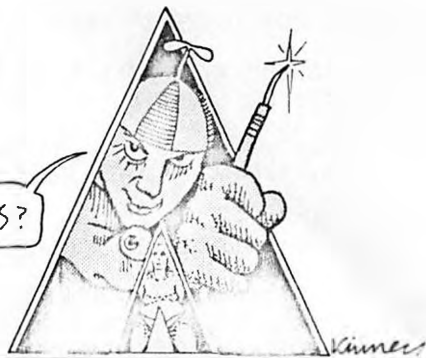


STANLEY ELLINGTON'S
HOT SHIT



READY FOR A BIT OF THE OLD ULTRA-FANNISHNESS?

STARRING Calvin Demmon • John D. Berry
NOW APPEARING IN SELECT MAILBOXES...

THIS HEADING PRODUCED BY KINNEY LEISURE SERVICES, INC.

HOT SHIT #20 opens with Terry Carr (to my right) reading dramatically from my coeditor's pages last issue. Now we go on to our live show. This is the last issue of HOT SHIT, which has been brought to you for the last six months by John D. Berry and Calvin Demmon. Mr. Demmon's address will appear on the back cover, but mine appears only here; from now on, mail for me should be sent to 35 Dusenberry Rd., Bronxville, New York 10708. Tonight is May 29, 1972, and the house is full of fans. Terry & Carol Carr, Pat Ellington, Buz & Elinor Busby, Bob & Barbara Silverberg, Robt. & Denise Lichtman & son Benjamin, Gary Deindorfer, Calvin & me. Phew! Also some "dope." Roach Press Publication #72.

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SO LONG DAD: Do you realize that we've been doing HOT SHIT for six months? That's long enough. As if to support this theory, I'm giving up my apartment and leaving San Francisco. Already I've skipped the country once while we were publishing this thing; now I'm back. Our East Coast readers may discover me on their doorsteps early next month, and perhaps on the way I'll be able to stop off and tell Terry Hughes what I think of his letters. Publishing HOT SHIT has been more fun than a barrel of monkeys, if you can believe that. The best part of it all has been getting to read Calvin's pages. No, that's not true; the best part has been every Monday night when Calvin & I would get together to talk and do this and then go over to the Canfields. On Monday nights I really feel as if San Francisco is an exciting place full of good people. This fanzine has spanned a whole section of my life, and lots of things have changed since we started. When I go down to Palo Alto now I don't feel nervous if exam week approaches. It doesn't feel as though I just left Stanford, either. Calvin & I are both blasé about the Jack Tar Hotel. Some things haven't changed, though. I still like the view from my big window. I'm still an unemployed would-be writer and an ex-student. I have learned all about Terry Hughes, and I've made "North Beach Nights" a standing joke. This fanzine is the only significant thing I've accomplished in the past six months.

So this is our GALA CLOSEOUT LAST ISSUE, 40% Off On Everything. You don't have to send your labels back any more. You can send us stamps, though, any time at all, as sort of a congratulation for having published this fine magazine. No more cockroaches are needed.

Don't tread on me.

"Every time we read HOT SHIT...." (cont'd page 12)

LETTERS "OF COMMENT" recv'd by Mr Demmon, then edited.

BOYD RAEURN WRITES that when Mr Berry was in Canada recently, Mr Raeburn "took the opportunity to remark...that, while in the address section the scatalogical name of your publication was cutely disguised, the 4th page itself often bore, in a section visible to all shockable Post Office employees, all sorts of Shocking Words. Tsk." That's right.

TERRY CARR sez, "HS isn't at all like the celebrated FLYING FROG, and John better be careful about imitating Andy Main imitating you or he'll end up a vegetarian and renouncing all possessions. I realize you might not think some of this is so horrible, and neither do I, but it's just the concept of publishing a weekly fanzine as being the equivalent of a First Chakra that blows my mind.

"I'll tell you all about that toad war in Malaysia that Alice Sanvito wrote about. In the 1st place, it wasn't in Malaysia, it was in Thailand. In the second place, it wasn't a toad war, it was a bunch of toads making love. Really. See the enclosed clipping from the New York Post, which I clipped half a dozen years ago to use someday in LIGHTHOUSE, but you can have it for your thinner rag. It made me wonder about war correspondents sending home dispatches from the front lines. "The First Toad Battalion of Southern Thailand engaged the enemy in four positions today; Radio Toad tonight claimed seven hundred and sixty-three verified pregnancies." Ernie Fyle should've had it so good."

