

Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'
Home Kookin'



July 2009

Home Kookin'

Home Kookin'

Home Kookin'

The Farey Housewarming

Arnie Katz:

Why is this issue of *Home Kookin'* different from all other issues of the Vegrants' oneshot fanzine? It's because previous, and most future, issues are done at a single Vegrants meeting. We'll generate this issue over the entire July 4th holiday

The reason is the Big Weekend, also called Vegas NonCon '09. We've arranged to have a keyboard at the NonCon's three events. The issue will start at the newly acquired abode of Nic and Bobbie Farey, who've invited us all for a housewarming. Saturday night switches to the Launch Pad for the 7/4 Vegrants meeting, which includes the celebration of my 63rd birthday. We'll wrap up everything on Sunday, when we get together to fete Bryan Follins on his birthday.

The idea is to bring you a bit of the flavor of one of Vegas Fandom's biggest social weekends in a long time. Thanks to this "threeshot," you will actually be able to chart the mental and physical deterioration of our intrepid band of fannish hedonists as we take the challenge of this marathon fanzine.

So here, before the deterioration sets in

too deeply, is our Resident Madman and the Housewarming's genial Co-host...

Nic Farey

Too bloody late Chief, since I didn't get this 'til after 5 pm on the day, been up since 5 am arranging shit and cooking for the presumed ravening hordes, and of course, I been drinking since noon.

You want deterioration? We got that all in spades, and I'm not just talking about the effects of the 9% beer on some bloke drug round either, speaking of whom...

James Taylor

I've been playing Igor to Nic's Dr. Frankenstein as he builds a better BBQ. I'm not looking forward to the test, but if I continue to ply him with strong beer, I'm hoping he will forget to actually give it.

John Hardin

Charting the deterioration of this group of reprobates? That's not a long graph. More like a Venn diagram where the Vegrants occupy an increasing share of space where "gluttony" and "drunkenness" intersect.

The depravity (or is it debauchery) is so complete that Nic is wrestling people to the ground in the living room and forcing them to eat healthy chimichangas. It's not even -dark- outside. I fear the horrors that the fall of darkness will unleash. Hey look, there's more barbecue.



Nic and Bobbie prepare for the ravening hordes.



Home Kookin' #5, July, 2009 is a more or less spontaneously monthly fanzine produced as part of the Vegas NonCon '09 over the July 4th weekend.

Home Kookin' is the Group Effort of the Vegrants, Las Vegas' informal, invitational Core Fandom fan club.

Miscreants include: Tee Cochran & James Taylor, Bill & Roc Mills, Ross Chamberlain, JoHn Hardin, Bryan Follins, Jacq Monahan, Brenda Dupont, Jolie LaChance, Derek Stazenski and Arnie & Joyce Katz.

Published July 2009

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

Member fwa Supporter AFAL

Arnie Katz

Venn Dagram, eh? Hauling out the heavy artillery, aren't we?.

And yet, even the mysterious and powerful Venn Diagram doesn't seem equal to the task. It's all very well to chart "gluttony" and "drunkenness, but I don't see any provision for "lewdness," "clumsiness," "pontification" and "Funny Hats"?

All this brave talk about abandoned revelry will give fans in other cities and countries the right idea about the Vegrants. That could soil the Vegrants' image for sober, serious and constructive scientific dedication, if we had that reputation.

Depravity *or* Debauchery?

Depravity *and* Debauchery, says this Insurgent!

Jacqueline Monahan

I need no such wrestling to get me to indulge in massive mastication. Within minutes of arrival, I had downed one hot dog, one hamburger, two helpings of Bobbi's famous potato salad, a piece of Nic's healthy chimichanga and three different ladles of JoHn's spicy chipotle pork stew. And I'm just getting started. The salad I brought is being ignored in favor of ribs

and brats. I will need a shoe horn to get out the door. This is such fun!

Nic Farey

All right, boys an' girls. I'm finally done cookin'! Now we just got to get these bastards to eat!!! God - am I Jewish now?

James Taylor

Yes, Nic, that's all it takes. They like to make it seem more difficult, but it just comes down to straight-forward over-feeding the guests and then complaining about all the leftovers. You did lose style points by being drunk, but style points are for wimps, anyway.

Joyce Katz

Actually, you didn't mention the most important thing of all -- to be properly Jewish, you have to throw in a generous serving of Guilt. In this case, the food can cover all the bases, by first tempting all of us to overeat, then making us feel guilty about it.

Add to that the sounds of "The Tennessee Waltz" and I feel like I'm at a family reunion back in Southeast Missouri. I've had Sister Bobbie's potato salad; I've sampled Aunt Jacq's salad, and Uncle Nic's baked beans. And the only part I feel the least bit guilty over, is that I didn't have more of these good things while I had the chance.

Bill & Roc Mills enjoy a companionable pause during a highly festive evening.



Jacq Monahab communes with Nic's Macintosh laptop as she prepares to write something memorable for *Home Kookim*'

Arnie Katz

Although I don't have a certificate proclaiming my Jewishness, as Joyce does, I believe I've had more direct experience with Jewish Mothering than anyone else at the at the Farey Housewarming.

I recall once, when visiting my parents on Long Island, I had no sooner walked in the door than my mother began cooking a meal. That wasn't so unusual, you're probably thinking. It's something any doting mom would do for her first-born son. That's true, but only a Jewish mother would offer to make me a sandwich while I was waiting the five minutes until the hot meal would be ready to serve. And my mom once served me a meal and then tried very hard to get me to accept a steak "to wash it down."

Brenda Dupont

I've had plenty to eat: The ribs were fantastic, the potato salad with mustard is wonderful -- so southern! I'm filled to the gills, but trying to see if I have a corner of my stomach with room just enough for apple pie and tiramisu.

Also, I brought corn that Nic grilled so I think I should eat some of that, too. How's that for a portion of self-guilt?

Suddenly, the music has stopped - all are admiring Nic's computer. You can hear a pin drop. Tee announced that she is overstuffed, but James is a pie-pusher and she has succumbed.

Jacqueline Monahan

I've devoured a rib with all the grace of a cave-



The dining area off the living room proved a natural location for small groups of chatting fans. Shown here are (left to right): Jacq Monahan, Brenda Dupont and James Taylor.

woman, visited the potato salad three more times, tried to make it all go away with a salad made of lettuce, and failed miserably at resisting dessert. My diet soda is a ruse. I feel a double chin coming on...

