



# THE TINKUNAKU EVENT

(Where Trails CROSS in the  
Andes ... or now,  
by mail, too !!)



To Bill and Joan, to Mike  
and Susan ... and to  
all, my thanks!



This is not easy to write for any word of thanks will sound trite? And yet I want to say it ... this love you have shown ... I do feel unworthy and anxious. I can only disappoint you -- how else? You have stuck out your necks to organize this Fund, your own reputations in a sense are at stake, for what if I should turn out a disreputable hobo? You have judged me by my messages in writing, there being no other criterion possible. At any rate, I will do my best not to fail you, and yet I cannot help my flaws -- they've been aired in print in more than one fanzine. That temper of mine, I should be ashamed and yet -- how change myself there? I have "Causes". Only "foolish young people" bother with Causes usually ... yet, there I go again, every time. UFOs in the past, and something even more outlandish in my present (which I will not give up.) Oh, well, that's how it is, and you're darlings to forgive me time and again, when I go beyond what's proper...

I am starting things going at this end now -- though it's a year ahead, almost. But the British passport's renewal -- no sense waiting till the last to do things like that, so I've already begun and have now to send the filled-in form to the Consul at Buenos Aires together with my old China-passport (British, too). I did register at the Consulate some time ago, so they must have a record of my existence here. (The registry date is marked on the passport by them, too). This is the first time in my life that I am planning something in advance -- I always had an almost superstitious terror of thinking ahead "for the morrow", but this time it has to be done. I confess that even these little Tinks I've been doing are an offshoot of that preoccupation ... I can't think of anything else. (No sewing up crazy-quilts this winter!) And since I come to get acquainted and try to understand a whole world so different from mine, I cannot even envision it (despite the magazines and books we see), I am "getting into training" already now. Thinking fannishly more than ever -- learning "pubbing" (and saying Hello) through little Tink.

# The Thenguñcheffe's Soapbox . . .



(an editorial of sorts)

And what's a thenguñcheffe? Well, I consider it a pre-Aryan cognate of words like Thing and Throng and Tongue (and could present formidable proofs, ranging from China's old picture-writing to echoes here). But for the purpose of translation now, it derives from the ageold and world-wide key term thengu ( tegu ), which to the Araucanian braves of Chile means: 1) to speak, sing (as do birds), roar (as does the sea or animals), ring (as does a bell), or give tongue in general . . . that is to say, it means all this as thengun. In this form it also means language, speech, voice, sound, tone, noise, etc. Thengun can mean to play musical instruments, speak, read, make someone speak, and so on. To talk to oneself is thengulawn. (See how beautifully their word-endings modify the root term as do ours?) Thenguyen to murmur, speak bad of another. (Let's try not to in Tink, usually. Hmmm. Sometimes I blow up and do give tongue but REAL LOUD. Never behind backs, anyway, God forbid!) Then they've their thengufman, to speak in defense of another, and one who does it is Thenguñcheffe. (I do defend a lot of folks and things, but that causes me to brawl and give tongue with others, in defense of the former.) Prayer is a thenguāpen term, and includes interceding in favor of another, excusing someone or something, defending, etc. And all these are offshoots of a simpler, older term (the very Thing or Ding for Assembly we used to know and so did the archaic Chinese, etc., and in South American forms it survived till Conquest times.) Yes, this is the old Chilean survival: Thengu or tegu = Thing, novelty, matter, dispute, business, and so on. In short still, the Things of the Thing of the Tongue-giving Throng. And Tink is another cognate, related to the Throng. Bump-into with pleasure or wrath as the case may be, a Tshronkun-like term in Araucanian, but I've used for Tink the Quechuan form as it's a ritual still practiced in the Andes in our tincunacu (tinkunakuk, once).

