

DOGIE

English readers should perhaps be warned that the title of this magazine has nothing whatsoever to do with small dogs. I don't know how well known the word "dogie" is in England, but I can assure you that George Charters and his friend Frederick Faust know the term well.



Speaking of fanzine titles, one of the famous old-time titles in FAPA was AGENBITE OF INWIT. R. D. Swisher finally found the meaning of this title in an old dictionary; the interested among you are invited to do likewise. The term, for your information, stems from the time of Chaucer. Last night I was reading a rather humdrum mystery, and received a sharp surprise when I came across the word "fantod." For several years Norm Stanley had a fanzine named FANTODS, published in FAPA and VAPA. I had always considered that this was a made word--short for "fantasy toddler" or something similar. It means a fuss, a pet, or words to that effect according to the unabridged at the office. This so startled me that I looked up MORPH. My dictionary gives "a combining form denoting one characterized by a (specified) form...." How rich our English language is!

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I had not intended to postmail this. I will, for three reasons. The material will be outdated if not published soon; I need the credit, and I need it now; and it's too late for me to be sure that this will be included in the mailing for September if I send it to Roles.

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Meanwhile, in the other apa, George Charters has joined the FAPA waiting list, Sandy Sanderson and Fred Smith have been admitted as members, and Ed Cox has resigned. My happiness over the status of the first three persons named does not lessen my sadness about the last named.

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We have a summer typist at the office--a college girl employed (down, Bennett; there isn't any other way to spell "employed") for the summer only, between college semesters. She's 19, and has the unusual and yet most delightful trait of liking to think. One way or another we started on poetry one day, and then a couple of days later she pops up with a statement that she is going to write me a poem. I retired to the men's room to consider this sudden turn of events, and eventually decided that the only appropriate response was to write a poem for her first. I returned to my desk and recited my poem, to wit:

"I'd sacrifice
Paradise
--for a Price."

Barbara Price seemed to appreciate the sentiment, and I thought it was rather good for a spur-of-the-moment attempt myself.

All this took place almost a month ago. And, you know, she still hasn't written that poem for me.

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Time should not pass as rapidly as it does. The eighth OMPA mailing, I find, was the last mailing that I reviewed. Once-a-year reviews make me feel like a non-participant. I've read those that are readable, however, and mostly enjoyed them. OMPA mailing 12 accumulated very few marginal notes, for some reason, even though the over-all effect was that of a very good mailing. Without further remarks, we pass on to the specifics, which are typed on stencil, and are titled

NOT FORGOTTEN

Officialdom's OFF TRAILS. One Treasurer's report in four mailings is not a very good showing. I'm pleased that Sanderson will be taking over this department. All three officers strike me as being Good Men; I hope they do as fine a job as Willis and Mercer did this year. + It would be nice to see a contested election in OMPA, not because I'm dissatisfied with any of the candidates, but simply because I like to see a rousing good campaign and because, some day, the wrong man might inherit one of the offices through default unless there is a true chance for the membership to vote.

Ashworth's ROT. Dated, but not outdated; I hope my congratulations on your marriage to Sheila are the same. + 'Tis a shame that over here we don't have our ancient legends of haunted castles/inns to sustain us in times of need. Ghost towns is about all, and usually there aren't even any ghosts in them.

Ashworth's UN PEU D'HUCKSTERISME FILTHEE. No reason at all why not. I don't mind hucksterism in OMPA, just wish you'd offer for sale something that I want to buy. Like the first four OMPA mailings, SLANT, NIRVANA, or like that.

K. Bulmer's STEAM. I wonder just how many fans would produce their fanzines with no potential readership and thus no potential egoboo. Seems more or less like keeping a diary, which I've never done more than two or three days in a row. I'm afraid that if it came to a situation like that I'd go back to stamp collecting or some similar hobby. While I enjoy the result of having produced a fanzine, I don't have a driving necessity to put words on paper; a necessity that, I understand, is essential to a professional writer. Comments on that, Ken, Brunner, anyone?

