

TRICK  
9



OWL  
MOTHER

# Summing Up TINK 9 ---

Well, it is time to put this haphazard little letterzine to bed again. Fifty covers alone obtained have kept it small - transitional! (and that Owl Mother did "govern" metamorphosis, as I noted in my study.)

I guarantee that Tink 10 will be hectographed (Hope it blooms with color!) But the free mimeo cannot be ignored, Tink will have its reater mimeoed competitor named Tong, and after that, the limits imposed by hectography (versus the "Tink-type" Locs) will govern its peculiar format still, while "Tong" will "try to be serious" amid its fellow fan-zines everywhere.

I write (not type) this as it prints up better this way.

As for the Locs and FLocs, circulated to date (with regretted sparceness ... (P.T.O.))

THESE  
are the names of the Loccers so far:

Brothy Jones: Locs 1, 11, 13, 24, 31.  
Rose Hogue: -- 2, 4, 14.  
Bill Cagle: -- 3, 19.  
John Leavitt: -- 5, 27.  
Tom Brazier: -- 6.  
Bob MacGregor = 7, and 21 (with "FLOC"  
= FANZINE, +)  
Sheryl Birkhead = 8, 17, 23, 26.  
Harry Warner, Jr. = 9.  
Rick Stoker = 10  
Ann Chamberlain = 12 - (in Tink 7)  
Karl Novak = 15  
David Shank = 16 (Loc + FLOC).  
Richard Geis = 18  
Susan Glicksohn = 20  
Tony Cvetko = 22 (a "FLOC")  
Eric Lindsay = Loc 25  
Ned Brooks = 28 (Loc + FLOC)  
IRVIN Koch = 29 (FLOC)  
Jackie Franke = 30 = (a Loc.)

Thank you all, my dears, for not sneering up  
at TINK.



TINK's aims are simple - to remain a  
little letterzine amongst friends where  
we can be "at home together", holding  
regular TINKUNAKUK-like parties  
- or country-fiestas - by mail ... till  
we meet in "real life" ... you folks  
even visiting us one day. Who knows?

The format has changed - we found  
a wholesaler in Cordoba City where  
huge sheets of paper of every type are  
to be found. (They refuse to cut them  
there so I use the breadknife to  
chop them - (a bit waveringly as yet!))

Tink will not grow huge - to get  
it you must WRITE LOCS in response.  
There is NO other way. Money? NO!

\* In your case, Jerry, you'll always get TINK!  
Run a LOC, or occasionally "now" be most welcome.



loc 25 -- It's from Eric Lindsay of Australia and I tried to put it in the previous TINK but it didn't print up. Now I wanted to put it in this but have temporarily snowed the letter under. (While typing, I also print -- pausing from minute to minute to change papers on the film or gelatine. Which maddles me when I come back now to a blank sheet and no typing save on the invisible carbon, to be seen.)

Anyway, Eric suggested that my problem might have been the absorbent paper -- not suitable for hectography. Quite so ... but hecto-paper just doesn't seem to be on sale. What IM using isn't the proper stuff ... even at the wholesalers they had none. What we formerly used was very costly too -- bought in Jesus Mary, rich cattle town where only billionaires and unlettered peones shop. (Sensible people try to get to distant Cordoba where things cost half-the-price. But the bus-fare is terrible which puts off folks who don't have cars.)

Eric adds that fans in Sydney are trying spirit duplicating and he'll try to get a copy to send me. That would be very much appreciated. Eric'll be most interested in Australia and South Africa due to you-all being in the Southern Hemisphere and way away like us here!

Eric, you are a very nice guy -- all fandom agrees, I'm sure! And thanks a million... Hope you got my letter and can manage a detour here when returning to Australia from Tooroo!