STEVE STILES: "I really don't write much anymore; the last thing I wrote was many months ago and that I threw away and it was our wedding ceremony. For one thing I have great difficulty in hitting the keys and more often than not they are the wrong ones. This is my eleventh try on this letter. Gale had to type "Dear Calvin," to finally start me off. These days I don't do much of anything other than reread old copies of The Oracle and watch television to criticize the commercials ("That commercial insults women!", "This commercial insults men!", etcetera)."

TERRY HUGHES: "I've only known a few 4 year olds who came across as entertaining as Peter. One little girl said, "If that doggie bites my doll again, I'm going to kick his ass."

On the other hand, two years ago, Marlene Jobert a French actress who starred with Bronson in "Rider on the Rain" said that his popularity in France is because his voice is dubbed by John Berry, and Berry's voice is "so appealing."

"I wish you hadn't used that Reasoner joke/pun. I hope you are properly ashamed. Maybe your boes would like it, but we sophisticated Hot Shit Charter Subscribers say 'pooley.'"

ALPAJPURI: "I was wondering when you were finally going to send me that pile a crap you call a 'fanzine' -- ha! What a joke!" And that's LETTERS for this issue.

2 Toad Tribes Clash In Southern Thailand

Rival tribes of toads were reported fighting pitched battles in Thailand today, but the Museum of Natural History here said they were more likely making love, not war.

A Reuters dispatch said about 10,000 toads were battling near the southern town of Surat Thani.

George Foley, a technician with the Museum's Dept. of Herpetology, said it's not characteristic of toads to engage in organized warfare.

"When they're mating, however, it might look like a battle," he said.

"It sounds more like a breeding aggregation," Foley said after hearing the brief wire dispatch read.

Foley said he had no firsthand knowledge of the Surat Thani incident, but, he said, "during the mating season, male toads appear in large numbers. They jump around and clasp the female during the mating process."

He theorized that observers "misinterpreted" the toads' activities and that the war reports were "speculation."

Residents of Surat Thani consider the "battles" an ill omen. The last such reported clash was in 1941, the eve of the Japanese invasion.

This has been a full week, as I approach the end of my life in San Francisco. Tuesday night the assistant manager of my building talked me into going to a "meeting," in the Sir Francis Drake Hotel, of a big money-making scheme that he's gotten into. It turned out to be Holiday Magic, a cosmetic company, who puts on a snappy show and gets you to join the company and become Happy and Rich. "We cater to the whole man," said the whole man who ran up on stage and gave us a peptalk. He grinned a lot, modulated his voice like an actor, and bounced back and forth between visions of cadillacs and how you could hardly lose if you started working in Holiday Magic. The crowd was frothing at the mouth. When Mr. Peptalk ran up on stage and cried, "Hi! How are you?" they all yelled, "Great!" There was a short film full of satisfied rich people who had joined Holiday Magic and become joyful money-making machines. There was a lot of smiling; it looked like a prayer meeting. I was fascinated at the variety of people there, and the uniformity of their reactions. After the film and some more talk about cosmetics and dollars, we left. The assistant manager couldn't understand why I didn't want to make all the money I could get. I went home and took off my tie and forgot about Holiday Magic, Inc.

After that I had to go to Palo Alto. I sat up with John Smith through his all-night radio show again, and I sold and gave away copies of PAPER SOUL, my underground fanzine. (Anyone who wants a copy of this non-fanzine should send me a quarter, and I'll send you the first issue when I can.) On Friday I came back up here, to mail out the last issue of HOT SHIT.

But Saturday there was supposed to be a party at Stanford, so after putting fifty-odd HOT SHITs in the mail Saturday morning, I hitchhiked down to Palo Alto again. It was grey, cold, and windy as I stood along Oak Street with my thumb out, but I got a ride the whole way from a little old lady. We talked about life and society and Richard Nixon, and she had a much more sensible head than many people between her age and mine, so I was quite happy when she let me off in the sunlight in Palo Alto. In the Stanford Community Coffeeshouse I ran into a couple of friends I hadn't seen in a while, and I traded PAPER SOUL for a Black Panther paper. I sat under a tree for a while near the library and watched the sun go down. But when I went to the place the party was supposed to be, the person who was hosting it wasn't even there. No party.

So I hitched into Palo Alto to see Tom Goodhue, and he had some friends visiting him who were going to drive to Berkeley a little later. They only stayed around for an hour or so, then we went to Baskin Robbins for some icecream, and then on up to Oakland, where they drove me all the way up into the Oakland hills to Terry & Carol Carr's new place.

