

# THINGS IN MOTION...

*All things are in motion and nothing is at rest ... you cannot go into the same (river) twice. —Heraclitus (540?-480?) B.C.*

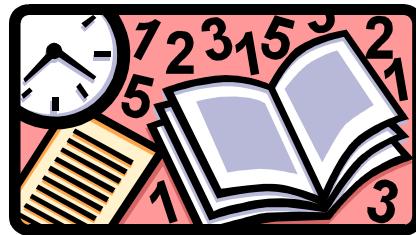
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TIME: Ajay's friend

With retirement, many of us come face to face with a new challenge: *how do we fill the time we now have at our disposal?* If you are reading this, chances are there is something about amateur journalism that appeals to you—with good reason, because ajay is one of the most enjoyable and rewarding ways to spend quality time in creative pursuits. It does not matter that you never studied journalism in school or served time as a printer's devil; you can still write and publish and you can do both without the pressure of deadlines or the threat of losing your job. That freedom makes this hobby doubly satisfying and full of fun. There is nothing quite like seeing your story, poem, or editorial become available for all to read, and your reward is especially great when readers are moved to comment favorably on what you have written.

In my early years as a member of AAPA, my primary interest was writing and when my manuscripts were actually published, I was hooked for good—next step for me was to publish my own journal, an undertaking for which I was very poorly prepared, since I was a student with such limited income that it was a strain even to produce a sub-sized mimeographed and extremely amateurish journal of questionable value—but it was a beginning, even though such journals were not of sufficient quality to compare with the letterpress publications which represented the cream of the crop in ajay. Still, I had been bitten by the publishing bug, so I did manage to produce one issue of *TWIN PEAKS*

before I enlisted in the Navy and shoved off to California for boot camp—it was 1951 and there was a “police action” going on in Korea.



Time and tide rolled on for fifty years and by accident one night while surfing the web, I saw the AAPA website—and suddenly, as Yogi said, “It was *déjà vu* all over again.” In 2003, I attended the AAPA convention in Tampa, FL, feeling somewhat like a new recruit at boot camp, but glad to finally meet some of the people whose names I remembered from those earlier days. Everyone I met became a friend and the comradeship shared by the attendees was an experience I will never forget. I found in subsequent years and later conventions that same wonderful spirit of “family” that makes a group such as AAPA unique.

Since my return to amateur journalism, I have dabbled in publishing, learned a lot from my ajay friends, and although I am still outside the inner sanctum of ajay because I never did learn letterpress, it is not in the least discouraging, because there is sufficient democracy in AAPA to allow for a fringe membership of people (like me) who at times will swim against the most popular tides. It was not uncommon for some give and take to occur over the life of AAPA when various methods of publication were tried, indeed such differences of opinion are not necessarily bad—so long as that does not unfairly limit the rights of any member. I respect the traditional practices while welcoming new ideas and open acceptance of alternative ways to enjoy ajay. In today's almost limitless sea of entertainment choices, we are not making our voices heard in promoting the advantages of amateur journalism, which is in danger of being totally buried by the far less creative pursuits of our young people. We need to wave our flag!