

SWINGLINE 14

SWINGLINE #14, by Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201, is done for the 15th mailing of that group of swingers calling themselves APA, due May 12, 1973.

As I write this, Arnie is away in LA attending a frozen fish convention, and I'm re-impressed by those people who somehow manage to live alone happily. Not me... Oh, I've done ok so far, but only by carrying on an orgy of Keeping Busy: the floors have never been so swept, the dishes have never been so washed; I've even gone so far as rearranging furniture. All this activity does, I recognise, represent a legitimate lifestyle for probably the majority of people: most people do seem more hyperactive than me. But, as one whose normal strenuous activity would consist of sitting up in bed to read a book, I find myself marvelling at the amount of work I've accomplished in the last few days in the time that is normally devoted to more gentle pursuits. But, I don't seem able to accomplish tranquility by myself; hence, this sudden passion for cleanliness.

Well, Lunacon has come and gone...and there sure weren't many of us there, Gang. The torch was carried for Apa only by Arnie and me, Ted (with no Robin), and Dan....and though we had a couple of good parties, the rest of you were severely missed.-- I suspect that, barring some drastic change-of-heart, Lunacon will be the last con that Arnie and I attend this summer. Our doubts had been increasing month to month, about Torcon, until we were finally having a pretty negative attitude toward it; now (and, yes, the final decision was brought about by the ambience of Lunacon,) we've decided that it's unlikely that we'd enjoy Torcon enough to warrant the amount of money it would cost. Now, of course, what's going to happen is that all you people are going to go, and have an absolutely marvelous time...and we'll hate ourselves for missing it. But, that's the chance we're taking, I guess.

Probably, or at least possibly, we're making a mistake to let the current state of East Coast Fandom and East Coast regionals influence our decision about a Canadian worldcon. But it's hard to imagine that the worldcon, dominated as it seems sure to be by East Coast political fans, will be any less noisy and unattractive than Lunacon. Unless something happens to change our minds, chances are that you guys won't be seeing us in Toronto this fall. But then, neither will two thousand Startrek fans see us in Toronto...and that will undoubtedly be an improvement over Lunacon in all our opinions.

FRANK . . . I used to be haunted periodically by our Wild-in-the-Streets future...but that was when I was spending more time with Wild-in-the-Streets type people. Now I don't really think it'll happen. More danger of the Establishment setting up rigid controls over us all, and personal freedoms being eroded away, it seems to me. Though, the Watergate scandal being Found Out will undoubtedly serve to put a crimp in the Nixon Administration's tendency toward a police state.

TED Now that you mention it, I have seen people give pregnant ladies very hostile looks; though, I've never seen a pregnant lady forced to stand on a subway; there has always been someone, on the trains I've been on, offer her a seat. But, no doubt of the truth you say: many people, and especially many women, seem very unfeeling about the discomforts a pregnant woman is experiencing. Perhaps it has something to do with some folks' feelings about the population explosion...though I doubt that. Possibly it's a deep-seated envy; you know, the "I'd like to stay home and have babies but I have to work" gut-level reaction of one woman looking at another.

I'll admit that I have a certain amount of hostility toward a certain type of woman, myself. Not the pregnant ones...but the middle-aged house-wifey type. I'm always irrationally angry when these (non-working) women choose to do their shopping or their laundry at a time of day which is the only time of day available to a working woman. Or, worse yet, the non-working housewife who when I'm trying to pick up a few things at the grocery during my lunch hour, barges up to me and asks me to let her go ahead of me in the check-out line "because I have only these few things, and so much work to get down at home." For years I was a gutless wonder who, inwardly fuming, would politely step aside. Recent years have found me more inclined to politely refuse...and I suppose I'm a worse person for it, but nonetheless a lot less frustrated than I was before I learned to say no.

Well, I suppose we've pretty well covered the subject of non-emotional involvement in sex, and come to the conclusion (on my part) that perhaps I'm defining "emotional involvement" differently than you...and that you're right and completely emotional-less sex would be uninteresting and unattractive to me.