It was house-warming night at the Carrs', and Euz & Elinor Busy were down from Seattle for the weekend, so naturally it was a good party. I drank wine and passed out a few PAPER SOULs and met George Metzger, and there were lots of nice people to talk to. Bill Rotsler gave me a whole pageful of HOT SHIT headings. Carol cooked delicious meatballs and said she couldn't write these days. (Write, Carol!) Cynthia Goldstone told me how much she liked this fanzine, and when she left she wailed "HOT SHIT is drying!" and looked very unhappy. Well, here's a great big swansong for you, Cynthia. There were a lot of beautiful women walking around at that party. The Carrs have a nice house, and Terry told me all about the water faucets in the livingroom. (Ctd. p. 11.)

AFTERTHOUGHTS ON SIX MONTHS OF PUBLISHING A WEEKLY
FANZINE NEARLY EVERY WEEK WITH JOHN BERRY

It, of course, is the pinnacle of my fan-ish career, and represents an investment of time and energy which I never expected to put into fandom. Oddly enough, though I have been more active in fandom during the past six months than during the preceding 7 or 8 years, it's all been on Monday nights. I pack enough fandom into my Monday nights to last another fan a week (and Wilma a lifetime). Yet just because Wilma and I don't get out to Oakland much, Terry Carr, hinting that we are recluses, says "Calvin and Wilma = Harry Warner west." I don't know what excuser Harry Warner gives Terry Carr for not coming over to his house every week, but ours are legit: we can't afford our babysitter, and she's pretty busy anyway on Saturday nights because she's Smart and Cute. Also we are both tired all the time due to the pesticides in our food.

But publishing a weekly fanzine involves one in a lot more than typing and mailing. First of all, of course, I've had a chance to get to know John Berry. What could be closer than the association of co-editors? I first met John about four years ago, but seeing him every week over these months has brought me a lot closer to him, despite the obvious differences in our age and height. I'll miss him when he's over there ripping through Paris on his Aurail pass; he's really, when all is shaken down, one of the few real friends I have here in The City.

I remember the night when we started off publishing #1 that John and I talked about how we were just naturally going to become better acquainted. But what I could not have anticipated were the other relationships which have proceeded out of our weekly HS sessions. If for nothing else, I value HS for getting me acquainted with the Conflicts, for whom I have great respect and affection. (Cathy has been, of course, at considerable risk to her employment, but not too considerable, our Staff Printing Person for all this time.) I dig the Conflicts; I'm glad John found them, wherever they were; I'm happy to have had the chance to meet Grant before he makes it big as a cartoonist (he's really going to do it, too--I haven't had that feeling about anyone for a long time, so I know it must be true); I'm glad they're getting an MGB, because then they can come & visit us. (Maybe they'll even babysit for us so we can get the Fuck Out Of The House.) And then there's Terry Hughes, whom I've never met, but who has written so many letters that I feel I know him as well as he knows himself. Why, I've even talked on the telephone to him three times. Finally, and most recently, there's Gary Deindorfer, a really find and funny man (but fine even when not being funny); HS brought us together again.

That's what fandom is all about. Paper and ink and people. A certain word, Democracy. What is fandom, to me? Seeing people appear before your eyes in print, later meeting them and growing to hate them. The age-old dualisms of words and white space, fanatic and gaffia. Letters from Harry Warner, Boyd Rieburn, Avram Davidson, Steve Miles & Gale, William Roteler, George Clayton Johnson, the Goldstones, the Ellingtons, the Anights, the rich Browns, Norm Clarke, Greg or Jim Benford, AlpaJhuri, Bob Shaw, Bill Donaho, John Bengtson, Lee Simon, Lee & Randi & Kim Gerber, Dick Supoff--I know I'm leaving out somebody important, but memory fails me and the last thing I want to do is go through all 12 issues again; telephone calls from George Senda; utter silence from Ted White and Arnie Katz. HS has also been a kind of family album for us, a source to which we will return in our Retirement Community years to find and chuckle over the cute things the kids said, the way the government seized our bank account, the things Mr Berry did at night in North Beach, the times I stopped drinking and smoking, and how I got my head together. A kind of time capsule linking the past with history.

But perhaps the biggest relief of all is knowing that there is no more necessity for thinking up weekly euphemisms for HOT SHIT. Anyway, just because HOT SHIT is folding doesn't mean you should stop sending us stamps.