Roles' MORPH. I note you prefer the usage "Roles's" to "Roles'." In formal usage I would use s's, but I don't pronounce it that way, so in informal (or since this is typed on stencil vulgate) writing I write it as I pronounce it. + The Indian handshake you mention has the same lewd connotation here--or at least, a lewd connotation. + Since Jansen seems to have disappeared from the fannish scene (what did happen to him?--Not even Hitchcock seems to know) I'll answer your FAFHRD question. 'Tis merely a fanzine published by Ron Elik and/or Dave Rike. As to what the name means, I'm not sure that even they know. Lee Jacobs' MRAOC was an obscene gurgle, maybe FAFHRD is an obscene giggle. + Very few FAPA members are either collectors or bibliophiles, and those few that are seldom let any portion of it creep into their FAPA magazines. Except Coslet, who publishes bible indexes. + I wish I'd kept a list of films seen, but--as in my comments on diary-keeping above--the moment of nostalgia in re-reading just isn't worth the work of keeping the list up to date. Even if I do see only six or so movies yearly, exclusive of tv rereleases.

Willis's WOZ. And here I do use s's, since American pronunciation is "Willisiz." + As short a while ago as 1937-39, Spicy Mystery and other magazines of that

chain were having their villains/heros violate/rescue (and only then violate) girls with "pert" or "saucy" or "upturned" but never never "immense" breasts. I can see points in either school of thought; - and I'll no more apologize for my word than you did for "abreast of the times" - anyhow, S.J.Perleman used both of these many years before either your times or mine. In the thirties, lest you've forgotten (or didn't it spread to Northern Ireland?) they did too have an equivalent of falsies, although as far as I know it never inherited an adequate name. They simply tied them down. Women will always find some way to keep in fashion, regardless of what it may do to their physical shape. + By all means, let's have an OMPA egoboo poll--Bennett, you hear me!? + I enjoy your remembrances tremendously.

Smith's HAEMOGOBLIN. For 'supreme moment' writing you should definately sample Walter Benton's "This is My Beloved" and to a lesser extent his "Never a Greater Need." "Canmery Row" I liked mainly for the Sanskrit poem--was it "Black Orchid" or some title like that? + What do you mean: "...the fact that we only slept together (literally) afterwards meant nothing"? Methinks this sounds like another misuse of the word literally--"He sat literally glued to his seat throughout the sermon" means it's a poor preacher that has to retain his audience in that way. We need another H.C.Koenig with his collection of hisses ("Get out!" he hissed) in fandom. + "I, Libertine" was written by Sturgeon regardless of the Sunday Times. The book was a far better gag than it was a book. + You too mention S.J. Perelman (and which is the proper spelling anyhow?), in connection with a satire on science fiction. "Captain Future, Block That Kick!" no doubt. Seems to me that I've seen other satires on sf, tho I can't at the moment recall any other than Mad Comics' take-offs (sic) on Brick Bradford and Flash Gordon ("Flesh Garden"---beautiful title!) and the various single-panel cartoons here and there.

Harris's SURD. Bho, when gafia hits you, she really hits! I don't mind, but I wonder how the non-FAPA members of OMPA will react.

Lindsay's SCOTTISHE. After Eney's contributions in this mailing, I'm sure that Mercer now knows exactly what Eney's Fault looks like, for it was exactly this that created the expression in the first place. (I guess I'm being vague in an attempt to be "cute"--and how I hate that word! Eney's fault, for those of you who never knew, was that he once turned out a fanzine in which he did not identify himself in any way. He has others, but that's the most famous fault of all.) + Enthusiasm, like love, is a two sided affair. But say that I do write an enthusiastic letter of comment on a fanzine, why should I receive a reply unless I've produced a letter that is at least approximately as good as the fanzine commented upon. Particularly considering today's fashion of exchanging fanzines for letters of comment--a practice I'm not necessarily in favor of. Or against, so far as that goes. Very few fanzines make me that enthusiastic, and when they do my inability to enthuse properly without sounding puppy-dog grateful for favors received stands in my way. That's one of the reasons I generally avoid mentioning a person's fanzines, or even professional stories if such the case is, in any personal letters I write.

Mercer's ARCHIVE. Your "NAVAL VESSEL (for contemplations Nirvanawise" finally gives me an excuse to mention a few typographical errors I've run into at work over the past several years. The particular one I'm thinking of occurred in a long list of occupations prepared for, I believe, the National Science Foundation. Over a year after we had sent the list to the NSF--or whomever-- I was using it for another purpose and suddenly, found the new occupation: Navel Architect. Almost as bad was a letter I typed for a general's signature back in the days when I was a clerk-typist, in which I referred to the "Untied States of America." It was, fortunately for the continued existance of my job,

