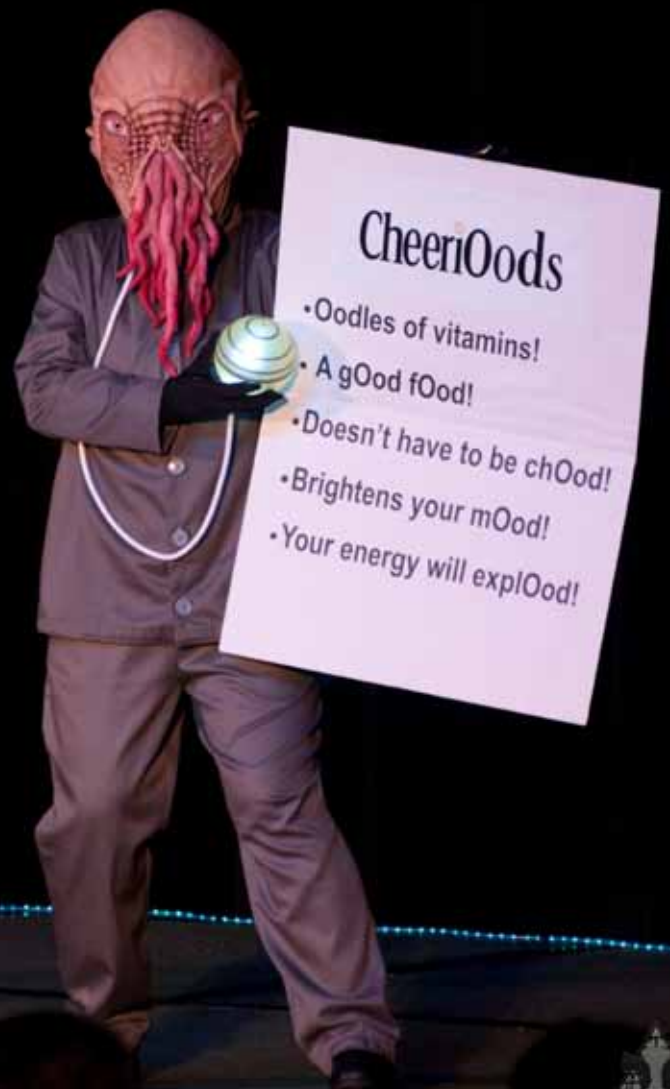
NUMBER

ADVERB

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Mette (via iPhone)

**Mette and Bryan earned the love of the crowd with their amazing
Ood from Doctor Who. Then they got drunk and sent us a madlib.**



CheeriOods

- Oodles of vitamins!
- A gOod fOod!
- Doesn't have to be chOod!
- Brightens your mOod!
- Your energy will exp!Ood!



January 28, 2010

Dear Editorial Regime:

Hi, just me...got some spare time, and thought I'd get a quick loc to you on Yipe! Vol. 2 No. 1. Stranger things have happened...like the last issue...

2010 is the year we make contacts? In case we're tired of wearing glasses? Quite a rogue's gallery of contributors you've got. One thing I really like about the zine is that there's lots of pure colour. A little hard on the eyes, but that's okay. I couldn't see this going onto paper, anyway. No white backgrounds, and

an overload for most colour printers.

Jason: I think anyone trying to print YIPE! on their home printer's just looking for double indemnity on their fire insurance. I advise the use of one's office, library, or local Kinko's instead, since they're required by law to have extinguishers nearby.

Avatar has finally surpassed Titanic for all-time box office supremacy. \$1.9 billion and counting. Have I seen it? No, and I probably won't go. Nothing there that really attracts me. Jim Cameron's going to get rich without my

contributions, anyway.

Jason: The man's richer than God, but then Bill Gates didn't stop me from buying Win7. And I gather he could, too, being richer than God and all.

Of course, people are pretty proud of him around here; Cameron's from St. Catharines, just down the highway and well on the way to Buffalo. (How on earth did the MST3K folks make their money? People aren't smart enough to heckle on their own, they have to pay someone to do it?)

Jason: From what I've seen,

Tragically, the box containing Mr. Wogen's prosthetic leg was mistakenly sold for 5 quid to a man looking for a conversation piece that doubled as a back scratcher.



the MST3K folks sadly haven't made that much money from their efforts. They make enough to keep themselves going, but they can't afford the rights to release their Godzilla mockeries on home video again.

