

Topaze 16

Your Jewels From the Goblin Market
and Mother Jayns Magickall
Sorcerie Corner



Such a zine as this will be rarely appears from the typewriter of Lady Jayn. I didn't mean it to be such a mammoth issue as is shaping up, but I ask you, can I in all conscience let a Six-Foot Marshmallow get ahead of me in page count? Jayn Ellern, 975 No. Oakland Ave. Pasadena, California. I should be sewing or folding didies, but I ain't. That's the way it flops, didie-wise!

SERCONMENTS

Ted White--

Geegosh Ted, your reassurances have the same flavor as that of an Olde Wife telling tales of pregnancy to a young bride. I must say that I feel Much Better about my planned trip to Dentistville now that you have calmed my fears. With any luck I'll never come out of the anaesthetic, and in that case I shall return to deliver great messages about Hellfire and The Beyond to you to reassure YOU. Yarst!

Greg Wolford--

I don't think I have anymore copies of T.A. or Stalag around, Greg. And that issue of Stalag is probably the last we shall ever see of David Curlender as the situation with his mother has gone from bad to unbelievable. He phoned Bill a few nights ago to tell him that he thought Bill was a "fat rat" for turning Marilyn in to the fuzz. So much for recruiting young fen. I'll check my over run pile and see.

Kalimac Whazzis--

I have, as you will see, included the formulas for hicroscopes in this issue of Topaze. You can feed it into your 7094 and see what if anything you get. To be sure of results, the 7094 should be given a preliminary course in Western Occultism, with a capsule description of the Golden Flower and several days to meditate. The fasting part will be hard, but you could neglect to oil the 7094 for a week beforehand, and I imagine that it will produce much the same result.

Mike Klassen--

I was interested in your comments to Fred Whittleage. My own feeling is that pornography would be nonexistent if it were not for censorship. I once made the mistake of taking Max Rafferty to task on this same subject. His feeling was that children should be protected from this sort of thing, because it caused them to have vile thoughts which in turn led to vile actions. (sex) If information on the subject is available openly, there is no chance to go hunting for it among equally uninformed minds. A.S. Neill, of Summerhill, allows his students any reading matter they wish, and as a result they come to find pornography. They have the proper information on sex, and are not hung up on more perverted types of sex activity. If normal sex is wrong, and the drive still exists, as it does in everyone, it has to be expressed in some way. Then we get dog and pony shows, coprophagy, fetishism and the Velvet Underground. It's time we stopped regarding sex as a vice, as westerners see it, or virtue as the easterners see it, and view it as a function. Dot dot dot, Dion Fortune.

As regards spiritual training, I agree with you. Neill says that when he has smashed the morality of a child, that child becomes essentially good. Sometime, read Watts, Nature, Man, and Woman. Thou Art God, I am been telling you.

Fred Hollander--

A Radium-plated Plagiarism Award to you Fred Hollander. And by the way, that was The Mushroom Family.

Der Kaiser--

I still had the COMPULSION Dwain, I just didn't have the opportunity. Thanks for the egoboo. Unimportant, GRUMP, Grump, grump. Have at you, Dwain Kaiser.

Who Else--

Getting better and better. How about "Hurkle Der Kaiser" showing Dwain bright blue and having kittens. Or maybe "Hoist Der Kaiser" with Dwain depending from his own petard. (Hump Der Kaiser, showing Dwain... No not in a family magazine)

What to do when--

I assume that's Dian with the boots and the frontage, but if I were she, I would call down the wrath of the Ceiling on you, Jack.

Bill Glass--

AHHHHRRRRRRGGGGGHHHH!!! SACRELEGE! SACRE BLEU! SACRED ROSCOE!

Aside from that, Mr. McFarland, why don't you use your pica?

Bjo Trimble--

Best issue yet of EX. Fantastically funny!

If you really want a cat, Beej, I have one here, a female, that we were keeping for Marilyn's kids. As it looks like we are stuck with it, and not wishing to take on kittens yet so soon, (Naisi is a BOY) come and get it! The kids named the kitten Macy, because it sounded like Naisi, and I must say that I can't think of a more appropriate place for this particular kitten to be. Trouble is, will Macy tell Trimble's?

There, gang, is what you have been grumping for for weeks. Jayn did disty comments this week. Are you happy? I knew you would be! I mean, Barry Gold has been threatening to sue over Goddess Save the Mark. And Dwain Kaiser has been trying to convince me that Barry is NOT a White Knight of TAPS. I merely said that to me, he was a White Knight, (acolyte, you know) and Dwain threw up his hands in 'isust. Fro' Patten has been threatening not to put through any more such heavy inclusions on such light paper. But the one-shot session was fun. Anyway, disty comments it is. Fic upon you.