caught before it reached the general's desk. The third most humorous was the typo created by a typist at the office when I gave her a draft including the words "Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence" and received it back only to find that my spelling had been changed slightly, and the reference was now to the "Assistant Chief of Staff for Intolerance." Perhaps I should mention here that I work, as a civilian, for the U.S. Army, and not for the Confederate Army. + Mr. Higginbottom's query, "Is there a rule against sending nude women through the post?" reminds me that there is a rule against sending representations thereof through the U.S. mails. Depends on whether they are art or some such rot. In some magazine over here (PLAYBOY, NUGGET, DUDE or another of that ilk) I recently saw a series of cards one of your English showgirls uses. All the poses are the same but the state of dress varies, the particular card used apparently depending upon the ardency of the correspondence. Some of them were quite ardent, and most assuredly would not go through our mails. Puritanism in America is, however, a most perplexing subject. A nudist magazine I saw on public display only four weeks ago had as a cover an unretouched full-face, full-length view of a female nudist. Not being a follower of the nudist magazines, I can't say how common this is, but it is the only such cover I've ever seen. Retouched nudes or those with wisps of cloth are, of course, not too infrequent. Along this same line Grennell mentioned what I consider one of the cutest tricks of the week--any week--recently. One company, in a nationally circulated magazine, advertised "Pocket comics, the Kind Men Like." The Post Office (under an assumed name, of course) sent in an order. They received back some utterly innocuous comic books. So a suit was filed against the company--faulty and misleading advertising. + This hasn't been much of a review of ARCHIVE, Archie, but look at all the space allotted to you.

Wild's VAGARY. Glad to see someone carried out Willis's April 31st edict. + The Vanishing Bods was fun. + "No" said the man about the shorts his wife was wearing, "I wouldn't call them shorts. I'd call them wides." Shorts, or treader pants, or anything else, are all right on a woman if she can wear them. Matter of fact, I'm in favor of such attire, which is perhaps a good thing since it is so common over here at the present. In our suburban areas shorts and blouse or halter, or blouse and treader pants or pedal pushers are de rigueur for summer shopping among the 35 and younger crop. Short shorts are pretty well limited to those 25 and younger; on beasts they look beastly, as does practically anything else.

Berry's and Thomson's VERITAS. Was "The Cad and the Canary" one of the alternate titles to Harris's rebuttal of "True Bill"? ATOM marvelous, both here and in SCOTTISHE. Berry, as usual, the competent and entertaining craftsman.

Sanderson's BLUNT. I agree partially with your description of an amateur writer, the trouble is that it does not serve to distinguish the amateur from the pro. See my foregoing comment on STEAM. A professional writer might well write whether or not he would be paid for it. Being paid for it allows him to devote full time to it and develop his writing talent. + Fantasia was first issued primarily as an experiment in sound. I don't know the details as to the recording system used, but it decidedly was not single track. Very few American theaters showed the original version when it first came out, due to the cost of installing the special sound equipment needed. Possibly it was not the same as today's stereophonic sound, or perhaps, since this was one of the very first experiments with multiple sound-sources, it was immaturely done. I've seen Fantasia three times to date, and fully intend to see it at least once more if it's rereleased sometime after 1960.

Brunner's NOISE LEVEL. Your statement that you couldn't afford to go to Kettering and have a holiday as well surprised me slightly. To me, a convention is a holiday, even if it is of short duration. Of course, tho, I'm not much of a person for taking extended vacations; I've just never gotten in the habit. + I'm one of those who quietly enjoy Noise Level.

Vinç Clarke's ZYMIC. Missed the comet, but I intend to still be around when Halley's pays a return visit. + Christopher's Death of Grass appeared here, both in the SatEvePost serial and book form, with the title changed to No Blade of Grass - a somewhat more intriguing title in my opinion. The first three parts of the serial (it was seven parts) so interested my brother that he went out and bought the book - and he's the one that won't read science fiction. The only other sf he's read and liked are Tucker's Long Loud Silence and Stewart's Earth Abides.

Vinç Clarke's LAUNCHING SITE. About the only way that I know of to avoid writing mailing comments that confuse by failing to give sufficient background information is to draft the comments at one sitting, and then a month or so later put them on stencil. By that time, they have gotten cold enough that you can usually spot any lack of coherence. But by then you've probably missed the mailing. Your example of the confusing mailing review was perfect.

Schaffer's APOLLO PLAY. Some reviewers will probably show a fitting reaction to this. It didn't affect me one way or the other.

Ford's POOKA. Don, I'll have harsh words to say about TAFF and fandom someplace in the near future - possibly in this magazine. I haven't yet written the article, and don't yet know where these mailing reviews will appear (the continued existence of CONTOUR as a bi-apa magazine does not satisfy me), but I want you to know that I, for one, do appreciate the work you have put into TAFF. It wasn't all necessarily the way I would have liked to have seen it done, but you did keep TAFF running on this side of the Atlantic. So please don't take anything I say in the article as being personal. + A very good issue, your best to date. But nothing that I want to comment on. Possibly the fact that the temperature here is now an even 100° has something to do with my failure to comment.

