




BUT-BUT-BUT...

# HOT SHIT

"H.S." #4, "Blue Remarks for Blue Bloods." We two, the inestimable Calvin W. "Co-ed" Demmon (371 21st Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94121) and the humble John D. "In Absentia" Berry (625 Scott, #607, San Francisco, Calif. 94117), present this flippant, rambunctious, casually-obscene fanzine for your reading pleasure! Post no substitutes. We publish in the hopes of entertaining and being entertained, so send us lots of letters, please. We are just waiting to see who will be funny and send us all of his used Christmas cards. We've got some good ones for you, Mr. X! The first person to send us his (or hers) used Christmas cards will get a Special, Unprecedented Ray Nelson Perverted Christmas Seal as a notice of the cancellation of his subscription. (Unless Ray Nelson is the sender, in which case we'll send him a piece of Italian Railways Toilet Paper, "Ferrovie dello Stato.") All art on pp. 1 & 3 is by me; art on pp. 2 & 4 is by Mr. Demmon.

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DEFENSE D'AFFICHER LOI DU 29 JUILLET 1839

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THERE YOU GO, colophon fans. With a quick swipe from the public buildings of Paris, the filthy, mundane publication information is neatly separated from the "content." This is a special, one issue only offer. Wear it in good health, or your money back!

**SNOOPY AND THE WHITE CHRISTMAS:** For the first time in nearly four weeks' clockwork publishing, your two editors are in separate places as they write their turgid prose. This particular page, for instance, is being composed on Christmas Day, 1971, far away in the heartland of the Eastern Establishment, because my mother, as a Christmas present, paid my way home to Bronxville for the hollydays. The 21st Ave. editor, Mr. Kelvin Lemmon, will be handling all the crass physical details of this and the next couple of issues; I will be present only in my astral body. The rest of me, after staying here until New Year's Eve and properly partying, will be driving back to San Francisco in the sturdy little French car that I'm buying from my brother. Some of you have heard this story before; so have I. This is the same little furrin' car that I was going to buy and drive across the country last fall. Well, I'm doing it in the winter, instead. Anybody want to send me some mittens and car-muffs? I'm buying a Renault 10, just like T & C Carr. Whoopce!

# hot shit



Mr. Berry is incommunicado in the East. This is HOT SHIT #4, a \*Pres\* Publication. Special Guest Editor: Ray Nelson.

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"Why should the pleasures of folly be reserved for fools?"

--Ray Nelson

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Almost from the moment I began my career as a fan I was subjected to the charge, "You're not as funny in person as you are in print." In order to deal effectively with this insult I have removed all traces of humor from my writing and now trade only in sober fact. Now the other day I was reading a "translation" by a Mr. J. B. Phillips (C. of M.) of St. Paul's second letter to the Corinthian Church, and found that this St. suffered exactly the same fate over 1900 years ago. ".....I know the critics say, 'His letters are impressive and moving, but his actual presence is feeble and his speaking beneath contempt.' Let them realise that we can be just as 'impressive and moving' in person as they say we are in our letters."

Thus Religion anticipates Fandom. Also note that he liked the editorial "we" as much as we do.

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WAKING DREAM HUMOR :: "Dear Mr. Demon, When you've been making the Xmas office party rounds, testing the talents of the bartenders by requesting the more exotic potables to be found in 'The Gentlemen's Companion' and partaking of various rarefied (or, if you prefer, rarified) strains of leaf, and when later on you're standing in the lobby prior to an exclusive screening of 'A Clockwork Orange,' and processions of friends tell you you look totally stoned out of your skull, which is what you are but you wish people wouldn't be so blunt about it, what is the proper course of social etiquette to follow?"

Dear Mr. Ingham: Rub icecubes wrapped in a facecloth over the stain. Then scrape off with a knife. (Remember: you're only stoned once.)

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RAY NELSON CONTRIBUTES A POEM WRITTEN BY HIS SON, WALTER T. NELSON, AGE 13 (WHY, I REMEMBER WHEN HE WAS ONLY A TIKE)

"Willie, full of Christmas cheer,  
Drowned his dad in a barrel of beer.  
Mama said, 'Because you're bad,  
You won't get gifts you would have had!"

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ALVA ROGERS writes: "Hot Shit! THE FLYING FROG is back! Call it what you will it's still the direct reincarnation of that revered personalzine of years ago." No, it's not.

SEASONING: This is our big New Year's Issue, just for you. Happy New Year to you! Last issue was our big Christmas Issue, but we thought we wouldn't tell you about. We wouldn't want you to become spoiled.

NEWSGAGGLE: Those of us on the West Coast who are members of "Fandom" used to wonder about those on the East Coast who were also members of "Fandom." What, that is, had happened to them. In particular, what had happened to fandom's foremost monthly fannish fanzines, FOCAL POINT and POTLATCH, published by A. & J. Katz, respectfully. The other night, shortly after arriving in Bronxville, I called Arnie, and he told me a long, sad story about how his mimeograph had broken down. "Lots of people have come to fix it," he said, "but they haven't fixed it." We, the editors of the fanzine that has done away with mimeographs, extend our heartiest condolences. This, then, is the True Story behind the sudden ebbing of the tide of Brooklyn Fandom. Just thought you'd like to know.

