

April 2009

# Home Kookin'



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the food, and the Vegrants were off and running, with merriment the tune to dance.

**Arnie Katz:** I figure that either Nic's rental car had retractable wings that let him fly over the intervening mountains between Los Angeles and Las Vegas, or he has discovered the Warp Drive.

**Arnie Katz:** Egoboo is to fanzines as Vigaros is to lawns. Sprinkle enough egoboo on a bunch of Core Fandomites and a one-off oneshot can become a series.

In fact, that's exactly what has happened with *Home Kookin'*. Fans seemed to enjoy the first one, so we're back to try it again. I'd like to think that Burbee and Rotsler are smiling down at us from The Enchanted Convention, even if this isn't quite up to *Wild Hair*. (No, we haven't abandoned *Idle Minds*. We'll have the third issue in a week or so.)

We're doing *Home Kookin'* at a Vegrants meeting. It's a rather unusual one from several standpoints. For one thing, we moved this one to Friday and, for another, we have Special Guests. The fabulous Nic Farey and his (obviously forebearing) wife Bobbie are in Vegas for One Night Only.

**Joyce Katz:** It was nice of Alan and Dedee White to let The Cineholics trade nights with the Vegrants. I can't believe FanWonderBoyFarey would ever sit still long enough to see a movie. And since he and Bobbie won't be here on Saturday, it really helped to be able to reschedule the Vegrants meeting.

The party started early, with the arrival of Jacq and JoHn. We figured Tee and James would be next, but they were narrowly beaten out by the Fareys, who made the trip from California to Vegas in record time. By 7:30, Nic had mellowed down with several beers, James had helped set up

**John Hardin:** *Esta usted en territorio Zapatista en rebeldia aqui manda el pueblo y el gobierno obedece.* So watch yourself. I just heard Nic Farey say he was slumming here; now you know what he really thinks of us. On the other hand, he was talking to Bill Mills, who was recounting a story with graphic re-enactments of projectile vomiting.

Slumming or not, Nic seems like he's having a good time. It's good to see him and Bobbie, and I can only think of what a great thing it would be if they relocated not-too-far-away. The party is beginning to swing now, new faces are appearing with increasing frequency; laughter and conversation can be found in every room. Welcome to Las Vegas.

**James Taylor:** It's fun to watch Nic and Bill Mills joust over control of the middle room of the Launchpad. And Bobbi and Tee are listening and nodding agreement as needed. Jolie has arrived with a cake in honor of Arnie and Joyce's 38<sup>th</sup> anniversary and an ad hoc modified version of the happy birthday song has been sung by a flash fan mob that sudden arrived in the middle room. Now

## About Our Cover

Bill Mills' fannish camera captures the dynamism, bright-eyed intensity and quiescent energy of Nic Farey and his hat in this photo taken early in the evening of the Special Vegrants Meeting in honor of him and wife Bobbie's visit to Glitter City.



Jacqueline Monahan brought a bunch of individual letter magnets and assembled them into this anniversary greeting.

Nic and Bobbie Farey inspired this oneshot, but you should still like them, because they are delightful, charming and entertaining folks.



David Gordon is accusing me of being anti-social for doing fanac; what is the world coming to?

**Joyce Katz:** Seems strange, with all the musicians in The Vegrants, but it was definitely ad hoc. But then, so is the mob, and that probably best explains the way the song came out.

I like the term “flash fan mob”. I’m not sure whether it means the fan mob is flashy, or if it re-

fers to instant fanac.

**Nic Farey:** “You need to take a turn,” said Arnie. “At the keyboard!” he hurriedly added.

“Ah, sorry,” I said, rebuckling my pants. I adjourn to the center table to find the ashtray and to the kitchen to find some suitable alcoholic inspiration.

There’s no fuckin’ Beam.

