

SWINGLINE

SWINGLINE #17 (Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., #6B, Brooklyn NY 11201) is designed exclusively for the 19th mlg of APA, September 1973.

True to expectations, our non-attendance of the con was accompanied with ferocious longings to be there...and (as you read in Wooden Nickel) a frantic last-ditch effort to try to, despite everything we'd said before, get it together to be there. But, alas, when it came to the crunch we'd arranged our lives in such a manner that it really wasn't possible to come up with the cash.... Our non-con gathering was that Saturday night; with Ross and Joy, Chris and Claudia, Bill and Charlene, and Steve. It was hot in NY, and our bedroom's the only one with airconditioning; so we sat in there, all of us conducting some kind of weird mind-trip in which we waited for knocks at the door, fantasized a nose house detective, and periodically would suggest we go down to the lobby to see what was going on. It almost, but not quite, gave us a convention feeling. --- I don't think I'll ever again deliberately arrange my life in such a manner so as to make worldcon attendance impossible. I still think that it was probably best this year, all things considered...and it's for sure that we enjoy the things we bought with our vacation money (that aforementioned airconditioner, for example). But, the next time it happens that we can't attend, I do believe it'll be for more mundane reasons than deliberate manipulation; the disappointment and self-recrimination was much too keen.

There has been one nice sidelight of the worldcon that Arnie and I have enjoyed tho...it's really been nice to see so many people, as they passed thru the city...and especially we appreciated the visits of those people who made trips here the week or two before and after the con. Last night's Insurgent meeting was a particularly pleasant one, with you, John, and Jay Kinney and Terry Carr as special visiting stars...and the meeting before that had been enhanced with Jay and you, Frank, and you, Dan. Nice.

The last mlg. was pretty small...and I'm afraid that this one is going to be even smaller, what with the deadline falling, as it does, immediately after the con; right now it looks like everything in the mlg is going to come out of Brooklyn and NYC.... I hope next month will find us all back more or less to normal...and active.

LESLEIGH I agree with you, in your liking of some program items. I don't think I've ever attended a con without seeing at least some of the program. Usually, as you say, I'm not interested in a great deal of it, simply because programs do tend to be similar from one con to a next, and after you've seen a certain subject discussed at two or three cons, you get a little tired of it. But basically, I approve of programs -- and I almost always enjoy at least a few things on every lineup.

Now that you mention it, I too try to keep up with Missouri politics....I'm too firmly a Missourian to quit caring what happens there just because I'm elsewhere. I note that tends to be true of everyone....Arnie and Bruce, for example, almost always have a bit of conversation each time they're together, about What's Happened To Buffalo.

I think you made a really insightful point, when you say that people seeking answers are uncomfortable, and therefore have to have some reason for feeling superior to people who are more comfortable. I don't think I had ever really thought of it in those terms, but you certainly do seem to be right. I hope this flash of knowledge you brought me will make me more tolerant.

My father used the term "handsome" to describe women he admired; I believe I never heard him say "pretty" or "beautiful" except perhaps when he was speaking of a child. I believe he had a different set of values altogether for judging adult women...the only ones he ever admired to best of my memory were very strong women with

acute sense of responsibility; I suppose the feminine virtue (indeed the human virtue) he admired most was that of being acceptant of your responsibilities. I find myself turning more and more to this way of thinking, myself...probably some carry-over from childhood teachings or like that... Perhaps this in some way connects up with your discussion of various physical types; it's difficult to think of today's standard beauty-queen type as "handsome", while the physical ideal of 50 years ago came much closer to that definition. The first time I ever became really aware of how much the standards of beauty change, one generation to next, is when I was looking through an old "White House Cook Book" which was, as anyone who owns one must remember, illustrated by photographs of all the presidents' wives. Hardly any of them were even acceptable by current standards, even those that were greatly acclaimed as beautiful in their own day. -- It's something of a comfort, I suppose, to realize that, once we give up being Girls and start being Women, the standards of beauty are less restricted to that 5% model-physique type.

HANK Do I remember the Diplomacy game we played at Mickey's apartment? Do I ever!...as you recall, my participation in it came to an abrupt halt when Ray exploded over me allying with Dave Hall, and betraying him. Matter of fact, I never played another game of Diplomacy after that, until the one a month ago with the Insurgents. -- Diplomacy is kinda fun...but I could never get too serious about it, even before Ray's violent outburst that evening. -- Actually, I greatly enjoy games, as I've mentioned before, though war games aren't my favorite. I very much prefer money games, or stock-market games. I even like card games fairly well...tho I don't have the nerves for gambling, being basically too cheap to tolerate the thought of losing money. But, probably because Ray did take them so seriously, so as to make winning a very mixed pleasure on my part, I just can't get serious about any of them.

So, how'd the car do on

the drive to Toronto? Any problems?