

Home Kookin'

May 2009



Home Kookin'

Arnie Katz:

Idle Minds #3 is nearing completion, but here we are, banging out another issue of *Home Kookin'* (I almost wrote "fabulous fannish issue of *Home Kookin'*" but that adjective may be a bit premature).

We did the second issue last Friday, at the special Vegrants meeting for Nic and Bobbie Farey, but here we are only a week later and doing another one. There are reasons for this seeming haste, some of them are even good ones. The most important is that tonight's meeting has a special guest, British fan Sandra Bond.

Sandra came to the US for Corflu Zed a month or so ago and has been touring the country ever since. This is in the great tradition of national tours

that includes the King Tut Exhibit in the 1980's, the Freedom Train in the 1940's and Hitler Over Germany in the early 1930's.

The other important reason is that, amid all the hilarity and revelry, several

of the most prominent Vegrants never did get to strut their stuff in the editorial. A couple even cared enough to mention it to me. That's why this time, we're making a special effort to get some of those fine folks into the mix.

I think it says a lot for the club that there are so many actifans that we have to be fabulous in shifts. Maybe we can work up to having two entirely separate crews of Vegrants. One could be doing a



About Our Cover

The return to Las Vegas of long-time British fan Sandra Bond highlighted the May 2 Vegrants meeting at which we produced the latest issue of this fanzine.

Sandra arrived in Glitter City after a very long and tiring drive, but it didn't take her too long to get into the Vegrants meeting.



Sandra held out the tantalizing possibility that she might maybe consider Las Vegas when she relocates to the US. What a great addition she would make to the Vegrants!



Joyce's lavish buffet again scored a hit as fans showed that they are equally adept at eating and drinking.

Home Kookin' #3, May 2009 is a oneshot produced at the 4/1 Vegrants meeting, an especially festive occasion due to the visit by Sandra Bond.

Home Kookin' is the Group Effort of the Actifan Element of the Vegrants, Las Vegas' informal, invitational Core Fandom fan club. Miscreants include: 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, Derek Stazenski and Arnie & Joyce Katz.

Send letters of comment to:
crossfire4@cox.net

Published May 14, 2009.

Member fwa

Supporter AFAL

oneshot while the other is making a special visit to some worthy fan group that needs an injection of glitter.

Not that there's anything wrong with a store of fannish experience. Here comes a fan of whom it might be said that she is built like a brick storehouse now...

Joyce Katz:

It's a real treat to have Sandra here. And later, I'll try to stump her on American fanhistory. But I won't do this until she's made a dent in the beer (or whatever) and, hopefully, be easier to beat. (Don't tell her my Eviol Plan.)

Jacqueline Monahan:

Sandra's here and I've just met her. Something made of glass has just shattered in the kitchen. Bill Mills has just snapped a candid shot of me, and JoHn Hardin has just sent a text message.

There's nothing like a Vegrants gathering for mad energy and wicked fun. So glad to be here...

James Taylor:

Teresa was with me in the living room when Col. Mustard was killed with the glass mace in the kitchen and therefore could not possibly be involved.

People have discovered that Sandra is planning to drive north from here and are regaling her with



Amiable Alan White pauses long enough to be captured for **Home Kookin'** by fellow lensman Bill Mills.



(Above) Arnie Katz benignly regards three female Vegants. From the left are Roc Mills, Candy Matson and Tee Cochran.

(Right) Las Vegas has begun to work its magic on Sandra.

horror stories of various routes out of town.

My favorite was about the cannibals in Goldfield.

Arnie Katz

Cannibals would have to be a source of worry, granted, but I think the more immediate and likely dangers come from the strategic placement of slot and video poker machines.

Roxanne Mills:

Great to see Sandra again. I saw so little of her at Corflu Silver. Too bad she couldn't be here when Nic was here.

Sandra likes Candy Matson, so of course we think she's just grand. We're hoping Sandra will



join Bill in the music making tonight since we brought an extra instrument in her honor.

Joyce Katz:

What's this about cannibals? I knew the Nevada-California border perked the appetite of some early settlers. But who are the Goldfield cannibals? Inquiring fans want to know.

Tee Cochran plays her fiddle during the music-making that is often one of the attractions at Vegrants meetings.



