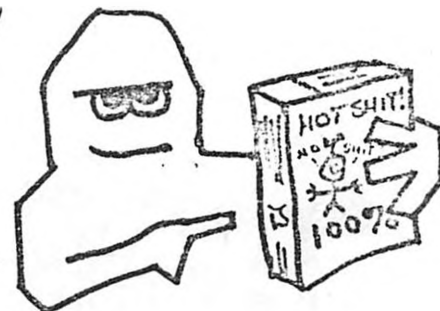


NEW! ORGANIC

DEC-30, 71

# hot shit

IT'S AS PURE AS THE DRIVEN SNOW!



ONE MORE TIME, an all-new issue of H\*\* \*H\*\* drops forth into the laps of fandom, and a few hand-picked hangers-on. You are reading this because we love you. We are John D. Berry (625 Scott, #607, San Francisco, Calif. 94117) and Calvin Demmon (371 21st Ave., San Francisco 94121) --see? no funny stuff; we're playing it straight this issue. We've decided to go all-serious, so in the future whenever we are going to tell a falsehood we'll give you ample warning, so that you can switch to another channel or send the kids to bed. This is a family fanzine, but sometimes we offer you Adult Entertainment. We haven't done it yet, but you bet we'll tell you if we do. As usual, this "periodical" is available for everyone who is on our mailing list, and no one else. Like last issue, this page is being written in Bronxville, NY, where I am still spending a few days visiting the old family home. (This is not the Westchester County Home for the Bewildered.) Today is Dec. 30, 1971, but on the other side of this page, it is days and years later! Isn't that wonderful? Doesn't that make you want to devote your life to Science?

"Do it while it's warm," someone just sang on the New York radio.

Tonight has been a big night for television. It certainly hasn't been for anything else. First I watched The Twilight Zone, which is being run on Channel 9 at 10:30 every night. Then, after fiddling around for a few minutes, I found "Free Time" on Channel 13, the NET station. It seemed to be devoted to horror films, sort of like an Educational TV version of Creature Features. There was this fellow whose name I never heard who seemed to be running the thing, although he didn't know why he was there. He showed film clips from horror movies. Then he introduced a guest, whose name I think was Jack DeLeon, who was a comedian who did movie monster imitations. The jewel in Mr. DeLeon's crown was his imitation of Peter Lorre reciting the alphabet, at the end of which Mr. Lorre (or maybe Mr. DeLeon--he was that good) was electrocuted. It was stirring. It was followed by the host, who with a friend of his did a rock song called "The King Kong Stomp." It does not beat "The Monster Mash." In the middle of "The King Kong Stomp," between verses as a girl played the piano, the two singers took time out to crush a scale model of a small town under their feet. After this thrilling song, Mr. Host introduced two new guests, Paul Krassner and Bill Gaines. Neither of them knew why they were there, either, but they talked about horror in one way or another. Somebody, either Paul Krassner or Mr. Host, suggested mixing "relevance" with "horror," but when he did all he could come up with was "the NLF vampire."

Paul Krassner explained how his entire adolescent sex life was conducted on the Castro convertible in the MAD Magazine offices when he worked there and Bill Gaines gave him the key. This was news to Mr. Gaines, who looks like a big fat man with bushy grey beard and long grey hair, a little like the poster of Spiro Agnew as a hippie. Then Paul Krassner decided to do a "commercial television first" (even though he was on NET) and blackmail Mr. Gaines. Paul whispered something into the big man's ear, whereupon he laughed and said, "I give up. He can blackmail me." Mr. Krassner then offered to write out what he had said to Mr. Gaines on a piece of paper and send it to anyone who sent him \$1.00. What I want to know is, what did you say to Bill Gaines, Paul?



It must be obvious by now that I can't handle a weekly fanzine all by myself. I'm old, and undependable. Hurry back, Mr. Berry.

\*\*\*\*

DOPE :: I don't know why my thoughts keep coming back to dope. I THOTS haven't had any dope for a long time, and have no particular desire to have any more. There was a time not so many years ago when I flew 500 miles in an airplane just to get my stomach around one LSD cap. (That was before you could buy it at grade-schools and science-fiction conventions.) Now, though, I don't anticipate taking LSD again.