EL HOT SHIT

DOORWAY

by Gregory Benford

Some short while ago, in Bill Bowers' *OUTWORLDS*, I published a short guide for the status-seeking, role-playing Berkeley fan. A constant barrage of letters (well, two) have explored me to extend the methods to other geographical fannish habitats. This is a fine idea, but I have never lived in many parts of the country, so I am not familiar with customs there. Nonetheless, I can generalize from what I read in the fan press (all knowledge is contained in fanzines). Thus we are led to a few timely pointers about Getting Ahead:

Eastcoast Fan

Either call Sam Moskowitz "Don" or don't speak to him at all. Always drive to conventions in an old car and always have an accident and always write it up for *Locus*. Laugh a lot, sometimes hysterically. Live in NYC or Boston, but use a FO box and never give anyone your home address. Wear either tweeds or a tee-shirt.

Take any pill somebody hands you, saying "Anything's better than those trunks at the Baycon." Just after returning from a west coast con, say "Scored big," and roll your eyes around. (This sequence not recommended if you are over 40. However, alcohol may be substituted for drugs and the whole ambience carried out.)

Call Lester Del Rey "Bob" and read only the prozines with fan columns in them. Say you can see some of J.J. Pierce's views on some things, but don't specify which ones. Say you think Isaac Asimov with fandom's Milton Berle.

Campaign for a Worldcon, constantly. Be able to trace the histories of at least five separate and mutually antagonistic subgroups in New York fandom. Read either *Locus* or *Focal Point*, but not both; if *Locus*, be seen underlining some parts of it for future reference, smiling every once in a while. Say you wouldn't read any magazine if that wasn't recommended by Tony Lewis.

Special options for NYC fans: Write an article on getting mugged; try to be mugged while in the act of typing the article. Talk to Joyce Katz but not Arnie. Be able to recognize Walter Green at the Lunacon, but avoid the Lunacon unless you are putting it on that year. Write an article describing your neighborhood in joyous, rosy, people-loving terms, but through casual detail paint a picture of a ~~xxxxxxxkxxkx~~ background comparable to Calcutta on a bad day.

Always know the subways better than anybody else.

Be featured on somebody's cartoon cover at least once a year.

Ask people for detailed opinions on the Hugo running this year. Smile tolerantly without actually laughing as they speak.

After five years, move to California.

Bocndocks Fan

Drive a station wagon or a pickup truck. Carry in the back your mimeograph and half of your next issue, run off and sandwiched between a bag of cement and a Coleman lantern. Be able to screw in a sleeping bag, using any of four different positions. Always go around with girls who have short, blonde hair and look waguely like Doris Day used to. Try to pick up a waitress at a regional con, then drink a lot of beer afterward when you don't succeed. Say that George Wallace makes a lot of sense,

when you think about it. Know a lot about yoghurt or yak's milk before any of those health food nuts did. Smoke Camels.

Call everybody else's car a "Chevy." Play Johnny Cash records at convention parties, or do a lot of folksinging when the room is impossibly crowded. Say fandom is okay, but it doesn't compare with drag racing. Always buy Doors for your convention-bidding party. (Don't buy a "Doors--Breakfast of Champions" tee-shirt, though, unless you are under fifteen.)

At cons, go to a panel on the new wave with a soiled copy of an E.E. Smith paperback in the hip pocket of your jeans.

Call Ellison "Harl." Delch afterward.

Prefer Silent Running to A Clockwork Orange because orange was "too dirty." Don't let your wife or girl friend go see it; take her to the latest Planet of the Apes movie instead.

Always crush used beer cans with one hand, laughing and gritting your teeth a little. Say Cliff Simak is pretty good but doesn't really know a damn thing about farms.

At a con banquet, call potatoes "spuds." Refer to women as "gals" if they are into Women's Lib. Prefer fanzines with fan fiction in them. Call grass "hemp" but do not smoke any of it.

Use the line "as the actress said to the bishop" at least three times every day.

Publish "The Wit and Wisdom of 43 Ackerman" in six volumes.

Believe that a group that could save Star Trek can do something else. Never, never move to New York.

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MORE LETTERS FROM OUR READERS:

JAY KINNEY: (After a long description of a Big Project:) "I look forward to a success comparable to that which the 1970 Egoboo Foli results enjoyed. This is vaguely DNE.

"Other things on the horizon. Well, I'm giving my fanzine collection to Chris Couch. For \$5. It's been sitting in my closet, untouched for over a year (first in the closet at 215 Wiloughby, and now in the closet at 420 Clinton), is a bitch to move, and might as well be passed on down the line to give joy to other girls and boys. Not to denigrate fan-history or anything, but I've found down thru the years (he said, pausing to light his pipe and gaze into the crackling fire; his dog raised its head for a moment as if in question, but soon lowered it to fall back asleep) that the chief joy of fanzines is in the initial reading and/or production. I rarely reread the damn things and don't think it's helping anyone to have em rotting in the closet. And they keep rolling into my mailbox. Gaw. Fandom may be the biggest source of unfulfilled karma in my life. I don't got time to read em (present company excepted) and they get stuffed in the closet where I can hear ghosts of dead trees whimpering 'round midnight."

