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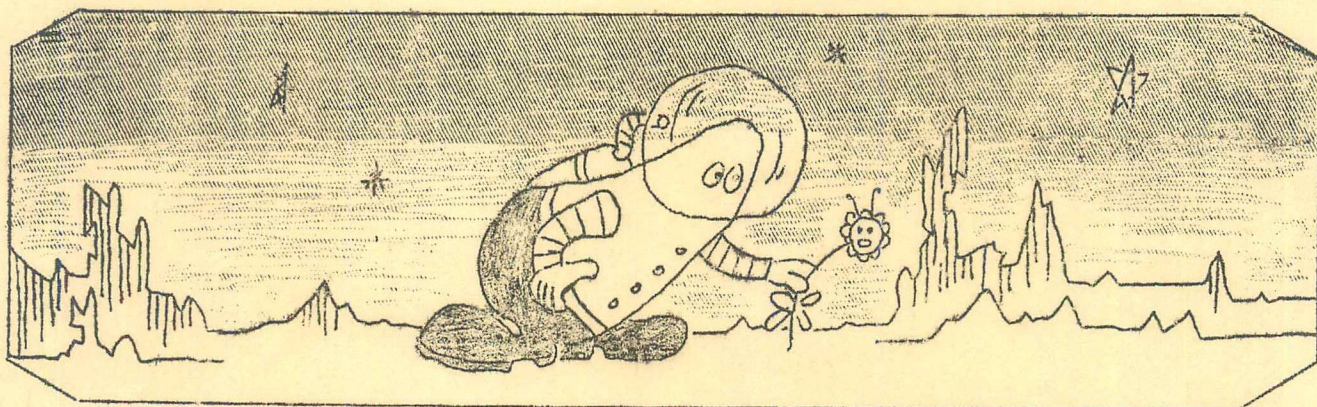
PUBLICATIONS nos. 2&3

REACT SOMEHOW!

FEATURING MAINLY TERRY JEEVE'S

## THE SOGGY SAGA!

AND OF COURSE TERRY DREW THE SOGGY ILLOS TOO ---



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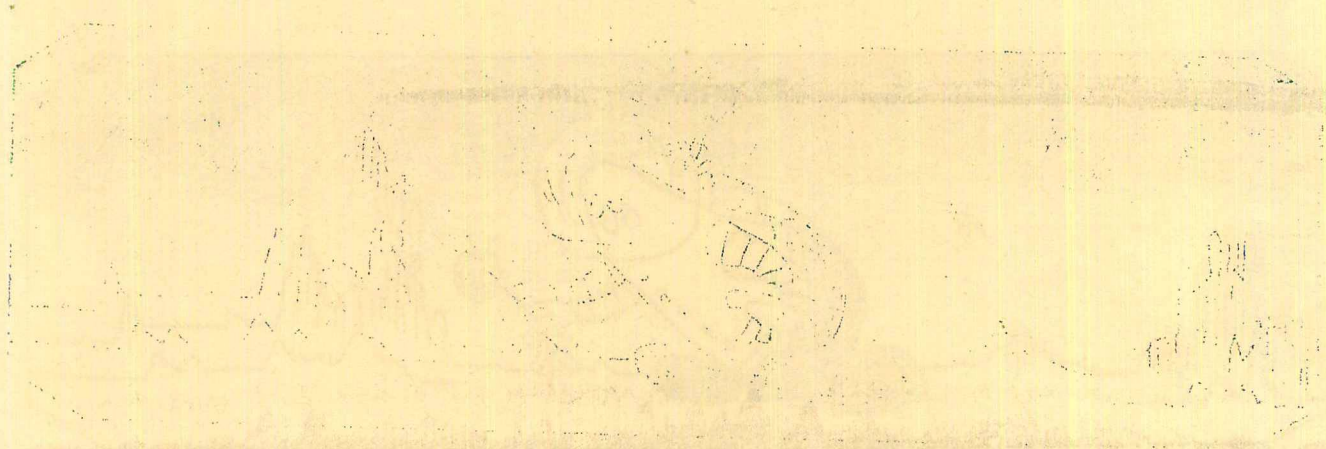
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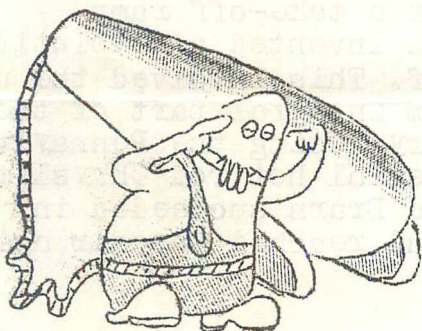
THIS IS THE SOGGY SAGA - A COMPLETE ACCOUNT OF THE ADVENTURES OF --

# Soggy in Space

starting with: CONQUEST OF THE AIR!

Ever since the first Soggy poked his head out of his cave and gazed at the stars, Soggykind has dreamed of the day when space-travel will come to pass. In these few lines, I hope to give an outline of the main steps in the history of the supreme effort of Soggykind... the Journey into Space.

Probably the first Soggy to turn from dreams to action was Baron von Soghausen, an 18th century noblesoggy. The baron had a large cannon constructed. A shell was placed in the muzzle, a stout rope was tied to the shell, led up the barrel and tied around the waist of the baron (who naturally stood to one side of the muzzle). The gun was aimed at the moon, and the shell fired. When the clouds of smoke had cleared, the baron had disappeared. He was found several hours later in the topmost branches of his neighbour's apple tree, and thus achieved the distinction of being the first Soggy to descend a tree before climbing it.

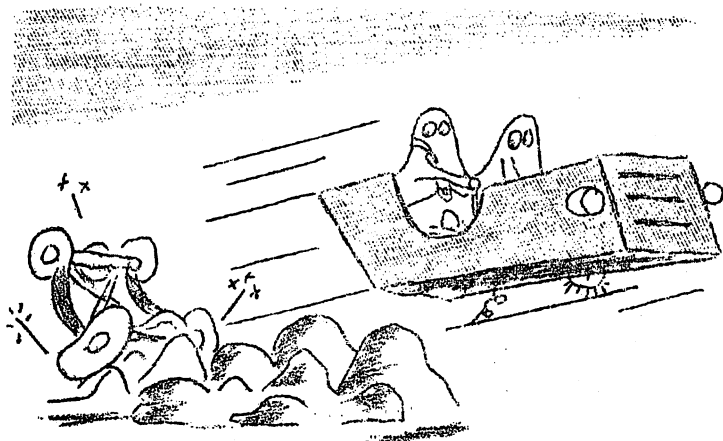


Time went by, and another Soggy invented a special harness which fastened around his waist and connected by leather thongs to the motive power, in this case twenty-three ducks. However, shortly after take-off, the twenty-three ducks sighted a lone drake in a puddle. They went into a crash dive with disastrous result to the intrepid aeronaut.

Many years staggered by, until the immortal Leonardo da Soggy climbed to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, strapped a set of wings, made from wax and bird feathers, to his back and jumped into space. Thousands of Soggies had gathered to witness his flight, and it made a great impression in the town. The great impression can still be seen to this day, about four feet from the base of the tower, though these days it is badly overgrown with weeds.

Experiments dropped off for a while, until the early 19th century, when two Soggy brothers constructed a hot air balloon, and took off for the upper atmosphere. The rate of ascent was very slow and took several hours, but their crude device had reached an altitude of 15 feet before the candle went out and their balloon returned to Earth.