Joyce Katz

The music sounds particularly full tonight. In addition to Bill on guitar and vocals, Tee on fiddle, and Nic on keyboard, JoHn is rattling the tambourine, and now Neighbor Barbara has gone home to get her percussion instruments. I see maracas. And another tambourine. I predict we're all going to be Too Loud for the nice fans in town.



Tee Cochran concentrates on a challenging fiddle passage as the Vegrants Band struts its stuff.

Nic Farey

Get used to loud. I'm in town now darlin...

Roc Mills

Gawd! I don't do Macs and I don't do itty-bitty keyboards. You gotta be kidding. How can I possibly type like this?

Saw some awesome lightning earlier tonight, better 'n any fireworks, that's for certain. Diggin' the music tonight, too. Finally got Nic on a keyboard with a decent volume level. All this time, I thought he was just fakin' it! Arnie is jammin' with the kazoo, T is sweet on the violin, and Barbara has joined in as well.

I didn't quite feel like coming here tonight, but now I am ever so glad that I did! Great food (in great quantity), good friends, good music... and wow, just caught another awesome lightning blast out the window... think I'll grab a smoke and brew and go outside to admire nature's fireworks.

Jacqueline Monahan

All the best people in the world are here tonight. Arnie sits cross-legged on the floor. JoHn is keepin' the beat, cigarettes are aflame. tambourines are pounded like Davey Jones was still in the top twenty.

Tee is at the bow, Bill strums out "California Dreamin'" while Nic flips the bird for the camera. Barbara's rockin' out as well. Even I am covertly singing some of the tunes and I don't even drink. Such is the power of Vegrants.

Brenda Dupont

I love laptops and little keyboards, so I'm right at home there. It's the Macintosh thing that's foreign to me.

Nic has reminded me that he grilled the damn corn and I should eat it!

That's definitely Guilt, but no room for even a kernel!

The music is great and the conversation certainly eclectic... from Nic telling his chimichanga secrets to Mormons, polygamy and remembering childhood punishments.

The lightning show was definitely spectacular as if ordered for the party. Roc seems to think that the best ones are for her eyes only.

Arnie Katz

Discussion of laptops reminds me of when Shelby Vick, in a letter, told me he had something better than a spellchecker. Naturally, I asked what that might be.

"A lapchecker," he replied. "Suzanne sits on my lap and checks my spelling."

Bill Mills

We are Vegrants! And we are STRONG!

What a nice way to christen the new home of our new friends and fellow Vegrants. Nic and Bobbie welcomed their new extended fannish family with hospitality and fine food and we brought the good cheer.



Arnie and Nic pause amid the chaos to heckle each other.

It appears to have been a good formula. A good turn out of Vegrants regulars, plus one. And a good one, in fact. Finding that the Farey's have at least one friendly and musically talented neighbor is a comfort to those of us who worried about the location of Nic and Bobbie's new place.

Strangely, even the devolvement into playing *Rock Star* on the PS2 seems entirely appropriate. It's been that kind of night. Lots of talk, lots of laughter, lots of music and lots of the kind of fannish camaraderie that made me want to be part of this crazy community at the start and which is still my largest motivation. I certainly hope that the Farey's had as great a time as their guests.

Be-Bop-a-Lula, Baby... and welcome to Las Vegas!

Arnie Katz

We are Vegrants, hear us roar
With egos too big to ignore
Fannish and Insurgent to the Core!

We get sercon and we drink
We push it to the brink
We're strange and weird but never bore

You know we've seen the light
Though they say that we're Inane

Artwork & Photo Credits

Bill Rotsler — Cover, 21

Nic Farey — 3, 4B, 5B, 10T, 15(2), 17,
19

JoHn Hardin — 9B, 18

Bill Mills — 2, 4T, 5T, 6, 8, 9T, 10B,
11, 12, 13, 14, 15T, 16, 19,
22T

Roc Mills — 7, 22B

We live by FIAWOL
Though this stuff may rot our brains

We are Vegrants! We
We are strong!
We are Insurgent!
Vegrants!

I wish I knew this song better. Well, I never liked it that much in the first place, so I don't really want to know it better, but it would have improved this Instant Filk Song.

John Hardin

We are Vegrants and we are strongly loaded. The Farey shakedown cruise seems to be an unqualified success. Three deserts sampled, sixteen different grilled meats, a pygmy albino rhinoceros straight off the smoker, beer so strong it's illegal in most states, free fireworks displays courtesy of Ma Nature. Happy Birthday, Arnie!

Joyce Katz

Sixteen grilled meats? That's not too many! I'm watching the fans playing Guitar Hero. That seemed only a little strange, but then Tee started it, too. It

Nic and Bill, caught in mid-rock, are learning to play together,



would seem like some kind of magic, if I hadn't seen a couple of other Vegrants calling out the chord changes for her.

Nic Farey

It's one am. They've all left. Time to reflect.

I was gonna say, "Boy! Are we lucky!" but then I looked at the detritus of the day and figured we just *might* get cleaned up before James and Tee come get us at 5 pm tomorrow for part 2. But we do got it pretty decent, for friends and company.

If I can just find some work soon it'll be sweet. Honestly. after a year and a half of having money it's damn strange to be down to my last fifty bucks.

Look up, we got great pops for the food and entertainment, and you better believe that these people don't just say shit for the sake of being polite. They said they had a good time, and I reckon they meant all that.

Barbara sold us a couch at her yard sale last week. We liked her and invited her over. She's old school, but fit well in with the Vegrant insanity - went home to get her percussion, all the while pissed that she'd hocked the banjo, but lookin' at nature's light show on the way back up here and making sure we all got to go see. She got BB a nice lil housewarming gift. So did Jacq, all unexpected and well nice.

You can tell it really is that late. I'm writing in Hemingway sentences. Tee drank my Makers Mark, I got Beam.

If it's not all good, it's at least well good. We got old friends here, and we met a new friend, don't get no better.

The next morning finds me with the expected hangover, to be ameliorated by the Walgreens' ibuprofen thoughtfully delivered by Lord Jim yesterday, having heard me remark that the Advil equivalent is about all I ever take for *anything*, and I was apparently all out.

I've uploaded the photos from the camera to send to the Fanfather, including one of the two of us with me trying to look like Little Stevie in *The Sopranos*, and probably failing. The pics make the place look rather nice, all it needed was a bunch of Vegrants disporting around the joint for a final touch.

Thanks for the boo, let's do it again...

Arnie Katz

And so we will... at the 7/4 Vegrants meeting. You'll find that phase of the oneshot a few pages forward, but there are a couple of other things we hope you'll like, too.

