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September 2009



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Artwork & Photography

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Nic Farey: 7, 12(2), 14

Lukas Hardin: 5(2), 6B, 8 (2), 9 (2),
13(2)

Bill Mills: 6T, 11

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Bill Rotsler: 17B

Steve Stiles: Cover

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

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

Steve Stiles, who has already appeared in the letter column, continues his long-standing association with LV Fandom, with his first cover for *Home Kookin'*.

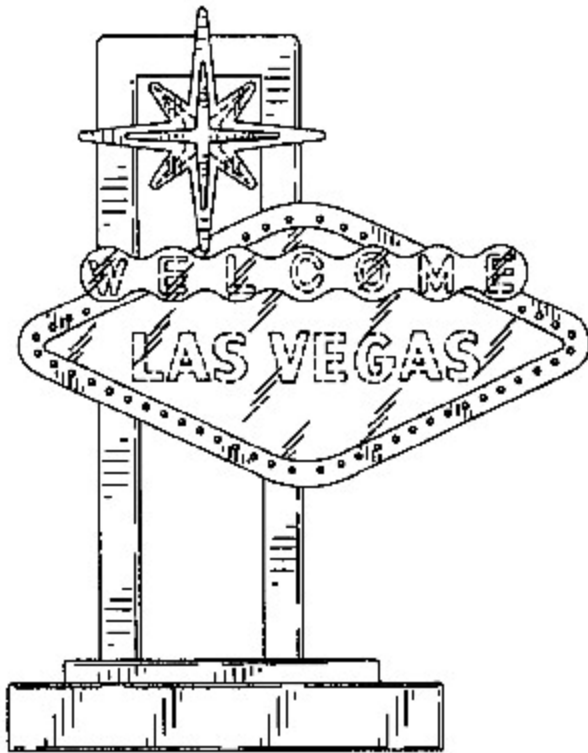
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Arnie Katz:

It's always fascinated me the way tradition, bolstered by treasured memory, insinuates itself into your mind at certain times. This is Labor Day Weekend and, notwithstanding my disdain for large conventions in general and worldcons in particular, my thoughts go to the way I spent quite a few past Labor Day weekends.

What matters to me that Anticipation was August 8 and it is almost a month later as I write. After all, the conventions that still live in my thoughts are much further away, in both time and space.

Earlier today, Joyce and I got into a discussion of our favorite World SF Conventions of the past. Of course, the first one is always special. For me, that was Discon in 1963. I'm sure it had many flaws that veteran fans detected and endured, but it didn't really take a lot to send 17-year-old neofan me into orbit. Plus I was there with Lenny Bailes, also attending his first World SF Con, and our runaway enthusiasm escalated as it echoed and re-echoed between us.

I also have warm nostalgic thoughts about the 1968 Baycon and the 1993 Magicon. The former saw Fandom's counterculture in full flower, while the latter simply had more wonderful stuff for fans than any con I can remember.

New traditions seem pretty popular among the Vegants, too. That's probably why this is the eighth issue

Hobo Quire
Hobo Quire
Hobo Quire
Hobo Quire
Hobo Quire
Hobo Quire
Hobo Quire
Hobo Quire
Hobo Quire



Jolie LaChance (*right*) laughs uproariously as Jacq Monahan and Joyce Katz watch in amusement.

of *Home Kookin'* in the last seven months. And as I hope you are noticing, we've added a few things that make it more of a total package to represent the Veggrants and their activities.

This is the 9/5 Veggrants meeting. The cast is assembling and it's time for me to turn the keyboard over to one of my cohorts. See you later in the fanzine, for sure.

Nic Farey

All righty, then Chief – believe it or not I have a *topic* ...

LoCs on *Home Kookin'*, to be precise. I noticed in the last bumper ish that one correspondent asked, "What makes a healthy chimichanga?" or words to that effect. Of course, you were unable to answer due to the highly secretive nature of my cooking methods.

So, I suggest that, given interested parties' questions of this nature flooding into the editorial pad, as they do, we might need some method of being able to respond to lockers specific comments on writers' spe-

cific comments, where appropriate. Maybe locs referring to certain bits could be forwarded to the writer of the particular paragraph to allow for a personal response? I'd like to see what the rest of the Veggrants think.

So to answer the original question: "healthy" is a relative term when applied to any kind of cooking (especially mine), but in reference to the chimichanga recipe, it means that they are not deep-fried, but rather pan-fried to lightly golden, then whapped in a 350 oven for 15 minutes to finish off. As indeed they will be to-night...

James Taylor

The joys of driving a van, now that the Eastern Wing of Vegas Fandom has grown to five, the Van works a lot better than my '97 Sentra. Not just because of fannish numbers, but also the amount of goodies that needed to be transported.

Today's load included home-made Sangria, home-made Chimichangas, mini-bagels with flavored cream



Bobbie (BB) Farey has yet to write, but she is active in every aspect of the group, especially the music-making.

cheese and ground coffee to replenish the Launch Pad's supply since the Katzes aren't Coffee People.

