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July 2009



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James Taylor

Arnie is basking in the glow of Home Kookin' #5 and the unruly mob that is the unsupervised Vegrants is raising its head in unauthorized fanac.

The Pahrump Man of Mystery (Kent Hastings) has paused in his jet-setting long enough to spend the evening and drop off a pizza.

The middle room of the Launch Pad sees the ebb and flow of Vegrant musicians -- currently Bill Mills, Nic Farey, Bobbi Farey and Roc Mills.

In the not too recent past, Teresa Cochran, JoHn and Lukas Hardin and ever-versatile Arnie Katz all were present and making music.

Nic Farey

Not to want to change the subject and that, but cor eh wot, where was it then? Here I am, lookin' for *Kookin'* to tell how I got even more redneck tonight, because I lost a fuckin' tooth in the chicken!

Well, not *in* the chicken; the bird actually drug it off me. I got the bit in my hand & threw it away. This is a major milestone, despite having lost several teeth to Pepsi while in jail, none of them could be *seen*. This bastard gap is right at the front.

Gimme another couple weeks and call me Mick Foley...

The chicken was good, though.

Jacqueline Monahan

At least Nic got to *have* some chicken. By the time, JoHn, Lukas and I arrived, all of the bird and the pizza had been devoured. Just when I was ready to tear at them with murderous paws...

JoHn is being a most accommodating percussionist tonight, adding a good beat that makes every song easy to dance to. Well, maybe not Wild Horses, playing now. Harmonica joins in, JoHn, of course. What a Man! (sigh)

JoHn Hardin

I'm blushing over here, but I do have to admit complicity in making the bird disappear (but thankfully

About Our Cover

The observant will note the warning that this isn't *Home Kookin'*. Rather it is an even more spontaneous fanzine called *Home Kickin'*.

Thanks to Bill Rotsler for the cartoon on the cover.

(Arnie helped with the lettering.)



Home Kickin' #1, July, 2009 is a completely spontaneous eruption of fannish enthusiasm from the Veggrants, for whom monthly oneshots are evidently insufficient.

Home Kickin' is the Group Effort of the Actifan Element of the Veggrants, Las Vegas' informal, invitational Core Fandom fan club. Published: 7/24/09.

Those working under the baton of James "Lucky Jim" Taylor include: Tee Cochran, Bill & Roc Mills, Ross Chamberlain, JoHn Hardin, Bryan Follins, Jacq Monahan, Brenda Dupont, Nic & Bobbie Farey, Derek Stazenski, Kent Hastings, Jolie LaChance and Arnie & Joyce Katz.

Send letters of comment to:
crossfire4@cox.net

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Bill and Nic provide some musical inspiration while James, seated at the computer, begins to write This Very Fanzine.

kept my dentition intact). I'm also guilty of egregious percussion and gratuitous harmonica wanking, and now I'm up to my elbows in spontaneous one-shot. That's what we call a good time at Chez Katz.

The one-shot sprung up when the music lulled for a moment and Roxanne Mills asked the room "Is there a one-shot?" When James answered in the negative, she commanded him to instantiate one, and so the guerilla one-shot was born. Behold the power of Mills.

J. Kent Hastings

For some reason, I knew it was Hedy Lamarr, not Dorothy Lamour, who invented spread-spectrum radio instead of breaking the Enigma cipher. And I waited for a lull in the feeding frenzy before scarfing my pizza pieces. It was great seeing old friends and meeting new folks.

Will try to get back to Vegrants more often. Now, back over the hump to Pahrump.

Arnie Katz

What a strange, surprising and marvelous thing! I was going about my pleasures at the 7/18 Vegrants meeting when Lucky Jim Taylor informed me that a oneshot had broken out spontaneously. I asked him how this had happened and he was quite vague about the circumstances, which involved the Spirit of Trufandom and copious amount of inebriants.

