



HOT SHIT

HOT SHIT #7 is published, as usual, by John D. Berry, 625 Scott, #607, San Francisco, Calif. 94117, and Calvin Demmon, 371 21st Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94121. We publish a weekly bundle of entertainment for all of you, and tonight we are inaugurating a Return to Normalcy, as Mr. Berry is back in San Francisco and we two are writing our scintillating prose at the same time, in the same place, on the same level of transcendentalism. In case you have forgotten, our mailing list is not very flexible, so if you're not getting this you're not likely to. Special Dept. of Old Credits: the quote about Maurice Prendergast and his dog in our third issue came from The Improper Bohemians, by a chap named Churchill; if this were AMAZING STORIES we could escape blame for this omission by saying our printer did it. But we are not AMAZING STORIES. I hope this doesn't come as a surprise to you. Art this issue is all by Grant Canfield. Today is Monday, Jan. 24, 1972.

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BACK FROM THE SHADOWS: Last week I came back to San Francisco from New York. I did not spend days and nights behind the wheel of a small, struggling French car, pushing ever onward across the Great Plains in a snowstorm. No, I did not. You should not believe it if anybody tells you that I did. What I did was, I flew. Oh, not without the mechanical aids for which our civilization is famous. But I flew. The reasons for this are threefold: (1) a Renault 10 is a crappy car. (2) This one was even worse. (3) It was very cold across the country. I feel very happy to be back in the City, almost as though I will never have to move again. But not quite.

SENSE OF WONDER IN S.F.: Funny things are always happening in the City by the Bay. At the SF Airport I saw David Crosby, well-known Rock Star, standing around at the baggage carousel waiting for his guitar. He looked very serious and intent, and precisely like the album-cover picture taken of him three years ago. The other night the Hayes bus drove over the sidewalk to get to the busstop, thus scattering pedestrians right and left. People getting on said: "Far out! Do it again! I've never seen a bus on the sidewalk before." The driver just said, "That's San Francisco."

THE FANZINE OF 1,000 PAGES BEGINS WITH A SINGLE WORD (Usually "The" or "A")

The fact that many of you remain unable to tell who wrote what in this fanzine disturbs us. Both Boyd Raeburn and Bill Rotsler have complained (in otherwise perfectly normal correspondence) that they cannot tell the difference between Mr Berry's pages and mine. Once and for all, then: pages 2 & 4 belong to me. Now it is true that as we sit & make this fanzine we swap funny one-liners and sometimes one of mine will wind up on Mr Berry's pages & vice versa. For example, every really funny thing Mr Berry has on his pages this week was originally my idea.

MORE RADIC :: "Who do you know, who do you know, who do you know--that doesn't like Kellogg's Corn Flakes? In the early morn, the whole town wakes, to the crunching of Kellogg's crispy flakes!" And here's one for Los Angeles fans (to the tune of "My Bonnie"): "Good Evening, we are the Whoa-Billers! Of Dear Uncle Whoa-Bill we sing! And Bullock's, the store that is friendly! Come join us, it won't cost a thing!" God, how I love the old songs.

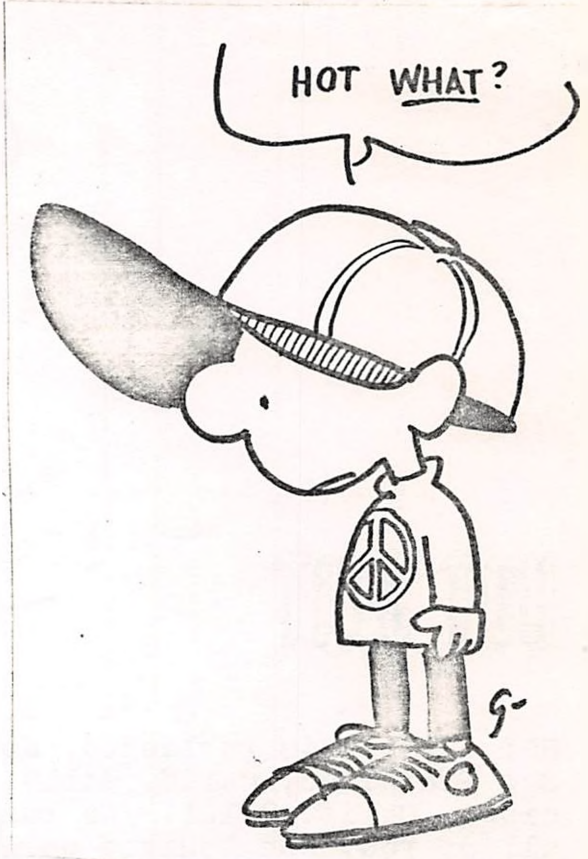
KNIGHT VISIT :: Jerry & Miriam Knight, fresh back from Switzerland, came over to visit Wilma and me the other evening. Jerry is my oldest friend. Why, I've known the dude for nearly fifteen years. He used to publish fanzines. Jerry & Miri brought me a small Whizzer-Wheels model of a Flus-8 Morgan car, knowing that the Morgan is my favorite car and that we used to have one before it got smashed by a drunk. I keep it on a high shelf in my office, and it is a real treat when my son Peter asks, "Calvin, can I please play with your car for a second?" (This evening I heard a thump and a scream from the living room, and ran in to find my smallest son Casson on the floor. Peter said, "He fell off the couch. Oh, oh, you go tell his mother.") THIS WEEK'S EGOBOO: to the Knights.

