



FROM TELEVISION CITY IN HOLLYWOOD IT'S...

HOT SHIT!

WITH TONITE'S GUESTS...

TERRY HUGHES

ZSA ZSA GABOR AND

GRANT CANFIELD

HERE'S JOHNNY!

(AND CALVIN!)

AND NOW...

HOT SHIT #19, the last teenage issue of the sterling fanzine that slips into your mailbox in the dead of the night. This issue's heading is by Bill Kunkel, who last appeared in our pages in issue #1. The editors, whom you ought to know by now, are Calvin Demmon and John D. Berry, of San Francisco. Today is Monday, May 22, 1972. Once again we've got a lot of people sitting around here at Calvin's, but this time we have Planned Ahead, and everything is already written. No spontaneity this issue! Next issue, we'll stamp out all creativity. Watch for it.

FAPA SOMETIMES: Last issue I misquoted Charles Burbee. It was very easy to do in the middle of our HS party. The line sounded quite appropriate the way I wrote it, but it didn't make any sense at all. What Burb really said, in a context that I've forgotten, was, "A kick in the ass is evanescent, while a fanzine lasts too long." Mr. Burbee uses Big Words. (Speak softly and carry a big word.)

PHILOSOPHICAL WHOLE-GRAIN NEWS: Ken Kesey visited Stanford the other day, and although I didn't see him I read The Stanford Daily's account of his talk in Cubberly Auditorium. One of the quotes sprinkled through the article caught an idea that's been floating around my head for a while. So for an instant we don the cloak of HOT SHIT INFORMATION SERVICE and reprint Kesey's paragraph as a Public Service:

"Most people orient themselves away from the bad instead of toward the good. There's these two boxes: a problem box and a solution box. Most people spend all their lives looking for solutions in the problem box instead of just looking in the solution box."

For the sake of maintaining our carefully-nurtured reputation, and because it's funny, I think I'll also reprint the next two paragraphs of the article:

"Kesey added that the number of solutions in the solution box were equal to the number of problems in the problem box or else 'they wouldn't balance.'

"People in the audience really dug this, even though it didn't appear to make any sense."

STILL EXTRA LONG: If I were part of the In Crowd of modern-day fandom, I would make daring experiments in Long Layout that would astound you all. But that sounds to me more like somebody's shirt-tail hanging out. So instead we only give you words.

"TALLULAH BARKHEAD" :: Last week when John and Gary and Greg & Suzy were over I stuck to my resolution & didn't touch a drop of wine. Much to my amazement I found myself getting just as silly as ever. People who say "I don't need that stuff--I can get high on just being alive" have always provoked me to violence, & I never want anything to do with them again. Still.. I remember that in high school, before I learned to drink, I used to get silly and loud and do uninhibited obnoxious things; I continued to do them after I learned about alcohol and then (the mind is a fool) began to attribute this "loss of inhibition" to alcohol. Actually, it has a lot more to do with Set and Setting. Wilma and John and Greg & Suzy were all acting so hilarious (even Gary loosened up a little for the occasion, though he is normally one of the most uptight people I have ever met and always has to have everything "just so") and did a number of remarkable spins and flips on top of the car as we all watched from the window. Anyway, I think I can make it without alcohol now. That is, it turns out that alcohol didn't make a fool of me--I was there already.



(Terry carr)

IF YOU WANT TO KILL YOUR EGO,
FIRST YOU HAVE TO MAKE IT VERY
SICK

Alan Watts, poet-philosopher, has posed two questions which need answering for the proper running of the Universe: Where do we put it? and, Who cleans up? Now, for the first time, this fanzine offers the answers: (1) "up your butt," (2) your momma. No other fanzine has approached this philosophical point before because it has not seemed "important enough" to them. Woo-woo!

