

SCENE

four - mathom house
dining room - slow
full chatter

TAKE

coffee
& aspirin

SOUND

ticky-tac-tac-tic
ka-thunk ka thunk
natter natter natter

PROD. melange - the fulsome fapazine

DIRECTOR john + ljo

CAMERA cover: mike hinge - page 3: simpson - p 4: castles -
p 5: rotator - p. 13: casseres - p. 14: casseres, betty knight,
trina - p. 14: eddie jones - nocover: trina

DATE 99th mailing

EXT. fair +
warmer

INT. murkby
& fannish

PRODUCED BY rex-rotary + smith - corona with aid
from fred patten (thanz!)

A BUCKET of RAID



Bidingidongies, here we are deeply engaged in hacking out issue number four of MELANGE for this crazy organization known as the Fantasy Amateur Press Amalgamation. I'm not at all sure whether or not I'll get around to doing a separate colophon, so I might as well mention here that this magazine is the sole property of John & Bjo Trimble, residents (for the nonce) at Mathom House, 222 S Gramercy Place, Los Angeles 4, California, USofA. It will most likely appear in the 99th FAPA Mailing, in the Merry, Merry Month of May, 1962; the Year of the Tiger, according to Art Wilson and some Chinese fellers.

Speaking of Art Wilson.... When we did up his magazine, we weren't intending (or couldn't afford...we ain't proud) to have a magazine in this mailing. But the other day I got a deal on Speed-O-Print Sovereigns, @ \$2.05/qr, and since I had paper and ink.... And material. In fact, I've got material I can't afford to use this time...sorry Ruth...EdCo; maybe next time (if and when).

Someone (I've forgotten who...Lichtman, maybe) recently pointed out that it is much cheaper to publish an APazine than a genzine; parcel post being less expensive than separate mailing postage, etc. And hesheit (woops!) is right. Even so, we're not gonna be able to afford even much in the way of APazines for a while.

You see, we just sprung our bank account to dig up the purchase price (or the down-payment part of it) for a new Volkswagen. The Simca was getting to be a bit too expensive...it'd cost around \$250 for the 36,000 miles I'd put on it in the fourteen months we owned it, and it was in imminent need of another \$160-200 worth of work when we fobbed it off on some poor unsuspecting citizen of our fair city.

I've got to have a car in my work, and so we decided to go the VW route. A couple of weeks ago, I went out to Buena Park (about thirty miles away), and picked up a brand new, "anthracite"-colored VW sedan deluxe. "Anthracite" ...well, you wouldn't expect the Germans to call a car "French Gray", would you?

This VW is more fun -- and lots easier -- to drive than any other car I've either owned or driven any considerable amount...of...in...which.... And that would include several Chevys ('38, '53 & '55), a couple of Fords ('46 & '56), a Plymouth ('58 cab), an English Ford (worst ever), a Morris Minor, a Peugeot, a Fiat, a dash of Volvo, and too much Simca.

And now if this VW lives up to the legends of dependability and low maintenance, we're set. And it had damn well better; we're in hock for the darned thing through part of 1965! If the way it's put together is any judge, it will most likely live up to the advertising; the solidarity of the steel panels making up the body construction are a fine example of excellence...the rain-gutters on the directional wind-windows are a feature found only on the Caddy class of US-built autos...every damn thing in or on this car works (with the exception of the hinge-mounted side-view mirror, and I think tha 's

simply a matter of proper adjustment on the retaining nut), and that's something neither I nor any of my friends have ever been able to say about cars we've bought. And again, that's with an exception; Al Lewis has some 75 or 80 thousand miles on his Peugeot, and the electric clock still keeps perfect time...how many cars short of the Rolls can make that claim?

Anyway, the expense in financing the above car while still in hock for the Simca has cut into fanac money, and we're going to be forced to cut back.

The second (or maybe the first, really) reason for a cut-back in FAPac and fanac, in general, is less happy: My mother's operation for cancer about two years ago has proven out as unsuccessful to a large degree. She's currently taking two and three radiation treatments a week, which decidedly is not good. She suffers from nausea as a result of the cobalt, and this tends to weaken her, which in turn.... And then there's the arthritic condition in her arms and back, and.... And she lives alone, in an up-stairs apartment.

So Bjo and I are moving to Long Beach in the very near future. We've finally talked Mom into sharing a place with us, and we're striking while the iron's hot. (or while there's a reason for action).

The doctor has been advising the various of my relatives who've talked to him to advise the out-of-state folks who might visit with Mom to do so soon... which is not the most reassuring thing in the world. So we move...and cut back even further on everything for which we do not have an unalterable committment. When this Westercon's done....

But, from talking with a few local fen, the word is still ~~Westercon~~ L A Once More in '64!

From time to time in years past, Bjo and I and a host of other fans have found ourselves on the receiving end of the ~~fantastic~~ ~~notorious~~ famous Burbee hospitality; and this leads to all sorts of things...special fanzines, living legend articles...a whole class of fannish humor....


And sometimes, notes have been taken. And if the note-taker was sober enough, we would even read (and chuckle) over the witticisms after the event.

Like:

Burbee: "Ask us anything; if I can't answer it, John can. Go ahead -- ask us anything!"