But wait, there's more: an old LCD for Joyce to try out, a much depleted bottle of Jim Beam, Bobbi's Spinach Dip and six cans of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Everyone's eying the keyboard. Here's Jacq

Jacq Monahan

The sangria sits on the kitchen table in a mile-high pitcher full of fruit (apples, strawberries, cantaloupe, peaches, lime wedges, etc.) and wine mixed with a pineapple nectar to make it extra sweet.

Two tables bulge with homemade and store bought vittles. We are all Pac-Men here. Even the blood sausage isn't safe, gleaming its crimson sheen from a white plate. Apparently carnivores make for a compatible group. There are vegetables here too, but they usually arrive later...

Arne Katz

The Eastern Bloc is, indeed, growingm even though Sane People know that the West is Best. As long as the Eastern Blockheads don't start wearing identical uniforms and traveling in a stealth helicopter, they're mighty welcome on the Cool Side of town.

And now, making her *Home Kookin'* debut is the newest co-conspirator of the Vegrants, Barbara Young...

Barbara Young

Well, here goes! You have finally got me at the keyboard. Thx for the kudos on the sangria. That recipe takes me back to other Labor Days.



I cannot believe it's this weekend. It doesn't seem right with my son Thomas off in Italy. But thanks to all of the Vegratnts, I have friends to chum with, friends to

make music with, and definitely as you have read, friends to chow down with.

I hope to learn more so I can be a better contributor. The drive over is getting to be a wonderful habit, after being on the bus all week.

Time to munch with the rest of the bunch.



JoHn Hardin

The bus all week? I can sympathize, sister. I've ridden the bus here too often, and the electronic voice that announces the stops grates on my ears like nails on a chalkboard; the electronic lady's flat, nasal, Midwestern accent tells me that somebody at the transportation commission is getting a kickback for giving the job to his septuagenarian aunt in Indiana.

"Please remember; you must show a reduced fare ID when paying a reduced fare, or using a reduced fare *peayass*." Oh Jesus. That flat twang sticks in my ear like an *icepick*. The same way the voice announces "the Mandalay Bay Convention *Cenner*." No. No, you stupid bint; there is a "t" in "center."

Sorry, got sidetracked (note to self: get a car). I blame the sangria; I'm really loosened up and using a lot of punctuation.

Everything, as usual, is great at the Vegrantns. We are blessed.

Joyce Katz

Oh, boy! I love guys that use punctuation. A properly placed comma makes me quiver all over...

Joyce Katz sports an outfit sewn on her new machine.



Thw displau shelves at the Launch Pad attract a lt of browsers.



Ross Chamberlain contemplates the Enormous Questions of the Universe. He solved at least three during the meeting.

Teresa Cochran

Afahahahaha!

Oh, JoHn, you are cracking me up! I've heard that voice so many times, and as much as I really do rely on it, you have it down pat. I guess I'd rather have it than not.

Actually, the trips over in the fan van are wonderful. James and I originally courted talking on the hour-long trip each way from our neighborhood to Joyce and Arnie's. Not surprisingly, all of us friends have had very interesting conversations in the last two sessions in the van.

This time, Barbara and I talked about homecraft and how such skills as weaving will be a necessity come the big global shakeup, whatever that will be.

We talked about the Shakers and the Amish. I was thinking about how much I admire crafty people. I can play music and write, but the most craft-like is beading for jewelry. I love stringing beads and tying knots in various kinds of nylon and wire beading string.

Jolie LaChance

Nic is holding down the musical keys to make the keyboard drone one note. I'm experiencing musician's envy, because even James Galway can't hold a note that long on a flute.

I note that he advertises healthy chimichangas. Sure.

I don't care what he says. If they were healthy, they would taste like it instead of tasting good. However,

they may actually be healthy tonight and I won't know. I've been given the wave off by the spawn of JoHn Hardin since these chimis are apparently heavily jalapenoed.

Wild Horses couldn't drag anyone away, but Bill can stop and correct and stop and correct and so on. It's the musician in him or something, I guess. They sound good to me.

Joyce Katz

The Wild Horses sound a bit broken right now; if there's anything sadder than a wild horse corralled, I don't wanna know.

Oh, yeah – one thing worse: the chimichangas have garlic. I'm denied the pleasure of this Farey treasure. Oh, well. I like the sangria.

My favorite worldcon was Magicon. (Surely no one thought I'd say St. Louiscon.) I loved NyCon 3 – it was my first, and there's nothing like your first time meeting a lot of fans.

And I also really enjoyed Baycon (1968 at the Claremont, in Berkeley). But the Magicon outclassed all the others. So far as I'm concerned, it was a great one to go out on; I doubt I'd ever tackle a big convention again. Too much walking, too many strangers, too many things that no longer attract me as much as when I was a starry-eyed neo. (Now I'm a starry-eyed old fan and tired, I guess.)

