

SWINGLINE II

This is SWINGLINE #2, prepared for the second mailing of APA dated April Fools Day, 1972, by Joyce Katz, 59 Livingston St., #6-B, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201.

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Concerning the newly proposed for membership: I know Dave Emerson and like him; I think he'd make a fine member, and I definitely vote yes for him.

I also know and like Doug Lovenstein, and enthusiastically support him for membership. I admit to a bit of Wonder about whether he'd be interested or not. Even though he did seem more interested in fandom when he was here than for the 2-3 years previous, I'm curious if he's actually ready to become active again. It's a cinch there's only one way to find out, so I hope we can all agree to invite him.

On David Birdsong, I'm postponing voting until I get more information about him. I actually am inclined to vote for him: you're a nice guy, Lane, and I'm almost certain anyone you like that well must be ok, too. But, I don't know him at all...I don't think I've ever even received a letter from him, or read anything by him. Can you tell us more about him?

With no further adoo, on to mailing comments:

Terry Hughes - I really like the name you're using; I can identify with it. When Arnie and I get a fresh ounce (which is, perhaps, more frequently than we should, and less often than we'd like...) we usually very carefully sift it through a tea-strainer. We end up with a certain amount of really quill stuff, and about a fourth of a baggie of stems and seeds. After we've run through the good stuff, we toss the stems and seeds into the blender. I don't know why it is, but it seems like we spend more time smoking stems & seeds than anything else. I'm not certain if it's because there are more seeds & stems than good stuff, or if it's because the good stuff is so nice we just use it up quicker. -- Mentioning filter tips makes me think to ask: have you tried the Laredo kits yet? Laredo joints had quite a flurry of popularity with us soon after they came on the market but I personally didn't like them too much. For one thing, I guess I was too clumsy but I could never get the machine to work properly for me. But, even more to the point, I felt the entire concept of a filter-tip joint was ridiculous. Who wants to filter out pot resins?

It was interesting to hear about your jazz concert. Ten, twelve years ago I ate, drank, slept with and dreamed about jazz...the way most of us care about rock now. Then there was a big tear-up of my life style, and since jazz was so strongly connected with the head I'd been in before the change, I couldn't bear to listen to it anymore. That was long ago and far away, and jazz is now nothing more than pleasant background music to me. But, the fact is, it's background music I had half-forgotten people were still even playing. -- I wonder if there'll ever be a big return-to-jazz, where it'll be as popular as it once was? Or, for that matter, do you see rock as being an extension of the jazz field? What do you think the relationship between rock and jazz is?

I was saddened somewhat about your report of Terry Jeeves' statements regarding the IRA... but I wasn't too surprized. I know that he's been very militant for years. We got some really incredible letters from him in response to ODD, in which he frothed at the mouth

concerning Vietnam (he was very hawkish). After a certain number of exchanges on the subject I decided that there was just no mutual meeting ground on the subject between us, and for that matter on most topical subjects he seemed to hold very opposite views from mine.

FOCAL POINT doesn't stand a chance at a Hugo. Face it, there are some 6-700 voters; maybe more if the committee really hustles votes. That means there'll be 3 or 400 voters who never even saw a copy of FP -- Several fannish writers being on the ballot wouldn't split the vote: it doesn't work that way on Australian balloting.

Gee, I'm sorry to hear you think fandom's dull and lifeless right now. I agree with you that fandom seemed to hit a slump this winter, but I don't really think this entire period can be called dull. Actually, I think that (in the long haul) this is one of the better periods of fandom. At least I'm enjoying fandom more now than I ever have before.

You know, Bruce, I think you might have actually been fairly unique in your entry into fandom. I mean, so far as I know, most fans either get into fandom because of liking sf, or (in less frequent instances) because of liking amateur journalism and amateur publishing. But, so far as I've ever been able to see, you have no more than the average freak-in-the-street's interest in sf, and you've never seemed too wrought up about publishing. You may not be the only fan who got in for purely fannish reasons..but you must be one of a very small group.

