

~~HO\*SHI~~ NG



For the third time in as much time, here is a great, big, hot-off-the-presses issue of HO\* SHI\*, "The Heavy Fanzine That You Can't Pick Up." Our merde chaude, as we cunningly call it, is produced in the privacy of our own homes by John D. Berry (625 Scott #607, San Francisco, Calif. 94117) and Calvin Demmon (371 21st Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94121), on Monday night, Dec. 20, 1971. We are creating tonight in the presence of Gerry Harris, one of our many readers and a wide-eyed youth anxious to see the insides of a big-time publishing concern. We have even vindicated the Neofan Theory of History by sending him out for beer. We will leave Mr. Harris, with whom I went fishing last week, and get on with the important--one might almost say "heavy"--shit of this fanzine.

If this is a fanzine. Hell, some of you aren't even science fiction fans, and you haven't the faintest idea what the "Neofan Theory of History" is that I just talked about. You are in certain cases the people who've given us the most heart-warming response to this, our hopeful frog in a large but insignificant pond. You have laughed and made funny faces and you've asked us intelligent but innocent questions ("What does it all mean?"); at least one of you has admitted to not having read the thing at all. But shucks, we say, blushing and scraping the floor with our feet and doing a little impromptu soft-shoe routine...we just aim to entertain, and to gets lots of mail. It's nothing, really.

Really, it's nothing.

I've fooled you this time by not writing a colophon at all, but just running the whole thing into, this, the body of the fanzine. The meat of it, you might say. It is here, in this mighty bulk of prose, that all of importance is said. This is what counts. This is what will get us more egoboo five years from now than it does today. This is where it's all at. This is it.

I mean, I can't put it any more concisely than that, can I?

Tomorrow, or maybe the day after, I'm going to fly back to New York for Christmas, so your Richmond District editor will be handling all the details of mailing and such for a couple of weeks. Send your letters to him. And read the first installment of his exciting new novel, beginning at the top of the very next page.

MY WEEK & WELCOME TO IT:::::I have two jobs. This week I asked my first boss for a raise. He jumped up, burned his fingers lighting a cigarette, and turned me down. I asked him when we were going to have the Office Party and he said we had it last Friday when I was out to lunch. My second boss sent me a note saying I got a 15% an hour raise. When I got that paycheck it was for the same amount as all my other paychecks--the 15% extra had kicked me into the lowest Income Tax Bracket. Well, the tv still works.

\*\*\*

BORING BOOK TITLES DEPT. We got a lot of them.

From F.M. Busby: "The Day Fortnoy Visited The Complaint Department"

From Dick Ellington: "Complete Book of Dried Arrangements"

"Tasty Cooking For Ulcer Diets"

"Read While You Cook: The Large Type Cook Book"

"Play the Harmonica for Fun and Profit"

From Les Gerber: "Discography Series, Vol. V: Schubert/Schumann/Brahms Choral Music"

From Jonh Ingham: "How to Sleep: Read This Book"

No more Boring Book Titles are needed. We have more than enough.

\*\*\*

We keep getting complaints from people who would like us to make clear just exactly which parts of this fanzine were written by whom. Our feeling from the very beginning has been that our mailing list has been selected from among our friends and that we should be able to expect from those of you who are on it some degree of Attention. Thus, when an item refers to "my three-year-old son Peter," you ought to know both of us well enough to know that Mr. Demmon is the father of two while Mr. Berry has no legitimate children. When an entire page is devoted to a description of what one of us did on his way back from France you ought to know that Mr. Demmon has never left this Continent. More than that, though, each of us has a special, distinctive style all of his own--neither of us has ever been successfully imitated, though many have tried (notably Norm Clarke). We therefore feel it unnecessary to sign anything we write.

--Calvin Demmon

\*\*\*

Adelle Davis (author of many books on Nutrition) was on the Dick Cavett show the other night. I was asleep, but Wilma, who is even a bigger Adelle Davis fan than I am, watched her closely. It was the first time Wilma had seen Mrs. Davis. In the morning, I asked Wilma what she looked like. "She looks," Wilma told me, "like a hard little swimming coach."

\*\*\*

The third issue of every fanzine is always the worst.

\*\*\*

"When I was 15, my family was in a car crash, driving back from the Fourth of July. My mother and sister were killed outright. My father, who was driving and apparently fell asleep at the wheel, had just minor injuries and I broke my knee. I can remember standing in the wreckage, looking down at my mother and thinking, 'Now I don't have to be a pianist anymore.'"

--Daniel Ellsberg, quoted in the SF Chronicle

\*\*\*

Well, Herb Caen I'm not. We got letters. Gary Deindorfer promises to do a flyer. That would be neat. Dick Ellington sent his letter to me because "I have managed to get by somehow all this time without ever writing John Berry a letter of comment on a fanzine." Les Gerber's letter started out, "Dear Shits."

UNBORN EGGS: We've both been very gratified by the numbers of envelopes falling into our mailboxes as a result of the first issue of this "magazine." (I don't feel I can call it that with a straight face, unless the corners of my mouth are held down with quotation marks.) We most particularly appreciate those envelopes that also contain letters, along with returned mailing labels. Mr. Richard Lupoff, a man of few words (a leader among men) (a man among leaders), not only sent us no letter but substituted his own privately-printed mailing labels for our own natural, organic product. Boo, hiss, Mr. Lupoff. Write us sometime, huh? Mr. Wm. Donaho sent us a Christmas card with his labels, but no letter. Dr. & Mrs. James Benford sent us (or me) a Christmas card, with-out returning their labels. (This proves that their Christmas spirit is pure and untainted.) Our response so far has been sixteen sets of labels returned, out of about fifty on the mailing list; hooray for us!