Jacq Monagan (left) and DeDee Wkite participate in a lively living room discussion.



Jacqueline Monahan:

I'm up for a story about meat, human or otherwise. My question is: did any of them keep kosher?

James Taylor:

The origin of the Goldfield Cannibals is unclear. Possibly they are descendents of miners from the glory days when Goldfield was the largest city in Nevada. Or maybe travelers stranded between Goldfield and Tonopah were forced like the Donner party to make do with what they had brought with them.

Of course, my favorite theory is that they are the result of the Atomic Tests at the nearby Test Site. Not being Jewish, much less a Rabbi, I can only hazard a guess that, since people don't have cloven hooves or shells, the main thing needed to keep Kosher would be to keep the dairy separate from the meat. Since I've never seen a Cannibal at an ice cream parlor I think this may not really be a problem.

Arnie Katz:

You mean we can't eat Devils because they have cloven hooves? Looks like WSFS, Inc. lives on another year!

Teresa Cochran:

Aren't the Goldfield cannibals also known as the Nevada Old-Time Fiddlers? We certainly ate a lot of barbecue during a festival there, but most of it was chicken. Good stuff, too.

There was also the cannibal who passed his brother there.

Sorry. That just had to be said.

I'm surprised, with all of the James H. Schmits "psi" stories I've read lately, that I didn't telekinetically break that dish in the kitchen from my safe corner in the living room.

It's great that Sandra's here. I'm spoiled rotten with these Corflu-esque gatherings once a week for the past two. It's bouncing off the walls I am.

Jolie LaChance:

I guess I'll have to riff on the musical instrument thing. I did just make a wood-



Bill Mills, Tee Cochran and Jolie LaChance provided the live music.

wind out of duct tape. Yup, you guessed it; it's a tape recorder.

Sandra Bond:

Q. What did the cannibal do after he ate his girlfriend?

A. He dumped her.

Yes, it's true. I really am here on a Saturday night Vegrants meeting. I can gafiate now safe in the knowledge that I have achieved the summit of fannish distinction. I have been spoiled rotten from the moment I pulled up at the door of the Katz abode. I've had my bags carried. I've had a cake baked for me. I've had Pepsi All Natural Cola pressed on me. I've been allowed to run off at the mouth about why Richard S. Shaver was a nicer cult figure than L. Ron Hubbard.

Kittens are running wild outside, and a ferret on a leash slinks up and down the hallways. Tee Cochran's violin forms a sonorous backdrop for the burble and bubble of happy fannish chatter. Alan White's camera clicks, and clicks again, and the light of its flash glints off Ross Chamberlain's head. Bill Mills proves that Arlo Guthrie songs sound quite different when played at half speed. A scratching sound comes from one of the walls; is it a dero? Is it the ghost of Claude Degler coming to

beg a glass of grape jelly? Or is it just that ferret again?

Tomorrow I shall be gone from these portals, and by Thursday I shall be back in England, addressing myself to such duties as the first progress report for Corflu Cobalt (advt.) and trying to think of new excuses to fend off Peter Weston with for not having written an article for RELAPSE. But that is tomorrow. For now, it is tonight; and tonight the Vegrants howl.

(Okay, Joyce, you can paste in a Rotsler illo now, I'm done.)

Art & Photo Credits

Bill Mills (Cover, 2(2), 3B, 4, 5T, 7, 8T, 10L, 12)

Roc Mills: (6)

Alan White (3T, 5B, 8B, 9, 10R, 11)

Bond... Sandra Bond Vegrants Report

We invited Bill and Roc Mills and Jacq Monahan to come a little early to the May 2 Vegrants meeting, because our special guest Sandra Bond expected to get to the Launch Pad about 7 pm. (We would've asked James Taylor and Tee Cochran, too, but they already have a standing invitation and almost always show up by seven to help set up for the meeting.

Bill and Roc knocked on the door first. They had armfuls of instruments and other equipment. Bill pronounced himself ready for any and all musicians. He also had his camera to take some of the photos that you can see in This Very Issue of *Home Kookin'*.