Will I have to do a nine pager this time to keep my place? And if so, how long can I keep up this mad pace? Jesu, I never thought I'd be in a page race with a six-foot marshmallow. It's probably my Karma. I can see it now, ten years from today; APA L has gradually gone downhill till noone but Dwain and I are in it frantically pubbing 60 page issues of Topaze and Fargas all by ourselves! SAPS, FAPA, genzine, gafia, somebody! Anybody! HELP!!

Jewels

From the Goblin Market

From the complaints I have been getting everytime I publish an issue of Jewels From the Goblin Market, I suppose I am casting my pearls before you-should-pardon-the-expression swine. But most of my publishing is done for my own enjoyment, and I enjoy doing poesy. So this issue of Topaze contains something for most everyone. There, I knew I could be All Things To All Men if I only tried!

The sunset is calling me again today. Somehow I always manage to be doing fanac when the sun is going down. This evening there are only a few clouds, and instead of a spectacular sunset like I usually write about, the whole sky is a soft luminescence of pink light. The Angelus Crest is also glowing with pink. Minds me of the time Owen took a shot of Los Angeles from Altadena Drive. The Hilltops were pushing up from a low cloudbank after a rain. We both shouted, "The Misty Mountains" at the same time, and I pulled over while he got out the camera and took a picture of it. Unfortunately, it got wrecked in the developing tank.

Right now I am steaming about the Uclansgoing rucksack wandering up through Big Sur country. They plan to wander north and sleep on the beach and all that bucolic stuff that I just love but can't do because of the kids. I will be eternally thankful when they are old enough to do that sort of thing. I haven't camped with any pleasure since the trip to the Seacon when we slept in that field outside Shasta and sang songs andgenerally shared water while the horses in the next field tromped and roamed. I think there was a full moon that night. Anyway it was beautiful and precious to me. The trip back however, was cold enough to freeze the cojones off a brass monkey. And we slept on little piles of rocks that poked and lumped up all night. We finally gave up and went to a motel and listened to Beresford Smith snore and grump.

And on to page four after a dinner of avocado and bacon sandwich and tomato soup. I really wish we had a fire tonight. In the fireplace I mean. This cold weather has been nippy and since Gail stayed with us for a week (Gail being a nightowl) we have been enjoying the scent of woodsmoke in the sharp air when we go out late at night. I have been really digging that semi-free feeling of going out for waffles with the gang at 1:00 A.M. and doing Yoga on the living room rug at 2:00 A.M. and tootling away on our recorders at various hours. However, it does make me see after a week of that sort of living, why I chose the regularity of a sercon homelife. I mean, you never SLEEP. 'Twas damnably like the old days at the Hillton. There is a lot to be said for slan-shack living. There is also a lot to be said for a normal life too. I think regular life with a party every week or two is pretty nice. I did make a new year resolution not to have anymore parties till after Valentines Day, but the gang is coming over tomorrow night, and.....

I just sent Bill off to bed alone with a hot copy of The Jewel in the Lotus. I am in a writing mood tonight. I have that slightly pregnant feeling that I get when I am about to write a poem. Maybe I can finish my story after I stencil up these pages. That should take my mind off rucksack wanderings with kindred souls. I hope. Those wide open spaces seem to draw me like a magnet. What I'd really like to do is organize a trip up to one of those teenchy State Parks in the Santa Barbara area, stopping on the way at that crazy restaurant in Ojai, and then go on up and camp at the park for a couple days, with maybe some photography thrown in. The difficulty is that I tend to get in the habit. I am basically a ~~Wanderer~~ Oh, Nuts!

Lately I have been drearily reading The Dharma Bums over and over. I always do that when I get city-claustro. Also when I begin to feel unavatarish and mundane. If I hadn't been called by the Goddess, I might probably have turned to Zen. I used to have vague longings to become beat, but I'm afraid I'm too effete to go that long without a bath. Also, I like fairly regular meals, and there is a certain gaudy facination in home life.

Well, I suppose I shall sign off the Jewels portion of this thing right here, and do some composing poetry on stencil. I've never been able to do that. Who knows, I might do it vell!

I.