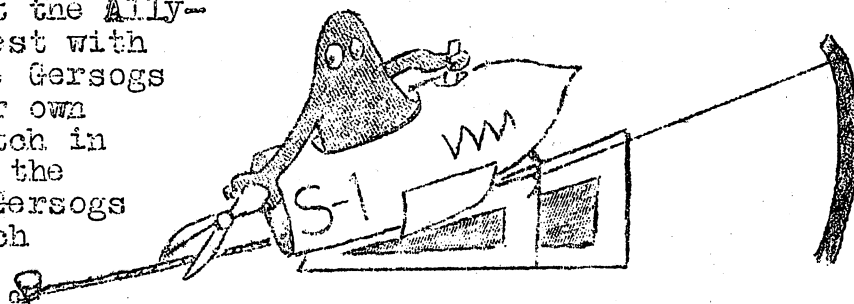
Their success set off scores of similar experiments, and all over the world, hot air balloons began to ascend. Only a shortage of candles for the hot air supply prevented the whole world from taking to the sky.



It was at the peak of this craze that two American Soggies, Orfil and Wobbler Rhyt, made an actual flight in a heavier-than-air machine. It appears that while on a run in their Model T Ford, the car had run head on into a pile of bricks while gravelling at a furious pace. The chassis had stopped immediately, but the body of the car, carrying the two brothers, had carried on through the air for another

fifty feet. The world was amazed and turned from lighter-than-air to heavier-than-air machines. Wings were fitted, retractable undercarriages appeared, faired-in cabins, de-icing equipment and high-altitude oxygen systems appeared on the scene. Greater and greater distances were being covered. New records were set almost every day. Soggy Ford became a millionaire as the death rate of his cars mounted. Then Detroit Motors entered the field with a new model which cunningly dispensed with the need for a pile of bricks: they allowed the car to shoot off the end of a take-off ramp. Other manufacturers followed suit. Soggyorki invented a revolutionary machine capable of a vertical take-off. This involved the use of a Mobius strip type of ramp, which was an integral part of the machine. Then came the news that made history. Using the Pennsylvania turnpike for a take-off ramp, and a special hot rod Chrysler take-off unit, two Britsogs named Allsog and Brarn succeeded in crossing the Atlantic Ocean. Soggyman had reached the air age.

Then the war broke out, Allysogs against Gersogs. But the Allysogs got there lastest with the mostest, and the Gersogs were beaten on their own ground in a home match in Burlyn. However, as the end drew near, the Gersogs tried many last-ditch devices. The Soggy Vengeance Weapon



One, commonly called the S-1, was a guided missile fired from a huge catapult with one skein of elastic. It was followed by the S-2, which used two skeins, and so powered, the S-2 actually penetrated into space itself. This weapon alone could have won the war for the Gersogs, but, alas, launching troubles prevented its large-scale use. All too often, elastic would break at take-off time, and the S-2 would travel only a few yards. Elastic became very scarce in Germany. No femsog dare walk past a launching site. The S-2 could have won the war, but before it came into full

scale operation, the Allysogs had won the war.

The new weapon was not overlooked in the peace that followed. Both Ussogs and Russogs began to experiment with high altitude "soggets" as they were called. New propellants such as nylon and synthetic rubber were tried. The Ussogs developed a sogget called the Viking, which was powered by the new propellant nylon, using fifteen strands of pre-stretched nylon and ten strands of synthe rubber as an oxidiser. New height records were set, perhaps the most famous being Operation Bumper, in which a two-step sogget was used. The lower step was a wartime S-2 sogget, taking off carrying a nose catapult bearing a smaller sogget. At the peak of its trajectory, the S-2 fired the smaller catapult, and a smaller missile carried on for a further seven and a half inches. Plans for the future include a project called Operation MOUSE, which involves earth satellite soggets. Presumably, MOUSE will be followed by GREENCHEESE (or vice versa), the latter being an actual lunar landing. Some authorities, such as Wilsog Lai and H.L. Goldsog, predict regular voyages to the planets in years to come. Life may be found there, possibly even Soggies, though these writers cautiously point out that life on other worlds need not resemble our own familiar Soggy form in any respect. Whatever these Soggynauts do find, however, they will always look back to the good baron von Sogghausen as the man who first put an hesitant foot on the Road to Space.

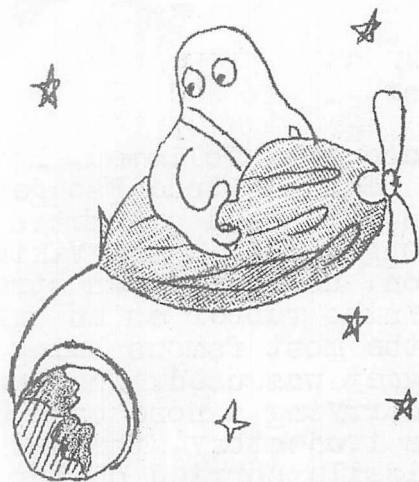
However, Soggy Astronautical Research has been developing at an enormous rate, the most recent step forward being the construction of the

## SPACE STATION,

an account of which we are proud to be able to publish already now. Readers are invited to note the amazing fact that the references to a "future space station" in the first instalment of the SOGGY SAGA depend upon the rapid progress of Soggy Space Science... in other worlds, when the first instalment was being written by world-famous Soggy expert Terry Sog Jeeves, the space station had not yet been constructed. This, if anything, should convince Mankind of the true superiority of Soggykind in astronautical research matters... the History of Mankind certainly does not show any example of Rapid Progress as astounding as the Soggy feat of building a space station between instalments in a story! (Editor's note.)

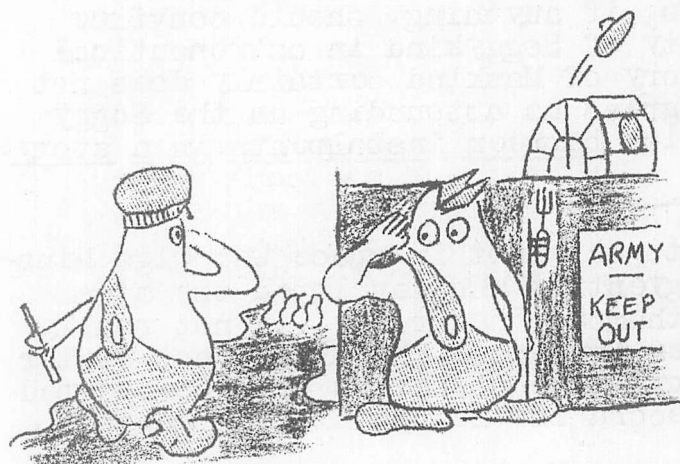
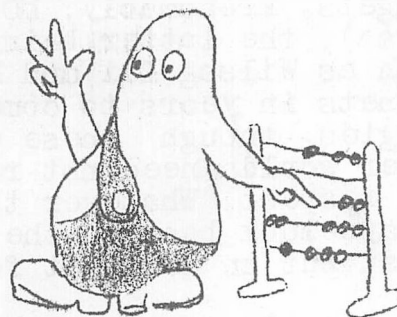
Technically, the first Soggy to set foot in space was Olga Mina-zytung, the female Russog Soggyentist who developed the atom bomb. However, her claim (posthumous, naturally) is not really valid, owing to lack of further evidence. The sixty foot crater on the site where her laboratory once stood, is only considered as supporting a claim for a record in the opposite direction.

