

# WOODEN NICKEL

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WOODEN NICKEL Volume 1 Number 10 Whole Number 10 is produced for a select list of two score and ten on a frequent schedule by Arnie Katz (59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201). If you would like to have WOODEN NICKEL delivered to your home, cards and letters are a good way to keep your name on my mind and, perhaps more importantly, on my sheet of labels. Several people, whose names escape me, are learning the truth of this statement this week. The publishing date is August 31, 1973, and in response to many requests, I am again tying in the mude. Burt Reynolds, eat your heart out!

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TV TIMES As we sat watching "Mary Tyler Moore" with the Kunkels, we got into a desultory conversation about the way the Saturday evening TV schedule could be improved to make it even more suitable for stoned viewing than it already is.

Right now, things open with "UFO", a show only the Kunkels and Katzes seem to like. After a few rounds of vaporous refreshment, the exploits of Cmdr. Straker and company take on a depth and meaning which only the most devoted (and zonked) UFOphiles can perceive. "All in the Family" follows the space opera, accompanied by more rounds of herbal enhancer. I think the show regained some of its zip this year, and episodes such as the one which presented an incident in alternating scenes representing the viewpoints of Archie and Mike are as good as the best from the first season. "Bridget Loves Bernie" has the next time slot. At the beginning of the 1972-73 TV season, critics said that even readings from the phone book could be a smash between "All in the Family" and "Mary Tyler Moore". Despite the fact that Joyce and I identify with the program somewhat since ours is a mixed married, I'd say "Bridget Loves Bernie" validates this statement. At the rate of several megatokes per half hour, by the time Bob Newhart's show goes on after "Mary Tyle Moore", it seems absurdly funny, even when it isn't.

The first improvement the four of us decided we'd make is one CBS has already scheduled for this fall, replacing "Bridget Loves Bernie" with something better, in this case "M\*A\*S\*H". This removes the psychic let-down that comes when Archie Bunker has bid goodnight and Rhoda Morganstern is not yet on the scene. That's a terrible half-hour in the homes of stoned tube-watchers all over America, I'll bet. What unfathomable questions of the soul are loosed during the frequent lags in interest caused by "Bridget Loves Bernie"? The nuthouses are full of flipped-out hippies who couldn't cut Bridget's brother, Mike the priest.

The next change, quickly ratified by all four of us, was reviving "The Now Explosion" to begin immediately after "Bob Newhart. If you never had the pleasure of watching "The Now Explosion", with its blend of intelligent top forty music and psychedelic films clips, while in an exalted state, you really missed something. They could've played more Rolling Stones, Who, etc., but the movies, ranging from go-go dancers and spacey camera effects to scenes of country car drives and pretty girls cleaning house, were a complement to being stoned unparalleled in the history of television.

"I'd like a horror movie," Bill suggested after we'd firmed up the rest of our ideal schedule. "Nothing like a good horror movie."

"I think I'd put it on right before 'UFO'," I ventured, unwilling to admit to even such good friends as Bill and Charl that I had toyed with the notion of putting "Celebrity Bowling" in that very spot.

"Before 'UFO'?" Bill seemed shocked. "I'd want it after 'Now Explosion' to cap the evening."

"I hate to admit it," I said, admitting it, "but I prefer 'Now Explosion' at the end. It, well.. it gets me horny. After that show, all I wanna do is go to bed."

"Don't horror films get you horny?" asked Bill Kunkel, maven of the macabre.

NATURE BOY Bruce Telzer, fresh from his month-long transcontinental trip, visited us last week with his friend Alice Kelvan. Joyce and I spent a very enjoyable evening with them hearing about Bruce's recent adventures which took him to mysterious Buffalo, across Canada by rail to Victoria, Vancouver and Seattle, and finally back to the East again.

He had intended to camp out on a beach, Bruce told us, but when he reached his destination, he found the shoreline inhospitable. Instead of rolling dunes of milk white sand, the beach turned out to be mostly rocks hemmed in by impenetrable woods. Showing that he is truly one of Rotsler's Survival Types, Bruce located a place to shelter. "I found a cave," he explained. "I stayed there for several days, all alone except for the nice and spiders."

Instantly it took form on my mental movie screen in cinemascope and technicolor -- "Bruce of the Forest". I saw him, my old college chum, clad only in a loincloth made from the pelts of dead mice in the manner taught him by the wise old spiders, venturing forth from his cave for an arduous day of hunting roots and berries and grubs in the forest. Then as night steals upon the wilderness, this latter day Tarzan returns to his rude home to cavort with his fellow tenants, the mice and spiders, whom he has taught to place simple games with cards and dice. Rejoice, fellow liberals, Rousseau's Natural Man is found!

CHARLES BURBEE ASKS THE FOUR QUESTIONS: "Did Gregg Calkins send you that old item The Rock? Has Joyce got an overstuffed rabbit named Burbee? Did I send you a letter about walking through a glass door? I can't find the carbon and I'm sure I wrote somebody about it. Did I ask you if you wanted to reprint some stuff I did in 1936 for my college newspaper? I know I asked Gregg Calkins if he wanted to and he said to hell with vintage Burbee, I want current stuff. It wasn't much good, enough though I thought it was good at the time." (It wasn't me you sent a letter about walking through a glass door. Heaven knows, I bow to no fan in my interest in people walking through glass doors, or even falling through glass windows. If you had written to me about walking through a glass door, I would have made it the centerpiece of an entire issue of WOODEN NICKEL. I know the stuff of legend when I read it, meyer.

{Joyce doesn't have an overstuffed rabbit named Burbee. Most likely there's nobody in the whole country with an overstuffed rabbit named Burbee. A glass swan named Towner, certainly, but not an overstuffed rabbit named Burbee. At least not to my knowledge. If some non-fan gets an overstuffed rabbit and names it Burbee, does that count? Probably not, I think. Don't feel too bad, though. Joyce does have an overstuffed panda bear named Burbee. She used to sleep with her arms around it, but she stopped when she got her cat. She keeps the overstuffed panda bear (the one named Burbee) on top of the bookcase in our room, where it sits quietly gathering lint and feeling above it all.)