

SWINGLINE #19, for APA Mailing #23, is done January 20th, 1974 (Happy New Year) by Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., #6-B, Brooklyn, NY 11201.

Although it wasn't evident to APA, because of my missing the last mlg, the past couple of months have been extremely happy ones for me. Somehow everything just came together right for me to be surrounded by good vibes and filled with effervescence. The Holiday Season was the nicest I've ever experienced...lots of good friends, lots of activities, and still a lot of time for Arnie and I to spend real Quality Time together. I guess my mood has actually been fairly consistent since the Philcon; everything has been gala for me since that time. My ups have been upper, and my downs have been shallower, and even the cold weather and fuel shortages and days without heat haven't really cooled my enthusiasm for life. Oh, passing my 35th birthday did kinda dampen my exuberance a little..Ted and Ross will surely understand..but even so, life's been pretty jolly here lately.

CAN THE KUNKEL'S COME BACK? I know that Arnie is writing on this subject, but I want to add my request for speedy affirmative votes on Bill and Charlene's return to the group. As Arnie has already explained, because of the rock band and the demands on his time that it represents, it's unlikely that Bill would be immediately active. However, Charlene has indicated a desire to come back..and I for one would certainly like to have her here. It will be pleasant when Bill ultimately gets his head and life together to a degree that will permit him to be active again. However until that time it would be exceptionally nice for me if Charlene were active in the group, and I believe that it would also be pleasant for everyone else here too. Charl hit seven consecutive mailings before she and Bill decided to drop out; I believe it's likely she'd be consistently active again. I know I don't have to introduce her to any of you: a pleasant person with strong opinions, capable of conducting quite an interesting conversation either in person or on paper. Nor do I need to remind you of her deep loyalties to those she is emotionally involved with. -- Do vote yes..and swiftly. As a courtesy to them both, I hope that this decision won't be dragged on overlong.

TED I'm shocked and distressed at your cavalierly disregarding the privacy of this apa in your recent conversation with Greg Benford. What makes this doubly distressing is that you apparently managed to misunderstand and misquote our statements in your relating them to Greg. First off, it isn't Arnie who has such strong opinions about Greg; it's me. Secondly, the reason I don't want him in Apa is not because I'm "mad at him" as you apparently suppose, but rather because I feel he'd add absolutely nothing but dissention and mistrust to this group; I base my opinion on having been in two secred apas with him before. It's true that I was no more pleased than you'd expect..nor, one supposes, no more pleased than any other female in this group would have been, at him complimenting Arnie for marrying a cunt who types -- however, I found it much more indicative of his personality that, when he was called on that point, he made use of the conversation with me to inform me that my new husband was actually a queer, and to offer me sympathies for the ordeals ahead and compliments for my nobility in trying to "save" Arnie. Fortunately I'm apparently less easily shaken than Greg supposed, and the incident certainly did nothing to change my relationship with Arnie..only highlighted to me the insidiousness that seems to be Greg's basic characteristic. I'd been aware of his two-facedness before, and of his tendency to incite trouble and discomfort in those he comes in contact with; this incident served to solidify my opinion of him just that much more. And so I have very firmly decided to avoid intimate contact with Greg; I do not like him nor trust him well enough to be a close friend of his..and what better basis is there for voting no on someone than that?

However, I want to highlight the fact that you were way out of line to discuss with Greg your opinions of why I dislike him. You were in possession of privileged information which you quoted..worse yet, which you misunderstood and misquoted. Now, I

suppose, you've made it necessary that there be some kind of unpleasant contact between me and Greg...and having already been through one of those, I don't anticipate any good coming of it this time either. And, of course, there's no way that Arnie can be any happier about this than me, since you attributed all the Katz disaffection to him, instead of the lion's share to me. Boy...am I ever cross. Grrrr. Rowzlebowzle.

(I love you, Ted.)

Morning Glory Seeds. Damn, it's been a long time since I thought of them. Now I wouldn't go to the trouble for them, or tolerate the discomfort. I didn't really enjoy the high they produced that much even when it was the only psychedelic available...I have vague recollection of, even after the nausea passed, fantastic headaches produced by them.

Along with Heavenly Blue and Pearly Gates, there is another one...the species called Flying Saucer. Isn't that a gas?

-- I was so embarrassed, after the last mlg. came out and I reread my contrib, to see that I had miscalled the book on unintegrated personalities. Not "Sylvia"; the book's title is "Sybil". I repeat my recommendation....and I'll be hunting for The Dice Man.

I think denying that some women choose to be prostitutes (in lieu of being "driven" to it in some manner) is some kind of chauvinistic hangover. I mean, surely you can at least intellectually agree that there are some men who enjoy making it with a prostitute..in fact, to some men the thrill of buying sex adds a great deal of spice. Surely you ought to be equally able to see that sexual enjoyment is not limited to men; many women do actually enjoy sex, you know. (Smile.) And, as I note that you point out, most prostitutes enjoy their work, and do it by choice. Perhaps I have a twisted outlook..and I'll certainly read any arguments against this you care to make..but I don't see anything wrong with selling sex, if that's what a girl is in to, any more than I see anything wrong with selling any other ability. Should a woman who loves children feel immoral about selling baby-sitting services? Should a person who loves to cook feel immoral about earning her living by cooking for others? To me it follows that a woman who loves to fuck might decide to sell sex for a living, since there are a number of people in the market to buy. I disagree with your opinion, Ted, that the ~~xxxx~~ oppressors are those who decide to offer it for sale. There's nothing oppressive about selling other commodities or services..why should sex be any different.