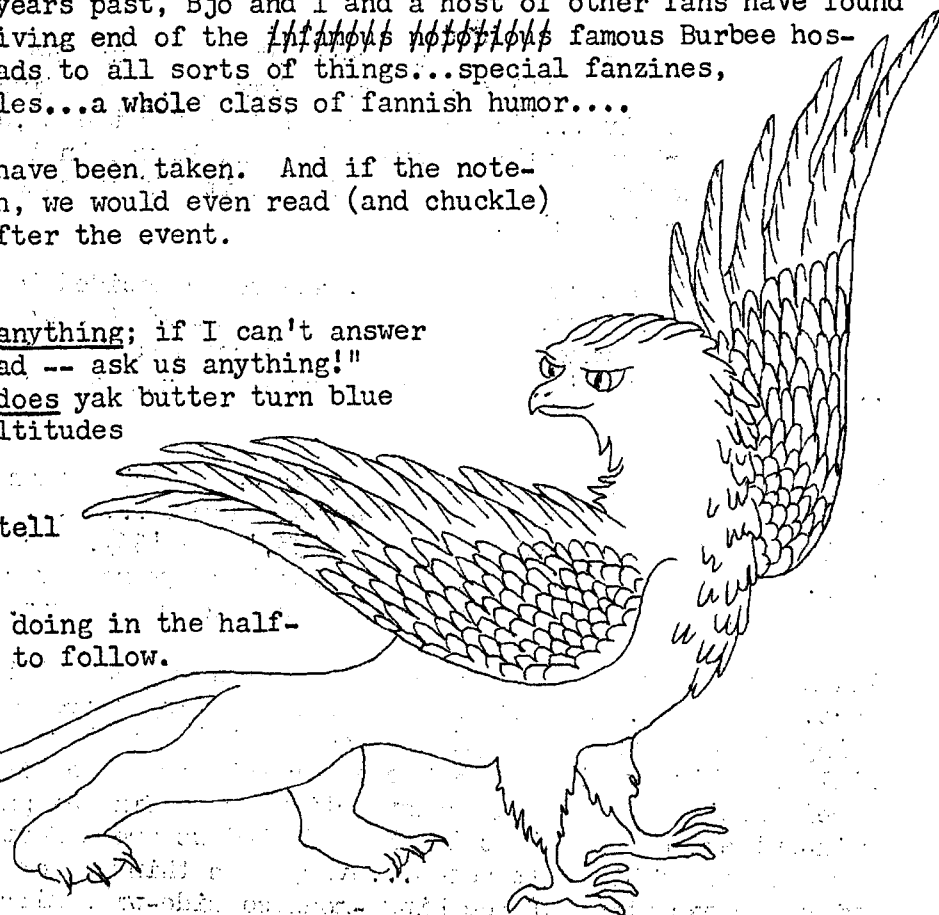
Bjo: "O.K., why does yak butter turn blue when elevated above altitudes of 5000 ft?"

Burbee: "That's John's department -- tell her, John...."

And that's what we're doing in the half-dozen of  so pages to follow.

So pour a can of beer to get in the mood, and proceed...you won't be sorry.

-----uss john griffin trimble-----



HAVE YOU HEARD OF BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S?

NOW JOIN US FOR

BEER AT BURBEE'S

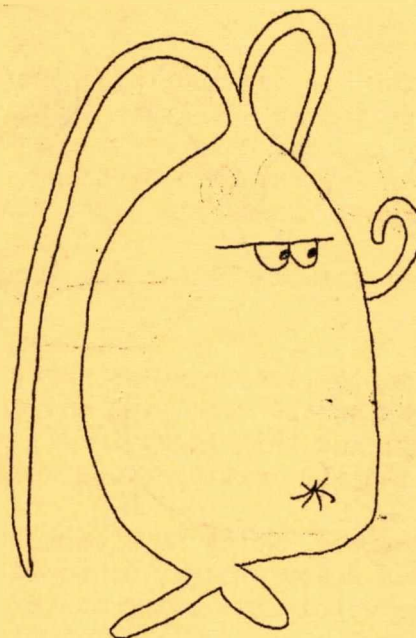
Everytime we visit the ancestral Burbee manse out Quaint Old Whittier way, we take notes. This is because Mr. Charles Edward Burbee, Junior hands us a piece of paper and says, "Why aren't you taking notes? I may say something deathless and you'd miss it and fandom would never forgive you!" He is perfectly correct, of course, and we did take notes faithfully. Finally we cleaned out our desk, and there was this huge stack of notes, full of Burbee, and slightly spotted with beer. Here, we make you a gift of them!

BURBEE discussing Shaggy: "I'm going to stop publication of that goddam thing if I have to copyright the English language!"

"If my name were Al Lewis, I could make that name mean something -- these two guys are flubbing it up!"

"A calm philosophy of life can be found in fanzines, for all knowledge is found in fanzines."

"Women are not even reasonable facsimiles of fanzines. Anyone that would chase women is chasing a nebulosity, but ten years later, you've still got your pile of fanzines."

