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August 2009

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### Artwork & Photography

All Photographs this issue are by

Roc Mills

All Art this issue by Bill Rotsler

Except page 3, by Andy Warhol

**Home Kookin' #6, August, 2009** is a more or less spontaneously monthly fanzine produced at the 7/20 Vegrants meeting.

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

The Actifan Element includes: Ross Chamberlain, Lucky Jim Taylor, Tee Cochran, Bill & Roc Mills, Jacq Monahan, Nic & Bobbie Farey, JoHn Hardin, Bryan Follins, Jolie LaChance, Rick King, Joyce Katz and me (Arnie Katz),

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Send letters of comment to:

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**Arnie Katz:**

You never know what will fascinate the Vegrants. About the same time as music began to enliven the meetings, I concocted this fanzine to ease newer members into writing and publishing for fanzines. It caught on so well that this is the sixth issue of *Home Kookin'* in as many months – and there'll be another at the end of the month, when TAFFan Steve Green visits Las Vegas.

Doing fanzines as a group has grown so well with the Vegrants that the mid-July meeting spawned *Home Kickin' #1*. In my decidedly finite wisdom, I'd decided that everyone would want to give it a rest after the Big Weekend.

Hah! Discovering that I hadn't initiated a new *Home Kookin'*, James, Roc and Nic started (and named) one. I was thrilled by their enterprise, but we'll get more response from an additional issue of this particular brand of monthly madness.

Not to be caught napping a second time, I wrote an introduction not dissimilar from this one. When folks started to arrive, it seemed more like a parade of the emotionally wounded. So many Vegrants had either just gotten bad news or were extremely stressed that I shelved it. They'd have done their best, but I felt it would've felt phony and pretended.

Everyone seems ready to ditch the blues, so it's time to give someone else a chance. I Shall Return.

**Joyce Katz**

The house is beginning to fill; the table is loaded with high-class snacks (especially so tonight, since JoHn and Jacq went shopping at the International Market,) and Bill has already started playing the keyboard. The Vegranti are en session; and the cats are at the backdoor, feasting. Not too different from the Katz inside.

Hobo Quire  
Hobo Quire  
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Hobo Quire

## Jacq Monahan

The table isn't the only thing that's loaded...just kidding. No alcohol to speak of, but smoked mackerel, pickled Macedonian vegetables, a marzipan cake sliced so thin you can almost see through it, and fish heads in the back yard for the resident cat clique to nibble. The house is filling and so is my stomach. Nic's not here yet, but when he is, I have a feeling that the Macedonian vegetables won't be the only things that are pickled. I can't wait. Oops, guess I can. He's here, along with Bobbie, James and Tee. Yay!



Jacq Monahan and Lukas Hardin take a breather at the Vegrants meeting.

## JoHn Hardin

I read that penultimate sentence as "Nic's not here, but then he is" which is exactly what happened. The International Market is a warehouse of imported decadence; cake from Germany; fish from Holland; paté from ...

Indonesia? What the hell? Whatever. I could have brought a whole durian, or a tin of Oblong Cow; a one pound tube of bologna in a can. I am also bemused (in the unadulterated sense of the word) by the abundance of fish sauces available. Also, fish paste. Fish paste with chili. Fermented fish paste with chili. Fermented fish paste with fermented chili. One day I shall buy a container of artificial durian flavor and use it in a practical joke.

## Roc Mills:

I, for one, am glad that the Fareys are here; now the music can begin. JoHn gave fish skin and a fish head to the kitties, who've never seen a fish before and are not terribly impressed. But when Lukas tossed out some smoked fish flesh, they fell on it like the ravenous beasts they are. Now JoHn is dangling fish spine in front of Lukas's face – and now he's tossed it outside. Are fish bones safe for cats? I should know the answer to that, but none of my cats have ever cared for fish.

## Arnie Katz

I raised a couple of Important Questions in the Vegrants' last zine, but I did it so casually that it undercut that Importance.

Oddly, both of these questions relate to names.

The first is the weighty issue of whether James Taylor (non-singer) should be known as "Lucky Jim Taylor" or "Lord Jim Taylor." The former is my preference, while Nic Farey favors the latter.

Let me plead my case.

The nickname "Lucky Jim" arose from an actual incident. Bruce Gillespie, on hearing that James and Tee planned to wed, referred to James as "the luckiest man in Fandom." Though we understood what Bruce meant, it struck everyone as very amusing that he said it.

Not only is my candidate for JT's nickname based on a real-life incident, but I have discovered a *song* that I play when he enters my office. ("Lucky Jim" is by Ian Whitcomb.)

The other question is less conten-



Nic Farey lights a cigarette at the keyboard as JoHn Hardin looks on benignly.





Loro Forbes seldom can be induced to sit at the keyboard, but she has been a Vegrant almost since the group's early 1990's inception. She arrived after one of her typically grueling days, but she got right into the swing of the festivities.

tious, but no less vital. The music-makers among the Vegrants are becoming such a cohesive group that they now need a name. Some have been suggested, but none has clicked.

That means it's open season for both fans at this meeting but also the rest of Fandom. There are no prizes.

### James Taylor

Well, Arnie, it's really a no-brainer: either the Vegrants Musical Group or I need to become...wait for it...Fish Paste or perhaps Safe for Cats. Admittedly I have spent most of the last 13 hours traveling to, around and back from Goldfield where Tee performed with the Nevada Old Time Fiddlers. I wasn't driving to be sure and a good time was had by all, but it was a lot of traveling and my facilities my be performing at less than peak effectiveness so perhaps a second opinion would be in order.

### Bryan Follins

If anyone needs to get somebody to "pick" volunteers, get James Taylor. Seriously, he is good at it. He can get somebody to volunteer for:

1. A firing squad.
2. Taste testing seaweed
3. Sleeping with a blanket on a summer night in Vegas.
4. Driving blindfolded

5. Walking across I-15 in Vegas at rush hour.
6. Sitting next to an insurance salesman on a cross country bus ride.

### Arnie Karz

Drafting volunteers is an old and (somewhat) honorable Vegrants Tradition. It began when I drafted Chuch Harris as a columnist for *Folly*. He took it so well, in fact, that he stayed the rest of the fanzine's run and then became a columnist and European Editor of *Wild Heirs*. I also drafted Shelby Vick – and he's still on board with a couple of columns in the bank for my forthcoming fanzine *Quibble*.