Lonely beaches, and pine forests,
purple mussels clinging to the rocks of
sea pounded coves.
Somewhere out beyond the citys edges
pink sky meets uppermost reach of the
jackpine. Dead leaves of winter make no
sound as a foot passes. The deer traces
lead nowhere but to some other trace.
Green bottomless pinewoods where loneliness
gathers in deep pools.
Nothing to see but space. Nothing to hear
but scundlessness.
Berfect serenity, but what the hell, gang,
I'd miss my APA.L. disty.

2.

Ropes of pearl under the fall moon,
agate and topaz that goblin fingers
coax from the caves womb.
Rings of silver and mithril, set with
adamant and ruby.
When the stars open the eyes of night,
gaze and buy, but show them not to
the days burning, lest there should
remain dry leaves only, blowing in
the winter wind.

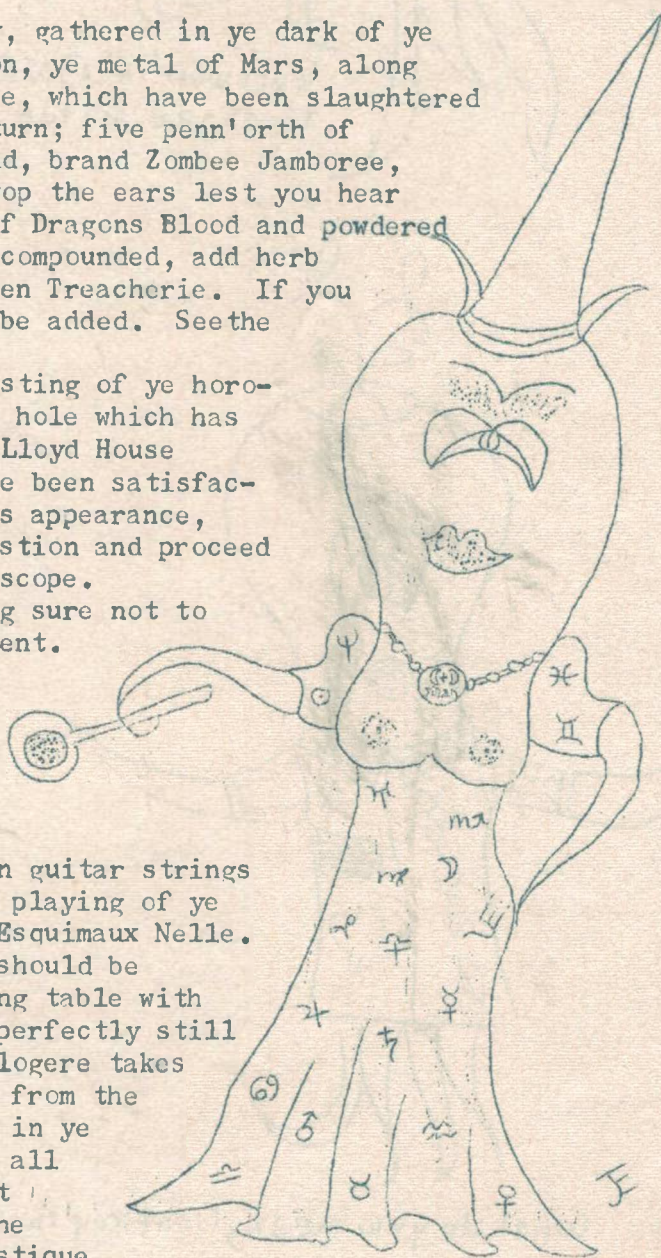
Recepte no. 69 - Magickall Sorcerie Cooke Booke
 ye Formulæ for
 HoroscoPERIE

Take ye one handful of herb pellitory, gathered in ye dark of ye moone. Place it in a cauldron of iron, ye metal of Mars, along with two toads, seven livers of sheepe, which have been slaughtered with a copper knife on the day of Saturn; five penn'orth of ambergrease, a pinch of Graveyard Mold, brand Zombee Jamboree, one mandrake root (taking care to stop the ears lest you hear the screams), an appropriate amount of Dragons Blood and powdered Unicorne's Horne. When ye mixture is compounded, add herb vetivert to taste and one bottle Golden Treacherie. If you are Gemini or Scorpio born, Blog may be added. Seethe seven days.

At the time appointed for the casting of ye horoscope, pour the mixture down a gopher hole which has been prepared for the purpose. (See Lloyd House Purity Test) If all preparations have been satisfactorilie made, and the gopher makes his appearance, apply a tourniquet to the area in question and proceed to the following portions of the horoscope.

