

# HOT SHIT

LET'S GO TO THE PARTY! Tonight is the night of our first full-scale HOT SHIT Party. There are eight people in Calvin's apartment, although two of them are small children who are supposed to be asleep. Besides the editors, John D. Berry and Calvin Demmon, we have Wilma Demmon, Gary Deindorfer, and Greg & Suzy Shaw. Every few minutes we all jump up and dance around in a circle and fall down. Except for that, it's all very quiet and normal around here. This is HOT SHIT #18, the Old and Tired Fanzine in the Little Bitty Can. Our Mailing List is ridiculously select, but I'll tell you that if we have mailing labels from you we're more likely to mail your copy quickly. Write us a letter, quick. And send us LOTS OF STAMPS. This is Roach Press Publication #69.

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CINCO DE MAYO: I forgot to mention this when it was Fresh and Important (it wasn't important), but it seemed kind of interesting that on May 5th, 1963, nine years ago, Calvin Demmon and Andy Main published the first issue of FLYING FROG, a brand-new "weekly fanzine" that was going to set all fandom on its ass. (Today is not May 5th, but since I forgot to mention it in the colophon, I might as well tell you that it's May 15, 1972. Yesterday was Mother's Day, and today George Wallace was shot. If that's news to you, you're really out of touch with the world.)

AVRAM, WILL TRAVEL: This half of the Editorial Combine wishes to convey some egoboo this week to Mailing List Member Avram Davidson, who is also a Big-Time Author of Science Fiction. Mr. Davidson wrote The Phoenix and the Mirror, and a long time ago Andy Main (cf. last paragraph) gave me all his fanzines and his copy of the book. Recently I read it. Hey, Avram, that's a goddam fine book! Hooray for you!

MIKE DECKINGER'S SAN FRANCISCO: Mike Deckinger, hyper fan of the past decade, gave me a ride last weekend. There was this FAPA party, you see, to put out the May FAPA mailing (but you've got to wait for page three for that), and since I don't have a car I got a ride with Mike Deckinger. I hadn't seen Mike since some convention in the mid-Sixties. He called me up before Saturday, and he told me all about San Francisco fandom. It seems there's a thriving fandom in S.F. Mike told me about going to Little Men meetings in Ben Stark's basement, a pastime I haven't indulged in in several years. I guess it all sparked my sense of wonder. I guess so.

"We'll all be cosmic after the revolution." --Bob Silverberg.

"You don't fuck the face." --Calvin Demmon's Highschool Buddies.

OLD JAZZ: Have any of you heard the radio ads for Rainier Ale? Each one has some member of the Preservation Hall Jazz Band telling you how wonderful Rainier Ale is. The first one I heard was Willie Humphrey, my favorite member of the band, who said he doesn't drink but his friends tell him Rainier is good stuff. What kind of ad is that? But they play nice slow Dixieland jazz in the background, so I like the ads.

As ye sow, so shall ye reap. Jesus said it. Jesus isn't here tonight (he is hovering over George Wallace's bed, helping him to get well again), but Greg & Suzy Shaw, Gary Deindorfer, and Wilma are here. This is the result of our recent boast about our HS Parties. I cannot guarantee that anything good will come of all this, but it's nice to see old friends. (Wilma still hasn't read an issue of HS, though she did read the excerpts John printed in Egoboo. It is a measure of our relationship that we get along so well & yet Wilma reads other people's fanzines & not mine. "It's just about stuff we did," she says.) Robert Lichtman will be here next wk.

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COA's Although HS is not a newszine, we are on a weekly schedule & do provide a certain news-disseminating service, as part of our policy of "putting the karma back in fandom." Here are the latest changes of address received:

Greg & Suzy Shaw, 442 Carter Street, Wallabee, New South Wales (eff. 6/15)  
Gary Deindorfer, RR #1, Grafton, Tennessee  
Greg & Suzy Shaw, 5240 Orphyte, Yellowbrick, Kansas 04100  
also, Terry Hughes has changed his name and is now living in Ecuador as "Swami Arjuna Chichirichi," no address given.

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Peter and Casson went on a field trip yesterday with the Nursery School. As it was Casson's first big trip away from home without one of us along (after all he's only 23 months old), Wilma gave Peter instructions on how to take care of him. "Be sure to hold Casson's hand, Peter. Otherwise he might get lost."

"Yes," Peter said, "he might go in the street and get hit by a car."