I am so damn proud of my fellow Vegrants I could... well, I wouldn't really do it. After all, this is a clean pair of pants.

Despite the near-killing heat outside, this is an extremely lively Vegrants meeting. For a little while, I thought it might be getting out of hand, but it turned out that what Brenda Dupont referred to as "pictures of peanuts" was, in fact, images of legumes.

Jolie LaChance

It's great to see the crew and take a break from phucking physics class.

Currently, the musicians are taking a break and we're "reminiscing" about previous drunken binges. I'm not sure if it really qualifies as reminiscing since

Tee Cochran coaxes another beautiful run out of her fiddle.

large pieces of what we "remember" had been told to us by sober bystanders the day or so after.

Roc Mills:

Good friends, good music, good conversation, food and drink; who could ask for anything more? *Why Am I A Fan?* This is it, right here, right now. We've got vampire television conversation, theoretical physics discussion... how can you not love this stuff? There's a beautiful lightning storm outside, the weather has finally cooled off a bit (for the moment).



Bill Mills (guitar) and Nic Farey (leyboard) work on a song during the meeting.



**(left to right) Arnie, JoHn and Bill gather at the dining room table to make some music.*

This is the good life, the good stuff, *this* is why I am a fan (so just ignore anything I might write elsewhere).

It was great to meet Young Master Hardin – John and his former significant other should be proud of the job they’ve done; he’s a fine young man and a complement to his parents.

Nic Farey

“Killing heat”? I dunno, Chief. Been out laboring in a buck-fifteen this week, and I guess I’m getting acclimated. Is it “acclimated” or “acclimatized”?

Lots of water, though, and Gatorade. Contrary to what may be popular imagination, I don’t drink *all*

Three of the most popular Vegrants catch a breath between revels. Shown are *(left to right)*: Brenda Dupont, Jacq Monahan and Joyce Katz..



day, unlike one fuckin' herbert on the job – malt liquor drink at 5 am, and again at 5:30 before we hit the job-site.

“Locomotive Breath” was written for him. I have failed to see Lori's toes tonight, but I believe they are still in place. Conversation with Jolie makes well up for the lack – good to see yer J ! Roc swigs out of my hip flask and has a coughing fit. Waah!

Brenda Dupont

Yes “pictures of peanutses” ...get your mind back in the gutter where it belongs! Then I come back in to see not peanutses, just pics of Candy Matson and Milo...Roc assured me the pic of peanutses was still up. So glad that there was.

I so wanted to share my recipe for “Redneck Mudpie” – frozen Hostess™ cupcake, split it, zap in the micro one min. and then put your favorite ice cream on it with lots of choco syrup - I've secreted one away in my bag ... I'll have mudpie tomorrow.

Arnie Katz

I thought that's where my mind belonged. It spends enough time there.

Bryan Follins

Yeah, you know why they call him “Big Ed.” It's because he gets big ideas. One of these days he is going to get a big idea about me, and that will be his last.

What's that, you can't get no air? Bang Bang Bang!!

Dead, *dead???*

Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa
aaaaaaaa. Ma, your hunches are always right....

Finally made it ma...*on top of the world!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*

Joyce Katz

Brenda told us that peanuts grow under the ground. Highly unlikely, I sez. She said her grandma pulled them out of the soil. I say those were potatoes.

The best thing to do with cupcakes is deep fry them. Brenda is guilty of introducing me to French Fried Twinkies. That's evil, man.

Derek Stazenski

I went to KFC today to get me some good old fried chicken. Only to find out they were closed for remodeling. Damn I was bummed!! As a result I ended up eating a burger.

So when I went into Walmart to get something to bring tonight the fried chicken from the deli jumped into my hand. I was a happy boy on my way to see my

friends and I get my chicken!! Later on in the evening, after the chicken was long gone, Nic smiled at me and was missing a tooth. Then he told me that it was the chicken that I brought that yanked it out of his head.