Well, and this page (both sides of it) will be printed on brand new store-bought "Baraka" gelatine. It looks promising ... I'm hopeful. I think I'll use the better paper too we just got -- unless it melts against the jelly. It seemed to have the tendency when I tried it yesterday ... and yet I did get 50 "Owl Mother" covers at last from that paper and gelatine.

loc 26 cont. Sheryl adds: When and if I get the electric mimeo, I won't be doing general fanzine publishing -- but mainly (as of now) zines I think ought to be kept in print and/or made available to everyone -- many small dictionaries of fanzine language such as BAKSTBAK are around, but should be made more generally available to the newer fan -- plus many other things -- like I fully intend to type up something on the trials and tribulations of trying to find out about stuff when you don't even have the proper vocabulary or place to go and ask for materials -- of course that assumes that some day I get proficient enough with what I'm doing to even print stuff up! // Seems from the locs you have a plenty of friends around -- wonder how long Tink can stay small? ((Torotay was wondering that same thing -- she's in favor of personal zines and discussed ASHWINC's starting personal, growing, then returning to a personal format again. I have one strong opinion: TINK stays small and personal and free. Because when you learn to love someone the relationship must be easy-going and natural. Hence my warning in Tink 3 that I'm afraid I must be reassured by Ross that a Tinker is interested ... exchanging fanzine isn't warm enough -- not always, anyway! In some cases, yes... Already I hardly get enough out of the hectograph to go around and unavoidably some friends get skimpy issues. I pack-in-full your folder, Sheryl! The more respite, the bigger will each fink be to the recipient, naturally! I just love letters -- we all get a kick when the mail arrives in our lonely high estancias -- or rather our bosses' estancias but we live here always.))

Sheryl concludes: You may have to go to another repro method just out of self preservation! Isn't fandom interesting? You've never met these peopl and yet they introduce you into their lives and

Spend a moment in your thoughts. // So true!!

I am very lucky that Sheryl answers letters promptly, as she has answered mine. As her replies are so alive and interesting I am going to quote from another Sheryl Birkhead loc, No. 26. (I'll give addresses now and then, not with every loc, I guess.)

Sheryl writes: I notice that you number locs sequentially - gads -- have you been doing that all this time? I suspect that you have and yet I didn't notice it until this moment. I think I got lost somewhere with an extra page and couldn't figure out where it was supposed to go. ((Answer: Yee, and Rose and Dorothy really started us off with early locs -- Dorothy's was the very 1st. Since TINK lives and thrives on friendship so the locs are the heart of the zine, what do we need page numbers for if the locs themselves are numbered? I am thinking of pasting locs sheets together this time, but only so they don't slip out of the sides of the folder. Otherwise, shuffle to-suit-yourself ... any order really is equally meaningful, I suggest) (Sheryl:) Please excuse my rotten memory -- I don't recall Tink 6 exactly -- but I think I got it -- can't get to the file right now to check -- but don't send another -- that's plain too costly on a just-in-case copy! ((Lock, Sheryl. Tink 6 had the lofty Chinese mountains and writing on the rather faint cover, and inside there were double-page locs enclosed by printed illos that didn't come out too, too badly that time, by luck. The locs were from Larry Warner, Loren MacGregor, John Leavitt, Tom Brazier and yourself, as I recall. I didn't get enough copies of all but have of several leftovers I'll send apart. They were all superb locs and deserve reprinting. It's my opinion every loc in TINK deserves reprinting to be more widely enjoyed

loc 27 from John Leavitt (address in Tink 6.) Of course I don't mind you using any of whatever I write in any way you want. Thoughts and feelings are really the only "currency" I believe in and they're not meant to hoard. They should be spent liberally, invested without any idea of management. Just send them out and see what happens. I admit I am a perfectionist and at times it leads me into stupid actions when I become extremely fussy. I've loosened up considerably over the past year or two and I don't feel that everything I do has to be flawless any more, although I still twinge whenever I come across something that could have been done better. I'm also not as reserved as I once was. As my beliefs have become more solid and I've gained confidence in myself, I've become more open. It isn't such a good thing to be reserved because it's also being held back, being unable to really touch anyone else. Ideally I'd like to be able to shift with circumstances and be able to use only so much control as is necessary to avoid excessive friction with others, but failing that I'd rather be totally open even if it meant getting hurt a few times because I've had been totally armored and shielded in the past and it is a living hell. There's so much to do and see and hear and we have so little time. I used to despair continually because I could never know as much as I'd like to know about people. I

