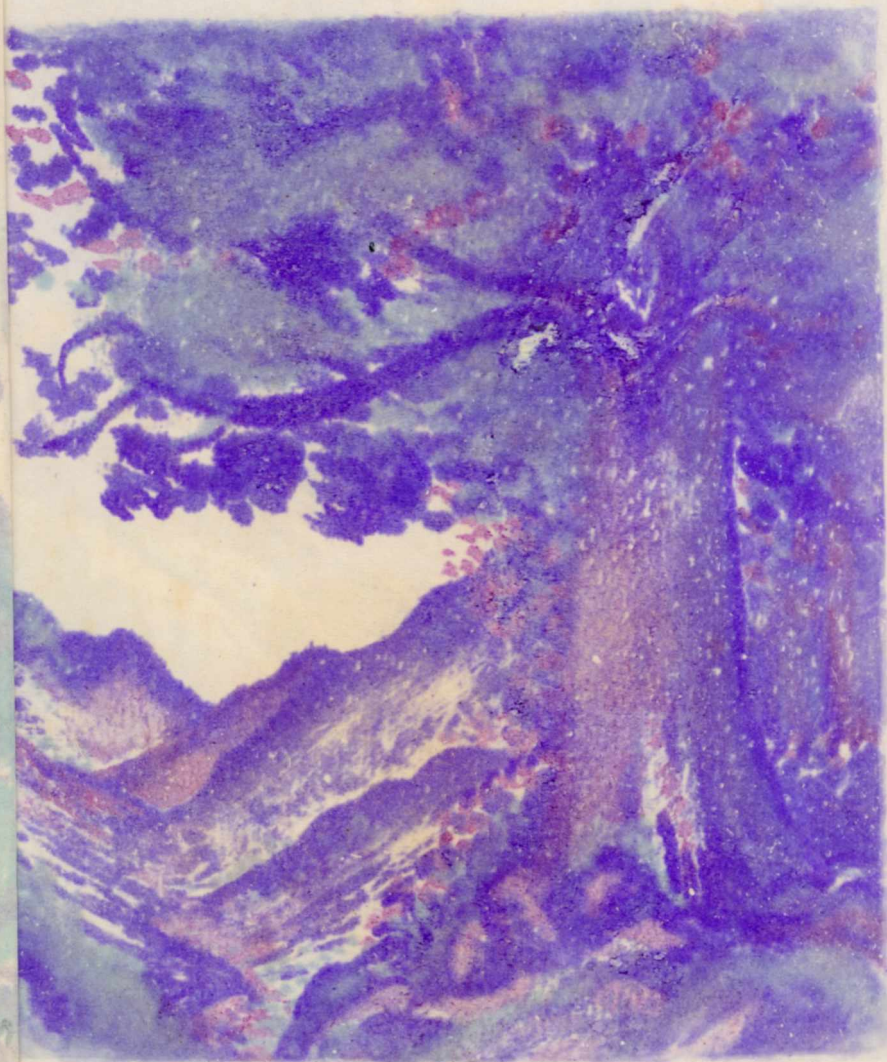






MAGA





November 19, 1979.

Sylvia and Tony dug out the inks and stencils and gelatines, and got me started trying, at least, to say "Hello" this way. I used to be very voluble ... I still tend to be so. But not when handprinting every page I try to write. The hecto gives not many copies. The postcard mimeo when treated nicely, gives quite a few. So here comes the attempt at combining hecto with mimeography. And Sylvia and Tony will add some pages too.

As for me, (Mae), I swear I feel so ancient, which is why I kind-of grew silent in fandom for a spell. It was cheating, of course. Really, I've kept at it, but studying old languages as usual, and it can be quite frustrating, at times. (Like now!) So I'm enjoying trying my hand with painting- hecto-illoe, and even trying to do a stencil or two. Lately, Tony has been answering the zines and letters that come in. I read them but he answers usually...



It was early 1973 ^B and I had to thank a hundred friends and more for inviting me to the U.S.A. for the 1974 World Cup. I wanted to do a little fanfare for that.

How? Miniography? I had no idea. Then Paula remembered having seen holography done in Chinese offices of European firms long ago.

So we bought several holography kits and a ready-made holography gelatine-plate and the struggle began for us.

