

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* TOPAZE 4 \*  
 \* This issue of the Fanzine Acolytes Believe In is brought to you from \*  
 \* the typer of Jayn Ellern, 975 North Oakland Avenue, Pasadena, Calif. \*  
 \* That it and the rest of the chattels (Hi everyone) are still intact \*  
 \* is not the fault of the Noncon that was held on these premises last \*  
 \* weekend. However, believe it or not, the only broken items were \*  
 \* a Coke bottle dropped by my daughter, and one wine bottle, knocked \*  
 \* over by Lyn Stier in the throes of effecting the conversion of Edvino \*  
 \* Baker (symbolic name, that) to the True Worship. Doubt if much will \*  
 \* come of it, though; he drinks, you know. \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

THE LAST OF THE WINE.

My husband just poured me a glass of wine. Normally I get creebed at for drinking on week nights. This is because I am a Libra and my constituents protect me from possible cirrhosis of the liver in this manner; but my husband just poured me a glass of wine. This is because it is Tuesday, September 7, and yesterday the Noncon ended. Don Fitch, may his oak tree never develop galls, brought to liven the proceedings a bottle of Charles Krug Chenin Blanc. Don Fitch is a good man. He is also the possessor of good taste buds. Don Fitch's taste buds are Not steeped in tannin, no matter what people might say about his oak tree. I know this because I am a wine snob, and I consider Charles Krug Chenin Blanc one of the Goddess' special gifts to her children. So I decided, oiled by the taste of Charles Krug Chenin Blanc, to write up a Noncon thing while the taste of Charles Krug Chenin Blanc and the Noncon are still fresh. It was a hell of a party!

It was a hell of a weekend, due to the fact that it lasted four days, starting on Friday night, with the arrival of Der Fliegende Hollander and his Hilda; Gwen Hannifen, Acolyte no. 1; and a neofan named Ed. After we broke out the first of the nibbleables, we proceeded to play poker till we cleaned the neofan named Ed out, and Hilda garnered the the geologists share of the poker winnings. I made 74 cents, which is better by far than I have been doing in poker for a long, long time. Saturday, things began to look up. Noocie Bratmon showed up, and indicated an interest in Astrology. Noocie Bratmon is also a Good Man. I consider it always good policy to give the hostess egoboo by being interested in Her Field. Actually, though, what I should have done is kept my big mouth shut in APA L about being a Free Astrologer, because now I have six orders for horoscopes and this is not the way to Make Money. Perhaps I should start hawking it on the streets. No, dads. -Horoscopes! Well, I do Need Practice.

In any event, the party began to get really under way late Saturday afternoon. The Pelzes showed up bearing poker chips and Bouree began to show its ugly head in the library. The new poker table (eight place) was officially inaugurated in this manner, and I thought as I sat among the acolytes in the living room, that was a sad way indeed to spend eight bucks at the Salvation Army store, on an eight place poker table for one damn party. Especially considering that I love poker with a deep and

abiding passion. What would the rest of you say if I suggested a regular poker party once a month for those of you who don't wish to lose money to Jack Harness playing Bourree and Brag and similar uncool pastimes? Jack Harness ratholes his winnings. Jack Harness is a mean, nasty Scorpio. Jack Harness' Latihan Director wears etc.

Among the other sould that joined the Pelzes and Jack Scorpio at the table I thought I saw Leejay, Dwain Kaiser, the Hoffmänder Duo, (winning, of course) and my husband, who never loses. Dian Pelz played Bourree. Her husband kept making noises about her not knowing how to play Poker, so Gail and I took her off to the living room later and started a poker game on the floor to remedy this awful lack. She dropped Bruces Bouree winnings and her own in the course of the party, She can play poker but she doesn't know how to BET. Now me--I won in addition to the 74 cents Friday night \$2.48. Eclipsing me, however, was Hilda, who unloaded the Bourreers to the tune of \$11.00. Hows that for cool?

Our phone kept rining. Mike Klassea called from the corner of Washington and Los Robles for directions down here, and after I gave them, we decided to go pick up Mike in case he should get over being afraid on the way, and not show up at all, but alas--he rang the doorbell and appeared before I could get the other acolytes to load the kids onto the stroller, and depart. So we all went for a walk instead. Fred Hollander carried a bowl of chili for two blocks, eating till he finished it and stashed it beneath a car which was parked in front of the Lutheran Church. Some people will stop at nothing to appear independant. It isn't like my acolytes to go around committing litterbuggery (you should pardon the expression) in full view of the Eye of God. It's a good thing he wasn't looking; we found him betting like a drunken Year King when we returned to the Purple Portals of Margrave Manor. Accompanying him was Jack Newkum, who was also feeding the pot, a sudden reversal must have struck him.