### Ross Chamberlain

It never occurred to me, JoHn, that artificial durian flavor was an actual product; I'd assumed it was a mad inspiration of your own. But I was given to understand that 'twere the odor, not the flavor, of durian that was of such a ... no, no need to distress the gentlefolk, here and out there eyetracking, with gross evocations associated with the way that fruit smells. I simply understood that one didn't wish to stand upwind of it when opened. Which has always brought up what is to me the obvious question: how did anyone ever venture to *taste* it?

Dunno that Fish Paste would measure up to that; I suppose it's okay if cats okay it, so it's Safe for Cats. Wait... Shucks, I always had trouble making decisions.



Lucky Jim Taylor (*left*), straw boss of the oneshot, sizes up a potential volunteer, Bryan Follins.

Probably why I shouldn't get involved with trying to help select a name for the group. I used "Las Vegas Ramblers" as a place-holder earlier this evening, but it wouldn't really be appropriate. Save when we get onto the keyboard, maybe. But otherwise it's not... fannishly clever. Too close to what was it?-- "New Lost City Ramblers" or summat.

While they were playing—playing around in this case---no, actually, Tee was tuning up her fiddle and Nic gave her an A (or whichever) on the keyboard, and somebody said it sounds like a symphony orchestra. Nic responded, "like a sympathy orchestra!" Good. Maybe the group should be called the Vegrants Sympathy Orchestra. Or I thought "Symphany" for a fannish pun, but mebbe not.

### **Jacq Monahan**

I'm all for the Vegrants Sympathy Orchestra.

And Lord Jim.

And Durian Durian, that 80's group featuring Simon LeBon. I have absolutely no sympathy for fish paste, fermented or not.

### **Nic Farey**

Lord Jim. Vegrants Sympathy Orchestra. And pickles. And it was Duran Duran actually Jacq, named for the villain from *Barbarella*, I believe. Yeah we should teach Bill that stuff. I am in favor of fish paste, however...

### **James Taylor**

Oh, yes, *VSO Live in Croydon* I can see it now the lights, the groupies, the propofol.

On a completely different note, Lukas has suffered his first fannish prank, Thanks to modern technology, I can witness this key event in his young proto-fannish life without being present in the room.

Lukas is such a trooper, sleeping through the whole thing with out a care.

### **Joyce Katz**

It wasn't such an Awful fannish prank. We could have done so much worse. It was suggested we place his fist in warm water. But since he's sleeping on my couch, perhaps it's just as well we didn't do that.

I am definitely casting my vote for "Lucky Jim." Not only do I like the sentiment, but as Arnie points



Ross Chamberlain, the Vegrants' premier artist, shows his versatility by taking his turn at the keyboard.

out, he already has a theme song.

### **Nic Farey**

Nope, Lord Jim!!! They're probably gonna blame me for corrupting the poor kid, especially if he wakes up shouting "fuck"!

### **Roc Mills**

I swear, if I had known what Lori was up to, I would never have surrendered my beer, nor given her a cigarette, and I certainly wouldn't have been the hapless photographer. However, once I saw how vulnerable the poor kid was, how could I not record it for all posterity and future parental blackmail? This will teach the lad better than to fall innocently asleep in the presence of so many wicked persons. Truly, JoHn, have you not taught him better? For shame. But now you can show him the error of his ways.

### **Nic Farey**

Indeed Roc, I'll assist by being a horrible example.

### **JoHn Hardin**

Screw you miscreants; I was out of the room. Nic, I don't think Jacq meant Duran Duran. There was that Talking Heads song, *Life Durian Wartime*. Maybe you're thinking of that other band, Steely Durian. Or maybe Durian Straits. Steppendurian?





Tee Cochran and Bill Mills work on a musical arrangement.

### **Jacq Monahan**

Hey JoHn, What Are You Durian the Rest of Your Life? Thanks for setting the record straight. How did you know I once competed for the title of Miss Creant? I think this is the start of a beautiful friendship.

### **Arnie Katz**

It is my sad duty to report that the discussion about whether James Taylor should be known as “Lucky Jim” or “Lord Jim” escalated into a debate.

The debate blew up into an argument.

“The argument mushroomed into a fan feud.

The Vegrants have now split into two rival clubs, the Lucky Vegrants and the Vegrant Lords. Both sides have vowed to get club jackets and patches and meet next week to settle it with vorpal quips.

Or maybe we’ll just start calling James Taylor “Lord Lucky Jim.”

### **Teresa Cochran**

How about this for a test: feed James durian fruit. If he likes it, he’s Lord Jim (the fruit being Indonesian and all). If he doesn’t like it, he’s Lucky Jim.

He’s telling me now that he’d probably never try it, so the matter shall remain a mystery for all of us to ponder.

We ate far more recognizable food when we went to Goldfield, which is about 115 miles north of Las Vegas. Good barbecued ribs and hot links. Then we

saw all kinds of productive packrat behavior in the form of collections of old railroad and mining stuff. People all over the town have their own museums of pocket flasks, railroad ties, porcelain doll heads, nails, bottles, mining equipment, and railroad engines.

The fiddle playing went very nicely too. It took place in the tiny auditorium, which acquired small waves of people wandering in from the Goldfield Days festival. We had four or five fiddlers and two guitar players, plus a strange percussion instrument made out of bicycle horns, rattles and other things.

This instrument reminded me of descriptions I’ve seen of Australian “lagerphones” made out of beer-bottle caps, bells, sticks and things for playing bush music in a pub. It was lots of fun, and it felt good to decompress afterward at the Vegrants meeting.

### **Arnie Katz**

At the beginning of this oneshot, I wrote: “You never know what will fascinate the Vegrants.” I didn’t expect my statement to be proven so quickly and emphatically. This oneshot’s obsession with food might lead you all to think that the Vegrants typed it one-handed – and not for the usual reason, but because they had a pork chop or some other edible in the other.

I guess everyone was hungry tonight. They sure gladdened Joyce’s heart by the way they tore into the food.

Actually, a lot more happened at a very lively gathering. My meeting report starts on the next page.\*\*\*

Vegrants Report  
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Armie Katz

One of the first, and only disagreements Ken Forman and I ever had occurred at the first SNAFFU meeting Joyce and I attended. What started it was Ken’s assertion that there’s no place for Fandom in the summer in Las Vegas. And though time proved him uncharacteristically pessimistic about this, time has also shown that the scalding Vegas August heat does adversely affect attendance at meetings. People travel more, there are a larger number of potentially conflicting non-fan events and the lassitude induced by 110-degree heat keeps a few of the less hardy folks at home.

