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Late Aug.
2009

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Artwork & Photography

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11T, 12, 14

Bill Rotsler: Bcover

Home Kookin' #6, Late August, 2009 is a more or less spontaneously monthly fanzine produced at the 8/17 Veggrants meeting, an especially festive occasion due to the visit by Sandra Bond.

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

Miscreants include: Tee Cochran & James Taylor, Bill & Roc Mills, Ross Chamberlain, Nic * Bobbie Farey, Don Miller, JoHn Hardin, Bryan Follins, Jacq Monahan, Jolie LaChance, Derek Stazenski and Arnie & Joyce Katz.

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Arnie Katz:

Welcome to the climactic weekend of a very busy week of high-octane crifanac around here. And we've got the seventh issue of *Home Kookin'* to help us share it with you.

Last Saturday was a Vegrants meeting. We wrote of *Home Kookin'* #6, completed during the week and ready for release in the next few days.

On Monday, August 17, I finished, posted and distributed the 54-page *Idle Minds* #4, a symposium on "Why I Am a Fan." This is also the deadline week for SNAPS, the monthly electronic apa, so many Vegrants did their SNAPSzines as I got ready to assemble and distribute the eMailing. I also did an issue of the little newsletter I've started for the Actifan Element of the Vegrants.

And now, to celebrate TAFFan Steve Green's visit, we're having a special Vegrants party on Saturday 8/22 at the Launch Pad and a Barbeque Tea at Nic and Bobbie Farey's house on Sunday.

Yes, while some fans moan about not stooping low

About the Cover

Bill Mills concocted this photo to confirm the theory that I pull the strings.

Yes, the dummy is Bill.

No, Arnie has not had a stroke. That's Photoshop.

Hobo Quire
Hobo Quire

enough to win a tainted Fan Hugo and some others fret about casual semi-fans who want to define *our* hobby to *their* liking, the Vegrants are having too much fun to worry about either of those things.

The parade of Trufandom marches to the beat of Forry Ackerman and Bob Tucker and Francis Towner Laney and Charles Burbee and Lee Hoffman and Walt Willis and Ted White and Peter Sullivan, not to the Mundane rhythms of people who have little understanding of, or sympathy for, our hobby.

Let them enjoy *their* hobby and we'll love ours. So the Vegrants are kicking all of that anguished hoopla to the curb, where it belongs.

The gang's all here – let's fanac!



Bobbie Farey chats with Billm holding guitar, as Tee fires up her famous tobacco pipe.

James Taylor

It's already started; I had forgotten the joys of driving a van but tonight as designated driver I was able to refresh my memory. My Sentra transports four, but Nic's van was able to hold five fans and a possible recruit without any problem and certainly more comfortably .

. Not that I didn't have white knuckles and a fixed little smile the whole way but it could've been much more interesting.

Arnie has just announced to Steve Green that he is channeling Laney tonight and has chosen the fan Hugos as the first topic of discussion. It's going to be a fun night. Strangely, it wasn't unpleasant.

Arnie Katz

If I'm channeling Laney, then I am not the only

one. Nic is evidently trying to wrestle the title of "dirtiest talking fan" from dead Towner's clutch.

That's the Vegrants for ya'. We're always blazing new trails. *Shiffuh* as they used to say in good ol' Queeb.

Steve Green

I note Bill and Roc had the good sense to wait outside until Arnie and Nic finished their latest installment of "What's wrong with wrasslin' – and how we can fix it".

Having a great time here in Glitter City. Not sure how I ended up buying a hat on Fremont last night, but I'm sure it made some vague kind of sense at the time.



Why are Arnie and Bill pointing at each other? Are they shouting, "You the Fan!" or something like that? A minority opinion holds that they are about to touch fingertips and metamorphose into a single superfan.

Teresa Cochran

Maybe it was that fannish little voice that whispered in your ear, Steve. You well know that fans tend to wear many hats.

I'm going into convention-type circadian rhythms this weekend, with all the partying and then leaving for a trip to the San Francisco Bay Area on Tuesday. I'm going to bring my fiddle there and play music with another friend who does a lot of busking with her guitar.

We'll both be visiting a very sick friend of ours, who could be terminally ill, so we hope to have an absolute blast amidst all the other chaos. It will be great to see my friends, whom I haven't seen in about four years. Getting together with all the wonder-



Steve Green took this atmospheric self-portrait during the gathering at the Launch Pad.

ful Veggrants is priming me for the trip, and I won't forget it.

Nic Farey

It was one of the cheaper hats, actually, but looks good on the old bastard. Steve reminded me last night



Ron & Linda Bushyager, who attend infrequently, were a welcome sight.

that he used to wear a fedora, which apparently some part of me had remembered, at least the bit about him looking good in many hats. Well, this one at least. I forgot all my music printouts so am trying to convince Gene (Bill Mills) that I have the night off. That was a fail. Steve is being remarkably sociable considering his reputation as a miserable recluse – must be the company. Barbara is insinuating herself, and in a very nice way.

Not gonna touch the fan Hugos, sorry Chief, since my profanity-laden (imagine that!) view on the subject already appeared in trufen, and the great R Lichtman agreed with me, blessim!

Linda Bushyager

Yes, keep your hands off the Hugos! The acids on your hands can harm them. They are sometimes quite fragile. One time I had to carry Harry Warner Jr.'s Hugo on a flight. Little did I know the problems. First, security (and this was in the times well before 9/11) seemed to think it looked exactly like a bomb. Fortunately, one lady knew what a Hugo was and let it on. I would hate to think of carrying a pointed rocket-shaped thing onboard now! I put it into the luggage for the second leg of the flight. Mistake!! The luggage compartment wasn't quite at full pressure, and the beautiful exterior of the rocket suddenly became pitted – as though the rocket had gone on a deep-space voyage. I told Harry that was what had happened to his pock-marked award. Hope he bought it....

Sorry you guys and gals are reading this and not here to enjoy the fine food provided by Joyce and attendees. Joyce made some delicious chicken breasts in a pleasant sauce. There are fine beans and franks, chocolate covered pretzels, cold cuts, lasagna, chocolate covered strawberries, veggies (with atomic hot green garden dip), and more. YUM. The Katzes know how to throw a party.

