

HOTCHA, the fanzine that falls like manna from heaven. This is it, right here, don't go looking anyplace else. Just thought we'd drop in for a visit. We are, as usual, Calvin Demmon (371 21st Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94121) and John D. Berry (625 Scott, #607, San Francisco, Calif. 94117). I'll bet we could say anything in those parentheses that contain the addresses, and you'd never notice. Except Terry Hughes. He'd notice. Well, this time I'm going to remember to tell you that the heading illo is by Joe Staton, just like last issue's. This is Deimos Publication #61, I guess, and today is Feb. 14, 1972.

We guarantee no duplication of material!

This issue we've run into a logistical problem. After all our talk last issue about moving HOT SHIT night from Monday to Tuesday, we discovered that Tuesday night is when Calvin goes off to CCSF to find new ways to get Smartened Up. On these nights he finds out about all the Wonders of Science that they've thought up since he danced out of school with a twinkling smile and an MA in English. So Tuesday night isn't a good one for coming over and drinking a couple of beers and batting out half of a four-page weekly fanzine. The only other free night is Monday, which in fact this is, but unfortunately Wilma is sick, so Calvin has given up fandom for tonight. This will be another remote control issue, it seems, even though we're both in the same city and all. Calvin has a much greater capacity to be busy than I've ever dreamed of, but I hope we can squeeze this fanzine out in the weeks to come. Why, only last week Calvin was saying to me, "I could keep this up forever!" He was doing nothing at the time.

Somebody doesn't like us, though, I guess. While I was down in Palo Alto for a few days, somebody set a fire in the basement of my building. I don't know if there were headlines in the paper about this, as there were last week about "Fillmore Arsenal Raided" right in my district, but the manager's assistant here said that the fire was definitely arson. "Probably somebody didn't like me or the manager, or the landlord," he said. "Maybe it was somebody who got evicted." He seemed fairly blasé about it, but then he always does. Nobody got hurt, and the damage was all to the garage floor, but there isn't any gas and the telephone doesn't work. All this is supposed to be fixed in a day or two. For hours after the fire, there wasn't any electricity either. I'm just as glad I was down in the smoggy South Bay area at the time.

The elevator still smells of smoke. How about you; had any good fires lately?

SWEAT :: This issue of HS is being produced under the worst possible conditions. Mr Berry's apartment building caught on fire, as I'm sure he's mentioned in his pages. Wilma and the kids have been sick. I'm starting classes this week, & Wilma's classes continue. Wilma and I have an interview coming up tomorrow night with some gov't people who might help us get a house (Mr Nixon is flooding California with gov't dollars to keep Mr Reagan happy & quiet--maybe we'll get some of them). My pages are being done in a frenzy between work & school--& Mr Berry is writing his in the charred ruins of his apartment.

Can we keep it up? Only with Jesus' help.

MARLOWE (Cont.) I read someplace recently that Elliot Gould will play Philip Marlowe in a movie soon. That's like hiring Pinky Lee to play Sherlock Holmes; like getting Sandy Duncan to do Miss Marple; like Twiggy as Nero Wolfe. It's like getting Dean Martin to play Matt Helm.

I'm nearly through the Marlowe books now, though Grant Canfield tells me Ballantine just released another novel & a collection of short stories. Marlowe is older now, past his prime, & Los Angeles has changed too from the L.A. of the first book. Still I like Philip Marlowe (and crime) better than anybody else. Grant Canfield says if I like Marlowe I'll love what's his name, Lew Archer, the Ross MacDonald dick, but I read one of those once & didn't like it too much, but Grant says try it, you'll like it. I'm almost afraid I will--reading all this Raymond Chandler has been an energy drain, and I've started using only wooden matches (lighting them on my thumbnail), and my plans for giving up drink have been utterly ruined because Marlowe keeps a bottle in his desk drawer & everywhere else. I identify too much, that's the problem; I ought to read something which will help me in my business career instead of turning me into a creepy drunk with a thing for wooden matches. Anybody got a copy of Mr Nixon's My Six Crises that I can borrow?

SMART KID STUFF :: Casson, my 1-1/2 year old, said his first sentence this morning. We got some fresh tasty organic dates from the Food Conspiracy, & Casson learned how to say "date" in a hurry. This morning I gave him a date (as a bribe) and he ate it & looked me in the eye & said "More date." It's not a very long sentence--not a sentence at all if you want to get technical--but it's got a subject & a modifier & I think it's great.

Next I'm going to try to convince him to stop calling me "mommy."

TAKING THE FIFTH :: Wilma & I celebrated our 5th anniversary the other evening. We drank some champagne & watched "The Odd Couple" on tv. It just occurred to me that many people on our HS mailing list were at our wedding. Five years ago. Didn't think it would last, did you?

LETTERS :: Cynthia Goldstone sent in a quotation from Dorothy Sayers' introduction to The Omnibus of Crime, about a detective named Prince Zaleski, who solves the crime while sitting on his couch smoking pot. Maybe I'll get into Prince Zaleski next--no, I'm too impressionable & besides dope is very hard to get nowadays. Gary Deindorfer may do a flyer for inclusion with HS soon; he writes, "HOT SHIT is a gas and a great thing to receive in the mail once a week. It really brings back Old Times to see names like Norm Clarke, Greg Benford, Boyd Raeburn, Avram Davidson and the like in your pages." And Gary Deindorfer, too.