Have we established our right to the term? I'm your thenguñcheffe on a soapbox but hope to have guest editorials in future Tinks where other Thenguñchefes can have their say, when Tinkers throng herein! Whatever murmuring may come about, it won't be behind anybody's back. We'd have to send the "murmuree" a copy, so plan your editorials accordingly. (They'll be mimeographed for wider distribution. The hand-crank mimeo is in good working order -- the mechanic and Vadim worked all one morning upon it. We have just to get a new cloth for the drum, stencils, corflu, ink, and what not, to get it into use at last. Next Tink, very possibly!)

# The Thengway Boulder

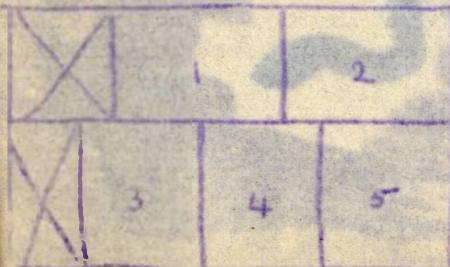


A soapbox won't do after all, I suspect. It's suitable for use in Hyde Park, London, but what would we do with one here in these hills, where any old boulder is just as comfortable a perch. So pull up a boulder with me and let's go on with this chat...

Boulders are popular with the merfolk since prehistory ... they perch on save by rivers or seas... Here we have our versions -- one is that of the Mother of Rivers (mayu = river), and her name is Mayuc-maman in Quechuan lore. All enchanted hills ("Corros Bravos" we now call them) have a pool near their summits where she dwells near the source of each river's head spring. She must be older than the Spanish Conquest, and yet the natives described her as golden and fair, with a fish-tail. So I'll change the title of our "editorial pages" to a mere Thengway. May (or hue in the Spanish spelling) is Araucanian for "place or instrument of", hence a ballfield is a mayway, for example, to them.

The English have <sup>fav</sup> St. Antony, (probably Anthony in disguise), and why shouldn't I take Mayuc-maman for our patroness of Tink? She's just as legendary as they all (I quote the Vatican, several years back, that even Patrick and Christopher were mere legends -- surely pre-Christian, at that.)

Besides, we have many boulders right in these hills, where mountain streams tear along or loiter (depending on the rains or drought). I have never seen Mayuc-maman there, but it is easy to "feel" her around. She'll make a nice patron saint for Tink! Getting down to mundane things, I'd better mention why Tink has taken on this present size. It's not the most convenient -- to cut these huge sheets to obtain this size, I have to cut them thus: (See diagram below). But I do want Tink to be a fraction smaller than the new South African APA's monthly mailings, and it will also thus fit the stencil paper we'll be using soon. I do prefer (if I must begin using stencils) the tamalo officio (legal-sized sheets) but South Africa's not using them, so I shan't either.



= 5 sheets for Tink + two left-overs per big sheet. It sure is hard work to get it at all straight or standard size.

Any suggestions to correct the "wastage" here?



Re the illo (???) for "LOCS". It was an experiment, my first at doing cutouts -- at which (as you now have evidence) I'm no good as yet. (Gotta learn on the assumption that "practice makes perfect", again...) Now, if some saint among you (Or sinner if you prefer thus to label yourself) has the knack of making lovely, lacy cutouts, send one or so to me, please, PLEASE! It's a cinch for printing it up hectographically, you see, and you could take two or more hundred copies thusly ... Paint on as many hues/ of hecto-ink in cloudy swirls, on a plain piece of paper ... I tried for a hilly effect at the foot of the page, but not well -- I deliberately avoided careful brush-strokes, this time! Now place the cutouts first upon the gelatine, then stick on top of same, the cloudy swirls. I bet you could paint all the stars and nebulae of our sky that way, if you were clever enough. (The cut-outs for the stellar rocks and fire and dust; the cloudy dark swirls for Space.)

Once the printed pages pale, you have but to shove back on the same master sheet of black-looking hecto-inks already used, to renew the vivid look, and the cutouts will keep the white sections still white (as you leave them in place on the gelatine throughout the procedure.)

I strongly feel hectography doesn't deserve the scorn it seems to have received as "no damn use -- too messy, etc." For art work -- done inexpensively and in full color -- can it be bettered, even in our modern technocratic age?