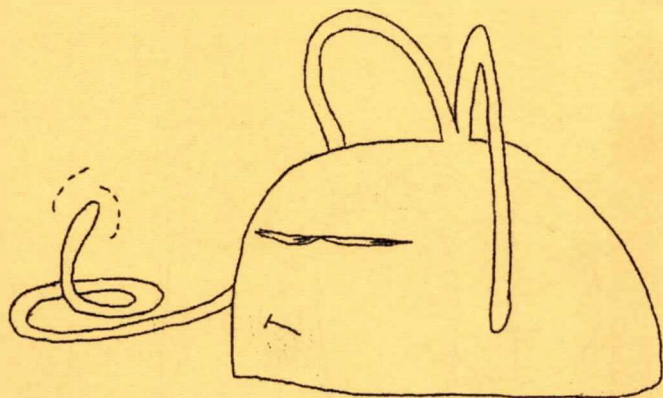


BURBEE on were-critters: "I have not seen hardly any werewolves in my life, but for the sake of the story, I'll accept the possibility that this man is were; that is, he is a werecat, or a werewolf, or a weretiger, or a wererhinoceros."

Bjo: (trying to write faster) "Did you say 'werehippopotamus' or wererhino..."

BURB: "Rhino! I don't believe in a werehippopotamus!"

"That goddam cat is a chowhound!"



MORE ON WERECRITTERS, thataway.....

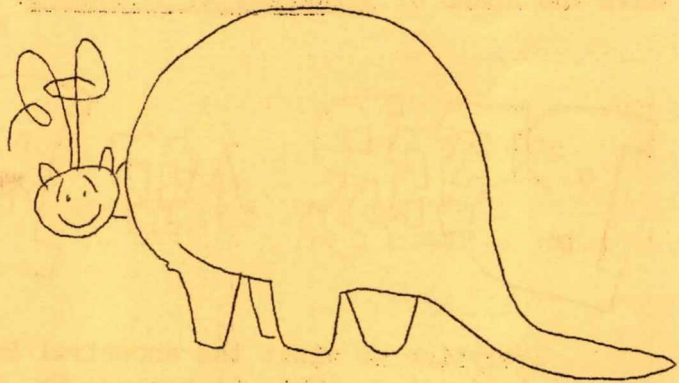
VERECRITTERS: Burb hands Steve Tolliver a glass of home-brew. "Drink that and you'll become a monster -- a lovable monster, but a monster."

Steve: "Can I keep my dimples?"

BURB: "Your dimples? Whoever heard of a monster with dimples?"

Steve: "Couldn't I be the first?"

BURB: "Well, you could - but we're not breaking any precedents around here tonite, boy!"



THE STUDENT BURB: "Teachers are our allies, just like the British and the Chinese."

Ed Cox: "I'm an English major, and I'll never let anyone forget it, nohow!"

BURB: "I had a conjunction once, but it got rusty and I threw it away."

Here Al Lewis made so bold as to question Burb about conjunctions.

BURB: "No, conjunctions were outlawed by the Treaty of Versailles and the only time we hear one used is in dramatic productions predating the Treaty."

"Look at me -- I teach Advanced Boondoggling at work, but do I speak Boondoggle at home? No, I'm the same sweet, lovable old coot that you've always known and loved!"

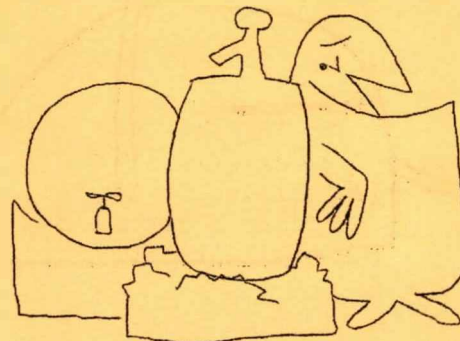
BURBEE on BEER:

Bjo: "Momma's daddy used to make two kinds of beer - regular beer and Choctaw beer, which was made up of about anything..."

John: "...like what?"

BURB: "Chalk! And some taw....but Choctaw beer is mostly chalk."

EdCo: "Fastest slurp in the West!"



"If you have nothing but lechers for friends, you've got to be broad-minded!"

Ed Cox tells BURBEE a story:

EdCo: "When I was a little kid -- and I was, one time....."

BURB: (to Bjo) "Don't put the pen away, I'm ready to say something quotable."

EdCo: "Well, anyway....."

Bjo: "You are?"

EdCo: "Well, back to my story...."

BURB: "Sure, name a subject."

EdCo: "As I was saying awhile ago...."

Bjo: "Mongese!"

EdCo: "No, well...I was just... you see...."

BURB: "Mongese is the day after Songeese."

EdCo: "Well, the story is....when I was a young boy...."

BURB: "Suggest another subject."

EdCo: "Anyway, they had these...."

Bjo: "Yak butter."

EdCo: "...these stories about..."

BURB: "It seems to me amazing that if so many people use yak butter in their hair, how come there are so many Tibetians?"

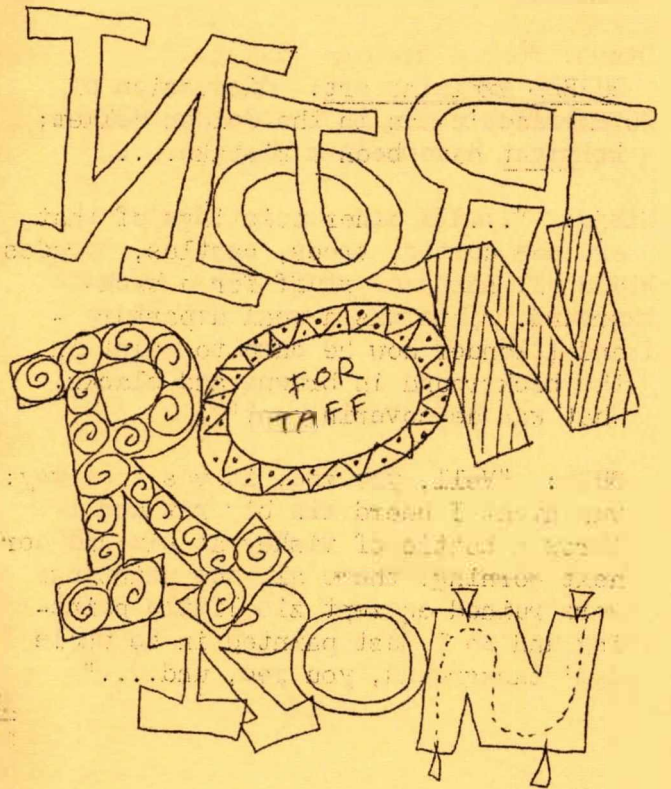
EdCo: "...some big name god. Name a big name god."

