

Letters From Fanne...

by Asenath Hammond

My dearest Frederick,

As you so graciously requested, I am setting pen to paper to recount the tale of my journey from the city of New York to the midwestern metropolis of Minneapolis.

It was in the early part of the month of October, as the leaves were heralding the arrival of autumn, that I commenced to hear beckoning voices. "Come to Minneapolis," they whispered, "come to the land of lakes, home of the Hobbitat, domain of Dickson and meeting place of Minnstf." Never have I been one to ignore disembodied voices, as you are aware! Thus urged, I consulted my fairy godmother, the Bank of Marine Midland. "Go, my child," quoth my bank, "but hearken — you must return before the bell tolls on Hallowe'en, or your credit card will suffer a metamorphosis and you will find yourself possessed of a pumpkin — postage due."

Armed with this warning, I set about the task of preparing for my departure. Equipping myself with a brace of valises, I bid farewell to my esteemed colleague, David the Effervescent Emerson, promised my feline friends that I would avail myself of the postal system to send them scenic cards depicting my travels and set off bravely to the station of the rapid transport system of New York. As befits a voyager to your musical habitat, I had amongst my various accouterments a guitar of dubious vintage. In the underground station, I was accosted by a gentleman, who pressed his card into my hands. Perusing this bit of cardboard with some interest, I discovered that I had been offered the opportunity to avail myself of various recording facilities. Alas, but my musical expertise extends only to the rhythmic repetition of a single chord — fate truly was enjoying a jest at my expense!

I shall relate more of my peregrinations in further missives, dear Frederick.

I remain, as ever,

Fanne

Fred, baby -

Well, sweetie, I caught this Northwest Orient Big Bird at LaGuardia Airport. The flight was dullsville, so I had a couple of cokes to drown my sorrows. Finally, we landed at the Sin Twitties Airplace. I snuggled into Horace - you know Horace, don't you, pussycat - my furry coat? Well, anyway, there I am, up to the earlobes in warm, cause I know there's going to be a blizzard - I mean, it was 35 in the Big Apple, for ghusake - and it turns out to be 65 in Mipple/Stipple. Sheesh. Horace burst into tears. It's going to take months before he wants to go out again - I mean, what's his motivation?

Love and Kisses

Fanne

Deer Uncle Fred,

Nate and Caryl and Jerry and Mike came to get me at the place. They took me home in a big blue car. Minneapolis has trees and air. Jerry was sick and we took him home to his house. Mike went to see his friend Saint Paul. Caryl made us a big dinner and we stayed up all night and watched TV. We ate lots of popcorn. Don't tell my mother.

XXXXXXXXXX

Fanne

P.S. Jack chewed on my feet when I went to sleep.

Mon cher Fred,

On Thursday, Caryl and I, we went to the shops. I saw the so delightful Uncle Hugo's and the Electric Fetus, where I made the purchase of a phonograph record. We proceeded to the liquor market, to obtain of supplies for the evening party. We returned chez Bucklin for the cleaning of the house and the making of brownies, then dined at the nearby Burger Whatist.

Pdble. Odren was the first to arrive at the soiree, followed presently by the large part of the fannish monde of the cities. I made the acquaintance of many new persons, and was able to observe the so valiant Denny Lien as he saved the world from a surplus of beer. Gordy arrived with Joe Haldeeman, and we had a pleasant discussion on the goodness of vodka and Fresca for those who are engaged in the following of a regime of diet. I regret that the party soon became an admirable blur of the eyes but I do recall your entreaties for the making of more popcorns.

Je t'embrasse,

Fanne

MEMO

TO: Haskell

FROM: Fanne

RE: Friday

1) Lunch: ate at the Malt Shop with Caryl and Nate Bucklin, excellent meal (**** in the Minneapolis Restaurant Guide)

2) Minicon (afternoon): perused the art show, hucksters room, greeted Ctein and Rusty Hevelin; missed the annual Jim Young Ten Cent Tour of downtown Mipple.

