

THIS IS ISFANEWS — MARCH 74 — NO. 31(?)

NEXT MEETING AT: CHARLINE GRASSO'S, 3140 N. moridian(Stato road 31) Apt. 312
Indianapolis IN. 46208 March 2 7:30.

Directions: Apt. is on the west side of the street. The building is called the Whitestone Building, is red brick and just south of Winona Hospital. Each guest will have to ring Apt. 312, for it is a closed building, and when acknowledged give the password "Doppleganger" (I thought it was swordfish) into the speaker loud and clear. Then they will gain admittance.

The above directions sound like a segment of a Man from U.N.C.L.E. episode.

Ah yes! it was three years ago that Dave Lewton (Remember Dave? There used to be a song about Dave...) abandoned his sacred task of publishing Isfanews and shoved the whole magila onto me. Well, three years later, I decided to take a look at some of the high lights a previous issues. I found that I have improved immensely, and that the only highlights were the unusual issues (the meeting-notice issue, the con report issue, the letter issue, etc. etc. etc.). I found improvements especially in the humor dept.; my alledged humor of the past faded away into the mature humor of the present (Who said they were one and the same?) All in all, I expect i will become a great fanzine writer in the next three years at the present rate. (Of course, I'm a great writer now; I mean I will be discovered in the next three years.)

Success at last! After close to a year of participating in chesstournaments, I have finally acheived a plus score. (3-1) It happened in the Indianapolis H.S. Open a tournament otherwise distinguished by the fact that it was held in the Harott hotel. (It had been scheduled for the Atkinson, but they through us out for causing more damage than they could repair; not that they would have if we did.) The score wasn't good enough to get me a trophy, but was good enough to put me in the top 15 (out of 70).

Last meeting was commenced by everyone watching "Killdozer". A new member, Brian Cox, was trying to figure ways out of the trap (apparently he hadn't read the story) and was appreciative. It turns out that he is a chess player and a good loser, a rarity indeed. I and Jerry both played a few games with him; I and Jerry both had to fight to win. (although Jerry had more problems than I did.) Others who were present were Sandra and John Miesel, Charline Grasso, us, The Lavelles, Laura Clark (Where was Mindy?), and some freinds of Laura. (If you want your names in here, you'll have to show up for the next meeting.)

Saw North by Northwest last night. It was good, but hardly up the best Hitchcock, although come to think of it I haven't seen the best Hitchcock. I would have seen The secret Life of an American Wife if it wasn't for this thing. Doesn't anyone appreciate the sacrifices I go through for this fanzine?

I have a feeling that fandom has corrupted me past relating to the normal world. I have the strange, almost irrepresable urges to through a little illogic into staid events. (Like telling a band that was playing at a wedding to keep quiet; there were people trying to play chess.) My just came in and told me to do a book reveiw on a book I haven't read yet; said that that was the best way. (that was my father; a freudian slip no doubt.)

I am probably the only student in the world to get a medionre grade in creativ writing because I changed my style. When I dashed off a short story for an assignment, points were taken off not because of my spelling (hard as that is to believe.) or my grammar (harder yet.) but because I had tried to write differently from my previous orders.

Oh. Phone No. of Charline Grasso (in case you need rescuing) is 926-4392

A bishop moving down a long diagonal has been known to change colors.

Notebooks of BEC