John: "Jupiter."

BURB: "Zeus, as in 'zeus suit'."

EdCo: "Yeah, so anyway.....
...so anyway..... *****
hmmm....well....so anyway

(he now has everyone's attention.)
Oh, the hell with it!"



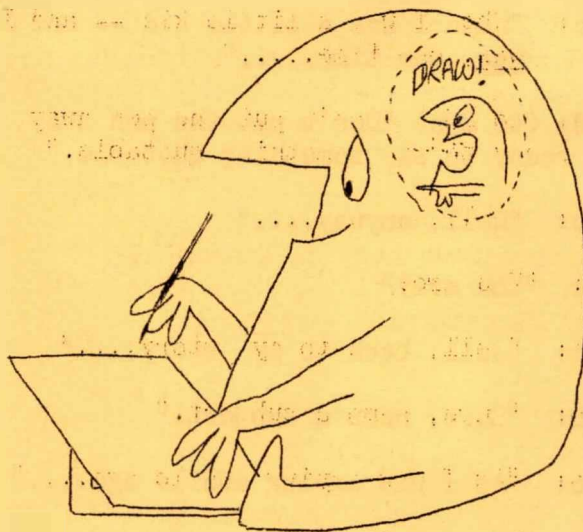
"Max Brand is literature, dad!"

"There's gotta be a lot of people with the name Jones or it wouldn't be so common."

BURBEE explains art: discussion of Rembrandt's Man in the Golden Helmet; it might have been a mistake....

Bjo: "...All other paintings of that era had horses, trees, castles, parades, and all sorts of stuff for a background. This was a real departure - and I wonder how he came to paint in the background in browns and blacks. What was he covering up?"

BURB: "Vell, you zee, it vas this vay; vun night I heerd zis big rat und I throw a bottle of viskey at him und der next morning, the~ all zee paintings vere ruined eggzept zis little painting und zo I just painted in ze whole dam' background, you zee, und...."



BURBEE & SEX: "Every house needs a French maid. It would lead to all sorts of misunderstandings and adventures in the family!"

BURB: "Married folk have no secrets. John tells Bjo about all the women he screws."

Bjo: "Are you sure John tells me about all those women?"

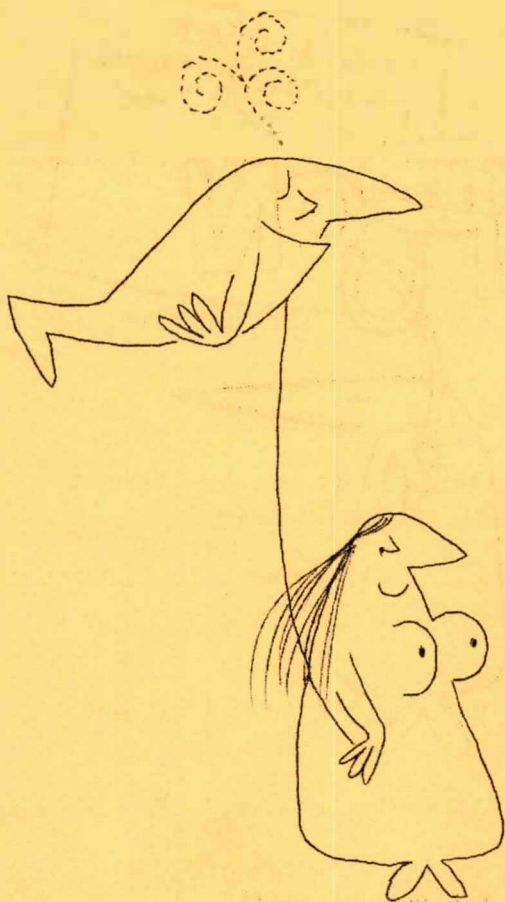
BURB: "Well, the ones that impressed him, he told you about -- the ones that didn't make any impression he probably forgot about right away."

"Bjo is my Secret Love; everybody knows that."

"I'm mighty glad there are four sexes!"

"Let's go in the living room, Isabel, and look up that reference in the dictionary. We'll be gone about 45 minutes, people... clear the table here...and start on the dishes...."

"I don't believe people ought to talk to women; make love to them or ignore them."



MORE sex & marriage: "I wouldn't be Burbee if I wasn't married!"

"If I were not miserable, I'd be the most married of men --- if I were not man, I'd be the most married of miserable..."

"I'd be a dead name in fandom if it weren't for Chavela, whom I know familiarly as that old --- Isabel!"

