

THIS IS THE SECOND OMPA COMBOZINE.

last year, 1971, we also did one, and handed out two or three hundred at the convention. Mayhap this has had an effect on contributions because we were disappointed in the results it had; ie; . no wave of people clamouring to join.

OMPA?, oh, well, OMPA is an APA. An APA?, oh...well. What happens you see is that a dozen or twenty or fifty even, people all join together, (No William, we are NOT playing that sort of game!) I'll start again.

An APA has an editor (there are other officers). To this editor each member sends a bundle of magazine. HIS magazines, produced by him. Containing articles, stories, shatter, reviews, poems, art etc., ad infinitum, by the editor or his "friends". Each, to state the obvious, of these zines is duplicated, identical apart from inky finger marks, beer stains and other hazards of the trade. The Noble Association Editor. (me...) receives this bundle, and bundles of zines from the other members, and by dashing around in a sort of frenzy soon has (instead of, say, 20 stacks of identical zines) 20 stacks, each consisting of one zine from each member. (viola, etc).

In an APA of, say, 20 members, with an activity requirement (that means how many pages -read sides- you have to contribute each year) of, say, 10pp, each member should; by simple calculation; contribute a minimum of 10pp a year, and receive in return 190pp... of course the quality of the contributions vary, depending on so many factors that it would take a book to describe them.

To get the sorted bundles of zines to the members the AE generally resorts to desperate measures; ie;- the dreaded GPO. For this service, (freighting the ~~zine~~ zines) the GPO charges an excessive toll, maybe as much as 25 or 30 pence a bundle. So, with 4 bundles a year the postage cost, per member will be 80p¹.

Now we in OMPA currently charge 80p annual dues, (but they may have to go up) and we're not making any money. We have, for instance, been using jiffy bags, 7p a time...and incidental things like running costs more than take up each members dues.

Our activity requirement is 20 side a year, 20 sides!!!! why, most of the recent new members have been putting more than that into their first mailing!

Anyhow, I'll say no more. If the idea interests you, talk to some OMPAn, write to me, the AE.

KEN CHESLIN, 36 Chapel Street, Wardsley, Stourbridge, DY8 5QP,
Worce., England.

new members welcome, British or American or any fan who wants in; though distance is a disadvantage as far as time/mails go. We used to have a large American section, about one third of the total, we would like to see that again. There does not seem to be the same Anglo-American camarade there was back in 7th farden.

right, youse guys, jine OMPA.....kmpc.

are you sitting comfortably?

then we'll begin the story of

BRIAN AND THE ENCHANTED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

by

GENERAL P. OFFICE, P.U.B. and bar.

Chapter One

One disgustingly rainy day in January, Brian was in a hurry. He was half an hour late meeting Lisa for their weekly game of chess, and goshwowboyoboy, would she be annoyed! But first he had to deposit a parcel with the mysterious and dreaded G.P.O. This organisation would, on payment of an extortionate amount of protection money, or "postage", promise to do their best not to damage your letter or parcel whilst conveying it more or less to its destination.

Just in time for the afternoon raid, or "collection", Brian dashed up to the gang HQ, sometimes called a "post office", and pushed his offering into the gaping mouth of the collection-box. It bore the mystic words:

Mike and Pat Meara,
Flat A,
5, Kedleston Road,
Derby.

and in addition, a magic incantation to ward off the evil spirits of the mails:

with care - Magnetic Tape.

Chapter Two

Many blissful hours later, after almost winning two games, Brian was leaving the house of Lisa when he was struck by a Terrible Thought. "Boimnngg!" it went. Picking himself up out of the chrysanthemums, he realised with horror that he hadn't paid the G.P.O. their protection money for the parcel. Knees knick-knack-knocking with dread, he wondered what to do. "I'll phone Mike", he said. "Paul's got the number". So first of all he phoned Paul.

"Sorry ol' chap", said Paul. "The number's in my address book, back at Kilometre Beginning Street, don't y'know." So Brian decided to try the Director of Enquiries. After twenty minutes the Director answered the phone, and Brian explained his plight. "Numbersnotlisted,"

said the Director curtly, and rang off.

Not satisfied with this, Brian decided to visit the Shrine of the Sacred Telephone Directories and check for himself. After a long and arduous journey by BUSS, a fearsome creature which walks on wheels and growls continually, he arrived at the Shrine, only to find that it was as the Director had said.

Undismayed, he turned to the Directory for the city of Ull, in the realm of Yurkshur, for he knew that there Mike's forefathers and five-mothers had dwelt for many generations. But Alas! The name of Mee-rah was to be found six times therein, and only one could be the true Mee-rah, the Mee-rah of Mee-rah's.

With this, Brian's last hope was gone, and he despaired. All he could do now was to write to Mike, begging him not to think too harshly of Brian for having to pay double protection money on the parcel. So this he did, with much sorrowing.

Chapter Three

Meanwhile in the far off D'r B, city of the three and seven stars, in the dark land of Midd, disgustingly early one disgustingly rainy day in January, Mike was awakened by a *~~6/2~~* at the door. Sleepily he kicked his concubine, Pat, indicating that she should, as usual, get up and answer it. Some moments later, as if in a dream, he heard a strange voice demanding monies to the tune of

se^eveⁿteeⁿ p^enc^e hey nonny-nonny, fal-di-lah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

As the concept of paying out money percolated through the layers of his sleep-sodden brain, Mike was shocked nearly into almost semi-consciousness. He was amazed to find that the source of this depletion of monetary substances was a parcel from Brian. With a flash of Sherlockian brilliance, Mike's intrepid thinking compartment leapt to the right conclusion: Brian had forgotten to stick the stamps on. Instead of stamps, the parcel bore this strange device:-



	LIABLE TO SECOND CLASS RATE
17	POSTED UNPAID
	OVER 12 OZS
TO PAY	INSUFFICIENTLY PREPAID

The following day, Mike was only mildly surprised to receive a letter from Brian explaining the matter. Reassured, he tore up the threatening letter he'd been about to post, and set off for work as usual.

