



FLOP! Into everybody's mailbox, a little shit must fall. Here's yours. It comes to you through the auspices of John D. Berry (625 Scott, #607, San Francisco, Calif. 94117) and Calvin Demmon (371 21st Ave., San Francisco, Calif. 94121). "You" are a slightly smaller number these days than you used to be, but that's okay; that means you are all Stalwart and True. (Or else you are exceptions; you know who you are. We'd really dig hearing from you, too.) To stay on the mlg. list, all you have to do is keep humoring us, and send in your mailing labels. Many of you have been getting fresh sets of labels; this obviously means that we've run through the first set, or are close to it, so send them back quick. So far only one person has done anything weird and perverted with his labels; Andy Porter sent us one in all kinds a strange Greek letters and mathematical symbols. Everyone else has Played It Straight. H.S. advice for this week: Don't get caught with your pants down! Feb. 8, '72.

No fishing from freeway.

EXTRA! BIG CHANGES! ALL FANDOM WILL ROCK! (AND ROLL.)

Yes, with this very issue (the ninth, as I forgot to mention above), HOT SHIT is engaged in a fundamental change. We are moving from Monday to Tuesday nights. This tremendous shift in time will obviously affect the future of this fanzine in untold ways; the astrological significance is boundless, and the karma of HOT SHIT will go through some heavy changes. Don't you worry though; we're going to stay our usual unspoiled, happy-go-lucky selves.

QUOTE: "If it happened in LA, and it turned out good, it happened after dark. If it turned out great, it happened after midnight." From a radio ad for a B.B. King album.

NORTH BEACH NIGHTS: Sunday was another of those. I'd had a sore throat for days, but staying inside didn't seem to do anything for it, so I ran off and had fun instead. I rode the Hyde St. cable car for the first time and had a girl drop a quarter down my boot. I ate the Daily Special at the Old Spaghetti Factory and watched the crazy people in San Francisco's most amazing restaurant (they hang spare chairs on the walls), and I dug posters and stuff in a giant head shop on Grant St. For more exciting entertainment see page 3.

BOB I THOUGHT
 THIS WAS A
 FAMILIAR
 PLACE!!


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CERRY'S CLASS MAIL
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PHONECALLS :: Jim Eenford called up last night, in response to Hot Shit. I think this is the first time I've ever talked to him on the phone. "Do you realize," he said, "that you are going to get a 15 page letter from Greg about Philip Marlowe?" He mentioned he'd heard there's a new Travis McGee novel; I pulled it off my up-to-date well-stocked shelf & read the title to him ("A Tan & Deadly Silence") & it took 5 minutes to convince him that I wasn't kidding. That's the trouble with fans, they'll never admit when they're Scooped. He wanted to know if I was still on the wagon. (I'm hanging on by one leg, but the other one is drunk.) We had a nice chat. He gave me a message for John Berry. "Tell John to buy a car," he said. Five minutes later I called up Mr Berry. "Guess what," he said. "I'm buying a car." Fandom has no secrets.



ART :: Top of the page: Kim Bethke. Bottom: Jay Kinney.

A GUIDE TO FANNISH ABBREVIATIONS :: Many of the people on our mailing list are new to fandom. For their benefit we are publishing below a handy guide to fannish abbreviations.

- BNF: Bigmouthed NeoFan
- AFA: Alfred P. Anderson, the first Fan. Poul Anderson's father.
- GAFIA: Getting A Fart In Afterwards; i.e., having the last word; one-upping. Very popular in Los Angeles fandom.
- DNQ: "Donuts, Not Quiches." Les Gerber's famous rebuttal to Boyd Raeburn's breakfast order at the Discon.
- FIJAGH: Fuck It, Jack, And Go To Hell. (The rallying cry of "First Fandom.")
- FIAWOL: Frankly, I Ain't Worried Over my Lovelife. (This is a famous fannish quote attributed to F. T. Laney--often given erroneously as, "Frankly, I Ain't Worried Over Laney.")



STATUS SEEKING :: For most of my adult life I have seen the world as composed of three kinds of people: those who are still in school, those who are out of school and are doing something interesting, and those who are out of school and are not doing something interesting. Most of my friends fell into the first two classes; I met a couple of people who fell into the 3rd class briefly & didn't like them. But when I got my M.A. I made a great quantum leap into the last class. I am out of school & I am not doing anything interesting. Well I have found the answer. Beginning next week, I'll be going to City College in San Francisco two nights a week, taking "some classes." I already have my student body card. I'm a student again. What a relief!

