

Oh, sweet Shit! Oh, rhapsody, sweet song of fandom! Hail to thee, blithe spirit; bird thou never wert! Here we go again, folks, in another creative attempt to upset the literature of the age and create a new, dynamic, revolutionary artform in the bowels of the Modern World. (I find that if you throw in words like "creative" and "dynamic" everything sounds much more interesting. Explanations, however, are very dull.) You hold in your hands, fraught with the juice of the artist, another sloppy, heart-warming issue of HOT SHIT, The Fanzine You Love to Throw Away. (Don't throw it away, though. Really. If you just throw your fanzines away, give us back our copies when you're through with them; then we can give them away to neofans when we're old and tired and we'll get lots of egoboo in our later years. This may give us lots of bad Karma, but it sure is fun!) This is H.S.#12, and its editors are John D. Berry and Calvin Demmon. Come on, we don't have to give you our addresses again, do we? They're on the back, anyway. All egoboo to our Staff Printing Person (or "Publisher"). Today is Feb. 28, 1972.

NO MORE UNBORN EGGS: You know, except for those of you who are sending back your Second Set of Labels, we haven't been getting many letters lately. (And I haven't been writing very good English, either.) Your usual flood of goeey egoboo has fallen to a mere trickle. I don't think some of you have the proper Attitude. You think you can just sit back, getting SHITs in the mail each week, and not write a letter until you're good and ready. Just like writing a letter of comment to SCIENCE-FICTION FIVE-YEARLY. Ha! This fanzine is an ephemeral creature of the night, even if it is all deathless prose that will be cherished forever. Glance aside for a moment and this fanzine will have had its little say and shot its wad and then disappeared into the depths of history, all while you weren't looking. Just like a fruitfly. So swat it quick, before it flies away.

TERRY HUGHES' LETTER :: Terry Hughes continues to amaze us. He has written, quantitatively, as many pages in response to HS as we have published (or maybe not). During this time he has also published a couple of issues of his own fanzine (& although we do not review fanzines on pages 2 & 4, Terry's fanzine is "sloppy, but good"). Here is a lot from his latest letter: "I didn't mean Wilma was a mundane mundane. The human race is divided into two classes: fans, mundanes, and deros.

A lot of shit has been coming down on me lately. Literally. Last night the sewage pipe for the folks living in the apartment above me broke. And the ceiling and wall were covered with shit. It seems the sewage pipe got all clogged ("Aint nothing worse'n a pipe full of hard shit"--R.M. Nixon") so they poured sulfuric acid down the drain! Now the bathroom upstairs is full of poisonous gas and has been sealed off. The plumbers are coming back tomorrow. And the landlady is in Hollywood. Naturally this happened in the room where I keep my fanzines, but they were in shitproof shelves and escaped damage.

Never carry more than you can eat!

Toads fight by jumping against each other until one of them breaks out in enough warts to kill him.

P.S. Because of my Wall of Shit I have come up with a theory that is associated with Newton's and just as profound: when someone above you takes a shit, it will fall down on you. I certainly hope you can appreciate the gravity of my situation."

ARTWORK :: Artwork on our pages this time is by John Berry.

FANDOM'S INFLUENCE :: Last week Mr Berry needed a table to put his typewriter

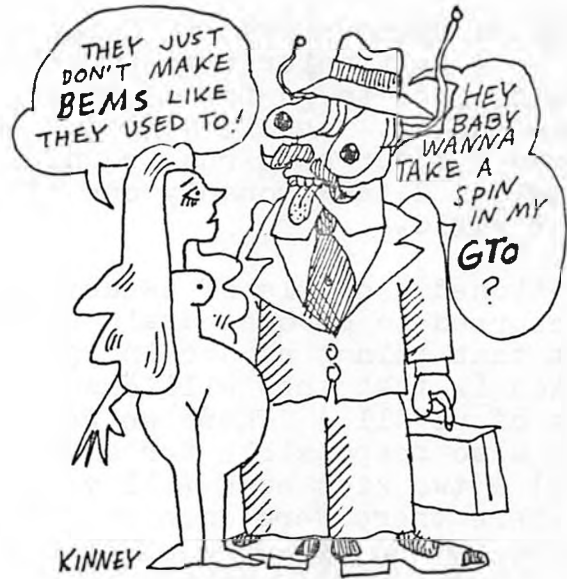
on so he could do his pages for HS here in my living room. The lady upstairs is moving & she left some stuff outside our door for us, including a wooden cabinet, which I brought in & turned on its side for John to use. We did HS on it, and I naturally left it in the middle of the floor. The next morning Peter, who is 3-1/2, came into the living room, saw the cabinet, ignored it, tripped over something, fell against it, gashed his eyelid, and required three stitches at the Kaiser Hospital. He scars easily; it is very possible that he will have a tiny scar on his eyelid for the rest of his life which is entirely and completely due to the fact that his father is a Fan.



RANDOM HOUSE :: Months ago I sent my novel to Random House. Today I got a letter from Miss Lee Wright. "Many thanks for letting us see PIG, a novel which I enjoyed. Unfortunately, we are turning it down because it is the sort of book that would require a great deal of special promotion to launch it with any hope of success. We have such a big list in the foreseeable future that we simply couldn't handle it as it deserves. What you need is a publisher with fewer titles on his list. Best of luck with the book when its published." This is reprinted here as a public service.

