

SWINGLINE II

SWINGLINE #11, by Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., Apt. 6-B, Brooklyn, NY 11201 is done for the twelfth mlg. of Apa, on February 3, 1973, on my office typer. (Only a damn fool would try to tell who I am by the looks of my type-face; I have stronger identity with my name than my typeface...for that matter, I identify stronger with my name than my typeface, too.)

ROSS I do hope that you and Joy will be able to work out your relationship in some manner that's mutually satisfactory. Lord knows, you two have certainly had a time of it! One thing for certain, no one could ever say that you're rushing into anything blindly; I think perhaps you and Joy have given more serious study to your relationship than any other couple I know....and that's good. From my vantage point, I can only hope that it all works out in such a way to make you both happy; we've all been aware of the buffeting about your emotions have been going through, and are hopeful that the result will be some kind of calm for you both.

TERRY Strange...even though I knew I was reading your apazine, I just kept slipping into my Grant Canfield mood, and relating to what you'd written as if Grant was the author. -- I'm a Stock Market fan, too; if you ever come east (do! do!) I'll certainly challenge you to a game.-- I don't know about biking from Alaska to Argentina....that seems a bit much to me. I would like to take the trip via car, though. -- Actually, how far does the PanAm go? I didn't think it went past Central America. --My experience with the PanAm is that it would take a relatively hardy person to even make it all the way by car, muchless bike. Some of it is pretty rough...and it definitely does go through some pretty rough country. When you get down into the jungles of central america, the flora and fauna are pretty discouraging to anyone foolish enough to allow himself to run out of gas. For that matter, the terrain was pretty rough even in Mexico for someone who got stranded....and I've heard sad stories of people making the drive having a lot of trouble around the Alaskan-Canadian border. Did you really plan to do all that by bike. Wow! That would be something...

ALICE You know, it must be something about St. Louis...when I lived there and got sick, I almost always had a bad throat; in fact, I guess I usually would have strep throat at least once a year. But, even though I've been plagued with plenty of colds and flu since I've been in NY, I haven't been bothered by the throat problem. I wonder if this is significant? (OR, perhaps it's only because I've quit smoking.)

Yeah, I sure will agree that it's frustrating as hell when an author assumes that all his readers will understand the foreign phrases, etc. I don't read anything but English (--but I'm really good at that--) and have more than once simply given up rather than continue to struggle against the author's flattering opinion of my linguistics.

I've had May Wine...it is nice. But, I never knew, or noticed, that it's an aphrodisiac. By and large, I don't really believe in aphrodisiacs; I think you get out of substances pretty much what you put in (in this connection.) That is, if you're in a sensual mood, hot potatoe soup might serve to really fire your passions. On the other hand, if you're not inclined that direction at that moment, I don't really believe that there's anything that will produce a sex drive. Does anyone in apa really know anything about this subject? I'd really like to learn something about it... something beyond the "olives make you passionate" type of thinking.

ARNIE I guess I basically agree with you that I wouldn't really want to live in a "college town", where the college represented the biggest intellectual stimuli of the city. However, I do like having a college in the city where I live, because I think student-thinking is frequently a good stimuli if coupled with other aspects of the world. Unfortunately, I also agree that a lot of student-thinking is less than meaningful because of its lack of relationship to the "real" world. But, a healthy combination of reality and idealism makes for a very good environment that can accomplish quite a lot. This is one of the things I like about where we live... there is enough idealism among the residents to keep life directed toward betterment (...speaking on a community level..) while there's also enough contact with the Real World to make most of the projects proposed have some possibility of success.

Like you, I very much hope that apa'll continue to move in the direction it's seemed to be going for the last few mailings; or, at least, I think things are freeing up considerably. And, I look forward to again feel that freedom to "thrash out the things that may be burdening" my mind... I suppose that everyone, from time to time feels awkward about discussing gut-level sensations and emotions; for myself, I dislike the feeling that I'm giving more of myself to someone than they really want. -- Like Ross, I feel somewhat less inhibited in print than I'd be in a face-to-face confrontation with a group of this size; on the other hand, I'm more inhibited than I'd be in a personal confrontation with one or two others.

JOHN What an interesting discussion of attitudes toward homosexuality! For myself I know that I'm capable of responding emotionally to another woman; of having deep relationships with a woman. And, I'm certain that, given a free hand, I'd be equally as capable of responding physically to a woman. Emotionally, I suppose my friend Diane Maresca (the non-fan I've referred to several times) is the one woman in the world I love most dearly. However, though it saddens me to think it, I know that the flower of our friendship is in the past...even many years in the past...and it's unlikely that circumstances will ever evolve to let us be close again. Would my love for Diane ever have been capable of being physically expressed? -- Certainly; I'm sure that possibility did exist; I know myself for a highly demonstrative person, and it would have been unlikely that I would have allowed the sameness of our sex to bother me that much. -- But, of course, Diane and I haven't lived in the same city for many years...and



though we've shared many things, physical intimacy is not one of them.