**Home Kookin’ #2, April 2009** is a oneshot produced at at the special Vegrants meeting to celebrate the visit of Nic and Bobbie Farey.. It was written on Friday evening, April 24, at the Launch Pad, the home of Arnie & Joyce Katz (crossfire4@cox.net). It is the Group Effort of the Actifan Element, which includes Tee Cochran & James Taylor, Bill & Roc Mills, Ross Chamberlain, Alan & Dedee White, Don Miller, JoHn Hardin, Bryan Follins, Jacq Monahan, Brenda Dupont, Jolie LaChance, John DeChancie, Rick King, Ron & Linda Bushyager and Arnie & Joyce Katz.

**Send letters of comment to: crossfire4@cox.net**

Published April 30, 2009.

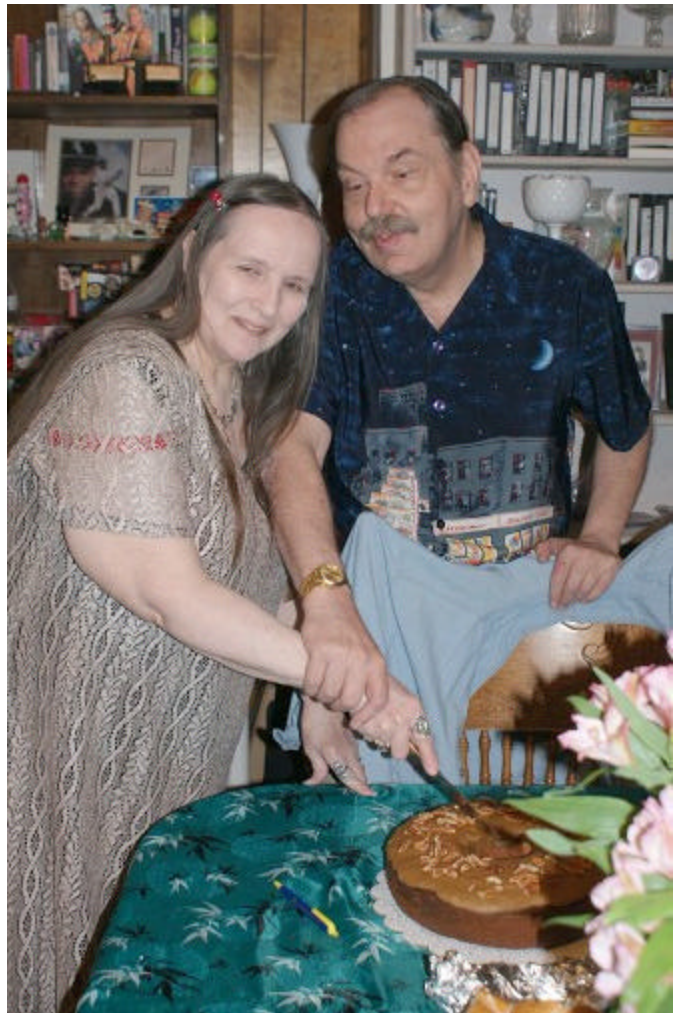
All photos by Bill Mills exceptes 7, 8, 9 by Alan White  
Member daw; Supporter AFAL

Jeez, ya call this hospitality? OK, the brandy will do in a pinch I suppose. Ugh – maybe not – that’s some rough booze right there.

Well I suppose it fits in with the rough company. Crystal Meth Mills is pinging off the walls, but this is a good thing in some ways, since as I point out to the unreliable (but still nice) JoHn Hardin, I don’t feel a need to fill in any conversational gaps since Bill got here, because there aren’t any. Familiar faces from CfAg are all in evidence, and some sadly familiar asses too as they walk in directions approximating away. Jolie’s cake is super-good! Well, what else would I expect?

**Jolie LaChance:** It’s not crystal meth, it’s just how he is (I think). I need to look up Moosebutter and the Rankin family. Anyone who has ever played an instrument (especially in school) needs to see the Pachelbel rant on youtube. I’m glad the cake turned out. Theresa is tuning as I type so I can be alliterative. It’s a nice cheery group tonight and it feels Corfluish.