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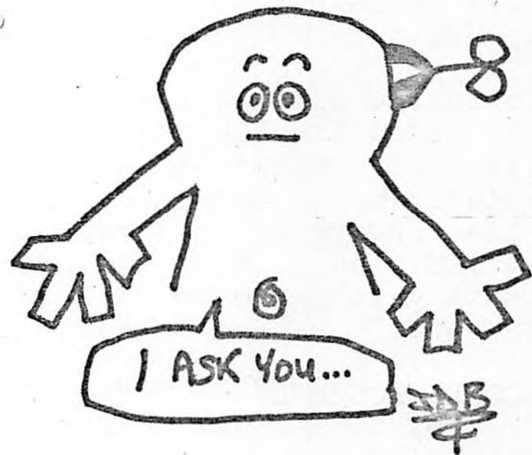
Drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry.

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CHRISTMAS, so far, has been terribly nice and enjoyable, and I can't think of a single funny thing to say about it. I hope you've had a merry Christmas too. My mother bought me kitchen utensils. Will Plumley, younger brother of Mailing List Member Frank Plumley, gave me a can of Jalapeño Bean Dip. I found a man in Palo Alto, before I came east, who makes perfect wooden toy cars and trucks--simple, sturdy, the kind of toys I like to give and can't often find in stores--and I gave them to various nephews, as well as one to Tom Goodhue, who digs them as much as I do. Last night I dressed up in a gray suit and everything, even laced shoes, and accompanied my mother to the midnight Christmas service at the church I grew up in. My mother appreciated this a great deal, and I felt immersed in tradition and the Web of History. This afternoon there was big old Christmas dinner, as usual, and my youngest nephew doing his Screaming Practice. I'm sure this is all wildly original, but you'll want to hear about it anyhow.

"QUOTABLE QUOTES": All of the following comes from Possible Worlds, by J.B.S. Haldane, "A Scientist Looks at Science," copyright 1928.

Chapter VI, "Vitamins": "A very large amount of nonsense is written on the subject of vitamins, and some good purpose may be served by attempting to summarize what is known at the moment of writing, and may be out of date when this article is read. ... Meanwhile the problem of the ideal diet had been largely solved in the nineteenth century."



Chapter XXXV, "Man's Destiny": "Six hundred million years ago our ancestors were worms, ten thousand years ago they were savages. Both these periods are negligible compared with our possible future. Provided, therefore, that man has a future lasting for more than a few million years we can at once say that our descendants may, for anything we can see to the contrary, excel us a great deal more than we excel worms or jellyfish."

Ads in the back of the book: "Our Great Experiment in Democracy, by Carl Becker. This book conveys in short and readable compass what America is and what it has been trying to do in its social, industrial, and political life."

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT :: Grant Canfield writes, "Have you ever wondered what it feels like when your old lady has cramps? Today Cathy has cramps. So I asked her what it felt like. She said, 'Well, you have these ovaries, see. Two of them, and they're like golf balls. And you have this concrete driveway, and a big guy in hobnail boots. He's pushing with his heels onto the back side of the golf balls, grinding them into the concrete driveway, and trying to shoot them out from under his toes like bullets. That's what it feels like.'"

Next week: Grant Canfield on Hangovers.

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A RETRACTION :: In our second issue, Mr. Berry quoted Carol Carr as (by request) : having said, "I know all the editors, so anything I write will get sold. It's just a question of doing it." Last evening Mr. and Mrs. Carr were over at the Demmon's apartment (yawning & looking at the ceiling) along with the Ellingtons. Mrs. Carr denied ever saying the above sentence, and requested that we print a retraction. What she actually said was, "I do not know any editors, and nothing I write will ever sell. The answer is in not doing it." We are happy to perform this public service.

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GREG BENFORD'S SENTENCE :: "This letter would be longer but I don't have really that many one-liners." Less than you thought, Greg.

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JAY KINNEY GIVES BACKGROUND INFORMATION ON HIS NOTE :: "As I write this note, bear in mind that Ned and Jan, two of the kids who live here at beautiful 215 Willoughby in 1212, are uttering loud yells and howls from the room next door. Their door is closed but they aren't particularly balling at this moment, but rather putting old mouse dust in each others mouths and procrastinating about going to their 3 o'clock class and guffawing and making loud noises. Nevertheless I am ignoring them."

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THE BRIGHT SIDE OF NEW YEARS by \*Ray Nelson\* :: "To be or not to be, that is the question . . . The more deaths on the road, the less traffic congestion."

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This is the special schizophrenic issue of HOT SHIT. We did not know Mr. Berry would finally come through with his own two pages so we did our own title page. Note: in spite of Mr. Berry's remark, the artwork on page two (originally page one) is by Jonh Ingham. (Mr. Berry's note was prompted by the forgery of his artwork--which has so far gone completely undetected--that I did on p. 4 of the last issue. God, with retractions & explanations this is getting to be an ingrown toenail.) "A fool's paradise is better than none." -- Ray Nelson.

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"SECOND THOUGHTS" by Ray Nelson "A young fellow from Harvard named Rod Spent a lifetime just searching for God, then he learned, as he died, that God was inside. 'Oh shit!' came his voice from the sod."

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We want to thank Mr. Nelson, whom we have not seen for several years, for his contributions. "Thank you."

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"The fourth issue of every fanzine is always the worst."  
--Instructions for Visitors, published by the Jack Tar Hotel

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Mail for the next couple of weeks should be addressed to me at 371 - 21st Ave., SF 94121. Mr. Berry is living with his mother.