Minicon (evening): attended con party under the influence of blog. Entertainment provided by the trio of Ben, Barbara and Joe, singing those oldies but mouldies. Attendees appearing from far parts: Rick Sternbach & Charlie Duelfer from Connecticut, Don Lundry from New Jersey, Mike Baker from K.C., Rick Gellman and Louis Spooner from cross country. A fan time had by all.

Dear Mr. Haskell,

Thank you for your request for information about the Saturday programme at Minicon. Unfortunately, Minicon had no programme this year. As a substitute diversion, attendees were directed to the Library, where they were amused by a variety of panels and films. Guides were distinguished by propellor beanies.

During the evening hours, a banquet was offered, at which Ben Bova was presented with the andy offutt matchbook for his discourse on the marshmallow. Following this entertainment, those present adjourned to the con suite, to imbibe blog, listen to the various musical offerings and consume vast amounts of peanuts.

I hope this satisfies your curiosity on the matter. Please feel free to make future enquiries.

Sincerely,

Fanne

Grēetiņgs, ēntity Frēdhāskēllēditōr. Wē āre āttēmpptiņg trāņsmissiōņ througħ oṛgāņic
mēāņs, ās rādiō wāvē iņtērfēreņcē is rife frōm yōur plāņētāry bōdy. Plēāsē cōntiņue
cōņsūmptiņg thē liqūid lūbricānt āt yōur dispōsāl, ās it fācilitātes cōmūņicātiōņ.

Our oṛsērvācē of thē rōtātiōņ pēriōd thāt tērminātēd “Minicōņ” iņclūded ā gāthēriņg āt
thē dōmīcīlē of thē gēstālt ēntity thāt cālls itsēlf “Thē Lēssīņgērs.” Entitiēs prēsēnt
pārtōok of thē liqūid lūbricānt, whīch sēēmēd tō iņdūcē ūņcōņsēiōusņēss. Cāņ yōu ēxpłāiņ
thīs phēņōmēņōņ? Thēy ālso ēņgāgēd iņ ā cōmūņicātiōņ ritūāl iņvolviņg thē imitātiōņ
of tōņāl pāttērs prōdūcēd by āgitātiņg filāmeņts strētch ālōņg hōllōw cōņstrūcts.

Whīlē āll of thīs wās mōst iņfōrmātivē, wē hāvē ā quēstiōņ thāt wē beg thāt yōu wīll
āņsvēr.

Plēāsē, Hāskēllēditōr, whāt is ā “bug ēvēd mōņstēr?”

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN (APA)

Monday was the opening night of Caryl and Company, in their triumphant return to the Sheraton. The performance was attended by a motley crew of sci-fi fanatics, who apparently regard drinking as a way of life. One of the crew, Dick Steinbach, occupied himself with defacing the liquor tabs with drawings of strange landscapes that seemed to completely disregard artistic conventions of light and shadow. He was occasionally dragged out onto the dance floor by two blonde females, who eventually had to support him as he staggered out the door of the bar, screaming for pizza.

The rest of the party left en masse as the bar closed, heading off to engage in lord knows what perversions. What ever happened to the cleancut audiences that used to attend Perry Como's performances?

and anyhow David says take two giant
my career will be ruined if anyone sees this and i
was in Boston all week i have witnesses anyway,
who would believe in a city that turns off its
waterfalls?

Fanne

Foot, of rectifier of
grammatical errors, i know i
promised to reveal all about my
trip to Mapple — speaking of
trips, boy look at the typewriter
it's crawling off the table! — did
you know tripewriters had
tails? Long white ones and they
plug them into walls and plug
far out! Anyway, i don't
remember much since the full
prefrontal they did on my
fanzine collection last week

and anyhow David says take two giant — er, that
my career will be ruined if anyone sees this and i
was in Boston all week i have witnesses anyway,
who would believe in a city that turns off its
waterfalls?