**Brenda Dupont:** What a night to make my return. It has all the feel of family – the type of family that feeds an injured soul. I was so warmly greeted by Joyce and Arnie and introduced to the GoH’s. Nic is very personable, even if he does talk funny. When I last attended Vegrants, there was a litter due to the resident kitty. Tonight there are little kitties running ‘round and I feel the yearning for one of my own. I’ve just left the Front Room after having a discussion on the best place to get real bagels, since they have all turned



Joyce and Arnie cut into the anniversary cake provided by Jolie LaChance.

to bread. Tee, Bill & Nic make music - Werewolves in London ...er Fandom! I need to be fed more often.

**Joyce Katz:** That’s a sore point – most of the places that make bagels evidently have never seen real ones. A muffin with a hole in the middle just doesn’t cut it.

**Bryan Follins:** It’s good to see Brenda in such good spirits. She is a brilliant person who adds to ANY group. This the best time of year in Las Vegas, warm days and mild nights. Bill Mills is currently doing a take-off on “Thank God I’m a Country Boy. (Laughs).

**Don Miller:** Good Garthog tonight! (quick, what’s that from?) Nice party. I wish I was here. I feel like a Mega-Parsec away. That’s what hap-



Alan White snaps a photo of Derek Stazenski and Brenda Dupont, back after circumstances forced each to miss several Vegrants meetings.



Roc & Bill Mills were having such a fine time that they stayed a couple of hours later than their usual exit, much to everyone's enjoyment.

pens when you finish a ten hour shift and run to a party. I'm going back to immerse myself. Go immerse yourself too.

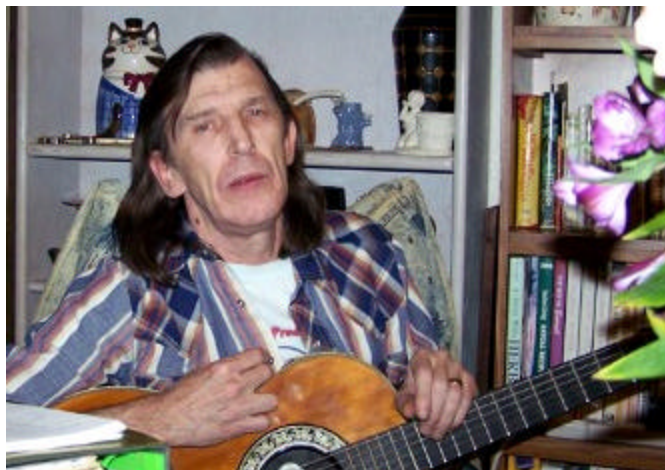
**Teresa Cochran:** Oh, my, it's spontaneous generation of a mini-Corflu! Nic, Bobbie, Bill and I have had fun jamming and playing various songs. I went from fiddle to drumming on the dining-room table, once I'd had several shots of malt whiskey. Bobbie has a beautiful voice and harmonizes exquisitely, and I simply can't believe that Nick doesn't own a musical keyboard. I've had a

conversation with Bobbie about working with children, since she works in that capacity, and we talked about our learning methods. I'm a tactile learner and she's an audio learner. Nick gave me a very good précis of the zines he's pubbed, and they're all up on efanzines, so I can read them. It's good to see those nice folk, and I hope we'll meet soon at another Corflu or visit, or if they move hereabouts!

**Joyce Katz:** I couldn't agree more. I look forward to the Fareys return under any circumstances, but their moving here or nearby would be a terrific addition to local fandom. Of course, there's always the chance that having Nic and Bill Mills in the same group would produce so much energy that we'll all blast off into space from the high-powered fuel they generate.



James Taylor talks to Brenda & Bobbie.



As always, Bill Mills did a splendid job of leading the musicale, blending an array of folk, blues and country with songs about Fandom like "Going Down to Corflu."