A year later, I was doing full-color prints that people said looked like original water-colors. It was fun...

However, after my family died in 1976 I lost the holography kit and my holography kit. And now, over three years later, my holography kit has two dog-eat-dog like old holography kits and ink and the holography kit has broken apart years ago, not holography kit and all, and got me down to this holography kit again, of holography kit. holography in touch? One girl holography kit here when never a letter comes in from abroad any longer, because I can't write much and turned inward so much... holography kit, Chinese and holography kit in a "world beyond time". But the children have pulled us back to the reality as we have it "here and now", so I'm trying again, as you see. This is holography, and must be printed as a holography kit. But it turns out well! holography kit, this.

(over)

One doesn't call this a fanzine. It would be pretentious to do so. Is it then a letter? But letters should be personal, and I put so much of myself into any "proper" letter I try to write, I can't manage many of them nowadays. Even one a week would be a lot. Is it that way with you? We all love getting letters, and Tony is turning out good long replies, so we Strelkovs are not -- after all -- dropping out of fandom, even though I can't keep up with "flocking zines", as formerly. The year 1973 was full of dreams and ambitions for me. I was going to PUBLISH "news from South America" vividly, "with lots of color pictures". Well, I tried real hard up till 1976. I don't give up easily. But after Danny died things looked different to me; I had less to say on "life down here", and retreated behind a forest of old and lovely words and symbols as found in archaic Chinese. It was all I wanted to discuss, and who wished to discuss it with me? No one. But now I do feel able, it seems, to ramble and chat once again. I see I'm managing, and even the printing goes well.

EXPLORING THE PAST: I'd not explore my own past deliberately, believe-you-me! Our racial and planetary past is fascinating, but my own I'd rather forget. I did so many idiotic things, had so many dumb ideas, filled our house with junk. (Hope my language studies don't turn out to have been "more junk".)

Not to explore my own past unexpectedly, I "let sleeping dogs lie", avoid tidying messes that have been successfully crammed out-of-sight when spring-cleaning. But -- right now -- I recalled a lovely bottle of green hecto-ink, big and full -- just what I wanted. I wanted it so much to do a picture like the ones of the past, I began digging into all the dusty stacks containing relics of bygone *Times* and *Tongs* (1973-1976). Scraps of paper of every size cascaded around me, left over from clipping former zines to "approximately the 'right'???size" every time. Well, I can use it all now, I thought, bringing stacks of boxes to the downstairs front room in a corner where I do my "serious studies" now. "What serious studies?" Did I ever do a serious, worthwhile thing? Dust is all that's left. dusty stacks!

developing her patterns in preparation for new life always, each Spring

In vain I searched for the green
hecto ink, but what a lot of old
junk instead I found. It takes me
back to that spate of TINKS I kept
producing in that optimistic era
"way back then". It is not that
I grew pessimistic suddenly. It
is that I no longer view my own
activities "all rosy" as I used
to do. "That didn't work out, but
this will!" I kept telling myself
invariably, as cheerful as ever.

But I'm blessed with the gift
of gab, that's all. I don't say
things "for the future", and much
prefer the silent messages of art,
for those who don't mind "just sce-
nery" which is what I love to paint.
I'm mad over nature ... scenery,
wild creatures, roughing it and
living in the wilds, even though
I enjoy a city now and then, to watch
all the people, so busy at work and
having fun. (Or just barely surviv-
ing as it's getting to be down here).
But what's lasting in my view is
not what we do, it's what happens
all around us in Nature. So wisely
developing her patterns in prepara-
tion for new life always, each Spring

What's lasting, as I recognize now, is not so much what we do while on this planet, but Nature at work in us all always. As I believe Evolution is a process that covers all that exists, the spiritual as well as the physical, for me it's a great joy to realize my own dusty little efforts -- that don't amount to much when I sum them up -- are just as important as the business of a mouse gnawing at things to make a nice little hole for itself. Of equal importance are our "growing and learning" efforts, not to be despised if never acclaimed as "marvelous". But all things are!

Yes, I've spent all my 62 years till now fascinated by all the little "unimportant" things. Tremendously excited when a baby or a puppy does something cute or new; most delighted if a flower blooms on a special day as tho' celebrating it for me. All the little nothings that sum up my life are part of the tremendous importance of things ... Everything!