Drums in the Night

The Housewarming

Starting reports of Vegrants gatherings always presents the problem of trying to say something familiar in a new, hopefully interesting, way. Vegrants meetings are sufficiently different, one from the other, that any report quickly gets into new territory, but the opening sections have a sameness.

You know how it goes: I'm waiting for the meeting, James Taylor and Tee Cochran arrived. James helps finish the set up while Tee and I chat amiably about music and Fandom. I'll admit there's a comforting familiarity about starting each report with essential that information, but I yearn for a little variety. It wouldn't surprise me to discover that quite a few readers do, too.

This account doesn't have to start with anything like that. Oh, no. For you see, the first leg of this week-end-long fanac fest known as the Big Weekend or Vegas NonCon '09 is the Farey Housewarming.

That leads to a totally different opening, which should please everyone.

Joyce steered the car into an empty space ijust across from the Fareys' new Las Vegas home. Nic ushered us into the beautifully decorated living room, where James Taylor was helping with the set up and Tee was talking amiably about music and Fandom See? Totally different.

As I took in the beauty of the house, James hunched over Nic's laptop, trying to make the machine activate software that would allow Tee to participate in the editorial in real time. Joyce's machine at the Launch Pad is configured to access a web-based program that gives an audio read of what's on the screen. This has made it possible for Tee to be, as far as we know, the first blind fan to participate in a oneshot in real time, as it unfolds.



Arnie Katz demonstrates that, if we can't all be tigers, we can still wear them on our shirts.

Bill and Roc Mills came in lugging many bundles, some of which promised musical entertainment for later in the party. He'd seen the house in its empty, pre-spruced-up state and he was plainly as impressed by the home's eye-catching decor.

"My sausages are brring!" Nic shouted into the phone at the sales person who'd interrupted the orderly progress of his grilling. He had two of them, grills, and he rolled out a bounty of hamburgers, turkey burgers, hotdogs, brats, chicken and ribs.

I see a pattern similar to Roc's new job emerging in her new one. She is both talented and generous, which makes her the kind of worker who takes on extra jobs that weren't included in the description when she got hired.

In this case, her employer got rid of an assistant programmer –

By Arnie Katz

and then dumped partial responsibility for some digital stuff in Roc's lap. Even though she didn't know it, she and the main techie at the company figured it out after struggling with it tenaciously. Well, at least they're supposed to give her a raise...

Tee told Bill and I about a painful encounter she had with the local fauna. Seeking shelter from the midday sun – I reckon Sol is twice as close to Vegas as it is to London – Tee suddenly felt many little stings. It turned out that she had intruded on the privacy of some fire ants and the nasty little creatures took their revenge out on her ankles.

Bill warned us not to tell this story to Roc (and this is your warning, Roc, to skip this paragraph). Back in somewhat earlier days, Roc decided to take advantage of a hot sunny day to acquire an all-over tan. She got comfortable and, under the sun's calming rays, lay there for some time. When she awakened, she found that she had become dinner for an army of fire ants that had pitted her fair skin like craters of the moon.

I was touched to see that Nic had set up a smaller room for those of us who sometimes like to retreat from the hubhub of the living room during a Vegrants party. I feel that Ted would approve Nic's arrangements, which proved comfortable for smokers and non-smokers alike. I said something of the sort to Nic, who gave me the Finger. I think that's his little way of saying, "I love you."

At around 7 PM, Joyce handed me a plate with a hamburger, a hotdog, a rib, potato salad and baked beans. I didn't question or protest; I always try to be

Ree Cochran (*center*), Bobbie Farey and Arnie Katz are joining in the musicale. Two have talent; Arnie played kazoo.



Nic helps Joyce overcome her unfamiliarity with laptops so that she can write on the oneshot.

ready for Good Fortune. It sure was, too. Nic and Bobbie did a fantastic job with the food. Joyce is still the Baroness of Buffets, but there's a new power in town. The High Priestess may have to step up her game.

Roc had warned Bill about the spiciness of JoHn's stew, which he'd cooked and brought for the party. Bill judged her an alarmist, but after starting to eat a bowl of JoHn's fiery mixture, he blurted, "This must be what they eat in Hell, it's so hot!"

I'm always interested in what people collect, so I was particularly attentive to Bobbie's presentation of her Hard Rock shot glass collection. She reported the odd fact that her Las Vegas glass got broken. And now she's here, where she can easily go get a replacement!

We're going to have to come up with a name for the main group of musicians – Bill Mills (guitar and vocals), Tee Cochran (fiddle and mandolin), Nic Farey (keyboards) and JoHn Hardin (drums and harmonica). (We actually have a second, outstanding keyboardist in John DeChancie, but he is summering in exotic Pittsburgh.) They started with one of their favorites, "Knockin' on Heaven's Door." Soon they had Bobbie adding her wonderful soprano and me contributing a disreputable kazoo (courtesy of Bill Mills, who put a kazoo in my hand and told me to blow.)

Music has become an integral part of Vegrants fetes since we became so lucky as to acquire such fine players. They are still working on the repertoire as they seek to harmonize somewhat differing musical tastes, but they are great to hear and have surprisingly little resistance to musical tyros like me jamming, too.

Bill is the main leader and organizer, based on his experience, musicianship and knack for managing these tuneful sessions. Tee primarily plays the fiddle and is already good enough to perform in public with several different organizations. Nic Farey is our rock and blues man, while JoHn Hardin has become quite adept at both the drums and the harmonica.

The Fareys' neighbor Barbara, the only nonfan guest, showed a great spirit and mixed well with the fans. At one point, she dashed home and came back with a bunch of percussion instruments that JoHn, in particular, played with great gusto.

When Bill swung into a Dylan song, I shot a look at noted Dylan-hater Nic. "Arnie can tell you what a big Dylan fan I am," Nic said as sarcasm dripped all over the front of his shirt. He asserted that he liked Dylan's songs, but only when they were sung by others, "even Bill."

"I'll take that as a compliment," said Bill without missing a strum.

"Yes," I shot, "Bill can find egoboo the way a pig finds truffles."

"Yeah," Bill said, still not dropping his song, "I can find egoboo even in a heap of shit!" Everyone, most especially Nic, laughed and the music rolled onward to a heartfelt renditions of "Sympathy for the Devil."

When the band swung into "Blueberry Hill," Nic said, "Fats Domino would turn over in his grave."

"Fats Domino's not dead, yet," I observed.