Wise words, and true, that the preoccupations of people vary with their age...and that, though you and I are no longer preoccupied with religion as we were as post-teenagers, we have our own. You know Ted, I used to feel that the ideals I held highest were so all-encompassing that, if I ever ceased to cling to them, my life would be better ended...for to me at that time, those ideals and philosophies were a very real and meaningful part of my life that I couldn't imagine living without them. But, I've come to learn, in only the past years or two, that life is an ever-growing thing, and though preoccupations do indeed evolve into new ones, or even in fact become totally discarded in favor of brand new interests, life just gets deeper and richer...now instead of being afraid that the day might come when my current ideals are no longer so important to me, I can recognize the inevitability of that fact, and glory in the knowledge that there will be new interests and hopes and dreams and aspirations. I've only really come to love life in the last few years...for all my prating of it during my younger years, I didn't really even know what life meant. Perhaps I never shall...probably no one ever really does. But, I'm much more flexible in my approach to life now than I was before.... and I suspect the day will come when John, like others before him, will realize that the world is a place that's full of many things, and more than one good goal. I'm capable of being made very unhappy, (and especially when it's John who is after all a friend) when John says to me that he disapproves and condemns my philosophy, my lifestyle, my goals and my pleasures. It bruised me up quite a bit to have him reproach me for being happy and tranquil and content. But...I got over my bruises, or will...and I suspect that John will eventually come to realize that everyone is just as alive as he is, despite what he now believes: just because their ideals are different than his own, they are not necessarily inferior. (Whew...I really didn't mean to get into all this stuff here and now, John...but it just all came out. Which I suppose is as well, since we don't seem to have any likelihood of holding a coherent face-to-face conversation on the subject in the near future. I'll try to discuss all our conflicts more deeply in my comments to you, John; it's been preying on my mind somewhat since you visited us last, and it'll probably benefit our relationship if we can clear up the troubled waters you left behind you after you left our house.)

Well, I haven't witnessed the west coast fan-swinging scene in action so much, so don't really like to make any judgements about it...but I can say that I agree with you Ted that conventions were a hell of a lot more fun before all this got started on the east coast. You know what I think a problem is with the scene as it now exists in east coast fandom's swingers: they put you in position of having to look at moderately good friends or acquaintances as sexual objects....and I can't think of anything that's much more straining on a friendship than to have to say to a person "hey I really like you as a friend, but...it's not swinging I oppose, it's you personally." Yech. What a bad thing to have happen; it's much easier to just do without the whole thing, as you say.

HANK One of the problems with us not going to Torcon is that, once again this year, we won't be seeing you and Lesleigh. (Though I enjoyed our very brief visit with you in St.Louis last year, do you realize it's been some three years since I've seen Lesleigh? -- Lotsa water under the bridge, and all that...lotsa changes in all of us, I guess.) Any chance that you two might decide to swing through N.Y. on your way to Toronto?

I really agree with you, in your remarks to Dan about the various art classes usually available through many universities. While I don't actually know of any school with classes in cartooning, the subject seems to be fairly well covered in commercial art classes. And, even if cartooning isn't specifically taught, applicable techniques are certainly covered... funny you should mention Washington U. in St.Louis: did you know that the Washington U. Fine Arts dept. is widely recognised as outstanding? They've got a couple of instructors -- Rhinehart for one, Conboy for another...and Goertz for still a third -- that almost any fine artist in the country would be happy to study under. This all comes about because St. Louis is at exactly that peculiar size where it can produce and attract several fine artists...but the city isn't quite big enough to support them as well as, for example, San Francisco or New York might, simply through sales of paintings. Consequently it's the habit of the St.Louis fine artists to take on art students in order to supplement their income. A number of years back, Washington U got wise to the situation and established chairs for these guys....and ended up with one of the best departments in the country, and certainly the best fine arts department in the midwest. (Though the school in Chicago is reputed to be better for commercial arts.)

Dave Hall...sigh. I sure hope Dave gets happy one of these days. -- Schoenfeld was in NY a few months ago; spent an evening with us. He seemed pretty interested in getting back into publishing; I gathered that one of the reasons for his trip to NY was to see Bob Latona and make arrangements for co-editing something new.//I remember Steve Gerber very well, in fact....and though I'm sure he's outgrown it by now, the thing I remember best about him was him standing on the sidelines of the first Vietnam protest march in St.Louis, heckleing the marchers. I'm afraid I've never quite got over my dislike of him that stemmed from that incident. (But, that's unfair of me...like I said, I'm certain he outgrew it.)

DAN Congratulations on your new apartment. It's a wonderful feeling, isn't it? -- From the time I very first left my parents home for a Place Of My Own, I've been convinced that there's nothing like it...and very uncomfortable and unhappy every time that something has occured to cause me to be without a place of my own. Living with my mother again is something I consider as the worst thing that could happen: I've had to do it a couple or three times for brief periods since my original leaving, and found it miserable. I often wonder how anyone who has ever experienced independence can stand to be dependent again without great mental agony.

Oops...I see I'm out of time, and barring miracles will have to finish commenting on this mlg. in the next month -- right now, there's just no more time to continue. Til then...