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AH, THE INNOCENT  
DAYS OF FIRST  
FANDOM!



June 2009

# HOME KOOKIN' HOME KOOKIN' HOME KOOKIN'

## **Arnie Katz:**

Welcome to the 4<sup>th</sup> monthly issue of a fanzine that the bunch of us started on a whim, as a oneshot. *Idle Minds* features (it sez here) carefully considered and written articles, but *Home Kookin'* is just the opposite. We do it in the white heat of a Vegrants meeting, this time on 6/20, and it is utterly spontaneous. What, you thought we *planned* this?

Tonight we welcome two new Vegrants, Nic and Bobbie Farey. They arrived last week and we look for their belongings to make it here by next Wednesday or so.

It's only 8:15 and already Nic has written a filk version of "Rocket Man." I'm buying him an extension ladder to hit a few of those high notes, but "Fanzine Fan" has some delightful lyrics.

## **Joyce Katz:**

And, as if one filked "Rocket Man" were not enough, Bill Mills has just pulled up a version that he and his posse performed at a Westercon back in the 80's. I've seldom heard so much science fiction at a Vegrants meeting.

It's a treat to have Nic and Bobbie here. They'll make ideal references when we try to warn neofans of the Pitfalls that lie ahead when they finally let down their guard.

### **About Our Cover**

Bill Rotsler, though now operating out of the Enchanted Convention, remains a part of us in fannish spirit.

This issue's cover, besides spotlighting Steve Stiles' logo, features a cartoon commentary on the "good old days" of Fandom

Actually, of course there are other reasons to appreciate the Fareys. Where else could I find someone who can challenge The Voice of Fandom (Bill) in volume and melody?

## **Roxanne Mills:**

It's great to be back in Vegas after my trip to California last weekend. It's been several years since I went back to Orange County, and this was my first trip since getting my sense of smell back.

I was not impressed, overall. I was quite dismayed to find that California really does stink – at least if you've never smelled it before. I also discovered that I have become

more acclimatized to the weather here in Vegas than I would have previously believed. I found Southern California to be too cold and far too humid for my liking. I'm happy to be home, and happy to have Nic and Bobbie as new neighbors.

## **James Taylor:**

I actually lived in Orange County (Santa Ann) for a few months while the company I was working for was putting together its move into the Inland Empire (Riverside and San Bernardino Counties). It was a very forgettable experience, even for someone like myself who has mastered the art of forgetting.

The arrival of Nic and Nora, ah Bobbi has been like a bolt of lightning to the heart of local Fandom, triggering the fannish monster of Vegas Fandom to get off the gurney to search out a working internet connection and perpetrate fanac on an unprepared fannish world .

## **Nic Farey:**

"Your turn to 'sashay' over there," sez JT, the tap of his consigliore finger on the shoulder having the force of command.

Ross Chamberlain's entrance earlier was a sashay. I don't do that. He may feel like a new man, and if he keeps sashaying like that he'll probably get one.

"No," I sez to James – I don't 'sashay', I sidle, and not Sara either. Actually it's been a fuckin horrible week in terms of travails with the movers.

I got no idea what we'd have done without Vegrant hospitality and support, and Joyce and "the Chief" Arnie in particular, who continue to tolerate our presence in their spare room with amiable grace. BB sez I laugh in my sleep, but at least no one has mentioned farts yet. Not even old ones.

The rent here is a bit stiff. Arnie is holding me at





Bill Mills (*left*) bangs the electric guitar as Nic Farey pounds the bottle at two of the Vegrants' best musicians prepare to serenade the group.

**Home Kookin' #4, June, 2009** is a more or less spontaneously monthly fanzine produced at the 6/20 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, Don Miller, JoHn Hardin, Bryan Follins, Jacq Monahan, Brenda Dupont, JoHn Hardin, Nic Farey, Derek Stazenski and Arnie & Joyce Katz.  
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**Send letters of comment to:**  
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gunpoint for articles, and I now find that not only am I committed to writing something for his next latest whatever it is, I am also apparently a devoted member of SNAPS, GAPS, WHIPS, FOPS, NADS and whatever else he's dreamed up overnight.