Chapter Four

Meanwhile, back in MeeChasedHer, that Northern town where no unescorted lady is safe by night or day, Brian had spent a restless night, wondering when the vengeance of the Mee-rahs would descend on him. Suddenly the beautiful Wotnumberpleez, patron saint of telephone operators, appeared to him in a dream. She told him of the Enchanted Telephone Directory, the magic book in which is written the name, address and number of every subscriber in the realm. She showed him the great volume, bound in the hide of the fabled golden polecat of Pythonland, and said that, because of his gentle and courteous manner toward telephone operators everywhere, she was prepared to grant him the knowledge of the number he sought. Claspng an Evvaflo Riteright Dinkipen in her silvery hand, she inscribed the sacred symbols on a sheet of Nevertear, the paper you can trust. This she placed on his bedside table, and then vanished without a sound.

Awakening, Brian trembled, and it wasn't just the D.T.s. Slowly he stretched out a hand and picked up the paper. He hardly dared to look; could it be that the information which he had sought for so many long, wearisome minutes was at last within his grasp? Could it be that the writer is trying to build up the tension and failing miserably? Yes! Sure enough, there was the number, gleaming faintly in the darkness. With a contented sigh, he fell back into bed and slept, dreaming happy dreams of the day he would beat Lisa at chess.

Chapter Five

The following day, back in gang HQ, the Director of Enquiries fumed and paced the floor of his office. His spies, known to the general public only as postmen, had informed him of Brian's nocturnal visitor, and he was very angry. This was the second time this year that top secret information such as someone's phone number had leaked out in this way, and the G.P.O.'s inefficiency record was in danger of being ruined. He had to think of a plan to get revenge on Brian, Mike and Wotnumberpleez, to show them that he, Sha-ri, was not to be trifled with. Suddenly a slow smile passed across his face. When it had gone, the realisation of what he must do hit him like a ton of bricks. It WAS a ton of bricks. Removing the waste-paper basket which had somehow become affixed to his nether regions, he observed that one of the bricks was different from the others. On examining it closely he found that it was engraved with the details of a very interesting plan. A very slow smile passed across the Director's face; it was quite late in the evening before it had finally gone....

....Some time later, Mike received another tape from Brian, and was relieved to see that the full amount of protection money had been paid on it. Putting away his air-pistol, which he always carried when answering the door to the postman, he prepared to play the tape. He was surprised to find that it was an urgent appeal for information, which Brian wished Mike to communicate to him as soon as possible via telephone. Little did Mike know, but apart from that, little did Mike know that this was all part of the evil Sha-ri's plan of revenge, and that Brian had been forced to record the tape under the threat of seeing his Heinlein collection destroyed page by page before his very eyes.

Unsuspecting, Mike searched through Brian's old letters in an attempt to find the phone number, without success. The only alternative was to phone the Director of Enquiries. After several minutes spent pestering the phone to work, he finally got through to the "Operator", one of the Director's many minions, and explained his problem. "Robinson?" said the Operator, "ROBINSON????? D'you know how many Robinsons there are in Manchester, you horrible little subscriber? There's...there's SCHMILLIONS of them, at least. Normally of course we wouldn't mind looking, but in your case" the Operator cackled evilly "in YOUR case I'm afraid it's out of the question. You'll never find out, d'you hear? Never, never, NEVER, NEVER, NEVERNEVERNEVERNEVER!!!!!!" There was a click as the line went dead.

Chapter Six

"Dear Brian", the letter began. "I tried to phone you, I really tried....."

THE END

of

Brian and the Enchanted Telephone Directory, or
Battling Brian and Mighty Mike versus the Terror of the G.P.O., or
The Terrible Dangers of a Vivid Imagination, or
How We Succeeded in Writing Something for the OMPA Combozine Without Really Trying.

This thrilling wonder story was written for Brian Robinson by Mike Meara, for no reason other than the fun of it. It is herewith donated to the OMPA Combozine 1972 with the compliments of:-

Mike and Pat Meara, editors of LUX, Flat A, 5 Kedleston Rd, Derby,
Brian Robinson & Paul Skelton, editors of HELL, 9 Linwood Grove,
Manchester, M12 4QH, and

Lisa Conesa (herein mentioned), editor of ISEULT, 54 Manley Road,
Whalley Range, Manchester, M16 8HP.

For some years now I have been toying with the idea of writing a SF story whose background was an interplanetary or interstellar war. What I was mostly interested in, I confess, was the working out of my ideas rather than writing a story. The basic premise was that there would be attacks on interstellar trade routes, that ships would pass at some times near stars, and that the enemy, in tremendously protected ships, would lurk near such places; attack, and then hide in the depths of the stars atmosphere. I'm not at all sure that an interplanetary war is possible, although an interstellar one might be. Let me explain.

There is in interplanetary war the knowlegã of the enemies home planet; a ruthless enemy would find some way to destroy the home planet, though of course the enemy might also destroy him. The simplest form of such destruction I can think of is in biological attacks on animal, (including human) and plant life. Whatever precautions something would get through.

On the other hand it is possible that an interstellar war might be fought, with limited losses, because the home planets were not known. It may be that the object of such a war would be to discover and destroy the home plant(s). It depends upon how "civilised" the war was.

