
- "Where went you, my Mom?"
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May 21, 1965

-- KBL

MAILING COMMENTS have never been the strong suit of
OPO, nor are they about to become the
major attraction of this zine. Being resident in nei-
ther New York City nor Los Angeles, I must contend with
postal delays such that, for me, the weekly exchange of assertion and
reply is not feasible. That is, in Apa L; in Apa F it's not just not
feasible, it's impossible: I can't get anyone to send me the mailings,
and as a result it is often months between my seeing them.

Tom Gilbert has kindly sent me an accumulation of Apa L material that ap-
peared during the recent hiatus in my participation, and I was flattered
and, I say sincerely, touched by the expressions of regret over my drop-
ping out. The major pressure of rewriting ERB:MoA is over now (I cut
7000 words from the previous version and the new version still came out
20000 words longer than the old) and it needs only a couple of days of
editing-in minor corrections supplied by H. H. Heins and Hulbert Burroughs;
I now have enow time to make those extra few turns of the mimeo crank each
week and keep OPO in Apa L as well as F.

In which connection, John Boardman in one of the hiatus mailings commented
rather pointedly on the absence of political discussion in my fannish
writings. Somehow I remain of the possibly obsolete persuasion that I
am a participant in science-fiction fandom, and that the interpolation of
extraneous topics into this fandom, and into one's fannish publications,
while only frowned upon by a relative handful of stfans (e.g., Ed Wood,
Sam Moskowitz, Jimmy Taurasi) is not utterly de rigueur. Further, I have
had the impression that when one did choose to include nonscientifictional
topics in one's fannish works, one was permitted to choose one's own topics.

Finally, color me mildly miffed at John's implicit demand that I prove the
legitimacy of my credentials (What credentials? Ask John) by parroting
the fellow-travelling cant that fills so many of his own publications. My
political views are not secret, and are known to a good many of my friends,
some of them in fandom. But I refuse to parade them on demand.

If John would care to ask me any specific, nonloaded question regarding
my political views, particularly in person, I might be inclined to answer.
I will not, however, Recite the Liberal Catechism when Told, and I do not
intend to turn OPO, a science-fiction fanzine, into a political journal.

BHUK WICK: THE INVISIBLE MAN by H. G. Wells, 1897. As previously in-
dicated in these pages, I am becoming in-
creasingly convinced that H. G. Wells was the inventor of science fiction
"as we know it." Is there any theme of modern stf that Wells did not
pioneer? Invisibility is a bit out-of-vogue these days as a stfnal
theme; perhaps it's just been written out. But when Wells wrote TIM it
was fresh enough, and Wells' handling of it is excellent.

POLARIS OF THE SNOWS by Charles B. Stilson, serialized in Munsey's
"Cavalier" magazine, 1915; book edition Avalon, 1965.
Well, classics are where you find 'em; with the old Argosy-group stories
becoming available again, it's a risky business as to whether any given
epic is going to turn out a rediscovered classic (like "Darkness & Dawn")
or a dud, like "Palos of the Dog Star Pack" or the current volume. PotS
is a hero tale of a fellow raised in a Sou'polar cave. When he comes out
he discovers a lost Greek colony in a warm valley in the Antarctic. I do
not know how badly the cutting hurt this story, but it is quite bad.