

EARTH WOMEN'S BURDEN

produced --- on a typewriter that may once have belonged to
archy --- for the spectator amateur press society

by
karen anderson and djinn dickson-to-be

this is a john w. campbell jr. appreciation society publication

our motto--- we appreciate john w. campbell jr.

the christening
with apologies to a. a. milne

what shall i call
that man at astounding?
his public is small,
but his talk is resounding.

i sometimes call him terrible john
'cos his talk goes on ---
and on ---
and on---
and i sometimes call him terrible jack
cos his talk goes on to a psionic track.
and i sometimes call him terrible james
'cos he likes to argue and be called names.

but i think i shall call him jim,
'cos i am so fond of him.

- Karen

at the convention, randy garrett showed around a song he had written, and we all agreed it had to be sung to campbell. we found what we agreed was the perfect time to sing it --- right after he made his big speech on monday. while he was speaking we rounded up everyone we could find who had ever sold anything to astounding or unknown, and at the end of campbell's speech we got them all up on the platform with him and they sang it. as expected, he loved it. this is the song----

on yonder hill, there stands a building,
and upon the fourteenth floor
stand a group of authors moaning
as they've never moaned before ---
"oh, no, john, no, john, no, john, no!"

there, in manner quite pontific
speaks the master from on high ---
"slaves are better off than free men;
surely you can all see why?"
"oh, no, john, no, john, no, john, no!"

"there are supermen among us;
we must now discover psi,"
says the master, and the authors
groan in agony and cry ---
"oh, no, john, no, john, no, john, no!"

"well, then," says the master, smiling,
"since my gospel you deny,
would you rather sell to others
where the rates are not so high?"
"oh, no, john, no, john, no, john, no."

when the authors had finished, i /karen/ stood up at the back of the auditorium and sang a verse i'd written myself ---

ladies, gentlemen, and monsters,
would we want our john to change?
would we want his wild ideas
cramped into a timid range.

and i got the whole audience to join in with the final

"oh, no, john, no, john, no, john, no."

that speech sounds as though john has just discovered plato

---robert silverberg

upon further consideration, jwc just may have something with this psi bit. perhaps he knows the superman of whom he speaks. there is evidence which points with a rough hewn finger that jwc is - well, this is how it happened...

immediately after his speech, john and peg left the convention to visit an old home town. this was monday.

monday night - this is djinn here - gordy proposed and djinn accepted, and actually it was tuesday morning. we said more than once, that everyone else should get any credit or blame because it seemed so "arranged."

tuesday night we - fritz leiber, judy merrill, gordy, and i began our long trek from detroit to milford, pa. judy had invited me to stay with her for a few days until i could get reservations back to california. gordy had decided at the very last minute to travel milford-wards with us, allowing him some time to see jwc. wednesday afternoon, somewhere in the middle of the pennsylvania

i dont think anybody should be expected to see more than a hundred years into the future.....poul.....

turnpike, gordy kept repeating things about the magical qualities of the whole thing. teasingly he said - now if i can only get in touch with john without too much delay. well, i replied, archly, i told you i was a witch - how do you want this arranged?

we stopped at a howard johnsons to allow us to freshen up before meeting ted thomas for lunch. judy and i walked into the ladies room and heard a voice saying - well, what are you two doing here? it was peg campbell.....

at that moment, outside, jwc was saying to gordy - well, imagine seeing you here.

we arranged a date for the next friday.....

said gordy... when we walk into johns house i expect him to say - you two have been the subjects for a controlled experiment.... now, about this here psi stuff.....

you always have to sit down and figure out what to do about cape hatteras..... sheckley.....

it is quite possible that this is a controlled experiment. i dont doubt it at all, in fact, i believe it.. it shall be controlled further yet by legality looming yonder...

october 10, eleven ayem, st.james episcopal church-on-the-parkway, a small wedding convention will be held. ted cogswell is giving - me- the bride away. judy merrill will be my beloved matron of honor judy and ted were offered these high and worthy positions because they were playing lab assistants. karen and poul will be our chief klein bottle washers at the reception. pouls mother, mrs. astrid anderson, is the adopted mother-of-the-bride. gordy has an entire formicarium of aunts who have undertaken the job of getting me to the church on time. o get me to the church on time.....

