

San Francisco's Golden Boys, Calvin Demmon and John D. Berry, are here again with another weekly helping of HOT SHIT. Eight times we've sent you this thing, and you've let us get away with it. We even tell you our addresses, so that you can get at us without hindrance. (371 21st Ave., S.F. 94121, and 625 Scott, #607, S.F. 94117, respectively.) We are astounded. Today is Feb. 1, 1972, and we are astounded. (Calvin told me it was Feb. 2 when I asked him, but then I looked and he was wrong. He just shrugged and said, "We science fiction fans live in the future." I know one of us was a science fiction fan.) This, for the sake of fanhistory, is Deimos Publication #59. "For Immediate Release."

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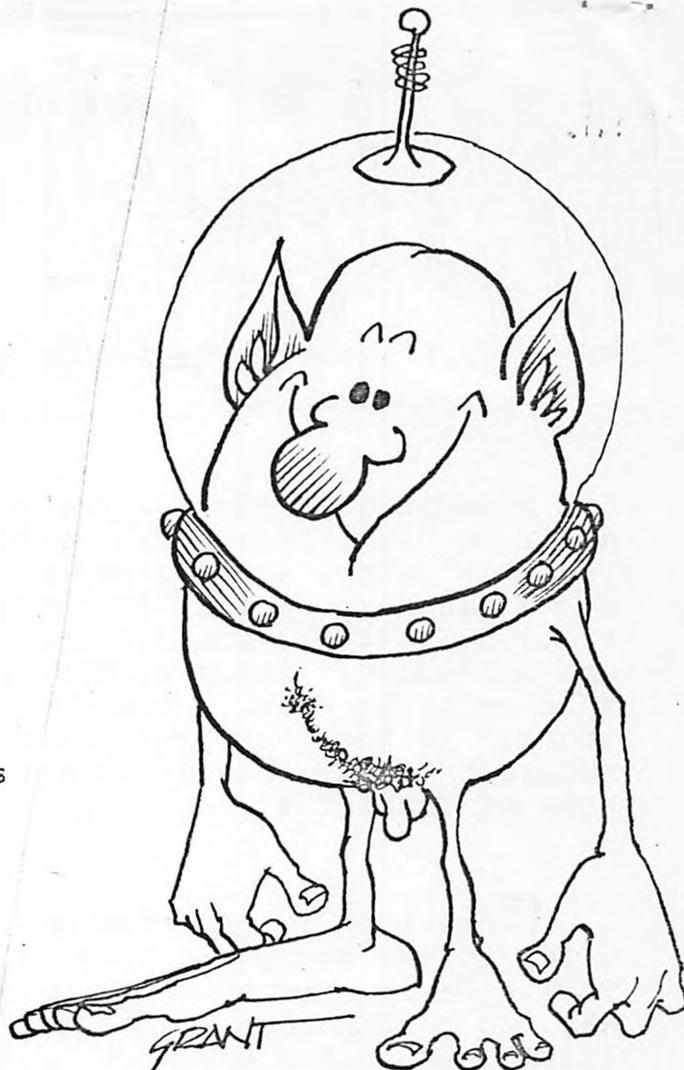
┌ Last week I went over to visit Grant and Cathy Canfield, who live a few blocks away, and they were their usual friendly, happy selves. They gave me milk and cookies and dope, not necessarily in that order. Why did milk & cookies get a reputation as little old lady food? Maybe little old ladies are on to something we don't know about. ┘

Since getting back to the Bay Area, I've been bouncing back and forth between San Francisco and Palo Alto, as usual. I can't seem to stop traveling all the time. The first thing I did in Palo Alto was to go have dinner with John Smith, then we both went over to a local church that was giving sanctuary to a sailor who had refused to sail back to Vietnam. We stayed overnight and sang with Joan Baez and drank wine and talked to people, and in the morning it was cold and nice and friendly until some people in black shiny FBI shoes came and arrested the sailor.

The next night I spent at the house in Menlo Park where John and a few other people live a dissolute, student-like existence. John and I and Eugene Urbain, all of us from the same group at Stanford-in-France, carried on a long, silly conversation in French, about shit, God, and a Trinity made up of Eugene Ionesco, Jean-Paul Sartre, and one of our professors in France. This was all amazing to a friend of Eugene's (Urbain, not Ionesco), who spoke no French. Later we all worked out a brand-new religious cult, with a chant and special meditation positions and many built-in money-making devices.

