

"Last night my memory of Hot Shit was fading and I knew that the fanzine might die, so I believed in it real hard and clapped my hands three times. And today the new issue came in the mail." --Terry Hughes

As you may already have noticed, this is HOT SHIT #15, a heavy, arty publication brought to you by the poets of free prose, John D. Berry and Calvin Demmon. Pages one and three are my province; pages two and four are part of Cisalpine Gaul and belong to Mr. Demmon. The creative juices of the artists are flowing on this night of Monday, April 24, 1972, and You Are There. (Well, almost.) Our sponsor tonight is Red Mountain Chablis (even though Calvin is totaling tea again). Yes.

DEFENSE D'AFFICHER LOI DU 29 JUILLET 1881

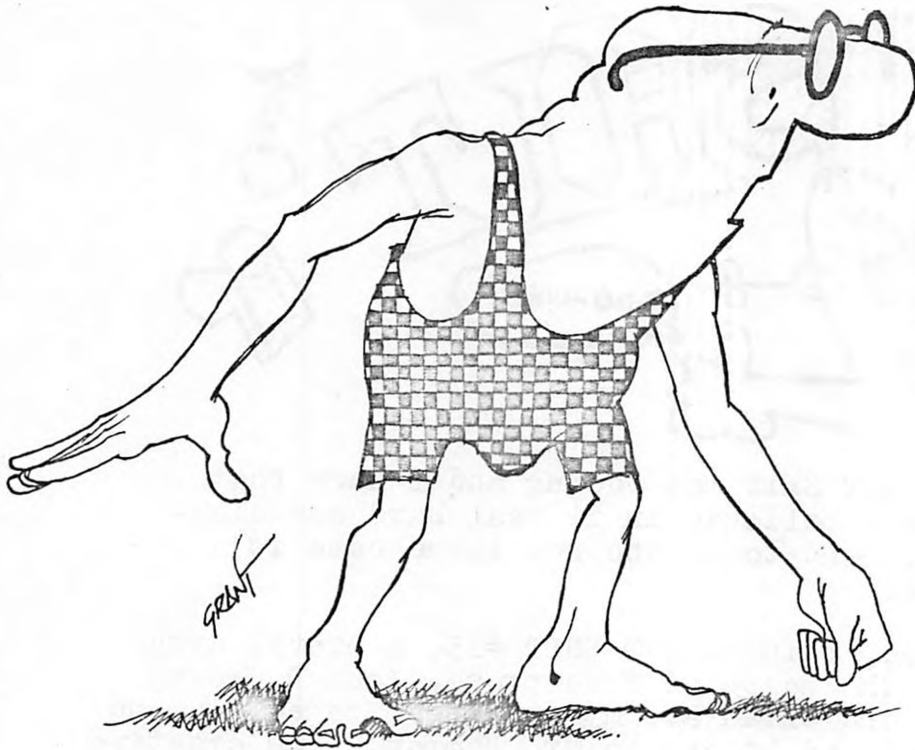
HARD SHIT: I just wrote a letter of comment to Richard Nixon. Just to keep in touch. (Perhaps my letter will get counted as a statistic by the flunkies who do such things; perhaps they'll get forgetful and count me twice.) As I addressed the envelope for this letter and stuck on a stamp, a wonderful idea occurred to me. If I hadn't already written my return address, I might have tried it. If I didn't put a stamp on my letter, do you think the Postal Service would charge Richard Nixon 8¢ postage due?

HARD TIMES: I live in an apartment that is never quite still. Since it is seven stories above the top of a hill, there is nothing to break the wind that is usually blowing off the Pacific. I usually leave a window open, so the wind often blows through the whole apartment, using the window and the huge crack under the door; the door then rattles alarmingly, although it is firmly locked. The sliding side-panels of my picture window, which is many decades newer than the rest of the apartment, whistle a lot. And the wind keeps moving my bathroom door, which creaks. That puzzles me, since the only window in the bathroom is solidly painted shut. Besides the wind, there are two radiators; they hiss and sometimes thump if you leave them on, but if you turn them off when they want to be on, they gurgle.