Not only that, he's taking our conversations about the rasslin' and nicking them for his Online World of Wrestling column. I retaliate by name-checking him in the 'Rocket Man' parody ("...and I'll be hi - ii - igh as a Katz by then..."), but this merely seems to increase his resolve to control all fanac within a 10-mile radius.

MapQuest sez we live 14 miles away, so *This Here...* or even *Beam* may yet continue to assert independent existence.

Joyce has been taking Jewish momma lessons. "You're not eating enough," she informs me as I fail once again to entirely consume the several metric tons of food placed in front of me on any given evening.

The movers have revealed that our stuff may actually arrive this week, around day 14 of their 15 day contracted window. We are using the time to repaint the new joint. There has been discussion of sending tire-deflating parties on the road so they break the contract terms and we don't have to pay them 3x their estimate. Books (and tools) are heavy, it seems. That book ain't heavy, it's my brother.

### Ross Chamberlain:

Marvelous set of ponderable fanzine titles, there, Nic. That's cool. I always like to have a supply to crib--- uh, adapt -- to an imagined future fanzine of my own. For Ghu's sake, don't drop *This Here* or *Beam!* I never get around to actually *doing* any fanzines, unless you count APA contributions...

I tend to think of apazines as... chapters. Something like that.

But to get back to my point, I can never actually *use* any of those clever names I do extract... uh, from my esoteric imagination, because I'm fanishly conservative. Unlike Arnie, I clutch titles for years. Two years between the first issue of *Fangle* and the second, and 15 times that until the third. That's retention, and I'll move on fast to avoid any potential naughty punning sessions, no matter how deserved ... Yes, sorry I missed that rendition of *Rocket Man* ...

Damn, I wasn't going to sashay here, but look at all those *italics!*

Even *Howl* was heavy, man.

### Arnie Katz:

It appears I've acquired another fannish nickname, "Chief." Nic has imposed this upon me to reflect a fancied likeness to a Native American official. Of course, we have no officers here at the Vegrants, so "Chief" may be of limited utility. Besides, I prefer "Kingfish" for those who feel the need to call me something other than "Arnie" and yet have not descended to simple cursing like "Fan Bastard."

Curiously, our across-the-street neighbor also calls me "The Chief," dating from when I had a really *long* ponytail. The LDS church, I believe, considers the Native Americans to be the 10 Lost Tribes of Israel. Since I am a Cohen, my tribe is not lost (and I can do the Vulcan Salute).

I wish I could tell you what we call Nic, but this is a family fanzine...

### Tee Cochran:

Nic and Bobbie fit into the Vegrants as if there was already a prepared place for them. Oh, wait, there was. There's wonderful conversation and great music among friends.

With Nic around, there will be lots of spontaneous and inspired filk, among other rock and folk and other eclectic stuff. Nic and Bill are joining with me in putting up with my new relearning fiddle-bowing techniques.

For the longest time, I was using a fraction of the



One of many positive developments for the Vegrants is the return of Derek Stazenski. The long-time Vegrant is shown here with co-host Joyce Katz.

bow, but I'm using more of it now. I can tell that it will be better for me in the long run, but I'm still clumsy for the moment. I'm hanging in there, though, feeling comfortable jamming with just about anything. Be warned. You may hear the three of us at a future Corflu! If not, we're still having much fun playing music together.

### Bryan Follins:

A vote here for Tee Cochran as a jazz violinist (despite what Bill Mills says). Tee can really hit some good strings. I think she might be wasting her time with this folk stuff.

Who is Stephen Grapelli? (I hope I spelled his name right). So, Tee, when are you going to have a jam session?

### Nic Farey:

I so well agree with Bryan here, and not just because he's younger and better looking than me. Of course, I'd love to get it all electric and fire up some Steeleye Span classics as well.

If BB put her mind to it I reckon she could match Maddy Pryor, oh but that's still folk; sorry Bryan. *Cam Ye O'er Frae France?*

Ross, no worries, pal.

*This Here...* and *Beam* will persist, but the vicinity of skint is a bit of a difficulty at the moment. *Italics* also sounds like a winner -- maybe we should collect some of your trufen stuff?