"He will be when he hears this," Nic responded.

There was a lot of interest in JoHn's hat, recently bought for next to nothing at a convenience store. Roc Mills especially liked it and I saw her strutting around wearing it. I've noticed a proliferation of headgear. I think Rolling Thunder started that way.

Bill regaled us with stories about his youthful pioneering as an owner of Ye Olde Psychedelic Shoppe,

Barbara, the neighbor, made a terrific impression.



Hames Taylor ponders his next comment for the oneshot at the Farey Housewarming.

perhaps the first hippie store on Los Angeles' Sunset Strip. This was back in the 1960's, before the term "head shop" had even been coined.

They were so inexperienced, according to Bill, that they bought items like rolling papers from convenience stores, because they didn't know how to hook up with the distributors.

Things must've pretty well, Bill's modesty aside, since they soon had *four* stores, including one in his future hometown of Las Vegas, on the strip. I found it fascinating to hear Bill's stories about this, because the Vegrants had a member about 15 years ago, Rick Hooper, who owned a similar store on the Strip a few years later. There were a lot of similarities, most of them covered by the phrase "police harassment."

There'd been a little chatter about the incredibly popular electronic game, *Guitar Hero*. Nic fired up the PlayStation 2 and several fans, musicians and non-musicians alike, tried their hand at this compelling interactive entertainment.

Tee, with some verbal guidance from Bill, played the game and seemed to do about as well as any of those trying it for the first time. She is a remarkable woman.

Joyce and I went home about 11:30, knowing we had a long Saturday ahead of us. The party, it is reliably reported, raged on until about 1 AM, when the last guests headed for their homes.

Attending were: Nic & Bobbie Farey, James Taylor and Tee Cochran, Bill & Roc Mills, JoHn Hardin, Jacq Monahan, Brenda Dupont, Barbara, and Joyce & me.

— Arnie Katz

The Fourth Event

An Untold Tale of Vegas NonCon '93

"I have an idea," I said to Joyce. I always like to warn her when these things happen. I average about three warnings a year, but the savings in emergency heart medications for her are well worth the extra trouble.

"You have an idea?" Joyce has always had an interest in rare phenomena.

"Yes, I've got an idea for how we can make Vegas NonCon '09 even better.

"We can extend and enhance the Big Weekend." That's what we are calling this confluence of three fabulous fannish events on the July 4th weekend, at least when we're not styling it something even more grandiose, like Vegas NonCon '09.

"Another event?" Joyce asked, plainly astonished. "There's not enough time to plan another event – and who has the energy to host it?"

"No, this won't take much work. Almost none, in fact," I assured her. "The additional event is already in place."

I could tell from the shocked expression on her sensitive fannish face that she was perplexed.

Or maybe asleep. She does that a lot when I talk to her. I think it's like Candy Matson, the ferret member of the Vegrants, who follows short bursts of intense excitement by falling over and going limp. I figure that, even after 38 glorious years, the thrill of listening to me simply exhausts her stamina.

Anyway, once I was sure she was awake, I thought I ought to outline my idea.

"So what's your idea?" Joyce persisted.

Seeing that I had, if only temporarily, her attention, I divulged my concept: "VSFA has a monthly meeting on Saturday morning, right?"

"I think they've moved the location of the meeting,"



Arnie and Joyce chat during the Farey Housewarming. They probably weren't talking about VSFA.

she volunteered, "but, yes, they do meet. Do you think that would be much fun?" she added, dubiously.

"Well, the amount of fun is debatable," I conceded, "but there are ways we could boost the entertainment value."

"What do you mean?" Joyce asked, her voice crackling slightly with incipient panic. "Your definition of 'entertainment'..." She shook her head.

"No one has to die, I promised.

"What about gafia?" she asked.

"I don't think anyone will *have* to gafiate," I declared..

By Arnie Katz

“Well, let’ hear it,” she said. When an Arnie Katz Brainstorm is imminent, the best thing you can do is lie back and enjoy it.

“I don’t think VSFAnS can gafiate,” I said. “In any case, I don’t want to take away their joy in watching videos and eating dinner. In fact, I want to give them something.”

“Give them something,” Joyce echoed.

“I want to give them the gift of living fanhistory!” I declared. “Let’s show them the Glory Days of Fandom!”

“What, exactly, do you have in mind?” Joyce asked, growing more suspicious by the minute. She gets very antsy when I sling phrases like “The Glory Days of Fandom.” It’s only because she knows me, of course.

“How many people do you figure go to that VSFA meeting?” I asked. I am no stranger to the Socratic Method.

“I don’t know exactly,” she said. “Maybe five or six.”

“That would be my guess, too – and it’s perfect,” I said. “What if 15 or 16 Vegrants went to the meeting?”

“It’d be a pretty big meeting?” she ventured.

“We could do something right out of the pages of

The Immortal Storm. The Vegrants could dramatize the scene in Moskowitz’s fan memoirs in which a bunch of New York fans stormed a club and wrested it from the previous participants,” I said enthusiastically, for the Grand Design now filled the formerly empty cavern in my cranium. “I remember reading an episode from the early days of New York City Fandom. A group of fans invaded a club and took it over, ousting the old officers and some of the members, too, if memory serves.”

“And?”

“Don’t you see? The Vegrants could go to the meeting and take over the club. We would become the officers, pass resolutions like banning video from all VSFA meetings and in general create total chaos,” I summarized. “We’d be giving the VSFAnS a bit of living fanhistory, a *tableau vivant* of Fandom, a fanhistorical *You Are There*.”

“I don’t know, Arnie,” Joyce said. “The VSFAnS are a lot different than we fans, but they’re nice enough people. There’s no reason to bust up their little clubhouse.”

“You are right, Joyce. Your compassion has moved me,” I said, abashed and ashamed. “VSFA is an honorable group that we should not jostle with our outrageous Insurgentish schemes.” I looked at her sharply.



John Hardin (left) and Arnie confer about something completely different than this article.



Joyce Katz and Nic Farey huddle at the Housewarming.,

“I’m surprised you’d come up with such an idea.”

“W-w-what?”

“Never mind,” I said with a dismissive wave of the hand. “Your idea was certainly worth discussing, but we aren’t going to do it, so that’s that.”

“Good,” she said, satisfied that a tragedy had been averted.

“How about this,” I countered. “We could all go to the meeting --” I saw that she was about to protest and pushed forward quickly. “-- We go to the meeting and we act absolutely properly. We act like the perfect new club members.”