I hope you're going to enjoy getting more involved with fandom; I'm certain that (speaking for myself) fandom's going to enjoy becoming more involved with you. It's kinda strange, but it seems that circumstances have worked around so that Arnie and I haven't seen much of you for the last year, and I know a lot must have happened to your head in that time -- at least it seemed to me that you left for California in one head, and came back in another. I've been wanting to get reacquainted with you since that time...but it's seemed that your visits to Brooklyn have been too infrequent to accomplish that kind of communication. Or is it only my imagination that you've been through some changes? To me it seems that you're in many ways much more straight with yourself...and that's a nice way to be.

Charlene: You reminded me that I still haven't seen CLOCKWORK ORANGE, and I really want to. I agree with you (after reading the book again) that Alex' return to "normalcy" certainly did make him undesirable -- but do you think the State has the right to change someone in the manner Alex was changed? Does the State have a right to (for example) perform a lobotomy on a deviant? In the case of Alex, I agree with you - he (in his natural state) was such a rotten person and his behavior was so harmful to others, he certainly needed to have his mind tampered with. But, I suppose if we ever give The Law the privilege of lobotomy (or mind-tampering in any form) I guess we'll eventually get to the place that the State will tamper with you for...oh, getting too many parking tickets, for instances. Maybe they'll decide that not having kids is deviant and socially harmful behavior..fix me so that the sight of a b.c. pill will nauseate me. (Well...not me..never touch the things myself.) Anyhow, you get my point? Who's to watch the watchers, and all that. I guess what it really gets down to is that we need a good and intelligent definition of what is actually socially harmful deviant behavior, as opposed to what's just kinky.

Lane Lambert: Hi. I was raised Southern Baptist, too...Bless'd be the tie that binds. The biggest thing I miss about it (probably the only thing, but that's my trip) is the hymns: Amazing Grace just might be my all-time favorite song. Jewish music is very lovely, and I've enjoyed my limited exposures to it. But I imagine nothing will ever have the gut-wrenching effect on me that's brought to bear by a rousing chorus of "Rock of Ages" or "What a Friend". Old habits die hard.

It's funny about Pepsi being the fannish drink. I guess it must have come about because it was Ted White's drink, and hence, the drink of the Fanoclasts. (Ted, you know the Truth about this. Have I guessed correctly?) Since the Insurgents were pretty much the same group of people, Pepsi was (and is) their drink too.

Actually, in St. Louis Coke was the fannish drink because St. Louis peptis weren't too good. Chris still drinks Cokes..and so would I if I wasn't drinking TAB. (TAB will never be the new fannish drink; I'm certain of that. But it's not too bad once you get used to it.)

I haven't played Diplomacy for a long time. (The last game I played in, Hank was one of the opponents. I don't think anyone else in Apa was there. It was largely because of that game...tho certainly no fault of Hank...that I swore I'd never play Diplomacy again.) It was ok...took a little too long to finish a game, but that's not a hanging offense. But I developed a strong dislike of it because some people took it much too seriously.

However, both Arnie and I are very fond of games, and should you ever come to Brooklyn (as all trufen must sooner or later) we'll certainly be glad to challenge you to a game of something-or-other. I have a partiality to money games: Stock Market, Big Business, Acquire, even, ghu pardon me, Monopoly...if the game has a board and stacks of play money, I can usually get involved in it. Arnie, on the other hand, likes sports games (like the 3-M basketball or hockey games) and can never play them since I can't get the hang of them at all. -- His favorite games of all, tho, seem to be Avalon Hill strategy games, but since I suspect he'll write about that, I'll say no more.

Gee, David Birdson drew #7?! That's awful...and I hear they've already issued a call for the first 15 numbers. Any news yet?

Frank Lunney: I don't think I really understand about Jesus Freaks. I guess the thing I'd really like to know is whether you think these Jesus Freaks include all Christians, or whether Jesus Freaks are a particular set or group that has no relationship to regular everyday believers. I'm almost positive it's the latter...in my mind, I figure the Jesus Freaks to be something on the order of the Hari Krishna singers: that is, outside of the normal religious community. But am I wrong? Do Jesus Freaks attend Baptist Training Union, and Sunday School, and Wednesday evening prayer meetings in the organized churches? Or do they have their own organizations? Or, are they freeform? And are they called Jesus Freaks because they're freaked out on religion, or because they are freaks who have become involved in religion.