When Alan White and Bill both shoot, it really makes this fanzine a lot easier to do and more fun to see. Rick King, who is returned to Vegrants after a few weeks dominated by Real Life, also likes to take photos, so future issues of *Home Kookin'* may benefit from his lens work, too.

We were talking about the phenomenon of "universally loved" fans when CochTayl entered, soon

followed by Jacq. As befits people who are not Innately Lovable, Bill and I agreed that there was something not quite right about a fan who loves everybody and everybody loves. We congratulated each other on not having so many people loving us. "Quality over quantity," was the basic message.

A group of fans segued into talk about people who seem to inspire extreme positive and negative reactions, versus those whom everyone either "sort of likes" or "sort of dislikes."

I think it has something to do with charisma. High charisma people usually spark stronger reactions than low charisma ones. The world of pro wrestling offers good examples of this. You can have two heels (villains) do pretty much the same thing. The crowd goes berserk booing and jeering one man while the other can't raise more than some grumbles.

Tee and I got talking about all-male and all-female circles. I expressed my gratitude to Linda Bushyager for introducing all those college girls to Fandom back in the late 1970's, because the sudden influx radically altered the male/female ratio in Fandom. It helped create a more welcoming climate for women in Fandom, gradually pushing the ratio to something like 60-40 (as opposed to about 90-10 when I was a neofan.)

Hank Williams became the topic as Tee, Bill and I sat in my office listening to a three-CD set with all of his singles. Bill grew up on Hank and both Tee and I have come to appreciate him.

Sometimes Joyce and I speculate about what his life, and his music, might have become had he not died at age 29.

Williams was so gifted musically and so open to all types of music, that it's easy to visualize him working with the rock n roll generation that blossomed within a couple of years of his death. Many of his songs only



By Arnie Katz

lack a drum track to pass as early rock, so the rockers might well have seen him as a pioneer. I fancy he might've enjoyed recording something with Carl Perkins or Buddy Holly. Williams and Dylan at the Newport Folk Festival! Hank sitting in with the Clash! And what would Hank Williams have made of the album *Hanks Pranks* that The The released in the 1990's?

Such musing notwithstanding, it is also possible to conjure up a less gaudy future for Williams. He had a lot of personal devils and a dysfunctional family situation that would probably have exploded when Jet Williams' mom made a bid to replace his first wife Audrey. Maybe Hank would've ended up playing rhythm guitar in a late-1960's hair band. Maybe it's better not to know for certain about this alternative future.

Bill, who is diligently working his way through our 10-CD set that includes every Hank Williams recording, said one of the biggest surprises he got from the boxed set's lavish book was discovering that Hank Williams didn't write *Lonesome Lovesick Blues*.

"They introduced him as 'the lovesick blues boy' and he didn't write it," Bill marveled. Bill went on to explain that the song originated in an obscure Broadway play of the 1920's and that Hank had recast the entire song in the country music idiom, adding a Jimmy Rodgers yodel at the end of key lines and drastically altering the phrasing throughout.

The conversation veered toward the subject of singers who work from sophisticated demo recordings. I mentioned Elvis' use of slickly finished demos during the RCA Victor era so he could copy the vocal, which tread close to blasphemy in Bill's opinion.

I switched to a less emotionally charged example, the Bob Dylan demos that Hamilton Camp used in his highly successful 1960's folk-rock album. Camp was an actor and comedian – he was a guest star on *M*A*S*H* as a nut who tried to out-loony Klinger – who essentially imitated Dylan's style and delivery very closely. Dylan didn't release recordings of the songs until years later when Columbia Records issued an authorized edition of the Basement Tapes bootleg.

We talked about the "Real Sports" piece about the wussification of America. Unlike the trend toward emasculating males, this is a fairly new movement that is currently most evident at the grammar school level. I've written an article called "Everybody Wins!" that goes into the subject more fully (and, hopefully, humorously). I shamelessly appropriated a couple of nice points from that conversation.



Tee Cochran continued her pioneering as she contributed to this oneshot in real-time while it was underway. She became the first blind fan to contribute to a oneshot in real time a few months ago on *Idle Minds*.



Sandra Bond pauses to contemplate the infinite.