I felt bad but told him if he was going to file a lawsuit Walmart should be the target. I won't be bringing any more chicken to meetings. Least not from Walmart. By the way I don't care if peanuts grow under the ground; I still like them.

Nic Farey

Two in the fuckin morning again – must'a been good! It's all right, Derek, you know I'm not calling you out, the tooth was loose anyway...

Teresa Cochran

Right, Walmart isn't a Target; it's a Walmart. Sorry, couldn't resist.

Had an absolute blast playing music with these fen, and where was Bill Mills hiding all his breathtaking original songs???!!! Dude! For all my grumbling about not wanting to be directed by anyone lately, since we just had a big show at the Blind Center, I will gladly be directed to help make sure these songs get out there so folk can hear them!

Leaving teeth in the chicken? That's not fun, for sure. Next song I'm going to learn, since I just got my cat neutered, is written by an Australian singer, Jon Williamson, is called “Bill the Cat” and has the catchy refrain: “We left his balls at the family vet!”

All's well that ends well ...

Arnie Katz

Tee quoting the Bard's “All's well that ends well,” makes me want to quote Pirandello: “It is so if you think so.” I definitely think it all ended well, so it probably did.

Artwork & Photos

Bill Rotsler — Cover, 2

Roc Mills — 3, 4 (both), 5 (both), 8, 9

Bill Kunkel — Bacover

Spontaneous Combustion

Vegrants Report

A lot of people think they're experts on Las Vegas weather. They read the weather reports, mentally correlate them to what they know and decide that Las Vegas is as hot as the surface of the sun during the summer, which lasts from February to December.

The truth is that Las Vegas is no hotter than the sun side of Mercury – and it only gets that hot between June and October. No, seriously, the heat generally comes with single-digit humidity, which makes it all a lot more tolerable.

So when I say that July 18th, the date of the second July meeting of the Vegrants, was as hot and uncomfortable as any day I can recall in Glitter City, you can bank on the fact that it is no idle claim. The temperature reached about 112, the sky threatened to explode in a thunder storm – which it did several times during the evening – a combination that maximizes discomfort and sweat.

That being the case, Joyce worried a little that the meeting might not be as well attended as other recent gatherings. More optimistic, I estimated the likely attendance at 14. Yet despite the heat and threat of storm, 18 came to the Launch Pad to eat, drink, smoke, play music and, as it turned out, do this oneshot.

The Vegrants hadn't intended to have one at this meeting, since we were just putting the finishing touches on *Home Kookin' #5*, the 24-page issue we did at Vegas NonCon '09 over the July 4th weekend. Besides, we'd done five issues in five months and, after the big effort on #5, I assumed that most of the gang would want to take a breather. A good number of them are still relatively new to Fandom and not yet used to writing prolifically.

I'd tentatively decided to put off another issue of *Home Kookin'* until late August, timed to coincide with TAFFan Steve Green's visit. I reckoned without the

Spirit of Trufandom that now courses through the club's Actifan Element like a lightning strike.

I didn't give the subject another thought until James sidled up to me and, a little slyly, asked if I'd read the oneshot.

"What oneshot?" I asked, as if on cue.

"The one that's going full blast in the dining room on Joyce's computer," he said. Then he described how, enflamed by Nic Farey's persistent prompting, he had walked to the computer and begun *Not Home Kookin' #1*, Several other Vegrants, who'd evidently faunched for another oneshot, immediately lined up behind James to add their contributions.

I'm not sure what reaction Lucky expected, but I have seldom felt such a rush of pride. They started a oneshot *without me saying anything*. It's one small step for fans, one giant step for this incarnation of the Vegrants.

The oneshot has gone through several name changes. At the moment, it's *Home Kickin' #1*. Roc Mills and several others are snapping photos like crazy. And even though some of the flashes were a somewhat misguided effort to see what would happen if two photographers hit the flash at the same time, there'll be plenty of pictures.