Pre-meeting communications seemed to confirm that this would be one of the year’s smaller Vegrants meetings. Several people are out of town, one or two are hunkered down next to the air conditioning and we always have one or two no-shows.

Of course, “smaller” is a relative terms. The Vegrants have had periods when late-summer Vegrants meetings drew six-to-eight fans. When I tallied the likely count, I guessed *this* Vegrants meeting would draw 13. (The actual total was 14.)

JoHn Hardin and Jacq Monahan called at about 6:00 PM to ask if they could come over an hour early. I would’ve said “yes” in any case, but their offer to help prepare for the meeting gave me extra incentive. They arrived with Lukas, John’s 13-year-old son, and immediately began working in the kitchen with Joyce. JoHn’s early arrival also gave me a chance to discuss an editing assignment with JoHn.

We talked about the fan Hugos. John Purcell had called me with the winners the previous weekend. I think I surprised Jacq when I expressed pleasure at the results until I explained that I favored anything that called the fan Hugos into additional disrepute. It’s like college football fans who want a real tournament (like in college basketball) who cheer every time the current system looks bad.

Joyce won the pool when Bill and Roc Mills were the next to reach the Launch Pad. Bill had his musical stuff to organize, so Roc mostly took charge of the camera that provides a lot of visuals in this issue.

Speaking of bands, Bill showed us a digital version of a photo taken in 1916 of his family’s band. They’re in front of the house, looking very Ozarkian. Bill’s grandmother, then about 8 years old, is standing between two of the older ones with her doll in her hand.

Tee told the Vegrants gathered around the living room food table about the day trip she and Lucky Jim took to a fiddling event in Goldfield, NV. Besides playing for the audience, she got to explore the former boom town. The population shrank from 25,000



ISN'T THIS GETTING  
CLOSE TO FANNISH  
CRITICAL MASS?



to about 800, leaving behind a lot of intriguing historical kipple. I was especially intrigued in Te's description of the railroadiana. (I was a long-time model railroader with at least some collateral interest in the real trains.)

Ross Chamberlain joined the group in the living room. He told me about the destruction of his car, which more or less blew up due to a lack of engine coolant. Operating under the theory that misery loves company, I told him about a friend who had had two major auto accidents in about a two-week period this month. She'd escaped both wrecks, the second one total, with no more than scraped knees and a neck abrasion from her seatbelt.)

Nic and Bobbie Farey shared some good news. Nic's hard work and engaging personality are bearing fruit. He got the word that he will be getting carpenter jobs, at a much higher hourly rate, starting on 8/17. Bobbie revealed that they've decided to acquire a new dog.

Nic Farey told a joke so foul that it laid an egg. Utter silence greeted it. Bill pointed out that it was really Significant when neither he nor I had a comment to insert at that point. Talk turned to conversation stoppers and I proposed that UCLA have Jerry Pournelle teach a course in it.

Jacq, whom I sometimes call "Charm," did something typically thoughtful and cute. She picked up a dragon incense burner to give to Bobbie Farey, who collects dragons. She put it in the living room where Bobbie was sure to see and admire it. When she did, Jacq revealed that it was a present for her.

Bobbie brought it to the gang in my office and described how smoke would erupt from the beast's ears and mouth when filled and lit. For some reason, it put me in mind of Popeye cartoons.

Nix Farey is a diehard fan of the Washington Nationals. Sadly, the Nats have performed so miserably since moving from Montreal that "diehard fans" are the only type that can survive a steady diet of lopsided losses.

Like most Washington fans Nic pins hopes for success on a Grand Vision. The Nationals drafted college star pitcher Steven Strasburg and, Nic prays, will draft *wunderkind* Bryce Harper in the next draft. That would give his favorite team the most outstanding pitching and position-player prospects in baseball. I relayed the news that Nationals General Manager Stan Kasten issued a statement that the team may not be able to sign Strasburg, which would send him back into the draft as of the 8/17 deadline.

The still-unnamed band had another big night,. They kept everyone entertained with a variety of folk, blues, rock, country and filk songs. They did several of my favorites and introduced a couple of new selections, too.

I guess the most unexpected topic of the night was a review of the political career of Margaret Thatcher. Nic had a lot to say about her excesses and wrong-headed decisions; it sounded a lot like Ronald Regan, though without the astrology and mental deterioration.

Explaining how he developed such a pitch of hatred that he left the country, Nic said that it boiled down to one thing: "She hated railroads." By breaking up the rail system in England, he said, the system's former flexibility and comprehensive coverage became a thing of the past.

Recent Vegrants meetings have been so lively of late that they are running farther and farther into the night. The Millses stayed well after midnight and James, Tee, Nic and Bobbie sat around with us until about 2:30 AM.

Partying to the wee hours at the meeting were: Ross Chamberlain, Lucky Jim Taylor, Tee Cochran, Bill & Roc Mills, Jacq Monahan, Nic & Bobbie Farey, JoHn Hardin, Bryan Follins, Lori Forbes, Lukas Hardin, Joyce Katz and me...

— Arnie Katz

Jammin'  
Jammin'  
Jammin'  
Jammin'  
Jammin'  
Jammin'  
Jammin'  
Jammin'  
Jammin'  
Jammin'  
Bill Mills

Again I was too busy playing music with the "Little Band of Vegrants" to find the time and mental acuity required to write a good piece for a fanzine. What? Mental acuity *isn't* required? Why the hectograph didn't someone tell me this earlier?

Sheeeesh!

It's *has* gotten to be quite a regular thang lately, annoyingly so for some I suspect, that on meeting nights Roxie and I arrive and after a short 'how ya' doing' glad handing and a little side bar with Ted White, \*ahem\*, the gang gather 'round the ol' campfire to make music (or at least that's how WE see it). Joyce's dining room table is somewhat the worse for wear however. I'm afraid those campfires are taking their toll.

We have been steadily compiling, or composting if you like, a list of songs we all enjoy, and do rather well together, with the intention of polishing our little 'act' and recording the results for our fannish friends. We're doing a variety of material from oldies rock and love songs to a Rolling Stones classic, a song from the lost Hank Williams tracks to a favorite Dylan song. We're also rehearsing our flock of filk songs like "Werewolves of Fandom", "Thank Ghu, I'm A Fannish Boy", and my filk of the Dylan song we enjoy doing together, retitled appropriately "Knockin' On Vegrants' Door".

