





October 14, 1973... (Casilla de Correo 55, Jesus Maria, Cordoba, Arg.)  
What I'm typing now, folks, isn't a new issue of Tink -- it's just a few remarks I'd like to send in this inexpensive way (impreso), to confirm the short airmails I'm also sending those to be mentioned now. Thus the unregistered airmails should reach you soon, (if we're lucky), and if not, these little messages might reach you in due course, too -- let's hope. (It's like putting out feeble feelers -- more tenuous than spider-silk -- across great voids, to establish communication ANYWAY. Living here gives one that sense of insecurity, especially since things that aren't reassuring keep happening "all around"... So don't expect "layout" or fannish-speak. I'm JUST saying "Hello" again, using the TINK-shape for my vehicle, as usual, since it seems to work. (Tinks do reach destination, seemingly!) ((Oh, and I'm using a Tink cover of which I have a surplus, though it was used for other messages too already, sent other friends. You see, hectographic inks are VERY STRONG -- sigh! -- and HOW they eat away the gelatine!!! But they give up to 140 brilliant copies, which is more than I need, usually. I'm keeping TINK's mailing list as small as possible, so I can afford it always, and send Tinks chiefly in thanks for fanzines received, and to confirm airmail correspondence. Not to those who NEVER look Tink, finally. I'll be dropping such names at last, perforce!)))

Cuyler "Mell Brooks, Jr., 713 Paul Street, Newport News, Va. 23605 of the U.S., (Ned to fans, chiefly), will be getting one of these "extra confirmation-copy Tinks", because I just got your ICITM 5, postmarked at your end August 13. Thanks! ICITM continues to be most useful in orientating one like myself, Ned, "way out-of-it", and it's even invaluable already to me, I confess! I get a vivid picture through it of fannish personalities who hitherto were a bit nebulous in my thoughts, regretfully. You're a neat and constant person, Ned, and I take it all back. You're not necessarily cryptic, though one can be so and still neat and concise! (Congrats for being able to radiate that sort of personality! I CAN'T, sigh.) It amused me to see you likening the material Vic Boruta used in TAMLAHT 17 to a R A Lafferty story. (When you see a new Moebius Trip, I've something on poor old Lafferty -- Ed Connor seems to accept my most annoyed pieces, I dash off in moments of indignation at "orthodox beliefs". Then I get hell from disapproving readers... Oh, well!!!) Did you see Ir's Koch's MAYBE 30 and his review of TINK 3 & 4? I was very hurt, I confess, and have written to tell him. There was no RMR "charm" in those Tinks (not even any attempted art worth mentioning). He was obviously being very sarcastic, and I did feel it wasn't kind to hit at my friends through my cruddy little letter-zine, somehow. Don't you agree? However, I think Ir's has nothing against me personally, and trust he'll draw in his barbs, anew, and get over his feud with them! What's the use of feuding ... though I do. But my feud is with mumbo-jumbo in general, and Moebius Trip seems my perennial battleground for such frays... Your editorial, Ned, is distressing. "The only people (who'll be) free to read what they like" really will be the members of the Citizens Committee for Decent Literature. And so our reading will be controlled... Is that

really happening up there? How depressing. We'll soon be in the same boat -- the net (the chains) are tightening elsewhere too ... like here! The day Tinks no longer go out, it'll have happened ... in such a case, to be sure I could still send it out, but full of wordless expressions of solidarity with the Forces of Nature -- i.e., with paintings ONLY, and a couple of innocuous pages saying thanks for love without printing contents, or by ~~some~~ (always red-act with my unquenchable optimism, sigh)

I am soon going to get the same information, anyway, meanwhile -- sent time Vadim drives to Cordoba City he'll get the necessary new cloth, stencils, paper, etc. Hope he remembers Cordoba. And the first thing I'll do is distress the shocking adventures of reading to see how looks that the Mullins have been reading as the three lots to a year. I was reading last night one of my old favorites (since we first met his works, years ago), Farmer. He has a soul-shaking short story about Domesday, in which Revelation (the Apocalypse) is real -- really happens. As he writes about anything and everything, I didn't boil up at HIM, I was just saddened. I too was raised on such a diet of gloomy prophecy! I like to counter it all with optimism, but lately it's harder and harder. I'm very down with the Near East conflict, right now... (Right after what happened in our Continent, and all the unnecessary, unjustified slaughter -- without any legal authority for it.) It shocks me too to see little brave Israel with foes on every side. What's she done wrong? Just made a no-use desert "blow-saw like a rose" and these war prefer equalizer can't forgive her, it seems!