Shaws' DIMENSIONS 16. Everyone seems to be meditating on the state of fandom. The WAPPOPED, you, White in CELCY and Bloch and in the latest MADGE. (Incidentally, I now receive MADGE because Bennett subscribed to it, and arrangement that I heartily endorse since it results in my getting a chance to read Bloch free.) Many of us, I'm sure, would like to see the return of the monthly fanzine - or even, by golly, a bi-monthly or two. White, Madle and I hashed over this problem pretty thoroughly on the drive back to Washington from the Midwestcon, but came up with no conclusion as to why there aren't any. YANDRO just doesn't fill the void, and no other fanzine I'm familiar with is even in the running. Easy living perhaps, or cost, or lack of new blood, or this mad urge to get into an apa...I don't know. It isn't the old timers that will change it either. If we do get a reasonably frequent fanzine around which our microcosm can revolve, it will be edited by some fan you and I never heard of before. BNF's get born, I would say, because they decide to do something of their own free will, and not because the semi-retired fan goes around urging him to do something that said semi-retired fan is too lazy, busy or disinterested to do himself. You know, I still think that the "Sarge Saturn" type column did a lot to put sparkle and drive into the fan just discovering fandom. It isn't adult fare, but how many fans putting out the top fanzines of days gone by were adults? You weren't Lee, and neither were Geis, Calkins or many others. Burbee and Rapp were adults, but they stand

out more as exceptions than as part of the general trend.

Eney's PHENOTYPE. Now here, by golly, is a fan that puts out a monthly fanzine. Or at least its equivalent. Not only does he put out material for SAPS, FAPA and OMPA, but also XI² (or is it Chi²?) and his letter-substitute. Most amazing is that all are interesting. + Re Views and Comments, I was told by the man that did the dastardly deed (whom I'll not identify since I like the guy) that the Newyorkcon membership list was turned over to the outfit that publishes said Views and Comments. This thing has assumed almost the proportions of Danner's Friction Belt Buckles; I wish it was dead but I fear it's not. One left-over from the con still puzzles me. About two weeks after the con I received a thank-you note from the New York headquarters of the Adlai Stevenson for President association or society or whatever, expressing their appreciation for my \$2.00 donation. Now the fact is that I didn't give them that \$2.00, and I don't know anyone who'd be willing to spend \$2.00 on a gag of that quiet a nature. Who dood it?

Eney's CENTURY NOTE. And I was in the "Century" division back in WWII.... I can't say what fandom did or didn't do for or to you, Dick, but I will agree that you today bear little resemblance to the you of 1950. I guess that one of the changes I like best is that your sense of humor now covers ranges that you never dreamed existed back in 1950. The old hack-and-slash is gone; you hardly even notice the knife as it slips in. Mike in the quote of Harness and his IQ rise. I enjoyed Century Note.

Steul's FANannIA. Not that I care, but Derry and I compared copies, and they were not identical. Since the non-identical pages were "Special Gift Pages" who's to argue? Rather a pointless publication.

Wansborough's. Maybe some fan in the distant past consistantly produced more illegible fanzines. I can conceive of a person having a great deal of trouble with a duplicator - particularly from what I've heard of some of the English flatbeds. What I can't conceive is that anyone would have so little pride in his workmanship that he would allow anything this sloppy to be distributed. Pride may lead to a fall, but in this case I think enough pride to lead to either a fall or an improvement would be nice.

Pavlat's CONTOUR. Although the contents of this pleased me, I was dissatisfied with the magazine as an apa entry. + When I published Chappell's "The Goldfish Bowl" I did it expecting more comments from OMPA than from FAPA. I'll be interested in seeing if it works out this way.

Derry's GALLERY. This magazine annoys me. Every time I look for it, it's gone. Twenty minutes of searching and I still can't find it, though I did find the copy of #3 that was missing day before yesterday. That copy is now filed where it belongs, with the 9th OMPA mailing, which probably means that the entire mailing will be among the missing the next time I want to refer to it. " And so I laid this page aside for three days, and went to Derry's, and gave him the new coffee column, and borrowed another copy of GALLERY, and insulted he and his wife, and annoyed his niece, and drank beer, and watched television, and came home--without that damned copy of GALLERY. A satisfactory issue, which is pretty good considering that I've come to look upon G as one of the mainstays of OMPA.