What started me experimenting was the discussion in the following LOC of my problems of "bubbles in the gelatine". I thought to myself, "But they do look like floating dust-notes -- or -- or -- stars? If in the proper places in a painting, they could look nice. I wish I could do a design of bubbles, somehow, that way, to illustrate the loc in question." (But I lacked courage to try that as yet... I tried the other, the attempt for "Locs".)

From: Gene Wolfe, Box 69, Barrington IL, 60010, USA. (Sept. 2/73)...Received 13th September -- a normal speed for delivery, when all goes well here!

Mr. Wolfe writes: I confess to being knocked out by your stationery. I would think the Jaguar was terrific if I were not already stunned by the three-eyed cat. But it presents a problem for me: how to preserve it. I keep letters (etc.) in a loose-leaf binder, and I will not punch holes in that cat. In the end I'll probably mount it on a larger sheet with a tape hinge so that I can read the other side. (((MSS. This is so very flattering! I preen!)))

About the mimeo-hecto things: why not print the pages of text with the mimeo, and bind in your gorgeous hectographed illustrations on separate sheets. You're under no obligation to use one means of reproduction (or one type of paper) exclusively. (((Yes, it's the only way. The mimeo is now clean and working -- we just have to shop for supplies to fit its needs. However, I'm already following your advice somewhat, and right now am doing this page sans illos, but the next will have a try at reproducing the cat/jaguar you liked. The hues will be different, true -- no two paintings with hecto inks can ever come out the same!)))

(Gene Wolfe continues: ...Also--I know nothing whatever about hectography, and so can speak with the perfect freedom born of absence of facts--would it be possible to pull a gentle vacuum on the gelatine while it is still relatively liquid, and combine this with gentle stirring or vibration? It might be possible to get a good deal of the air out in this way. (((MSS: The bubbles in such quantities were due to my letting the gelatine actually BOIL and then removing it from the stove while still foaming away. It was silly -- I've repented long since and try not stirring, not shaking, and just melting without bringing to a boil, when it's necessary to remelt the treasured substance -- indeed, it's the most costly part of the process, damn it, the silly, smelly old gelatine! Ugh!)))

GW:-- You say that Tink is like holding a party by mail, and I've heard fandom defined elsewhere as a mail-order cocktail party. (((MSS: I'll some day look up all the definitions in former CRYs to re-list them in Tink. One fan likened it to a tenuous web strung across the planet, and each tremble of the giant web is caused by the emotions of fans in the Web. Another -- that was neo-fan-me -- likened it to a Hive, but all the angry hornets came forth buzzing! Individualists, we are! they cried.)))



The 3-eyed Cat with its companions, (not included  
in the other sketch.)

As you can see by this, I'm back with the ancient Wanderer-Werke Continental of German make ... discarded by all respectable offices years ago. Little "Brother" from Japan has got its capital letter key locked mysteriously. I do not blame Japan for sending such a cheap little toy ... the Olivetti I traded in to get it was made of the cheapest tin.

Right here, Vadim came in -- took one look and fixed it instantly, so I've switched back to my "Brother Deluxe 900" from Japan, bless them all! I'd apparently pushed the capital key sidewise somehow so Vadim just pushed it back. (Naturally, keys that get pushed around easily worry me!) But as I was saying, Poor Japan has to send its cheapest mark to compete with our wonderful (sic) Brazilian industry. Brazil pays 2% customs, just 2, to sell us their machines (like the one that gave out in 3 months, for me). Japan has to pay 90% and still this machine is all I -- (and most decent people nowadays, what with inflation) -- can afford. And it's still a better machine than those Brazilian Olivettis. Other bitter facts come to light when we keep an ear to the ground, like why one of the best European makes of cars didn't put up factories here some years ago (during our grim Generals' rules). They'd have had to make an enormous donation to the Church, and they refused. Yes, I said -- the Church. (But she's spiritual, no politics, no business shennigans. And yet, these mysteries happen!) I don't want to harp or grouch but when I'm totally frustrated, I try to take advantage of the fact the Inquisition isn't yet all-powerful anew and I CAN speak out! (In Brazil you cannot, nor in Uruguay, etc.) In the feudal regimes which we have savored personally, you're supposed to grovel AND LOVE IT!