ANOTHER VICTORY OVER THE KILLER WEED :: I've stopped smoking again. This is the 15th time. I attribute this latest success to mental purity, good karma, and (cont. on p. 4)

This hasn't been a really exciting week. No North Beach Nights at all. (What this space, however, for future installments.) The only thing I can remember happening is hearing more ads for "feminine hygiene" devices, only this time they were bio-degradable fem. hy. devices. That must be some kind of booming business, or something. (And it all seems so alien to me. I mean, can you imagine a "male hygiene spray"?)



Well, there was some other radio stuff. The ubiquitous John Smith was here in the city again this weekend, and last night we played the "Late Night Radio Game": we tuned in the faintest stations we could pick up on the AM dial and tried to find out where they were from. Most turned out to be from Los Angeles or San Bernardino. But we hit a jackpot. We picked up a late-night talk show from Salt Lake City. When we tuned in, the host was talking to Augusta Bennett, from someplace, and they were discussing the sexlives of their petunias or something. "Well, thanks, Augusta, and call again." Then the host did a little song and dance about his show, "Nightcap," and about "all you Nightcaps out there" (I think he wanted to have a Nightcap Convention), and he said that the lines to Montana, the Dakotas, Kansas, Oklahoma, Canada, and Iowa were all open. So we listened some more and heard the next call, a lady named Kerry, who called in from Macklin, Saskatchewan, and played her organ for us. What more can life hold?

Well, somebody on another obscure station was phoning in a recipe for baked frogs.

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If you push something hard enough, it will fall down.

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RICH BROWN SHIT: "I've also done a few newspaper headlines I've been proud of; mostly involving puns, some of which would be hard to understand unless you understand the capital markets (the paper I work for presently being a Wall Street trade paper). Mostly they want dull, plonking, factual heads, but occasionally I get away with one like 'Revenue Bond Market Takes Bid In Its Teeth.'"

My best, though, was for the weekly community paper I used to work for: We had a story about the election of student officers at Staten Island Community College; a woman had been elected president of the night sessions and her husband had been elected vice-president. The head went:

DONALDSON ELECTED PREXY OF SICC DAY SESSION  
 Woman Presides Over Husband at Night

'Just last month The New York Times had one I intended to send to Les Gerber because I thought he might get a kick out of it. The Times is such a serious publication that it may not have been intended as funny: "Helen Davis, Cellist, Bows Here."'

QUIZ: What's the opposite of Shit? Answer: 'pooj

VISITS :: Wilma ripped off some gasoline from a Texaco station--the story is funnier than anything else on my pages, but it's just too long--so we decided to go for a ride. We went over to Berkeley to see Jerry & Miriam Knight. We all went to a kiddie playground in the Berkeley Hills & watched all our kids run around & watched the fog come pouring in through the Golden Gate--probably one of the best views from any kiddie playground in the world.

I mentioned a couple of issues ago that I've known Jerry for a long time. It occurred to me once again as we were driving back to The City after our visit that things change in unpredictable ways and that the only safe prediction is that they will change. (As Wilma is fond of saying, time makes fools of us all.) There we were, not just two high school friends, but each of us also responsible for a wife (both very nice wives, not to cloud the issue) & two kids each (all very swell kids too). There are 8 of us involved now where there were once only 2 high school friends. Jerry got me into fandom, and he was my best friend for a number of years, but we have both multiplied, and I hardly know him now. All you high school kids on our mailing list, pay attention. The irony is that all this happened quite naturally over the course of time, and that having a wife & 2 kids is really the nicest thing that's ever happened to me. I hope it is for Jerry, too. I suspect it is, because he got an "A" in Miss Jensen's History Class, and all I got was a "B." A couple of years later I went back and visited Miss Jensen, and she said, "You're the one that got the 'B,' aren't you?" She had flabby arms.

"The only A-plus I ever got in anything was in first-quarter typing."  
--John Berry

FSEE :: In my desperate attempt to get a better job, I have been taking examinations right and left. A month ago I took the Federal Service Entrance Examination. Today I got my results. There were 60 "verbal ability" questions and 35 "quantitative reasoning ability" questions. I got all 60 of the verbal ability questions right (which should be no surprise to regular readers of HS). I only got 24 of the others right. I scored "97.3%" overall. I think this means I am eligible to become a Federal Narcotics Inspector, but I can only arrest one person at a time.

HARRY WARNER'S LETTER :: "You can't possibly comprehend the full import of the necessity of writing a column a day about Hagerstown, unless you've lived in Hagerstown. Two weeks into this new lifestyle, I've already grown desperate enough to plagiarize. Without even hesitating, I used in one column Tom Digby's speculation about the way a city could solve the mass transit problem if it has a good sewer system and can find a nation willing to sell some small submarines cheap as surplus merchandise. Newspaper policy forbids footnotes, and even if I could have inserted an asterisk to give an explanation of the source of this notion, how could I have explained fandom and fanzines and Tom Digby without slopping over into the next column, which is a medical advice feature?"

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