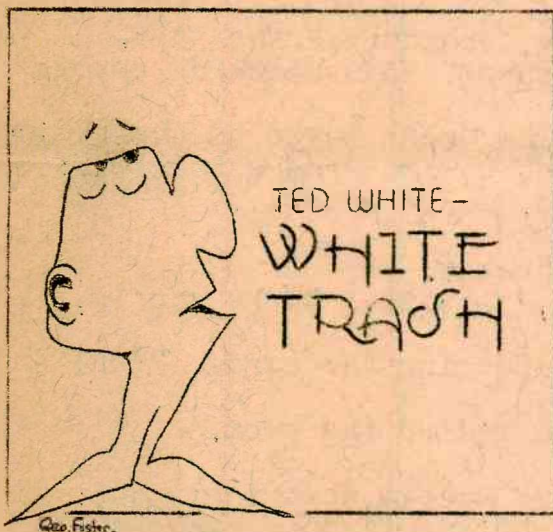
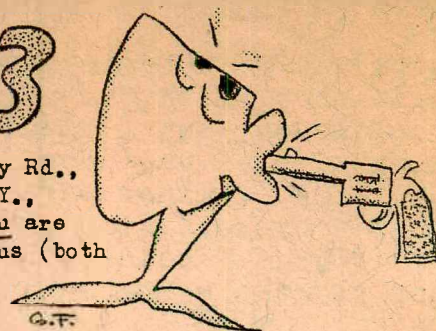


FIRST
PRINTING

EGOB00 3

EGOB00 #3 is co-edited and published by John D. Berry (35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, N.Y., 10708) and Ted White (339, 49th St., Brooklyn, N.Y., 11220), for the edification and enlightenment of their friends. You are probably still on this exclusive list, but everyone else must send us (both of us) trades, good letters of comment, or money (three issues/six 6¢ stamps, or \$1.25 cash). This is definitely (*whew*) Deimos Publication 35, and is even yet mimeed on the ineffable QWERTYUIOPress at the Sign of the Black Stripe. Heading illos by Foster and Luv. This issue published 8/11/68



WHERE WAS I WHEN WE
WERE INTERRUPTED...?

Oh yes: I was talking about this year's Midwestcon. Somebody

body in LOCUS said that the Midwestcon is popularly known as "The Relaxicon." I hadn't known that. But it fits. The Midwestcon is an ideal blending of time and place: it's no accident that of all the regionals held in motels with swimming pools, only the Midwestcon has developed a poolcon tradition. (The basis of this tradition is a yearly game of vicious free-for-all with any and all the beachballs handy; since this is a co-ed sport, it has become quite popular.)

A developing tradition is the banquet at David's Buffet. This year, after suffering through a series of indeterminable harangues from JoAnn Wood and a woman who looked as though she'd dressed to officiate in a bawdy house -- both of whom gave every evidence of thinking themselves the True Secret Masters of Fandom -- we were rewarded for our patience by the presentation of Mark Schultzinger as "The Great Marko". Schultzinger was a young Cincinnati fan in the mid-late fifties. He published a crudzine of the era, made remarkably little mark upon fandom, and gafiated. But in 1965 he turned up again at a Midwestcon. He looked young and over-intense, and he seemed to take great pleasure in needling everyone in subtle ways. I remembered his name, and after finding out that he was some kind of psychologist or psychiatrist these days, told him I was on to his game and to cool it. To his credit, he did.

This year Mark told the audience he had put together a lecture on ESP and was touring with it. Although he cloaked his presentation with a percentage of psychological terms, it was nothing more or less than a magic act. Only one gimmick had any validity: after showing us the standard ESP-test cards, he announced he was going to "send" one to us, and he wanted a show of hands from us on which one it was. Well, as Arnie Katz points out in his Midwestcon report (QUIP #9), Mark didn't even play that straight. The card he was "sending" was the "three wavy lines," which he had primed us for by discussing at the greatest length while showing us the cards. Nonetheless (fans are dense) he did not get a substantial showing on that card: less than one quarter of the people in the room raised their hands for it -- more of us opted for the cross.

Well, so much for ESP. The rest of the "lecture" was a standard magic act, complete with blindfolds (designed to be peeped under), articles from the audience to be "divined", etc. Cheap stuff, and badly mispitched at the audience, many of whom got up and walked out in dis-

gust. As we were leaving, we passed "The Great Marko" at the door. "Nice magic show, Mark," I said with faint sarcasm. Mark pretended to be deeply offended, but I didn't hear all he had to say. I was already on the other side of the door.