everything, because even if I prolonged my life for centuries, immortality was my aim ... and I'm not 22 yet. From the time I was only 12 or 13 I was obsessed with beating death because even then I could feel my time running out and know I could never do everything ... there would always be more left than I had sampled. It only took a minor change in attitude to make me understand that this is the best thing about living, that no matter how long and full a life you can never be bored, never run out of wonders. It isn't that we're snatched away before the party is over, instead we've been given such a tremendous amount of things we can never exhaust them. I always thought the reincarnationists who said the whole point of living was to cease living were mad. The world is illusion so it is evil they say. What rubbish!.. This is the earthly paradise, and life is its own reward. We die and return so we don't get surfeited or tired or jaded, so we can start fresh. Our goal shouldn't be to cease being reincarnated but to make each life as rewarding as possible.

... I must get closer to fandom. I only get a few fanzines (and now with ~~NUMERUMTH~~ gone..) but even so I have an awful problem of putting things off. Part of it is that I got a job for the first time in December and I still have trouble accomodating myself to any kind of a regular schedule. (For example, I started this at 2 AM, when I wcke up...) My cycles are very irregular and I can't seem to fit them into the standard mold. I always wrote most of my

logs at night, or early morning rather, only now I'm usually asleep because I'm physically tired... The other time I did most of my writing is early afternoon, and I'm working then. Maybe it's the light, but I seem to need either the quiet darkness or that beautiful golden sunlight in the afternoon to be in the mood for writing. Still, I have sporadic bursts of activity, and I've decided that during the next one I take care of my fanac. Since I got this job I've got books as yet unread stacked everywhere. Still, I think I'd rather write than read a lot of times. I don't know about writing an article ... I've sat down several times planning to try writing something and given up in frustration. I'll probably go through life as an eternal letterhack, but then we're a dying breed as everybody else on earth starts putting out their own fms. Someone's got to do it.

-----  
(Mac here now) Chuckle, chuckle! Yes, even I have started to put out my own little Tink at long last! But it's such fun...

As for the letter, John, once again you spoke of the things and attitudes which people so sadly need, were our world at last to be peaceful and blissful. Life is its own reward ... how very true! Can't all the wretched folk trying to reach the top of the human pyramid of squirming miseries at "any cost", learn that at last??? Living doesn't mean achieving so much as being ... becoming ... in a spiritual sense too

Inc 28 from Ned Brooks together with his  
new fan... I still don't remember calling  
fans... I have a very poor me-  
mory... I had just received a series  
of very bad fanzines... Perhaps you know  
created by a committee... The writing...  
again... mostly in response to other opinions that  
you haven't seen... not very original...  
So if my letters to you don't seem as good,  
it must be your own fault! Heh heh...  
((Yes, you are privileged, FRIEDBERG and,  
yes, when I called you a cryptic I was poking  
at the same at you! Heh heh again!))  
... forward to meeting you at the...  
... I will be the one wearing  
a... of the mask...  
... a poker-face))  
... I just got the most  
... it's the size  
and shape of a regular paperback book, and  
bound with rubber cement. But still mineo...  
(((Yes, Ned, I'm still waiting eagerly for my  
copy... told me of the change in-  
format...))  
of the... Blatty attack!!  
Re Ned's fanzine... WOKED'ON  
please, in my chicken-yard. "Just us chickens"  
are welcome, anytime they care to arrive.  
Or...  
really... you think... be-  
lieved in... "inferior  
system"... such an impression from  
his... style... also be-  
lieved in... control... a  
very good... point of view... that's  
all... lateral!))  
... galloped ...