These are very simplistic questions, I know; nonetheless I'd really like to be answered. At one time I was a very devout believer, but I can't really accept the notion that, having been raised in a relatively normal midwestern home with relatively normal religious training that "took" for the first 18 years of my life, I would have qualified for the unglorious title of Jesus Freak. I'm almost certain there must be more to it than that.

I hope you get your job with the postoffice. Have you heard anything yet?

Ross -- that was very interesting and struck a few chords with me. Perhaps certain similarities in your and my backgrounds are because we're so close to the same age; then again, maybe the similarities are regional, since we both came more-or-less from the south.

What you say is true: who indeed did know that "nigger" was a bad word back in those...ah ...dark days before social enlightenment began to dawn. Well, actually, in my family we knew..my mother was very strict about teaching me to say "colored people" and at times of stress even today I have to catch myself to keep from reverting to that affectionate-but-

belittleing term. And, it was really hard for me to learn to say "Black" because that was, in the Southeast corner of Missouri where I grew up, a very bad term, even more of an insult than the other. "Black" was always used as an adjective, usually followed by "Bastard"...and the bastardy was implied even if not used. "Black" also meant low-class, dirty, and all those things that only someone raised in that state of southern consciousness would know. I almost flipped when I heard someone addressed as "A Black"; I fully expected violence in retaliation. And, it's been difficult to get over my aversion to the term.

I honest-to-god didn't know that they weren't served at the local Woolworth lunch counter. I don't guess I knew it until the local Woolworth lunch counter very quietly, with no fuss, started serving them. And I honest-to-god didn't know that they didn't want to sit in the back of the bus; my mother told me that they preferred to be "with their own kind", separate-but-equal. And I honest-to-god thought that was how it was...separate but equal. Who, when they're young, knows that their mother can lie?

One thing my mother never did tell me, tho, was that "Indians stink". My mother has (obviously) always been very careful about how she spoke about Indians. I can remember, when I was young, how my mother would speak of Indians in the very-definite-third-person: "They" had little or nothing to do with "Us". It was only when the society began to liberalize a little that my mother reached the point that she'd admit..to very good friends or, more likely, only in the immediate family..that she had "just a speck" of Indian blood. She still is unlikely to admit that the speck totals to almost half. And, my father went to his grave without ever making that admission to himself. My father was a prejudiced man, and it's as well he died before he had to change his attitudes, because they were so deeply ingrained he couldn't have. But--I'll say this one thing: at least he wasn't limited to disliking only persons of color. His dislike of blacks was at least tempered with affection, and his aversion to admitting to his or his wife's Indian heritage did mellow in his old age. But his aversion to the French was tempered with pure hatred and disgust, and never relented even for an instant before he died. I've never really known what specifically it was he hated so much about the French, but I know it stemmed from his time in France in World War I, and the seeds of dislike planted at that time flowered into a mighty tree of loathing. (I think it was because of the mixed restrooms; he saw a Frenchman urinate in front of his lady, and it blew my father's Kentuckian mind.)

I guess there were one or two more common prejudices. My background was more filled with phrases like "God's Chosen People" than "They Killed Christ" and so I never knew about the horns and tail. However, it was common knowledge around my house that "the Catholics and Jews controll all the money". -- Which should make the Katz/Komar/Kunkel collaborations prosper.

You've got a hell of a lot of nerve, Dave Hulvey. You really've got gall. You've eaten my food, been sheltered by my roof, stayed in my hotel room. You certainly weren't too moralistic to take advantage of what middle-class comforts Arnie and I have accumulated. Now you turn around and say that, because I'm fortunate enough to have a fairly good job, some guy with a straightened out coat hanger, or a pair of rusty knitting needles should get to work me over. You say that, because I have worked for twelve years, any "Immorality" or "promiscuity" I indulge in should be punished...I should be made to suffer if I get pregnant. Tell me, in your mind, do you think of it as "getting caught"?