THE NEWS OF THE WEEK IN REVIEW

Most of the time since our last issue was taken up by my having a whopping cold. (At least my time was taken up that way; I don't own time, and I'm sure that you spent your time doing something much more worthwhile.) However, in that time I also managed to stuff a few other, more interesting events. Despite unprecedented smog that made my nose run and my eyes water (helped along by my cold, of course), I enjoyed several days of warmth and sunlight here in sunny California, while the rest of the nation was experiencing Winter. The nicest things in the week were visiting Mailing List members at Stanford, going deep into the heart of the South Bay Friday night to visit Felice Rolfe and Blake Mazam (even though I could do little but sniffle by that time), coming back to find madcap party in Grove House at Stanford (where I watched Mailing List Eavesdropper Tom Allen being wildly drunk and enjoying every second of it), seeing CITIZEN KANE at last, and finally driving with John Smith and José Luis Cerda up to the top of Mt. Diablo, over in Contra Costa County. I dig going up mountains. Oh, I'm forgetting things. Sunday morning, before setting out for Mt. Diablo, I did some Honest Work for the first time in ages, helping to prune a lot of vines and shrubbery around the house John lives in in Menlo Park, and it was all refreshing and a lot of fun. And long before any of this stuff in Palo Alto and environs, Wednesday night in fact, I received a phone call from our reader in El Paso, Cindy Weber, who is coming to San Francisco next week. Cindy assured me that HOT SHIT was bringing culture and the light of civilization to the Southwest. I'll keep this in mind in case we ever need an example of Redeeming Social Value.

* * *

We keep getting letters, and nothing moves us more than getting egoboo in the mail. We've got Nice Readers. Here's some more of what the Nice Readers say:

ALICE SANVITO: "The radio was just hovering between two stations. On one, a woman was singing 'I wish that love would take me away,' and on the other, a man was saying 'I think he will, I think he will.'"

"How can Harry Warner write a two-page letter to a four-page fanzine? He doesn't write twelve-page letters to twenty-four-page fanzines, I hope. Sometimes I believe that Harry Warner is a myth."

CHRIS COUCH wrote on a piece of toilet paper: "Well, there's a lot of room left on this roll, but I don't want this letter to go on forever. Feel free to use it if things get messy while publishing. I guess I'll tear off here."

TERRY HUGHES gives egoboo: "Jay Kinney did a fabulous logo for you this time. He is so good! And, John, I know what you look like so I was glad to get to see a drawing of what Calvin looks like." Terry also sent us a postcard full of o's.

HARRY WARNER, in another two-page letter: "It was good to see the brief personal mention of the Knights. It's funny how memory functions. I can't remember most of the important things that I should know about fandom of the late 1950's and early 1960's but a little piece by Miriam about how she hit her head on a kitchen cabinet and got sick and didn't get proper respect from a physician or nurse pops into recollection every time I bump my head or run across the name in a fanzine."

It seems I didn't remember to mention above that this is HOT SHIT #10.

ARTWORK :: Grant Canfield gave us a couple more lovely illustrations to use in this issue, but we are doing this at work & forgot to bring them with us. The Artwork not included in this issue, then, is by Grant Canfield.

WAR STORIES :: Our downstairs neighbor's son just got back from Vietnam. He hangs around in the back yard a lot. We rented the back yard, & he's really not supposed to hang around down there, but he's a Veteran. The other evening I met him for the first time, when I took out the trash. It was dark at night, & he was just hanging around down there. He seemed pleasant enough. The next day Wilma saw him hanging around down there. "Say," he said to her, "your husband's really old, isn't he?"

I suppose he's never seen a 29-year-old before. What I want to know is, where's the V.C. now that I really need them?

Here I am trying stupidly to think of something bright to say to redeem this magazine. Maybe a quote from a Philip Marlowe novel? Nah, everybody else read them years ago; I'm late again. I've got just five minutes to get out of here and jump on the trolley and make it over to City College. Well, there's the tunnel to look forward to. The K car goes through the only trolley tunnel I know of in the Bay Area--the only one in California I think. For about two or three minutes it's like being in the subway in New York. There are two, three tiled stations with stairs leading up to the surface. Other trolleys flash and flicker as they pass, going the other way. It's so much like New York you expect to get mugged.. But that's San Francisco.

Twenty minutes late to class. I'm easily the oldest one in the class--older than the teacher, who can't be more than 26. Last time I was in a class I was up in front, teaching. What a strange feeling to be an undergraduate again. I feel old. I used to think I would never be an Adult. Never felt much like an adult, up until this year. I think tonight cinched it: I'm an Adult. Well, it took long enough, but I can't say it's been particularly awful. Some people manage to hang on as adults for 20 or 30 years, I'm told. The reason I felt so old at school had a lot to do with the way the students acted. I've only been on the City College campus once before, but I was asked directions at least a dozen times--and I was singled out of groups, as being the one who might know. One girl asked me if I was an instructor.

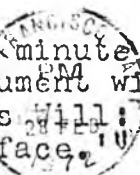
On the other hand, some people drop dead the minute they hit thirty. I've got six good months left. "After an argument with Sam Harris, George S. Kaufman added the following codicil to his will: 'I desire that I be cremated and my ashes thrown in Sam Harris' face.'"

VEGETABLE FUN

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

-&-

John Berry
625 Scott, #607
San Francisco, CA. 94117



Richard Ellington
6448 Irwin Court
Oakland, CA 94609

"Don't let its nice
lemony smell fool you!"

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