I had a minor part to play in the "program" after the banquet myself. I had a presentation to make.

"Bob," I said to Bob Tucker earlier (I always call him "Bob"), "I want to make a presentation. You're going to be running things, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said cautiously. "What sort of 'presentation'?"

"Nothing unpleasant," I said.

"Nothing to do with Bill Mallardi?" Bob asked.

"Nope. Ask Leeh."

Lee Hoffman nodded sagely. "It's okay, Grandpop," she said.

"Well..." Bob said dubiously. He was sure I had something up my sleeve.

It was the ten of clubs. I followed The Great Marko to the podium and told the audience that I felt it was time to set wrongs to right: that it was time to, ahh, lay an old legend, so to speak...

The audience buzzed with curiosity.

I pulled out the ten of clubs from my pocket.

"It's time to return this card at last," I said. "Here she is, Bob."

"Bigolly," said Bob Tucker, closely inspecting the card. "Yup, she's a brunette!"

There was a vast cheer that swelled and filled the room.

A PARAGRAPH FOR BOYD RAEburn: The Beach Boys have a new single out: "Do It Again" by Brian Wilson & Mike Love.

It's a curious reprise of the 'old' Beach Boys: the main melody is in the old rocking vein, with a lyric that recalls the surfing days with nostalgia and wants to "Do it again" -- but the break is 'Pet Sounds Modern' with what sounds like Brian's voice softly crooning.

I'm a little worried about the Beach Boys. "Do It Again" can be interpreted a number of ways, and some of them don't bode well. It might be that the record is part of the Back To Rock phenomenon launched by the Beatles' "Lady Madonna" (which Fats Domino has now recorded -- a gas!) -- but it may simply be an attempt to get back into the hit charts, from which the Beach Boys have been absent too long. If so, "Do It Again" would appear to be a failure; I haven't heard it at all on a.m. radio, and only sparingly on f.m.

If Pet Sounds launched a more artistically important Beach Boys, it also launched a downward curve in their record sales figures. It was their first album to sell less than a million copies. Since Pet Sounds, we've seen Smiley Smile, Wild Honey and Friends (from which the flip side of "Do It Again" -- "Wake the World" -- is taken), and each has been flawed and sold relatively poorly. Although Friends seems to indicate that the other Beach Boys are catching up with Brian, Brian himself seems to have lost something -- perhaps his quality of manic joy in creating beauty; I dunno.

Well, that was three paragraphs, Boyd.

EGOBOO: QUIP #9 is out (as I alluded, paranthetically, earlier) and it is definitely the best QUIP yet. I suspect the reason for this is to be found in the credits listing at the bottom of the contents page, where it says "EDITOR: Arnie Katz". That's right: just one editor. Just Arnie. No Len Bailes, no Lon Atkins, no Cindy Van Arnam. Although Lon stencilled his column in thish, everything else is totally under Arnie's

own editorial control. (Well, I did proof-skim the stencils before I ran them off, but you know what I mean...)

And Arnie Katz has become a Good Editor. This issue of QUIP is pungent with material, and suffers only one sub-standard item, the Busby column, which I'll get to later.

Harry Warner's "All Our Yesterdays" is outstanding this time -- partly because he is dealing with an outstanding subject: Jim Blish's TUMBRILS. Even in his VAPA days, Blish was brilliantly articulate on a wild variety of subjects, and Harry picks among them for a series of gems to quote. In fact, the only thing I regret is that he did not go on for another five or ten pages...

Bob Tucker's "Dear Editor" is in part the brief speech he gave at the Midwestcon this year, and in part humorous reminiscences about the Midwestcon. Good solid Sixth Fandom stuff.

The real meat of the issue, however, is to be found in Arnie's own twelve-page Midwestcon report. This is a conreport the way conreports should be written: rich in anecdote, and told in a smooth narrative flow. It makes good reading, whether you figure in the events (as I do) or not. I would say that it is Arnie's single best piece of fanwriting to date, and one to be proud of.

Greg Benford's fanzine reviews deal with the two revived SHAGGYs, SANDWORM and FOOLSCAP, and are solidly thoughtful reviews. (I found myself agreeing with him about SHAGGY, too; for a while there I was wondering if Greg and I were Drifting Apart...)