You seem to wish you could legislate your own definition of morality, Dave, and you seem to have lost track of the difference between sin and crime. You seem to hasten to the conclusion that sexual activity is "sin", and to feel that this sin should be treated as

crime, and that the "fallen woman" should be made to pay...but, incredibly, only if she is at least middle class. Her poorer sisters can have the freedom to consult a doctor and obtain legal, clean, painless operations. I can inject sulphur, force open safety pins into my womb, dip myself in boiling water. I can lie and scream with pain until I bleed to death.

Since I can't have children, I personally have nothing to fear for myself from the "best in illegal abortions" that you seem to think is all I deserve. But I'm appalled at the rationale that would condemn, unheard, so many women...even other women here in apa.

I'd disagree, but I'd be able to understand what prompted the thought; if you prated about the sanctity of life and the rights of the unborn child. But, that's not the case...and I'll tell you, Dave: by my definitions of right and wrong, you're incredibly immoral. You've come up with the most obnoxious philosophy I've heard in years...that the amount of suffering a person must face should be determined by their income.

Perhaps only your lack of experience makes you think this way...but there are some experiences you shouldn't have to have in order to get your priorities straight. I've sat with and tried to help two different girls who'd had the "best in illegal operations"; I don't want to ever do it again, and legalization is the only sure way to avoid the necessity.

I also have personal knowledge of what it's like ~~when there~~ is no abortion, and there should have been. I've seen the faces of the family when the pregnancy was forced to go full term, but the child born was a hopeless deformity that couldn't live...that couldn't even be seen by the mother...a child for whom the only life would be institutional, and whose mentality would never be ~~any~~ more than a ~~breathing~~ vegetable. Abortions were illegal -- and the doctor was a moral man.

I've seen worse than that, too. I've looked straight into the eye of a mother signing Permission To Adopt; saw her face when she put the baby into someone else's arms. And that's the worst thing I ever saw in my life, except the reasons that forced her to do it.

You're afraid someone might be "sexually immoral and promiscuous", and then request an abortion? I wouldn't be surprised. So---what's it to you? Are you the moral keeper of the land?

Your first nine pages didn't make much more sense than the tenth. When are you going to realize that people are human beings, instead of abstract ideas...concrete walls off which to bounce your own ego-trips.

Gee. Hank, it sure was nice to hear something about what you've been doing with your writing. I don't think I had known that you were reviewing for the Post...that's great.

I'm sorry that you felt reluctant about joining Apa--but I had feared that might be the case. Making the time go around is certainly a problem...one we all share, I suppose... but I'm glad that you decided to squeeze out a bit more in order to be with us.

I was interested in your description of Bullfrog, but about the only thing I can think to say in reply is to giggle at the absurdity of Diane Zaharakis writing about the weirdness of fandom.

Lesleigh, you make Columbia fandom sound like a lot of fun...but, of course, the Columbia fanzines had already done that. I really wish we could come to call some Saturday

(Friday?) night. Wouldn't that be a great scene! Brooklyn fandom en masse drops in to spend an evening with Columbia fandom---what a one-shot session that would be...if we ever pried ourselves away from the dinner table.

You know there's something I've wondered about and I'd really like to know: there've been a considerable number of mentions of firewater in Columbia fandom. It's all a matter of taste and personal preference of course, and I'm strongly influenced by being mildly allergic to firewater (--you know how it affects redskins--) but I gotta ask: why do you drink when you have the sacred weed? I always thought that one counteracted the other and that the alcohol ended up on top, kinda wasteing the grass. Am I wrong?

I suppose it's my infamous sense of cruelty Bill but I really enjoyed hearing about your bad stomach; somehow it made me feel better about all those times you've dashed away from the dinner table to heave up your supper.

Seriously it certainly is a drag that your stomach is in such bad shape, but since it is, I'm glad that it's now Known, so we can all Take Steps to get you better. And I suspect that at least half of Brooklyn fandom is secretly pleased about it since it means that I've started leaving out the red peppers in the franks & beans.