I will summarilly dispose of two items thrown up in recent OMPA articles. 1, globular spaceships with drives of a nature to require shielding, ie; atomic reaction devices. 2. the psychological strains of space travel.

1. Unless the drive is very efficient, which in interplanetary times I doubt, having thrust tubes pointing in the six cardinal directions is wasteful, it raises radiation hazards, it vastly increases the weight, and takes up more space than it saves, and gives more things to go wrong. (I am open to reasoned argument).

A simple single direction motor, flipping the ship to decelerate, and a few steering jets, are all that efficiency demands. Also, unless some sort of lowspeed ramjet is possible, even the best motor cannot be used continuously because of the problems of carrying sufficient reaction mass. The best engine must throw out something.

2. Submariners of today operate under conditions psychologically not very different from space ship crews. Explosive decompression is hardley less unpleasant than explosive implosion.(er..compression?).

The object of war is to force the enemy to submit to your will. This entails the destruction of the enemies will to resist. This may be accomplished by destroying the enemies ability to resist, plus of course effective propaganda.

Destroying the enemys ability, and/or will, to resist may be accomplished in a few ways.

1. the negation of the enemies defences.
2. the destruction of enemy population.

Obviously 1 makes 2 possible, while 2 eventually makes 1 possible.

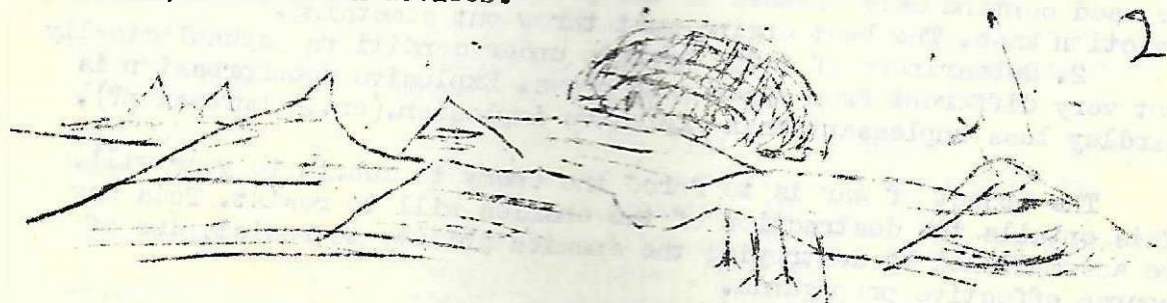
Take 2 first. Bacteria will take care of this, human, animal or plant.

If you destroy any of these you have "won". It may be that the population, or a part of it, may be protected. But it is otherwise for plants. Destroy plants and you destroy the food chain. Artificial manufacture of food may of course be possible on such a scale that none of these work. There remain the destruction of resources and communications. Either of these will cripple the war effort and starve the population. However it may be possible to devise some form of protection for sources and communications on the planet. It remains therefore to destroy the enemies means of defence. These might be divided into two parts. Planetary and spacial. We will assume that planetary defences need systematic reduction; this being impossible while the space arm is effectively opposing the "besiegers". Therefore the first object, or prime object, might be to eliminate the spacial defences. This would of course not be easy, as every effort would be devoted to protecting the home planet.

Weaponry may be divided into two parts. Detection and destruction. Obviously detection devices must loom important as without detection it would be...er...difficult to destroy either an attacker or a defender.

I imagine that it would not be necessary for a planet to import supplies during such a war. Unless something really vital turns up in the way of strategic materials. Therefore systems such as the convoy system would not be necessary in an interplanetary war. (though it might in an interstellar one). Familiar practices we would see, I imagine, are keeping free (and conversly "besieging") of "ports", escorts for capital ships and minefields. Weapons would no doubt include; solid shot projectiles, explosives, "conventional" and atomic, various types of chemicals, for instance in, say, ceramic mines which douse the enemy with a corrosive (etc) substance, oh, and guided missiles of course.

The weapons must be able to get through. Therefore they must evade detection or destruction or both. This they may do by being too fast to avoid, or indetectable, say radiation transparent substances, or metalless substances. To avoid electromagnetic, or magnetic detection, or detection by their mass, or be disguised up to the last possible moment as something harmless; or normally avoidable, or confusion of detection/destruction devices.



Lets see. Minefields, torpedoes, solid shot guns. Minefield may be made up in various ways; different types of mines, layed in different places, and even mobile and relatively immobile. Judging by previous wars I don't think belligerents will be too worried during the war about the problems of clearing mines laid in wartime.

Mines. I can envisage several types of mine. The main ones might perhaps be divided into active and passive mines. That is mines that operate, act, explode in a certain set of circumstances; and passive mines, which operate on impact. Of the first lot it seems inevitable that parts of them must be metallic, or employ some sort of electro magnetic parts. These might be detectable, but again, might be laid in such a way that by the time they are detected they are already doing their job, ie; destroying the detectee. I can envisage this type of mine being set in orbit, or set on courses taking them into areas occupied by the enemy. (maybe destroying themselves if not operated inside some time limit). A field of this type need not have each mine fitted with complicated equipment. A single "master" may control hundreds of "slaves", which it remotely detonates when a target gets within range. (ships could feasably control these too as an added defence factor.). Other mines could be sown with various proximity fuses, light or heavy, and of course there could be devilishly mixed swarms of mines; you detect some, explode some, but the solid ones, or ceramic ones are unarmed. One would not dare pass near any seemingly innocent meteor shower/storm. Ceramic mines, with or without exploding/activating devices I rather like the thought of. It may be true that a ping-pong sized ball of pottery, travelling at relatively slow speeds, would not cause the enemy crippling damage. Yet it would be most annoying to have to send men out to slap patches on pinhole leaks caused by one or two of these. And in war harrassment of the enemy is important, it keeps him from building up his full effectiveness by petty irritations. A few swarms of these set on a course for a planet might cause such consternation. They would interfere with sattelites in orbit, mounting detection gear one imagines; it would make the enemy take evasive action; it would certainly make him divert some effort (from his attack effort) into the detection and nullification of these annoyances. Besides, who's to say that some are not loaded with bacteria?. The defence system of a planet in such a war would have to be complicated, wide, expensive in equipment and materials and men.