There is little doubt that the first Soggy to penetrate the upper atmosphere and return to tell the tale, was a young Ussog who happened to be riding a Ferris wheel when a power surge hit the the driving motor. His gondola tore away under the additional force and made three complete circuits of the Earth before coming to rest in a music shop. This flight broke all records, but these were replaced by the insurance company,



This astounding flight roused many Soggy mathematicians to calculate the exact quantities involved. Complicated though the equations were, they were, nevertheless, solved by the use of the latest calculating machines. Figures were checked and re-checked until no possibility of error existed. Then, after months of tedious waiting, the result was given the world... the Insurance Company had been twisted out of fifty-three dollars and twenty-five cents.

The whole affair might have died out there and then, had not an enterprising Soggy fairground proprietor decided that this round-the-world flight had great possibilities. He opened a chain of high-powered Ferris wheels, with cars attached by specially weakened bolts, and very soon, pleasure seekers were hurtling regularly round the globe every Bank Holiday Monday (weather permitting). More and more people clamoured to take the trip, and as the numbers mounted, the music industry was threatened with bankruptcy, insurance firms no longer considering them good risks. In an attempt to stave off the evil day, record companies has started pressing large quantities of blank discs at low cost. This was merely a stop-gap measure; what really saved the music shops was a power surge hitting one of the high-powered Ferris wheels. The gondola shot off so fast that it took up a permanent orbit around the earth. Pleasure seekers suddenly lost interest in their new toy, and it would have died a sudden death had not the military seen the device as both a weapon and an answer to the problem that has plagued every army that ever was,



In no time at all, large Ferris wheels were to be seen in every papade ground. As fast as recruits signed on for the army, they were whisked out into orbit, where the main space station had been built a bit at a time. The military mind had no use for pure science, but in the space station, they saw once and for all the answer to their age-old problem: no soldier could go A.W.O.L. from a space station.

The actual construction of the artificial satellite could fill a whole book by itself, let it suffice here to mention but a few of the problems which had to be solved, and the methods of their solution. - At the height (3,000 miles) maintained by the station, the air was too thin to be of any use, so large supplies of air had to be carried up. Heavy tanks were out of the question, but the answer

was simple. Ordinary balloons were filled with air and allowed to shoot up into orbit. An added advantage was gained in the fact that a 1 cu. foot capacity balloon on reaching space expanded up to 10 cu. feet, thus giving an additional supply of air.



Meteorites were expected to prove troublesome but were easily countered by making the station out of rubber, which merely gave way and then rebounded to throw the meteorite out into space again. Cosmic rays were finally defeated by firing huge magnets into orbit. The field of these magnets diverted the perpendicular axis of the rays through 180 degrees so that they were flung harmlessly out into space, and, being opposite in phase to the in-

coming rays, they soon cancelled each other out until no further rays arrived. The magnets were then dismantled and converted into betatrons.

The lack of gravity was easily overcome by staffing the satellite with Scotch Soggies, who naturally were only too keen to partake of "free fall". Later, the station was spun about its axis to provide artificial gravity, and many spacemen averred that it was almost as good as the real thing.

Return trips to Earth were accomplished by erecting Ferris wheels on the satellite. More and more stations were constructed, and gradually, Soggykind became prepared for the day when Interplanetary Travel could be attempted. The first Soggy Step towards the planets was the

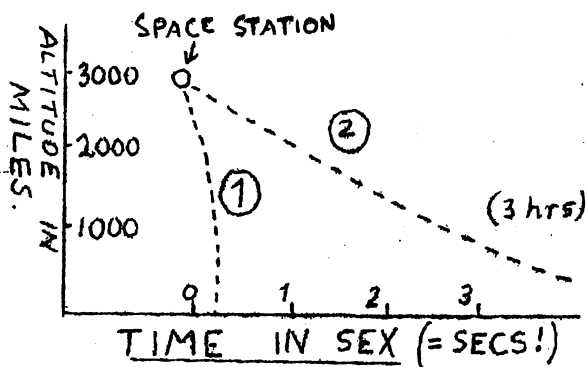
## LUNAR LANDING !

Once the Soggy army had completed its chain of artificial satellites around the ~~globe~~ globe, fired into orbit by huge super-powered Ferris wheels, it was not long before the military minds began to search for fresh fields to conquer. The Lunar Project was begun.

Once again, Soggy scientists began to work at their calculations in an effort to devise some way to bring about the conquest of the moon, and their efforts first took the form of a second chain of artificial satellites around the genuine article. The establishing of these in orbit was no mean feat in itself - at first, the gondolas had to be fired from Earth-based Ferris wheels into orbits around Terra. Next, orbital Ferris wheels erected on the space stations fired the gondolas out and into an orbit around the moon.

It was at this stage that an overhasty Soggy general tried to get into history as the first Soggy in the moon. Using a parachute, he fired himself down to the moon. His parachute opened, but the absence of air had an adverse effect upon its operation. It failed to work. His landing place can be seen on any good Lunar Map under the name of "Crater of Soggius".

This disaster was explained quite simply by the Soggyentists, and is shown diagrammatically in the figure at the top of next page.



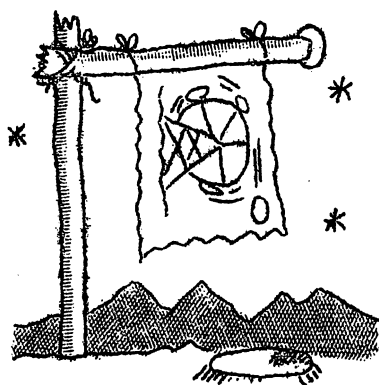
Starting at the space station and landing on Earth, a gondola follows path 2, using small wings to effect a shallow glide through the air. Landing on the moon, however, wings are useless, owing to the absence of air. The resultant path follows path 1 (as did the general).

Naturally, path 1 would have a bad effect on the Soggy body, and it looked for a while as if the moon would never be conquered. Various

inventors came to try out their inventions, ranging from vacuum filled balloons to repulsion magnets. Many landings were actually made, but each one only led to another new crater being added to the catalogue.

It was at this time that Soggy von Klark produced his mathematical equations, which led to the first and subsequent live landings. Von Klark postulated a gondola in orbit with the required speed to keep it constant over one point on the Lunar terrain, and the problem was solved.

Within hours of the publication of his calculations, a gondola had been fired into an orbit around the moon in such a way that it remained stationary with respect to the surface beneath. The orbit had been calculated with such nicety that the gondola orbited a scant three feet above one of the great Lunar plains. In a matter of moments, the crew had nipped over the side and were romping about on the surface. When order was restored, a Ferris wheel was erected, and more and more troops were ferried down to the surface



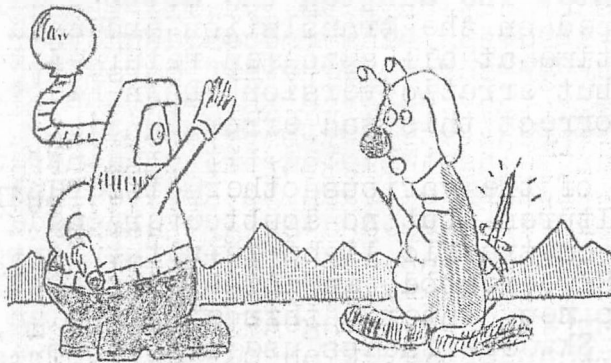
of the moon and a permanent base established. The Soggy flag soon flew proudly over the base, though due to the lack of air, a substitute for wind had to be found by craftily modifying the shape of the flag pole. Mathematicians determined the best angle for this alteration to be  $90^{\circ}$ .