“To start, we politely introduce ourselves to the VSFA members, ask for membership applications and pay a year’s dues each, in advance.

“Every Vegrants will sign up for any activity mentioned at the meeting and offer to do any work involved in setting up the event,” I elaborated. “We ask about the clubs elective offices and the date of the next election, making it plain that we hope to be worthy of such honors once we have proven our mettle as VSFA members.”

“And then?” There was her suspicious nature, again.

“And then... nothing!” I replied. “We just go there, act like lovable fans and ideal club members,” I reclined my chair slightly, waiting for the egoboo that would surely now wash over me like high tide on a full moon night.

Sadly, disappointingly, Joyce looked perplexed. “You don’t do anything?”

“Ghu no!” I said. “Like you said, they are very nice

mundane folks and it would be wrong to cause them any harm.”

“I don’t get it,” she finally admitted. “You want the Vegrants to go to a VSFA meeting and act on their best behavior?”

“Well, I was hoping at least of few Vegrants could act better than *that*, but I guess it will have to do,” I said. “But don’t you see it?”

“See what?”

“We all show up at the VSFA meeting. They’re tense, suspicious, on the lookout for some dastardly deed by a group they already view with palpable wariness.

“They wait for something to happen, something like my original plan to pull a coup and capture the club, but we just continue to smile, cooperate and, all in all, comport ourselves like normal, middle-brow folks who just like to watch a good sci-fi video.

“Yet it’s hard to toss aside preconceptions,” I continued. “They would be expecting something outrageous.”

“And nothing happens?” Joyce interjected. “You’ll drive them crazy!”

“Exactly,” I said triumphantly. “They would suffer from their own preconceptions, not from anything we did. And at the end of the meeting, when we all thanked them for a fine fannish morning, they’d probably spend hours trying to figure out what the hell we were doing.”

“No, Arnie,” she said gently. “We can’t do that.”

“What do you mean? I just told you how,” I said.

“I mean that we *shouldn’t* do it. It would be mean and spiteful and we are merely frivolous and hedonistic.”

“Yes, I conceded with a sigh. “I guess you’re right.”

“You wouldn’t want it on your conscience,” she prompted.

“I guess you’re right, Joyce,” I said. “Three fannish events in three days are enough for any Trufan.”

So we took off our clothes and decided to stay in bed on Saturday morning. I think everyone came out ahead on this one.

— Arnie Katz

Author’s Note

“The Fourth Event” is a flight of fancy, partially based on an actual conversation. No members of VSFA were harmed in the creation of this article.

Home Kookin'

Home Kookin'

Home Kookin'

Vegrants 7/4 Meeting

This procedure might not make you too pretty, but you'll smell nice.

Arnie Katz

If barbeque sauce -- or, indeed, sauce of any kind -- is the secret ingredient in calling forth the Spirit of Trufandom, I think we've got it covered. There are enough sauces, barbeque and otherwise, to smother all the available food. And looking at the tables in the living room and dining room, that's a *lot* of edibles.

Teresa Cochran

Well, two out of four ain't bad. I won't say which two.

As for the almost continuous party this weekend, I kind of wish the food and drink worked with never-ending plenty the way music does. I hope I can eat an appreciable amount of food in order to satisfy the hosts.

I am still full of food from last night. Naturally enough, the fannish spirit and musical potential never ends, as far as I'm concerned. I can't be too full of that.

Nic and Bobbie were fantastic hosts last night, and I'm sure Joyce and Arnie will continue to be fantastic hosts as usual on this occasion. I'm learning all kinds of fun things about fanac,

Arnie Katz

When last seen, several pages back, the first phase of the oneshot editorial ended with a bleary-eyed, but triumphant, Nic Farey wrapping up the evening.

And now, here I am, definitely *not* hung over or feeling anything but the upwelling of the Trufannish Spirit as time approaches for fans to start arriving for the July 4th Vegrants meeting,

After a great night as Nic and Bobbie's guest, I'm rarin' — *Home Kookin'* is the Fanzine of the Dangling Apostrophe — to do some hosting, too. We're also celebrating my 63rd birthday, which is further than I sometimes thought I'd get.

I attribute my good humor and fit constitution to Clean Living, Innocent Thoughts and a very enjoyable evening last night with a dozen really entertaining friends.

It's possible that Frequent Sex has something to do with my ebullient, upbeat mood..

Maybe "Yes"; maybe "No."

Why take a chance, I say!

Joyce Katz

On the other hand, it could be liberal applications of barbecue sauce and chocolate. And, it'll have the added value of making you multi-colored.



The Sweetheart of Fanac Falls relaxes during a lull in hosting duties at the Vegrants.



Tee fiddles around a lot. We like it that way.

including proper hosting mores. Friendship and good fannish spirit are most important.

Also, it's good to keep a BNF happy.

Bryan Follins

This is the last night of my 49th year on this earth. I'm Over the Hill and ready to roll!!!!

Arnie Katz

As I told Ken Forman when he bemoaned the ap-

proach of his 50th birthday just the other day in an email: I've scouted out the territory on the far side of 50 and I'm pleased to report that it is safe for you to advance to 50 and beyond.

James Taylor

We just finished up the first dozen burgers (beef and turkey) and at least a dozen wieners and beef dogs with a half dozen chicken legs for poultry lovers.

The Katz's grill is cooling and Nic, who did all the work, is now lit with pleasant glow just like the grill was.

Nic Farey

Once again, I am *done* cookin' for the night.

These bastards are working me to death, so eat! Eat, already! Actually not so intense as yesterday, which did involve two grills and a rack of ribs smoked for a couple hours.

I'm lookin' forward to relaxing in a drunken haze tonight (since Lord Jim kindly offered to do the driving), but since Bill Mills is here, relaxation may be out of the question.

I'll just remind him how rotten he was at 'Guitar Hero' last night...

Update: later, and drunker. The conversation in the living room was about wine and software, at least when

Bill Mills, guitar at the ready, consults his song file for material for the Vegrants Band.



I was there.

Bryan revealed that there's a web page creation software named after my favorite beer. The conversation in the smoking room, however, turns to Rush Limbaugh and goes further into the gutter from there. I tell the dirty old man hand job joke to universal acclaim...

I have seen Lori's toes again!

Brenda Dupont

Thanks, Nic, for another nite of great grilling. I even ventured outside and fell to the charms of the little kitty that wants in. He has a very good motor. I might have to see about getting Dreamweaver the beer and Dreamweaver software. That way I'll have double the fun.