My co-editor on this rag, John D. Berry, follows Benford with "The Fantail Party." This is John's attempt to revive Boyd Raeburn's fondly-remembered Derogations. When I first read the manuscript for "The Fantail Party," it bothered me. John has captured many of the qualities of the vintage Derogations, but somehow he seemed to have missed some essential quality as well. Yet, I can't put my finger on what I mean. "Too diffuse," I said, and he pointed out Boyd's were often no less so. "Too ...oh, I dunno..." I ended up saying. And I still don't. But I've decided that if John has the patience to continue them they will get better, and therefore I hope he will. Fandom needs a purgative like this.

Lon Atkins' "Bheermutterings" is a solidly crafted column, but didn't hit me dead-center this time. He opens with a series of anecdotes about Hank Reinhardt, who, if I cared at all about Hank Reinhardt, I might consider a fabulously funny fellow. But I don't. The rest is a report on the FUNcon, and it bothers me. Here is this fellow Atkins, recently attached to a pretty girl named Kathy (and formerly named something else), and all he can do is to drool over scantily-clad (not even topless) waitresses in a place called the Tiger Room for a couple of paragraphs. That strikes me as Wrong, but maybe it's just me...

F.M. Busby's "One Fan's Beat" is the one stinker in the issue, and perhaps the title of the column this time around should be read as a literal description: Busby sounds totally pooped. He meanders without much direction for all of two pages without saying much of anything. The column reads like a letter written to a forgiving friend at 3 ayem, while the author is still verging on consciousness. That's okay for letters to friends. It's less than okay for fanzine columns. In earlier QUEBS it would have mattered less; in this issue it's no kindness to Busby to print the piece.

Seven pages of well-edited letters round out the issue, for a total of fifty pages.

I didn't mention Ross's Quiver, but it's a good one: condensed to two pages this time, it is tightly worked and very effective. But I should point out that the mad scientist is me -- very few of you saw me in those mutton-chop whiskers. /WHITE TRASH is continued on page 8/

I GO TED WHITE: In a nefarious deal concluded in a disreputable underground hangout deep in Brooklyn, I have done the evil deed. I have sold out to my co-editor. You will see that I have adopted the Ted White style of beginning paragraphs and such in EGOBOO; this is nothing but an out-and-out sellout. I may adopt nonstop paragraphing to disguise my heinous misdemeanor, but it cannot be entirely hidden.

On the other hand, it is a much easier style for a small fanzine like this.

WHAT YEAR IS THIS? DEPT.: My co-editor has an unfortunate habit. For all that he is an outstanding publisher of fine fanzines (known the world over), Ted White never seems to remember to date his fanzines. I don't think he regards it as important. However, when I am pawing through a stack of old fanzines trying to identify them and I come upon one with no name, or no number, or no date (or maybe no editor to speak of), I realize how important it is that this information be recorded. Really.

Therefore, in the interests of fanhistorians everywhere, I will tell you that the first EGOBOO was published on July 14, 1968, and the second one was published on July 31, 1968. They were both mailed several days later, because I am very slow at things like that. This issue maybe we'll remember to put it in the colophon.

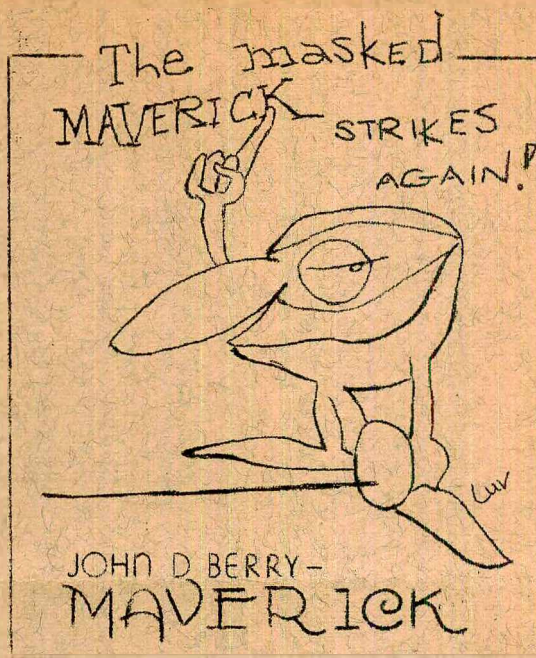
I reminded Ted of this oversight when we were publishing EGOBOO #1; I noticed he had put no date in the colophon, and I pointed out that all his past fmz had been undated as well, except where one of his co-editors had remembered. With MINAC, for instance, it seemed that Les Gerber had been the editor in charge of dating the issues.

