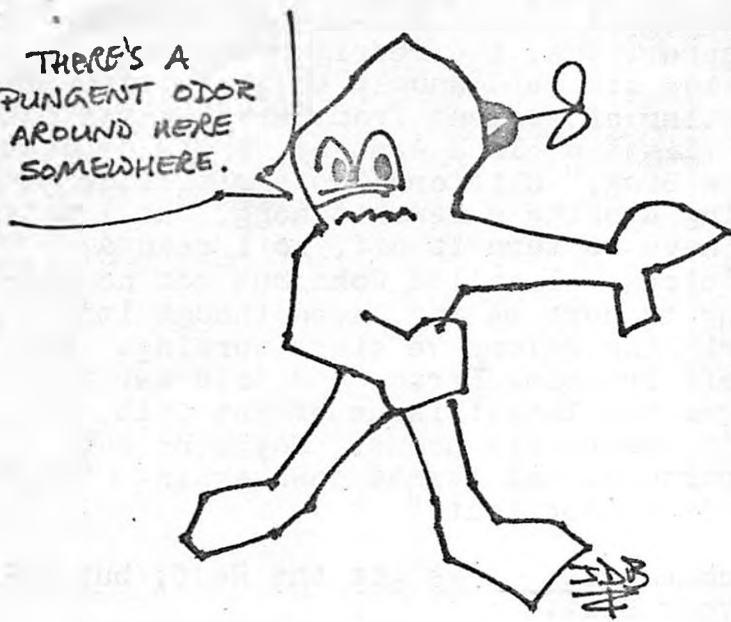


THERE'S A
PUNGENT ODOR
AROUND HERE
SOMEWHERE.



HOT SHIT

HOT SHIT #13, "The San Francisco Treat," is brought to you by John D. Berry, whose address is on the back cover, and Calvin Demmon, whose address is also on the back cover. We trust you won't confuse them with your address, which is also on the back cover. We are bringing this stirring but warmed-over fanzine on the evening of April 10, 1972, from Calvin's living room, "just like nothing had happened." Our beautiful assistant this time, both in print and in person, is hiding under the obvious stage-name of "Gary Deindorfer" (q.v.). Defense d'afficher.

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It's almost like beginning anew, sitting here working on a brand new helping of Merde Chaude after over a month of abstinence. The situation presents great possibilities. We could start all over again, telling unfunny jokes about the Jack Tar Hotel. (The only funny joke I ever heard about it was a second-hand quote from Ted Johnstone, who called the J.T. Hotel "the box Disneyland came in." There, wasn't that witty?) We could reinvent Terry Hughes. We could hijack Gary Deindorfer and fly him to Cuba. I'm sure there are a great many other things we could do, too, only our Public wouldn't stand for it. (Would you sit down for it?)

Your odd-page editor has covered a lot of ground since our last issue in his never-ending quest for Factual Fictions for this publication. Just after writing the last issue of HOT UBU, I hitchhiked down to Stanford and went looking for Tom Goodhue, a certified member of the Mailing List. I caught up to him in the kitchen of Columbae House, where he was helping to prepare dinner.

"Berry!" Tom said, smiling. Then he turned to a short, dark-haired girl he was talking to and said, "Maybe he'd want to go." To me he said, "Do you want to drive a car to Connecticut?" My carefully-reconstructed conversation is probably wrong, but the truth is that I met Betsy Shelton, who wanted somebody else to go with her in a Driveaway car to the East Coast. (A Driveaway Car is a car whose owner will pay you to drive it somewhere. The East Coast is the east coast.) After a little cogitating, I followed my first impulse and said yes.

I can think of a lot of metaphors for this: "left holding the Hot Shit;" "left with Hot Shit on my face." There I was, the refrigerator full of beer, Wilma off to Art school, the kids strapped snugly to their mats, my typewriter cleaned, and my weekly letter of comment from Terry Hughes displayed casually on the mantelpiece. Eight o'clock went by, and I debated turning on the tv & watching "Awake & Sing," Clifford Odets realistic play about a man who wakes up every morning singing a new hit song, but I hate to get involved in something & then have to turn it off, so I read a Philip Marlowe short story. Nine o'clock. I called John but got no answer. I decided one beer wasn't going to hurt me any, even though it's against the HS tradition to start drinking before we start working. Finally about 10:00 I called up our Staff Printing Person and told her that I guessed we wouldn't be bringing over the latest issue of Hot Shit, because John hadn't shown up and didn't answer his phone. Maybe he had been murdered in the park, or his apartment had burned down again. "Oh," she said, "didn't you know? John's in Connecticut."