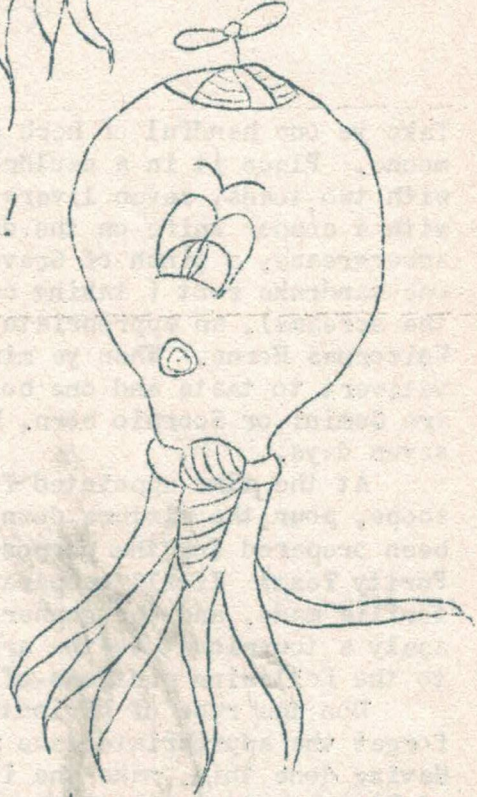
Don the robe of Divination, being sure not to forget the appropriate lace undergarment. Having done this, make the invocation of Venus, omitting not one word. If all goes well, sweep up ye portions of ye Ceiling which have fallen on ye Floor. This should be done with a consecrated Broome, made of typewriter ribands, and broken guitar strings which have been used once only in the playing of ye sacred ivocatory song, Ye Ballade of Esquimaux Nelle.

After this is done, ye inquirer should be asked to disrobe and lye down on a long table with his head in a Sacke. He should keep perfectly still during this next operation. Ye Astrologere takes now one Crabbe, and seven Bearde-Lice from the person of the inquirer, deposits them in ye Draine of ye Sinkeand steps back. If all has gone well, Clone tissue will erupt in great quantity from the Draine. The Astrologer should be ready with a plastique poquer Chippe inscribed with the letters I.T.R. He then applies the Chippe to the Clone tissue, and if it stickes to the Clone tissue so that he be unable to remove it, it being fixed to the tissue by Greate Heete, he may be assured that due preparations have been made and the Daemon of Astrologie is his, to render forthe such information as he wills.

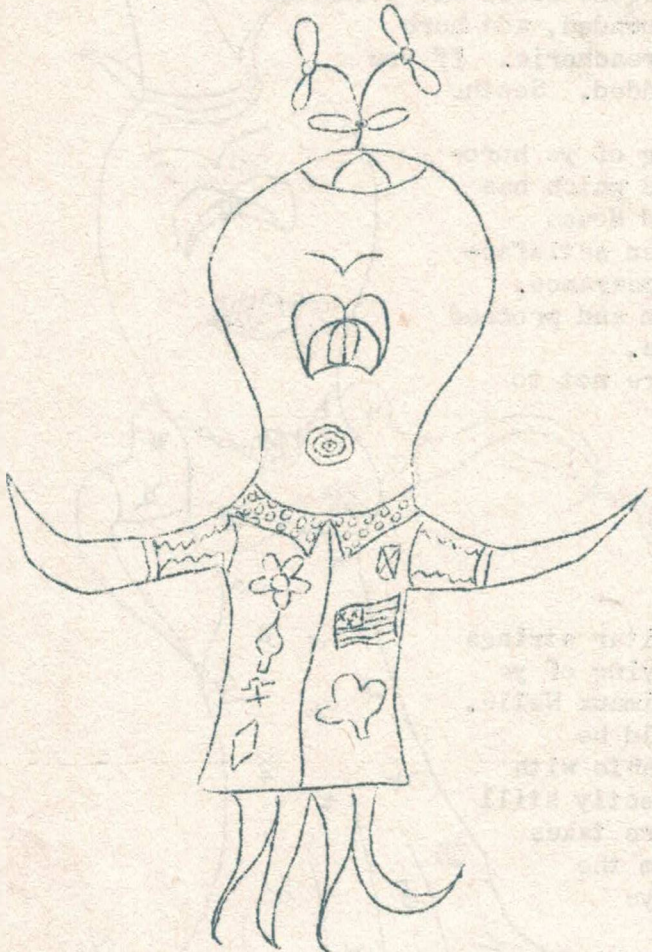




Goshwow! A BNF wants to share water with me!



welcome to the NFFF, MR. Heintlein!



what do you mean, Destroy the Joker?