Since I didn't think the Vegrants were about to commit a fanzine, I didn't take notes for this report. I didn't start babbling into my digital recorder when the first arrivals – James Taylor, Tee Cochran, Nic & Bobbie Farey – knocked at the Launch Pad's front door. I guess that means I'll have to make up whatever I can't remember. Audio notes or not, I'd better be long-winded if I want to have enough text to surround all those wonderful photographs.

JoHn Hardin and Jacq Monahan called about 8 PM with a special request. JoHn had charge of his 12-year-

By Arnie Katz

old son Lukas for the day. They asked if they could bring Lukas with them so that they could attend the Vegrants meeting.

The Vegrants have no rules about that or anything else, though Joyce and I generally discourage bringing minors to an essentially adult function. I immediately decided to ignore that guideline and invited them. It seemed like a small thing, balanced against the fun of having Jacq and JoHn at the meeting.

It worked out beautifully. JoHn joined up with the Vegrants Bands, Jacq was her usual charming self and Lukas could not have been a better-behaved young man.

The Vegrants Band – they’re still questing for a good name – had an epic night. With Bill Mills on vocals and guitar, Nic Farey on vocals and keyboard, Tee Cochran vocals, fiddle and mandolin, JoHn Hardin on harmonica and drums (not simultaneously), Bobbie Farey and Roc Mills on backing vocals and me on occasional kazoo and background droning, this has become the best fan band I’ve ever heard, not counting full-time professional acts that simply include some fans.

Their signature tune has become “Knocking on Heaven’s Door.” Bill distributed a CD with a slightly enhanced (base and drum tracks added) version of the tune, which he had recorded at a previous gathering. He reaped tremendous egoboo for his sterling production job and, in his enthusiasm, spoke of the possibility of a Vegrants Band CD. It’s more of a long-term project, rather than a “coming soon,” because Bill wants to build up the Vegrants Band’s repertoire and because he wants to record only when the group has mastered a song.

Bill unveiled a filk, “Knocking on Vegrants’ Door” to the others, who immediately launched into a gorgeous rendition. Tee Cochran was so overcome by it all that tears stood in her eyes and trickled down her sensitive fannish face as she played her soaring fiddle licks.

The fanzine apparently broke out right in the middle of the music ensemble. With the Vegrants Band driving them onward, the writers pounded the keyboard with great gusto. The oneshot started rather late in the evening or who knows how many pages this pumped up pack would’ve produced.

Conversations ran the gamut as knots of fans discussed everything from nicknames to TAFF to *Idle Minds*. Another favorite topic was catching up with Kent Hastings. Formerly a Vegas resident, Kent now toils in Los Angeles, but we are always glad of the chance to get him back whenever he is in range of a Vegrants meeting.

TAFF came in for discussion because Steve Green



Ross Chamberlain and Brenda Dupont relax in The Kingfish’s office.

plans to visit over the fourth weekend in August. He’ll stay with the Farey’s, but we’ll host a special party for him at the Launch Pad on the 22nd.

The nickname controversy is something that readers of this Fine Publication (and also *Home Kookin’*) can help decide. Both Nic and I fancy ourselves great coiners of nicknames. And even though Farey’s nicknames are literally *nic* names, I think mine are better, even if I do let him call me “Chief.” Since I wrote the not-yet-published faan fiction story, “The Fanfather,” he has started calling me that, too, sometimes. Makes me almost happy to have him call me “Chief.”

I’ve rechristened James Taylor “Lucky Jim Taylor.” It’s based on a somewhat overzealous comment by Bruce Gillespie to the effect that he had become the luckiest man in Fandom as a result of Tee marrying him. I’ve even dug up a song by Ian Whitcomb called “Lucky Jim” that I play every two or three meetings.

Nic wants to call him “Lord Jim Taylor.” It’s some kind of effete literary reference. He doesn’t have a song.