But getting back to our little joys as Tinkers (me, a Tinker, and I couldn't even fix a typewriter key? but Vadim can, ha, ha!), I often nowadays as I doodle for Tink, struggle with the gelatine, etc., and think of meeting you all next year, feel guilty that I'm enjoying these pastimes so greatly while the world is seemingly tumbling into pieces all around us (and when I look at South American politics and elsewhere, it does seem so!) But there is little one can do apart from being firm in one's opinions re justice for ALL -- even God's "meek", or His "little ones" -- so oppressed by God's own so-called worshippers. (Which embitters me, a rebel God-lover, not matching the usual approved patterns in loving Him). Right now, I've suddenly discovered I'm low in gelatine again -- I daren't tell poor Vadim. He's brought home on nearly every trip to town more pots of it (store-made for my nudo-bone-jelly is so unsavory in composition!) and he simply won't believe I ran through it all -- save the newest tin from the pharmacy and that's running low. Do I eat it! No, but the hecto ink does. It engraves itself strongly, so when the gelatine bed is of no further use for printing, the design still stands out upon it in relief. (Eaten in where the inks were the strongest.) Then I have to wash the hues well, if they don't dirty the next printing, so more gelatine goes down the sink that way! I'll really be saying "Hoorah for the mimeo!" soon. You know where you stand with IT. However, I may have another try at brewing my own from those beef-knuckle bones. What knocked me off stride was that batch of puppies -- eternally famished. I found that the entire knuckle-bone brew (plus corn-pone) vanished into their elastic little bellies in one gulp and they clamored for more and so did their momma, Lamngen. (And the envious three cats stuffed also, just in case.) But now all four puppies are in their new homes (and we miss them -- terribly) and the cats and Lamngen have finicky appetites anew, so knuckle-bones no longer excite them. I can renew my experiments. (Try knuckle-bone soup, by the way -- nothing's cheaper, and you've got inflation too, haven't you? It's not bad -- but a steady diet becomes so.) Well, this is a long "aside" for the loc section (and interrupting the Gene Wolfe loc too), but it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't gotten stirred up and real angry as I considered our inflationary problems in South America -- worsened by unfair manipulations on the part of the great of our past (who set deplorable precedents, hard to correct.)



TIAHUANACO'S  
Jaguar (from  
pottery.)

(The above type of design was on the letterhead referred to by Gene Wolfe in his loc, which continues...) ...

The illustration for my letter is terrific. I like the way you have concealed the god to which the worshipper prays, so that we know that even to this neolithic man the sun was a symbol rather than the Godhead itself. And the way he vanishes into the pyramid, becoming a divine and dead, king. ((MSS here ... I have just a few copies saved still of that loc and will use them up in this issue now, for those who didn't see the earlier, smaller-sized Tink in question. Thank you, very much, for liking my attempts at colored art so far! And for noting the symbolism I was trying to use in illustration of your mention of proto-man mining for hematite for painting the bodies of their dead, 70,000 years ago. Also the influence of the Dawn idea, "rosy-fingered". Yes, the women who painted their dead for the "Pakarnewbirth/dawn sun proto ideas" would have had their fingers as stained as mine are with all this hectography. Mine are purple, theirs were red -- rosy-fingered Dawn -- and the Arab women still dyeing fingers and toes with henna, it's all part of the most ancient religion 70,000 years old, obviously. So fascinating!))

