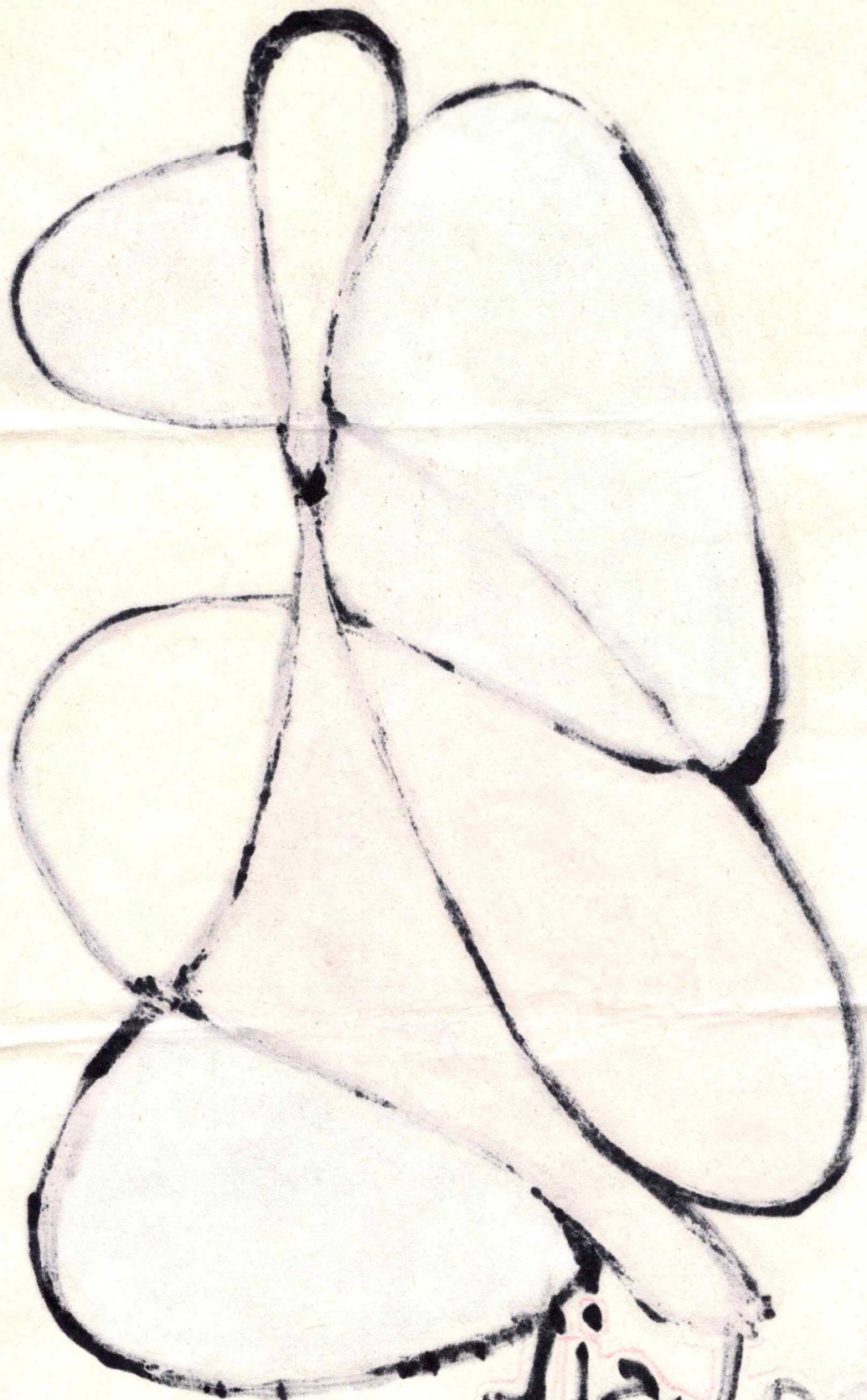


29

Whalsil



PS

JIAU PAW



HAVE AT YOU HAVE AT YOU HAVE AT YOU
HAVE AT YOU HAVE AT YOU HAVE AT YOU
HAVE AT YOU HAVE AT YOU HAVE AT YOU

HAVE AT YOU!