Mr Berry, wherever you are, please come back. I've got the Heat, but we just can't do this fanzine without your Shit.

BACKYARD FUN :: Our Food Conspiracy's Cheese Chairlady and her husband and child are moving to Europe. They sold us their geodesic dome.

It's small, and it wasn't expensive. It's sitting out in the backyard now, looking like one of the parts left over from Spaceship Earth. I like it. The kids like it. It's great for climbing on. Peter calls it his "big toy." "Hey," he says, "would you open the door and let me go outside in the backyard so, I can play with my Big Toy?" He's into very complex sentences now, though he's still not 100% intelligible. Casson is heavy into language, too. He calls Peter "Baby." "Baby, hit me," he says. This isn't helping him much now--Peter is only too happy to oblige--but it'll be a sure-fire winner when he's about nineteen. Next we are going to start a small commune in the backyard, and get the toilet fixed.

DEINDORFER HUMOR :: Gary Deindorfer is living in San Francisco now. He's staying with Earl and Jan Evers. Gary came by to see Wilma and me last Monday night, and by the time he left my face was sore from laughing so hard, and my cheeks were caked with tears of laughter. We enjoyed him so much we invited him over for dinner last Friday night. We all got drunk and talked about fandom, insanity, reincarnation, art, and music. He has an unusual way of wiping his nose. Welcome to San Francisco, Gary!

After a lapse of over a month, I have completely lost the light, humorous style which I had perfected during those regular HS sessions. For this issue only, therefore, I have decided to eliminate all light humor and concentrate on heavy-handed obvious humor. Fortunately, we have a rider with this issue which Gary has especially designed to give you the laughs you need, and which we will not allow to ride with us again because we look Too Bad by comparison. I remember in 1963 when Gary and I held a Battle Of The Comic Giants at a party at the Discon. I think we were trying to impress Pat & Dick Lupoff. Gary won the battle hands down, and I have never been able to look the Lupoffs in the eye since.

GOLDSTONE EGOBOO :: Lou Goldstone gave me his old camera. I haven't gotten around to thanking him properly yet, but I'm glad to have it--the kids are growing like weeds (BIG NOISY WEEDS), and somehow as a parent I feel it necessary to record everything they do so that later in life I can use it to amaze and embarrass them. What's more, the camera I'd been using broke under the strain of all that cuteness. Thanks, Lou, & years later Peter & Casson will thank you too.

OFF ON A COMET

We left San Francisco at the evening rush hour, in fog and light rain. There was a third person with us, a guy named Neil, and his dog, Marie. Neil was slightly unkemp, very nice, and in a hurry to get to Columbus, Ohio. Marie was the best dog to travel with I've ever seen. Betsy was lively and fascinating, and I was on the road again and glad of it. If I tried to tell you everything we did, blow by blow, I would never keep everything in the brilliantly pithy form that is characteristic of this fanzine. So everything else on this page will be Condensed and Abbreviated.

We managed to drive around a fifty-mile circle in the dark trying to find Bakesfield, before we settled down to sleep in the Mojave Desert outside Barstow. We carefully positioned the car and stuffed the owner's packages (which filled half the back seat) between the wheels to ward off the night wind--and then the wind shifted. It was a good night anyway. The next day was punctuated by Betsy, a native Californian, exclaiming "This can't be Arizona!" Sometimes it wasn't. We spent the night in Albuquerque with Bob Vardeman (thus proving that fandom is a thing of beauty and a joy forever), then we drove straight through, day and night, to St. Louis, where we collapsed on Ray Fisher's floor for a day. The Texas panhandle, over which we trundled for a long time, is indeed "as flat as a tabletop," just like everyone said. Except that sometimes the Texas Dept. of Highways builds lopsided overpasses on their table.