# Tink to TONG

Beside me is a genuine hand-cranked mimeo  
reproachfully... And why am I stubbornly  
with the hectograph? It's a long story and  
all my stories seem to be... Robert and his  
now bride Graciela (just graduating as a  
psychologist), were up here for the weekend  
from Buenos Aires. "But you can't send out  
many copies with the hectograph! My father  
had a mimeo when he was a vet. for sending  
out circulars," added Graciela. "It hasn't  
been used since he died, but it must still be  
at home somewhere. Let's check when you  
drive us down tonight!" So Vadim did and  
brought it home. It's loaned till I no long-  
er need it, you see... Vadim, who as the se-  
cretary of a Forestry Association when he lived  
in the Rio Parana Delta, ran a similar mimeo  
will teach me how to run this. (Am, help,  
I want to learn?)  
Tink will remain what it  
is — a simple personal lettering to need  
close friends (old and new). It's growing  
as I can get to grow — such lovely  
are coming in (hear of Tink always).  
... can't eat any  
from those who want to swap fanz and so on.

I see now the problems confronting fanzine pub-  
hers. Already, I must count on preparing 25  
"Twin of Pinks" for our new South African APA  
each month and love the idea. (For that quantity  
the hectograph will still do nicely.) And Tink  
itself is already settling in happily, with nar-  
velous loc-writers already — Tink's heart. All  
Tink is or will ever be — an extension of pri-  
vate letter-exchanges between us and friends.  
Thus, hectographed, Tink remains fragile, limited  
and at times indecipherable (while I sometimes  
stubbornly experiment still with "homebrewed"  
gelatines for fun. I'm stubborn!)

But a mimeo?  
If I go back to it on some larger scale, it will  
never be a Tink but Tink's alter-ego in Paleozoic  
this thought, the solemn Tong or Tong for a  
"cave of all the clan-together". That's where  
I'd maybe stick-in the language study for reach-  
ing more folk. (Though it would limit the possi-  
bilities, colorwise! As in "Symbolic Thinks"  
that did please me visually, somehow!)

I did  
mention the Tong idea in Tink 4 which very few  
got to see. I showed its former link with a guy  
that could well describe Spaceship Earth from  
pre-history. The first series of Tonga I shall  
anyway do experimentally. I realize I may not  
be able to keep it up — stencils, big runs of  
paper, etc. and postage, will be more than we can  
float. As Ed Cagle said, "It may be cheaper for  
you to fly up each month bringing your 200 cop-  
ies of the fanzine with you, than to post them".  
(Or the like, I forget. Not quite so bad, will  
it be, of course. Anyway, Ed Connor months ago,  
months ago, did promise to represent me and take  
subs if ever I seriously tackled a biggest fan.  
Shall I? Shall I? But the mimeo, I did  
even have this problem till yesterday, Aug. 11/73

TINK versus TONG ... ) Like so many of my sex,  
trust in hunches, impulses and "circumstan-  
ces". When by any chance I have my doubts  
and ignore them, I regret it in due course,  
very likely ... or usually!

To start TINK in  
the first place 12 years ago (carbon copies  
sent to some boys in a U.S. university) ... or  
was it less time ago, say 1964? That was a  
sort of premonition or the like. I wanted to  
trigger that possibility of Tinkerites being  
friends everywhere. "Tinkerites" being simply  
simple folk — afraid of putting on airs in any  
sense — who find Tink a homey "place-to-be".  
As for being "afraid" of show? I don't mean we  
don't enjoy the spectacular ... we just have  
an instinctive horror of pomposities of any  
kind. We really do...

The hectograph suited  
me so perfectly — unpretentious, personal,  
difficult and fun! But it kept the copies  
awfully limited and to my own surprise already  
I cannot keep up with it. (More friends than  
Tinks!)