Guest of Honor Steve Green is regaling us with tales of his adventures traveling the country...well not really, seemed like he hadn't had any real adventure type adventures, just a lot of time spent in fan homes, fan food events, Montreal Worldcon, and USA airports. He reports Fremont Street was something of an adventure though...that's downtown Vegas where there is so much neon it lights up the street like daylight and weird tourists crowd in with weird slot people trying to get you into their casinos and you can eat weird food like frozen twinkies if you want. Seems perfectly normal to me though.

He also reports a case of lost luggage –

when he went to Seattle his luggage went to Vegas, but fortunately he and luggage were reunited when he got to Vegas. I can't report that he knelt on the ground and kissed the luggage, perhaps so or not, but apparently he was quite overjoyed to find it again. That's why I always travel with carry-on, Steve, (even when I went to Europe for 3 weeks). Woolite is a marvelous wash soap, and that and a portable clothesline can get you through a lot of towns.

Hopefully he will enjoy his brief stay in our environs, and see lots of weird sights here. Did you know that Las Vegas has not one, but 2 Statues of Liberty, the Eiffel Tower, gondolas in a Venice canal, a volcano, and a pirate vessel manned by skimpily dressed lady pirates that sinks another vessel every night? But the strangest thing of all is watching the tourists in all sizes and shapes, wearing all manner of strange clothing (and headgear), and doing all sorts of odd things as they walk the Vegas strip or downtown.

Jacq Monahan

Even Rick King is here! I myself have just gotten off of flight 3738 from Chicago in time to attend the Vegrants gathering for guest of honor Steve Green, all very proper and lovely, of course.

Now he's talking about escort services in England,



Roc Mills and Steve Green compare hats. Steve bought his as a souvenir, but many Vegrants took turns wearing it during the evening.

the darling. There's an abundance of food and frivolity.

Digital cameras are a-flashin'. I am right where I belong. I am home.

Jolie LaChance

Hugos? They still award Hugos? For years I've noticed a vast disconnect between stuff that wins Hugos and stuff that I like. I might go so far as to use the Hugo awards as an early warning device: "Hugo winner, don't read".

James Taylor

Wow, Jolie, Arnie's right; you are a fan — or at least think of Hugos in a fannish way. I have not knowingly read a Hugo winner in decades. But then my consumption of SFF has steadily been decreasing for decades too. But then I seem to writing myself now. Ghu moves in strange ways.

Roc Mills

It's great to see so many people here tonight! And so much food! I can't wait for the chocolate cake to be cut. I used to enjoy the Hugo winners, but this was many many years ago. Nowadays, I tend to agree with Jolie. Besides, there's plenty of vintage science fiction, fantasy, and horror to read — I needn't bother with the modern stuff. I could read the classics for years and never have to pick up a modern Hugo winner.



Joycw seldom flexes her musical muscles during meetings, but she enjoys watching (and hearing) Tee Cochran play.

Ross Chamberlain

I have no idea if I've read any Hugo winners any time recently. Probably not, since I've been wallowing in the romance/horror/mystery vein (appropriate word, since all tend to involve vampires one way or another) with one major exception. I picked up John Steinbeck's *East of Eden* as a substitute one day when I hadn't visited Borders in a while (hadn't obtained one of their 25% - or 30% -off coupons for a bit) to pick up an Anita Blake or Sookie Stackhouse episode...

Ooh, I'd forgotten the world of Real Literature that

has existed out there, beyond the Glades of Genre where I gambol my leisure life away...

And it was hard reading! There were times throughout it when I had to almost force myself to open the crumbling pages of that 50+ year old Bantam paperback. This may have been a good thing; generally I slide through a work of fiction without that much of it rubbing off on me.

Maybe I'm a fakefan in the not-so-fanspeakeasy sense. But then, I haven't knowingly read a Hugo winner for who knows how long, so perhaps not all is lost. Then again ... I haven't knowingly *not* read one, either....



Joyce Katz

Jolie really said it, didn't she?! It is so strange how the awards have changed over the years. I remember in the back-when, I really used the Hugo nominations and awards as a guide to choose books. And it worked, sorta, back then.

Now the only science fiction/fantasy works I read are things that I've read before; I just don't want to waste my time on inferior works.

Actually, it seems to me fiction has declined across the board, and not just in our pet genre. And though there are undoubtedly good books being written in the

JoHn Hardin (*Left*) adds harmonica to The Little Band of Vegrants (*below*), which includes *left to right*) Tee, Bobbie, Bill and Nic.





Rick King (*left*) is starting to move beyond his Hip Incident. The benign influence (relatively) of Nic Farey has him chuckin' his blues away.

here-and-now, too many aren't worth the effort. So, I'm sticking to the classics.

If you come right down to it, all awards are specious. And their worth decreases as the audience grows. You're better off to keep your mind off of them, especially the Hugos.

It's great to have Steve here. The Vegrants are in full-cry tonight.

Rick King

Am I really here? Barely it seems! I've got live music playing in my ears, food coming out my ears,

Bobbie Farey (*left*) and Jacq take a break from the music-making and fanzining to sample the food and conversation in the living room.



and laughs flying everywhere. As usual I get introduced to new friends like Nic and Steve, while I catch up with old like Jacq and John. Apparently I have been gone too long, because Jolie didn't recognize me with my beard and much longer hair.

So many things have changed since I have last been here, the biggest thing is the size of the Vegrants band. The dining room was packed with singers and musicians, and they are sounding absolutely amazing.

Man, I've missed the Vegrants, and it seems they have missed me. That is what I love most about fandom.

Jacq Monahan

Nic is playing a dirge. JoHn is harmonica-nizin' to it. There are so many people at the dining room table that it's a good thing this house doesn't have a basement. I spoke to the charming Steve Green about his romp about the U.S. and how its cities broke all their stereotypes upon his arrival (Seattle didn't rain, etc.) The dirge has turned into "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," sung by a veritable chorus of voices, all of them harmonious and deserving of ears.

Arnie Katz

And let's not forget their awesome filk of that song, "Knockin' on Vegrants Door."

