

It'd surprise you to note that, one year after the previous issue of this rag, it's now September 13, 1975. My name is Joyce Worley Katz, and I still live at 59 Livingston Street, Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11201, and this is  
SWINGLINE #22

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a thought for the day: One of the largest mistakes we make in fandom is the way we  
all think we know each other, even though our supposed know-  
ledge is based on such pathetically small amounts of information, and on such fleet-  
ing personal contact. jwk  
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I Suppose It's Appropriate that I should at least acknowledge that I noticed there was some trouble in paradise. However, acknowledgement of this fact is about as much as you can expect me to write on the subject. If Terry had wanted you to know my feelings on the matter, he would have printed my letter rather than showing it around at a party and allowing it to be used as a source of disassociated inaccurate quotations. If any of the rest of you had really been concerned about my feelings in the past year, you would have contacted me to ask. Now I prefer to think that it was a benevolent combination of delicacy and disinterest that made a year pass with no one's curiosity being sufficient to cause this to happen.

Suffice it then that I hereby acknowledge the unpleasantness. Suffice it that I acknowledge the existence of the new apa--which doesn't altogether displease me since I feel it karmically ties up some ends that have been dangling since the late 60's. Suffice it to know that I specifically refuse discussion of my relationship with Ted or feelings about him.

If there are any of you out there to whom this is not sufficient, plan to talk about it in private...not in apa. So far as I am concerned, the subject is closed.

Robin, I want to specifically thank you for your note of some months back. I wasn't, and still am not, really certain what you were trying to say, but I did very much appreciate your kindness and that you were trying to alleviate my unhappiness. I know someday this past year will recede into half-forgotten memory as its events slide into their appropriate position of importance in the scheme of our lives; even when that happens, however, your letter will continue to be remembered as a most poignant effort at understanding.

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We are but paper people, playing on a paper stage..... (Paper Soul)  
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COME ALIVE IN '75 This has been an especially great year for me, full of all kinds of accomplishments, which have definitely improved the calibre of my life. First and foremost, I shall always remember 1975 as the year that I learned how to cook Italian Sausage. This may seem a small thing to you, but not to me... Of more importance to Arnie is the fact that this was also the year I learned how to make an acceptable french fry, and Saturday night cheeseburger suppers have become much better because of this.

To appreciate my third big accomplishment in 1975, you have to know that reading on any vehicle has always given me motion sickness. Imagine then my pleasure at being able to tell you that I've overcome this to the degree that I can now read on the subway, giving me back from an hour to an hour and a half per day of usable time, and making it possible for me to read Donald Wollheim's Annual Best SF and other great novels of our day.

And of course 1975 is the year I learned to do sports magazine layouts... and I feel very good about that, even while tipping my hat in thanks to fandom (the repository of all knowledge and talent, as we say.)

This is the year I got a really great job that I enjoy very much. On the 6th of September I had my 14th year anniversary of working for an insurance company. On that day in 1962 I started work for Max Lubin in St. Louis, affiliated with American National Life Ins. Co. Max offered me \$2850 per year before taxes... now I've topped \$10,000... and I gotta say that insurance, like fandom, has treated me well and deserves my thanks.

I just completed a summer full of dentist visits... one a week for eternity... and I'm really happy about that too, both getting my cavities filled with no extractions, and having the chore finished.

There've been other things, and I'll probably mention them now and then... but I just wanted you to know that this is a really great year in which I've gotten up the courage to get rid of some of the flotsam I'd been sentimentally hanging onto, and to acquire some new attitudes, hopes and ideals that work for me. Besides which, now we can have sausage with our spaghetti and that, after all, is what life is all about.

IT'S BEEN ALMOST A YEAR since Bill and Charl, and Arnie and I pledged to each other that we'd work for a year to try to get a wrestling magazine off the ground. And, coincidentally, even as I write this, we are all four sweating out the decision that will either totally destroy our chances of success with Main Event or start us on the road that should take us right over the top. Perhaps by the time you read this, our future in wrestling-dom will be decided.

I believe that someone else will write more entertainingly about the nuts and bolts of Main Event... and I know that probably all of us will try to write more entertainingly about the bizarre and colorful world of wrestling fandom and wrestling prodom. Finding a fandom, complete with fanzines and world-con, was not something we really expected when we began, but it has made it almost impossible not to draw comparisons and more often than not, they have been amusing. If I were going to make one sweeping statement about wrestling fandom, I would have to say it's inferior -- but I suppose honesty should make me point out that their fandom is infantile and should only be compared with ours in the pre-worldcon days. On the otherhand, wrestling prodom, though small, is not an unpleasant grouping... though it is almost exclusively male and highly chauvinistic. But then, a grouping that depends on locker room interviews would be male dominated, so I can't actually voice many complaints about the nature of that world.

been burned by would-be publishers who never get past the first issue. Through some judicious use of mass sampling and a deal with the Essence Game Company (We devote space to their wrestling game, and they reciprocate by mailing buyers of their game flyers describing MAIN EVENT) we've managed to attract approximately 300 subscribers, but it didn't take us long to realize that those kinds of numbers aren't going to make anyone rich.