In many ways, I think that the love that can exist between members of the same sex is especially tender and unstrained...and that's probably because of the lack of sexual tension during the important period when the friendship first comes into being. I suppose that it's unnecessary for me to expose myself this much to prying eyes, but I've been sorry for a whole lot of years that no really close woman friend has come around to surplant Diane in my affections. (Not that I'd want to surplant Diane...just that it's unfortunate that she's the last female I've been able to really have a good relationship with...and that so many years ago.) I certainly have no need of a woman friend for the sexual potential, by the way (--I hope to god that point wasn't really necessary to make--) and I suppose I really don't have any need for a woman for conversational outlet, either, since certainly my relationship with Arnie doesn't lack any more emotionally than it lacks physically. But--just as two male friends relate to each other in special ways, so do two women...

Gee, I'm surprised that no one has said too much about sexual relations between members of the same sex...or, for that matter between members of the opposite...when there's virtually no emotional content. -- That's an entire other subject altogether, of course....strictly physically, I think everyone's capable of bisexuality, if they can turn loose of their hang-ups enough to just relax and enjoy it.

I suspect I'll say more about both of these Heavy subjects in the next few mailings, after I've given them a bit more thought...

CHRIS If I ever get terribly rich Chris...or even just a little...I do believe one of the first gifts I'd give would be a new typer to you. You really have problems with your stencil cutting. Oh, well..never mind. I think of your apa stuff as being like a hickory nut---and if you've ever had a hickory nut, you'll know that, tho they're very good, they're really difficult to dig out of their shells. // You've mentioned a couple of times that you and Claudia may come east. Have you any real plans about this? Have you made up your mind yet about going back to school? -- You haven't said much for several months about your intentions, and I'm getting curious. (That's not exactly true. I'm getting anxious to see you again.)

TED Don't feel that you have egg on your face, over reacting to Grant's "one smart twat". That particular type of description of a woman drives me up the wall; the only reason I didn't react heavily was just because I wasn't doing much that mlg. // I've had your experience---I guess most of us have---of being on intimate terms in correspondence with someone I'd never met, then just not being able to relate at all in person. After my great disappointment in this realm, I fairly well determined that I'd never again enter into such an intense paper relationship with someone I hand't met. Or--that's not exactly true; I'm much free-er on paper now than I was then--I'd never let it get under my skin again the way that one



did. Actually, I've only very recently realized..or began to come out of it..that the trauma of losing so many friends in one fell blow a couple or three years ago has left its toll with me; I'm slow now to really let go and love someone. I'm more fearful of that than I ever was at any point in my past life, and strictly because of a foolish desire for some kind of security that the relationship will last..or at least be mutual. (How very badly phrased all this is...isn't it always that way when you're getting down to gut-level hurts?) I don't believe, considering my cautious fears, that I'd even be capable of developing anything terribly deep with someone I'd not at least met. I feel myself hanging back, waiting for some kind of reassurance....actually, I guess to large extent that's true nowadays even with people I have met.

Ted, I have a question...and I realize it's none of my business; and I especially realize it's something that would be better asked in person..but, dammit, we just never see you people. What I'm really wondering about is your current communal (damn. I misspelled it, and have no corflu. sigh) living arrangements. I know that at one time you said you'd never again enter into such relationship because of the danger such a situation could present to your own personal domestic scene. Have you changed your mind, or do you no longer believe that opening up your heart to outsiders could harm the relationship that exists between you and Robin? -- Or do you just carefully keep barriers between the core, and these others that you allow to share such large parts of your life. -- Again: apologies. I'd much rather discuss this all in person than here..but. (And, if you think I'm being too free, just don't reply.) -- I'm immensely afraid of tampering with my own domestic tranquility; probably my only real unshakeable rule at the moment is that I mustn't do anything that'll cause my home to shatter. On the other hand, I know the joys of two couples responding to one another warmly and affectionately. How do you reconcile the two?

LESLEIGH Really, Lesleigh..we all like you. And we are all eager to know who writes what. Truly. But, please. Put your name on your apazine. I don't want to have to relate to you as a typeface and not a person; there's nothing wrong with using a name for identity. Particularly since your and Hank's comments or contained within the same zine, and on the same color, and etc., a name would be a real help. (I'd much rather be friends to someone named Lesleigh than an elite typeface.)

Have I downgraded the Midwest since I've left there? -- I don't think so. Actually, I think it would be hard for anyone to be more of a Midwest-fan than I. What I have done, is recognized the fact that circumstances do not permit me to live there, and come to appreciate the area of the country where I am most likely to spend the rest of my life. Would it be better if I went back to crying my eyes out every day? I think not; that's how I used to spend my lunch hours, and I think it's much more reasonable to get over it. -- I'm crazy about the midwest, Lesleigh. I just can't live there. Therefore, I think it's appropriate for me to study the pleasures that the East presents -- and they are manifold. (And considering the number of type-overs there are in this page, I guess it's a good time to stop.) ##