Tee, you don't need to worry about any of that



stuff, it will come, can't wait til the kick-ass jigs start rolling in.

**Jacq Monahan:**

As usual, I'm floundering around for subject matter that is cohesive, coherent, and of course, co-dependent. I do have a rendition of the '60's pop tune "Windy" by The Association, but have changed the lyrics to reflect '70's medical examiner *Quincy* played by Jack Klugman. Here goes:

Who's cuttin' up the stiff's of the city?  
Smiling at every body he sees,  
Who's reachin' out to dissect your liver?  
Everyone knows it's Quincy.

And Quincy has big sharp knives  
To slice up your calves and thighs  
But none of his patients dies  
Because they're dead (because they're dead)  
Already dead (already dead)

(Repeat chorus)

Don't know if it's suitable for fiddle, but I have endless faith in our dear Tee.

**Brenda Dupont:**

I, too, am a flounder. I sashayed in tonight a bit late and missed "Fanzine Fan." I came bearing gifts of deep-fried Twinkies and Oreos. After all, everything's better fried.

Nic Farey, soon to star in a faan fiction epic, makes himself at home amid the laid-back environment of the Vegrants meeting



Joyce was a fan of the Twinkies and Bobbie and Bryan took the side of Oreos. Tee said she wasn't sure if she liked her Oreo, claiming it was like being at a carnival. I've heard some sizzling tunes tonight, filk, folk, rock, blues ... deep fried fans.

**Jacq Monahan:**

The Twinkies looked like fried mozzarella morsels and I looked forward to a savory Pac-Man episode. In mid bite, I detected powdered sugar and had that moment when you realize that what you put into your mouth isn't remotely what you thought it was. Lori came to my rescue with a verbal identification. All was right again, proving that my culinary gluttony swings both ways.

**Nic Farey:**

Bill Mills claims to be going to Carolina in his mind, but he's still here, because I can hear him.

Got a fuckin awesome gift from Jacq & JoHn from the International market – Chef Salad cream and MAR-MITE!!!! My dietary needs are now met in full. Well, as soon as I get toast, butter and peanut butter to complete the combo, a typical meal for me back in seriously poverty-stricken vegetarian days. I supposed I'm used to people saying how disgusting that is, but the West is obviously much more cosmopolitan, since the description of this delicacy is met with smiling nods, and Brenda says, "Oh, that sounds good!"

Ross has sashayed out, by the way... and the deep-fried Oreos were proof that decadence is alive and well in Glitzville...

I have seen the toes of Lori.

**Derek Stazenski:**

I have always loved oreos. They have been my favorite cookies for years so the thought of frying them just did not sit right with me. However I must admit that I will forever be grateful to Brenda for bringing them tonight. When I bit into that tasty morsel all that I was missing was a tall glass of ice cold milk!!

**Nic Farey:**

That's what I've been missing! Staying at Katz Kastle is, of course, an interregnum to what would be our normal routine, which in my case includes a glass of whole milk before bed every night (usually accompanied by some kind of cake, cookie or chocolate).

I shouldn't have written that, though, because Sweetheart Joyce will probably now

immediately run out and buy a cow so I can have an immediate supply. I came back with a 12-pack of Newcastle this afternoon (and six of a rather nice El Salvadorean beer) so as to have supplies for the evening, inevitably to find no room in the fridge which was full of Newcastle Brown. I have chided Joyce that I am old enough to buy my own beer, but she seems unconvinced.

**Arnie Katz:**

Geez, Nic, if I'd know you were addicted to The White Stuff, as we right-thinking Diet Coke drinkers call it, we would've done something to at least mitigate the withdrawal pains.

I should've recognized the signs. I'm kicking myself that I never acted on my suspicions that you are a Milkie. The hollow eyes, the slightly slurred speech, the bent shoulders are all clues that someone has a cow on his back.

**Bill Mills:**

Kooks in the living room,  
Kooks in the den,  
Kooks in the dining room,  
Entertaining fen.  
Kooks in the kitchen,  
Kooking up some fun,  
When Las Vegrants are Home Kookin',  
There's enough for everyone!