DIATRIBE (only 2 good laughs) :: My grandfather worked on the railroads. My father wore a suit to work, but he worked long hours and never made any money. I worked my way through college, got my M.A. in English, & the bottom fell out of the English market. I don't mind that too much any more; I'm used to it. This is just to sketch in the background for the following astonishing social vignette. First of all, Wilma and I have been dirt-poor since we got married--except for a brief period when we both worked and we could afford to do a few simple things. When we decided to have kids, though, we undertook what is not entirely a voluntary poverty--that is, I was supposed to get a decent job when I got out of grad school, but I didn't. Some seven months later, when I had been looking for work every day and hadn't found anything, we were flat broke, couldn't pay the rent, didn't have any food--and we went on welfare. That was the first time that I ran into a peculiar kind of bigotry: the bigotry displayed by people who are educated, who have decided to devote their lives to Helping The Poor, who get their nuts off by acting Vastly Superior and Intelligent and giving the poor the choice of Cringe Or Starve--and who then run into people like me, certifiably poor, legally & undeniably entitled to the same services as all other poor people, and what's more not a rip-off artist but just Honestly Poor by Circumstances. It drives them crazy, these special Social Saviors. We had more trouble getting on Welfare than anyone I've run across (and I was a Social Savior myself for three months once, so I know how it goes). Now, this year, Wilma and I have been approved for a govt program which will help us buy a house. We have been checked, researched, interviewed, analyzed, interrogated, and given a certificate which designates us officially as part of the Walking Poor. The hostility displayed towards us from the very beginning has been overwhelming. There's a guy in the Fund with a beard, and for years he's been going around acting Better Than Them, and now I'm one of Them and if he mentions Moby Dick it's no sweet little in-joke with himself. It infuriates him; he puts us through our paces endlessly; he checks us over four times harder than anyone else; he keeps nudging in, trying to find the weakness in our structure which will allow him to feel Superior. What's more, I'm perfectly willing to let him feel that way. But he can't seem to bring himself to it--we represent to him a Failure of the System, whereas all other poor people, genuine products of the system which put them exactly where it meant to, are System Successes, and therefore within his understanding. But us--we've got ten years of college between us, (SEE p. 4)

HAPPY BENFORD CHATTER: You won't be seeing the first part of Greg Benford's fabulous two-part article this issue. Instead, you'll be seeing both parts of his two-part article in our next number, the special 20th ISSUE EXTRAVAGANZA.

NEAL GOLDFARB, a newly-instated Member of the Mailing List, reacts to my co-editor's pages: "Oh yes, dirty word humor is wonderful, isn't it? I've come across quite a bit of it in school, but it's a purer form than Calvin's, which would retain at least some humor if the scatological terminology were omitted. If I may give an example of dirty word humor at its purest: The scene--English class, dramatic personae--Long Winded Idiot, student; Person From the Back of the Room, classmate to Long Winded Idiot; students, teacher, footsoldiers, etc. As the curtain rises...

Long Winded Idiot: ...blah blah women's lib blah blah blah the war blah blah blah blah blah blah blah

Person From the Back of the Room: Bullshit.

All: Ha ha ha hee hee hee ho ho ho.

Exeunt"

GREG SHAW: "Guess what? I dropped the latest issue of HOT SHIT in the toilet! Yes, I had selected it as the ideal bathroom reading matter, and was reaching over to set it down while I unfastened my pants when it slipped and landed right in the toilet bowl. I thought fleetingly of that old scientific law about matter seeking its rightful place in the order of things, or something like that (I was never much good at science...) but decided to upset the natural lawsoof the universe, not to mention my own karma (like those Chinese who suffer religious disgrace if they rescue a drowning baby) by fishing the goddam thing out and trying to read its soggy letters. Pretty good issue, considering."

66

DEFENSE D'AFFICHER, LOI DU 29 JUILLET 1861

"If they stamped out Times Square, it would break out in Flushing."
--Jean Shepherd, on the radio today (taped from New York).