In the evening we drove on to Columbus, where we got lost finding Neil's house. We spent the night there, then Betsy and I headed on across Eastern Ohio, all beautiful rolling hills with snow on the north slopes and old wooden, falling-down barns on the rest, all this with Dvorak's "New World Symphony" playing on the radio. I stayed that night with Betsy's friends in New Jersey (somehow I've always thought of New Jersey as something in the way if you're going to New York, not as a destination), and the next day I went on alone to deliver the car to Hartford, Conn.

While on the East Coast, I frequented the gatherings of New York fandom, and in between times I visited my sister in Delaware and Ted & Robin White in Virginia. If I may be permitted to steal a bit from my co-editor, this week's HOT SHIT heap of egoboo goes to TED AND ROBIN WHITE, who deserve it. Huzzah!

Did you know that there's another country on this continent? I didn't, really, deep down, until I set foot across the border into Canada, on my way to Toronto. By ghod, that's a different place there! It's amazing the facts you can find out. I visited for a couple of days with newly-instated Mailing List Members Mike & Susan Glicksohn, then I left and went down to the train station and got told by Canadian National that their trains were all booked up for days, and I visited for another couple of days. Mike & Susan were very good about it, though; they introduced me to "Monty Python's Flying Circus" and "snow" and the best Greek food I've ever eaten, all of which will get written up for their fanzine. We got in touch with Boyd Raeburn, and he came over and there were Old & New Canadian Fandom, right there in the same living room, just like in real life.

Like a fool I've taken so long to say all this that I don't even have room to tell you all the Really Good Stuff, like how the engines of my train fell off the tracks into the river, and how Gerry Harris catches logs in the Fraser River, and other exciting stuff that will come to you in our very next issue. On unlikely newsstands everywhere.

What turns a sober, respectable, hard-working middle-class American father into a crazed, bright-eyed, fast-talking ripoff artist? Fanzines, booze, and dope, that's what. The last time we did HS Mr Berry & I drank a lot of Rhinegarten. When we were finished with the fanzine and the wine, we decided we'd call up Ted White; Mr White didn't answer. We tried to call up Les Gerber but couldn't get his number from information. We finally called up Terry Hughes. He was asleep. "Are you drunk?" he said. We assured him that we were perfectly sober. He seemed like a regular fellow. Then we called up Grant and Cathy Canfield and told them we were coming over. When we got there our Staff Printing Person was there too. Grant & Kathy have a dope-smoking machine; you have to see it to believe it. Suddenly the room was filled with a clear, healthy, light, and we had interesting discussions. Grant told us about Wyatt Earp. I told him about Raymond Chandler, and recommended Chandler's Philip Marlowe novels highly. Somewhat later we left. I dropped John off & went home. Wilma was still awake. She said, "I really like the look you get in your eyes when you are Utterly Ripped."

LETTERS :: During our recent publishing hiatus, we got so many good letters of comment that it is impossible for us to do them justice here; however excerpts will follow later. I also got a telephone call from Terry Hughes.

LOOK INTO MY EYES :: It's time now to explode another literary myth. How many times have you read this? "He looked deeply into her eyes." Well, anybody with half an eye can see that this is impossible. Look into the face of your neighbor or husband or wife--or even the nearest "fan." You can only look into one eye at a time! And what if he or she is looking back at your other eye? You might both think that you're not looking at each other. This is a HOT SHIT exclusive.

FINAL PILEDRIIVER REPORT :: They've taken apart the 5-story high piledriver across the street from where I work, and they've trucked it away in pieces. They've driven all the pilings they need for the skyscraper Metropolitan Life Insurance building they're going to put up. This is the piledriver that fell apart a couple months ago and creamed a Muni bus. Though the piledriver is gone, the lawsuits over that incident will probably clog our courts for years and make it impossible for a decent citizen to get a fair trial. And I saw it all.

STAMPS :: Starting now, send us a few stamps every once in a while. We can't afford this. I haven't even paid the phone bill for two months. (Remember, we are not able to provide you with a roommate of the opposite SEX.)

HOT TIN ROOF (courtesy: Greg Shaw)
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