AVRAM DAVISON WRITES :: "My lan lady called and said, "We are carrying two mortgages and we can't carry you too." I said, "You sound like a hard littel swimming coach." "Get your ass out of there," was her rejoinder.

"Say I am not real happy about yr name of Hot Shit if you really want to know. On 53rd repetition its not so funny as first time. Maybe at age 48 I no longer ereact instan tamatic to sctology=funny haha. Nother words maybe am getting futsy old futs maybe. Only maybe not."

Dear Uncle Avram, when we chose our title we expected a degree of maturity in our readers, only not that much. Also it's better than our original title (sent in by Norman Clarke of Canada), "Sloppy #et Fuck," I think you'll agree.

Mr Berry is sloppy drunk on wine right now, pawing through his fanzine collection & looking for his name. Whoops, he just found it. Not me, I haven't touched a drop since December 31, 1971, at 10:00 p.m. I quit then because I wanted to be straight for Guy Lombardo.



For the second time we are producing HOT SHIT in the presence of a member of the mailing list. This time he is John Smith (certified not a pseudonym). Earlier this evening Mr. Smith and I went out to the Magic Pan, in Ghirardelli Square, to pay a silly amount of money for crêpes and the unceasing smiles of our waiter, who did not seem able to keep a straight face. On the way into the Magic Pan, we passed Bing Crosby's "The San Francisco Experience," which is "35 minutes of San Franciscana." We didn't know what to make of this.

We keep getting complaints that our readers can't tell which of us is writing what. Perhaps we should get "Sesame Street" to do up a little skit that would impress this on your minds. The odd-numbered pages are by Mr. Berry; the even-numbered ones are by Mr. Demmon. I remember when we first started this fanzine and Calvin suggested that we write it all anonymously. I poo-pooed this idea, so we didn't. But now it seems we did after all.

MORE UNBORN EGGS

We've been getting lots of letters, which is nice, but too many of them have been of the "this is just a quick note" variety. We don't mind "quick notes," except that they are seldom followed by "real letters." (There, Greg Shaw, are some quotation marks for you.) Each of you should do your best to write us a "real letter."

JIM BENFORD: "I am in receipt of two issues of a periodical entitled Hot Shit, apparently created by your persons. While the contents of the aforementioned publication do not bear detailed study, its significance cannot be questioned.

Your choice of a two-word title with two vowels out of seven letters is doubtless deliberate. Your choice of 12/6/71 for first publication, precisely 443 days after the title was dropped by the Jefferson Airplane (notorious rock group) is a dead giveaway.

From perusal of this magazines I deduce that the significant third issue will be generated on or about the juncture of years 1971 and 1972. Clearly this is an auspicious event, the scope of which cannot be calculated at this time.

Sirs, I urgently ask you to reconsider your actions."

JOHN SMITH (in person): "Fandom is to the straight world as Tibet is to a young man in Hays, Kansas."

GEORGE CLAYTON JOHNSON: "Constipation is a bummer."

GERRY HARRIS, who has been coming up with and discarding career ideas one after another: "Medecine has been good to me; I can't knock it. My 40 years as poet-doctor of a little coastal town, serving the body of my community and the spirit of my culture has been a deeply satisfying couple of months. Oyster farming and publishing were good, too.

ALICE SANVITO: "You guys can keep your roaches. We got plenty. First you send people all this shit, then you try to seel cock-roaches. Pathetic. Crazy people."

TED WHITE: "Boy am I tired."

Beginning next issue we will give you a free column of Readers' Personals.

TERRY HUGHES :: Terry Hughes has sent us a letter of comment on each issue of HOT SHIT, each one stranger and better than the last. He also sent a letter to Wilma, amazing her briefly. Now he holds the world's record. "Greg Shaw recently sent me a box full of old fanzines, including The Celebrated Flying Frog of Contra Costa County #12. I was thinking I'd sure like you (& John) to re-instate the Newsbreaks idea. Here's something to start off if you want: Terry Hughes went pee-pee five times today."

GALE STILES :: "Glad to hear you've got some fine cockroaches. In the fan-nish spirit, what about a trade--for purebred Balyn waterbugs, organically caught. That is, our cat's afraid of big moving things like ants and roaches and waterbugs, but he does follow them around from a safe distance and thereby points them out to us. We can either kill them before friends arrive or leave them out for 'company.'"

"Don't mention my zine if you please. You'll make me feel quite ill at ease. I call it "Hot Shit," So you won't mention it. If you try you'll throw up on your knees."
--Ray Nelson, Age 40

STRANGE MAIL :: I got a postcard from Berkeley the other day. On the back it said "yes." Then down at the bottom it said "this is a timed examination." I don't know who sent it, but I'm pretty sure I've flunked. Oh, Paul Krassner hasn't sent back his mailing labels yet. On the other hand, Dick Lupoff sent back his labels and I lost them. And my boss finally gave me a raise. The Internal Revenue Service is dunning me for \$2.67 in Telephone Taxes, which I deducted from my phone bill after deciding I didn't like the war any more. I wasn't aware of it, but everybody keeps telling me that it's terrifically hard to Xerox two sides of a page--so this is more Egoboo for our Staff Printing person. "I haven't any boring book titles but how about this headline which appeared in the Finan- PHOSPHATE CONSUMPTION STATIC." (Bob Shaw)



cial Times lately: 'SOUTH KOREAN

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F I R S T C L A S S M A I L

"A JOYFUL CHILDREN'S MUSICAL"--N.Y. Times