that map of paris behind john andersons ~~xxx~~ typewriter is no damn help at all in putting out a fanzine.....

the aforesaid john anderson is my brother-in-law, whom i hate with a neon passion. not only is this archaistic typewriter his, but the beast is at this moment undergoing his indoctrination --- at a resort in the blue ridge mountains, yet --- for his coming geological exploration at the south pole. grrrrr! some people have all the furslugginer luck.

sorry --- that word up there is archyistic.

speaking of in-laws, i wonder just what kind of in-law of mine will djinn be? a collaborator-in-law, maybe? but we re collaborators anyhow. well, djinn?

actually, karen, wouldnt it be more exciting to just leave the law out of this.. how about collaborators-in-crime... hmmm...

do you mean collaborationists. they used to cut of women s hair in france for that. wouldn't it be a pity after we've spent so many woman-hours tending our hair and growing it out to its present length --- not to mention the inconvenience of being unaquipped to let our hair down.

youre right, karen. i suppose husbands do rather get in the way. now i have an idea... but first let us agree on what we will rid ourselves of - hair, husbands, or collaborationism.....

who said anything about getting rid of husbands? you may ditch your prospective husband, of course --- you still have a few days to leave him at the altar --- but you're not going to get me to let go of mine. i know you want him.

if we must be getting rid of something, it will be this rather dangerous idea of collaborationism.

i agree and ~~high~~ high altars have always frightened me. now, on this collaborationism, what will our husbands think.. /enter small snide snicker from off stage right/ after all, we ought to give them a little bit of say once in awhile. particularly on such a dangerous subject as this....

why, i don't think they'll even notice. they're in the living room collaborating like mad, right now. they have no idea we're collaborating with a fanzine, or on a fanzine, or any other preposition. if we don't tell them we'll be safe.

safe - with what, and with which, and from whom..... and they are not in the living room.. they done snuck out for a beer. besides, how do i know that i can trust you to keep this secret. what if gordy should find out now that im a /shudder/ fan... believe me, djinn, and i speak from six years experience, he won't notice anything you don't tell him. all we have to do is swear the membership of saps to secrecy. as for their having gone out for beer, they wont find any in this state on a sunday. they might as well be in the living room. i will venture to predict that they will come home an hour late for supper and scarcely realize they've been out of the house.

here they come now, karen. let us get them to say some thing witty..

and so we went out in the hall and demanded that they say something witty. poul said ---

something witty.

gordy said---

it's only three point two, but it's beer.

do we give either of them a passing grade?

well, maybe not for the /humfp/ witty sayings, but now what happened after the witty sayings is a grade of a different color - ah, what shade of lipstick do i have on...

you haven't any now, djinn. it's very becoming on gordy.

no one will ever believe that i walked into that one with my blue eyes wide open and unsuspecting. how could you do such a thing... let us change the subject.. tell me, karen, and how did you enjoy the convention..

i had a delightful time, though poul insists that andy young's beard is only a mattress image to me. after all, mattresses don't do research on variable stars. and how did you enjoy the convention --- what you could see of it from ted cogswell's room, that is --- and i must admit that most of the convention took place there.

it is true that there was a party there every night, but gordy and i were never allowed to stay. we had to sit in the hall and sing folk songs with the magnus.s at three ayem, or in the lobby, or sitting on the stairway where gordy said - nobody ever comes this way... and twenty thousand legions fought there way - step by step - up those stairs.. wadda ya mean, a mattress image...

that's just what poul says. andy isn't a mattress image to me. the little sleep i got, about fifteen minutes worth, was not on his beard but on his bed. and jeany and dick eney kept going in and out, which would awaken andy and he snores while getting to sleep. but at least andy stops snoring --- unlike gordy. remember last night?