ALICE SANVITO: "This is true--I was in a toy department today and saw a 'Goodmitten' set. It consisted of two stiff mittens and a birdie to be knocked around. Did not include bheer." Alice also wonders, "Is all that Hot Shit True?" We hasten to assure you that it is.

TERRY HUGHES: "Regarding your (or rather Calvin's) Chuang Tzu quote/parable: a man, William G. Hall of Shrewsbury, England, killed himself by drilling eight holes in his head with a power drill. I can see the TV ad now: You last longer with a Black&Decker drill!"

JONH INGHAM: "When I was in Sausalito I walked into a bookstore and espied the latest in the Sensuous books. (If it keeps up there'll be Sensuous fandom, and cons with panels on the best positions and fellating techniques, and fanzines, devoted at first to the sercon side of the subject, but soon people will start injecting their personal life, and fannish zines full of details on the latest orgy will appear. Of course the local equivalent of Fred Wertham (somehow he doesn't seem so menacing when called Fred) will appear and pull the whole thing to a stop.) This one was The Sensuous Child, and unable to believe my eyes, I picked it up and opened at random, discovering an exercise for the boys: pushing a hockey puck around the floor with one's prick (sand wooden floors first), because the girls like a strong lover. Are they kidding?" Are you kidding?

TERRY CARR: We have not yet heard from Terry Carr. However, we are both wondering when Mr. Carr is going to publish the long-awaited twelfth issue of his fanzine, INNUENDO, which he was going to do for the BoSh Fund. I want to read the article Calvin and Greg Benford wrote for the issue. Well, Terry Carr?

"HUMOR IN UNIFORM": "It was said that, as an Impressionist painter, Maurice Prendergast saw rich color where other people saw nothing. One story told about him gave a glimpse into the mind of the Impressionist, a region which had continued highly baffling to the world outside Greenwich Village. One day Maurice took his dog to an express office, intending to ship it out of the city. 'What color is the dog?' the bored expressman asked, filling out a form. Prendergast squinted carefully at the animal, which was standing in the sunlight. 'Yellow, with purple spots,' he decided finally.

CORY PANSHIN: "Hey, yeah, I can use all the shit I can get. I also pass along Alexei's Significant Question of the Month, 'Is John Lennon really trying to be Pete Seeger?'"

I have had my cat, Wimbish, for nearly seven years now--through five or six changes of address, including our major move to San Francisco. She's getting a little fatter, but she's still the same old cat--black & white with just a few splashes of orange for Class. Every morning when I go into the boys' room, Wimbish follows me, and I say to Peter and Casson, "Look, boys! There's your cat!" Casson cannot talk much yet (he says "Hi!" and "Two!" a lot), but Peter can be very emphatic. "No!" he says. "I don't want my cat!"

\*\*\*

"If you can think about it without laughing, the question of existence becomes a very real one." -- Les Gerber, in an old Steve Stiles fanzine

\*\*\*

We are now offering our special San Francisco Cockroaches to the public for the first time. Each roach comes in a special gift box with a card saying "Souvenir of San Francisco." Many of the roaches are in excellent condition, although some have been slightly squashed in processing. This has been an especially good year for our special roaches, so our stocks are large enough to ensure that none will be disappointed. (We are reminded of Carol Carr, whose earliest memory is of her mother trying to kill a raisin.) They make excellent business or personal gifts. Live delivery can be arranged at a slightly higher cost--be sure to specify "regular" or "extra-large." The live roaches can be encouraged to multiply in your own kitchen or bathroom and require little or no attention. No messy cat-boxes, no expensive "obedience-training" courses. Just a few table scraps, and soon you will have them eating out of your hands.

\*\*\*

"I have yet to see a fabulous fan." -- Chas. Burbee

\*\*\*

Now I need something about three inches long, and very witty. This is sure an odd way to get attention. I saw a special on tv the other night about the "end" of the Indian war. A CBS reporter was interviewing the triumphant commanders, right on the spot. "How did you like the battle?" he said. I'm not making this up. The Indian general said, "I enjoyed it. It was a good battle and we fought hard. I'm glad it's over, but I felt from the beginning that we would win. We all worked hard to win this one and I feel that we earned it." Wilma says that when she was a little girl she used to read stories like the one in today's Chronicle ("Public Torture Slayings at Lass Bangla Dosh Rally") and she felt that when she was an adult she would understand it. She still doesn't understand it. The local Safeway has a big sign up saying "We are cooperating with the spirit and letter of Phase II of President Nixon's Economic Program," and they have raised the price of a 5-lb. can of honey by a dollar. The brakes on my car are going out. Phil Dick called up this evening and said he hadn't been able to come over last Sunday as planned because he installed a new manifold and a four-barrel carb on his car and it idles at 70 m.p.h. He got a book contract from Don Wollheim which included two special clauses, one giving the publisher the right to add anything he wished to the book and the other one agreeing that any suit for objectionable material included in the book would be defended by the author. Well, at least the Jack Tar Hotel is still standing. And the new Christmas Stamps say "On the First Day of Christmas My True Love Gave to Me 8¢."

\*\*\*

HOT DUCK  
c/o Demmon  
371 - 21st Avenue  
San Francisco, CA. 94121



FIRST CLASS MAIL