Torpedoes or guided missiles, apart from the part they would play in planetary bombardment would be quite useful in cases of ship actions. Compact brained, high acceleration missiles could outspeed and outmanouver and warned space vessel. Therefore manned vessels would have to carry detection devices, (the enemy has heard about computers too), anti-missiles, and survival devices. The first might be mounted in drones scouting the space all round a manned ship or fleet of course, to give more time for action to be taken in defence or in offence. Various types of "guided" missiles spring to mind, but these can be segregated, I think, into two kinds. The straightforward(!!!?) anti-missile and the salvo missile which homes in the enemy, and the "bloodhound" which not only finds the enemy but is equipped to give him a good long, fast chase. The first might be more useful in ship of fleet encounters; the other in pursuit encounters.

I see also a use for solid shot missiles. But obviously these have fairly fixed roles. They might be used to supplement torpedoes, and fired by computer of courses calculated to converge with the enemy. It seems likely that these have a limited use however as you would have to fill an awful lot of space with them to have a chance of hitting an enemy taking evasive action, even the limited evasive action that a space ship is capable of, at ranges measured in tens of miles. They would probably be too slow to get near enough to do damage. However, the enemy would have to know that they were solid shot, and not guided, and he would have to expend fuel on evasive actions. Thus irritating the enemy and wearing down his reserves, whittling down his capacities to make effective war. Come to that a pail of garbage, or "window" might have a part to play in space war.

Detection gear. Radar, magnetic, metal, heat, light, mass, even the occultation of stellar bodies. With the assumption that science will make progress in the next couple of hundred years in computers, in electromagnetic hardware etc., it is not impossible to believe that a space ship, or a "master" missile could surround itself with an array of detection gear comprised of all the imagination of scientists could provide. Even when ships and missiles are travelling at hundreds of miles per second it is doubtful if they could outspeed radar impulses. Therefore radar will still be effective. Indeed there seems little reason why "watch/listening posts" could not be sent out in great numbers, perhaps on fixed, perhaps on wandering courses, which would inform a belligerent of the presence of an enemy passing within its range. (selfdestructs might be necessary, and/or protective missiles or devices carried). (really a travelling minefield cum detector). The use made of information of course depends of the circumstances. Certain of the devices used will of course be of such a nature that they emit radiation of various forms. In that case it is only likely that devices will be made to detect changes in magnetic fields caused unnaturally; devices that will detect metal at great distances, devices that can detect the heat of quite small bodies of relatively low heat at great distances. (astronomers already use some of these). Light, probably not emitted as spaceships etc., would at least take elementary precautions, might be detected even reflected from bodies painted the blackest space navy black, the mass of a ship, unto an unimaginably small amount, might be detected by means yet to be developed/perfected...and, unlikely though it may seem at the moment, given computer development and the development of more sensitive equipment, even the occultation of a star, or the milkyway, by an object as small as a ship might be detected at some hundreds of miles. The beauty of this form of detector is that it does nothing to tell the enemy that he is detected.

As I've said, the factor militating against (?) interplanetary wars is the vulnerability of planets. This would mean that against a Hitler-like opponent a planet could never be safe. I may mean though that having to bear the safety of their planets in mind such a war might be conducted more or less in a "gentlemanly" manner, casualties being in the fighting services until deadlock, or until one side is so worn down that a negotiated peace is possible. Ah, who knows, man might even come to discard the use of wars; but I doubt it.

KEN CHESLIN. March 1972, 36 Chapel Street, Wordsley, Stourbridge,
DY8 5QP Wores., England.

4

*PHOBOS AND DEIMOS!-ARTIFICIAL SATELLITES? *

If the evidence of a giant satellite-station orbiting the earth is insubstantial, there is very good evidence of such a satellite in outer space-namely in orbit around Mars. Top astronomers on both sides of the Iron Curtain are saying that Phobos, one of the two moons of the mysterious red planet, gives every indication of being hollow, enclosed space station manufactured by intelligent creatures.

Phobos and Mars's other moon, Deimos, were discovered in 1877 by U.S astronomer Asaph Hall. Their estimated sizes are ten and five miles in diameter, respectively, which is small for a moon or asteroid. If such bodies are artificial products of technology, they represent an achievement absolutely beyond the comprehension of earth scientists. To push our own satellites, which are measured in feet, past the gravitational field takes immense power. To lift a five or ten-mile-wide body into space is almost unthinkable unless a device neutralising gravity is used. Scientists are agreed on one thing only about UFO's: that their government movements are only explainable by the use of non-gravity power. It is therefore likely that the UFO's are at least remotely connected with the mysterious builders of Phobos.

Even with a gravity neutraliser, the construction of Phobos would be an immense feat. As Dr. Clyde W. Tombaugh was quoted:
"Putting up such a satellite would severely strain the capabilities of even a world rich in resources.

The extreme poverty of mineral resources on Mars would have deprived them of the necessary materials.

But Dr. Tombaugh has also said that it is possible for us to visualise a technology millions of years ahead of our own. Such a technology might have built Phobos elsewhere in the universe or even learned to make everlasting metal from the dead rock of Mars.