TERRY HUGHES: "hey, I don't really remember writing that dishwasher bit you printed in #18. Well, kinda but not in those words. How many Terry Hugheses are on your Hot Shit List?

"Why not ask your readers how old they think Terry Hughes is and whether or not they think he has an IQ.

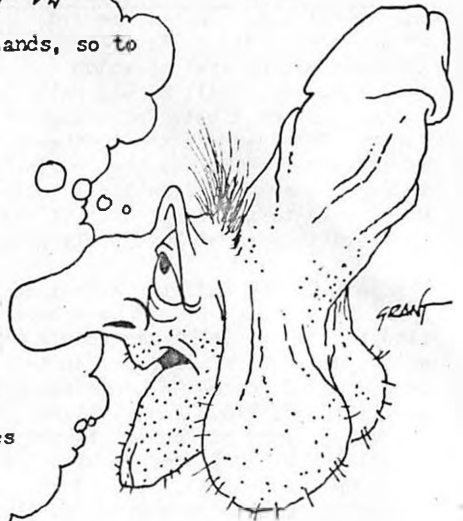
"I didn't realize what a weird sense of humor Creath Thorne had until I started getting Hot Shit. "I wrate poetry at work, as you do in cafes. Here's one from last weekend.

"Late to bed and early to work
Can really total your karma."

It is with heavy heart and my head in my hands, so to speak, that I present

HEAD-JOB

being the second and final rider-cum-supplement to HOT SHIT from the Smith-Corona of Grant Canfield, who resides at 28 Atalaya Terrace, San Francisco, CA 94117. The reason for my dismay, as you have no doubt already learned from the pages of your regular editors, Mr. Lemmon and Mr. Berry, is that HS is going the way of all flesh. Mr. Berry's flesh is departing for the Open Road, and a trip to Paris, France (or, as he pronounces it, Paree Fronz). We wish Mr. Berry Godspeed, and hope to see him back in the Bay Area soon....



TAKE ME FOR A RILE IN YOUR CAR-CAR::: After nearly two years without an automobile, a period when we got along quite nicely on municipal transportation, Cathy and I are buying a car. Since we look on it as a luxury--like, who needs one, right?--we have decided on a sportscar. When the decision was first made, I had envisioned something along the lines of a battered, used TR-3, or somasuch. But we are going whole hog. First we decided to get a brand-new MGB Roadster, and had all but plunked our money down when we thought, "What the hell, let's at least look at the Porsches." We looked, and we fell in love with a white 914. God willing--as well as the bank which will float the loan--we'll be driving the juicy little 5-speed rack-&-pinion atmosphere-polluter in about three weeks. This item is neither very interesting nor very funny, but we're very excited about it, so you'll just have to read about it and lump it. Anyway, when we get the car, maybe I'll be able to plug into a broader spectrum of Bay Area fandom. Most of that body is in the East Bay (Oakland, Berkeley, etc.), and has therefore been inaccessible to us.

Vrooom, vroooooom, vrooooooom!!!!

REDUNDANCYANCYANCY::: I saw this sign on the marquee of an Eddy Street burly-Q palace: "Topless Bottemless Nudes!" Now you tell me. What does this mean? I figure it's either a classic redundancy, or the best freak show in the Tenderloin.

In the same vein, around the corner on Mason Street, I saw another strip-joint marquee which read, "Totally Naked Dancing Girls! No Cover!"

THE CINEMATIC PHILIP MARLOWE::: Regular readers of HOT SHIT will recall that this journal is West Coast HQ for Philip Marlowe fandom. Following is a list of all the actors who have played Raymond Chandler's wise-cracking private dick in the movies: Humphrey Bogart, Dick Fowell, George Montgomery, James Garner, Robert Montgomery, Howard Luff, Gerald Mohr, and Philip Carey. We are grateful to Terry Hughes for providing this list.

TERRY HUGHES SEZ::: At last, I get the opportunity to publish my own excerpt from a Terry Hughes letter! Now I can say I have Arrived! Here it is: "I got a letter once that told me to 'keep a clam center' but instead I think I'll enclose the clam center with this letter and let you keep it. It's kinda messy but I think it's okay if you're both consenting adults." We are--but is the clam center?