Arnie Katz

I didn't mention the NyCon 3 because of my (admittedly minor) role in it and because something happened at it that transcended Fandom to such a degree that it makes it impossible for me to accurately weigh the merits of the NYCon 3. I think it was a very good convention, but they could've held it in a dungeon and made us battle cobras for our banquet meals and I probably would still have thought it was terrific.

You see, it was 42 years ago this Labor Day weekend that Joyce and I met for the first time. I've told the story enough that I won't repeat it, but it sure changed my life.

Don Miller

So JoHn, correct me if I'm wrong, but you seem to have issues with the Cat bus system. Don't hold back; tell us how you really feel about it. I think there's something that you might be holding back. I dinna hear nearly enough profanity. What, is this a kids rag, or what?

Garlic? Ya wanna know about GARLIC? There's an East Indian restaurant on Meadow's Lane, next to Big Lots. I consumed mass quantities earlier tonight. It

was good, try the dish I brought to the party...I hope you like hot curry.

How about that sci-fi stuff? What sci-fi you ask? That's what I say. Where is it? How come I don't feel science-fictiony. Are we all that jaded by our long immersion into fandom?

What's with the women and their lack of punctuation? It must be a genetic thing. They must obviously lack the punctuation chromosome.

"And what's with this preposterous preoccupation with bosoms? They've become the dominant theme in American entertainment and advertising. I'll wager anything you like, that if American women stopped wearing braziers, your whole national economy would collapse, overnight!" Quick, what movie does that line come from? Give you a hint...1962, Terry-Thomas.

Neeext!

Jolie LaChance

The production notes are fascinating, I just hope fisticuffs don't ensue....By the way, my favorite con was one called Shevacon in West Virginia. Not because of the panels which I didn't see or the events which I didn't go to but because of the cool friends I met then.

Jacq Monahan

I stopped wearing a brazier when I swore off Dairy Queen. You have to be really old to get that one.

I know what you mean, Don. I have experience

JoHn Hardin, who usually plays harmonica or drums, takes over the electronic keyboard as Bill plays the guitar.



Here's a Tale of Two Keyboards. Nic Farey is at the musical one while Don Miller pounds the computer one.

with Chicago mass transit and it is only slightly less horrific than a piranha attack. You know those "easy out" door handles that you're not supposed to be holding when the bus stops? Don't be holding them when the door stops. An almost empty bus will virtually guarantee that the next person on will sit right next to you.

Waiting for a bus for more than 30 minutes means three of them will arrive in a row and everyone will crowd onto the one you're riding. A terminal diagnosis will seem much longer if you spend the end of your days riding this mechanical triceratops.

Back to the bosom: you know you're getting old when a 36 long is your bra size. Gravity declares that a topless outing becomes an accidental soccer game. You can sing "Do Your Ears Hang Low" with a pertinent physiological substitution and it still makes sense.

But I digress, repress, and obsess.

Derek Stazenski

I have lived in this town for almost thirty years and the bus system has always sucked! I have had more than a few bad things happen. The thing that I don't understand is how after over twenty five years there has been very little improvement. Huh? Anyway enough of that.

The sangria was awesome! I could have eaten the fruit out of it all night. It reminded

me of Brenda (who we all miss by the way). She loves sangria.

Ross Chamberlain

I have not partaken of the sangria unfortunately, not through lack of desire but it would interfere with me later. I learned this in long ago situations I fail to remember distinctly. No, it's not that I overdid it, regardless of temptation and curiosity, no no, nor is it any specific disagreement that sangria's ingredients have with my metabolism that I know of, as compared with any other beverage of more than minimum alcoholic content. It's more of a 'been there and done that' response to the aftereffects of absorption. This is a long way around to say that I don't want to do that any more. We'll not discuss how I compensate for that...

My last major convention (anything bigger than a Corflu's dreams) was Westercon 55, which I was forced to go to because all my friends supported the late Bruce Pelz's idea that I should go and get a plaque they wanted to give me there; we had a pretty good time then. I want to the... Noreason? Boston Worldcon around 1980. That was subsidized in some manner I swear I don't remember by some of the NY folk, but it got me into a cartoon war with some of the real fanartists of the time. I was overmatched; and I literally didn't have the right equipment. (A ball point pen, or maybe Flair, while everyone else had markers. Who knew?)

My first was NYCon 3, in 1967. Put on by the Fanoclasts (technically, that should be more specific to

Derek Stazenski, though not well known outside Vegas, has been a Vegrant for many years. His recent return to regular attendance was a welcome sign.



Tee, Nic and Bill take a break from a very long evening of playing.

some individuals); I was on the committee. I brought Joy Sennet to the con or some parts of it. But I went to the Saint Louiscon, the worldcon Joyce held together for dear life, a couple of years later, with my new 8mm movie camera, but not with Joy. Knocked around in that convention without really mixing, as I recall. Saw Joyce walk by at one point, but never talked to her.