Another amazing feature of my apartment is its cockroach. There appears to be only one of him. He comes around every couple of weeks or so. When I see him, I let him crawl onto a piece of paper and I throw him out the window. It takes him a couple of weeks to climb back up again.

"It only takes one beautiful day to remind you of how it was and how it should be." --Bill Rotsler

A STORY FOR NORM CLARKE:



My son Peter, age 3½, watches just one tv program, Sesame Street, but he watches it faithfully. It is inculcating him with middle-class values, including the alphabet. He memorizes sentences & phrases from Sesame Street & uses them in his everyday conversation, so that though his chatter is still partially unintelligible, it includes a lot of sophisticated constructions. He has a runny nose this week, & it runs all over his face & dries. Yesterday he said, "Wait a minute. There's something I don't understand here." Wilma asked what it was. "I'm very puzzled--I can't figure it out," he said.

She asked him again. "I think I've got glue on my face," he said.

OLD FANS NEVER DIE :: In my continued search for honest work I have answered many newspaper advertisements over the past two years, and sent out hundreds of resumes. Several weeks ago I answered an ad for "publisher's assistant" and got a call from a man in Berkeley who publishes "Explorations," a psychology/group experience magazine. I went for the interview. He asked me about my interest in publishing, and I mentioned that I had published "many little magazines." "Fanzines?" he said. It turns out that his name is Jim Elliott, that he was a convention fan in the fifties, knew Harlan Ellison and a few other fans, but finally dropped out of sight. He asked for some copies of my "current fanzine," and I sent him some Xeroxes of some of my pages from HS (carefully selecting only those which made no mention of booze, dope, or ripping off my boss). (I didn't send him any of Mr Berry's pages. Let Mr Berry find his own job.) Last week I got a call from him. "Loved your fanzine," he said. "We're changing our plans around here--want to hire you, but not until June."

I don't know if I want to work for him or not, though. Fandom is fine, but would you work for a man who is unable to distinguish appearance from reality? (I started to say, "...for a man who used to know Harlan Ellison," but this magazine does not believe in Easy Humor.)

FLIERS ENCOURAGED :: Our Staff Printing person has graciously consented, for the past two weeks, to run off copies of Gary Deindorfer's and Grant Canfield's fliers for us at no additional cost. We hope both Grant and Gary will do additional fliers for us in the weeks to come. In the meantime, we encourage you to consider doing one for us. We have only one requirement: write to us first, giving a brief outline of the position you expect to take in your paper, other publishing credits if any, your approximate influence upon the world-karma to date, and name of a fan known to us if you think we will not recognize your name. We will immediately forward our "HS Flier Under Consideration Kit" giving all information necessary, and we will at the same time review your application, set you up on a regular budget, and issue you a HS "Priority Number" telling you exactly when you should send us your flier and what you should say in it. No other fanzine offers this service.

this could be the third page

HAIGHT DAZE: This week's astounding happening, which will delight you no end and make you all wish you lived in this great metropolis of ours, took place in that classically decayed neighborhood, not far from where I live, called the "Haight Ashbury." I go there more often now than I used to, to use the library and to walk in one of the parks and so forth. The other day, while I was walking innocently down Haight St., shrugging off panhandlers with a look of determination and wishing that the only money I have wasn't jingling noisily in the form of small change in my pocket, I passed a couple of smiling hippies, and they asked me as I walked by, "You wanna buy some birth certificates?" This is the second time I've passed them on Haight St., and the second time they've made this twice-in-a-lifetime offer. They're selling blank birth certificates, which I suppose could be very useful items. But still.

"Eeeeahh! I've just had my first taste of sin!" said the girl on the radio just moments ago. Wasn't Marconi a wonderful man?

And now for our regular advice column...

TERRY HUGHES SEZ: "I was surprised that you talked so openly about 'cogitating' with a member of the opposite sex -- I'll explain what that is in my next letter -- in a driveaway car. And since I tend to get confused, I was delighted to read your definition 'The East Coast is the east coast.' Thanks for clearing that up. But I always thought that a driveaway car was a getaway car with whitewalls....

