

OPO

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Our motto: "Ci gi," goodbye!  
Final BOOK WEEK:

SARREGAR ANDY  
PORTER  
ISSUE

Once again we bring you book week, and in fact, this is the last book week that you'll be seeing, at least until Pat and I get into the ultimate of the wacky apa's, designed for people who have become too tired of the weekly, monthly, or 3-weekly apa's to produce their share of blather, if I may coin a word.

That OPO ends now is fairly clear to see; this is the last mailing of our Very Own Apa, and as such has been one hell of a lot of fun. But it has been tiring, and now Pat and I feel like retiring for a few months, at least until we become members of that august group of members known as the FAPA, or "Elephants' Graveyard," as it is known to those who are still young in mind, spirit, and typewriter.

Apa F has seen countless reams of paper gone into sometimes silly, occasionally stupid, but usually stimulating journals. That apa F has succeeded as well as it has is a marvel that few will appreciate, in the years to come, other than those who were actually members of it when it was thriving, and who saw it from its rise as a New York joke to herald the birth of countless other apa's.

Where there were people who enjoyed it, there were those who slaved for it. I have been one, and Dave Van Arnam and Andy Porter the two others who shared my folly.

Looking back, I see that it wasn't really worth all the fuss and downright work that we put into it. But I am glad that it has come, had its day, and passed from the scene, just as I'm glad that Xero had its day and has also passed from the scene.

I would not revive Xero now, nor would I like to see it revived by any other fan (As Andy Porter did [although I did give him permission] at the beginning of this year). As a vehicle for certain expressions, Xero has had its day.

The same is true for apa F.

And so, although there are some who would prefer that apa F live on, increasingly moribund though it would be, we are closing out this last issue of OPO with what has become the standard space filler -- a final BOOK WEEK.

ACROSS THE ZODIAC by PercyGreg, [the story of a wrecked record] published in two volumes, 1880, Truebner, London.

A JOURNEY IN OTHER WORLDS by John Jacob Astor, a much vaunted book, at least in apa L (or the BEST from same) is the unauthorized sequel to the book being reviewed. Presumably, Astor had taken time off from building the Waldorf Astoria to take up where Greg left off, and he did make a highly successful effort at it.

ACROSS THE ZODIAC is the account, by the same characters as in the sequel, of a trip, albeit a shorter one, across the boundaries of the sky into "uncharted realms where dwelled the mysterious angels of antiquity." Unquote. Anyway, this is a much more mystical book than the sequel, the author seemingly having been an unsuccessful rabbi, or something. And goodbye -ral-