Isabel: "I thot cats reserved this sort of thing 'til nighttime?"

Bjo: "No, no, cats have no 'modesty'."

BURB: "People could learn a lot from cats."

Speaking about "A Fanzine for BJohn":
"Some people have nothing to show from the honeymoon, and they've got a fanzine."

A Few Facts of Life: "All Mexicans live only to 15 years of age because the hot food they eat burns out their stomachs."

Bjo: "All Mexicans? Do you have scientific facts to prove this?"

BURB: "I do."

Bjo: "Then where do all the Mexicans come from?"

BURB: "Why, what do you mean?"

Bjo: "I mean, how come there are always more Mexicans if they only live to 15?"

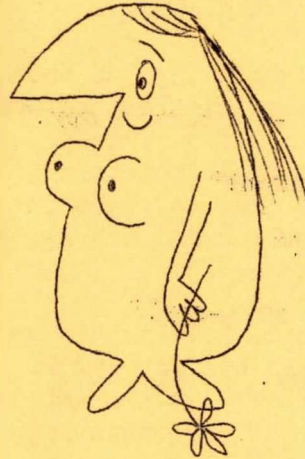
BURB: "Because I said it was scientifically true. Don't be difficult!"

Isabel: "The kids aren't home from the beach party, yet!"

EdCo: "Well, it isn't late...."

Isabel: "Yes it is; it's after 10!"

BURB: "What time do they turn off the waves?"



BURBEE-type conversation is catching:

Djinn: (taking cigarette from Steve)
"Just watch if we don't have an affair!"

Bjo! "Well!"

Steve: "Don't watch if we do!"

John: "I keep track -- I have a spy."

Bjo: "Who? Don Simpson?"

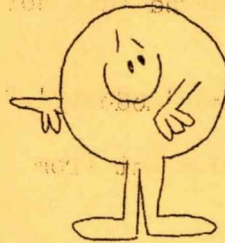
Don: "I'm not a spy!"

Bjo: "What are you, anti-spy?"

John: "He's an un-spy."

EdCo: "I don't think I've ever been loaded in Glendale...."

((above dialogue bits noted at Burbday parties and such gatherings))



ISABEL'S COOKING & related subjects: "Well, can we talk about Elmer Perdue while we're eating?"

Isabel described the elaborate lunches she prepares for Burb.

BURB: "Every day just before noon, a bunch of seagulls lands in the yard at work. If it wasn't for those seagulls, I'd be hard put to keep up any pretext of eating all my lunch."

"I like baked potatoes because they've got the bones on the outside."

BURB: "The trouble with having a good cook around is you don't have anything to get mad about."

Isabel: "Well, you find things!"

BURB: "That's because I'm ingenious."

"Elmer Perdue's home away from home -- DISNEYLAND."



More Olé Chavela: "You just like to cook whether anyone eats the food or not. You're just like a worker ant, cooking elaborate food by instinct. It'll be the death of me."

Isabel: "Then I'll marry a man who appreciates me! Like Ed, here."

BRUB: "Well, if you marry Isabel, I'll make up a handbook for you. We'll make 68 copies and run it thru FAPA... no sense in wasting all that work."

EdCo: "Look! Look! Isabel's beer..... is....it's foaming over the edge...!"

BURB: "You mean it didn't say 'tune in for Next Week's exciting adventure' as it spilled over?"

John: "What?"

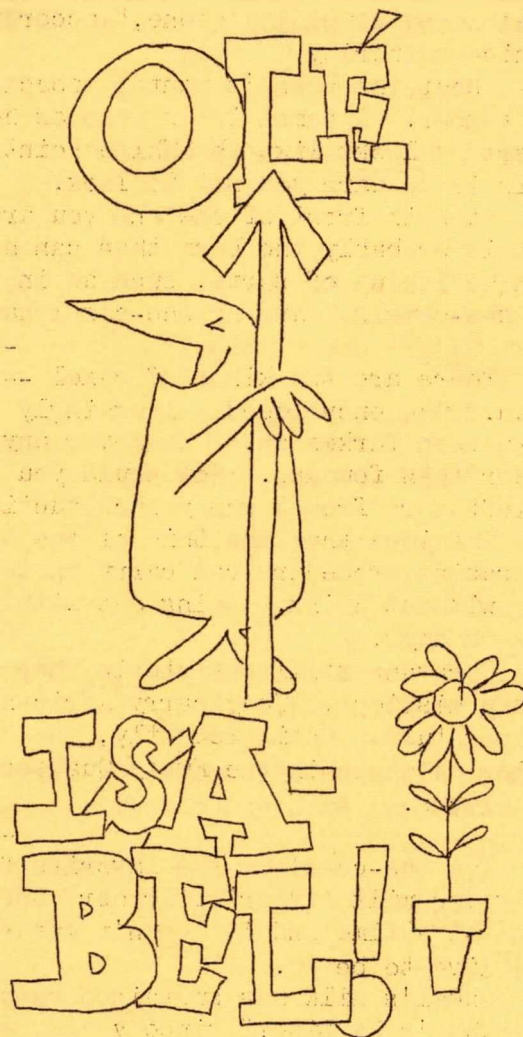
BURB: "Well, Ed was getting so wide-eyed and all over that glass of beer..."

BURB: "Isabel, light that boy's cigarette for him."

Isabel: "I can't, I don't have a match."

BURB: "Just snap your fingers, and when the tips burst into flame..."