sigh.. how could i forget.. here we were, sitting in the midst of the living room floor, talking after gordy had gone to bed. really, karen. i thought i had explained. you shouldnt have been frightened because the plaster was falling from the walls, the windows were shaking, and the seismographs were registering an earth-quake. it was merely that minneapolis phenomenon gordon dickson snoring.. i do hope someone gives me a pair of ear plugs for a wedding present. if they dont work i will draw my little pentagram, summon up john w campbell, and use my witchcraft-plus-psionics to

rid gordy of his snoring.. hey, like, why dont we talk about the convention or something. what will happen if gordy ever gets a hold of this.. a topic.. hmmm.. a topic.. what did you think of the banquet, karen....

how hard it is to get really well done roast beef! and you?

i had a lovely time thank you. i agree on the roast beef, tho mine was overly well done. now, it really is hard to find a really well done ike, but he managed.. and you?

i personally think ike is overdone. it's remarkable how tame randy garrett is by comparison.

i think i started to tell you how i had hated randy, and randy hated me, for seven years. now, don't interrupt. it was at the chicon, 1952, and i'd shaved my eyebrows for fancy makeup for the masquerade the night before; and though i forget what either of us said to the other, we were rather offensive. so, for the next seven years, he thought of me as "that ugly little bitch" and i thought of him as "that arrogant bastard." we were quite surprised to find each other's company enjoyable at the detention.

sniff..

HEY LOOK! Upper case!! gosh, a typewriter that really works..... Now, what were you starting to say last night, Djinn?

All I was going to say was that I personally liked Ike. I remember some gal coming up to me and asking me how "tame was Randy Garrett?". I said that Randy was as tame as you want him to be - and the next I knew she had gone off with Ted Cogswell. In fact, I remember going into a likker store with this gal, Randy Garrett, Ted Cogswell, and Gordie... This was BP... before proposal. I turned around to say something to somebody and there she was - kissing Gordon Dickson. Then off she went with Ted... Hmmm, I wonder now..... Anyhoo, as re: Ike... I really think that his banquet speech was one of the highlights of the con for me. There I sat: embarrassed and loving every moment of it.. Which table were you sitting at during the dinner, Karen?

Speakers', table, of course. (Good grief. How did that comma get in there?) Ike didn't embarrass me then, but previously . . . he'd been hefting some girl, and I asked him to see if he could pick me up so easily, which he did. He then tossed me into Papa Willy's arms --- and bit my rear end! Godfrey Daniel!! I could have kicked his teeth in, but he was out of range.

That sounds like Ike's doings... and isn't (what brand of incest are you practicing - calling him "Papa Willy"?) Uncle Willy a kick... Have you heard Randy's favorite story about Uncle Willy? Well, it seems that Betty Farmer once walked up and poked Uncle Willy in the tummy, saying: " Really, Willy, you ought to diet"... Uncle Willy looked down at his prominent tummy and said: "-Really? What color?".... oh yes.... back to Ike... Saturday morning at the con, I was standing in the lobby talking to Marty Greenberg, Bob Bloch and Ike and up walks this tall fierce looking character with a fanatical gleam in

his beady brown eyes. Says he to Ike: " I have something truly remarkable to tell you, sir".. Just then someone said that it was time for us all to hop over to the radio station to tape the program that was planned.. They dragged me along, and Ike, being kind and thinking it was a joke and that there would be a few moments before the transportation was arranged, told our fanatic to tell us on the way over. Our fanatic said he was extremely adept in the field of metaphysics and that he had personally been in contact with Madame Blavatsky, now many years dead. He showed us some little rocks, one was just a piece of colored agate that he seemed to think was significant, that the good Madame had materialized for him. Anyhoo, to make the story shorter, heremarked after the program - where they managed to keep him quiet - that he had spent twelve minutes thinking about science-fiction, and after that no longer considered it worthy of thought - what it needed was a Revolution. Ike told him to get in touch with John Campbell.....

Oh, since Gordy just bothered to find a reference book for me on Blavatsky: born in Russia in 1831 - died in New York on May 8, 1891 - the date of her death is known to her followers as White Lotus Day. She was the author of ISIS UNVEILED, and the founder of the NY Theosophical Society. Good grief... I've rambled.... Anyway, we later saw this fanatic approach John, who talked to him for a moment and then sent him to talk to Randy... Oh, it was a good day !