Steve Green

It's all lies. Especially the true bits.

JoHn Hardin

A friendly warning to cities where Mister Green may cut a future swath: don't trust him with your women. Within minutes of our arrival, he was demanding my daughter take her shirt off, and then he spent a half hour in the bedroom with Jacq. He insisted it was all innocent, but Nic assures me it was not. All I can say is I salute you, sir.

I don't know if the criticism of the Hugos is entirely warranted, outside of the fan categories. I mean, the winner for best novel was *The Graveyard Book* by Neil Gaiman. Gaiman's no slouch and I'd be surprised if the book was anything short of very good. At any rate, I never used the Hugos as a guide to my reading so I don't have a dog in that particular fight.

A brief recap of the dinner: Lasagna,



The dining room is where the music — and special food — are most likely to be found.

baked chicken breasts, macaroni and cheese, spicy chicken wings, sausage and beans, pizza, submarine sandwiches, cold cuts and cheese, vegetables and dip, chips and dip, chocolate cake, chocolate covered pretzels, chocolate covered strawberries and a home-made cheese ball with crackers. The city of all-you-can-eat buffets has had a certain ... impact on the hospitality style of the Vegrants. We know how to throw down a serious nosh.

Steve Green

Hell, JoHn, Collette's *fourteen*, dude. What's good enough for Jerry Lee Lewis...

Roc Mills

How cool is this? Steve has some lyrics he wants to send to Bill to see if he can make tunes to go with them. Fannish collaboration! I can't wait to hear the

(Right to Left) Nic, Steve and Bryan get better acquainted.



results (no pressure, honey, really). Steve is great, and nothing like the Steve Green I used to work with many years ago back in California — this was a great relief to me, as that Steve Green was not a nice or sociable person at all.

The Band of Vegrants is coming along splendidly! JoHn on his harmonica, Barbara joining with the tambourine, and all the other regulars are making for some truly fun music. Give us another few years and we'll be concert worthy!

Steve Green

02:25 and the party's gradually winding to a close. Great night on every level. All I need do now is exercise my "guest of honour" status and head back to Nic's and Bobbie's with my choice of the women. These Vegas folks sure are welcoming.

Arnie Katz

The "Special Emergency" Vegrants meeting flamed out about 3 AM. It could've gone longer, but the Final Eight realized that we *had* to break it up or we might've gabbed right up to time for the Barbeque Tea for Steve Green that Nic and Bobbie Farey are throwing this afternoon.

Right now, it's distinctly possible that I'll be attending this one in absentia. The High Priestess rose briefly, but has now retired to her bed. I'm in the midst of a Working Weekend and may need to get some sleep, too. We shall see.

As I prepared for Steve's visit, I thought it might be fun to Google his name — and then write an article "introducing" him with all the misinformation I collected. The first entry I found was that our honored Guest is the main figure in The Steve Green Ministries and a Leading Light of the Christian Rock world.

The resulting mental trauma stopped *that* idea cold. As a lifelong rocker and confirmed agnostic, "Christian Rock" are fighting words. I prefer my music secular.

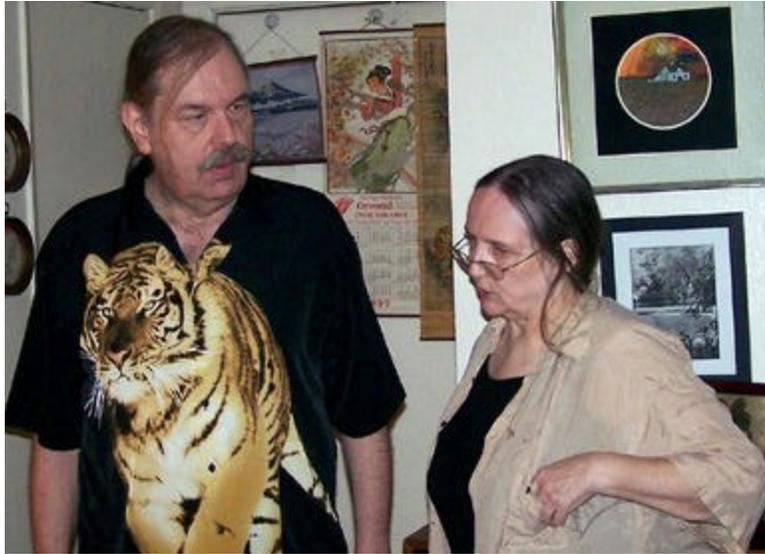
As we exchanged good nights yesterday, Steve asked me a question that he'd hinted at all evening. "So," he said, "am I a better TAFF visitor than Abi Frost?"

"Well, considering that 25% of Las Vegas Fandom gafiated after meeting her, I'd say you jumped that bar."

Actually, Steve is a fine representative for British Fandom and TAFF. He fit right into the Vegrants and we'd love to woo him here again for a longer visit. ***

Vegrants Report

Arnie Katz



It's Arnie and Joyce! I never know how to phrase captions about myself.

As most fans, at least the ones who read this fanzine, know, the Vegrants get together as a group on the first and third Saturdays of the month. There's plenty of visiting and activity at other times, but those two nights are reserved for a gathering of the clan.

As soon as Steve Green announced his intention to visit Las Vegas over the August 22-23 weekend, Nic and I put our heads together to figure out how to entertain the visiting TAFFan. With no undue fuss, we scheduled a special meeting of the Vegrants for Satur-

Look out Glicksohn, there's a new Hat in town!



day evening and a Sunday afternoon Tea at the Fareyes' home.

Vegrants meetings that are held off the usual schedule always leave me guessing about how many fans will turn up for the festivities. Many Vegrants tend to push non-fannish obligations off to the second and fourth Saturdays whenever possible, so it's hard to guess the attendance. I knew a few members were out of town, but enthusiasm seemed strong. I guessed we'd draw about 15.