MILK BONE

THANK AND A TIP OF THE HATLO HAT::: To Terry Hughes, Ray Nelson, and Morris Keesan. In a recent issue of Granfalloon, Linda Bushyager's fanzine, and in my first rider (GAS-GRAM) for HOT SHIT, I announced to the world at large that I am presently trying to structure an alternate career as a professional free-lance

gag cartoonist. In that regard, I asked for Funny Fans to send me material in the form of gag ideas. Ray Nelson responded almost immediately, with a batch of fine cartoon suggestions, several of which I used. In fact, Mr. Nelson has sent me several batches of ideas, and I will be eternally grateful to him, especially if any of them sell. Terry Hughes sent me a batch of "Flasher" gags (and Morris Keenan sent one very funny flasher joke). "Flasher" is the in-the-trade term for exhibitionists with open raincoats, a type of character which has been perfected by cartoonist Charles Rodriguez. At any rate, I wish to express my thanks publicly to these gentlemen (send more, guys!), and furthermore I would like to point out that it's still not too late for you to join the swelling ranks of Canfield's Cadre of Fabulously Funny Gagwriters. Fame! Fortune! Eroboo! Do it today!

THE GAME OF THE NAME::: With a name like Grant Canfield, all the possible variations have been rung up by people who think such things are funny. I'm used to it, but Cathy has been a Canfield for only two years, so she is still not used to being called Cornfield, or Can't-Field, or Can-in-the-field, etc. At least she hasn't been exposed to the "allonomical phenomicals" (as Alpaपुरi calls it) on my first name: Grunt, Grand, U.S. Grant, Ulysses, Grant's Tomb, Gram, Gramps, and so forth. Now I don't think this sort of "humor" is very funny at all, and I said so to John Berry, adding that when I was a kid I used to wish I had a name like Jim or John so nobody could make fun of my name. "Not so," said John. "You have no idea of the number of variations that can be devised on the name John, mostly by kids who have just discovered that 'John' is a medium-nasty synonym for toilet." I guess we all have our crosses to bear. But still, I don't think it's at all funny, and neither do my ten-for-a-dollar buddies, Calvin Dime-on and Gary Dime-dropper.



WHY YOU SHOULD FEEL GUILTY::: If you're a normal, average, everyday sort of regular person, you probably feel guilty about any number of things. If you beat your wife, you probably feel guilty about it. If you don't beat your wife, you feel guilty about suppressing it. If you're white, you may feel guilty about the plight of the blacks. If you're affluent, your guilt-feelings are because of the poor. In point of fact, you are no doubt a steaming mound of twisted neuroses shot through and through with streaks of putrescent guilt-feelings. I feel for you, I really do, mostly because you're going around feeling guilty about such silly things. Therefore, in your Best Interest, I went out on my own, into the streets of San Francisco, and discovered an entirely new thing for you to feel guilty about, and here it is: You should feel guilty if you wear rubber-soled shoes, because when you walk past a blind guy he probably can't hear you, unless, of course, he's Iaredevil or Longstreet.

POETRY CORNER::: Louis Silverfield, San Francisco's septuagenarian Poet Laureate, self-proclaimed, is one of my favorite poets. In GAS-GRAM I presented his delightful poem "Alcatraz!" Herewith is the last Louis Silverfield poem which we will run, named "A Salute to a Suspension Bridge!" (copyright 1971):

The Golden Gate Bridge is a scenic span
Conceived by the ingenuity of man.
Built to withstand stress and strain,
Howling Winds and pelting rain!
Greeting the ships as they pass underneath,
Saying farewell to many a fleet.
A lesson to all mankind--in forming a link,
We grow, we gain, if only we think!

Well, Christ, what do you expect for a lousy quarter?
Anyway?



NOTICE: Though HOT SHIT is folding, and John Berry is splitting, the concept of a weekly Xeroxed SF fanzine may live on! Calvin put the question to both of us. "Well, I will if Gary will," I said. "I will if Grant will," said Gary. So watch your mailbox. If you haven't been one of HS's deadbeats, you'll stay on the Mailing List--and new people will be there with you (a few). I don't know if we can do it every week, especially for 20 weeks, and it won't be the same without Mr. Berry's North Beach Nights, but we'll try to hold his place until his return. Hey, Gary, do you feel like a bookmark?

GRANT

GARDEN LIBRARY

A GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL OF THE ARTS

**

RAY NELSON
333 RAMONA
EL CERRITO
CAL. 94530



IT HAS BEEN quite some time since last I published a fanzine, even as a flier, so I have had ample opportunity to reflect on what sort of publication would be suitable to a gentleman in his declining years, such as myself.