The other night I almost got picked up by some mental health hospital employees! No, not what you think, they were mere mundanes and did not realize that I am crazy -- a Bull Goose Loony, to quote Kesey. But, you see, they were female mundanes. And not bad looking. Getting picked up, or having someone try to pick me up, is quite enjoyable and flattering, and seems to be happening with a surprising frequency. Usually at movies or concerts or somesuch. But why do so many of them seem so straight-looking and clean-cut? This time I turned the ladies down; after all there were only three of them and so I had them outnumbered. And that's why I'm a Free Man tonight." Any of our readers who would like to pick up Terry Hughes may apply through this fanzine.

"Hot Ralston will make a real cowboy out of you! Ask Tom Mix." "PS Do you believe in Calvin Demmon?"

BACK TO ORIGINAL MATERIAL: Last Saturday there was a large march and a gathering in Kezar Stadium to protest the bombing of Hanoi and Haiphong. (Those, for you hermits among us, are two large cities in North Vietnam, a tiny Asian country that we are presently bombing the shit out of. We're losing, too.) There were all kinds of displays and booths around the outside of the stadium, and in the course of the afternoon I ran into two different people I know from Stanford. One was Phil Lind, who was a member of the half of Venceremos that split off because the other half was being stupidly militant; Phil's half changed its name and became a part of the Black Panther Party, which makes Phil the only white Black Panther I know. The other guy I met was Francois Fischer, who is part of the other part of Venceremos. He is stupidly militant. Oh well. Between them they can keep my sense of wonder going even in the face of Palo Alto radicals. Whoopee!

ARTWORK :: On page 2, by Grant Canfield. We are also in need of some more headings, & nobody has responded to our request for some illustrated mailing labels. Also thanks to Avram Davidson, Terry Hughes, & Les Gerber, each of whom sent four stamps--everybody else send a couple when you can. I was on a bowling team once. Any other fan who can make this claim gets a free sub. Also several months ago I asked if anyone could remember the name of the announcer for "Space Patrol," both on radio & tv. He just happens to be a friend of mine, & I'd hate to tell him that he's forgotten. (He also announced "Hollywood Palace" and was the voice of the robot on "Lost in Space.") Anybody who answers gets our entire file of letters from Terry Hughes.

THE LID'S OFF :: In the current issue of Egoboo (long-awaited, better than ever), Mr Berry reprints some items from HS. A few issues without consulting Mr Berry, I requested that nobody mention us, as we just didn't have enough copies to send to everyone we like. It was clear at the time that he didn't like that remark ("Why don't you cut this paragraph," he said, "and put in some jokes about animals or something?"), and now he has proven it by putting HS before the world. I would hesitate to make demands on our readers that I do not make on my co-editor, so I am lifting the ban. The wraps are off! (And now for a sample joke:) To get the word out immediately, we are requesting that each reader go up to the first person he sees on the street and say, "Excuse me, have you seen my Hot Shit?" (Emphasis added.) Then show it to them! This is called participatory art.

BILL DONAHO writes that HS "brings back a whiff of the Good Old Days."

This has been a peculiar week for me. I've quit drinking again, & took up smoking briefly once more to ease the transition into sobriety, but decided that was a cop-out & stopped smoking too. In the past few years I have stopped eating meat, buying records, drinking, smoking, and entertaining any hope of ever making any money. I don't miss meat, but I could sure use a drink, a smoke, and some spare change. On the other hand, the federal govt is going to subsidize us in our search for a house to buy--and the federal govt is at the same time seizing \$2.34 from my bank account because I refused to pay the telephone war tax. I went to the bank to see if I could get the \$7.50 service charge for processing the seizure waived, and the bank manager said, "Believe me, I know exactly what you mean, these taxes are killing me too." I got a 15% an hour raise at my Saturday job, and was put on probation for excessive absence. In somewhat the same vein, Les Gerber sent me a personal check for One Zillion Dollars.

LUKEWARM LOLLIPOPS
(thanx & a tip of the HS hat
to Wm Rotsler)
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