Kooks in my nightmares,  
Kooks in my dreams,  
Kooks at the computator,  
Churning out the reams,  
Kooks in a konfab,  
There only is one goal,  
When Las Vegrants are Home Kookin',  
It's to feed your fannish soul!

**John Hardin:**

Vegrants always have the best nosh. Salad crème and Marmite; sashayed flounder and deep fried fans; Oreos and Lori toes; milk (white) and Newcastle (Brown). There was even a bit of rye whiskey to be had. Aye, we Kooks know how to live.

**Bill Mills**

Though I did manage to record some of our 'warm-up' time with Teresa playing some roots-music fiddle tunes (and we did a ragged version of "Four Strong Winds," if memory serves), sadly, I screwed up in an attempt to record the later material of all of us perform-

ing together. That's a real disappointment as, even for just bashing away, we sounded pretty good on "Knockin' On Heaven's Door", "Peaceful Easy Feeling" and a few others that Bobbie, Teresa and Roxie sang backup on. Tee provided some fine fiddlin' and Nic's piano and 'rock organ' accompaniments really sweetened the deal! I look forward to many more such jams. Next time maybe even JoHn Hardin will be in attendance and blowing some blues harp... I dearly missed his presence at this meeting.

I hope that Mr. DeChancie (author and pianist par excellence) is enjoying his summer vacation away from his Vegas friends, but that having been said, I can hardly wait for summer to end. Hurry HOME John, I miss your company and your playing! And you know, I actually suspect that given a little time our Vegrant FanBand could start to sound like... well, like we know what the hell we're doing. Now if a certain Texas guitar-man (and FanEd) could just sashay his ass and axe out to Vegas.

## Artwork & Photo Credits

Bill Rotsler — Cover

Steve Stiles —  
Home Kookin' logo on the cover  
and page 1

Roc Mills — Photos on pages  
3,4, 5, 8, 10, 11

Bill Mills — Photo on  
Back cover

# Welcomd Nic & Bobbie! Vegrants Report

The 6/20 felt like the start of a new era for the club. Nic and Bobbie Farey have moved to Las Vegas and, of course, fallen in with disreputable characters. Nic and Bobbie don't seem too troubled by the rest of us, though, and they're already a part of the group.

It also changed the way the meeting got underway. Normally, James Taylor and Tee Cochran arrive first. James has got to be the single most helpful Vegrant. He generally is Joyce's prime helper in the half-hour before the fans start to filter into the Launch Pad.

James and Tee arrived about 6:45, but the Farey's trumped that by getting here a week ago Friday. That's when they arrived in Glitter City and learned that the moving company, besides exceeding the estimate by a factor of three, had not yet dispatched their belongings! As of the meeting, the movers are aiming to get to Vegas next Wednesday. They're staying with us for the Duration.

Bill and Roc Mills also sailed in on the early side, so the Vegrants meeting had a full head of steam by the unofficial start time of "around 7:30."

We all sat around the dining room table, still with an extra leaf from Thursday's impromptu fan party. Tee told us of her latest exploits in the Fiddling World and we also swapped updates about the status of *Idle Minds* and a faan fiction story I'd previewed a few days earlier.

Nic hunkered over the Joyce's fancy new electronic keyboard and worked on "Fanzine Fan," his filk of "Rocket Man." I chided him to the effect that I would buy him an extension ladder to hit some of those high notes.

When Bill heard Nic's version, he booted Joyce's computer and soon had his recording of "Rocket Man" playing. A little later, he played it live, too. Before too long, Tee took out her fiddle and the club's three best

musicians began to work out how to play together.

The process had a few bumps, but you could see that all three were working hard to adjust to the Vegrants' power trio. (It will be a quartet, at least, when JoHn Hardin can attend. It'll be a quintet when our other keyboardist, John DeChancie returns from his summer in Pittsburgh. With Nic and DeC, they'll be Fandom's answer to Procol Harum.)

The music-making encompassed an unusually wide variety of songs. Nic's more of a rock and blues instrumentalist and vocalist, which results in more of the up-tempo numbers that I like best. The rest of us let Bill, Tee and Nic play with a minimum of requests and interference. Bill played several of my requests on Thursday, including *Faded Love and Winter Roses* and *Wild Horses*, so it seemed only right to give them some creative space.

