

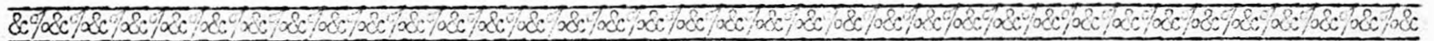
Eagles eat



# HOT SHIT™



New! Bigger! Larger! The tide of American business marches on, and with it HOT SHIT, and the Berry-Demmon Publishing Empire. From our early days as a young, struggling, outspoken newspaper published from a tiny office in the heart of San Francisco's Fillmore District, we have, in only 17 issues, risen to become the imposing publication you see before you now. HOT SHIT is now found on coffeetables and orange crates all across the country (and throughout the British Commonwealth). For all of our grandioseness, we would really like it if you would remember to send back the pretty white mailing labels that we send to you (if we send them to you), and maybe even to send us a few 8¢ stamps; if you're not quite as poor as we are. Despite our extra inches, HS's odd pages are still being written by me, and the even pages are by Calvin. It is early evening here in the Cultural Capital of the Pepsi Generation, on Monday, May 8, 1972. Does anybody still remember the Jack Tar Hotel?



**MAYBE I'M DOING IT WRONG:** The reason for our sudden switch to not-quite-legal-length (measure it and see!) is that the Employing Company of our Staff Printing Person ran out of normal-size xerox paper. Being a Big Company, they couldn't just send a man around the corner to the stationery store and buy some more paper; no, they must Place an Order, which of course means it will take a couple of weeks. But we're not sad. We were looking for some way to fit more into an issue of HOT SHIT anyway, after we both had to condense and cut our stuff last issue to fit it all into four pages, so now we've got all the room we need. More than enough, in fact. Nothing has happened this week and this page is looking awfully long and blank.

**FUNKY DUNG:** Let's open the show tonight with a letter I received yesterday. It was quite a day for mail, since I got two letters of comment, one on HS and one on EGOBOO, neither from anyone to whom I had sent those fanzines. The following letter came from "Mr. Willie Cahill," an inhabitant of what I have so callously called "John Smith's Place" in Menlo Park. Last week, when I was around Palo Alto, I bicycled over to Mr. Smith's residence to deliver his HOT SHIT. I did not fling it all over his front door step. I put it in a conspicuous place inside, since John wasn't around, and the abovementioned Mr. Cahill asked me what the fuck I was doing. (Those were not his words.) "Read this and find out," I said, and I left. You may now see what Shit has done to this man's mind.

"I am a middle aged, middle class, middle american. I am disgusted by your Hot Shit. Why can't you boys be out doing something constructive? My son, Hubert, has a fine job with the Department of Motor Vehicles. And he is only twenty-eight years old. This evening as I sat down to read the latest issue of Reader's Digest, my wife, Mabel, said to me: 'You know, Willie, we've just got enough money saved to buy that new fridge we've been wanting.' That's what life's all about, kids. It's the little things that count. You guys ought to go out and get yourselves a decent job, a regular job. Only last week I overheard the guys down at the cannery, where I work, saying, 'That Willie Cahill's really got it made. He's got a fine home and a respectable family.' You see, kids, respectability is what's important. You can't go on living your life like a bunch of bums.

"Yours, Willie Cahill."

