

# WOODEN NICKEL

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WOODEN NICKEL Volume 1 Number 12 Whole Number 12 is presented to an elite mailing list of 50 by the editor and publisher Arnie Katz (59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201) who asks only that you rouse yourself from post-convention lethargy and write him a letter of comment. You can help keep me from dying of fannish suffocation brought on by lack of sufficient egoboo. September 7, 1973.

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**PLANS, GREAT BIG PLANS** WOODEN NICKEL has only one, tiny drawback; it exhausts my fannish energies but only alerts 50 people to the fact that I'm still an active fan. The way out of this bind, I decided recently, was to start a second fanzine and send it out to a wider mailing list as a tradezine.

If only remained to select the type of fanzine. Since I'm not currently at my most prolific, I knew that one criterion for the new fanmag would have to be that it wouldn't draw too heavily upon my enfeebled ability to create from scratch. I woke up this morning filled with thoughts of my new fanzine. "I'm going to do a fanzine review fanzine," I told Joyce on our way to work. I'd always received egoboo for my fanzine review columns, so I was fairly confident that a whole fanzine on the subject would have a good reception without taxing my creative abilities too much.

I pulled a fanzine off the pile of recent arrivals and read it. It was terrible. It was as arrogant as it was neofannish, and that's really saying something. I hated it a lot. Well, a little negativism in the reviews is good, I figured, it shows people I have a discerning eye. So I grabbed another fanzine and read it, too. I'll say this, the second magazine was about six times larger than the first, but it managed to keep up the same high standard of fuggheaded stupidity through its entire length. I hated that one, also. In fact, I read about three more fanzines and hated them all, every one.

The publication of my fanzine review fanzine has been unavoidably delayed.

**TAKE A GANDER** As you may know, John Berry and Terry Hughes have rented a couple of rooms in a house in Great Falls, Va., but what you probably didn't know (and I only just found out) is that John has entered the business world. Returnees from Great Falls tell me that John, operating under the name Not Berry's Farm (because it isn't) is now a power to be reckoned with in the goose shit industry. John hopes profits derived from this enterprise will help cover the upkeep on Nairobi, to which he has become quite attached. "We're still waiting for our first customer," John admitted, "but when people want to buy goose shit, they're going to have to come around to us. That's when we really clean up!"

**KEN FLETCHER OBSERVES:** "It is interesting to see that you're still publishing, I figured the last batch of fillos I sent you would finish you off. Some of my fannish acquaintances actually believe I don't produce much in the way of fan art because of procrastinative tendencies. This is a story I've encouraged, feeling it would be better, in a fannishly moral way, if the truth were not generally known. You see, there's a causative relationship between receiving a batch of fillos from me and a faned's immediate publishing gafiation. Perhaps my availability for fillos is the reason the Secret Stencils of Minneapolis Fandom have long been reduced to publishing no more than an apazine or two. But of course this is all silly claptrap (especially to

a believer in the One True Willis) and so, with my best wishes, please accept the enclosed couple of fillos." (Suddenly, I have the overwhelming urge never to publish anything ever again. I will fight it.)

**NEW OFFICE BLUES**                      Harcourt Brace Jovanovich has been switching its offices around compulsively since they bought QUICK FROZEN FOODS and moved us to their building six months ago. Our editor, Joe Angione, is working in his third office, and other HBJ minions can cite similar (or worse) records.

The company has a couple of executives whose sole function is to insure that the game of musical desks continues at the proper pace. These mavens of moving periodically descend upon us, wave their arms about with Dougherty-like enthusiasm and shift bookcases, xerox machines and cringing employees from one end of the place to the other.

I've been sharing a large office with QFF's other associate editor Diane Farmakis and felt lucky to be ignored by the company's prime movers. It was a very pleasant office with carpeted floor, large windows and all the other amenities which promote creative effort.

However, the latest mass move has swept me out of my luxurious office and deposited me in a cubicle. My window is gone and the floor is not only bare but also desperately needs cleaning. The fluorescent light above my new office is so far to one side that I need one of those miner's helmets with the built-in lamp to work in the dark corner where they put my typewriter. Instead of stout walls and a wooden door to keep out prying eyes, the walls of my office are 5½-ft. tall with a gaping entranceway 4½ ft. wide which the pipsqueak in charge of moving said I could not narrow in any way on pain of having my fingernails plucked out.

To rub salt in the wound to my pride, the drunken guy Diane and I have been carrying for the past six months got an even nicer office than the one he left in the big shake-up. I'd think they were trying to Tell Me Something if they hadn't simultaneously given me the largest raise I've ever gotten. That's the editorial game for you, kisses one minute, kicks the next.

**ROY TACKETT REMONSTRATES:**                      "You are trying to confuse me. That is not cricket, old bean, because I am already quite confused as everyone well knows. I thought you were going to publish a newszine. I have read faithfully five (5) issues of WOODEN NICKEL and am still looking for N\*E\*W\*S. Are you trying to tell me you are not publishing a newszine? What's going on here, Katz? Are you publishing under false colors?" (No, WOODEN NICKEL is published on good old fannish green, certified proper for all fannish fanzines by the international board of illustrious trufen.)

"Wait a minute, wait a minute, I think I've got it. WOODEN NICKEL is one of those fabulous fannish fanzine things, right? By heavens, Katz, this will be a whole new image for you! Imagine serious constructive Arnie Katz (no relation to David Katz) suddenly becoming fabulous fannish Arnie Katz. It's enough to boggle the mind.

"This would be longer, but I must go out after an elephant." (Isn't it wonderful, readers, the way old Sgt. Roytac brings a breath of the chivalry of a bygone age to the pages of this rude journal? The average person would push his way to the forefront, but not Roy. Going out after an elephant, that's really nice. Now, does anyone know what the proper etiquette is in the case of Nairobi?)