

OKCIGU

And the status remains quo here at our 12th issue. The address here is still 1231 12th St. #J, Santa Monica, California, 90404. Phone (213) 451-4180. Today is February 28, your today is the 29th. Happy Leap Year Day. If I weren't married I'd go out and locate a victim.

Ooooo, this is a little bitsy issue. Cummon gang, shape up, don't just ship out. Well, at least it's a neat little issue. Small, but neat. I feel almost obligated to natter on for five or six pages of nothing just to bolster up the page count. Saturday past a few of us went to the Huntington Library - sorry the rest of your weren't along. It was a beautiful day - rather an anomaly around the L.A. basin. Not many of the flowers were in bloom, but the air was clean and fresh, the trees were beautifully groomed, the pond in the Japanese Garden was lightly touched with fish halos, and the tenor of the crowd was friendly. A couple of us walked down some of the long winding back roads, visited the Founders Masoleum, and just enjoyed in general the tranquility and sunshine. In one mad carefree moment I even tried to catch a small inoffensive lizard that crossed my path, but as most lizards are, it was 'way too fast for me. Maybe I need a big game net or something. We started off in the library exhibits where there are some beautiful steel engravings, examples of calligraphy from notable people, numerous portraits and busts, and several rooms of Sévres porceláin. The main impression I got from most of the china and porcelain was that it would be nice to look at once in a while but I probably couldn't stand a whole house full of it. As Chuck commented, it would be best to have a nice book full of color plates that you could look at when you wanted to, instead of having the stuff staring at you everyday. I was rather enchanted by several of the marble figures of young children, and felt my sense of wonder revive when Don Simpson pointed out that an Ormulu clock dated not later than 1791 was still running - and keeping time. As it turned out, the library had several clocks similar to this, and all were keeping time. From there the party sort of split up and a couple of us wandered over to the gallery building and admired the huge 18th century library with it's built-in bookcases. You could spend a very delightful lifetime filling a library like that. The 18th century is not my favorite - the furniture all looks too rickety, but the room reproductions were very nice. It was wonderful to see the painting of the great masters, but the odd part is that the paintings - all nearly lifesize - are much easier to see as plates in a book. It is a sad fact that the gleam from the sunlight makes them 50% invisible due to the glare. The statuary all showed up to beautiful advantage and I was very taken with two animal groups out on the terrace. From the library we went to the Founders Masoleum - a huge pseudo Greek edifice with Ionic scrolled columns. Very pretty, very white, and almost impressive dappled with leaf patterns the way it was. The Shakespear Garden is nice from a literary standpoint - it includes all of the plants mentioned in Shakespears works, but hardly impressive. Likewise the herb garden. I love herbs, and they smell yummy, but they aren't much to look at. There is a long grassy park with statues on both sides, that terminates at a big fountain, there too, and it is very nice to leisurely wander along in the afternoon. My favorite was the Japanese Garden though. It reminded me of the one in Golden Gate Park that I fell in love with back in about 1958. My only regret was that you couldn't cross the Moon Bridge. Sounding their bell almost made up for it though. Swing the log and send a prayer to... who knows?

DER HOLLANDER(Fleig) I sort of feel like they are dropping like flies around me. I am beginning to feel numb, and the worst of it is, my macabre sense of humor is beginning to get a mite hysterical over it all. First Ron, then Lee, then Barbara, and now Dale Hart. I know you didn't know Dale - I didn't know him at all well, but still it is another one of us. Now I feel as though we are all just waiting for the next installment - bad luck does not come in fours. When I stop and think about it, it seems as though the majority of the deaths in fandom since I joined bzck in 1961 have been California or Southern California fans. I guess it just seems that way. Carpe diem, take the cash and let the credit go... There is only so much time in each person's life and it strikes me that each moment, or day, or month or year that you could have had of a person's mind and thoughts that you let go by can never be replaced. Never quarrel with a friend - you might not be able to make it up.

BAREFOOT CONTESSA(Stevens) I think that men are basically rather more conservative in someways than women are, and people are accustomed to giving men the same conservative names that their forebearers had. Besides, if you meet a man with an odd name don't you sort of regard him askance? Most people do. They suspect the man has made it up - for no good purpose. One of my favorite mens names is Sergei - which isn't that odd in Europe. Name popularity comes and goes. I mean, you don't meet many Hardicanutes or Bertrada's anymore. If you know a Charlemagne - hang on to him, if you can. And I strongly reccommend Ethelreds - good line, very good. I am not sure, but I believe that many of the names currently in use for man and women are either classical or Biblical. Presumably people will get onto another kick within the next two thousand years.

And we're waist deep in the Big Muddy, and the Big Fool says to push on

NYET VREMIA(Pelz) Gee, I finally got mentioned in a mentionable parody. I do enjoy my new status. Shall we make up TSM cards?

SISYPHUS(Sally) Hmmm, like to, but clear over to Beaudry is a mite too far for me to want to drive forth and back every Monday. Is there some place sort of halfway between? If we talk real sweet, and tell Chuck and Bruce that they can make lots of snide comments and lewd remarks (which they will anyway) maybe we can get up to Forest Lawn some weekend. Have you ever read "After Many a Summer Dies the Swan". By all means try and read it before we go to Forest Lawn. You know, I'd still like to go to the planetarium for a star show. I've sort of given up on trying to talk people into going out for square dancing though. Ball room dancing, anyone? Oh well, soon it will be time for beach parties again. Maybe I'll get a sunlamp and try to get a head start on a tan.// Deciding whats best for anyone else, let alone the whole of humanity, would be a hell of a burden. Everyone in a while I take a wrong turn driving, or go to a different store for no particularly good reason, and for a brief moment or two I sort of wonder what place in the scheme of things that little change has.

ELSEWHEN(Chuck) In case you ever write to them, it's Marsha Brown.// You are just trying to be a trouble maker and outdate my poker guide. For shame! Hey, are you going to start taking money from me at Bridge pretty soon? Monday our teacher lambasted the Short Club convention. I am really getting a kick out of Bridge lessons, although it is sort of silly that any game should be so complex.