

Unlike the Mayans, this
time —and leaving plenty
of white (we hope the
printing allows it) space,
TINK comes to you from

Vadim and Mae Strelkoff

C. C. 55

Jesus Maria,
Cordoba,
Argentina,
(as usual!)

TINK 11 ~

BILLING

Candied-
Lotus-Bulbs,

Peanuts,


and old Memories

—and other oddments that
drift along —




Taking stock of the achievements of our **KNUCKLE-BONE PRESS** to date, I am satisfied.

I LEARNED a lot re hectography, but I learned still more about you all and your spirit of friendly tolerance. Helpful suggestions had their part in teaching me the knack of it, till in my optimism right now, I hope to near 100 grams in the weight of this new **TINK** . . .



I Remember My
Mother, on Chinese
New Year. She had a
huge square lacquer
Box, filled with little
boxes in a geometric
pattern.

In it she served all
the correct sweetmeats
to her visiting Chinese
friends, together with
bowls of unsweetened
green tea, in which a
blossom floated . . .



It was a Pandora's Box of digestive challenges. There were even canned lotus balls, but those were costly and only for show, as all our polite visitors knew. Each nibbled one, then turned to the canned and eaten the first varieties of peanuts which anybody could afford. I've preferred to be exclusively a lotus-eater, but peanuts alone were allowed to me -- always present and fascinating when any new guest arrived to say "Good Buck" (and "Jesus bless you" also not to offend my name!)

May I offer you now some delicacy? Will it be lotus balls? Or peanuts, still? We'll see

Jesus

Saves

As I remember it..

THUS, I remember it ---
my mother's bemused, unworldly
smile, (the Chinese loved it!);
that lacquer box of goodies
on the table --- candied lotus
bulbs, salted peanuts, pickled
ginger, everything Chinese love.

Those Lotus eaters of my
childhood - they never forgot
the art of living, as we white
folks are forgetting it all too
soon, snowed under by our
lust to increase our possess-
ions, till we're the slaves of
these meaningless things (not
real "things" at all!)

And I think today that
my little TINK should be
like that box ... you should
take your pick of all I might
have to offer you, in the name
of friendship. It is arranged
in a jigsaw-like pattern,
"a little of anything and
everything" as we explore
possibilities for further talk.
I'd suggest that my old
Chinese glyphs and terms are
the lotus bulb candies that
Restore our Racial recollec-
tions, long since erased ...



Perhaps all "Times" are of equal value ... one day no worse nor better than any other. To be seven years old, at my Mother's knee was (though I did not know it) sweet and poignant. That is the value of Memory ... one compares all these "times", to comprehend an overall pattern at last.

Be that as it may, well lay those Lotus bulbs and peanuts away and go on to another subject ...

It concerns you ...

I think you are beginning to see why I persist in experimenting with the hectograph, even though we'll have that mimeograph functioning soon.

A hectograph is a silent affair ... it's a relationship between a pan of gelatine, colored inks (or carbons) and yourself, and at the same time it's a lottery, some of you might care to play with me (getting Tinks, sometimes blurry, sometimes brilliantly hued.) I must cut down the list to make room for names like that of David Shank (who's second LOC will be in this issue.) I can not increase the printing run (w/a hectograph.) I'll take your silence perforce for a lack of interest.

I begin to believe
in Spring once
again. It was diffi-
cult last Winter.
We almost believed
in "Returning Ecu-
sial Ages" instead.
It was that drear!

Lettering by Tony

August is a funny month!
I wonder if you've noticed
it? The Andean Diagui-
ta/Calchaquies feared this
time of the year as a Ro-
man might fear the Ides
of March.

Does that mean
by chance that August is
unlucky? I don't believe
in lucky or unlucky days
myself, but do agree that
for me, the month of Au-
gust has often seemed
"portentious"! Our first
and last children were
August babies and I nearly
died during those births.

Yes, August seemed always
a "portentious" month for
us - I don't know why.
It's a heavy yet stimu-
lating season of the year
in South America. As the
days lengthen, the
cont. between old
Chuñu (Frost Giant)
and Kerana (vege-
tation goddess) is re-
newed... frosts killing
early buds that stub-
bornly return!

(a Fold out)

In Shanghai, August was a month of devastating heat. All the "foreigners" tried to escape it! We missionary folk usually remained in town mile stones and it was like living amongst the dead.

Perhaps these challenges of weather best us more than were willing to acknowledge. Perhaps there's a Terranow cycle that makes August so August.

For Yadin, also it's hectic... great celebrations a Xmas Mass for the peones... organizing the dizzy whirl is part of his job on this estancia. But after the barbecue (not every year held) for the peones on New Year's Day, we catch our breath. The children go down to the deep pools of the gorge to spend some lazy, dreamy days... it's magic.