And that's enough for me.

ART BY SYLVIA

1

TONY'S CORNER



ART BY SYLVIA

Hello, everyone! Surprised?
Well, so am I, really, for a few reasons. First, because I never believed I'd actually get around to searching for Mom's postcard mimeo, stencils, hecto inks and all the paraphernalia of fanzines. Of course, as usual, the instigator -- the cause of my inkstained hands, of my ink-covered nose -- is far out-of-my-reach right now. Hi, Ned! I don't really hold it against you. How could I, since I've got mom also into this first printing venture of mine? To see her back with her hecto inks in front of her, is sufficient compensation ... It brings back to my memory scenes of my childhood ... scenes in vivid colors: hecto-blue, purple, red, green, etc., liberally spread throughout the house. Those were the days when I would spend hours watching as mom would take off her pages from .

the gelatine pans, interrupted only when the smell of burning would inform us that some food had been forgotten on the kitchen-stove, unstirred.

Nowadays, instead, mom dedicates herself to her languages, while I'm away a lot because of my studies of Geology. (I'm moving lazily through my second year; but, then, what can you expect, as I have to share time between Karate, fandom and other sports). But I do plan to get back to my studies, REALSOONNOW! Meanwhile I hope all of you can enjoy my first printing experiment as much as I'm enjoying doing it.

o-o

The above was Tony's message. He is now printing page one beautifully, so this is Mom typing the stencils for him.

TONY'S CORNER

continue.



"ART" BY SYLVIA

(Tony here).

of the most objectionable
parts of my personality is my
habit of dodging studies or any-
thing I somehow feel as a "duty",
so that those things go piling
up until the day comes when I can
cut them off no longer, and am
forced to spend a few days study-
ing non-stop. This was all right
last year, because I would actual-
ly settle down in my last two or
three days and get so lost in my
studies, I would not even inter-
rupt to eat in the whole day, and
I'd really achieve good results.

Now, this year instead, I realize
that I'm behind both in my studies
and in my letters. Then, two days
before my exam, I decide that I
really CANNOT put it off any longer
... and I settle down to write
letters. Well, at least, that's
how it was till a short time ago.
Now instead, I type another of these
little stencils. But I do not
neglect my Karate!

A LESSON IN BREVITY: - The illegible page was Tony's attempt at brevity, and Sylvia's to print it up on the postcard mimeo. (It wasn't a good stencil, as I find on checking.) As they learn the tricks of hand-printing, you will yet receive their long outpourings, they hope. Meanwhile, I shall be brief (Mae, here). Sylvia hasn't the heart today to have another tussle with the oily mimeo ink. Besides, it's a glorious day in the hills and they took the dogs for a long walk. We've had suffocating weather. (Sunspots, it's said.) The cities are intolerable, the citizens wilting, poor souls. Sylvia came from Rio Cuarto (where she studies to be a vet), declaring one simply couldn't move or breathe, and on our radios the announcers actually groaned and moaned and feebly whispered, "This heat!" Even in these heights there's no air save when the winds pick up and blow a bit fiercely. How's your weather there? Well, this is all for now:

I'll be doing another booklet full of retouched hecto illos, but it takes time. The text will be by Tony and

Sylvia

LAST CHANCE

If you aim at the stars, you might reach the moon, they say. But in this case almost hit the dirt with our faces, instead. I, (Tony) have written quite a few things, but none short enough for printing on the postcard mimee. At least that's my official explanation. In truth, I have been infected by Gannet Fandon, and am having difficulty curing myself from the recognizable disease. This (in your hands) is simply a practice run and at the same time an apology for various lines and letters received and not answered so far. (Though the printing is too small to cover the deficit, even so!)

In any case, I promise the next issue will be more "balanced". (we're starting one already, mother doing the hecto for it, and my sister Sylvia will do her share of art and the printing on the postcard mimee also, next time she gets back from her University down south.) I have some stuff written up already, plus some gems that are yet to be. You may expect it when the trees there take on the multihued colors of Fall ... our beginning already to show autumnal colors, now, down here!

Tony Strelkov,
(and Sylvia)

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