But, as my real "contribution" to this *Home Kookin'* let me provide you with a link to an mp3 file that you can click on to stream into your mp3 player or right click on to SAVE to your computer for later listening. It's from a jam session at the Launch Pad with "The Little Band of Vegrants". It was badly mic'd and Nic Farey's organ is not as BIG as it should be... hmmm, that didn't sound right. Did it? But, it was a good enough recording for me to transfer it to my computer and into my multitrack recorder. I then added bass guitar, drums, some additional guitar (lead fills) and an additional vocal. In the music biz that's called 'sweetening a track'. It's still a pretty rough track, but fun! So, just for your amusement and as an example of our early stages of development as a fannish family band, I present to you (with the following link) "Knocking On Heaven's Door" - Las Vegrants' Sweetened Jam!

[http://thevoicesoffandom.com/mp3/knocking\\_on\\_heavens\\_door-vegrants-jam-sweetened.mp3](http://thevoicesoffandom.com/mp3/knocking_on_heavens_door-vegrants-jam-sweetened.mp3)

And that's the status report from the music-makees.

— Bill Mills



Memories creep into the mind, insistent and undeniable. They can come when least expected or invited; our subconscious dredges up these recollections and screens them for us like a film festival with compulsory attendance.

Such a cluster of memories came to me, unbidden, over the weekend of August 7-8. The annual World Science Fiction Convention was taking place in Montreal, Canada, and, at least on a conscious level, I couldn't have cared less.

I'm not fond of large, anonymous conventions and have no plans to attend any more of them. I think it's great that members of Reconstructed Fandom and folks with a casual interest in sci-fi have some place entertaining to go, but I don't really want to be there.

In addition, it was only the second weekend in August. All my World Science Fiction Convention memories are associated with Labor Day Weekends spent in places like Berkeley, Boston and Cleveland.

Yet despite these substantial facts, nostalgia stole over me as I sat with Joyce in my office, listening to collections of rhythm and blues hits of the 1950's. And as I looked across the desk at her, I could see on her sensitive fannish face that I wasn't the only one beset by similar thoughts.

"I had the worldcon dream last night," she said, referring to a recurring nightmare in which she again chairs one of those things. During this ghastly dream, usually, it turns into one of those frustration dreams where she looks for a lot of her fan friends and can't seem to find any of them.

I take Joyce's worldcon dream seriously. I don't believe in the prophetic power of dreams or anything, but they often are harbingers of deep unconscious thoughts that are rising to the surface.

"Don't tell me you're missing the world science fiction convention," I asked, a little surprised.

Two-fan Worldcon

Two-fan Worldcon

Two-fan Worldcon

Two-fan Worldcon

Two-fan Worldcon

Two-fan Worldcon

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Two-fan Worldcon

Arnie Katz

“Yes,” she said. “I guess it’s that the convention is this weekend.”

“You don’t actually want to go to it, do you?” I asked. Not that we had the time or money to do so, even in the unlikely event that we had the motivation.

“Oh, no,” she responded quickly. “I don’t want to chair one and I really don’t want to go to one, either.” She paused. “It’s just that...”

“Yeah, I know,” I said. “It’s the weekend, we have no fan stuff scheduled and you’re thinking about those of our friends who might actually be in Montreal right now.”

Joyce looked blue.

“Hey, why don’t we hold our own convention!” I offered. If I expected to see the smile of undiluted Fannish Joy on her face I was sorely disappointed. She looked like someone who’d just seen a ghost or [fill in name of your pet fugghead here]. I tried to think of something to say that would restore the High Priestess’ countenance to its former serenity, but it was damn hard to think with her screaming like that. Damn hard.

“I was involved in something like that once,” she said, shuddering at the memory of the St. Louiscon, which was very successful, but took a great psychic toll on its managers.

“No, no, no,” I soothed. “We are not going to go to a world sci-fi con, much less stage one. That’s now the province of con fandom.”

“I won’t put on a worldcon,” she repeated. I could see she meant to back up that resolve with iron resistance.

“I promise,” I insisted. “What I have in mind is that we could simulate the worldcon experience just for the two of us, right here at the Launch Pad.”

“I won’t put on a worldcon,” she said. This is where the narrator usually smacks the person to jar them out of their semi-catatonic stupor, but Joyce long ago told me that any such maneuver, no matter how well intentioned, would meet with Reprisals.

As she put it, “You have to go to sleep sometime.” Then she did the tomahawk chop. I can take a hint.

“Just us, Joyce,” I said. “Not even the other Vegants.” I figured could tell them, and you, about this rather than creating witnesses to this *folie a deux*.

Joyce embraced the idea, once I thoroughly assured her that she neither had to put on another actual World SF Con, attend an actual World SF Convention or even leave the Launch Pad.

The first thing we did was choose a chairman. We did it the democratic way, too. We voted -- and then Joyce invoked her authority as High Priestess of Fan-

dom to break the tie.

“We need a name,” Joyce said, showing the sagacity of a born convention chairman.

“Yes, that’s important, though not that important to judge by some of names in recent years,” I said. She frowned, a not-so-subtle silent directive to give this the proper solemnity. “How about ‘Constipation’?”

“That’s good, but we should keep searching,” she replied. “How about ‘Burgercon’? We could pretend that McDonald’s, Wendy’s, Burger King and Jack in the Box are all sponsoring the event.”

“That would be good if any of them would deliver food to us while we’re having the con in the closet,” I countered.

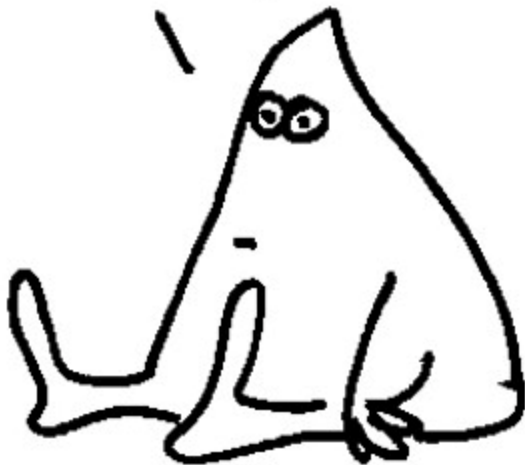
“So let’s name it ‘NapoliCon’ and use the portable phone to get food delivered to the con?” She suggested. Napoli is our normal food delivery restaurant; the pizza is decent and they have a fairly extensive menu of other dishes.

