

Redd Boggs'

SPYROCHESSE

number 14

Apa L #39

15 July 1965

THE AMAZING STORY

Old Hugo fathered this love child,
And radar, TV, and more!
(At least to hear SaM tell it.)
But Hugo's offspring was a bore.

No one believed in Gernsback's child,
Not even Doctor Sloane,
Though he delivered him. The child
Echoed the Doctor's drone.

Then Raymond clasped the sickly child
To his own narrow bosom,
And taught him how to make some friends,
And also how to lose 'em.

Howard said, "Lad, the way to success
Lies in improving your diction;
Learn to be foppish, and trivial, and slick,
And how to ape mystery fiction."

Paul took the pallid youth in hand
And showed him how, on a smidgin
Of love and of wealth he could live (or exist)
As a foolish old publisher's pigeon.

Though thirty-ish, he cuddled up
On Cele's maternal tits,
And passed the years in silly dreams
Till Z-D called it quits.

Heaven protect this idiot child
Grown to a fuddled maturity;
He fares forth now into the world
Toward Ultimate obscurity!

INSTANT RESPONSE

Creath Thorne comments:

Recently in Apa L (I have numbers 32-35) you have been publishing a fanzine which I thought was/is exceptionally good. You have avoided the trap of mailing comments and have produced creative material that still pertains to the Apa and to fandom. I appreciate your material very much.

Number 7 had "The Cumulative Thin Book Index," which was funny. It also gave an insight into your character, I think. I too can agree with the sentiments expressed in Friendly Cops I Have Known and The Altruistic Ideals of Robert A. Heinlein. Others are merely humorous, such as The Best of CATS Fan Publishing and Friendly Criticism from Bruce Pelz.

I do not understand the poem in Number 8. Perhaps this is because I do not know Henry Stine. I've only seen a few zines from him, which contained little material I could understand, and numerous misspellings and grammatical mistakes. Perhaps, then, I should meet him in person or read other material by him before I understand what you were trying to say.

Number 9 is my favorite, so far. "Cute Stuff by Children" was, again, very well written. I think perhaps you were placing your own emotions toward the room-sacking in the mind of the lone senior, when actually he probably regarded the entire event much differently. I am fairly close to this myself, and though I don't do much hazing and razing since I don't like people to haze and raze me, there are many who do delight in this type of give-and-take. Usually they are the type not too strong in mental prowess, and they delight in this sort of social contact. I'm sure that lack of mental prowess does not apply in the Caltech case, but tradition and functions in an all-boy school would probably develop this rougher sort of social intercourse.

I enjoyed the poem "Fog on a May Evening." The imagery is fresh and original in such lines as "smoothed the weather from my dazed hair" and "Through the window, where the glass gave back a ghost reflection of myself." Having given a vivid mental picture of the scene, the poem in its last lines reflects a contentment of the surroundings, and indicates on a higher plane of thought contentment of the path the poet has walked in life which has led him to his present state.

Number 10, though it has less commentable material, is again well-written. I have noted throughout the series of zines a compassion and thoughtfulness for fellow man that is noticeably lacking in other fans. I am in a curious position. I have never met any fans at all, nor do I understand how they think and work. You know Tom Gilbert much better than I do; you know how he feels about the fanzine field. Apparently it has become almost an obsession with him. I do not react this way; I regard fanzine publishing as something different that I've never encountered anywhere else. I enjoy the physical and mental work involved in putting out a zine, I enjoy what comments and egoboo I get, I enjoy reading fanzines, and I enjoy building up a small collection of these memories. Still, for me, it remains a hobby -- one that I would hate very much to give up, but a hobby still. With Tom, it must be something different.

I enjoyed the layout and mimeography in all the zines, which was very neat and readable, of course. If there is one thing that disturbs me, it is the title. "Redd Boggs' SPIROCHETE" brings to mind the verbal picture of Boggs distributing through the Apa L distribution those bacteria which cause venereal disease. This is distressing to me. (Route 4, Savannah, Missouri, 64485)

EC: Think of it then as the type of spirochete that causes relapsing fever, which my dictionary tells me is an infectious disease that is marked by a high fever lasting seven days. Apa-L-ac may be characterized as relapsing fever. I appreciate your letter and the unexpected egoboo; it's encouraging to know that somebody enjoys Spirochete.