I was also very glad (getting to a new loc), to hear again from Dorothy Jones, 6101 Euclid Ave., Bakersfield, Calif. 93308, USA, who is recovering from an operation, and she sounds as brave as always she does, through the years I've had the pleasure to be in touch. Dorothy writes, "I have an Olivetti-underwood portable that am not so crazy about either. Action is so hard." ((That's in response to my grumbles about one made in Brazil. I turned it in -- Vadim insisted -- and bought me this, a "Brother De Luxe" from Japan. Works, so far, beautifully!)) Dorothy adds, "Thanks for Elsie's address. Will drop her a line now." (That's the Elsie in Buenos Aires -- a good friend of mine -- I'm invading into fandom, and you'll find her a very good loc-writer, all!) Dorothy also mentions "Time is edging towards I am. Yawn" ((Boy, I can't even think clearly, that early, let alone write a letter, like Dorothy did -- to me! My admiration soars!))


Just received, also: MADCAP from Pete E Pfesford and Pete Colley. (Two addresses given, so I'll give the former a just 10 Balkwith Rd. South Redditch, Stockport SK5 7EF, U.K.) I am always thrilled to get aines from the U.K. Used to get Cypher and loved it, recently got the first BLUNT, and in the past Van Hauls and Joe Patricia sent ample aines but I think we were having a TP strike, and perhaps they never got my love? Anyway, MADCAPPERS, if you want to trade, etc., let's try it

I doubt I'll ever run across a Con Report I'll enjoy more than I did just now that of Sheryl Birkhead, which just came. Con reports, usually, are just factual lists of what was seen and what was done, and most any fanzine right after such a Con reports about the same, more or less. But Sheryl's story (just misread up as she experiments with the new machine, I mean mineo), was one with which we (on the outside, or "down-under", here, in Australia and South Africa too), could identify. She describes the queer feeling of being in a new place where she'd never been before, finding her way around, getting acquainted. While I'm not optimistic that I'll manage to print (holographing) too many of this sheet, I'll try to send at least one copy to South Africa to Rick Shears (who started the Africapz 25). And Sheryl, do you correspond with Rick? He published in the past most interesting zines -- among my favorites for liveliness, and he still writes lively in AFRICAPZ!

Anyway, Sheryl -- in testing the mineo's possibilities -- is doing the report in stages to test out also the possibilities for using several colored inks, and doing illos with a stylus, etc. In her covering letter to me she confessed, "I've made about every mistake possible with the mineo -- MESS! I'm sure most of it is me, and my ignorance, NOT the machine but ... and to say, I have it in the sewing-room and got ink on a skirt Mom is making. I felt badly about it ... it won't happen again! She puts up with my shenanigans so..." ((Yes, Sheryl, Mothers do! And like it. In my case, and to say, however, it's the kids putting up with my shenanigans, and I print Tinks in the dining-room -- MESS, too! Poor family!!!))

As for the story of Sheryl versus Torcon, it's the liveliest little episode upon episode ... it could happen to any of us and would certainly happen to me, were I in her place at that instant. Like feeling uneasy on the plane, then following the crowd off it incorrectly (as one always has to in crowds), and so on. Facing Customs, with those envelopes especially milk-screened ... I'll trace for you the one I got, here.....

(The lettering said: TORCON 2,  
Nat World Science Fiction  
Convention ..... 1973, and  
it went so well with the two-  
colored illo below it, which  
I'm afraid I didn't trace too  
well. I'm not much good at line  
drawings -- brushwork for me!!



It sure did make a nice  
momento, getting a message with  
a Canadian stamp, that way from  
Sheryl when she was at Torcon!  
But even nicer is her own story, as  
I'm now saying. Her search at the  
hotel for her room 763 was also delightful.  
And the problem of having to climb seven  
flights of stairs (and descend then anew),  
to track that room down finally!!!!

Beryl also swallows in the ALL OUR FUTURE DAYS room at Torcon  
how she "gaped at the beautiful views and their use of colors. Wow!  
Oh, Beryl - how I do regret having missed getting to Torcon, to  
see that! I am dying for full details ... what were the names of  
those ornate furniture (if you remember), how many people in an  
average? how many colors? and so on, was the typewritten very  
blatant? I'm FASCINATED, for I'm stubbornly planning to do a little  
historiography still, always, even if we get the place already work-  
ing. (Is that "do" there strong together?)

You the typewriter is whistling OK,  
my dearest look with machine! Tell me if  
Vadi's magic touch can make it go again!  
(When he comes by! But meanwhile, to finish  
this by hand, & do "print" ?? it, & send off  
the lot containing it, to keep as a gift up-to-  
date!)

I also got a nice note in the same  
mail from Susan out there at Regina. She  
very kind as Turk, recognizing the good will  
& "labor of love". That is <sup>by my type 30 machine</sup> balm to my  
soul. I was so hurt, & worried that my  
crudelity might be embarrassing my friends!  
But they understand... bless 'em all!