The other day, after John came to visit me and Calvin while we were putting out the last issue and he stayed overnight, John and I drove down the coast road all the way to Santa Cruz. We picked up a girl hitchhiker, who had a big dog and turned me^{on}. We dropped her off outside Santa Cruz and followed some nice winding roads over the mountains back to Menlo Park. We then delivered HOT SHIT in person to our Stanford mailing list, and I stayed at John's place again.

MARLOWE :: Grant Canfield, whose contributions to Hot Shit have been substantial from the very beginning (including the illustration on this page & on page 4), has loaned me his paperback set of Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe stories. I had read one once before, but then got hooked on Travis McGee and filed Chandler away in my head for a rainy day. It rained hard last week. I'm through with The Big Sleep, and I'll have finished Goodbye, My Lovely and The Lady in the Lake before you read this. Chandler is some kind of writer. Philip Marlowe makes Travis McGee look like a neurotic pervert. Maybe because I've been away from L.A. for over a year I get excited about the locale of the Marlowe series. It's set in the L.A. that I knew as a kid--red interurban cars, clear skies, orange groves, traffic lights with gongs, seedy front-page crimes. (I remember the headline in the late forties on the Los Angeles Mirror outside Schaefer's Grocery on West Boulevard, about Robert Mitchum's pot bust.) The neighborhoods have changed, and you can't hang your hat on a telephone any more, but it's still all there forever in my head. And in The Big Sleep.



Yes indeed you can't go home again. My childhood Los Angeles is as dead as Raymond Chandler. But when Philip Marlowe drives past Exposition Park, I remember playing there, later walking through the park with a girl, later yet taking a nap under the trees, between classes at the University. It's the kind of relationship I can never have with San Francisco. I was not here when trolley cars ran up Geary Street; I don't remember what used to be where the Jack Tar Hotel is now. In the Chronicle some weeks ago there was an article about an old lady who remembers when the streets were opened so that cables could be laid for the cable cars. If we survive the earthquake, my sons may remember coming to see me at work and looking down into the big ditch where they're putting the BART subway.

I like my kids. I think I'll start to work on the juvenile detective novel I just got an idea for. Watch for it: The Big Nap. (To be followed by The Tricycle in the Lake and Farewell, My Cookie.) Okey?

DETCKIFICATION :: It has been nearly a month now since I've had a drink. (Time really flies when you're enjoying yourself.) "No booze for you in '72," I said to myself last New Year's Eve, but at that time I didn't know what I was getting into. I don't know what the guy at the liquor store up the street is doing with the extra five or ten gallons of Red Mountain he's stuck with this month because I haven't been in to see him. I hate to hurt the economy like this, but these are the sacrifices we must make when we want to go to heaven. (Since writing the above I have had a glass of wine and a can of beer. Nothing unusual seems to have happened because of it, except that I have an uncontrollable desire to go outside and rape a policewoman.)

Last Saturday night I had a small party, with a couple of Mailing List Members and a couple of others from France. It was the first time I've hosted a party since I was a kid (and my mother really hosted all those little birthday parties), and it was a gas. The outstanding Phyllis Petersen was chief architect of a magnificent chicken curry dinner with all kinds of nuts and things as garnishing, Indonesian-style, and we all drank many bottles of wine and spoke English, French, and sometimes Italian. It was all a lot of fun, except that Phyllis got inexplicably sick after dinner. Everybody left before midnight, but it felt like four a.m.