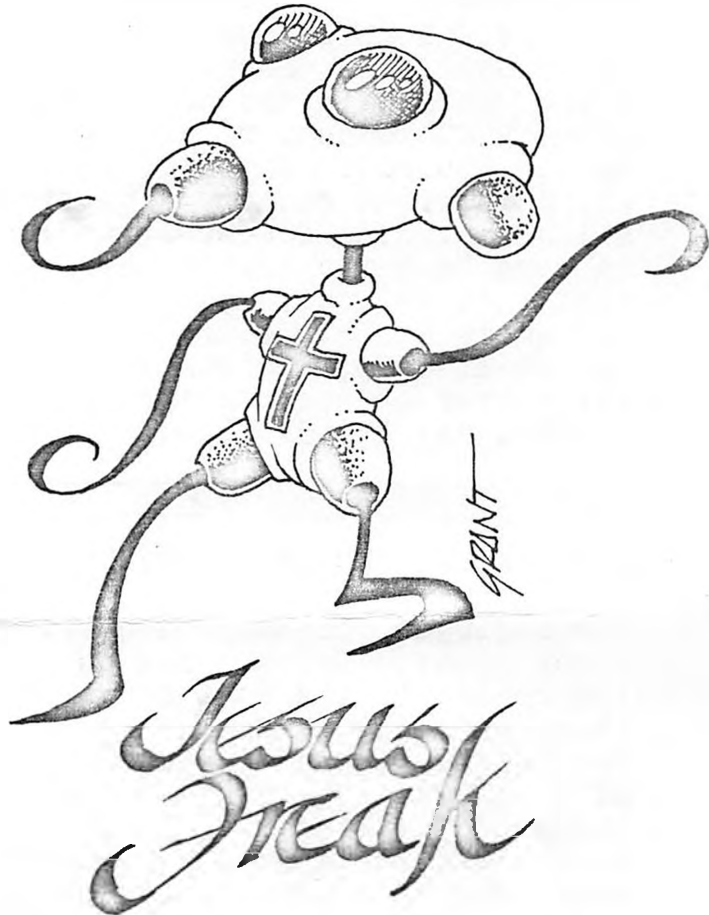
**"EXTRA LONG":** This really is a long mother, isn't it?

ARE YOU NUTS? Do you ever wonder if you're not "completely normal"? Has it ever occurred to you that you might be stone crazy? Thousands of people have gone through life asking themselves these questions--now, you can get the answers you need! This informative book gives you honest, straightforward, easy-to-understand answers to questions like these: What is the difference between paranoia and nymphomania? Do crazy people have "abnormal sex life"? What is the "Terry Hughes syndrome"? How do you get rid of those annoying bats in your belfry? But hurry, supplies are limited. Extra! With each order! A beautiful "certificate," in a "leather-like" presentation case, making you an honorary citizen of the United States!

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**JOB NEWS ::** My boss is a bigot. He makes Archie Bunker look like Eleanor Roosevelt. (They looked a lot alike already.) His bigotry comes to him naturally (as it does to everyone); some of his favorite ethnic jokes, which he tells over & over again, were told to him when he was a child, by his father. The first day I started to work for him he began a diatribe against black people. I knew it was now or never, so I cut him off & told him about Wilma & the kids. He looked like he had just eaten shit--but he has yet to tell another Black Joke in my presence, & I've worked with him for more than a year. That is to say, he's not just a simple bigot. Neither am I. He's a likeable man, & is often unexpectedly nice--as when he gave me a hundred bucks as a Christmas bonus.

Some weeks ago I wrote here that I'd discovered how to deal with him. I made a joke about somebody driving the piledriver across the street up his ass, and it made him laugh. Since then I've polished my technique, and I've got him rolling with laughter in the palm of my hand. I know his secret. He likes Bad Word Humor--& Bad Words can be the easy, slangy names for ethnic groups, or they can be pee-pee-ca-ca words. Two examples: Yesterday he gave me a felt pen, saying he had bought it to mark his tennis hat, but had found it wasn't water-proof. "How'd you find out?" I asked him. "Did you piss on it?" He was still muttering "piss on it" happily to himself ten minutes later. Last week he handed me a note with some stuff written at the bottom in his own private shorthand, which nobody can read but him. I pointed to the middle of the note, picked a squiggle at random, & said, "Hey, you spelled mother-fucker wrong." He laughed so hard, and was so happy, that he let me go home early.



Though I am desperately looking for another job, and I'll take nearly anything that comes along; though his politics (he's somewhat to the right of the decimal place) and his biases make me uncomfortable, still, I like my boss. I'll miss him. It's going to be tough working with anybody else. I'll have to bite my tongue. I hope I have to bite it soon.

