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for Apa L #7

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Redd Boggs' SPIROCHES

STRANGLER IN A STRANGE LAND Gretchen injured her foot Saturday night; she thought she might have broken it when the typewriter fell onto her. Sunday the pain was still stabbing through the hurt extremity, and we decided she had better seek medical aid in a hurry.

I delivered the ready-sheets of Radiohero to Jim Harmon's, and discovered Don Glut, Arthur Jean Cox, and Jim awaiting me so they could assemble the fanzine that afternoon. I told them what happened to The Girl, and asked them their advice.

"Why not take her to the Receiving hospital over on Sixth?" said Jean.

"Go over to the County hospital," said Jim.

The Receiving hospital was nearest, so we tried that. The woman at the desk listened to my story and immediately summoned an orderly who conveyed Gretchen inside in a wheelchair. After she gave a lot of information to the nurse at the receiving desk, Gretchen was pushed into a small examining room and after a short wait a doctor came in and asked her what had happened. She explained, and without touching her foot or examining it closely, he remarked casually, "It'll have to be X-rayed," and walked out.

The nurse got out lamb's wool and gauze and began to bandage the throbbing foot. "You'll have to see your own doctor," she told Gretchen, "or else go to General hospital." An orderly helped me convey Gretchen out to the car again. We had been there about 15 minutes.

We drove to General hospital, and after trying two different gates and the main desk, we were ultimately directed to the ambulance entrance which was up a long curving ramp behind the main building. There I talked an orderly into pushing a stretcher out to the car to bring Gretchen inside. Then I went out and drove the car down the ramp and parked it in the street. I was afraid I'd be too late and not be able to find where they whisked her to treat the foot, but when I returned, I spotted her still lying on the stretcher at the far end of the receiving room.

This was only the beginning of a long evening.

(To be continued)

Would the child think me Violent if I spanked him?

The Sultan's Horsetail



This is HORSETAIL VII, by Gretchen Schwenn,
P. O. Box 57242, Los Angeles, California,
90057. The date: Thursday 3 December 1964.
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Hail and Farewell!

My foot is either fractured, or it is not fractured; the doctors of the Los Angeles County Hospital don't seem to know, nor find it of any great importance. Therefore, I am leaving LA for New Mexico sooner than I had intended. I was planning to spend the holidays with my family, but I have now decided to visit not only my family, but my family doctor, and I will challenge no one to guess the reason.

Redd Boggs will be going along to drive, and to try out the fresh air. I hope he doesn't oxidize too rapidly; I'm not quite sure of the effect of air on someone who has been living in LA for over two years. He expects to survive it, I guess, for he is taking along the Gestetner and all the other paraphernalia of Gafia Press -- therefore Gafia's address for the duration of the holidays will be: Redd Boggs, 317 Moon NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 87112. My address will be the same, of course, but mail sent to the LA P.O. Box will be forwarded, and neither of us has the intention of visiting the Carlsbad Caverns off-schedule in order to get lost. Return to California is anticipated for mid-January. That's not too long a time.

As I am about to become a corresponding member of apa L, I cannot be positive of getting my material done in time for each and every dispensation. So I had better make fresh mailing comments while I can.

Jack Harness: I object very strongly to that vile and slanderous cartoon of Me! How dare you? Anybody who knows me, knows I don't smoke -- AND YOU PICTURE ME WITH A DAMNED COFFIN NAIL IN MY HANDS!!! Smoking is a nasty habit.

As for my drawing of you, it was meant to be a tribute to the best part of you. You are not bare-assed in it; you are wearing nylon breeches -- Oh, Jack! You just don't understand (and besides, you like it). To Be Continued, Jack?