By about 6:30, a solid hour ahead of the unofficial start time for a Vegrants Saturday night, we nearly had that many already at the Launch Pad. James Taylor, Tee Cochran. Nic & Bobbie Farey, Steve Green and Barbara Young arrived first, followed shortly by Bill and Roc Mills, Derek Stazenski and Ross Chamberlain. JoHn Hardin Jacq Monahan and JoHn's 14-year-old daughter Colette weren't far behind and, before we knew it, there were 21 fans eating, drinking and gabbing all over the Paunch Pad. All that fanpower came in handy for sending up a much larger than usual assortment of food. There was so much that it filled the dining room table as well as the big circular one in the living room..

The conversations began with comments on what I wrote to start the night's oneshot about the juvenile reaction of some fans to the Fan Hugos. It quickly moved on to an idea I had for an article I'd ultimately decided not to do. I thought it might be funny to Google "Steve Green" and write a biography based on the misinformation.

"You did that with me," Nic Farey accused.

"No, I took the easy way out and just made it up," I assured the man who was born on a mountaintop in Tennessee, greenest state in the land of the free, kilt



Roc Mills is one of the Vegrants most demonstrative animal lovers.



James Taylor and Tee Cochran share some mid-meeting affection

him a Ba'ar when he was only three. Come to think of it, if Tennessee is the greenest state, doesn't that make it likely that Steve Green comes from there? Worth investigating, I think.

I explained that when I Googled Steve, I ran smack into a big-name Christian Rock zealot. I didn't have the heart to accuse our guest of that kind of musical crime, so I dropped the whole thing. Emboldened by my example, others volunteered information about those who could be found on Google with *their* names. This might've been a lot funnier if the fans weren't invariably the most colorful characters under almost any monikers.

Nic and I bored the crap out of everyone by loudly discussing wrestling. Actually, the others are pretty tolerant and we generally cut off the topic before our friends rise up to blast us with chairshots.

Derek Stazenski waxed enthusiastic about his trip to California. He'd visited family members in San Diego and enjoyed the city's weather and opportunities for participation sports like biking.

Bill Mills gave me a couple of disks. He had as-

sembled a small blues anthology, but the other disk was much more interesting. It featured Bill's "demo tracks" for several songs as guide to his bandmates. As usual, Bill deprecated the cuts, which are not nearly to the level they will ultimately attain, and as usual, he vastly under-estimated the appeal of what he has already done.

Bill and Roc brought a pizza to bake off during the meeting. We were all so happy to learn that we patronize the same brand, Di-Giorno that Bill and I lapsed into a commercial as we elaborated on the excellence of this brand of frozen pizza for Ross Chamberlain's benefit.

All right, so it wasn't scintillating repartee, but the fans ate it to the very last slice. (I am pleased to report, in light of the incident at Corflu Silver, that they did not fall on the pie like ravening dogs, adding stray fingers to the pepperoni.

I take it as a sign that Las Vegas fans are better mannered, more self-controlled and more civilized than fans in other locals. Of course, it *could* be because they had already torn through a lasagna, fried chicken, kabosi and baked beans, sausages and a few other things before the pizza reached the table.

"How about you doing a cover illo for *Home Kookin'*?" I asked Ross as we sat chatting in my office.

He looked *Thoughtful*.

"Bill Rotsler has been very generous," I told him, "but it's harder to get illos since he died."

"New illos?" Ross wondered.

"Yes, once a month or so, I dig him up," I confided. "You know, his hand is still moving."

A welcome returnee at this party was Rick King. He has spent quite a bit of time on the Disabled List, thanks to a horrendous hip injury he sustained when he fell off the back of his truck.

He explained that, after the initial shock of the fall wore off, he had levered himself up and continued on his way. He bore the pain and discomfort for two weeks before he went to a QuickCare unit. They diagnosed the real problem and he had arthroscopic surgery on his hip.

Rick is still a little wobbly, but no longer needs the crutches that got him around for about six weeks.

Rick's injury occurred just about the time he was rolling up his sleeves to do some real fanac. The postponement has left him, I fear, with the feeling that it is all a lot harder and perilous than it really is. He is a very personable and talented guy, however, so I am hopeful that we can help him vault this hurdle.



Bryan Follins (left) and Derek Stazenski chat about SF movies and big-time sports as the meeting swirls around them.

Steve Green seemed like he was having a good time. I certainly hope so, because the Vegnants thoroughly enjoyed his visit and only wished it could've been longer.

What a great representative for TAFF! And he's even going to do a TAFF report. Look for a chapter of it in a forthcoming issue.

The music is getting better and better. The musicians, now known collectively as The Little Band of Vegnants, is building quite a repertoire. Among the strongest are "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," the filk of it called "Knockin' on Vegnants Door," "Faded Love & Winter Roses," "Wild Horses" and several very clever filk songs.

Steve Green was a great guest, but not the only one who attended the party. Barbara Young, who made her debut at the Farey Housewarming, continues to make friends among the Vegnants and will surely be invited to another meeting in the near future.

Also making her Vegnant debut was Colette Hardin. JoHn's 14-year-old daughter survived an evening with the old folks and even excessive advice from two well-meaning, but wrong-headed older women. She's very personable and, like her dad, appears to be very smart.

Helping to make it a memorable fannish evening were Bill & Roc Mills, James Taylor & Tee Cochran, Nic & Bobbie Farey, JoHn Hardin, Jacq Monahan, Ross Chamberlain, Bryan Follins, Rick King, Derek Stazenski, Ron & Linda Bushyager, Steve Green, Jolie LaChance, Lori Forbes, Barbara Young, Colette Hardin, Joyce Katz and me

– Arnie Katz

As has become habit, I never made it to the computer to compose a contribution for the round-robin editorial for this *Home Kookin'*. I was either deeply engaged in socializing, imbibing, glad-handing, imbibing, playing music, or, uh, imbibing until the moment Roxie and I stumbled out the door at about 1:30 a.m. Sunday morning. So, with your permission, *gentle reader*, I will share my thoughts and memories of the night of Steve Green's visit to the Launch Pad after-the-fact.

Revelry thy name is Vegrants!