Still, virtuously, I maintained my stand  
against switching to mimeography — the guaran-  
teed medium that lets you have big runs of each  
issue. But when that hand-crank mimeo was  
washed on me now and for free — what to do?  
So there it sits here in a corner ... waiting.  
My excuse now is that I still don't know how  
to work it. But Vadim does ... he plans to  
speak off the old grease and ink (hardened and  
dirty from years of neglect) and present me with  
a good-as-new mimeo. Sigh! I'M CORNERED!  
No wonder I have already dubbed that possible  
new fanzine (to be, if the signs indicate I  
should continue with that) TONG or TONG. Tink  
magnified and solemnized, as it were! Same

general idea. Tink = tinkunakuk, unexpected and festive meetings of friends at crossroads. Tong or Tong ... "all the clan together in a cave or gully ... donga, dingle, tokle, etc." Well, Tong ideas will be discussed by mimeo, sigh. I have to be sparse when I photograph anything. Long-windedness is soundly penalized by the gods-that-be who control moisture-of-films or gelatines, etc. I find myself inking in all the blurs on every copy produced ... all by hand, later. A real punishment for long-windedness!

Tong includes a round table, I might add. Tink doesn't. Tink covers the skipping along over hill and dale ... Tong the settling in a den in a gully to think positively and without hurry. Well, we'll see...

And meanwhile, Tink continues and I hope will outlast me (though that would mean that the friendships would be taken over by our kids, also fascinated if not so voluble.) But Tong? That depends on many things. I do not make myself responsible for its existence — it will just be a try to give that old mimeo a chance, oranky thing! I STILL prefer organic magic to machinery despite the fact our Robert practically says his prayers by now to the Computer he so joyously serves. It "answers back" you see, and he can tinker with its insides to make it feel good. The love — I suspect — is mutual. As a toy he played midwife to all our animals ... they came to him automatically when facing their sudden pangs. He gives birth now to living machinery. I, friends, remain with my gelatines and Tinks. And maybe a DONG if it's decreed. We'll see...

# FANZINES

ARE NOT LOCs,  
neither are they LOFs, and yet  
??????  
??????????

they are all of these and more. A fanzine comes in an act of friendship, inviting you to share the fun. A published loc gets you it, usually. There were exceptions — I remember the Gibbon's G2, available only by subscription. But the fanzines in the past that reached me were certainly only and generally sent in exchange for locs. I was always touched and grateful...

So I am going to include the fanzines that come my way in the same numbering system as the locs and lofs. Why? I consider them a group letter to a group of similar talents. (As for fangdom, what of it? Who cares? Is it you?)

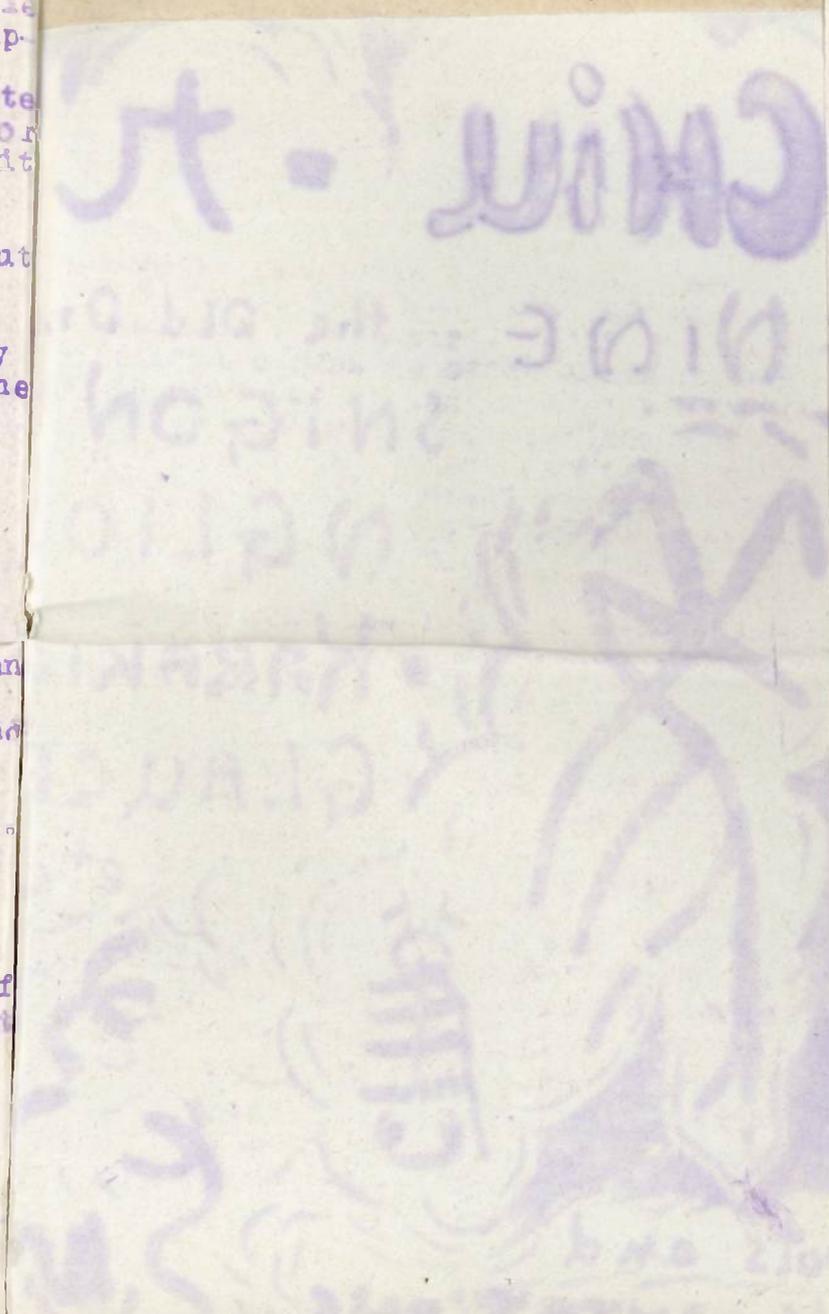
And, having explained this I shall call fanzines FLOCs, or Fanzine-letters-of-comment, since fanzines usually do contain such things. The comments may be on anything whatsoever, but they challenge one to think it out and also wonder about the locs and see them clearer each time.