Sandra Bond was a bit road-weary when she her snazzy little rental car pulled up in front of the Launch Pad close to the expected arrival time. Bill and Roc helped her bring in her luggage and, gradually, she began to relax into the Sandra Bond we all love so well.

Somehow we got onto the subject of houses set up to be “too good” for the people living in them. I referenced the scene in *A Christmas Story* where Rakog visits a Polish-American family who live in the basement so that the ground-floor living room can remain inviolate and pristine.

My parents’ home in New Hyde Park wasn’t quite that bad, but we usually sat in the kitchen unless we were watching the console television set or someone was playing the Hammond electronic organ, both located at one end of the rather spacious living room.

Under ordinary circumstances, my parents forbade us from venturing into the other end of the room, where two couches at right angles faced the gorgeous round marble table that now graces the Launch Pad’s living room. My parents’ potential wrath was more effective than a border checkpoint in keeping us away from the picture-perfect arrangement.

Candy Matson, the cuddly ferret who is one of the Vegrants’ two animal members, did her trick of opening a cabinet door and snatching something appealing from inside.

Just when the humans started to get interested in this maneuver, Candy got bored with it after demonstrating the ability a few times. (Most of the human Vegrants have also mastered this task, but we don’t applaud for them, any more.)

Her acrobatics reminded me of something that happened to a couple we knew back in New York. One of their two cats learned to open the refrigerator door and drag out whatever looked tasty. After coming home several times to find the remains of their intended dinner on the kitchen floor, the Schwartz’s had no choice but to put a lock on the refrigerator!

Tee complained that the Blind Center had announced a new rule that prohibits blind people from entering the computer room without a sighted escort. Of course, the sighted guides are computer illiterates, while Tee is proficient enough to *teach* computing to the blind.

That prompted me to tell an abridged version of a famous Groucho Marx story. It seems that when he applied to join a country club to use its swimming pool, they turned him down because he was a Jew. “My daughter is half-Jewish,” Groucho told them. “Can she wade in the pool up to her waist?”

John DeChancie and JoHn Hardin weren’t able to attend, but Bill Mills and Tee Cochran provided some

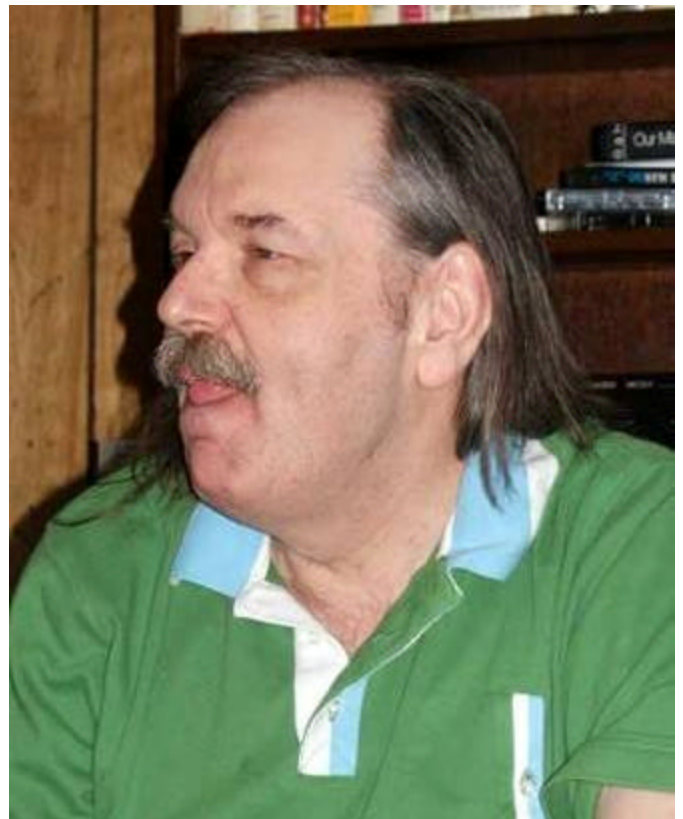
very tuneful entertainment. The musicians generally set up in the dining room, where Joyce’s fancy new keyboard resides. That allows some of us to sit in my office, which is adjacent, and listen to the music without disturbing the players with our talking.

