

Time  
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.

Use Hogue: -11- 2, 4, 14.

W Cagle: -11- 3, 19.

John Leavitt: -11- 5, 27.

Don Bragier: -11- 6.

Don 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. But a LOC, or usually "now" the 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 muddles 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 Toroon!

Well, and this page (both sides of it) will be printed on brand new store-bought "Bareka" 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 BAKSTAK 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 someday I get proficient enough with what I'm doing to even print stuff up! // Seems from the loco you have a plenty of friends around -- wonder how long Tink can stay small? ((Torothy 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 B 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 reassured, the bigger will each Tink 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 people 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 too, No. 26. (I'll give addresses now and then, not with every too, I guess.)

Sheryl writes: I notice that you number too 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 too - Dorothy's was the very 1st. Since TINK lives and thrives on friendship so the too are the heart of the zine, what do we need page numbers for if the too themselves are numbered? I am thinking of pasting too 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 too enclosed by printed illos that didn't come out too, too badly that time, by luck. The too were from Harry 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 too and deserve reprinting. It's my opinion every too in TINK deserves reprinting to be more widely enjoyed

too 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 I think 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's an on-going process. 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 lot because I've had been totally armored and shielded in the past and it is a living hell. I don't want to be like that. Oh, yes, I think 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 want to know. I don't know if I can



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 HUSHHUSH 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 wake up...) My cycles are very irregular and I can't seem to fit them into the standard mold. I always wrote most of my

loos 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 fans. 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.

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(Mae 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



Dec 28 from Ned Brooks together with his  
new fan. I still don't remember calling  
fans fanzines, but I have a very poor me-  
mory. Perhaps I had just received a series  
of very bad fanzines. I happened on a letter  
created by a committee. The writing isn't  
appealing at all. A little bit of it, but it's  
mostly in response to other apertures that  
you haven't seen. I'm 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 priceless, FRIENDS! And,  
yes, when I called you cryptic I was poking  
a little fun at you! Heh heh again!) I  
look forward to meeting you at the mi-  
con next year. I will be the one wearing  
a mask. I have a photo -- of the maskman;  
or I might take in a statue a poker-face))  
Speaking of comfort, I just got the most  
remarkable volume from him. 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. He said after told me of the change in-  
format, which is giving me a little more ap-  
proach of the way I want to the Blatty attack!!)  
Re Ned's fanzine. He, Ned, no "WORK" ON  
please, in my chicken yard. "Just as chickens"  
are welcome, anytime they come to arrive.  
Or you can be a regular, regular member.  
regard all. And where you think the center be-  
lieves in the right thing like an "Informer  
system" -- never got such an impression from  
his tongue-in-cheek style. Ned also be-  
lieves in the right thing with central. I think a  
very good joke. Almost point of view. What's  
all. Ned's fanzine is too literal!  
Ned's fanzine is a bit of a mess. He's a bit of a mess.

# 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  
new 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 loaded 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 and family. It's growing  
as I can see it to grow -- such lovely  
are coming in (heart of Tink always).

But re-  
quests are also arriving I can't eat up  
from those who want to swap fanz and so on.



I see now the problems confronting fanzine production. Already, I must count on preparing 25 "Twin of Tinks" 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 many devoted letter-writers already — Tink's heart. All Tink is or will ever be — an extension of private 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 Paleolithic 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 reaching more folk. (Though it would limit the possibilities, 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 copies 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 and 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 not even have this problem till yesterday, Aug. 11/73

TINK versus TONG ...

Like so many of my sex, trust in hunches, impulses and "circumstances". 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 composition 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 guaranteed medium that lets you have big runs of each issue. But when that hand-crank mimeo was wished 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 snark 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, cranky 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 Gibson'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. Way? I consider them a group letter to a group of similar interests. (As for fangdom, one of it? Who cares? to you?)

And, having explained that I shall call fanzines FIOCs, 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 loccers and see them clearer each time.

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

FIOC 29 from Irvin Koch, c/o 835 Chats. 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 told us is full of



local news or meaning of ex. only to the fans of that region. He is the one of our system of sending out two MAYHEM borrowing this series of letters to my TINKS and TONKS and "Honey-tonks" but don't YOU just say if I beat you to the draw here, and

Well, last time I wrote you I sent a love in return so I just sent a postcard thanking him. To a time I'll thank him right in the TINKS. (Is that okay also, I think?)

I want to thank you, David, for many details enjoyed. Douglas Teisinger wrote on a topic I really enjoyed — he quotes Sam Hardham (in a lecture) saying we should all follow all our hunches to develop ESP. (I always told "Hug"! And what FUN! It gets me called "crazy" and totally-uninhibited, but you gallop through life like a flash and are "everywhere and everywhen" constantly, somehow. So time's no problem...)

And Michael T. Shoemaker has made me want to see a Ken Faig column one day which reminds me, I was looking for the address of Ken Faig to say "Thanks". So I suppose "care of MAYHEM" will get it to him? I've some old TINKS wrapped up and I'll now mail them with this. I've quite a package just waiting to find a few more and send. Time/thank/think — Congrats, you too, Ken!

See, how random is NICE. It's embarrassed but charming.





Doc 31 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 tocapu 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 and 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 so))



CHIIL

九

NINE = the Old One

SNIGON

NGLIK

KARAKIA

GLAUCE

etc

lots and

the south side