I learned some stuff from dope. I can't say it didn't affect me. How else can I explain that I run my mantra through my head over and over again on the bus every morning on the way to work. ("Me and my Mantra. . . We got a real good thing.") It's got something to do with my dope experiences. And yet--Wilma and I saw a grisly documentary on tv the other night, full of speedfreaks and acidheads and heroin addicts, and I began to realize that I had only skimmed the surface of all the possibilities in drug usage. Why, I only took LSD twice. I had peyote three times. I haven't smoked very much grass--maybe ten or fifteen lids at the most, in a space of nearly ten years. (That figures out to about 680 hours of being stoned out of my mind, or 68 hours per year. I spend more time each year picking my nose.)

When it comes to dope, I'm virtually a poseur. (I was reminded of this when Dick Ellington mentioned once that he had smoked his first dope in 1949.) Yet people come to me with needles hanging out of their arms, aca-pulco gold smoke puffing out of their noses, their lapels smeared with spilled glue ("Never trust a man with glue on his lapels," my Uncle Angus, a bail-bondsman, says), and LSD painted under their fingernails for instant access--and they ask me about dope.

So I thought I had better cop to my in-experience. Don't ask me. I don't know. Ask your doctor. Ask the first eight-year-old kid you meet coming down the street. I don't know anything about it. If you find me in the park some Sunday morning sitting with a lot of freaks chanting Om and watching the sun come up, pay no attention. I have no information about it and I don't know how I got there. As a matter of fact, I've decided to stop drinking, too. And I've switched to low-tar cigarettes.

Still, my thoughts keep coming back to dope. Quick, will somebody please send me a joint?

\*\*\*\*

---

DEFENSE D'AFFICHER LOI DU 29 JUILLET 1889

---

Just the other day, I exercised my God-given right and visited selected members of New York Fandom. (Not a religious organization.) The selected members were Rich & Colleen Brown and Steve & Gale Stiles, who are quite well known to some members of our readership and totally unknown to others. (But that's the way of the world, isn't it? Just to keep our mailing list flexible, I'm contemplating sending a copy of each issue to one random person across the country, or the world, each issue a different person. Perhaps we'll begin by sending one to Paul Krassner.) Amid much hilarity, Steve Stiles looked at me and said, with a wondering look in his eyes, "We've come full-circle, you know." He was referring to this fanzine at the time. I waited for him to go on, to explain this all-encompassing insight into the workings of the mainspring of the universe, but he just sat contentedly, a wondering look still in his eyes. It must have been big, his vision. I just nodded in agreement.

MORE EXERCISE OF GOD-GIVEN RIGHT! BERRY GOES TO NEW YEAR'S PARTY:

Before my very eyes, this fanzine has metamorphosed, with a sickening wrench and a momentary sensation of the void, into the year 1972. Let us look and see what the world is like in the far-off days of Nineteen Seventy-Two.

Arnie and Joyce Katz hosted this year's New Year's Party in New York fandom. Before going to the party, I stopped off in Greenwich Village and walked around for a while, looking at Washington Square at night and the incredible number of clubs and bars and stuff on MacDougal St. and Bleecker St. and the rest of the small streets south of the square. I like Greenwich Village. I like it a lot better than I like the East Village, although that's interesting too. Both were has-beens before I ever saw them. (Hell, the Village wasn't what it used to be and had gone all to hell in 1913.) I hadn't been in the Village in a year or two; I used to go there a lot in early '68. It was mostly deserted on New Year's Eve.

On the way to Arnie and Joyce's I saw a bumpersticker on the "Times Square" sign in the Times Square subway station, and the bumpersticker said "STAR TREK LIVES." (I misreported this at the party as "Save Star Trek," but Andy Porter corrected me and said, "I know. I've seen Al Shuster putting them up.") In the Borough Hall subway station in Brooklyn, I watched a man in a heavy coat walk twenty feet across the floor to the stairs to the street, pissing on the floor the whole way. That's what makes it all so exciting in New York.