Exploring teams were soon scouring the surface of the moon in search of any item of scientific interest, and one of these teams, led by a lieutenant called Soggy Marzyano, made the discovery which changed forever our insular view that we Soggies are the only life-form in the Universe.

Marzyano and his men were making a routine trip, when they encountered what proved to be a party of Moon Soggies coming to investigate the unusual activity taking place on their world. Most of you will have seen pictures in your history books of that historic meeting. Perhaps the most famous one being that marvellous painting by Sogazzo which illustrates Marzyano and the leader of the Moon Soggies greeting each other with the upraised palm - the universal sign of peace.

The most amazing thing immediately apparent was the fact that the Moon Soggies did not wear space-suits, and it was not until alphabet books and sign language had cleared the language barrier away

that this was explained. The Skweeges, as the Lunar Soggies called themselves, had lived on the moon ever since it had had an



PEACE!

atmosphere. Through the years, millions of them, as the air had gradually leaked away, their lungs had got used to using less and less air. Eventually, when the last atom of air leaked into space, the Skweeges had adapted to the extent that they didn't breathe at all. In the same way, owing to less and less food, they had also evolved to the state where they no longer needed to eat either. This ability to live without air held up

Skweege trips to Earth for many years, as they would easily suffocate in the Earth atmosphere. It was not until vacuum suits were made by evacuating standard space suits that the first Skweeges were able to set foot on Earth.

The Skweeges were found to have a civilisation of very high order. Their cities, buried beneath the surface to keep out the dust, were in no way inferior to those of Earth. The roads were wider, the buildings taller and the traffic jams bigger than any on Earth. Commercial TV was to be found in every home, as were the equivalent of football coupons and cigarettes. Equivalents only, as owing to the lack of air, Skweeges could never have blown up a football or lit a cigarette. Instead, they played vacuum ball, where the ball was deflated to a greater vacuum than that around it, and attempted to kick the ~~sphere~~ sphere into the opposite side's crater. This counted as a 'hole'. The side scoring the most holes was the winner. The two best teams met each lunar year at a crater called Plato, owing to its shape. Like the ball, there was not much in the game, but great numbers of Skweeges went al-

most crazy over the merits of their teams, and, as usual, the vacuum pools always paid large dividends.



Their substitute to smoking was most clever, as like their lungs, the lunar tobacco had adapted to burn with less and less air, until now, when it can burn in complete vacuum. Unfortunately, their matches, being continually used, never had the chance to make this progressive adaption, so the Skweeges take turns to smoke one giant cigarette which burns continually, and the 16 year olds do their National Service by working for One Year at rebuilding the unsmoked other end. Many Skweeges are in favour of reducing this period

of service, but, as their Defence Minister pointed out, they can never be sure that some future generation may be more heavy smokers, and without a backlog of trained cigarette fillers, the communal cigarette may get completely burnt up.

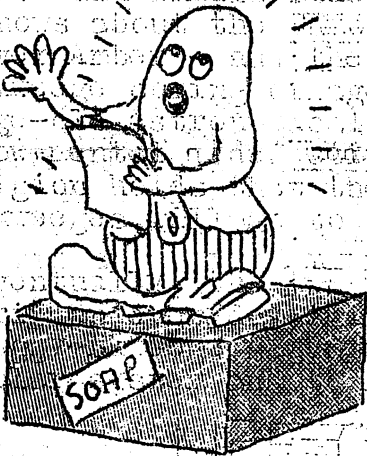
At this point, it would be wise to correct a widespread misunderstanding about the Skweege motto, so often misquoted. It originated from their kindness to the unfortunate. The adopted motto "Help the under Dog". Terran Soggies slipped on the translation and made it "Help the Dog under", and in no time at all spacemen returned to Earth and spread the widely quoted but erratic version "Down Fido". Perhaps this article will help to correct this sad error.

Only brief mention can be made here of the various other differences and similarities of the two cultures, but no doubt everyone knows about the famous Skweege book on traffic light repair.. Forever Amber - and their ceremony of Skweegehood, in which every Skweege coming of age must dig a new crater.. this explains an age-old astronomical problem... how Skweege radios use air tubes.. how mental defectives are called Terratics.. and how their religion holds that the Earth is made of green cheese.. and that all Skweeges will go to GAFIA when they die.

Eventually, the two races were thoroughly mixed, and the Lunar trip an everyday thing. It was at this time that the combined Soggy-Skweege scientists began to plan to completely explore the solar system and to find out about

## LIFE ON OTHER WORLDS!

AND SO, A FEW YEARS LATER: The great day dawned, the sun rose slowly over the desert of New Mexico and glinted on the strange contraption erected there.. a super-giant-type-Ferris-Wheel, with elastic boosters on the sides of the cars. Soggykind was about to explore the planets. Gradually, Soggies began to assemble at the take-off point. Great notables began to arrive, and at last, forward stepped a Soggy bearing a large rocket. This was let off to mark the occasion. Unfortunately, in error, it was fired upside-down and managed to burrow down 300 feet and started an oil well. This was plugged by the simple expedient of placing a large Soggy in on the hole, and the ceremony continued. First came the speeches, the most notable being the address given by Erikus the Twist. He had mixed his notes, and instead of the normal address he read out that of his latest girl friend.



At long last, the speeches were over, and the giant Ferris wheel groaned into action. It had scarcely gained full speed when out rang the cry, "Stop the wheel!" An observant bystander had noticed a terrible mistake. The crew was not yet on board. This error was soon rectified, the Ferris wheel picked up Momentum (the captain) and his crew, and power was applied. Four cars were to be released, three loaded with supplies (bheer, blog and suchlike things), the fourth containing the crew. Faster and faster whirled the wheel. A crescendo of sound assailed the ears of the onlookers - someone was playing a jazz record. In spite of the interruption, the wheel continued to gain speed, faster, faster, faster still, then ...whizz... thunk! The first car shot from the wheel. Sad to say, it went straight down, instead of up, and reopened another oil well. It was followed immediately by the three other cars,

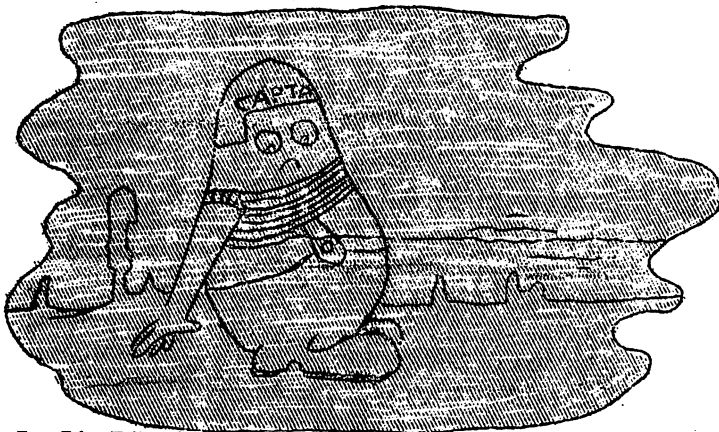
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which shot straight up and vanished in a twinkling. Luckily, the crew was in one of these. The oil well was plugged, and Soggykind sat down to await news of the voyage.