How do you spell illiterate?.....

djinn

Another funny-funny that happened was on Tuesday morning. Ted had phoned and managed to awaken me and arranged to have me meet them all in the bar. I met Gordy and down we went to the noisy bar. Seated around this drunken table were Tom Scortia, Randy, Avram, Ted, and a couple of others that I've forgotten. Poul and Karen had already left, and someone asked Gordy when he was going to coöaborate with Poul again. Randy and Avram were discussing some other story that one of them had written, and all in all, it was sorta pro talk. Up walks this fellow who is well-known to the NFFF, looks as if he should be known to the FBI, and who I had gotten a couple of letters from in the recent past. He booms, "Well. Well, so you're Djinn Faine".. and promptly sat down. He rather ignored everyone else at the table and just sat there listening to the various conversations. Gordy had already proposed by that time and he was fairly beaming. Someone called something to Gordy about some story, and as Gordy turned to answer, our fannish friend says - leaning over the table to see the name card- " Gordon Dickson, huh ? What fanzine do you publish, buddy?"

If you're going to shit on Evelyn, you've got to be subtle about it..... Russell Ernst re: Evelyn Ernst....

PICKLE POSTERITY FOR BOCH

WHITE SPACE

Previous pages were typed on my brother-in-law's machine, an ancient Woodstock which Poul turned out to pasture years ago. This machine is Gordy Dickson's, and Djinn and I are now at his house.

But a bit of history is, I believe, in order. Poul and I started for the Detention on the first of August, and reached Detroit by way of Muncie, the Bluegrass country, the Appalachians, Washington, New York, Boston, and Quebec. (Damn, this thing has sharp teeth. It's cutting ~~me~~ holes in the paper.) After the convention we came to Northfield, Minnesota, in time to celebrate the Jesse James Bank Robbery Day (it's an annual holiday) with Poul's mother and brother. It was at this point that we learned of the world-shaking marriage between Djinn and the fixed point of the North American continent, Bachelor Gordy. After a certain amount of soul-searching and plan-shuffling we decided that we could stay for the wedding, and that's what we're doing at the moment.

Poul and Gordy are off somewhere collaborating while Djinn and I get our Sapszines (well, that should be singular, not plural) out of the way.

This particular Sapszine, by the way, will be run off by the courtesy of the Department of Mathematics of Carleton Christian College, Northfield. I helped Ken (Dr. May to you, you schnooks) collate his syllabus for the freshman course, and thus gained an ob on him.

I think this is as good a place as any to include the note we got from the people who are taking care of Topsy, our Siamese:

Tipsycat seems to have overcome her diluted paranoia long enough to conclude a sort of Pax Romana ~~with~~ with Nanky-poo ((their cat)) and us. In fact she is (aside from an occasional defensive guttural) downright charming which merely goes to prove that domestic animals can be as highly capable of charlatanism as human beings.

All is well here. Moritz spends daytime in Nirvana ((Moritz is our two-year-old golden hamster, who lives in a tall cylindrical birdcage)) and evening in a geophysical ramble about his vertical universe. The fish rouse from satori as manna descends.

O yes what the devil did you do with the key to the front door

Art & Trina ((Castillo))

The front door key is no damn use, since it doesn't fit the lock.

In case any of you are wondering what we're doing with a golden hamster two years old, let me assure you that we don't know either. We have expected him to drop dead at any moment for the past ten months. The lab where he worked as a stud had discharged him as over-age a month before we got him. Maybe he's a mutant.

A song from the novel SILVERLOCK by John Myers Myers. This has gotten a certain amount of popularity in fannish and proish circles; so far I (Karen) am the only person who can sing it, since I'm the one who adapted the tune from a tune by Gordy Dickson. Djinn and Gordy are busy learning the words.

I remember gaudy days
When the year was springing
Tammuz, Gilgamesh, and I
Clinking cups and singing;
Till Innini sauntered by
Skinny garment clinging
To her hips and things like that ---
Tammuz left us, winging.

So we welcomed Enkidu
To the land of Erech;
He was rough as hickory bark,
Nothing of the cleric ---
But his taste in ale and wine
That was esoteric
And he used a drinking cup
That would strain a derrick.