Favorite? Has to be the Westercon... The only time I felt really part of the community.

Arnie Katz

The four-ring circus – food, intoxicants, music and fanzining – that is a present-day Vegrants meeting is starting to wind down. It's almost 2:30 and some have, therefore, been at it for amore than eight hours!

I heard a good one that I hoped some of the participants would share with you. Since they didn't, I will.

The band tends to play a series of sets, punctuated by breaks. Though they jam and serende, they also work on songs, They been playing between meetings, too, and recording in Bill's home studio.

Apparently, Bill has stressed tightness during some of this work, because the band-mates bantered back and forth about the tightness of a song they all agreed was Musically tight.

"I'll tell you what's tight," Jolie LaChance quipped. "My last year's underwear!"

So let us end the round-robin editorial on that Uplifting note. We're sorry all of you couldn't be jeer to ass your comments, but that's why there's a Lettercolumn/

The rest of *Home Kookin'* awaits!



Arnie Katz looks pleased with the evening's festivities.

months ago really thrilled me, but I know that response is likely to be better for an issue that is part of the ongoing *Home Kookin'* series.

My page hit the screen of Joyce's computer moments after the first wave of arrivals.

Renovation came up for discussion. There's little overt enthusiasm among the Vegrants at the moment, but I am sure some southern Nevada fans will make the short upstate trip.

The lack of a living Fan Guest of Honor rankled a bit, too. It looks like they could have memorialized Charlie and still found room to honor a genuine active contemporary fan.

"I'm tougher than I look," Bill Mills assured his friends as we sat in my office.

"Aw, you don't look so tough to me," Tee Cochran quipped. Her ability to laugh at her circumstances is undoubtedly one of the things that help her transcend that limitation.

Bill has spent a lot of time over the last two weeks working with members of The Little Band of Vegrants, guiding them through their first studio recording sessions. He had a CD with still unfinished songs the group is presently recording.

Even allowing for Bill's characteristic disclaimers, it's an impressive disk. It played a couple of times during the evening and I found myself listening to it again as I began this report. The most impressive cut, for me, was a rendition of "Angel Baby." I knew Tee had a nice voice, but she seldom sings leads, so her performance on this was all the more notable.

Most of the music-makers drifted into my office to hear the CD and, in several instances, figure out what elements they each might add in future studio sessions.

JoHn Hardin, who plays drums and harmonica, has

a rather striking way of trying to block out his part. It is a little disconcerting to sit next to someone who, as the music plays, is going, "Suck! Suck! Blow! Suck! Blow! Blow!" Geez, I hope JoHn doesn't talk during sex. Seriously, JoHn surprised all of us with how much he had improved on the harp when he first started playing with the Little Band of Vegrants and he has improved greatly over that through dedication and some guidance from Bill.

They're working on "Brand New Tennessee Waltz," a tune suggested by JoHn. Bill had recorded his guitar and vocal track. As the others listened to it, they each started to formulate what might be their parts. Then

when they actually perform the song, they try those ideas and fine tune them so that the band is all on the same page. Sounds a lot like the way we do the club's fanzines.

Lukas Hardin and Barbara Young weren't the only Guests, though the other two made only cameo appearances. Dan and Kim Story, who are staying with us until they get back on their feet, are not fans by any stretch of the imagination, but they are exceptionally nice people. I have no idea whether they'll get friendlier with the other Vegrants, but they will likely be around for a while.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder," Don Miller said, explaining his occasional non-attendance.

"I know some fans I'd like to become a lot fonder of," I said.

Both the Taylors and the Fareys have anniversaries this week. The Eastern Bloc made plans to celebrate both, probably at their hang-out Aces and Ales. Now I have to entreat them to Write Up such adventures.

I noticed Nic was roaming through the house, looking intently for something. The desired object turned out to be his flask. I thought I'd seen it, but the two of us had no better luck finding it than he did searching solo. It was, to say the least, quite a night. Helping make it memorable were: James Taylor & Tee Cochran, Bill Mills, Nic & Bobbie Farey, Ross Chamberlain, JoHn Hardin, Lukas Hardin, Jacq Monahan, Don Miller, Jolie LaChance, Derek Stazenski, Barbara Young, Lori Forbes, Joyce Katz and me – Arnie Katz

LasVegrants.com

Home Kookin' isn't the only way to interact with the Vegrants. LasVegrants.com has fanzines, photos, video and more, all artfully presented by Bill Mills.

Jammie
Jammie
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Jammie'
Bill Mills



Another grand night at the Launch Pad, except for the fact that Roxie was unwell tonight and remained home. She later took some consolation in hearing that I was not the only one who missed her presence. But, I missed her most. Ya' know, she recently figured out that in the nine years we've been married we have, by choice and design, not been apart from each other for more than eleven hours at any one time. Being together that much makes us happy. We might only be happier if we were surgically joined somewhere. Being a family 'zine perhaps I shouldn't speculate on the various anatomical options that presents. Eh, what?