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**PERSONALS ::** Gary Deindorfer, come back. We miss you. \*\* Ray Nelson: just send us two pages, ready for Xerox. We'll do the rest. \*\* To the gent who left his mimeo at our last HS party: we cleaned it out and made it into a water bed for the kids. You can come by & bounce on it if you want. \*\* Ted White: just out of curiosity, are you ever going to run that other story of mine you bought? And whatever happened to the third one, which I sent you a couple years ago? Not that there's any big rush. \*\* Les Gerber: Okay, I'll fight you. Remember, though, that since the last time I saw you I have gained control of my body. \*\* And that's **PERSONALS** for this week.

SAN FRANCISCO



**MORE FOR NORM CLARKE ::** Peter goes to a swell Nursery School on Thursday and Friday mornings, where he plays with little boys and girls of all sorts. Casson goes with him sometimes, too. This morning Wilma was getting them both ready. "The big boy's not going to be at nursery school," Peter said. Wilma asked him which big boy he meant. "He has a big face," Peter said, "and he looks like he's shouting like a man."

I wish I could write like that. ]

**MOSTLY FOR THE GOLDSTONES ::** As an endo/ectomorph, with only a slight component of mesomorphy, I find that my biggest problem is lethargy (endomorphie Demmon), & then worrying endlessly about my lethargy (ectomorphing, like Hamlet, "to Demmon or not to Demmon"). I am trying to rearrange myself so that these traits can be minimized. I have cut myself down to one meal a day (I did that successfully for a couple of months some time ago, but then just sort of forgot about it): I have plenty of calories in storage. I have a little bicycle which I ride to work sometimes (across the city in 35 minutes, from the Ocean to the Bay--it is a beautiful ride), to keep my muscles from drying up & falling off, & once in a while I get up in the morning and run around the block. I recently eliminated alcohol entirely from my life, for the second or third time, after realizing for the first time how close I was to becoming a straight-out alcoholic. (Having to excuse myself at work one morning & go in the men's room & throw up put me on the right track--that & a couple of scary incidents with the car, when I had obviously negotiated my way home in it but couldn't remember the route or the circumstances, though could vaguely recall yelling the Jesus Prayer at the top of my lungs as I drove. I finally realized that I had been getting a little bit drunk every day for a number of years.) Yet my capacity for failure & self-delusion remains immeasurably vast. Anybody got any other good ideas how to get your head straight? (I've found that not reading the paper in the morning helps a lot--why sleep all night & wake up with a clean head just to stuff it full of want-ads, war, &--much as I like him--Herb Caen?) I'll let you know my progress, if any, later.

**THIS WEEK'S EGOBOO ::** This week's Egoboo from pages 2 & 4 of HS goes to a local fan, a friend of mine who is directly responsible for the weekly existence of this fanzine, who is good company, whom Grant Canfield once rightly described as being "unlike many other fans, a human being." He's sitting across the room at this moment, on the other side of the slide, typing pages 1 & 3. This week's Egoboo: to John Berry.

Cynthia Goldstone writes, "The other night Lou regaled our baked soy-bean (Florence turns a mean bean) dinner by reading aloud the music critique of Mr. Deindorfer; no wonder, Calvin, that you had rivulets of laughter tears on your pleasant face--the man is wondrous funny!" Harry Warner wrote us a good long letter which is so good & long we are holding it over for next week. John Bangsund of Australia says, "I really appreciate these thoughts and anecdotes of yourself and berrypatetic co-editor. (Bery patetic pun that, wasn't it?)" How do you like our new size? We feel it gives us room to do "full-length" pieces, and we're going to start a number of them any time now. It looks like HS is going to be around for quite a while; send us your waking dreams, yourstamps, your labels, & come & see us on Monday nights (call 387-7985 & ask for "Mr Demmon" just to be sure). We'll do the rest. And remember what President Johnson said to a famous newscaster: Reasoner, let us come together. (I sure hate to end on that note.)

