

WOW!
IT'S GETTING
DEEP!

-HOT SHIT-

All singing! All dancing! This is HOT SHIT #16, your weekly comic strip in words from Calvin Demmon and John D. Berry, distributed by mail to the Flower of Fandom and by hand to a small group of puzzled people in and around Stanford University. Tonight is May Day, the first day of "The Rusty Month of May," in jolly old San Francisco. This is our special "Sixteen Candles" issue, which you get free for being on our Nice Mailing List. Price slightly higher in New Jersey.



WORD SALAD: As my great horde of unearned dollars has dwindled to a handful of small change, I've started looking for Gainful Employ. Preferably employ that will not drive me out of my mind. The day after we did the last HOT SHIT, I carried my search for Money to the shores of Berkeley, where I was going to look for a job in a bookstore or with some small publisher or a connected enterprise like Book People. It didn't work out as planned, though. I asked the man behind the counter at Shakespeare & Co., one of the innumerable bookstores on Telegraph Ave., if there were any jobs open there. No, he said. Where else might there be an opening? He didn't know, but it had taken him five years to find this job. Well, so much for a job in a Berkeley bookstore.

It took me most of the afternoon to work my way up Telegraph from Dwight Way to the UC campus. It's only a matter of a few short blocks, but they are blocks dense with all manner of interesting places to be. In Moe's Books I discovered a book of poetry by someone named Gail Dusenbery (whose name is only one letter removed from the name of the street I grew up on), which roused the sudden inspiration in me to write poetry of my own. This is a rare enough impulse that I dashed across the street to the Mediterranean Caff , bought a cup of the cheapest coffee they had (which turned out to be tres shitty), took a table on the indoor balcony, and began to write. The words flowed. I completed 1 1/2 poems, and I filled my body with caffeine. The coffee was still running electric fire through my veins as I left the caf  and went on to another bookstore, the Sham-bala. This is a quiet, cozy place full of books to feed your head with, a lot of oriental philosophy and so forth. My eye lighted on a copy of The Portable Jung, and I picked it up and started reading. As I read I got more and more excited; this man's mind ran in a lot of brilliant directions that I'm interested in right now. I read the whole first essay in the book before putting it down and moving on.

"Terry Hughes is everywhere." -- Cathy Canfield

Last week after doing our 15th issue we realized we had published 60 pages of our own and four pages of other people's stuff. Grant Canfield looked at our #15, laughed at Peter's joke, politely yawned his way through the rest of my two pages, & said, "The 15th issue of any fanzine is always the worst." I have grown to love HS. But for the past months I seem to have got myself locked into a kind of writing style that I don't admire. It's formula writing (my secret formula), where you take a seemingly mundane beginning, work it over a little bit, make it sweat a little & wish it had taken an alternate route, throw in some hilarious asides (in this space), then end it up with a nice little twist. What's more, I keep going over the same ground; while John has new adventures at night in North Beach and in Palo Alto, I keep writing about my boss, my kids, and the federal govt seizing \$2.73 from my bank account. In TV Guide this week an ex-president of ABC says the hardest lesson he learned was "don't imitate yourself." I think I'm too old to do a weekly fanzine--things just don't happen to me every week any more. Sometimes two or three weeks go by before the government seizes my bank account. Peter says funny things a lot, but the bulk of his conversation is on the order of, "See, this is a taxi car. It has no driver. This wheel is broken. The towcar is pulling the taxi car. It goes really fast -- CASSON TOOK MY TAXI CAR!" A little of that goes a long way. So a couple of weeks ago I devoted all of my space to humorous remarks from our readers, but John berated me because he had to do his pages himself. (The funny thing about Mr Berry's so-called "realistic" writing is that it is entirely false. In reality he lives in the back seat of a VW convertible with nine other "very hep beatniks," and subsists entirely off the money he makes at noontime in the Financial District doing his famous "Naked Worm Dance.") That's why my pages this issue center on the more serious aspects of life and my feelings about the meaning of it all. (Or, as Death said, "You keep the questions & answers--I've got Gertrude Stein.")