Gee, Neal, you don't have to wear a funny hat in order to be recognized; people'll know you as a trufan even without it...maybe even a little quicker, since they'll be focusing on you instead of the hat. -- Besides, there's already someone pulling the hat trick in fandom. (And, I understand, having once or twice had the bad experience of taking it off and discovering that people didn't really relate to him..just to his hat..and were uncomfortable around him without it. That must have been a shock.)

On the other hand, if you come to visit Arnie and I, by all means bring your kazoo...we'll form a trio.

Well, you certainly focused in on a sore point. It certainly is unfair that all the sercon fingers of accusation be pointed to Arnie, and that he should be held responsible for all our fannish foibles. Oh..there's a certain amount of glory mixed with the accusations, of course...and even a bit of it that's deserved: I certainly think Arnie has done a great deal to promote his favorite form of fanac. As you say, after all, it was QUIP that carried the torch of trufandom across the barren plain of 8th fandom. Without QUIP, there would have undoubtedly been no FOOLSCAP, and probably no EGOBOO. And, as you imply, the large circulation'd FOCAL POINT was undoubtedly responsible for exposing many new fans to fannishness who might have never seen a fannish fanzine otherwise. Perhaps FOCAL POINT is one of the primary reasons that we now actually have neofen who are immediately going into fannishness instead of devoting their energies to book reviews.

But, I don't think it's quite fair to say that all the credit (sercon fans read "blame") belongs at the Katz doorstep; perhaps we could spread it around a bit. There were, in fact, one or two Quiet Voices who influenced Arnie.

I propose that, when the sercon fans again gain the upper hand (as they will; there seems no doubt about the cyclic nature of these things) and when they gather en masse to purge the land of the primary sources of fannishness...I propose we keep Barabus Katz, and give them Ted White.

John Berry: I've been following on your heels all the way up the FAPA waitlist. You're #2 and I'm #3. We must have both got on the w.l. almost immediately after NYCon. 1967 to 1972...5 years. That's a pretty fair length of time to stand queued up waiting to get in a graveyard.

I'm really looking forward to it though; I've waited so long I've actually convinced myself it's a worthy goal. (Truth is, I guess I still have some sense of wonder left toward FAPA.) Arnie and I now and then sit around debating what type of apazine we'll do for FAPA. We haven't actually made up our minds whether to do separate apazines, or take our first stab at co-editing something. On one hand, it would be a gas to co-edit a zine: we've never tried, and I'm vain enough to think that the mixture would be interesting. On the other hand his opinions are usually more strongly evidenced than mine, and he's much more prolific than I...the balance of personalities might be a little uneven. And, too, I've got a few urges or things to do in a personal zine that wouldn't be right for Pot-latch. --- Besides, all Arnie's past co-editors moved to California...and that would really be a drag.

Joy, the sentences that most caught my eye in your MEONE were in the last two paragraphs that you wrote. I don't think you should necessarily sit and talk of only one side of your life..if you have a multi-faceted life, by all means don't limit yourself in what you discuss. Certainly you're right that we all have our skeletons lying about...and we all have tender spots that must be touched very gently. But, I think that no one here would deliberately trample on these touchy spots in someone else. I hope that eventually you trust enough to let more of yourself out. I for one would be very interested in knowing more about you.

Chris, you must have a natural bent at titles or something...I really like FLICKER.

That's a terrific idea; February 29th should indeed be a huge holiday, with carnivals and parades and festivals and feasts. I also agree with you, tho, that the end of Feb. isn't usually the ideal time for dancing-in-the-street; April would make a better month to throw in the extra day.

I think you've hit on the trick that makes office work tolerable to the women who do it. It can be settling to just lose yourself in idiot work. I think that most secretaries, clerk-typists, dictaphone operators, accountants, and (to summarize) female employees who perform non-creative functions, approach their jobs as necessary evils that are better performed in a mindless state. Most female office jobs could be better performed by a well-programmed computer, or a robot; no matter what the employer says, it usually comes down that he actually wants a yes-man (woman) with great mechanical skills and no initiative. It's a very lucky girl who has a job where she's allowed to express herself in anyway at all, such as the botanical menagerie you mentioned, or paper sculptury. Most jobs around universities do allow that degree of individuality, but most mundane business offices wouldn't permit anything in that line at all.