**THERMAL MEADOW PIE** (thank, C. Goldstone)  
c/o Berry, 625 Scott, #607  
San Francisco, CA 94117  
-&- Demmon, 371 - 21st Ave  
San Francisco, CA 94121



# GOP's 'Jesus people'

Thousands of California's "Jesus people" are suddenly registering with the Republican Party, marking what may be the GOP's first serious love affair with a large bloc of young voters.

The Jesus people are rallying to the Republicans because "the Democrats seem to be moving toward legalization of marijuana," and "the conservative Republican viewpoint is closest to the laws of God."

If the belief can be encouraged that GOP means "God's Own Party," the Democrats will be defeated on every level come November. To accomplish this, I suggest the Republicans launch a national newspaper and billboard campaign using the following messages:

- "Moses was a Republican."
- "Billy Graham remembers Agnew in his prayers."
- "The Pope believes in Richard Nixon."
- "If God loves the Democratic Party, why did he make George McGovern?"
- "Martha Mitchell has visions."
- "Lucifer digs Democrats."
- "Henry Kissinger uses dial-a-prayer."
- "Your pastor is Republican."
- "Harry Truman swears."
- "The President sings spirituals in the shower."
- "Like to go to heaven? Vote Republican."
- "If God loves the Democratic Party, why is it broke?"

FANDOM: Lately this magazine hasn't paid that much direct attention to fandom, and sometimes it doesn't really feel as if HOT SHIT is part of fandom, but it really is. We read fanzines and even write for them sometimes, and even though Calvin just dropped out of FAPA, I just got in. I just wrote my last fmz review column for AMAZING; I'm quitting because I get too many fanzines I don't have time to read, and I've run out of things to say. Nothing big and

fiery seems to be going on in fandom right now, but we're happy with it anyway. Some of you publish really nice fanzines. I wonder what happened to FOCAL POINT, though. And I wonder why almost nobody wrote a letter of comment on EGOBOO. Sometimes fandom is more interesting than other times. NEWSFLASH: John Bangsund just wrote and told us that he's working on the next issue of SCYTHROP. That's nice news, since I had just read in Ethel Lindsay's fanzine that SCYTHROP was dead. Hurray for John Bangsund!

Now Dondi, age 7, will reach into our studio mailbag, and....

GREG BENFORD: "Incidentally, anyone wishing a quick degree from the Univ of Calif can send \$1000 right away to me (for costs of handling and postage) and within three weeks they will be full, complete College Graduates, suitable for drafting by our Armed Services.

"Calvin has written the best science fiction story I have ever read about a chicken. I said that before, but you guys didn't print it. Boy, I get 3¢ a word for this stuff on a good day, you know. Watch it."

Anyone wishing to pay Mr. Benford may send 3¢ care of this station.

TERRY HUGHES CONTINUES: "Where I work there are several women who are my bosses and all of them are fine people except for one. Naturally that bitch was made boss over us all. Well, if and when she dumps too much shit on me, I have a plan. You see, I will buy a can of feminine hygiene spray and I'll walk into her office and say, 'You're my boss, Mrs. X, but working with you day after day, I can tell you: you offend.' And slam the can down on her desk, smile, and walk out!

"Around here I've been told that some of the straight joe-college types have a music-to-seduce-by set up with certain records for 'action.' They must need it. Anyhow, one of them asked a friend of mine to set up the records for him while he was doing something, before my friend left the place. Well, he did. He put on 7 albums. Stuff like Nat King Cole, Mantovani, Johnny Mathis, etc. And for #5 he put on Alvin & the Chipmunks! He was never asked to do it again.

"I'm really glad that they fixed your gas stove so that you can fix your own food at home in your spare time. Besides this way if you decide to commit suicide, you won't have to go to a friend's house and run up his gas bill. Did you see Sometimes A Great Notion? In it they had this one part where the Ken Kesey figure told how he had turned the gas on and shut the windows and everything in his room and lay there for a while when he decided to smoke one last joint. So he lit up and was blown out through a window. That really sounds like what I'd do."

DING, DONG: End of the page. I'll get used to this someday. Calvin just told me that when he was kid, he used to go to church and drink consecrated Howdy Doody grape juice. Jesus Christ!