Dear Readers, all three of you, it has often been a convenience to have mailing comments in OMPA, from my point of view, because it can provide me with a fair amount of material to make my own zine look more impressive...(((hmmm, the typer is acting up))

Maybe it is not so entertaining as fiction or articles or wotnot, but then an apazine is supposed to be more chatty and less "me and them" oriented...er I mean, in an apa one can talk of "us" and "we", but a genzine has an editor and a readership. (to simplify matters)..(I acknowledge the many variations).

I am far from certain that this zine will do any good in its main purpose, which is to indicate that I'm still interested in the survival of OMPA.

One of my reasons for wanting OMPA to survive is that I find it a more economical way of doing fanac than if I published a genzine. This might be a point to make if any advertising is contemplated.

I would like to do a genzine mind.. but I can't see how to afford it...at least

one that was reasonably regular, like quarterly. Thats not to say that I haven't (still am) toyed with the idea...but the costs are, to me, astronomical. I admit too that I have little confidence in my editorial ability etc., all I have is a yen to publish. I guess what I really miss is being in contact with fans here and abroad, as I was in my more affluent days of the early sixties.

WHATSIT 29. ken cheslin, 46 gerald rd , wollaston,
stourbridge, west midlands, dy8 4sa.

for the 79th OMPA mailing. oct 1975

..... I dan't suppose any of you in my immense audience, of 4, of 50, know how I can get a job in New Zealand or Australia?... I've been trying for more than a year now but its very difficult unless you have a degree, and then its merely difficult. I have a nasty idea that by the end of the century, (having little faith in the good sense of the majority of people) England ((the world?) will be knee deep in old crisp packets, plastic throw-away containers, and people. I was thinking you see that The Sons may have a better chance of survival out there. I'm surprised that more gloomy SF isn't written about the immediate future than there seems to be...maybe it is but its rejected.

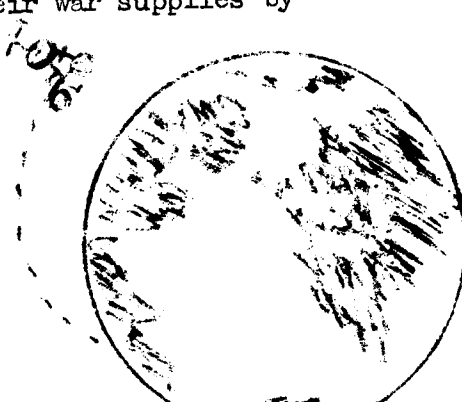
Which brings me onto this crummy part story in this issue... what it is is a first draft of a story I've been toying with for some time...somehow apathy is always with me, I get nothing done...the story was to be straightforward enough...I'll even tell you that I stole the main background from the Hornblower stories...the worlds of space were to be similar to the Napoleonic eras Earth...just in a larger scale. Voyages were to take years...like they would have a star drive, but one which would make it necessary for long lonely patrols and blockades of years duration.. My only faintly original idea... well, it was when I first thought of it...was in the matter of star maps... in many a story, from Lensmen on, the stellar map has been contained in a huge tank...I'm sure you can think of instances...this always seemed to me to be rather a waste of space, my idea was simply that the people wishing to use the map would put on a sort of helmet affair, (all the viewers linked together by a computer) which would throw a picture directly onto the eyeballs of the wearer... the computer would then take care of pointing out objects under discussion, various views, closeups etc., rather like watching a film..but on the eyes. There would be the sense of actually walking about amongst the stars.

I could not for the life of me think of a SENSIBLE way of making the relationships between the crew and the officers resemble those prevailing in the British navy circa 1800. I had thought of androids or robots...but could not see any logical ways to bring about the relationship problems of the aforesaid period. Ignorant crewmen or alien slave type crews seem to me to be ridiculous. However, that would not cut out all chances of a plot based, say, on a mutiny.