"That's right," Wilma said, "and then you wouldn't have a little brother any more."

"Then we'd have to get a new little brother," Peter said.

"No," Wilma said, "we wouldn't be able to get a new one."

"Then," Peter said, "we would have to go out in the street and get Casson."

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POETRY CORNER :: This week's guest poet is Ray Nelson. Mr Nelson sent in a skinny poem for Grant Canfield's friend Robert "Snake" Hays of Detroit.

Skinny, Skinny, in the tub.  
Skinny, Skinny pulled the plug.  
Oh my goodness, oh my soul!  
There goes Skinny, down the hole!

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BOOK NEWS :: Rabbits, Their Use and Misuse. 400 pages. The latest in a series of ecological works showing how to live well without destroying the environment, just rabbits. "First catch the rabbit," he says, then make a house, a car, or whatever you need following the simple instructions. (If you don't believe it, you can start with a handkerchief or a kite.) I don't know how to get out of this.

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HARRY WARNER's PARAGRAPH :: "I've picked up ten or twelve pounds in the past few years and no longer am as obvious for my skinniness as I used to be. I used to tell people that my physician wanted to operate immediately for a stomach tumor the time he saw me on the street a few minutes after I'd taken an aspirin. But the oddest result of my thinness was real, genuine, absolute fact. The shoe repair shop which I frequent has one of those buzzers operated by an electric eye when someone goes through the door, so one of the cobblers will come to the counter. Honest to goodness, the buzzer wouldn't operate when I went in at my normal walking pace. I could never get service unless I stopped on the doorsill and jockeyed back and forth a while, coaxing the 186,000-mile-per-second onrushing lightwaves to stop for a minute."

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Greg Shaw just told us an incredible inside story about a homosexual orgy which took place in the 1960's with the Beatles, the L.A. Dodgers, and Bob Hope. Also Glen Campbell raped a 10-year old boy & had paid 1000's of dollars to keep it out of the press, but he didn't pay us.

This party is getting pretty bizarre. It's difficult to write deathless prose for HOT SHIT, but it sure is fun. (The party, I mean.) When you're being told about someone driving all the way from San Jose to give you a jar of mayonnaise, and then throwing the top of the jar around the kitchen like a frisbee, what can we write that compares?

FAPA FOREVER: Gregg Calkins, who is OE of FAPA, asked all the Bay Area members to come over last Saturday and help him put out the new mailing. It ended up feeling just like a little convention. The Carrs and the Silverbergs and the Ellingtons all came over the hills from Oakland, and Elmer Perdue and Charles & Cora Burbee came up from Los Angeles. (No, no, "the Los Angeles area." There.) Neither Dick Ellington nor Charles Burbee are members of FAPA any more, but they walked around and around Gregg's ping-pong table collating the mailing just like real FAPAns. In fact, all us real FAPAns stood around talking and ignored the fanzines staring up at us. I had never met Burbee before, although of course I had read lots of his writing and heard plenty of stories about and by him. He's a very interesting person. (This week's egoboo from the third page: to Chas. Burbee.) Burb wanted to have a copy of the mailing that he had spent his time and energy putting together, but Calkins would only give it to him if he signed a card to Bill Evans, applying to the FAPA waitinglist. Burbee signed. Maybe Dick Ellington was right: "As soon as I leave, FAPA will see a new Golden Age." Dick told me lots of stories of the earlier days of MAD and Paul Krassner, which fit in with what I wrote about back in about issue #4 or #5. All fanzines are timeless. (Or, as Burbee said, "A kick in the ass is timeless, while a fanzine lasts too long.") Burb was amazed to discover that the N3F still exists. So are many of us. Other outstanding events of the party were Carol Carr and Bobbie Silverberg playing ping-pong, and the excellent food prepared by Rea Calkins. Hey, this is a good way to get into FAPA! Let's do it again.

TERRY HUGHES WRITES: "I have a funny dishwasher story to tell you this time, gang! It seems I was washing a sink full of dishes (dirty ones, not clean ones, haha) when this little man floated to the top of the scummy water. Guess what, he was ALL WET! Haha. And he said, "Hey, Terry! Where, in Hell, is HOT SHIT?" I didn't know what to say in reply, so I didn't say anything. Haha."

SKIPPED SPACES in the above paragraph are brought to you courtesy of our Friendly Staff Typist. This is a free service.