The first expedition to another planet had set off for Mercury, but owing to a trifling error in the calculations, they actually reached Pluto. An orbit was established as for the Lunar landing, six feet above the surface, and the brave heroes nipped over the side of the car to establish the first base. They soon nipped back again, as expecting the heat of Mercury, they had merely donned topees and white clothing. This had to be changed for fur hats and black clothing. Momentum (the captain) first claimed Pluto on behalf of the U.S. (United Soggies) by planting a flag and reciting the phrase: "Get off my foot, you clot!" This was not intended, but owing to a clumsy crewman, what might have been historic words were never uttered.

Having established their right to the planet, the Soggys set off to explore Pluto. Being so far from the sun, it proved to be a dark and cold planet - so dark that four times the cry rang out, "I've discovered life!" only to be followed immediately by the cry, "Don't be a twerp, I'm the skipper!". At last tired of being mistaken for an alien, and almost throttled four times in a row, Momentum unloaded an incubator from the car and hatched a plot. The Soggys lined up and held hands, and in this manner began to march slowly through the gloom. Fifteen days later, Momentum called a halt. A horrible suspicion had begun to trickle through his mind. It proved only too well founded. When joining hands in the dark, the line had bent into a circle - they had been marching round and round their space car for fifteen days. Momentum tried another idea. He tied a length of thread to the space car, gave the other end to a nearby Soggy and told him to walk off into the gloom and see what he could find. The rest sat down to wait. Hours passed by, and Momentum got colder and colder. A quick quick investigation revealed that the departing Soggy had got hold of a thread of Momentum's pullover and was busily unravelling it across the surface of Pluto. Before he could be recalled, he came back of his own accord, at top speed, hotly pursued by a load of queer looking dogs, the sole inhabitants of Pluto. The Soggy panted up to the group and

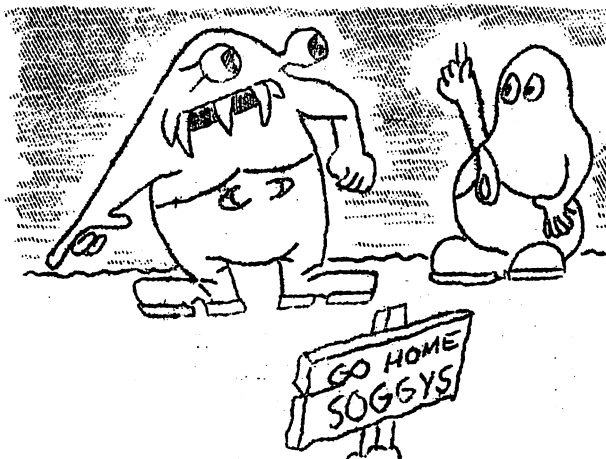
could go no further. The others refused to leave their friend and prepared to defend their lives. It was not necessary; the dogs proved friendly, too friendly, in fact; they mistook the Soggys for lamp-posts. It was obvious that the position was untenable; worse: it could not be held. Reluctantly, Momentum gave the order to build the take-off Ferris wheel. A week later, the disappointed Soggynauts



left Pluto for good and set their course for their original goal, Mercury.

Neptune proved much the same as Pluto, and Momentum lost a second pullover. Worse still, the inhabitants of Neptune turned out to be a race of isolationists. Huge beings with three teeth, they were

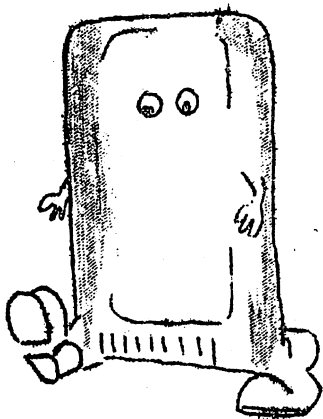
immediately christened tri-dents by the Soggys. Their Isolationist leaning was immediately obvious by the number of placards bearing such slogans as EARTH SOGGY GO HOME, NEPTUNE FOR NEPTUNIANS, QUIT NEPTUNE and NEPTUNE WANTS HOME RULE. Captain Momentum reluctantly



gave the order to withdraw their forces; the Ferris wheel was built, but before they could depart, a hot argument developed over its ownership. The Neptunians said that, being on their land, the Ferris wheel was theirs. The Soggys said that they had built it. The tri-dents countered by taking over control of the Ferris wheel. In despair, the Soggys pointed out that they couldn't quit Neptune without it. This proved to be a good point. After sitting on it for two days, the Neptunians allowed Captain Mo-

mentum to use the Ferris wheel for the evacuation. Momentum calculated their orbit very carefully, and they set off for Mercury.

The landing on Uranus was made without much difficulty apart from the fact that Momentum had put the ship into orbit a trifle higher than usual, and the first Soggy to jump ashore had to be salvaged by digging a small mine. The traditional flag was planted and exploration began. Various plants were discovered, one particularly interesting specimen being the 'Defense' plant, which bore leaves shaped like tiny pennants, each bearing the letter 'E'. The first sign of other life came with the discovery of the famous Uranian 'ringworm', so called because of its intriguing shape.



Next came the fantastic 'oozum' bird, whose habits proved too detestable to relate here, suffice it to say that it relied for camouflage upon blue smoke, and a most improbable hiding place. After hunting for days, Captain Momentum and his Soggys discovered the dominant form of life on Uranus. The Urinals proved to be upright forms with a tough outer skin closely resembling the finest porcelain. Quite naturally, the Soggys mistook their identity at first, and because of their obliging nature, made a convenience of them. The Urinals quickly resented this

and began to get their own back. The first interplanetary feud might have resulted but for the quick wit of one Soggy. Grabbing a pot of paint, he quickly painted the word "engaged" on the chest of each of the natives. In such simple ways are affairs of the highest importance executed. However, the damage had been done, and once again the weary Soggynauts erected their Ferris wheel. Once again, a glassy-eyed captain calculated the course for Mercury.

The orbit around Saturn proved difficult at first, and until two holes had been drilled to trough the rings, it was impossible to reach the planet. From there on, things went very smoothly. Contact with the Saturnians was very soon established, although their

unusual physical appearance tended to give the Soggys religious qualms. Not that the wings bothered them, nor the horns and hooves. The worrying item was the quite fantastic (yet logical enough) halo which adorned each brow.



Once this was accepted, Soggy and Saturnian got on well together. The Soggys joined in the local game of "conning" with great enthusiasm, if little skill. Conning consisted of electing one set of playess to form a committee. At the cry of "up periscope", everyone had to throw everything handy at the committee, until the cry of "bombs away". On this call, everyone sat down to write letters of apology to everyone else, until at the final cry of "West Gate in two thousand and eight" everyone dashed off over the horizon at top speed. The first back with a ream of duplicated paper was the winner. It was with great regret, and not a little trepidation, that Captain Momentum sat down to calculate the course to Mercury.