Since Teresa and James were married on the 8th of September and this meeting fell on the 5th, it was the Vegrants' chance to say "HAPPY ANNIVERSARY" to the Rock and the Soul of Las Vegrants; James and Tee. She requested that I sing "The Anni-

Tee Cochran and James Taylor just celebrated a wedding anniversary.





Bill Mills often plays acoustic guitar, but he went electric for this meeting of the Vegrants.

versary Waltz," which is a song I have long loved and she knows I am happy to do, especially for special friends and occasions. Tee played beautiful violin parts and it was a lovely moment for me. Later, I even wrote this little poem in their honor:

**For James and Tee
on their Second Wedding Anniversary**

September eighth will always be,
a very special day to me,
the day when my friends James and Tee,
celebrate their anniversary!

A lovely match as all can see,
a perfect Mr. He and She,
and Jim's considered quite lucky,
but then again, so is Tee.

A happy pair they'll always be,
who's love will go on endlessly,
examples for the world to see,
true love exudes from James and Tee.

This heartfelt rhyme is sent by me,
with hope your anniversary,
will be repeated joyously,
Until the sun dries up the sea.

So it is written, so shall it be,

and this I say most honestly,
I send best wishes to J and T,
Your sappy friend and buddy B!

It was a lively, noisy, jocular crowd this night... and our little flock of fannish friends appear to be fully prepared for, and dedicated to, maintaining the current level of activity, energy, attitude and consumption. This last item being in deference to the fact that the group seems to be regularly consuming more and more of the lovely tasty food platters Joyce works so hard to prepare and that various Vegrants contribute regularly to the noshing tables.

This is a *Good Thang!*

Joyce, being a good Jewthern girl (that's a combination of being Southern and Jewish, which I presume she has fully absorbed due to her 38-years with Arnie!) she is truly disappointed when the gang doesn't just devour the all the goodies and leave only empty bowls and plates. "Eat, eat... it's good for you!"

I am still waiting to get smarter and better looking, the 'premium' I was promised in the Las Vegrants recruitment speech I was given, what seems like eons ago, to seduce me into the fannish web of the Vegrants. That hasn't yet occurred. However, in the meantime, on

Vegrants nights I regularly have more fun, fannish and otherwise, than I have had with any other group of people in a decade!

In my heart, that's a substantially more valuable 'premium'.

— Bill Mills



Shown here are (l to r) Derek Stazenski, Nic Farey and JoHn Hardin.

Since the food was in the parlor, that's where I spent the better part of the next hour – not being able to resist a good nosh. As usual, Joyce Worley Katz put together a stellar spread, augmented by baked chicken and lasagna, and even those these treats were situated around the music makers.

I managed to visit often enough to abscond with multiple servings.

Not content to spend an entire Vegrants gathering in a different room from the guest of honor (I had let the fascinating Sandra Bond slip right through my fingers) I came upon the man sitting alone in the Katz' master bedroom, probably to get a moment of peace, and swooped in like a set of chattering novelty dentures, the kind you wind up to make the uppers and lowers frenetically clack together.

"Oh, hi!" I exclaimed, a little too enthusiastically. Ever the polite Brit, the soft-spoken Mr. Green turned his attention from his cigarette to me, probably with a tinge of reluctance, but the dear man hid it brilliantly.

He spoke of his travels thus far, and of how none of the cities lived up to their stereotyped reputations. For example, Seattle had no rain when he was there, and (I'm guessing this one) Rice-a-Roni was NOT the San Francisco treat. Something like that.

Following that pattern, I guessed that his next stop, Chicago, would yield horrendous pizza, but the politicians would be honest. Manhattan would offer the world's most hospitable deli servers and prove to be an economical place to live. I was delighted to find that he liked his jokes on wry – just like me.

When the talk turned to his late wife, I detected a catch in his throat as he said, "She was the love of my life." My persistently cynical nature softened a bit. I am happy to find that real devotion exists as I am saturated enough by sappy, insincere and predictable romantic comedies (I see them just to have something to populate my Worst Films of the Year column). Encountering the real thing is a rare comfort.

That was day one. The next day, a Sunday, brought with it a barbecue in Mr. Green's honor, hosted by the Fareys. Nic has known Steve Green for 25 years and the two are still capable of raising a pint (and some hell if need be).

Nic deep fried two chickens, and interested guests watched the birds fishing line be lowered one at a time at hour intervals into hot oil via a hook-like instrument. The crackling sound was ferocious, and any thought one might have of dry, desiccated bird flesh was soon eradicated by the first carving (by

JoHn Hardin) that yielded a moist platter of poultry that performed a quick disappearing act.

Two slabs of ribs disappeared even faster; my carnivorous cavern of a mouth receiving not one molecule. I was busy perusing the Bill Mills Photo Archives for the latest shots of the gang. Ah well, ya snooze, ya lose.