It was a loud and friendly feast of fen and food that was laid out by hostess Joyce Katz and other generous Vegrants for our visiting TAFF luminary Steve Green. Right from the beginning, of this special shindig in Steve's honor, the atmosphere at the Launch Pad seemed especially festive, in a very Vegrants way. Maybe it's because there was so much food readily available. From goodies on the living room table where you can always find munchies and fine finger foods, to the dining room where the table was covered with more substantial fare like sandwich makings, franks and beans, and chicken.

Though I hasten to add that I am *not* seriously suggesting that there is a psychological — or even psercon — connection between food and fans.

Well, okay... maybe I am.

The front door kept opening and, in each case, more and more Vegrants appeared. Well actually, in all but one case, but that's a scarrrry story and I'll save it for the Halloween ish.

We had a good turn out in Steve's honor, and were even blessed with the appearance of more than one *less-than-often* seen Vegrant. Everyone was happy to meet Steve, seems a right fine chap he does, and Steve was happy to meet all of us. Or, at least it appeared so. But, hey... he's British and soft spoken, relatively reserved and well mannered. Maybe he was just being polite and restraining his nagging desire to be... elsewhere. Elsewhere... as in down at the Crazy Horse II slipping dollar bills into dancers' g-strings! Hey, wait a just a tic... if Steve Green is English... *what the bloody hell is Nic Farey?* Well, I know that's a question that has crogged the fine minds of fandom... and made them go soft. So, for safety sake, we shall not dwell on it further.

Apparently there was a "Space" theme for the night, because the house was teaming with fen, occupying *couch space* and *floor space* and *any space* into which they could amass, and conversations were like verbal wildfires, igniting and spreading to every available *space*. Yeah... it was very spacey, dude! The old Launch Pad was literally buzzing with good vibes. Even old Foggy (the Katz cat) seemed relatively socia-

Jammmin'

Bill Mills



Bill Mills beams after a music-making session.

ble and actually appeared to enjoy (well, *not hate!*) having Joyce carry him into the crowded dining room to meet folks and have his picture taken!

It was also a special occasion in that JoHn Hardin had brought along his lovely daughter Collette to enjoy the merry-making and meet dad's weird friends. She is a delightful young lady and she found her own 'groove' in the Vegrants cosmos easily and quickly. Young Lukas Hardin, JoHn's son, has also recently attended his *second* Las Vegrants meeting. And if either of them thought we were just TOO weird... they never let on. Actually, after meeting Collette and Lukas I would not be at all surprised if Collette, in about three years, with her then newly minted drivers license, started regularly driving herself and Luke over to Vegrants meetings whether dear ol' dad is available or not!

Our **Little Band of Vegrants** took awhile to find enough space among the partiers and the buffet to get set up to jam. But, we eventually cleared some room and we all gathered together around the dining table, which was still half covered with plates of meat... and cake... and bowls of beans! I had been using my voice hard for the last several days and I started this night with my throat rather raw and my voice really ragged. Not at my best by a long shot. However, I got wound up tighter than a pepper sprout (what?) with the continued application of bheer, regular pulls on Farey's hip flask of Beam and the desire to impress Steve Green so that he'd go back into the '*world*' and, for years, regale fannish ears with tales of Las Vegrants... and generally say nice things about us!

Overall, our jamming on whatever came to mind and attempts at performing some prepared/rehearsed material were listenable (mostly) and entertaining (mostly), and glorious fannish fun (entirely!). In truth, as a group we've done better, and will again. But, Steve was among the 'audience' from the first notes and stayed with us throughout our jamming. He even sang along on many of the songs' choruses. I'll take that as a good sign.

By the way... there was some video tape shot of the gang howling our way through several tunes. It ain't great, but I figure our friends might get a kick outta seeing it anyway. I have cut the video into individual songs and posted three of them (to date) to my YouTube 'channel' for everyone's easy access. The Little Band of Vegrants hope you enjoy em! You'll certainly see we're having a good time and commemorating the visit of Steve Green with a video document in the bargain!

That URL is:

<http://www.YouTube.com/BillMills>

It was another great gathering at the Katz' which was fannishly fueled by the 'Vegrants Tribe Vibe'. I hope it was as pleasurable for Steve to be here as it was for the Vegrants to have him here and I hope it was a memorable night for him. It certainly was for me and I suspect all of the Vegrants would say the same.

Welcome to the family Mr. Green!

— Bill Mills

The Fanfather: The Inside Story

Like Bill Mills' cover on this issue, *The Fanfather* was inspired by a foolish series of rants about the eight or more fans who had betrayed him and against me for not using my Authority to silence everybody who didn't see things his way.

While sincerely regretting the mental deterioration implied by this spew, we all got a pretty good laugh out of it. Anyone who has heard my good friend Bill and I argue shouldn't be able to confer such power on me with a straight face.

It did set me wondering what the Vegrants would be like if I did have such omnipotence. That in turn, led me to the idea for *The Fanfather*

It's a Brandonization, a type of faan fiction named for its creator, Carl Joshua Brandon (a hoax perpetrated by Terry Carr and other BArea fans). This type of fiction takes a mainstream work and translates it to Fandom.

Hope you enjoy it. — Arnie

“I believe in the WSFS, Incorporated.”

The speaker was a fan of middle years, who sat before the Fanfather. He had a quaver in his voice and he did not meet the Fanfather’s penetrating gaze.

The frightened fan looked hopefully at the tall, broad-shouldered fan who sat behind the big wooden desk that filled the center of the private office. Arnie Katz, known to his fannish intimates as the Fanfather,



The fanfather

Arnie Katz



leaned back a little in his chair until the high back grazed his mighty Dell computer. He looked and felt satisfied, yet there was always a shadow across his countenance, as if with a stray troubling thought. His responsibilities for Fandom sometimes weighed heavily upon him, but he was always equal to the task, "Go on," he prompted.

"I joined the convention, I voted for the Hugos and I attended the business meeting, Fanfather," he managed. "I was a good fan.

"Then when I used the word 'worldcon' about Corflu, they jumped on me, Fanfather. They beat me up about it and threatened lawsuit. I am afraid, Fanfather. Please..."

"What is it you would like me to do, Kevin Standlee, on this, the day of the first issue of my new fanzine?"

Michael McInerney leaned forward, straining to get closer to the Fanfather. He whispered, briefly, and then sat back to await the Fanfather's reply.