As the sun went down, the lights came up, as they have it in Las Voroces, (Hi Dwain Kaiser); people began to appear from nowhere as it were, and we added Dik Daniels, Lyn Stier and Eldritch Don Simpson, Ted Johnstone et wife, the Oak Tree Buff Don Fitch, Alan J. Lewis, and Ricardo of Shan. I think I also saw Mr. Sardonicus looking suave and fondling his pipe. He refrained from commenting on the vacant-eyed looks from my recently hypnotized acolytes, and I was glad for this, because I must watch over them like a mother always, and not allow Unbelievers to sully their belief in me as their Good Angel.

Saturday night became more and more drunken as the effect of the gut-wrenching chili wore off and by the time Edvino Baker appeared a few of the more well-oiled femme-fans were so smashed as to take him out on the porch and undertake to convert him. Ed Baker is a vile deceptive secret drinker. Who expects that just because a cup of wine is held up to his face that he is going to be so ill advised as to drink it. He kept saying things like "I've only had alcohol once in my life and I don't believe in drinking gimme some more." Ed Baker is incredible!

Early in the evening, before the Knight of the Green Star showed up, Dian and I were sitting with Charlie Chicken on the sofa, and Barry Gold entered upon the proceedings. Not knowing that Barry Gold is a ravening Ticklephobe, several of the more goofy elements decided to see how he would react to fingers in the ribs. Unfortunately, Barry Gold knows somewhat of Karate, and as the horde closed in on him in the corner of the room, hard upon the windowbox where grows the mouldering rubber plant, he cooled the lot of them and they all ended up gasping on the sofa where a few minutes before Dian and I had been favoring Charlie Chicken with our beauty. I thought for a minute that the group would pass in a body out of the window. There are unplumbed depths to Barry Gold, even if he does call a rapier a rapie and wear lace bikini pants.

I think the high point of the party came when we returned from viewing the carnage on the porch and some nut suggested a hydromedusa. There in my living room, fans Oin Hannifen, Dian Pelz, Mike Klassen, (his fears calmed by booze) Your Mother Goddess, Barry Gold, (risking digits in his ribbses) and I think the Boy Fan from Las Vegas joined arms with feelthy pro Larry Niven and sang such stuff as I think this is a hell of a party, Dian has the heartstrings bit of being prog-a-ment, and once it's started, how do you stop it, Earlye in the mooorning! This was recorded, along with various sacrifices of tender young fen to sundry Goddesses. (Father, Mother, and Aunt Goddesses.) Ted Johnstone had brought along his sound camera, perhaps with an eye to blackmail. Things were pretty drunk out Saturday night.

Right in the middle of the proceedings, three young neofenne showed up. Dik Daniels disgraced himself by grrrrrfing at the back of one of them and she turned on him and slugged him in the stomach. Is this the way for young ladies to behave? Everyone knows that Dik Daniels grrrrrfs at young ladies. But I forgave him. Later in the party he came in the kitchen and favored me with a lens ring with a pink lens. It must have brought me luck, because I wore it when I won at poker. I hadda have luck from somewhere, because I lent all mine to Dwain Kaiser to play poker with. It's hell to be an avatar.

Somewhere in there, Ted began to do his trick. Since we have swapped guitars, and his fingers are no longer accustomed to steel strings, he pasted bits of adhesive tape onto the ends of his digits and started in to play. But the tape would not adhere, and the upshot was about a dozen fans singing The Orcs Marching Song A Cappella with interspersed punctuational shouts of Help! Down With Trantor, and Destroy the Joker. Mike attempted to play Jills 5/8 size guitar, but gave that up and took to mumbling things about the strings not being stretched and the possibility of hard rains falling. He had a definite look of fear in his winesoaked eyes.

The filk sing dwindled down to about six later, and moved under the dining room table, where Ted copped out and recited Casey and the Bat which does not require a musical accompaniment. Jack Newkum attempted to recite straight poetry, which was pretty good, but was shouted down and he backed off with a bottle of dexidrine to stave off his eyes attempts to close.

Sunday, after breakfast, at which Flieg disgraced HIMSELF by retching ~~at the table~~ at the table over soft-boiled eggs, we returned to fannish partyac. Leejay was dealing Blackjack in the library.

When the scrape of cards on the table and the pleas to "Hit me" got too strong for my head to bear, I bugged out. I was soon followed OUT by Owen Hannifen, who had unwisely decided to deal instead of selling the deal to Leejay or Hilda who were offering a nickle for it. Blackjack can be bastardly. Quite a lot of chips changed hands during the day.

