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Redd Boggs'

# SPIROOCHES

number 11

Apa L #36

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## REMEMBER APA L, GRANDFATHER?

"Apa L?" the Old Old Fan said, meshing mental gears. He hitched himself around in his wheelchair and squinted at the moonscape filling up with sunshine. "Apa L? Wasn't that the apa where they were chattering all the time about something called 'expansive love' -- a bunch of timid youngsters trying to talk themselves into each other's pants? It seems to me it was revived later, and -- "

"No, grandfather," the Very Young Fan said. He flourished with a cherry lollipop. "That was some other apa. Apa L had hardly heard of sex. In fact, somebody named Gold reprinted an excerpt from My Life and Loves, by Frank Harris, and all the members seemed honestly puzzled as to what it was all about. No, the big topic in Apa L was Objectivism."

"The whichwhat?" The Old Old Fan scowled. He wished it were time for his pre-luncheon nip of bourbon and branch water.

"Objectivism -- it was sort of a last little blossom of social Darwinism and absolute laissez-faire blooming far past its time, and nurtured by Darwinian dead-ends and victims of rampant capitalism. It was never tried except on a small scale. One fannish slan shack was run on Objectivist principles, and the smallest, weakest fan in the group ended up doing all the dishes and paying all the rent. He ran amuck with a mimeo stylus, and in the end they all slaughtered each other. Sad case. I don't know what happened to Objectivism itself, but it must have died quietly 50 or 60 years ago, not long after Apa L itself expired."

"Apa L." The Old Old Fan rubbed his pate meditatively. "I don't remember it at all. What did the 'L' stand for, Junior?"

"I'm not sure -- probably Lunkheads. But it's not so strange that you don't remember Apa L. It was a Fourth of July skyrocket in a world of Titan II missiles. Most of the time it was dominated by a bunch of nonfans or fringers who labored under the illusion that fan publishing consisted entirely of surface thoughts composed in the stick and immortalized on spirit masters. In doublespaced type yet!"

The Old Old Fan shuddered. "Some of those. I'll bet they were very nice youngsters, too, in person. But you should never trust a man who doesn't have ragged fingernails -- he has never opened the closing staples of a fanzine. A bas pseudofans!"

"Well, of course, Apa L wasn't composed entirely of such pseudofans," the Very Young Fan cautioned. "But even the 16kt fans in Apa L

were producing minor work -- lightyears from their work in other apas: Fred Patten, Ted White, Rich Mann, Jack Harness, Bjohn Trimble, Dave Hulan, Bill Blackbeard, Redd Boggs, fans like that. Boy, some of that stuff was..."

"Mind what you say about Redd Boggs!" the Old Old Fan snapped. "He encouraged me when I published my very first fanzine back in '67. 'It shows promise,' he wrote. 'It shows promise!' How'd you like to get such praise from a BNF, Sonny? I tell you, I went around for days in a daze. But listen here, how did you get to be such an authority on an apa even I have plumb forgotten?"

"Oh, I just bought a set of Apa L distributions, from the find you may have heard about. It was discovered in the recent excavations of the ruins of Pasadena. Some fannish authorities believe that it may've been the personal set of Tom Gilbert Himself! Cost me a pretty penny, too -- \$150. Took all my allowance for two weeks. That's why I'm on lollipops instead of LSD."

"Tom Gilbert!" the Old Old Fan mused. "Fancy that, Hedda! But say, \$150 for a bunch of secondrate apazines. For that price you could have swindled somebody out of a complete set of a prozine like Out of This World Adventures. How many distributions are there in the set of Apa L publications? I'd guess Apa L didn't last very long, judging from your description of its contents."

"Oh, it lasted a while -- don't think I got stung, grandfather," the Very Young Fan said, flushing. "Fact is, it lasted almost a year."

"What the hell killed Apa L, anyway?" asked the Old Old Fan, yawning. He was still thinking about bourbon and branch water.

"Well," the Very Young Fan said, "it seemed at first that the Apa L crowd was going to quarrel and knife each other to ribbons. There were a lot of insults and dirty remarks hurled back and forth during the early days. But then things quieted down. The prattling kids without an idea in their skulls and the old and tired BNFs who used the apa as a dumping ground for trivia took over. And pretty soon Apa L expired from acute boredom."

TO THE SHORES OF FAR EASTBAY

(from The Mailer, Berkeley W.E.B. DuBois club, 31 May 1965)

"This week's game: Pick the order in which the following regimes will be threatened by revolution, causing ol' Elbee to send in the Long Tall Gyrenes: a. Bolivia; b. Guatemala; c. Honduras; d. Thailand; e. Paraguay; f. Haiti; g. South Africa; h. Berkeley. Winner gets a free draft notice."

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