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A Whimper, Maybe?

This is a warm thank-you note and perhaps something of a love letter as well, to Peggy Rae Pavlat and the man who lives at her house by name of Bob, to Bill Evans, Roy Tackett, Gregg Calkins, and Rick Sneary, all of whom expressed horror and dismay at the symbol "\$ATM" after my name in the last Amateur. It was planned that way: I sent my resignation along to Bill with an explanation, but the ensuing concern on the part of some members prompts a repetition of that explanation.

I resigned for two reasons: deteriorating vision, and neglect of mailings. The first caused me to skip and skim the second; nearly all of the 1969 bundles went unread, and a 1970 renewal would only be a repetition of that poor record. I was deadwood long enough, with only eight to sixteen pages per year, and I thought it a minor crime to keep some potentially good waiting-listers sitting out in the cold while I did nothing but wait for petitions to carry me. Enough of that.

About the only moral I can offer to young fans here is one that should have been beaten into me at an early age: don't waste your eyesight while young, reading trashy magazines by the light of a kerosine lamp. Wait for the good magazines.

Meanwhile, you might keep in mind that May 1970 will be the 40th anniversary of the first fanzine --- Ray Palmer's The Comet was issued about May 1930. Some of us are publishing special issues of old-time fanzines (Le Zombie, Chanticleer, maybe Quandry, etc.) to mark the date. Harry Warner may even whip out a big Spaceways, who knows? This is an invitation to join us with your fanzine.

-Bob Tucker