

# WOODEN NICKEL

WOODEN NICKEL V1 N1 Whole Number 1 is written, edited and published by Arnie Katz 759 Livingston St., Apt. 6B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201. This fanzine is not available for money and is sent by efficient first class mail to a select mailing list of 100. No, make that 50. If Chronicle can go to 100, then WOODEN NICKEL is only going to 50. You other 50, eat your hearts out! 13 July 1973

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## PORTER STARTS NEWZINE WHILE A FANATION GASPS

Andy Porter, the Brooklyn-based fanzine entrepreneur, came to the Insurgent meeting tonight armed with the first issue of his new faanish newszine, chronicle.

We here at 59 Livingston Street don't think Brooklyn should be a monopoly city insofar as fan newszines are concerned. No, indeed. We believe each and every one of you out there (up to our circulation limit of 50, that is) deserves the right to make a choice. (The other 50, as mentioned earlier, can eat their little hearts out.) Ah, but you fortunate 50, you happy half-hundred will be able to make a choice. You may either read (and for all I care even believe) the lies and falsehoods by omission churned out by the pro-establishment, cold, machinelike and soulless Andrew Porter publishing cartel, or you can revel ("hedonistic to the hilt," I always say) in the free-spirited, if typo-ridden Truth as dispensed by WOODEN NICKEL. Are you going to belief a fanzine that tells you that Bob Tucker has long hair and wears bell bottoms or are you going to belief WOODEN NICKEL? That is the question as I see it.

## NEAL GOLDFARB BUYS GIANT FROG

Neal Goldfarb announced to the editor of WOODEN NICKEL that he has purchased a late-model used elephant for his personal transportation. "It's great," he declared. "I don't spend a fraction of what I would if I had a volkswagen. There's no tires, no oil and no gas -- at least if the elephant isn't having a digestion problem with its hay, or whatever it is that elephants eat." WOODEN NICKEL, always first with the news, has learned that John D. Berry, green with envy over Mr. Goldfarb's recent acquisition, has formulated definite tentative plans to maybe get a giant frog and hand-tooled saddle. Or he may visit Nairobi.

## JOYCE KATZ CAUGHT IN KIDNAPPING

Not content with having gotten her own kitten, named Foo Manchu for its yellow pelt, Joyce has been enticing a local gray cat that comes up the fire escape to our kitchen window. It has been named Nayland Smith, which would be a great shock to its ostensible owners who dubbed it Ruckus. That is not all. Joyce is feeding it a couple of times a day, and Ruckus will no longer go home, even when called by its erstwhile owners. There's a broken heart for every empty bowl of Friskies in the Big Town.

## BIG SCOOP

Neal Goldfarb just came into the bedroom as an emmissary from the living-room to see what I am doing. "Pubbing my ish," I advised him, "And I'm semi-inspired." Neal is no doubt going to tell this piece of information to the editor of chronicle, Andy Porter, who will rush it into print at his earlier convenience, if not sooner. Remember, you read it here first.

If I told you I was typing this in semi-darkness, would it make a difference?

Send your news, views, and shoes for the next exciting issue of WOODEN NICKEL.

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