I have finally decided on the modest production you now see before you, a small & informal little literary review called Garden Library, A Gentleman's Journal of the Arts. The title is taken from the name of a bookstore, meeting place, in my youth, of the Elves, Gnomes, Leprechauns & Little Men's Chowder, Marching & Science-Fiction Society, where I browsed away so many happy summer afternoons. (PS. All contents are in Public Domain.)

"You're beautiful, my darling!"
"Yes, Marcia, I know."

MORT & MARGO

WHEN YOU PERFORM A MARRIAGE CEREMONY for someone, they often become something rather special for you, particularly if you are a minister as a hobby rather than as a profession. (I am, as some of you know, one of the founding fathers of the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way.) They seem, in some obscure fashion, to become your relatives, as if the ceremony not only united the bride to the groom, but also united you to the couple, made you a "Member of the Wedding."

I have not performed many marriage ceremonies lately; the Summer of Love in 1967 was the big season for marriages in my usual circles, but some months ago I had the honor and pleasure of tying the knot for two members of the creative writing class I teach at the Berkeley Free University. I doubt if anyone reading Garden Library knows them, so I'll call them simply Mort & Margo.

Like so many of the ceremonies performed by the Brotherhood of the Way, this one took place outdoors, in a park in the Berkeley Hills. Aside from myself and the bridal couple, there were only a handful of friends & relatives present, barely enough to comply with the state requirements for witnesses. Also, like so many other Brotherhood marriages, it probably would not have been performed at all if there had not been someone from an informal & unorthodox church to preside. The couple was poor (I never take money for religious functions) and both had long since defected from those churches represented on the National Council of Churches. Neither,

so far as I could determine, believed in God, let alone Jesus Christ, though they did believe in the principle of the Brotherhood, i.e. mutual aid, a principle that, for us, comes much more from the old IWW and old-time fandom than from Christianity. Finally, the bride was shy, the groom was much older than she was, and she was quite obviously pregnant. In the hands of a Christian, it could have been an ugly mess.

Instead it was beautiful.

We drove to the park together in Mort's VW bus; I and one of the bride's relatives were dressed formally, but the bridal couple wore simple, everyday clothing. In order to fit in to the spirit of the occasion, I removed my tie, folded it carefully, and put it in my pocket. I was nervous, but Mort & Margo were perfectly at ease, as if they had gotten married many times before. (Only Mort had been married before... and recently divorced.)

The weather was wonderful. Mort informed me, after we had arrived at the park, that this was the exact spot where he & Margo had first met, and there was awe in his voice as he spoke. We stood, then, for a while, looking out over the city of Berkeley and the sailboats on the San Francisco Bay, saying nothing, doing nothing, until we all "groke" that the right moment had come.

I used my usual service, the one based on the pledge of the brotherhood, which begins, "I, _____, pledge my life and all I own to you..."

The bride and groom shared water from a silver cup.

We all said, "May you never thirst."

And I ended with, "By the power vested in me by the State of California and the Church of the Brotherhood of the Way, I now pronounce you man and wife." And they kissed.

Afterwards we all had a picnic there in the park, on the exact spot Mort had been standing when he had first seen the woman who was to become his wife. Everyone cried. People don't cry much anymore. Most of the time they act as if, in gaining the freedom to express our sexuality, we have lost the freedom to feel.

That's why I say it was beautiful.

Mort is a writer; a writer of some talent if he can manage to shake the fashionable habit of writing about do-nothing passive protagonists. Margo is a painter.

Margo is a genius.

If you don't believe me, you can go and see her paintings for yourself. Mort & Margo have opened up a little restaurant called "The Croquette House" in the Northgate Mall, 2505-c Hearst Ave., Berkeley, just north of the University of California campus, a place where you can eat an excellent meal, British style, that would have delighted the Queen herself, (Victoria of course.) for less than a dollar. Margo's paintings are hanging there, though she herself is usually home taking care of her new baby. Perhaps you have given up on modern art. Perhaps you have come to the conclusion that it is no longer necessary to draw in order to paint, that technique is dead, that the human face and figure will never again be seen in "serious" paintings. Not so! Outside the sphere of all the fashionable "isms" one lone artist carries on and extends the great traditions that were so rudely abandoned in the shock of World War One. It's almost impossible to believe that one so young could already have attained such mastery. Is she a reincarnation of Raphael? Da Vinci? Goll Judge for yourself! And while you're there, try the beef croquettes. Delicious!