But we're speculating. Let's make a look at a few impartial facts and expert opinions.

In 1963, Raymond E. Wilson, chief of applied mathematics for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, was quoted as saying: "Space probes are now being prepared to determine if Phobos is actually a huge orbiting space station."

Dr. Wilson was referring to Mars Mariner program to send satellite s equipped with "life-detection packages" and TV cameras orbiting Mars. But when the Mariners relayed photos by the dozens as well as masses of other data on Mars and her moons very little was released to the public. "There's a cold war on", the government said. Were they actually afraid that Russia would establish a base on Mars?

Meanwhile, Russia was doing a great deal of Mars research herself. It was a Soviet scientist who first proposed that both Martian moons are artificial. Russia's leading planetary physicists, Iosif S. Shklovsky, heads the Department of Radio Astronomy at the Sternberg Astronomical Institute in Moscow. In 1959, Dr. Shklovsky published the results of his observations and calculations on the "Martian Triangle", Mars, Phobos, and Deimos and their gravitational interaction upon each other which, he insisted, could only be explained if both moons were placed into orbit and intelligently constructed from lightweight materials such as aluminium.

"We have to assume," Dr. Shklovsky stated, "that Phobos is hollow inside, some-

2. Both Martian moons, Phobos and Deimos, are extremely close to Mars. Phobos is only 5,000 miles from the planet's surface.

3. Unlike all natural moons, Phobos moves in its orbit over three times as fast as Mars. This is impossible for a natural moon, according to accepted astronomical theories.

No natural satellite can move faster than the planet it circles, because both planet and satellites originally made from the same substance were travelling at the same speed.

4. Phobos is slowing down and falling towards Mars. Its actions duplicate the motions of all man-made satellites put in orbit by the U.S. and Russia.

World scientists greeted Shklovsky's theory with mixed emotions, but the outspoken Russian had dared to break the ice on an idea that had been out for years—the idea that there was intelligent life on Mars—scientists studied his calculations. Many flocked to his support.

Dr. H. M. Sinton, an astronomer at Yerkes Observatory, Williams Bay, Wisconsin, supported Shklovsky in a statement before the U.S. National Academy of Science. "Phobos may be a huge orbiting city filled with men, women and children", he said. "The other moon, Deimos, might be one, too."

Agreement also came from Dr. Fred Hoyle, astrophysicist, a professor of astronomy at Cambridge University, England, and staff member of both the Mt. Wilson and Palomar observatories in California. "This is the only theory I have heard that covers the mysteries of these two moons", he said.

Dr. S. Fred Singer, professor of astronomy at the University of Maryland, another key figure in the NASA Mars Probe program, added his agreement. "If Shklovsky's calculations are accurate, then Phobos could be artificial, hollow, and therefore made by living creatures," he said.

Some scientist disagreed with Shklovsky. Dr. E. C. Sipher, director emeritus of the Lowell Observatory near Flagstaff, Arizona, echoed the majority of Shklovsky's critics when he stated it would be physically impossible to orbit such a satellite. "That's no argument," retorted Dr. Singer. "That's like saying the Egyptians could have built the pyramids."

Shklovsky proposed his own ideas as to why the Martians would build two such satellites. An interview of Dr. Shklovsky published in the Moscow newspaper Komsomolskaya Pravda created a world wide sensation. The renowned planetary physicist suggested that millions of years ago Mars was in a state similar to present-day earth. There were oceans, ample oxygen and civilised beings with fantastic technological know-how. As the inhabitants saw their oxygen and water depleting they launched satellites which served as artificial planets. Such launchings would be easier on Mars than from earth because of lesser surface gravity.

The official Soviet Academy of Sciences subsequently indicated official approval if not total acceptance, of his ideas by requesting that Shklovsky write a book on extra-terrestrial life. He included a full chapter on his Mars satellite theory. The book caused the simmering Mars moon controversy to again flare up upon publication in Europe and America. Among evidence that the satellites were artificial, Shklovsky calculated that while one of the thirty two known moons in the solar system orbit more slowly than their parent planets, Phobos circles Mars three times faster than Mars spins—just like our own artificial satellites.

speculation about Mars ran rampant throughout the space-science community. If Martians could launch giant satellites in the fight for survival, they could emigrate to a more hospitable planet such as earth. Perhaps Phobos and Deimos built by our own ancestors.

Like Mars satellites, unlike natural moons, are doomed to destruction as orbit swings ever closer to the parent planet-again just like all launched satellites. Possibly Mars once orbited many moons each packed tight with inhabitants-as the moons sank into the gravity grasp of their mother planet the inhabitants rocketed to earth where they were all but wiped out due to hardship, specialist technology useless in the daily fight for survival. Support for dying planet theories lies in the red colour of Mars, indicating a formerly rich atmosphere. If Phobos and Deimos were the last of a string of orbiting planets, their inhabitants would be eyeing green, oxygen-rich earth with watching us with their us with their scout ship UFO's, waiting till technology efficiently developed for them to find comfort in our buildings and food in fields, pastures, and maybe in the human population itself. Fantasy, no doubt, but not fantasy that the following Shklovsky dying planet hypothesis, both and America went all out in the race to discover the secrets of outer space the Mars -Mariner program was born.

Could the Martians have gone underground-sucking their oxygen with them? The satellites might have been bases established during a Soviet-U.S style cold war. The Mars-Mariners discovered craters on Mars, scientists said they could be the result of atomic bombardment from the satellite bases which used own surfaces as protective shields.