Those crucial chores accomplished – we called for the first pizza immediately upon naming the con. Like





THERE'S A  
WORLDCON  
COMING ...



all modern con committees, we'd decided to stuff the committee's faces before worrying about the attendees. Hey, there are restaurants in walking distance of the con. What do you expect for a \$250 membership?

The selection of the actual convention site is a weighty decision, so devoted much time to picking the one that best fit our needs and desires. After the Crazy Horse II went down to defeat in another 1-1 that Joyce broke as chairman, we focused on more realistic possibilities.

Further discussion led to the unanimous selection of the bathroom off the master bedroom.. Not only did that allow us to commute to the con fairly easily, but the claustrophobic interior would generate that necessary sense of oppressive crowding. Best of all, we could take delivery of the pizza through the bathroom window.

The selection of the Guests of Honor went unexpectedly smoothly. After Joyce broke the deadlock, she became Pro Guest of Honor and I accepted the honor of being the Fan Guest of Honor.

The newly named Pro GoH balked at one element of the simulation almost as soon as we started mapping out the Worldcon Experience.

Joyce didn't mind huddling in a bathroom since James Taylor survived something similar at Corflu Silver. I don't think she minded particularly when I groped her ass during the simulated elevator ride to the registration area.

After this great show of cooperation, imagine my surprise when she threatened to shut down the whole

convention over a trivial detail. I still think going without bathing for the length of the con would've produced the unique atmosphere of a World SF Convention meeting hall.

We eventually salvaged our conscious by telling ourselves that we represented the better-groomed minority at these festivals.

We wanted to get the convention off to a jackrabbit start with a stunning and impressive opening ceremony.

Sadly, the effort strained our limited resources to the breaking point. We had to settle for what we could do. So we lit a few of Joyce's seemingly inexhaustible supply of sparklers, sang *Goin' Down to Corflu* (a cappella) and flushed the toilet until it overflowed and doused the sparklers in a majestic interplay of fire and water.

The "Meet the Authors" reception and autograph signing went off much better. The percentage of pros at NapoliCon couldn't have been higher, since both Joyce and I are professional writers. It was tough pretending that we didn't know each other, but on the other hand, we each made \$10 selling our autographs to each other.

Actually, I made out better than Joyce. I got *two* of her signatures for the 10 bucks; I'm hoping to trade the surplus one for a Cheryl Morgan autograph. Also, when I was playing the Author and Joyce was the eager autograph seeker, I made a point to stare down the front of her dress. It's little embellishments like these that elevate and enhance the experience.

The Masquerade is often a trial for large cons, even the World SF Convention. Ours scored high in participation, since Joyce and I both wore costumes, but low in quality. Joyce won first prize for her costume of Lilian Edwards. I achieved an Honorable Second with my Dick Lupoff costume. I say "honorable," because I came so close to capturing the top prize. If Joyce, as chief costume judge, hadn't broken that 1-1 tie, I might've snared that prestigious award.

We next turned our attention to one of the most important components of any convention, the program. We didn't have the fanpower for a zillion-track program, so Joyce and I loudly declaimed simultaneously on utterly different topics. We kept it up until we both developed mighty convention headaches.

The heart of any modern World Science Fiction Convention is, of course, the business meeting. We sure couldn't have held our two-fan worldcon without

#### Author's Note

"Two-Fan Worldcon" is a flight of fancy, partially based on an actual incident. No confans were harmed in the creation of this article.

paying homage to those slaves to Roberts Rules of Order.

We couldn't literally simulate a World SF Con business meeting, because we couldn't possibly replicate the effect of two-dozen power-mad people all trying to work their own schemes and derail everyone else's agendas. Two fans, even ones with split personalities would have a hard time imitating the *zeitgeist* of a one of those big frog-small pond exercises.

The best we could do was an impression. We shouted at each other and made a point of not listening to anything. I spoke Pig Latin and Joyce in Meusurry – an argot New York disk jockey Murray “the K” Kaufman stole from the carnies in 1962). We rounded things off by blowing smoke in each other's faces.

I fretted about the Hugos all through the first two days of our ersatz convention. Our first decision was to forget about the professional Hugos. Joyce hadn't read an SF story authored later than 1971 and neither of us even knew the names of the nominees.

Our determination to incorporate only the fan Hugos into our World SF Convention looked good – until we realized that neither of us knew (or cared) about the fan Hugo nominees, either.

Fortunately, Core Fandom came to the rescue. John Purcell con tacked us through the Virtual Consuite. I congratulated myself on bringing our portable phone into the bathroom with us when John rang up the Launch Pad.

With evident chagrin, John announced the winners of the “Best Fanzine,” “Best Fanwriter” and “Best Fan Artist” awards and I was pleased to see that they held up the dubious tradition of the fan Hugos. I repeated the winners in my best Official Broadcast Voice. I would tell you what they were, but the trauma of reciting a couple of the winners' names wiped it out of my mind.

It's unfair to lump Frank Wu, who won another “Best Fan Artist” Hugo, in with the other two. I like Frank a lot and admire his pro work. I wouldn't pick him as the best fan artist, but he's a legit contender.

I presented Joyce with a Fan Hugo. It was all very legal; we voted and then Joyce broke the tie. She made a little speech about wanting everybody to vote for her next year as she clutched her precious Hugo, a Sting doll with a plastic rocket strapped to him with a rubber band.

Don't think it was a bare-bines convention, either. We had a huckster room and an art show. As one of those who operated a table, I would say that I was satisfied in that every single potential customer bought something.

For instance, I made \$10 when Joyce bought a

stack of *USA Today Sports Weekly* issues for her husband. She made a profit during the con when she sold me a copy of *The Silmarillion* for my wife for \$20.

The Art Show didn't have a great deal of variety, admittedly, but I enjoyed looking at the various drawings and sketches and Joyce liked winning all the prizes. At least there were no Spock heads.

Since this, like all my fanwriting is an Objective and Factual Account, I must admit failure in one crucial area. We just couldn't do the Green Room. We brought in lots of food and drink purchased with convention funds, but we didn't have anyone left to exclude.

