
WOODEN PICKLE Volume 1 Number 7 Whole number 7 is catering in a lewd and lascivious manner to the prurient interest of 50 high-living fans by Arnie Katz (14974 Osceola St., Sylmar CA 91342) in the anticipation of boosting our egoboo income to a higher bracket. Or even a higher hamilton. Today is August 15, 1973. Tomorrow is not.

THREE TIMES AROUND It was the best of stencils, it was the worst of stencils.
THE BOWL AND POINTED It was the blue of WARHOON, or perhaps ENERGUMEN. It could
AT BOTH ENDS soon be filled with the succinct humor of Charles Burbee, it
 could soon be master copy for the reprinting of a fifth fan-
dom crudzine. I began to type. I began to corflu out what I had typed.

Joyce made a few passes through the air with empty hands, chanting to drive off the antifannish spirits that prevented me from continuing on. She wrapped herself in a saffron robe embroidered with cartoons by ATom and Chamberlain, and I heard her mutter entrancingly, "Walter Willis, Walter Willis, Willis Willis, Walter Walter..." while the prayer wheel she had made by connecting a rolled-up copy of the CHICON II banquet photo onto a washing machine motor whirred passionately, reverently.

But it seemed no use. Not the invocation of the mightiest fan name (Willis Willis Walter Walter...), not the dizzying swirl of tuxedged BNFs who quickly looked like they'd soon leap out of the photo and run for a vase of Dramamine, not even the hesitant inhaling of corflu, hoping to achieve that synthetic fannish high, succeeded in filling the page. That Spartan combination of book-face type, and hand-drawn Rotsler illos, that had borne Brooklyn fandom on its back like the world-bearing tortoise -- finally had been put to rest.

Slowly I unrolled the stencil from the venerable typer, whose patina of use faded to an aged tarnish as it sensed obsolescence. Joyce shed a tear, as soon all insurgent fans would be shedding them. "It's -- it's all over," I sighed.

She turned off the washing machine engine. The Chicon II banquetees quit going round and round. She snuffed the incense. She unwrapped the saffron robe and stuffed it in the hamper. With stoop-shouldered resignation she opened the closet door and rolled out on its stand the honest, but humble elite-face typer. "It's just as well, Arnie," she comforted. "Even if you could write another worldbeating Brooklyn fanzine, we wouldn't have room to store it... Not since Tandem..." The way she said it was heart-rending, but I could say nothing.

I merely rolled the gem blue stencil through the platen of the elite-face typer and played the keys until a colophon had emerged. "Moogs -- would you buy it for a quarter?" I asked, in feigned cheery tones.

"Forget it, Arnie," she replied. "That phrase is All Used Up. I wouldn't give a plugged dime for a zine with a title like that."

Her admission was depressingly true. I had only one choice -- the choice our valiant Chief Executive, noble Tricky Dick, had made so many times. I had to -- devalue. "Come, Joyce. Help me write the first issue of -- gulp -- Wooden Nickle."

RAPID TRANSIT Ever ready to take up the eccentricities of the Big Name Fans, as is proper and expected of the dedicated neofan, Aljo Svoboda, surely the greatest neo of them all, has traded six issues of is this where I get off? for a new

wolf. "It's a Harnessian were-wolf," he informed me, "and it's right in line with John Berry's Nairobi, Roy Tackett's horse, Neal Goldfarb's elephant, Ted White's bicycle, and Seth McEvoy's partridge in a pear tree."

It's generous of these trufen to help alleviate the energy crisis by getting animals for transport. But I am waiting for some fan to announce that he is buying a dustpan, a broom, and a pushcart, so that he make make it safe for other fans to follow in the footsteps of these pioneers.

SPEAKING OF SHORTAGES There seems a hideous threat that all fandom shall wither on the vine, through the announcement of a paper shortage. Via the economics of fandom the results compounding from this one event are croggling. The shortage of paper will devastate flourishing Brooklyn publishing fandom -- after all, I don't know about the plans you have, but when we have to cut back from one sheeters, that will be the end of the Golden Age. The lapse of Brooklyn fanpublishing will strand trusting trufen throughout the country, and a rapid, catastrophic redistribution of egoboo to the West and South will immediately follow. For awhile the surplus egoboo will deceive fen into thinking that their areas are entering a period of renewed health and vigor, but the high price of fanning will compensate to absorb the surplus through a crud, er, a flood of personalzines. Epidemic gafiation will follow the personalzine boom as the direction of fannish communication shifts away from papered products.

Of course a few fans will hang on. Richard Geis will still be able to be found putting out the microfiche edition of THE ALIEN CRITIC. Andy Porter will give up ALGOL for a VHF television station. Linda Bushyager will do an Alan Frisbie/Captain Crunch dodge to the phone company and begin tape-recording GRANFALOON so that people who call her toll-free number can listen to the audio portion of her broadcast. Then Ed Cagle and Donn Brazier will always be able to carve wild pickles into oboes that play only certain notes -- though how much information can be communicated over the soore for a five-note instrument only time will tell. But certainly it will be the end of trufandom as we know it.

And what of Harry Warner's final history? In his own land will he have to be a Hagerstown exile, furtively typing up carbons of his manuscript and privately circulating them to his friends for reading aloud at secret club meetings? Oh wretched fate! To be unpublished, like a Solhzinietzen! Though in the end, you may hope Warner, too, shall receive his well-earned Nobel Prize for Fanliterature...



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