Shklovsky tried to put a brake on wild speculations about his pet artificial satellites by pointing out that the estimated sizes of the Mars moons were based on brightness, under the assumption the moon had the same reflectivity as Mars. But if they were spheres of polished metal, they could have diameters of the size of a mile in which still would have taken incredible technology to launch. Salisbury, professor of exobiology at Colorado State University, published an article in Science which caused intense discussion among space scientists. In his book, WE ARE NOT ALONE, New York Times science editor, Walter Sullivan devotes an article to Salisbury's article and the implications it raises. Professor Salisbury says that we must concern ourselves with the possibility of technological civilization on Mars. Certain attributes of Mars and its moons, he wrote, "are most understood on the assumption that they are the product of intelligent beings" particularly referred to the peculiarities of Phobos and Deimos and to resembling artificial explosions on Mars observed from Osaka Planetarium on occasions since 1937. In the first two "explosions", the light was visible for a few minutes, on the last two occasions for five seconds. Salisbury pointed out that which has long puzzled astronomers. Why weren't the two moons observed in 1877?

In 1862, they were far closer to earth and a search was made with a larger telescope than that used by Asaph Hall in his 1877 discovery. Salisbury asks the question: "Should we attribute the failure of 1862 to imperfections in the existing telescopes, or may we imagine that the satellites were launched into orbit between 1862 and 1877?"

In view of evidence for Martian beings who maintain a super technology he asserted: "We should at least try to keep our minds open so that we can survive the initial shock of encountering them." Salisbury predicted that our first robot-satellite lands on Mars, scanning the red planet with its radio ears and radar feelers, the results could be amazing.

SECTION IN LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ASTRONOMY ON: The satellites of Mars.

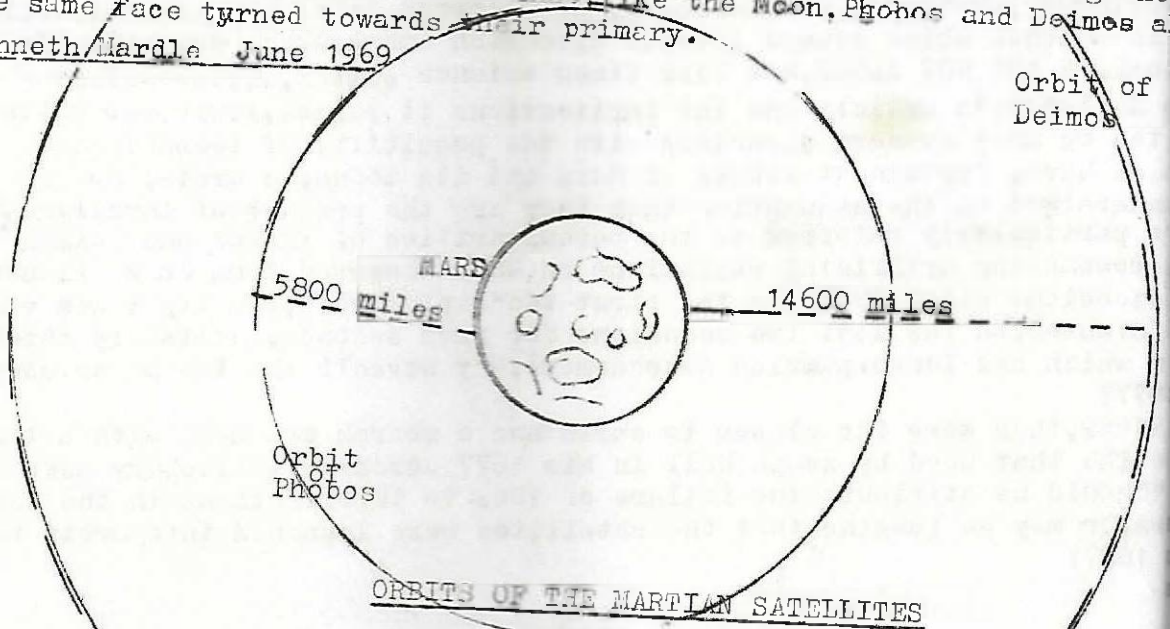
Early observers did not know of the Martian satellites, which are visible in large telescopes. They were discovered by Asaph Hall, with the large refractor of Washington Observatory, at the opposition of 1877. The reason that they escaped detection for so long is that even through a powerful telescope they are very faint objects and their feeble light is usually swamped by the dazzling brilliance of Mars itself.

These two satellites were christened Phobos and Deimos (the Greek names Fear and Terror, the attendants of Mars). Phobos revolves at a distance of 5,800 miles and Deimos at 14,600 miles. These distances are between centres, however, so if we subtract the radius of Mars we find that Phobos travels at a height of 3,700 miles and Deimos at 12,500 miles above the surface of the planet.

The orbits of the two satellites are almost circular and both lie in the same plane, within one or two degrees of the Martian equator. Being so near to their primary, Phobos moves more rapidly than Deimos, making one complete revolution in 7h 39m, whilst Deimos, at a great distance, takes 30h 18m.

We know nothing about the surface appearance or composition of the satellites because even in a powerful telescope they appear merely as points of light. Their diameters have been estimated from their brightness and seem to be about 10 miles for Phobos and 5 miles for Deimos. Thus they are not much larger than a sizeable city on earth, and they would both fit inside the bounds of London. A study of their variations in brightness in different parts of their orbit shows that, like the Moon, Phobos and Deimos always keep the same face turned towards their primary.