I remarked to Arnie Katz that it seemed an incestuous relationship, dating your own fanzine, but he frowned at me.

NEGOBOO: One of the beauties of the name EGOBOO that Ted pointed out when he first presented the name was that when we wanted to pan somebody unmercifully we could call the section "Negoboo," or negative egoboo. I have here a candidate. (Maybe I should steal the PSYCHOTIC FUGGHEAD AWARD back from Dick Geis and award it here.)

In June I received an envelope with the return address of, "Sophisticated, Lone Star Publications, 6533 Brairhaven Dr., Dallas, Texas 75240." Enclosed were two sheets of paper; one was a note with 25¢ attached, asking for a copy of my fanzine SATYR. Now SATYR was a fanzine that I began well over two years ago, when I had not yet left monsterfandom, and it continued for four issues through the fall/winter of 1966. The next spring I pronounced SATYR dead and started FOOLSCAP. In the time since I folded SATYR, due to faneds who publish fanzine reviews long after they are written and things like that, I have gotten several requests for copies of the zine, from people who had read about it somewhere. But I thought I had gotten the last of these long ago! June, 1968, is awfully late.

The other sheet,



though, was even more interesting. It was, as the undersigned, Bill Hiatt, explained, a mimeographed description of the magazine he was about to publish. The text was as follows: "In a few days, possibly a few weeks, you will be receiving the one and only Sophisticated magazine. What is Sophisticated? Sophisticated is a magazine. What kind of magazine? Well, you can count on for sure that it is not a Fanzine. Then if it is not a Fanzine why would you send Sophisticated to me, a Fanzine editor? - For the main reason that Sophisticated is designed to appeal to the most sour of tastes. One might say that Sophisticated is a zabalionezine. Just what the heck is a zagbaglionezine you say? /Spelling is sic./ Well, according to Webster's it is a mixture of eggs and water and several other ingredients, but Sophisticated is far from this litteral definition. What zagablionezine is detined to mean in our usage is a magazine designed for everyone. Well you say to yourself, now that I have Sophisticated what do I do with it? - For the answer to this and many other stimulating questions look at the magazine which you will receive and look at the article which says what to do with this magazine when you receive it. You will find the answer!

"All right, you say to yourself, just what am I obliged to do for this magazine or what do you get out of giving it free? Well first of all- spread Sophisticated all over the countryside and make it famous please. Next, if you edit any magazine of any kind, Fanzine or what have you, it would be greatly appreciated if you would send me a copy of your next issue to the following address: (....)

"Send other subscriptions to this address -also- you may send contributions to this address if you like. Sophisticated is published monthly by Lone Star Publications. All subscriptions are free (now). Sophisticated is done in stunning mimeograph. If you would like to submit art work or comical stories of any kind send them to the above address please- no filth or poison pen letters please. You will be paid \$1-\$3 according to comic appeal and if you are elected funny-man of the month you will be paid an additional \$5. All art work will be sent back to the artist within a week after publication. There is no limit to the number of pages one may submit. Also, you may publish any advertisement regardless of length for free- just address advertisements to the above address. Original advertisements will also be returned to the sender. Please send your magazine if you publish one. Any Correspondence will be answered immediately. Please correspond.

ly your devoted editor,

"W.H.HIATT"

I might have dismissed this as simply a neoish first attempt by someone with a great deal of enthusiasm and little experience with fandom. However, true to his promise, Bill Hiatt soon sent me my first issue of SOPHISTICATED.

It was 34 pages of poorly mimeoed crud, billed as Vol. 1, issue 4, and with "Circulation 100" emblazoned in large letters under the title. The cover featured four faces grouped around a drawing of a magazine, with--surprise!--the name SOPHISTICATED on this little zine and vaguely discernible images of four faces clustered around a picture of a magazine, with four.... Etc. Two of the faces were obviously Laurel and Hardy, while the other two looked as much like Adolph Hitler and Forry Ackerman with his tongue stuck out as anyone else. Down in the lower left-hand corner was also a small profile of General DeGaulle. The contents page was typed all in caps, featuring a heading of a banner reading "SOPHISTICATED," topped off with a Confederate and a Union flag--all badly drawn. The contents seemed to

consist almost entirely of sorry attempts at humor and drawings and cartoons ranging from lousy to abominable (this is in artistic quality--humor value was similar, though), including a comic strip featuring "Captain Israel" which was below-par even for SOPHISTICATED. I am tempted to quote at length again, but I shall restrict myself to the opening sentences of "An Introduction to: SOPHISTICATED" (actually the heading read "Iroduction," but let's be charitable):