MORE N.B. STUFF: There's a neat little art gallery on Grant St., full of paintings and other artforms by Avrum Rubenstein. I've never heard of Avrum anywhere else, but in that little storefront are a whole lot of fascinating paintings. He's a good painter, and he's been at it for a long time; some of the paintings are dated in the early fifties. I guess this isn't very entertaining, but the thing is that I get turned on by good art, so I found it enhanced my state of mind incredibly to look at Avrum's paintings. There's also a long plank of wood, held upright on a wire stand, with a Satanic-looking figure painted on the front; on the back is a rear view. I'd love to own that. There's much more trivial stuff there, too, like a lot of ceramic buttons, which certainly have more class than the usual metal ones. The captions I liked best (captions?) were: "Free Frodo," and "A closed mouth gathers no feet." (captions?) After leaving the art gallery, I went down past the topless places with their bellowing barkers to City Lights Bookstore, where I browsed and read an art book about Picasso for a while. Now I know all about Picasso's Blue Period and his Rose Period and how he started Cubism. It got late, and I left for home, but it was three more hours before I got home. I finally found out when some of the buses and the cable cars stop running. While waiting fruitlessly on Market St., I ran into a thin, red-haired freak from Texas, who liked to talk. He was bumming around, like so many others, and he kept coming out with the usual hippie clichés--put-downs of work, sarcastic remarks about cops, etc.--yet each time he did he would follow it up with something more original, as though his mind wasn't really as conventional as his speech. There are a lot of freak clichés like that, habits of talking that you fall into automatically, but I really find them a pain-in the ass and disgustingly anti-intellectual. (That's my Stephen Pickering word of the week.) While we were standing there, a dirty guy who looked like a Vietnam vet, with the bottom of one leg shot off, came up to us on crutches. "Got a good smoke?" he asked. "No, not cigarettes; I got cigarettes. Ya got any grass?" No. "Got any opium?" We didn't have anything. He told us all about the incredible combinations of dope that he takes (like opium and peyote--feh!), and he offered the other guy a place to crash (over and over, even though the guy didn't want a place; this dude was wasted), and he flashed his switchblade a couple of times ("You scare easy?"). Despite the knife, he was harmless, but a drag. Eventually I gave up on the buses and started walking, leaving my red-haired friend to the mercies of the crazy guy with his foot shot off and the San Francisco Municipal Railway. |

CREATH THORNE WRITES A "REAL LETTER": "I really like Hot Shit and hope you will keep sending it to me. For one thing, I get to see Terry Hughes being weird in it. Around Columbia Terry is Mr. Rationality." Do you believe that, Calvin?

RICH BROWN, who is stoned, calls HOT SHIT "a heavy load, but no waste," and "a tissue of outrageous lies."

ALICE SANVITO, faithful reader and true, sent us two cockroaches, in a Swedish matchbox. I hope this isn't a Trend. "I have a friend who works as a news announcer for a radio station & he is always finding out about strange but true facts of life. For instance, some time ago there was a toad war in Malaysia. Two colonies of toads from two different counties crossed paths & had a gigantic toad war, there were lots of casualties. I don't know which group of toads won. I am curious. How do toads fight?"

TERRY HUGHES tells us there were 5000 people at the NY Star Trek con. Christ. That's too many.

LETTERS :: Harry Warner, Jr. "Hot Shit hit this fan at just the right time. Everything has been crumbling around me and the arrival of five issues all at once was the best possible way to divert me from my troubles. . . . The worst thing of all happened this morning. The roof of the building where Hagerstown's newspapers are manufactured caught fire and the firemen arrived in time.

"I did like the headline quoted somewhere in these Hot Shits . . . The only headline that I wrote that became famous involved a labor leader named Abel who had issued a very angry statement over something or other. Apparently I was the only journalist all over the nation who wrote the head that seemed inevitable to me and came instantly to mind: 'ABEL RAISES CAIN'."

Terry Hughes Terry Hughes wrote another letter to Wilma. He convinced her further that fans are Creeps, by not putting a stamp on the envelope. The mailman knocked on the door for his 8¢ & woke the kids up from their nap. "Hopefully," he wrote, "this letter will ease your mind and keep you from spending sleepless nights. Take good care of yourself and the children and please let Calvin play with the typewriter once a week." We have got a lot of good letters from Terry Hughes--one or two a week--and are thus willing to forgive him for bugging our wife. But not for calling her "mundane." She may not be a fan, but she's hardly mundane. Why, she is on a scholarship at the San Francisco Art Institute and she has never read Hot Shit. Our Staff Printing Person was amazed when I told her that Wilma never read Hot Shit. "What the fuck am I risking my job running this off for every week for free if Wilma doesn't even read it?" she said. Just bad karma, I guess, we said.

F. M. Eusby "I don't have any trouble keeping straight who wrote which pages. Mr. Demmon usually mentions his children. Mr. Berry doesn't mention his. Mr. Demmon is usually not in New York, and if he said he were going to drive across the country in a decrepit Renault-10, I'm sure he would do so, even if he had to carry it. Mr. Demmon is very sincere. But he fucks off a lot."

Terry Hughes "Calvin and Peter seem to have a great relationship! Really fine. I used to call my dad 'Calvin,' when I was a baby/lad, even though his name is Walter. Guess it's because my mother's name is 'Biff'."

FANDOM IS JUST GOD'S WAY OF TELLING YOU WHAT TO DO WITH YOUR MIMEOGRAPH :: My boss's lawyer was in the office the other day. I happened to mention the piledriver accident I saw out the window (which I wrote about recently in Hot Shit--a piledriver fell apart & sliced thru the top of a Muni Bus). He convinced me that as a public-spirited citizen I ought to call the Muni and volunteer myself as an expert witness. I called. The Muni took my name & address & sent me a form in the mail, asking for my answers to questions like this: "Describe the relationship of the Muni Bus & the other car. What was the man in the crosswalk doing? What did the busdriver do to avoid the accident? What color was the busdriver? Did he use obscene language when the other car creamed the bus? Was there a K&N ad on the back of the bus? What color was the ad? Do you listen to K&N frequently? Infrequently? Only when stoned on dope?" I wrote a nasty note back to the Muni telling them I hadn't seen anything & thought 25¢ was too much to pay for a busride anyway. ** Greg Benford discovered a new nuclear particle in his nose.

HIP SHOT, c/o Berry
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F I R S T C L A S S M A I L