

THE WORLD! I WANT TO GET OFF AND READ

HOT SHIT!

Come on down the steps, watch your head, open the door and hear the sounds roll over you. You smell smoke. Heads swivel and a couple of voices greet you. You wave your arm vaguely and stomp your feet dry and hang up your coat. Here you are, in HOT SHIT, your favorite funky, out-of-the-way fandom cellar, all candle-lit and funny-smelling and warm and friendly. This is your sixth time in HOT SHIT, and it gets better every time. You wonder casually howcome your hosts, Calvin Demmon and John D. Berry, live at two different addresses (371 21st Ave., San Francisco, CA. 94121, and 625 Scott, #607, San Francisco, CA. 94117, respectively), neither of which is a cellar. You don't worry about it too much. Neither do they.

****title art by Gale Stiles****

SPECIAL! ONE WEEK IN THE MAKING! PARTS OF THIS FANZINE WERE PRE-RECORDED!

What I mean is, it's Monday night, just like the old days (three weeks ago), when Calvin would come over to my place on Monday nights to produce HOT SHIT. (In weak moments we call ourselves Monday Night Class.) But in fact I am still in Bronxville, NY, and this is next week's H.S. that I'm writing. Tonight is Jan. 3, but tomorrow or the next day I expect to hop into that Renault 10 I mentioned before and start driving toward San Francisco, so I'm going to write this before I leave. I hope to be back in the Bay Area, ready for our next regularly-scheduled HOT SHIT-kicking session, before next issue, deo volente, and if my karma's good.

GRAND CENTRAL STATION, Pt. 2: You'll recall that last issue I left you in a side-passage of Grand Central Station. I was there too. What I was doing was looking at the ceiling. Really, there are funny things in Grand Central, if you know where to look. Following last issue's instructions, walk from the main waiting room out the left-hand corridor that leads towards Lexington Ave. The corridor is roofed with vaulted sections, but the biggest one, halfway down the passage, is festooned with ancient, crumbling, faded murals on four sides. It's mind-boggling, is what it is. On one panel of the ceiling is a sky full of old biplanes of various vintages and a Ford Trimotor. They just sit there on the ceiling, looming out of the faded tan. On another panel is a forest of steel girders, rising into the sky over the tiny figures of staunch, strong-backed workmen, building the buildings of the future. The third panel has a more leisurely air, with a mighty aquaduct running across the picture from the right, and a very old freight train steaming under it and into our faces in the left foreground; in the background, on the right, is a horse-drawn wagon, resting under the aquaduct and digging the train passing. And in the fourth panel, there are great billows of smoke, half-concealing sweating workers laboring at the base of great belching chimneys in a scene right out of METROPOLIS. Does anyone know where all this stuff came from?

"I would not run round a corner
to see the world blow up."

Henry Thoreau

WHERE HOT SHIT COMES FROM
by Uncle Freddy

Uncle Freddy answers questions in this space every week sent in by little boys and girls all over the country. Today's question comes from Pamela "Boom-Boom" Shelby, age 7, of Milpitas. "Dear Uncle Freddy, where does HOT SHIT come from?" Well, Pamela, that's not an easy question. But Uncle Freddy will do his best. First John Berry and Calvin Demmon get together in a darkened room. There they bite the heads off of live chickens and spit them at the wastebasket. The one who misses gets to write the colophon. (Never mind what a colophon is, Pamela. Just pay attention.) Soon all activity stops for a number of days as Our Boys pass into a sort of "hibernation," like the bears in the jolly forest. Then they wake up, look around, and start for home. On the way home they met a wino and ripped him off for a bottle of Sweet Port. It is here that we must draw the curtain on this wonderful process of nature. Don't bother me any more, Pamela.



ELLINGTON EGOBOO: I've said it before & I'll say it again. The Ellingtons are some of the nicest people on this planet. NEXT WEEK: More egoboo for another unsuspecting person or family.

MR BERRY IS BACK :: Yes, despite the fact that his two pages this issue were written in another state, Mr. Berry will be back in California by the time you read this. All correspondence should now go directly to him, as Mr Demmon has been ordered by his dermatologist not to open his mailbox again until September 22, 1974. (Why is Mr Demmon publishing a weekly fanzine if he doesn't even want to get letters about it? I don't know. Just bad karma, I guess.)

Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly, feets, do yo' stuff!

FOOD CONSPIRACY: Mrs Demmon recently started a food conspiracy in her neighborhood. It now comprises more than 50 families, and Mr. and Mrs. Demmon are up to their ears in cabbage. God, what a ripoff.

"SKI Magazine. Wants articles on anything related to skiing. First person accounts of accidents are not acceptable." -- Writer's Yearbook 1971

APASSEMBLY :: I'm still here. Unfortunately my moon has gone and collided with my rising star and I am in a very puerile state which will probably last forever unless we can get the U.S. to go up there and get it unstuck. Write to your congressman, tell him that's what you're paying all those taxes for.

illustration by Grant Canfield

E PERICOLOSO SPORGERSI

Some of you may find this all too typical of me, but I have to tell you that it's Thursday, Jan. 6, 1972, and I still haven't hopped into that little French car and started back to the land of cable cars and the Jack Tar Hotel. "Well, you see," said my brother, "there were Delays." And so there were. There still are. With luck I'll still be writing the next H.S. in San Francisco; without luck, I'll be snowed in in the Donner Pass (even though I don't expect to go through the Donner Pass).