Later in the evening, Nic posed a Top 5 Film question to everyone. My three attempts were met with one harrumph (Green) and two disqualifications for being too recent (Farey). Where was my Blade Runner? My Day the Earth Stood Still? Was I mad? I was out of my element, but learning from the masters.

As I've said, no one can harrumph like Steve Green. Even more mysterious, he doesn't explain them. Still, I feel a kinship; he is Green by name, I am green by virtue of being a neo. A stretch, I know, but there you are.

Day three was a pub experience in Las Vegas (Aces & Ales) with Chicago-style pizza. The Margarita, (not Margherita as it's sometimes spelled) was especially good. It was a last time to see Mr. Green, TAFF winner, and witty word warrior in a somewhat natural habitat. It struck me how easily Mr. Green fit into any gathering, enhancing it with observation and anecdote. I would miss him. Even now, I am calling him Mr. Green because to me it fits him much better than the ubiquitous "Steve."

Along with Nic and Bobbie Farey, James Taylor (it was his birthday) Tee Cochran, and "The Kennedys", JoHn Hardin and yours truly, we made up a type of Magnificent Seven. Well, at least a Monochromatic Seven, and the color that day (as well as the preceding two) was most definitely, Green.

— Jacq Monahan



The Fareys' Sunday Barbeque Tea drew a large crowd, despite the

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Your locs

Paul Novitski

Thanks for your warm note. No, you haven't driven me away -- I'm just way behind on correspondence (if you can call email that!) and scrambling to get done everything I need to. Having the twins reduces my work hours way, way down, and we're not quite making enough to pay the bills right now so I have to work for money every minute I can.

Speaking of which, I'll sign off now, but rest assured I'm hanging around in spirit if not, quite yet, in spirit duplicator fluid.

Arnie: We tried your suggestion with *Home Kookin'* #7. The results were Mixed. I'm afraid that the difference between an attachment and a URL that takes you straight to the .PDF is the difference, for too many fans, between reading and not reading the fanzine in question.

I don't know the reasons, though I have some guesses. Still, the test indicates that we may be better off sending the zine direct, as we have been doing. We shall see.

In the long run, fans must understand of what is needed to participate fully in Fandom. Back in the day, a fanzine fan needed a typewriter, stencils or spirit duplicator masters, correction fluid, access to a mimeograph or spirit duplicator, a supply of ink or duplicator fluid, suitable paper, postage and a stapler. Someone who wanted significant graphics might want to add styli, lettering guides, shading plates, plastic typing sheet, light box and stencil cement,

The answer now is not so clear. I'd say a computer, a DTP or word processing program, Adobe *Acrobat*, an Internet connection and an email address. That's a lot less stuff and it eliminates recurring expenses for ink, stencils, correction fluid, paper and postage. Those who use the copy shop to publish must, of course, pay for the cost of duplication and postage.)

Yet fans should realize that minimal hardware and software produce minimal results. Or rather, it is harder to get god results. A well-equipped electronic fanzine publisher should have a computer powerful enough to run large programs (Pentium II or higher), the two pieces of software previously mentioned and a DSL or Cable modem connection.

Right now, the need to make zines accessible to those who don't meet that standard stifles creativity. Today, electronic fanzines can't be much bigger than a 20-second porno clip or it becomes too inconvenient for too many fans.

Robert Lichtman

The link worked fine and I thoroughly enjoyed *HK7*. Reading the zine and looking at those pix carried



me back to my own actifan days on 73rd Street. FWIW -- attention, Steve Stiles! -- I've still got that old Gestetner in the basement. Also think there are a few styli, shading plates, and lettering guides in the cabinet that the mimeo stands on.

Do they still manufacture stencils and mimeo ink? Seems to me that there is a wonderful, poignant piece of fan-fiction waiting to be written. It's called "The Last Stencil" and concerns an old fan and tired who owns the last mimeo stencil in the world.

His great dilemma: What does he do with it?

Feel free to take that and run with it, amigo. Cd be lots of fun.

I don't imagine you plan to attend the World Fantasy Con in San Jose next month. Will there be anyone there from Vegas Fandom? And -- what about next year's Worldcon in Reno? Pat-and-my daughter, Kathy, now lives in Reno with her husband and offspring, and Pat and I get up there every so often for a visit.

We've discovered that Reno is a very pleasant, mid-sized city once you get away from the honky-tonk, the flashing lights, ringing bells, and, as you say, bizarre tourists. Downtown Reno, of course, is rather like Las Vegas, although on a smaller scale and not quite as garish and vulgar...although it's trying.

But travel a short distance and you see regular people going about their regular lives. There are schools and grocery stores and bookstores (don't miss Zephyr Books on Virginia Street if you're even in Reno), and AAA baseball team, the Reno Aces, plays in a delightful new bandbox of a stadium. Made me nearly cry the next time I had to suffer through an evening at the miserable old Oakland Coliseum.