"McInerney, McInerney, how can you use me so disrespectfully?" the Fanfather asked, shaking his head sadly. "You come here on this, the day of the first issue of my new fanzine and ask me to commit Fafia?"

"I don't know what you take me for, but I am not a shit and a moral crud," said Arnie Katz, raising his

powerful voice a notch. "Whatever you may think, the Vegrants do not Fafiate confans like mad dogs."

The Fanfather did not fail to see the crestfallen look on McInerney's face. "You thought you were safe in Fandom Prime.," said Arnie Katz less sharply. "You followed the rules and did what you were told. Everything was good.

"You didn't need my friendship and, let's be honest, you didn't want my friendship. When was the last time you came to a Las Vegas convention or a Vegrants meeting?"

"And if a Trufan like yourself should happen to get into a feud, then the Vegrants would stand beside you," he told McInerney. "And then the falkefans would be the ones who are afraid."

"If you had come to me when they threatened you, they would be suffering a KTF email from Greg Benford even as we speak. But you felt safe and protected by the WSFS, Inc. constitution and The Corflu Fifty."

"Please... be my friend, Fanfather," said McInerney. Arnie Katz held out his hand. McInerney knew what was expected and he quickly bowed and kissed Arnie Katz's Gold Captain Midnight Decoder Ring.

"Good, good," the Fanfather said. The acknowledgement made him feel even more the leader, more the fan in charge.

"You still have all your club and apa memberships," explained Arnie Katz. "It wouldn't be fair to Fafiate these men who have threatened you.

"Yes, Fanfather," McInerney said meekly.

"Leave everything to me," the Fanfather told the fan. "I'll take care of it." Ross Chamberlain tapped McInerney on the shoulder. The man, now relieved, followed Chamberlain out of the office.

"Send in the Plumber," the Fanfather said to Ross Chamberlain.

"With all due respect, Fanfather, this is not a plumber, this is Mark Plummer, an associate from England," Ross corrected as gently as possible. The Fanfather seemed to be in great good humor, but an unwise word could turn that sensitive fannish face into a storm cloud.

"Ah, yes, Mark Plummer," said Arnie Katz, recollecting the fan and many pleasant memories. "Bring him in, Ross."

As Mark Plummer entered the office, the Fanfather rose from his chair as a sign of respect. The others did likewise. Plummer showed his respect for the leader of the Vegrants fan club by inclining forward to kiss his Gold Captain Midnight Decoder Ring.

"Thank you for seeing me, Arnie Katz," Mark Plummer began after they had taken chairs. "I know

you are busy on this, the day of the first issue of your genzine.”

“Your thoughtfulness is appreciated,” said the Fanfather, “but you are the fan who handles the Vegrants’ fanac on the other side of the Big Pond. I will always have time for you.”

“Thank you, Fanfather, but as you know, I have only done you this service for a very short time,” said Plummer. “Only since the death of the legendary Chuch Harris.”

“Ah, Chuch,” Arnie Katz said wistfully, as his thoughts turned to that day, a few years ago, when he and his lieutenants went to the bedside of the ailing European Editor.

With shaking hand, Chuch Harris wrote a message on his pad and pushed it about an inch in the direction of the Fanfather. That was as much as the Great British Fan could do, but it was enough. The Fanfather took the sheet and read it aloud: “Stay with me Fanfather,” it said.

With agonizing, single-minded concentration, Chuch wrote another: “When the Final Gafiation comes, Fanfather, you can frighten it away.”

“No, Chuch, even the Fanfather can’t stave off Final Fafia,” said the Fanfather. “But I will stay with you.” He clasped the frail hand in his own.

He had stayed with Chuch Harris to the inevitable conclusion. James Taylor, Joyce Worley and Nic Farey had waited outside, in the hall, but the Fanfather knew his duty and he had done it.

Both men shook their heads at the painful, poignant memory. Chuch Harris had been one of the greatest of the BNFs and loyal to his Vegrants friend to the very end. The Fanfather poured blog from a decanter into two small crystal glasses. “Let’s drink to Chuch Harris,” the Fanfather said.,

“To Chuch!” Mark Plummer shouted as he downed the blog in a single gulp.

“Is there something I can do for you, my friend?” asked the Fanfather after Ross Chamberlain had taken away the empty glasses. “After all, is this not the day of the first issue of my new genzine?”

“All possible egoboo to you, Arnie Katz,” replied Mark Plummer. He waved off the question. “No, Fanfather, I’m just here to congratulate this fannish occasion.”

“Thank you, my friend,” said the Fanfather as the two men shook hands. Mark Plummer walked to the door and the fans who helped the Fanfather run the hobby walked into the office.

The Fanfather’s lieutenants filed into the room and sat respectfully in an arc along two sides of the cozy,

bookshelf-lined room. They put their heads together and whispered of new rackets, which they euphemistically called “fanac.”

The scene was totally different outside the cool calm of the office. In the dining room, musicians waited for instructions from the Fanfather while others demolished what was left of the hot buffet.

The kitchen was crowded with fans pouring drinks, brewing coffee and swapping secrets in whispers. Several authentic fannish dishes simmered on the stove, not yet quite ready for the hungry Vegrants.

More *significant* conversation reigned in the living room. Several fans discussed the state of the public school system while others pinched themselves to stay awake as the conversation continued through the night.

“Why is everybody celebrating, John?” Jacqueline Monahan asked the man seated next to her on the couch, JoHn Wesley Hardin, a long-time member of the Vegrants fan club.

“This is a Trufannish occasion,” JoHn began. “This is the day of the first issue of the Fanfather’s new genzine.”

“And that’s important?” Jacq wanted to know. “There’s so much going on.”

“There is no more fannish and sercon moment in life.”

“But, JoHn, who is that amiable-looking fan sitting there mumbling to himself?” she wanted to know.



“He’s a very Big Name Fan in the fan club,” JoHn said. When he saw that such a terse explanation wouldn’t satisfy his companion, he added: “He does a lot of fanac for the Fanfather.”

“Why is he mumbling?” Jacq wanted to know.