Isabel: "No, that would hurt!"



Self-description: "Crude....crude...stupid,.. crude... no, that's two 'ooh' sounds at once; I'll put it between suspicious and 'mean.'"

"Oh, what a dreadful thing to say -- but it's typical Burbee!"

"If I said what was on my little pixie mind, you'd get madder'n hell!"

"Do you want something printable or something quotable?"

Bashir Ahmad, the Pakistani at Lyndon Johnson's place, is a brave man. Ahmad is a camel driver. The camel is the only animal that will spit in his master's eye.

"He is from first to last an undomesticated and savage animal rendered serviceable by stupidity alone," according to Sir F. Palgrave, the Encyclopedia Britannica authority.

About the beast's mental capacity there is some argument. There is none about his temper. A camel is as mean as he is tall and if you see one sluffing across the desert he looks like the White Point sewer outfall on stilts. The reason he wears bells is to warn you not to look.

Step in front of one and you are likely to be baptised with a week-old cud and that is probably the best than can happen to you around a camel in a good mood. When he is out of sorts, such as in rutting season, his burbling roars horrify all but she-camels. And no she-camel has been known to smile, except scornfully.

There are two kinds of camel -- the one-humped dromedary and two-humped Bactrian. The encyclopedia laughingly says the Bactrian "occurs wild in the deserts of eastern Turkestan." Wherever any camel occurs it occurs wild. Male camels are wilder than females. How would you react if your girl friend looked like a bundle of leftovers from a gunny sack auction?

The idea that the Ship of the Desert can go 10 days without water is a myth. An Arabian dromedary can carry up to a thousand pounds 25 miles a day for three days without drink. Being out with a camel, even to the corner caravan, just seems like 10 days.

Caravans still operate in some blighted sections of the globe, usually on sneaky missions. They carry African ivory to India to be passed off on tourists as native stuff. Until recently, the beasts were used for tribal raids and the kidnaping of women in the Empty Quarter of Arabia. Now the enlightened Arabs use U.S. oil trucks.

The she-camel is the favorite for long journeys because she is reasonably mean and gives milk a year after her confinement. Fortunately, there is only one baby camel at a time and it doesn't mature until it is 16. However, with bad luck, it will live to be 50.

Camel's milk has sustained many drivers. None would make a likely candidate for "What's My Line?" since years, or even days, of close proximity to camels is self-betraying.

Camels once were native to North America. Their fossils have been found from Alaska to Nevada. The earliest breed was about the size of a jackrabbit. In Nevada they survived until "recent" times, geologically speaking. Happily, when a scientist speaks geologically and says "recent" he's talking about the Pleistocene or Ice Age. But that, people who know camels opine, was a close shave for us.

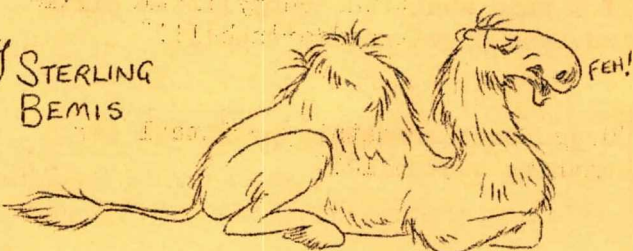
It is possible something good should be said about camels. For instance, camel's-hair brushes are used by artists. Some think this hair comes from the better end of the camel, but it is doubtful if it has a better end. Anyway, look at the end product of some artists.

A camel driver met by the writer in Karachi, Pakistan, was asked to list the qualities of his beast. He was silent quite a spell. Finally he brightened.

"You may have wondered, Sahib, why the camel seems to sneer. This is because man knows 99 names for Allah. The camel knows the hundredth."

(Reprinted without permission from The Long Beach Press-Telegram.)

by STERLING
BEMIS



THE "SHIPS of
the DESERT"
ARE SCOWS!

A page or two of unabashed natterings with no apologies for taking your time or mine, since the Isabel Casseres mermaids should well repay anyone who views this page. Sooo...why not...



.... BOP along with BJO

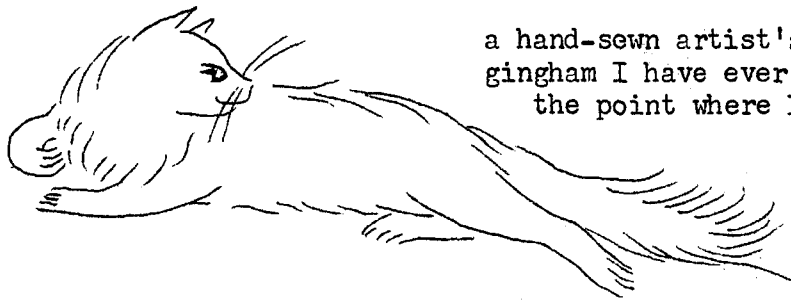
Being married to John Griffin Trimble has brought new and wonderful vistas into my life. There is always something new to discover about him... or about me.

We have been married for almost two never-a-dull-moment years, and only last week we found that we both like the same type of furniture and interior decorating. It had never come up before, because we had not been in a position to buy anything new. When you settle for Early Scrounge and Mid-Goodwill Garish, you simply settle and hope for slip-covers for Christmas. Now that we are faced with the idea of getting a place with real furniture, we also wondered how the other would take our ideas of decor. Somehow we both figured the other one to be very interested in being very modern. It probably has something to do with the "arty" atmosphere of fandom; never sit on a chair if there's a floor, don't admit that you'd like to own a freezer and like that. Well, we like Early American, and it was a pleasant surprise for us!