Another idea I had, but never successfully developed yet, was the idea of submarines of space. These would lurk on the gravity and radiation wells of stars..and black holes etc., and swoop out to prey on shipping. The only thing I couldn't satisfy myself about was what would constitute a believable cargo for a merchant ship. Of course there might be the enemy navy to harras, or troop transports...

Also I've been thinking of a character of half Australian aboriginal background (shades of Boney!) in a situation like that of the USA in the 1870s. I've often thought that the Indians could have developed guerilla warfare better...admitted their great problems of having to provide for families..and get their war supplies by attacking the more advanced civilisations stores....I still haven't managed to work out a situation which I could believe was .er..believable... not that this seems to worry many author whose stories I've read in the last few years. Too many unbelievable people acting out unbelievable parts for no believable reasons...

anyway....



Space

Kench

1800

H.I.M.S.S. Woomera overlooked the northern end of the Ayres Sea with the hulk of Ayres Rock but ten miles further on to the north, Ensign Takumi Forest Forester stood on the steps of Senior Cadet Block Winston (14) and surveyed the familiar scene for the last time as an officer cadet, today he joined his first ship.

The ten square kilometers of base were familiar to him after these last five years of living and working here. The central parade ground was bounded, one could hardly say surrounded, by the administration and technical blocks, each with its incongruous lines of cycle racks. Behind these in a checkerboard pattern, discernable only from the air due to the masterly landscaping and parking, lay the eight sections that made up the rest of the base. To the east, west and north were the cadets sections, living quarters, messes, training sections along with the quarters of the instructors. To the south lay the three blocks of the rest of the base, from west to east the married quarters of the officers, the shopping centre, and the marine barracks.

Each of the cadet sectors was arranged in a way similar to the overall plan. The northern section was reserved for the cadets living quarters, each of the thirty quarters housing 10 cadets when full, at the beginning of the course. The east and west central positions were for the instructors and the Ordinary Spacemen, the centre for administration, and the southern sector housed the training and technological part.

Yesterday had been graduation day, for the surviving cadets. Of the original 294 of his year barely 200.

"Gentlemen" the Commanding Admiral had said, in the main briefing hall after the parade had finished and the relatives had all left. "Today you begin your careers as officers of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Meniji. For five years, since you came here at the age of ten, you have been instructed in every aspect of your profession. You are here now because you have survived this necessarily grueling period, through your grasp of the principles you were instructed in, plus your own qualities of personality. In the next day or so you will be assigned to your first ships; as the most junior officer in the Imperial space forces. Gentlemen," he looked out, a half humorous smile playing about his lips, "your troubles are only just beginning" a nervously high ripple of laughter rippled through the seated ranks, fresh in their new navy blacks.

The ranks became quiet. "You, perhaps more than most people, know why you are here today, but I make no apologies for reminding you. You can never be reminded too often. On you and others like you, depends the survival of our people. We are beset by powerful forces on all sides, we are beset by problems

of materials and manpower. Yet our people are the only sure shield standing between the inhabitants of the rest of the human sphere and their enslavement in the Protectorate. We represent maybe five percent of the human race, though our worlds are spread throughout the whole human sphere. The Protectorate can count on something like four times our numbers. The other human peoples, some very great and others limited to just one world are forced, or foolishly choose, to remain neutral." he paused, almost tiredly, "Can a man choose to ignore the burglar at the house next door, and will such inaction protect him from similar depredations, I leave to your imaginations".

Forester had cheered with the rest when Honour Cadet Otago had called for them at the end of the ceremony. As he waited for his transport, on the steps of his quarters, he was joined by Cadets Rodney, Flemming and Ogawa, all due to join their ships that day. "One black, one white, and two khaki" he chuckled to himself. The almost inseparable quartet of Winston Block all off to the wars on the same day. Rodney mostly Matabele, Flemming mostly Canadian, and Ogawa and himself natives of New Zealand, about half and half white and brown, half English, half Japanese, with a generous dash of Moari. "We're nearly all, 'mostly'" he thought, "but, mostly, we're Original Worlders, or Earthers, or Terrans, all united by allegiance to a constitutional emperor who can trace his descent back to Alfred of Wessex on one hand and the Meniji emperors of Japan of the other".