The party was just like the fanmeetings there last fall, except for a few people missing; there was lots of good food ("A snack," said Joyce, "so eat something before you come."), lots of fine imported marijuana, and talk of "fanzines" and "life." There was a flag flying a few blocks away, visible from the Katzes' window, and the flag had a spotlight on it. It fluttered and flapped bravely in the wind. Occasionally we heard bombs bursting in air. I don't know about the dawn's early light, but when we left the flag was still there. (This reminded us of the pledge of allegiance, and I told everyone about trying to explain this American custom to a Frenchman. "You what? You talk to your flag?" It's a very difficult concept.)

After the party broke up, I took the subway back to Grand Central Station and just missed the 3:00 train home. So I waited for a hour. Just before I got on the 4:00 train, I went and looked at my favorite piece of faded old ceiling painting in Grand Central Station. It's in the hallway that leads out to Lexington Ave., but I can see I'll have to tell you about it next time.

MEDICAL DEPT. :: Last issue we ran Cathy Canfield's description of (continued) :: the cramps. This week, as if to reassure us that we have taken the right course in eliminating alcohol from our life, Grant Canfield contributes some Hangover Imagery, or the First Words of the Morning After:

"Did anybody catch that goat that pissed in my mouth in the middle of the night?"

Mr. Canfield says a friend of his made this up. Quick, somebody buy me a drink.

\*\*\*\*\*

LETTERS :: We got a lot of good letters this week; next time we'll run some parts of them. I wanted particularly to acknowledge right now, however, a letter from Kim Bethke, of New York State. Miss Bethke, who lives with Les and Sandi Gerber, also sent along a cartoon entitled "Where, in Hell, is Hot Shit." I was very glad to hear from Kim again. I haven't seen her for years, but she made a very good impression on me a long time ago. I think she's very lucky to be with those Gerbers and I'm glad she reads HOT SHIT.

\*\*\*\*\*

WAKING DREAM HUMOR :: (Readers' Contributions are again solicited-- but hurry! Our attention span is very short.)

**Mail Order**

---

ASTOUNDING TRANSVESTITE Tales is a new 80 page fiction magazine for Transvestites. Sample copy \$2.00. Send to: Empathy Press, Box 12466, Seattle, Washington 98111.

③ ④ ③ JIMMY STEWART  
—Comedy-Drama ©

The dog's name is Calvin. He's 89 pounds of love but a pain in the professor's neck. Problem: how to get rid of Calvin without breaking little Jake's heart.

\*\*\*\*\*

MORE EGOBOO FOR OUR STAFF PRINTING PERSON :: Our staff printing person runs a considerable risk each week at rs. employment just do duplicate HOT SHIT, and hasn't had enough egoboo for it yet. We are unable to mention even rs. gender, and have therefore had to speak of rs. as "rs.," a neuter combination which we just made up out of "his" and "her" for the purpose of concealing her sex.

\*\*\*\*\*

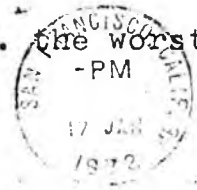
BOREDOM IS JUST GOD'S WAY OF TELLING YOU WHEN TO KILL YOURSELF :: Our mailing list is quite small. We cannot possibly make enough copies of HOT SHIT to send to everyone we would like to. Therefore, I would appreciate it if other fanzines wouldn't mention us--though I haven't asked John about this and he may feel differently. We can't increase our circulation without cutting somebody off, and we don't want to cut anybody off. So there's no sense getting other people all excited about this fanzine. (Why am I yawning?) Let's just keep it our little secret, shall we?

\*\*\*\*\*

UNFINISHED BUSINESS: 5th iss. of every fmz. the worst. Jack Tar Hotel.

\*\*\*\*\*

COLD TURKEY  
c/o Demmon  
371 - 21st Avenue  
San Francisco, CA. 94121



F I R S T C L A S S MAIL

Richard Ellington  
6448 Irwin Court  
Oakland, CA 94609