Strangely enough, their car did not land on Jupiter, and apart from a bit of rattling in the asteroid belt, before they were able to make a new hole and nip through it, the trip to Mars was uneventful. The car skidded to a halt above the Martian surface. Momentum gave a shout of "Last one over the side is a .... aaagh!" and vaulted the rail. His departure was followed immediately by a loud splash. It turned out that the Martian canals are real. Half an hour later, a drier and more cautious Momentum left the space car, which had been moved away from the canal. He and his fellow Soggys were busily making tests on the surface when an alien sound was heard. Putting down their buckets and spades and hastily smoothing away the castles, the Soggys stood up... "Sand in my grues, Sand from Canalopsis..." sang a delicate voice, and into view along the canal drifted a gondola bearing the most beautiful FemSog the Soggys had ever seen. Ten seconds later, the canal bank was deserted, and many tiny heads bobbed on the surface of the water. The gondola slowed, picked up Momentum, and stopped. The captain stood up in the bows and swatted Soggy after Soggy with the flat of his slide rule. At last, defeated, they swam back to the shore and left him in the boat. Momentum hastily erected a tent of diaphanous fabric around himself and the FemSog, and vanished from sight. Six hours later, a very disgruntled Momentum swam back to the shore. It turned out that he had been unable to establish contact with the Martian FemSog, and in a perfect tizzy of a temper, he kicked down every sand castle in sight. In the middle of destroying the last one, he gave a cry of agony and hopped around nursing one foot. Protruding from the sand was a rotted piece of board. It bore the words: SIX MILES TO BARSOOM and then, in small letters, "Eat at Joe's!"

That was the last straw. Momentum took out his slide rule and began mumbling "Mercury, wherefore art though, Mercury". Next morning, they left Mars.

Venus proved to be really hot. The travel-weary Soggys really enjoyed the night-clubbing (though it gave them a headache next morning), and the strip-tease shows were really something, although it tended to get frustrating after a while to read through sixteen pages of Li'l Abner only to find the last page missing. How-

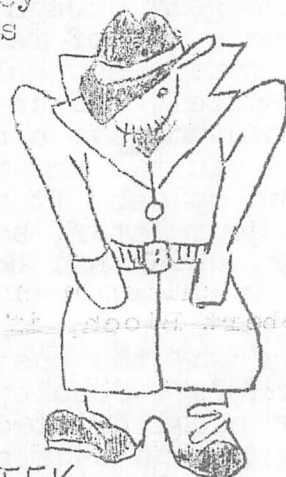
ever, as the proprietor of the joint pointed out, if the last page of the strip had been there, there would have been no tease. The Soggy credits flowed like water, which proved fortunate, as, owing to the water shortage, water was never allowed to flow on Venus, and they were able to enjoy a long stay. At last, however, Momentum was stricken by the pangs of Conscience. Conscience, being a big girl, had very sharp pangs, and so Momentum took out his battered slide rule. In addition, he burned prayers to incense, bowed low to north, south, east and west and every other direction he could think of, confessed his sins, threw salt over his shoulder and, as a final safeguard, calculated a course to Pluto.

They arrived safely on Mercury, and Momentum became insufferable with his bragging. Another Soggy cured this by steering him into a puddle of molten lead. This interplanetary hotfoot cooled the captain down, and the flag was duly planted (the same flag was used each time to save cost). However, as it melted away instantly, Momentum began to worry about a court of Enquiry on his return to Earth. He

cheered up when the first Mercurians were discovered. It transpired that they were of two sexes, one known as Spize, the other as Tek, and a continual feud raged between the two sexes. As no Tek would be seen dead with a Spi and no Spi would live with a Tek, the race was fast dying out. In fact, it was a wonder how they ever originated. This melancholy thought upset the Soggy, and with long faces, they erected their Ferris wheel and set off for Earth. Naturally, they reached Alpha Centauri, but that is another story.



SPIZE.



TEK.

THE END

OTTO

VON

FIEANDT

Joukkonsa taas emättäin,  
veress' yltä, hiessä päin,  
seisoi ruoskahansa käyden,  
kiskoi tuprun kouhkontäyden.

Hyv' ei silloin ollutkaan  
viholliston, sanotaan;  
sinn' oli ukko lemmon lainen,  
mullloin varsin moukumainen.



← A sign here means I've received your fanzine  
(ITS LATEST ISH, THAT IS.)

Trades wanted  
whenever possible

# DODDAMENTS

DODDERING DODDITIES BY THE ONE AND ONLY TRUE DODD

"Why," Bill Harry asked me the other day, "is it that all these American fan-eds are about 33 years old with five children?"

I thought about this for a minute.

"Could it be because America is a more productive country?" I answered.

After all, there must be some reason why a (presumably) happily married man suddenly decides to produce a fanzine. Perhaps he feels he's missing something in life or maybe he feels the need to bury himself away in something to get away from the crowd. The children always seem to be there before the fanzine for some reason. Now you'd think it would make more sense to have them after, wouldn't you? After all, more hands and light work.

But then, not all American fan-eds are about 33 years old with five children. It just seems that way.

Just to be awkward at times I just refuse to believe that such a state of affairs does exist. Take Dean Grennell who edits GRUE for instance; at one time I refused to believe all this talk about five children and thirty-three etc. etc. I asked a reliable source, Robert Bloch, if it were indeed true.

"Yes," he said, "there is a Dean and a Jean and a Chuck and a Patty and a ...". But I gave up then. "You see," he continued, "Dean is an active fan in every sense of the word.

Wonder what he meant by that?

You didn't know I knew Swedish, did you? Nor did I, but now Lars says that two doddering articles will see print in Swedish in one of the Swedish fmz, so I suppose I unconsciously possess certain linguistic abilities. Ghod.

I can't say I've ever had much ambition or even initiative to travel around the world like some fans do. I'd be terrified of a long trip around Israel and Europe such as Lars went on last summer, yet it seems that in each country that fandom exists there is always at least one such fan who likes to travel. Me? I'm still wondering whether I can summon up enough courage to travel the 26 miles into London for the September World Convention.

A journey like this is but a mere flick of the fingers to the fans that I'll mention below. I reckon the editor of this fanzine deserves the award for the longest distance<sup>x</sup> but Ron Ellik and Ron Bennett surely deserve one for persistence, at least.<sup>x</sup> ((I'm not so sure you are right, Alan; the distance Long Beach-NY is, I think, just as long as the one between Eskilstuna and Nathanya. Not to speak of those fen who frequently seem to be crossing the Atlantic.)) Ellik thinks nothing of hitch-hiking from California to Nevada in a single weekend. I don't think much of it either but for totally different

reasons. Oh - those poor feet! Finally from England there is Ron Bennett who somehow managed to hitch-hike from Harrogate to Frankfurt in Germany and Antwerp in Belgium. How he managed the bit in between with all the water is a bit vague to me.

Anyway, by a series of judicious lifts one of which was with a Turkish gentleman who drove him from Dover to London in one and a half hours as opposed to the usual four hour trip, he arrived here.

"What sort of Turkish car?" I asked.

"Usual kind," Ron answered. "turkish carpet. Square wheels. You know?"

Leaving this for a minute I was about to ask how he got on with the language when he no sprechen Sie Deutsch; then I saw a small red and black phrase book drop out of his haversack, marked, "German as she is spoke"

"What's the German for "Come to the cloakroom quickly, my grandmother has been struck by lightning!" I demanded.

This set up a strange gleam in his eyes as he searched frantically through his pockets for a little book which, I learned afterwards, was the one in which he kept his interlineations and quotes. He rapidly wrote down the sentence for future use in PLOY. He seemed so pleased with it that I just hadn't the heart to tell him Jean Linard had been given it three weeks previously...