Mr. Wolfe also mentions now that in Illinois there are some promising sites one of which has yielded 40,000 year old material. Is that evidence of humans there that long ago? Here, the argument still tries to insist man is very new in South America! (We're backward, despite a few stubborn souls arguing man was here much longer ago!) And where were those digs for hematite? In the New World, by any chance? I rather gave up trying to keep track of comparative dates in archaeology -- too many contradictions. But I do know my files of key terms from ancient languages certainly <sup>contain terms that are</sup> pre-"Aryan", and pre-Sumerian and pre-Archaic Chinese too. I've checked that THOROUGHLY. As far as I'm concerned, I have on file the words used when the old chants were being sung at those burials, 70,000 years ago. Even 60,000 years ago old Neanderthal was being buried with a carpet of wildflowers, as we now know. I wish I could have heard their chants also -- what lungs they must have had. (Reminds me of Malacandra by C.S. Lewis -- OUT OF THE SILENT PLANET - and his description of a funeral where the bear-like folk sang so well.) ((Oh, and it was a most welcome LOC, the kind TINK needs more than any other, to remain in the mood for which the fanzine or letterzine or whatever began...))

Ann Chamberlain writes: TINKUN 4 arrived today (6th Sept.) and has two beautiful stamps (one 50c airmail). I think you are getting onto how best to handle the gelatine now. It's quite readable, and the painting of 'Land of Dawn' is most lovely. It would save you a lot of postage if you would let one of our members here (or Art Hayes in Canada) print your zine here and mail it for you-- all you'd need to have would be the right stencils to cut for it. You could send International Coupons for the postage. (((MSS. Believe it or not, Ann, I am doing it cheaper here than anywhere. The 10 centavo stamps I now use for the preceding under 50-gram Tinks, would come to just one cent of your money. True, for us it's "ten old pesos" and costly, for we don't earn in proportion to the salaries paid up there. I simply could not afford to pay for getting something done for me up there -- one old peso is one thousandth of a US dollar, you see. I'm not splurging, I'm using wholesale cheap paper, I confess -- now, anyway. I did start with costly stuff while trying it all out. It's the gelatine costs.))

Hi!

"HaiyLee!!"

An Interview between  
TINK'S "PURICRUNA" and  
BLUNTERS ~

Blunters: Who are you? We sent  
BLUNT to MAE!

Puric: I'm her "Walker". You know - I  
do the greetings when we "meet unexpected-  
ly where trails cross". That's a TINKUNAKU  
Andean idea, and a PURICRUNA is a "walking-  
man" or "pilgrim" in your survival of the old  
idea.

Blunters: And what's that pack-on-your-back?

Puric: Well, you see, Mae read PILGRIM'S  
PROGRESS, when she was seven, and never  
forgot it. But my pack doesn't contain  
sins - it's a nice, light-weight sleeping-  
bag. Like Mae's kids carry too on  
Long hikes. She also draws the PACK-  
BACK idea thus: =  - Pog. That's old  
Chinese.



BLUNT/TINK INTERVIEW (cont)...

Blunters (politely). Uhuh! Ahah!

Purio — Yes, I know it's boring, but you're not going to cure old Mae. At least she's not already preaching salvation at you like old Pilgrim. Be thankful for that!

Blunters: Ah, Um ... well, pines are not exactly the place for sermons, true:

Purio — You should see how she's already sermonizing in her Tinks. Luckily they're only haetographed — who can read them? And there's a dusty, dirty old mimeo too in the hall taking up floorspace and threatening passerby ... she isn't planning to use it if she can avoid it.

Blunters: How's that?

Tink's Parloruna explains ... Well, it's a phobia she's got -- convinced she's no mechanical sort, just a Tinkerer. Haw, she can't even tinker properly -- has to get her hubby to help her fix even a mere water-spout that goes boom-boom when turned on. The pipes all rattle all the way upstairs.

Blunters: So is it fixed?

Purio: No, she hasn't nagged enough. Let the boom-boom do its nagging for her. If it doesn't bother anybody it doesn't bother her. It's the tap in the kitchen sink and she uses it all day long. (Big family ... lots to cook and wash, weekends, at any rate. The kids eat like anything and Mae says she won't enslave them while they're young, like she was enslaved the day she married. By her aged in-laws, I mean. Vadim was always a darling ... but only sons, well, they can't argue freely with devoted parents, can they?)