Joy Clarke's THE LESSER FLEA. These recently received postmailings seem to Mercer's ARCHIVE BETWEEN MEALS. have gotten squoze out of these reviews. Archie, who's this Patlav character whose name is written on my copy?

continued from the first page

Knew a man once, name of Frank Pappas. A Greek, he had immigrated to the USA as a youth, had married a Greek girl, had either four or five sons, and ran a restaurant here in Hyattsville. He was telling me about his married troubles one day over lunch, and managed to put his problem into a few well chosen words. "You know," he said, "when my wife first married me she thought I was a Greek god. Her opinion has changed a little in thirty years. Now she thinks I'm a God-damned Greek."

"Don't attempt vast projects with half vast ideas." --1st Lt Roy C. Clark

Although I believe the question of whether any research was being done on gravity and methods of controlling it first came up in FAPA, OMPA members might perhaps be interested in the following. This is not necessarily an exact quote, since it was copied in a hurry from a poster on a college bulletin board, but it is sufficiently exact for most practical purposes.

AWARDS FOR ESSAYS ON GRAVITY

In 1957 for our 8th year the trustees are offering 5 awards for short essays for the purpose of stimulating thought and encouraging work on harnessing gravity. The stipulations follow:

1. These awards will be made by us on June 1, 1957 for the best 1500 word essays (may be less) on the possibilities of discovering - (a) some partial insulator, reflector or absorber of gravity, or (b) some alloy, or other substance, the atoms of which can be agitated or re-arranged by gravity to throw off heat, or (c) some other reasonable method of harnessing, controlling, or neutralizing gravity.
2. Prizes \$1000.00, \$300.00, \$200.00, \$150.00 \$100.00
3. ((Various requirements for the article follow.))

Address:

Gravity Research Foundation
New Boston, New Hampshire
George M. Rideout, President

Founded by Roger W. Babson; operated in connection with Sir Isaac Newton Library of the Babson Institute.

'Tis better far to be a has-been than never to have been.

Is your memory fit for public display? Try this: Sit down with pencil and paper, and see how many OMPA members you can name in ten minutes. The last time I tried, among the people I forgot was--me. I named 32 members in ten minutes, and on checking my answers found I had excluded from consideration both Briggs and Wingrove, whom I should have included since both were still members in June.

"Every time this tape recorder gets around fans it breaks down." Fred von Bernewitz

As Mercer said, read the constitution. I was under the impression that in OMPA, as in FAPA, a treasurer's report was expected in every OFF TRAILS. The constitution informs me that I'm wrong. None-the-less, I still hope Sandy will do a better job of keeping the AE informed of the status of members than was true during the last administration. " Have a happy convention guys and girls!!

DOGIE is published for OMPA by Bob Pavlat, 6001 43rd Avenue, Hyattsville, Md, USA. This is the first issue, dated August 1957, intended as a postmailing to the 13th OMPA mailing.

Whatever it was, I hope it doesn't bite.

Things seem to have a habit of being squeeze out of this fanzine. It had been intended that publishing information would be included at the foot of the preceding page. The old law that two objects cannot occupy the same space at the same time disposed of that idea.

Yesterday, which was Saturday, the 3d of August of 1957 of the P.D. era, was spent in searching for a motel suitable for a conference in the Washington area. Motel, in the event the term is not well-known in the British Isles (is it known, by the way?) is short for MOtor hoTEL, and generally means a group of cabins along a road, catering to overnight guests. They are part and parcel of the American yen to travel. Some of them are very simple, others have swimming pools, tennis courts, shuffle boards and other deluxe accommodations--and in most instances prices to match. A fairly thorough search of the roads between here and Frederick, Maryland--a stretch of roughly 40 miles--revealed nothing suitable. The Washingtonian Motel, about midway between here and Frederick, looked briefly suitable, but one glance at the prices in their restaurant put the kibosh on that idea. Next weekend I--no, make that weekend after next, for this coming weekend is the time of the Fapaclave when good fans and bad band together to put out the FAPA mailing. As I was saying, weekend after next I'll scour the Virginia wilds in search of something suitable--though the liquor laws in that state make me wonder if anyplace in Virginia would be acceptable. Consider this warning that possibly in late April there will be a fannish get-together in the general area of Washington D.C. English and American (as well as continental) members of OMPA will be notified of any further developments, and invited to attend. Frankly, we expect slightly greater attendance from the American than from the oversea contingent.

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