Now that I’ve presented the two alternatives in a Fair and Balanced way, you can make your preferences known. And if you have a printable nickname for Nic, let’s hear that one, too.



Arnie Katz (left) and James Taylor talk quietly while listening to the music in the Launch Pad's dining room.

Steve Green isn't the only visitor expected to grace Las Vegas in the near future. Chris Garcia still hopes to get here this fall, though his schedule and finances will undoubtedly have the final say. And Joyce just found out, in an email from Ken Forman that he and Aileen are planning to come to Vegas (and stay with us) "sometimes this fall."

There are Vegrants who are so new that they have heard us talk about Ken and Aileen in the most glowing terms but have not yet actually had the chance to meet them. I'm sure the Formans will enjoy meeting Jacq Monahan and Brenda Dupont as much as I believe Jacq and Brenda will get a kick out of one of Fandom's most delightful duos.

Yeah, I miss Ken and Aileen. I absolutely love the current incarnation of the Vegrants, the Third Wave, but that just makes me wish that Ken and Aileen were here to partake in a terrific fannish scene and add their unique personalities to it.

The club has recently entered a new era. By my fanhistorical reckoning, Vegrants has gone through three major eras since we started it in the early 1990's, separated by less cohesive transitional periods.

The mid-1990's Golden era saw the Vegrants become a club and the entry of its members into Fanzine Fandom. This group produced the highly popular *Wild Heirs*, *Silvercons 2, 3 and 4*, *Corflu Vegas*, *Toner*, *Heirlooms*, and several fanzines from individual members, including *Smoking Rockets*, *Glamour* and *Xtreme*.

Membership shrank around the turn of the century due to many relocations and a few gaffiations. We met regularly through this interregnum, though Vegrants generally drew eight-10 fans.

The New Generation era began around 2004 and faded out around mid-2007. The arrival of the New Generation rebuilt the roster and sparked renewed in-

terest in Fandom outside southern Nevada. Newcomers who have stuck include James Taylor, Tee Cochran, John DeChancie, Bryan Follins, Jolie LaChance and Bill & Roc Mills. Vegrants also benefited from the return of JoHn Hardin and Don Miller.

The One Day Fantasy and Science Fiction Day, *Vegas Fandom Weekly*, the founding of SNAPS, Corflu Blackjack and Corflu Silver were achievements during the New Generation era. The Holiday Party agreement among SNAFFU, VSFA and the Vegrants also came about during that period.

Success, in the form of rapid expansion, ended the New Generation era. The club added a number of fine folks who, for one reason or another, didn't develop into genuine fans. As a result, Vegrants was great on the local level, but not very active when it came to creative fanac. Vegrants has always treasured its fellow travelers, but it's probably better if they aren't a large percentage of the membership.

That changed when, for various reasons, a lot of the fellow travelers stopped coming to meetings. We miss many of them on a social level, but it has left the Vegrants a stronger, more close-knit group with much more enthusiasm for fanac. The sudden spurt of Vegrants publishing is no coincidence.

Meetings now run 16-18 fans. It's nice to have occasional larger gatherings that bring in another half-dozen or so Vegrants, but the typical meeting size fits comfortably in the Launch Pad.

The 18 stalwarts, some of whom partied until 2:30 AM, were: Bill & Roc Mills, James Taylor & Tee Cochran, Nic & Bobbie Farey, Ross Chamberlain, JoHn Hardin, Brenda Dupont, Jacq Monahan, Bryan Follins, Derek Stazenski, Jolie LaChance, Lori Forbes, Kent Hastings, Lukas Hardin, Joyce Katz and me

– Arnie Katz

That's all for this time. If you'd like to send a letter of comment, we sure would love to get it.

The Vegrants will turn up again (like a good penny) in another week or two with *Home Kookin' #6*, which may well contain letters received on this one as well as *Home Kookin' #5*.

We're publishing frequently enough so that we don't expect you to write every time, but it means a lot to us when we do get your letter.