Just as he was leaving he slung his haversack over his shoulder, thought again, and then handed the damn thing to me with a "I've carried it from Frankfurt - now you carry it for a while." Having dragged the monstrous object stuffed with everything from old socks to Ray Bradbury's THE OCTOBER COUNTRY up to the front gate, I handed it over. I was just pointing out the way he should take to get the main road to the north, when he kindly informed me that the way I was pointing lead back to the south from whence he'd just come. So I pointed the other way saying that it was okay for him to go that way but that the road was a dead end. "That's where I always end up," he said.

So we compromised. I showed him the way to the local cemetery and off he went.

---

.....Never did see the point of interlineations myself.....

---

I had intended here to do a serious and constructive science-fiction review of the film TARANTULA which has a giant spider in the title rôle and in England bears an "X" censor's certificate meaning that no one under 16 can get in to see it. Wild Bill Harry has forestalled me again though, as witness the following.

"Finally saw TARANTULA. Ghod! What a laff! I just can't understand why comedy films like this are given an "X". My pal and I, and the rest of the audience as well, were laughing throughout the whole film. The only worthwhile thing in it was the trick photography. My admiration for make-up man Bud Westmore was lowered with this film. The changing face of the professor can only be described as "comic". One half of his face seemed to be sliding s down whilst the other half remained stationary."

CONT. PAGE AFTER NEXT. RABIRP!

# HAVAMAL

Hi again. This time it ain't no monologue, this time it's HAVAMAL. As this word probably doesn't mean a thing to you I might as well tell you that it has nothing whatso-

ever to do with that famous RABIAF which seems to have puzzled a lot of SFAIRA readers. Archie Mercer looks at it from the linguistic point of view (sorry, Greg!) and sez: 'What is a rabiap? The son of a Welsh Rabbi? (Explanation of that: Welsh Rabbit /so-called, often spelt "rarebit"/ is toasted cheese, A favourite dish in Wales. /No chocolate, sorry ((Sonya?)). / The prefix (in rabiap it'd be a suffix, but still) ap in Welsh means son of. Usually shortened to b or p, thus Price = Ap Rhys, Bevan = Ap Evan, and so on. But it's ap in full. And having been to Israel I suppose you know a what a rabbi is!' (Unquote Mercer)

((Oh sure. The father of an Ap Rhaby, of course. By the way, I suppose appetite comes from Ap Petite, thus meaning "the son of a small woman" -- as petite is the feminine form of French petit, small. What do you say, Jean?))

Never mind. Never mind nuttink. Anyway, the explanation of "rabiap" is much simpler, much simpler indeed. Just like Columbus's egg.

You see, rabiap is simply paibar spelled backwards. Savvy now, hm?

Some fen who have written to me lately say that the South Gate account in SFAIRA 1 was the first real explanation of this expression they'd read. And now Sneary himself writes to tell me that Ellik's explanation was partly incorrect. Rick sez: 'First, while it is true the Outlander Society was the original backers, they are not now... The "reason for existance" ((Raeburn would have said raison d'être, I suppose. I beg your pardon, Greg.)) disappeared and so have, now, most of the members of the OS. Of the original nine, only four could be said to be still active and interested in fandom. Of the near dozen later members, only one is active. And, despite the fact that the original group was as close in feeling for each other as some families, in 1950, I haven't seen or heard from most of those who dropped out for over two or three years. It is sad. I hope they will come to the great reunion, which is a key part of our convention plans.

'Actually the Planning Committee (all that is operating now) is made up of all the local groups. Or at least the more active fans that happen to belong to them. The Outlanders, LASTS, Chesley Donovan Society, 20th Century Fandom and SERPUL (?). Also hope we can count on support from other coastal fan groups.

'I am not Chairman of anything, and never planned to be. I'm just not the type. Anna Moffatt is Chairlady of the Plan. Com., Lew Kovner is Sec., I'm tres., Forry Ackerman and Geo. Fields are to take care of the Pro and Fan contacts respectively. Len Moffatt is recording Sec. as well as editor of PARADE. And Art Thomson is our official representative for England. He is to put out ads and will be in charge of our displays at the London.

~ READ SFAIRA -- A NEW SOUTH GATE EXPLANATION IN EACH ISH ~

'Other than a few ideas to provide for a little smother running convention, we haven't any set idea of what we will have .. Despite the long hours of talk, the actual planning of programs will be worked out at relatively late minutes, as with all cons. We are not going to try for any great show, or "the best ever". We are pledged among ourselves to run it so it doesn't cost us a lot to put on, or the fans to attend.

'We would be more than delighted to have you here. Not that there is much hope of any of you fans being able to afford to cross both the Atlantic and the whole of the US. Fans, no matter what country or age, never seem to be cursed with riches. We would dearly love to get Willis to come, as our official historian, but he seems to think it too much of a dream to really happen.' (Unquote Sneary)

Oh well. This SG bizniz would have formed an ideal Goon case. Or mayhap Rick is a California Goon Representative? Shudder, JWhite!

The momentary financial situation (meaning NO MOOLAH) prevents me from including a full-size letcool in this. However, no harm in publishing, as a substitute, a digested SFAIRA-reaction account. In other words, here are a few comments (digested, remember) on the first SFAIRA: (Comments in Sw.&Norw. translated into Engl.)

K.J. JAKOBSSON: Liked your SFAIRA idea. Original illos and insane paragraph on the bacover ((the one in Sw.)). Of course I want the next ish. Repro good.

GATO LINDBERG: Thanx a lot for SFAIRA. You've done a really good work on it. Cover was terrific, only a pity Rotsler hadn't drawn a bem in the background ((Gato: see Burns's BEM VERSE in this!!)) which should have made everybody content. Contents a bit too insane and such, but as an old MAD reader I like such things too.

I. STENHOJ: I am hereby returning your "Fanzine", not only because I want the money back but primarily because I do not wish to receive further issues of this "Fanzine".

CONT.

## DODDMENTS CONT.

Strange how the power of science fiction can make itself felt in other unconnected circles. Take the seaside resort of Blackpool, which has along its front the area known as the Golden Mile. This is filled with sideshows and freakshows and the like and last year had a man with a puppet show. A really skilled performance, but he was unable to draw enough customers in to pay for the electric light he was using.

So, to avert coming financial disaster he tore down the original poster advertising a puppet show and produced a new one with a futuristic billing which read: WONDERS FROM OUT OF SPACE. SEE THE STRANGEST PEOPLE ON EARTH. NO HAIRS ON THEIR BODIES AND THEY SPEAK NO KNOWN LANGUAGE.

It was the same sideshow, but people flocked to see it - and nobody complained.

After all, wasn't every word on the poster true?

THE END.

ALAN DODD.

ALVAR APPELTOFFT: I have received the SFAIRA publication. I was very disappointed. Ghu.

LEIF HELGESSON: Sure, I've got SFAIRA, and I've even (here it comes) read the ~~xyz~~ fanzine and discovered that (be prepared) it was quite good. Whaddyasay now, huh? Why did you think Swedish fans wouldn't like SFAIRA? ((Hrr.))

AUTARKEN LINDBOHR: That was a NICE, HONEST and ALL RIGHT fanzine. But you had to make concessions to Wall Street's blood-stained monopoly-capitalistic slave-drivers and enemies of the People and print the damn thing in English. ((Postraster dear, this is Swedish fan humour and nothing politically seditious or Un-American or Empty-Blooded American Guys or Wetzel matter or commie stuff or whaddyahave. In spite of the fact, postraster dear, that the closest distance between Sweden and Soviet territory is merely 90 miles and that out of 150 Swedes one is a commie against in the US one out of 15,000 and that two members of the Swedish Riksdag (= Parliament, Congress) are commies and that you can receive unlimited amounts of commie literature without anybody censoring your mail and that each year at least one Soviet spy is tracked down in Sweden and that many of the greater factories and concerns and trusts among their workers have a communist majority... not willingly, of course ... Oh ghod..))