Blunters: Er, yes! Ahem, how did we get on this topic?

((Mae, here, I'm wondering myself. I just wanted to explain why the mimeo's not yet working. I didn't nag enough, but let Parloruna go on with the chat, answe.))

Blunters: What's Mae like when she scolds or nags?

Purio: Boy, oh, boy, ask her family.

Blunters: we're asking you.

Purio: Well, it's like this. She only nags for important things like getting another spare tire for the car since the road uphill is so awful. That took a week.

Blunters: What took a week?

Purio: Why, nagging to get that spare second tire. Once they got it everybody was so pleased. No having to walk kilometers uphill after the second blowout in the dark some cold dark night!

Blunters: Aren't you a walker? Why talk then of The Wheel!

Purio: Well, even in the Andes we have the wheel by now.

((Mae here — it was too sacred a symbol formerly, you see, but as Carlos Abrega Vicedra in his THE WHEEL IN AMERICA wrote ...))

Purio: Pay no attention — there she goes again, spicing along boring us all. I'm her lucky demon — I mean demon — keeping her slightly sane. Otherwise her nuttiness would be total!

Mac here: Look here, that's enough, Parloruna -- go for a nice long walk -- get some fresh air.

Parlor -- You should be walking more -- all the family's saying it. Sitting there putting out Tink after Tink. (Like you made crazy-quilts last year, with the same idiotic dedication!)

Mac: I'll walk -- I'll walk tomorrow! ((I do like walking more than anything, but I like speling with nice folks even better, and fandom is a world-of-wonder of its own, where wanderers are right at home anywhere.)) Oh, by the way, Blunters, I enjoyed your zine -- first issue -- I really did. And envied the fine neat repro -- and all those pages successfully printed too! Is it mimeo or a spirit-duplicator did the trick? It's darn-well not hectoed -- that's for sure. However, I'm sending you the first page of this chat done in colors to show why I cling to hectography. Oh, it's not the most successful illo yet, but mediocre, and still it's not bad (with retouching, anyway).

Blunters ... Yes, thanks, we're looking at it. And I see you sent us that same first page with the Parloruna done in black-and-white -- what are we supposed to do with it?

Mac ((blushing modestly)) Er, wouldn't you care to print it meebly -- I mean all this stuff. (You'll have to retype these second and third pages of it, this machine has no ribbon so I'm sending you the clearest hectoed copy. I'll be sending it to just a very few Tinkers, but I doubt our readership overlaps. I haven't yet sent a Tink to England though I wanted to but never yet could get enough copies. Then Nick Shears invited me into their new South African APA which added to my problems of getting the most out of the hectograph!

Blunters -- When we suggested a loc or some mas we meant --

Mac -- I know, I know. But my demon didn't inspire me anybetter. Not this time! Little Parloruna wanted to get in on the act, so it did.

Blunters. -- Is it a he or a she?

Mac -- It's anyone who loves heights, depths or adventure, and the sex is unimportant -- Tinkers and their packs go together and you find them anywhere, don't you? And here, Tinkers (excuse me, Blunters, a minute), let me put in a plug for a jolly nice fanzine that has made me start already preparing a new Tink to contain these pages in it. (The first of the unnumbered Tinks, though numbered, it'd be No.13 -- not that I'm superstitious but some folks are! Me, I like "Thirteen" too -- why not?) So, Tinkers, Blunt is published in the UK by Melion and Mary and Bob and Dave, the second issue will be out in November, and their address (editorially) is

131 Cortie Green Road  
Brentwood, Essex - CM14 5PT - United Kingdom.

Don't you love those old English place-names. Makes me forget I'm half a yankee and my English blood throbs strong again -- so evocative, such names! Uckety, indeed!

September 27, 1973.