We switched emphasis to getting on the arena concession stands, and that has been much more successful. MAIN EVENT is currently sold at Nassau Coliseum and some small places in Pennsylvania, but we're right on the edge of a major breakthrough that, if things don't get fouled up first, will make all the sweat we've expended on the magazine worth it. We have secured promises from the concessionaires of Madison Square Garden, Sunnyside Gardens, Commack Arena, Cherry Hill Arena and a few more that slip my mind to carry MAIN EVENT, but we're waiting for approval from the WWWF (which sponsors wrestling in this region of the country). We've been told that this should only be a formality, but I don't like to count on things before they're nailed down tight. If we get the go-ahead, we'll move right into enough arena exposure to guarantee a healthy profit, and with so many arenas taking MAIN EVENT, we don't anticipate any trouble sewing up the rest of the places wrestling is presented in the Northeast U. S.

Meanwhile, a nationwide competitor to the World Wide Wrestling Federation, the International Wrestling Association, has come on the scene. They're owned by the TVS television people, and though they are having a lot of trouble breaking the stranglehold the entrenched promoters have on the big arenas, they still have a good shot at making it. If they do, we're really going to score big, because we already have a deal worked out in principle with them that would give us a second magazine with full distribution in the Northeast. Meanwhile, all we get is a bunch of free tickets to their shows, but we have our fingers crossed.

Wine Is Fine            He said, changing the subject. They laughed when I sniffed the bouquet, but they laugh out of the other side of their mouths when they see me making like a Noted Wine Authority (subspecies: stunned volunteer) on the PBS television series "Wine Talk," shortly after New Years. In the course of my job at CHAIN STORE AGE, I attended a wine-tasting which was also, it turned out, a shooting session for "Wine Talk."

When I arrived at the sedate Tuscan Hotel in the sedate Murray Hill section of New York City (where the sedate apartment house girls ply their trade...), I was met by the public relations honcho for the event, who introduced himself as John Nanovic. I looked him up and down. "You know, this is going to sound like a stupid question if I'm wrong," I offered with much hesitation, "but are you Kohn Nanovic, the Shadow?"

I wish FOREIGN OBJECT could use photos, because I'd love to provide you with a shot of the beatific smile that spread across the face of this man. He quickly assured me that he was, indeed, the erstwhile editor of THE SHADOW, and the expectable round of nostalgia ensued.

While hardly a kid, John looks a little young to have edited the same magazine for so long and survive its demise for another 20 or 25 active years. One of the eavesdroppers asked him about this, and he replied that he'd become the editor of the Shadow at a very young age, because the bigwigs at Street & Smith were convinced the magazine would be a dud and no one wanted to get hung for the failure.

Coincidentally, I've read a couple of the Shadow novels recently reprinted in paperback form. They're not exactly great literature, but they hold up surprisingly well, if you don't mind melodrama stretched somewhat beyond the endurance of most present-day readers.

In any case, Nanovic and the Wine Show host thought I'd make a good on-the-air guest so I was hustled on stage with two or three others to tape a short spot. If all goes as planned, you'll be able to see my render my totally uninformed opinion about some wine on PBS sometime in February.

TV Time I've been watching a lot more television lately, mostly because of the excitement of a new season. I'm afraid most of the excitement is confined to the hype this year; I've seen a few interesting-looking new shows, but I doubt that 1975-76 will go down in the books as a season abounding in creativity. My biggest personal disappointment has been "Beacon Hill." I had hoped for so much, but the first three installments have damped my enthusiasm considerably. I'm not sure, but I think a lot of the show's problems boil down to lack of decent plotting. Oh, I know there are loads of historical inaccuracies, but I think the average viewer would be willing to forgive these slips if the show as a whole were better. Well, I'm sure the actor who plays Lassiter's son will win an Emmy for "Most Decadent"....

I'm also not thrilled about "All in the Family" moving to Monday. The line-up is very powerful (if you like sitcoms, which I do), but business will probably prevent me from seeing the shows at least a couple of times a month.

Just so you don't think I'm all negative, I've rather enjoyed "The Montefusco's," "When Things Were Rotten," and "Phyllis" so far. The Mel Brooks opus got killed by the critics, so I sense I may be in the minority on that one, at least, but I thought it had the manic zaniness of "Bazing Saddles." It's going to be hampered by the "Family Hour" rule, like many another show telecast between 8-9 p. m., but the premier was very entertaining.

I really intended to do more than these four pages, but the press of business left much of what I wanted to say in note form instead of on pages 5-10 of FOREIGN OBJECT #2. The result is an issue with somewhat less balance than is completely desirable. I'll attempt to be more wide-ranging next time, and in the meanwhile, let me say that I'm looking forward to seeing contributions from some of the rest of you next month.

All the best,

Arnie