“He is waiting to see the Fanfather,” JoHn replied. “On this special day, Arnie can refuse no request for a favor. It is a fannish obligation. James Taylor is waiting to see the Fanfather.”

“What does he do for the Vegrants fan club?” Jacq persisted.

JoHn shrugged. It was plain to him that he would not get out of this conversation without giving Jacqueline more than this brief comment. “Let me tell you a story,” he said.

“Bill Mills is a protégé of the Fanfather,” he said. “We in Fandom consider that a trufannish ob that must always be upheld.

“Now Bill had agreed to provide audio and video entertainment for a convention. When he found out it was a Creation Con, Bill tried to quit due to the nature of the event. The promoters would not let him out of his promise.

“Bill came to the Fanfather and asked for his help.”

“And what did the Fanfather do, JoHn?” asked Jacq

“He went to see the promoter of this event and made him an offer he couldn’t refuse.”

“What do you mean?”

“He told the exploitative promoter that either his name or his brain would be on the release form.”

“He did that?”

“You don’t know the Fanfather.”

“So what happened?”

“At first the promoter, Al “The Shark” Mustachole, tried to defy the Fanfather. ‘You can’t find my brain,’ he told the Fanfather with a sneer.”

“What did he do?”

“Who?”

“The Fanfather, JoHn,” she said impatiently.

“He laughed and told The Shark he didn’t have the common sense Ghu gave a gerbil.”

“That’s all?” Jacq said. Surprise sent her voice an octave higher. “He just laughed?”

“After he finished laughing, the Fanfather made Al Knowlton an offer he couldn’t refuse,” JoHn said.

“But he already refused the offer, didn’t he?” Jacq contradicted.”

“No, he could refuse the offer about the spilled brains,” JoHn said. “We don’t kill fans. We gafiate some, but only those who deserve it.

“The offer he couldn’t refuse was that James Taylor told him his hard drive and its contents would not survive the six-story drop to the cement sidewalk below

if he didn’t sign the release.”

“And then?” Jacq said.

“He signed,” JoHn said. “That’s a true story, Jacq.”

Ross Chamberlain tiptoed into the Fanfather’s office and threaded his way among the chairs. He bent toward the fan club’s leader and whispered, “James Taylor is here. He is honored that you have invited him today. He wants to congratulate you and give you a letter of comment for your second issue.”

“Is this necessary?” the Fanfather said, a little louder, but not so loud that anyone outside the office could have eavesdropped. Before Ross could answer, Arnie Katz waved his hand resignedly. “Bring him in, Ross.”

Ross Chamberlain, who had started in the Fano-clasts with the Fanfather in the Old Days, returned to the door. He opened it and poked his head out and said something to Rick King. Shortly after, the door opened and James Taylor came into the office. Ross led him through the obstacle course of chairs clustered around the Fanfather’s desk to stand before Las Vegas’ most powerful fan.

James reached into a pocket and extracted a somewhat crumbled white envelope. It was obvious that he had opened and closed it, folded and unfolded it, as he waited to be ushered in to see the Fanfather.

James Taylor held it out to the Fanfather. “This is a letter of comment on this day of the first issue of your new fanzine.”

“Thank you, my old friend,” said Arnie Katz.

James Taylor bowed slightly and kissed the Fanfather’s gold Captain Midnight Decoder Ring. He could tell that Taylor wished to say more and so he tried to look encouraging so that his long-time right-hand fan would unlock his turbulent thoughts.

“Fanfather, I am proud and lonely that you have allowed me to share your joy on this, the day of the first issue of your new fanzine. And may your fanzine be a faanish fanzine.”

“Thank you my old friend, James,” said the Fanfather as he took Taylor’s hand in both of his and shook it.

“I will leave you now, Fanfather, for I know you have many things to do on this, the day of the first issue of your new fanzine.”

Ross led James Taylor from the office.

The lieutenants pushed their chairs a little closer to the desk, but Arnie Katz shook his head. That was all the signal they needed. They silently stood and, one by one, filed from the office. The Fanfather needed privacy for the next interview.

“Stay, Nic. You, too, Rick, you can learn something,” the Fanfather said to two of them. They immediately turned away from the door and took up unobtrusive chairs against the far wall of the room.

Ross Chamberlain again entered the office and walked to the Fanfather’s chair. “It’s your protégé, Bill Mills.”

“Bring him in, bring him in!” said the Fanfather. He was always glad to see his protégé, but he knew that this arrival would not come without a price.

After Bill had kissed Fanfather’s ring, the slim singer and musician approached the Fanfather. “Fanfather, Fanfather, you have to help me.

“My voice, it is strong, and two of the fans in the living room do not appreciate it. They don’t want me to sing, Fanfather, not even *Goin’ Down to Corflu*. You have to help me, Fanfather, or I don’t know what I’ll do.”

“You don’t know what you’ll do? Fanfather help me?” Arnie Katz put steel into his voice. “Have you done a fanzine for the SNAPS eMailing? A fan who doesn’t spend time with his apa isn’t a Trufan.”

“I try, Fanfather,” Bill protested.

“That’s good,” Arnie Katz said. “You’re a good fan.” He couldn’t stay mad at Mills and generally didn’t try very hard.

“What is it you want, Bill?” asked the Fanfather in a more conciliatory tone.

“Like I said, Fanfather, they say when I sing I sing too loud. They say when I sing, it means Nic Farey will sing and they don’t like him, either.

“Nic, Rick... go into the living room and have a little chat with them,” said the Fanfather. “I’m sure they will quickly appreciate the fannish beauty and harmony of the musicales in the dining room.”

He didn’t elaborate. He didn’t have to; he was the FanFather.

Nic Farey and Rick King nodded and immediately stood up. Rick casually picked up Tee Cochran’s cane, the one she called “the Persuader,” and carried it out the door with him. Nic Farey adjusted his tool belt and left.

“There, that’s settled,” the Fanfather said. “Everyone is going to love your singing, the louder the better.”

“Thank you, Fanfather, thank you, but...” Bill Mills said. His voice trailed off. Arnie Katz looked at his protégé. He was an expert at reading people and quickly saw that there was something more.

