

# WOODEN NICKEL

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WOODEN NICKEL Volume 1 Number 5 Whole Number 5 is produced for the hopefully admiring multitudes -- yes, I mean all fabulous fifty of you -- by Arnie Katz (59 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201), that eager beaver old-and-tired fan. I would like to announce that the statement contained in the last WOODEN NICKEL to the effect that it was published on August 3, 1973 should henceforth be treated as inoperative. In that particular time frame, I envisioned the fourth WOODEN NICKEL being mailed out on that date even though it was done on July 29. My enthusiasm got the better of me, and this issue may be thought of as being dated August 3, 1973. Keep those wonderful cards and letters comin', friends.

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## A REPORT FROM THE GLADES OF GAFIA

"Now that I'm publishing again," I said to Joyce the other day, "why don't you do a fanzine, too?" We're very big on togetherness around here, believing that the family that fans together, stands together. When I first started doing WOODEN NICKEL, Joyce tried to encourage me by holding out the promise that if I produced a fanzine, she soon would begin a fanzine herself. I bow to no man, not even Redd Boggs, in my admiration for Joyce's fanac, and the possibility of getting her back at the typewriter was a powerful inducement for me to return to pounding the keys and cranking the duper.

"I don't think I'm ready yet," Joyce said after I had explained how anxious I was to see a new Joyce Katz fanzine. I want you to know, you rabid Joyce Katz fans out there, that I used every persuasive argument I could muster to get her to end this self-imposed silence. I reminded her of the loyal band of readers willing to follow her anywhere and even hinted that WOODEN NICKEL would like a nice lady fanzine to keep it company at night. Every time I raised one of these telling points she either hedged outrageously or else ignored my comments completely as it suited her. When I urged her to give a new fanzine a try, she suddenly found a stray paper napkin on my desk of unsurpassed interest. When I alluded to the thrill, the creative joy, of doing one's very own fanzine, she countered with an involved discussion of the latest five-day weather forecast.

Eventually, her passive resistance to returning to actifandom wore me down. "But when I married you, you said you were a publishing giant!" I moaned in the throes of self-pity.

"Well," she said airily, "I guess I shrank."

## BOB TUCKER WRITES:

"But, but, but, but....I do wear my hair long (sort of long) and I do wear bellbottom trousers (sort of bell-bottomy). I've caught the dread Florida disease, you understand. I spent last winter in Florida with the other rich tourists and poor welfare bums (I was a poor welfare bum) and when I came home again I discovered the long hair (sort of long) and the bellbottom trousers (sort of bell-bottomy) clinging to me. I also wear white shoes and colorful shirts to go with the above. I am lost to the heathern.

"Currently, I am looking for a small clutch of young groupies to round out my new image. (I can borrow my son's guitar.) Judging by the sounds I've heard, it isn't really necessary to learn how to sing and actually play a tune on the guitar. I already know how to be LOUD." {Right on, Bob, but if you want to be the idol of frenzied young American womanhood, I think you're going to need a few lessons. All right now, shout after me, "Rama lama lama, fa-fa-fa!" }

JOHN BERRY WRITES ON HIS WAY OVERSEAS: "I would rather visit Nairobi than own a giant frog with a hand-tooled saddle. I wish Neal luck with his elephant. Just wait until he tries to park it." {You sound like a grizzled veteran of the Kuder Preference. You know, "Would you rather: a) read a book about Nairobi; b) visit Nairobi; or c) bomb Nairobi back to the stoneage, ravish its women and eat its children raw?"}

"I've enjoyed getting your first two issues, and if you do any more, by all means aim a copy of each this way (see diagram). If you don't do any more, you are absolved of all blame. I'll take all the WOODEN NICKELS I can get."

REDD BOGGS COMMENTS: "My dad always told me not to take any wooden nickels. What do I do now?" {Send them all to John D. Berry at his new address: 827 Walker Rd., Great Falls, Va. 22066. That's WOODEN NICKEL for you every time, the marketplace of America!}

#### A MATTER OF OPINION

John Berry: "I can't say that WOODEN NICKEL, any more than that perpetual one-shot The Gafiate's Intelligencer is the epitome of modern fannishness."

Aljo Svoboda: "Making its grand entrance in a demure shade of Fabulous Fannish Green, WOODEN NICKEL is in many ways the epitome of the In Thing on the Scene right now."

EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT DAVID MALONE AS REVEALED BY NEAL GOLDFARB

"David Malone is doing something somewhere," disclosed Neal Goldfarb, boy expert on Connecticut fandom doings in general and David Malone doings in particular. "But don't quote me," he added. So I'm not quoting him. Watch this space for more reports on the doings of Connecticut fandom.

THE PRODIGAL FAN RETURNS

Though he's currently back in Missouri collecting his lady Claudia and their belongings, Chris Couch just finished a two-week visit in New York City. Chris was here to iron out a few details concerning his return to Columbia University in the fall, including renting an apartment.

Chris didn't let any asphalt melt under his feet while he was here, either. He attended meetings of the Insurgents and the Fanoclasts, gusted with us in Brooklyn and with Jerry Kaufman and Suzle Tompkins for a few days each, worked a temporary job at Columbia, saw ex-Firesign Theaterites Bergman and Proctor perform, and even managed to survive a couple of nights at the pit with his virtue and sanity intact.

It's wonderful to have Chris returning to New York, for we missed him terribly while he was living in bucholic exile in Columbia, Mo. Some of you older fans with especially good memories will recall Chris as the co-editor of High Time, a small frequent fanzine which gave Seth McEvoy the idea of doing Ameboid Scunge and later Bweek. But Chris is really a hell of a nice guy, anyway.

ALJO SVOBODA PREDICTS: "I find the definite tentative plans of John Berry the Younger to get a Jiant Frog literally Frought with Meaning. I can't go into this any further at the moment, but This I Predict: a fan of comparable stature will come out in the near future against John's action, while obtaining a Jiant Cockroach of his own!" { John has decided on Nairobi instead. Just wait until he tries to park it. }