Yes, the casino buffets are great if you're into volume eating. And the food ain't bad either. But if I lived in Reno I would alternate between Manuel's Mexican

Restaurant, Bangkok Siamese, and the Sushi Dock.

If all goes well, Pat and I will attend the Worldcon in Reno, and hope to see you there.

BTW, I tend to agree with you that small, intimate, low-key conventions are much pleasanter than noisy, bustling mob scenes. At last that's the way I feel now. I don't think I felt this way when I was a young, energetic neofan. My friend the sometime fringe-fan Richard Wolinsky once quoted Rotsler as saying, "All conventions fall into two groups. There's your first con...which you absolutely love...and then there are all the rest."

Wolinsky added, "And then there's the one that causes you to say, 'What the hell am I doing here?'" That's your last."

As I recall, he made that remark as we were leaving a truly drab, thoroughly unpleasant convention in Sacramento, where we had gone to record an interview with Stephen Donaldson. It was a long time ago, but my recollection is that it wasn't even much of an interview.

Love the photo of Greg Benford and Paul Turner. Happy to see that Paul is still around, and lookin' purty good.

Arnie: That's a great idea for a faan fiction piece, Robert. I sort of feel you should write it — and send it to *Home Kookin'* — but if you decline I may very well try my hand at it.

I can't speak for the fringes of Las Vegas Fandom, but I haven't heard any of the Vegrants mention World Fantasy Con. I think it's more likely that some Vegrants will go North for Renovation.



Anne KG Murphy

Thanks for the latest *Home Kookin'*. Here's me, still meaning to LoC *Idle Minds* #4, now here's another one from you.

I'm getting to *HK* first. But one should not be a slave to a sense of chronology in one's reality, I guess.

I would suppose a lot of your readers don't know me. I hail originally from Ann Arbor, Michigan, but have recently moved to Yellow Springs, Ohio, where they are in the process of rebooting Antioch College. I'm not involved with that, and I don't know many people in the Yellow Springs/Dayton area, so I've been pleased to go farther south from time to time to hang out with the folks in the Cincinnati Fan Group (CFG), a club that seems to be alive and kicking so far as I can tell.

Increasingly in recent years, Core Fandom — the subculture that is linked to the inception of Fandom in the late 1920's — are either people who were fans when young and have returned or fans who have already been active in one or more other sub-Fandoms. Although some still come to us directly from Mindania) Tee Cochran_, got instance_, more notice Core Fandom after they have become active and gravitate toward it, because they like the activities and/or the ty[e pf [ep];e/

Joel Zakem has been encouraging me to join his APA, so I'll be pubbing my ish again this fall with a 'zine I'm calling *Wellspring*, named after the village in which I now reside. This summer I also went North for two conventions - one was the

Arnie: Thanks for the introduction. Now that we know you a little, I hope you'll stick around and get to 10 enjoys what we do.

Apas can be a lot of fun; I advise checking out a few to find one that fits the kind of thing that interests you. A lot of amateur press groups may be very good, but possibly not necessarily good for *you*. Since there is such a wide range of apas, you might as well make the most of it.

John Purcell

Methinks you people out there in the desert have too much fun. Reminds me of when I lived in Minneapolis and what Minn-stf was like. Now you have me wanting to apply for a job at a community college in Vegas! Not fair! I like it where I teach. The least I should do is get my ass out there for a visit and witness the Vegrants in action.

Very cool that Steve Green made a pit stop. Any excuse for a party, eh? Some looney from overseas visits, so you.... Oh. Wait a minute. If I really do stand for

DUFF in 2010 and win, this sort of thing will happen to me? In that case, go ahead and party. Now I have to seriously think about this possibility..

The references to Mike Glicksohn's famed Aussie hat were a nice touch. I had no idea Steve Green likewise had a distinctive hat. Steve Brust does, too, and the late George "Lan" Laskowski had a raccoon hat he wore to conventions. Somebody someday should write a fan arkle about the distinctive headgear of fen. Propeller beanies are one thing; I'm talking about really oddball stuff. They are out there; I've seen them.

Tell Bill Mills that I've begun playing guitar again. Sort of. It has been a long, long time since I've really done any serious playing or songwriting, so even doing a little bit feels good. One of these years I have to record some of my music and post it, or make my own CD. That would be fun.

I enjoyed reading "The Fanfather." Good faan fiction is always a pleasure, and you do a very good job at it, Arnie. It helps immensely if the reader personally knows the folks being mentioned/lampooned in the arkle, plus the original source of the pastiche. This made me chuckle and might prompt me to write another piece of faan fiction again. I don't do it that often, but it is a lot of fun to write.

A short loccol, but good people therein. Hopefully this loc can help flesh it out more.

Thanks for posting the zine, Arnie, and this morning I finished *Askance* #16 and shipped off to Bill Burns for posting. As I finish this loc it's not on efanzines yet, but probably will be Real Soon Now. Bill is a wonder and a treat; I nominate him for ghodhood, if that's possible.