The food was great as ever, and right as I think I'm full, we move to the front room – more tempting treats. I think I should just fill up and not eat for the next week or two. I'll forgo the hibernation though, unless the temps reach over 110. It seems as if we are in the middle of a DMZ, the fireworks are all around us. These are no kiddy fare, either. The neighborhood kids found a munitions stash somewhere. Lori's laugh can be heard throughout...as Joyce points out, it's very melodic. It makes an interesting contrast to the rockets "red glare" and cherry bombs bursting in air.

Joyce Katz

Now the musicians are tuning up; they'll have to go some to block out the fireworks. I'm getting anxious for the singing to start, to get the thoughts of barbecued roofs off my mind.

Ross Chamberlain

Barbecued roofs could become the title of a folk tune... A topical one for tonight to be sure, the thought being inspired by Bill & Tee at their respective axes in the throes of woes of the fiddlers' tunes of legend. Nic Farey on the tympani [drums provided by the Katz's kitchen table with muffled counterpoint from outside]. Just reporting the action, folks. Meanwhile, with a kind of Max Sennett flavor to the discussion, it was decided that Nic move to the keyboard, which has apparently, no, all is well – in reality intervened by diverting intentions for a bit. This is common among human fen, and should not be of concern to the persnickety attentions of the citizens of Mundania. The fireworks-a-poppin occasionally intrude on the interlude. "Wild Thing" aurally appears as a moment of excitement, but mundanity creeps in momentarily between concerts.



Ross Chamberlain and Joyce are recharging for more revelry. I think.

My mind diverted from its purpose. I was intending to mention how much I enjoyed the results of Nic's earlier efforts at the barbecue. And some of the other elements of the repast, such as those interesting dark beans. Tasty.

James Taylor

The interesting dark beans are Joyce's response to Nic's beans the other night. I see the faintest glimmer of a fan feud. There goes Lori easily cutting through the keyboard solo with her perfect laugh, she could get a job in Hollywood as a professional laughter in the same way some countries have professional mourners. Director 1: This sitcom sucks, what can we do? Assistant Director 2: We've only got two days to fix it. They both look to the head of the table. The Producer: Damm the cost, get Forbes !

Joyce Katz

Well, we've done the obligatory birthday song, and finished off the cake, which was rather like a cave-crawl without benefit of torchlight. Chocolate decadence, indeed! The colors of a beans-with-chocolate palate look good on the Vegrants.

Jacqueline Monahan

Here I am, a day late and several dollars short... again. Food is everywhere. Explosives have died down. Cats are at the sliding door. All is well at the Launch Pad. The July 4th version of Vegrants has hit a mellow portion and I can't be expected to liven things up. Not with a caffeine free Diet Coke. It's almost midnight – no longer a U.S. birthday. Now, it's Bryan Follins' turn.

More to Come as the NonCon '09 roars onward!

Bombs Bursting in Air

Vegrants Report

Joyce and I had preparations for the Vegrants meeting on track, despite the early (approximate) starting time of 6:30. We'd planned to finally use that barbecue we lugged here from Toner Hall and thought it would be nice to start while there was still plenty of light.

We hadn't done any backyard grilling in a long time. Ken Forman was the man with the spatula and I think he could give even Hank Hill a run for his burgers. The minute Nic mentioned his fondness for grilling, we committed him to the Vegrants meeting barbecue and he certainly turned out a wide variety of meaty morsels.

After two barbecues in two days – plus a third one for those who made it all the way through to Bryan's Birthday Bash – I imagine it'll be a while before we do another backyard grilling at the Launch Pad, but it certainly gave the July 4th meeting's festive air,

James Taylor and Tee Cochran arrived first — and brought Nic and Bobbie Farey.

Bobbie lamented that she hadn't brought any bottled water. I pointed to the Sparklets water cooler in the dining room.

"I could drink that," she said, somewhat disdainfully.

I told her I'd like to see that. Then, ever on the alert for a way to enhance the entertainment value, added: "You can drain that huge bottle while we lock all the bath room doors!" I thought James Taylor could supervise that aspect, kind of turn-about for when the bathroom door seized up at Corflu Silver and trapped him for a half-hour.

Nic's very distinctive accent has touched off a fashion for bogus British accents. Actually, Bill Mills started it even before Nic's arrival by complimenting JoHn Hardin on his ability to do dialect in several audio



Joyce is holding a tiny white kitten that is the apple of several Vegrants' eyes. Maybe one will adopt it.

books. In fairness to Bill, I doubt he expected his egoboo would lead to JoHn lapsing into ersatz Brit without the least provocation.

Now others have adopted this strange practice. They don't even have the excuse of a friend of mine from New York days who cruised the subways and, as a pseudo-John Lennon, used the English accent to pull birds.

I have no trouble resisting the temptation to break into dialect, but I am sometimes a bit of a linguistic chameleon. Put me with people who have strong ac-

By Arnie Katz

cents for a week or two and I will start to sound like them. I've reined in this propensity in recent years, though, because I wouldn't want anyone to think I was mimicking them.

Joyce had a Strange Interlude that began when she sat down at the computer to write a comment for *Home Kookin'*. "This isn't my keyboard!" she cried loud enough to grab everyone's attention. She then claimed that she didn't recognize her keyboard and asserted her belief that someone had switched her keyboard for the one now connected to her computer. It took checking with James, who sometimes upgrades Joyce's machine, and oaths sworn on *The Trufan's Advisor* before she accepted that her keyboard had remained precisely as it was.

As the Vegrants clock on my office wall neared 8 PM, I began to wonder if something had happened to Bill and Roc Mills. I punched in their number and Bill picked it up.

"Hi Bill," I said cheerily.

"What do you want?" he snarled. That caught me off-guard, because we'd had a perfectly pleasant phone conversation only a few hours earlier.

I thought about matching his tone, but instead opted to stammer a little and repeat my initial greeting.

"So, why don't you hang up the phone and talk to me!" Bill shouted from about two feet behind me. I swiveled my chair as I nearly jumped out of my skin — and laughed.

As darkness fell, the fireworks crescendo'd. This year's incendiaries outdid all past years since we moved here in both quantity and power. Someone had obtained some military ordinance and was firing them on a low trajectory that dumped smoldering hunks of explored fireworks on us. The biggest blasts also shook the house.

Fortunately, nothing came down fiery enough to ignite the roof. Unfortunately for others, I could hear sirens cut through the night.

I had some fireworks of my own. I thought my head would explode when I suddenly realized that, in sending segments of the editorial back and forth through email, I had screwed up the oneshot done at the Farey Housewarming.