Along about six or so, when Jill had collapsed from overstimulation, most of the gang went out for dinner. Joyce, Lyn, Dwain, Owen, Mike and I stayed around to keep the party pot boiling. Besides, I didn't feel like eating; my stomach had begun to complain about the things I was putting into it, and Owen had discovered some Bard House editions of Lovecraft in the attic. The rest mostly slept.

Sunday it rained all day. Mike's fault, probably. Everyone warned him not to go on about hard rain falling. Sympathetic magic most likely. A brand new folk song took shape when the prodigals returned. People sang things like The Lament for Boromir, and it was suggested that what fandom lacked was a record company all its own to record the music of fandom. Owen said that it had already been thought of and he had picked a name for it, namely Akashic Records, which caused the Eldritch Don Simpson to collapse shrieking on the sofa while his Cabalistic equipment bounded around the room yelping.

Monday morning Jack Newkum returned in the company of Wobbly ole Bob Lichtman who only stayed for a bit having developed an allergy to something in the area. Probably the fragrance of Coventry, or maybe purple paint. I arose at some improbably early hour to scramble three dozen eggs and cook three pounds of bacon for the assembled company. Then I disgraced MYSELF by being so overcome by the sight of so much bacon and eggs that I had a can of French Vanilla Sego for my breakfast. Even the toast that Flieg was so ably spreading with what little butter was left did not tempt me. And back to the poker table where someone had blown his cool enough to suggest Bridge. Henry ~~H/W~~ Stine and Phil Castora came in, after the Objectivist Psychiatrist Mutated Sactofan had phoned to find out why Ed Baker was crouched in the corner of the Booby Hatch quivering. They brought him with them, resplendent in a green shirt and red eyes. He had a faraway look in his eyes as if he were wondering what to tell his confessor about Saturday night.

Sunday night was a gas. I'm not quite sure what started it. As if by magic on a prearranged signal, everyone whipped out pens of all descriptions and began to draw on everyone else. It must have been the sight of Bruce Pelz biting me on the arm that drove the crowd to a hysterical frenzy. First, Owens' instant Bjo appeared and peppered various foreheads with freckles. My feet turned up with balance crosses, ankhs, horned labrys', and a line of devices that looked like something out of the titles on Ben Casey. Perhaps the highlight of the evening, though, was Dians' full color drawing of Hathor, complete with lunar crescent headdress on the protesting back of Owen. It was such a smash hit that several photos were taken of it. 'Twould be a shame indeed if they did not come out. We should tattoo it on. The artwork on my feet damn near was. I still have shadows despite vigorous bathtub brushwork!

When I waked up Monday morning, I came upon Mike looking terrified as he rummaged through the paperback collection. I mentioned the indelible symbols on my pedal appendages and he threw me a fearful look as he thumbed the Kama Sutra. Perhaps he thought I meant to destroy him. Fen were already in the library at that time, standing around the poker table with the look of junkies having withdrawal symptoms. Dik Daniels was still under the dining room table with his bare knees ( he was wearing Bermuda shorts) drawn up to his shivering chest. I dug out a blanket and tucked him up.

People began to drift away late Monday afternoon. Flieg was the first to go. He looked rather bad. Had sort of a vacant stare as he mounted Babieca and set out for Pacific Palisades. Most everyone stayed on for about an hour after he cut out. I was soberly playing poker in the library and accepting varying sums of money from Dwain Kaiser as he sorted fanzines and stacked FAPA mailings. He buys fanzines, you know. He also loses gracefully at poker. It must be his background.

Things got quiet after that. Cars filled up and fen drifted away to various places. The poker game quit at about 11:30, with only Bill and I, the Pelzes and God playing. When we came out into the living room, the stragglers were listening to what sounded suspiciously like a fannish hydromedusa from the bowels of Teds sound camera. I heard my own voice saying brightly "Hi, dear, they're sacrificing me," and a horrible gurgle as Larry Niven poured some Galaxative concoction down my throat. It's hell to be an avatar!

The party ended officially when we dropped Owen off at the silent movie Tuesday night after some contretemps at Canters. Owen stayed over to help me sweep peanuts out from under the couch, move the new bed into the Blue Room, carry out seventeen sacks of cans and trash to the trash can, and wrap the LASFS coffeepot in 197 layers of Canopian spiders fluff. He and Jill lugged the pop bottles out to the garage that will net me enough to pay for this hash, excluding the \$10:00 that Dian says I am obligated to accept from the Exec committee. So the Noncon is over, and I must say that this particular Noncon was the Ghoddamndest party I have ever attended, given, or been in on; and a particular thank you to all of the goshwow fans that helped to make it so. There were no fights, no one was arrested, or even beaten up, aside from those few that Barry cooled in heat of ticklephobia, and everyone loved everyone else, not wisely perhaps, but well, and it just goes to show that fandom is, despite it all

JUST ONE BIG HAPPY FAMILY!!!