"This magazine you are about to get involved in is Sophisticated, be forewarned. This magazine is not a 'fanzine,' however I do think this magazine will appeal to the science-fiction fans out there in the audience. This magazine is designed to appeal to every one, even those with a bad sense of humor. I would like to see this magazine go far as most of the editors out there would like to see theirs go. Now I don't claim to be an expert on magazines I am far from one but from the practice I have received in making this one, I can't claim all the credit, I think that Sophisticated is ready for the world at last. Doug Smith of Monstrosities terms my magazine as a 'crudzine' or perhaps a 'funzine,' however this definition, I should say these definitions do not appeal to me as much as, shall we say, 'zabaglionezine.'" And here he goes into all that again. All the spelling is, again, strictly sic, but I've corrected the punctuation in the interests of sparing the eyes of EGOBOO's readers. The original of the above was typed with no spaces after periods or commas.

Later on the editor gives some personal information. It appears that he is entering the 10th grade at St. Marks School of Texas, a private boys' school. He is an average student and is fairly active in school activities. He likes science fiction movies but not monster movies. He says "I don't usually like to read but once I get a good book in my hands I can't put it down, mostly I read comic books and fanzines." Very interesting. The editorial runs off the bottom of the page.

There was, surprisingly, one good item in SOPHISTICATED 4--a one-page "editorial" advocating the use of atomic weapons to defoliate the crabgrass in your front lawn; it was an amusing, well-written humor piece, and I doubt like hell that Bill Hiatt wrote it.

At the risk of going on past all interest I must mention that yet another issue of SOPHISTICATED arrived a few days ago, Vol. 1, no. 5, dated Aug./Sept., 1968. This issue adds a co-editor, David Jenkins of Richardson, Texas. Circulation is still 100, it says here, and the zine sports a cover cartoon by Hiatt; he is perhaps not the world's worst cartoonist, although he has a long way to go. The tone has shifted, to become more psychedelic- and ethnic-oriented. There are such items as "Dear Draft Board," "Sickly's 'Believe Me Your Nuts'," "Captain Israel" (continued), and an illustrated version of "Casey at the Bat," which for some reason substitutes "Boston" for "Mudville," and there is no author or credit listed. There are fanzine reviews--two fanzines, GORE CREATURES and MONSTROSITIES. Hiatt says that GORE CREATURES is the best fanzine he has ever read.

That says something right there.

I cannot shake the notion that this may all be an elaborate hoax; if I were trying deliberately to publish the worst fanzine possible, I don't think I could do better at it than SOPHISTICATED. However, there are a few rare sparks of talent in there, and if Bill Hiatt's sole exposure to fanzines is on the level of GORE CREATURES, that could explain it.

Well anyway, he says he pays for contributions.

GALLUPING THROUGH FANDOM: We're going to take a poll here, folks.

There hasn't been a successful fan poll in years--not since the FANAC Polls, now long vanished from this earth. Therefore, we here at EGOBOO feel that it is time fandom had a definitive poll of the fanzines, fans, etc. of the current day. We present this as a public service.

However, it has come to our attention that most fans these days tend to ignore polls. I can just see Boyd Raeburn, for instance, or even Larry Smith, opening an envelope with a Fan Poll Ballot in it and running for the nearest wastebasket. Therefore we have designed a poll that is in tune with the pace of modern fandom. The poll for our time, you might say.

We shall begin by not sending out any ballots. In this way we can probably avoid getting votes from all but the most avid fans. Arnie Katz tried that--with many exhortations to vote, too--and look how many votes he got! Now, if we instruct you firmly, several times (for the benefit of our listeners on the West Coast), NOT to vote in the EGOBOO Poll, I feel that we should be able to avoid getting any ballots returned at all. We shall then studiously tally the non-response, and publish the results in a future issue.