A new story had excited Bill Mills' Sense of Wonder to fever pitch. Virgin is financing the construction of a space port in the wastelands of Arizona. The piece came with an artist's sketch of the complex, which Bill described as looking like "a pulp magazine cover."

That *is* pretty exciting in scientific terms. They'll use the facility for those high-priced space trips that some celebrities and rich folks take. I guess the space port won't fully capture my imagination until you can actually go somewhere other than out and back to the same port.

Almost more remarkable than the space port was an incident, recounted by Bill, involving the project and William Shatner. They invited him to be on the first flight once it opens – and then asked him to pony up a quarter-million dollars! You'd think the promotional value of having Capt. Kirk use the space port would be worth a free ride – and maybe a hefty appearance fee.

## By Arnie Katz





Foggy, one of only two animal members of the Vegrants, despite appearances to the contrary, seldom ventured among the fans during meetings. Of late, however, he has become somewhat less solitary and posed for this good-natured candid photo.

The acrimonious departure of Alan and DeDee White from the Vegrants added a dark edging of sadness to an otherwise happy and lively evening. Alan had erupted in a series of letters to Joyce. Some discussion was inevitable, but everyone was in too good a mood to worry about it for more than a few minutes of a convivial evening.

Bryan Follins, looking a little more tired than usual, told us that he is on track to get his MS in Computer Science by the end of the summer. He's taking two highly compressed courses, but on the other hand, he is not trying to teach at the same time.

After some coordination, we announced Vegas Noncon '09 for the July 4<sup>th</sup> weekend..

Friday, July 3<sup>rd</sup> at 6:00 PM will be the housewarming at Nic and Bobbie Farey's new place.

Saturday, July 4<sup>th</sup> is the month's first Vegrants meeting. It'll feature a cook-out with Nic Farey at the grill and a celebration of my 63<sup>rd</sup> birthday.

The biggest fan weekend in Las Vegas for maybe the last two years winds up on Sunday, 7/5, at the home of Bryan Follins. Fans will gather there at 1:30 to fete the popular Vegrant on his 50<sup>th</sup> birthday.

I have to admit I'm psyched, as we used to say in the Stoned Age when we were psyched, about this triple-header. We've had some big weekends in Las Ve-

gas Fandom in the '00's, but this promises to be a truly stellar occasion. The only thing that would make it even better would be a few out-of-town visitors (hunt, hint). Forget that creaky old Westercon and come to the Vegas Noncon '09 instead.

Don Miller has added a beard. Although his hair remains luxuriant and naturally dark, the chin trimming, though also bushy, is mostly white and gray. I guess my moustache is about the same, so maybe Miller and I need to consider Just for Men.or someother artificial enhancement.

Breda Dupont looked a little wan. She explained she had a particularly bad day brought up in part by finding a piece of jewelry given to her by her late son. There was more, but the bottom line was not the most enjoyable day,. I was extremely happy when Brenda said, a couple of different times, that the Vegrants had brightened up things a lot.

"What I do now, people think is very disgusting," said Nic Farey. Every head in the dining room swiveled in his direction as curiosity about which of Nic's many activities was the subject of his remark ran rampant through the Launch Pad. It turned out to be more prosaic than we had hoped. He referred to a propensity to make Marmite and peanut butter sandwiches. I think he eats them, but I will investigate and report back when I uncover The Truth.

Talk of food brought on, with apologies to Lilian Edwards, the story of the epic struggle between the cats and the birds that congregate in our backyard for Joyce's abundant feedings.

The High Priestess has amassed a major collection of feral cats; it's like a Kliban painting as reinterpreted by Andy Warhol during his repetitive image period. Perhaps they have it too easy, because they show no interest in obtaining any of the hundreds of birds that share the backyard and take their food. I almost wrote "steal," but there is no aspect of stealth. The birds, mostly pigeons, walk boldly to the dish, shouldering aside cats if they get in the way, It's as if they don't know the avians are eatable. The birds are so arrogant that Joyce no longer feeds during the parts of the day when they are most in evidence, because the birds would get everything. Funny thing, though. Maybe it's the high protein cat food or just a trick of the light, but I swear they are getting larger.