Nic sent me the file with the first section of the oneshot jam. I edited it, adding a little to it as well, and then sent it to Joyce so that she could post it on her computer, underneath the file for the Vegrants meeting



Nic and Derek catch an early evening breeze/

oneshot so that people could refer back to it if they desired.

I botched a save during all that transferring, wiping out the corrected file. The thought that I'd destroyed everyone's good work with one dumb move really threw me into a funk. I only started to feel a bit better when I ascertained that Nic had still had the original file and could re-send it to me.

At that point, my feeling of grief became tempered by the realization that I'd written some very cool stuff that had, somehow, sailed into the Chorp Dimension. Fired by fannish enthusiasm, I'd written a complete filk song based on "I Am Woman," only a couple of lines of which survived in my memory. I guess it's a fit punishment for lousing up things with carelessness.

Bryan Follins shocked the FaNation, or at least that part of it which hangs out at the Lunch Pad, with the revelation that he has never seen an episode of *Star Wars*, not even the original movie (now known as *Episode Four: A New Hope*).

I think I know how he feels; I have never seen *Jurassic Park*. Sometimes, I recoil from movies that attain a certain level of hype and universal acceptance. Just the fan in me, I guess.

A half-dozen fans lingered until after 2 AM. As much as I would've liked to let things continue still longer, I could see that Joyce had started suffering. The late-stayers proved typically sympathetic and departed.

The Vegrants on hand on 7/4 were: James Taylor, Tee Cochran, Bill & Roc Mills, Nic & Bobbie Farey, Ross Chamberlain, Jacq Monahan, Derek Stazenski, Brenda Dupont, Bryan Follins, Lori Forbes, Joyce Katz and me

— Arnie Katz

Arnie Katz

Day Three of Vegas NonCon '09 began like an outtake from *Dawn of the Dead*. Or rather, since I feel fit and ready and Joyce can't move without moans and groans, I guess that would be *Dawn of the Half-Dead*.

The point of a marathon is that it is a long, arduous challenge – and not everyone gets to the finish line. Joyce has just hit the wall and will be recuperating for the next day or three.

Me? I'm ready for fanac. I wish we could be there to make sure that Bryan Follins doesn't try to sneak back under the Half-Century birthday milestone when no one is looking.

And now, let me turn this final section over to those who actually displayed sufficient stamina to make the final NonCon event, Bryan's Birthday Bash.

James Taylor

Picked up Nic the beer monster, and had an only-slightly frustrating drive to Bryan Follins' condo complex with — would you believe it? — Sunday drivers.

And being his birthday he gets a call about a broken water main in one of the units that, as member of the board, he gets to wrestle with.

By 1 pm, this seems to have been handled without the SWAT team being called in to get the renter of the affected unit out long enough to check for water damage.

This BBQ meal will be a little different since the food has been brought in rather than prepared on the spot. Pulled pork sandwiches, baked beans, potato salad and Oreo cookies and cream cake with proper LSU orange trim.

J&J are here but after the horrifying discovery that there was no beer Nic and John are off on a mission.



Bryan Follins celebrated his 50th Birthday, but not without trepidation.

Home Kookin'

Home Kookin'

Home Kookin'

Follins Birthday Bash

This could get interesting as most of the non Vegnants attendees are school teachers and ~gasp~ church goers.

Nic Farey

Well, a successful mission it was too, but Lord Jim being the Official Worrier put a call in to BB after we'd been gone more than seven minutes, and the poor resting invalid had to call me (since James didn't have my cell number – now remedied), to ensure that we hadn't fallen victim to an out-of-control eighteen-wheeler. All parties assured of our continued uprightness, we get back to go into full attack mode on the pulled pork, jambalaya, tater salad, beans etc. which is all well good. JoHn even knows the provenance of the comestibles – is there no end to his talents? (probably, yes.)

Brenda Dupont

Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow I diet! I'm fully stuffied again, and haven't had cake yet. Bryan gave a cool "you know you're 50 when" speech right before blowing out his candles. Right at the time the wax was ready to pour onto the cake, Darlene told him to stop talking and blow. The 50 year mark must have hit him hard as he couldn't blow both flames out with one breath. The second candle took two extra tries as Darlene confirmed it was not a trick candle. Now...I have to get some cake.



Here's that glamorous kitten, again. Nic says he's dog person, but several Veggrants think he is sweet on this little fuzzball.

James Taylor

The cake was good and we are now all sitting around wishing we could have more but don't dare. John's Colette gave me a walk through on texting on a cell phone

This picture of Nic Farey was actually taken, by Bill Mills, at the Veggrants meeting. It is printed here as proof positive that Nic is not always giving someone the Finger.



That was quite impressive and indicates that she is good company with all the teachers attending the party. And Nic was exaggerating as it was all of nine minutes...

Nic Farey

Stuffed?! Oh, that's great, I got to remember that one – how wonderfully descriptive! Eight minutes tops, James...

Jacqueline Monahan

They call it pulled pork because I can't stop pulling it onto my plate. Bryan (the darling geriatric that he is) is busy opening presents that tell him he's over the hill. Happy Birthday my vintage Veggrant. Many, many more.

JoHn Hardin

Soon after we arrived, Nic informed me that he intended to correct the blood level in his alcohol stream. We set out in the noonday sun in search of sweet, sweet beer and, like an oasis across the street from a strip mall, there was The Outpost, wherein we entered and dispensed enough beers and casual bullshitting to sustain us through a heavy lunch.

The outstanding groceries were courtesy of TC's Rib Crib, which comes highly recommended to fans of pulled pork, barbecued chicken or jambalaya. I feel sorry for you suckers who missed out. Afterwards there was more food, then the ritual slaughtering of "Happy Birthday," followed by Bryan opening presents and cards in great style. Happy Birthday, Mr. Follins.

Bryan Follins

I just wanted to thank everyone for coming to the party. Nobody could stop eating, eating, and eating. Fifty ain't that bad. Everybody seemed to enjoy themselves, and that is what counted. Among the most memorable gifts were MONEY, some absolutely sharp birthday cards, and a DVD of the Definitive Edition of the Twilight Zone.

I would like to thank everybody for the gifts.

Arnie Katz

Doing the layout is sometimes frustrating, but it does have some advantages. The most germane at the present moment is that it gives me a chance to thank everyone who participated — and to direct you to the next page where the letters of comment begin.