By the end of the weekend, Joyce and I were tired, depleted and extremely irritable.

Yet we were also Proud that we had created a World Science Fiction Convention right in our very own bathroom

And, yes, after we retreated to opposite ends of the Launch Pad to salve our mental wounds, I also felt Lonely.

It is, indeed, a Proud and Lonely Thing to be a Fan.



**Art Widner**

Altho Morojo & Pogo leand tord the use of initials + "o", many early fen used the 1st 2 letrs in their given names, thus; my name was Arlawi, but i'm dumping that as of late, since it sounds too much like a veep in AlQuaida. Also if the second letter in any name is a consonant, U keep that & go on to the next vowel. Laney was Fratola, Burbee was Chadwabu (cant hav 2 vowels tgr) & Rotsler Wilaro. Dont ask what my midl name is, bcoz, echoing Burbee, "I'm not going to take it out & show it to U."

So good bye Arlawi, & hello from  
R. Twidner.  
Now THATS funny!

*Arnie: Thanks for the language lesson. From somewhere at the Enchanted Convention, Forry Ackerman is smiling.*

**Aileen Forman**

LoC? Why, it's been so long since I wrote a LoC that I can barely make the word escape my keys! I first have to preface my Home Kookin' LoC with a brief story, though. The Vegas Fire Grill opened in the nearby town of Mt. Home (population 11,000 - most of whom have never even contemplated a visit to Vegas, nevertheless be familiar enough with it to know its cuisine) and I recently dined there and almost immediately resolved to never eat there again. Not because of the food quality (so-so) or the service (pathetic) but because of the huge photo of the strip dominating the dining room.

Just looking at that cheesy photo filled me with crushing home sickness. Unfortunately, until they find a cure for gambling addiction, I can't go home again so I bit my lip, grit my teeth, ate as fast as I could (given how difficult it is to eat with gritted teeth and bitten lips) and got the hell out of there. So you can imagine how hard it is for me to read about Vegrant meetings that I'm not attending. Sigh.

Anyway, I do want to thank you for confirming the memory I had of where "Rrrrrrancho Kook! ..... a-munga!" came from. I'm not quite old enough to remember the Jack Benny Show so I had to have seen it on some kind of TV special but it stuck with me strongly enough to make it impossible for us to drive past the city without me crowing it out. That's why it's on the list of cities we will never move to - a list that includes Walla Walla, Washington and Potawatomi, Iowa.

I recall the heavy teasing Arnie gave us many years ago when the newly formed Vegrants first tried to filk. I imagine these new songs are being performed far more professionally than we did, though. I also remem-

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Your loCs

ber freaking a certain fan out of his mind by using a past tense verb while filking about Arnie Katz. Which makes me wonder - was Jeremiah (of bullfrog fame) dead when his good friend wrote about him? Or did the past tense verbs just scan better?

Well, I don't want to burn out my out-of-shape Lopping muscles, so I'll end this here.

*Arnie: I'd say you did a pretty good job of this letter of comment stuff. The next one will be easier, since you won't have to ratchet your courage up to such a fevered pitch.*

*I'm also aware that the more-or-less pure oneshot issues of Home Kookin' were a challenge for potential letterhacks. The fanzine is evolving as we go and it looks like the added content may make it a little easier in the future.*

*My mild teasing about early Vegrants attempts at filk addressed neither the proficiency nor enthusiasm of those involved, but rather their choice of material. I'm afraid lugubrious, endless dirges about women with moonbeams on their ta-tas waiting for a werewolf to sodomize them just don't do it for me.*

*The still-unnamed Vegrants Band does three main types of material: covers of rock, country, folk and blues standards, Bill Mills' original compositions and filk. There is also some jamming that's a little harder to classify.*

*The filk music, less than 20% of their repertoire, are either classic, fandom-oriented tunes or similar new ones written by Bill and Nic. The only werewolf is the one in "Werewolves of Fandom."*

*And, Aileen, a day doesn't go by that we don't wish you and Ken were here in Vegas, partaking in all the great stuff that's currently happening.*

### Lloyd Penney

Ah, more Vegas zines. Thank you kindly. A little Home Kookin' will do me just fine right now.

Yeah, I wasn't at Corflu Zed either. I wanted to be, but both Yvonne and I are victims of the current economic downturn, or whatever the current catchphrase is these days. Yvonne was laid off from her job the end of 2008, and I was laid off from SGS at the end of February. I still have evening work, and employment insurance is a necessity, so it is just as well we didn't go. The Virtual Fan Lounge worked its magic, and while I couldn't take advantage of any pictures, it was still fun to chat with others in the same boat.

Forry was Esperanto's biggest champion until he passed away. I've never been to Esperance, so I've never learned any of the language.

Why is Ted giving the assembled masses the finger on the back cover? Wait...sorry, wrong finger.

NO FANZINE MAY BE PUBLISHED  
IN THE KNOWN FAN WORLD  
WITHOUT A ROTSLER  
DRAWING.



That's a  
well-known  
rule of tentacle!

A four-pager gets a short loc, but it is good to hear from you all again. If you have another title in the hopper, Arnie, bring it forth, and let's all have a look at it. Until then, still good memories of Corflu Silver, and see you whenever you once again decided to put imagination to electrons.

*Arnie: The smiling fan giving everyone the salute on the back cover wasn't Ted White, Core Fandom's Virginia Country Gentleman. It's that uncouth Nic Farey. At one time, it seemed like no one could take a photo in which Fingers was not giving the gesture, but time has brought more variety to the visuals.*

*By the way, the photos used in Home Kookin', unless identified otherwise, are all shot at the meeting at which we do the oneshot and which I describe in my Vegrants Reports.*

### John Purcell

Wow! It's an actual monthly zine. I am impressed. Even more impressed by the energy level that this little fmz exudes. It makes me wonder how much the arrival of Nic and Bobbi has to do with the energy level of the Vegrants. It seems to me, judging by reading this zine, that Nic has definitely had his grubby hands on the Vegrant's energy level dial. This could be a very dangerous situation. I would be careful when these folks congregate, if I were you.

*Home Kookin'* has a definite advantage going for it: since it's mostly written at a party or meeting at the Launch Pad, there should be no dearth of contributors. The idea of folks taking a turn at the computer to write



something down on this continuous one-shot (an oxymoron? probably - no comment on the second part of that word, thank you) during the course of the evening.