By EA, we mean good, solid wood of the golden-grained "Salem Maple" kind (not the tricky-cute too-red "Cape Cod Maple") with bright patterns in the cloth accessories instead of the murky overcrowded prints that decorators keep trying to foist off as "authentic". We don't care for French Provincial or the "Early Colonial" stuff which is either too white-and-gold-curliques or all over crazy little railings, wooden ruffles, and planters made from "original" old muzzle-loaders or coffee-grinders. Not that many interior decorators know any difference in the names and designations of "Early American" furniture.

This will probably put the Trimbles down as being too, too bourgeois and "respectable" for words, but that really is the worry of the people who are handy with titles and parlor-psychology. We like comfort and warmth.

John has also introduced me to the cool side of the color wheel. The only blues I favored were hot turquoise or greyed copen blue, and I never wore any purples. Somewhere along the line, John got the idea that I would look good in violet shades, and he told everyone else that he wished I would wear lavender. The result was that every bit of clothing I got for Christmas was some shade of purple! My mother sent huge, horrid fuzzy violent violet slippers (which the cats promptly attacked), and some lavender flannel pajamas (Mother always sends me flannel pajamas for Christmas...I sometimes wonder if she really likes me...). John's mom gave me a cute capri & blouse set, in shades of orchid and the Leibers presented me with a sweater of the exact matching shade. My sister kindly sent



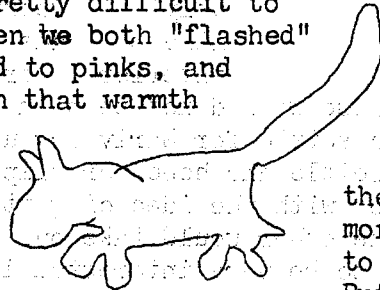
a hand-sewn artist's smock of the first lavender gingham I have ever seen. I'm even getting to the point where I like the color.

Lavendar is a strange color, and the people who subscribe to it by nature seem to fall into two groups. I happen to know a person from each group rather

well, and the similarity of the surface personalities is as amazing as the underlying differences. The red-purple, when pastelled down to orchid, and the blue-lavendar or violet, are very different colors. (Those of you who would wish to dispute the color designation may take it up with the present-day color experts; there are as many changes in color names per season as there are stupid fashions.)

Djinn Faine was one who loved orchid. She bought the lovely French lipsticks of Michel, because they came in orchid shades, and could not bypass a sheer scarf of that hue. Much of her lingerie was various shades of orchid. Her tendency for the red shades of purple showed up her liking for warmth, and her impetuosity. She could get quite excited about things, but usually was only displaying a flash of temper, not a cool, premeditated bitterness. Of course even flash-temperers get pretty difficult to a parting of the ways when we both "flashed" interest in reds extended to pinks, and again was good indication that warmth prime importance.

live with, and we came to at the same time. Her coral tones also, which and generosity was of I still miss Djinn.

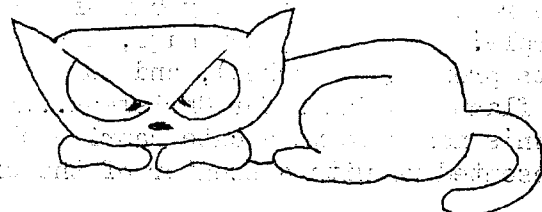


One who loves leaning toward being impetuous. That is not personality in any sense. "figure the angles" before taking any step, and usually have some goal firmly fixed in their mind, no matter how surprised or innocent they may act along the way. Sometimes, the act is part of the "game" of living to them, whether they mean it to get the better of someone else or not. But then there is the rare and wonderful type who likes the blue lavendars, the violets, who loves the serenity of cool shaded woods and softly running water. This is the gentle and thoroughly loving type of cool-eyed person, who often leaves a whole "aura" of pure violet in their wake.

the blue-purples has a usual more cold in outlook and much less to say that the person is a frigid But cool-eyed people more often

While in the Navy, I took some tests on color and color-psychology (can anyone tell me the names of these tests? I cannot locate them in textbooks from the library as yet.) and found that I am both warm-and-cool eyed - a small sort of honor which I share with only a few hundred others, it seems. That explains why I am so wild about all colors, and have found color psychology an interesting study. The reason I never wore purple before was that my hair was much redder before the accident in 1959, and I never thought of buying purple in any shade when I had a choice of blues or browns, which I knew looked well on me. No confidence. When I realized that even rinses would not restore the dark red-auburn sheen (and I did not wish to "keep up" a dye job), I adjusted to having dark brown hair, even trying new shades of make-up which I could not wear before. C'est la cotton-pickin' vie.

Anyone interested in a run-down of people who like orange and green? Or the advocates of "basic black"? Or shall I quit while I'm winning. Best I do that!