HS Enterprises  
Battle Creek, MI  
Please send me, free of charge. I eat HS every day. MM-mm! Where was my prize?

LISTENERS' PERSONALS: Len Bailes just moved to San Francisco from LA, and he's living in my apartment until he becomes a New Man. :: Our good friend Grant Canfield got a new job last week, and he immediately wished he was still on Unemployment. "Freedom's just another name for nothing else to do," Mr. Canfield. ::: Greg Benford called today; he'll have the first installment of his big two-part article in the next issue of HOT SHIT. :: Does anyone here remember Johnny Jellybean? Every noon I used to watch him. "Jellybeaners, jellybeaners, jellybeaners one and all...." He worked next to a confetti factory and always got a pile of confetti in the face. Well, that's better than a pile of HOT SHIT! :: Gary Deindorfer blew his nose and everybody laughed.

RAY NELSON'S PARAGRAPH :: "The flier I would like to do is called 'Garden Library, a Gentleman's Journal of the Arts' and is devoted to the philosophy of Neovictorianism. I expect to take a position favorable to Constitutional Monarchy in the USA and to suggest that things would have been better if progress had been halted on Jan. 22, 1901. (6:30 PM Greenwich time.)"

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BOYD RAEBURN'S DOLLAR :: Boyd Raeburn sent us a dollar.

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The wine is gone, & so are Greg & Suzy. This issue of HS is much more a one-shot than any other issues have been--neither of us had anything Prefabricated to put in Our Space, though we have disguised this fact completely.

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Wilma and I are about 90% into buying a house here in the City. We've got it picked out--it's on the other side of the park, near the ocean. It's tiny, but we hope it will soon be all ours. I got a D on my midterm.

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The big news, of course, is the failed assassina tion attempt on Governor Wallace. There's nothing worse than last week's topical humor, and we fully expect that by the time you get this every possible change will have been rung on the subject and you'll just throw up your hands and say, "More politics." But the event, which happened this afternoon, is still a pretty interesting thing from where we sit. For exauple, we wonder who will be the first to record "Abraham, Martin, and John, and George." And Cathy Canfield just told us on the phone that he's probably going to be paralyzed from the waist down, and will "never be able to fuck again." Gary Deindorfer points out, however, that he'll still be able to take it in the ass.

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TED WHITE'S LETTER :: "It's strange living here in Virginia in the same house I was brought up in. The other day I found my teddy bear in the toilet with an ice pick in its neck."

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MOVIE REVIEW :: Greg Shaw makes a lot of money writing about rock music. He doesn't have a job--he just writes. In the hope that I can cash in on some of the action I am working on the following movie review. BANGLADESH, a concert by George Harrison, Bob Dylan, and friends. Color. The sound quality was a little poor at the drive-in, and it was raining, but I think I got a pretty good idea of what was going on. George Harrison blew a very sophisticated little riff which really took off and before any of us knew what was happening we had passed the stratosphere. Just then a stewardess came by and offered us some canapes. Then Bob Dylan hijacked the plane to Cuba with his effortless harmonica, apparently lacking all skill and yet managing to slip in a few wry jibes at the Establishment. There were a lot of loose ends in the performance--it was never explained, for example, why the screen went blank at one point for several hours, but the audience's gently rhythmic stomping set up a nice counterpoint to the "Squish-Squish" of the theatre manager attempting suicide in a number of locations behind the screen. The popcorn wasn't bad, though I think we've all had enough straight B-flat popcorn this year & many of us remember 1967 ("The Summer of Love") with fondness. The JuJubes were stale. When we left the theatre, the starving child on the poster was still starving. (I don't know how Greg Shaw makes any money this way.) I think I'm out of my depth.

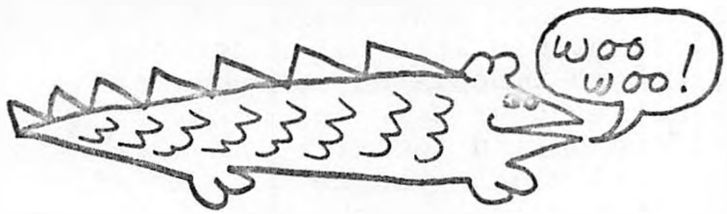
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TERRY HUGHES' DISHWASHER NEWS

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San Francisco, CA 94117

&  
c/o Demmon, 371 - 21st Ave.  
San Francisco, CA 94121

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