Having justified myself in this decision I'll mention fanzines as FLOCs in the same numbering I give LOCs from now on...

FLOC 29 from Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chatsworth Bldg., Chattanooga, TN 37402, USA. BABY OF MAYBE 8. Irvin has a good idea there (considering costs of postage, etc.) in having a zine of incoherent from the other MAYBE which he tells us is full of



Doc 51 is from Dorothy Jones (address in earlier  
Tinks). ... Have Tinkun 5 for me to comment upon.  
Must say the "Quechuan Prayer" is the frosting on the cake!  
It's fabulous. Immediately I wanted to frame it!  
(((Well, Dorothy, for those who didn't see it,  
I've just repainted it on the other side now.  
That's the fourth try to paint it with hecto inks,  
but I think the third one (the one you got and like)  
turned out the best. A matter of luck, as I select the  
three colors available at random... Another girl  
in Buenos Aires wrote as enthusiastically -- I'd  
written a note to her on the back of one such sheet  
and she replied it put her in mind of some rock  
paintings she'd seen down south, and she was  
enthused. There's something about it, though the  
designs are baffling to copy, as I found. Tremendously  
sophisticated old Inca glyphs! A prayer to Viracocha  
on a high priest's uncu robe, it was. Now being  
deciphered by a German authority.)))  
Dorothy adds: Think "Tink" is cute but Americans  
have a tendency to abbreviate everything. I, for one,  
am for keeping your zine Tinkun. ((And how about its  
proper big name? TINKUNAKUK? But to letter it all in,  
each time with uncertain hecto-inks? It just didn't  
work, Dorothy. "Tink" is so easy to letter-in each  
time...)))  
(Dorothy again) -- That's a pretty thing to say,  
Mae: "To add up the years of my life, it adds up to  
People!" How true ... even the ones in the "mists of  
our memories" added to our life and remain there  
forever "misty" in our thought. And each one add  
something to our life be the memories good, bad or  
sad. ((Yes, very true, Dorothy. I may switch to that  
mime to be able to do justice to lovely letters like  
yours was this time, too. The hecto limits ss)



CHIIL

九

NINE = the Old One

SNIGON

NGLIOK

KARAKIA

GLAUCE

etc

ots and

to with zone