TORSTEN MALMQVIST: Keep SFAIRA fannish. It was crud, but fun.

ALAN BURNS: Now you will want comments about SFAIRA. Illos are passable, at least you got them decently onto the stancil, and the editorial monologue makes as much sense as other editorial monologues have made (which can be read as either compliment or insult).

JOHN BERRY: I am amazed at the originality of layout and the enthusiasm and interest in the way it is carried out. I found it fascinating, in as much as I didn't know what was coming next. Most fanzines tend to follow a set format, from which they never vary, but this couldn't be said about SFAIRA. I regard it as a necessary item of my fmz collection.

ART THOMSON (through Berry): Very fannish.

TERRY JEEVES: This, believe it or not, really appealed to me.. I like zany things as you've probably gathered. I thought the cover of SFAR 1 was terrific, but rethinks the Frankenstein fizzog was copied from an American horror comic.. Am I right? ((Yah, more or less..)) I liked all the interior illos except for the Rotslers.. I rather fancy that you must have been right on the end of a pile he sent me with the request to pass on those I didn't want for Triode.. you caught the barrel scrapings, ((How true.. only more so..)) I particularly liked the colour page with the queer title.

RICK SNEARY: I found it very interesting. Not that I am much interested in fmz at the present, as I'm suffering from that fannish malaria, GAFIA. But any fmz that uses my name so often is bound to be interesting. As to the rest, it was very easy reading. More pictures than I would have used, but if you like them, whathell.. I am a little sorry to see the cracks you take at your countrymen. You might change your views in time, and that approach will never change theirs. But I agree with your feelings.

ALAN DODD: Hum -- SFAIRA came as you might know and muchly as I enjoyed all the rambling, the illos and full page pieces I can't help wondering what you are going to do now with those three pieces I flogged myself to death to get out for SFAR. ((You know now, By the way, one of them is in this!))

ERIC BENTOLIFE: It's a pretty good first issue.. I won't say it couldn't be improved for that wouldn't be quite honest, but it's certainly much better than a lot of the number Ones which thud through my letter box. There's a pleasantly mad air about it all..

WIM STRUYCK: So you pubbed this for your own fun? Most frz editors do. At least they say so. -- I did like SFAIRA. Say, why shouldn't it be enjoyable to Swedish fen? ((Um again.)) One of the best things in SFAIRA was the numbering of pages.. (chuckle, chuckle.) On the front cover you do have a girl. Sure. But not one I'd like to be seen with. -- Anyhow, I hope you'll go on pubbing SFAIRAs for your own fun. And give me some fun, too. Tack, tack in advance. ((And tack, tack for the ROTTERDAMSH NIEUWSBLAD, Wim!))

RON BENNETT: Well, to say the least, I liked SFAIRA. I haven't a clue what most of it was about, of course, but I did find that it had a very nice informal and friendly atmosphere and tone about it. I liked the illos in the mag too and especisly the page of cartoons. ((They were in Ancient Greek (Koine), Italian, Hebrew, Modern Arabic and Russian. This as an answer to many inquiring minds.))

ARCHIE MERCER: What? No SFär? Most UNSfär! Anyway, let's see about this SFAIRA. I like the happy-go-lucky atmosphere - atmosfaira, if you like - in this SFAIRA, anyway. Definitely Trufannish. Also, you manage to drag in serious interesting manners, [x] I have indeed received this Thing.

JEAN LINARD: Lars, your damn fanzine is to be something formidable, compared to anywhat in the field. Nobody helped you in reality, and the result is seizing. We love you, Helander. That's terrible. ((Terrible? Loving me? Oh well.)) I'd never hoped you'd reach such an open fannishness so easily. Keep much Helander in future SFAIRAS. I'd like All-Helander issues the most, I guess. ((So be prepared for the next SFAIRA publication, the Israel travelogue.)) I love your artwork. As for the drawing on the cover of the First-Dead SFAR, it's one of the best I've seen of this type. ((Aaeah.)) You are big people, Lars. ((Eeaeauh.))

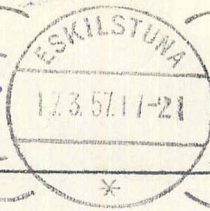
JOANAS TEGNER: An extremely puerile manifestation of infantile ignorance and low-class material. Pray don't send more of it.

GREG BENFORD: Quite a nice little magazine you have here. While the repro is not excellent and the range of material could have been more varied, I feel that you have done a very fine job on your first ish. This thing has personality. Really a very good personality-type zine. I am becoming sick of attempts to copy Grennell, and SFAIRA is a welcome change.

End of Comments Section. Not much more space left now... however, in any case there's much enough left to tell you to see the German film HIMMEL OHNE STERNEN in case you get a chance to. It's about love across the Iron Curtain, but certainly nothing of that sentimental Hollywood stuff you see every so often. -- One more thing: Lack of space has forced the Burns BEM VERSE out of the ish, but it will return. And finally a reminder: You gotta do SOMETHING to keep getting these SFAIRA publications. In case you do want to, that is! See you again in the Travelogue! Skål everybody and RABIAN! *LARS*

22 FEB. 1957

Too many typos! Sobi!  
- Circ. this 160.



Avsändare/From:	Till/To/An/A:
LARS HELANDER	
LOHEGATAN 11	
ESKILSTUNA 3	
SWEDEN.	
TRYCKSAK	
IMPRIMES	
STAMPA	
DRUKWERK	
PRINTED MATTER	
DRUCKSACHE	

RICK SNEARY  
2962 SANTA ANA ST.  
SOUTH GATE (IN 58)  
CALIF. U.S.A.

REMOVE ALL STAPLES

### WORLD CONVENTION 1957

We have taken over a whole hotel for the nights of September 6, 7 and 8, and all day on the 9th. Details as follows:

KINGS COURT HOTEL, Leinster Gardens, Bayswater, 20/- per person per night bed and breakfast, 4/6 luncheon, 6/6 dinner. (Food highly recommended). Food served (hot meals) up to 10.30 pm. Snacks etc., later. Bar open all day. Several lounges. Cocktail Bar. Television room with screen for projection (suitable for the children). Lounge with jukebox (asset?). Lift. Long hall capable of seating approx. 400, complete with sound equipment. Sections can be closed off as required. No objection to all night parties, and, from the look of the manager and his staff, they'll probably join in the fun. Traveller's cheques and cash changed in the hotel. At least six languages are spoken by the manager and his wife - French, Flemish, Scandinavian, Italian, Spanish, German as well as English, and their staff can muster up enough to get by on three more (not named). Some rooms have 4 twin beds, some 3, some 2, some double-bed rooms and some single. Will those who particularly want to share let us know what precisely is required and who for. No booking fee at this current moment. Book only through Bobbie Wild, 204 Wellmeadow Road, Catford, London SE6. Membership of WSFS 7/6 must be paid to receive journals etc. Entrance fee, payable now or later 7/6. (This covers whole weekend OR one day only). Good shopping centre nearby. Tube stations all round, 1 minute from Hyde Park. In other words, the whole place is another George hotel, only in London.

JCY CLARKE,