Jolie LaChance brought her flute. She has improved tremendously since I last heard her, but she is still very much on the learning curve of a most demanding instrument.

Bill is teaching Tee to play *Love in Bloom* on her fiddle. I asked if he was teaching her to play it well or play it like Jack Benny. He hoped for the former, but I don’t think the outcome had yet been determined.

Sandra Bond joined the office group. We talked about the exciting possibility of her moving here.

Roc, who started a new job about two weeks ago, talked about her adjustment to what seems to be a more upscale enterprise. She wondered whether she might, in her eagerness, have over-adjusted. They told her that the approved office dress is “business casual.” She went out and acquired a somewhat expensive new wardrobe to satisfy the requirements. When she started work, though, she found that “business casual” meant more or less what most people wear to a Vegrants meeting. I don’t think she was entirely unhappy to have gotten some new clothes, though, even if they weren’t exactly her style.



Incoming Your Letters

Dian Crayne

chuckle

I don't know Esperanto either, but when Forry was in an Esperanto mood he used to call me DeeAnToe.

Arnie: Somehow, I don't think Esperanto names are going to catch on at Vegrants. I have noticed, however, that we have several members whose names boil down to a single letter (Tee and Dee), so that might be an emerging trend. I don't think I'd like that, either, though. Every time someone called my name (A), it would sound like a Fonzie imitation.

Dick Lupoff

I read the oneshot with great pleasure. Wow, having missed both Corflu and your non-con, I can only congratulate you on making the weekend fun. Pat and I did enjoy a small quasi-fannish event here...or actually, in remote, exotic San Francisco.

Donald Sidney-Fryer was in town to introduce a new collection of his "Atlantean" poetry and he did a reading at a science fiction specialty store in the City.

They'd had a book on hold for me anyway, so we traveled in via BART. Once at the store I bought my book, a gorgeous but absurdly expensive volume from Ash-Tree Press.

Saw some friends, and then settled in for DSF's performance, which we both thoroughly enjoyed.

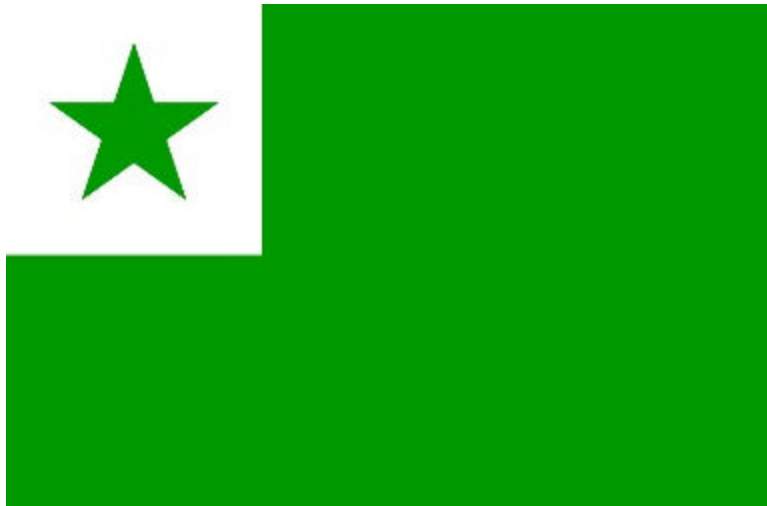
Afterwards, half a dozen of us including Mr. S-F

Jolie LaChance is one of the Vegrants who will likely become better known to the rest of Fandom through her contributions to this and other LV fanzines.



Jacq Monahan wrestles with the challenge of the blank screen.





and pounding the table every time somebody scored a chucker or hit a boomerang or whatever they do in that sport.

As you might infer, watching basketball is not my favorite pastime.

And why these San Franciscans cared whether Hole-in-the-Ground U beat Podunk Normal or vice versa, I can only guess. Maybe they were in a betting pool or something.

Anyway, net result was that conversation for us was almost impossible. But nevertheless, the evening was thoroughly enjoyable.

Esperanto, yes. How does one make an Esperanto name? D'ya just take the first couple of letters of your first and last name, and smush

'em together? That makes you ArKa? Not bad. Or do you need your middle name, too?