If we do receive ballots, we will give negative points to all the people or items voted for, and in addition we will give an arbitrary number of negative points to whoever sends in the ballot, based on the postmark or something like that. If YOU send in a ballot, and if you or some piece of your fanac is mentioned on anybody else's ballot, we will send you the name and address of the person who voted for you. Mail second-class bombs early, before they raise the rates again.

We hope you will enjoy our poll, and remember our Motto: "Egoboo to all, and to all a good night!"

NEWSGAGGLE: Ben Solon was in New York last week; he stayed with Alex Panshin, occupying a berth on Alex's spare couch (doesn't everybody have a spare couch?). He also visited Ted White's Brooklyn flat, where he was heard to exclaim loudly over several casually brilliant lines thrown out by the co-editors of EGOBOO and where he helped collate the second issue thereof. (He may have done it all himself, for all I know, or he may have made violent love to one of the Whites' cats the whole time--I was down in the basement cutting a heading for FOOLSCAP, myself.) Ben Solon has been adopted as an Associate Member of the EGOBOO Fan Gestalt. :: Mike McInerney reports that there will be no more FISTFA meetings until after the Baycon, when it will become a Monthly club instead of biweekly. :: Lon Atkins and Kathy Hulan will be married on August 23, 1968, says Lon. He says more, too, but I can't pass it on to you because I can't find the letter. Congratulations, anyway. They will be at Baycon. :: Paul Moslander writes that he has taken over the comics program at the Baycon. :: QUIP 9 is out, and a fine issue it is, even if it does have me on the cover. I was going to become a co-editor, you know, but then they discovered I'd once been a member of the M3P and my security clearance was blown. :: According to a phonecall from West Coast phonefan *Bill Donaho* to Ted White, the Baycon registration has passed 1200, placing it well within the first division. We will give you the final average for the 1968 season in September. :: "But Maw, he talked durty ta Ellie Mae!"

-- John D. Berry

The miniature golf craze is sweeping (ah say sweeping) New York fandom. Why, even urbane ol' Terry Carr has been caught up in this new flush of enthusiam. (Or, as Terry put it, "It's easier than real golf.")

When Ben Solon was here, he and Alex accompanied Robin and yhos to Bay Miniature Golf (in Sheepshead Bay) for an exiting game which ended in a dead heat between Alex Panshin and myself. With a course par of 51 (keep that in mind, because I don't feel like repeating it for every game we played at Bay), Alex and I skimmed by with 49 each, while Robin topped par by one with a 52, and Ben, out of practice, brought up the rear with a 63.

Arnie Katz brought us stories of a *Neat* course out his way, so a week later Rich Brown (with Coleen and small tad) joined us for a trek out to Long Island to Golfland (Douglaston Golf Practice Range). Par on this course was 41, and I won with a 46. Arnie and Robin tied for second with 57 each, while Rich trailed closely with 59. A second game was called for (Rich was smarting from his wounds), and I won again with 49. This time Rich came in second with a 51, Arnie shot a 57 and Robin a 59.

While househunting upstate and in Pennsylvania, Robin and I espied the Matamoras Miniature Golf range, just across the river from Port Jervis. The course turned out to be built of carpetted plywood (*sigh*), but, with a course par of 47, I shot a 47 (surprise!) and Robin a 56.

Saturday night, August 10th, while the wind gusted and rain sometimes splattered, Alex, Robin and I returned to good ol' Bay, where I shot a 48, Alex a 53 and Robin a 56. Unwilling to leave well enough alone, Alex challenged me to a rematch, and with vast generosity I surrendered and blew my game. Alex won with a 51, Robin had a 52 and I trailed with a 55. Wretched.

It should not be thought that we have played nothing but miniature golf. New York fandom has become intensely game-oriented. In addition to poker or hearts at Lunarian meetings, the rule at FISTFA has been Clue, Risk, or Mister Ree, with Stratego a recent introduction. I bought a Stratego for Fanoclast meetings, where Risk and Rich Uncle have also been played, and more recently I acquired Acquire, a 3M bookshelf game which purely delights the hell out of me. In fact, as soon as we finish producing this of EGOBOO, John, Arnie, Alex and I intend to play a game.

So how about that, sports fans? Hasn't this been exciting reading?
Wowee! -- Ted White

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67 68 69 70 71 72 73 74 75 76 77 78 79 80 81 82 83 84 85 86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94 95 96 97 98 99 100 101 102 103 104 105 106 107 108 109 110 111 112 113 114 115 116 117 118 119 120 121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 104

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