Khumbaba then felt our strength
In the magic cedars
And we battled Anu's bull,
Pride of Heaven's breeders;
Thrice we struck and once it fell
Gaining wolves for feeders
---And we strode where drinking men
Called for expert leaders.

Tammuz must have joined us then
But he's just been wedded,
And Innini, blast the lass,
Hacked him as they bedded;
Damn such honeymoons as that!
Just the sort I've dreaded---
For it spoils a drinking tan
When he's been beheaded.

So we waked him with a will,
Ale and teardrops pooling,
And we drank him many a month,
While the year was cooling---
But he came back with the grass---
"Death was only fooling,"
Tammuz told us; "Fill my cup,
I'm both dry and drooling."

I have known both joy and grief
Neat or mixed together;
Heat and cold I've known, and ground
Both good drinking weather;
I have known both light and dark
Seldom doubting whether
Tammuz would return again
When he slipped his tether.

At the risk of duplicating others, I'm here including the song that was circulated at the Detention by the Philly in 67 committee. It was translated from the Black Speech by G. Heap, and goes to the tune of "Jesse James."

O, Sauron made some rings, they were very useful things,
And he only wanted One to keep
But Isildur took the One just to have a little fun
Sauron's finger was inside it, what a creep!

chorus) Sauron had no friend to help him at the end
" Not even an Orc or a slave;
" It was dirty Frodo Baggins who fixed his little wagon
chorus) And laid poor Sauron in his grave.

Now Sauron went to war for the glory of Mordor
But his Orcs didn't like the sun.
Because marching in the heat made them feel so very beat
Sauron made them suntan lotion by the ton.
chorus.....hereas above.

Gollum met his ruin while skin-diving in Andruin
Where he found his birthday present.
He gave up steak and pork just to eat raw fish and Ork,
Though the flavor was unique, it wasn't pleasant.

chorus as above.....

Now the wizard Saruman heard that rings were in demand
As a prelude to the arrival of the stork.
He decided Sauron's ring would be just the perfect thing
For a wedding with a pregnant lady=Ork.

chorus as above

Now when Frodo got the Ring he rather liked the thing,
But it worried him every minute.
So at the end of his long mission, to continue the tradition,
he lost it with his finger still within it.

chorus as above

Sauron he felt poor at the fall of Barad-dur
And he didn't have a friend as I've mentioned.
But his spirit lives today, just the same in every way,
And the Orcs show up at every damn convention.....

chorus as above.....

Sauron had no friend to help him at the end
Not even an Ork or a slave;
It was dirty Frodo Baggins who fixed his little wagon
And laid poor Sauron in his grave.....

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I dreamed I saw Sam Hall last night
Alive as you and me;
"Why, Sam," said I, "you're ten years dead."
"God damn your eyes," said he.

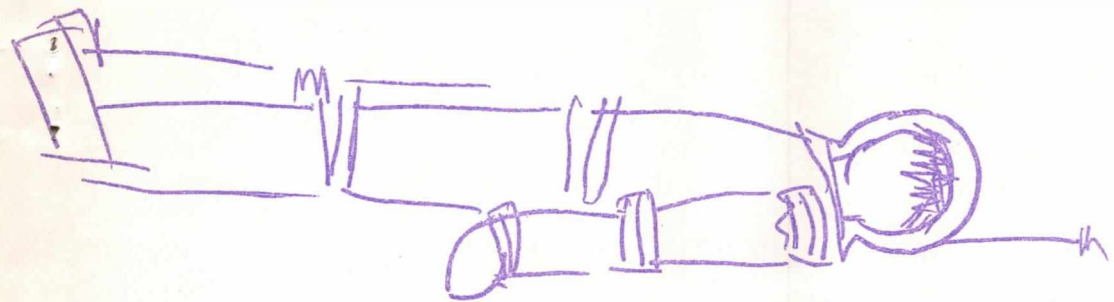
----Poul

Doheug



"Please, Mr.
Rotsler? A
little tattos?"

Karen



And then what did Frisbie say to this alleged god?

Karen