President BaHuOb. Not bad. Vice President JoBi. Good. Former President and Vice President GeBu and DiCh. Hey, this is fun!

The founder of *Amazing Stories* would be HuGe. Nice. That feller who ran *Astoundalog* till he died -- JoCa. Add middle name, JoWoCa. Editor of *Galaxy* -- HoGo. Add middle name, HoLeGo. Hmmmmm, not so sure about that one.

Arnie: Science Fiction specialty stores haven't fared well in Las Vegas, at least so far. The first effort, run by the queen of the local *Star Trek* club, foundered on the twin rocks of insufficient stock and lack of a business plan. Subsequent stores have all been run by people who didn't seem to understand Fandom or want much to do with it. In Las Vegas, the fans would be a significant market for any such store.

John Purcell

It is good to see that the Vegrants were keeping themselves busy this past weekend. I spent a bunch of time hanging out in the Virtual Consuite, where James Taylor, Tee Cochran, Bill Mills, and eventually Linda Bushyager could be found. It was a lot of fun, as usual, but not as good as actually being there. Next year will have to be the same deal again since Corflu Cobalt will be in England.

It makes me wonder how big of a stash of Rotsler illos you have on file, Arnie. Every time you pub an ish there are at least a few Rotslers I've never seen before. I know the man was incredibly prolific, but wowsers, you keep putting out good stuff by him. Bill certainly had a profound influence on our zines and fandom, and we are certainly the richer for it.

Like you, Joyce and other Vegrants, I wore my Corflu t-shirts all last weekend, too. Friday night it was the Corflu Quire one, then Saturday and Sunday

repaired to the Phoenix, an Irish pub across the street from the bookstore. Even though it was slightly premature, they were already celebrating Saint Patrick's Day. Good company, fine beverages and tasty food. Only problem was, they had a college basketball game on TV and there was a table of obnoxious yahoos near us, screaming their fool heads off, whooping and hollering



Roc Mills and Candy Matson share an affectionate moment at the meeting. The Vegrants are pro-love.

(morning) it was the Corflu Silver shirt. Between those and the Virtual Con Suite, it was the fannish thing to do.

The interesting thing about *Home Kookin' #1* is that it reads like a transcript of a consuite party conversation. Disjointed, but fun. And that illo of Ted White holding court - sure looks like Ted - on page 4 was a nice way to wrap it up.

So you're threatening another *Home Kookin'* ish? Okay, that will be fine. I like home cooking of any kind.

Arnie: Bill Rotsler grew very close to Las Vegas Fandom in his final decade and lavished many illos upon its publishing fans. I re-use old ones without hesitation, but I still have some that have not yet seen the screen or page.

Brenda Dupont

Joyce's description of today's bagels as a "muffin with a hole in it" is perfect and makes me laugh, which I really need these days. Had my holy muffin this morning while reading *Home Kookin' #2*. On page 5, there's a photo caption that says I'm talking with James Taylor & Bobbie. Actually that's Roc, not me. But since she's younger and very pretty, I certainly don't mind the confusion. It might help me stay somewhat incognito on the 'net. With similar hair color and face shapes, we could be mistaken for sisters ...fan twins? Fwins?

Arnie: As a former Brooklynite, I confess that I don't understand about the bagels. Specifically, I don't see why the ones Einstein Brothers' serves are so bad and un-bagel-like. You'd think they'd lost the recipe. After a brief period of hair-pulling and consternation, one of them shouts, "We'll just give them something that's round with a hole in the middle!" Everyone congratulated each other and the Deed Was Done.

Eric Mayer

Although I read and enjoyed your latest *Home Kookin'*, and was amazed by the sociability and musical ability of your bunch out there, I'm afraid I have nothing remotely useful to say. However, I would be remiss (as they say) if I didn't wish you two a happy 38th anniversary. I looked up 38th anniversary and it said "This Wedding Anniversary does not have any traditional materials or symbols associated with it." So I guess getting Nic Farey was about perfect

Arnie: Thank you for the wishes, Eric. I guess you met us only a couple of years after we got married and, thanks to Fandom, here we are so many years later. I wouldn't necessarily feel bad about not having any specific comments. By my count, there were about a dozen

Vegrants sailing in the same boat last issue. Most of them are represented in this issue, a hopeful sign.