**Bill Mills:** I wish I'd had time during the festivities to write something for the one shot. I wish I'd had time during the festivities to read any of the one shot. But, I did see many wonderful folks sitting at the computer during the party, so I know there are many wonderful contributions already in the one shot. Under usual circumstances I would now feel guilty for being so absorbed in the goings on of the party that I ignored the group effort on the one-shot. But, in this case I let my enjoyment of the celebration of my friends' thirty-eighth wedding anniversary, combined with the visit of two exceptional fen Bobbie and Nic Farey, keep me away from the computer and I feel not a twinge of guilt! It was a Gala night indeed. And really folks, at this point in time, a gal a night is about all Arnie is up to! Nic seemed to be having a grand time,



Although this was a special meeting night for the Vegrants, everyone brought their regular Saturday night appetites.

being able to use on me all the "dear Ghu does this guy ever stop?" lines that others have used on him for years... and have it be, perhaps the one and only time in which he will find someone else on whom their use is completely appropriate. I do think he was amused to discover someone as hard NOT to hear in crowd as HE is! However, when the comic banter gave way to our joint musical doodlings I completely forgot about any other, well damned near any other, activity available at the Launch Pad.

To others it may be old news but, Bobbie Farey has a great deal of musical talent quietly residing behind that pixie-like smile. It was a delightful surprise for me! Her lovely voice and good ear for harmony really added a lot to our jamming, especially when she joined voice with our resident songbat and fiddler Teresa Taylor. Nic and I (on guitar and keyboard), JoHn Hardin (on harmonica), Teresa (on fiddle) and an enthusiastic audience-slash-backup-choir made music until nearly 1 a.m. and I had to force myself to quit then. These

two fine fen had to get on a plane and fly back to their own home at 9 a.m. the next morning! I think Nic was ready to play for another two hours and truthfully, so was I. But, with some regret I knew, I had to pack up the gear and end the show, in the hope that my two new friends could get, at least, some rest before battling McCarren Airport in the early morning. I hope that they did.

It was an entertaining and memorable night for me (when I think of it I shall 'BEAM'! Beam... get it? Nic's 'zine? Ooh, nevermind!), and I can only hope that Arnie, Joyce, Bobbie and Nic had as great a time as Roxie and I. +++

On hands for the festivities were: Nic & Bobbie Farey, Bill & Roc Mills, James Taylor & Tee Cochran, JoHn Hardin, Jacq Monahan, Alan & DeDee White, Ross Chamberlain, Don Miller, Jolie LaChance, Brenda Dupont, Bryan Follins, Derek Stazenski, David Gordon, Lori Forbes, Lubov and Craig, Joyce & Arnie Katz

# Nic Farey

## Fan of Distinction

Amid all the hoopla – the parades, the fireworks, the string ensembles – that attended Nic Farey’s arrival in Las Vegas, a small voice whispered a salient question, Well, actually two salient questions combined into a compound sentence:



“Who is this guy and why is he shouting?”

The small whisper belonged to one of the Vegants’ recently minted neofen. Sadly, all of our fine additions have appeared on the local scene *since* Nic’s triumphal appearance at Corflu Silver. In view of the misguided caterwauling about Core Fandom dying, we have a whole bunch of Vegants who still measure their Core Fandom careers in months rather than years. They are used to quiet and sedate fans like Bill Mills and me and have not yet encountered a true maniac of this magnitude.

Oh, I suppose they have heard the wild tales, but I don’t think any of them yet receive Nic’s entertaining fanzines. Perhaps nameless fear and apprehension grips these eager neofen, but they do not yet know the Fannish Force of Nature that is Nic Farey.

Of course, Nic doesn’t know any of them, either. So for Nic, his charming and inexplicably calm wife Bobbie, and any others who might like to know a little more about our latest population explosion, let me tell you about the more prominent arrivals. No one’s set a page limit, so there’ll be plenty of time to profile Nic Farey, Fan of Distinction before this article concludes.

First, and closest to my heart, is Jacqueline Monahan, now fanning under the nickname “Jacq.”. Joyce and I have started spending a lot of time with Jacq in the last few months. She’s very good company, talks well on a variety of subjects and has a trufannish soul. She’s as skittish as a faun, but I haven’t seen many take to the idea of

**By Arnie Katz**



Fandom more naturally and quickly.

Jacq is rapidly assimilating great gobs of fan-nish knowledge and getting a little more confident as she gain familiarity. She's a professional writer and has already begun applying her talents to *Idle Minds* and SNAPS. She hasn't yet worked up sufficient courage to write on the oneshot, *Home Kookin'*. If she lets it rip, Jacq well blossom into a significant writer and editor for Core Fandom.