(c) Kenneth Hardle June 1969



VIEWPOINT.33 (or 32 & a bit.)
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WOODS HOME MACHINES



THE ABLE ASSISTANCE OF
MRS ALLEN'S VISUAL VERSE,
RY JEEVES' AMAZING ARTWORK,
ROWE'S INCREDIBLE ILLUSTRATIONS,
NEW STEPHENSON'S SUPERB SKETCHES
& A GUEST STAR APPEARANCE OF

KENCH.

...the last meeting... involved KENCH sat...
If nothing is done about it very soon there will be no combozine for the next
...therefore.

By the end of February 1972 send in your contributions to the 1972 combozine,
...me.

Do NOT advertise OMPA in your section as I'll do a write-up as AE...

BY THE END OF FEBRUARY...may be able to make that a bit later but for ghus
...lets get a move on. IF may just be possible that you could bring it to the
...but I hate to leave things to the last minute..and would like to number the
...pages and do a table of contents.'

...here is our brilliantly written and illustrated contribution and, since KENCH
...specifically asked that OMPA not be advertised in the individual sections, this is
...to tell you to join OMPA (you can do that after reading KENCH's bit), but
...instead to send a subscription for VIEWPOINT.

SERIOUSLY THO'

1926 saw the first S.F. Prozine, Hugo Gernsback's 'Amazing', which still remains with us, for years it led a field which grew to three. At the beginning of 1930 'Astounding Stories of Super Science' was launched and some four years later, under F. Orlin Tremaine, began making the impact which culminated many years later under the editorial genius of the late John W. Campbell.

Gathering momentum through the late '40's, after wartime restrictions, came an S.F. boom, but it could not last. By 1953 it was over and many magazines, especially the band-wagon jumpers, were feeling the pinch. For several years substandard material had been appearing, yet, when the crunch came it was not only the more banal magazines that suffered, 'Startling Stories' and Thrilling Wonder Stories' were notable losses. 'Astounding' led the field but now two new lights were rising. 'The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction' and 'Galaxy' were born in 1949 and 1950 and by this time had become second and third in quality.

By 1961 the boom-born also-rans had stumbled to a halt. 'Astounding/Analog', 'Galaxy' and 'F&SF' competed for leadership while 'If', another boom baby had overtaken the Ziff Davis pair of 'Amazing' and 'Fantastic' and was gaining fast. Soon to come were its three consecutive years of Hugo awards.

In Britain meanwhile things were in a sorry state. Wally Gillings was gone, 'Authentic' had folded and the untimely end of 'Nebula' left Nova Publications in sole charge. Now they sold their magazines. 'Science Fantasy' faded swiftly into oblivion thus leaving 'New Worlds Science Fiction' the only British prozine, though John Carnell's 'New Writings in SF' had now begun to appear.

Today poor distribution threatens even high quality ventures. The death of 'Vision of Tomorrow' was not too incredible a surprise and bad distribution helped send it beyond hope of recall. The loss of 'Vanguard' and 'Sword and Sorcery', still born and the single issue 'Worlds of Fantasy' from Galaxy (which almost reminded me of 'Unknown'), probably meant more to the 'golden age' and S&S devotees than the average S.F. reader (if such exists). Hopefully John Carnell's recent illness (he was hospitalised with rheumatism), will not affect his work within the field and both Dennis Dobson and Corgi will continue to produce the 'New Writings' series. On this front I hear with regret, rumours of financial problems within the Dobson organisation.

Parallel to the Carnell series was David Sutton's 'New Writing in Horror and the Supernatural', originally no further volumes were to have appeared 'horror' being an 'overstocked market', however, Vol. 2 is now in the pipeline. Sales of this volume will, it seems, make or break 'H&S' and the way things are I want current British publications to avoid the communal tomb of their predecessors, on the other hand I am not a 'horror' fan so.....

'New Worlds' lives again, but only just, though its re-birth does include a regular publisher. The magazine now features some non-SF material and survival in its new form is a question only the future will answer.

The future of the S.F. Prozine seems precarious, apart from old difficulties they must now compete with productions like 'New Writings' and Damon Knight's 'Orbit' series, which are helped along by the paperback boom. Much as I enjoy these I should be reluctant to have editors and readers deprived of a place to speak. The traditional type of S.F. Prozine is almost unique in the field of literature and continues to perform a useful function.

Royal Maze

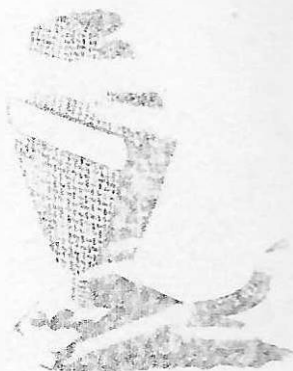
King Zug of Zugonia on the planet Zurgon has a problem. By tradition, dissatisfied subjects may select champions who then attempt to murder the king in the 'Royal Maze'. The originators of this practice realised that any king is bound to displease some of his subjects and thus provided a map to help any monarch intelligent enough to use it. In time the map (on the right), took the place of the maze and solving it became an annual problem. Another year has passed and king Zug is faced with another map.

In									
H I D L	C H G L								
J P	I U								
	B C		H P N T						
	R		Q X						
	N T	J P E G F M	A P F K						
	V R	L V	X O						
		M W M W	A S Q R						
		Y Y	X T						
			K O E G	A O					
			S Q	V					
			G D K N B	D L B U					
			H S Y	J W					
									Out

The 'map' of the maze looks like a chess-board (well it is Chess-Man Cor. time), and the squares on it are designated in the same way; the entrance at the topleft being KP8 (King's Rock 8), and the exit at the bottom right QR1 (Queen's Rock 1). The 25 unshaded squares (other than In and Out), have each been assigned three letters and each letter of the alphabet (except Z), appears three times: in reality the alphabet exists only once, two of the three letters in each square being fakes. King Zug's problem is to decide which of the letters is real and which is the one safe route through the maze. His danger lies in the fact that A is an assassin, D doom and E an executioner; K is a killer, M a murderer and T the king's tomb. If he crosses any of these he dies.