Arnie and I were talking the other day about this sort of thing, specifically about what is the mainstream of each of our lives. For me, at least, my working hours are spend in some never-never limbo. Reality begins and ends with the other 128 hours of my week.

Which I guess says something about the life of even a fairly liberated female. It must really be rough for women who haven't yet got even the degree of freedom I'm permitted professionally...like, for example, garment-district workers. (I understand their lot is among the worst in the city.)

I'm fascinated by FEFSCU. I'd love to hear them sing "Baskin-Robbins" to Beethoven. --- You shouldn't complain, you know: I'm surprised they didn't fall into the habit of singing it to the tune of the Hallalujah Chorus from Handel's Messiah.

I had never really imagined, Seth, that there'd be campus film groups that showed skin

flicks. I suppose it makes for interesting work. (Boy, talking about terrible jobs... would I ever hate to be the lady who sells the popcorn in a skin-flick. Listing people who must take a lot of shit...that must be among the worst positions available for a woman.) You mentioned the legal risk...how is it in Michigan where skin flicks are concerned? Are raids frequent or inseldom?

It's one of my fannish ambitions to someday join SAPS...and for exactly the reason you mention; I'd enjoy being able to get better acquainted with Howard DeVore, for example... and I suppose that SAPS is about the only way I'd ever have any contact with the Rapps. Someday, when I have a bit more time available than I do now, I plan to get on the SAPS waitlist. I really do.

Congratulations on being 4-F. That's nice news.

What you say about St. Louis is definitely true, Alice...there's lots of stuff going on, but it's pretty hard to find out about it until after it's happened. I used to pick up a fair amount of news from KDNA (are they still broadcasting? Are they still on a shoe-string, or has Jeremy gone commercial and gotten rich?) but mostly my source of information was word-of-mouth. Still, once I got tuned in to St. Louis, I found it a pretty nice place to be. Considering things like the movie programs you mentioned, and various lectures and concerts and exhibits put on by the universities, public libraries and museums, I'd say that I was doing a much larger variety of things in St. Louis than I am in New York. -- Thing is, there's even more going on in New York than there was in St. Louis...but the problem is the same; you have to know about it before it happens in order to take advantage of it.

I think you and Johnny really have hit it when you talk about the virtues of being easily amused. If a lot of different things interest you, then any city contains an awfully lot of interesting things to do.

Arnie: I suppose the answer for me, to why I'm a fan, would have to begin and end with the people. It's true that there have been periods of my fan life when the important thing was to write. And, there've been periods of my fan life when I was very compelled to publish, just for the sake of publishing...you know, the thrill of creativity; putting together a zine with my own hands and talent; the artistic accomplishment of it. I'm more or less involved in such a period now; I really am sorry that the time for publishing is so limited these days, as I'd probably be churning out zines like crazy if we had a bit more free time. I suspect that these urges to write, and these urges to publish will keep coming around from time to time from now on. But..these urges are cyclic in nature, which is to say they aren't continuous, and therefore I don't think they serve as an answer to why I'm a fan. Most of the time I don't feel overpoweringly pressured to write. Oh, I guess we all sometimes feel bottled up and feel the need to communicate our thoughts and ideas to at least part of the world. But, frankly, at times like that I don't really think fan writing is the best vehicle; only a certain amount of openness is possible in even the most personal or personalzines. So I'd mark that off as my reason for fandom, and confess that generally I write in fandom just to stay in touch.

And, of course, most of the time I'm not experiencing a great drive to publish. My desires to be creative sometimes come out in ways that have little or nothing to do with fandom; and, at some times I have no recognizable creative urges at all. These things fluctuate a lot.

For me, the only really consistent reason for staying in fandom is the people. There's something about fandom that attracts the kind of people I like best.