Forester himself was born in Napier New Zealand. His fathers family had lived there for generations and, like most Newzealanders, affected the kimono in his own home. His mother was another New Zealander of, mostly, British stock whom his father had met when he had been invalided out of the service. She had been a nurse at the general hospital in Auckland. Forester was his mothers name of course, as were the children of all, or nearly all, unions. Forester had had a happy childhood, surrounded by his fathers and mothers and his sisters and brothers in the big rambling hill house at Reuaturae. It had to be big, all houses were really villas in the old Roman sense he supposed. Accommodating the familys numerous co-husbands and co-wives and their offspring.

His fathers hobby was history, as might be expected of a people who revered their ancestors, so Forester understood better than most why he was standing there on the steps of the cadets quatters, waiting to join his ship.

The world changed rather drastically at the very start of the 21st century. In 1988AD, by modern reckoning 43AE, an object was observed entering the solar system from Outside. It was unusually bright, which explained why it had been seen so far off. By 1989 it had taken up an orbit between Earth and the Moon. A huge ball 300 miles in diameter. It was manned by androids. The original personal had died in a radiation storm centuries ago. The android crew were blessed with everything but a purpose in life, but they adopted the human race quite impartially. After increasingly bitter controvosy, and mush knowlege had been gained, including a form of interstellar travel, America and Russia came to blows with China about the Great Ship. It was later olaimed that a Russian caused the Catastrophy. Never mind. A few minutes before dawn on Febuary 4th 2003 the Great Ship fell from orbit. It created a vast crater where the Himalayas had been. The resultant heat, blast, radiation, the shock waves, the stimulated volcanic activity and the tidal waves destroyed life in India and China and on every sea margin in the word. The geography of the globe was changed, perhaps relatively slightly. No Gaza, just sea, the Ayres sea was created, the Black Sea joined the Caspian, the Great Rift Velley became a line of sea, cutting off all East Africa, and islands rose and fell.

The Japanese Emperor, on a state visit to New Zealand found he had no country to return to. Millions died. Them plague and a short lived period of small wars. The Great Migrations to the stars are reckoned to have started as a consequence of the catastrophe.

The Great Migrations were perhaps a reaction to the catastrophe but there were other reasons too, the earths resources, even with the latest technicological advantages, could only last so much longer. Then, there were groups who wished to separate themselves from their idealogical enimies. Almost inevitably the richer nations took themselves off, leaving behind their unwanted populations, over the course of fifty or so years. Due to the distribution of terrestrial planets in this sector of space, a rather long and narrow distribution seeming to follow the spiral shape of the galactic arm, with clots of Sol types stars here and there, and some gaps of 20 or 30 light years between most. Other stars abounded of course, but after the initial look see, not always bothered with if the star looked unlikely to support earth type planets anyway, they were mostly left alone. Men in the vicinity of non-livable solar systems were there for reasons to do with gaining materials otherwise unattainable, or for technical reasons like radio beacons and navigation, or for research, or in military outposts.

The fastest ship could cross human space in five years, what lay beyond was anyones guess. Ships, and things, of unknown origin had been sighted occasionally, ~~XXXX~~ The expansion had ceased. There was too much room and not enough people, people of the right type to carry on the expansion that is. It was a period of consolidation. Some "nations" had already coalesced, where there was a favourable grouping of stars. Some of these were very loose, some were tight and regimented, and getting more so. There were plenty and plenty of small colonies, many of them having no contact with the rest of the human race bar an occasional ship at erratic periods of time. The PROTECTORATE was the strongest group. It was in fact becoming an empire. Their doctrine was purity and godliness. Purity of the human race by being godly, aliens might swoop down and exterminate us at any hour, we must be united to meet them. And, they planned, humanity would be united wether they wanted to be or not. Other groups ranging from near anarchy to extreme "police" states existed. Their policies, where they had them, were to avoid trouble and to develop their resources. The Original Worlders, or earthies, or terresrtians, whatever you call them, were what was left after the migration had passed on. By degrees Earth got herself associated with those planets which lived by trade. Their policy was that trade would unite the human race better than conquest, and that even in a period of consolidation exploration should take place. Trade in goods and ideas brought about the formation of the Merchantile League, which throve on the developement of planets during this period of developement.