NICHT HINAUSLEHNEN

Last weekend I made another tour of selected parts of the mailing list. I rode a Pine Hill Trailways bus (bet you never heard of that, huh?) from the bowels of the Port Authority Bus Terminal in New York City up the Hudson River valley into the lower Catskills to the little town of Phoenicia, NY, which is several miles into the Catskill Forest Preserve from the town of Woodstock. You may recall that this is the town where the Woodstock Festival of the Arts was not held. Phoenicia, for that matter, is also a town in which the Festival was not held. There are many such towns. Where Bethel is, the town where the Woodstock Festival of the Arts was held, I have no idea. Phoenicia is populated by Les and Sandi Gerber, along with three children, Kim, Zan, and Sabrina (of whom at least one is rumored to read this fanzine), two cats, and two Afghan hounds. They live in two mobile homes on the banks of Esopus Creek, with a mountain quite viewable through their back window and, at the moment, several inches of snow on the ground. One mobile houses people and the other houses Les's record collection. Les is a classical record bootlegger, calmly issuing beautiful recordings of long-unavailable performances from old 78's, in the privacy of his own home. Sandi is a serious mystic and is primarily responsible for getting me interested in Zen. But a lot of you already know this.

NE PAS SE PENCHER AU DEHORS

Also visiting the Gerbers when I got there were Mailing List members Lee and Bob Simons, of Philadelphia, and their 6-year-old son Derek, who explained to me in detail, at one point, the geography of their house. Now I will know how to find my way around if I am ever struck blind in the Simons house. In the course of the weekend I was treated to a comparison of blues recordings between John Lee Hooker and Lighthin' Hopkins (and agreed with Lee that the latter is much more enjoyable); inspected a volume of drawings called the "Fornicon," which is unspeakably dull; watched several kids, most notably Bob, build a gigantic snowman that immediately toppled over; took a walk on a freezing-cold windy winter mountain night under the full moon; and went to see the movie THE DEVILS, which everyone but Les thought was a drag. It is always a mental restorative to spend a couple of days in Phoenicia. HCT SHIT this week salutes everyone named above.

DO NOT LEAN OUT THE WINDOW

There's another issue of EGOBOO, The Fanzine, in the works. At the moment it consists solely of four pages of Ted's column, which are still in Ted's possession. Hardly anybody wrote any letters about the last two issues, so maybe the next issue will be a Special, Back-to-the-Old-Days issue of eight pages or so. There is one hope for greater length, however: when is Boyd Raeburn going to write us the article on W.C. Fields that he has been promising us since 1969? Well, Boyd? Here's your chance. This has been your regular weekly HCT SHIT.

TV NOTES :: Did anybody else see the Darren McGaven tv-movie the other night about a vampire in Las Vegas? I thought it was pretty good. My favorite program is still Mary Tyler Moore. (Doctor in the House is funnier but I can't identify with doctors as easily as I identify with warm, alive, intelligent people.) Quick, send us the name of your favorite tv program and we'll print it here. But hurry before they cancel it. And now for some radio nostalgia: "My name is Jump-Jump, jolly little Jump-Jump, work is always play. I'm quick as the wind and my very best friend is Mary Holiday." I have a friend who can recite the entire opening announcement which was hollered out each week at the beginning of Straight Arrow. I have another friend who was the announcer for Space Patrol, both on radio and tv.* I am thinking of offering them both for sale in Nostalgia News.

(*for a free prize, send in his name.)

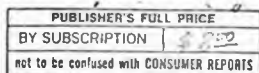
READERS RESPONSE :: So far in response to our request for readers to "mail us a joint" in the last issue we have received some pretty fair dope from Arnie Katz, Steve Stiles, and Jay Kinney. All of these samples have been carefully fingerprinted and turned over to the police. What a surprise for New York fandom!

HOSTILE HUMOR :: We have been accused by several readers of masking our hostility behind a thin veil of humor. Well, the mask's off for this issue!

PILE DRIVER NEWS :: My office at work faces out on Market Street. About a month ago a wrecking crew tore down the old Southern Pacific Building. Then a pile driver was carted in in pieces and assembled on the vacant site. Soon it was hammering away all day driving us all crazy. Then one morning I heard a funny noise from across the street and looked up just in time to see the pile driver come apart and fall in an inevitable arc down across the street and punch through the roof of a Muni Bus. It turned out later that nobody was hurt. But my boss said, "I'll bet it takes them a week to clean the shit off the driver's seat."

LETTERS :: We've got a pile of good letters to draw from next week when we get into co-editing again, from people like Andy Porter, Gale Stiles, Terry Hughes, John Ingham, Alice Sanvito, G. Harris, Lee Simons, and Miriam Knight. Remember, God must have had a sense of humor or he wouldn't have invented Pinky Lee. I'm going to get the mailing label right this time if it kills me. Some of you got Special Double Issues last time; send in yr mailing labels & it won't happen again. We are dropping the Jack Tar Hotel as a running joke because it isn't very funny. Please help us.

HOT PANTS
c/o Demmon
371 21st Ave
San Francisco 94121
&
c/o Berry
625 Scott #607
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F I R S T C L A S S M A I L