A minute ago, as I was finishing the Noncon report, I thought I should go and see about my daughter, who is down for her rest time in the nursery. I peeked in and discovered her lying on the floor with her pants hovering around her knees, sound asleep. She had, as the saying goes, gone potty, and was reluctant to pull up her pants without attending to the amenities of having gone potty. So I hauled up her pants, and deposited her on the bed with an eye to her not having a corrugated face when she wakes up, and after listening to plaintive moans of mommie for a while ascertained that she had gone back to sleep, returned to the typer to compose

COMMENTS

Beff Chaucer---Jeff???

I take it that this is not a typername. Were it so, I could overlook the plethora of profanity as a vagary on the part of Barry Gold, whose language is always of the most circumspect. Everyone has to have an outlet. 'smatter dad, your swearing key get stuck?

Creath Thorne--

No lie, is there really a Savannah, Missouri, fandom? For that matter, is there really a Savannah, Missouri?

Jack Harness' Gallstones--

Anent varieties of smog--Dwain Kaiser had a twee idea at the Noncon this weekend to drive collectors mad and completists insane. He suggested filling cans of the stuff for inclusions in apa mailings and when the unsuspecting recipient opened the can the stuff would disperse and ..... Dwain Kaiser has a Vegan sense of humor. By this I mean it is out of this world!

\*\*\*\*\*  
If I tell a neofan I am quitting an apa, and then recant in a four page fanzine, what is this neofan to think?....Forbidden Book of Yuggoth  
\*\*\*\*\*

Mr. Sardonicus--

What about the other side of the coin, Milt? Where will I get my sense of accomplishment if I make a pass at you and you say yes? If you say no will I have to destroy you for lack of wit and sportsmanship? Will I, huh Will I? Sounds to me as if you already had an attack of misogyny. You look as if you are more interested in talking than in the action.

\*\*\*\*\*  
A Scientologist in Hawk drag? Ridiculous..... Forbidden Book of Yecchh  
\*\*\*\*\*

Since my hi-fi has just begun to favor me with Barber's Adagio for Strings, I think I will cease from mailing comments right here, lest I become mellow and people think that I am beginning to lose my touch. It's hard to get excited about forgery and such things when Barber is playing. I'd rather talk about how my three year old daughter is going to Montessori School next Monday. Also about how cute she looks in her red dress and Kush Puppies. She went for her interview yesterday. Owen, in the absence of our babysitter who got stuck in Oceanside fagawdsake, sat Tommy Turtle in the car while Bill and I went in to the interview with Jill. It seems like a great system, unlike most of the classical nursery schools, which teach such things as bead stringing, juvenile mayhem, the flag salute, and leave the kids with the conviction that all adults are dipped in maple syrup and religion. Have you ever watched a program called Romper Room School? (Isn't that tweeeeeeeee?) They have a babe on that program that comes on like nothing you ever saw. She talks down to the children, skips around wearing a hat that looks like a used chamber pot and plays various games like Simon Says, (to teach the kids to conform) and Funny Mister Punching Clown. (To teach them how to pop each other in the mouth.) They have a nauseating record to which they make the kids dance that is called The Do-Bee Dance. This Miss Sally, a woman to gladden the heart of Mrs. Grundy, sings things about car-sitting as opposed to car-standing, dressing yourself as opposed to dress-me, and other gems of wisdom designed to make the poor little monstersgood consumers. She does these god-awful commercials about Kool-pops, and Official Romper Room trash that make the children drag their unsuspecting parents into the Romper Room Corner of Our Friends at Newburys, and spend money on stick horses and punching clowns at three times the price of similar items without the Official Newbury stamp.

Once I saw this woman tell the children that one skipped and ran and bounded when one was having fun and then come up with a recipe for going to church on Sunday. "And when we go to church, do we go skipping and running and bounding? Ch, no; We walk veeeeeery nicely."

\*\*\*\*\*  
 And what does this tell us about religion, children... F. B. Y.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 Well, ellers, you can tell that Barber is over, I suppose. So I will do likewise with this issue of Topaze. If I forgot to mention anyone's name in the Noncon report, put it down to the fact that I was cooking or drinking or playing poker, and forgive me, please. This has been a Fanzine for the Noncon, plus various addenda. Again thank you, people for making it such an unqualified blast.

-Jayn