Winter is back (such a disappointing Spring!) I decided against making this issue longer, though I have mostly passed the usual "under 50 grams" and could therefore go on to near a hundred for the same postage price (18 centavos, from 50 to 100 grams, but I suspect postage will continue going up -- and up -- and who can help it. Population explosions add to letters being sent around the earth, and make it needful that postal facilities be increased everywhere.)

Summing it

UP, again ~

I want here to say a special "Hello" to Dennis Lien who saw the first Tink back in 1964, when he was at the university (he and some friends there had sent me their "Fiasco" -- remember it, Denny? And I sent you back carbon copies of my fanzine-of-the-future -- explaining why I wanted to call it Tinkunakuk, back then.)

And now re my future pubbing plans, Ann Chamberlain in her recent loc also mentions: "When you get Joanne Burger's current issue of TNFF (it's 50 pages) see my article for Recruiting Office on page 15, about over-committing one's self. It's not only the expense, it's the donated time fans put in that make a zine come out well..."

Yes, you'll never believe the time given to getting out little hectoed Tink up to this minute -- and I've enjoyed every instant of it (even in a funny way, the failures, for one learned!) I thought of you all, I felt I could better imagine you when talking to you thus informally, in Tink's pages ... and how I loved the locs that have just now begun to come in. (When did I send out the first hectoed Tink? Not so many months ago, and those first numbers are only NOW beginning to reach you, as I'm learning.)

But I've learned a thing ... the marriage of hectography with mimeography (planned for future issues) won't be an easy one. They have no points of resemblance. And yet, for the pages to be sent through the new South African APA and Tink which you'll see, I must use the mimeo. (Only way to get enough copies.) I type two carbons for these hectoed pages even now, and that means two beds of gelatine used for each page. (Awful work -- and expense, sigh!)

So Tong is aborning -- the other Tink mentioned further back, tentatively. Tong for the mimeographed portions, but probably still with a hectoed cover, in colors as formerly I've done for Tinks. Tong will contain an occasional summary of books enjoyed, (I still want to talk re certain DAW books that really thrilled us, but only in mimeographed form shall I try it.) Tong will contain the acknowledgements of fanzines we've liked, and so on. Tong will not be terribly frequent, either, for it's a "one-man (or woman) show" at this end, and "over-extending" can't be done. There are but 24 hours in each day, though I have in the past often stretched them. (I'm sure I must have done so -- otherwise I do not explain the enormous task already completed on the old Spectrum of Symbol and Sound. It did take 12 years, and 14 hours per day with nary a holiday -- almost. But still ... )

I'm back in the painting mood and suspect it'll accentuate as I grow still older and fine print will be less easy to read and produce. (Even though I'm a myopic type, so I'm better off than most in that sense now.) However, to dash off these Chinese (more and more so, as I gain practice with the brush) paintings, is quite an ecstasy for me ... but their production is limited to the hectographic difficulties that cannot be bypassed (given present materials used for same). Doubling the delight, comes an occasional loc of enthusiastic appreciation. Those who've written them will be getting my "diary-sketchbooks-of-life-here" for the rest of my life, believe me! (And these little sketchbooks will be -- DV -- my full-time hobby as the years go by and Vadim and I have more and more leisure time.) No mimeography will be found in those sketchbooks -- just hectoed handwritten notes, an occasional typed story (hectographed) and the sketches of whatever amuses or amused me here. Tong will be different - mimeography.

It will come out "now & then". Tink will take care of my "confirmation boatmail" letters, but its format will be small, again.

Like water, which seeks and finds its own level, TINK has found its modest place in fandom, as a little-letter-zine between friends. It goes unnumbered henceforth, because it must remain casual, easy, done (and to be glanced through) without strain.

TINK comes to you from:

Vadim and Mae Strétkov  
C.C. 55  
Jesus Maria, Cordoba  
Argentina

Money cannot buy it but friendship brings it to you, with our love.

May the Peng Phoenix of Friendship bless your New Year. AA now but in

the times of the oracle bones they drew it as a person with (?) scales (this = ) (Was it a Phoenician his prototype, earlier?)