Each square must be entered and left from a side and not a corner. Which is the safe route.

Progress?



LEGAL INSANITY

Shooting for whales in one American State is illegal. English taxi's must carry a bale of hay (to feed the horse). Other places also have ludicrous laws, an Indian one though has now been rendered impotent by an American union decision.

Tyger! Tyger! Burning Bright

In the forests of the night,

What immortal hand or eye,

Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

Thanks to 11,000 workers translating pelts to fur coats, who are refusing to handle the fur, William Blake's tyger can burn on.

With the exception of Assam and Utter Pradesh, tiger shooting in India has been banned because the species was being exterminated and required saving. You may wonder why this law should require help but as it stands there is one small flaw: virtually all remaining tigers

live in either Assam or Utter Pradesh.

As in some crystal safe my life

lies locked away.

No key nor veil have I, nor shall I

want them soon.

Beyond the stars my love, I'll wait for you.

LAMENT

I'll wait, and waiting know that
you I'll find.

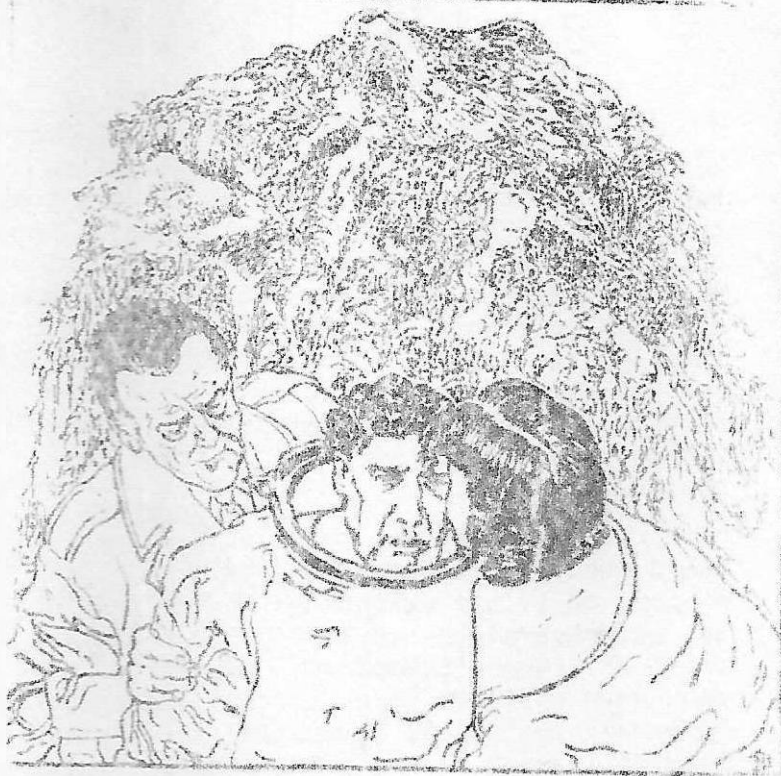
For this I hold, and know it to
be true.

Edward Allen.

VIEWPOINT

These four pages are meant to give some idea of what will be found in Viewpoint. Since it is a magazine, forecasting contents is not easy, so the result is called Hope's Time Machine. My aim is to give each issue a general theme, without insisting that all the contents stick rigidly to it. Currently the subject is Cons while there are plans for others on religion, FTL travel and pollution.

The front page shows our lighter side as do the Progress items, with the Prozone article for counterbalance. Issues normally have a quiz and some fiction, here Royal Maze and the poem Lament. Illustrations vary from whimsical to serious (the Quatermass one beside this blurb). These pages contain examples from Terry Jecves, Dave Rowe and Andrew Stephenson. Normally there is an editorial, a letter column and sometimes reviews of SF with the addition of anything suitable. Finally it is hoped that some future issues will contain items from professional SF writers, several are promised.

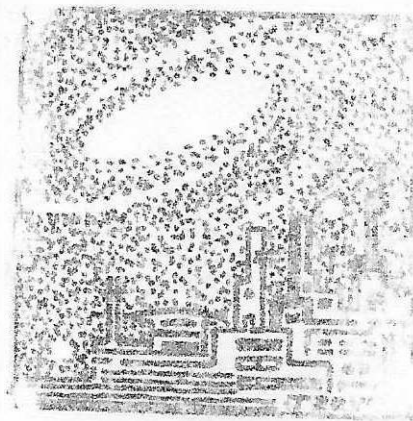


more PROGRESS?

SPHHTHHHHHHH

Only recently have the authorities begun to realise the social/financial implications behind noisy aircraft. Now that new types of aircraft require a quietness certificate, the areas around major airports, at present almost unbearable, will gradually become less so, as older ones are withdrawn from service. This will eventually result in a noise reduction of about 50% but even this can hardly be expected to satisfy those living nearby. In years to come we may expect the introduction of ever more stringent standards.

The ridiculous thought occurs to me that if in the future a visitation from space does land on one of our many airports, the crew might be arrested for making too much noise. No? Well, it was just a thought.



Viewpoint (which is also the name of the small creature on the left) is edited and put together by Fred Hemmings with artistic advice from Dave Rowe who also prints it. Copies are available at 10p per issue plus postage from 20, Beech Rd., SLOUGH, SL3 7DQ, Bucks., or by contacting me at the Con.

Solution to the quiz in the next issue. *HE-HE-HE.*