WAKING DREAM NOTES :: When I scribbled these down they seemed pretty important. Now--well, you be the judge! (1) There was a time not too long ago when I couldn't get along without thumb tacks. Now I don't even know what they look like. (2) Everyone is so paranoid around here I'm sure my life is in danger.

DICK LUPOFF'S PARAGRAPH :: "Two years ago I quit my job writing technical films in order to sit home and write books but that's kind of () work so between books I run around playing journalist and yesterday I did an interview with four members of a Fairly Important Rock and Roll Band which was fun but I now have 90 minutes of taped interview to transcribe which is a Drag so this morning I weeded the lawn to keep from transcribing the tape and this afternoon I read your fanzine and now I'm writing you a poc (ahahaha!) but I'm starting to run out of space and then I guess I'll have to start working. Foey! One hears lots of music in this life, gets many free records, invitations to parties &c, lots of free coffee, wine, coke, potato chips (and one day I met Goldie Hawn!) but there is devilish little money in the racket. Maybe I should try writing technical films. No."

HS PARTIES :: [We have had several visitors to our Monday night HS parties. We currently meet every Monday night at 8:00 at Mr Demmon's house. Any fan is welcome to drop in; this is Mr Demmon's only free night anyway, so he might as well live it up. It's not very exciting sitting around watching John & me type, but you will have the sense of being a witness to history. Also some cheap wine. And at that time Mr Berry & I will be glad to give you metaphysical advice. Or you can tiptoe up to the kids' bedroom door & listen to their amusing snores, & you can pet our cat & attempt to reason with her. (Wilma goes to school on Monday nights, but if you hang around long enough she will come home, give you a warm smile, & toss you out on your ear.) & we're saving up for a Whoopee Cushion.]

SALAD DAZE: In Discount Records, where I was standing around reading the notes and notices tacked to the wall, the guy behind the counter gave me a free copy of CREAM, with Greg Shaw's regular column and its Jay Kinney heading. For a while I sat in the late afternoon sun on the campus, watching people pass and listening to a girl sing and play guitar. I spent practically my last money to eat a lovely Indian meal at my favorite cheap restaurant in the Bay Area, Moti Mahal. (Thanks to Terry & Carol Carr for turning me on to it!) As I was leaving exotic Berkeley, walking down to University Ave. to hitch a ride back across the Bay, I passed an athletic field in which a small bunch of men in Army fatigues were carrying on some kind of drill. They must have been in Army ROTC at UC. "HAH! HAH! HAH!" they'd yell, kicking their legs and jerking their arms in unison. I shrugged, chuckled to myself, and walked on. A little farther down the road, I found a sticker on a telephone pole that said, "DEMONSTRATE TO END THE WAR IN LOS ANGELES." The world just won't let me keep a straight face.

HIGH TIME: You'll all be happy to know that last week was Weed Week in San Francisco. You're supposed to put your name on the California Marijuana Initiative, so it'll get on the ballot. CMI would "decriminalize" possession of dope, although it would still be illegal to sell the stuff. I guess there'll be a lot of barter. Anyway, in honor of Weed Week, KSAN has been playing little dope jingles and bits all week. My favorite is the one that says, "It's time for another Boston Tea Party!"

MAMA TOLD ME NOT TO COME: Last week saw me selling old books on the grass in White Plaza at Stanford, too. It's a living. (I made \$3.10, which more than doubled my effective capital.) I went to Palo Alto to look for a job, but instead I sat up with John Smith through his entire midnight-to-7 a.m. radio show on KZSU Thursday morning, slept a couple of hours, and sat around White Plaza again trying to sell more books. (Nobody wanted more books.) Thursday night I attended a surprise birthday party for Tim White, also held at John Smith's Place. (It is many other people's Place too, but for the purposes of this fanzine it belongs to Mr. Smith.) There was all the wine, beer, and dope you need, and a lot more. I remember carrying on a very funny conversation with Sandi Donnell, although I remember nothing of what we were talking about. I hope she was half as drunk as I was. Just about half. I also saw part of the "Best from the New York Erotic Film Festival," and I heard the Stanford Studio Band play a lot of fake jazz before I went back to San Francisco.

"KISS YOUR PASSION FLOWER GOODBYE."