The important thing to realize is, we're not talking about love, you know. -- I suppose the entire question comes down to one of morality; do you consider it immoral for someone to have sexual relations when not "in love"?

JOHN I was really interested in your new life-situation, and am anxious to hear more from you of how it's working out. It sounds like you're finally in a really good environment, something more akin to what you've been trying to locate for the past few years. At least I hope it works out that way.

I've already said about as much as I care to about this Benford Brew-ha-ha; all I'm going to bother to repeat is my vast displeasure at your interference in the relationship, and even vaster displeasure at your temerity in not only quoting conversations we'd had privately, but in misquoting them. I would appreciate it, John, if you forebear any such impulses in the future.

On the subject of the death of someone you admire, before you've had a chance to meet or compliment them: I suppose that one of my initial traumas was over just such a situation. When I was very young I fell very deeply in Love (or perhaps more accurately, very deeply in admiration) with Mark Twain. Oh..I realized that he was much older than I...but I imagined that when I grew just a little older I would travel up to Hannibal Mo, and Mark and I would enter into that beautiful relationship that it seemed our souls would mesh into so quickly... Incredibly, it was not until I was in the 7th grade that I learned he was gone....I remember sitting in class after the teacher had just pointed out the fact of his death, like his birth, occurring with the comet's passing, and reflecting on how I had now truly Lost him. It really tore me up something fierce. (I cried and moaned around the house for days...the fact that the death had occurred more than a half-century before did nothing to quiet the pangs of my broken heart.) -- There you have it; the story of my first unrequited love...Flippantly told, but ah so achingly lived.

PAUL Of a matter of fact, every time I've ever taken acid that was introduced as windowpane, it was always speedy. I had rather supposed that was a permanent characteristic of the type. (Of course, I've often heard the argument propounded that true acid will always seem speedy, just by its nature. But, that's not really what I meant.) -- God, what a lot of activity to perform while tripping; I'm not sure I'd even want to try to accomplish all that while stoned, regardless how jolly it sounds.

By all means, it's more than possible for you to stay with us when you visit NY...and I hope you go through with your plans to do so this Spring. Be sure to let me know when you're coming....I'll save up the dishes and housecleaning and such, for your arrival... Actually, our life-style is pretty easy to encompass, since we're very laid-back people; come on East, and we'll corrupt you into our lazy laid-back hedonistic ways. --

Weird situation you describe, and one that I guess a lot of us have also experienced. There is something that rebels, no matter how freely the mind accepts it, at seeing your past lover/spouse/sweetheart/soulmate or whatever with someone new...and the more intimate the circumstances, the more acute the rebellion, I suppose. I often wonder if a person ever really gets over it...perhaps someone with broader experience in the subject can answer. Usually when faced with such a situation I, like you, have rather quickly separated myself from the surroundings, recognizing them to be Not Good for my mental health. I think the only way that could really be accepted would be enough time had passed that you were really into a different head, so that your memory of the past was less real. I dunno.

ROSS Ah, how I envy you your color tv and good reception....someday, someday, the cable will come to Brooklyn (or the twin towers will fall over) and Arnie and I won't be as hesitant about taking the plunge for color as we are now. Right now.. Until either the cable comes, tho, or the tv towers get moved to the World Trade Center, there doesn't seem to be much hope. --- By all means, if Frankenstein The True Story comes around on an Insurgents weekend, we'll have to do something..I'm determined not to miss the first half. Perhaps your suggestion would be the answer.

Ross, I don't think I ever asked you if you watched "Lotsa Luck"? -- Personally, and unlike quite a few other people I've talked to, I enjoyed it; that old-style broad humor was kinda appealing once I realized that the program's humor wasn't even supposed to be like All In The Family, or Maude, etc. I haven't watched it since it was moved to Friday nights..this past week, I made the Wrong Decision and watched 6 Million Dollar Man..but when it was on on Monday nights, it used to represent a bright spot, and I thought it was infinitely better than Diana, in specific.

You know, I suppose I have a better understanding of your silences than anyone, since I've always considered myself a very silent person; I always prefer the passive role in social situations. In past few years I've tried to force myself to be a bit more Outgoing; simply because it finally hit me that those long years broken only by a poem or two were pretty lonely ones. Too, I've with increasing frequency found myself in situations where I absolutely Had to make (something I despise) Small Talk....Perhaps in my next incarnation I'll finally get to be the ebullient blue-eyed giggly cheerleader type...and no doubt will find that won't solve all the social problems either. -- But the Running Silent-Must Be Deep syndrome you describe is one I've used myself; amazing how often you (or I) can fool people into thinking we're Profound when actually we just don't have anything to say that comes up to our own self-images. (But as long as it remains an effective gambit, I have every intention of continuing to use it. You betchum.)