Tee, James, Nic, Bobbie, Joyce and I sat talking until about 2:30 AM. Everyone was tired, but enjoying themselves too much to pull the plug until I summoned the willpower.



# Incoming Your Letters

## Jim Caughran

Goodness gracious, I'm set to write a loc! Almost unheard of these days. "Goodness gracious", that is.

But I owe locs to a whole lot of people, who may wonder why I'm sending you one. Answer: I dunno; the fancy struck.

Envy seethes; I remember the close and loving group of fans in Berkeley with all kinds of nostalgia. You've got the same thing there; makes me want to live there. I wish it weren't in the wrong country. Hey, move the Vegrants to Canada?

Maybe I shoulda stayed in Berkeley. If I'd stayed in Berkeley, ... I'd probably have been drafted and sent to Vietnam. Or dodged, and moved to Canada. Plus ca change...

Fandom and even Corflu certainly have more females than they had in my earlier fannish incarnation. Now I feel too old and staid to enjoy that, instead of too shy and naive, the first time. The photos there show a number of good-looking women!

Ritual complaint about your two columns making it difficult to read on screen.

Bagels: Bakers try to reduce the labour involved in making bagels, so they leave out the good stuff like chewiness. I even saw a window ad for "Softer Bagels". I tried making bagels myself, with all the boiling and so forth, but I couldn't get them as chewy as I like them. Maybe it's impossible.

Kook -- I always think of the Jack Benny running gag about being in the train station, and the station announcer (Mel Blanc?) calling the train for "Kook ....." and the silence persists until conversation resumes, then "...AMUNGA".

"Our beloved city is built on a firm foundation of vice, hedonism and depravity" -- a trio that never fails.

Nice thought for our times. Maybe I could live in Vegas, since they voted Democratic.

Damn, I wrote a loc!

**Arnie:** *Home Kookin'* apparently exerts a similar, mysterious force on quite a few fans, including an appreciable number of Vegrants, The important thing is that, when you're hit by that sudden inexplicable urge to loc, you submit to it. Don't resist.

The secret of the chewy bagel, as imparted to me by my late mother whose family owned a bakery in Poland, is time. Let them sit for about three days and you'll find them a match for anyone's chompers.

Yes, Mel Blanc provided the voice for the train station bit. He did quite a bit of radio, though his attempt to star in a sitcom didn't go well.

## Shelby Vick

You almost (ALmost! <sniff>) made me feel like I was Right There.

Lemme mention that I have a new computer! It is, thanks to my computer friend Duane, a Monster! Over 500 gigs of hard drive, 3 gigs of RAM, and -- best of all -- part of it is my OLD hard drive, so I can flip between VISTA and Windows XP until I master Vista.

MOST important, I can now read PDFs with ease, which I couldn't do before. Gonna write one Now'N'Again all about it.

**Arnie:** Of course, fans will have to check out my new fanzine *Quibble*, which will be coming along shortly, to see that and other installments of your "Now & Again" column. Well, I guess a little

plug never hurt.

### Lloyd Penney

Whoops, I have fallen a little behind in my responses to Home Kookin'. As I was getting to issue 2, 3 happened along, so here comes one of those multi-issue locs that Chris Garcia likes.

2...There's that Nic feller, couldn't get rid of him after Corflu Silver, hm? He's come a long distance, but Vegas is always a good place to go for a visit. Hope Bobbie's got him under control, and has been getting him safely from one place to another.

Congratulations on 38 years! Yvonne and I celebrate our 26<sup>th</sup> in two weeks...not sure what we're going to do other than have a good dinner together.

Nic, there can't be Beam wherever you go. So, you'll just to settle for having a travel size. It's the usual size, but it looks like one of those metal water bottles everyone's using these days. Clips to your belt, and no matter where you go, there's your Beam. You just have to remember to refill it

from the 5-gallon drum, sold separately. Egoboo in your own time, Nic, and looks like you have your own fans in Vegas.

