



HOT SHIT

H. SHIT, Esq. #11, also known as "My Weekly Reader of Hot Shit," comes tripping and caroling its merry way to you, right from the fingertips of The Editors, Calvin Demmon, 371 21st Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94121, and John D. Berry, 625 Scott, #607, San Francisco, Calif. 94117. This week we're writing this at Calvin's Place (an obscure pool hall & beer joint in the heart of the Barbary Coast), on Wed., Feb. 23, 1972.

RADIO NEWS: On the radio recently, in between ads for "feminine hygiene" devices and for Brylcreem shampoo ("Son, you keep washing every day, you're gonna delapidate your hair!"), one of the Disc Jockeys read a quote from a famous Chain Letter of years gone by. It went something like this: "The Post Office has outlawed chain letters, but this chain letter is not illegal, because it does not involve money. Instead of money, you send your wife to the person whose name is at the top of the list, and add the names of five other people who will cooperate. When your name reaches the top of the list, you will receive 3,246 wives, which ought to be enough to last anyone a lifetime. Do not break the chain! The last person who broke the chain got his own wife back."

RADIO NEWS II: I just heard Richard Nixon, via the electronic wonder of radio, quote Mao Tse-tung in saying, "Seize the day!" Wow!

The other day my old friend Frank Plumley called from Champaign, Illinois. "I'm calling because I can't afford an 8-cent stamp," he said. We then talked for an hour.

AMAZING! In another exciting transcontinental telephone call, I spoke with Ted White last week. (I agreed to send him my column if he'd send me his.) Ted told me that the new AMAZING has Day-Glo colors in its cover. "Put it under ultraviolet light," he told me, "and look at it." I suggested that he put AMAZING in hippie poster shops, where you could get the full effect. I guess this answers all those people who wondered how Ted White would improve AMAZING and FANTASTIC next.

GRANIA DAVIS'S LETTER :: "You would probably be shocked to hear that me, with a new baby and all, has been getting some reall nasty stuff in the mail with all kinds of dirty words like s--t. I think it's some kind of advertising brochure where, if you send in the mailing coupons, you get a whole years supply. But mine didn't have no mailing coupons, & it didn't say a years supply of what? Also, I got a whole bunch of them at one time from way back, talking about Xmas & New Years & stuff, which shows how slow the new, socialized mail service is. There was some clean, family stuff in it, but too much violence, like the part where the man shoves the construction drill up his boss's a-s. Anyhow I think it's a sign of our decaying society that it's allowed in the mails, and I just wanted to warn you. Grania. P.S. My first story has been published & we're going to Japan--whee!"

GENERATION GAP HUMOR :: The background for this takes so much explaining I wonder if it's worth it. I rent a small, tucked-away office in the same building where my boss has his office. I go to my office during my lunch hour and read & write & sleep & do homework. My office has a desk, two chairs, a typewriter, and a filing cabinet. It costs me \$12.00 a month, though it's supposed to be \$35.00, & I only got it cheap by promising to vacate on a minute's notice if anyone else wanted it. In nearly a year, nobody else has wanted it. (I like my office. I keep hoping the door will open & a client will step in, drop a gun on my desk--I'll sniff it & note it's been fired recently--and ask me to find her brother.) Next to my office, on the other side of the wall, is the office of an elderly gentleman who is in Advertising. I can overhear his side of all his phone conversations, because he shouts. I have seen him in the hall. He is fat, florid-faced, and possibly deaf. I know he has cataracts on his eyes because I've heard him talking to his doctor about them.

This afternoon I was in my office reading (The Little Sister, by Raymond Chandler) & I heard his side of a telephone conversation, part of which included a joke. This was the joke: "A fellow, travelling on business, goes into a bar, sits down, and orders a drink. He's sitting there sipping his drink and he notices down at the other end of the bar a terrible-looking hippy, with long hair, and the hair standing straight out. The hippy notices him staring and says, "What the hell are you staring at?" The fellow says, 'Well, a number of years ago I was arrested on a morals charge in this town for fucking a buffalo, and I just wondered if you might be my son.'"

I almost cried. The ppor man didn't even recognize his own son.

ERRATA (TAT TAT) :: And now it's time to clear up some of the persistent errors in recent issues of HS. First, the title of John D. MacDonald's new Travis McGee novel is "A Tan and Sandy Silence," not "A Tan and Deadly Silence" as we reported (though we covered ourselves on that & used "ouasi-quotes" just in case). (Here's an opportunity for us to suggest some more titles for Mr MacDonald to use in this series, where all the titles contain death, sex, or violence, & the name of a color. "The Puce Casket with the Girl's Legs Sticking Out." "The Girl with Savagely Torn Heliotrope Underwear." "The Blackened, Twisted, Neurotic Girl's Body." "The Frightened Girl With Silver Caps On Her Teeth Who Bit Me." I guess that's enough.) Then, Grant Canfield writes (though he could as easily tell us in person) to correct an error: "...It appears I'm responsible for a gross factual error in the otherwise totally accurate pages of HOT SHIT.... Ballantine has released 2 more Chandler books, as I told you, but they are not a collection of short stories and a novel. Rather, they are 2 books of short stories, both taken from Chandler's single hardcover collection, 1950;...hope this sets the record straight." Well, Grant, Pablo Picasso once said "Art is not the truth; it is the lie that makes us see the truth." (continued on p. 4)

Good morning, Mr! Sunshine!

