

Redd Boggs'

Spirochete

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INSTANT RESPONSE (on Spirochete #4)

G. Legman remarks:

Thank you for the copy of Spirochete mainly concerned with myself. It tickled me in lots of places, especially the part about my hair being "carefully combed," which is the first time in my life anybody ever said that, even after "squinting down" at me no matter how carefully. I am glad you liked the suit, as I do too: it was made for me at Oxford, and your noting its continental cut does credit to your reporter's eye.

As you mention that other of the fans are interested in my stuff, I should tell you that the first serious treatment of s.f. since that of K. Amis will be found in my new book: The Horn Book: Studies in Erotic Folklore and Bibliography (New Hyde Park, N. Y.: University Books), in the rather long chapter, "Folk Literature and Folklore: With a Few Words on Science Fiction." This volume is pretty hefty, but I feel it's overpriced at \$12.50. However, the publisher will give a discount to any folklorist, on his own recognizances, so verb. sap. sat. (the sap said nothing).

W. Arthur Boggs comments:

Thank you very much for sending me the copy of Spirochete containing the three poems reprinted from Stem. I am indeed honored.

I think all Boggs in the United States are very, very distantly related, all being descended, I believe, from a family of Boggs which came to the Carolinas or Georgia or somewhere in that direction in the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century, but I could be mistaken. I do know that I have seen our name among those for which genealogies can be found; but as I often tell my students, go back far enough and you're sure to find a horsethief, so don't go back. My father is William Arthur Boggs (still living) and his father was Jasper Boggs, who died at age 89 a few years ago in Los Angeles.

Incidentally, I am familiar with your stamping grounds, having taken my PhD at Cal in 1950. We lived in Berkeley for a few weeks, then in Richmond for some months, and finally at the Albany Veterans Village (now destroyed) for about 28 months -- my younger son was born there. My wife went to school at Cal from 1937 to 1939 and then to UCLA from 1939 to 1941.

Thanks again for Spirochete.

STRANGLER IN A STRANGE LAND (part 2)

What has gone before: In part 1, published in Spirochete #3 for the seventh Apa L distribution, 3 December 1964, I described how we tried to obtain emergency aid for Gretchen's foot, injured in an accident in the apartment on Bonnie Brae. The Receiving hospital sent us to the Los Angeles General hospital where, finally, she was conveyed into the receiving room on a stretcher. Now go on with the story.

She lay on the stretcher in the receiving room for an hour or more. Finally an orderly came along and pushed her rapidly down the corridor to the room where patients with broken bones were being treated. The orderly told me I could go in and stay with her till she was examined, and so I followed the stretcher. Her stretcher was lined up with many others, like cars in a parking lot, and there they all stood while the medical staff lounged around and yawned.

There were other patients much worse off than Gretchen: A Negro woman who appeared suffering from a broken back; a 77-year-old woman with a compound fracture of her leg; and others. The colored woman had a hard time convincing anybody that she felt like vomiting and needed a container to puke into. Her mother who was with her tried to ease the pain by shifting the injured woman's legs -- a dangerous thing to do, we thought, but the doctors looked on incuriously. We were afraid the 77-year-old woman would die of shock while the medical people puffed cigarettes and chatted aimlessly. I felt powerfully like rushing over and grabbing them by their throats and shouting, "Look! Look, you louts! People are suffering and dying while you put in your eight hours! Do something in the name of humanity!"

At last, after a long wait, Gretchen's foot was X-rayed, and then after another interminable wait a doctor deigned to glance at the X-ray pictures. He came along and said, "Here's another patient with a broken bone." Our hearts sank, but as he touched her ankle, Gretchen said in protest, "It's not my ankle that's hurt, it's my foot." The doctor went back and studied the X-rays again, then returned. "Did you ever break your ankle?" he asked. And when Gretchen nodded, he added, "Then I was looking at an old fracture. Your ankle isn't broken after all." Gretchen scowled. "But what about my foot?" "It isn't broken," said the doctor largely. "I was looking at an old fracture."

But the foot still felt broken, and she couldn't walk on it. The hospital staff had lost interest in the matter, however. They provided her with a pair of crutches, inexpertly fitted, and sent her on her way. I helped her crutch out to the ramp, then brought up the car, and we drove home. We had spent an inconclusive 4 hours 45 minutes in the hospital, and still did not know whether her foot was broken!

We thereupon decided to leave early on our proposed holiday trip to Albuquerque in order to have her foot examined by her family doctor. She hurt her foot on Saturday, 28 November. It was Friday, 11 December, almost two weeks later, on a side-trip to the Petrified Forest during our hegira to Albuquerque, that she was able to walk on the foot without experiencing too much pain. A few days later her doctor took more X-ray pictures, and decided that she hadn't broken her foot after all.

A few weeks later the Los Angeles General hospital sent a bill for \$16.35 for services rendered.

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