

SWINGLINE #19 (Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., #6-B, Brooklyn, NY 11201) is being produced on stencil for the coming-of-age issue of APA, for the 21st mlg, due Nov. 17, 1973. This is being typed, by the way, on the brand new IBM Selectric at my office. I'm really anxious to see how the stencil will come out. I am using a typing plate, but other than that, no special gimics (like the special stencils made for the selectric, for example.) And, so far, it looks fine.

The last couple of weeks have been unusually hectic ones for us..actually, the past month. For one reason, Arnie's folks are just about ready to leave NY for their new life in Arizona, and their impending move has kept a lot of family activity going, what with helping them to pack, removing the last of Arnie's possessions from their house, a farewell party, and just the day to day nervousness that's always an accompanist to a large life-change.

Right in the middle of this..in fact the same weekend as the farewell party, my mother came to visit. This is made somehow more notable when you realize that (1) she is the first member of my family to visit me since I've been in NY and, of course, since Arnie and I have~~d~~ been together; and (2) this is the first time she's sat foot in my house since 1962 at which time she was so critical of my lifestyle and surroundings that she refused to ever come again. Need I add that I have a very complicated relationship with my mother, as I've indicated before in apa. At any rate, we survived her visit which was, fortunately, brief; and I've by now almost recovered from the psychological drama an encounter with her always forces me to play out.

The third great hassle was the visit of my multiple inlaws. Arnie's parents had never visited before, nor had his uncle and aunt...so, because the folks would be leaving so soon, it was necessary to get it over with; the four of them plus Arnie's brother & sister-in-law came to dinner. In classical cartoon fashion I allowed myself to be incredibly worked up over it..days of cooking & cleaning, preparing for it, and all that....but, it's over now, and probably will never have to be done again,at least not for several years.

The previous paragraphs could have been titled 'Everybody has one'....it certainly seems to me that the past month has been almost exclusively devoted to family affairs.

THE LIGHTS ARE GOING OUT  
ALL OVER AMERICA

Wasn't there a song by that title in WWII? -- The damnable thing about it, even worse than the prospect of a cold and uncomfortable winter, is the fact that (at the time I write this) it begins to appear that the Arabs may have started what will result in a world wide depression...the kind of depression they promised we'd never have again. And, my reaction to this fear is to wish I lived on a farm, or had a garden, or like that.... Ted and Robin, you seem the best prepared of any of us for it. -- There's still plenty of fuel in this building, but as if in prelude to what's ahead, we've had a foretaste of the cold for the last few days: comes any holiday, and our furnace and hotwater heater seem always to be out of order...

PHILCON WAS A GAS

and I wish that everyone else could have been there too. I guess the thing I liked best about it was to learn that I can still enjoy a convention...and, I really did. So much so, we're beginning to wonder what Balticon would be like? Has anyone ever gone to a Balticon? Are they worth the trip?

ROSS

The secret of maintaining a conversation while stoned is that almost everyone has the same problem has you, in that their short-term memory is fogged by grass and they can't remember one minute to the next. But, if you just turn loose and don't worry about remembering, it all takes care of itself....really. Too, verbalizing a

thought makes you remember it easier; therefore, the people who are actually talking (as opposed to only listening) stay slightly more in control. -- Not all that much tho; if you ever notice, you'll see that the subject can get pretty fluid in a stoned conversation.

I'd like to hear more of your thoughts about the unintegrated personalities that you feel we all have within us. I do tend to agree with you...where do you think something ends with being just an unintegrated portion of a personality and starts being an actual split? -- While thinking of split personalities, have you read SYLVIA? --I recommend it...and you may borrow my copy if you decide you're interested. (Sylvia is the lady who had 16 separate personalities; I'm certain you recall the case.)