Rick King, missing from the meeting for the first time in a couple of months, was a Las Vegas fringe-fan in the early 1990's. Rick has returned with, seemingly, every intention of becoming active in Fandom as a writer and artist. He has done a few things so far, but he is a very personable guy who will undoubtedly produce interesting and entertaining content once he really gets rolling.

Brenda Dupont is already extreme active on the local level and has begun contributing to all the Vegrants' fanzines. She is very articulate and a natural leader, qualities always in short supply.

Brenda is also very canny about people and displays flair as a compu-researcher.

This year has been tragic for Brenda's family, which has caused her to pull in her horns over the last month. This is likely a very temporary situation and the Vegrants will be very glad to have one of its sparkplugs back and fanning.

A couple of fans have resumed activity after a hiatus. Both were active mostly on the local, social level, but they are now making some cautious contributions to various Vegrants things: Derek Stazenski and Don Miller.

Derek and I have been friends for a long time. His late wife Allison made the contact with Vegas Fandom, but Derek continued to attend meetings for some time after her death. He and I also participated in a baseball simulation league, so we saw each other quite regularly even when he no longer came to Vegrants. Recently, though, he has begun attending and, for the first time, showing interest in Fandom beyond southern Nevada. He is reportedly working on his first full-length fan article.

You've probably seen bits of Don Miller's work without knowing it. He has done graphics for a couple of Corflus and several Las Vegas zines.

Don is a soft-spoken, somewhat hermitish guy. We've only coaxed him from his cave with some regularity in the last few months. He has started to contribute a little to some of the Vegrants projects and, in fact, was one of the members most enthusiastic about us doing a bit more fanac.

These, and several others who may have somehow missed his previous tour de force in Glitter City, are not (as I write this) familiar with Nic Farey. Partly to remedy this ignorance and partly to honor Vegas Fandom's guest, allow me to tell you the story of the glory of Nic Farey, Fan of Distinction.

Many stories, legends and myths surround Nic Farey. Some of them are even true, though most can't be adequately described in a family fanzine such as this. Nonetheless, because I admire Nic Farey, I will persevere, even if it means I have to concoct a whole new batch of stories, myths and legends.

As all can immediately tell from his distinctive accent, Nic was born on a mountaintop in Tennessee, greenest state in the land of the free. Probably we have all heard that he kilt him a bear when he





was only three. I have investigated this and I think time has distorted the original intent of the words. It happened, just not the way this suggests. In actuality, Nic was wearing a kilt and the three girls he was with were bare.

Those who are only familiar with Nic Farey's quiet, reflective and studious side may be surprised to learn that he is sometimes fairly conscious. Sometimes, when it seems he has been quiet and still so long that you think he might be dead, Nic will flutter his eyelids or raise his chin off his chest and utter a useful adage or proverb.

One of the oddest and most remarkable things about Nic is that he doesn't drink. Well, at least not Scotch, the residue of a childhood trauma. Anything else with measurable alcoholic content is going down that gaping hatch.

On those occasions when Nic has pursued his hobby of collecting empty liquor bottles, he is wont to Burst Into Song. He mostly sings Christian Rock and Hymns.

I'm sure you've heard of the world-famous Three Tenors. So has Nic. I think. The Fan of Dis-

tinction also accompanies himself, too, and is reputed to be the world's seventh most proficient glockenspiel virtuoso.

I think it is important that Core Fandom know the qualities of Nic Farey. Some fans may leap about like kangaroos and broadcast their egos to the heavens. Others, like Nic Farey let their actions speak for them and require only a warning label.

Consider this that warning.

— Arnie Katz

### About Our Cover

Our back cover, photographed by the inimitable Bill Mills, shows the effects of an evening of fan-finish carousing on an apparently previously ebullient and lively fan not fully schooled in the hedonistic ways of Glitter City.

We hope the sad condition of Mr. Farey will be a lesson for those fans who come to Las Vegas without an extensive physical conditioning program to prepare them for the rigors of a night with the Las Vegrants.