Incoming: Your Letters

Dick Lupoff

Many tnx for HK4. I've skimmed it, enjoyed the photos (especially Joyce's spectacular Hawaiian shirt!) and would love to spend the next hour or so wallowing in fannish good fellowship and/or envy.

Howsomever (of course you know who said that) I recently completed a novel that I have owed to St. Martin's Press since 1996. Yes, you read that correctly. The year of Bill Clinton's re-election to the Presidency of these United States!

Earlier this year, I finally discovered the strategic mistake that kept me from getting past the first 3,500 words of the thing. And -- more importantly -- figured out what I needed to do it right. Once I got my head around it, the book just came pouring out (oh, the image!) in something like three weeks.

Now I'm preparing it for delivery to my publisher. This will be the fourth draft, I'm almost halfway through, and I dasn't turn my attention elsewhere.

So, in lieu of a loc I tender my thanks and best wishes, and now go back to parsing my own messy prose.

Arnie: Congratulations on selling another .book. I know how I hate to see the remnants of unfinished projects, so I can empathize with the twin joys you must be feeling at not only having sold another but revived a project once thought stillborn.

John DeChancie

Thanx for *Home Kookin'* for June '09.

You have the recipe for fandom: a heady stew of frivolity consisting of silly jokes, pungent puns, parodistic songs, deep-fried Oreos, and just plain foolin' around.

Unlike LASFS, which conducts its oh-so-serious business strictly by the parliamentarian rule book, Ve-



grants just wanna have fun. It's refreshing. I miss Vegas, and I miss all of you, as wild and crazy as you all are.

I shall return, to coin a phrase. Make no mistake, you will see the likes of me again--or the dislikes, depending on your preferences. I look forward to melting in the warmth of, if not the Vegas sun, the fannish glow of y'all's companionship.

Arnie: Joyce, who has looked into the subject a little, says that formal science fiction clubs are currently on the wane in many parts of North America.

Today's Core Fandom tends to dislike the artificiality and regimentation. While Core Fandomites are a tiny percentage of Fandom, in the past, they often ran the clubs, planned activities and so forth. A lot of the modern, "mass-movement" fans are

Arnie & Nic survey the fannish riot that unreels before their jaded eyes. Even the Vegas NonCon '09 holds no surprises.

more watcher than doers. They want to sit back and have someone else organize and manage things.

That's more or less the situation with SNAFFU, Las Vegas' oldest formal SF group. Though there has been some good leadership, there simply are not



The Vegrants Band — anyone want to try giving them a name? — got together several times during the weekend, but this grouping is probably the best representation of the current lineup. Nic Farey is standing with Bill Mills on guitar in front of him and Tee Cochgran and her fiddle. On his right is backing vocalist Bobbie Farey. Not shown are JoHn Hardin (drums, harmonica), John DeChancie (keyboards) and Arnie Katz (kazoo).



Tee Cochran and Arnie Katz spend a few quiet moments on conversation.

enough people going to the club that want to do more than be audience for someone else's creativity.

R-Laurraine Tutihasi

Thanks for the zine. I am not ignoring you. I'm way behind with reading electronic zines. Moving has not helped the situation

Arnie: Thanks for keeping in touch. I know it's not literally true, but it seems like you have been moving almost constantly for the last several years. Sometimes I like to imagine you writing your fanzines with everything — chair, desk, computer — on wheels, moving down a highway.

David Bratman

I guess reading *HK* is intended to be like attending a Vegrants gathering. As I'm not there, it's the next best thing. If I were there, I'd join in with the old Steeleye Span songs, electric or not. (A lot of their songs work even unaccompanied, and not just the ones they delivered that way themselves.) I know most of the old ones by heart, I'm afraid.

Don't spend too much time writing; enjoy the party!

Arnie: There's little chance that our merry band will transform into wallflowers at Vegrants gatherings. This fanzine is designed to call upon each of its contributors for a very limited time. That way, they can write a couple of paragraphs and get back to the revelry quickly.

Steve Jeffrey

Thanks for sending me Home Kookin' 4. Happy Birthday, by the way.

Joyce need not fear; from those photos of Nic, he seems in little danger of starving away any time soon.

Deep fried Oreo cookies?! Now that really is a revolting thought. I'm not that keen on them at the best of times, although I seem to be in a minority, judging by the speed with which a half dozen packs of mini cookies I picked up at the local market stall disappeared when I took them into the office.

Guitar, electric keyboard, filing cabinets, computer, books. This could almost be our office. Not enough books though. In fact the overflow of books, plus three computers, have taken over most of the available space, so the other music stuff (a rather venerable Roland SH010 synth and sequencer, tape echo, mixer and Teak tape deck - I wanted to be Brain Eno when I grew up) ended up being relegated to the other room.

Who is Stephan Grapelli? Famous French jazz violinist, one-time partner to guitarist Django Reinhart in the Quintet Hot Club de France.

Thinking about it, though, I only know enough jazz violinists to be counted on the fingers of Django's fretting hand (ask Nic): Jean Luc Ponty and Jerry Goodman being the other two. Does Darryl Way (ex Curved Air) count as jazz or rock? Or even folk? ('MacDonald's Lament' on the first album by Wolf is pretty blinding.)

We do not mention Violinski. At least not in this house, or when heavy objects are within hurling distance.

Arnie: The Vegrants Band appears to be interested in folk, blues, rock and country, but I'll bet they'd give that Jazz Stuff a try if you wanna come visit.

Thanks for the great letters. Now that we've proven to have a little staying power, we hope to hear from more of you.

Send your letters of comment to:

crossfire4@cox.net

About the Back Cover

Despite the fact that two of its main participants, Bill Mills and Nic Farey, don't like Bob Dylan as a performer, the Vegrants Band has become quite accomplished on the Dylan song "Knocking at Heaven's Door."

A couple of days after the Big Weekend, Bill Mills sent me his filk song version.

It's on the back cover.

Audition audio files should be sent to Mr. Mills.

— Arnie

Knocking on Vegrants Door

Music: Bob Dylan
Filk lyrics: Bill Mills

Mama, put my grudges in the ground
I don't need 'em anymore
I hear a friendly fannish sound
I must be knocking on Vegrants' door.

Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door
Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door
Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door
Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door

Mama, take this frown off of me,
I don't like it anymore
I know the place I wanna be,
I wanna be knocking on Vegrants' door!

Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door
Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door
Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door
Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door

Mama, threw my fanzines in the bin,
I can't read them anymore,
I need the company of fen,
I should be knocking on Vegrants' door...

Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door
Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door
Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door
Knock knock knocking on Vegrants' door