"SORRY, CALVIN, I CAN'T DO HOT SHIT TONIGHT," I said to my co-editor Monday evening. "Got a date." "Well, that's a good reason," he said, or words to that effect. So this issue is being done on an unprecedented Wednesday night. "I'll write some great stuff, though," I told Calvin. "No more crummy 'North Beach Nights.'" Well, those of you who are about to rise and protest that this is your favorite section of HOT RUM TODDY and that you're canceling your subscription forthwith, you can relax; it turned into a "North Beach Night" anyway. Most things do, in this city.

The motive for this installment of our continuing series was the arrival of the Beautiful & Dynamic Cindy Weber, star of screen, paper airplane, and television. It was her first time back in San Francisco in almost a year, and quite a change from her Simple Student Days: her way is paid by the tv station she works for in El Paso, Texas, and she's staying in a hotel near Fisherman's Wharf and has an Expense Account. How 'bout that? She was as excited as a child about being back in SF, so we rode cable cars and drank Guinness at the Old Spaghetti Factory and dug the city, before going to see Ken Russell's THE BOYFRIEND. "If I see that, I'll have seen all of Ken Russell's films," Cindy told me. Russell was also the producer/director of THE DEVILS, and two more unlike pictures I've never seen. The radio ads for THE BOYFRIEND have been saying, "All across the country, the critics have fallen in love with Twiggy." That may sound pretty unlikely, but the film does reveal, remarkably enough, that Twiggy is both a good dancer and a good actress. I've been searching for an adjective to describe the film ever since I walked into the theatre; none seem to fit. It seems slightly grotesque, only it's nicely grotesque, exaggerated but exquisitely done. It's a musical, and it's about a musical--basically a cheap musical in a second-rate theatre, with sub-plots and intrigues among the cast, but then there's also the Really Big Musical--the excursions into surrealism that mark what the cut-rate musical could have been like--and this is marvelously lavish. It's a good film.

Oh the way home I got to ride a cable car in the rain. Whee!

Well, that's San Francisco.

John Smith and I went over to Berkeley the other night, and on our way back we indulged a long-suppressed impulse and got off the Bay Bridge at the exit for Treasure Island and Buena Vista Island. We found numerous signs that said, "US Navy Property, NO TRESPASSING," so we very nervously drove around some strange roads trying to find the freeway entrance again. The US Navy has a fine view of San Francisco. They did not shoot us down or mistake us for a Chinese submarine. We never did figure out which island we were on.

...And over there, Eric Clapton on ukelele....

EDB

A NEWSBREAK FOR TERRY HUGHES: Friday afternoon I had scrambled eggs for lunch. :: This is significant because they finally fixed my gas stove after the fire and those eggs were the first food I'd been able to cook in a week.



(When we left off, Picasso was talking. I forget why, except that Mr Canfield is an artist too--on this page & on p. 1.) We were correcting errors. No sooner had I written my well-informed statement last issue that the Twin Peaks Trolley Tunnel was the only Trolley Tunnel in California, than Mr Berry jumped out of his chair & got out a map & showed me that there's another trolley tunnel in California. It's in San Francisco. The map was in the S.F. phone book. Finally, and most embarrassing of all, the letter we quoted last issue from Cynthia Goldstone was from Lou Goldstone. The Goldstones were over at our apartment last week, & Lou asked me if I got his letter. I did, but I've never had a letter from Lou before, & it was typewritten, and I don't think I ought to be blamed for assuming it was from Cynthia just because I misread the pathetically scrawled signature at the bottom. I'm very tired now of correcting errors. In order to simplify things I have decided to allow no more error in these pages, starting with the next issue.

MY FANNISH BELIEFS :: I believe that Walter Breen is a tortured genius. I believe that F. T. Laney scored with lots of women. I believe that fans have "something in common." I believe that wherever I go in the world I will always have a welcome, because I am a fan. I believe that FAPA was once the place to be, but that it has fallen victim to the times. I believe that in fifty years everyone in fandom will be famous & there will be college courses in "fanzine appreciation." I believe that the hand that cranks the mimeo rules the world. I believe that many of today's fans will be tomorrow's pros; conversely, I believe that Harlan Ellison, Ray Bradbury, Rog Ebert, Dave Van Ronk, Avram Davidson, and Ted White used to publish fanzines. I believe that Henry Kissinger is a spy for the krauts.

ELEVEN ISSUES :: That's all the Hot Shit I can handle. Wilma goes to classes two nights a week; I go two other nights a week. I'm working six days. We have two children. The oil needs changing in the car. Besides, we want to give Terry Hughes a rest. Thank you for sending in your labels and writing all those letters. Maybe we'll do it again some time. Otherwise, that flushing sound you hear is Hot Shit, going down the drain.

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