Bruce Gillespie

So, like everybody else, I wonder: whatever happened to *Home Kookin' 1*? Thanks very much for keeping me on the list.

Thanks for noting, in the last issue of VFW, that publishing that splendid fanzine seemed to arise directly from all the energy you put into the BBB Bulletin having to be put into a new fanzine. Your BBB donation -- the gift that kept on giving.

Arnie: I've already dispatched a replacement copy of *Home Kookin' #1*, but I'll be glad to do the same for anyone else who didn't get a copy. An email to me will do it.

Dian Crayne

That must have been a *wonderful* party. I loved one-shot sessions, but I do remember John Trimble mentioning one where he read the stencils the next day and handed them off to the circular file. Such are the perils of mixing fans with bheer. Fortunately *Home Kookin'* is better than that!



Sandra Bond (*left*) makes the acquaintance of vivacious DeDee White.



Bill Mills recharges, preparing for his next burst of fannish creativity.

The one shot that stands out most in my mind was at the Cox's apartment, before they moved to their house. I was a green and raw young neo, and only slightly startled to see Elmer Perdue threading a roll of toilet paper into his large-type typer. I don't know who got the job of transcribing his text to stencil. Ah, them was the days!!

Anyway, congrats on a great one-shot, and Happy Anniversary to you and Joyce. I wish I'd been there.

Arnie: I never liked the oneshots done at Corflu, which was one reason we made no provision for one at Corflu Silver. There is always some good stuff, but it is surrounded by tons of banal crap. The idea of printing and distributing what could easily be 40 pages of such stuff did not appeal to me.

Bill Wright

Even in the Antipodes, we've heard of hard times in Las Vegas. It doesn't seem to have dampened the spirit of the Vegants. Home Kookin' #2 must be the best presented club zine one-shot ever! Everybody seems to have pitched in with their impressions of you and Joyce's 38th anniversary party. I enjoy that kind of interconnected stream of consciousness natter. It makes me want to join in ... which I did, in a way. When Jolie La Chance mentioned the Pachelbel rant on YouTube, I googled it immediately.

The URL is <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JdxkVQy7QLM> if you haven't seen it. When you do, follow up with the perfect classical rendition on <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DZHW9uyj81g&NR=1>, then a rock version on <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2GLoYg-4xrc&NR=1> that will blow your mind. Then, for unparalleled virtuosity, see the canon played on two guitars by the same player on <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kmEoN1iKvnc&NR=1>. Some Philistines disparage Pachelbel's Canon as elementary. I say it is elemental.

I must remember the Bill Mills pun about it being a Gala night, in that a gal a night is about all that poor old Arnie is good for these days. It reminded me that I feel like a hale and vigorous 60-year-old – for about an hour a day.

Arnie: Since I know you're not one of those mean-spirited folks who would actually take pleasure in hard times for us vice-ridden degenerates in Glitter City, you'll be happy to know that that the city is already shaking off the economic doldrums. On a micro level, it translates into several Vegants having recent found rewarding new jobs. On the larger scale, Vegas revenues are already back to 2006 levels. Our beloved city is built on a firm foundation of vice, hedonism and depravity – a trio that never fails.

Ear Kemp
Arnie, Joyce: I really enjoyed Home Cooking and it made me wish I was there with all of you. I feel like a bastard member of the family...always outside looking in.
Keep up the good work.
Arnie: It has been too long since your last visit, Earl. If we know you're coming, we might bake a cake – and we most assuredly would kook up a oneshot.

Ear Kemp

Nic Farey
Arnie, that was fuckin hilarious!
Good arrers mate, & of course thanks for the boo! (and the booze)
Arnie: The inspiration of your visit certainly helped **Home Kookin' #2**. If your current plans come to fruition, I anticipate your participation in future issues, too.

Nic Farey

That's it or now. Watch for **Home Kookin'** — it will return soon.

Attending this meeting of the Vegants were: Bill & Roc Mills, James Taylor, Tee Cochran, Jacq Monahan, Ross Chamberlain, Alan & DeDee White, Jolie LaChance, Lori Forbes, Sandra Bond and Joyce & Arnie Katz

13