Sunday I went over to Berkeley. First time since I got back from New York. I'd been telling myself that I should stop riding buses and start hitchhiking more, so I wrote "BERKELEY" in big letters on the manila envelope full of books and a notebook that I had with me and I walked down to Oak St. and started hitching. While I was standing there a really neat girl walked up and joined me with her thumb out. Turned out she was heading for Berkeley too, and I liked her company. She had a little fuzzy black puppy named Crystal, who loved puddles and bumped her nose into people's heels. It was a beautiful day for hitchhiking, but we spent an awful long time standing, sometimes sitting, in the sun while freaks in vans kept passing by, looking at my sign and smiling and shaking their heads. For a while there we made a classic hitchhiking tableau: bearded guy standing with sign, long-haired chick in blue jeans and T-shirt sitting on the curb, and little dog running around somewhere nearby. But our luck was bad, so we moved along up the hill to try and change it. Finally one of those freaks in the vans stopped for us, and he was moving all his stuff from the City to Berkeley. As I said, it was a nice day, just fine for tooling over the Bay Bridge and up the freeway. He let us off on University Ave. at Shattuck, and the girl and I walked up to Telegraph, talking and tripping over the puppy. (Sometimes the puppy tripped over us.) At the edge of campus near Telegraph, we saw a bunch of student-types yelling politics at each other, and there were two guys tossing a frisbee right between them. I laughed and laughed. The girl turned out to be a dope dealer, and she'd come over to Berkeley to sell some bennies on Telegraph, so I left her there and strolled on down the street, digging the stores and the people and the sunshine. I went over to Dick and Pat Lupoffs' for a while, where we sat around and listened to music and breathed a little enhanced air and talked about writing for rock magazines, then I walked back to Telegraph and ate some Indian food.

And that was January in Berkeley.

FOUND A WONDERFUL GREEN STONE. COME IMMEDIATELY, ZORBA.

TERRY HUGHES SEZ: "Gee, if Calvin and Wilma are up to their ears in cabbage, they could walk around naked and no one would ever know."

I am happy to report that the one person who had admitted in our third issue to not having read HOT SHIT at all has now assured us she has read that issue. :: This has been a week for Great Ideas that turn into nothing. Tom Goodhue and I discussed opening a freaky restaurant, but he didn't really want to do it. John Smith and I talked about taking off for Mexico City, but John didn't feel like doing it. John, you want to open a restaurant? Tom, you want to go to Mexico City? :: DEFENSE D'AFFICHER LOI DU 29 JUILLET 1889.

MEMORY HELPER :: John & I are still disturbed that everyone has trouble telling his pages from mine. In order to solve this problem I have invented a little rhyming rule of thumb which you can recite whenever you forget.

"One and three, John Berr-see.
Two and four, shut the door."

Well, that's San Francisco.

THE ART WORLD :: We have a lot of artists on our mailing list. Lots of a subtle plea them. And they've been contributing like crazy. This is very wonderful, but now we have enough title page art with funny Hot Shit lettering to carry us into 1973. What's more, Mr Berry, who is in charge of the title page, can work a pen himself. Not me. I get to do the same dumb mailing label every week.

FREE FINANCIAL COUNSELLING :: I work for a company which helps people who are having trouble with their bills. My company doesn't make loans; instead it deals with creditors and keeps them off the backs of our clients. I have learned a fantastic amount about bill collecting, & what a collector can & cannot do to you, especially (but not only if you live in California. Should any of you find yourselves in trouble with your bills (they're threatening to sue, to repossess your furniture, etc.) I'll be happy to tell you what I know about it, & what you may be able to do. For free. & I'll keep it D.N.E. This is an actual free offer & is made in all seriousness because I detest bill collectors and don't want them to get away with any more than they are entitled to. So far as I know we are the first fanzine in the United States to offer this service.



"Hot Shit hit this fan at just the right time," writes Harry Warner, in a remarkable two-page letter which we will excerpt here next week. Dick Lupoff sent more labels. Paul Krassner didn't. NEXT WEEK: "Everybody in fandom looks different except Greg and Jim Benford." (This occurred to me in the middle of the night.) That's S.F.

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

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Demmon, 371 - 21st Ave.
San Francisco, CA. 94121

No. 64 MORGAN PLUS 8

Morgan is an old established but relatively small manufacturer of cars which combine the rakish lines of sports models of the 30's with up-to-the-minute performance. In the 2-seater Plus 8, Morgan have installed a Rover 3.5 litre V-8 cylinder engine of 184 h.p. This very smooth high compression power unit gives the car a maximum of about 130 m.p.h. (209 k.p.h.) and it will accelerate from rest to 60 m.p.h. (97 k.p.h.) in approximately 6 seconds. Coil springs at the front and leaves at the rear, accurate steering and powerful brakes makes the Plus 8 one of the safest high performance cars on the road.