

Topaze 17

-JAYN

This is Topaze 17, from Jayn Elleen, sometimes known as Jayn-Baby. (Hi, Andy Porter, and by the way, Peace on Earth) 975 No. Oakland Ave. Pasadena. Musical accompaniment by the way, is provided by the Beatles.

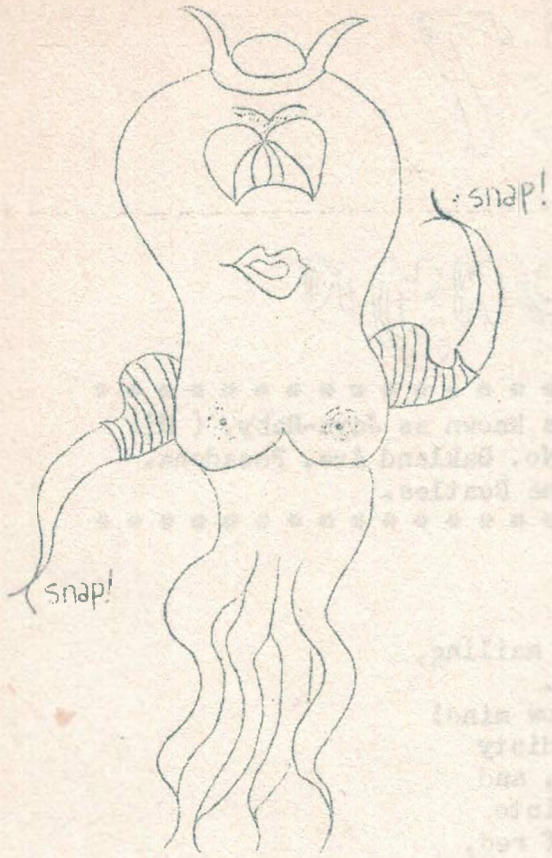
Compulsion

Having achieved immortality by
managing to be Number One for a mailing,
I can rest on my wilted laurels.
To the devil with the marshmallow mind!
I'll sink to minac-ery, get my disty
once a week like everybody else, and
expand as the universe expands into
dyeing m_o hair various shades of red,
listening to Ringo, and baking Toll House
cookies.

Nirvana is achieved by gaining a sense of
proportion. Shaq On!

I have the Devils own time doing fanac when the Beatles are playing. I keep wanting to stand up and Watusi. Fanac? I have a hard time even sitting down! Since I got Beatlemania, I have been listening to the local rock and roll stations on the radio as I drive to and from places. If one listens to the words of these songs, it is a facinating glimpse into the mundane mind. Most of them positively shriek Double Standard. The only exceptions I find to this rule are the Beatles, which is probably why I have Beatlemania, instead of getting all hung up on the Rolling Stones, or Hermans Hermits. One in particular drives me wild when ever I hear it. It is a piece of blather called Lightning Strikes Again. It involves this calf-voiced adolescent mooring about how he wants his "baby" to play by the rules and forgive and forget, and suchlike cowshit. This would be fine, except he keeps saying in the chorus that whenever he sees another gal, he can't help chasing her because it's like lightning striking again. Personally, if I were in such a situation, I would strike the guy with more than lightning. Sauce for the gander and all that. Then there is this Dione Warwick, also mooring about hearing the music coming out of the guys radio and wondering if he is there with another girl when she is gone. Apparently she has been sneaking around peeking in his window when she is supposed to be doing something else and getting panicked when she sees the shadow of a pillow against his windowpane. Good god, Gertie.

Most of the rock songs now are similar to these. But just as I get totally nauseated by this drivel, the Real Don Steele puts on a platter like The Sound of Silence by Simon and Garfunkle (I ask you), or The Bright Elusive Butterfly of Love, or Good, Good Time, and I regain a bit of my faith in the future of modern



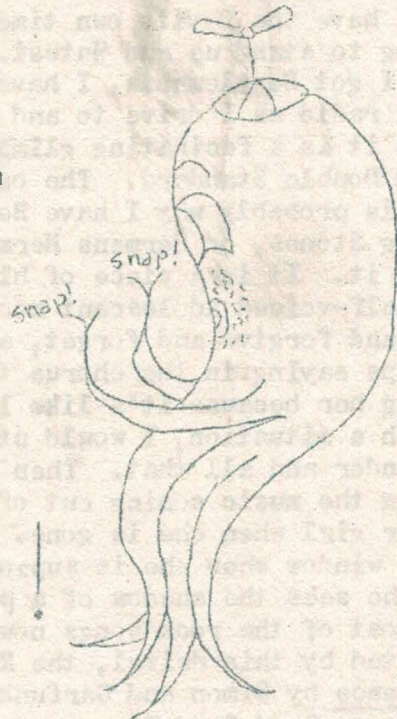
music. Butterfly really deserves better music that it has been set to, but I think that The Sound of Silence is just possibly the best piece of popular music I have ever heard.

I was in Nash's t'other day buying Beatles 65, and waiting for the gal to take my credit chit. I was pretty joyous at obtaining a fifth Beatle record, and was bubbling a bit about it. This paragon of good taste said to me that she preferred Wagner. I ran over a dozen or so possible answers in my mind, including my stock "How awful for you!", and settled for saying with a touch of pity, "I like both." Why can't people like what they like without a lot of scam about what they SHOULD like interfering? Discovering that I really liked the Beatles gave me a case gain, in that I feel like I have caught the spirit of modernity at last. It is a little like seeing a Harley Davidson roarin' down the street and feeling no disloyalty to my beloved horses at last when I am swept away with pleasure at its chrome beauty. At this point in time, I feel expansively augmented at being able to dig both the Julian Bream Consort and Ringo, with his deceptively innocent big brown

eyes as he drums with the beat. A well constricted sonnet turns me on, but then so does Ginsberg. And while I can write a 17 syllable haiku, I have discovered that I can write perfectly acceptable blank verse as well as free verse, ala Whitman.

I mean like, I can discuss Western occultism with aplomb, but I can also clast an icon with the best of them. Now, I can.

Since my nest brothers have arrived with piles of laundry, I better skip the disty comments for this time and run these things off. More next disty, gang. Miroscoc, next mailine is the 69th! Nyah, hah, hah. Queep!



--Jayn

WATUSI!