But hey - the Farey's have a new abode. Hip-hip, hooray! That's a nice looking home (pictured on page 3) they have there. It certainly looks roomy enough to accommodate the "ravens hordes" whenever they descend on the Farey abode. And it's still standing after the house-warming affair? I am impressed once more.

Okay. I have attached a simplified Venn Diagram that addresses the essential elements of the deterioration of the Vegrants as described on JoHn Hardin's and Arnie Katz's comments. It is not completely accurate since it does not include the variables that Arnie mentioned: "lewdness, clumsiness, pontification, and Funny Hats." I'll have to use my SPSS statistical analysis software to create a proper Scattergram of the Vegrants, but that would require my actually being there to collect the hard data for such a multivariate analysis. For now, this attachment will have to do.

Yes, this transcription of the NonCon party was fun to read, as was Bill Mills' filk on the back page. I am positive it sounds much better in person after both performer and audience have chewed down a few dozen beers beforehand. Doesn't music always sound better that way?

Anywho, many thanks, and keep on fanning, folks.

*Arnie: Yes, the secret is out: Home Kookin' is a monthly fanzine. Well, to be technical, it might be a little more frequent than monthly this month, because we're likely to do another one while Steve Green is here. We're not committed to a monthly schedule; it's just what fannish enthusiasm dictates now,*

### **Jay Kinney**

So...I'm gathering from the new *HK #5* that Nic and BB Farey ditched their Tenn. and New Mexico plans and settled on the logical choice of Las Vegas for their next domicile? Well, hurrah for that. It seemed like the Fareys were on the LV wavelength when we were all there for the '08 Corflu and I guess that has turned out to be their logical choice for new beginnings. I wish them and the Vegrants all the best.

*Arnie: Nic and Bobbie have already become indispensable and popular members of our merry band. They are both terrific people — and they contribute a lot to the club in many ways.*

### **Bill Wright**

Please thank the Vegrants for *Home Kickin' One*. When people have lost any sense of owning their jobs - one questions the viability of a civilisation that fosters such a climate - it is pleasing to encounter fans hud-

dling for mutual support who reach out to their brothers and sisters in the global village to share their fellowship. Nic Farey is obviously a knockabout man of the world, acquainted with grief, who has seen it all. He talks of losing teeth to Pepsi in jail, which is a metaphor for severe malnutrition, untreated diabetes and other privations endured by prisoners incarcerated out of sight and out of the collective mind of the general community. At least you all got to eat chicken. Time was when chicken was a luxury item on the dinner table, but not anymore; for these are the days of battery chooks where the poor birds are penned in cruel cages out of sight, etc. It's the economy, stupid. Yeah!

J Kent Hastings' contribution was delightfully obscure. My recollections characterise Hedy Lamarr as a drop-dead gorgeous egghead and Dorothy Lamour as a glamorous Hollywood airhead. In 1944, the Sydney periodical 'Smiths Weekly' noted that images of Rita Hayworth, Ann Sheridan, Hedy Lamarr and Dorothy Lamour adorned lockers, barracks walls and the noses of military aircraft in WWII. Censored out was any mention of Hedy Lamarr having invented and patented a system to help prevent torpedoes from being jammed by using frequency hopping - understandable in an age when women were considered psychologically incapable of driving motor cars, echoes of which resonate to this day. It was naughty of H to pop in, drop the hint then scoot out of this one shot, but nice.

Roc Mills captured the ambience of the occasion. "Good music, good friends", she called it, with pictures of concert master Tee Cochran (violin) and instrumentalists Bill Mills (guitar) and Nic Farey (keyboard) rounding out his description. I'm afraid I lost it in the ensuing gestalt evaluation of deep fried chocolate mudcake.

I've noticed over time that some things private to Vegrants are opaque to the uninitiated, as is the eventual disposition of Nic Farey's teeth embedded in used chicken bones. Hopefully for his sake the tooth fairy won't turn out to be a gay dentist. Incredulity is futile

*Arnie: As you can see, we decided to share the letters on Home Kickin' in this lettercol. As I explained, Home Kickin' resulted from my misreading (and underestimating) the level of enthusiasm for doing zines among the Vegrants' Actifan Element.*

*Sorry for the occasional opaque references. Most will become clear in the fullness of time — and questions are always welcome.*

### **Jennifer Drennan**

I enjoyed this month's Home Kookin'. I do have a question though - how exactly does one make a healthy chimichanga?

And in regards to last month's issue on the deep fried snack foods, my vote is with Team Oreo."

**Arnie:** *Do we have the honor of receiving the Very First LoC you've written to a fanzine? We hope you'll do it again — and perhaps you'd like to set up a guest visit to the Vegrants on some future Saturday.*

### **Bill Wright**

You might like to appropriate this quote from Robert Burns in your prologue to my LoC on 'Home Kickin' One', and it is considered worthy of publication... <I've added a word to the last line of the LoC - appended>

*O wad some Power the giftie gie us To see oursels as ithers see us!*

being lines 43 and 44 from Robert Burns 'To a Louse; on Seeing One on a Lady's Bonnet at Church' (1786)

**Arnie:** *We didn't have to appropriate the quote, not when a fine fan does that for us right here in the letter column.*

### **Bill Wright**

Fun issue but that bacover *has* to be a post-mortum collaboration. I can do a pretty good pseudo-Rotsler, but the "Brain Drizzle" cartoon in the middle is definitely the real McCoy.

Wished I was back in Vegas for the last Vegrants party. I got a Gibson/Epiphone Les Paul Standard for my birthday and would have brought it over just to show off her suburst beauty. I've wanted a Les Paul since I started to play guitar in '64 and here I get one for my 59th birthday (Charlene scored it at a silent auction at a pawnbroker's convention).

**Arnie:** *Rotsler was always very generous with his art to the Vegrants and to me. The art file is shrinking, but it still has quite a reserve of unpublished cartoons by him.*

### **Jay Kinney**

It sounds like the Las Vegas crew, recently supplemented by the Fareys, are having a grand ol' time. It almost makes me want to contemplate retiring to L.V. to join the fun, but Dixie has her heart set on retiring to the Masonic Home in Union City, CA, so the Vegas option seems like a slim chance.

Nevertheless, great to receive tidings that you all are having a fine time.