Much love to you who got this,  
(and all)

Waa



INK DESCRIBES:

## "A DAY ON THE ESTANCIA"

Above 5000 feet, the scenery is  
austere ~



The "fleecy clouds" (as viewed from the plains) descend as you walk, enfolding you in their silence, as they try to invade the park below where a great forest - planted 30 years ago, summons their aid. Mists swirl in and tangle in the branches but the hot sunshine guards that territory still.

Where the battle is fought, on that boundary land dividing the new forests



from the Rocky pastures reaching up to the top, is the "High Corral", forever wind-battered. There the estancia's work is done, the gelding and the branding, the dusting and the injecting of near a thousand beasts, turn by turn. Our daughters, Alice and Sylvia, (future vets), ride up there to help their father - Vadim ...



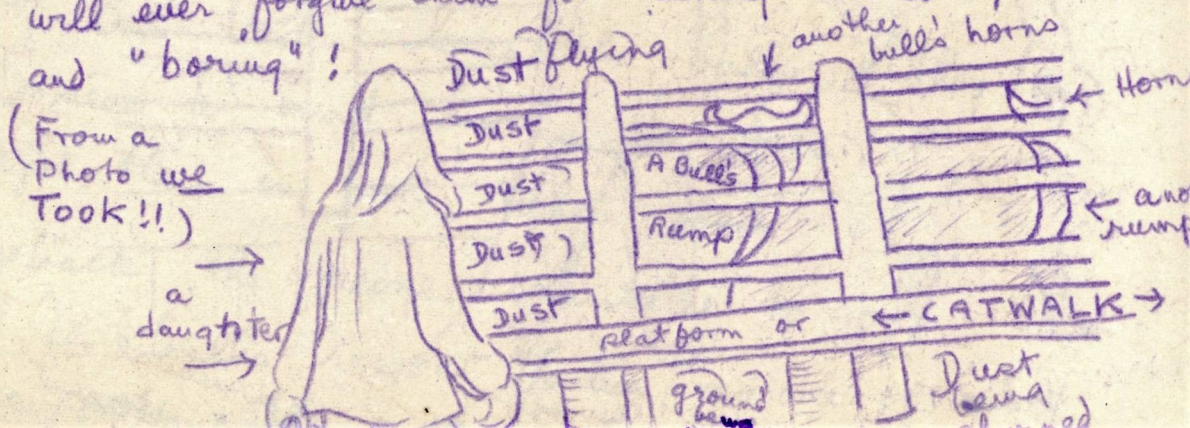
(Horses, etc., by their mamma tho' only Alice & Sylvia draw them well

but they're always riding and never have time to ride.



When Vadim took on this job here, he spoiled all the traditional fun for the estancia's visitors, who used to come from afar to watch the excitement. To treat every beast formerly, it was, individually lasoed, tied down and fought while the peones hung on desperately and someone else stuck in the injection. If they managed 30 animals per day, everyone cheered and the "show" was a great success. Photos and movies were taken & shown in far away lands.

Bad Vadim had a "BRETE" built through which the animals are now herded, and he bought a huge syringe with which he stabs their rumps effectively as they're driven through the enclosure. It's no more fun! If you take a photo all you see is a blur of movement behind the strong, high rails. Vadim processes 300 in one short morning, but no more "fun" is it to watch! I wonder if My Lady will ever forgive him for making it so "practical" and "boring"!





be playful and challenge him with  
stiletto-horns ... and that can be danger-  
ous. (I wish at times Vadim didn't love  
taking risks!)  
(Saturday, Oct. 13, '73)

Right now, Vadim's out on the heights  
with the peones fighting something fiercer  
than any bull - a brush fire lit by  
uncouth neighbors with the gale blowing it  
towards the pine forests here, furiously.

But "My Lady" says Vadim "doesn't  
work" - is "always on holiday just having fun".  
And it's his own fault - because HE ENJOYS  
all these challenges. (How I hate it!)

You fight brush fires (roaring through the  
gullies & leaping the heights) "dry" - no water  
around. You use clumps of grass <sup>which</sup> you yank  
up to beat the flames out while your  
garments & hair & skin & lungs SCORCH.  
Such a "constant holiday"! But being  
a courtier would be harder work,  
so Vadim sticks to his <sup>official role or</sup> job ... and  
PAYS for it. His efficiency is resented that's  
all





(Chinese)

(Inca/Andean)

= an old Weaving

Trakuanacus Lake Titicaca has such!

The Sign of the FISHES...

ours) →

= Piss to us





IMPRESO

AL

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CC 55  
JESUS MARIA  
Cba, Arg.