Some other reviews pointed out the same thing about the Avatar plot line...is there just the faintest whiff of bestiality here? Several other sources say the plotline is the same as Pocahontas, with a few changes here and there.

Jason: Espana and I actually

had a long argument about the Avatar storyline at Anime LA. She kept pushing that it sounded like a White Guilt movie (Pocahontas, Dances with Wolves), but I found the worship of warfare and the white man's entrance into a warrior culture way more hardcore than his own pushed it into different territory. Like if Mad Max had joined the Humungous.

The Toronto equivalent to Angels is Malabar, and we've attended costume sales there, too. Great fun, but with the number of warehouses and

studios around Toronto, costume sales are rare, and storage seems to be plentiful. The last sale Yvonne went to was the property sale after the Canadian production of Queer As Folk wound up. Yvonne has Emmett's toque and mitts, and I have Uncle Vic's housecoat. (For those who enjoyed that show...it's often termed the American production, but almost all of it was shot in the GLBT community in downtown Toronto.)

Jason: I remember the big stink being made years back when

all the films supposedly set in Chicago were shot in Toronto because it was so much cheaper and easier. How ironic Chicago will now be recognized most by non-natives for location Batman flew through.

I will bet that just about every steampunk fan in London , if not Britain , was at that sale at Angels, trying to grab something suitably steamy.

Anime LA...the background to some of those shots look familiar...one of the L.A.con IV hotels in Anaheim ? Sure

looks like it.

Jason: You recognize the LA Airport Marriot, sir: home to LosCon, Anime LA, Gallifrey One, and the Future Retail Franchisees of America Weekend Seminar.

Not even Worldcon costumers go to the detail extremes that anime costumers do. The last big anime con I was at was Anime North, with over 15,000 in attendance. The costumes were a fanboy's wet dream, with some of the fangirls in costume nearly not

covered up. I'm sure these are people who would never think of revealing a hint of flesh, until it's convention time, and they reveal as much as they can without violating the Comics Code.

Jason: Sadly, this reminds me of one of the most shocking moments I've witnessed at a convention: an anime fan went up to a guy wearing a Marvel Heroes shirt in the elevator and asked him why he was wearing it at an anime con. What's the world coming to?



It's one thing to dress as a character. It's another thing to stay in character for the duration of a convention. It's something wholly other to then track down someone else dressed as that character's nemesis and smack them senseless with a foam sword.

Let's just say that at the end of Anime North, I had a smile on my face that wouldn't go away, and a couple of friends were in trouble with their wives.

España, tell us more about the Andy and Kevin way of judging masquerades. Or, c'mon, guys, how do you do it? Tough love, high-speed American Idol-style, or a pre-judge session?

Jason: Thankfully, Radar revealed a good bit of the method in "Judging a Masquerade." Keep drinking your Ovaltine if you want to know the rest.

Kevin, at the L.A.con II masquerade, we didn't get on stage until 1:30am. What time did you make it?

The letter column...Hi, Jason, no, I wouldn't want a letter column, either. I just write these to bug you. How am I doing? I am revising my steampunk railway conductor's uniform...one of the big formal rental chains here recently went under, and I got myself a great vest and ascot set. We'll see if it suits the conductor idea. A steampunk issue is definitely



required... maybe an article for both Yipe! and Exhibition Hall?

Jason: Keep em coming, Lloyd! We need the page-count.

I see you finally got Chris is a costume on page 25...the Six-Time Hugo Loser costume. Will Chris make it seven and eight in Australia? And every time I see Anti Kebin, I think Auntie... Good thing I am several thousand miles away, hm? Evil Kebin not only has beard, has hair issues, too. Bad stylist! Or Kebin stay in bed too long, can't tell. Can't do anything without good theme song? How about theme music to Addams Family, especially "altogether ooky" part?

Well, the servers are down at work, so that's why I get to write this. Thanks, folks for another great issue, and I will soon be reviewing it for my zine review column in the next Askance. If you need my mailing address for all incentives and bribes, just ask. Looking forward to the next issue already.

Yours, Lloyd Penney.

Jason: Thanks again, Lloyd! After the other month's antics, I doubt we'll hear from Anti Kebin any time soon. Kevin's got some hoodoo on the whuzz-it, and I'm not allowed to touch the bright, shiny... glowing... red... button... shiny...

Letter from



Send all complaints to:

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00100000 01110111 01101111
01110010 01101011 00100000
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