MIKE GLICKSOHN WRITES: "Gee, a flier with Hot Shit. Next we'll be seeing ads for conventions and fliers from book publishers, I guess. Is it true that LOCUS started out this way?" No.

SUSAN GLICKSOHN SEZ: "Calvin's kids sound interesting, which is more than I can say of most adults."

TERRY HUGHES: "North Beach sounds like a very strange area. But I hope you continue to go there since you write some fine bits about it. Gee I never had a girl drop a quarter down my boot. I did have a chick at work drop some jello down my pants though. I didn't know what it was since my back was turned. I fished it out quick enough."

We have many more like this, but they'll have to wait for Next Time.

-4-

VEILED THREATS, MAN : This is not a serious fanzine. No attempt is made
WAS NOT MEANT TO KNOW :: to deal rationally with the criminal elements which
are even at this moment ripping-off the foundations
of our society and carrying them out to a hideous burial at sea. Nor do we
wish to offend God by hashing over our cosmic experiences again. We just
want to have some good clean fun & get a little bit of egoboo for it--not
more than is our just reward. Nor do we ask any money for our fanzine.
ALL WE NEED ARE SOME FUCKING 8¢ STAMPS!

San Franciscan Wins Kurt H. Adler Award

Calvin Demmon, pianist and opera coach, has been awarded the third Kurt Herbert Adler Award, which includes a \$1250 prize toward further study in opera in either Europe or the United States.

Demmon was born in San Francisco and sang with the San Francisco Opera as part of the San Francisco Boys Chorus. He was made pianist and conductor of the chorus by age 11, before going to the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

The 21-year-old pianist is in his fourth year there,

studying piano with Rudolf Serkin and conducting with Max Rudolf.

Last summer, he joined the staff of the Merola Opera Program, playing for Adler's master classes and for the rehearsals of Mozart's "Don Giovanni."

"I am extremely impressed with Cal," said Adler in announcing the award. "He will be joining our staff as an assistant conductor with the Merola Program, the San Francisco Fall season and Spring Opera. His artistry and professionalism are rare qualities that I expect this award to help."

collecting them for several weeks, & I believe I now have the complete set: numbers 1006 to 1015. Number 1010 eluded me for a long time; since I first spotted it I have seen it dozens of times, tho. & number 1013 was another real prize. Well, as my mother-in-law says, nobody's crazy all day.

CANFIELD EGOBOO :: I don't think anyone besides John and me realizes how much HS owes to Grant & Cathy Canfield. They are often in on our little HS parties, & we see them nearly every week; in addition they have given us illustrations, fed Mr Berry & me, turned us on, and tolerated us both in states ranging from bored sobriety to drunken sobriety. And all this for only a small fee. This week's egoboo: to the Canfields.

HONKY DOG

c/o Berry, 625 Scott, #607
San Francisco, CA 94117

-&-

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

Clayton ("a very peculiar man") was offered a bonus to get on with it, and this he interpreted as a bribe. "I've been betrayed and so have you," he told Houseman. "You know I'm an ex-alcoholic. I've kicked off drinking completely. I can finish the screenplay drunk but not sober."

He wrote a list of demands, which included three limousines at his disposal and secretaries at all hours. He swore he would limit himself to three double martinis a day. "For two weeks he was drunk," recalled Houseman. "However, the feeling, the dictated screenplay was not finished. But at the end, he was totally ill."

FARES, PLEASE :: I don't know how many vehicles there are in the San Francisco Municipal Railway. I do know that there are 2 kinds of cable cars, at least four kinds of busses, two or three kinds of trolley busses, and about three kinds of trolley cars. Some of the trolley cars are unique. They have doors on both sides of the car, tho the doors on the left side are now welded shut. They have controls at both ends of the car, tho the controls at the back end are now essentially inoperative. Best of all, they have the kind of seats that the motorman used to reverse as he walked from one end of the car to the other at the end of the line, flipping the seat backs over so that the seats faced in the opposite direction & the car didn't have to turn around. The seats are all welded in one direction now. During the evening rush hour, they still run these double-ended trolley cars, & I can see them from my window at work. I've been

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