Arnie: I've always had good feelings about Minn-STF and have long-time associations with many current and former Minneapolis fans, so that's a pretty nice compliment. We're not nearly as Official as the more formal aspects of Minn-STF. Sometimes, visitors to the Vegrants spend half the night looking for the "mssfinhg." They keep waiting for us to propose New Business. Sometimes, at the very tail end of a Vegrants evening, Lucky Jim and I speculate about how we might concoct such a bogus meeting for the benefit of such newcomers. Now, *that's* too much time.

Doing a fanzine together, like the band and Internet video show, gives us a way to enjoy each other's company and creativity. There's a lot happening between meetings and I hope that my cohorts will begin writing up such happenings.

Lloyd Penney

I seem to fall behind two issues with a lot of fanzines, and now, *Home Kookin'* is no different. Here-

some comments on issues 6 and 7.

6...It's good to hear that people are getting into the habit of writing. And, enjoying it, too. In this Twitter generation, it's good to know there are people who'd like to write more than 140 characters at a time.

Our pets are spoiled rotten. Where does fish come from? The store. Raw? No thanks, but nicely smoked will do just fine, thenkyaverramush. If we allow our cats a variety of tastes, they get finicky, just the same as us.

A name for a fannish musical group, hm? Having been subjected to filkers for a full weekend, I could offer some names, but guaranteed none of the singers would like them. Some local filkers I could name admit they couldn't carry a tune in a bucket, and proceed to prove it, as often as they can. Singing in the key of off, baying at the moon, you can complete the sentences and sentiments.

Fandom taking the summer off occurs in more places than you might expect. The club in Ottawa takes the summer off, and gathers in force (if 20+ can be considered in force) around this time of year. I am expecting the OSFS Statement soon after some hot relaxation.

When the Expos left Montréal to go to Washington, les Montréalais barely noticed. Besides, the city is a hockey mecca, and baseball barely made a dent in all the years the Expos played in Jarry Park, and then in Olympic Stadium. Even the Expos' mascot, Youpi, changed uniforms, and now he's the mascot of the hockey Canadiens. Baseball's got a lock on Toronto, though. Did you know that your local ball team, the Las Vegas 51's, are a Toronto Blue Jays farm team?

I must disagree with you on Worldcons, Arnie...for the both of us, Anticipation was a great time. I ran the fanzine lounge, and most were pleased with the area, and there was an evening lounge too, run by Colin Hinz and Catherine Crockett. I was an Aurora Award nominee, so we attended the Aurora Awards banquet, and that was an excellent time, and we also got to hand out a Hugo Award. Busy weekend, and that suited us just fine.

It seems that every series of fanzine could be construed as a series of multiple one-shots. It may depend on what the differences are between the actual publications that come out.

One of my locs...we just spotted the Mythbusters in one episode of CSI:LV. They proved that if you've been sprayed with a butane-based pepper spray, and then tasered, you could explode. Kids, do not try this at home. That's what the Mythbusters are for.

7...I am sure that having Steve Green as a guest was fun. Catherine and Colin hosted Steven when we

got him home from Montréal, and a few nights after that, there was a quickly-announced party.

I know how you all feel about Hugos, but if you'd been there...it was a heady time. And yes, Arnie, before you find out otherwise, it was Yvonne and I who handed out a silver rocket to your most favorite fan of all time, sarcasm alert. Still, a very good time, and some great parties. I won't read a book because it's a Hugo winner, but for me there's a disconnect between modern-day SF and this old reader. I will go with authors I am most familiar with, and do some time travel to read that wunnerful esseff from my personal golden age.

It looks like Steve Green survived his TAFFish travels, and with Yvonne's words firmly in his ears, he got himself a new pair of shoes during his stay in Toronto, and it looks like they got him around the continent in fine style. He left his cane in Toronto, and perhaps with new footwear, he might not have needed it.

Steve Stiles is writing much how I feel. We tried to get lots of area and equipment and atmosphere for the fanzine lounges, and I think we succeeded. We raised money for TAFF, DUFF, CUFF and the Corflu 50 fund, too.

Looking forward to some *Quibbles* in the e-mails... many thanks for this one, and I check eFanzines and my IN box every day. Keep it up, and I'll do my part.

Arnie: You'll have to wait awhile for *Quibble*; I've decided to focus more on this (and other Vegrants publishing projects. These folks are great fun to fan with.

The band is not a filk group, though they sometimes do filk songs (usually written by Bill or Nic), The main part of their repertoire consists of covers of rock, country standards and originals by Nic and James.

The editorial is always written at a single meeting, the one described in the Vegrants Report. We generate the rest of the content over a two-week period.

The frequency is goverhed by two interrelated factors: enthusiasm among the Vegrants and the response from you good folks. *Hint*

See you all next issue! Send those LoCs.

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>