Nights can be very long when a shoulder and back keep sleep at bay, and reading material is a blessing; so many thanks to Don Wollheim for sending the ACE books. I just finished Queen Cleopatra by Talbot Mundy, and am impressed by the strength in his characterizations. Mundy still gives Tros the final word, tho Cleo plays second fiddle to no one, and Caesar is shown as the wonderfully mad military genius he must have been. The Cleopatra whom Tros knew was a really magnificent person, but it was Caesar in his instant illumination of man's treachery who said, "...What is the offense you have committed against me, that you so suddenly turn Olympus' dissertations are the outstanding long novel full of



A few notes to the lovely dress which for me has come to an made a perfect size 10 larger, topside. Since let out, I was very However, there is a to a good home. There

club, whose mother is a widow with a medium-paying job. Terry is about 11 now, and almost my height, with long straight blond hair and strange blue eyes. She looks very much like Teniels Alice, when she isn't smiling. In any case, she will soon be in a position to need a fine, lovely party dress, and we can take that sort of material in. I can't explain to some why it is too fragile to let out, but if you've ever worked with nylon, you understand. It is a beautiful dress, and it was made for me in friendship, which makes me the happier to pass it on to make someone else happy with it. Isn't that the way it should be?

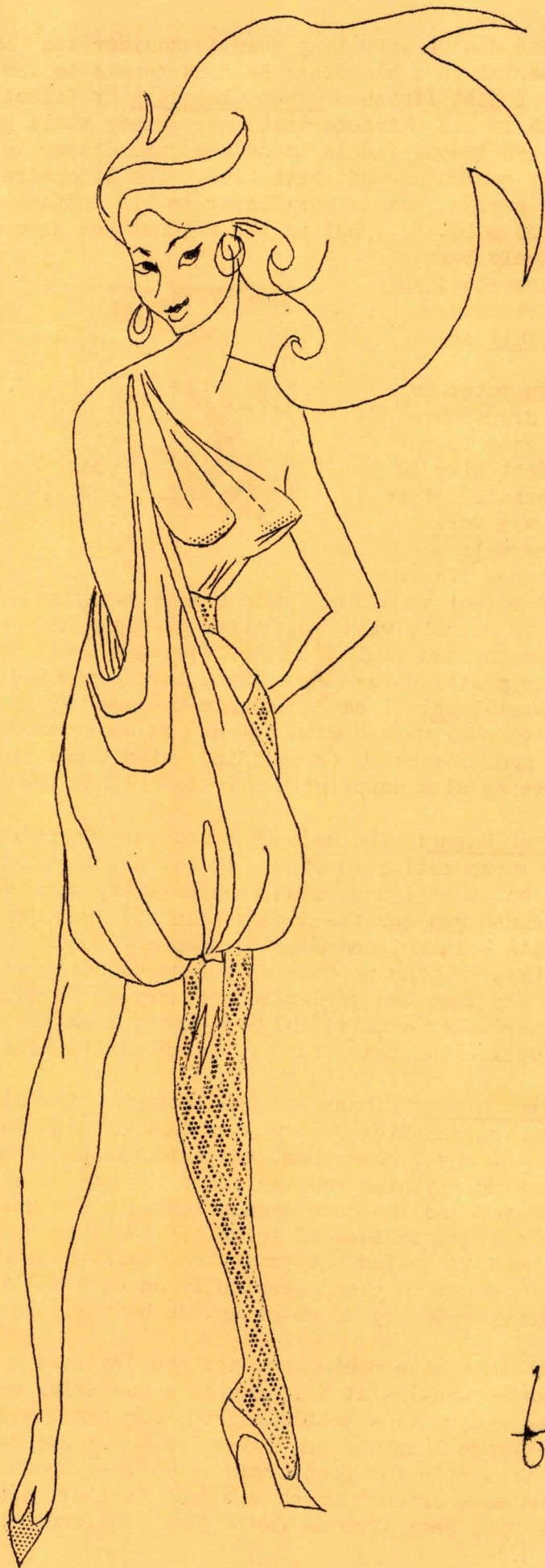
FAPA-folk: Phyllis Economou: Jane (Jacobs) Gallion made interesting end; it was and - suddenly - I am now the material cannot be sad to have outgrown it. bright side, for it goes is a little girl in our

Elinor Busby: You make me sound very ungrateful for your fine hospitality when I was recuperating in 1959. It was not that I didn't like the soup for breakfast, but that I was taken completely by surprise; I had resigned myself to eggs because you and the doctor said to! Besides, as I recall, we got very involved with talking, and let the soup get cold. But I'll always remember Nobby and Lisa helping me take naps (and bounding down the length of me, off the couch, and into the garden in a flurry of flopping ears to "protect" us all from a butterfly or a cat!) and I consider them the second-best back-warmers I know....well, John comes first. But I did appreciate the soup for breakfast!

Harry Warner: Thank for the letters. You always write letters at the right time; you and Rick Sneary seem to know just what to say. I wish I could say things the way I mean them, and communicate as well as you do. Don't worry about us taking anything you say about the way we are doing things amiss; it is people like you and the good people listed above who aid us tremendously by telling us things, instead of going off the deep end on rumors and second-hand stories. We have goofed things up to a fair-thee-well, but you don't make us feel that we ought to bleed personally on each and every issue of the FA for it; you encourage us to try to go on and do better. Thank you, sir!

With this move coming up, and new problems to cope with (none of them being my mother-in-law at all; she is a wonderful person and I love her dearly) and getting - darnit! - settled again, our fanac will be slowed considerably. The only letters I intend answering fully are any dealing with the art show; you will have to settle for pocsarcds if you get anything at all from me. I am sending out some artwork which was done earlier, and that will just about be all anyone will hear from me for a bit. (Silence those rowdy cheers in the back, there!)

----Bjo----



Lina