FAN NOTES: Dick Ellington told me at the FAPA party that Jean Linard, old-time French fan and all-around madman, wrote Dick recently to find out what's been going on in fandom in the last fifteen years. If I'd been smart I would have brought Dick's subsequent letter with me and given you Jean's address. Next issue, if I remember. Jean would like to get fanzines again. C'est le fandom.

CORY PANSHIN sent us a lovely long letter, of which we can only print a small (but significant) part. "When the cats aren't having tapeworms, we amuse ourselves by challenging Canada geese in territorial disputes. A pair of them--a wild male and one of our landlady's clip-winged females--are nesting by the barn door and have laid claim to most of the driveway. They seem willing to let us go freely a yard or two from our front door, but beyond that, battle is joined.

"If you walk unwarily, the male--who is handling all the hostility now the female is sitting in earnest--will lower his neck and charge at your ankles. If you advance on him forcefully, he will retreat, but as soon as you turn your back to walk away, he'll be at you again. And if you go out when he's at either far end of his territory, he takes to the air and comes swooping down at your head. He hasn't actually attacked either of us yet--the cats, who are less lucky, have gotten very good at taking advantage of natural cover--but while swooping at Alexei once, he tilted his undercarriage forward and let fly with some HOT SHIT.

"We haven't figured the motivation for that one yet."

Everybody had better write us Real Soon, or we'll drop George Senda on you.

(when we left off, we had just finished ten years of college), and yet we just ain't makin it--and it's not that we've given up and are just sucking off The Great Society's Tit, either--I'm working 48 hours a week, Wilma's working 15, and we're both going to Night School to Improve Ourselves. The System has failed--it hasn't failed us as much as it has failed him, because we don't have all our Eggs in One Basket like he has--just because we're poor doesn't mean we're Crazy. But he's put all his energy for a number of years into feeling good almost solely because he's Not Poor, yet he's Helping The Poor--making this wonderful sacrifice, like God Reaching Down to give Adam the finger in a famous painting. And now this bearded God finds himself giving himself the finger in a mirror (that was the second laugh)--we're of the same class as he is, only we just haven't got any bread. (I went to U.S.C. That must drive him crazy. The fact that I spent a number of years at Los Angeles State College probably helps him feel a little better--after all, L.A. state is largely attended by the walking poor.) Anyway, they're giving us a lot of runaround, but we think we're going to get a house. This is the longest article ever published in HS, & the "longest article is always the worst."

BOOK REVIEW :: "Scum Of The Earth." 202 pages. A detailed biochemical analysis of the various genres of scum living in and about the earth's surface. Defines "edible scum" and tells how to make tasty scum-loaves, scum-weinies, and lipstick. There is a lot of scum around going to waste; we might as well use it up. (As the author says, "We are scum, and we might as well make the most of it.") The appendix is filled with pictures and plans for building a viable community completely out of scum, and is printed on scum-paper which is loaded with vitamin E but may cause a "hollowing-out" effect in the bones. But worth it when you think of the money you'll save.

This has been a very Fannish Day for me. Greg Calkins called me up at lunch time. He works half a block from me. Then George Senda, who is the most obnoxious person I have met in fifteen years, called up at dinnertime. Then Miri Knight (who has refused to write any more letters to me because she didn't get enough egoboo for her last one) called up to say that Robert Lichtman had gone back to Tennessee & therefore wouldn't be over. Then Gary Deindorfer came over, & Terry Hughes called from Missouri. In the middle of Terry Hughes, Grant & Cathy Canfield walked in, & then John Barry and Len Bailes. We all talked to Terry & gave him the thrill of a lifetime. Gary ate a hot dog. So many funny things have been said that we are leaving them all out because this is a serious issue. Then Wilma came home. We're all here now. "A lot of people don't listen at all."--Cathy Canfield. "woo-woo." -- John Barry.

HOT SHIT



NAHF (excerpts next week): Steve Stiles, Alpajpuri, Terry Hughes, William Rotsler.

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