

Here I am, a Husband, a Father, and a Wino--doing a weekly fanzine. I ask myself why. Well...Ray Nelson sent back his mailing labels, and some perverted Christmas seals. And that's why. I haven't seen Mr. Nelson for a number of years, and have tried every trick in my "repertoire" to get his attention, and now finally I've done it. That's what fandom is all about. A fundamental rule of fandom is that one relates to fans through fandom. The minute you relate to a fan outside of fandom he becomes your friend, and then--wait, I had an important idea in there but it has evaporated before my eyes.

READERS' COLUMN: This fanzine actively solicits your participation. Please send in short funny paragraphs that we may print. Do your best on them, too, because our mailing list is very Select.

I am particularly fond of Waking Dream Humor. This is the kind of Humor that comes to you when you are just about to fall asleep, and you don't realize it. You're watching tv, for example, or reading newspaper headlines, and it all becomes garbled in an interesting way. (Not like this.) Write it down and send it in!

GREG SHAW'S PARAGRAPH: "I wanted to point out the only thing that keeps "HOT SHIT" from being "FLYING FROG" is the absence of those damned "quotation marks." Other than that, well, you've got Calvin, you've got the current owner of the Andy Main fanzine collection, and you've got that clever 'one guy on odd pages the other on even' format that was hard enough to follow in FLYING FROG where they at least explained who was where, and used different typewriters to boot as I recall. So rather than trying to masquerade as an 'all new' fanzine you oughta call it 'HOT FLYING FROG SHIT.' Think about it."

Any number of people have written in to ask where we got our title. Well we split the work fifty-fifty and the title reflects the split. John does the "Hot" part.

This is egoboo for our Staff Printing Person. This person chooses to remain anonymous, for security reasons. We inadvertently omitted this person's name from our last issue, and the person requested that we continue the omission.

It is very hard to give egoboo to an anonymous person.

The Demmon Family Christmas Tree, one of the Bay Area's most cherished traditions, is Up. It may be viewed from the street. Look carefully for the annual Yule Frog, which Wilma Demmon has fashioned lovingly of paper mache. (This is the frog, you may recall, which turned into the little Baby Jesus when kissed by the Virgin Mary.) On Christmas Eve Mr. Demmon will take down his 120-bass accordian and play "Adeste Fideles" and "Silent Night," and Mrs. Demmon will place a lump of coal in the landlord's mailbox.

(Rotsler letter, cont.): one time, with all sorts of equipment, costumes, scripts, etc etc etc. We are going to make a triple presentation to a Mexico City deal later on: a western, a historical and a science fiction film, "Time Ark," with a \$150,000-\$200,000 budget each. But don't hold your breath. Soap bubbles are cast in concrete compared to the reality of movie deals.

For England and St. Geooooorrrrggggggggeeeeeee!

Rotsler

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This is your Scott St. editor talking again. In case none of you have noticed, I (JB) write pp. One & Three of this fanzine; Calvin writes the even-numbered pages. Except when you write some of them. (Letter reply: Thank you for writing our first letter, Bill. We will not hold our breath. Sometimes I wonder about people who repeat the silent "e" at the end of "George.")

Since graduating from the Leland Stanford Jr. University ("Organized 1891"), I have often wondered What Do I Do Now? I mentioned to Greg Shaw the possibility of my writing science fiction. "After all, I know some of the editors," I said.

But Greg didn't like this logic at all. "It's always seemed to me silly to assume that because you know the editors you ought to write science fiction. I toyed with that idea once. I sat around all day trying to come up with an idea, but my mind doesn't work that way. I decided the people who have ideas for science fiction stories ought to write science fiction. Not me."

Squelch. All my time spent thinking about sf is really spent trying to think up ideas; my mind doesn't naturally run in those channels either. Greg's advice contrasts with what Carol Carr told me the other day: "Yeah, it's the same thing with me. I know all the editors, so anything I write will get sold. It's just a question of doing it."

But Greg Shaw went on to tell me how I could be a big success if I could just write intelligent commentary on the counter-culture. "All the rock magazines are trying to get away from just record reviews," Greg said.

"But to write intelligent commentary you ought to have a lot of experience and be on top of the field," I said.

"You can always fake it," said Greg.

* * *

I'm sure you're all real hot to know what I did with my week, since we did up #1. I attracted another religious nut (Just Like Flies!), who taught me the very nice chant "Nam Myo ho Renge Kyo." I asked him what was the difference between this and Hare Krishna, and he thought there was all the difference in the world, but there wasn't. I went fishing (or mostly rock-climbing) today at Baker Beach, in NW San Francisco. I got told, by one of the neighborhood kids, "You look like Bobby Sherman." (I immediately broke into song and did a commercial for Milk.) And I flunked my pre-induction physical! The last is for real and made me very happy. Now I don't have to shoot my ear off and join the IWW.

I've finally discovered, after eight months, how to talk to my boss. He has always been unimpressed by my education, by my publishing credits, by my manner of dress (I wear a Hart Schaffner & Marx suit to work but I got it from the Salvation Army for \$3.00). His is a lusty, vital world. It came to me almost as an inspiration from above. We were looking out the window, watching the construction of a new building on the other side of Market Street. A pile driver was being erected, and a giant screw was drilling holes in the ground in which pilings would be inserted. "That's sure a big drill," I said to my boss. He said, "It's not as big as the one they used up the street." I said, "You'd think it was pretty big if they stuck it up your ass." And he fell into uncontrollable laughter and has treated me with a new respect ever since. I think I am getting the hang of Business.

My 3-year-old son Peter and I watched part of an Oakland Raiders football game on tv yesterday. I have never understood the game myself but Peter likes it and he described the plays carefully to me. "See, Calvin--there's a man running! Oh, oh, he fell down!" When he gets a little older I'm going to have him explain Science Fiction.

Jerry & Miriam Knight have returned to the Eay Area after several months in the great Fondue Capitols of Switzerland. They have learned to yodel.

"My favorite aeronaut was Dr. Ficcard, the balloonist, who once, in an experimental moment, made an ascension borne aloft by 2000 small balloons, hoping that the Law of Probability would serve him well and that when he reached the rarified air of the stratosphere some (but not all) of the balloons would burst and thus lower him gently to earth.

"But when the Doctor reached the heights to which he had aspired, he whipped out a pistol and killed about a dozen of the balloons. He descended in flames, and the papers reported that when he jumped from the basket he was choked with laughter." -- E. B. White

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from: John Berry
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FIRST CLASS MAIL