Hm. I wrote an elogy when a famous person died. I was profoundly affected by the death of the King of England (yeah really, I'm not making it up) and the coronation of the Queen. I wrote a stirring tear-stained elogy for him, and a companion piece about the ascension to the throne of Elizabeth...perhaps 60 or 70 lines each, all in terribly strick meter and rhyme, filled with lofty sentiments that didn't seem amusing to me at the time I was writing them. I still have them, I suppose...buried away in my childhood scrapbook, with the newspapers announcing his death, the funeral plans, etc.

Uh, yes..I hope you do allow yourself to go deeper into the subject of extra personalities; I agree with your supposition that some of it may well be described by repressed imagination. Of course, I suppose that the imagination is, in most of the true cases, trying to locate a more hospitable world for its personality; escaping from the Pain of the real world. I believe that at least a substantial part of the treatment is to get the divided part of the personality to accept the fact of the Pain in the real world; this is necessary in order to get the division to accept merger with the Real Self. (Of course it helps..in fact, seems to be a necessity, for the Pain to be lessened in the real world; the source of the problem removed from the life; it seems unlikely that a splintered personality could be brought back together in the same painful environment that caused it to splinter in the first place.) I'm not convinced, however, that it's necessarily a requisite that the original trauma, or the original source of pain be located before healing can be started; I am very impressed with the possibilities of healing by acceptance of the situation as it is (with the earlier stipulation, of course. You can't expect to be able to put someone back together when they're still involved in the original destructive traumatic situation.) I suppose that what it really comes down to is that although I recognize that there've been good accomplishments with it, I'm not very convinced that Primal Therapy (or making persons relive the original pain situation) is the only way...or in fact even the best way. Opinions?

TERRY Nice stuff here, but nothing I can really think to say in reply. Sorry bout that. -- Sorry, too, that you didn't make it to NY for New Years. Any chance of a visit to the City any time soon?

Well..I suppose we've all worked some shitty jobs at one time or another; remind me to tell you about the factory I worked in sometime. I guess what's most depressing about shitty jobs is when you look ahead and you see you're going to be working for 40-50 years. That's when the question of Why? becomes such a meaningful one..

ED How nice to have you with us.

It's always hard to know exactly what to say regarding the personal relations of others, and especially when it's one unknown island (me) speaking to another as yet unknown island (you). I've been giving increasing awareness in recent years to the number of people I know who've had to go through drastic changes in personal relationships before they reached anything even approaching permanence; I think most of the people I know have lived with more than one person. Just as, in the past, it was usual for a person to "go steady" with more than one person, and probably even have a multiplicity of engagements before marriage finally did take place. Now, in today's free'd up society, most people live with several people before finally settling down to a more or less permanent relationship; or (unfortunately) if not that, then it takes multiple marriages before it happens. I also think a great deal can be said about the fact that most of us are privileged to experience more than one life style, and hopefully, even more than one way of thought. Considering just how likely we are to change the head we're in, it becomes doubly understandable that we may be forced to change our personal relationships several times before we finally fall into permanence either of companionship or of philosophy.

Intellectual realization of the Goodness of this circumstance, tho, doesn't really do much to help the pangs of ending a relationship that was begun in all faith and hope. I suppose that's always true, whether it's a 13 year old teeny bopper crying over the loss of her first beau, or a 32 year old facing once again the prospect of having to begin the search anew.

I'm glad that, for you, everything started looking rosier within a week; and hope that by this time, the world is a good place to be, where you're at.

Possessions. Oh, yes...we do have a multiplicity of feelings on that subject, in apa. To me it seems that everyone has to go through at least three stages where possessions are concerned. Usually as children we're very possessive, and very acquisitive. Then, at least for most (many) of us, there comes a period when we realize that possessions are only objects that tie us down; that they mustn't be allowed to rule us. Sometimes, in order to prove our understanding of this fact, we feel called upon to divest ourselves of all the solid matter surrounding us; sometimes we have to do this in order to prove this not only to our compatriots, but to ourselves. (I had to prove this lesson to myself several times, in fact.) However, in recent years (and I suggest that this may be a legitimate Third Stage of Life experienced by the majority of people) I find that possessions have once again assumed a role in my life. I hope and feel that they don't rule me, as they might have in my First Stage; I also believe I'd be just as capable of leaving them behind as I was in my Second Stage. But now they've got significances for me that are more proportionate to their Real value: they make my life more comfortable; they add fullness to my environment; they produce a sense of my surroundings being more attuned to my personality than if my surroundings contained nothing reflecting my tastes.

In a word, I suppose I've discarded the religion of self-denial as being just as faulty as the religion of possessions.

Query:
have any of the rest of you observed this changing pattern in your own relationship with your possessions and the objects that surround you?

-- Out of time and out of space...and if I want these pages to be in the right place (ie, the 23rd mlg.) I'd best wind them down.

Till next month, then...hope to see you all.