**

RAY NELSON

(Continued from page 3:)

Charlie Brown told me about moving to San Francisco and I told him how I was quitting my AMAZING column, and Charlie & Dena finally gave me a ride back to the city. A good party, indeed.

Sunday I got up early, because Tom Goodhue was coming up from Falo Alto and his friends were coming over from Berkeley and we were all going wine-tasting. Tom arrived an hour late, but it turned out that his friend Bill and I have a mutual interest in ancient history, so we bored Bill's wife and Len Bailes with a Serious Constructive discussion on bards and folk traditions. Finally Tom arrived with another girl, and we left Len and drove off across the Golden Gate Bridge. We went up through Sebastopol and found that the first winery we were going to wasn't open on weekends and the second had discontinued tasting three years before. (They had a neat building, but when they told us they had quit letting people taste because no one bought the wine, we figured maybe it was pretty bad. We didn't buy any to find out.) But we drove along the Russian River and got to Korbel just in time for their winery tour. We drank lots of champagne (which was good) and their other wines (which weren't, except for the port), but we didn't buy any because the United Farm Workers are boycotting Korbel. Then we drove down 101 to Santa Rosa and ate lunch-dinner in a Chinese restaurant called The Gold Coin, where we got an enormous dinner for five. (I did my best to reduce the leftovers, but we couldn't finish it all.) With some food in us to offset the wine, we drove south through the fields and hills of Sonoma and Marin counties until we got to Tiburon, on the Bay, where we went to Tiburon Vintners. The white-haired man with the neat green sweater who stood behind the counter seemed a little drink himself, and he poured us healthy glasses of everything we asked for. He also overcharged us when we bought a mixed case. But Tiburon sure makes some nice wines. We spent some time walking around the boardwalk there in touristy, waterfront Tiburon, playing around in the Musée Mécanique and so forth. We went into a restaurant to have some coffee, and the nice lady told us to go into "the Blue Room" because we weren't having a full meal. The Blue Room turned out to be a bar with a great view of the Bay, and there was nobody in the room. We sat there for half an hour, just admiring the view and relaxing, before sending someone to get a waiter. But we found out that coffee was 25¢ and cheesecake was 75¢, so instead of ordering we left. We got half an hour of sitting by the water in a cozy bar for free.

When the others left me off at Scott St., Len wasn't home, so I went over to Grant & Cathy Canfield's and we watched tv and talked and drank the bottle of Tiburon's French Colombard that I had bought.

And today we're publishing the last issue of HOT SHIT.

THE TUNA FISH GAMBIT (by Lennie Bailes): An automatic turntable can be taught to play chess! I know this is a strange thing for the readers of Hot Shit to think about but it can be done.

In the nineteenth (or maybe eighteenth) century a chess player known as "The Turk" was brought forward to confound the experts. The Turk appeared to be a life-like automaton which would mechanically respond to any move. "Turk" surprised the crowned heads of Europe however. When they looked inside the automatic marvel to find the secret of its success, they found a man eating a tuna fish sandwich.

I guess the only thing to do is to go clockwise around the room, starting at my left. Carol Carr, Robert and Benjamin and Denise Lichtman, Terry Carr, John Berry, Pat Ellington, Elinor Lusby, Bobbie and Robert Silverburg, and Gary Deindorfer. F.H. Busby is here too. Wilma is sleeping off a toothache in the bedroom. Me, I'm stoned (yet I have not touched a drop of alcohol, and I can't say why that's important). Two interesting things just happened, which I hope I can remember long enough to get down, tho I can't say why that's important. One was that Terry Carr read a lot of my stuff out loud, from the last issue of HS. And it was embarrassing. The other thing is that, embarrassing or not, this HS fanzine has brought all these people together here tonight.

This weekly fanzine business is a very strong magic. Our last three issues have been produced in a small room crowded with people, and all three times I have found myself getting high off the excitement and the (even if implied) egoboo. This last time I've gotten so stoned that I'm Utterly Freaked. I'm obviously not wise enough to be able to handle that kind of energy correctly; last week I got carried away and said something unnecessary about a young local fan who will probably get himself together sooner or later & in any case doesn't need any "chic badmouthing" from me, lashing out at him from my secured position in the middle of a roomful of fans. I'd apologize to him, but he's not on our mailing list. If you told him what I said last week, you apologize for me this week.

Nope, I can't handle it yet. And that seems like an appropriate thing to come to at the end of a fanzine, for some reason. here I sit putting out a fanzine for 6 months for Egoboo and Energy and then I get so much Energy I can't handle it. That's a great time to quit.

"Every time we've read HUF SHIT we've had to go shit." -- Robert Lichtman

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