**Arnie:** *The Vegrants would love you to return for another visit, Jay. Consider our guest room at your disposal. Of course, you might find yourself dragooned into some fanac, but you still seem pretty sturdy, so I'm sure you'd survive.*

### **Dick Lupoff**

What fun! I congratulate you on having such wonderful spontaneous events.

One question: On page 6 it appears that Joyce has won her angel's wings. What's that all about?

**Arnie:** *You and Pat are invited, too.*

*One of the sources of my enthusiasm for Fandom, despite my criticisms of some aspects of it, derives from the friendship and creative stimulation I get from the Vegrants. Right now, I'd say that we're getting a "bell jar" effect as we feed on each other's relish for fan-ning.*

### **Lloyd Penney**

First of all, I must apologize for accepting all these fanzines from you, but not responding, at least, not until now. The job hunt keeps me busy, getting ready for Worldcon keeps me busy, and Yvonne looking for work keeps me off the computer. I will have some comments ready now for Home Kookin' 4 and 5, and Home Kickin' 1.

HK4...I wondered how Nic and Bobbie would settle in to Las Vegas. Looks like it's good, and I'll bet Bill Mills has someone to rock out with. Roxanne wouldn't be too happy with Toronto right now...most of the city is suffering through a 40-day city workers strike, which has not yet been settled. The workers clear out the trash, so there are tens of thousands of tons of trash waiting to be gathered. They've been stashed in hockey rinks, tennis courts, parks and parking lots, all except for Etobicoke, which privatized its garbage collection years ago. Looking to be a wise move for many.

One of the local stations here is playing reruns of Quincy, which is popular here because of all the CSIs and other forensics programmes. I'm not sure I should tell Yvonne about the (dare I write this?) Quincy filk. Come on up here, Nic, and there's Marmite on the shelves here, imported from Australia. There's also the TamTam cookies expats like.

Disreputable characters in the vicinity? Yeah, and they keep attracting them to Vegas, too.

My loc...Anime North was a good time, as was Polaris, an anime con and media SF con respectively. Not usually my cup of tea, but they had lots of friends wandering the halls, and at my stage of decrepitude, there was lots of eye candy to enjoy at both cons.

HK5...drinking and deterioration, signs of a good party. Nice looking place, Nic...at least you don't have to mow the lawn. Saw that a lot when we were in Vegas for Corflu. Guilt at eating all that good food? The Vegas sun should bake it right off you. I have been trying to lose weight, and I have the incentive of still be-



ing able to wear the clothes I have. All that food and diet soda? You just have to know exactly where to cut back. Deep fried Twinkies and Oreos? Ask Nic about deep-fried Mars bars...

Hey, Nic! Detritus... is that the big city in Michigan? I know what you mean by being down to your last few bucks. We saved enough to go to the Montréal Worldcon, and we will be there, but it will drain our holiday savings. All we gotta do is find some jobs, but these days, that's the tough part.

I haven't heard much from VSFA ever since they ended their clubzine. Good to read they're still around, even if they don't publish any more. I find that so many fans enjoy themselves for the moment and live in the present. We all do that, but we also learn about our fannish past, and discuss what our fannish future might look like. If so many Vegrants stormed a VSFA meeting, some of them might fear a hostile takeover, exactly as you describe. I'm sure they'd see nothing wrong if they did it to you, but... If a few people got into some positions of responsibility, and made a few changes here and there, if a club was what you wanted, a club is what you'd have eventually. (The convention in Niagara Falls, NY has someone who hangs around the edges of the committee in hopes that he might get onto the committee and then make some changes to satisfy his own media SF interest. The chairman is quite wise to his tricks...)

Frequent sex, with liberal applications of barbecue sauce and chocolate. And you're in Las Vegas. Well, it all makes perfect sense now.

As is Bryan Follins, I am 50, and ready to roll... downhill. It should be quite a trip. Wish it was pass GO and collect \$500. You're right, Bryan, 50 ain't bad. If you make it this far, the years to come after should be pretty good. After all, being 50+, you should be able to get away with a lot more.

Joyce is right in that traditional clubs are dying off. I belong to a few clubs or societies, nothing more than a Facebook page. A lot less money and work, and a lot less social, IMHO. Nevertheless, at least someone tries to get the membership together at some point.

And now for some Home Kickin' 1... Vegrants Gone Wild? Does this mean you take your clothes off when drunk, and we can buy the tapes later? Nic, the chicken just got his revenge on you. What a chicken would do with a tooth, though... All the pictures in all three zines, looks like the lot of you are singing for your supper. Peanuts do indeed grow in the ground, and even though we don't look like Georgia, peanuts grow up here, too.

When we were in Vegas for Corflu, the temperatures were in the comfortable 80s, and there were re-



## THE TALKER

cords set for low humidity that day...I saw on the Weather Channel a report of 8% humidity. A spontaneous one-shot is a good thing indeed. Have they truly discovered that more fun can be had when you take part, when you create, when you put forth your ideas for others to take and create further?

TAFF winner Steve Green's been in touch with us in Toronto, too. Steve will be spending time in Montréal just before Worldcon, and we will have the pleasure of his company on the trip home to Toronto. He will be staying with Catherine Crockett and Colin Hinz before heading elsewhere on the continent, possibly to Chicago. I hope to meet up with Steve, DUFF winner Emma Hawkes, DUFF candidate Alison Barton and CUFF winner LeAmber Kensley some time, some place at Anticipation.

I've almost filled two pages (with what, I don't know), so I will wrap it up, and hope it can get into whatever else you're planning to create. See you then!

*Arnie: Like the Osmonds, Bill is "a little bit country" and Nic is "a little bit Rock 'n' Roll." (So far as is know, however, they are not siblings.)*

Hope you enjoyed the issue. Please write.

### Want More Pix?

Bill Mills has established a pretty impressive Vegrants Photo Gallery. An issue of *Home Kookin'* can only show about 10% of the photos Bill and Roc take at fan events.,

The URL is: <http://www.billmills.net/coppermine/thumbnails.php?album=12>

RAMBOM  
WY  
LIFE!



A hand-drawn illustration of a hand with a face, where the index finger is pointing upwards. The hand has a simple face with two eyes and a curved line for a mouth. The text "RAMBOM WY LIFE!" is written in a stylized, blocky font above the hand. The word "RAMBOM" is at the top, "WY" is in the middle, and "LIFE!" is at the bottom. The drawing is done in black ink on a white background.