“Don’t be afraid, Bill,” said the Fanfather. “On this, the day of the first issue of my new genzine, I would like to grant you the request that brought you here.”

“You understand everything, Fanfather,” Mills gushed. He bowed deferentially. “There’s this web site, VoicesOfFandom.com, that would be perfect for me. I could sing and play whenever I want and not have to worry.”

“So you need what? I’ll write you a check for the hosting.”

“That’s the problem, Fanfather,” Bill said forlornly. “The man who owns the domain and the hosting company won’t give me a chance. He says he’ll take it down and hold the name before he lets me use it.”

“And this is the thing you want?” asked the Fanfather.

“Yes, Fanfather,” Mills replied quickly. “More than anything.”

“I want you to go home and pet your iguana and your wife,” said the Fanfather. “Rest up, write some songs, and in a month he’ll give you what you want.”

“How do you know, Fanfather?” asked Bill Mills.

“I’ll send James Taylor to see him. He’ll make him an offer he can’t refuse.”

“Thank you, thank you, Fanfather,” said Bill Mills. “You always know best.” He bowed again and, this time, kissed the Decoder Ring.

“That’s good, that’s good,” Arnie Katz said. “Now go out there and sing the loudest you’ve ever sung. I know they’re probably waiting for you now.”

When a happy and relieved Bill Mills had left the office, the Fanfather signaled the ever-watchful Ross Chamberlain. “Bring James Taylor,” the leader said. He didn’t explain why; that wasn’t necessary. That was between him and his trusted lieutenant.

“James, I want you to go see a man about a web site,” the Fanfather told him when they were alone.

“When should I leave?” That was all he said. If the Fanfather ordered, he followed.

“Right now, my old friend,” the Fanfather explained. “This must be done now. Take a *Star Wars* Stormtrooper head out of inventory.”

After receiving some more detailed instructions, James Taylor hurried from the office, though he did not neglect kissing the Fanfather’s Decoder Rig, which was getting a little soft from all the slobbering it had to endure.

Yet even worry about the condition of his famous ring did not overly disturb the leader.

As he sat back in his chair, he thought that it was good to be Arnie Katz.

It was good to be the Fanfather.

— Arnie Katz

Incoming
Your locs

Dian Crayne

I bought a small fresh durian once. It was smooth, sweet, and very much like custard, as people had told me. I enjoyed it. When Chuck got home from work he said he thought we had a gas leak in the house.

Bill and Joyce put on a wonderful convention! I'm looking forward to reading the trip reports.

Arnie: Of course, if you leave it out and it will definitely spoil. It comes durian vile.

What's this about a convention Bill and Joyce did? Is my friend con-running with my wife behind my back? The things one learns by reading fanzines!

Steve Stiles

Thanks again for another issue of Home Kookin', which was read and enjoyed-- but this time without the soul-searing fakefan guilt that I usually experience, thanks to the fact that I actually buckled down and sent you some art as exchange in the not so distant past....

However, I must express a minor note of dissent in regard to your feelings regarding Worldcons: Anticipation proved that large conventions need not be anonymous or impersonal affairs. It was, in fact, one of the most fannish worldcons I've attended in a long time; there were more core fan types than you could shake a stick at (I tried but my arm eventually got tired), and it was relatively easy to meet familiar faces at any time of the day --none of that endlessly treading hotel corridors in vain.

I even got to stencil an illo, using *shading plates* (woo-hoo!), which wound up in an actual *pubbed ish*, run off on mimeograph by Colin Hinz. (Sharee Carton provided all the motivating encouragement to get the project off the ground. Now if only I could find my copy, which was *right here* just a few days ago!)

In short, and not to rub it in (chuckle!), in spite of



Bill Rotsler and Paul Turner

its size, Anticipation felt pretty darned near like a Corflu to me.

Arnie: Please forgive my lack of understanding, but I don't see how you can "take issue" with my feeling that I would rather avoid large conventions. Nowhere have I written that other people shouldn't go and enjoy them, just that they are not as much fun for me as something more intimate like Corflu.

I'm glad to hear that you, and a number of others, had a good time at Anticipation. I might have enjoyed aspects of it, too, had I gone, but I don't really regret my non-attendance.

The things that impair my enjoyment of big cons include some factors that are common to all big cons, even ones that come as well-recommended as Anticipation.

To one obvious example, I'm legal blind. It makes it very difficult to recognize people, especially in crowds, and also makes navigation a bit of a trial for me.

Hal Hughes

This may not be a legit LoC, but while reading the LoCs in HK6 a new word popped into my head - maybe not in Vegas, but around the Foodie-Correct Barea it'd be cutting edge: LoCavore! Maybe the Veggrants band could be Los LoCavores. Or maybe it's what you call a fan eating and typing at the same time, which sounds common in the Launch Pad. Or is that Lunch Pad? LoCavores in the Lunch Pad? The steady stream of Vegas zines seems to have infected what's



Pail Turner and Greg Benford reunite.



Ted White and Greg Benford, back in the 1960's.

left of my brain. Thanks, pal.

Arnie: Although they are receptive to suggestions, the rest of us are mostly letting the Veggrants' music-makers choose their own name. Little Band of Veggrants seems to be winning, but I have noted some divergent opinions.

One thing that's not debatable is that this is a pretty nifty little aggregation.

Greg Benford

A fab monthly fmz! I like the random fandom aspect of *Home Kookin'* & wonder if you'll play a role in the Reno worldcon. I'm urging them to add a writer GOH, for it would be the first worldcon without one, and nominated Stephen Baxter.

Where's Aileen these days?

Recall Paul Turner? He's now hermiting in the desert, & I visited him on way up to Mammoth, pic attached. Plus one with Bill from the '60s... & me & Ted in 1968, worldcon.

Arnie: Ken and Aileen live in Arkansas. We look forward to their visit toward the end of the year, And thanks for sharing those great photos.

That's it for this time. Please send LoCs.

Want More Pix?

Bill Mills has established a pretty impressive Veggrants 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>

WHAT AM I
DOING IN
THIS FANZINE

BURBLINGS
ISN'T BEING
PUBLISHED
ANYMORE