Jolie, you'd like the Rankin Family, they're from Nova Scotia, and I've never seen a more talented family. One of their most talented members died in a car crash a few years ago, so they go forth in Jimmy's memory, and continue to entertain the continent. Joyce, good bagels come from many places. If anyone from Vegas is going to the WorldCon this year, see if they can bring back for you some Montréal bagels. They are the best.

Bill Mills, are you doing another radio show any time soon? I miss The Voices of Fandom, especially your own hour-long show, and I hope there will be more podcasts to download soon.

Ah, on page 5, there's Nic given fandom a heartfelt hello. And my own greetings to Jacq Monahan. Take the time you need, there's a lot of people out there waiting to meet you on your own schedule. Go slow, and take the time to enjoy all these new friends. Fandom is full of old fans who have been around forever, and there's a reason for



This is a fairly typical scene in the dining room about halfway through the meeting. Bill Mills and Nic Farey jam as Ross Chamberlain sits at the computer to write something for the editorial of This Very Fanzine.



Nic Farey enjoys one of his favorite vices during a pause in the frivolity.. He has others.

that. And, there's plenty of new people like you, so you are not alone.

3...Vegas doesn't just have guests, but guests of honor. Once Nic was out of town, Sandra Bond had to come and fill the gap. I didn't get to talk to Sandra at Corflu Silver, and it will be interesting to see what Sandra writes about her adventures in America. Is she checking the place out for emigration? Hello, Jacq...the sounds of glass shattering is usually a sure sign there's a party close by.

Sandra, which route did you take out of town? With Reno getting the 2011 Worldcon, we'd thought we'd fly to Vegas, spend some time and then drive to Reno, but when you see how much of nearly nothing is between the two cities, we thought that maybe we'd catch a commuter flight. Much faster, and might even be cheaper in the long run.

I would not worry about cannibals in Las Vegas. The buffets are plentiful, and they're cheaper, too. The cooking is better, too. One local fan in Toronto is known as the Ferret Lady, and she rescues ferrets from bad homes, and keeps about a dozen or so at any given time in her own home. Ferrets look like furry salamis, and are a squirmy delight, as long as they don't bite.

All done for the nonce...in about a week and a half, the big anime convention in town, Anime North, comes to town, and we will be participating in some programming...in about two weeks, Yvonne and I celebrate 26 years of marriage, and a few days after that, I turn a decrepit 50 years old. Yvonne has promised me no fuss; I'm not sure my heart could take it. Take care, and hurry up

with the next Idle Minds! Wanna see it!

**Arnie:** You have to understand, Lloyd, that Nic wasn't expecting to fall in with a serious and constructive group of earnest scientifiction fans like us.

It's a period of adjustment. Heck, we haven't even told him about "Come Dressed as your favorite science fiction professional." day."

Bill's podcasts as well as the Internet TV show we do together, "The Wasted Hour," have been awhile between episodes for a variety of boring reasons. I hope there'll be more of both when the time needed to do them loosens up a bit.

Oh, I don't know. Las Vegas is pretty famous for sharks and man-eaters. A few who devour their prey wouldn't be totally impossible.

### **Bruce Gillespie**

Thanks, Arnie... Just to reassure you that No 3 has come in loud and clear, even if No 1 didn't initially.

I fully support the Vegrants' general devotion to food, as can be seen from the title of your new fanzine. Wish I could drop in on one your food events.

**Arnie:** I want to emphasize that this is a group effort, not an "Arnie Katz fanzine." Everyone writes and, for example, James Taylor is generally the one who sends Vegrants to the keyboard to contribute.

Many of the current Vegrants are longer on talent and enthusiasm than fannish experience, but I am really pleased with the progress from issue to issue.

That's it for this time. Drop us a comment, if you can.

— The Vegrants  
Las Vegas, NV

Attending this meeting of the Vegrants were: Bill & Roc Mills, James Taylor, Tee Cochran, Jacq Monahan, Ross Chamberlain, , Nic & Barbara Farey, Don Miller, Brenda Dupont, Lori Forbes, Derek Stazenski and Joyce & Arnie Katz





**FANNISH TO  
THE CORE**