The policy of continued exploration, and perhaps the cultural decadence, (as they put it) of the League soon caused friction between them and the Protectorate. For the past two generations there had been a sort of war going on between one. It was a confused sort of a war. Who was fighting who was never clear for long. Radio waves were slower than the space ships so that, by the time a force arrived to help one planet it might have been taken, or changed sides, or gone neutral, or...well.

The Protectorate pursued a policy of taking over a planet at a time. They were not interested in going far from home but planned to nibble outwards. This policy was not ridgidly stuck to, but it was the general rule. If trouble could be made for the League by sending a fleet to the other side of the human sector they were quite capable of doing this. And of course, both sides raided planets and commerce.....

any Nartaz story I might write, past present or futur owes its inspiration to their origionator, the esteemed Terry Jeeves.

NARTAZAGAIN or NARTAZ AT LAW or

Nartaz's difficulties began at the begining of the voyage...the snip he was upon, an island trader, was due to heave anohor and sail, but to the consternation of all concerned when they came to haul the anchor up it stuck. Damned thing caught of a rock or something. Well they treid sailing up to it, they tried jerking the damn thing, they set their eight burliest men at the capstan, even the rodoubtable Nartaz had a go but to no avail. The captian, loth to lose the tide was just ordering the cable cut when our hero had an idea..."Let little Will the cabin boy try" quothe he... amid some derisery remarks, such as "twit, apeman nitwit," etc., the weedy lad was led forward.."push the capstan round lad" ordered Nartaz..and, to nearly everyones surprise the anchor came unstuck at once and was duly hauled up. "Good oodfish" quavered one of the passengers, an aged retired pirate by the look of him..."would you mind explaining how this small Bill succeeded when all the others failed?".. "Twas simple" replied the intrepid Lord Brainsroke, neatly falling over a coil of rope..."old jungle proverb says, 'where theres a Will theres a weigh".....

not only that but also.....

Nartaz and his friend Lord Haws were captured by the minions of the infamous Chu My Fut the moment they stepped ashore on the mysterious and dreaded island of Me Belonga Chu. "Flor wlat leason you come here" hissed the Mad Chines scientist. "We come to collect a debt replied Lord Haws" "soooo?" "Yes, when you had a cold in the head at the last convention I came you an ounce of my personal brand of Old Gumboot rum, which cured you of it right away"... "you promised me then a pound of those fabulous pearls known locally as Kuur pinks". "Ah, and do you really think it was worth that" screeches the fiendish er..fiend. "Why yes, tradition clearly states, 'an ounce of praveention is worth a pound of Kuur"... the Peoples Professor, of course, at once reneged on the deal and threw them into clink.

"For you I have reserved a honorable fate" he cackled..."my latest diabolical invention is a means of turning members of any other race into fullblooded Chinese merely by imersing them in heavy water, with a secret ingredient...." (of course, always that blasted secret ingredient) anyway, the story is coming to an end you will be relieved to read. The mad ChaeMy Fut died of apoplexy when the treatment failed to turn Lord Haw into a Chinaman and the pair made their escape in the confusion. The lividly yellow Nartaz mused..."the poor fool, he should have known, You Can Lead A Haws to Heavy Water, But You Can't Make Him Chink"...

tararrrrrr.

well I'll leaf you now, nit that I couldn't branch out with more puns, you twig, bark soon, I hope, not in vien, bud by then this sap hope to see OMPA no longer out on a limb. Yea lads, lets all root for good old OMPA. This is rather a corny paragraph but maybe the thought will bear fruit.

er...keep Mirkwood Green, etc.,

kenoh...